

Competition: [GJW XIII Phase III] Fiction - Multi-Objective Prompt

Objective #2: DEFEND YOUR CLAN LEADERS

*Who is Hunting Whom...?*

Fiction by:

Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu #264

### *Prologue*

The Brotherhood has been jettisoned into this blasted war. The Collective made their move, it has been a long time coming. An oversight on behalf of the Brotherhood, more than once has there been a voice heard to eradicate the Collective within the Brotherhood's ranks much earlier than now. The Collective has had time to plan this atrocity with meticulous detail. Their attack on the Sovereign Principate is merely a ruse. Their true intended target was and will always be the Brotherhood. Now, the Brotherhood must fight, not that these sentient beings are not worthy or ready for a fight. The lapse in striking the Collective sooner is over, now a full-scale genocide is in order. The Brotherhood is not only fighting to clear their name, but the Brotherhood is also struggling to remain in the shadow's where they have operated for a millennia. Maintaining a delicate balance of manipulation, control and deception, over the general public of the universe. All of this is taxing, all of this is under the guise of everyday workers, business personal, politicians, operating under the very noses of the mundane.

The war rages on, every day trying to gain the upper hand. With Clans and Houses dispersed throughout the Sovereign Principate's territory's, this leaves business as usual within the remaining ranks of the Brotherhood. Of such, Clan Naga Sadow's Consul, Warlord Bentre Kairn'tel Sadow to the duties of diplomacy. Acting as a liaison to cut the tensions between the Sovereign Principate and the Brotherhood.

A meeting scheduled for later today has been negotiated between these two parties.

### *Thillon Shipyards*

### *Hangar Bay*

The Quaestor of House Shar Dakhan arrived at the shipyards via his good friend and pilot, Tytus O'Baieron. Using an old shipping transponder code, Tytus was able to sweet talk his way in under the false front of needing fuel to deliver goods to the Moon of Thillon. DarkHawk had to deviate from his previous plans to come here and utilize his skillset and ensure that Consul Sadow completes his diplomacy mission successfully and unharmed. The Quaestor received his new orders late last night. A hologram message directly from the Inquisitorius, re-directing the Battlelord with shocking intel. DarkHawk was in his quarters aboard his Decimator reviewing the news.

Depressing the button on his hologram projector, the device emitted a small series of beeps. Then a figure appeared over the middle of the table. The figure veiled behind a long heavy ornate cloak who spoke in the ancient tongue.

*"DarkHawk, our operatives zinot lieti anas zo trauktis ant Consul Sadow uud tukodi angaz. Three Huntresses ir wo Eminent M'eero "Trip" Trippani aras primary suspects. Daboti tave Consul sso visa cost, discretion kash imperative...<"DarkHawk, our operatives have found that a contract on Consul Sadow has been opened. Three Huntresses and one Eminent M'eero "Trip" Trippani are primary suspects. Protect the Consul at all cost, discretion is imperative...>"*

Dossiers had been sent via encrypted code and DarkHawk continued to study them as Tytus entered his quarters.

"So what is the plan DH?" Tytus asked.

"We have company inbound Ty if they are not already here. I will more than likely need to utilize your...particular skillset for this one..

The Duros sighed heavily. "That important eh...?"

"You know I would not ask if it wasn't," DarkHawk replied.

Takagari knew that asking Tytus to kill, within the means he was good at, was a touchy subject. Ty gave up that scoundrel life when DarkHawk saved him and his sister. Unfortunately, the Duros female succumbed to her injuries in transport. Ty vowed the Sith a life debt, but a pirate for hire was not his life anymore. Putting both his adept pilot abilities and his skills with a firearm to more of a refined use, suited him just fine.

"Aye," Ty groaned.

"I will take care of the wet works, Ty. I need you to set yourself up in a cozy bird's nest and make sure that no one else is looking down on me or the Consul" DarkHawk stated.

Ty took a moment to consider that statement. Rubbing his head and returning his gaze back to his friend, "You know I am good for it." Ty said.

"The meeting is supposed to take place in the central shipyard building, which means that the stretch between where the Consul's ship will land and the entrance to the conference is a reasonably comprehensive shooting gallery. I believe one of them, if not all of them simultaneously, will make their move between the shuttle and the entrance."

