***Chapter Two: Mother's Revenge***

***To Hunt a Spectre***

***Warrior DarkHawk***

***(Fiction)***

***(Pin # 264)***

Ensign Kelly was review shipping manifests when DarkHawk entered Level Nine area. The concerned look on the ensign face flooded his whole demeanor. The Warrior walked by with no expression or words. Which is nothing out of the ordinary, thought he Ensign was struggling to muster the words to speak. Instead, he continued to look as if he was still reviewing shipping manifests without showing his hand of what he considered concern. For whatever reason, though their time in Level Nine has been short, Kelly had watched not only DarkHawk but the other members of the brotherhood come through the makeshift temporary headquarters.

He experienced his fair share of what he grew up on to know as “Urban Legends”. Only now to solidify that confirmation from his time in the Brotherhood and it now is a reality. This one, DarkHawk, he watched via video feed soar through the cityscape doing what he could only consider being the impossible. The way he analyzed everything. He saw a woman who was more machine than human, in a high-profile position amongst their brood take orders from another man, who quite frankly simply scared the living daylights out of him. The one they called The Lion, yes he was a truly terrifying individual.

He noticed that The Lion did not speak many words when he did, those words resonated very soundly amongst his followers. He noticed how DarkHawk followed those words in every detail. A man that quite frankly was terrifying enough, but when he was near the one he called Master, his entire demeanor changed. Like an eager student waiting to sponge the knowledge from his teacher.

Ensign Kelly had no idea what to think of all this. DarkHawk suddenly made it quite easy for him.

“Ensign Kelly, if you continue to study me, or talk to yourself, I am going to introduce you to every square inch of these walls around us…and that’s for starters.” growled the Equite.

Kelly looked away and realized he was thinking out loud. Flustered, he continued to mull through shipping manifest after shipping manifest. DarkHawk diligently was siphoning through months of records electronically to correlate some sort of connection as to what has been going on with the shipments coming up missing over the past months.

From his last patrol, Darkhawk found and identified Councilman Vangor’s aide has been in on the take of the Brotherhood’s supplies. Now that he has been tagged with a tracking device, we can monitor his movements. But the real question is, who is feeding him his INTEL? DarkHawk processed his choice to instruct the Warhost to directly inform him of supply shipments. Again, skipping a few authorizations, along with being a bit out of the ordinary. He knew it would raise “red flags”, but it should also draw out his culprit.

Two supply transport mission call signs came directly from the Warhost to DarkHawk’s secure channel as requested. The Warrior, almost taken back from his instructions simply noted the call signs and flight manifest details. Both means of transport were coming into the same docking port, same dock as well as same times just different days. “Interesting,” DarkHawk thought.

“Ensign Kelly, have those transports that we secured our supplies from still in the spaceport?” asked the Warrior.

Kelly confidently stated, “Stand by Sir.”

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The Ensign hacked through his control panel with purpose. Bringing up the information requested he turned to the Warrior, “Yes Sir, they are still docked.” he said.

A small smile crossed the face of the Equite. Contemplating his next move, DarkHawk instructed Kelly to message the two incoming shuttles on a secure channel and tell them to divert to their secondary landing zone per his instructions. DarkHawk gave Ensign Kelly his authorization code and confirmed the new set of orders. Both shuttles confirmed their new set of orders.

“Sir, if I may, why send them to secondary LZ?” asked Kelly

DarkHawk sat in a trance-like state of being, almost as if he was not present mentally. Kelly overwhelmed with the familiar feeling of being creeped out when certain members would do just that. Then suddenly the Warrior was back in somewhat present tense.

“It's to draw out our mole. If I am correct there is only a select few on our security clearance list that will get the change to the shuttle’s new orders. If our supplies are truly that important to our culprits they will be there waiting, and gets us one step closer…”

DarkHawk cut himself off and paused. He drifted off for a moment. The Force reaching out to him, almost like an early warning radar. And then the alarms triggered. Lights flashing, alarms emanating audible booms throughout Level Nine. People from all areas stated scurrying to their workstations and hacking into their consoles.

