

Dead of night; a sleeping beast resting. His heat rate increasing; breathing is heavy. A nightmare of all things is plaguing the newly promoted Lieutenant. Then a Holocommunicator goes off. Sweat is dripping from his forehead when he answers it. It is his master Quejo. Clicking the metallic button he answers it. A small conversation goes on before nodding. He'd turn it off. And smile. "Finally..." He'd go to the dock and look around. A group of 10 soldiers walked towards him. One of them in full stormtroopers armor looks at him. "Lieutenant. The Warlord sent us to aid you." Dev'err turned his head before turning towards the airlock once more. For once he has assistance. And he was going to enjoy it. Once he'd input the coordinates into the navcomputer for his destination. It would be a 2 hour ride. So he walks into the room where they were at. And begin his briefing.

"I don't know what you heard of me. But I'm going to tell you this. You shoot to kill when I give the order. Everyone on that station is a dead man. Man; woman and child. All branded traitors. You do as I say; and we will ensure the clan lives another day. Fail me and I'll shoot you myself. And I have to. I'll kill every single one of you to ensure this mission is a success is that understood?" In unison all the troopers yelled out. "YES SIR!"

The ship entered the Caelus system. Once the sublight drives engaged it would be a ten minute ride to Iosan. Lieutenant Dev'err Malren turned to them. "Once I give the order. You start exterminating... until then. You hold your fire." He'd walked to the bridge; each step purposefully brisk. He didn't care what they thought of him. A monster; a murderer. Whatever. Mission had to come first. The cold air of space clouded his judgement or it was that he truly didn't even care. Which ever an cold aura about him. If his master was looking for him. That feeling his master would get would be colder than usual. As soon as he entered the bridge the station was demanding landing codes. "This is transport Aurora, we were not told of any landing codes; we do not have enough fuel to leave; if we can dock and be refueled; we'll pay whatever." The man onboard looked at his commander. "You may dock prepare for a boarding team." Once the ship docked the airlock would engage. A hiss as the pod extending from the station engaged on the airlock. The squad was not in the hallway as the team entered. 2 men entered to check the room. Before long the Lieutenant gave the order and they were taken from behind. Both of them in almost unison had their necks snapped. Once that "schrik" sound was heard twice they were dragged and placed into the meeting room.

Dev'err and team entered after sending an all clear from the boarding teams datapad. As they walked straight for the offices in the central section. They were cool under pressure. No one was wearing armor. But still had guns were acting like they were just a normal crew only two of them were present. The rest broke off and headed for a rest area or bar. Whichever came first. Dev'err and the two entered offices with little issue. In fact the Superintendent asked for their presence.

Once in the office. Dev'err walked into the office while the two stood guard at the door. The Superintendent made Dev'err aware of the current situation. While he motioned to the guards. They began to shoot everyone in the control room office. While Dev'err looked at him.

"I'm going to make this very easy. Either you join Clan Talydran's cause. Or... I will kill you in a very. Very slow fashion. Maybe I'll start by ripping your fingernails out... then start to flay your fingers. But either way... I will find your family." The superintendent spoke up. "Hold up... look I'm not paid enough..." Dev'err interrupted him. "Do as I say; or anyone related to you. Is dead... and I will skin them. Very very slowly is that understood?" The man spoke calmly. "What if I don't believe you?" Within a blink of an eye. The Lieutenant not only cleared the desk between them but now had a poisoned machete against the man's throat. "Don't believe me? Let's start with you..." The moment the first prick of the blade touched skin the man screamed as it burned like an intense fire. "Aaaaaagh... Aaagh" is all that could escape his mouth. The blade dug deeper as the blood intensely flowed at this point. "Do I have to hurt more? Or will you follow my leaders orders?" The pain was unbearable to him. It didn't even take that long it was 2 minutes and forty five seconds since the man sat down. Weak is all that went through Dev'errs mind. The man was absolutely weak. He pulled the blade away while he agreed. He motioned to a holocommunicator that would open to his masters frequency. After a quick conversation the man promised to change sides. Quejo didn't believe the man so he ordered De'verr to stay. "Looks like your stuck with me." The man sighed. Knowing he was dead as well as his family if he didn't agree to the qualms. He cried while Dev'err stood there. Waiting for the mission to be over. The fleet was due in 5 hours.