

# The Enemy Within

Fiction for

GJW XIII Comp:

Multi-Objective Solo Fiction

Objective #2

By Battlelord Takari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu #264

## **Prologue:**

### **Lyra Colony**

#### **Lyra-3K-A System — Neutral Territory (Somewhat)**

##### **Capital City Outskirts**

Less than twenty-four hours ago, Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu was overseeing the new fleet overhaul for House Shar Dakhan. Clan Naga Sadow's Summit had reached out to some key personnel to complete a couple of crucial missions. It seems the Collective has made its long-awaited move against the Brotherhood. The Collective went after the neutral outpost Colony of Lyra-3K-A, disguising themselves as Iron Legion and Brotherhood forces. These charlatans conducted a brutal and unsuspecting strike against the Colony, killing hundreds and destroying their infrastructure. Now, the neutral territory is under Collective control, and Collective forces have strictly controlled communications, along with all import/export avenues.

Naga Sadow's Summit has instructed its Inquisitors to find the breach within their lines. Intel reports show that this was an inside job. The Collective has systematically infiltrated the colony with one of their own agent(s). It has been commissioned to procure proof of the Collective's heinous act, expose the double agent(s) and dispose of them ... maliciously.

Intel reports also puts boots on the ground for various factions of mercenaries and bounty hunters, to include Jedi hunters. It is very apparent the Collective is going all out in the campaign to keep the "boot on the throat" mindset over the locals.

DarkHawk and his good friend and pilot, Tytus, find themselves heading into Collective controlled territory. Other members of the Clan have been dispatched to or near the colony to uncover the answers the Brotherhood desperately needs.



## **Lyra Colony**

### **Low Orbit**

#### **Space Highway**

“What do you think, Ty, think we can get in undiscovered?” DarkHawk asked.

Tytus leaned back in the Tārōn’s captain’s chair, scuffing at the scene displayed in front of him over the main viewing screen. The Duros ran his hand over his bald head, “Cranky, DH, this looks like absolute Shiza!” Tytus said in frustration.

Both passengers of the Decimator studied the display monitor, seeing the heavy traffic of Collective ships maneuvering to, from and around the moon. Even from their position, they could see the massive barricade the Collective had implemented. Most of the ships were indeed old Brotherhood ships, captured or “relocated” in their campaign of dominance over the galaxy. DarkHawk continued to glare at the scene, watching enemy forces “plink” unauthorized ships into space dust as they tried to maneuver around the barricade. He could feel the Force reaching out to him, fueling his hatred, his bloodlust. Relishing the feeling, he turned to his pilot and spoke with intensity, “What is the play, Ty? We can’t sit here forever ...”

“You mean you’re not pouring us some drinks to watch this?” Ty said sarcastically.

DarkHawk never said a word, just stared at his blueish-green friend.

“How about we shut down the stealth mode and just hammer our way through that shit storm!” Ty exclaimed.

DarkHawk never moved, just continued his gaze towards his pilot.

“I hate you...” Ty said elegantly, turning back to the viewing screen.

“That is what makes this arrangement work so well, Ty,” DarkHawk said.

“Look there! These asshats have a line of ships backed up awaiting clearance through the blockade. I have a thought, but it is no way going to be easy,” Tytus said.

“Do it,” replied DarkHawk.

“I will push us over a bit closer to that cruiser, then, once I turn off stealth mode, we are going to have to move quickly,” Ty instructed.

“To what?” DarkHawk asked

Ty ignored the Sith, continuing to punch away at the keyboard on his control panel. DarkHawk was about to speak when Ty held up a long finger in front of the face of his co-pilot. Ty paused, brought his hand down and continued hacking away.

“HA! Take that you, bastards!” Ty shouted.

“Care to explain?” asked DarkHawk

“Indeed, princess of power. You see, these chuckleheads are pretty one dimensional. You would think that after commandeering our ships, they would have updated the transponder

codes and signature stamps. So I broke into the ship's registry and modified our codes to older ones. When we come out of stealth mode, they will most definitely ping it."

