

Star Wars: Imperial Treachery

Chapter 5

Arcia stood before a microphone, finishing up yet another song. “And that was our very own Arcia,” Walther, the radio host said. “Remember to show your support for our soldiers as they continue their fight to wipe out the so-called rebellion.” He switched off the radio and motioned for the guards. “Take her back to her cell,” he ordered as he lit a cigar. Walther of house Bedacus wasn’t just the radio announcer; he was also the warden of Caucasus, the largest—and most indestructible—prison on Voltar. Caucasus was home to political prisoners, common crooks and the Krayt maiden.

“Yes boss,” one of the soldiers said. The two of them approached the blue-haired Krayt maiden, carefully not to touch her. To touch the maiden was strictly forbidden, punishable by death. “Come mistress,” the soldier said. Arcia looked at the soldier with defiance, but stood up anyways. She wanted to fight back, but she couldn’t. She was a maiden, not a warrior.

“See you tomorrow Walther,” she said in spite. Walther only grunted back. He didn’t care for her one bit. He had a lot more to worry about on his mind. Every waking day he had to deal with death threats, prison breaks and potential attacks by rebel forces. It wasn’t easy being him, and Arcia felt sorry for him. But at the same time, she knew that his treatment of prisoners would be the end of him. The two guards led her through the halls until she reached the solitary confinement wing. The solitary confinement wing, or as most called it, the quiet wing, housed the most dangerous criminals. Each cell was soundproof and had lights on at all hours. The room also only had enough room for a bed and a toilet. The whole layout was designed to force the prisoners to go crazy, and no sense of time did a lot to turn a man crazy. One time, when Arcia was being led to her cell, she walked past an open cell that had housed what was once a man. The guards had a game where they saw how long it took for a man to completely lose it. They had decided to starve the man for an entire week. The man had decided to eat his own hand and ended up dying from blood loss. The once white room was covered in blood. And it would remain that way, guards never cleaned the cells. Dirt and mold thrived in them.

“Here’s your cell mistress,” the guard said, motioning for her to enter the cell. Arcia did as she was told and stepped into the dirty cell. As the door shut and sealed itself, Arcia reminded herself that wasn’t a criminal and deserved far better than this. It was true, she hadn’t done anything wrong. Sinius, the leader of the Nationalist party, had decided to place her here “for her own protection”. What a crock of poodoo that was. He had only kept her alive because he knew that if he killed the voice of Voltar, even his own men would abandon him. So he placed her into the “quiet wing” so she couldn’t sing to the prisoners and had her sing a few times a day on the radio in order to keep his troops in line.

Of course recordings and radio signals didn’t even come close to the real thing. Any soldier who heard her sing, with the Angels backing her, would become entranced by her voice. It was one aspect of the Krayt maiden to sing during battle in order to boost moral for the troops.

Any soldier that heard her sing would lose all sense of fear and charge blindly into battle. Some would die, most survived and the enemy would find themselves at a loss. Yes, the Krayt maiden could make or break a battle and that was why Sinius locked her up here, no rebel would dare to break *into* Caucasus. The place was impenetrable. Solid ossis walls, reinforced durasteel concrete buildings, you'd need a whole army to break in. And no army was going to try to break in. Well, no rebel army. Even Arcia had begun to doubt the rebel's abilities.

Voltar belonged to the Nationalists; the rebels were chasing after an idea that was long gone. Once the original government decided not to retaliate against the Republic after their failed invasion attempt, the Nationalists began a campaign to take control from Arom, the imporator. When Arom refused to back down, Sinius accused—and executed—him for treason. With Arom dead, Voltar fell into a civil war that has yet to end. Arcia lay on her bed. She wasn't sure what time it was, but she was tired. And when she'd wake up, she'd still have no idea what time it would be, or how long she'd of slept. She wondered how long it normally lasted until a regular prisoner in solitary would snap. She'd been doing this for *years* and the only thing that kept her going was the radio broadcasts. She closed her eyes, hoping that sleep would take her away from this dreadful place.

As the truck pulled up to the edge of the tree line, Nayt and Skoti knew something was amiss. There was a visible pillar of smoke billowing from the forest. "Who'd be stupid enough to light the fires this early?" Nayt asked.

"Sure it's not where the escape pod crashed last night?" Skoti asked. Nayt examined the smoke. It was too big to be from the base, yet it seemed too far to be the crash site. Nayt felt uneasy. Something just wasn't right.

