

RETURN TO TARTHOS

WELCOME HOME

Markosian Heritage

Fiction by

Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu #264

Tarthos

Kar Alabrek

Springtime in Kar Alabrek, days warmed by the rising sun. The nights fully embraced the cold darkness blanketing the city. Battlelord DarkHawk had perched himself at the corner of an immense maintenance hangar. At this elevation, DarkHawk had no restrictions keeping a keen eye on the smaller set of hangars in the northwest corner of the city's maintenance facility. Which happened to be parallel to the smaller series of hangars, the Equite had been staking out.

Since arriving in the city, DarkHawk had hit the streets to assist his comrade and friend Quaestor Xolarin, of House Marka Ragnos. The city was dealing with the remnants of Collective agents and their supporters. These splinter cells were disrupting public safety and supply chains, with snatch and grab tactics. Early in the night, DarkHawk was able to extract some intel from two mid-level Collective agents. They both "confessed" about a supply transport hit here at the maintenance facility, northeast corner.

"I hope those two clown shoes were right..." DarkHawk said into his commlink.

"I don't think you can unkill them, your majesty," Ty said elegantly.

"Where did you park the ship at Ty?"

"Exactly where you said, out of sight out of mind, Sir," the Duros said with more of a sarcastic tone.

"I seriously hate you Ty," replied DarkHawk.

"Concentrate on the mission, princess of power. I have the *Tārōn* nicely tucked underneath the bridge and the mainframe of an ISD. When you're ready for extraction, I can be there lickety-split," Ty said in his aristocratic voice.

"There, movement! Second-row third hangar..."

“Yes, sir. *VP*’s transmission is streaming in realtime,” stated Ty.

VP, referring to the Battlelord’s Viper Probot. The probe droid had been weaving in and out of the rows of hangars, stalking its hunting grounds. *VP* streamed its video surveillance back to both Ty and DarkHawk, and they watched intently. Four transport vehicles approached and came to an abrupt halt outside of the hangar. A group of armed assailants disembarked from each transport and scurried inside the hangar.

“Well, I guess the dead continue to rest peacefully tonight, wouldn't you concur, sir?” asked Ty.

“Move into position Tytus...” replied the Battlelord.

“I will take that as a yes then...”Ty said as he spooled up the Decimator’s engines. The Duros pushed the throttles forward slightly, before activating a sequence of toggle switches. The landing gear retracted, and Tytus expertly maneuvered the ship out from its hiding spot.

Kal Alabrek

City Maintenance Facility

Two guards stood outside the hangar door, keeping watch for any uninvited guests. DarkHawk had now positioned himself directly across from the unsuspecting guards. Large storage containers worked as a suitable perch, DarkHawk carefully watched his prey.

VP was hovering about four meters above the surface at the far corner of the hangar. “Now *VP*,” DarkHawk whispered into his commlink. The Viper probot dropped down to just a few inches above the surface. One of the guards caught the movement. DarkHawk watched as the furthest sentry pointed towards his little spy. The second guard took off and cautiously headed towards the spy droid.

DarkHawk sprung into action, leaping from his perch, the Equite landed on the concrete and raced towards the remaining guard. The Equite had pulled shurikens from their pouch before his attack. The Equite wasted no time and launched the five-bladed weapons directly at his target. The velocity behind the through caused the shurikens to whistle slightly as the cut through the night. The guard slumped to the ground when the shurikens penetrated his skull and neck.

Continuing on his path, the Equite maintained his sprint and locked in on to the first guard. Racing in behind the guard still fixed on *VP*, DarkHawk launched himself onto the guard. The retractable claws of the Talon gloves shredded the man’s throat, as DarkHawk slashed and ripped at the guard’s exposed flesh.

Leaving the two incapacitated guards in the shadows of the hangar, DarkHawk moved cautiously to the entry door. The Sith activated his helm’s thermal scanner via the helm’s HUD. Blotchy red figures appeared, and DarkHawk studied the movements near

the back of the hangar. Slowly slipping through the entry door, DarkHawk hugged the walls and kept to the shadows. The thermal imaging showed most of the group unloading a small supply vessel and moving its contents on to anti-gravity float carts. Three others looked to be standing guard, one was very anxious, judging by his sporadic pacing.

“Ty, move the ship into position. I think this may call for the new toy you installed into the ship..” DarkHawk whispered into the commlink.

“Outstanding, sir! Moving into position now,” Ty replied enthusiastically.

“I will engage after you get their attention, but wait until they are loading their transports before we make our presence known.”

“This is quite possibly teetering on overkill would you not agree sir? I remember my days back on Duro, I had been commissioned to...” Ty spoke elegantly.


Quickly DarkHawk cut his pilot’s transmission off, “Ty, we don’t have time for one of your analytical regiment stories!” DarkHawk said in a sarcastic frustrated tone. Ty never wavered and continued describing his tale. DarkHawk just shook his head and moved into position, closer to the pacing armed guard.

The guard was nervous, he was counting his steps and not paying attention to his surroundings. The situation just became a bit more advantageous in DarkHawk’s favor. Only as the guard mentally tallied his last step and made his about-face in the opposite direction. DarkHawk moved in behind the man, grappling his neck into a reverse chokehold. Kicking the guard's feet out from under him, transitioned all of his weight to his neck. DarkHawk applied more pressure to his chokehold and felt the guard’s weight as the neck snapped. The man went limp in the Battlelord’s grasp, and DarkHawk silently let him slump to the floor.

Ty was still going on about his regiment days as DarkHawk rolled to his left, taking cover behind a stack of shipping crates. Observing his prey, the second armed guard on had just turned the corner of the transport his comrades were pillaging. Using the crates as cover, DarkHawk moved silently down behind his shielding to get a better angle on the unsuspecting guard. As the guard rounded the front of the transport, DarkHawk dispatched this guard using the same chokehold maneuver as before. Unfortunately, the guard’s blaster crashed against the hangar floor, alerting the others.

“*Damn...*” DarkHawk thought to himself.

The remaining Collective agents look astonished, seeing one of their own lifeless on the floor. DarkHawk rushed the first agent and caught him with a knee to the face. Quickly removing the throwing knives from their sheath, DarkHawk launched two knives and buried them into the chest of the man in front of him. Blaster fire began to ring out through the hangar, and the Equite leaped upon the transports rear aileron and then over the main fuselage, putting some cover in between him and the firing Collective



“You think...? Alright, Markosian forces inbound. Thanks for the ah, ...assist?”
chuckled Xolarin.