"And..."

"Well, genius, that buys us time. Time we currently do not have."

"Time for what?" asked DarkHawk

"We are going to hitch us a ride on the back of that cruiser. Once we come back online, I need to get in behind that cruiser's signature path and then maneuver the ship in close enough to lock on and hitch a ride," Tytus said with a huge grin.

"You're going to do what!?" DarkHawk exclaimed

"You heard me, princess. Unless you have a better idea. Don't worry, I won't dirty the ship up ... not too much, at least."

DarkHawk pondered over the situation for a few minutes. "Asilas...<Shit>," DarkHawk whispered in the old Sith language.

"Yeah, yeah. Starting sequence now," the Duros said facetiously.

Tytus began a series of keystrokes, then took the flight sticks firmly in his hands. Small bursts of compressed air purged from the maneuvering thrusters. Tytus timed the bursts expertly as the Decimator stealthily moved into position directly behind the big frigate. There were two other ships in front of the frigate; hopefully, with luck, no others would jump out of hyperspace and move in behind them.

"So let me get this straight, Ty, you're going to expose us, hoping this hacked old code of yours works, then run my ship directly into the jet wash of that frigate ... hoping to do what, again? Land on the back of it?" DarkHawk suggested.

"Hell yeah!" Tytus laughed. "That is precisely what I am going to do. It'll be good for the resume."

The Duros flipped a sequence of toggle switches, and all the Decimator's systems came back online. The transponder signal illuminated a bright emerald as the ship's signature was identified. As the radio squawked, Ty pushed the throttles forward, bringing the Tārōn directly into the wake of the frigate's engine wash.

"Hang on, this is going to be rough!" the Duros said as his voice reverbed.

The Decimator bounced violently as it drew closer to the back of the frigate.

"Shuttle 2217, do you copy...?"

The two Dakhanians ignored the hail. Tytus struggled with the flight sticks as he tried to maintain a steady course. Gritting his teeth, his muscles flexed as he fought with the flight controls. The engine wash pushed against the Decimator, slowing the ship to a crawl. Ty pushed the throttles forward and began pulling the nose of the ship up a bit. The cruiser engulfed the cockpit window, blocking out everything else around the main viewing ports.

“Hang on, DH, this may sting a bit!” Ty exclaimed.



## **Lyra Colony Blockade**

### **Low Orbit**

“Shuttle 2217, do you copy?” the radio barked.

“Can you shut that off?” DarkHawk asked.

“What? You don’t like my choice of music?”

“No, jackass, it’s your flying!” DarkHawk growled.

“Are you kidding me? That was precision flying, my man. Who else can put this baby in between two engine nacelles?” Tytus boasted.

DarkHawk shook his head in disbelief. But he had to admit, that was a gutsy move to stay out from under the radar. Ty moved his concentration back to his control panels and engaged the stealth capabilities of the ship. Tucked away like this, they had a free ride to the moon’s surface, where the mission could get underway.

“So where are we starting at, boss?” the Duros asked.

“Right at the top, the Colony’s Chief of Security. One Eminent Amara Cirrus. She controls everything in and out of the Colony. Summit gave me a video feed of the Governor’s Building, where she was seen on her datapad as the attack initiated. But, after studying the footage, I saw this ... ” DarkHawk said as he pulled up the footage over the main screen. The video feed played through at normal speed. Amara could be seen clearly on her datapad just as the attack commenced. Then it faded out to nothing.

“Um, ok ... nothing crazy there,” Ty said, questioning what he just witnessed.

“Now, watch right before the feed ends,” stated DarkHawk

Again, the footage played, but this time the Quaestor played it at half-speed. "There!" he exclaimed. The Chief of Security had carefully pulled the security tab from her datapad and nonchalantly stowed it away in her uniform.

"Now, why do you think she would do that?" asked Ty.

