**The War is Over**

Competition Fiction

**Business as Usual**

By DarkHawk

(Warrior) / Clan Naga Sadow (#264)

**Night Hawks Headquarters**

**Tarthos**

Deep beneath the surface of Tarthos, in the network of passageways of the Night Hawks headquarters, DarkHawk was in deep meditation in his chambers. The feud was over and though battered and bruised, he felt confident that his clan was triumphant. His wounds were healing quite well. The warrior had taken some severe blows to his body and needed this time to heal. With the help of his teammate Maelous, he had made it back in one piece, so to speak. He had suffered wounds before on missions, though these were extensive and would more than likely have killed a non-force user.

DarkHawk meditated and allowed his mind’s eye to replay the events of the feud over and over. Revisiting his last skirmishes with aide of the Force. The Force allowed him to revisit his battles so that he can study and watch. Deep meditation, taking him back, watching his movements and techniques, seeing his flaws and correcting them. This is one way he bettered himself in and out of combat, analyzing his mistakes and making mental notes. He also would dive into studies, learning all obscure forms of tactics and warfare. Seeking out masters and learning everything he could from their expertise. Always progressing, striving to be the best and never backing down. It is what drove him, deciphering his mistakes and turning them to his advantage. An admirable quality, or an unrelenting curse.

DarkHawk’s mind’s eye returned to him and he awakened from his trance. His Force healing allowed for a near perfect repair of the injuries his leg, shoulder and arm had sustained. DarkHawk felt the wound with his hand, or what was left of it. The echoes of pain still replayed through his head, the cold metal spike driven in with such force that it had taken all of his willpower not to cry out. Two days later and the pain was all but a memory, just as the indentation in his flesh would soon be.

He let his fingers play against the softening scar tissue, feeling the caress of the Force as he directed the energy to knit his muscle, and skin. His strength was replenished and his senses regained. What seemed to be a long duration since the battle was just a mere few days. Most of that time was spent in sick bay being watched over by medical droids. Members of his team came thru the medical bay to check on his status. Even Master Muz came to check on him. DarkHawk vaguely remembered The Lion at his side, but he did remember his words. “*Heal…”*

The Warrior’s breathing went from long slow deep breaths, to normal. His vision fixed on the dimly lit statue of Freedon Nadd. The Equite was fixated on the old Sith Lords, “*There is much to be discovered in their secrets,”* he thought. Just then a messenger droid entered his chambers and delivered a data chip. DarkHawk took the chip and inserted it into the reader. A solar system appeared and a familiar planet was the point of interest, Coruscant. DarkHawk noted the coordinates and removed the data chip. The Warrior then punched up some blueprints on his data computer and the schematics of a state of the art advanced fighter projected in front of him. He grinned and thought. “*Soon you will be finished, soon very soon..."*

Darkhawk stared at the schematics of the design plans for a few seconds and grinned. At that very moment Master Muz appeared before him on a secure holocron channel. Darkhawk bowed to his master. The grin that was once on his face, now washed away, time for business. The Lion showed him an image, the holocamera blurry and of poor quality. Yet DarkHawk recognized it all the same: The lightsaber of Salbor Vier. Muz shifted his gaze from the image to DarkHawk. No words were necessary, he knew his mission. “Yes Master” replied DarkHawk.

The Warrior was somewhat relieved, he was not a fan of being at headquarters but knew it was necessary. He preferred to be in the field, he liked being out on missions and putting himself right in the middle of any investigation, reconnaissance, intelligence operation. Especially because most of them lead to some sort of skirmish he could get into. The only way to get better is to test himself and he did that on a daily basis.

DarkHawk went to the other side of his chambers and hit a control button hidden in one of his many bookcases. The bookcase slid open to one side revealing a small room. There he had kept his tools of the trade. The first thing he went to gather was his combat suit, but it was not where it was supposed to be. For a moment DarkHawk looked puzzled, then he remembered a package was delivered earlier. He retrieved the package and opened it. A small note was inside “*Thought you may be needing this soon, so had the boys in R&D repair it*” signed Maelous. There in the box was DarkHawk’s combat suit, good as new. The Warrior chuckled, “Can’t believe the old man did that, now I owe him two.” he said to himself. The Warrior donned his battle garb and added all his accessories to his utility belt. He hooked both sabers on his side and was ready.