“Emergency Action Message coming in Sir, oh my god Sir, insurgents are attacking the Ragnos Cathedral.” Kelly’s voice trembled as the words left his lips.

Just then DarkHawk’s communicator beckoned his attention. He hit the button on one of his gauntlets, a small image of The Lion appeared, DarkHawk bowed to his master, he knew Master Muz hated the formalities with his title and position. But DarkHawk’s sense of Loyalty and propriety would not allow him to stray from those formalities.

Master Muz displayed a schematic of the Dark Library. DarkHawk knew exactly what his master was asking of him. The next images were of three contract mercenaries, one DarkHawk recognized one of them immediately.

“A familiar face?” asked The Lion.

“Yes My Lord, this one here, he is referred to as The Spectre. A very formidable high profile mercenary. He specializes in high profile, very public assassinations.” replied the Equite.

DarkHawk continued to analyze the profile of his new acquired adversary. Master Muz explicitly instructed that no harm shall come to the Dark Library. Subsequently, as DarkHawk will be protecting the Dark Library will not be the only front to be protected from the siege. The entire Cathedral was coming under attack.

“Protect the Sigil, bring me this Spectre…” Muz spoke gritting his teeth.

“As you wish Master.” DarkHawk bowed and the Holocron message faded away.

DarkHawk looked at Ensign Kelly, his astonishment consumed the young officer. More so than the astonishment, panic was setting in. The Equite needed to distract the Ensign.

“Kelly, override all security protocols and inform the shuttle’s via secure COMM’s to hold off on destination orders and remain in a holding pattern around the city. Instruct them not to deviate from these orders until they hear from me personally. Our little ruse is going to have to wait, we have more pressing matters to attend too.”

“Yes, Sir” exclaimed Kelly. “Will you be heading to the Cathedral alone?” asked Kelly.

“I do not plan to Ensign.” replied the Warrior.

 “I want you to monitor all security channels while I am gone. I believe once our shuttles don’t show up, someone is going to be digging into the why of the situation. Track it…” DarkHawk scruffed at the Ensign.

Before the Ensign could respond to his new set of orders he turned in his chair to acknowledge his superior. He laid his eyes on nothing but air.

“Creepy,” the Ensign said to himself as he hacked away on his console.

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Knight Inyri Ginovef was getting patched up from the medical team when DarkHawk hailed her through COMM’s. She was already on the front lines of the first wave of the assault and took some damage. The medic was stitching her up when she was hailed by her Battle Team Leader.

“Inryi, we have a new set of orders that we must attend to.” growled the Warrior.

“Seems like your night is not over with Knight,”the medic said with a half smile as he intuitively drew the stitching taught to a wound on Inyri’s shoulder.

Inyri grunted and scowled at the medic as he continued to tie the knot to her stitching. Though the medic was correct, this would turn out to be a long night for her. Mission parameters followed DarkHawks hail. Inyri studied them as they came in, the assault on the Cathedral was definitely moving in a new direction.

The Knight finished getting ready, sliding her stiff arm into the rest of her battle uniform. Her wounds though fresh were neatly attended to and she summoned the aid of The Force in the healing process. As she finished gathering her belongings, the medic was instructing her on the care of her wounds. She walked directly out of the makeshift med bay as the medic was in mid-sentence.

The lights of the cathedral presented a luminescent glow over the city. The additional spot lights from shuttles, fighters and transports almost created a ballet across the walls of the ancient citadel. DarkHawk stood on the rooftop of one fo the trading buildings that filled the skyline of the city. He stood in silence watching the War Host set up parameters all around its perimeter. Watching ever so closely studying their movements. Memorizing movements, contradicting certain placements in his mind, “Idiots” crossed his lips.

“Tell us how you really feel Sir,” the voice behind him said. Inyri stood behind the Warrior, nonchalantly crossing her arms.