"Let's hurry in," Nayt said. "I got a bad feeling about this." Skoti opened the passenger side door and the two of them crawled out while Jax exited through the driver's side. Once outside, they could smell the burning wood. Could the fires from the crash have started a wildfire? Jax walked over to the back where Mila was standing.

"Oh good," she said, reaching out with her hand, "I was hoping someone would be a gentleman." Jax ignored her and peered over to the Republic survivors.

"You guys are unarmed, correct?" he asked as Mila pouted. The three of them nodded. "Good," he said, heading for the tree line. "Keep up with us, don't try to run away."

"Where would we run to?" Aurea asked. "We don't even know where we are!"

"Don't toy with him," Echon said. "He doesn't appear to be one who likes people talking back to him."

"You got that right," Mila said as Echon, Celeste and Aurea walked past her and stepped off the truck. "Excuse me," Mila said, reaching out to Echon. Echon grabbed her hand as Celeste

rolled her eyes. “Thank you,” she said as she stepped down, “nice to see *someone* being a gentleman.” Her words were being directed at Jax, who was still ignoring her.

“Are they from the Republic?” Nayt asked. “You didn’t tell me you were torturing Republic soldiers back at your home!”

“I wasn’t,” Mila said, “that body we threw off to the side of the road back at Cicatriz was a Nationalist. I had no intention of harming these guys.” She placed a hand on Echon’s shoulder. Celeste pursed her lips together, hoping that no one could see her gritting her teeth. All she had been doing on the drive there was asking Echon a whole bunch of questions about where he was from and what it was like. It had gotten frankly annoying. Echon brushed off Mila’s hand. Celeste smiled slightly.

“We were talking about helping out the Republic and you didn’t think to mention the three Republic soldiers you were hiding in your home,” Nayt retorted.

“First off, you can hardly call them soldiers,” Jax said. “One’s a kid, the other’s a girl and he’s too young. Second, Mila brought them to my house. I had no say in their shelter.”

“We can argue about this later,” Skoti said. “Let’s just bring Jax to Meda okay Nayt?” Nayt stared Jax directly in the eye. “Nayt?” Skoti tugged at Nayt’s shoulder.

“Fine,” Nayt said, heading into the forest. Jax followed behind as Skoti motioned for the rest of the group to come as well.

“Is your friend always such a jerk?” Aurea asked Mila.

“Pretty much,” she answered.

As the group travelled into the woods, the smoke got thicker, reducing their visibility, not to mention their air quality. By the time they got to the guard post, Nayt’s fears had been answered; a lone guard laid dead on the same rock that Skoti and he had been sitting on the night before. Nayt drew his pistol and ran to the body. The body was ice cold, been dead for a while. “The base has been compromised,” he said before running ahead.

“Nayt!” Jax exclaimed. He drew his own pistol and followed behind.

“You guys stay close to me,” Skoti said, drawing his pistol as well.

Nayt rushed into the smoldering ruins of the base. The garage and all its vehicles lay broken and burning. The barracks was by this point a pile of charred wood. A few bodies lay on the ground, riddled with bullet holes. Nayt heard the bushes rustle behind him. He spun around and aimed his gun right at Jax. He quickly retracted his weapon and turned back to the carnage before him. He took a few steps forward before falling to his knees.

“This-this was it,” Nayt said. His eyes were wet with tears. He wished he could blame it on all the smoke, but he knew that Jax knew already.

“Is Tyno here?” Jax asked.

“I don’t know,” Nayt said as Skoti and the other arrived.

“Viscera save us,” Skoti said as he looked at what was left of the base. Nayt stood up and walked over towards the old supply closet he called home. It was still standing, but the equipment had been shot up. As he approached, one of the bodies on the ground grabbed his heel.

“Nayt...” the man struggled to say. Nayt looked wide eyed at the man before realizing what was going on.

“Oh thank Viscera,” Nayt said kneeling beside the man. “What happened?”

“One...” the man said. He squeezed his eyes shut. He was in a lot of pain. “One hornet...” Nayt felt a knot in his stomach. *One hornet*. One hornet had killed all these men. There were at least a hundred men stationed here. “A squad followed... and...” Nayt grabbed the man’s hand and squeezed it.

“Rest now soldier,” he said.

“Nayt...” the man said, lifting his head up and taking a deep breath, “they took the Republic soldiers... Caucasus...” The man laid his head back down. “Meda...” The man’s eyes went still. Jax approached as Nayt stood back up.