"My guess? I think she just disabled the security protocols for the Colony, allowing the Collective in with minimal risk to any of their ships and leaving this place defenseless. She is either working for them or was bought off. Either way, I think I would like to have a few choice words with her."

"Nice. Well then, looks like that is where we are headed, to the Governor's place?" Ty asked.

"Yeah, but get us out of the city, I will go in on speeder. We will need to make sure we put her down in a safe place."

The frigate broke through the atmosphere. As its engines throttled down to a flight idle, Tytus powered up the Decimator and slid the Decimator out from its hiding place. Diving straight down, the engines spooled up to capacity, and Ty leveled her off, putting distance between its taxi. As the cityscape raced past the port windows, Ty hit the regular traffic routes and took the ship outside of the city.



## **Lyra Colony**

### **City Outskirts**

DarkHawk powered up his speeder then closed the compartment door after stowing his tools of the trade within. DarkHawk jumped on his speeder, Ty opened the cargo door. DarkHawk looked back at Ty, "Keep an eye out. If you have to move the ship, use the beacon, and I will find you. More than likely we will be coming in hot," The Sith said.

"And if you need backup?"

"Well, you know what to do, then ... savvy?" DarkHawk asked.

Ty assuredly nodded his head.

"DK, skautas del ahead, stay del iv site tegu nun zenoti kam mes aras getting je'as <DK, scout out ahead, stay out of sight, let me know what we are getting into>."

The little DRK-1 probe droid whistled and beeped as it raced out of the Decimator. DarkHawk positioned the speeder in the direction of the Governor's place and pushed the throttle wide open.

Darkness had set in, aiding the arrival to Eorilia's Moon - "Lyra colony" surface. DarkHawk wondered if it was merely a timing coincidence, or if Ty's outlandish plan factored the time of day in its conceivment. A small smile broke behind the helm. The night would aide the Dakhanian, the shadows would be his ally. The smile grew wider at the thought of putting a few Collective employees in the dirt. If the intel report was solid, the Jedi hunter was at the forefront of the Sith's mind. Not to disenfranchise the "hired guns" that would be present, but most poised no real threat, aside from occasionally becoming troublesome at the most inappropriate times. The hunter that was a prize, for sure. It had been a while since the Equite with someone formidable, and the Sith's thirst for blood needed quenching.

The FC-20 made light work of the distance between the Tārōn and the city. Traversing this city would require a more clandestine approach. Luckily, the city was always under construction, so finding an adequate place to shroud the speeder would be relatively easy.

The Governor's place was directly north and about one click away. *"Time to hit the rooftops,"* the Equite thought. DarkHawk entered further into the construction site, his footsteps quickening into a full sprint. Ascending some scaffolding beams, the Battlelord began jumping and swinging from one to another. Finding himself at the crest of the construction, DarkHawk kept his landmark at his twelve o'clock position. Keeping his eyes on a pivot, he stared out in the night, continually watching his helm's HUD's information, scan for any signs of life. Nothing so far, but there would surely be more action closer to the Governor's office.

DK whistled over the Quaestor's comms. A series of whistles and beeps, "Copy DK, keep an eye out. I want to know who comes and goes out of that building." DarkHawk ordered.

"Ty, DK has some movement at the Governor's building, we may have a change in plans."

"Copy that, I will get to it," Ty replied.

DarkHawk leaped into the night and took in the crisp air of the moon. As soon as his feet hit the gravel rooftop, he went into a roll, the momentum carrying him right back to his feet and into a full sprint. Another ledge, another jump, the next building was more of the same. Landing on this particular roof, the Equite caught movement around the corner of the building at ten o'clock. Rolling behind a large electrical box, DarkHawk peered around his cover. *"Yes!"* he thought, a sniper on the roof. The helm's electronics were on point, picking up the translucent light of the sniper's red dot scope.