"Agreed," Ty said.

"Well then, let's hunt" DarkHawk said with a smile.

### Central Shipyard

DarkHawk moved through the shadows. The catwalks were the easiest way to navigate but crucially exposed oneself. Using the back channels of worker corridors was the best guess to impede anyone trying for a clean kill shot below. DarkHawk's first guess is that each one of the antagonists would be garbed to blend in with the shipyards workers. This part of the shipyard still under repair would be ideal for an attack. Not a lot of traffic in and out of here. That is when

the feeling rushed over the Equite. He knew that feeling, he felt the presence of another. *"Time to go to work,"* he thought.

Taking cover behind a rack of durasteel girders, DarkHawk reached out to the Force, making a connection to the newcomer. The Equite felt the steady heartbeat, the feeling of purpose they carried. The coldness and the determination rang heavy. The muffled sound of boots across the floor could be heard coming closer. As the assailant approached his position, DarkHawk readied himself. Tackling the figure to the ground just as they passed the girders, DarkHawk rolled over his target and then up to his feet. Turning quickly back towards his adversary, DarkHawk had his electro staff halves in each hand. The Huntress kipped up to her feet, her stun baton at the ready. She never said a word, she roared as she initiated her attack. The batons clanked against one another like a fully automatic blaster. The Huntress positioned herself under the mass of the Shaevalian, pinning one of his cudgels under hers. The Huntress quickly came up with a left cross to DarkHawk's helm. The blow was jarring if anything, but the vibroknucklers left their mark across his helm.

DarkHawk spun with her hit and came around with a spinning back fist of his own. He caught the Huntress on her left side of her face, sending her crashing to the floor. Grabbing her by the ankle, DarkHawk spun around throwing the Huntress against the rack of durasteel. Without any hesitation, the Equite unleashed a heavy barrage of Force lightning. DarkHawk kept his attack in play until he stood directly over the top over her. She struggled as the pain resonated throughout her body. Her midtone skin tone, now riddled with deep scorch and burn marks. The smell of burning flesh is pungent. DarkHawk grabbed the Huntress by the throat, lifting her off the durasteel. Twisting her face as if he was studying her as her feet dangling feet searched for a foundation.

*"Tave scheme iv totality deems tu unworthy...<The scheme of totality deems you unworthy>"* DarkHawk said.

The Huntress spat on the Sith's helm, a trail of bloody saliva trickled down the black and red ancient Sith armor. In one swift motion, DarkHawk unsheathed his saber staff, ignited one end and drove the blade into the torso of the Huntress. She gasped her last breath as she felt the crimson blade enter her right side and exit her left. A lifeless body now hung in the grasps of the Battlelord, and he tossed it aside like an old publication.

## *Central Shipyard*

### *Outside the Hangar Bay*

The Naga Sadow Consul's ship was coming down the tarmac and nearing the parking spots of the hangar. Tytus had found a sweet bird's eye view of the area in a broad antenna array. Watching the Consul's ship come in the Duros felt a bit uneasy. "Shiza... should have known the Consul would be early..." Ty said aloud.

Tytus brought his attention around to his nine o'clock, he caught the last bit of action between his comrade and what looked to be a woman with long dreadlocks. "Huntresses..." Ty whispered to himself. A flicker of light caught his attention near his two o'clock position. Looking through the scope of his BlasTech E-11s sniper rifle, Tytus could not verify any targets. The antenna array gave Ty ideal coverage, laying inside the cup of the dish allowed the natural

curvature of the array shielded him from most of the shipyard. Unless someone was at a higher elevation, which was preposterous, the antenna array seemed to be the highest point. This fact gave Ty a little bit of comfort.

Tytus could see the Consul and his party disembarking their ship and heading towards the hangar's exit. Whatever was about to go down, would be revealed in the next few moments. Catching movement back to his left, he peered through his scope. Another Huntress was making her way towards DarkHawk.

"DH, you got inbound, your three o'clock," Ty whispered over his comms.