DarkHawk did not even move continuing to stare at the movements below. “You gave yourself away on the fire escape, next time, time your jump better.” gruffed the Warrior.

Inyri chastised herself as the statement crossed her ears. “*Damn, I knew that,*” she thought.

She stepped closer to her team leader, “How are your wounds?” he asked.

“They are healing” replied Inyri.

“What’s our play, DarkHawk?” asked the Knight.

“Time to stop an assassination, by my calculations. We have three mercs heading to the Dark Library, it's on us to make sure we stop them. The only play for them that I see is that Augur Locke is there, he has to be the hard target.” stated the Equite.

“Have you tried contacting him?”

“Yes, but the War Host has been jamming transmissions, I got Ensign kelly continuing that front while we concentrate on the mercs.”

“Why would they even try with all of the War Host patrolling every square inch of the place?”

“If I know The Spectre, they are already inside. The assault was a charade. We are going to be hunting the hunters.” DarkHawk said almost with enthusiasm.

“You know him Sir?” asked Inyri

“Of him, we have never met formally, his reputation though is quite impressive, to say the least.”

“Well, what are waiting for?” asked the Knight.

You take the south side of the library, I will take the north. And Inryi, completely covert, we are hunting experts here, we will have to take him together. Understood?”

Inryi bowed to her team leader and they allowed themselves to be swallowed by the night.

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It is though the Dark Library had not been touched. Everything looked to be in order, *looks are deceiving are they not?* Darkhawk had perched himself directly over the left statue of Markos Ragnos. The Equite stared into the eyes of his God. Darkhawk idolized the once Sith Lord. Had passedWhen not on patrol, the Warrior spent many nights studying its endless amounts of history. “*Knowledge is power*,” he thought.

The chatter of whispers echoed from the adjacent hall Inyri was near. Those who were not Force-sensitive would never hear those whispers. But to enter the hallowed hall of Markos Ragnos you must answer the question asked from the whispers. Those who do not suffer excruciating pain, debilitating nightmares even death. DarkHawk smiled thinking of the pain that would be bestowed upon his prey if they chose to enter.

Time seem to stand still as the young Warrior never moved from his perch high above the library floor. Most of that time he was comforted by one of the two statues of Markos Ragnos, which was simply staring at his devoted follower. DarkHawk’s body seemed to mesh with the steel beams overhead. He had a three hundred sixty degree view from his perch. The spotlights from the War Host kept creeping thru the windows and illuminating the great library for merely seconds as they passed over their trajectories.

One one pass of the lights the Equite caught the glimpse of a dim red dot near the Northeast corner massive bookshelves. He switched his cowl’s vision through all of its cycles to catch the anomaly. Nothing on heat, infrared or thermals. DarkHawk concentrated on the area and timed the spotlights. There! A small movement, that is no anomaly, that has to be the hand of man movement. Apprehensive to use standard COMM’s, DarkHawk reached out to the Force and entered into Inyri’s consciousness.

“*Inyri, I have a movement here in the Northeast corner, whatever it has some sort of cloaking capability, my vision sensors cannot pick them up.* *Going to move in for a closer look, keep your eyes peeled for anything out of the ordinary, if one is here, so are the others.*

Inyri shook her head a bit as DarkHawk’s voice boomed in her head. She watched DarkHawk for just a few seconds as he simply faded away from the beams he was perched upon. She is always astonished at the powers of the Force and watching her partner cloak himself into thin air, well it can take one back a bit. Just then the main doors to the Library opened, their sound echoed throughout the library. Augur Locke walked diligently into the library and made his way to one of the many tables. The books he was carrying made a loud thud on the table as he sat down. Augur Locke activated a small light and began burying his nose into one of the large books he had in front of him. There would be silence and then the shifting of paper as he turned a page.

“*Well, I would say that is a bit out of the ordinary*” Inyri thought as she watched Augur Locke.

