

Gravity upon an Imperial Frigate, no matter how ancient and venerable the craft is, is never a constant concept as experienced planetside. The plasma reactors were maintained through the constant prayers and canticles playing as guides for both the Machine Spirits that housed within them as well as the Priests who maintained them. Prayer, blessed by the Emperor's own wisdom, might, and guidance, was fickle on the manner of generation.

Thus was the reason gravity shifted, for power was always shifting about.

Gravity fluctuations were not commonly something that inhabited the mind of an Astartes. It was however something that could be noticed by all within the room thanks to the ever present silence. Subtle creaks and yawns of the ship's bow were the only interruptions to the silence.

When these interruptions occurred they were always loud. Nothing within the room, with the exception being the flesh of the one bound at the center, was capable of dampening the irritated cries of the Bronze Catechist. The armor worn by the two other room members made them useless in combating the interruptions of that plagued their watch.

When it happened only one of them would move, just the most subtle of movements. The Bronze helm the man wore still allowed him to check things that would have been at the edge of his vision. Some might have thought it hampers him, but the Astartes was in fact empowered by this gear with the Machine Spirits feeding him a series of runes describing the atmosphere and other pieces of information.

Every piece was valuable. If one number was off or out of variance it would mean that trouble was approaching them from outside. The Astartes experienced something of a self imposed paranoia as he searched every piece of the room for something that was not there.

Did he need to go this far? Did he need to care this much for the purposes of his service at this moment? He did not know the answer to that. And that was the most dangerous fact was that he did not know the answer to that question. Where should one strike the line between the sense of reality and the daemons within the darkness?

One thing he did know was that he needed to keep a sense about himself. Many times before he was told that he would think too much about a situation and create details so fine that he was closer to a Son of Guilliman than a Minotaur. Upon his return he found out that his breed of Adeptus Astartes was so much like himself yet also that little bit different. It was they, the outsiders, who misunderstood the truth of the matter. They were the ones who misunderstood his breed thinking the irrational was the norm and not the logical.

The Primaris Marine took a breath to settle his mind. He was becoming irritable again. Such irritation was not something that he should allow to take his person away from himself. Moments of weakness were often heralded by the clouding of senses.

Allowing his mind to be tamed by such human emotions will lead to his downfall. He felt three lungs collapse and expand. His mind's eyes focused on this which brought him back to reality.

The cell was of medium size due to the requirement for watchmen. There was a total of twenty cells exactly like this one within the Bronze Catechist. Prisoners were rare, but the stock of prisoners always required watchmen. Those who were runts in the genome of mankind were still monsters when blessed by the engineering of the Emperor's wisdom.

The room was the length of five strides, both watchmen standing roughly two strides from the quarry of their attention. Enough room this gave that if their ward was to somehow walk in their direction that they will have at least one stride's notice before he accomplished the deed. Such thoughts were simply that Astartes only needed one stride worth of time to know how their opponent was going to attack them. It did not matter if their quarry was transhuman, mutant, or mortal; none could break such a cold hard fact of reality.

This precaution was reasonable but the sheer amount of protective layers that stood between the two of them was staggering. The Astartes who kneeled within the center had an odd plate stretched across his chest that was connected to chains. This plate had a hole in the middle of it placing it perfectly where the two hearts of a standard Astartes warrior would be implanted. The Veteran of the Indomitus Crusade noted that if their heart was not there, the chassis which held their victim was cleverly positioned to allow an easy sword strong upon the neck.

The rest of the harness was a series of links that were lovingly crafted by the Adepts of Mars. As strong as Terminator Armor, these links wrapped from the harness to the knees which caused the permanent kneeling. From there the links bound the hands from behind as well as the head. Keeping the neck exposed, the head was bound with a grill that prevented the one bound from using their mouth for anything other than speaking.

These chains ultimately led to five points within the chamber, one of each side of the room within the exception of the wall which hosted the hatch to enter and leave the room. The only odd one that did not attach to the primary harness was the manacles which contained the hands, these were stretched out to the wall opposite of the door to allow full view of them.

The one in the center of them was currently being held up by the chains which attached to the ceiling, his eyes closed in slumber. It was not the deep slumber of the Sus-an Membrane for the Prisoner did not choose to use it.

