

MY PERFECT SUNDAY

Fiction Competition

Authored by

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Pin #264

[DH's Snapshot](#)

[Ty's Snapshot](#)

Shaevalis Prime

Wild Space

Tytus O'Baieron maneuvered the V49 Decimator "Tårõn" into a somewhat aggressive dive angle and began the descent into Shaevalis Prime's atmosphere. As the Decimator made its descent, flames could be seen protruding over the flight deck windows.

"Coming in a bit hot are we not Ty?" asked DarkHawk

"Don't get your panties in an uproar, I know what this ship can and cannot do," Ty replied elegantly.

"My boots are melting to the floor..." replied DarkHawk.

"Maybe next time you won't berate me the whole trip on my stellar piloting skills," the Duros replied.

DarkHawk shook his head while rolling his eyes in disdain. Ty carried a small blink of a smile across his green face as he did expertly maneuver the ship from the outer limits of the planet into the rich blue sky of Shaevalis Prime. The flames from the descent dissipated and the ride smoothed out and Ty pushed the throttles forward.

"Will the Royal family be welcoming us today?" asked Ty.

"They are away on holiday. So you will have to save your schmoozing for another day," DarkHawk said in jest.

"I don't schmooze good Sir, it is just nice to converse with sophisticated and educated companies such as the Royals," Ty said with conviction.

"HA! Education and sophistication." DarkHawk scoffed

"You bloody well know I graduated top of my college class with honors Sir! Yet, here I am taxing the likes of you around the galaxy!" Ty exclaimed.

"Whatever clown shoes, take us to the nest, the King's Chancellor should be hailing us soon," DarkHawk said sarcastically.

Ty put the Decimator in a hard right bank, and plotted a new course towards the large mountain range South of Shaevalis City. DarkHawk had asked the King's permission some time ago to commission a build for a sanctuary within the mountainous backcountry. Racing through the skies, Ty piloted the

Decimator in and out of valleys, up and over snowy peaks until finally the two Sadowan's destination was in sight. The landing pad extended out and away from the mountain high above the river below. The walkway from the landing pad led to the main building, which was constructed into the mountainside. Only a quarter of the oval structure exposed itself from its nest.

Ty did a quick fly over and DarkHawk almost cracked a smile as he stared at his mountain hide away. Pulling back on the throttles, Ty put the landing pad dead ahead of him and brought it in for a nice soft landing. The two grabbed their gear and disembarked the ship, heading across the thirty five meter walkway. Reaching the end of the walkway and now in front of a security door, DarkHawk placed his hand over the biometric scanner. In seconds the security panel made a couple of beeps, the light switched from red to green and the door whisked open.

Shaevalis Prime ***Mountain Lair***

Making their way to the second level, the spherical structure had an impressive view of its surroundings with the floor to ceiling windows. Off to one of the side rooms, a secure Holonet console began emanating an audible tone, signaling an incoming message. Both DarkHawk and Ty entered the small office area and activated the Holonet system.

An opaque figure suddenly materialized over the holonet platform. A tall thin man, wearing a very ornate tunic and robe with the Royal family's crest sewn over the left breast plate. The man bowed, "Proconsul Takagari, it is a pleasure to see you again. My apologies for the absence of the King, but as you know he and the family are away on holiday," the man said regally.

Both DarkHawk and Tytus returned the gesture of a bow, "Chancellor T'arza, always a pleasure Sir. No worries regarding the King and the family, I will pay my respect to them upon their return. I was just planning on spending a few days here in the retreat and checking on the Stalkers." replied DarkHawk.

"My sincerest apologies, I do not mean to interrupt your plans. The King himself asked me to inquire with you prior to his departure. A most pressing issue I am afraid Sir, which does pertain to your Stalkers," replied the Chancellor.

"The Stalkers, what is happening with them Sir?" asked DarkHawk.

"Over the past few weeks a couple of our patrols have unfortunately come across the remains of Stalkers with their pelts stripped from their bodies. As it stands, it looks as if we have a group of poachers setting traps and harvesting the pelts for profit. The King would like for you to find these scoundrels and terminate their activities," the Chancellor said staunchly."

If there was ever a time that Ty saw DarkHawk truly enraged this was it. The color had left his face and the scowl he wore was deep. DarkHawk took a moment to regain his composure before he spoke.

"Chancellor, I will need a full intel report from the teams that witnessed these atrocities. We will put a stop to this and let the Stalkers feed on their corpses," DarkHawk said with deep conviction in his voice.

