

# ***Interstellar Collections***

Competition: [Life Day Celebration II] Event Long

Fiction by:

Adept DarkHawk Sadow #264

[DH's snapshot](#)

[Ty's snapshot](#)

## **Orian System** **Near Wild Space** **Sector Omega VII**

The cold expanse of space lay before Adept DarkHawk Sadow as he gazed out the main cockpit viewport of his X70b Phantom the *Hyabussa*. Tytus O'Baieron, a trusted comrade and a damn fine Duros pilot guided the sleek ship through the void of space. The newly founded A.C.E. Interstellar Collections Agency had bestowed upon DarkHawk a new mission, one that demanded the finesse and brutality that defined his existence as a Sith assassin. The objective: repossess the Tartan-Class Patrol Cruiser, callsign the *Reaper's Blade* foreclosed due to delinquent payments. DarkHawk's mission was to infiltrate the ship covertly, eliminate all personnel with a silent and deadly touch, and reach the bridge where Xamot Kree, a Falleen pirate lord, awaited.

Xamot, a distant cousin to Prince Xizor of the notorious Black Sun criminal organization, had taken control of the Tartan-Class ship and turned it into a haven for rogues and outlaws. Xamot established himself as quite the tyrant, his raids brutal in nature, left a trail of chaos across the Outer Rim territories. A.C.E. finally decided it was time to reclaim the vessel, and DarkHawk was the shadowy wraith they sent to execute their will.

## ***Hayabusa*** **Omega Quadrant**

"I say ol' chum, do you think this intel is on the up and up?" Ty asked.

DarkHawk took a moment to reply, "I highly doubt A.C.E. would give out bad intel to paid agents on their inaugural launch."

"This bloke Xamot has a reputation of being quite gothic in nature. Especially when it comes to killing. His dossier reads to be quite formidable indeed." Ty said.

"So are we Ty. You almost sound concerned there for a second." DarkHawk said snarkily.

"Of course you bloody dolt! If you die in there, who is gonna pay for all this," Ty said gesturing to the new ship. "Oh, and by the way let us not overlook the matter of my severance pay for carting your ass all over the galaxy!"

DarkHawk chuckled at that last bit. "Severance huh?"

"Indeed good sir." Ty said confidently.

The *Hayabusa*'s tracking system began emanating alarms as it locked onto a target, Ty immediately went into action flipping toggle switches from his pilot's control panel. The sound of multiple systems began spooling up, then the cockpit's interior went dark. Directly followed up by amber auxiliary lighting kicking on. The ship was equipped with a military grade exterior sensor-resistant coating and a limited use cloaking device. The *Hayabussa* was now a ghost against the vast backdrop of space.

The mission directive echoed in DarkHawk's mind as they approached the foreboding silhouette of the Tartan-Class Patrol cruiser. Ty expertly guided the ship towards their target, approaching the ship from its rear left flank. The *Reaper's Blade* overshadowed the *Hayabusa* as it inched closer to its docking port. Ty meticulously adjusted the flight controls moving the ship closer in the depths of the shadows until the amber docking seal illuminated.

DarkHawk exited the cockpit moving to the cargo hold of the ship. Before climbing up the docking port ladder, he quickly slid his helm over and locked it in place. Purge valves in the helm immediately pushed access air out of the system. The HUD of the helm came online and the assassin activated his comm unit, "Ty, comms check, how copy?"

"Loud & clear."

"As soon as I am in, beat feet outta here and wait for my signal."

"Copy that, good hunting mate."

With a gesture of his hand DarkHawk activated a switch on a small control panel and the hatch opened. He scurried up the airlock ladder then pulled himself into the *Blade*. The airlock sealed behind him as he stepped onto the metal surface of the cruiser, clad in his black combat uniform, he seemingly melted into the shadows of the dimly lit ship.

The corridors of the cruiser were lit by what appeared to be the ship's emergency backup system. DarkHawk moved with a predatory grace, his senses heightened by the power of the Force. His first encounter with a patrolling guard was swift and silent, a precise strike to the nerve clusters in the neck, followed by a head slam to the adjacent wall. Completely rendering the individual incapacitated before they could raise any alarm.

DarkHawk's approach was methodical. With each silent step, he dispatched guards with a combination of martial arts and the subtle Force manipulations that characterized his Sith training. His movements left no trace, and the fallen guards silently marked the path of his advance.

As he moved deeper into the ship, the faint hum of machinery accompanied him like a distant heartbeat. The crew, oblivious to the intruder in their midst, went about their duties. DarkHawk's mission, however, required a complete and stealthy elimination.

The first test of his abilities came when he encountered a group of guards near the ship's armory. His double-bladed lightsaber remained holstered as he engaged them with a deadly combination of hand-to-hand strikes. This is where the Synergy Vibroclaw Talon gloves were of

great use to the assassin. The blades had been carefully coated with a fast acting Synox toxin. With each strike the deadly toxin infiltrated their bloodstream. The guards fell like leaves in the wind, their bodies arranged in a silent tableau of death.

DarkHawk moved through the ship like a shadow, avoiding security cameras and sensors by utilizing his ghosting ability. If any of the ship's cameras were to pick him up it would appear as nothing more than a translucent shimmer. The ship was a labyrinth, and each corner presented a new challenge. The whispers of the Force guided the assassin, alerting him to the presence of danger before it materialized.

As he neared the heart of the cruiser, the bridge, the tension in the air thickened. DarkHawk could feel the malevolent aura of Xamot Kree, a dark force in his own right. The time for stealth was drawing to a close, and the confrontation with the Falleen pirate was inevitable.

