

Dominion Holding Cells
Kias

The young woman sat against one of the walls in her cell, looking at the blank walls. She had gotten careless, sloppy even. Mother was going to have fits about it for months if she ever found out about it. The Chiss muttered darkly about being strip searched and losing her slugthrowers for a moment before she rose to her feet quickly. The cell door banged open and a thin, wiry Sephi stepped into the cell. He raised a small blaster in her direction and grinned for a moment before Ruana's sight went black.

Time passed differently for the teenager as she drifted in unconsciousness. The thick fog of the drugs blanketed her even in the dreams. She saw Uncle Len standing trial for protecting the rest of the Council. Alethia, cold and imperious, being marched to an execution chamber. She saw herself being sold into debauched slavery, a collar around her neck. Anger swelled inside the young woman, burning away the tendrils of sedatives.

She opened her eyes slowly, cautiously observing the room she had been brought to while unconscious. The Reaver was strapped to a table across her chest and legs to keep her from moving around too much. Two men stood absorbed in conversation about how best to extract knowledge from the girl. While their backs were turned to her, Ruana listened carefully as they debated the merits and flaws of certain forms of torture.

Her eyes fell upon a small table beside her with what looked to be several sharp blades resting on it. She flicked her eyes to the men, who turned to look at her. Ruana kept her eyes mostly closed, viewing the world through tiny slits.

"She'll be out for some time yet. Let's go see how the other prisoners are doing."

The two men walked out of the room and the Reaver opened her eyes baffled. The two Sephi had simply left her there without making absolutely sure she was unconscious. She was more than happy about their stupidity, but even an amateur should know better. Ruana moved her fingers carefully, stretching them out as the drugs continued to wear off.

Reaching to the strap over her chest, Ruana fought with it until it came loose in her hands. She reached down and found that strap much easier to manage when she could look at it. The Chiss looked at the table and grinned. She picked up two of the sharp knives and moved into the shadows, concealing herself from anyone who might come looking for her.

A few minutes after her escape, she heard the voices coming back laughing about the male Chiss they had also managed to get their hands on. The door opened and the two men walked back into the room, stopping suddenly when they noticed the table empty. The Reaver sprang from her cover and planted her foot in the door, slamming it closed. Through a violet curtain and a red haze, she grinned at the two men.

"Time for some fun."

She bolted forward, catching the first man just below the breastbone with one of the blades. It sank into his flesh like a hot knife in snow. Ruana felt the blade hit home as the man began to spasm. The second man turned to grab a blade of his own, but the small woman shoved the dying man away and sprang for her other captor.

With fluid grace born from years of training, she jumped onto his back and placed the blade against his throat. "You should always kill the enemy, not try to question them."

The Reaver drew the blade across the man's throat with agonizing slowness, revelling in the arterial spray that filled the room and covered her hand. She let the man collapse onto the ground, her eyes flat and hard as she turned toward the door.

"Another Chiss, hm? I only know one other Chiss. Time to go save Uncle Len."

She opened the door slowly and peered out, her eyes taking in everything about the prison. Ruana had to admit that it was a very attractive sort of place, but she had long since grown tired of it. "First Len and then my frelling guns. Not gonna let these nerf-herders keep them."