DarkHawk unsheathed his bow and pressed the button on its hilt, relishing in the feeling of the bow snapping into place in his grip. The Quaestor tapped into the Force and his ghosting ability. His mass suddenly dissolved into the night. He made slow, precise movements towards the building's ledge. Keeping a keen eye on the sniper, DarkHawk brought himself within a good forty yards for a clean kill shot. The rooftop was still tricky to traverse; though he could cloak his figure, the pebbled rock roof was a dead giveaway if he did not keep his balance in check. He carefully placed his footsteps in the loose gravel while maintaining his concentration to keep himself ghosted.

Centering his breathing, DarkHawk maintained his connection to the Force. Feeling his hatred flow through him, drowning in its power and embracing every drop of it. Scanning the surrounding area, he made a second perimeter check to make sure no others were occupying a

nearby roof. Exposing himself to fire would make for a rather unhealthy getaway should others see him.....Nothing, all clear...for now.

“Nuo Sadow...<For Sadow>”

The wraith materialized, drawing back his weapon, his gloved hand resting momentarily against his cheek. A quick breath to steady the shot. “*Steady, breathe ... visualize the arrow’s path,*” his words echoed in his mind. The plasma arrow broke across the darkness; the sniper caught the momentary flash of illumination. The plasma arrow slammed into the man’s chest, immobilizing him against the building. The sniper’s legs started to buckle when the second plasma bolt pierced his left shoulder, painting blood across his perch. The pain registered in waves through the man’s body. For him, that was the last feeling expressed in his mind. The next plasma arrow penetrated his skull, spewing brain matter across the side of the building. The man immediately fell into the night, crashing four stories to the ground. The sound mimicked that of an overripe piece of fruit as it explodes against an inanimate object.



## **Lyra Colony**

### **Governor’s Building**

Amara Cirrus sat at her office desk vigorously typing away at her computer terminal. A distressed look hung over her as she continued to engross herself at her current task. Her terminal screen reflected off her face, highlighting her pale blue eyes. The knot in her stomach peaked as she logged into her private server. Earlier in the day, she received an encrypted message that her server was accessed. Now, to her disbelief, that knot in her stomach tightened. Tiny beads of sweat clung to her trimmed eyebrows. She slammed her fist on her desk so hard that her neatly woven hair bun unraveled, exposing her long locks of hair.

“Damn it!” she growled. She had been meticulous in covering her tracks, making sure no one was aware of her real intent. Now, she had to do damage control, not knowing the level of how exposed she was. Amara wiped her forehead, cleaning the moisture from her brow, then quickly twirled her hair back into a tight bun. Her thoughts were racing as to what would come next. Little did she know, her ruse would soon bring her face to face with an unsavory instrument of death.

Amara pushed her chair away from her desk, making a direct route to the door. Her datapad’s audible beeps stopped her dead in her tracks. Two messages from an “unknown” source reflected in her stern gaze.

*In position... target in the facility.* The words flashed before her.

A ferocious scowl quickly appeared over her nutmeg-colored face. Tapping away at her datapad, she replied, “Kill them all. Rendezvous at Alpha 1.”



Exiting her office, she made her way down the corridor and into one of the large foyers of the Governor's building. Her pace picked up as she was about to descend the broad set of stairs. That was where her entire plan fell apart. The knives sunk deep into her thighs. She screamed in agony, collapsing across the ornate marble steps. Just then, the distinct hum of a saber could be heard at her eleven o'clock position. Immediately, she gritted her teeth together and yanked the blades from her thighs. Blood poured from both wounds. Amara reached around, unholstering her DG-29 heavy blaster and firing at a diaphanous figure holding the crimson blade. Bringing the saber up in quick fashion, the figure handily blocked the blaster bolts. Amara's gaze widened as DarkHawk severed his connection to his ghosting ability, materializing in front of the Security Chief.

