

# TARGET SIGHTED

*Fiction by*

**DarkHawk Sadow #264**

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Tytus' Snapshot](#)

[Yul's Snapshot](#)

***Scene 1***

***The Setup***

***Hutt Space***

***Doran System***

***Planet Dandoran Orbit***

Above the planet Dandoran, a *Nau'ur*-class yacht, *The Fields of Promiscuity* held a steady course orbiting the planet. Various transports entered its hangar, two three ship teams of fighters patrolled the yacht's immediate vicinity.

The yacht was nearly out of sight as it continued on its orbit around the planet. A blacked out Decimator came out of lightspeed just as the yacht disappeared behind the planet. DarkHawk left the ship's situation room and entered the flightdeck. The Warlord leaned over the two cockpit control chairs to look out the main view port of the Decimator.

Ellee, the pilot droid, looked over her right shoulder to see DarkHawk's hand grasping her co-pilot chair. "Ahhh hello, personal bubble," she snapped. She brought up her left arm and brushed at the Warlord's hand twice as if it was an insect invading her space.

DarkHawk scoffed at the gesture, "Do we have our target's dossier?"

"Shall I read it to you while you sip tea Master DarkHawk?"

"Ty, I thought you said you reprogrammed her protocols?"

"Please, you think a Duros could reprogram my sophisticated mechanical constructs. I did most of that myself mind you!"

"Remind me to deactivate that bit next time mum. Might make you a wee bit less chatty." Ty said as he activated a row of toggle switches on the pilots main control board. Coming out of lightspeed, a ship needs to purge its systems of excess gases. Various pitot tubes installed

across the ship's fuselage did just that. Small bursts of mist expelled from those tubes as Ty activated them.

"Our target's name, one Raider Dwipp Bruskers. Male Rodian, Mercenary, Weapons Specialist. Height, Five foot seven inches, one hundred thirty seven pounds. Twenty nine years old and believed to be right handed. Intel states our boy is a classic narcissist, enjoys imposing his sadistic will upon others. Uses intimidation factor to avoid the fight, intelligent, and impulsive. Sounds like our boy is a total tool and needs to be iced."

"And why is this bloke so important that he needs your attention?"

"Well, seems like ol' Dwipp here has caused the Principate some rather extensive loss of resources. He is a blood thirsty merc, killing for pleasure. Always looking to inflict some carnage, which according to the dossier, does not take much to set this Rodian off. The Inquisitorious reports he is a major player in a plot to eliminate SP forces as well as their key leadership. Inquisitorious recon states he is a key player in a plot against the SP, which they plan on making a move on the Principate within the next seventy two hours. Our boy was given a data disk containing vital targeting information. We need that disk, it may contain their entire outline here. Dwipp is itching for bloodshed and carries a huge grudge against the SP, which makes him twice as dangerous."

"I say ol' chap, this bloke sounds like he indeed needs a solid whollop. Or do you intend to make this a more permanent departure from reality?"

"I am leaning towards severing his tendons so he can't move, before turning him over to the SP. As much as I am inclined to aid them in this endeavor, there are surely going to be SP agents down there looking for him as well. I would prefer to collect the bounty without any interference from the SP. I am more inclined to split the bounty amongst ourselves, then SP beat cops."

"Ahh the grand gesture from the Son of Sadow. That is a rather proper gesture of you, although since I do most of the critical flying around here. I require at least forty percent of the take."

"You daft cow! Bugger off would you with that rubbish! Forty percent of the take, oh my god!"

Ellee simply turned her head towards Ty in jest as if to say "Oh really." Before any further exchanges took place DarkHawk choked back a small chuckle before speaking.

"Game faces people! We have our work cut out for us on this one. There are a lot of credits up for grabs. So, let's do this by the numbers and figure out where this Rodian choobie may be targeting next."

"DH I say, I am with you one hundred percent, but how long are we going to continue doing the Sovereign's bidding? Certainly it's not the credits that drive you. What other purpose can they possibly serve us"

“As soon as the Brotherhood severs ties with them, so shall we. But until then, we can use their resources to our benefit. They do have some nice ship upgrades Ty, and we know how much you like tricking this ship out.”

