

The Council wanted

something. They needed that vital intel. Blackhawk didn't need a triple encrypted, priority message for his eyes only to know that. They wanted to know everything. Troop placements, fleet allocation, bases, back up plans, battle plans, anything that would allow Pravus to crush the clans. Not long ago, Blackhawk may have done it. Ask him a mere few months ago, before the massacre aboard the Paladin, before he had assisted in an act of grievous slaughter, and he would have gotten the intel and handed it over. Now, he saw the problems. He saw the chaos. He saw the remorselessness that the Dark Council seemed to treasure. They didn't care who suffered along the way. They didn't care about how many soldiers died or the families struggling to survive. Blackhawk would never again fall for that trap. He would never help the Council take on the clans again. But they didn't know that, and as long as they didn't know, Blackhawk could use his status as an Inquisitorius agent to twist their plans into oblivion. That was his intent anyway.

Heading for the tactical

command archives, he intended to access the terminal, download the Intel, modify it, then send it to the council, and the Tarentum summit. The only difference would be part where he would add a message telling the summit that he had sent this version to the council. Watching the Council get crushed would be the ultimate reward for his effort. However, this was not to be. Accessing the terminal, what Blackhawk saw filled him with dread. Someone had already downloaded the intel. Whoever had accessed it didn't leave a trace on the terminal, but there was always a way to find out. He would still

proceed with his original plan, but for it to succeed, and to maintain his cover, Blackhawk would have to deal with the other being. Downloading the data was a quick and easy process, taking him a mere minute to complete. His next destination would be the security bay.

“I need the video for the tactical command archive now!” he yelled at the attendant. “I can't give that to you without proper authorization.” the attendant told him in a bored, monotone voice. “I don't have time for this! Someone has stolen our tactical military data, and I need to find out who!” Blackhawk replied “Authorization?” the attendant asked. At this point, Blackhawk's impatience drove him to anger, and anger drove him to take what he needed by force.

Thrusting out his left hand, he curled his fingers into a semicircular shape. As he did this, the attendant felt a growing pressure around his throat. Disregarding this at first, the pressure increased until he could feel his airways constricting. Before he knew it, he was half a foot off the ground, his hands over his throat in a table attempt to pry the invisible force away from it. In seconds, he found himself over a drop that would certainly pulverize him. “F-f-fine, y-y-you... have... it... let... go... please.” the attendant gasped out desperately through his nearly closed airways, swiftly bringing the attendant back in, Blackhawk let the guard go, punching him in the gut as he landed. “If you trick me, I will kill you.” he threatened. As it turned out, the foolhardy attendant had some intelligence, or at the very least, a well developed sense of self preservation. Not only did he get the tapes going back months, he got access.logs, codes, and even a master login for the security terminals.

As hard as the attendant tried to hide it, Blackhawk found it painfully obvious that the attendant never wanted to see him again.

Armed with his new clearance and a critically important mission, Blackhawk went to his private quarters to figure out who he was after. He only needed to watch the last month or so worth of videos to get a general idea of who his target would be. Before he went forward, Blackhawk decided to construct a failsafe in the form of a message to the Tarentum summit, as well as other operatives, informing them that he was tracking down the thief, but that they should prepare for the worst in the event that he failed. After that, he began watching the holovids. What he discovered only served to anger him. The thief had accessed from the terminal only minutes before he did. He had probably passed the criminal on his way out.

His target was a tall, average, Chiss. Though his robes concealed most of the specific features that would make him easier to identify, there was no concealing those signature red eyes unique to the species. Following him through the videos, he found the ship he was using, and using his master login, he was able to obtain the flight plan. His target was heading for that wretched planet full of scum and villainy known as Nal Hutta. He was not looking forward to this.

When he landed on the planet,

he was immediately greeted the same way as his last time there. Moldba the Hutt couldn't be very happy. This time, he traveled with twice as many bodyguards as he had for their last encounter.

“I will give you one chance to get off this planet before,” he didn't get to finish his sentence. He had spoken his last words. Before he could finish, Blackhawk had drawn his pistols and shot two of the guards. The other ten guards rushed him instantly. Casually, Blackhawk flicked his wrist and sent the nearest guard flying into the two behind him. His next move wasn't as pretty. Drawing his vibroswords, Blackhawk sidestepped the descending ax from the next guard, and decapitated him. The next one impaled himself on the second sword. The first guard he had thrown had now recovered and was a little tougher, but as his weapon came back to decapitate Blackhawk, Blackhawk swung both his swords, taking both legs at the knees with one, and the attacking arm at the elbow. His weapon fell, cutting into its wielder's shoulder. The two he had thrown the first into were raising DC-15 blaster rifles at him, but they didn't get a chance to fire before Blackhawk sent his swords flying like missiles from his hands, straight into their stomachs. The sixth guard was about to shoot him, but didn't expect Blackhawk's quick reaction. In an instant, the guard's blaster flew into Blackhawk's hand, the bolt of hot plasma instantly melting the guard's armor. The remaining three hesitated. Unfortunately, they were more scared of the Hutt and tried to rush him. This would be met with them all being cut in two by Blackhawk's lightsaber. Moldba had tried this once and failed. He had tried a second time, and Blackhawk fully

expected that he would try again. Retrieving and sheathing all of his weapons, he turned on the Hutt.

