“You will rezizt. They always rezizt,” Zakath said, his eyes glowing violet like hot coals on his prisoner. “But you will talk in the end. They all do.”

Zakath allowed a harsh chuckle to escape his throat as he turned his back on the restrained Nemoiodian, one of the many information brokers that had been caught dealing Arconan secrets on Port Ol’val by the newly commissioned Styx operatives. A short sojourn later, the Nemoiodian broker was now in an interrogation chamber aboard the *Broken Blade*. Unfortunately for the broker, Zakath had chosen to conduct the interrogation… *personally.*

“Tell me, Nemoiodian, what do you know about your eyez and hot needles?” Zakath asked as he picked up a tool with a thin needle on its end, his thumb sliding over the power button, causing it to turn on with a quiet hum as he turned his gaze back on his captive.

“Wha- what are you-” The Nemoiodian’s normally grey skin was now a nausating pink as he stared wide-eyed at the tool for a long second before he turned to Zakath. “I will say nothing. *Nothing!”*

“The pzychological profile we have on you says you will,” Zakath allowed his lips to lift into a serpent’s grin as he raised the tool, its needle now red and going toward white-hot heat. “But if you wizh to prove the profile incorrect, then watch and see what happenz when an intenzely heated needle pene-”

The Barabel was interrupted by a quiet knock on the door. Frowning, the Barabel glared back at the door in annoyance before he returned to the now seriously sweating captive. “It appearz you have gained a temporary reprieve, little inzect. Conzider your optionz carefully while I attend to thiz.”

The Barabel returned the tool to its place on his interrogation table, in clear view of the captive- and left turned on, its needle now white hot.

Slipping out of the chamber, Zakath turned an irritated glance at the officer who had the audacity to knock on the door during an interrogation.

“What iz rule number 22?” Zakath hissed dangerously to the officer.

“Never… ever bother you in interrogation.” The Human officer stammered before thrusting a package forward. “B- but you asked for this package to be delivered without delay. Y-your precise orders!”

“Package? I did not request a pac- oh. Oh.” Zakath’s eyes had narrowed as he accepted the package, turning it around in his hands, and as soon as he noted the From address neatly printed on it, the Barabel instantly realized what it was. “Very well. Get an interrogator into thiz chamber on the double. Tell whomever that the broker has a weaknezz for exploding eyez. Prezz on that and he will relent.”

“Yes sir!” The officer saluted and left to execute his new orders, his relief obvious.

Zakath quickly hurried back to his quarters and sealed the door after suspiciously scanning for any unwelcome visitors and finding none. Settling into his chair, his heavy talons soon efficiently removed the carefully wrapped package, revealing an crisp new datacard. Sliding it into the terminal at his desk, he quickly turned it on and activated the card.

*BlindChicks*

*The continuing adventures of Jin the slutty Miraluka*

Smiling widely to himself, the Barabel hummed softly to himself as he switched to the messenger program and activated the recording device to say a quick message, to be sent tripe-encrypted to the Consul of Arcona, her ears only.

“Atty,” Zakath began as he turned to grab a bottle of beer from the small mini-fridge he kept next to his desk. “I got your package. I look forward to dizcuzzing it with you perzonally when I return to Selen. My thankz, again, for introducing me to thiz… unuzual type of book seriez. It iz very entertaining. Yourz, Zakath.”