“Bollocks!”

Ellee brought up an orbital scan of a race track on the main view screen. “Statistically speaking, Raider Bruskars will target the Nevo Race track. Py'zah the Hutt holds a weekly racing spectacle at that location. In which, very lucrative gambling takes place for each heat. The racers mostly consist of rival gang factions.”

“What makes you think that is the target?”

“My programming which is far more superior than your human logic. According to the Inquisitorial intel, Py'zah the Hutt rarely attends. The Hutt's time is spent at the casino. Where the comforts of his luxuries and private security teams are abundant. There is far less security at the race track. Most certainly the Sovereign, Harmonist and Restorationist forces will be staged. Not to mention, the Tenixir Revenants forces will certainly be looking to stretch their legs against the locals with some sort of humanistic barbarism. The track is the logical choice.”

“I say DH, given our time constraints that may be our in.”

“Indeed Ty. Good call Ellee.”

Ellee continued to make adjustments at her copilot's console before she responded. “I cannot logically leave my well being to the likes of you two. I prefer to keep the odds stacked in my favor.”

“Did you expect anything less?”

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## *Scene II*

### *The Locale*

#### ***Nevo Race Track***

#### ***Planet Dandoran***

Ty managed to procure an adequate clearing tucked away west of the track. Ty squeezed the ship into the confined area, only managing to acquire a couple of new scratches while landing the *Tāron*. The dense foliage of the forest surrounding the track was more than sufficient to hide the blacked out VT49. The ship was about five clicks away from the track, so the team decided to approach the track using the speeder stowed neatly away in the cargo hold of the ship.

Ellee stayed with the ship just in case a hasty retreat would be required. Ty, DarkHawk and Yul went to work the track. Before closing up all the ship's hatches to secure the ship, Ellee deployed the Viper probot *VP* to add some additional reconnaissance while the rest of the team was inside the track.

## **Meanwhile...**

The stadium was filled with the most unsavory of people from across the system. Waiting to see their favorite pod racer take the win. Others were there looking forward to the disastrous mayhem that pod racing brings. The thought of hitting a big payout at a venue of the Hutts, brought out the worst in all attendees. Not to mention, that payout garnered the attention of one such as Dwipp Bruskars. He and his band of merry wanna-be gangsters were already imposing their will on a few of the local patrons.

Yul found himself amongst the occupants in the stands. The Shistaevan hunter blended in naturally with all the multitude of species in attendance. Most find the appearance of one such as Yul, rather off putting. A hulking lupine was just another face in the crowd here. That face however had a clear view of the tellers from his seat. He kept a keen eye over his surroundings, looking for others that may be watching the tellers. Not knowing who the Tenixir Revenants folks could be, Yul kept his wits sharp as he tended to his sentry duties.

Ty was mobile, walking the viewing platforms near the vicinity of the tellers. Using his skills he acquired during his time with Imperial SPECOPS teams. The Duros listened for keywords that may expose the TR agents. Not to mention, the team also had to be on the lookout for Kalee Reechi Principate troops. They would surely be a damper to the plan.

DarkHawk investigated the pit area of the track, taking a chance that Dwipp would prefer a more secluded entrance to the track. The pit area, though set apart from the main track, had perfect access to all other levels of the track. Not to mention, no one paid much attention to most of the comings and goings on that level. The pods and their pilots took precedence here, no would be the wiser.

The alarm sounded to begin the main heat. The roar of all the pod racers was deafening as the engines spooled up and tore off down the track. *It would not be long now*, DarkHawk thought to himself. Soon after the race began the ticket booth closed and the tellers began to collect all the money for the transfer to Tipool City.

When the Hutt's team comes for the money transfer, that is when Dwipp will most likely strike. This will have to go down fast. The potential of being in a firefight with three different factions, to include the riff-raff occupants of the track was growing exponentially.

