

Fort Aurora

With the *AGV Nighthawk* being destroyed, there was little left to do. The Nighthawk battleteam had been disbanded. Now what was Rulvak to do? He had followed Arcia to the ship, worked his way up the ranks, and made it to Battleteam Leader, but that wasn't enough. He still yearned for information, yet there was no longer a clear path to it. Moving on from the destruction of the old battleteam, and his chances of gathering any *good* intelligence, he joined Spectre Cell.

Rulvak looked around at the band of misfits and saw a variety of new faces. Only a couple of them remained from the old Nighthawk crew. Of the new recruits, about half seemed to not know what was going on. It was as if they were ordered to join the new battleteam, and still did not know where to put their things. There was a justified fear present in their eyes. They could see a Devaronian was sitting in the corner, looking rather devilish with his dark umber skin, red tinted eyes, and sharp teeth flashing as he spoke to a human littered with scars. The human caught their stares and hissed back at them, causing a few of them to jump in surprise.

"I don't know if these guys will make it with us if they are this easily frightened, Satsi." The Sephi spoke, making the recruits jump again as they hadn't even noticed he was in the corner behind them.

"Well, we always could use the fodder." She replied while glaring at the newcomers before turning back to her conversation.

"Hold your tongues, these new recruits have been sent to us from Qyreia and Skar." Grot spoke as he entered the room. We will likely need them in the missions surely to come." Only making the recruits more nervous with the bone sticking out through his nostrils.

"Speak for yourself." Rhy lance muttered, leaning up against a nearby wall. "You don't have to patch them up when they fail, miserably."

"Do we really need so many? A few would suffice for the easy work, but couldn't we just leave the majority of them with the main force? They could really use the training." Rulvak stood, finally revealing the purple hue of his skin.

"Who cares, let 'em run around. If they get in the way, we can 'misplace' them or something." Maaz chuckled, Satsi joining him in laughter.

At this point, Rulvak realized that there was no way to change the outcome of this. Leadership had mandated that they would have these new recruits, and it was up to them to figure out how to utilize them to their fullest potential. Perhaps they could train them in different battle techniques, or they may be trained to do the odd jobs that no one wants.

"We should have Kharoc and Zul train them. They may even pick up a thing or two that would ensure they are useful when the time comes." Rulvak nodded, truly believing it to be a good idea.

"I'm sure that will go over well." Xenna smirked as she walked into the room.

"Well, you all are just going to have to deal with it, regardless. Everyone will put in the effort to make this work." Grot spoke with confidence, knowing full well it would end much differently than he hoped. "For now, you lot need to take your things to the barracks. Get moving!" He pointed at the recruits while motioning towards the doorway.