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//Prisoner Profile...
//Name: Unknown
//Species: Human
//Sex: Male
//Affiliations: Collective, Liberation Front (navy)
//Duties: Unknown
//Other: None
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The file was as unimpressive as it was informative. *Some nameless moron caught up in the Collective's propaganda, or is he more important than expected?* His uniform was dirty, tattered, and denoted his position in the Liberation Front's navy; but his rank was torn off and he could have been anything from crewman to admiral for all the clues he offered. He was a recent capture, part of one of the few remaining pockets of Collective forces on Selen.

He also started staring at the Zeltron as soon as she entered the room.

While he glared at the dirty flight suit-turned-combat uniform, he wavered when he saw his interrogator's red skin and short cobalt hair. Her smile as she sat equally disarmed him, and he seemed almost uncomfortable, but still his eyes searched over her. Not in a way she was used to. He was looking for weapons; weaknesses; an opportunity.

"Good morning," Qyreia said, breaking the silence.

The prisoner remained silent, sunlight peeking brightly through the slats of the window shutters. The room they were in was dingy, battle scarred, but most importantly: it was remote.

"My name's Qyreia. You can imagine I've got a few questions for you."

He angled his head downward, but she could still see his eyes searching from behind his dirty, matted brown hair. Still, he remained silent, drawing a sigh from the mercenary.

"Listen, we can do this real easy, but if this is how we're gonna play, I'll go let the professional interrogators come in here."

The shift in his posture was subtle, but the Galerian Quaestor had nothing else to focus on. She saw it and, what's more, she could feel it. He was less scared; curious. *Sometimes it's good to be a Zeltron.* No words passed his lips though.

"Let's start with names. I told you mine: Qyreia. What's your name?"

There was a long silence and, feigning to leave, Qyreia had just started to stand when his lips parted and his voice hoarsely came forth. "Brennan."

"Is that your *real* name?"

The human's glare returned, but he was frustrated. In the shifting of his face in the stark, contrasting light, she saw his lips chapped and cracked from dehydration; a harsh bruise and recently sealed cut on his forehead - likely the result of a rifle butt that got him captured in the first place. He might have been handsome if not for his condition and the persistent consternated expression.

"You wanted to know my name," he croaked, his voice broken from disuse and need for water. "I said Brennan. That's what it is."

"I think you're lying."

He balked again. "Why?"

"You act like you're hiding something. If you were just Random Goon number twelve, then you wouldn't know anything and would be more forthcoming with information. That means you have something to hide."

"How would you know?"

"This isn't my first interrogation, bub."

"I thought you said you weren't a professional interrogator."

She offered a wry grin, one that could mean more than a few scary things. "I'm not." She leaned forward in her seat. "So, you gonna tell me your name?"

He swallowed hard, his eyes searching frantically for a moment before steadying. "G-Giles. Giles Crighton."

"And a *last* name. Now *that's* progress." She stepped away for a moment into the darkness of the next room of the hovel and came back with a canteen. "Care for a drink?"

Licking his lips didn't even have an effect anymore. Between the subtropical heat of equatorial Selen and the last time he'd had a drop of water, his mouth was a desert. Still, he didn't trust the canteen or its bearer. Qyreia saw this and put it to her lips, taking a mouthful, swishing for sound effect, then swallowing.

“It’s not poisoned, I promise.”

Giles looked away, dejected, then back at the Zeltron and nodded.

Tied as he was to the chair, he couldn’t take the canteen for himself. Qyreia stood and took the one stride between them before crouching at his side. Something about her proximity unnerved him, and he tried to remember his lessons in xenobiology, but drew a blank when the cool, wet metal of the canteen’s mouth touched his scorched lips.

“Slowly now,” she said, giving him a trickle, stopping, then repeating the process several times.

The first mouthful tasted like rusty mud, but it cleared the way for the subsequent runs. Never had plain water tasted so good. It was frustrating when she stopped, like an addict that was finally about to get his fix. Giles would have drank six canteens if they let him, but he knew just as well that such an act would put his system into shock. *Slowly now.*

He was still recovering from the fresh hydration when he felt a cool, damp cloth pressed to his forehead. Slowly, Qyreia uncaked the dust and crusty salt from his face.

“Giles, I know you’re not supposed to talk to me or *anyone* for that matter, but I need you to if... well, I’m sure you’re smart enough to do the math.”

“If I don’t want you to kill me?”

“Nooo... well, yes, but that would only be if they thought you didn’t have anything useful.”

He turned his head, realizing just how close she was. “And if I did?”

“Giles, you *don’t* want to think about that right now.” She sighed, pensive. “Let’s start with the basics. Rank and service.”

“Navy crewman aboard the *Unbound Resolve*.”

Qyreia flipped through her memory, remembering vaguely that the *Resolve* had been one of the Collective vessels to drop in the battle over Selen. She pulled out her datapad, just out of Giles’ eyesight. “Hm.”

“Hm?”

She stood slowly, walking methodically around his chair. “Giles, let me tell you two things about me. First, I don’t like liars.” She paused in her route as she came into his view, stopping to pull her knife from its sheath. “Second, I’m impatient.”

The human’s eyes went wide for half a heartbeat before refocusing, his gaze narrowing to how it had been before he’d started talking.

“You don’t have to talk right now; just listen. The *Unbound Resolve* went down with all hands; no escape pods were launched. So you’re not a crewman and you’re not from the *Resolve*.”

“I’m a crewman from...”

“Nooo,” she exaggerated, wagging the knife left and right. “No you’re not.”

A silence built in that moment, Qyreia’s eyes searching his before looking *elsewhere* on his person. With a coy, teasing look she knelt down, centered between his restrained legs and, using her knife, began popping off the buttons of his trousers.

“Listen, Mister Crighton.” She popped another button. “We can do this the easy way....” She flipped open the fly to reveal what was underneath, and for a brief moment, Giles’ eyes looked elated.

Then Qyreia slammed the knife down, burying it in the wood and only narrowly missing all his parts.

“...Or we can do this the *hard* way.” She tore the knife from the chair and tapped it on a quickly receding spot of tissue. “And the hard way is very, *very* slow.”

The human swallowed hard, easier now that he had saliva to swallow. “M-major Crighton, Liberation Front army intelligence.”

“That’s better. Now, let’s talk details.”

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//. . . .  
//Prisoner Profile...  
//Name: MAJ Crighton, Giles  
//Species: Human  
//Sex: Male  
//Affiliations: Collective, Liberation Front (army)  
//Duties: Military Intelligence, collection in Kessel Sector  
//Other: Crighton infiltrated Selen after fleeing Meridian Station.  
//From there, he joined a remnant cell and facilitated communication
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//between the forces on the ground and supply smugglers. As such, he
//was able to provide vital intel on local Collective supply routes
//and IFF codes, which are on a cyclic encryption. Specific
//contents of enemy transports includes food, medicine, weapons,
//and ammunition; volume unknown.
//For further interrogation, responds well to (threat of) pain,
//especially in regards to genitals, and/or constant application.
//FILES ATTACHED
//END RECORD