*Level Nine*

*Headquarters*

*Tarthos*

The winds of change have made their mark within Level Nine. After weeks of investigating, assaults and brutal missions the operation to take back the city is finally coming to a head. Now after the mole in the War Host had been discovered, Major Cromwell set his final move against the Brotherhood in play. Mass fires throughout the city, an attack on Level 9 itself and finally a simultaneous assault on supply transports carrying much-needed supplies and equipment. Level Nine was being upgraded even more so than it already was, and those transports carried the necessities to close the chapter on this operation.

The Warrior stood outside the holding cell, Councilman Vangor’s aide was screaming for his life. There was no expression on the face of the young Sith, the only thoughts that crossed his mind were the many ways to torture the soul in front of him and extract every bit of information out of him before he quenched his thirst on his life force.

The sounds of footsteps approached rapidly. DarkHawk paid no attention to the obstructing sound and kept his mind trained on the best approach to killing this poor soul in front of him. The footsteps became more rapid and louder. Ensign Kelly came sliding around the corner, almost crashing into the adjacent wall.

“Sir, I found something that you need to see…right away please.”

The Warrior never acknowledge the young Ensign, he kept staring at the councilman aide. The anger inside him was growing ever stronger. Not just towards his captive, but for this whole mission. He wanted nothing more but to end this and serve his Master. Kelly watched, he could see the change in his superior over the past few weeks. More ferocious, angry, but now it's headed towards an all new level.

“SIR” yelled Kelly.

The Equite turned his head ever so slowly towards the Ensign. Everything would change now. Ensign Kelly was taken back as the Warrior’s eyes appeared blood red, his skin tone looked almost like a ragged dish towel. Kelly was at the precipice of fear not knowing how to take nor understand the changes that were taking place within his superior. Kelly snapped to attention, tugged on his service jacket and with his best confident voice spoke again.

“Sir, I have pertinent information that needs your attention”

The Warrior continued his locked gaze on the Ensign. Kelly watched as his Sith superior’s composure seemed to diminish. Color came back to his skin tone, and his blood red eyes faded to almost normal.

“Ensign Kelly what are you chirping about?”

Kelly once again taken back at the change he just witnessed. Kelly repeated his previous statement, paused and then asked the Sith to accompany him so that he could show him what he discovered. There was a small pause and DarkHawk extended his hand gesturing to lead the way. Kelly lead the way back to his workstation, the chaos of the assault still present and Command Sergeant Krill was barking at his units of Rangers.

Kelly sat at his terminal and punched up a few files and turned his monitor towards DarkHawk.

“Here Sir, from the autopsy of the mercenaries you…encountered at the Dark Library. I believe this is the first one you encountered.”

“Yes, Ensign, I know who he is, what the hell is your point!”

“After we inventoried the bodies and equipment, this one here was the only one carrying this.”

Kelly brought up another picture of what seemed to be a communications device. Course it was badly damaged, but none the less a COMM device.

“This was also found in the deceased's ear,” Kelly said pointing to another picture of a blatantly obvious earpiece.

DarkHawk’s eyes widened under his cowl, “*Why is this one only wearing a COMM device and who was he in contact with?”*

Kelly noticed the expression on his superior’s face, was not often he caught those little idiosyncracies. He felt almost a sense of pride noticing them, again it was not often

DarkHawk felt the pleasure of his young Ensign and quickly redirected the conversation.

“Do we know who he was in contact with”

“No, not yet Sir, but from what I can make out he was obviously the COMM guy. The problem is his communicator is missing its SIM card. Seems that during your engagement with this particular merc, you must have hit it and disabled his transmissions. So needless to say, that SIM card is still there in the Dark Library, if we can retrieve it I can trace its origin.”

This time a smirk crossed the lips of the Warrior, “Well then, looks like I need to return to the Citadel and take a closer look.”

*Ragnos Cathedral*

*Dark Library*

*Tarthos*

Once again DarkHawk found himself high above the Dark Library, engrossed in his stare of the statue of Marka Ragnos, his deity he followed his teachings, he devoted himself to the Dark Lord of the Sith. The War Host troops had not made to much of a commotion within the library and the Warrior thought that this should be an easy retrieval. *Everything that seems easy never turns out that way…*

The Warrior dropped from the high statue and landed on the floor of the Library without a sound. He traced his steps from the encounter him and his Knight Inyri Ginovef had partaken in. Master Muz explicitly said that no destruction was to come to any part of the Citadel. DarkHawk took pride in the fact that he and Inyri accomplished that through their scuffle with the mercs. As he walked the steps reenacting the siege to the Library, he came upon the spot where his first battle took place. He scanned the area for clues, looking for his prize of the day.

The War Host investigators must have just cleared the scene within the Library. Their crime scene investigation tools were still present and labeled. This one labeled “Victim A” had a series of numbers one through eight on placards around the body outline. He knelt down scanning the scene, his sensors in his cowl triangulating every piece of evidence, but no such luck on a radio SIM card.

The Warrior stood and looked around the vicinity and garnered a closer look at that immediate area. The stone floor itself could have carried that trinket anywhere within the library. DarkHawk stood puzzled at the aspect of where his prize could be hiding. He called upon The Dark Side Force and allowed himself to flow with its energy. Watching the scenes in his mind’s eye, he could see his escapades and motions within the assault of the first merc. That merc was concealed by their improved cloaking devices and was perched on top of the bookcase next to where he was standing. DarkHawk had dropped from his own perch and planted his heels square in the middle of the mercs back, sending him crashing to the stone floor.

*“There!”,* as he landed on the mercs back, he unknowingly landed on the COMM device and separating the SIM card from the receiver. The card had launched behind the bookcase and of course, the War Host investigators never would have caught that aspect of the scene.

DarkHawk moved back from the large bookcase and continued his embrace of the Dark Side Force, manipulating his hands in such a way that an orchestra conductor would wave his wand. The massive bookcase creeked as it tried to move. The Warrior concentrated harder and summoned more of his strength, whisking his arms in an almost ballot-esque maneuvers. The bookcase began to lift from the stone floor,

Books vibrated from their natural resting place. The Warrior walking back slowly, he appeared to be beckoning the bookcase to follow him. The bookcase slammed on the stone floor as the Equite dropped his arms to his side. The echo boomed through the hall, and the Warrior smiled as he peered behind the bookcase.

There against the wall lay his prize. He bent over to examine the SIM card, “*Finally,*” he thought.

Just then the sounds of footsteps running towards him in separate patterns. *“War Host troops must have spooked them with the boom of the bookcase, well no sense ruffling their feathers anymore,”* he thought to himself.

The Warrior leaped to the top of the bookcase and scaled up from one beam to another and then out of sight out mind, he was gone. Several War Host troops arrived and stopping in their tracks, an empty library and now a massive bookcase out of place in the middle of the room.

*Level Nine*

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The turbo lift doors whisked open and DarkHawk made a direct line to Ensign Kelly. The Warrior grabbed the hand of Ensign Kelly and firmly placed the SIM card in his hand. Kelly’s look of astonishment was unbecoming and almost an insult to the young Sith.

“Drop everything you are doing, find the source of that COMM unit. No distractions, this ends tonight.”

DarkHawk walked away towards the holding cells again, Ensign Kelly stood there gazing at the SIM card.