

A Call from A Past Life

(Warrior DarkHawk #264)

The elevator doors opened and a figure emerged from its open space. A large muscular Shaevalian figure exited the elevator. DarkHawk was dressed in his normal battle gear minus his large cloak which adds to his already muscular body. His upper and lower tabards flowed with his movement and takes the shape of wings. He carries this ominising aura about himself, you can see a faint red glow circling his body. DarkHawk made his way down the corridor to the first main intersection and his battle team member Vyrim turned the corner at the same time almost stopping in his tracks. "DarkHawk I see you made it back from that last mission in one piece, I heard you had a pretty good fight on your hands with a couple of Jedi", Vyrim said enthusiastically. DarkHawk sneered at his team mate, "They were dead before their sabers were drawn." Vyrim smiled and thought to himself typical DH, no emotion, and he planned it out that way. "Right" Vyrim said, "Still you should have grabbed me to help, would have been good mission to be on with you." Vyrim stated. DarkHawk passed the statement like it was never spoken. "So what do you think this meeting is about?" Vyrim asked. "Not sure, but the commander wants everyone on fleet to attend." DarkHawk growled.

The two made their way down the long maze of corridors to their ready room. As they entered their commander Aexod was standing at the front of a long conference table going over papers. "Ah Vyrim. DarkHawk, glad you're here take a seat we have good intel to go over. The others will be here shortly." said Aexod. The two took their assigned seats and within moments others started to enter the ready room. The room was filled with the members of Battle Team Shadow's Bane. Aexod went over the intel briefing in detail and without wasting anytime. Everyone look very intense of the news being briefed, good intel was a chance to greatly expose the rebels. Aexod finished up his briefing and before dismissing his team he said "Everyone is to remain on fleet or in their quarters, we will be moving on this quickly." As the team was departing the ready room, Aexod called for DarkHawk. "DarkHawk I am going to need you on this mission for sure, stay close." Aexod said. "DarkHawk replied "I will be in my mediation chambers Sir." Aexod knew that DarkHawk liked to "decompress" after a mission in his meditation chambers and visualize the entire mission correcting any mistakes he may have made to better himself on future missions. "I will send one of my aides for you DH", Aexod said still looking over papers. DarkHawk bowed to his commander and existed the room.

DarkHawk made it to his personal chambers and made his way to his meditation room. He bowed before entering and almost a sigh of relief was made as he entered. He was shirtless and only wearing his Hakama robe and tabi boots. Battle scars enlaced his upper torso, each having their own story and meaning. His meditation room was adorned with masterful art and trophies from past mission expeditions. From light sabers of those who fallen before him, to different trinkets of crystals and scrolls. A large tabard hung from the wall on the main part of the room, foreign writing depicting his heritage and history. Along with his Sith bloodline and former Masters of the Sith were also depicted on the scroll. The room was strangely lit, very low light and very unnerving almost. DarkHawk sat in the middle of his room, legs crossed and began to chant in various forms of incantations and languages. Simultaneously he was inter-weaving his fingers in and out of different positions with each of his chants,

a form known as Kuji-In. Representation of the various forms of elements water, fire, wind channeled his thoughts and essence to help become stronger with the force. As his chants became louder DarkHawk began to levitate from the floor, hovering close to a foot off the ground. The red glow about him was more apparent than ever and added to the luminosity of the room's lighting.

The meditation went on for what seemed like hours but was rather moments in time. As DarkHawk began to really feel the force engulf his body and his visions of his past mission seemed to project in front of him as if he were watching a video message. His Holocron messenger started beeping, and was not going away. His trance faded, his chants muffled, his body lowered to the floor. DarkHawk at this point was very agitated that his meditation was interrupted. He exited his meditation chamber and entered his main living quarters and hit the button on his Holocron Messenger. "A personal message from Kiev Dodsins" the holocron beeped. "Kiev Dodsins, DarkHawk thought, "What does that gutter trash want, and how the hell did he track me down?"

A flurry of memories came rushing to DarkHawk, Kiev was once a former acquaintance of DarkHawk. He used that word very loosely regarding him. Kiev was a smuggler and a pirate, always looking for the chance to swindle someone out of their own soul type of guy. DarkHawk had used his services before to smuggle goods and people in and out of various star systems. Kiev just took it upon himself to maintain he had a Sith in his pocket to do his own bidding when needed. DarkHawk remember the last time they met, Kiev tried to swindle Talon1 out from under DarkHawk. Talon1 was DarkHawk's custom fighter ship that his father developed for certain mercenaries some time ago. Though that the deal went awry and almost cost his father his life. One of the many times that being an engineer and scientist for the Empire developing weapons almost orphaned him.

