**A Rotten Surprise**

The old Dynamic-class freighter lurched to a halt as it came to rest in one of the hangers of the Respite. The boarding ramp lower and out walked a figure, clad in bright, shimmer Sith War Armor with an HK-47-unit walking behind it. The figure’s right hand moved to the right side of the helmet and gave it a few taps.

“Kay, do you read me?” Malfrost’s gruff voice echoed in his helmet and after a few moments of static he heard the crisp voice of his partner in crime ringing in his ear.

“I read you loud and clear, Boss. I’ll fly overwatch around the station until you figure out what is going on.” The younger woman’s voice was reassuring as he gazed back at his ship. The Prophet, as he called it wasn’t exactly fit for a dogfight and if, for whatever the reason they needed to blast their way out of here, having Kay in her TIE-Advanced ready to go gave him more confidence in getting out in one piece.

“I’ll keep you in the loop, Malfrost out.” He looked to his HK and gave it a nod as they advanced through the desolate hanger. No welcoming party so it likely wasn’t raiders…no one at the station had responded to any hailing. It was eerie to be sure. His footsteps and the sound of HK’s motors echoed around the otherwise empty hanger bay.

They arrived at a door leading to the main control room and it appeared to be ajar. Why hadn’t they encountered any resistance yet…where was the crew? He walked in and came upon quite the sight. Blood and viscera coated command consoles and the walls were scorched with signs of blaster bolts and yet there wasn’t a single corpse to be found. He walked his way through the mess cautiously, hand on the hilt of his two lightsabers and yet when he reached out through the Force he didn’t sense any life anywhere nearby.

“Something is very wrong…” He muttered to himself, his warm breath in his helmet felt irritating as he moved to the main console. He typed away at the keyboard and eventually found the setting to shut down the jammer. As he was shutting it off, he saw his HK draw its slug thrower, “Statement: Watch out behind you, partner!” Its electronic voice rang in his ear as he swiftly turned around, drawing his two lightsabers from his side and igniting them as he spun around.

Lunging at him was a blood figure in a tattered uniform. He didn’t have time to think and just acted, his lightsabers quickly slicing off the arms of the shambling figure, but rather than recoiling in pain or falling, the figure just kept lunging, its jaw unhinging to an inhuman degree as it seemed to be aiming to chomp down on his neck! Malfrost quickly raised his left arm as the teeth of the man bit harmless into his plated armor; with a swift flick of his right wrist the man’s head was cut from his body cleanly. The body collapsed to the ground, but the head continued to gnaw through the armor for a few moments before it lost life and dropped to the ground.

“Sithspawn what is this….” He mumbled as he gazed down the hall…there were more of them. He would have to cut his way out. He calmed himself for a moment…and then he let the Force enter him and the rage consume him…

Kay was flying her holding pattern, waiting to hear back from Malfrost. It had been about thirty minutes since he had landed and so far, he had only checked in once to say he had reached the bridge about fifteen minutes ago. She was getting ready to ping him to check in but as she got ready to tune into the frequency, she saw the Prophet blasting off from the hanger bay. That was surprising…she figured he would have called ahead. She checked her sensors and noticed that they were able to get information from the station now though; seemed like he had managed to turn the sensors off.

“Everything alright, Boss? Looks like you took care of it pretty easy.” He turned into their frequency and for a moment she only heard panting. That was odd…normally the Boss was always composed, it took a lot to have him work up a sweat let alone lose his breath. Something had happened.

“I’m fine but…something happened on the station…something I…can’t explain. We need to radio the Consul. This station needs to be quarantined and purged.” His voice was on edge and weary between his pants. Whatever had happened in there had really shaken him up. She wouldn’t question it. For now, they just needed to get back to Zsoldos, they could figure things out from there.