

CLEANING THE STREETS

A fiction

By

Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" Kogorju (#264)

DarkHawk's Snapshot

Aeotheran **Seng Karash**

DarkHawk peered over the city from his perch, next to Carl the gargoyle. DarkHawk dubbed the statue Sir Carl a few years back when he was Aedile of House Shar Dakhan. DarkHawk sat many nights on this very perch, patrolling the city, and Carl was always a good sounding board.

The city, despite the events that have taken place over the last eighteen months, was now in the midst of a divided populous. Some still live in fear from the ravages of Collective brutality, and the remaining seek vengeance for the atrocities campaigned against them. Now that the Brotherhood is back, House Shar Dakhan's Quaestor Malisane Sadow, has been commissioning several contractors to rebuild the city.

This grand gesture by the Questor, is seen very differently and is highly scrutinized. With all that tension lurking about, it makes it easy for the gangs to move in a stake a larger claim for their "organization". Malisane had requested some assistance in flushing out one of the city's more active crime bosses. A Lasat named Teghar Rey, has capitalized on the drug and munitions trade. Intel shows his resources maintain a hold on Collective smugglers. Bringing product into the city under the guise of construction and relief supply chain ships.

DarkHawk had tracked Teghar down to one of his front companies near the park in the middle of the city. The Equite just so happened to relay that bit of intel to the Queastor of House Shar Dakhan, DarkHawk was sure the Sadow would put that intel to good use. Looking down upon the park, a strong sense of *deja vous* had washed over the Equite. The park and its massive dome centerpiece, was still under construction. Last time DarkHawk was here, the Dakhani ground forces used the park as a staging area. This was ground zero for the House' s return to Aeotheran and Seng Karash.

The integrated HUD within the Dark Armor, allowed the hybrid Shaevalian to intently watch his targets when in range. However, at the moment, that privilege was a vacant courtesy. *"Have to move in closer,"* DarkHawk thought to himself. The Equite nonchalantly turned to Carl, extended a *knuckle-bump* farewell with his stone comrade and then dove off the building.

DarkHawk activated the release to the wing pack, the telescoping wing system quickly sprung out from its housing. Locking into place, the taut black sail fabric of the aerofoil shaped wings prevented the Equite from dropping like a stone. The thermal airstream produced the lift needed to carry the assassin to his new perch.

DarkHawk silently glided over the city and lined himself up to the rooftop of an adjacent building three floors above his target. Just before touching down, DarkHawk flared his body upright, slowing his descent and landed almost without a sound. The pebble lined rooftop was not etire ideal for stealthy landing. Although the Equite has become very adept at his landings, skidding to a stop was sometimes unavoidable. The wings collapsed and returned back into the compact housing, allowing DarkHawk to move freely about. DarkHawk sprinted over to find cover behind the building' s large air conditioning system.

Now, positioning himself behind the ledge of the building, gave a *"bird' s eye"* view over his prey. DarkHawk' s HUD, now in range, offered closer surveillance of Teghar and his crony' s actions. Thermals allowed the HUD to see that two suspects were headed up inside the elevator. *"This has to be*

the courier,” DarkHawk thought to himself. The courier, most likely to be the Lasat’ s inside man, giving him the locations of the stashed product.

Activating his comlink, DarkHawk hailed Malisane Sadow, “Sir, I have a possible target in sight,” relayed DarkHawk.

“Copy, we have your locale. Dakhani strike teams are moving in now,” replied the familiar voice of Malisane Sadow.

“Affirmative. Soon as I have confirmation and the exchange takes place, move on my signal,” replied DarkHawk.

“What signal?” asked Malisane.

DarkHawk chuckled, “You’ ll know Sir.”

The elevator came to a stop, the doors opened and three armed goons accosted the lone occupant. Once finished with their inspection, the courier was allowed to exit. The courier stopped short of Teghar, “Ahh, I hope you bring me favorable news,” the Lasat said jovially. The courier produced a shipping manifest and handed it over to Teghar.

“The exchange just took place, stand fast for confirmation,” DarkHawk whispered in his comlink.

“Is this it?” asked Teghar.

“It is,” replied the courier.

“Only two ships, what happened to the other two?” asked the Lasat.

“Those two were diverted to Sepros, they will be here in forty eight hours,” replied the courier.

“Confirmation is acquired. Go on my signal,” DarkHawk whispered.

“I paid for those supplies, I expect full delivery with our accord,” Teghar snarled.

“I have no control over last minute flight, especially when they are ordered by Summit members,” replied the courier.

DarkHawk’s eyes widened at those words, “*That douche is one of us?*” DarkHawk questioned himself.

Malisane’s voice came over comm’s, “DarkHawk, we are in position, awaiting your signal.”

“Copy that Sir. We have a fox in the hen house, I will make sure he is somewhat alive for questioning,” DarkHawk said ominously.

The Lasat’s nefarious stare burned through his courier like a laser. “Maybe I should replace you with someone who can accommodate my demands more appropriately,” barked Teghar.

“*That’s my cue...*” DarkHawk thought.

Moving into position, the Shaevalian produced his Nightsister bow and brought it up to the ready. Drawing back on the weapon, the bow came to life. The subdued hum of the bow’s power source was music to DarkHawk’s ears. The updated electronics of the bow transmitted windage and range information to the HUD of the Shaevalian’s helm. DarkHawk placed the reticle over the courier’s torso, in a spot that would render him incapacitated, although wishing he was dead.

DarkHawk controlled his breathing, slow steady breaths coincided with the beat of his heart. The targeting reticle illuminated as it hovered over the courier. Releasing the plasma drawstring, the bow’s projectile raced through the darkness towards its target. Breaking through the building’s glass window, the plasma arrow hit the courier above his right hip, toppling him on to the floor.

In a devilishly eerie tone, DarkHawk spoke into his comlink, "Now."

Teghar and associates, utterly stunned at what just happened before them. Paid no attention to the three Dakhani LAAT Gunships dropping in and around the building. Only when the building's service elevators came to an abrupt stop, was there movement. Four squads of Dakhani Rangers poured out behind their House Summit, Leading the way, Quaestor Malisane Sadow stalked down the corridor towards Teghar and courier. Teghar's men made a futile attempt at engaging the Dakhani troops.

Outgunned and just out right "out-soldiered", the Rangers were no match for common core street thugs. Mangled and blaster ridden corpses spilt blood everywhere, painting the floor a rainbow of colors. DarkHawk watched Malisane enter the room with an ignited saber in hand. In one rapid stroke, DarkHawk watched the Quaestor sever Lasat's head from his torso. Then turning to the downed courier, Malisane brought his saber to the tip of courier's nose. The crimson blade illuminated the courier face, a Rodian in Dakhani maintenance uniform.

Malisane pivoted his head around, gazing out a large set of windows. There he could see the silhouette of his comrade atop the adjacent building. Malisane activated his comlink, "I got this..." was all the Questor said. DarkHawk bowed and slipped into the shadows...

The End