The Dungeon

The darkness was almost palpable as consciousness slowly crept back. A throbbing pain in his head made Furios painfully aware that he was awake. He blinked quickly to try and gain some sight in the inky blackness but no shapes revealed themselves around him. His eyes felt bleary but it was impossible to tell if his vision was blurred in the darkness. The next thing he noticed as his mind caught up was the distinct feel and taste of a recently sanitized rubber ball gagging his mouth. He would have reached to remove it had it not been for the thick leather straps binding his arms behind his back. Dressed only in his underwear, Furios found himself laying on a cold, hard floor. With his legs similarly bound, the Battlemaster twisted and wiggled up into a sitting position. His head swam with the change in position and he silently struggled to recall the events that lead him here.

He’d been in a cantina. The planet was a small, recently-found ecumenopolis in Unknown Space called Domidria Prime. The local Domidrians appeared to be a hybrid species of near-humans that had started out as a group of several different races that fled into Unknown Space in order to escape some kind of persecution. The details of this persecution seemed to be forgotten by most of modern Domidria. The result of the millennia of interspecies breeding had come up with some interesting combinations. He distinctly remembered the bartender having the skin tone and eyes of a Chiss, but also a crop of white hair and cranial horns. Other cross-breeds were apparent as well, Zeltrons with Kiffar clan tattoos and small lekku, or an Umbaran with a significant amount of golden hair. Others were not so obvious and appeared as normal members of their respective species. The feel of the bar was ever so slightly unnerving to the Equite. He couldn’t quite place it but it seemed to have a tenseness to the air that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

He’d been in this cantina, an obscure establishment called the Black Gharzr. He was waiting for a meeting with a corporate executive from Clan Plagueis’ prospective construction supply holding, Lectra Infrastructure Limited. The executive, a relatively tall, dark-haired woman who appeared to be mostly human, had agreed to assist with a hostile takeover in exchange for her appointment as the next CEO. She’d been running late to this meeting and while waiting, Furios had started drinking more and more. That was unfortunately where memory stopped, several drinks in and everything after that was black. A sudden realization dawned on the blind Epicanthix. He might’ve been drugged.

Suddenly a door opened up at the far end of the room. Blinding light showered the Plagueian, forcing his eyes shut to near slits as they adjusted to the shining barrage. He steeled himself to focus on his captor and saw through the harsh light that it was the executive he’d been waiting for. He tried to force his eyes to adjust faster but only slowly began to succeed against the prolonged blindness. The blurred shapes around the room slowly materialized into a series of strange black furniture adorned with many varying types of restraints. The walls were equipped with dozens of different objects apparently meant for mild torture. His mind quickly finished the puzzle. He was definitely in a sex dungeon.

Furios resolved himself to the situation. His eyes finally began adjusting fully and he examined his circumstances. The executive who captured him stood ahead in tall leather heels. She had her hair let down in a cascade of curled black tendrils and was dressed in a very tight leather number that made her roll in this dungeon all too obvious. He bit down on the rubber gag, baring his teeth in an attempt to be as intimidating as he possibly could. She only smirked down at him. This was not going to go well.

**Two Days Later**

**Alliel-10 “The Circle”**

Jai’de quickly paced back and forth in her office, brooding over the events of the past few days. Her Battleteam had spent the last three days leaderless since Furios had gone missing on his mission to Domidria Prime. Both search parties had come back with absolutely no clue as to how the Epicanthix had disappeared. Even the cantina he’d gone to had no record of him ever being there.

Then, just minutes before, he’d come back looking extremely tired and generally agitated. When questioned about his absence, he simply growled that he didn’t want to talk about it. It had appeared as though he’d been through some hell but he didn’t have anything to report. He just retired to his office.