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**Night Hawks**

**Launch Port**

The Warrior exited his chambers and made his way to the hangar via the turbo lift. He came onto Talon 1, a customized *VT-49 Decimator* Class ship. He started making the preflight inspections. 2V came into the flight deck and ecstatically notified him that the ship was ready for flight. 2V was the Warrior’s personal ship droid. An advanced prototype that assisted the Warrior on virtually everything on/off the ship. DarkHawk finished punching in the flight coordinates in the NAV computer and punched in the starting sequence and the engines roared to life. DarkHawk maneuvered the *VT-49 Decimator* ship down the tarmac and entered the runway and launched the ship out of the spaceport and into the outer atmosphere.

Talon 1 launched into hyper speed and was out of sight moments after takeoff. The Warrior sat at the flight deck and went over the logistics of the mission. DarkHawk let the autopilot take over and left the flight deck for his chambers. He told 2V to take the helm and to notify him once the ship was in range of Coruscant.

DarkHawk entered his chambers and began looking through old Sith history scrolls trying to find some reference to the phrase he saw on the crate he and Master Muz saw when they first encountered Salbor Vier. DarkHawk went over mission parameters instructed by Master Muz. Clandestine garb, and under the radar. The Equite liked the thought of being covert and he had no worries about being without his cowl, since only a select few know the intricate details of his identity. DarkHawk continued on his search through scrolls looking for the traces of his prey. “*With knowledge comes power.* Those words kept resonating through him. *What did it mean?*

The Warrior sifted through scroll after scroll, searching for and resemblance of those words. Nothing came together, nothing referencing a saber crystal with that phrase. *Since I will be in Coruscant I will make it a point to look through the archives. What makes this crystal so imperative? I know Master Muz takes his knowledge and lust for saber crystals to a higher tier than any other. Is this crystal the ultimate power source? We shall soon see…..”*

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**Coruscant System**

**Talon 1 *VT-49 Decimator***

2V came over the intercom and informed DarkHawk that the ship was in range of Coruscant. “Mask our signature 2V, I don’t want any interference when we land.” instructed the Warrior. “As you command” replied 2V. The droid punched a sequence of buttons on the control panel and masked the IFF signature of the *VT-49 Decimator* with a scrambled signal. DarkHawk went to his wardrobe and picked out his attire. The Equite prided himself on his ability to blend in and disguise himself. It was one of the many talents and practices he enjoyed. A business delegate will be the role to start off with. White tunic and brown robes will do nicely he thought.

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**Coruscant**

2V landed Talon 1 just on the outskirts of the spaceport so that the *VT-49 Decimator* would not bring much attention. 2V expertly sandwiched the ship behind two large buildings which camouflaged the ship nicely. “Very nicely done 2V, I will flag a cab to take me deeper into the city to my rendezvous point” DarkHawk told his little companion. “My pleasure sir, I will park your speeder and mark its location to your GPS” the droid replied.

DarkHawk opened the landing door and peered out into the city, the congestion of the city never ended. He made sure there were no stragglers and made his way to the city streets. Coruscant was filled with every manner of being in the universe. Race, color, sex, species, everything. He walked for a bit and then hailed a cab. A fast moving cab came screeching at DarkHawk’s heels, DarkHawk entered the cab which was being piloted by a middle aged Rodian. “Financial District” DarkHawk told the driver and off they sped.

The city scape was a beautiful blur as the Rodian made his way to the destination. DarkHawk watched as they small speeder cab buzzed in and out of traffic. The Equite made a visual in the rear view mirror to double check himself before he arrived. It was not often that he noticed himself without his cowl on. Shoulder length auburn hair, nicely groomed and cut for the part he was playing. “*I am Tegar Ray Financial advisor meeting potential wealthy clients*.”

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**Financial District**

**Coruscant**

Financial Advisor Tegar Ray exited the cab and made his way down the busy streets of the city. He walked with poise and grace. Like any other high-level financial dignitary would. He made his way to a small café’ across from the designated meeting place. Though early, this would give him the opportunity to scope out the surroundings to make sure no interference would arise while he met with the informant. As he knew that other members of his team were to be in the vicinity as well, he was hoping that he would run into Maelous.