Talon1 was superiorly more advanced than any other fighter around. Kiev took it upon himself to claim it during a card game and used it to back a high stakes bid while DarkHawk was completing a mission on Balmorra. Seems Kiev always had a special place for Talon1, as the story goes his uncle was one of the mercenary's that originally commissioned DarkHawk's parents to build Talon1. That deal was of course crushed once the Empire got word of it. The scar on DarkHawk's arm from a close range blaster fire was a constant reminder of that entire incident. Kiev had tried several times to gain possession of Talon1, only to narrowly escape the clutches of DarkHawk. This has always been a very uneasy subject for DarkHawk because he was young and not as skillfully trained at the time. Only to let a low life like Kiev escape him.

The men that Kiev so blatantly bartered Talon1 with were not to be trifled with. They were well connected to the Hutt's and almost every other crime syndicate in the galaxy. They were well armed and well trained. Up until that point they had three rogue force users amongst their midst's, but they soon found themselves being ripped apart by DarkHawk. As DarkHawk returned from his mission he entered the Sith Hanger on Balmorra only to find Kiev, with his scuttled crew at the time underneath the boot heel of the mercenaries he just tried to double cross. Seems Kiev did not have the money to back the game and his greed took over and put a ship that was not his up as collateral. Then tried to escape with that very ship. Kiev was on his back near the front of Talon1 with the receiving end of a yellow colored light saber blade at his throat. Kiev's crew were all standing there with their hands up, blasters pointing at them by a crew of mercenaries.

DarkHawk was on the top balcony looking down on all this, listening in to the entire conversation he quickly learned at what had transpired while he was gone. "Idiot!" DarkHawk thought. "I should just let

them chop off his head first” before I take back my ship DarkHawk told himself. DarkHawk could feel the hatred churning inside him. “How dare this scumbag barter with my ship. Today Kiev, today is the day you die. But it will be by my hands.” DarkHawk assessed the situation, he could feel the three force users and was sure they could feel him. DarkHawk knew the one with the saber drawn has to die first. DarkHawk took two steps back from the balcony railing, and leaped off the balcony. In midair he performed a front flip simultaneously grabbing his own saber and as he descended his frontal attack he drove his saber through the torso of the rogue force user. Kiev’s eyes were as big as credit coins, not expecting that to just happen. In an instant, DarkHawk spun around with a spinning heel kick that caught the second force user square on the jaw and sent him sailing back into some storage crates.

The third force user came at DarkHawk with a flurry of his own saber attacks, DarkHawk encircled his assailant and blocked every one of them with ease. Kiev’s crew managed to scurry about and was attacking the other mercenaries. Kiev took a blaster from one of the fallen merc’s and was laying down his own barrage of blaster fire. DarkHawk kept encircling his own assailant wielding his saber looking for that one opening to get to. The rogue force user was surprisingly countering the attacks and managed to land a vicious elbow to the back of DarkHawk’s neck. DarkHawk skillfully rolled forward with the blow about four feet in front of his adversary and then using the force to assist him sprung into a back flip landing behind the rogue. DarkHawk drove his saber in and up through the rogue’s chest cavity. He then kicked him forward and the rogue slumped forward dead.

A few of Kiev’s troops managed to stay on their feet still engaging the other mercs. Though DarkHawk had just walked over a fallen Kiev crew member as he approached the moaning rogue he had kicked into the crates. DarkHawk leaned in on the rogue and drove his fist into his throat, as the rogue gasped for breath from what should have been a deadly blow, DarkHawk extended his talons and blood poured out of the rogue’s throat and spilt onto the hangar bay floor. Just then blaster fire hit DarkHawk in the arm. He could feel the burn of it and channeled the force to assist in the pain. As he turned he saw Kiev standing there now with a blaster rifle point at him. “Sorry DarkHawk, your ship is coming with me this time, I will get a pretty penny for her!” Kiev said breathing heavily from his squirmish. During the commotion of the battle Kiev’s crew, what was left of it somehow managed to get the upper hand on the mercenaries.

