

TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

Fiction by:

Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu #264

[Option I: Defend Eos City]

(Snapshots:)

[DarkHawk](#)

[Tytus](#)

PROLOGUE:

ISD PERDITION

HANGAR BAY

BATTLESTATIONS!!! BATTLESTATIONS!!!

The alarms roared through the ISD quadrants. Support personnel was scrambling to their respective stations, and pilots were locking themselves into cockpits. While the ship personnel scurried about, DarkHawk and Tytus walked towards the hangar in a very composed manner.

Exiting the corridor and now entering the hangar, the Proconsul and his longtime friend and pilot stopped short of the blacked-out Decimator parked just past the entry doors. A hailing blip emulated from the Equite's comlink.

"Takagari, are you near the hangar?" the familiar voice of Naga Sadow's Consul boomed over the comlink.

"Affirmative, Sir..."

"There has been a change to your mission objective, I will be there to brief you momentarily," said the Sadow.

"Yes, my liege..." replied DarkHawk.

DarkHawk and Ty began loading the ship with equipment, the maintenance droids loaded up the *Peregurin*, DarkHawk's FC20 speeder bike. Weapon loaders were carefully loading proton torpedoes into their firing tubes.

Bentre Sadow, now entered the hangar. Approaching the Tārōn, DarkHawk and Ty knelt before the Consul.

The Consul gestured to his two parishioners to stand. Placing a hand on the Shaevalian's shoulder, the Overlord spoke.

"Takagari, I am sorry to pull you off the main mission. But, we have received intel from the Dark Council. The Platform has separated and fallen to Arx. The Deputy Grand Master is leading Collective forces and is attacking the city. I need you down there to engage and give SITREP on the hour. You are in no way to engage the Deputy Grand Master. Your mission is to protect the two shield gate arrays. They must stay operational so that our forces can get through to engage Collective forces."

"Bloody hell, the Deputy Grand Master," Ty exclaimed.

The Consul nodded. "Indeed, Ty, this has gotten thick and has caused us to have to audible on parts of our battleplan. But those arrays are primary, keep them operational. It is going to be nasty down there, and their forces are massive, and it's more than bloody. Keep those arrays online, Takagari," Bentre said calmly.

Both Ty and DarkHawk bowed to the Consul as he turned and walked away. "I will meet you planetside, safe journey, my friend..." the Sadow said, walking away.

"Well, we just went from the frying pan right into the cauldron ol'e boy," Ty said in his regal tongue.

DarkHawk shook his head at Ty, "Load up chuckles, and we have work to do..."

Hours later...

Arx

EOS City

Between launching from, the *Perdition*, and avoiding enemy ships, DarkHawk, and Ty made it to the city somewhat unscathed. Ty landed the Decimator in between two significant sky rises in the middle of the city. The darkness of night should keep the ship cloaked. Ty kept the tactical jammer engaged to lessen any unwanted eyes on the ship's transponder signals.

The mass of Collective forces was wreaking chaos throughout the city. Upon arrival, DarkHawk and Ty watched from a high perch as the Deputy Grand Master led a legion of troops into the heart

of the city. DarkHawk felt an unbalance in the Force. The Deputy Grand Master always provided sage counsel to the young Equite. Seeing him lead the Collective forces into battle brought much sorrow upon his soul.

Iron Legion forces were engaging the Collective at every corner. Though still outnumbered, the Legionnaires held their ground. Everything was seemingly going according to plan until Ty's datapad exploded with encrypted data alerts. Punching away on the pad, the look of despair fell over the Duros's face.

"What is it, Ty?" asked DarkHawk.

"The arrays have been taken offline. The gate to the city has been disabled. The troops are...on their own." Ty said in a gloomy tone.

DarkHawk took a moment to process the information. "We don't have much choice, Ty, find those friggin arrays!" growled the Equite.

Ty began to mash buttons in a frenzy. Locating the first array about nine clicks away. "Got it, Sir, north-northeast, outskirts of the industrial park."

"Get to the ship, meet me there." DarkHawk replied.

