

Doughnut Anyone?

Fiction for Rebels and Ruins:

Where it all went Wrong Competition

By Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu #264

Deep Space

HSD Command Ship

Cantina

Takagari diligently sifted through papers while taking a long pull from the glass of aged whiskey the Twi'lek barmaid had set down in front of him.

"Sir, may we join you?" a voice asked interrupting the Battlelord's concentration.

Takagari looked up to find, Xuner and Jannala standing in front of him.

"Why of course, these reports are boring me and my mind seems to be elsewhere..."

"Thank you, DarkHawk," Jannala said as she slid into the booth to sit. "What has you, distracted Sir?"

The Sith smiled a bit at the comment, "Well, these mission reports just reminded me of one of my missions a loooong time ago." DarkHawk said

"Oh yeah, sounds interesting Boss, care to share that exploit?" Xuner said.

The Quaestor sat back in his seat, pulling from the large glass of whiskey again. He slid the glass back down on the table in front of himself.

"Ever have one of those days regardless of what you do it just goes to hell in a handbasket from the jump?" DarkHawk asked.

"No?" both Journeyman said in unison.

"I was tracking this mark that became my main suspect in an arms deal the Summit had sent me on to investigate. I was still quite new to the Brotherhood, it was back in my Clan Satal Keto days when I was a member of Doomis Disciples of Death."

The two young ones were glued to their Quaestor with anticipation.

"I followed this Rodian smuggler to an abandoned hangar where the deal was supposed to go down. I have been casing this fool for a couple of weeks. Finally, the deal went down and the Rodian and his crew of merry men were unloading the merchandise to showcase to the buyer."

"Sounds interesting.." Jannala said.

“That was the easiest part of the mission right there. So as I am about to make my assault on these flipping douchebags, when my tracking scanner goes off!”

Xuner almost spit his ale out! Wiping the spilt beverage from his face, “HA! Are you serious Boss,” he said, laughing.

“Deadly...I ducked back into the shadows while the band of merry men below start searching for what caused their deal to be interrupted. I look at my scanner and find my speeder at the time, is headed directly for me.”

Jannala chuckled, “Your saying, someone jacked your speeder?”

“Yeah, at that time I had a nice little 614-AvA speeder bike, and now some asshat was taking it for a joyride. The bad thing was it was headed right for my location and about to blow my mission all to hell. Needless to say about fifteen seconds later, my speeder crashed through the dilapidated hangar doors and t-boned the courier vehicle carrying all the weapons I was trying to obtain. To make matters worse, the knucklehead twaker was so flipping high, he/she or it as I never saw the douche, was full tilt boogie-woogie with the throttle wide open. He hit that weapons vehicle and it exploded into this huge fireball. You know fuel, crashing medal and loaded weapons don't mix very well...”

“Ahahahha a heated situation then right Boss,” Xuner said sarcastically

Jannala could not help herself but had to chuckle at her Aedile's remark.

“Anyway, the explosion was big enough to throw me from the little perch I was set up on and killed most of the goons below. The smoke plume that exited the building from the explosion was sure to bring in the local authorities. I had to move fast. Made my way down to make a quick assessment, low and behold these idiots had cases of ammo that started popping off from the fire and I took a round right in my backside. Of course as young as I was, I thought I was a goner until I realized where it had hit me. First time being shot, it's by no one, and in my ass!

I could hear the sirens in the distance, had to work fast. Found my Rodian friend, check his vitals and of course, he was dead. Took his credentials and took a DNA scan so I could follow up if need be. With all this going on, I paid no attention to the few that did not get impacted to harshly from the explosion. Next thing I know, someone clubbed me in the back of the head, and I fricken fell over on my bullet riddled arse.”

“LOL! Then what?” asked Jannala

“Well at that point I figured I was pretty much a goner, I tried to immediately roll over to give my backside a reprieve only to take a kick to the stomach that doubled me back over. I could feel my rage erupting and went for my saber. By that time another volley of expelled ammo came whipping through the hangar and my assailants lucky for me took a few slug rounds right through their chests and they fell on top of me. To make matters worse, the local authorities were now on scene, I was pretty much screwed at this point.”

“Sounds like a party,” Xuner said, smiling.

“Yeah, not so much, I had a couple of bloody corpse laying on top of me, my ass was bleeding, literally, and now I got cops all flipping over the place...”

“Sir, what did you do...” asked Jannala.

DarkHawk finished off the whiskey in his glass and let out a long sigh. “Only thing I could do, played it out, at this point, the mission was a scrub I had nothing, not even my dignity. I slowed my heart rate and breathing down, the cops through me in the meat wagon, thinking I was part of the deal gone bad. I woke up almost twelve hours later in one of the morgue’s slide boxes, buck ass naked. I had to kick the flipping door open, so I could get out of that shitbox and then low and behold the frickin coroner stood there watching me. Sadly had to throat punch that dude, find my crap and get the hell out of there. The worst part about it, those morons did not even pull the bullet out of my butt and had to wait until I got back to the fleet. Kind of took on the name “The Asshole Assassin” for awhile from the hazing I received after that mission.”

Jannala and Xuner were trying to catch their breath from laughing so hard. “I am glad you two find it humorous...” replied DarkHawk.

Jannal composed herself and tried to bring her bearing back to somewhat normal. Xuner’s face still bright red from laughing. “I will make sure I stop off at the commissary and get you an orthopedic doughnut for you to sit on Sir...” Jannala broke out into another full belly laugh, a small smile broke across DarkHawk’s face..”Flippin comedians...”