"That is reassuring Takagari, although the King has one request..." the Chancellor paused for a moment. Both Ty and DarkHawk looked at each other, "That request being?" asked DarkHawk.

“The King would like them taken alive. He wishes to make an example of them and conduct a public execution. To send a message to those abroad, our laws are firm, and violators will be dealt with harshly.” said the Chancellor.

“How alive do you need them to be Chancellor?” asked DarkHawk. The Chancellor did not respond at first, “Extract what intel you need from these miscreants and bring them to the Royal guard station here. We will take it from there.”

“Ty and I will bring them to you Sir, but I make no promises they will be in any condition to maintain a level of proprieties,” DarkHawk said sternly.

“As long as they have a pulse to them Takagari. Do what you must to them, but remember the King wants them alive. I will have the Sergeant at Arms, send you the intel you require. He will be in contact with you shortly.” replied the Chancellor.

“Understood Sir, I look forward to seeing you soon. We will keep you abreast of our situation,” DarkHawk said. Both parties exchanged their goodbyes and the Holonet device was terminated.

DarkHawk let out a long exhale, he had taken a liking to the Stalkers as a young boy here, a kinship that still remained with most of the packs to this day. Though there were still a few that wanted nothing to do with any contact from outside their own pack. Even with DarkHawk’s limited Force ability to communicate with the beasts, they remained very aggressive toward him or anyone else for that matter. The rage inside the Proconsul was building, he would enjoy hurting these cowards, regardless of who they were or employed by.

“Are we really going to bring them in alive?” asked Ty.

“For the most part Ty, although I will adhere to the King’s request. But exigent circumstances are at play here, so if a few of them end up dead, we have plausible deniability.” DarkHawk said.

Ty smiled for a brief moment, “Very good Sir, I will prep everything we require and have it ready.” Ty said.

“Thanks Ty I am going to go down and check the cave and see how our friends are doing,” replied DarkHawk.

“If they are even there Sir,” Ty replied.

DarkHawk shot the Duros a look, “I am not suggesting any of the sorts Sir, they could be on a hunt. The cubs are almost of age,” said the Duros.

DarkHawk brushed it off, knowing Ty meant no ill will towards the other mountain residents. Although a very uneasy feeling settled within the Battlelord and he wanted to check on his tenants. Heading back down to the lower lever, DarkHawk entered the laboratory which was nestled at the back of the structure. The Battlelord knew when he was designing this sanctuary, he wanted a state of the art laboratory. He commissioned one of his mentors and long time Alchemist friend Macron Goura to help design the lab. The lab however, was not DarkHawk’s concern. Moving to the back of the lab was a small control panel with more security protocols, which once processed a hidden door opened, leading down into the depths of the mountain.

The temperature dropped significantly as DarkHawk descended into the mountain, small industrial lights illuminated the carved pathway down. The whole idea of this mountain sanctuary was built around a large den DarkHawk discovered about halfway up the backside of the mountain. The smell of a fresh kill was present as DarkHawk approached closer, which gave the Battlelord a bit of reassurance.

The pathway opened up at the bottom into a generously sized den, at first glance DarkHawk could not see the tenants. Deep within the darkness of the cave, a set of yellow eyes locked onto the Battlelord. Moving very cautiously, DarkHawk reached out using the Force and attempted to make a connection. Before he could react, those eerie yellow eyes were bearing down on top of him. Tumbling to the cold floor of the cave, the Onyx Stalker displayed her teeth in a sign of dominance.

"It's me girl," DarkHawk said, reaching up with his hands and grabbing the Stalker's jowls, DarkHawk stared deep into her eyes and allowed the connection of the Force to solidify between them. The Stalker's demeanor slowly changed from protective mother, to almost a calm. The Stalker's pupils widened slightly as she sniffed her prey profusely, the scent of the Battlelord was recognized. Relieved at this aspect and feeling her body relax to some extent, DarkHawk, slowly pulled his hands away to stroked the mother's pelt, and slowly got to his feet. Still in a protective mode, the mother made a few growls, almost as if she was saying the coast was clear. More sounds from the back of the den could be heard. The cubs were nearly old enough to hunt on their own, but like most packs, they stayed together, making the pack stronger. The cubs came out of their hiding spot and began to nuzzle around the Battlelord's legs. They were getting big, close to eighty kilos, "I have been gone too long, you are no longer little cubs," DarkHawk said, scratching at their ears. They recognized his scent for sure, luckily, they may still be cubs, but could tear a man to shreds at will.

