

Competition: [Celebration: Mandalorians] Become The Hunter

Fiction by:

Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu #264

Coruscant System

Coruscant

Low Orbit

Tytus O'Baieron brought the Decimator out of lightspeed and the city-planet of Coruscant was now bigger than life directly in front of VT-49. He let out a small, subtle sigh as he made some final trim adjustments to the Decimator's flight path. Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu gave the appearance of being asleep in the copilot seat. Knowing Takagari as long as Tytus has, the Sith was not sleeping.

"Oh, how I have such distaste for this city. Why are we here again, Sir? A long lost love that you cannot go another day without your betrothed?" Ty said in his regal tone of sarcasm.

DarkHawk had been sitting upright in the seat motionless for hours before arriving at Coruscant. In a trance-like, the Quaestor of House Shar Dakhan did not react to his pilot's well-timed quick-witted comment. At least that was the perception he had intended.

"Your sister is already spoken for is she not Ty?" DarkHawk said, maintain his meditative focus. DarkHawk slipped himself away from his trance and suspended his connection with the Force.

"My sister is too much woman for you, Shaevalian. Plus, could you imagine the brood you would create? A Duros and Shaevalian demon child...revolting," Ty said, shaking his head.

"Uncle Ty.." DarkHawk said endearingly.

"I truly enjoy our in-depth discussions, sir. Enlightening beyond reproach..." Ty said.

DarkHawk could not help himself from smiling. Ty hailed to ground control and received clearance to land west of the capital city center. Bringing the Decimator in fast along with some "expert" reckless maneuvers, was just a small way the Duros pilot "evened" the playing field for his Quaestor's last remarks. Ty knew it drove Takagari unhinged.

The ION engines howled, and the wind sheer broke over the hull of the ship. The dive that the Duros pilot had initiated was aggressive, to say the least. He could see a slightly more...tense Quaestor in the seat as his grip tightened on the armrest of his seat. Ty pulled the Decimator out of its dive and landed the Tārōn with precision and expertise in the landing bay.

Ty was trying to hold a straight face as DarkHawk spoke. "Don't think I won't bury you somewhere deep in the city's sublevels clown shoes, I can always find another pilot" DarkHawk sneered.

"Yeah, but not one with such handsome sister," Ty replied immediately.

DarkHawk just shook his head, "God, your such a douche!"

Ty shut down the systems of the Decimator, and the crew ramp opened and extended. "Where are you headed exactly DH?" Ty asked trying not to laugh.

"Well, you and I are headed to mid-levels, my friend. Specifically, level 1997.." DarkHawk replied.

"Wait...what? You and me?" Ty asked in astonishment.

"Oh, I am sorry ol' chap, your a key part of this mission," DarkHawk said smiling.

"You said this was a recovery mission, a data disk if I am not mistaken," Ty replied.

"You would be correct in that aspect, good sir though the mark we need to find is a fat P.O.S. Twi'lek named Manu Maurfai. More than likely, he is laying low in some nasty-ass seedy dive bar, drinking his troubles away. He has the data disk, and if it's true what the intel report and his dossier says, the information he is carrying, will more than likely have watchful eyes close by."

"What the hell is he doing with it?" asked Ty.

"Apparently Manu's achilles heel is Pizaak and won acquired it as payment for gambling winnings. So, once he discovered what he had, greed took over, figuring he had a bargaining chip...no pun intended. He is to meet with Collective agents for the exchange. Though Summit wants us to intercept. That's where you come in old friend." DarkHawk replied.

"I do not like the sounds of this...and I damn sure don't like being bait!" Ty exclaimed.

"Not so much as bait Ty, but expertise. Plus, you will fit in better if he truly is at this cantina..." DarkHawk replied.

"Why because of my scandalous past?" asked Ty.

"No, Ty, because your freaking green. Consider it payback for your bullshit landing procedures..." DarkHawk said sarcastically.

"I truly despise you on a cellular level..."

Coruscant

Capital City

Hangar

One takes a risk when traveling to the city's underworld. By first impressions, one would think of Coruscant as this productive, vibrant city. Housing not only the Galactic Senate but the Jedi Temple as well. For a Sith coming here could be extremely dangerous if precautions were not taken.

DarkHawk grabbed a large ragged and worn, filthy cloak before exiting the ship. The Sith slipped his arms into the cloak, shrugging his shoulders as the cloak rested over his large frame.