As Tegar Ray sat and sipped his tea, he made mental notes of the exits, entrances, as well as adjacent building vantage points. Tegar Ray went over the mission dynamics once again. The informant he was to meet was to have hands on knowledge of the crystal. The informant was bringing two “Body Guards” to up-play their role in the scheme as a wealthy investor looking for solid source money managers. Tegar Ray was just the individual to assess all their financial needs. *As well as a possible shiv to the throat if need be……*

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**Spaceport District**

**Coruscant**

2V maneuvered the Sith speeder through the busy streets with ease. He made his way into the financial district and parked the speeder in an alley roughly three blocks from where his master was located. The little droid dismounted and double-checked the saddlebags and ensured his masters combat uniform and weapons were ready for him.

Unbenounced to the little droid, high above the city streets lingering eyes were keeping close tabs on it’s location.

2V turned the cloaking device on, and then the homing beacon. The little droid made his way back to the main street and hastily made his way back to Talon 1.

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**Financial District**

**Coruscant**

Tegar Ray’s homing device started beeping and the young man silenced it. “*Good work 2V, I am sure I will need my tools before this day is through.”* As the financial advisor sat and watched the pedestrians, talk and walk in and out of streets, buildings and shops. A young woman and a small toddler holding her hand walk by. The toddler looked at Tegar Ray and almost seemed to wink at him. The look of Dèjá-vu overwhelmed the man. In an instant, his mind’s eye forced him back to his shattered childhood.

*The Laboratory* in which his development and training were overseen, was clear as day. An adolescent DarkHawk was sitting at a lab table drawing schematics of a saber. Echoing voices rang through his head. “Subject shows high aptitude of engineering and mechanics.” said the lab coated personnel. The youth was engrossed in the completion of the blueprints he was working on, the lab coat reached for the blueprints and pulled them out from the youth’s workstation. In a fit of rage, the youth looked at the lab coat and leaped high into the air. The movement suddenly slowed to milliseconds as he watched the youth in almost berserker frenzy attack the lab coat viciously and without remorse.

Three more lab coats ran to the aide of their colleague. The lab coat was badly beaten, most impressive from such a small child. They sat the child on another stool, and moved the wounded lab coat to the corner of the room. Another lab coat with a soft voice stood in front of the child, “You know what you must do to continue.” he said. The lab coat reached into his deep pocket and placed a blaster on the table in front of the child. “In order to continue you must finish.” He said again to the child. The child stared at the weapon “Why” the child asked. “Because those are the rules, and you are very aware of the rules” said the soft-spoken lab coat.

Once again, the child stared at the blaster, he could hear the deep breathes of the wounded lab coat in the corner.

“What did he do?” asked the child.

“It does not matter, you must follow the rules in order to continue” the lab coat replied.

The child again stared at the blaster, this time even longer. Before the lab coat could speak again to reconfirm the rules. The child in an almost lightning fast motion picked up the blaster and fired two bolts center mass of the wounded lab coat. The lab coat slumped to the floor and the blaster sat in almost the exact position the child picked it up.

“Sir, more tea?” the Twi’lek asked. “Sir, more tea?” she asked again. Tegar Ray and his mind’s eye became one again. “I am sorry, just reminiscing I suppose, yes please, more tea.” replied the advisor. What seemed like a lifetime ago was just a few mere seconds of suppressed memory. The little girl continued to stare at the financial advisor as she and her mother made their way out of the cafè.

As Tegar Ray enjoyed his tea, he saw his target and his henchmen turn the corner. They made their way to the financial office across the street from the cafè that Tegar Ray had secured to solidify the legitimacy of the charade.

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**Financial Office**

**Coruscant**

After paying the bill and leaving a generous tip, he left the booth he had occupied. The very appealing Twi'Lek winking at him as he left the cafe. The mark was a human, early-thirties, Intel states he is a high profile smuggler. The two bodyguards, both Weequay’s, dressed in what looked to be sophisticated robes. He made his way across the street and entered the financial office. He greeted the mark in the lobby, the mark introduced himself as Dorian Frost. Mr. Frost introduced his two associates who simply nodded. The advisor stood attentive to the three and gestured them forward to the secure office. The meeting party entered the elevator and went up to the fourth floor.

All four entered the office and Tegar Ray locked the door behind them. One of the Weequay’s never took his eyes of the young advisor. The two exchange unpleasant stares and then reluctantly sat down.

Dorian spoke first, “I was not expecting such a *normal* representative for this meeting.”

“I assure you sir, my employers would not have sent me if they did not have the utmost confidence in me to secure our arrangement.” replied Tegar Ray.