Before the sound cracked through the air both Astartes snapped their heads towards their Prisoner's face. A reward of metal rattling came in through their helms telling them that their sight of light was indeed truth. Unlike the ship it was a much quieter movement that was dampened by its own resilience.

"Open your eyes." The Minotaurs Captain called out in a deep rumble that demonstrated all the ill content he held for the universe.

Upon command the Prisoner's eyes snapped open as wide as saucers. He too was taking in all the information of his environment. Likely he was scanning for the most likely method of escape away from his guardians into the dark pits of the vessel. All he would find is a metal chamber devoid of cavetes except for the door which was right before his eyes.

Suddenly all the chains that bound the prisoner began to tense as he attempted to contort his body in unnatural ways. He failed as the wonderfully decorated Minotaur stabbed him with a stun prod. The Astartes kept his silence as his body spasmed from the attack.

As the current of power swelled and waned the sound of breathing replaced it. A pair of eyes alive with the fires of fury starred at the decorated pauldrons and cloak that ran behind the Captain. His eyes were quickly focused upon the Captain Seal which rested upon the right. Finally he barked.

"In the name of Rogal Dorn, why am I bound like a dog!" The anger of their prisoner roared as he tried his best to intimidate them through sheer vocals alone, "I am a Son of Terra's Castellan, yet you bind me here like I am a renegade traitor. On whose authority and I bound!?"

The Captain looked towards Labyrinthos, his faceless helm telling the Primaris that he did not really want to speak with their captive any longer than he did. The Primaris felt as if the Captain would keep his tongue out of speech lest he be poisoned through the simple action of talking to their prisoner.

"It is upon the Aegis of the Minotaurs that you are held." The Primaris told their captive, lacking the desire to muster such hatred as his superior felt, was truly necessary.

"Minotaurs." The Astartes between the two watchmen spoke that world with a significant amount of disgust, "Do you really have the authority to bind me, a Son of Dorn, one who seeks out the truth in the Galaxy just as my penultinum Father had?"

"It does not matter. You are bound. You are ours." The Primaris felt a tinge of annoyance within his mind as he answered the practical of the situation.

“I will only be yours until I am taken back, let it be through negotiation or force. I am a Son of Dorn, if you are to kill me I will have thousands of brothers who shall see me Martyred against you.” The Astartes barked with a fierce rapture.

The two Minotaurs kept their silence as they did not want to take the man up in his banter. The veteran of a single Crusade felt that the man before them was not calculating or thinking about his words. No, this was a man flailing at his opponents trying to bring them down to his position. They were this Astartes’ Watchmen, and he was their prisoner.

Though the Astartes spoke like a son of Rogal Dorn. It reminded the Primaris of Tibis and Lexitus and how they would always make this truth known.

There was a click as Captain _____ began his speech, “What do you know of the Star Hunters Chapter?”

The Primaris watched as the face of their prisoner became that of confusion. It looked upon them without any form of understanding in the subject matter. His anger quickly returned to the fore, “In the name of the Emperor, why would you ask me of them?”

“You are a seeker of Truth.” The Captain pointed out with a condescending glee to his baritone voice, “Do you know anything?”

“I do not.” Answered the Fist without even taking a second to hold back the information. After all why would he need to lie or keep back any truth when his face already told the Minotaurs everything he knew. As if realizing his mistake he began his assault upon this consciousness once again, “Why are you bothering to interrogate me when you can just kill me and use my flesh to learn your answers? You have already done it to my Company!”

“It is because you don’t know. Not yet.” Pointed out the Astartes Captain.

Finally Labyrinthos realized the reason his Captain did not want to speak to the captive. The Astartes was wise among many years and knew himself as well as one would know the battlefield.

He knew, for a fact, that he would enjoy talking. He would enjoy it too much.

“I do not have anything that needs to be shared, Minotaur, for I am a Son of Dorn. You have everything to hide, let it be your lineage or your mission. The later you have failed at, and the former you are ashamed of.” Declared their Prisoner as he once again attempted a taunt like a viper.

“It does not matter whose line we come from.” Labyrinthos interrupted their speech so that his Captain would not continue to be gaulded into conversation by their Prisoner, “Upon our hands is the blood of every single chapter of Astartes ever to have been made. Let it be Traitor or Loyalist, they all can turn and this loses any rights they might have had.”

