

# THE HOLIDAY BUILDING SIEGE

Fiction by

WARLORD DARKHAWK SADOW #264

DARKHAWK'S SNAPSHOT

Yul's SNAPSHOT

Ty's SNAPSHOT

## PROLOGUE

Quaestor Malisane Sadow had asked his friend and Proconsul, DarkHawk Sadow to return to Aeotheran to begin training within the Bastion. DarkHawk arrived two days early to relieve HSD Summit of duties so that they can attend the Clan festivities held on Sepros. Malisane had asked the Proconsul to keep an eye on the new *Yakisoba Mining Exchange Tower* during his watch. The new tower is the mining and ore exchange for all of Aeotheran. They take all the ore that is mined across the planet, reimburse the mining companies and then ship the ore out across the galaxy.

As of late, Malisane has had very lucrative results from reopening the mines and using those funds to support and build the new infrastructure around the capital city. The new HSD headquarters, Mount Dakhan is a direct result from that industrial endeavor.

With the majority of the populace taking part in the festivities, the night watch should be fairly quiet. However, while out on patrol, DarkHawk noticed that unmarked ore transports made their way into the loading docks of the tower. According to the manifest left by the Quaestor, no deliveries were scheduled until the following day.

DarkHawk moved into the towers to take a closer look, only to find that these were not mining corporation personnel. With Ty and Yul back at Mount Dakhan, DarkHawk instinctively called for reinforcement from his companions. Yul was given a green light from the medical folks to be on the active agent roster after DarkHawk and Ty found him at death's door aboard a very aristocratic Count's ship. This Count mistook the Shistavanen for another mythical creature that he very much loathed.

As DarkHawk entered the tower, he inadvertently walked directly into their masses. A fight ensued and DarkHawk was outnumbered. The hybrid assassin did not make the capture easy as he easily bested most of the assailants, but a well placed electro-staff momentarily incapacitated the Proconsul. Enough for the remaining assailants to subdue him, taking him to their overseer for interrogation.

## ***Yakisoba Towers/Mining Exchange***

### ***Sang Karash***

#### ***Aeotheran***

The right cross had some meat behind it, but DarkHawk could tell the Kiffar throwing the punch had some practice doing it. DarkHawk could tell that the Kiffar was mostly a ball room braller, using his girthy physique to overtake his opponents. If properly trained, the Kiffar might be a formidable opponent. But now, DarkHawk could only enjoy the various ways he was going to dispatch his captures.

Blood flowed from the Shaevalian's mouth, he spat a large clot of blood onto the boot of the Kiffar. Had his helm not been removed, the blow would not have been much. Nonetheless, the taste of blood was growing inside the Warlord's mouth. His first instinct was to free himself and shred these people and turn them to corpses. Deciding against that, DarkHawk decided to hold off and get under the skin of these clown shoe assailants.

DarkHawk smiled, "You hit like a feeble old woman."

A left cross to the forehead came crashing down on the assassin. The blow rocked him back in the chair he was restrained too. "How is that for a feeble old woman?"

DarkHawk composed himself in the chair, the training he had received from the upper ranks of the Inquisitorious was specifically for this scenario. He looked up at the Kiffar, and smiled once again. The Kiffar nodded, from the Warlord's right side, the business end of an electro-staff sunk into his flank. His appendages constricted tightly as the electricity flowed through him in a very unsavory manner.

As the goon pulled the electrode away, DarkHawk gasped for breath. One more right cross to the left side of the face, the Kiffar led with protruding knuckles this time, lacerating DarkHawk's cheek.

"That oughta straighten you out a bit," the Kiffar growled.

DarkHawk's glare towards the Kiffar said otherwise.

"Now, we know you are a member of the Brotherhood, and you will bring a most handsome ransom. Especially when I start sending body parts to your brethren."

DarkHawk laughed, "Your common thugs, you will get no such reward from me, the only reward you will receive is death. Which will be a violent and brutal affair."

