



Competition: Spy Games: Fiction

Fiction authored

by

DarkHawk Sadow #264

Prompt #2

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Ty's Snapshot](#)

Cantonica system

Canto Blight

DarkHawk Sadow stood at the window of the Sith Fury Interceptor, gazing out at the glittering lights of Canto Bight below. The city was alive with activity, a hive of scum and villainy where the wealthy came to indulge in their darkest desires. It was the perfect place for someone like DarkHawk to ply his trade.

Beside him stood Tyrus, his loyal pilot and partner in crime. Tyrus, a decorated ace pilot in nearly anything that flies. He cut his teeth for combat as a Sergeant Major in the Imperial SPECOPS teams as a gunship pilot. Not to exclude being a crack shot sniper and fast on the draw gunman. DarkHawk trusted him implicitly to see their mission through to the end. Sitting in the copilot seat was Ty's custom pilot droid Ellee, Ty had put her together back in his SPECOPS days and they have been thick as thieves since.

"We're approaching the landing zone, DH," Tyrus said elegantly, his voice was smooth as Corellian silk over the purring of the *Reaver's* advanced ION engines..

DarkHawk nodded, tearing his gaze away from the window. It was time to get to work.

As they touched down on the landing pad, DarkHawk could feel the excitement building within him. The mission ahead would be dangerous, but he thrived on danger. It was what made him one of the most feared assassins in the galaxy.

Their target was the new high-stakes casino controlled by the Pyke Syndicate, a notorious crime organization with tendrils that reached into every corner of the galaxy. DarkHawk had been commissioned to infiltrate the casino and discover a secret research lab hidden within its walls.

But this would be no easy feat. The Pykes were known for their ruthless efficiency and their penchant for violence. DarkHawk would have to rely on all his skills to make it out alive.

As they made their way through the crowded streets of Canto Bight, DarkHawk and Tyrus quickly set about finalizing their plan. They would attend the formal party being held at the casino that evening, using the cover of the festivities to slip inside unnoticed.

Once inside, DarkHawk's primary objective would be to locate the secret lab and prevent anyone from interfering with Tyrus as he downloaded the files from the data banks. It would be a delicate operation, requiring precision and timing.

As they approached the entrance to the casino, DarkHawk could feel the tension mounting. The air was thick with the scent of greed and desperation, and he knew that danger lurked around every corner.

But he pushed the feeling aside, focusing instead on the task at hand. They had a job to do, and nothing was going to stand in their way.

With Tyrus at his side, DarkHawk made his way through the crowded foyer of the casino, his eyes scanning the room for any sign of suspicion. They had to be careful, to blend in and not draw attention to themselves. To do this, DarkHawk wore traditional Shaevalian attire and Tyrus wore a distinguished Duros formal wear. They both missed the comforts of their combat uniforms, but this was an easy way to blend in with the amount of dignitaries entering the casino.

Finally, they reached the main hall, where the party was in full swing. The room was alive with the sound of laughter and music, the air thick with the scent of expensive perfume and fine wine.

DarkHawk and Tyrus moved through the crowd with practiced ease, their movements fluid and purposeful. They attracted little attention, just another pair of wealthy patrons enjoying a night out on the town.

But beneath the façade, DarkHawk's senses were on high alert. He knew that danger lurked around every corner, that at any moment they could be discovered and their mission compromised.

As they made their way deeper into the casino, DarkHawk's eyes fell upon a group of heavily armed guards stationed at the entrance to a secluded corridor. He knew that this must be where the secret lab was hidden, the place that the Inquisitorious claimed did not exist.

Without hesitation, DarkHawk made his move. With a quick nod to Tyrus, he slipped away from the crowd and approached the guards, his heart pounding in his chest. As he approached he channeled his being, long deep inhales. His heart, previously pumping as fast as a pod racer. Now beats slow and steady, ba-dum...ba-dum...ba-dum.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said smoothly, his voice dripping with charm. "I couldn't help but notice this intriguing little corridor. Mind if I take a look?"

The guards eyed him warily, clearly suspicious of his intentions. But before they could respond, DarkHawk sprang into action.

With lightning-fast reflexes, he disarmed the nearest guard and knocked him unconscious with a swift blow to the head. The other guards moved to intercept him, but DarkHawk was too quick, ducking and weaving through their attacks with the skill of a seasoned fighter.

With a series of precise strikes, he incapacitated the remaining guards, leaving them sprawled on the floor in a heap. Then swiftly stowing them in the darkened corridor they stood in front of.

As the commotion died down, DarkHawk glanced around to make sure they hadn't attracted too much attention. Satisfied that they were still in the clear, he motioned for Tyrus to follow him as he made his way towards the entrance to the secret lab.

Once inside, DarkHawk's senses were assaulted by the sights and sounds of the research facility. The room was filled with strange and exotic machinery, the air crackling with energy.

But there was no time to marvel at the wonders before him. DarkHawk reached out to the Force, sending Tytus an *all clear* SITREP telepathically. They had a job to do, and they had to do it quickly.

Tytus wasted no time in getting to work, he moved effortlessly through the crowd and reached his comrade with no distractions. Tytus's fingers flew across the keypad as he hacked into the casino's security systems. With a few deft keystrokes, he gained access to the data banks and began downloading the files they had come for.

Meanwhile, DarkHawk stood guard, his senses on high alert for any sign of danger. He knew that they were in enemy territory, and that they couldn't afford to let their guard down for even a moment.

As Tytus worked, DarkHawk could feel the tension mounting. The seconds ticked by agonizingly slow, each one stretching out into an eternity as they waited for the download to complete.

But just as it seemed like they might actually pull it off, disaster struck.

A group of guards burst into the lab, their blasters drawn and ready to fire. They had been alerted to the intrusion and had come to put a stop to it.

DarkHawk sprang into action, his years of training kicking in as he faced off against the intruders. He fought with a ferocity born of desperation, his fists and feet flying as he dispatched the guards with ruthless efficiency.

But there were too many of them, and they kept coming, wave after wave of relentless attackers.

With each passing moment, DarkHawk could feel his strength waning. He knew that they couldn't keep this up forever, that eventually they would be overwhelmed or worse yet, locked down and trapped.

But just as all hope seemed lost, the download was complete, the files safely stored away on his datapad. Tyrus let out a triumphant cry. "Bloody 'ell man, stop tossing around with those blokes and let's roll!"

With a final burst of energy sending waves of Force lightning towards his enemies. DarkHawk fought his way through the remaining guards and made a run for the exit. Tyrus followed close behind, his footsteps echoing in the empty corridors as they raced towards freedom.

As they burst out of the casino and into the night air, DarkHawk felt a surge of relief wash over him. They had done it, against all odds they had completed their mission and made it out alive.

But there was no time to celebrate. They still had to make it back to their ship and escape from Canto Bight before they were discovered.

With Tyrus at his side, DarkHawk sprinted through the streets of the city, dodging and weaving through the throngs of people as they made their way towards the landing pad.

And just as it seemed like they might not make it, they finally reached their ship, Ellee had its engines roaring to life as they climbed aboard and blasted off into the night sky. "Are we finally done with this shite hole? I feel like I need to take a lubrication bath everytime we come here. Do you still have those penicillin pills?"

"Just get us out of here quick like and in a hurry would you lass?" Tyrus said, strapping himself into the pilot's seat.

As they soared through the heavens, leaving Canto Bight far behind them, DarkHawk couldn't help but smile. They had faced death head-on and come out the other side victorious.

The End