“Their confidence, not ours” spat the Weequay

“Please excuse my associate’s unpleasantries, he does not know his boundaries.” said Dorian as he glared at his bodyguard.

Tegar felt a familiar feeling come across his body, the Force reaching out. He noticed how the one Weequay who never took his eyes off him, position himself up for a quick blaster shot should the need arise. Tegar could see the quick release holster on his torso.

“Mr. Frost, I assure you that my employer would be very dissatisfied in the outcome should your associate reach for that blaster he has hidden on him. Makes no difference to me if he uses it, you see, for if I do not report to my employer then another plan will commence. You and your associates will never see the outskirts of this planet.” replied Tegar.

Mr. Frost stared across the desk, the tension was beginning to become completely uncomfortable. As Mr. Frost leaned over to rebut his host’s comments, Tegar Ray cut him off.

“Because you have stolen from my employer, Mr. Frost. That you did not know you stole from him is the only reason you are still alive. He feels you owe him. You will repay your debt. If you choose not to do so and proceed with killing me, certain events will take place. The location of the artifact will be securely given to me before this meeting adjourns.. If I see you or any of your associates before I give that Intel to my employers, I assure you Mr. Frost your sister, Alanna, will be tortured and the most heinous acts will be carried out on her before she dies. Your father Jared, your uncle and your nephew. David I believe his name is. You see I may only castrate him in front of your father and uncle. You took so much effort and detail in hiding them. But as I sit here with you today, as we speak their lives are connected to your actions here. As with your two associates here, whom shall we say, will become feed for my employer’s pet. Do I make myself clear?”

Silence flooded the room. Mr. Frost taken back at what just transpired. The two Weequay’s were in disarray. Mr. Frost sat back in his chair, “I see you and your employer have done your homework.” he said very sarcastically.

“Just one of the mere facets of my duties Mr. Frost. Now that we have our guidelines may we get down to business?” asked Tegar Ray.

Frost nodded, and adjusted in his seat. Tegar Ray got up from his chair and walked over to the other side of the room and grabbed an attaché case and returned to his desk. He placed the case on the desk in front of Mr. Frost and opened it. Inside the case was five hundred thousand credits. Mr. Frost looked at the case, then looked up at Mr. Ray, “That is only half of our agreement Mr. Ray.” he said disappointedly.

“Correct, Mr. Frost, the other half will be delivered to your ship, once the artifact is secure and we know the Intel is good.” replied Mr. Ray.

Mr. Frost jump up and leaned over the desk, “That’s not how I do business! I want my money up front or you and your employer can go kriff yourself!” he exclaimed.

“I assure you Mr. Frost, there is but one option in this scenario. You can either agree to the accord, or simply be erased from existence. The choice is yours.” Tegar Ray said very assuredly.

Mr. Ray decided that it was time to push this understanding into grounds that more suited him. He slowly reached into his tunic and removed a small holocron projector. He activated it and there, before Mr. Frost was real time video of his family. They were being held captive and everything that Mr. Ray describe was being revealed in front of Mr. Frost.

“OK STOP!” Frost yelled. He sat back in his chair and rubbed his hands in his face. He signaled the Weequay closest to him. The Weequay set a holocron projector on the desk and activated it. It displayed a cargo frigate, Mr. Frost pulled a shipping manifest from his pocket. He handed it over to Mr. Ray. The manifest described the frigates destination to the entertainment district spaceport landing tonight.

 “Your package is in a crate marked for the Outlander Club, docking bay 16.” Mr. Ray observed the deflated nonverbals of Mr. Frost. He knew in the back of his mind that this was going to be a setup of some sort. Pirates and smugglers tend to always have some sort of exit strategy in place. The two men stared at one another, Mr. Ray then pushed the briefcase of credits towards Mr. Frost. “I assure you sir, the rest of your money will be delivered to you once the artifact is securely in our hands. In the meantime, your ship has been disabled so there is no chance of running early. Once the remainder of the funds are delivered you are free to leave.” instructed Mr. Ray.

Mr. Frost’s blood was boiling at this point. “I thank you for your time gentleman that will be all.” said Mr. Ray. Mr. Frost and his associates got up and stormed out of the office. As the three walked down the hallway and into the elevator, Mr. Frost without looking at either one of the Weequay’s simply stated “Kill him.”