“That is your claim, but you also know that it's a claim not sustained by the Emperor's own will.” Pointed out the Astartes which they had bound, “Look at the White Scars and their speed, or the Iron Hands and their technology. You do not compare to any of them.”

Labrynithos felt his breathing change. His humors were changing; causing his muscles to tense themselves at the sudden change of chemical balance within his body's anatomy. These feelings were not foreign to the Minotaur as he would welcome it many times before. These feelings were not feelings that he should be allowing himself to experience when in such a confined space, where a single blade stroke could end the life of the man so far away.

It was just like the time Yjorden taunted him into an honor duel. A duel that Labrynithos had fallen for like a grox to the slaughter.

He gripped his breathing as he tried to keep time slow relative to him. Every second he did not speak he was giving more and more credence to his opponent in this bout of tongue. The Primaris did not realize until now that every word the Astartes had spoken was indeed digging deeper and deeper into his skin. He was not one for wordplay, only action.

In and out, he breathed to every tenth beat of his original heart. Anger was relented and control was retained.

As he did this there was a click within the Primaris's ear. His eyes looked to see that the ship's coms network was being routed to him from the command throne of this vessel. The Primaris almost lost his breath as he looked at the Vox ID of who was calling him.

“Keep him talking.” Ordered the Chapter Master, *“He will teach us of our foes.”*

That was the complete opposite of what Labrynithos wanted to do. To continue talking to this Imperial Fist was already irking on his nerves and would harm his psyche. If he allowed himself to be lost then the wait for information was going to be wasted. So many man-hours were placed into this one Marine. Three minotaurs were lost as well as fifty other Astartes who were unknowingly harboring this felon.

He will not give into anger. The Minotaur must do the duty that he was instructed to do.

“It does not matter what they are.” The Primaris declared with firmly resolved will, “We are the Minotaurs, we stand above them.”

The Son of Dorn laughed as if a joke for the ages was told to him. The chain tied to the top of the room tensed as he allowed his legs to give from the pressure of his laughter. The Veteran felt unease cross into his mind as he had only seen this occur in the truly estranged Astartes.

“You are Primaris, I have heard tales of your kin. I have heard that you have stood next to fellow Legions just like those who have sworn themselves to the Inquisition. You surely have noticed.” The Prisoner placed forward with a bit of wickedness coming across his face.

“There are differences, but they are my brothers.”

“They are our Cousins. Do not break down the barrier that our manufacturing gives us.” The Son of Dorn made clear as he moved to cause the bottom chain to become tense, “We the sons of Dorn have our missions, creeds, and demeanor. Draw an ire to the Dark Angels who keep themselves in the darkness while keeping hidden technologies from the eyes of even the Mechanicum. These they gained from being sons of the Lion and First to march.”

“They die all the same.” Captain _____ said with a graphting of pride, “By my hands I have killed three of his descendants. What they hold in reserve means nothing to us.”

“What of the Sons of the Angel, he who has given his life to save the Emperor from damnation. Ever are they so venerated and ever so are they painted upon the murals of a thousand worlds. Even as they drink the blood of the innocent their image is kept in check by their bloodline to Sanguineous.”

Labyrinthos did not know what to feel as he heard those words. If he wanted to think or ponder upon those words spoken the were robbed from him as the Captain continued his teasing of the Prisoner, “I do not have a care what the people of many worlds think of Angels. We serve, we do not garner worship.”

“You serve as lap dogs for power hungry men.” The Fist fired back with a righteous fury within his voice, “No longer do you even serve the greatest among them. He walks again, Roboute Guilliman, is served directly by the Thirteenth Legion Ultramarines. You have been displayed from your position at the top, replaced by the clerics of Ultramare.”

“We were not replaced. We still serve those we have served.” Growled the Captain with a great amount of irritation crowning within his voice.

“You have been. On whose orders do we sail towards distant stars now? Who controls the Council of Terra?” The Astartes poked and prodded as he knew he caught on something great, “If you are here, then you were dominated. Your masters are now hounds and you are their puppies who no longer have the right to speak with the highest echelon of the Imperium.”

The Primaris looked at his First Born Superior with surprise as the Captain began to sway. Stoic and mighty he was, the frills upon his magnificent cap and pauldrons showed that he was getting irritated by trying to keep his position over the Prisoner.