DarkHawk gazed at the woman. He felt her disdain and anger, "Your emotions will be your undoing," replied DarkHawk. Amara's animosity grew within, now she was not even phased at the sight before her, just anger. The Security Chief unclipped a smoke frag from her belt and expertly dropped it at the black-clad figure's feet. Pushing through the pain, she popped to her feet and staggered down the steps. Five armed men from one of the Governor's security details met their Chief as she careened across the last step.

"He is up there, kill him now!" she barked.

The armed men began to climb the steps. Weapons at the ready, they swept the upper landing with their reticles, hoping to get a clear kill shot. Amara tore her sleeve and made a makeshift dressing to cover her wounds. She rubbed her legs after she secured the bandages. "Asshole..." she thought to herself as she watched the men ascend the stairs. The security detail made it to the last landing from the top when the attack came. From out of the dissipating smoke, her ominous assailant emerged, firing a sophisticated looking bow. Amara was seasoned in the acts of physical conflict; this, on the other hand, was something new to her. She watched as the glowing eyes from the helm the intruder wore illuminated a deep blue. Still airborne the Sith fired two expeditious shots from the bow. The two men leading the charge took those shots to the head. Blood and brain matter showered their comrades. Her men opened fire, but at nothing. The phantom was already behind them.

Amara looked up and saw the figure coming down in midair, landing behind her remaining men, the shadowy figure moved with fluidity as it quickly dispatched the two men. One took a front kick to the face, she could see the cloud of blood hover over the man as he fell into the railing and over the edge, crashing face-first to the floor. A pool of blood encompassed the lifeless body. She watched as the last man standing tried to defend himself turning to face his attacker, firing his weapon. It made little impact. She watched as the wraith grasped the gun barrel, slithering his arms in and around her guard's own arms. She could hear the arm snap as the attacker maneuvered himself into an armbar. The man screamed in pain as the bone protruded from beneath the skin. His cry halted abruptly as the knife hand strike to the throat crushed his larynx. As the guard was bent over, the wraith hooked his left arm around the man's head. Kicking the guard's left leg out from under him, relieving him of his balance. The invader tucked his hips and let his body weight fall to the floor. The maneuver drove the guard's head into the edge of the steps, driving facial bones into his brain. The man dressed in black released his grip of the guard and rolled backward to his feet.

Amara watched this exchange in horror. The black-clad figure turned and began descending the steps towards Amara. She hit her communicator and screamed, "It's here, the third floor,



get here now!" Amara reached for her rifle. The act was abruptly halted as her breathing became drastically impeded. The man in black held his hand like a claw, her eyes widened as she felt his grip around her throat as he stood a good two and a half meters away.

"Your men cannot save you, I know what you have done ... you will pay for your transgressions against the Brotherhood!" DarkHawk said from behind his helm. He released his grip and Amara fell to the floor.

The Security Chief gasped for breath, her training took over. Fight or flight, it was definitely time to flee. Pulling herself back to her feet, Amara turned and headed for the next set of stairs to escape. "It's not my men you have to worry about, Sith!" she boasted.

A familiar feeling washed over the Battlelord. He felt another presence, moving in fast. He closed in on the female, now blaster in hand as she brought the gun up to the ready. Before she could squeeze the trigger, the blaster was ripped from her hands. She almost seemed astonished at the act. The blaster came to rest in the hands of the hulking figure in front of her, but DarkHawk dropped the weapon as if it were a contagious vial of poison. Kicking the gun across the floor, DarkHawk returned his gaze to his prey. With a quick hand gesture, Amara began to gasp for air once again. DarkHawk raised his arm slightly. Amara was struggling to keep her feet planted on the floor. Her feet were hovering just above the floor's surface, twitching in a vain effort to secure her footing. DarkHawk quickly swept his arm to the left, sending Amara soaring into the adjacent wall. The impact was not meant to kill, only to incapacitate. The sound of bones snapping echoed within the foyer.

"Luckily for you, I need you alive..." DarkHawk said.



## **Lyra Colony**

### **Governor's Building**

#### **Third Floor Foyer**

"But I do not need you alive..." an unfamiliar voice said.