DarkHawk's comlink chirped to life and Ty's voice came through the earpiece, "Sir, the Sergeant at Arms is hailing us. How are things down there?" asked Ty. "So far, so good, mom and cubs are fine. Headed up now," replied DarkHawk.

Back in the main chamber...

Darkhawk entered the room as Ty answered the Holocron. The King's Sergeant at Arms appeared, bowed and then gave the report of the findings from the recent patrols. Two males and one female Stalker corpse have been discovered near the mouth of the river. The Sergeant explained that the tracks around the corpses suggested that at least a half a dozen or more were in the area. DarkHawk asked to have all photos and reports transmitted over, the Sergeant also informed the Battlelord that his patrols would be in the area again tonight and according to the King's orders, his men will assist in the poachers capture.

DarkHawk did not say a word for a moment, he stood stoically contemplating the conversation, then spoke, "I will not disobey the King's orders Sergeant, but to be fare, tell your men to stay out of my way..."

The Sergeant at arms simply nodded, and vanished from the Holonet projector. "That went rather like hot shite Sir. That bloke seemed a bit dodgy if I do say," Ty stated.

"Dodgy indeed, the Sergeant is out to make a name for himself. I do not intend to give him that opportunity at the expense of the Stalkers," replied DarkHawk.

Ty brought up the orbital scans of the coordinates, the image appeared over the GPS display. "There," DarkHawk pointed, "The mouth of the river is here, and the three corpse are just to the North and West of the river's mouth. There are several bluffs near that area you could land the *Tārōn* at. We can go on foot from there. The river is a mecca of fauna traffic, a good place to hunt," DarkHawk said.

"Agreed Sit, but who shall be hunting whom?" asked Ty.

"The poachers are dead Ty, today is their last day of their life...they just don't know it yet. The King's men can have the scraps," DarkHawk said.

"Let us dispatch these wankers and be done with it then," replied Ty.

Shaevalis Prime

The River's Mouth

Ty flew the Decimator about six meters above the river, the thrust from the engines left a plume of water trailing behind the ship. Pinpointing a prime landing spot, Ty placed the Decimator two clicks away from the target area. The two Sadowans disembarked the ship, "Take the north route Ty, I will flush them out from the South. Maintain radio contact, when I have them, you make sure that boomstick of yours is sighted in, savvy?" DarkHawk said.

"Savvy indeed," Ty said, patting his Blastech E-11 sniper rifle.

The two separated and made their way down the bluff and into the dense forest of the land. DarkHawk picked up a game trail and followed deep into the forest, Knowing this would eventually lead to the other kill sights, or encounter a Stalker that would most definitely be beyond his control. The Battlelord focused his will and rage, "*Time for the hunter to become the hunted...*" he thought.

DarkHawk reached out to the Force and suddenly dematerialized. The Force cloak ability was a handy tool to have in certain situations, this was one of those situations. Now a translucent shimmer amongst the thick foliage of the forest. The Battlelord traversed the terrain with ease, making his way to the first kill site. The carcass was still there, but the scavengers had already begun to feed on the remains.

Tracks from both bipedal and quadruped were scattered all over the scene. It was the bipedal tracks that were the priority, those converged in from the North and exited toward the West. Scanning the area DarkHawk found several traps and snares, in which the Battlelord carefully sprung rendering them useless.

Searching around for more clues in the area, the faint crack of a rifle blast faintly echoed through the foliage. DarkHawk snapped his head around peering deeply in the direction of the sound. Without hesitation the Battlelord went on the move, racing through the forest, navigating its obstacles without hindering his forward progress to find the sound's origin. DarkHawk leapt from tree trunk to tree trunk, scaling massive fallen limbs and downed Ironwood trees. All with making little to no sound, the concentration of maintaining the Force cloak and stealthily maneuvering through the forest was quite taxing on the body. Especially if sustained for long periods of time. Today was not one of those days, the rage and hate brewing inside the Battlelord fueled every muscle, kept his focus taught to the hand at task. To make the kill...

Stopping atop a large uprooted tree, DarkHawk materialized, centering his breaths, deep in, deep out. His heart steady and strong, the blood rushed through his veins much like the adjacent rapid river. Jumping over to a high branch of an upright tree, DarkHawk scaled up another five meters. Watching from this high perch, DarkHawk scanned the terrain looking for any sign of movement. Moments later, movement at the two o'clock position, two big males and one smaller female Stalker darted out and over the downed tree he used earlier to scale the very tree he was perched on.

