

Interrogation

Colonel Keida Lionne flinched as her cell door creaked open.

A titanic guard in heavy, black plasteel entered the room, and she knew the sort of interrogation this would be. With little else to stimulate her but the periodic bouts of torture, she had begun to recognize some patterns in her variety of tormentors. Dark-hooded monsters would try to rip her secrets from her mind, kind-faced snakes that would bribe and lie to her, and faceless thugs like this who came to beat and shout. She stiffened, struggling against her restraints in futile anger as he approached, her muffled shouts echoing as he closed the door behind him. The sharp metal dug into her wrists, splitting the skin, but at least that was something she could control.

The guard disappeared behind her, and she could feel him close, checking her restraints. She idly wondered what the questions would be about today, and which of her interrogators this was. *He must be new,* she realized, unable to place his particular armor and gait. That in itself was something to remark on in a place as dreary and hellish as her cell.

Then, with a wave of sudden relief, her restraints fell free. There was a moment of utter confusion as she laid there, rubbing her wrists and looking with suspicion at her faceless guard. He barely gave her a moments glance, but kept his eyes trained on the door.

“Are you fit to stand?” His voice was soft and muffled under the helmet, but even still she could detect a hint of a harsh, rasping accent to his basic.

“Who are you?”

“An interested third party. If you can stand, we need to leave. Now.” The guard leaned down to pick her up, but in a blur of motion she was already on him. With a burst of energy that could only be borne of desperation she leapt to her feet, liberating one of her captors pistols from it’s holster. Digging it into his gut, she glared up at him fiercely.

“Who. Are. You.” She demanded, digging the gun deeper into his stomach. With cautious, slow movements, the guard raised his hands as non-threateningly as possible. With a few swift adjustments he removed his helmet, revealing the mottled-green Trandoshan underneath.

“My name is Grot.” He paused, considering something, “You have never used a slugthrower before, have you? The safety is on the left, It’s a single action revolver, eight rounds.

It's got a heavy trigger pull and far more recoil than you're used to. I would use both hands if I were you."

Gritting her teeth, Colonel Lionne turned the safety off the gun and settled her other hand around it. She removed it from the Trandoshan's stomach and backed away, but kept it trained on him cautiously. Her suspicions began to falter

"You're working for *them*, why are you helping me?"

"I'm a mercenary, and I got a better offer," Grot hissed back, as if it were the most obvious thing in the galaxy. "You have good friends. It was *very* generous." A long moment of silence passed between them. Grot could see the conflict grow in her eyes, and decided to try his luck.

"Your scheduled interrogator will be here in five minutes. I suggest we be out of here before that." With a heavy sigh, Grot watched as she lowered the pistol, turning to him with sudden conviction.

"What's the plan?"

"There are two guards posted outside the door, and an additional two at the guard post at the end of the hall. Once we deal with them their credentials can get us to the landing pad outside. We'll need to hijack one of the supply transports"

"I assume the landing pad is guarded?"

"Heavily."

Colonel Lionne cracked her neck, and for the first time in a long time let out a chuckle. "Good enough for me."

Grot gave her a vicious smile. Turning around towards the door he replaced his helmet and spoke quietly over his shoulder. "Cover your ears."

With practiced ease he opened the door just a sliver, pulling one of the grenades from his belt as he did so and tossing it through. Mere moments before it impacted the far wall he slammed the door shut and turned his back to the explosion. He felt the door rattle and his ears ring as a shockwave of sonic energy filled the hall, knocking the guards outside unconscious.

Still stumbling from the sudden disorientation, Colonel Lionne and Grot raced out the door and down the hall towards the guard post. Inside the guards on duty were scrambling for weapons at the sudden disturbance and racing out the door to respond, only to be blown back from the entrance as a thermal detonator blew the door off its hinges and filled the room with a rush of flame. The two escapees pushed into the room soon after, with Grot planting a bullet in the guards chests for good measure.

Ruffling through their effects, Colonel Lionne snatched the guard commander's identity tag. "I got it!" she shouted, "Let's keep moving!"

As they made their way out of the detention block Lionne was stunned to see how normal the facility looked, almost like an office building, or one of the command post she was familiar with in the Collective. For a moment she considered that the collective might have these sort of detention areas as well, but pushed the thought from her mind. No time for that now as alarms began to blare and the post went into lockdown.

Luckily for them the guards identity tag easily bypassed the lockdown, and she felt fresh, clean air for the first time in months. Ahead of her she could see a large landing pad, with some sort of shuttle prepped for refueling nearby. The service crew were stumbling around in confusion at the sudden alarm and, bracing herself, she sent a few shots in their direction. Most went wide, but one struck one of the crewman in the chest sending him crumpled to the ground. The rest scrambling, clearing the way for them to board.

She could hear blasters pinging against the hull as Grot raced to the pilots seat, spinning up the engines and preparing to for launch. A few tense moments passed before they were up in the air, the bases hastily activated air defences tracing their way into orbit. With a sigh of relief, she leaned back in the navigators, a feeling of intense elation filling her from head to toe

"Any chance we'll be followed?"

"Likely, but the fleet's out raiding now so we should be able to make it to the egress point without issue. Do you know of anywhere i could turn you over to my employers?"

"There's a collective supply post, well protected, that should be secure." She leaned into navigational controls, punching in a course. "I doubt we'll have any trouble there"

"Glad to hear it."

****CRACK****

The loud report of Grot's slugthrower filled the cabin with a sudden explosion of noise as the rubber slug struck Lionne in the forehead, sending her sprawling from the seat. For the first time in a long time Grot allowed himself to relax, and turned back on his communicator. He was assaulted by a sudden cacophony of noise, orders, and screaming over the Vox as the base below struggled to figure out what happened, but above the confusion he could hear the strong, firm voice of Qyreia trying to organize a retrieval effort. Grot keyed into her comm frequency specifically.

“Viper base this is Spectre-1, reporting in. Escapee has been neutralized. Interrogation successful.”