DarkHawk turned to locate the source. There, on the other side of the foyer, stood the next line of defense in his target's well-constructed plan. He was dressed in grey with long black tunics in the front and back, joined together by an opulate clasp. Amara barely managed to lift herself and rest on her right elbow. Her breathing impeded, she struggled to form words, but could only muster, "Jedi hunter..." as she grinned, pointing to the new combatant with her left hand. Amara slumped back down to the floor, pain resonating from head to toe. *"Busted ribs, shoulder dislocated no doubt ..."* she thought.

As a backup plan, she had commissioned this Jedi hunter and mercs before the orchestrated invasion by the Collective. She knew it may bring the Brotherhood, and these sellswords were

brought in specifically to patrol the Colony and protect her just for this occasion. Amara relished in the fact she was right in her planning. She paid a high amount of credits to this Jedi hunter and was assured of his skills to dispatch any threat. Amara had no clue what was going to come of this, nor any idea of this man dressed in black. She did not know who he was or his background, only that he identified himself as an agent of the Brotherhood the very entity she was trying to destroy.

The Jedi moved from behind the bannister and into the open foyer. DarkHawk stood stoically waiting for the attack to come to him. The Jedi produced his saber from its resting place on his belt. The yellow blade hummed as the Jedi brought it up to a ready position. Amara watched, as this battle was about to ensue. She wondered why the man in black had not ignited his own blade, as he had been quick to draw that weapon on her. Before the thought could vanish from her mind, the Jedi attacked. Launching himself into the air with the aid of the Force, the Jedi came crashing down where DarkHawk once stood. The backhand strike of the Jedi's blade grazed across the helm of the Sith. The saber strike left a trail of sparks, leaving almost a five-centimeter scorch mark across the left side.

The Jedi repositioned himself and centered his hips for another attack, his saber above his head. The quick strikes, originating from high to low, were narrowly parried by the Sith. DarkHawk assessed his assailant's modified form VII of Vaapad, utilizing techniques to wear down an opponent behind a veil of rapid attacks. The next attack came with a swift downward arching motion, which DarkHawk was able to roll under and back up to his feet. Reactivating his saber, and now back to the ready, the twin crimson blades of his saber sprung to life, reflecting off the white tile floor.

Amara had never seen a battle like this take place before. She had heard tales of lightsaber battles, of their elegance, their brutality. Having never seen one before, she imagined more of a long, drawn-out battle. In truth, most lightsaber battles lasted less than a few moments. She watched as the two combatants dodged and parried in a blur of yellow and red motion. Their tunics whirling with each quick movement, she was impressed with the orchestrated choreography playing out in front of her.

DarkHawk had no time to waste with this Jedi. The Sith needed to destroy this nemesis quickly. Sparks danced across the tile floor as their sabers clashed together. Another backhand strike by the Jedi aimed at the Shaevalian's torso. A quick shift of feet positioning allowed the Sith to dodge the blow. It sliced through the dark tunic and grazed across the ancient Sith armor. A quick Force push by DarkHawk carried the Jedi's momentum further off course. DarkHawk followed the Force push up with a Force lightning strike, engulfing the Jedi's body. As the Jedi tumbled away, he threw his saber at the man dressed in black. The yellow blade cut through the air in a boomerang path towards the Sith.

The blade soared close to a meter and a half above the floor. As the saber closed in on the man in black, the Sith leapt into the air, flattening himself out and over the hurling saber. The Sith was able to strike at the saber with one of his own blades, sending it far off its trajectory. Rolling to the floor, the Sith reached out with the Force and picked up a large bust from across the room, hurling it at the Jedi's exposed left side. The Jedi quickly put up a barrier; the sculpture fractured against it, sending tiny shards of marble within the foyer. Drawing on the Force himself, the Jedi reached out to retrieve his lightsaber. Simultaneously, the man in black rolled forward, closing the gap between him and the Jedi.