"You do realize, the probability of there being contention at each station is pragmatically high..."

"I am counting on that, Ty..." DarkHawk said through gritted teeth.

DarkHawk jumped off the ledge and into the night.

EOS City

Industrial Park District

Gliding in the shadows of the towering building of the city kept the assassin out of sight from any enemy patrols. The wing-pack cut through the air, the target building was now in sight, about three clicks away. DarkHawk maneuvered the wings of the glider to gain a little more lift, and get a "bird's" eye view of the building.

Just then, the comlink cracked alive. "Sir, I am en route. I will be there momentarily." Ty said.

"Give me a window, Ty, I want to introduce myself," DarkHawk replied.

"Please give them my condolences," Ty said sarcastically.

DarkHawk circled the building, scanning the rooftop for any combatants. The integrated HUD of the Battlelord's helm identified three individuals. The smaller of the three was at the array's workstation, more than likely adding an encrypted algorithm to keep it offline. *Well, well, well, I found my first hello,* DarkHawk thought to himself.

Circling back around, the Equite lined up his trajectory and then dove in for the kill. About six meters above his target, DarkHawk retracted the wing pack into its housing. The assassin came in feet first and planted them atop of the man's shoulders. His clavicles snapped like twigs from the blow, the man crashed to the ground reeling in pain. DarkHawk used his momentum and rolled forward, spinning around the Equite lept towards the Collective agent. DarkHawk growled as he came down on the back of the man's neck, again the sound of snapping bones was brutally apparent. DarkHawk bent over and grabbed the man at the back of his assault vest and slung him off the building.

Blaster fire began to reign down around the Equite, diving for cover behind the buildings large air handlers, DarkHawk reached for his saber. "Ty, how about a strafing run for some cover?" DarkHawk asked urgently.

"It would be my pleasure, Sir," Ty said enthusiastically.

DarkHawk could see the Decimator coming out of the moonlit clouds and yellow bolts of laser fire coming from the top and bottom turrets. The strafing run was precisely what the Equite needed. Leaping onto the air handler and then another giant leap towards his two armed assailants. They hugged the maintenance building to avoid the Decimator's firepower.

The first guard caught the bootheel of a spinning hook kick, the blow was enough to tumble the man down to the pebbled covered roof. The crack of an electro-staff became ever-present. DarkHawk turned towards the sound to find a rather sizeable Collective agent wielding the deadly weapon. A subtle thumb movement and the crimson blades sprung to life. The man came down with an overhead strike, DarkHawk brought his saber up to parry the attack. Redirecting the Vibro-staff's blow, down and to the left, DarkHawk came up with the other blade for a strike of his own. The Collective agent quickly spun away to avoid the blow, but he could not prevent a skipping side kick that followed the missed saber attack.

The blow sunk deep into the solar plexus and buckled the Collective agent over. Air expelled from his lungs as he desperately tried to replenish his air supply. DarkHawk raked the outside right forearm of his assailant with his Talon gloves, ripping the man's appendage wide open. Losing the grip of one hand caused the man to drop one end of the staff, DarkHawk spun around wielding the

double-bladed saber in tight spinning circles. In one fluid motion, the saber strike came across at shoulder level, causing the man's head to separate from his torso.

"All clear, Ty," DarkHawk said. Deactivating his saber, the Equite raced over to the array's console. Bringing up the last screen, DarkHawk saw the unfinished encryption code, relaying that to Ty, then deleting it from the terminal. The green online indicator illuminated, and the signal was transmitted to the shield gate.

"One down one to go..." Ty said.

"Yeah let's finish this, where is the next one?" DarkHawk asked.

"Locked in on the target, Sir, care for a ride this time?" Ty asked elegantly.

"Of course..."

Ty brought the Decimator around and opened the crew doors, DarkHawk jumped in, and Ty pushed the throttles forward.

EOS City

Industrial District

VT49 Decimator

Ty pushed the throttles forward, and the Decimator raced away from the looming skyscrapers of the industrial district. Heading west, the cityscape began to dissipate into more of a rural landscape.