“Ahh the master and slave gig...now who gets the last laugh,” Ty said facetiously

DarkHawk’s eyes turned a deep yellow then to blood red. His appearance began to change as he strengthened his connection with the Force. Using his Faceless II ability, Takagari gave himself the appearance of a wickedly disfigured and scared human. The cloak helped accentuated his appearance of real poverty and slavery. Not to mention utilizing the cloak, allowed the Battlemaster only to have to change his facial appearance. Requiring less concentration than a full body disguise.

Ty grabbed DarkHawk’s arms and placed a pair of hand restraints on his friend. Attached to those restraints was a long leash, giving the appearance that Ty would be walking his “pet.”

Needless to say, is that the restraints were inoperable and allowed DarkHawk to escape when needed. Exiting the Decimator, Ty lead his newly acquired slave out into the open. Making their way out of the hangar and into the streets, the pungent smell emanating from the ragged cloak garnered some very distasteful looks and comments. DarkHawk could hear Ty chuckling while he maintained his concentration on his facial ruse.

Ty and DarkHawk made their way without incident to one of the city’s access points via huge portals that additionally served as ventilation shafts. leading to the lower levels. Ty gave the leash a hard tug, “Come on you mangy mutt!” he exclaimed, dragging the Battlelord into the portal.

“Was that really necessary...?” DarkHawk whispered.

“Not in the least good sir, just good theatrics..” Ty said as he pressed the button, closing the portal’s door.

Coruscant

Underworld

Level 1997

The portal doors whisked open and the pungent smell of sewer, followed by the heavy blanket of humidity from the lower levels. Exposed steam and heat pipes vented their gases at regular intervals, adding to the layers of seediness the lower levels carried.

Ty curled his face as the sour smell hit his senses. Leading his mangy servant out of the portal and into the streets of level 1996, Ty studied his scanner for a moment. He turned to the right and gave the leash another solid tug insinuating his servant to follow.

“The cantina is just down the street...” Ty whispered.

DarkHawk scanned the streets behind the cloak’s hood, keeping his attention to detail hidden. Watching for those little idiosyncrasies to Collective agents that would surely be protecting the

mark until after the exchange. So many and such a diverse pool of species roamed these levels of Coruscant. Made the task at hand just a bit more strenuous on the Sith's ability to maintain his concentration on the feat, as well as simultaneously looking who may be the "hired" help.

Fortunately for the two Dakhanians, the Collective agents that were about made no endeavor to hide their affiliation. Up above on the steampipe maintenance catwalks, one Davarian henchman with a sniper rifle kept a watchful eye from above. Tytus and Takagari played their ruse well and made it to the door of the cantina, where two well-armed Rodian bodyguards stopped them short from entering. "That makes three..." DarkHawk thought to himself.

"What business do you have here Duros scum," one of the Rodians asked as he tapped his blaster across Ty's left shoulder.

Normally, an experienced fighter as Tytus is, he would have easily handed these two chuckleheads a beating of a lifetime. Relocated their possessions and been on his way without even breathing heavy. Though today could not be that day, at least not yet.

"Waiting to get paid for my bounty. Now I fancy a game of Pazaak good sir," Ty said elegantly.

The Rodian looked at Ty, then at the large cloaked figure behind him. The second Rodian took a step closer to DarkHawk, with the barrel of his blaster the henchman slid the hood of the cloak back. Revealing the disfigured face of the Duros's captive. DarkHawk concentrated on his appearance, boils and oozing pustules now covered his face. The Rodian startled back a step, "Jesus, that is disgusting," he exclaimed.

"Let me see your papers," the first Rodian asked.

Ty handed him a set of papers, the Rodian stared at the jumbled mess of writing. With a nonchalant motion of his bound hands, DarkHawk's small gesture clouded the Rodian's mind. The Sith struggled a bit with the act, as the second Rodian was still in awe at the sight of his grotesque appearance.

"These look to be in order," the Rodian said. "Keep this thing chained up outside!" the reptile exclaimed.

Ty looked around and saw a nice large diameter steam pipe with a shutoff valve nearby. He tugged his captive over to it and secured him to the pipe.

"Commlink is active, I will let you know when I make contact with the target," Ty whispered.