“Nationalists came in and took the Republic soldiers.” Nayt informed him. “And they got Meda too. They’re on their way to Caucasus as we speak.”

“Let’s get them,” Jax said. Nayt laughed.

“You want to go *into* Caucasus,” he said. “You want to get in with what? It’s just you, me, Skoti and those guys?”

“I’ve served in battle,” Echon said.

“As have I,” Celeste chimed in. “Besides, they’re my people. I need to rescue them.” She looked at Echon. “You’d do the same, right?” She asked. She had heard rumors for years that Echon had abandoned his squad during the battle of Endor. She had always chalked them up as only rumors, but now that Echon was alive, she had started to wonder if the rumors were true.

“Of course,” he answered. He turned back to Nayt and Jax. “You have our full support.” Nayt laughed again.

“That’s fine and dandy and all,” he said. “But *how* are we going to break in? This is Caucasus we’re talking about. You can’t just walk in there and expect to get out alive. The outer wall is made of ossis for fark’s sake!” He sat down on a rock. “They have surveillance at all points of the prison. Not to mention a perimeter alarm.”

“Poodoo,” Aurea said. “With defenses like that, you’d expect they’d never expect a direct assault.” Nayt shot his head up.

“Wait a minute,” he said, standing up. “They’d never expect someone to directly attack the gate. And once they send everyone to the gate, they’ll leave their perimeter open.” He rubbed his hands together and ran over to Aurea. “Thank you so much,” he said as he picked her up and hugged her. “Skoti, take them to the weapons cache and see if it’s still intact,” he said as he put Aurea down. “And bring all the explosives you can get.” He turned to Jax. “How much do you love that truck of yours?”

There was a loud banging on the door to Arcia’s cell. Arcia opened her eyes, knowing that it was once again time to go sing. The door opened and the guard handed her a tray of what could be called food. “Hurry it up,” he said as she took the tray from him. “Your show starts in five minutes.” Arcia picked up the provided spoon and scooped some of the goopy liquid from the tray. As she placed it in her mouth, she was once again reminded of how death tasted like. Two more quick spoonfuls and she had enough. She handed the tray back to the guard, who only laughed and stepped out of her way.

“Where’s your partner?” she asked as they walked to the radio station.

“He’s off helping process new prisoners,” he answered. “Got a lot of them today, apparently there’s something special about them.” Arcia wondered what that meant.

“Oh good, you’re on time for once,” Walther said as Arcia stepped in. “We’re going to have something special tonight. You remember all the lines to the song about the defense of Voltar?” he asked.

“That was the first song I sang,” she answered. Walther stared at her. “I mean—all of it.”

“Good,” he said, turning on the radio. “Good.” He placed his sound cancelling headphones on his head and flipped on the mics. “Good evening everyone,” he said. “This is Nationalist Public Radio, the one stop station made by Nationalists, for the Nationalists. Tonight we have a very special treat. I have just received word that the Republic forces that had tried to invade our planet yesterday have been all rounded up and on their way to Caucasus as we speak. So we here at NPR have decided to have our very own Krayt maiden sing about our greatest fight against the Republic forces.” Arcia closed her eyes and began to sing.

“Are you sure this is goin’ to work?” Skoti asked as Nayt placed a powder charge on the gas pedal of the truck.

“If it doesn’t, I hope you can stand not showering for the rest of your life,” Nayt replied. Skoti shuddered. Echon was busy looking over his rifle.

“Slugs?” he commented as he examined the magazine. “What kind of joke is this?”

“The auto-kinetic rifle has served this planet for millennia,” Mila said.

“Give me a blaster any day,” he said, throwing the strap over his shoulder. Nayt stepped back from the cabin.

“Okay, its ready,” he said, wiping his brow and overlooking the set-up. The cab of the truck was filled to the brim with powder charges, as was the bed of the truck. “This should be enough explosives to take out the south gate.”

“Once we take out the gate, then what?” Echon asked.

“We’ll climb over the wall on the east side,” Nayt explained. “Their men will all be stationed at the south by then.”

“You know this?” Jax asked.

“Nope,” Nayt replied. “But based on previous Nationalist tactics, it’s how they normally react to situations like this.” Skoti laughed.

“Normally react,” he chuckled. “Nayt you’re goin’ to get us all killed.”

“You can bow out right now Skoti,” Nayt replied sarcastically. “I’m sure we’ll do fine without you.”

“Bolls,” Skoti said. “You guys will find some way die without me.”