The Veteran of three hundred years worth of war did not guarantee he was the master of himself. Labyrinthos needed to stop this line of thought before the ultimate goal was lost.

“You speak with such confidence Fist. How can you be so sure about Terra’s fate.”
Pointed out the Primaris with power within his voice.

“Because you are here and Guilliman still lives. I see the Truth is obvious when these two facts are taken into consideration.” A small chuckle rang as he gave that damning line.

“Assumption has made a rude day of many. I have not met a Fist who would take such wide speculation into account.” Pointed out the the Minotaur with a hint of irony.

“We will when the amount of information is limited. You have killed my company and took both myself and others prisoner. Am I held like this because of some value I possess to your superior, I believe that is the more likely case. Those are the facts you have presented to me to which I will act.” The Dornian’s head tilted slightly as he gazed into the reticles of Labyrinthos’s helm, “You have stripped me of everything else. All I have now is my mind and mouth.”

“You use them to full effect, even when it is better to keep it silent.”

“I feel its better for me to talk than to not. I as a Son of Dorn will die with a righteous warcry instead of solemn meekness. That is the pride we hold, the pride of thousands of Heroes, what does the Minotaurs possess?”

“Honor in service to our Masters and the Emperor. We need nothing more.” Labyrinthos declared.

“Many others have said that. Many others who had fallen either to eradication or the baneful enemy because they were too proud to admit the truth. Too proud to admit that the greatest award for a warrior is to be remembered for the deeds he carried out. The Wolves of Fenris always sing songs of their kin’s deeds, while those of my blood have our names etched into the Phalanx to be seen among thousands. You will not be remembered.”

The Minotaur felt like an ancient question was asked just then.

How will one be remembered for the deeds that they had committed?

Labrynithos had been on a great many disciplinary parties which have struck out against other bloodlines of the Astartes. Let them be Ultramarine, Imperial Fist, White Scar, Blood Angel, or any other breed they were all subject to the horns of the Minotaur.

He remembered some of the Imperial Fists would mimic what was on the Phalanx as they dedicated an entire wall upon their lead battle barge for remembrance. He knew of the Space Wolves who sung their mighty deeds of the dead nights before the great skirmishes.

In his mind’s eye there was a flash of golden metal going before his face, the deathmask of a long dead Blood Angel who held a power sword in his hand. The Astartes saw the blade clenched in the hand of the golden warrior who only left the Minotaur a single test of skill to see whether he would live or die.

The Minotaur was not shown wanting on that day. Blessed be to the Emperor for that.

“Ha, you think being remembered is all there is?” The Battle-Captain laughed as his red eyed visor dug into the prisoner, “If you think all we do is try to be remembered, you're full of it. Our service is to the Imperium of Man. For that the Emperor himself is our witness.”

“The Emperor has a great many for him to remember, he will not remember you.” The tongue of the Imperial Fist was digging deeper now as the excitement of a verbal spar was now pronounced.

“The Emperor is Divine. If he wishes to remember us he will.” The Minotaur answered as he gave a hearty laugh, “If he does not then we have not done our service and deserve it.”

“You will never achieve that, for the Emperor always finds us wanting.” Declared the Imperial Fist as a small amount of fight left him.

“He will not find us wanting.” The words came out as a growl from Labrynithos. The Astartes knew he was irked by the words being spoken by the Fist and saw it as useless to speak, but he could not keep his tongue for much longer. His vision had flicks of bloodlust while his heart was filled with sorrow.

The Imperial Fist laughed as an answer to his rebuttal. Like he had told a hilarious joke which would have engaged an entire audience. There was no audience though, and to Labrynithos the laughter seemed more hollow upon his ears than it did joyous.

It was a given after all when one considers his predicament. If there was someone found wanting of the Emperor's mercy it was the Imperial Fist who stood in front of them. He is the traitor amongst them and thus does not deserve of such an honor.

For if the Emperor knows the name of a traitor, is it only to curse them for the terrors they inflicted upon the body that is mankind.

The laughter died down, leaving the three of them in another deep silence of sense deprivation. Unseen by the Fist, Labrynithos looked into his visor to see a series of communications that were directed towards him. His eye scanned them with an inquisitive sense, his mind calculating the authentication code via time-date referential and his mind's unending memory.