Before Ty left and entered the cantina, the Duros slapped his cloaked captive in the side of the head. "Try to escape and this gentleman will end your miserable, pathetic existence....savvy?" Ty exclaimed. The cloaked figure stared for a moment then nodded in agreement.

Ty walked passed the two Rodian's and enthusiastically said, "Nice blasters..."

Walking into the cantina, Ty caught the mark right away. Sitting in the corner table, the fat Twi'lek and two others. A deep pile of credits lay in the middle of the table. The three held their cards close, not saying a word. Making his way up to the bar, the Ryn bartender asked the Duros for his drink order.

"Whiskey, my friend, a nice tall glass of whiskey," Ty said, lighting up a stogie. The bartender filled a hefty glass of whiskey and slid it over to the Duros. Ty reached into a breast pocket and

pulled out a cigar and lit it. Blowing a large plume of smoke into the area just added to the dense visual appearance of the cantina.

“What brings you here friend” asked the Ryn.

“Waiting to get paid, and looking to add to my bounty. Is that game available?” Ty asked, nodding to the corner booth.

“For the right price,” replied the Ryn.

Ty pulled out a pouch full of credits and jingled it, knowing everyone would be looking. Most of the eyes have not yet disengaged from his presence since walking in the cantina. Ty took out three credits and slid it over to the Ryn. “For your troubles, and your insight...” Ty said.

The Ryn looked over to that corner booth and nodded. Grabbing his drink, the Duros walked over to the table, “Target made, about to join the game...” he whispered. Standing in front of the table, Ty tossed the credit pouch on the table. Holding his cigar at the corner of his mouth, “Deal me in boys...” Ty said with a big smile.

Meanwhile, outside, DarkHawk eagerly awaited for his opportunity to strike. DarkHawk heard Ty’s message come across his comlink. “Affirmative...” whispered the Battlelord.

DarkHawk watched the crowd intently, to include the Davarian on the catwalks. DarkHawk was counting his steps, timing his pace. Several minutes passed, feeling confident about what he must do, the time to strike was upon him. Need a distraction. The Davarian walked passed the assassin, and a cartful of fruit was all that he needed for DarkHawk to slip out-of-sight. A small wave of the hand and the cart of fruit tipped over onto a couple of Transdoshan’s passing by. The distraction worked. The Transdoshan’s made such a commotion over the incident, all eyes were focused on the excitement. A crowd gathered around the vendor like a schoolyard brawl, precisely what was needed.

DarkHawk pulled the fake restraints off and tossed the cloak across the street. Sprinting down the alley in front of him, DarkHawk garnered enough speed and leaped up against the brick wall of the cantina, pushing himself off and over to the adjacent building. Continuing this maneuver, the assassin was able to climb up and leap over to the bottom catwalk railing. Using his momentum from the jump over, the assassin pulled himself up and over the catwalk railing, putting himself about four meters directly behind the Davarian. Reaching into one of his utility belt pouches, DarkHawk produced two nasty looking thirty-centimeter throwing knives. Solid black except for the finely sharp edges. Three holes in the hilt were precisely honed for grip and throwing technique.

DarkHawk now carried one in each hand, let out a small, subtle whistle. The Davarian began to turn to address the noise. DarkHawk flung both knives towards his target. The blades were thrown with precision, making a slight humming noise as they cut through to their trajectory. The two knives sunk to their hilts in the middle of the Davarian’s chest. DarkHawk raced down the catwalk grabbing the horned male before he fell to the steel catwalk. DarkHawk carefully propped his victim up against the handrails of the catwalk.

By now, the commotion of the fruit cart had passed and now the two Rodian’s caught that the Duros’s bounty was gone. The two reptiles ran to the alley in hopes to find the fleeing bounty.

Two henchmen never looked more confused as they saw nothing in or around the alley. Without hesitation, DarkHawk launched himself off the catwalk and down onto the unsuspecting Rodians. Landing in the space between the two, the assassin came down with two deep rich elbow strikes to the back of the neck. Grappling one of the Rodian's arms, spinning and slamming his skull into the side of the building. The reptile's snout seemingly disappeared from the impact and green blood spewed over the bricks of the building. DarkHawk immediately turned his attention to the other Rodian. A quick front kick to the solar plexus sent the reptile hurdling back against the adjacent wall. Snagging another throwing knife from his belt, the assassin moved in before the reptile fell to the street. DarkHawk came up with the knife under the reptile's jaw and into the brain. The reptile's blackened eyes faded deeper into lifelessness as it slumped to the street.

