

[CNS] The Unrepentant Descendant: *Preparation*

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Adept DarkHawk Sadow #264

Orian System Hyperspace System Outskirts

The air on the *Fallen Spear* was charged with anticipation as DarkHawk Sadow, the enigmatic assassin, prepared for the descent onto the foreboding surface of Athiss. The dark whispers of the Force echoed through the corridors of the ship, intertwining with the low hum of the vessel's engines. Clan Naga Sadow was on a mission to uncover possible secrets that lay dormant on the ancient world, and DarkHawk was extremely enthusiastic about this endeavor.

As DarkHawk stepped into the command chamber of the *Spear* that now served as their temporary command center, a holographic representation of the Athiss landscape hovered before them. The Tomb of Vodai, a place steeped in Sith history and mystery, awaited the Clan's exploration. However, the presence of the Cult of Kressh, long believed to be extinguished, added an unpredictable element to the mission.

DarkHawk's eyes glowed with the crimson hue of the Sith as they studied the holographic map, absorbing every detail. The assassin's mind, honed by years of training and tempered in the crucible of the dark side, calculated the potential threats and devised strategies to navigate the treacherous terrain. DarkHawk was known for meticulous planning, always preparing for the worst-case scenario, for in the Sith world, surprises often meant death.

The Adept approached the armory, a chamber filled with an array of weapons, gadgets, and Sith artifacts. DarkHawk's cloak billowed as he moved with purpose, selecting gear with a discerning eye. The assassin believed in being well-prepared but not burdened by unnecessary weight. Every piece of equipment served a purpose, meticulously chosen for its lethal efficiency.

DarkHawk's lightsaber, a weapon of elegant design with a blood-red blade, was secured to his side. The assassin's proficiency in lightsaber combat can only be described as terrifying. Over the years he carved out a rather formidable reputation for himself. Training with master after master, never subjecting himself to one form. So his combat style has mutated into a lethal dance that complemented his skills in the shadows. His energy bow, when broken down, looked like a garbled mess, yet a powerful tool to eliminate threats silently, a pragmatic choice for ranged engagements.

As the Adept geared up, the question lingered – did DarkHawk rely on others to carry the weight of their gear? The answer lay in the assassin's self-sufficiency. DarkHawk preferred to operate independently, trusting in his own abilities to navigate the dangers that awaited. The assassin moved with a grace that belied the weight of their equipment, a testament to their physical prowess and discipline.

However, DarkHawk was not entirely alone. A cadre of Warhost soldiers, loyal to Clan Naga Sadow, awaited their orders. Not to mention the rest of the Sadowans eager to get boots on the ground. DarkHawk addressed them with a commanding presence, detailing the mission parameters and emphasizing the importance of coordination. The soldiers, disciplined and hardened by the rigors of combat, respected the Adept's leadership.

As the Clan descended through Athiss's atmosphere, DarkHawk's gaze fixed on the ominous landscape below. The Tomb of Vodai loomed in the distance, a dark silhouette against the crimson sky. The assassin could feel the currents of the Force swirling around the ancient structure, a palpable energy that hinted at the secrets within.

The descent was swift, and as the ships touched down on the uneven terrain, DarkHawk emerged, cloak billowing in the wind. The air was thick with a sense of foreboding, but the adept remained focused, senses attuned to the subtle disturbances in the Force.

The journey through the desolate landscape was a test of endurance and skill. DarkHawk navigated rocky cliffs and winding caverns with a fluidity that seemed almost supernatural. The soldiers, following in the Adept's wake, marveled at the ease with which DarkHawk moved.

As they approached the entrance of the Tomb of Vodai, a sense of unease settled upon the group. The air was thick with an ancient darkness, and the oppressive weight of the tomb's history hung in the air. DarkHawk halted, a hand raised in a silent command for the soldiers to stay back.

The adept's senses probed the surroundings, detecting subtle disturbances in the Force. DarkHawk's eyes narrowed, and with a flicker of the lightsaber, the entrance to the tomb was revealed. The path ahead was shrouded in darkness, and as DarkHawk ventured forth, the soldiers exchanged glances, unsure of what awaited them.

Inside the tomb, the air was heavy with the scent of age and decay. DarkHawk moved with purpose, the lightsaber casting an eerie glow on the ancient inscriptions that adorned the walls. The adept's instincts guided them deeper into the tomb, where the echoes of a distant chant reverberated.

As DarkHawk approached a grand chamber, the cultists of Kressh came into view, cloaked figures engaged in a ritual that sent shivers down the spine. The cultists' eyes gleamed with a

fervent madness as they chanted incantations that resonated with the dark side. The Adept's presence went unnoticed, a testament to their mastery of the shadows.

With a swift and silent command, DarkHawk signaled the soldiers to surround the cultists, creating a tactical advantage. The Adept's lightsaber hummed to life, and with a single, precise strike, the ritual was disrupted. Chaos erupted as the soldiers engaged the cultists in a fierce battle, blaster bolts and lightsaber clashes filling the chamber.

DarkHawk moved with deadly efficiency, his lightsaber carving through the cultists with a precision that spoke of years of training. The Adept's connection to the dark side flowed like a torrent, empowering every strike. The soldiers, inspired by DarkHawk's prowess, fought with newfound vigor.

As the last cultist fell, the chamber fell silent. DarkHawk stood amidst the fallen, cloak billowing in the aftermath of the battle. The soldiers, battered but victorious, looked to the Adept with a mix of awe and respect. The Tomb of Vodai had been cleared, but the mysteries within remained.

DarkHawk's gaze shifted to the depths of the tomb, a silent acknowledgment of the challenges that lay ahead. Clan Naga Sadow had uncovered the Cult of Kressh, but the true secrets of Athiss awaited discovery. With the soldiers at Naga Sadow's side, DarkHawk ventured forth into the unknown, ready to face whatever darkness lurked in the shadows of the ancient tomb.

The End