



Competition: Overcome Yourself

Fiction Authored by

Adept DarkHawk Sadow #264

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

Dajorra System

Planet Selen

On the outskirts of Estle City, an ancient fear stirred, awakening from the depths of legend into a terrifying reality. Chicyiot, an ancient Sith Cathar, had been unleashed, his presence a harbinger of darkness. His attacks were not just physical but mental, a wild tempest of passionate vitriol and violence that threatened to consume all in its path. The indigenous clans of Selen, once divided by petty squabbles, now stood united in the face of this ancient evil, their survival hanging in the balance.

In the midst of this chaos, DarkHawk Sadow, a lone Sith assassin from Clan Naga Sadow stood with his saber staff at the ready, his mind a fortress against the darkness. Yet, as Chicyiot's rage threatened to engulf the planet, DarkHawk knew this battle would test him like no other. Clan Arcona hailed Consul DarkHawk and Consul Gui Sol of Clan

Odan-Urr to assist in ridding the Arconian home planet of this ancient evil. It was a fight not just for survival but for the very soul of the Arconian way of life. Without hesitation DarkHawk put himself in the midst of the battle, ignoring all safeguards to challenge the threat.

Chicyiot moved across the planet like a shadow, his dual battle axes a beacon of destruction. His combat style was a blur of motion, in true predatory instincts that left devastation in its wake. Each strike was not just a physical blow but a channel for his rage, a force so potent it could shatter the will of those who opposed him. He melded the minds of his foes, forcing them to feel the depths of his anger, a tactic that sowed chaos and despair among the ranks of the clans.

The clans, though reeling from Chicyiot's assaults, were not broken. United by necessity, they fought back with a determination born of desperation. They devised strategies to shield their minds from Chicyiot's influence, using their knowledge of the Force to create barriers against his mental onslaught. Yet, for every step they took forward, Chicyiot's savagery pushed them two steps back. Warriors fell, their minds and bodies broken, but still, they fought on, their spirit unyielding.

DarkHawk Sadow found himself at the heart of the storm, his blade clashing against Chicyiot's axes in a symphony of sparks and fury. When Chicyiot's rage hit him, it was like a physical blow, a wave of anger so intense it threatened to drown him. DarkHawk fought to maintain his focus, relying on his mastery of the dark side to combat not just Chicyiot's physical attacks but the mental barrage that accompanied them. It was a battle on two fronts, and DarkHawk knew he needed to find a way to turn the tide.

In the midst of battle, a moment of clarity pierced the chaos. DarkHawk realized that to defeat Chicyiot, he needed to transcend the conventional Sith teachings. He began to draw not just on his anger but on a deeper, more centered part of himself. He found a calm within the storm, a point of placidity that Chicyiot's rage could not touch. It was a risky gambit, but it was the only way to counter the mental assault and turn Chicyiot's greatest weapon against him.

The confrontation was a maelstrom of energy, weapons clashing with a ferocity that lit the night sky. As the two clashed, DarkHawk had to continually adjust to the dual axes and the Cathar's movements. After parrying a couple downward strikes against him, DarkHawk spotted an opening and was able to pin the axes down against the ground momentarily. Just enough to rake his off hand vibro-talon glove across the top of Chicyiot's exposed paws. The Cathar writhed in pain losing his grip on his axes.

DarkHawk immediately sent a telekinetic wave of dark energy crashing against the Cathar. The maneuver sent the Cathar careening across the ground and into a pile of rubble. DarkHawk picked up one of Chicyciot's axes and studied it momentarily. It was of ornate design, ancient and brilliant in its decor.

"Fine craftsmanship, is this your own work?" he asked. With a casual wave, the assassin sent the axes hurling away with a telekinetic push. Then stowed his saber away on his belt.

"Shall we dance, my liege?" DarkHawk said intently.

Chicyciot got to his feet and stood with a menacing posture. His feline features were set in a snarl, muscles rippling under his fur as he flexed his natural claws, sharp and ready. DarkHawk faced him with equal intensity. Clad in black, the only hint of his lethal intent was the glimmer from the blades of his vibro-talon gloves, along with a myriad of throwing knives and shurikens that lined his belt.

A bolt of lightning split the sky as they circled one another.

Chicyciot lunged with a feral agility, his claws aimed at DarkHawk's throat. The assassin moved with a martial grace, sidestepping the swipe and countering with a vicious uppercut aimed at the Cathar's underbelly. Chicyciot recoiled, but not before DarkHawk's vibro-talons drew first blood, leaving a shallow cut.

The Cathar roared, a sound that seemed to shake the battleground itself, and retaliated with a barrage of slashes. Each strike was a blur, fueled by centuries of natural prowess and a deep-seated rage. DarkHawk, despite his skill, found himself on the defensive, dodging and weaving, his clothes torn in several places by near-misses.

But the Sith assassin was not without his own tricks. With a swift movement, he launched a throwing knife, its blade whistling through the air. Chicyciot, sensing the danger, twisted away, but the knife grazed his side, adding a new wound to his fury.

The battle raged on, a testament to the combatants' relentless wills. Chicyciot's attacks were brutal, driven by instinct and a predatory might that had defined his species for millennia. DarkHawk, bleeding from several wounds inflicted by those deadly claws, was pushed to his limits. Yet, he fought on, his mind as sharp as the weapons he wielded.

In a moment of desperation, DarkHawk unleashed a flurry of shurikens, creating a brief diversion. As Chicyciot deflected them, the assassin closed the gap, using his vibro-talon

gloves to inflict a series of rapid strikes. Each hit was a calculated risk, each dodge a narrow escape from death.

The turning point came when Chicysiot, driven by rage, made a critical error. In his eagerness to end the fight, he left himself exposed. The assassin saw that the Cathar balanced himself with most of his weight on his lead leg. DarkHawk seized the opportunity, striking his opponent with the face of his shin, delivering a crippling kick to the side of the Cathar's leg, bringing him to his knees.

The final moments were a blur of motion and emotion. DarkHawk, drawing on his last reserves of strength, unleashed a relentless assault that left Chicysiot defenseless. With a final, decisive move, DarkHawk smashed down on Chicysiot's snout incapacitating the mighty Cathar, ending the battle in a crescendo of pain and exhaustion.

As the storm broke above them, washing the combatants in rain, DarkHawk fell to his knees in sheer exhaustion, victorious yes, albeit being severely wounded. The price of victory was etched in his flesh, a testament to the Cathar's ferocity. Though this battle may have been seen as a victory, this incursion was far from over.

The End

