

Evelyn's jaw hardened. The cold anger she was emitting made the room feel like it dropped a few degrees colder.

"Can we not move them to a different-"

"Sorry ma'am, they are affected by the Ethereal Realm from Children of Mortis." Evelyn stared at the informer. If she hears Children of Mortis one more time, she was tempted to see if she can find a way in and just nuke the entire place. She was *tired* of their presence. She had lost many of her comrades from the past war and almost died herself. And for this situation? She loved Purrigils. They had a curiosity and beauty among them. The colors and their song before they jump into hyperspace was something she loved to watch and listen to. She even sent a stuffed animal that looks like a Purrgil that had the Purrgil's song inside to-

"Ma'am?" Evelyn snapped back to reality and realized she was daydreaming.

"I will see what I can do but I am not pulling my squad into this if they do not wish to do so."

"I understand that, ma'am." Evelyn left the office and started to make her way to the base to give her squad the brief rundown. They hesitated and Evelyn gave them the option to back out. They all did. And she could not blame them. But the Purrigils were suffering. It was like a disease that started to spread. A disease that had driven them mad and caused more havoc than usual. Usually they are just in the way by accident if you don't pay attention while performing a hyperdrive but... this was different. Evelyn had seen videos. Their curious eyes were completely different than usual. It... was replaced with the same crazed look she had seen in crystal soldiers from the Ethereal Realm. Subconsciously, she rubbed her side where a weapon had pierced through when she got grounded in that war.

With a deep sigh, she glanced over her ship, a N-1 Starfighter and shook her head. It wasn't enough to take care of the Purrigils. She would have to borrow one of the bigger ones. After a signed permission from Consul Lottson, Evelyn made her way to X-70b Phantom. It's not heavy in terms of firepower but Evelyn was best for sneak attacks. She needed a ship that was good at cloaking and X-70b Phantom was one of the few that they had to spare in case the mission went wrong. She was to meet up with several others from varying clans, all with different goals in mind. Many after credits.

She slid into the pilot's seat and the door let out a soft hiss sound as the Phantom started to get ready for flight. She placed the coordinates for the point of the region to meet up and then they were to go where the crazed Purrigils were last spotted. Thirteen, her BB unit clad in green and black just like her pilot suit, was beeping behind her and gave her updates. They had arrived and she joined in on the radio chatter. She simply listened. There was no need to inquire. She was never a social person anyways. There was a massive woosh and a strong vibration that all ships in the area had jolted for a moment as the Baleen-class Heavy Freighter had arrived. Evelyn watched it sadly. That was going to be Purrigils grave. It was the only one they had big enough to haul them to an area for 'research' purposes.

If Evelyn had her way, they would burn. The Freighter was to hang back while they took care of the infected Purrigils. On the count of three, the stars flashed by while she focused and made sure the others were not being inadequate pilots. There was loud shouting from the ones that made out of hyperspace quicker.

Then she saw it. Her body tensed at the bright red beams from the ships as she swerved to get out of the way and then her body jolted as a tentacle from a purrgil had wrapped around her ship. She immediately looked at it and gasped. It looked so sick. They do turn brown when they do not have enough Clouzon-36 but these? They were gray as the headstones. Wheezing. The song... it was scratchy and horrendous. Their eyes were crazed and dull with red clouding. The same red that reminded her of those crystals from the Ethereal realm. It groaned as a ship attacked, releasing the Phantom from its grasp as she immediately cloaked afterwards.

-----

Evelyn leaned back at the seat. She was exhausted. They had been at it for thirteen hours and forty-two minutes. Her dark green hues looked out at the view. She truly did not know what was worse. War, with the dead bodies slain on the ground or this, pieces of Purrigil floated in space along with debris of ships and bodies of the pilot that had been destroyed. All for what?

Some credits? One by one, the ships started to use tractor beams to move the debris and purrgils into the Freighter. The ships that took down certain Purrigils had made sure to leave their 'brand' so the others could know who to pay for it. Other ships are collecting bodies. She bit her cheek. Can she even rely on them to actually return the bodies home or was some of the mercs going to sell the bodies? Tsk.

Unable to hang around and she had to get back to work soon, she started to fire up the Phantom's shields and prepared to jump into hyperspace. When she arrived, she got a call.

"Ma'am, did you not want credits?"

"No."

"... Did you hear what happened when you left?" Evelyn raised an eyebrow and glanced over to the holocam of the informer that she had met earlier. She shook her head.

"Apparently a bomb was planted in the Freightener. Something about saving the Purrigils. It went off and destroyed many that didn't leave yet. I must go clean up the mess. Thank you for your help, I expect your report in 24 hours." Just like that the call was gone and Evelyn remained stoic. She did not expect to hear about the blast. She was just grateful it wasn't in Dajorran System. One thing was for sure, that depressing song.

The Purrigils dying song was surely going to haunt her dreams for the rest of her life.