The seismic detonators that Ty and Yul planted outside the track entrance and adjacent of the loading docks should be enough of a distraction to cause mass confusion. Once everyone starts to escape the venue that is when the team planned on taking the Rodian down. DarkHawk instructed that Dwipp was to be taken alive, everyone else that returns fire is fare game.

The team's comlinks squawked alive, "Das transport be arriving," Yul said in his thick rolling accent.

"Eyes front everyone. Let the guards escort the money to the transport. Ty you and Yul be on point with those detonators. Timing is everything here."

"Copy that ol chap. Moving towards tellers now."

"I have five possible bogeys headed up the stairway to your left."

Ty spotted the group as they reached the top of the stairs. One of them pointed over to the tellers, Ty casually turned his back before confirming visuals to his partners.

DarkHawk was about to head up one level when another crowd of goons walked into the pit area. Then from the very back of the pit area another group entered. Positioning themselves left and right of the pit entrance, followed by a wiry Rodian. The way he carried himself, he looked as if he was expecting a formal introduction.

Both groups scurried off to through the pit and moved towards the track's south entrance . Coincidentally the same area where the money transport was being guarded.

By this time the guards made their way up to the tellers and began the transfer from within the teller's cage.

"I have da visuals, exchange in progress."

Copy, I have them" replied Ty. Just then a drunken Chiss slapped Ty on the back and began to shout obscenities regarding a bit of money that Ty owes him. To politely corrected him about having mistaken his identity. Ty turned away from the Chiss, only to instantly feel a hand on his right shoulder. Ty stipped and let out a deep sigh, "I don't much like being touched you trollied Chiss. Now, sod off or lose the hand!"

The Chiss made the mistake of pulling back on Ty's shoulder instead of removing it. Ty reached across with his left, grabbed the Chiss and simultaneously twisted the Chiss' hand and arm. This pulled the drunkard off balance and hip tossed him into an empty set of tables.

The commotion drew the attention of nearly everyone in the vicinity. Ty scanned the room before addressing the fallen Chiss. The faction members exposed themselves by reaching for their weapons. Ty wanted to smile at what he just discovered, instead he carried a more aggressive facial expression.

Ty walked over and grabbed the Chiss by the front of his shirt and pulled him to his feet. "Listen hear you wanker, I don't know you. And I certainly do not owe you any amount of money as you so profoundly confessed. Now beat it!" Ty pushed the man away then kicked him in the seat of the pants. Slowly the attention drew away from the Duros's little incident. The transport guards safely watched this through the teller's window before they carried on with their duties.

Ty walked over to an empty table and sat down before relaying this newly discovered information to his comrades. "I believe our competition is here."

"Good business as usual, let them move on the transport. Then we will give them something to worry about."

"Ready to go boom, on your signal."

"Da, bring on da booms."

Two of the transport guards posted out in front of the cargo lift just outside the teller's office. Scanning the area, the two posted guards gave the signal and the other guards exited the teller's office. The guards moved the crates of loot and headed down to the transport. DarkHawk watched as the guards slowly came down the cargo lift. The same two guards who

posted before met up with three other guards at the transport and posted covering all sides of the transport.

The guards once again gave the all clear signal, the two remaining guards exited the lift and moved the money cart into the transport. As soon as the cart entered the transport, smoke grenades bounced across the duracrete floor.

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### *Scene III*

### *The Big Fight*

#### ***Nevo Race Track***

#### ***Planet Dandoran***

Smoke began to engulf the pit area, Dwipp Bruskar's men swarmed the money transport like angry hornets. The guards stood no chance as the Rodian's goons had them pinned down right from the start. Once the firing started, any remaining occupants of the pit that was not in the middle of a firefight, quickly scurried far away. Py'zah the Hutt will no doubt be seeking retribution for this attack and anyone in the vicinity would be deemed guilty.

Blaster fire bounced off the shuttle's hull, leaving smoldering scorch marks where the blaster bolts had impacted. The Hutt's guards tried to converge into the protection of the armored transport. Their demise was imminent, Dwipp's men outnumbered and outgunned the guards.

