

## Четыре: Truce

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by [AnInformant](#)

### Summary

“We are Imperials. I don’t understand what motivated you to release a fugitive you had no connection to. I was sacrificed for this crew, and I have no regrets, but I have to know what it meant.”

“*You* are Imperials. I am Chiss.”

### Notes

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Chronology: Post-Point Nadir

“You fucked up.”

“...”

“Are you even going to speak to me?”

“What do you want me to say?”

“What the hell were you thinking?”

“You stabbed me.”

“You say that as if it’s a fucking surprise.”

“I was trying to help the crew. You’re part of it, aren’t you?”

“Of course I am! How deeply did you drill into Venka’s brain to get her to betray us as well?”

“Betray you? I didn’t betray any of you. And I didn’t find out about her involvement until later. She’s better at all that computer stuff.”

“...the primary OS on the Defender. The nav computer.”

“I didn’t say I know *what* she did, just *that* she did.”

“...”

“OW. Why are you still hurting me?”

“If you want painkiller I’d be thrilled to administer a substantial dose of morphine. Hold still if you want the stitches to be even, though.”

“You’re still my doctor, right? I always listen to you about that kind of thing. You don’t need to be hostile about it...OW!”

“*Hostile* about it? The only reason you aren’t in a bodybag is because Dash made an impassioned plea for your life.”

“Hey, that’s my line! Well, that is what I did for all of you, to Serathiss anyway.”

“...did you really?”

“I’m not a liar. Neither are you, usually. You’re excellent at misdirecting those who trust you, though.”

“Survival mechanism.”

“Ha! As if releasing a prisoner is an act of self-preservation - you should know better.”

“I do. I lack charm, not intelligence.”

"So you admit that you shouldn't have done it."

"I admit that I know better."

“You talked with him again too, at Point Nadir. I heard everything on Venka’s recordings.”

“I figured as much. You heard me talk to an old man about *you*, primarily. And then you heard him admonishing me.”

“Turn him in.”

“They will kill him, Maarek.”

“What is he to us? What is he to *you*?”

“Why haven’t you asked me this before? You and I were... we *are* friends. When you threatened me, I just became...imbalanced. The Maarek I know would not have done what I saw on Scarif.”

“I asked you what happened. You told me he knocked you out. You said he stole the Century Hawk. He is an *enemy*.”

“...Scarif?”

“If you’re part of the unit, you’ll consider the collective decision to label him otherwise.”

“And what consideration did you give to this choice in the moment?”

“I *tried* to kill him! He *did* steal the Century Hawk.”

“Enemy of the unit and enemy of the Empire.”

“Okay, you’re right. I didn’t consider the collective decision; there was no time!

“I considered what was best for Dash...I considered my own interest. I was manipulated, like you. You wouldn’t understand, because you don’t even understand what you’re capable of. Lokanth is not our enemy.”

“The fact that you know his name is telling. Your actions were your own. I was ordered only to report the location of the fugitive. You had nothing to do with it.”

“He wasn’t supposed to *be* here. You only knew the location because you *forced* me to tell you.”

“That’s not how I remember it.”

“Your memory is fucking unreliable, Maarek.

>>”*Your memory is fucking unreliable, Karn.*<<

“How was your childhood, Karn? Tell me about your parents.

“When did you start flying for the Empire, Maarek?”

“That...stop changing the subject! We are Imperials. I don’t understand what motivated you to release a fugitive you had no connection to. I was sacrificed for this crew, and I have no regrets, but I have to know what it meant.”

“*You* are Imperials. I am Chiss.”

“*Misdirection.*”

“*My people* were allies of your predecessors before you were even a gleam in your mother’s eye. How *dare* you question my commitment to my missions. I won’t acknowledge my compulsion to free him unless you acknowledge yours which found him.”

“What do you mean?”

“What do you know about the Force, Maarek?”

“Rebellion propaganda.”

“Well, yes. The Sith are a little more secretive.”

“The who?”

“You will have to be a bit more open-minded if we are going to resolve this.”

“Resolve what?”

“Your abject betrayal of me and the rest of your friends?”

“...betrayal? We have a duty to the Empire, Hacarita.”

“You have a duty to *us* as well!”

“I was following orders!”

“*So was I*. Always following orders, just like you. Yes sir, no sir, right away sir, and I had no idea what I was *really* fucking doing because I had absolutely no perspective on the bigger picture. I do, now.”

“All I did was report the location of the fugitive! What do you want from me?”

“I want you to acknowledge *how*. How did you know, Maarek?”

“The location? Once you told me the Century Hawk was there I did some investigating.”

“I did *not* tell you the Century Hawk was there.”

“Why else would I advocate going to Point Nadir?”

“You dug your claws into my mind and took it for yourself - I’m not denying I knew, I’m asking you to acknowledge *how you did*.”

“You tried to convince me he told you it was here. Which suggests you're in league with him. But it's not my job to judge.”

“What possible motive would I have for being in league with him?”

“It's...*not* my *job*...to *judge*. I was ordered only to report on the fugitive's location.”

“You did not have the fugitive's location. You only passively knew the location of your ship. I need you to be a Maarek that thinks for himself. There is a much more reasonable explanation for what you're insinuating.”

“It was a direct order.”

“You accuse me of misdirection, but you also change the *fucking* subject every time I try to get you to *actually think* about what is happening to you. WHY would I be in league with an Imperial fugitive?”

“...”

“WHY, Maarek? Karn? Anyone?”

“~~~”

“!!!!”

“?!?!”

-----”You know you had no shot against me hand-to-hand, injured and unarmed. Talk to me, Maarek.

“Do you want me to finish what I started? Maarek, please. I could have killed you. I didn't. And I'm saving you now. He can *help* us. You and I, in particular.”

“I was just doing my job. No one talked to me. No one told me not to. All I did was what was asked of me.”

"That is what I'm trying to tell you. I wish this had come up before. I can empathize with you more than you think."

"Like hell you can. You've done nothing but exactly what you want since you stepped aboard this ship, in defiance of Dash, in *collusion* with Whitey, and now you're trying to tell me you understand where I'm coming from?"

"I was in the military too, once. I did precisely what was asked of me, and it got someone I loved killed. By the time I realized I had a choice it was already too late."

"I didn't do anything wrong."

"Neither did I. I complied, like you. I thought I had moved past that...yet I still obeyed when {It} told me to kill you."

"I don't know the word you used."

"I...I didn't realize I had used it. I don't have a satisfactory translation."

"The voice that spoke to me said to be patient...and wait."

"You heard one too?"

"I was *glad* I was able to help get everyone out of there, even though you were so angry at me for reasons I don't understand. I hope that Venka is safe. I pray that Serathiss sends us on missions of righteousness, and that Wolen survives his injuries. I am grateful to be alive. I am grateful for your help."

"I fucking stabbed you."

"I forgive you."

"You are neither of the men firing synapses in your brain. Who are *you*?"

"I am just me. I am a pilot."

"Can you be one for Dash's Raiders, under Serathiss, even if we act alone?"

"I will do what's best for the unit."

"!!!...I...so will I."

"Will you?"

"I *said*..."

"*Will* you?"

"...Yes."

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