The crowd of bandits all laughed jovially, "This guy has moxy, I like it. Makes beating you to death that much sweeter," the Kiffar said in between laughs. DarkHawk sat quietly and closed his eyes and reached out to the Force embracing its power. Through the valley of space and time, . DarkHawk stretched the tendrils of his Telepathy abilities out and breached into the consciousness of his comrade Yul.

### ***Meanwhile, leaving Mt. Dakhan...***

Yul clenched his head in his hands, "ARRRGGGHHH!!! What is dis sorcery?" he exclaimed in his stilted rolling accent.

"What is it Yul?" Ty asked.

"A vision of da Shaevalian, tied up, beaten..."

"DH is contacting you, where is he?"

"I cannot see, da visions are blurred." Yul steadied himself as one more vision flowed through his psyche. A muddied vision of the loading dock, then the room DarkHawk was being held in. A placard with the number 334 on it.

"Dhere Ty, in da Exchange building, da numbers tree, tree, four."

Ty banked the Decimator hard left and put the Exchange tower in the main view port. Adjusting the throttles and the yaw of the ship Ty leveled out. "We are almost there, those numbers could be bloody anything. Though if I had to guess I would say a room number possibly."

"I will drop you off and circle back around. Get in there and find him fast."

Yul's jowls flapped as he let out a husky sigh. "It has been many a moon since I've been on a hunt."

"Remember ol chap, those blokes that have DH, they intend on killing him. Do not afford them that entitlement."

Yul left the flight deck and headed to the cargo hold. Ty dropped the Decimator down to about five meters above the surface. The Duros flipped two switches and opened the cargo door. The Lupine hunter landed gracefully before dropping to all fours and sprinted off into the darkness.

Watching from the shadows Yul's vision was clear as day. Having the genetic capabilities to see into the darkest of night. He was downwind of his prey, he could smell the whiskey and body odor of the two sentry's. Silently stalking his way closer, the closest target no more than two meters away. Yul's shoulders dropped, readying himself for the lunge, his amber eyes narrowing.

The sentry turned around to retrace his cadence, Yul sprung into action. He hit the sentry hard, Yul's jaws went directly for the back of his prey's neck. Careening to the ground, Yul snapped the sentry's neck and rolled up to feet, leaving his first victim behind without a trace of his presence.

The second sentry was patrolling the adjacent corridor to the right. He had just passed the turbolift when the blade of a vibro sword pierced through the front of the sentry's flak vest. Yul turned the blade ninety degrees and then pulled it out. The sentry dropped like a wet sack of meat. Yul entered the turbo lift and headed to the third floor.

## ***Yakisoba Towers/Mining Exchange***

### ***Sang Karash***

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DarkHawk opened his eyes, just as the Kiffar was about to strike again. *SMAAACK! THUD-THUD!*

The Kiffar landed another blow to the face and two to the abdomen. DarkHawk exhaled with the blows to body, almost absorbing them. He trained for years on how to take a punch, even under these conditions, he found that reassurance towards his survival. Timing of the blows were essential, exhaling too early would leave one in a very problematic and sometimes very disastrous situation.

DarkHawk managed to scoot back in the seat enough to gain some movement in his wrists. Using the index finger of the Talon gloves, DarkHawk began to cut into his bindings.

"Now I know you are aware of the location of the main Exchange payroll. So before things get really bad for you, how about you do yourself a favor and tell me. I will kill you relatively quickly."

Playing a bit of cat and mouse with his captures, DarkHawk kept his head hung low to his chest. His body posture slouched forward. The Kiffar grabbed the Shaevalian by the hair, pulling his head up closer to his.

"You're going to tell me what I want to know, one way or another. I have no problem bringing this tower crashing to the ground."

DarkHawk smiled, causing blood to ooze from his mouth. "We both know you won't do that. You're going to do what, leave here empty handed? No, you planned this down to the letter. I just happened to drop by and become that outside variable you did not count on. Now you're trying to figure out how to get out of this alive."