Although outnumbered, the Hutt's guards were successful in terminating a dozen of Dwipp's merry band of pirates. The last transport guard carried a heavy repeater rifle and managed to do most of the damage to the pirates before meeting his own end. Blaster fire ricochet off walls, exploding against docked pod racers within the various maintenance bays of the pit. Dwipp's men moved in unison as they approached, their fire concentrated on the last guard. His torso became riddled with blaster fire, shredding his body into chunks. The guard slumped over a pile of his fallen comrades.

As the smoke cleared, a slender figure began to emerge from the smoke's veil. DarkHawk intently watched and waited to get a closer visual of his target. Dwipp emerged from the mist, his blaster leaning against his right shoulder. He stood smugly, reveling at the chaos he just orchestrated.

"Get our transports over here boys, let's load up our loot and get out of here."

One of the pirate Lieutenants activated his comlink and gave the order. Within seconds two transports arrived and the Rodian's men went right to work.

DarkHawk continued to watch, Dwipp was enjoying the moment staring at the two pallets of stacked money before him. *Common friggin thief*, DarkHawk thought to himself. He watched the Rodian for a few more seconds before he activated his comlink. "Everyone in position?"

Ty moved away from the tellers booth and into a stairwell when the Hutt's guards left for their transport. "Just say the word boss."

Yul was poised and ready just outside the pit area, his nostrils flared as he watched what took place. The scent of blood carried over and invaded his sense of smell. The lupine was ready for the killing, his heart beat strong like a steed, drool hung from his mouth. Yul's predatory instincts were fully intact and taking over his body. "I am ready."

DarkHawk went on the move, instantly vanishing into his Force cloak ability. As the pirates moved the loot from one transport to another, Dwipp watched intently at his spoils of war. Then suddenly a loud thud came from the top of the money transport. Blasters swirled around and pointed up towards the commotion and nothing seemed to be present. Dwipp's eyes narrowed as he scanned the area.

While the attention of the pirates were now aimed at the transport, DarkHawk materialized close to six meters behind the band of pirates. "Hello boys...NOW TY!" Once again the Warlord called upon the Force's great power and vanished from sight.

Ty smiled as he depressed the button on the remote detonator. The boom could be heard throughout the pit. The seismic charges draw their power from sound in the immediate area. Exploding in concussive waves of immaculate blue light, the waves rocked against the transports. The transports slid four meters almost upending them, before crashing against a duracrete stanchion. Dwipp's men went careening to the ground as the concussion waves crashed through them.

The waves reverberated throughout the track's main arena, sending everyone in a frenzy. Patrons began to clear the stands and flee for the exits. The diversion was beginning to work.

DarkHawk peered around the stanchion protecting him from the immediate blast. "Take them," the Equite said.

Ty began to fire his BlasTech E-11s Blaster Sniper Rifle. As the pirates began to stagger to their feet, some were assisted back down to the cold duracrete floor from Ty's rifle. Yul moved in firing his own BlasTech Rifle. The Lupin shots were true as blaster bolts ripped into the torso of the unsuspecting pirates. Yul slung the rifle over his shoulder and then went into a run on all fours. The first pirate he encountered, Yul's massive clawed hand sliced right through his exposed neck.

Ty being no stranger to a firefight would fire then move. Taking cover behind the pits many obstacles. Some of the pirates had made it to their feet and began to return fire. One managed to close in on Ty and drew his aim on the Duros. Before the pirate could enjoy squeezing the trigger, a plasma arrow blew out of the front of the pirates chest and he slumped to the ground.

Ty watched the Warlord with his Nightsister bow roll away from his position up to his feet and fired another volley of plasma arrows towards the remaining pirates. DarkHawk continued to fire and move, dropping three more pirates with the bow. Yul had one pirate's neck in his mouth and simply bit down, removing the pirate's jugular. Blood dripped from the Shistavanen's snout as he licked the crimson spoil from himself.

"Ty you two take care of the rest, our target is on the move and I am in pursuit."