A pair of guards stood sentinel outside the entrance to the bridge. DarkHawk, now veiled in the shadows, approached with silent determination. With a swift and coordinated assault, he slit the guards throats with one strike from the Nightsister blade.

The bridge doors slid open, revealing a lavish chamber adorned with stolen riches and trophies. At the center of it all stood Xamot Kree, a stout Falleen of regal stature, his eyes narrowing as he beheld the cloaked figure before him.

"Well, well, A.C.E. finally sends a representative," Xamot sneered, a wicked smile playing on his lips. "You won't leave here alive, whoever you are."

DarkHawk's response was the ignition of his double-bladed lightsaber, its crimson glow casting an ominous hue over the bridge. The Falleen pirate drew a vibro sword, its hum resonating with a lethal promise. The air became charged with anticipation as the two adversaries locked eyes.

The clash was swift and brutal. Xamot, skilled in the art of the vibro sword, met DarkHawk's onslaught with a deadly dance of steel. The Falleen's strikes were precise, and the vibro sword hummed through the air, deflecting the blows of the double-bladed lightsaber.

The room echoed with the clash of metal & flesh being pounded. All punctuated by bursts of malevolent laughter and strained grunts. The combatants, locked in a lethal struggle, were entwined in a whirlwind of violence—a cosmic ballet of blood and ambition, where only one would emerge victorious, the other consigned to the shadows of defeat.

DarkHawk's martial prowess was unmatched, his agility and strength honed by years of training in a myriad of combat arts. The air still dripped with tension as the combatants circled, unleashing a torrent of acrobatic strikes and bone-crushing kicks.

DarkHawk's lightsaber combat melded seamlessly with his deadly martial prowess, while Xamot's Falleen agility allowed him to twist and evade with serpent-like grace. The brutal dance unfolded, echoing with the resonance of fists meeting flesh. Dark veins of the Force swirled around them, amplifying the intensity of their clash.

The Sith's eyes burned with a malevolent fervor as he sought to impose his will, but the pirate lord's cunning resilience proved formidable.

Xamot pressed the attack, his vibro sword a blur of motion. DarkHawk's physical discipline of training to move freely over and through any terrain using only the abilities of his body were put to use. Dodging and parrying away from strikes with cartwheels and tight spinning flips. Leaping around and over workstations then landing in the middle of the bridge. DarkHawk's twin crimson blades weaved a deadly barrier between him and the Falleen. The battle reached a fevered pitch, each combatant testing the limits of their skill and resolve.

In a moment of opportunity, DarkHawk exploited a gap in Xamot's defenses. Delivering a savage spinning heel kick sending Xamot staggering backward. Seizing the advantage, DarkHawk unleashed a barrage of strikes with his lightsaber. Xamot, though wounded, retaliated with a desperate ferocity.

The battle reached its zenith as the combatants engaged in one final exchange. The vibro sword clashed against the lightsaber, each impact creating a series of sparks illuminating the bridge. Sweeping his lightsaber upward to deflect an incoming attack, DarkHawk moved in close for a counter. A lapse in judgment underestimating the Falleen's vigor.

Xamot's blow carried force behind it, pushing the assassin back and to the side. Leaving the right flank of Xamot exposed. Spinning away quickly mitigated any counter attack. Xamot continued his offensive with a leaping downward blow.. Changing tactics to his favor, DarkHawk reached toward the attack instead of deflecting it. Holding his saber in his off hand the assassin parried the incoming blow. With his free hand, he released a wave of dark side energy in a quick burst of cobalt light from his fingers. Tendrils of Force Lightning leaped from DarkHawk's hand crashing against Xamot's torso. Eliciting a growl of pain and frustration as the Fallen's blade fell from his hand.

In a climactic moment, DarkHawk hit Xamot with a powerful Force push, sending Xamot careening across the floor. The Falleen, now defenseless, stared defiantly at his assailant.

DarkHawk raised his lightsaber high, crimson blades gleaming in the dim light. Xamot's eyes widened in realization as the blade descended with lethal precision. The air seemed to still as the lightsaber cleaved through flesh and bone, severing Xamot's head from his shoulders.

The decapitated body of Xamot Kree crumpled to the floor, the bridge fell into an eerie silence. DarkHawk extinguished his lightsaber, the glow fading into darkness. Activating his commlink the assassin hailed the *Hayabusa*. "Ty, target neutralized. The ship is ours, let's get her back to her rightful owners shall we?"

"Copy that, ETA five mike." The mission was complete; the *Reaper's Blade* would soon be reclaimed for the A.C.E. Interstellar Collections Agency.

DarkHawk turned away from the lifeless form of Xamot, leaving the bridge in the aftermath of a bloody and brutal confrontation. Retracing his steps through the shadowy corridors, the fallen guards serving as silent witnesses to his passage, DarkHawk vanished into the abyss of the ship.

Ty redocked with the *Blade* then turned the ship over to his custom pilot droid *E//ee*. Instructing her to fly escort until the rendezvous point. Ty paid no attention to the chaotic scene making his way to the bridge. Arriving at the bridge he began to load the NAV computer with coordinates. Ty's knowledge of ship operational systems allowed him to expedite a power reboot to the ship and its subsystems. In moments Ty was maneuvering the ship to make the jump to hyperspace. A.C.E. Interstellar Collections Agency would indeed reclaim its asset and the galaxy would continue to orbit in the cold silence of space. Carrying with it the echoes of a battle waged.

*The End*