

THE DEADLY ASSASSIN

Fiction Authored

By

Warlord DarkHawk Sadow #264

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Ty's Snapshot](#)

Sepros Hangar Facilities

A lone Star Courier flew in and landed outside of the hangar facility. The Clawdite pilot requested clearance for landing well outside the hangar area. The reptilian maneuvered the Courier to the furthest landing pad adjacent to the dense forest of the planet. A rugged voice came over the ship's comm system, "Zol, let me know when the coast is clear."

"Affirmative."

Once the ships landed, Zol purged the system's air, expelling hot air and gases from the pitot tubes. For a moment the ship disappeared behind the massive cloud of hot vapors. Once the vapors dissipated the rear cargo door opened Zol gave the "All clear" and a figure began to emerge from the ship.

A tall Falleen male began walking down the ramp. Head on a swivel being very cautious, wearing a gray military style suit with a lower back tunic. His raven colored hair was pulled back into a long ponytail, which draped over a shoulder harness housing a .48 Enforcer pistol. The shoulder harness also incorporated two sheathes which housed Vibroswords on the Falleen's back. Jux Grimlok has made his way up the ranks of the underworld as a competent and reliable hired gun. His newly acquired employer made a point to recognize that fact in their initial meeting. Jux had been commissioned to eliminate a sitting member of Clan Naga Sadow Summit, this commission was one of his biggest commissions to date.

The Falleen took out a data pad and studied it before stowing the device away. "Zol, keep the ship ready, we may be making a quick departure."

"You got it Jux."

Jux slipped into the cover of the thick woods and headed towards the Sadow temple. Zol began to slice into the communications array to listen in on any pertinent communications that could be relevant to his master's mission.



The Clan Summit concluded their meeting with the House Summits, and began leaving the Consuls office. Warlord Bentre Sadow and his bride Battlelord Tasha' Vel Versa stopped outside the Summit offices.

"DarkHawk, Tasha and I will be heading to our engagement with the Chancellors. You have things handled here?"

DarkHawk bowed to the husband and wife team. "Enjoy the politics over lunch Sir," DarkHawk said jovially. "I need to check in with the maintenance hangar and see how the repairs are coming along with the fighters from Massassi and Hunter squadrons."

"Yes, I received word from the Maintenance Officer earlier, repairs are slow but steady."

"Excellent Sir. I will acquire a detailed status update and report back to you later this evening Sir."

Tasha laughed, "Would that report include you be covered in grease like the last time DarkHawk?"

"Possibly Ma'am."

The Twi'lek chuckled, turning towards her husband she took his arm, "Goodnight DH," Bentre said smiling. DarkHawk bowed once more to his Consul and Rollmaster.

DarkHawk made his way outside and immediately jumped into a transport and headed over to the maintenance facilities. The Proconsul was anxious to see how the new upgrades to the fighters turned out. The Equite's anxiety did not stem from the new weapon systems per say. Once the fighters were at a ninety percent status of completion, a most intriguing journey awaited the Equite on Aethoran. DarkHawk grabbed his datapad and sent an encrypted message to his comrade Malisane Sadow. The message simply read:

Malisane--->Break

Leave approved--->break

Will arrive in 96 hourB--->Break

DH--->End message

Send....

The Proconsul experienced some unexplainable occurrences a few weeks back. Which needed a plausible explanation, Quaestor Malisane Sadow was familiar with such occurrences and DarkHawk required the fellow Sadow's counsel. As the transport sped by the hangar facilities, DarkHawk noticed the Star Courier on the far side of the tramac.

"Driver, you know anything on that Star Courier park right there?"

"No Sir. Only that it came in for repairs about an hour ago."

"Interesting"

The transport arrived at the maintenance facility and the Equite went about his business as usual. Finding the Operations officer inside, the Major took the PCon into the hangar to show him the new upgrades.



Jux pushed through the thick foliage of the surface. The humidity hung in the air, thick and heavy. This was still the spring months, but the humidity is still ever present. The Falleen assassin found the humidity more of a nuisance than an uncomfortable condition. Jux knew he would be making several adjustments to his sniper rifle to accommodate for the humidity's affect on his shots.

Keeping to the shadows of the forest and moving silently closer to the waypoint on his datapad. Jux traversed through the denseness of the forest. The forest made the nearly five klick distance seem like double that distance. Jux did not take in account the harshness of the terrain before his journey. There were no ways of avoiding bumping or slamming into fallen tree logs, thorny brushes, jagged rocks or Ironwood trees.