"Roger that ol' boy, we have this situation well in hand"

DarkHawk sprinted across the pit in the direction he last saw the Rodian. Coming into the adjacent hallway the Warlord was met with a very painful kick to the groin. DarkHawk collapsed to the floor, standing over him was a violet eyed Rodian pointing a BlasTech DG-29 Heavy Blaster Pistol at him.

"I don't know how the Brotherhood found me, but you will never get to inform them of my location," said Dwipp. Moving closer to the downed assassin, Dwipp aimed the blaster right at DarkHawk's forehead. DarkHawk immediately rolled to his left and used that slight momentum of the roll to kick the blaster out of the hand of the Rodian.

DarkHawk kipped up to his feet, and planted a front kick directly into the chest of the Rodian. The impact sent Dwipp crashing into the wall behind him. You could almost see the air being expelled from his lungs as Dwipp came to such a sudden stop. Sliding down the wall to the floor like a wet sack of meat.

The Warlord reframed from moving in on the Rodian, he wanted to exchange a few blows with him to expel some more of his stamina. Dwipp did not disappoint, the Rodian shook his head and composed himself before snapping up to his feet. Exposing a nearly thirty centimeter long throwing knife, the Rodian flipped the knife over so that the hilt was now in his grip.

DarkHawk felt a slight nudge deep within him as he watched the Rodian get ready to attack. The Warlord was all too familiar with the feeling consuming him at the moment. The assassin readied himself waiting for the attack to come to him.

The Rodian launched one of his throwing knives right at the neck of the Warlord. DarkHawk shifted his head to the left and the blade sailed by. Dwipp's eyes narrowed as he watched the assassin steer clear of his blade. The echo of the steel blade grinding across the floor, only enraged him further.

"I don't know who you are, but you will pay for interfering here today."

DarkHawk remained silent and only gestured for the Rodian to come at him again. The smugness of this man, taunting right back at the Rodian. It was at that moment, Dwipp realized that there would be no intimidating his way out of this. He was going to have to get bloody. The Rodian cracked a smile, he knew he would enjoy gutting the man before him.

Dwipp charged the Warlord, throwing one more of his knives while in mid stride. DarkHawk side-stepped to the right out of the way of the incoming projectile. Then quickly shifted his position to meet the Rodian head on. Dwipp was not accustomed to missing his targets, two miscalculations just fueled his frenzied attack.

The Rodian threw a right cross looking to score a one shot knockout. DarkHawk immediately ducked under the blow, and planted his fist into the solar plexus of the Rodian. Pivoting around on his front foot, DarkHawk brought his knee up, turned his hips towards his target and executed a roundhouse kick to the back of Dwipp's head. DarkHawk hit the Rodian hard with the base of his shin.

The blow sent Dwipp crashing to the floor, his face bouncing off the duracrete. Blood began to pour out of his snout. As DarkHawk approached, the pungent smell of the Rodian was



emanating from his scaly body. Like fungal feet after a two week stint in the balmy jungles of Kashyyyk. DarkHawk wafted the smell away from his face.

The Warlord grabbed Dwipp by the back of his blast vest. The Rodian's odor distracted the assassin enough not to notice Dwipp had unsheathed a vibrodagger. As DarkHawk stood him up, Dwipp thrust the knife backwards and sunk the blade into the meat of the Warlord's upper left thigh. DarkHawk staggered back and Dwipp spun around to face the wraith.

The Warlord reached for his Nightsisters blade, "If that is how you want to do this, I will oblige," pointing his blade towards Dwipp. The Rodian lunged at the assassin, throwing combination strikes from left to right aimed at the assassin's torso. DarkHawk parried those attacks with hands and elbows, before pushing the Rodian away and off balance. Dwip carried his momentum forward and went into a one handed arial, cartwheeling away from the assassin. The nimble little Rodian maneuvered himself into a prime attack position on DarkHawk's exposed chest. Dwipp reversed his grip on his vibroblade, executing a backhand strike towards his target.

