

The canvas style bag was pulled off of Avery Watson's face, his eyes squinting to adjust to the blinding spotlight above him. Both of his eyes were bruised, his lower lip split but no longer bleeding. The clotting process had begun. He winced as he tried moving his hands but they were firmly bound by a pair of stun-cuffs. His body ached as though he had been rammed over by a shuttle and to merely breathe amplified his pain.

Once his eyes adjusted to the light, he was able to get a better grasp of his surroundings. The room was cold, made of mostly durasteel save for the obsidian sea that was the two-way glass before him which reflected back to him the rest of his surroundings including a silhouette standing behind him to his right. He inhaled sharply, eyes more alert being aware of another presence.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he managed to ask through ragged breaths. Up until now, the most recent and potent memory he had was of his lover telling him that she was pregnant. Beyond that, everything was the same blur of monotony of his day-to-day life.

"Ah, Mister Watson," the heavily modulated voice said. "Glad you could finally join us. I'm Mister Evan."

The masked man dressed in black circled around Avery to the opposite side of the table, taking a seat in the chair. He drew a datapad from his coat, laying it on the metallic table. "It's simple really. All we need is your cooperation. The conditions are here and all we would need is you to sign."

"Why should I cooperate? And who the *frak* is 'we'?"

There was the ruffling of fabric as Mister Evan turned to gesture at the large glass behind him. Avery muttered beneath his breath as he angled himself forward to scan the document before him. The more he read, the more his face twisted in confusion. "You want me to disappear...?"

"In a way. We've constructed a new identity for you. You will no longer be known as Avery Ephraim Watson."

"Not a chance in hell," the Major spat, his lips lifting into a sneer.

Mister Evan sighed. "All of your assets and identity has been assumed by the *new* Avery Watson." The man dressed in black tapped his wrist and a holoprojection appeared before them, displaying a man who looked, walked, and acted just like Avery but... *he wasn't*. His mannerisms were nearly identical and it stung seeing the woman he loved falling for his ruse. His jaw was taut as he couldn't tear his eyes away from him laying his hands on Socorra. He was utterly helpless.

"If I accept, will you let me go?"

“Yes. As the contract outlines. You must not, however, frequent any of the places you’ve been before or there will be dire consequences. Returning to your unit, House Qel-Droma, could result in your immediate assassination. Returning to your family on Coruscant will result in the same. We will be surveilling your movement via a tracking device. Do not bother attempting to remove it because it is linked to your neural system and extraction attempts result in your death.”

“I can vacillate between two useless options’ is what you mean while I’ll never be able to hold my son or daughter. Presume that this new version of me will take care of my family the same way I would and just start over with nothing?” His vanquished tone faltered at every word as he lowered his gaze.

“I suppose it is the difference between freedom and staying... in an undisclosed facility.”

Avery scoffed, his wrists twisting in the uncomfortable cuffs as he clenched his fists feebly. “Neither one is a way to live. Kill me. And if you won’t, I’ll do it myself. Just bring me a slugthrower.”

“Despite the numerous threatening situations outlined, we have strict orders that you remain alive until you leave this facility. What you do if you decide to leave is beyond our control.”

“Fine. I’ll sign your contract.”

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6 Months Later

The winters in Nar Shaddaa felt colder than the ones on Coruscant. Or maybe Todvict Stywal lacked the expensive luxuries that he was used to that made him actually feel the cold. Either way, he managed to adapt.