He marked the code as true and delivered his own code.

The Imperial Fist must have caught the change in the room's tone as both Labyrinthos and his Captain did their duty. His eyes were shifting to each of them trying to decode what it was they were thinking. He will not get it for he lacks the information necessary to make an accurate assessment.

Labyrinthos knew though that the Astartes had several good guesses from both remembered and forgotten experience.

He looked towards his captain who gave the Astartes a nod. With the final confirmation given the young Primaris moved himself before the door and placed the commands for it to open. He watched the Machine Spirit give a green light, but the door did not open just yet.

It was after seven seconds of waiting did the door open up to reveal the outside. Their Prisoner had given up trying to move his head towards the door thanks to the chains which held him back. Such was the design of the place so that the wards will never be able to get information to the outside.

Before the Astartes was another Astartes, his helm removed to reveal the battleworn face of Captain Ceretos. Labyrinthos did the same as his brother, lifting the helm to reveal his thick skin face and protruding forehead to the man before him. These traits were what the two of them shared, but their eyes were always of their birth and hair a great many colors and styles.

Captain Ceretos for example held a scruffy beard in addition to a few locks of hair. Labyrinthos as his younger did not have facial hair, but his hair reached down towards his neck in a pulled back style.

The Primaris took his eyes away from the Captain and glanced at the two others who were behind him. Their helms were still upon their heads. They did not need to show their faces to the Astartes though, Labyrinthos was simply checking to make sure that the courier came with the standard escort due to troublesome prisoners.

What did not leave his notice was the battle damage they all were sporting. His eyes did not lie, they had fought within the last fifteen minutes. Another must have attempted to intercept them on the way down.

“The Interrogation was a success.” Declared the Captain as he handed over an open box which possessed parchment.

“The Emperor Guides.” Labyrinthos told his fellow as he accepted the box and tapped the button for the door to be closed.

With the parchment in hand he began to walk towards his Captain, but he was given a shaking of the head. The Primaris nodded, putting back on his helm so that he can once again engage his vox emitter.

The room was tense now as the Prisoner knew something was about to happen. The Fist did not bother asking, instead he began to tense his muscles in the chance that a fight was about to break out.

Even in chains an Astartes was dangerous. The Minotaurs knew this, which was the reason the Captain responded to his ward's movements with the drawing of his own sword. The sound of clean metal coming out of a scabbard sounded through the room which helped to ease the mind of the Primaris.

They were armed, they were ready.

Preparations set, the Astartes opened the paper and began to read it off.

A single word laid upon it.

“Ouroboros.”

A spell had suddenly been broken upon the mind of the Astartes that was before them. His sense of self returned from whatever manufactured depths his own bloodline of traitors had conjured up at this time. Within seconds his body began to twist and turn in a fugal attempt at escape for that the secrets that he held could not be extracted. His visor, which blocked his mouth, was filled with a chemical bile which stank of organic refuse.

He did not get his chance to free himself from the chains as the Captain who was looming above him went in for a deathstrike. The movement was a swift as it was performed and practiced upon hundreds of traitors just like this one. His large gauntleted hand wrapped itself around the wirthing traitor and tightened just enough to give him dominance over their body functions.

Just as his head was possessed the prisoner came in with a swing, one of his hands somehow becoming free from the chains which had previously bound it. Such were the skills of his kin, to perform feats that were unnatural and akin to the sorcery used by those who had become dust in the eyes of those outside of their damned legion.

Whatever millenia of practice allowed him to perform this feat however did not save him.

Inserted perfectly into the chest the Captain drove the sword. He gave the sword a twist which guaranteed the wound to be mortal to even a Primarch if it was performed upon them.

Labyrinthos did not see the final moment's of the Astarte's life. He regretted that solemnly for he wished to make the traitor pay for each word of heresy he spat at them. That honor was nor his though, it will be one that he must work towards.

As the Captain rose a vox connection was made between the two of them and the bridge, “I confirm he was one of the Hydra's heads. His execution has been performed and his brain is still intact.”

“I will send the recovery detail to deliver him to the Librarius. Hold until confirmation can be made.” Chapter Master Asterion Moloc declared.

“Understood.”