“Damn!” he thought “Rookie mistake” DarkHawk said to himself. DarkHawk peered through his battle helmet at Kiev, “You’re not taking my ship Kiev, that will not happen” DarkHawk growled. “Yeah, Yeah, keep telling yourself that Sith, but we have the upper hand at the moment, and she rightfully belongs to me.” Kiev snarled back. DarkHawk started to move, and one of Kiev’s crew fired a blaster shot at his feet. DarkHawk remained motionless as if nothing happened. Exactly what I needed to gauge he thought. Kiev ordered for DarkHawk to drop his saber and step back, DarkHawk acted reluctant to obliged but the ploy was well played out. As he placed his saber on the ground he reached behind him and grabbed five shurikens from his utility belt. As he took a step back Kiev started moving forward followed by his crew. DarkHawk took his second step backward planted his right foot and leaped onto the crates behind him. Just as he made his initial jump he threw the shurikens with deadly accuracy and the shurikens embedded into the crew member’s throats. They collapsed grasping at their wounds, the stench of blood and the gasps for air were thick and heavy. As DarkHawk landed on the crate he began to release the last Shuriken aimed at Kiev, but Kiev had let a shot go from his blaster rifle hitting DarkHawk in his throwing arm.

The shot spun DarkHawk around and he fell of the crates to the hangar floor. The blaster shot was enough to throw the shuriken off its intended course of Kiev's throat and sunk deep into his shoulder. Kiev let out a loud moan as he fell to his knees dropping his firearm. DarkHawk pulled himself to his feet and reached for another shuriken and launched it at Kiev's other shoulder. It landed with fierce tenacity and a loud thud, sinking deep into Kiev's tissue. DarkHawk walked over to his saber and bent over to get pick it up. Just then, to the right of him he heard the distinct sound of a concussion grenade hitting the hangar floor. DarkHawk leaped out of it reach, only to be caught midair by its impact. DarkHawk slammed into the very crates he had thrown one of the rogues into. Falling to the floor, senses were spiked, blurred visions and muffled hearing. DarkHawk knew this feeling all too well. More than once had he felt the effects of a well-placed concussion grenade. DarkHawk could make out one of Kiev's crew member that he had not noticed picking up his wounded captain and dragging him out of the hangar.

DarkHawk slowly pushed himself off the floor to get to his feet and just out of natural reaction attempted to throw another shuriken at his fleeing assailants. The shuriken had no course as it landed well away from its intended target. DarkHawk watched blurrily as Kiev and his crew member faded away. DarkHawk slumped back to the floor, senses going haywire. A few moments later, DarkHawk somewhat had his senses about him, picked himself off the hangar floor once again and tried to stand. He wobbled a bit and shook his head. The sound of alarms was screaming all throughout the hangar. DarkHawk thought they are only more intense due to the effects of the concussion grenade. DarkHawk picked up his saber and the sabers of the fallen rogues, he stumbled into his ship's flight deck and told the onboard computer to take off. Talon1 roared to life and sped out of the hanger with the stench of death in its wake.

DarkHawk heard the voice of his commander's aide behind him "Lord DarkHawk, Commander Aexod requires your presence" the aide said half-heartedly. Just then DarkHawk heard Vyrim's voice "DH you ok? We been standing here for minutes, you seemed lost in trance." Said Vyrim. DarkHawk's senses came to point and turned to both of his guests, "Tell the Commander I will be there directly" DarkHawk told the aide. Aexod's aide left rather quickly, confused at what just transpired in front of him. Vyrim looked at the holocron messenger that was playing, "Who is this filth" Vyrim asked his team mate. DarkHawk was putting on his battle suit, looked at Vyrim with almost a smile on his face. "Someone I intend to kill." DarkHawk said. Vyrim looked back at the holocron and back at his team mate, "Seems like he has a hard on for Talon1, that's a lot of credits he is offering for it" Vyrim said with enthusiasm. DarkHawk turned to his team mate and said "You still want to help Vyrim?" Vyrim smiled and said "Hell yeah I do!" "After we finish this mission for Aexod, we are going to make a detour on our way back, I will split the credits with you Kiev is offering, but Talon1 will stay with me, and Kiev is mine for the killing, you can have the rest" DarkHawk told Vyrim. Vyrim's face lit up, "This sounds like it will be a mission worth bragging about DH, I am all in" Vyrim said.