The Kiffar began to laugh deeply. A chain reaction of laughter began amongst the other henchmen. *Keep laughing douchebags...*

DarkHawk worked at his bindings until the blade cut through. Just then the sound of the turbo lift coming to a stop and the *whoosh* of the doors opening, could be heard from the corridor. The Kiffar nodded to one of his men, quickly the guard trotted to the door. Cautiously peering down the hallway, the hallway was clear and the turbo lift was empty as the doors began to close.

The man returned, "Nothing boss..."

The Kiffar looked back at DarkHawk who was still smiling. The captures were somewhat smart and procured DarkHawk's tools of the trade. Although they did forget about the throwing knives concealed in boots.

The Kiffar's smile slowly turned to utter confusion. "I do not see what is still so amusing to you?"

"Cause you all are about to die..."

The Kiffar suddenly stopped laughing as one of his men's cranium exploded from a blaster bolt. *POOOOF!!* A grey cloud of smoke started to engulf the room. DarkHawk let his bindings drop and quickly unsheathed one of the knives in his boot. The Mirialan holding the electro-staff was the first to feel the Warlord's wrath. DarkHawk drove the blade into the bottom of the man's jaw and up into his brain. DarkHawk grabbed the electro-staff as the man slumped to the floor.

Yul's hulking mass crashed into the room like a wrecking ball. Tackling two of the men at once, slamming them against the adjacent wall. Bones cracked and the air left their bodies before they even knew what hit them. Yul shredded both men's throats with a swipe of his clawed hands. The blood spray splattered across the Shistavanen snout, the taste of blood only pushed Lupine's natural feral lust to overdrive.

DarkHawk wielded the electro-staff around his body and then drove it to the abdomen of one of the last armed men. The man buckled over, giving the Warlord an easy target to the back of his head. Side-stepping to the right, the assassin drove the staff downward, crashing against the back of the man's neck. The man immediately fell face first to the floor and DarkHawk left nothing to the imagination as he snapped the man's neck with a boot heel strike.

Spinning around to face the charging Kiffar, DarkHawk transitioned his momentum dropping to the ground and executed a leg sweep. The Kiffar fell forward crashing to the floor. DarkHawk rolled up to his feet and turned to face the man once again. Yul just finished off the last armed guard, his clawed fist protruding from the man's chest.

The Kiffar Staggered to his feet, his face red with rage. DarkHawk lowered his stance as the man began his charge. The Kiffar rushed the Shaevalian and began to swing wildly. A flurry of left and right hooks, DarkHawk blocked them handedly and retaliated with a left hook of his own to the abdomen. The uppercut followed and the Kiffar fell to his arse, DarkHawk backed up and gestured for the Kiffar to come forward.

In a fit of rage the Kiffar went on the attack again. Kipping up to his feet, he drew back a deep right haymaker aiming at the Warlord's head. DarkHawk brought up his left hand for the block and simultaneously slid his hand down to grapple the Kiffar's arm. Raising the arm slightly, DarkHawk slid underneath the arm twisting through his movement. A quick leg kick to the side of the knee collapsed the man to the ground. DarkHawk fractured the arm as the Kiffar hit the floor. The screams of agony bellowed through the room. The Warlord wasted no time and released the arm and snapped the man's neck. The Kiffar's eyes rolled to the back of his head and then he slowly slumped to the floor.

"Thanks for the assist Yul"

Yul licked some of the blood from his snout then wiped it off with fur of his arm. "Da killing was good, but dese were imputant men."

"We need to get back to HSD HQ, Malisane will need to know about this. This could be the first of many attacks from the remaining rebels."

"Yves, da Gunny flying ship for us. Will dere be more of da killing?"

"On the way out, one can hope."

DarkHawk located his belongings and slid his helm over his head. Air purged out the vents as he secured the helm's locking mechanism. Activating his comlink DarkHawk hailed Ty in the Decimator. "Ty, we need a ride."

"On my way. I have notified the authorities, they will be there to take control of the situation and get the rest of the hostages.. Although, I say ol' chaps, why don't we make sure you two bloke's are nowhere near the facility when they arrive."

"Copy that, get us out of here."

**THE END**