Activating his comlink, DarkHawk radioed Ty, (*whispering*), "Ty, do you have a lock on my location? They just flushed out three Stalkers, no visuals yet, but I have movement at my two o'clock heading North to West."

(*whispering*) "I have your locale Sir, I am directly in front of you about half a klick. I ran into our targets about a klick back, five men, and three IG-100's," Ty stated.

(*whispering*) "Move in Ty, and stay out of sight. We need to catch them off guard. VP you have them buddy?" replied DarkHawk

Out of the thick brush of the forest a small blacked out dome rose slightly above its hiding place. A few low tone audible beeps and soon live video feed was being transmitted to the Battlelord's helm. Rotating its cylindrical head around and making visual scans of the area, VP continued to relay that data to its master. Watching the band of poachers push through the bush, moving in closer to the Battlelord's locale.

(*whispering*) "Good VP, stay out of sight, move in the shadows, hunt them, push them towards us..." commanded DarkHawk.

VP made a few more low audible beeps and sunk down into the cover of the forest. Moving through the forest, VP's programming protocols kicked in and the hunt was on. Silently edging itself towards the poachers left flank. One IG-100 and two men patrolled about eleven meters behind the rest of the party. VP stalked its prey closer under the guise of the dense foliage, the probot positioned itself about three meters ahead of them. Patiently waiting for its targets to walk into the killzone.

Ty had moved in and around to flank the poachers opposite side of his mechanical companion, and set up on a fallen tree that was struck by one of the many lightning storms the planet encounters. The roost was near perfect, although a little exposed for the Duros. If discovered, Ty made a quick evac plan that would give himself enough cover to retreat back into the woods. "*What could go wrong,*" Ty thought to himself.

DarkHawk now moved himself into position, unable to directly see his prey through the tall grass. The Battlelord could only follow their movements as they cut their path through the sea of grass, moving closer to him. VP continued to stream live-feed video and the moment was near. As soon as the probot's targets came into its targeting reticle, DarkHawk gave a single word order, "Fire..."

The probot did not disappoint, hovering its top cylindrical dome just above the tall grass, provided a clear shot. Two quick blasts from the laser cannon mounted on its mainframe fired deadly and true. The first bolt pierced the head of the IG-100 and the mechanical hunter slowly crashed to the ground. The two men turned to face the commotion, the closest poacher's chest split open by the probot's second blast. As the third poacher brought up his blaster to return fire, a muffled shot exploded the

man's firing shoulder and his body careened to the ground. VP sunk back down into the tall grass and began to move away from the scene. Ty watched all of this take place through his sniper scope, waiting and scanning for more targets to appear.

Doubling back to find out what the commotion was, the remaining poachers had no idea they were walking right into their own death trap. DarkHawk and company had both sides and now the poachers six o'clock positions covered. The Battlelord scampered up above two large Ironwood branches, giving him better sight and a higher elevation for his shots. Grabbing the Nightsister bow, DarkHawk took a deep breath in and pulled back on the plasma drawstring.

The rangefinder displayed thirty six meters to his first target, leveling the bow off, pulling the drawstring further back. Slow and steady heart beat, targeting reticle just about the man's neck, compensating for the projectile's descent. A smooth release, the plasma arrow raced from the trees, just as the poacher took another step, the arrow penetrated his left flank and exploded out his right flank, dropping him instantly.

Ty cracked off another shot hitting the last man in the upper left shoulder spinning him around crashing face first to the dirt. Two more IG-100's came barreling in firing in the direction of both Ty and DarkHawk. The limb in front of the Battlelord bursted apart sending shards of wooden slivers everywhere.

"SHITE!" DarkHawk exclaimed.

The blast forced the Battlelord backward, losing his footing DarkHawk toppled off the branch falling to the ground. DarkHawk carried his momentum forward and tucked into a twisting front flip, landing on his feet hitting the ground hard. The impact resonated all the way through the Battlelord's body. Winching in pain, DarkHawk rolled forward and began a sprint towards his target.

Ty managed to jump out of his perch to an adjacent limb just as the IG-100's blaster fire exploded the base his roost. The Duros nimbly landed on his new footing, the droid fired another round hitting the Duros in the back of his right leg. Ty fell over and crashed to the ground rendering him unconscious.

