

Nanora Prime
Badlands
35 ABY

Boom. Creeeeek. The pod slid across the desert surface of the Nancora Badlands, taking what seemed like an eternity to come to a stop. A quick check told Blackhawk that he was relatively uninjured, and his equipment still worked. Having gathered his bearings, at least within the escape craft, Blackhawk began to climb out of pod when he heard it. Footsteps on the outside of the pod.

Whatever is out there, I doubt it's friendly Blackhawk thought. A creaking noise warned Blackhawk that the intruder, whoever or whatever it was, was attempting to gain access to the pod. As the hatch came open, Blackhawk reacted.

Whoosh, a gust of air escaping the pod hit the intruder in the face, forcing it to shield itself from the blast. But, that wasn't Blackhawk. His hand thrust out, sending the intruder flying upward with a burst of the Force. Before it had a chance to hit the ground, Blackhawk lept from the pod and grabbed the intruder just before she reached the ground. A burst of lightning coursed through the intruder, incapacitating her immediately. Another buzzing sound reached his ear. The droid never stood a chance. In less than the blink of an eye, Blackhawk's crimson lightsaber came to life as he spun around, the blade cutting the ID-9 in two. The droid fell to the ground with a sputter and a *clank* as it bounced off the surface of the pod. With the threat neutralized, Blackhawk searched the intruder. He took what he could use, the concussion grenade, the smoke bomb, and the inquisitorius comlink he recognized from his brief time as an agent. The rest of her equipment, Blackhawk threw into the sand and buried.

Unfortunately, there was sand as far as the eye could see. Blackhawk would have to pick a direction, and hope to find himself in more favorable circumstances. He would find no such luck. After heading in what he hoped was a northward course for a few hours, Blackhawk may as well had never moved. The only difference now was that there was no pod in Blackhawk's line of sight.

"Have you found him yet?" a voice inquired over the salvaged comlink.

"He's incapacitated one of the operatives, ma'am," another voice responded.

"We're tracking him now."

"Good. Remember, we have to take him alive," the first voice said again.

Not good, Blackhawk thought. Not only was he lost, he was also being hunted. The only advantage he had was the knowledge that they needed him alive.

I can't go on like this. Blackhawk thought. He had to handle at least one of his problems. Since getting unlost required having some idea where he was, he decided to take on the hunters. It was time to set a trap.

Setting the trap wasn't very difficult. All he had to do was attract his enemies to where he wanted them to be. He knew from experience that an inquisitorious comlink could be tracked, so he left it in the sand while he hid on a dune.

It wasn't long until they appeared. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but he was sure they were discussing how close he had to be. They had no idea. The concussion grenade flew through the air, impacting on the right shoulder of a huntress. The explosion sent all of the huntresses reeling. Before they could recover, Blackhawk engulfed them in a field of darkness.

As the darkness cleared, Blackhawk charged in, his lightsabers a whirlwind of blazing energy. The first to recover attempted to rush him, only to collapse from a severed arm. The next two were more cautious, but both fell under Blackhawk's wrath. The remaining two tried to run, but only one of them would live. The other found that she couldn't run. Her target had her in a powerful grip that she couldn't escape. Blackhawk picked up a stun baton from one of the fallen huntresses, and clobbered the ensnared huntress with it.

"Report. Do you have him?" the voice Blackhawk had heard earlier sounded over the comlinks. *Time for a meetup*, Blackhawk thought. With that, he picked up a comlink.

"No." Blackhawk spat into the comlink. "Your lousy minions have yet again failed to apprehend me," the Clawdite taunted.

"Who is this," the huntress spat into the com.

"Come find out," Blackhawk said.

"You can bet I will," his unseen opponent replied.

All he had to do was wait. Then his own comlink beeped.

"Master? Master, can you hear me?" the robotic voice of his droid inquired, sounding worried as much as a K2 security droid could.

"Yes, Meatbag, I hear you," Blackhawk replied, laughing a little as he said it.

"I am tracking you now. I can extract you whenever you're ready," the droid informed Blackhawk.

"Wait," Blackhawk ordered "I have a better idea."

Kendra Icasta didn't take long to appear. She had moved quickly after learning that her target was able to incapacitate several of her agents.

I will capture you. Then, I will take particular enjoyment in your interrogation.

Blackhawk was waiting. Everything was in place. When she appeared, Blackhawk was ready.

"So, you're the one who's managed to cause me so much trouble," she said.

"One could say the same for you," Blackhawk replied.

"Well, you will cause problems no longer. You can come with me, or I can take you by force," she declared. Instead of replying, Blackhawk ignited his lightsabers. "The hard way it is," Kendra said, drawing her stun baton.

The clash was intense. Blackhawk's blades came in from every angle he could think of, only to be met by an equally agile defense and counterattack. This couldn't go on forever. Blackhawk brought his knee up into Icasta's stomach as hard as he could, retreating as he did so.

"Now!" Blackhawk shouted into his intercom, throwing the smoke bomb as he did so. The smoke engulfed the Huntress, causing her to cough as she stumbled forward.

Badow, badew, the cannons on Blackhawk's starfighter fired, leaving a blazing trail across the ground. Taking advantage of the distraction, Blackhawk lunged at the huntress, bringing his saber down. She rolled out of the way just in time.

"You will not escape," she sneered.

"I don't need to," Blackhawk replied, drawing the flare gun he'd salvaged from the pod and firing it into her torso at point blank range. Icasta screamed in pain as the round smashed into her and burned its way into her.

No way anyone could survive that, Blackhawk thought. Leaving her writhing on the ground, convinced she would die, Blackhawk jumped up and activated his hover belt.

“Time to go,” he told his droid as he maneuvered himself onto the boarding ramp.

Back on the ground.

Icasta wasn't dead. In pain? Yes. Extremely. But she hadn't died. In the moments before she lost consciousness, she had managed to push a button on her comlink to summon help. She made a vow as darkness enveloped her. She would hunt the Brotherhood Clawdite down, and she would destroy him for what he did. Even if it was the last thing she did.