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Cloaking could be a taxing technique to perform, but as the old saying goes, the more you do it the better you become. Good thing that talent comes into play quite a bit in DarkHawk’s case. The Warrior navigated the support beams like an expert gymnast. Sliding down the vertical support beam and landing on top of one of the bookcases on the Northeast side of the library. He positioned himself directly above the anomaly he detected. DarkHawk proned himself into a ready strike position. Augur Sonjie’s nonchalant movements caught the Equite off guard for a mere nanosecond. That’s all it took…

There was a moment of silence, then the air stifled as the bolt from the E11 sniper rifle cut through the already musty air of the library. The shot came from exactly where DarkHawk thought he saw the anomaly, Northeast corner of the library. It’s target, Augur Sonjie, still diligently sitting at the table with his nose in the books in front of him. The bolt penetrated thru its trajectory and was true on its course. About mid-point of its path, Inyri dropped directly in front of the shot and simply waved her hand and the bolt simply stopped, floating in the air. Inyri looked at the bolt in a somewhat puzzled state.

DarkHawk, then uncloaked himself and launched his body of the bookshelf, the anomaly never saw the strike coming. The Warrior drove his knee directly into what he thought would be the back of his camouflaged prey. The bet paid off, he landed his strike directly into the back of his prey. There was a loud crack, followed by a deep scream of sheer pain. DarkHawk rolled forward toward’s Inyri and popped to his feet. Both the Sadowan’s watched as the figure materialized in front of them. A few sparks of what seemed to be static electricity arced around the anomaly and then the figure of a man took shape.

Inyri, simply continued the wave of her hand and the rifle bolt simply fell to the ground. The man laid there conformed to the corner of the bookcase shaking almost in a seizure like state.

“What is wrong with him?” asked Inyri

“It’s a pressure point in his spine, to him it feels as if I severed his spine.” Replied DarkHawk

“How did you know he was there?” she asked.

DarkHawk picked up the rifle and scuffed at it as he tossed it to Inyri. “Guns” scowled DarkHawk.

“It's been completely customized, from barrel to stock, nice!” Inyri exclaimed.

DarkHawk turned toward her with a look of being completely offended by the comment.

“The scope, does it have a red dot optical?” asked DarkHawk

Inyri held up the rifle and gazed through the scope. “Why yes, yes it does,” she said. She reluctantly sat the rifle down, leaning it up against a bookcase.

“The War Host spotlights aided in that, those two quick flashes gave it away,” DarkHawk said

They both rolled the man over and examined him, like two doctors hovering over a cadaver corpse. A small power pack attached to the utility belt was the power source to the suit. The suit had no color and from the first initial look of it, seemed to be a weave of small electronic reflectors and what seemed to be bullet proofing fiber. A highly advanced light reflection system.

“Pretty high-tech for a mid grade merc don’t you think Sir?” asked the Knight.

“Indeed, someone spent a lot of money outfitting this one, they wanted to make a loud statement. Let’s presume the others are equally outfitted.” the Warrior said.

They both turned and looked back to Augur Sonjie, who was still sitting there going through his books. Then he faded into thin air.

“What the…” Inyri exclaimed.

DarkHawk smiled and shook his head, “Kelly, he must have gotten word to the Augur, and as keen as Augur Sonjie is, he played it up with a hologram…nicely done Sir.”

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DarkHawk looked around the library, scanning the floors to the ceilings. Keenly taking note to each of the nook and crevices of the great library. The Equite knew they were being watched, the tables have turned, they were no longer the hunters, they were being hunted. A feeling that did not sit very well at all with him.

Inyri knelt down and removed the assassins power belt and slung it over her shoulder. She continued to examine their prey. She rolled up sleeves on the down man who began to moan at a bit slower pace.

“I think he may be coming out of whatever it is you done to him, but take a look crest tattooed on his forearm. What do you make of it?” she asked.

The Warrior turned and began to take a closer look at the young Knight’s discovery. He was shocked and taken back a bit when he saw the crest. The man started moaning again and DarkHawk reared back and struck the man squarely in the jaw with a closed fist. The man went limp and then silent.