“Enough chitchat,” Jax said, reaching into the truck and starting it, “let’s hope Viscera’s watching us tonight.” The truck roared to life and almost immediately began to spin its tires rapidly. Jax gripped the gear shift, and, after a short prayer, pulled it into drive. Nayt yanked Jax out of the way as the truck drove itself straight at the gate.

Arcia stopped singing once the alarm went off. The room was engulfed in a red light. “Fark,” Walther said as he was switching off the radio equipment and grabbed his own personal communicator. “What’s going on?” he asked whoever was on the line.

“A truck just crashed into the south gate!” a guard replied.

“Fark,” Walther said. “I need to get over to my office to initiate the lockdown. Are the rebels attacking?”

“Not yet boss,” the guard replied.

“Keep a watch on that gate, I don’t want to see the rebel army rolling up to our front door,” he ordered.

“Yes boss,” the guard replied. Walther turned off his radio and turned to Arcia. “They don’t know you’re here,” he said. “They’re only here to save the Republics most likely. I don’t know why, but it doesn’t matter, once we get you back in your cell it *won’t* matter.” As Walther walked towards the door, Arcia grabbed the mike stand and struck Walther across the head with it. Once he fell to the ground, Arcia reached into his pocket and removed his keys. She then went back to the radio equipment and turned it on. She had been watching him do the same routine for years now. Once everything was online, Arcia grabbed the microphone.

“People of Voltar,” she began. “For years the Nationalist party has said that I am being safely held in the temple I once called home...”

“Clear,” Nayt said as he swept through another room. The rest of the group came into the small locker room. “Find a spare uniform everyone,” he said as he rummaged through the lockers, taking any ammo he saw they could use. Echon grabbed a spare uniform and began to remove his shirt.

“Do we have to do it in the open?” Celeste asked, blushing at the sight of his body. For not being in the military anymore, Echon had kept in shape.

“I don’t mind,” Mila answered, ruining Celeste’s moment.

“Use the shower stalls,” Jax said as he grabbed a uniform. “That way, no one has to see anything awkward.” He then walked off into the showers. Echon shrugged his shoulders and followed Jax. Nayt and Skoti both grabbed a uniform and went into the showers, leaving the three girls alone.

“Might want to say something to him before I steal him away,” Mila whispered in Celeste’s ear. She smiled as Celeste turned to face her. Celeste frowned and reached for a uniform. “There aren’t any female guards here,” Mila remarked.

“Mila’s right,” Jax said, stepping out of the showers, completely disguised as a prison guard. “You’ll serve as our prisoners until we reach a security room and can find where they’re keeping Meda and the Republics.” Echon, Nayt and Skoti came out, all looking like prison guards as well. Skoti looked up at the clock.

“Bless me,” he said, grabbing a radio off the desk. “It’s time for Arcia’s music.”

“We don’t have time for that,” Jax said as Skoti turned the radio on.

“For years the Nationalist party has said that I am being held safely in the temple I once called home,” Arcia said. “I am here to tell you that is a lie. Since the start of this civil war, I have been held captive in the prison complex of Caucasus.” Jax, Nayt, Skoti and Mila all gasped.

“I want to inform the rebels who are currently laying siege to the prison, I am here. I am in the central tower, guards will be coming soon, and I fear that my time here will be short. I am pleading to the rebellion, please come rescue me.” Suddenly they heard what sounded like a door being forced open and guards pouring into the room. Arcia screamed before the transmission was cut.

“We have to save her,” Skoti said. Nayt knew that saving the maiden would be even more risky. He also knew that rescuing her from enemy hands would tip the scales in the rebel’s favor dramatically.

“We’re undermanned for something like this,” Nayt said. Skoti grabbed Nayt by the collar.

“This is the only shot we’re ever going to get,” Skoti said. “If we leave here tonight without her, we are never goin’ to see her again.” Nayt sighed.

“Okay,” he said. “We’ll try to rescue her.”

“Saying ‘try’ implies that we’re going to fail,” Jax said, readying his rifle. “We *are* going to rescue her.” Skoti readied his rifle with a big smile on his face.

“Alright,” Mila said, clasping her hands together. Jax pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

“We’re going to have to make this look real,” he said as he cuffed Mila.

“Not so rough,” she said sarcastically. Echon walked up to Celeste.

“Sorry about this,” he said as he cuffed her as well.

“Not a problem,” she said, slightly embarrassed.

“What about me?” Aurea asked.

“I want you to stay in here,” Nayt said. “We might walk right into a firefight and I don’t want you to get hurt.” Aurea pouted.

