

Cawthern cleared his throat before speaking into his com link. "Ok Sergeant. Taze him again. Not too much though." The Arconan officer had been tasked with overseeing the interrogation of a Collective officer that had been captured during the Nighthawk's last mission. Currently the Knight watched the proceedings from a separate room through a hologram. Torture wasn't really something that he enjoyed doing, so in this case he was more than willing to allow someone else to do the dirty work.

Standing next to him was a young lieutenant who had recently been assigned to the Nighthawk. "Sir, do you think we will actually receive useful information out of this man?" the younger officer inquired.

Cawthern had asked himself the same question several times. The Collective officer had been captured after the Nighthawk had attempted to ambush a Collective convoy. What Arconans were not expecting to encounter were civilian ships outfitted with military grade weapons and an escort of fighters. Thankfully the unexpected arrival of forces from House Qel Droma created enough chaos that the members of House Galeres were able to capture an enemy ship using its tractor beam, before having to jump into hyper space. This poor soul just happened to be in charge of said ship.

"He has to know something," The young Captain said, sounding confident. "They wouldn't have put him in control of that ship without informing him of where it was going at least. Hopefully we will be able to get a location on that deep space station we have been hearing about."

The prisoner had been trained well; nothing they had tried so far had managed to get him to break and reveal anything he may have known. "Sergeant, ask him again what was his destination." Cawthern listened closely as the interrogator asked the question. He could almost hear the sound made as the captive man spat in his tormentor's face in response. "Fair enough, use more intense methods if you must." The captain instructed into the comlink.

"With pleasure," was the response he received back.

Even though he had seen men take horrible injuries on the battlefield, the Grey Jedi never could stomach seeing people tortured. He kept his composure, and refused to look away as the prisoner screamed and tried to break his restraints as the torturer slowly worked a steel drill bit into his knee cap. "Ask him again," Cawthern repeated.

The response the prisoner gave was a creative sentence full of obscenities that veteran soldier had to admit was rather impressive. "Do whatever you see fit, Sergeant. Just make sure not to kill him until we receive something from him. I don't care if all you get is his mother's maiden name. Make him talk." The senior Arconan ordered.

"Yes, Captain," the enlisted soldier replied.

The soldier then turned and picked up a small object no larger than a pen. When turned on the object produced a small blue flame that was hot enough to cut through low grade steel. Cawthren had to force himself not to look away as the man started to burn the Collective Officer's face as if he were doing no more than painting a picture. Even through all of his training the Knight knew that the screams would keep him up tonight long after they had stopped.

"Sir, are you ok?" the junior officer in the room with him asked. "You seem a little pale."

"Yes, lieutenant, I'm fine," Cawthren lied as stomach turned from seeing the prisoner's face slowly become increasingly disfigured. The torturer paused to demand the prisoner reveal what the convoy's destination was.

"For frak's sake! I hope they slowly kill every one of you Jedi freaking freaks!" the tortured man screamed.

"Have it your way," his tormentor responded as he turned the small torch back on, this time burning the man's eye out of its socket. Cawthren didn't try to hide the fact that he was relieved when the enemy officer passed out from the amount of pain he was having to endure.

Straightening his military uniform more out of a nervous tick, the Captain looked over at the young lieutenant. "I will have to go give a report stating that we have not yet managed to garner any information out of the prisoner. Make sure they get him in a bacta tank. We will need him healed as much as possible when he regains conscious."

The junior officer saluted and acknowledged his new orders as Cawthren performed am about face and proceeded out of the room. He hoped that he would be removed from having to witness the next session of the interrogation.