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**Financial District**

**Coruscant**

Mr. Ray left the financial building feeling a bit vague.  *“Too much time dealing with that scum, should've just killed them….in due time.”* he thought. He looked at his GPS tracker and started making his way towards the beacon. The “meeting” took longer than expected, dusk was settling in. Soon the many lights of the city would illuminate the cityscape.

The homing beacon emitted loud beeps in his earpiece as he approached closer to the destination. The dimly lit alley was a suitable place for the speeder to be parked. He punched a button on his tracker and the cloaking device powered down and the speeder was right where it was supposed to be.

As he shed his traditional garbs, the persona of Mr. Ray diminished and Warrior DarkHawk became more apparent as he donned his combat uniform.. DarkHawk now completely dressed in black, he felt ready at what was about to transpire. Killing was in the future. DarkHawk mounted the speeder and cycled it up. He contacted 2V and told him he was headed to the entertainment district and sent him the details Mr. Ray received from Mr. Frost. The Warrior punched the throttle and sped off into the busy streets of Coruscant.

Night had finally settled and he maneuvered the speeder through the speedways of the city. In and out of traffic he navigated the populous of the city until he was just outside of the target area. DarkHawk slid the speeder between a flock of shipping containers. *“Need to make the rest of the way in the shadows.”*

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**Entertainment District**

**Coruscant**

DarkHawk climbed the shipping containers and looked around. He saw what seemed to be normal operations at hand near the docking bay he was about to infiltrate.  *“Need to get to higher ground.”* he thought. From atop of the containers he pulled his ripcord thrower from his utility belt. Pulled the trigger and the filament line soared through the air and wrapped itself around a steel beam about four stories above him. He pulled the trigger again and immediately he whisked upwards and safely landed on the steel beam. He aimed the grapple again to the adjacent building and once again launched the line. DarkHawk maneuvered himself to the top of the building, pulled himself to the ledge and began to scan the area.

As the warrior scanned the area he noted the amount of traffic of ships coming in and out of port, the traditional workers made their way in and out of the port. He noted the erratic out of place movements of some of the workers and determined them as some of the opposition.

DarkHawk continuing to examine the scene below, he turned his head over his shoulder and spoke, “You can come out now, its clear my lord.”

Battlemaster Maelous, appeared from the shadows. Maelous walked up behind the Warrior, “You saw me?” he asked. DarkHawk turned to the Battlemaster bowed, and replied “No sir, I sensed you, 2V saw you earlier and tipped me off.”

“*Destroy that droid*” the voice in his head screamed. Maelous shook his head a bit, “Ahh the little one I followed when it hid your speeder. But how?” Maelous asked. DarkHawk just turned to him and smiled.

“I assume this is the location of the artifact? And a trap?” asked the Battlemaster. “Indeed sir, so far low level troops on the outside, I would expect the heavier opposition inside closer to the docking bay.” replied the Equite. “I did leave the informant and his party alive for you, a thank you, for having my suit repaired my lord.” DarkHawk said. A smile crossed the Battlemaster lips, “We likes.” the voice boomed in his head.

“Those on the left side of the dock, they are the first wave of defense” the Warrior told Maelous. “They are?” Maelous asked. “I am very disappointed they think we are not that worthy.” he said enthusiastically. The Battlemaster went to work, making his way through the shadows and within seconds he maneuvered himself to the dock and poised behind some crates ready to strike.

DarkHawk watched his teammate navigate the descent and position himself perfectly for a surprise attack. The warrior came over Maelous’ comm, “Now…”

Maelous faded into the night with the assistance of the force. He appeared instantly in front of the first adversary driving his saber into his heart. In another instant he was gone, like a puff of smoke. Dancing between one antagonist and another. It was like poetry to watch, the tenacity and pleasure of killing the Sith displayed.  *“HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!”* the voice in his head boomed louder than ever.

DarkHawk leapt off the ledge of the building, falling into the night. The wind streaming past him, breathing in the night. He activated his wing pack and his wings expanded taking hold and gliding him to the loading dock. DarkHawk landed right alongside his teammate and walked over to the control panel. He punched a sequence of buttons and the door opened.