The assassin adjusted his footing so the most of his weight was off the wounded leg. Stepping into the blow, DarkHawk twisted his body slightly to block the attack with his knife hand. The block slammed against Dwipp's arm, resonating up to his shoulder. Dwipp immediately threw a right cross at the wraith's left flank. The Warlord pivoted his body off the ball of his lead foot. The Warlord's skillful footwork led directly to Dwipp's attack sailing slightly wide of its intended target. Allowing the assassin reach out with his knife hand and hook the Rodian's arm at the elbow. DarkHawk dropped the blade only to catch it with his left hand, driving the knife upwards through Rodian's bicep.

Dwipp writhed in pain, as he watched blood pour from both entry points of the wound.. DarkHawk had Dwipp's left wrist locked in his right hand. Twisting the arm as he went under the Rodian's outstretched limb. Dwipp could feel the tendons tightening up his arm. As Darkhawk stood upright he came down against the Rodian's exposed elbow with a left elbow strike. The arm snapped in two and Dwipp screamed in agony. His left arm flopped around like a wet noodle as he tried to compose himself.

DarkHawk limped over towards Dwipp to finish him off, low and behold the street fighter came out yet again. Dwipp punched the wound on the assassin's leg, then planted a knee to the groin. DarkHawk dropped to one knee, and instantly could feel the rage inside erupt like a volcano. Spinning around the assassin caught the Rodian in the side of the head with a spinning back fist.

The room began to spin, and Dwipp felt the effects of the blow throughout his whole body. His equilibrium was all out of sorts, he could not maintain his footing. Everything was spinning, and tunnel vision began to set in. Getting back to his feet, DarkHawk lunged and drove his shoulder into the abdomen of the Rodian. Dwipp fell backward into a support stanchion slamming his head hard against the duracrete beam.

The Rodian slumped to his rear and fell over limp and semi-unconscious. DarkHawk began to search through Dwipp's person, looking for any vital information. Hidden inside one of his cargo pockets was a small data disk. The Warlord snagged the disk and stowed it away in his utility belt. DarkHawk got down right in Dwipp's face, "You're a dirty little street fighter Dwipp. I will extend to you my appreciation for your efforts. That loss of consciousness and inability to move

your body you're feeling right now. That is a neurotoxin I've been experimenting with in my off time, and of course I had to coat my blade with it and try it out. So thanks for being my test subject. The toxin will keep you in your current state for a few hours, so just relax and enjoy the ride. We will get you back to the command ship safe and sound so we can turn you over to the SP leadership. I am certain you will have to clarify a few issues with them."

All Dwipp could do was look up at the wraith with a glazed over stare. Blood continued to drip from the Rodian nose and mouth, as he groaned in discontent. "Ty, I have our target secure, how are you two holding up?"

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## *Scene IV*

### *The Great Escape*

#### **Nevo Race Track**

Ty was temporarily engaged in a fist-to-cuffs with one of the pirates. The former SPECOP operator was working over the pirate rather handedly. The Duros fighting prowess overtook the inept pirate. Deep body shots followed by quick strikes to the face. Ty dropped his body down and executed a leg sweep. The pirate toppled over backward before slamming to the ground. Ty immediately rolled towards his prey and buried his vibrodagger into the middle of the pirate's chest.

Yul was much on the same trek. The hulking Shistaevan ripped through a pirate's flesh with his clawed hand. Yul's physical strength was front and center as he hurled his prey three meters through the air. The pirates' meatsuit splattered against the wall painting the wall red with blood.

"Clear!" Ty exclaimed. Yul galloped over to Ty and they both secured the scene. Yul's nostrils flared rapidly as he tried to slow his breathing from the engagement. Ty slapped him on the back, "Good job ol boy!"

Yul's face and snout, still covered in fresh blood, licked his face with his long tongue. The hunt and the taste of blood acted much like an addictive nectar to his soul. The lupine would gorge himself craving more from his primal feeding frenzy.

Ty's datapad began to make low audible chimes, as he grabbed his device from its carrying case, Ty activated his comlink. "We are clear topside DH. But we should make our way out of here rather quickly. VP has visuals of Hutt reinforcements closing in on us fast."

"Copy that, let's make ourselves scarce shall we? Everyone get back to the ship fast!"

