“When I said I wanted to get out of doing office work I didn’t mean this.” They were in some shitty desert village, checking up on a fleeting signal. It was boring work that honestly didn’t need to get done right now, but they had nothing better to do. He’d been assigned Leys, a bodyguard hired on, and they’d gotten fairly close. Leys just shrugged. “This isn’t the worst. At least there's not a storm. Once when I was a kid, me and my dad, we were go-”   
Leys shoulder radio clicked on, humming quietly for a second before a voice crept through.

“Execute Order 66.” It clicked back off.

Leys was quiet now, as they turned into a narrow alleyway, houses on either side. Vahrosa turned to him. “You and your dad were? Are you okay?” Leys didn’t respond, his grip tightening on his gun.

“...Leys?”

He felt the blast before he heard it. The searing pain in his shoulder, the sting of blood that all too quickly gets cauterized just from the heat of the shot itself. His Biotech swung into work, patching him best he could to keep him moving, giving him a gentle push of morphine and adrenaline. It could have been an accident, if he hadn’t seen the look in Leys eyes. A look of haunted understanding.

Vahrosa had his pike to Leys throat in an instant, the red from the sabers end thrumming, the air around it waving frantically, inches from his throat.

“What the fuck was that on the radio?”   
 Leys was silent until Vahrosa leaned forward, the heat and light from the saber reflecting in the other mans’ pale skin. “We- we have to eliminate users, it's not you its business. And if I don’t do it, someone else will. I at least wont let...I won't let you hurt.” Vahrosa snorted, a feeble attempt to stifle his feelings. “So you shot me but you won't let me hurt? You’re a piss poor shot. Should have aimed for my head.” With ease, he pushed the pike forward. Leys only had time to plead for a moment, getting the beginning of the Togrutas name out before he went silent, his throat impaled on the end of the pike. Vahrosa stood there, staring at him for a moment. Would anyone but a monster do this? Was he doing it for his own survival? Did that ever make this justified? It had to.  
 He finally let the corpse fall to the ground. Vahrosa briefly thought about giving him a burial, a cremation, anything- but then he remembered that it was an Order. Troop wide. And maybe Leys wasn’t bluffing. *If I don’t do it, someone else will.*

Vahrosa propped him up against one of the houses and tucked his scarf up, disguising the wound. It would give him a bit of time to leave. He sat, balanced on his heels, staring at the corpse of his friend for a moment before sending him off with a prayer, and disappearing into the sand. Vahrosa had made a mistake, trusting someone else. Confiding in them, maybe even at some point considering them a friend. They wouldn’t make that mistake anymore.