Just as the Jedi's saber touched his hand, the Sith struck. One of the twin blades caught the upper portion of his right leg, severing a piece of the thigh with it. Carrying his momentum forward, the Sith spun counterclockwise on his knees, catching his left leg with his saber's second blade. This time, the strike severed the leg above the knee. The Jedi fell, screaming in agony. The Jedi made a futile attempt to strike at the Sith from his back, only to have his saber relinquished from his grip.

Amara watched as the Sith stood over his prey. The man in black placed his boot right at the Jedi's shoulder, securing him to the floor. The crimson blade hovered over the Jedi's throat.

"You ... you will never win. We are too strong," the Jedi struggled to say.

The Sith watched as the Jedi almost relished in that statement. He stared at the clean-shaven man. Bringing the blade up to his right cheek, the Sith burned a streak across his flesh. Gesturing to the one on his helm, the man spoke in the Sith tongue.

"Dabar mes aras dar...<Now we are even...>."

Amara watched in horror as the man in black plunged his blade into the chest of her Jedi hunter. Then, in one last strike, the Sith brought the saber down in an arching fashion and severed the head of the Jedi from his body. The Sith now turned his attention back towards Amara. He kicked the head towards her, and it tumbled to a stop right in front of her.

"I hope you lost a lot of credits on his ... services," the Sith said.

"Just kill me now," Amara said.

"That would be too easy for you. I am afraid the detailed information you have is required by forces far more powerful than myself," DarkHawk said.



## **Lyra Colony**

### **Governor's Building**

DarkHawk opened up comm's, "Ty, target acquired. I am plus one. Get me the hell out of here!" barked DarkHawk.

"Enroute to your location," Ty replied.

Ty had been patiently waiting on the outskirts of town for his partner in crime to hail for a quick getaway. The Duros lived for this kind of situation. Pushing the throttles forward, the Decimator roared to life. Ty kept the ship low to the ground until the cityscape surrounded him. Pulling back on the yoke, the ship rose into the night. On the horizon, the faint glow of the orbiting sun was starting to become visible.

"It will be daylight soon, need to make this quicker than I thought," he said aloud to himself.

"Hey, precious, it's going to be daylight in about twenty minutes. You ready for a quick snatch and grab?" Ty asked.

"Yeah, balcony, south side of me," replied DarkHawk.

Tytus expertly maneuvered the Decimator between buildings and high rise construction sites, putting the Governor's building directly in front of him. Breaking over the ship's radar, Ty was alerted to some scrambling fighters headed his way.

"We got company inbound, be ready!" Ty squawked over comms.

"Copy." DarkHawk said.

DarkHawk looked down at Amara, grabbing her by the right arm. She screamed in pain as her shoulder further pulled away from its socket. Dragging his prey to a massive set of glass doors, DarkHawk Force pushed them open and entered the balcony area. He could hear the distinct whine of his ship's engines in the distance. Using his helm's HUD, the onboard diagnostics quickly pinpointed the ship location racing directly in front of him. Off in the distance at eleven o'clock, he could see fighters moving in to cut off the Decimator's route.

"Coming in hot, be ready!" Ty exclaimed.

Ty piloted the VT-49 directly towards the balcony. Keeping a steady hand on the throttles and pulling back on the yoke to level out the ship's altitude, Ty said, "Let's see if I can pull this move off."

As the ship approached, Ty pulled back on the throttles, simultaneously cranking the yoke left. The Decimator made an aggressive spin before coming to an abrupt stop.

"Let's go, fool!" Ty yelled. The rear cargo door was wide open. DarkHawk grabbed Amara by the back of her shirt, using the assistance of the Force, DarkHawk tossed her from the balcony and into the hovering Decimator. Amara hit hard once again as she rolled into the Decimator, her screams echoed through the ship. DarkHawk watched her fade into unconsciousness as she came to her new resting spot. The Battlelord took two steps back, leapt on to the railing, then launched himself the four meters to the cargo opening. "GO!" DarkHawk yelled. Ty slammed the throttles forward, and the Decimator raced off.