### *Central Shipyards*

DarkHawk moved over to the catwalk at this three o'clock as Ty instructed. Before the Battlelord stepped onto the catwalk, the Huntress revealed herself. Her Nightsister bow already drawn, a plasma arrow raced towards the Sith. The catwalk being nearly eighty yards long, made it easy for DarkHawk to dodge the incoming plasma arrow. The Huntress still utilizing her more primitive style recurve bow did not take the distance into account. Both the two combatants sprinted across the catwalk towards each other. The Huntress now adjusting for her range, drew her shots closer towards her target. Two quick shots, DarkHawk was able to spin around one, and the second he used his momentum, along with the railings of the catwalk to cartwheel over the second shot. Drawing his bow during before his feet hit back onto the catwalk, DarkHawk activated the button built into the hilt. The bow snapped to firing position, now the two were merely eighteen meters apart. The Battlelord hit the catwalk and dropped to a kneeling position, firing a volley of three plasma arrows towards the incoming Huntress. She easily evaded the first shot, the other two hit her left thigh.

She tumbled to the steel grates of the catwalk. Her head slammed hard against the cold steel. The Huntress came to a stop nearly at DarkHawk's feet. He rose back his feet and walked carefully over to his prey. DarkHawk placed his boot on the Huntress's throat, drawing back his bow once again. The Huntress began to break out in a malevolent laugh, almost taunting the Sith.

"Any last words..." DarkHawk asked.

The Huntress continued in her laughter, stopping and gasping for a deep breath, she managed to spit out one word, "Decoy..." she said

DarkHawk felt the plasma arrow pierce through his left tricep. He spun with the impact and tried to steady the bow for a shot. The pain was too excruciating, even for him at the moment. DarkHawk dropped his bow momentarily, the third Huntress was already on top of him. She whaled on the helm, hoping the vibroknuckler would breakthrough exposing the Sith. She managed three solid shots before the hulking Shaevalian managed to muster the strength to lift the arm to block her incoming blows. DarkHawk brought a crushing elbow strike to her left clavicle, he drove the attack through the shoulder, feeling the bone shatter. She whelped in pain, DarkHawk hooked her now wounded arm and lowered his mass, twisting slightly and stepping slightly away, pulling her off balance. Rolling her off his hips, he maintained his grip on her through the execution, lessening her chance to land on her feet. The Sith let the cold steel of the catwalk floor take the wind out her. She slammed hard against catwalk, leaving her gasping for breath. DarkHawk not letting go of the Huntress's arm, he spun around it twisting it

further out of its natural state. Dropping to the catwalk himself, DarkHawk positioned himself sprawled across the Huntress with her arm between his legs. Bringing his hips up and pulling down on the arm towards his chest, the Huntress screamed in pain.

"Where is the shooter?" DarkHawk growled.

"Ne...Never!" she said.

DarkHawk not accepting that answer lifted his right leg from across her throat and dropped his bootheel against the Huntress's face. She spit blood and teeth out from her mouth, gurgling on her own life's essence. Pulling down on the arm, she groaned in pain.

"Where is the shooter?" DarkHawk asked more intensively.

The Huntress struggled to speak, her jaw was broken for the time being words are not feasible for her. Curling her index finger amid DarkHawk's grip was painful enough, but her arm was near its breaking point. The Battlelord followed the direction of the Huntress's painfully small gesture. Without hesitation, DarkHawk raised his hips off the catwalk a few more inches and yanked down on the arm. It snapped like a twig, DarkHawk rolled backward and up to his feet. The Sith grabbed his assailant and stood her up along his right side, DarkHawk hooked his right arm around the Huntress's neck. He kicked her feet out from under her bending her over backward. Now, with his knee in the small of her back, DarkHawk snapped her neck. Her lifeless body slumped to the steel floor.

The shot came from exactly where the Huntress pointed. The round penetrated the armor, creating a significant shoulder wound to accompany the plasma arrow wound. The shoulder and the left arm was useless, to say the least.

## *Central Shipyard*

### *Outside the Hangar Bay*

Tytus watched as DarkHawk crashed against the catwalk. A voice cracked over the Duros's comm, "Ty, I'm hit...it's bad... losing blood, your one o'clock, left side under bridgeport..."

