

Bentre Stahoes, Pin #14185

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/14185/snapshots/4520/7641>

Tasha'Vel Versea, Pin #14192

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/14192/snapshots/4532/7766>

**Bentre's Office**  
**Temple of Darkness**  
**Sepros, Orian System**  
**40 ABY**

"I really thought I knew him better than that."

Tasha'vel and Bentre were tracking down Darkhawk, the current Pro-Consul of Naga Sadow. He had been acting really strange of late and doing some rather shady things to the point, Tasha'Vel wasn't sure she could trust him. She remembered when first seeing him act strange, he was in Bentre's office downloading files from his computer late in the night.

"What are you doing in Bentre's office this late, Darkhawk?"

The man fidgeted a bit as he quickly stopped what he was doing and looked at the Twi'lek.

"I am downloading some important information that is needed for this War against the Children of Mortis and Bentre wanted it now."

"No rest for the weary. I guess, but make sure you lock the door when you finish." She had then turned to leave for the evening, leaving Darkhawk to do whatever Bentre had summoned him to do, however the next morning, she received a call from Bentre.

"My office, now!"

She rose quickly and made her way into the office. She let out a look of surprise as she looked about the room. His entire office was a complete mess. All of his trophy possessions were lying on the floor, a couple figures smashed to pieces, his mug he

used in the morning had what looked like piss and the computer display showed an error screen.

“What in the nine hells happened here?”

“I don’t know, I was hoping you could tell me. My office has been trashed and all of the current files of our fleets, summit and staff have all been removed and deleted from my database.”

Tasha’vel frowned. “Well the only person here last night was Darkhawk. I had found him downloading files last night, but he had specifically told me that you had requested it.”

“I made no such request!” Bentre pounded his metal fists onto the desk as he scowled. “What he has is extremely sensitive case files and we need to get those back before they get into enemy hands. I can’t believe my own Proconsul, how can I be that stupid?”

“This can’t be true, Darkhawk would never be as traitorous like this, I have known him for a long time. He is loyal to Naga Sadow, this has to be some sort of trick.”

“Well there is one way to know for sure. I planted a small holo cam in the office to monitor things. Let’s see if it reveals our true traitor.” Bentre walked over to a tiny pinhole near the back of a shelf and pulled out a small data shard. He placed it into his data pad’s slot and a holo-projection of his office began to play. It showed through the night that Darkhawk did indeed enter Bentre’s office and download the files. It also showed where Tasha’vel had interrupted him briefly before she left. The holo cam continued to then display Darkhawk pulling the figures and Bentre’s possessions off of the shelves and scattering them all over the floor while stomping on a couple of the figurines. Then he took Bentre’s cup and pissed in it, before retrieving the files from the computer and deleting all of the other files from the computer. The last image seen was him using his communicator which displayed an individual with the insignia of the Children of Mortis.

“Traitor!” Bentre spat. “I will have his head on a stick.” Tasha’Vel glanced at the time on the last image. It had not been very long before he left.

“Well this was at least a couple moments ago, we might still be able to find him before he gets out of the building.”

She quickly moved out of the office and began to search around the other rooms down the hallway while Bentre used the computer to find the last tracked location of Darkhawk.

"I will find you."

"Of all the karking—" Bentre's hands flew over the mechanical keyboard he had attached to the data terminal. There was something more pleasant about having the clacking feedback as compared to a datapad or a less haptic means for the man to interact with his machinery. The sound of keys that he normally found reassuring, or relaxing, or irritating echoed in the small office. Instead of the sound of keystrokes, it almost sounded more like the staccato of an automatic slugthrower. A fitting backdrop to the Son of Sadow's angry brooding

"You were in my private Hanger earlier. You were in your quarters. You were in the archives." The Adept read down the security logs, taking note of each location and their corresponding times. "Most of these occurred in the early morning or late evening. You had no reason to be in those places, Takagari. What the actual Hells?"

The screen flashed for a moment, displaying a fresh alert: *TAKAGARI DARKHAWK, SEPROS SPACEPORT, 1018 ORIAN STANDARD TIME.*

Bentre reached out into the Force. He sought out the mind that was so intimately and deeply attached to his own. To his fleeting delight, he felt the gentle touch of her mind and his meeting in the Force. "Tasha'Vel, prepare your beast. We have a live contact, and we are going to have to move fast. Tell the port authority to delay departures for several minutes."

He did not wait for a response. The Overlord and his wife had both served the Clan for many years now. Within what seemed like moments, both Twi'lek and human were riding hard towards the spaceport. "Tash' I need to know, is your freighter all fueled up and ready to go? Are there any last-minute tweaks that we need to make?" Bentre looked at the middle distance as his mind raced. "Is it being kept in a public hanger, or did you keep it anywhere near my private hanger?" He gripped the middle of his wife as they rode on the back of the Vvractyl.

"I have it locked up in a rented hanger." Tasha'Vel reassured her husband as she spurred the creature on further. "Don't worry though, Varashi will get us there in plenty of time to intercept Darkhawk. You will have a chance to question him. You will get your opportunity." The Twi'lek's voice dropped its usual higher tone and became more serious as she continued. "We will make him answer for this kind of treason."

"What did the port authority have to say about the delay?"

"They said they had one shuttle awaiting departure." Tasha'Vel looked back, showing sharp teeth in a grimace. "Once I *explained* the reality of the situation to the personnel manning the desk they assured me they would get to it if they could." The Twi'lek turned her full attention to the approaching shape of the space port as it grew larger. "I *very calmly* explained that Overlord Stahoes would be by for inspection. Their tune changed very quickly."

"That will have to do." Bentre thought the situation through. He was a bit familiar with his wife's ship. If push came to shove, they would at least have a ride. Where would such a chase take the pair of them to, though? He thought on this for several moments before the varactyl was coming to a stop.

Time seemed to run together as Tasha'Vel and Bentre ran together.

"I am the Overlord!" Bentre bellowed. "Where is Takagari? Where is the shuttle being held!?"

"Sir," a smartly-dressed Bothan approached, "we have them in Hanger 3. It appears that they-"

The sound of impact mingled with weapons fire sounded from afar off, accompanied by tremors that seemed to shake the spaceport terminal. The three looked up through the large glass panes that separated the jungles outside from the cooler interior. "T-that they are escaping." The Bothan looked down, fear in their words.

There was no time. "Come on, Tasha'Vel!" Bentre snarled. "We are going to get in your ship and I am going to pull that traitor apart piece by piece with the Force!"