

Sharp clicks sounded as Arkanian style dress shoes clicked down the security hall, a quick pace carrying Mikhail Kadnikov past a few locked doors. He finally stopped outside of a pair of doors. One heavy metal, high security, the other more relaxed. He could hear faint muffled talking being the heavy door, a woman. He couldn't pick up on any words, not yet at least.

Mikhail ran a trembling, gloved hand through his wavy raven black hair, combing it back into two soft peaks on either side of his head. Blue crystal eyes stared at the handle of the door in front of him, waiting for it to leap out and bite his hand.

It didn't.

He set his palm on it and pushed it open, then quickly stepped into the small room. One wall made up mostly of a glass window, looking into another concrete room. A chair sat in the middle of that other room, leather straps binding the arms and legs of a slightly heavier than average human. Half his head was shaved close, the other hosted a greasy spiked mohawk, dyed blood red. He wore dirty looking leathers. Chains and spikes accentuating the punkish outfit.

In front of him was a figure Mikhail had only seen in passing, the name marked at the bottom of a few correspondences that were distributed his way during the war. The old captain of *The Voidbreaker II* was glaring at the slightly smug captive, her hands in fists on her hips. Whatever words she snapped at the human were lost on Mikhail, his eyes and attention focused solely on the dirty schutta he had been told was responsible for Nathan Breeze's disappearance. His leather gloves creaked as his fist closed tight around the banister under the window.

After a minute, Zig stormed out of the room, into the hall, and quickly into the room the Arkanian was waiting in. She started in the doorway, slightly surprised by Mikhail's sudden appearance. "Oh. You. You're.. Mikhail, right?" She spoke as if the crystal marring his face wasn't an obvious giveaway. At least some attempt to be kind.

An attempt that Mikhail didn't seem to register.

"That's him? The one you have on camera?" He nodded towards the bound human, a smile still spread across his bruised and split lips. "Did you strike him?"

"Yeah, that's him. No one else in their right mind would *rock* that hair and jacket combo." She narrowed her eyes through the glass, then registered the second question from the Arkanian. Her eyes followed his intense stare towards the man. "Oh, the lip? No, that happened when he was getting nabbed."

Mikhail nodded, then released his grip from the railing. "Do you mind if I go in?" his hands flatten the front of his coat and jacket underneath, glowing eyes turning to the zygerrian.

“Yeah! Actually, I thought we could do some *Good Cop, Bad Cop*, so I was in there roughing him up a bit. Maybe you could go in and work a little magic?” She leaned her shoulder against the wall next to the glass window, offering a friendly smile to the Arkanian.

She was met with a cold, emotionless look. One that shook whatever preconceived notions she had developed from Nathan’s opinion of the man. He glided past her, the pressure from his silent aura draining from the room when he left.

Mikhail pushes into the next room with a smooth motion, letting it shut behind him. His arms were behind his back, one wrist clamped in the palm of the other hand. His shining eyes staring, unblinking at the man before him. Emotions raged inside the Arkanian, but he retained a blank expression. Nothing would show. He had to make sure of that if he wanted answers.

The human sneered up towards him, then cringed and laughed. “OI! Yer daughter get her hands on one-a-them makeup kits? Ya not check the mirror when you got up?” he leaned forward as far as the restraints would let him, still laughing. He was met with silence.

Mikhail slowly moved his hands in front of him, plucking his glove from his hand, one finger at a time. Once both were free, he set them on the edge of a small table. Not once did his crystal eyes leave the humans. A hand slipped into his jacket, procuring a strip of leather, pocketed with tools that was kept warped around his abdomen.

The strip was placed on the table, the glistening sheen of metal glinting in the dim light of the room. The human’s eyes widened at the array of instruments. Needles, scalpels, scissors, even wrenches and a hammer. “Oh Kriff. What, they call in Mr. Torture?” He shouted, the smirk now turned into an angry scowl.