“It’ll be fine,” Echon said, trying to cheer her up. “When we find a security room, we’ll radio you over with this.” He handed her the radio from his uniform. He then grabbed Skoti’s radio and tuned it to his frequency. “See?” he said, talking into the radio.

“Fine,” she said. Echon smiled and patted her on the head, to her disapproval. She was starting to hate being treated like a kid all the time.

“Alright,” Jax said. “Let’s hurry this up and get going.” Aurea watched as everyone left. She sat down and crossed her arms. Echon used to trust her. They used to work together, now it seemed like he’d rather work with people closer to his age. She couldn’t help being twelve. She

also couldn't help being an orphan. Before she could continue to dwell on it she sensed people coming. She quickly opened a locker and hid. Three guards walked in. She could already sense that it wasn't Echon, Nayt, Skoti or Jax.

"Some strange night, eh?" one of the guards asked. "Rebels attack us only to disappear?"

"I know," another guard said. "Maybe it's a warning of things to come."

"Don't be serious," the third guard said, "the rebels will keep doin' what they're good at doin', dyin'."

"Don't be so quick to jump to conclusions like that," the second guard said, trying to open his locker. "We've been lucky to be taking out so few, but..." He tried to open the door, but Aurea was busy holding it shut with the Force. "My locker's stuck," the guard said, giving up. Aurea sighed with relief.

"Let me try," the first guard said. Aurea cursed under her breath and began focusing on keeping the door shut once more. The guard pulled with all his might, but was unable to make the door budge as well. "Fark," he said, kicking the door.

"Attention all staff," the intercom said. "This is Warden Bedacus speaking. In light of the recent attack on our complex, I am issuing a lockdown on all wings. Staff is to remain at their posts until further notice."

"Fark me," the first guard said. "And here I thought I was going to get a break." The three guards walked out. Aurea sighed and pushed the door open. She grabbed the radio and pressed the button to talk on it.

"Echon, she said. "They put the whole place on lockdown."

"We know," Echon said. Four guards had their guns trained at them. Three of the guards had rifles. The other one, who looked to be the head of security, was using a pistol.

"Who were you talking to?" the head of security asked.

"Just my associate at processing," Echon lied. The officer scoffed.

"Bolls," he said. "Where did you come from?"

"He and I had just finished our break and were coming from the lockers," Jax answered, pointing at Nayt. "We ran into these two transporting these prisoners." He pointed at Skori and Echon, who had Mila and Celeste trailing behind them. "And then we ran into you guys." The officer smiled.

“See, that sounds much more like you’re telling the truth,” he said. “I take it you’re the rebels who tried to attack us earlier.” His smile disappeared. “Your ‘prisoners’ aren’t tagged or properly dressed.” Nayt facepalmed. *Of course* they forgot to give them prisoner uniforms.

“You say that like we already failed,” Jax replied.

“I find it funny that you’re trying to talk back to me,” the officer said, pulling the hammer back on his pistol. “I’ll show you how I deal with rebel scum.” As his finger began to squeeze the trigger, Jax had already brought his hand down on the officer’s wrist. The officer fired downward as he fell to the ground. “My...my hand,” he said, dropping the gun. “You broke my hand.” The other guards backed away. “What are you waiting for?” he said, pointing at Jax and crew. “Shoot them!”

“I wouldn’t do that,” Jax said, taking his hat off. “Or I’ll just have to bear my fangs.”

“You, you’re Jax of house Refeik!” one of the guards exclaimed. He and the other guards fled the scene, leaving the officer all alone.

“Spare me!” the officer pleaded lifting his good hand in the air. Jax removed the rifle from his shoulder. He gripped it in his hands for a few second before he struck the man in the head with the butt of his rifle, knocking him out. He then walked over to the door to the security office.

“Bring him in here,” Jax ordered as he forced the door open. Nayt and Skoti grabbed the officer’s arms and dragged him into the room. Echon, Celeste and Mila stepped inside, closing the door behind them. The office was your typical office, with two desks, some computer equipment and a gun locker. Jax went over to the locker and broke the lock on it. “A shotgun will do well in there cramped halls,” he said as he examined one of the guns. Nayt walked over to one of the computers and started typing.

“Can you find her?” Skoti asked.

“I think so,” Nayt answered as he continued to type. Echon grabbed his radio.

“Aurea,” he said, “we found the security office. When you exit the room go-”

“Right here,” Aurea said, appearing in the doorway. “I followed the guards.”