## **Lyra Colony**

### **Low Orbit**

The fighters were closing in, narrowing the distance due to the abrupt passenger pickup. Ty flipped a couple of switches, closing the rear cargo door. DarkHawk carried their additional

passenger to one of the crew chairs and placed her in it. Grabbing some cargo straps from the ship's supplies, the Equite secured his prisoner to the seat. Removing a glove, he placed a hand near her nostrils and felt her shallow breathing.

DarkHawk moved up to the flight deck and strapped in the copilot's seat.

"Is she secure?" Ty asked

"Secure enough... I will tend to her wounds when you get us out of here," replied DarkHawk.

The Duros shot a heavy scowl at his comrade. Audible alarms began to echo throughout the ship. "Ships are in..." Ty started to say. The Decimator rocked back and forth as the lasers of the fighters hit the hull.

"Anytime you feel froggy enough to pull some of that pilot crap would be most appreciated," DarkHawk said implicitly.

"You big baby, those are just class I fighters, they are not going to hurt us!" Ty said sarcastically.

Just then, another blip on the radar appeared, "Now, that, on the other hand, is a whole lot of trouble coming our way!" Ty said, looking at the radar.

"Gunships..." Ty whispered

Calmly, but with purpose, the Duros started the jump sequence to light speed. Maneuvering through jump coordinates on the fly could be disastrous if the calculations were off. Luckily, Ty had routed his jump coordinates before picking up his cargo at the governor's building.

"A few more seconds and we will be locked in on our jump," Ty said.

Ty yanked back on the yoke bringing the Decimator into the outer atmosphere. The one thing that may not have been considered on the Duros's part was the blockade still being in place. Fighters broke in from all around the Decimator, but Ty wasted no time pushing the ship through its full flight characteristics to avoid the incoming fighters. When the jump coordinates locked in, Ty immediately pushed the hyperdrive throttles forward. The Decimator disappeared into the vastness of space.



## **CNS Flagship**

### **Perdition**

The Decimator broke from the hyperspeed lanes and had the Perdition in front of them.

"A sight for sore eyes, eh?" Ty said as he slapped DarkHawk in the chest.

The Battlelord just shook his head, getting up from the copilot's seat and heading back to grab his prize. "Get us in the Perdition, Ty. We are expected," DarkHawk replied, leaving the flight deck.

"We are expected ..." Ty repeated in a low tone.

"I heard that douche," replied DarkHawk.

Ty laughed as he lined up the Decimator for landing in the main hanger. Perdition flight control approved landing procedures, and Ty maneuvered the ship into position down the tarmac and into its landing spot.

DarkHawk grabbed Amara and slung her over his shoulder and walked down the exit ramp. The Clan's Summit, along with Grand Master Muz, waited in the hangar for their Equite. Bentre Kairn'tel Sadow's eyes widened as DarkHawk dropped Amara at their feet. She moaned as she rolled over on the floor. DarkHawk dropped to one knee, paying respect to his Summit and the Grand Master.

"My Lord's, this is the Lyra Colony's Chief Security Officer, and she is the Collective's mole," DarkHawk said, bowing his head. The Equite pulled a data disk from one of his belt's storage compartments and handed it to his Proconsul Ashia Keibatsu. "I believe all the information you need is on this disk, along with her datapad."

Augur Keibatsu took the items from her Battlelord, "Wow, someone has been busy," said the Augur.

"Indeed, Ma'am.." DarkHawk replied.

As the Lion's gaze pierced through the woman's consciousness, she began to scream at the terrors he placed upon her mind. A small smile broke over the Keibatsu's face when her own thoughts solidified what his parishioner just brought to the Clan. The Lion of Tarthos stepped forward, placing his hand on DarkHawk's shoulder, "Very well done, indeed."