Reverting back to his Force cloak, DarkHawk dematerialized and moved in quickly to engage the remaining droids. "*No use playing around with these guys...*" the Battlelord thought to himself. Nearing the first droid, DarkHawk unsheathed his saber. Instantly materializing and simultaneously igniting his saber, the strikes came quickly. The first strike cut through the droid's midsection. DarkHawk spun around and brought the second blade of the saber down, slicing the droid down the middle of it's torso. The halves fell separately to the ground.

"*One more...*" DarkHawk thought.

The assassin droid spun its dome around and targeted the Battlelord. Firing a volley of shots from its blasters, DarkHawk deflected them as quickly as they came. The hate and rage boiled inside the Sith, and he began his charge. The droid continued to fire, DarkHawk took three more large strides and then launched himself into the air. Fueled by the Force, DarkHawk came crashing down on the assassin droid splitting it in two. The Battlelord spun around saber at the ready, waiting for the next attack. Nothing approached, only the groans of one of the poachers Ty downed. DarkHawk's precognition ability assisted in scanning the area for immediate threats. Deactivating his saber, the Battlelord moved swiftly to his fallen comrade.

Coming upon the fallen Duros, DarkHawk expected the worst.

“Ty, are you alright!” DarkHawk exclaimed.

A faint moan from the Duros and one eye opened, struggling to gain focus.

“Ty, can you hear me?” asked DarkHawk as he grabbed the medpac from his utility belt. Pulling out a blood foam injector, DarkHawk injected its contents into Ty’s wound. The Duros immediately sat up and writhed in pain.

“Are you mad you bloody fool!” Ty screamed.

“Jury is still out on that old friend. That was a hell of a fall though, you crazy bastard,” DarkHawk said.

“Yes it went quite swimmingly, you dolt,” Ty said.

Just then the Sergeant at Arms and his merry men came crashing through the forest and witnessed the scene before them. Immediately both DarkHawk and Ty could see the disdain the Sergeant wore across his face.

“You two idiots will answer to the King, this is treason!” the Sergeant exclaimed. The Sergeant approached DarkHawk, “You are under arrest by order...” he began to say.

In one swift move, DarkHawk brought his saber up and ignited it, stopping the blade just short of the Sergeant’s jugular. The Sergeant’s eyes widened, his men immediately brought their weapons up and took aim at the Battlelord. The Sergeant felt the heat radiating from the saber, and the sound was deafening at this range.

“I have no problem explaining to the King why he needs a new Sergeant at Arms. I will gladly take your head and kill these men where they stand. I told you to stay out of my way, for the most part you have, except for your contempt of me, which frankly I don’t give a Bantha’a ass about your petty contempt you carry for me or the Brotherhood. I will slaughter you and your men and take my chances with the King’s judgment. Know this you moronic douche, I will paint this ground with your blood before you or your men can make a move,” DarkHawk said through gritted teeth.

The Sergeant slowly gave the signal for his men to lower the weapons. “At least your contempt has not made you completely ignorant Sergeant. Now, if you paid attention to this little skirmish, we have upheld our part of the accord. I told you we would leave you at least one somewhat alive, which you have two. Take them both, torture them for all I care. Get the answers you need, but our accord is fulfilled., and the King should be satisfied. If our actions displease the King, I will answer to him personally, not through your proxy,” DarkHawk said, deactivating his saber. Moving in closer to the Sergeant’s person, DarkHawk made sure he had the Sergeant’s undivided attention.

(whispering) “Let’s get one fact straight for your future health endeavors Sergeant. I will respect your position and extend you that courtesy only out of respect for the King. You, in your position will reciprocate that same courtesy towards me, or any of my brethren. Otherwise, I will not show you any mercy,” DarkHawk said, as sparks of lightning danced around his gloved hand.

The Sergeant saw nothing but darkness in the Battlelord's eyes. That was enough to get the point across loud and clear. Stepping back away from DarkHawk, the Sergeant gave his men orders to clear the scene and take the prisoners. Never taking his eyes off the Battlelord, DarkHawk stepped aside and helped Ty up from the ground.

"So I see you've created another pissing contest with the King's hand. You certainly don't disappoint, do you?" Ty said struggling to stay erect.

"I try not to Ty. The Sergeant's new to his post, he has to learn, sometimes those lessons are harsh," DarkHawk said.

"Great way to spend a weekend away from all the riff raff eh ol' boy?" Ty said wincing.

"Let's get you back and let *Bones* patch you up," DarkHawk said.

"All I need is a scotch and I will be right as rain,"

"Did I ever tell you about how I encountered a tribe of indiginious Sand people during my post on Tatooine?"

"Shut up Ty..." DarkHawk replied.

The End