

Competition: Protocol Droids Can't Write Stories

Fiction by

Adept DarkHawk Sadow #264

Wild Space

Orian System Boundaries

The cold expanse of space was a canvas of twinkling stars and distant galaxies. Amidst this celestial ballet, the ominous silhouette of the newly commandeered Collective ship loomed as she edged closer to the Wild Space boundary. The *Nebula Star*, a Centurion-class battlecruiser, a beacon of dread and power. Was now under the control of the Collective, a faction of cybernetically enhanced warriors. The Collective had become a growing threat in the Outer Rim territories, and their recent acquisition of a powerful starship made them an imminent danger to the galaxy.

Tasked with this perilous mission was the Consul of Clan Naga Sadow, Adept DarkHawk Sadow. A Shaevalian assassin who has carved out quite a reputation for himself throughout his career. Accompanying the Consul, was his long time friend General Tytus O'Baieron, a seasoned Duros pilot with a reputation for equally as daring of exploits. Not to mention a rather deft but sophisticated combat pilot. Together, they were a force to be reckoned with, a symphony of skill and strategy.

As the *Reaver*, a Sith Fury Interceptor approached the newly acquired Collective ship, DarkHawk felt the palpable tension in the air. His double-bladed lightsaber hummed softly, its crimson blades eager for combat. Beside him, General O'Baieron meticulously plotted their approach, his fingers dancing across the control panel with practiced ease. Ty activated several systems, the ship's tactical jammer and sensor arrays currently kept the *Reaver* from being detected. But as the ship crept forward the higher the chances were of getting detected, it would only be a matter of time.

"Ready yourself, mate," Ty said just above a whisper, his voice tinged with anticipation. "We're entering the lion's den." The ship docked with one of the *Nebula Star's* docking points. As their vessel breached the *Nebula Star's* perimeter, alarms blared, and red lights bathed the corridors in a foreboding glow. Ty turned the ship over to *Ellee*, the ship's custom pilot droid. "Not one scratch on her lassie, not one!" Ty said adamantly.

"Chicks dig scars!" howled Ellee.

Now inside the *Nebula Star*, With a nod, DarkHawk activated his Force Cloak ability, blending seamlessly into the shadows. His form became ethereal, nearly invisible to the naked eye. Ty's eyes continued to the dimly lit corridors of the ship. Walking very cautiously, both his blasters at the ready.

The Collective was prepared

Without warning, a barrage of blaster fire erupted from every direction. Ty dove for cover avoiding most of the blaster fire. Landing behind a support stanchion he quickly had to extinguish the frayed ends of his administer cape. "This is bloody brand new you wankas!"

Meanwhile, *Ellee* broke away from the battlecruiser, expertly navigating through the chaos, evading incoming fire with unparalleled skill. She was humming a few bars from one of her favorite opera's whilst she barrel rolled the interceptor over avoiding the *Nebula Star's* defenses.

Reaching the ship's central chamber, DarkHawk disengaged his Force Cloak, revealing himself amidst a sea of astonished foes. With a flourish, he ignited his double-bladed lightsaber, its crimson glow reflecting off the metallic walls in a dance of light and shadow.

The Collective's cybernetically enhanced warriors charged with reckless abandon, their mechanical limbs sporting advanced weaponry a testament to their relentless determination. But DarkHawk is known for his combat adroitness which was almost scientific, it was so much like surgery, like dissection. With acrobatic prowess, he evaded their strikes, his double-bladed lightsaber carving through their ranks with deadly precision.

As the battle raged, Ty blasted his way to get to the bridge and to the ship's controls. Quickly slicing into the ship's systems, Ty had taken control and began to pilot the battlecruiser. Then he disabled the ship's defenses and ensured their escape route remained intact. Ty's tactical awareness was evident, his every maneuver calculated to maximize their advantage.

Back in the hold a towering figure emerged from the shadows, a cybernetic warlord leading a band of Collective troops. His presence was indeed commanding, being more machine than anything. Servos hissed and whined as he stepped closer to his target.

DarkHawk faced the warlord with steely resolve, his double-bladed lightsaber humming with anticipation. But the warlord was no ordinary foe. With lightning-fast reflexes, he parried DarkHawk's strikes, his cybernetic limbs absorbing the brunt of each blow.

Undeterred, DarkHawk leaped to an upper stanchion before unleashing his Zygerrian energy bow, firing a volley of energy bolts at the warlord. But the cybernetic monstrosity deflected each shot, his advanced shielding rendering DarkHawk's ranged attacks ineffective.

Seizing the opportunity, DarkHawk unleashed a barrage of telekinetic force, hurling debris and incapacitated adversaries at the warlord with devastating force. The chamber trembled as their combined might clashed in a cataclysmic showdown.

With a deafening roar, the warlord lunged at DarkHawk, his cybernetic appendages morphing into deadly blades. The blades sliced through the durasteel of the stanchion just his prey dove over the strike. With unparalleled agility, he evaded the warlord's strikes, his gymnastic prowess allowing him to navigate the hold and its surroundings with unmatched finesse.

As their blades clashed in a dazzling display of skill and power, DarkHawk unleashed a torrent of Force lightning, surging through the warlord's cybernetic body. With a deafening scream, the warlord collapsed, defeated but not destroyed.

DarkHawk stood over the downed warlord, his artificial lungs struggling to sustain what remains of his organic system. Without hesitation DarkHawk plunged one of his blades into the torso of the warlord and raked the blade across until it was free.

With the Collective's forces now in disarray, DarkHawk and Ty seized total control of the battlecruiser, their mission thus far a resounding success. But as they gazed upon the devastation they wrought, they knew their battle was far from over.

The Collective would rebuild, their thirst for power insatiable. But one thing was certain: the legacy of Adept DarkHawk Sadow and General Tytus O'Baieron would endure for eternity, a beacon of hope amidst the shadows of the galaxy.

The End