"The next one is out here?" DarkHawk asked.

"Unfortunately, it is, Sir. We are headed towards the main array, and it is nestled in a secure remote facility on the outskirts of the city," Ty replied.

"That means there will be a welcoming committee," replied DarkHawk.

"Indeed, I hope you rested..."

"No rest for the wicked Ty," DarkHawk replied.

The Decimator came into the vicinity of the shield array facility. Ty kept the ship at a distance and out of sight. Scanners picked up multiple hostels within the facility. Looking more like a prison containment, the array was surrounded by tall fencing wrapped in constantine wire. One small outbuilding was located inside the fencing, more than likely the sentry or maintenance barracks.

Ty landed the Decimator on a hillside about a klick away. "Are you ready for this, Ty?" DarkHawk Asked.

Ty grabbing his E-11 sniper rifle, "Always," the Duros replied.

The two decided the best approach was to get Ty set up in a makeshift sniper nest, providing cover fire. DarkHawk would come in and flush out the sentry's and work to dispatch them rather quickly. In theory, it's a solid plan, and reality says differently when it comes to these types of "Wet-work" missions.

The two disembarked the ship and headed towards the array. Keeping low and to the shadows, an excellent formation of gigantic boulders about two hundred meters away would suffice for Ty to set up his kill shots.

DarkHawk continued forward, as he approached, DarkHawk reached out to the Force and simply vanished from sight. The Equite's ghosting ability kept unwarranted eyes apprised of his presence. Making it to the fence line, DarkHawk stealthily walked around to put the outbuilding directly in front of him.

Ty came over the comlink, "I have one roving patrol covering the array, looks to be a rather large and very hideous looking Devaronian sentry. No clear shot as of yet." Ty whispered.

DarkHawk poised himself for a big jump. With the aid of the Force, the Equite took a few quick steps and launched himself up and over the fencing. Clearing the constantine wire and landing directly behind the outbuilding. He could hear muffled voices from within, then silence. *Great...* the Battlelord thought to himself. Continue his trek and the Battlelord jumped up to the roof of the outbuilding, the assassin landed nimbly and moved above the entry door.

The door opened, and two more rather large Devaronians emerged out onto the walkway. They were followed by what appeared to be the Lieutenant of the group judging by the more ornate garbs. All three men were armed and scanning the area. *They must have been alerted of our previous endeavor,* DarkHawk thought.

The Lieutenant would be the first to fall victim to the Sadowans. DarkHawk reached for one of his throwing knives and went on the attack. Leaping off the outbuilding, the translucent shadow materialized in mid-air. Launching his instruments of death, the knife found its mark at the base of the Lieutenant's neck. It hit with a meaty thud, and the man gargled on his blood. The two Devaronians swung around to see the Sith coming down on them.

DarkHawk's crimson glow of his blades illuminated the darkness of night. Surprisingly the horned beast blocked the Sith's attack with a Technocratic Electro-staff. The electrodes arc and dispersed its crackling energy as it crashed against the blade of the saber. The move threw the Sith off balance momentarily, and he sailed wide right of his target. DarkHawk hit the ground and rolled up to his feet, just as he spun around a blaster round hit the breastplate of the DarkArmor and sent him sailing backward, crashing into the corner of the outbuilding.

The patrolling Devaronian walked out of the shadows, gun at the ready. "That was way to ea..." the beast began to growl, only to have his words cut short before his head exploded and slumped to the ground.

"Sniper!" the other two exclaimed.

DarkHawk kipped up to his feet and went back on the attack. The breastplate held, but the pain was excruciating for the first few moments. Summoning his might and pushing past the pain.

In the blink of an eye, Darkhawk launched his attack. He came from the left and brought his blade down to bear on the Devaronian's left shoulder. The horned sentient, skilled in combat, anticipated the move and rolled to the right while he swung his weapon to intercept the Sith's. In a second, he was back up.

DarkHawk struck again; low right sweeping stroke. The Devaronian went to block low, but it was only a ruse. Midswing the Sith changed rotational direction. He swung the other way in an attempt to slice the creature's flank. The Devaronian dropped to the ground, raised his foot, kicking the Sith in the chest, and sent him flying.