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**Entertainment District Spaceport**

**Coruscant**

The two Sadowan’s entered the spaceport and jumped onto a package escalator, whisking them up to the second floor. The two jump off the escalator and made their way down the adjacent wall. Mid way down, Maelous pointed towards the turbolift. The two moved in unison, weaving in and out of cargo holds. Closing the gap between the turbolift and themselves. The turbolift was just out of arm's reach when the doors opened. Two unsuspecting victims did not see the death that came upon them. The two Sadowan’s drove their sabers into the chests of their victims. They slumped to the floor of the elevator as the two Sith’s stood over their prey.

DarkHawk hit the button and the doors shut. The turbolift jumped and rapidly ascended to the docking bay levels. The lift came to an abrupt stop, the two men looked at one another and nodded. The doors opened and the two Sith bolted out of the lift and concealed themselves around two support pillars.

Maelous peered around to gauge the docking bay. He could see that it was occupied by a small force of mercenaries. He signaled his teammate and gestured towards docking bay sixteen. DarkHawk peered around his pillar and was not surprised at what he was seeing. *“Seems Mr. Frost’s back door plan was about to get started.”* he thought. The transport was due within minutes and the two Equites needed to make their move to clear a path.

DarkHawk took another look around. The only entry to this level was either the turbolift or by ship. The Equite looked at the turbolift, looked over at his teammate and telepathically told the Battlemaster to cut the turbolift. DarkHawk reached into his utility belt and held two concussion grenades and exposed them to his teammate who nodded in understanding. Maelous leapt to the top of the turbolift and waited for his teammate. DarkHawk nodded and then tossed the two concussion grenades. The grenades landed directly in the middle of both groups of mercs. A look of surprise came across their faces and the grenades exploded. Simultaneously, Maelous cut into the drive shaft of the turbolift, sending it soaring to the bottom of the spaceport.

The mercenaries were all incoherent from the blast as the two Sith started their onslaught. The blur of saber filled the bay and striking down at their targets. Maelous picked up right where he left off on the outside of the docks. He continually phased in and out of sight as he struck down each mercenary in his group. DarkHawk ripped through his assailants before any of them could regain their senses. As quickly as it started, it was over.

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**Docking Bay Sixteen**

**Entertainment District Spaceport**

**Coruscant**

Maelous stood over his kills and looked at DarkHawk. “To easy” the Battlemaster exclaimed. DarkHawk agreed, *“Something is not right here.”* The two could hear the transport coming in. “The shuttle is our primary*,* we need to secure it!” DarkHawk exclaimed. The landing lights of the transport filled the docking bay as it came in closer to the two dark clad figures. As the transport came in for a landing, the rear cargo doors opened and more mercenaries bailed out on the docking bay floor. DarkHawk began walking towards the advancing forces. “I got this my liege, secure that shuttle!” the equite said confidently. DarkHawk’s stride never faltered, sabers spinning forming almost a barrier in front of him. Blaster fire bouncing off, hitting flesh and concrete. One by one they charged, one by one they fell.

Maelous made a direct approach at the transport and with using the Force for assistance he hurled himself in the rear cargo doors, landing inside the transport. DarkHawk watched the actions of his Battlemaster. Maelous’s red glow of his saber illuminated the rear hole and the warrior watched the green glow of another saber come crashing down on Maelous saber. He could hear the faint hum as the saber’s crash amongst each other. The warrior knew at that moment that someone else put careful thought into this retrieval mission.

DarkHawk closed his eyes for a second and let the force flow through his body. “Your charade is over Jedi, you have already exposed yourself.” said the winged warrior. From the shadows a figure appeared, a blue saber blade illuminated and out into the light it was none other than Mr. Frost. “How did you know?” said the familiar voice. “Your relationship to the force is not that strong, I knew the moment I saw you. And not mention the credits were fake. Any smuggler worth their salt would have caught that.” explained DarkHawk. Frost was caught off guard by the transparent mistake. “Makes no difference Sith, your companion is quite dead right now and you, well I will thoroughly enjoy killing you. Your precious Master will never see that crystal!” Frost said, almost salivating over his words.

The Equite stood stoic, ignited both sabers, and poised himself. Ready the attack would come. Frost circled the Equite, as if the Sith was gasping for his last breath. “Salbor Vier is soon to return, and your precious brotherhood is DOOOOMED!!!!!” screamed Frost. On those words he attacked. Frost leaped for the black clad figure, who continued to stand stoic. Bringing his blade down for the killing stroke. Darkhawk, waiting to the last possible second, moved to his right while simultaneously blocking the Jedi’s blade with his own. The movement precise and direct, happened in a blink of an eye.