Finally arriving at the GPS locale, Jux crouched down behind a two meter high shrub. The Falleen watched his prey enter the building alongside three galactic Chancellors through his electrobinoculars. The built in rangefinder and elevation indicator of the binoculars displayed the data over its small view screen. The time would be soon. The sun of Sepros was setting, soon darkness would veil the actions that were to take place tonight.

From the shoulder satchel Jux wore, he produced three pieces to a sniper rifle. The scope, barrel and composite stock. As he put them together, Jux noticed the barrel had a slight warp to it. "*DAMN!*" he thought. The barrel was useless, an untrained eye would have used that barrel and end up having a really bad day. "Guess I do this the old way, he whispered to himself. Jux stowed away the rifle back in the satchel and left it under the brush. "*I will stash you here until we need to leave ol' friend.*"

Jux pulled the Vibroswords from their sheathes, a smile broke over his face. He was prideful of the fact that many had fallen by way of his blades. A solid swordsman by right, he relished in his past victories as he silently waited for his prey. He knew his target would put up a fight, the

copy of the Sadowan's dossier Jux had acquired all but confirmed that fact. As the sun set behind the horizon, Jux moved into position.

"Some flash bangs and smoke should do the trick to get their attention."

As the negotiations ended, the two Summit members and the Chancellors began to be escorted out by their armed entourage. As the members exited the building, three flash grenades went off in succession. *BOOM... BOOM...BOOM!* Two more loud explosions followed as the blinded party tried to regain any similarities of a clear eyesight.

BOOM...BOOM! Thick white smoke engulfed the area. Bright yellow eyes cut through the smoke, finding his prey, Jux struck down one of the armed guards in a flurry of sword strikes. The guard's torso was sliced open like a fish exposing muscle and bone. His eyes rolled into the back of his head, slumping forward and crashing chest first against the cobblestone walk.

Spinning around clockwise, Jux maneuvered his swords in such a fashion they could be heard cutting through the air. Quick sword strikes ripped into two more guards, dropping them as easily as the first against the cobblestone. The rest of the negotiation team scattered, Jux spotted his target and began to flee the scene. The Falleen took three quick steps and went into a cartwheel and transitioned into a twisting back flip. The maneuver moved him in closer to his target, cutting off the escape. The Falleen was now just mere feet away from striking down his target. A devilish smile hung on Jux's face as he came down with an overhead strike, one quick killing blow and then a hasty retreat.



Jux put every pound of his mass behind his strike, shockingly his smirk quickly turned to grimace. As the Falleen's sword was just about to cleave its target's head, another blade countered the Vibrosword. The sudden stop of the metal on metal clash reverberated back to the Falleen's hilt, through his hands and up his arms.

"I don't think so..."

Looking up to identify the source of this unforeseen act of deflection, Jux grimace now turned to astonishment as he stared at a rather large wraith holding a very ornate Sith sword. Quickly, Jux spun counterclockwise making two strikes at the wraith. DarkHawk countered each strike with a parry of his own. Jux came to a stop about two meters away from the Proconsul, dropping down in a low wide stance. One sword held high, one low, then Jaz spoke.

"I knew chasing down your Consul and his bride would draw you out, assassin. My employer knew your sense of chivalry would get the better of you."

"And who might that clown shoes be?" DarkHawk said as he began to circle the Falleen

"Make all the insults you want half-breed, but by morning your corpse will be plastered on his mantle."

“So he is too much of a coward to do the job himself eh. I get you instead, that’s the deal?”

The taste of revenge filled Jux’s pallet, a kill would be made tonight. Jux fully intended that kill would be by his hand. Jux charged DarkHawk, his blades striking out at the torso and legs of Equite. DarkHawk blocked Jux’s right hand sword strike, then quickly side stepping away from the incoming left hand sword strike of the Falleen.

DarkHawk drove his shoulder into the Falleen staggering him back a few paces. Just enough for the roundhouse kick to land squarely on the left side of the Falleen’s head. The blow sent the Falleen careening to the ground. Jux’s head bounced off the cobblestone, the sound of ringing immediately filled his head. Surprised at how hard his primary target hit, Jux felt that blow from head to toe. Jux instinctively went into a forward roll, just as the Sith sword narrowly missed removing his head from his torso. Muscle memory had just saved the Falleen’s life at that moment.

Now, the roll put Jux at the wraith’s four o’clock position. Down on one knee, Jux attacked the legs of the Equite slashing violently at them. DarkHawk moved his legs fluidly avoiding some strikes, vehicle parrying the other strikes with his blade. A loose cobblestone caused the Equite to slip losing his footing and his balance. Trying to correct his stance, DarkHawk exposed his left leg. Jux transitioned his strikes mid swing and caught the exposed appendage. The Vibro sword sliced the wraith’s upper left thigh open nearly twelve centimeters.