Back inside Ty was already cleaning the table of its money. The fat Twi'lek was having a difficult time hiding his emotions. As the cards for the next hand were being dealt with, the front door of the cantina was suddenly kicked in. There the large Shaevalian stood with his sights on the corner table. Before anyone could react, DarkHawk spread apart shurikens between the gloved fingers of both hands. The assassin launched each of the shurikens out into the smoke-filled room. The tobacco smoke gave the impression of vapor trails as each point of the shuriken cut through the room. The two sitting next to Manu, dropped like rocks as the shurikens pierced their foreheads. The Ryn took one to the neck and flew back crashing against the display case of various drinks. He grasped at his wound but was a futile effort as the thick blood filled his hands.

Ty was already unleashing with his BlasTech X-8 blaster. A charging Trandoshan took three blaster rounds before he could get close. Two to center mass and one final kill shot to the head. Most of the cantina's occupants were frantically dispersing the premises diving for cover anywhere they could. Those that tried to test their assailants were met by extremely deadly prejudice. Ty turned his blaster on the Twi'lek, a devious smile broke over the Duro's face as his partner dispatched the last of his barroom brawlers.

DarkHawk pulled a shuriken from the head of one of his victims and threw it in the direction of the Twi'lek. The shuriken sunk into the wall pinning one of his bulbous lekku with it. The Twi'lek screamed in pain, Ty turned his blaster onto Manu. "If you don't mind good sir, I will be taking these winnings for myself and my associate's trouble..." Ty said, regally.

"Take...take whatever you want..." Manu said, panicking.

"Ok, fat-man, I have no problems gutting you where you sit. You know why I am here, hand over the data disk to my the gentleman pointing the blaster at your skull, nice and easy", DarkHawk demanded.

The Twi'lek began to speak, DarkHawk cut him off before he uttered a word. "It was rhetorical dude, just hand the damn thing over!" DarkHawk exclaimed.

"They will kill me if I do!" said the Twi'Lek

"You are going to die one way or another my good man, just our way, you will feel a bit better about yourself.: Ty said.

Manu kept his eyes on the wraith by the bar. There was no way he was going to give that data disk up. At least with the Collective agents, the Twi'lek might be able to garner some sort of accord for his freedom.

“NOW!”: DarkHawk growled.

The Twi'lek put his hands up in an abdicating manner. Manu, slowly reached into his breast pocket. A strange feeling fell over DarkHawk, and the assassin reacted. He launched another shuriken and sunk the five-inch projectile into the left shoulder of the Twi'lek. The fat man's shrieks of pain rivaled a ten-year-old with skinned knees. “My orders are to take you in alive, but I can live with the repercussions of throwing your rotting carcass in front of my masters.” DarkHawk said.

Ty reached over the table and into Manu's pocket, retrieving the disk. He looked back at DarkHawk holding up the data disk. “I suggest we make a very hasty escape from here, I am sure we have caught the attention of the local authorities. And I for one, do not want to have to explain this.” Tytus said.

DarkHawk walked over to the table, pulled the shurikens from his fat body. “God, you freaking reek Fatman,” DarkHawk said yanking him out from behind the booth.

Ty was already at the door, making sure the coast would be somewhat clear. “DH, we have to go, we have incoming. We need to leave...now!: Ty exclaimed.

DarkHawk grabbed Manu by the left wrist and began to drag him out of the cantina. Ty was just up ahead, pushing through a frantic ground and clearing a makeshift path back to the portal topside. About halfway down the street DarkHawk looked back to see not the local authorities in and around the casino. Someone in the crowd yelled out, “They went down that way!”

“Damn...” DarkHawk thought to himself. The Battlelord's grip on the Twi'lek tightened as he picked up his pace.

Ty was already in the portal when DarkHawk slung the Manu in next to the Duros. DarkHawk leaped inside as blaster fire was coming in around them. Ty activated the portal and up to the surface, they went.

“Ty, we have to get out of here like quick!” DarkHawk said.

“Don't worry your majesty, I will get you away from the bad men safe and sound.”

“What the hell is wrong with you two?” Manu asked

“It is a long flight back, maybe I will indulge you on the details,” Ty said, smiling.