“Was all that necessary?” Inyri asked.

DarkHawk stood and with a bewildered look upon him, stared back at the young Knight. “What is it?” She asked.

“That crest, it bares a strong resemblance to the Disciples of Twilight, which would explain the manipulation of light and camouflage.”

“The Disciples of Twilight?” Inyri asked.

“They are an old sect, Force users but they concentrate their power on light manipulation, hence the appearance of cloaking. They have not been around for years, these guys must be devoted followers.”

“What!” exclaimed Inyri

Something startled the Warrior, he rapidly turned towards his Knight and dove for her. He hit her square taking her to the cold stone floor of the library. From the darkness of the library, a rifle blast narrowly missed the young Knight. They both rolled for the cover of another large table.

“Ugh, get off me you oaf!” she struggled to say from the lack of air in her lungs.

“Your welcome” replied DarkHawk.

DarkHawk and Inyri sat up behind the cover of the massive table. Trying to gauge the proximity of where their assailant may be taking up at, without exposing too much of themselves so the sniper could get a shot off.

“We gotta draw fire so one of us can pinpoint his position and take him out. You good with a rifle?” asked DarkHawk.

Inryi scowled at the Warrior, “Are you for real?” she said glaring at him. “Get me the shot” she exclaimed.

DarkHawk almost smiled at her tenacity, “Yes Ma’am” he said pleasingly.

Once again he summoned on the strength of the Force and disappeared before his Knight’s eyes. He made his way down two more tables and phased back into visibility. Another shot rang out and exploded the corner of a table. The Warrior timed last second dash to cover, was almost narrowly mistimed. Again phasing back into his Force cloak and moving further down the great hall.

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Inyri watched DarkHawk through his scheme and edged herself closer to the end of the table that was providing her cover. She kept her vision locked on to where she last saw the Warrior. There! One more phase into sight, another gunshot. She rolled to the next table and dove for the rifle. She grabbed the rifle and let her momentum carry her to the edge of another table. She moved closer to the edge of her newly acquired position and sandwiched herself between table and bookcase. She racked the charging handle and made sure the safety was off. She corollated DarkHawk’s position to where she presumed where the sniper was taking up at.

She intuitively watched where DarkHawk had been. Once again he phased into sight, she watched more closely at the upper realms of the library. The muzzle flash was minimal almost instinct in its process of firing. The large wooden pillar DarkHawk placed himself behind lost a chunk of wood from the impact of the shot. Inyri lined up her shot and placed the reticle on where she thought center mass may be. She cleansed her mind of all thoughts and allowed the Force to guide her. The rifle felt good to her, perfectly balanced, streamlined. She exhaled a long breath, applied pressure to the trigger and lofted a shot. The recoil of the rifle was minimal, and she readied herself for another shot.

The bullet flew true, landing almost exactly where she had planned. From the top on one of the tallest bookcases in the library, nestled between the above balcony an outline of a figure fell to the stone floor. DarkHawk phased back into sight and stood to watch the figure lay lifeless. Blood spilled onto the floor, the bullet hole exiting the sniper’s torso was big enough to put a hand through.

“Told you, even the bullets are custom loads,” Inyri said smiling.

DarkHawk ignored the statement altogether. “There is still one more, and he is the mastermind of the bunch.”

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Inyri slung the rifle across her shoulder, the sound and impact of the shot happened instantly. The shot spun Inyri around and flung her into the bookcase. Her eyes widened, and the pain set in. The slug was fired at such close range , it had penetrated Inyri’s shoulder completely, with hardly any expansion but still made for a nasty wound. Inyri was bleeding badly none the less.

A voice echoed across the library, “Nicely played Sith, but you're not holding all the cards.”

“Either save her and die or engage me and she dies, which do you choose?” the voice asked.

DarkHawk scanned the library as quickly as he could. He made a motion towards his Knight and another shot exploded in the old wood above her.