DarkHawk staggered back but did not fall. Jux pointed at the wound and gave a provoking salute to his accomplishment. Grasping at the wound, DarkHawk switched his stance to a modified back stance. Putting most of his weight on the right leg, DarkHawk brought the Sith sword up close to his head and readied himself for another encounter.

Jux continued to relish in his accolade, knowing he had his target where he wanted him. Jux launched himself at the Shaevalian for another attack. Swords whistled as they cut through the air, before crashing into one another. Jux tried to end the battle in one blow, a wide arcing right hand strike, targeting the wraith’s left flank. Jux’s confidence solidified him as the better swordsman, expecting this volley would give him the killing stroke he was looking for.

The wraith quickly spun out and away from the incoming blow, causing Jux to over extend his strike. The Equite flipped his sword striking upward from underneath the outstretched arm of the Falleen. The strike found its mark and severed the hand from the arm. The Vibrosword fell to the ground, a green skin hand still clutching the hilt. Jux wailed in pain, making a blind swipe at the wraith. The Equite parried the strike away, counter striking with a front kick to the face. The kick sent the Falleen careening backwards landing face first on the stone covered ground. This time as Jux slowly rose to his knees, spitting teeth and blood from his mouth.

“*No, this cannot be happening*”, Jux thought to himself. The Falleen continued to struggle getting to his feet. Wasting no time, the wraith threw two knives at the Falleen. Jux managed to block one with his blade, the quick maneuver sent the heavy throwing blade clanging to the ground. The second blade however sunk deep into his sternum. Jux grasped at the blade inside his chest, he could feel the warm spread of poison attacking his body.

“That is a concentrated dose of Nightshade my friend. In about thirty seconds your muscles are going to start constricting and kill you.”

“And...?”

“No and, although you could tell me who hired you and feel better about yourself.”

Gasping for air, “There is no way this should have happened. I had all the angles covered.”

“Except for one, when your partner sliced into our communications array, the tech boys detected his hack. I just happened to be in the vicinity and paid the Clawdite a visit. Don’t worry he sung like a canary before I killed him. Plus the Star Courier will make a nice addition to the Sadowan fleet. So you want to tell me,” the wraith moved in closer, putting the tip of the Sith sword on the Fallen’s throat. “Who sent you?”

The Falleen tried to laugh, coughed and spat a mouthful of blood at the wraith. The impaled knife was far too painful. Jux struggled to speak, “You..will...soon...find...out...assassin.”

Jux eyesight began to tunnel vision, peripherals closed in around him. “Inconceivable...” Jux thought to himself as the last image he saw was wraith striking down with his blade.



“Coast is clear.”

Bentre, Tasha and the party of Chancellors came out of the courtyard’s adjacent rooms. The scene before them was both bloody and grim to look at. Warhost guards had been slain, their blood pooling outward painting the cobblestone red beneath their bodies.. More disturbing, a severed head lay in the middle of that courtyard.

“My apologies for all of this Sir, but it had to go down like this.”

“I was hesitant when you hailed us, although the stunt doubles was a nice touch.”

“The praise goes to the tech boys Sir, they caught the hack. When Ty and I confronted the Clawdite, it did not take much for him to sing like a choir. Once I knew their plan, it was somewhat easy to play the ruse out, especially with your assistance. The Clawdite confessed, I was the primary target, one of you was to be the secondary.”

“No leads on who initiated this commission?”

“No Sir, we will soon though. We are downloading the Courier’s data banks. We will triangulate their last locale and see what we discover.”

“Very good, now if you don’t mind the real Chancellors are still waiting for our talks. Should be an interesting conversation over dinner now.”

“If they have the stomach to eat” Tasha said sarcastically.

“Enjoy the dinner and political satire. This should leverage your position a bit in your favor. Just tell them this is what they have to look forward to if they refuse to agree to your terms.”

The Consul raised an eyebrow at that comment. Without saying a word the Consul sensed something awry with his PCon.

Bowing, “I will return to the hangar facilities and see what Ty and the tech boys came up with?”

The Consul nodded.

DarkHawk watched as the Consul and Rollmaster greet the Chancellors for the second time this evening. Heading back towards his awaiting transport, DarkHawk switched his comlink to a secure channel.

“Ty, is the Clawdite conscious yet?”

“Barely. I think you gave the bloke too much sedative. If he does come to he will be a bit barmy”

“Give him another shot of the antidote, we need him talking”

“How did the Falleen take the news?”

“Par for the course...”

“And the Consul”

“He suspects. Get him up on his feet. I will be there to question him directly.



The End