

Sabe sat in the brig cells, her legs pulled up into her chest and her arms tucked between her chest and legs. Because of the troops answering to yet another lunatic she was forced to deal with, Sabe was in the cell in her undershirt, a pair of slacks and socks. She hated not having sleeves to cover up the scars all over her arms, and she hated not having gloves to cover up the slaver brands on the tops of her hands. It was an embarrassment that, once again, the Warhost had to put up with the machinations of some scumbag with delusions of grandeur, and he would get away with it because he was a Keibatsu...

It wasn't a modesty issue. The embarrassment was more having to be reminded of her past. Sabe either lived in the moment or looked ahead to the future because the past had few pleasant places. The brands on each of her hands was a reminder of the fact that her life was once not hers to control. That alone was reason enough to want to shoot any Clan lunatic that got out of line in the face, because she would not help someone who just wanted to take away choice and freedom from others just because they had the power to do so. The scars up and down her arms were a different reminder, a reminder of what happened when she was weak. Those days were gone, and she would never be weak like that again. She would never again answer to the whims of someone else.

The brig door hissed open, and her commanding officer from the Warhost stepped in, holding her flight suit, gloves, and boots. He wasn't exactly the softest of people, but he also knew enough about the commando-slash-pilot sitting in the cell that she was being humiliated. Sabe took the clothes offered to her, pulling on the flight suit and gloves quickly, before taking the time to slide her boots on and lace them up properly.

"I don't know why you were locked up, Captain, but I've seen to the release of you and the others with you. This is just ridiculous," Her CO said as she tied her boots.

"He's that kriffing clone enforcer that the Keibatsus spat out on us to lord over us lowly mortals, sir. Grand Master Muz is one thing, and he's at least managed to hold my respect, but that guy? I wouldn't lose a wink of sleep if the next time he used the 'fresher, he got sucked into the septic system and then jettisoned into space," Sabe replied, standing up and following her CO out of the cell.

"You did very well down there, Blaze. Better than most, and you kept your wits about you when everyone else lost theirs. I've already noted it in your file with a commendation, and Lord DarkHawk has requested that you continue to act as his liaison with the Night Hawks in the future," Her CO replied as they continued down the detention block row to Processing.

"He's alright. But I think he's finally seeing the shaft we get in the Warhost, the talking down to and being looked down upon. Maybe if enough of them suffer through it, they'll realize why we don't put up with it anymore. Been doing this for too long, seen too much of this nonsense," Sabe continued as they approached the turbolifts. The doors hissed open, and two of the black armored soldiers that had taken her and her compatriots into custody from before pushed past.

“HEY!” Sabe shouted, but they kept walking. Scowling, Sabe turned and pursued them, stepping in front of them.

“HEY! I’M NOT INVISIBLE, NOR IS THE SENIOR OFFICER WHO WAS NEXT TO ME! HOW ABOUT PROTOCOL, YOU ARMORED LUNKHEADS!” Sabe shouted.

“Move. We don’t take orders from you,” One of the two soldiers said bluntly, and the two of them pushed past her a second time. Sabe started to set after them again, but she felt a hand on her shoulder.

“Let it go, Blaze. It’s not worth you ending up in the medbay,” Her CO said.

“Yeah. I’ll just let them end up in the morgue when those vat grown kriffers burn every last karking bridge and no one wants to help them. Muz should have better troops than that,” Sabe spat at them, before heading back to the turbolift.

“Captain, you wonder why you have so many enemies, and then you go doing things like that. You’re a hell of a soldier and a pilot, but sooner or later, that mouth of yours is going to write a check that your body will be overdrawn on cashing,” Her CO said.

“Sir, they don’t get to proverbially spit on a Captain and Colonel and not suffer anything for it. I know the galaxy ain’t fair, I’ll be the last person to say it is. But all of these nutjobs, they need to start accepting that we’re not here to babysit and save them from their own idiotic ambitions,” Sabe replied as they stepped onto the lift.

The door shut and the lift hummed as it shot upwards.

“So...scuttlebutt is that we might be lookin’ at some major action soon. Like some folks have been pokin’ the rancor and are going to get us all bit,” Sabe said after several moments of silence.

“Possible. But it might not be anyone’s fault. Politics are quite complicated, even at my level, Captain. Right now, it’s a neither confirm nor deny situation.”

“Any word on why we went into this clusterfekk of an operation, or is that being kept out of the channels?” Sabe asked.

“Summit wanted something specific, but the details are on lockdown. Evidently, we got it, they’re calling the mission a success. Even if the casualty count is absurd,” Her CO said with a grunt.

“Figured as much when we lost everyone at my LZ. Guess they forgot the six Ps, because no air support, no cover. Just toss everyone in and hope for the best. Maybe someone learned their

lesson.” The doors hissed open, putting them on the rec level, “Thank you, Colonel. And thanks for bringing my flight suit. I hate not having it.”

“I know, Captain. You might be a firebrand and troublemaker, but you’re one of my shooters. Just make sure to file your AAR by 0700 tomorrow. Report to Level Nine on Tarthos after we’ve returned, and don’t get into any barfights.”

Sabe turned around with a grin, “Sir, I am the model of good behavior.”