“You were foolish to think your guards could beat me again,” he told the Hutt, “and now you will pay for your foolishness.” With that, Blackhawk let out a burst of lightning from his hand, causing the Hutt to scream out in pain. Activating one of his thermal detonators, Blackhawk dropped it down Moldba’s open mouth. The Hutt swallowed it whole. The look on the foolhardy slug’s face was priceless. The resulting mess, not so much. Blackhawk felt a little sorry for whatever cleaners would be tasked with cleaning that.

Back to the mission,

Blackhawk thought. The Chiss couldn't have gone very far. *If I were looking to move stolen intel without being traced, where would I go?* Blackhawk questioned. The obvious answer was a bar. No one would suspect a patron using a terminal, and nobody would think to find out what he was doing. As it turns out, he was right. After several days of searching, he found the cloaked Chiss in a cantina on the opposite side of the planet. As it appeared, the agent had yet to send the intelligence. *If he hasn't yet, he must be waiting for something,* The clawdite speculated. Realizing this, Blackhawk went through what logs he could access, and found an encrypted message thread that appeared to be intended to set a meeting.

I have the intel.

Good.

Where do you want me to send it?

I don't.

Then what do you want me to do with it?

You will give it directly to an operative of mine when he gets to you.

Not here. To risky. There is someone else.

Who?

I don't know, but whoever he is, he's good.

Fine, where then?

You choose.

When?

You choose. The last thing I need is for whoever else is here to find me.

Come back tomorrow at this exact time, I will let you know then.

Fine, but no later.

And Shraisor, if you are any later, I will not contact you again.

Yes sir. And my pursuer?

Elude him. If he finds you, kill him, or else.

Yes sir.

Bantha dung, Blackhawk

silently cursed, *he knows I'm here*. The only bright side was that he now knew that his target would return. It wouldn't be long now before he was eliminated. All he had to do was wait. This would be the hardest part. Patience was not Blackhawk's strong suit. He was at his best in combat. Only a few hours separated him from his enemy. The time he had was a lot shorter than he thought. Only a few minutes later, the Chiss walked in.

Wait, Blackhawk thought, *no reason to start a battle in here*. His patience would pay off. An hour later, the Chiss got up and left.

Following him out of the cantina, Blackhawk trailed him into a dark alley, where he saw his target enter a building. *This must be where he is staying till he leaves*. Looking on a small window, Blackhawk confirmed his suspicions. Since he could see in, Blackhawk snapped his fingers. He could see the room darkening, and he could see the Chiss's look of confusion as he stretched his arms out feeling for anything. With the Chiss obviously blind, Blackhawk quietly removed a few bricks, and slid out the window. With this done, Blackhawk reapplied the darkness so that he could slip in unseen. When he regained his sight, the agent was well and truly surprised. What he saw was a crimson red blade pointed directly into his face. "Surrender." Blackhawk ordered. "You will never take me alive!" the blue skinned humanoid hissed. With that, he pushed a button on his wrist communicator. The explosions erupted all around him. Without thinking, Blackhawk pushed the Chiss away, causing him to be crushed under falling debris. Concentrating, Blackhawk dashed toward the door, barely managing to escape as the building came down. Turning to leave, Blackhawk felt something.

Just in time, Blackhawk ducked to avoid the incoming boulder. With a snap of his fingers, the Chiss found himself bewildered by a flash of light. When he recovered, he no longer saw an armored, unidentifiable figure, but instead found himself standing before the Grand Master of the Brotherhood, Darth Pravus himself.

“Sir...” the Chiss began, kneeling. “HOW. DARE YOU ATTACK ME!” Blackhawk shouted at him. “YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS.” The Chiss could feel the anger flowing off of him. Not even thinking, he took a disk from his belt. “Sir, this is everything I have obtained from the Tarentum tactical command archive.”

“Good.” Blackhawk said with a smile, approaching the Chiss for his final attack. “Give it to me.” he ordered with an outstretched hand. Shraisor didn't even hesitate. The file in hand, Blackhawk kicked the inquisitor in the face. When Shraisor looked up, he now saw the very same figure he had tried to kill. But this time, he didn't get a chance. The crimson light shot out from the end of the small canister Blackhawk was holding, burying itself halfway up the blade into the inquisitor's head. With that done, Blackhawk returned to his ship, pausing briefly to admire the cleaning droids shining the dock as if the exploded remains of a Hutt had never been there. Now, the summit was aware of the threat Pravus posed. He sent the modified intelligence, hoping that he had truly been in time to prevent the truth from being exposed.