"Copy, hang tight, I will be there in a jiffy, just let me introduce this douchebag to his maker," Ty replied.

The Duros peered through his scope, trying to align his target within the scope's reticle. No such luck, could not see anything. But that does not mean there is nothing there. Ty watched as both parties from the Sovereign Principate and the Sadowans casually walked the stretch towards the main shipyard building.

Ty brought his attention back towards the bridgeport. From the shadows, a silhouette could be distinguished. In a kneeling position, the sniper was slightly leaning downward near the edge, acquiring his target. Ty flipped a switch on his scope, converting the optics over to infrared. He could make out his target. "Holy friggin Bantha fodder, its M'eero Trippani, your reputation does not precede you...clown shoes" Ty whispered to himself. At the angle Tytus was at, the corner of the bridgeport impeded his shot. Unable to dial in the shot he needed, more so the shot he wanted. "*Damn!*" he thought.



"Take the shot..." a staggering voice came over Ty's commlink.

The Duros made little hesitation after his comrade's words. He rolled to his left about one meter and began to reposition himself. Setting the bipod legs against the metal mesh of the array, the Duros took a deep breath in, aligning his posture and acquiring his target. The Sadowan was coming dangerously close to the kill shot, it was now or never. Tytus dialed in his scope, the Collective infiltrator/sniper was about eighty-five percent inside Ty's illuminated reticle. The Duros's fingertip lightly touched the trigger, exhaling his breath, then refilling his lungs. Aligning the crosshairs of the scope on the right side of the man's forehead. A precise squeeze of the trigger, a small whisp of sound passed thru the rifle's silencer. The bullet fired true, in a split second, Trip's head exploded painting a bloody masterpiece across the wall behind him. Ty watched as the man's nervous system spasmed as he fell face-first to the floor.

The two diplomatic parties finally entered safely in the main shipyard building. Ty took a moment to process what he just did. A lifetime of killing for pure pleasure, loved ones lost became the catalyst to his hatred of the act. With the area somewhat contained, Ty quickly made his way down the antenna array, across a series of narrow exterior catwalks, Ty made it to his fallen friend.

Ty slowly rolled the Battlelord over and assessed his wounds. "Go big or go home, ain't that right princess?" the Duros said sarcastically.

DarkHawk started to laugh, it quickly turned to a wince of pain. "Don't make me laugh, you ass!" he said grimacing through the pain.

Tytus pulled out his stim kit and injected his friend with a local anesthetic and a blood-clotting agent. "Let's get you to the ship and let Bones work on you a bit."

The Duros aided DarkHawk up to his feet and slung DarkHawk's right arm over his bald head using his shoulders for support. "Damn dude you need to lose weight.." Ty said sarcastically.

"I hate you right now.." DarkHawk replied.

"We need to get the hell out of here DH, so no slacking off," Ty instructed.

"Bones, we are on our way back. You have a patient, be ready..." Ty said over comms.

"Understood Master Ty."

"I love it when he calls me that..." Ty said laughing

"Please shut up.." Darkhawk sneered.

The two traversed the pathways back down to the central shipyard and into the hangar bay. Making it to the Decimator and wasting no time Tytus got his friend to the Decimator's medical bay. Bones a 2-1B medical droid was reading surgical tools, Ty assisted DarkHawk onto one of the gurneys.

Bones began to make his assessments, "I am going to have to close this wound Master Takagari. Luckily it was somewhat of a clean shot, but you have a lot of muscle and tendon damage. I will need to address those first before closing you up." Bones said in his old Estuary accent.

“Do it...I will get us out of here and make our jump to light speed as soon as we are clear.”

Tytus made his way up to the flight deck and brought the Decimator to life. The engines roared as the ship began to lift off the tarmac. They were halfway down the tarmac when the diplomatic party returned after completing what seemed to be good negotiations. As the members became fully emersed withing the hangar, Consul of Naga Sadow noticed a somewhat familiar ship rocketing out of the shipyard and out of sight.

A puzzled look came over the Consul's face, “Interesting...Interesting indeed...” Bentre said.