“Make one move and she is dead”

Inyri moaned in pain, DarkHawk had to get to her and control the bleeding. He reached out to the Force, his voice once again boomed in her head.

“Inyri, you have to concentrate and stop the bleeding, I got to move you.”

The Knight was gritting her teeth against the pain and fighting to keep from lapsing into unconsciousness. The Equite reached into his utility belt and grabbed three smoke grenades and exposed them to Inyri, she nodded her head in agreement. He tossed the grenades around their perimeter and they exploded on impact. Smoke filled the library and almost instantly engulfed the area the two Sadowan’s were taking shelter.

“That’s all you got” the voice echoed

DarkHawk motioned to Inyri and then held up his hand counting down from three, two, one. She held out her good arm. he simultaneously lunged for her grasping her forearm and yanking her towards him. The first shot rang out and hit the stone floor right where she was sitting. The second pierced her calf and she let out a muffled scream.

Inyri was on top of DarkHawk and he rolled over covering her body. He sat up and moved her up to the table.

“Bastard” she exclaimed.

DarkHawk removed one of the straps from her battle uniform and fashioned a makeshift tourniquet above her wound on her calf.

“So much for wearing a dress anytime soon,” DarkHawk said.

“You know I don’t you oaf, now kill that guy would you!”

DarkHawk leaned up against the adjacent wooden pillar. “*I got to take away his line of sight,”* he thought. Once again reaching into his inventory of tricks, he grabbed three concussion grenades. He judged the distance to the next pillar to be about four meters. Had to get bearing where the Spectre was taking up his perch. He stood up along the pillar clutching the concussion grenades against his chest, he looked over his right shoulder around the pillar.

Smoke from the previous grenades still filled the room but was at a stage of mist rather than its peak potential. His survey came up empty, and he let out a sigh of disappointment. He looked over at Inyri and she was pointing to her left. He took another deep breath and looked over his left shoulder peeking just enough of his head around the pillar. Another shot exploded right in front of his face. He centered himself around the pillar, regaining his composure.

“I can do this all day” boomed the Spectre’s voice. The acoustics in the library made it almost impossible to pin down a firm location. Inyri let out a moan as she dropped the rifle from her wounded left shoulder. She rested the barrel on the table edge and tucked the butt of it to her right shoulder. She adjusted herself into the best shooting position she could muster. She looked up at DarkHawk and nodded. He again peered his head just slightly over his left shoulder and another shot narrowly missed the Equite. As soon ass the Spectre’s shot rang out, Inyri pulled the trigger in the general direction of where she thought she saw the compressed muzzle flash. Her shot landed well below where the Spectre had placed himself, but enough of a distraction for DarkHawk to see the slight movement he made.

“You have nowhere to go, you're just delaying the inevitable” snarled the Spectre.

“The inevitable is you having to deal with me” roared DarkHawk.

He leaped for the adjacent pillar and tossed the three concussion grenades and they exploded directly in front of the assassin’s position. The volley worked as expected. The blasts knocked the assassin from his perch and subsequently damaged the cloaking box that was assisting him in his endeavors. DarkHawk made a dash towards his fallen foe, hurdling tables and bouncing off a few misplaced chairs that worked to his advantage.

The Spectre who had been looking through his scope when the concussion grenades went off, recoiled from it with a cry, momentarily blinded, he did not see DarkHawk sailing down on top of him. He struck the assassin in the chest with his feet, but the Spectre managed to retain the grip on his rifle. The Spectre struck the ground and rolled, coming up fast, still seeing sparks in front of his eyes as DarkHawk came at him again. The Spectre swung out hard with the butt of his rifle and caught DarkHawk with a glancing blow on the chin. DarkHawk staggered , recovered and the Spectre was bringing the rifle around to fire. DarkHawk made a flying dive to one side as the bullets passed over him; he rolled, then hurled a shuriken, but in that moment DarkHawk realized he missed his shots, Spectre moved with incredible swiftness.