Mikhail remained silent, carefully pulling a scalpel from it’s pocket on the strip. He holds it aloft, letting the light from the ceiling reflect off the small blade into the Pirate’s horrified face. The Arkanian made a face like he was considering what he wanted to do, before placing the scalpel back into it’s slot. His pale fingers drifted across the tools as he spoke in a menacingly pondering way. “Do you know how many cuts of meat there are on a Humanoid?” His hand drifted past the blades to rest on the head of his hammer. “Or, perhaps, do you know the amount of force it takes to shatter a femur?”

“Oh shut it, pretty boy. Nothin you do’ll get me talking.” He spat at the Akanian, trying to pull a brave face.

Mikhail drew a small awl with a wooden handle, meant for marking and scratching lines into metal. He stepped closer to the man, eyebrows raising as if he was amused at the statement. “You think I want you to talk?” He pressed the sharp point of the awl against the top of the Human’s leg, just above the knee. It sunk in, barely piercing the skin through his leather pants. The pirate sucked air through his teeth at the sharp pain. “I can push this down, all the way, and.. Do you know what will happen to your knee?” After a brief pause, the Arkanian makes a

POP noise with his tongue. He slowly sunk the awl an inch into the Pirate's leg, drawing a growl of pain from the man that turned into a shout.

"AAAGHH, You Shutta! You.. You won't get anything from me. Won't matter anyway, ya blue boy's already mush in a barrel most likely. You f-" he was interrupted by Mikhail slamming the awl all the way down to the wooden hilt. As the man screamed, he stood watching him writhe against his bindings.

He eyed the rest of his tools, then produced his scalpel again, holding it in his left hand as the other grabbed the handle of the Awl. He was eye level now, staring into the Dirty face of the human with nothing but Apathy. "Talk if you want. It won't keep your knee in place."

"Kark... off." he spat through a clenched jaw, eyes squeezed shut as he readied for pain.

It didn't come from where he expected, instead a cold slice across his cheek let a warm trickle of blood down his face and chin, dripping down his neck into his lap. Before he could react, a heavy blow landed against his chest, a boot crushing into his sternum and sending his chair tipping backwards. A hollow sound echoed through the room as his head bounced against the concrete floor. Eyes spinning, he looked up at Mikhail. The arkanian stood over the captive, a halo of light behind his head from the lamp at the top of the room. He raised his foot again as if to stomp on the Pirate when he shouted "Wait! Wait! Please I.. I'll.. I'll give ya the name of the ship. Just D-" He was again interrupted as the Arkanian's boot came down on his side, stomping on his floating ribs with a wet crack.

"Name? Doesn't help anyone much. And didn't I tell you talking won't change anything?" He scowled down at the Pirate. He was mostly a silhouette backlit by the light, the only thing the human could make out was the glowing blue of his crystalline eyes and cheek.

"Ok. Ok. I'll give you where I sent the kid. Just, let me leave." He squirmed, eyes wide in horror at the shape above him, still holding a scalpel aloft.

"No. Speak if you want. But if our man isn't found, I'll slice the side of your tongue open, peel it back, and see how long of a nerve I can pluck from your throat." His voice was cold, light, unbothered.

"M-m-Moody's! Moody's lot, east of town. That - that - that's where they landed. T- the ship's ID'd as *The Laughing Gwam*. Please!"

Mikhail tore his eyes from his prey, looking into the one way glass into the other room. His infrared vision took a moment to adjust, but eventually he saw Zig working her compad. She appeared to nod at it before holding it up to her ear, making a call.

"Please believe me!" The human writhed against the ground, still unable to move.

Mikhail looked back down at him. There was no empathy in his eyes. Rage boiled inside his blood. Whatever happened to Nathan, this man was responsible. If they saved Nathan, this man would be a threat. Every lesson his *Family* ever taught him coursed through his ears.

*A Kadnikov tolerates no Loose end.*

"It's ok." He spoke softly, his free hand slipping into his jacket and behind his back, fingers curling around the grip of his Custom .48 Pistol. "I believe you." In a single, smooth motion, he drew the slugthrower. Aimed it down at the Pirate, and put two Slugs through his head.

His ears rang. His nose burnt from the powder and gas. His blood boiled on.

He spun on his heel, exiting the room. He did not stop for the Zygerrian behind him who burst from the room, communication pad to her ear, eyes wide. He was too busy mentally plotting a route to Moody's Lot.