“What guards?” Skoti said, drawing his rifle.

“Don’t worry,” Aurea assured him. “They took a different route.” What Aurea failed to tell them was that she simple used her burst of speed again and utilized her expanded sight to locate Echon. Before anyone could ask, Nayt slapped the table in excitement.

“Got it!” he exclaimed. “She’s being held in the solitary confinement wing.”

“What about our people?” Celeste asked. Nayt started typing.

“They’re still in the processing station,” he answered.

“Alright, here’s what we do,” Jax said, walking over to Nayt. “You, the Republics and I will go grab Tyno and the other Republics. Skoti and Mila will grab the maiden.” The group nodded their heads in agreement.

“Can we get Echon as well?” Mila asked before everyone could leave. “We sure could use an extra hand.”

“Sure,” Echon answered, turning to Jax and the rest of the group. “You guys don’t mind?”

“Of course not,” Celeste lied. “It betters their chance to survive.”

“You’ve got a point,” Jax said. “Alright, Echon, you go with them.”

“Attention all staff, this is Warden Bedacus,” the intercom said. “It has come to my attention that rebel troops have compromised the complex. I am issuing a maximum security lockdown in thirty seconds. Please evacuate to one of our many safe rooms and please be sure to save all your electronic files beforehand.”

“Fark!” Nayt cursed, starting to type quickly. “If they do that, the doors will be sealed shut! We’ll be trapped.”

“Can’t you do anything to stop it?” Echon asked. Nayt continued to type away.

“I *could* open all the doors in the complex,” Nayt suggested. “They won’t be able to seal the doors back up before the lockdown.”

“Do it,” Skoti said. Nayt typed some more before the doors to the security office opened, as well as the checkpoint doors. Then, the lights flickered. Everyone felt the hairs on the back of their neck stand on end. Echon wondered what was going on just as the lights—as well as the computer—went out. They were in complete darkness. “Electronic Nulifyin’ Pulse,” Skoti explained. “They disable all electronics, for a time, at least.”

“Damnit,” Jax said reaching for a map of the complex. “Alright, we’re here.” He pointed on the map. “You guys need to go this way,” he traced the path with his finger, “to get to the solitary wing.”

“Got it,” Skoti said. He reached into his pack and pulled out a clear stick; a glowrod. He snapped it and light suddenly poured from it. “Viscera watch over you.”

“Same to you,” Nayt said as he snapped a glowrod on as well. Echon watched as Nayt, Jax and Celeste ran off. Celeste looked towards Echon and the others for a moment and noticed

that Aurea's eyes were gone. Well, gone was the wrong choice of words. The eyeball was there, but the pupil was not. As Celeste stopped to get a better look, Aurea had turned away from the glowrod and looked at Echon.

"Let me come with you guys," Aurea pleaded. "I can help you guys out."

"That's alright," Skoti declined. "We don't want you to get hurt."

"But *I can* help," she said. "Echon knows." Echon thought for a moment. Her Force sight *could* be handy in the darkness.

"She can help us," Echon said. "Trust me."

"I've got no problem with that," Mila said, wanting to see the girl in action.

"Fine then," Skoti said. "Let's move out!"

When the door to her cell slid open, followed by the electronic nullifying pulse, Arcia didn't know what to think. She stepped out the door and focused her attention on the glowrod wielding guards down the hall. "Get back in your cells scum!" one of the guards screamed to all the prisoners walking out of their own cells. The other guard noticed Arcia with the morning glow behind her.

"Get back in your cell!" he screamed. "These monsters will tear you apart!" Arcia didn't move. The other guard had drawn his weapon and shot a prisoner who had gotten too close. Arcia looked at the man fall to the floor and then back at the guards. The guard who had threatened her before drew his weapon as well. "I'm warning you!" Arcia closed her eyes and began to sing. Almost immediately, the guards dropped their weapons. Fear gripped their psyche. They were scared and didn't know why. The prisoners however felt like all the fear and torment they had experience in their time in Caucasus was gone. The prisoners walked over to the guards, who were now huddled in fear. Arcia kept singing as the prisoners brutally attacked the guards. Once the guards had stopped screaming, Arcia opened her eyes and saw one of the prisoners walking up to her. She swallowed hard, afraid of what this man was about to do. The other prisoners were busy mutilating the corpses of the guards to notice. The man kept getting closer and closer. Finally, when he reached about three feet in front of her he stopped.

"Your orders mistress?" the man asked. Arcia smiled.