"Affirmative. Yul and I will gather some spoils to take with us. We will meet you at the north entrance."

Ty and Yul began to gather some of the spoils of their endeavor. The seismic blast scattered the loot all over the pit area. The two gathered what they could in the little time they had and headed for the stashed Gain speeder. Yul sprinted off on all fours and the speeder first, he used

the long claw of a finger to activate the buttons for the start sequence. Ty jumped in moments after the speeder engines began to spool up.

“You’re getting slow in your old age, little man,” Yul said.

“I can’t run on all fours you bloody fleabag!”

Yul’s laugh was more of a low growl, as he finished adjusting the speeder’s engines. Ty pushed the throttles forward and the craft raced away.

“Ellee, we are in a bit of a pinch here. Bring the Tāron to us, we have an unhappy group of Py’zah’s jolly blokes inbound.”

There was a moment of silence across the comlinks before Ellee responded. “Leave it to the droid to save your carcasses. And you question why I require forty percent of the take!

The pilot droid moved the Decimator from its cozy nest in the forest and its thrusters violently blew the tops of the trees as it hovered above them. Ellee pushed the throttles forward and headed directly for the track’s arena. By this time Ty and Yul had picked up their partner DarkHawk with the Rodian slung over his wide shoulders.

Just as DarkHawk slung Dwipp’s limp body into the speeder, the Hutt’s reinforcements were bearing down in their locale. The distinctive high pitched whine of 74-z speeder bikes could now be seen as well as heard. Red flashes began to emit from the front AX-20 blaster cannon of the incoming speeders. The speeders were closing in and their shots exploded the clay and dirt around the Gian speeder.

More heavy transports came into view, Py’zah sent a small army to answer the distress call of the track. Ty slammed the throttles forward and raced away veering hard left into the arena and onto the track. The speeders followed close by and continued their barrage of firing. Yul began to fire back with his blaster rifle. Just as the Hutt’s men began to close the gap between them and their target, Ellee came up over the horizon in the Tāron. Ellee fired proton torpedoes, the torpedoes raced over the Gain speeder and exploded directly in front of the speeder bikes. Bits and pieces of the speeders could be seen scattering across the track, while Ellee flew overhead and launched another volley of torpedoes at the main Hutt force. The explosions blocked the transports from proceeding any further momentarily.

Ellee brought the Decimator back around and put the ship down just past the first turn of the track. The cargo bay doors opened and Ty piloted the speeder right into the opening of the ship. Ellee pushed the throttle forward and hit the switches to close the cargo bay doors. The engines of the Decimator roared as the pilot droid had the ship in an aggressive climb to reach the outer atmosphere. All the Hutt’s men could do was watch the Decimator race out of sight.

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## *Scene V*

### *The Sovereign Principate*

#### *Deep Hutt Space*

The Decimator entered the docking bay of the Sovereign Principate ISD flagship. The boarding party consisted of General Kamlin Xarel and her entourage of leadership. The crew of the Decimator disembarked and stood front and center of the awaiting boarding party.

DarkHawk approached the Generals with the Rodian slung over his shoulder. The Warlord dropped Raider Dripp Bruskars at the feet of General Xarel. Dwipp moaned as he hit the floor of the ISD. "He is still alive? A pleasant surprise assassin."

DarkHawk bowed to the leadership before him. "I took in account that you may prefer that condition of terms per our accord Ma'am. He was not an easy mark, but this may help you in your interrogation," DarkHawk said, handing over the data disk.

The general broke a small smile. "Impressive DarkHawk, you have done well. We will ascertain this intel and begin our questioning of our new...guest."

"I hope that your interrogators will not go soft on him."

"We will imply the necessary means to extract the information needed from him. Meanwhile, I will let command know of your success and get this information disseminated to the field commanders."

DarkHawk bowed once again, the General and her party turned and began to walk away. Before the General entered the turbolift, she turned towards DarkHawk and his crew, "Replenish your supplies and clean yourselves up. I believe we will have more use for your services in the coming days, assassin."

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*The End*