

# ***LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE***

Fiction by  
Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu  
#264

[DH Snapshot](#)

[Ty's Snapshot](#)

## ***TARTHOS*** ***MARKOSIAN CITY***

The Proconsul of Clan Naga Sadow has been in Markosian City at the request of Quaestor Hades. Assisting with securing the city with the recent purge of resurgents from the Orian unrest campaign. On one last patrol objectives had been going right along the way Quaestor Hades had requested. Finish removing the impudent anarchist mondaines and securing the city streets.

The last route of his patrol began in the Green Sector of the city, Budget General. Surplus stores and merchandise stores were always filled with an eclectic populous of Markosian residents. This area was also still being looted by the uprising and after Markosian forces swept through this sector of the city a few nights ago, DarkHawk wanted one last patrol to ensure looters and rioters did not want to make another run at the district.

Crouching on the ledge of one of the taller buildings of the district, DarkHawk keenly watched for anything out of the ordinary. So far the only thing that has happened is the night has gotten colder. Nonchalantly resting his arm on the shoulder of the neighboring gargoyle statue overlooking the city, "What do you think Carl, should I call it a night?" DarkHawk asked. Of course the grotesque figurine never spoke and just stoically continued its forever watch over the city,

"Yeah I am not much for words tonight my friend,"

"Would you bloody stop talking to that horrible statue. My word man, I am beginning to think I should turn you over to the men in white for evaluation," Tytus O" Baieron squawked over the comlink.

“Don’ t be a hater Ty, Carl and I are having a good debate on the status of the city. I can’ t help the fact you have not been your usual Chatty-Cathy self tonight.”

“You're a bloody fool, you very well know I've been installing the new electronics in the *Taron*.”

“When are you not updating the ship? Its like your married to it”

“Sometimes you amaze me, TK, truly. Your intuitive grasp of one’ s initiative is so... so..”

“Perceptive?”

“Pre-adolescent.”

Before DarkHawk could laugh, the echo of screams filled the air. The jovial exchange amongst friends now turned to deadly concentration of the scene. More screams began to wail out, without hesitating the assassin jumped from his perch, plummeting towards the street below.

Activating his wing-pack, telescoping wings extended out from the compact housing worn on the Battlelord’ s back. The wings pierced through the air and slowing his descent, subtle shifts in body movement leveled off the dive.

Pulling down on each wing's hand grips, DarkHawk began a controlled descent. About four meters above the street, the assassin retracted the wings into their housing. Falling forward this was a more manageable landing then one from about fifteen stories up. Bracing for the impact of the landing, DarkHawk readied himself to tuck into a forward roll.

Just before boots hit the ground, the Battlelord’ s precognition flooded his body, starting with a dull pit in the stomach. Evolving into a full body tingle warning him of imminent danger. Before he could react an unseen source hit the Proconsul hard enough to send him careening backward close to five meters back.

Momentarily lying lifeless on the cold street, the Battlelord struggled to replenish his lungs with oxygen. The impact still resonating within, DarkHawk gingerly rolled

up to one elbow, the Battlelord began to get upright. That is when he witnessed the anomaly that took him to the ground.

Materializing out from an ashy mist, the wraith began to take form. A tattered darkness drenched its body, a cobalt luminescence gleamed from within its spectral form. Two long protruding horns formed on its head, daunting yellow eyes locked on to the Battlelord. Large hands mutated into lethal nails which peeled away the mortar of the adjacent brick building. Trails of ghastly vapors plumed behind each nail eroding away the building's facade.

DarkHawk vigorously shook his head, regaining his bearings and immediately kipped-up to his feet. The Wraith unleashed a menacing howl as it squared up against the Battlelord. Immediately charging toward the Equite, the wraith's long arms and sharp nails extended out to entrap the Battlelord. DarkHawk dove to his left narrowly escaping the wraith's assault, stretching his body out and twisting away from the slashing claws.

The wraith dematerialized when its target escaped its attack. Seeing the spectre vanish, DarkHawk transitioned his weight centering himself. As the Equite reached for his saber, the wraith materialized and attacked yet again. Slamming its spectral force into the Battlelord once more. DarkHawk found himself airborne and collided into a store front. Glass and debris exploded around the Battlelord as the impact bounced his body around uncontrollably. Finally skidding to a stop knocking over a vendor stand.

His body wearied, battered, searing with pain. The pounding in his head sounded like an orchestra of war drums. The pain he felt, only compared to getting hit by a charging Rancor. Everything hurt, instinctively the Equite wanted to re-engage, although his body was hesitant. The rage began to flow within him like lava, rapidly building momentum towards fulmination. DarkHawk balled his fingers to a fist and slammed it against the street. Tendrils of power tightening their grip over the Equite's body and mind. Nourishing the need for self-preservation, DarkHawk closed his eyes and succumbed to his rage.

The surge of energy flowing within him aided the Battlelord to his feet. Heart pumping like a heavy steed, breathing regulated steady and deep. The Wraith seeing its prey back on his feet, readied itself for another attack. DarkHawk slid his feet wider apart, settling into a deep front stance. Just before the

wraith began its attack, DarkHawk noticed that the cobalt luminescence within its body luminated richer in color. The wraith went on the attack, its eerie howl thundered violently through the streets as it drew closer to DarkHawk.

Without hesitating the Battlord unleashed his rage with a salvo of Force lightning from both hands. In a brutal display of exploding light, the two sources of energy collided against one another. A wave of energy ripped through the streets sending debris everywhere. The wraith's screams were deafening as the tendrils of lightning enveloped throughout its elemental figure. DarkHawk pushed through the remnants of pain, allowing the rage to control him. Slowly inching closer to the wraith,

DarkHawk's lightning shredded through the wraith, burning away at its being, piece by piece, Positive and negative energies crackled against one another, causing the air to heat and compress before exploding outwards, A shock wave formed, producing a massive *B0000000M!* The strength behind the shock wave drove the Battlelord back, taking him down to one knee as he slid backward.

Collapsing forward and catching himself on his elbows, DarkHawk gasped for breath. Pushing himself up to one knee, he watched the last remnants of the wraith dissolve away from the residual energy. Expelling a deep sigh, *By Gyssh'tyn* he said out loud. Just then the sound of the comlink activating barely stifled out the pounding in his head.

"DarkHawk, this is Command. Need a SITREP"

"SITREP is odd to say the least Sir. You may not believe me if I told you."

"Can it beat apparitions attacking personnel all over the city?"

"Looks like we are one in the same. I just had an encounter with one, and they are nothing like anything I have come across before. Took a good beat down from it, but overloading it with electricity seemed to do the trick. Watch for its internal color to get brighter before it strikes."

There was a momentary pause before command replied, “That is the best INTEL you have so far?”

“Unless you have anything better, that is affirmative on INTEL Sir.”

“Copy that we will pass that along to the field units. Are you coming back in?”

“No Sir, the hunt is still on...”

*THE END*