The Jedi staggered on his landing. He looked down and felt the burn across his legs. The cut purposely meant to wound and not sever the legs. DarkHawk was crouched' one saber overhead, one directly in front. Both crimson blades aimed directly at the Jedi. DarkHawk wanted nothing more than to pick this adversary apart, piece by piece. But there was still much work to complete. A quick and painful would have to do, as much as that displeased him. The Jedi infuriated at the action leaped again at the Sith. This time there was no hesitation, the Sith went right into action. With an upward block from one saber and a downward slash from the other. DarkHawk seemed to be toying with this so called Jedi. The lightsider looked at his arm, the pain was flowing through his entire body. Again another strike just to maim, not to kill. The wound to his forearm left him with the inability to hold his saber in his primary hand.

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**Docking Bay Sixteen**

**Aboard Shuttle**

**Coruscant**

Maelous pushed the Jedi’s blow to the side and executed a severe front kick to the abdomen. The Jedi buckled and desperately focused on regaining his breath. Maelous stood examining the Jedi, sizing him up….“*KILL HIM!!! KILL HIM NOW!!!!*” the maniacal voice screamed in his head. The Battlemaster’s rage flowed like a uncontrollable river, no mercy and relentless. Maelous initiated his attack, executing a downward strike aimed at the Jedi’s torso. The Jedi rolled out of the way and up to his feet. Maelous just turned and stared at his adversary. The look of sheer anger across the small slit of helm was very apparent.

*“FINISH HIM I TELL YOU!!!*!” the voiced boomed once again in the Battlemaster’s head. Maelous began a vicious onslaught of thrusts and parries, the first solo was nothing more than a diversion. The second sortie of attacks dealt the most damage. Striking the Jedi’s shoulder and outer thighs. The smell of burning flesh and the sight of seeing his enemy in agony was revigorating to the Battlemaster. “Pay me my tribute” the voice instructed. Maelous smiled through his helm and followed the instructions just bestowed upon him.

The Jedi made one last attack at the Sith. In a single motion, as the Jedi thrust his saber at Maelous’ heart. The Battlemaster stepped aside, grabbed the Jedi’s saber hand and stuck down with his saber. He severed the forearm and let the appendage fall to the floor of the shuttle. Continuing his motion he circled around the Jedi and kissed the Jedi on the cheek just before driving his saber through his torso. The red glow of his saber illuminated the Sith’s face, an eerie expression of gluttony came over Maelous. “*Good Kill*”...........

Maelous made his way to the flight deck and pointed his saber at the pilot. Gesturing towards the ground, “Put us on the ground now!” he ordered…..

The pilot maneuvered the shuttle to a landing zone and set it down nice and easy. Little did he know that would be his last act.

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**Docking Bay Sixteen**

**Entertainment District Spaceport**

**Coruscant**

The Jedi Frost screamed in pain as the saber cut into his forearm. DarkHawk kneeled with both sabers pointed at the Jedi. Frost knew that he would not survive another saber exchange. He did what he knew best, he stood up and called upon his Force powers. He extended his hand toward the Sith and squeezed. DarkHawk’s guard closed, out of nowhere he began to feel pressure around his entire body. The Jedi poured all his concentration into this act, the Equite tried to resist but failed in his attempt.

The Jedi Frost continued his Force power onslaught. DarkHawk was now fully upright and arms extended outward, as if he were crucified to the iron cross of hate. His body about a foot above the floor and now moving towards the Jedi. The pressure was great, hard to breathe. “You think my relationship with the Force is weak, do you? I will crush your bones to dust Sith!” said Frost proclaiming his victory. DarkHawk was now right in front of Frost, the Jedi just stared at his prey smiling. The Equite struggling to breath, now forced himself to look in the eyes of his aggressor. Frost seemed to lean in for what would be his killing stroke. That’s is when the Jedi saw it, he saw the smile come across the face of the Sith.

DarkHawk ignited his saber and simultaneously broke the hold of Jedi. The Warrior struck downward severing the arm which had a Force grip hold on him. The Jedi screamed in agony, his arm had not even hit floor of the docking bay when DarkHawk struck again severing the other one. “No Jedi, I do not believe your relationship to the Force is greater than mine or my brotherhood.” DarkHawk whispered in the ear of the disproportioned light sider. “Know your efforts were completely in vain and your journey ends here.” said the Warrior. DarkHawk instantly spun around and severed Frost’s head. His body falling forward and his head rolled away from his torso. “Two good kills” said Maelous.