Surprised at the beast's martial skill, the Battlelord relished the challenge. DarkHawk began his next assault with a barrage of spinning saber strikes. Violently whirling the saber around in quick fashion, the saber banged hard against the Vibro-staff. Equite vigorously attacked the Devaronian's defenses. Looking for an opening, DarkHawk brought his blade around, taking a swipe at the left flank of his adversary. The Devaronian blocked the blow and pushed the Battlelord off and away from him. DarkHawk carried that momentum and spun around with a heel kick, catching the Devaronian in the jaw. The Devaronian's head whipped fiercely around from the impact, spewing blood from his mouth and sending him crashing to the grassy knoll.

The second Devaronian charged at the Battlelord and attempted to plant the business end of his Technocratic Electro-staff to DarkHawk's exposed right flank. A last-second dodge away from the attack was not quick enough to avoid an impact. The emitter grazed the Battlelord's side, and its

energy resonated throughout his body. Seething with rage, DarkHawk lashed out with a spinning forehand. The claws of the Talon gloves raked across the Devaronian's face. The horned beast roared in pain, and DarkHawk staggered forward as the Devaronian dropped the staff. The pounding of heavy footsteps could be heard bearing in from the Battlelord's six o'clock position. The Devaronian that took the heel kick was now back up and ready for round two.

The Devaronian came in fast and hard with a midsection attack, DarkHawk leaped over the incoming staff strike. The attack narrowly missed the Equite as he put himself into a front handspring over the blow. The missed attack took the lumbering horned devil off-balance. A mistake that played to the Battlelord's advantage. Quickly two throwing knives were in the hands of the Equite, launching both at the Devaronian. One sunk deep in the spine, the second penetrated the thick hide of the base of the neck. The Devaronian roared in pain, slowly falling face-first to the ground.

The last Davaronian, saw all this take place and went into a frenzied attack. Quickly getting up to his feet, he charged at the Battlelord. Too close to avoid the attack, like a raging bull, the Devaronian came in headfirst. One of his sharpened horns sunk deep into the ribs of DarkHawk. The blow caused him to crash to the ground, and now the auburn skinned beast was about to land a lethal blow. DarkHawk watched as a hole exploded in the sentient's chest. The creature fell to his knees and then on top of DarkHawk.

Moments later, another set of footsteps could be heard. A familiar voice could be heard whispering. "Sir, are you deceased?" Ty asked.

DarkHawk squirmed an arm out from under the dead weight of the creature laying on top of him. Gesturing a one-fingered salute to the Deros, Ty chuckled as he kicked the Devaronian off his comrade.

"Thought you were a goner, Sir, now that makes me one upon you," Ty said sarcastically.

Ty noticed the wound on his friend and immediately went into his med-pack and injected a blood coagulant and closed up the wound. "Bones will get you hooked up when we get back to the ship. Meantime that array needs to get online, reinforcements are waiting on us," Ty explained. Ty placed a clean bandage over the wound and grabbed DarkHawk's hand. Slapping DarkHawk's hand down on top of the dressing. The Battlelord winced in pain. "ASS!" he growled through gritted teeth.

"Stop being a sissy la-la," Ty replied.

Grabbing his Assassin's datapad, Ty went over to the arrays terminal and uploaded the encryption code, and once again, the online indicator illuminated green.

Ty activated his comlink to another secure channel, "Consul Sadow, the arrays are online, you are clear to proceed..."

The familiar voice of the Consul came over Ty's comlink. "Tytus, are we secure? Where is Takagari?" asked the Sadow.

"No worse for wear Master Sadow, he got himself gored by a very angry Devaronian sentry Sir. But I will have Bones patch him up, and he will be right as rain," Ty said elegantly.

There was a pause of silence before the Consul spoke again. "Get him patched up, we may be needing his services," replied the Consul.

"As you wish my Liege," Ty said as he watched a fleet of transports and ships fill the sky above him.

The End