

# *Competition: Defenders of Selen*

*Fiction authored*

*By*

*DarkHawk Sadow #264*

*Prompt #2: Retreat and protect.*

*DarkHawk's Snapshot*

## *Dajorra System*

### *Selen*

DarkHawk moved swiftly through the chaos that engulfed the once serene lands of Selen. The eruption of the volcano had unleashed a torrent of destruction, but it was not just the molten lava and fiery debris that threatened the inhabitants of the region. It was the presence of Tiexsema, the false god turned mad goddess, whose powers of telepathy and mind control spread like a dark shadow over the land.

As DarkHawk navigated through the smoke-filled air, toxic gases burning his lungs with each breath, his mind raced with the urgency of the situation. The people of Selen were in grave danger, not only from the volcanic eruption but from the insanity that Tiexsema wrought upon them.

DarkHawk's mission was clear - to evacuate and protect the innocent civilians caught in the path of destruction. But as he surveyed the landscape, he realized that the situation was more dire than he had initially anticipated. Tiexsema's influence stretched far and wide, reaching into the minds of those across Ussun, twisting their thoughts and turning them against one another.

The Sith assassin knew that he had to act quickly if he were to save as many lives as possible. With a flick of his cloak, he darted towards the nearest settlement, his senses attuned to the chaos unfolding around him.

As he reached the outskirts of the village, he was met with a scene of utter devastation. Buildings lay in ruins, flames licking at the night sky, while the screams of the innocent pierced through the air. But amidst the chaos, DarkHawk could sense something else - the presence of Tiexsema, her dark aura looming over the village like a malevolent cloud.

With a determined grimace, DarkHawk focused his mind, blocking out the whispers of madness that threatened to consume him. He knew that he had to remain strong if he were to stand any chance against the mad goddess.

With a swift motion, he reached out with the Force, his powers of telepathy probing the minds of the civilians trapped within the village. He could feel their fear, their confusion, but also their resilience - the spark of hope that still burned within them despite the darkness that surrounded them.

"Follow me," DarkHawk's voice echoed in their minds, cutting through the chaos like a beacon of light in the darkness. "I will lead you to safety."

With that, he turned and began to lead the civilians away from the village, his senses alert for any sign of danger. But as they made their way through the treacherous terrain, DarkHawk could sense that Tiexsema was not far behind.

Her presence weighed heavy on his mind, a constant reminder of the threat that loomed over them all. But DarkHawk refused to let fear dictate his actions. He had sworn to an allegiance to protect the planet's populace and he would not falter in his duty.

As they journeyed through the night, DarkHawk could feel the ground beneath them tremble with the force of the volcano's fury. Lava flowed like rivers of fire, carving a path of destruction through the land, while toxic gases filled the air, choking the life out of everything in their path.

But still, DarkHawk pressed on, his determination unwavering in the face of adversity. With each step, he drew closer to their destination - a safe haven hidden deep within the mountains, far from the reach of Tiexsema's madness.

But as they neared their goal, DarkHawk could sense that they were not alone. Tiexsema's influence had spread far and wide, infecting the minds of the weak like a plague. And as they reached the safety of the mountains, they were met with a sight that filled the assassin with rage.

A group of villagers stood before them, their eyes glazed over with madness, their weapons raised in defiance. They were under Tiexsema's control, puppets in her twisted game of power and domination.

DarkHawk knew that he could not let them harm the innocent civilians under his protection. With a determined glare, he reached out with the Force, his powers of telepathy clashing with Tiexsema's dark influence.

"Release them," he commanded, his voice echoing in the minds of the villagers. "You have no power here."

DarkHawk faced Tiexsema, the ancient Goddess of Mind & Spirit, in a battle of wills and telekinetic power. DarkHawk's mind was a fortress, honed through years of training in the ways of the Force. But Tiexsema's telepathic prowess was formidable, her presence a dark cloud that threatened to overwhelm him.

As they clashed, DarkHawk felt the weight of Tiexsema's influence pressing down on him, threatening to shatter his resolve. But he pushed back, channeling his own telekinetic energy in a desperate bid to hold her at bay.

Their minds became battlegrounds, a swirling maelstrom of power and darkness. DarkHawk could feel Tiexsema's tendrils probing at the edges of his consciousness, seeking to tear him apart from the inside out. But he refused to yield. With a surge of determination, he pushed back against Tiexsema's onslaught, his own telekinetic power blazing like a beacon in the darkness.

For a moment, the world seemed to stand still as the two forces clashed against one another with titanic force. And then, with a final burst of effort, DarkHawk unleashed everything he had, sending a shockwave of pure energy rippling through the air.

Tiexsema staggered, her hold on DarkHawk's mind faltering for just a moment. And in that moment of weakness, DarkHawk struck, his telekinetic powers overwhelming Tiexsema's defenses and sending her reeling backwards.

That exchange was exhausting, Tiexsema's power was unlike anything he had felt before. DarkHawk staggered momentarily before regaining his composure. The villagers blinked in confusion, their minds finally free from Tiexsema's control. As they looked around in wonder, DarkHawk could sense that they were safe, at least for now.

But even as the threat of Tiexsema faded away, their journey was far from over. The volcano still raged on, its fury unabated, while the people of Selen struggled to rebuild their shattered lives. "We need to keep moving," the assassin ordered. Motioning the civilians to follow the path to the north. "Make haste, our enemy regroups even as I speak..."

But amidst the chaos and destruction, DarkHawk could feel the Force reaching out to him. Tiexsema would make another attack. It was just a matter of when. He had to move quickly and get these folks to the extraction point and hope reinforcements await.

*The End*