The assassin executed a diving forward roll toward the Sadowan and came up with his rifle at high port, swinging it at DarkHawk’s head. The Equite blocked the rifle with his forearm and then delivered a hard uppercut aimed at the assassin’s solar plexus, but the Spectre brought the rifle down, using the stock like a fighting staff, and blocked the blow. He immediately struck out with the butt around again, aiming for DarkHawk’s temple, but the Warrior dropped to the ground and executed a vicious leg sweep. Knocking the assassin’s legs out from under him. Still retaining a hold on his weapon, Spectre fell but rolled backward slightly and executed a kick-up, leaping nimbly to his feet once more, with the rifle in position to fire. DarkHawk kicked it out of his hands and it flew through the air, to land near where Inyri had been hiding.

Spectre executed a lightning fast, spinning back kick, which DarkHawk ducked beneath. But before he could counter with a strike of his own, Spectre was launching a front kick at DarkHawk’s groin. Using a martial arts move that was so familiar to him, the Warrior swept his arm around underneath the kick and grabbed the assassin’s heel, yanking upward, forcing the momentum of the kick to continue and throw him over backward, but the Spectre turned it into a back somersault and landed on his feet. Spectre continued the back somersault with a back handspring, which brought him closer to his fallen rifle. DarKhawk quickly reached for his utility belt, but Spectre saw the move and in one smooth motion, he unsheathed his knife and threw it, and then immediately drew his pistol.

DarkHawk jerked his head aside at the last instant and the knife flew past him harmlessly, but the Equite saw the big grizzly handgun coming up and barely hand enough time to perform a block to the uprising forearm of the Spectre. DarkHawk’s armored gauntlets aided in the blow and the pistol went sailing across the stone floor. The warrior executed his own spinning back kick, this time catching the Spectre square in the solar plexus. The blow sent the assassin crashing into one of the many massive book cases. He crashed hard and as he tried to carry his moment from the blow forward for a counter attack, a shot rang out and caught the Spectre in his right shoulder hurdling him back into the bookcase. DarkHawk charged forward and before the Spectre could react a barrage of hammer fists came crashing down on his skull. Fade to black…

“Payback is a bitch,” Inyri said.

DarkHawk whirled around to see his Knight, proned up against the table, rifle slowly slipping from her grip to the floor. DarkHawk subdued their assassin just as two groups of War Host troops stormed into the library. DarkHawk instructed the first two men to finish securing the prisoner and to collect the other two deceased ones. The Warrior made a direct line for his Knight, slung her over his shoulder and requested a transport to Level Nine sick bay.

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DarkHawk saw that Inyri made it to the med bay and watched the medics work on his partner. He asked one of the War Host troops to take him to the prisoner. The door slid open to the holding bay, the Spectre still unconscious from their battle, only grunted as the Equite egregiously slung him over his shoulder. The troopers never even question the action and DarkHawk walked out of the holding cell.

He uttered two words as he passed the troopers, “Throne Room” he snarled.

The doors to the throne room opened and the Equite walked in. Master Muz sat on his throne reading a book. He barely even looked up as his Equite slung the assassin to the ground crashing at the feet of The Lion. The Grand Master looked at DarkHawk then looked at the mess to his feet.

“What is this” asked The Lion

DarkHawk knelt in front of the dark lord and Muz quickly gestured him to stand.

“This my Liege is the Spectre. I left him alive because I feel he may be useful to us. He and his two partners bare markings with a striking resemblance to the Disciples of Twilight. But this one also bares the crest of the Brotherhood. I believe he used to be a member, it would explain his elusiveness and his ability to enhance his cloaking abilities with his tech.” the Equite explained to his master.

Through his visor, his eyes peered at his disciple, and a small thin smile crossed the lips of The Lion as he closed his book.

“Master, I want to strengthen my shadow skills, and I want you to teach me,” asked DarkHawk.

The Lion simply stood looking down at his newly acquired trophy and place a soft gloved hand on his Equite’s shoulder…