DarkHawk whirled around and saw his teammate standing in front of him looking awfully enthusiastic at the scene. “The Shuttle is over here” said Maelous. As the two made their way to the shuttle DarkHawk noticed the shuttle pilot hanging halfway out of the flight deck window. He would have never gave that a second thought except he had no arms. “Sir was that really necessary” DarkHawk asked as he pointed at the pilot. “Why yes, he would not fit through the window with his arms attached.” replied Maelous.

The two entered the shuttle and started searching for the crate marked for the Outlander Club. DarkHawk and Maelous shuffled through the scattered crates, and finally Maelous spoke, “Here.” DarkHawk pried the top of the crate open and it was filled with assorted wines and liquors. “Nothing” exclaimed Maelous. DarkHawk looked closer at the crate, the bottom seemed to be askew. He reached in and yanked on the sides and the bottom moved. The Equite pulled harder and the bottom broke free.

There under the false bottom, lay a cylinder about one meter in length. DarkHawk pulled the cylinder from the crate and opened it. He tilted the cylinder towards his open hand and a platinum saber hilt fell into the Sith’s hand. He twisted the end and removed the power cell, there in all its glory was a perfectly shaped diamond crystal. Even in DarkHawk’s large hands it was larger than any other normal saber crystal. Bringing it up to his face to examine it, he smiled at his reflection in the crystal. “Master will be pleased” said the Battlemaster. “Indeed old friend….indeed he will” replied DarkHawk.

DarkHawk hailed 2V over his COMM unit and instructed him to pick him up at the spaceport. Maelous gathered some trinkets for souvenirs from the wreckage he helped induce. “I will meet you back at HQ, I have to take care of something before I leave” Maelous told DarkHawk. “And that would be?” asked DarkHawk. “Your two loose ends.” Maelous said humorously. DarkHawk smiled and shook his head. Just then the roar of engines came over the spaceport. “I will see you back at HQ” said DarkHawk, Maelous was already gone. DarkHawk did not waste any time getting to the top of the spaceport. 2V had Talon 1 hovering near the edge with the access door open. DarkHawk made one last sprint and launched himself from the building into the hovering ship.

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**Spaceport**

**Old Galactic Market**

**Coruscant**

The two Weequay’s watched as the last crate was loaded into their ship. “Frost should be here at any moment” said the larger Weequay. The loading crew exited their ship and the two body guards made their way into their ship. As they entered they stopped dead in their tracks. Battlemaster Maelous stood before them, cloaked in his outer robes, the dimly lit ship barely illuminating his face. His saber ignited humming waiting to go to work. “You two have been very bad servants” he said with a smile.

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**Coruscant System**

**Talon 1 *VT-49 Decimator***

DarkHawk kept examining the crystal as 2V made his way to the outer atmosphere. “*Why would this be going to the entertainment district? Who at the Outlander Club was the original recipient?*” he thought. These questions would definitely need answers. “Take us home 2V, quickly.” ordered the Warrior. 2V punched the throttle and the VT-49 jumped into hyperspace.

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**Night Hawks Headquarters**

**Tarthos**

DarkHawk made his way from HQ docking bay to the throne room. As he made his way down the corridor, Maelous met him near the turbo lift. “My loose ends taken care of my Lord?” asked DarkHawk. Maelous smiled through his helm “I will never get tired of your sloppiness DarkHawk.” said the Battlemaster. The two entered the turbolift and DarkHawk pushed the control panel. “I told you I left them for you, so it was premeditated my Lord.” replied the Warrior.

The two made their way out of the turbolift and into the throne room. Master Muz stood before his mighty throne arms open wide. Both Equites made their way to the Grand Master and bowed and knelt before him. DarkHawk reached into his utility belt and pulled the crystal out and extended both hands toward the Lion. The Grand Master accepted the gift and held it between his fore finger and thumb. He examined it with no expression on his face. He looked and both his Equites and nodded. Maelous then extended both arms holding the platinum saber hilt and the Grand Master accepted his second gift. Both Equites continued to kneel as the Lion examined his gifts. He gestured for them to rise, he looked at his disciples with pride and simply said “*Much to discuss……...*”

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