### DarkHawk's Daring Escape

Fiction by

Adept DarkHawk #264

**Children of Mortis**

**Black Site**

DarkHawk had been held captive for what felt like an eternity. The Sith parishioner, known for his cunning and ruthlessness, found himself in a situation he never anticipated. Bound by chains and surrounded by henchmen from the Children of Mortis, he knew that escape was his only option. With every passing day, his determination grew, fueling his desire for freedom and revenge. He worked at his bindings in between guard check ins. Some took the opportunity to strike the assassin with their blaster stocks. Laughing jovially as they lingered away.

The confines of his cell were suffocating, the air thick with despair. But DarkHawk refused to let his spirit be broken. He spent his days carefully studying his captors, their routines, and weaknesses. He knew that to escape, he would have to exploit their flaws and strike when they least expected it.

As the days turned into weeks, DarkHawk noticed a pattern in the guards' shifts. There was a brief moment of vulnerability during the changing of the guards, when the old ones handed over the responsibility to the new. It was the perfect opportunity for him to make his move.

His mind raced with plans and strategies, meticulously calculated to maximize his chances of success. He bided his time, waiting for the right moment to strike. The anticipation was excruciating, but DarkHawk knew that patience was his greatest weapon.

Finally, the day arrived. It was a stormy night, with thunder rumbling in the distance. DarkHawk could feel the energy in the air, as if the very elements were aligning in his favor. The changing of the guards commenced, and he knew that his moment had come.

As the old guards left the cell, the new ones entered, oblivious to the impending danger. DarkHawk sprang into action. With a sudden burst of strength and agility, he broke free from his chains and launched a vicious attack. The guards were caught off guard, their feeble attempts to subdue him futile against his raw martial power.

Using the Force, DarkHawk created a whirlwind of chaos. He commanded objects to fly across the room, striking his captors with deadly precision. The cell that had once been his prison now became a battlefield, and he fought with a fury that only freedom could ignite.

Making his way out of the cell and headed towards the control room. Reaching out to the Force, he located his equipment inside a weapons cache. The saber felt good in his hands, now its time to exact his vengeance.

With each defeated guard, DarkHawk grew more emboldened. He made his way through the compound, cutting through the enemy with his lightsaber, his red blade gleaming in the darkness. Panic spread among his captors, their confidence shattered by the sudden uprising of the assassin they had grossly underestimated.

As he reached the main control room, DarkHawk unleashed a torrent of destruction. He overloaded the systems with a massive blast of Force lightning, causing alarms to blare and lights to flicker. Chaos erupted throughout the compound, providing a perfect distraction for his escape.

With the compound in disarray, DarkHawk disappeared into the night. He knew that he could not linger, for his enemies would soon regroup and hunt him down. The rain poured down, washing away the remnants of his captivity, as if nature itself was cleansing his spirit.

Sith DarkHawk had tasted freedom once more, and it only fueled his thirst for power and revenge. He vanished into the shadows, leaving his captors in awe of the force they had underestimated. They had unknowingly unleashed a storm that would soon consume them all.

From that day forward, the name DarkHawk would strike fear into the enemies of the Brotherhood. The escape from his captors had not only granted him freedom but also a newfound determination to reclaim his position of dominance within the Brotherhood. "It is tine to rid these vermin from our galaxy," he said to himself.

The C.o.M. would soon learn that DarkHawk and the Brotherhood are a force to be reckoned with, and those who stood in his way would face a wrath unlike anything they had ever witnessed before.

Activating his tracking fob, DarkHawk hoped that his crew were still looking and located his signal. He relished the fact that soon he would level that compound and everyone in it.