

Zakath robs Shadow Gate

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Dossier# 9096

The room was quiet that Sithmas eve, with only the beautifully colored lights on the tree lighting up the room, the glittery ornaments casting sparkles, adding to the cheerful glow. Under the tree, presents of varying sizes laid there, wrapped up in colorful wrapping paper with designs of lightsabers, blasters, and unicorns emblazoned all over it. Each present had a neatly written label, identifying them as belonging to members of Shadow Gate, one present per member of the battle team.

Not a thing was moving, until suddenly a quiet scrape sounded, the sound of metal being drawn across metal. Then from the ceiling dropped a thin but strong black cord, the end of it just barely avoiding touching the floor. A few seconds later, a huge black shape descended, slowly but surely down the rope, bit by bit, until it was finally on the ground. As it rose to its feet, it removed a large black bag from a pocket in its cargo pants, and it crouched to gather the presents into the bag.

It only took a few short minutes before the tree stood proud and bare, with only a small card carefully placed under it where the presents once were. On it, the following was written:

Have a Merry Sithmas, compliments of Styx!

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Cackling softly to itself, the black shape looked around, its demonic violet eyes sweeping the room before suddenly noticing the small plate of cookies and milk sitting by the tree. A brief pause, and it shrugged to itself before taking the cookies, quickly consuming them.

“Hm. Not bad. Could use lezz sugar though.”

With that, the dark shape climbed went back up the rope, the black bag now bulging with all the stolen presents, and back up into the ceiling. The black cord was quickly whisked up, and after another metal on metal scrape, it was as if nobody was there at all.

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“Were you successful?” Mks Ehn asked as he looked up to see the huge black Barabel enter his office, a black bag slung over his shoulder.

“Of course,” Zakath growled out as he dumped the black sack onto Mks’ desk. “Having Shadow Gate’z accezz codez made infiltration eazy.”

“Excellent,” Mks grinned as he took the bag and dumped its contents all over the desk. “Perhaps now K’tana and her lackeys will show a little respect for us and actually work at keeping their identities a bit more quiet in the future.”

“Hmm,” Zakath grunted as he took a package into his large hands, examining the unicorn designs splattered all over the paper. “We’ll see.”

Mks didn’t bother to reply as the two got to work, opening up the presents. Zakath took his time, using his razor-sharp retractable talons to slit through the thin wrapping paper, and then into the thicker cardboard box, opening it up. Looking inside, Zakath blinked for a second and then stared down at the item that laid within. After a minute, he finally reached in and took it out.

“Mks?” Zakath asked as he looked up to stare at his nominal superior.

“Yes?” Mks asked as he flipped through a stack of holo-movies, examining them. “Huh. Someone in Shadow Gate like their pornos.”

“What iz thiz?” Zakath asked as he held up the item he took out of the box. “It iz very... colorful, and it... vibratez. Feelz nice against my scalez, actually.”

“Oh? Let me see.” Mks said, a note of curiosity in his voice.

Zakath handed over the object into Mks’ waiting hand. As soon as Mks ran his fingers across it, feeling every inch of the warm surface, he suddenly froze.

“...Zakath, whose present did you open?”

“...K’tana’s.” Zakath replied after he checked the gift tag.

“...sounds about right.” Mks replied as he held back a snicker, instantly handing back the object. “Sorry, Zakath, but I am not explaining that one to you. Why don’t you ask... a female? They’ll be better suited to explain it to you.”

“...okay?” Zakath asked as he stared back at his Battleteam Leader in confusion.

In his hand was a large phallic object that was colored in a rainbow fashion with glitter blended into the colors. And after Zakath had pressed the small button at the bottom, it was now vibrating away merrily.

Zakath rose, returning his attention to the mysterious object in his hand as he walked out.

“Maybe Atty can explain it?” Zakath wondered as he left, while pressing the vibrating object to his neck. “...Ooh, that feelz very nice....”

