

# COMPETITION: AEOTHERAN CLEANUP CREW

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## **Aeotheran** **Mount Dakhan**

*12 hours earlier...*

The VT49 Decimator *Tāron*, purged all of its systems excess gases out the pitot tubes as the crew door began to open. Three figures walked down the crew ramp through the still lingering clouds of expelled gases.

A large Shistavanen wearing what appeared to be animal hide, a Duros in an AirCav hat walked diligently behind a Shaevalian with facial tattoos.

The Quaestor and Aedile of House Shar Dakhan met the arriving party.

“Proconsul, you have arrived,” said Malisane.

DarkHawk nodded. “Malisane, Tasha. I see you have settled into your new Aedile duties.”

“Yes indeed,” Tasha replied.

“I was on my way back from Shaevalis Prime when I was briefed of the situation. How can I be of service?”

Malisane carried a deadpan expression about him as he addressed his fellow brethren. “The Esk Sector will be celebrating its revitalization festival in just a few hours. The remnants of dissidents still remain throughout the sector. They have been infiltrating the restoration process since its inception. Causing disruptions in construction and attacking workers and supporters of the revitalization. These festivities are the culmination of months of hard work, so they need to be seen through without interruption. I have agents on the ground, to negate their approach into the sector. However, these dissidents are like roaches, the intel we received they no doubt will try at all costs to disrupt the festivities. Your particular skill set is required for more discreet negotiations.”

“I can stick to the shadows and the rooftops and make sure nothing interrupts the festivities.”

“Your assistance is welcomed DH. With everything that is happening presently, an extra set of eyes and ears gives us the upperhand to shutting down these deviants.” Tasha said.

“I will head out immediately,” replied Darkhawk.



## ***Esk Sector***

### ***Aeotheran***

As Orian Major began to descend below the Aeotheran horizon, darkness began to blanket the city. DarkHawk took up position one and a half clicks to the south of the main festival area. Rippling in the distance, sounds from the festivities echoed through the streets as the Proconsul watched HSD security direct traffic away from the sector square.

DarkHawk activated his commlink, “Ty, I am about to start reconing the area, you and Yul already in position?”

“Indeed, I have eyes on the square’s entrance,” the Duros said as he adjusted the scope’s focus dial on his IQA-11 sniper rifle.

“Watch your six Ty.”

“No need to worry about me botching this OP. Any dodgy blokes I see, I will call them out.”

“Da. I am ready,” Yul said in a thick rolling accent.

DarkHawk pulled his helm down over his head, “Let’s go hunting.”

The Proconsul locked his helm down and purged static air from the rebreather, expelling the gases into the brisk night air. The HUD began to target heat signatures across the rooftops, as DarkHawk panned his head around, a new signature was identified.

Taking off into a leaping sprint between the rooftops, DH melted into the shadows of the intake and exhaust vents as he nimbly landed from rooftop to rooftop

*“Let’s see if we can make this little piggy talk...”*

DarkHawk moved silently, like wisps of smoke, the assassin floated across the rooftops. Promptly stopping three meters behind the lone sentry. A rather shotty looking mid to late twenties human male. The sentry carried a E-11 blaster rifle, hardly the sniper candidate. More than likely a low level goon of the dissidents. Possibly set out of the way of the real mission. DarkHawk’s head tilted as he momentarily watched the sentry. Almost as if the assassin was genuinely curious as to the man’s course of action.

“I doubt your blaster will be all too accurate from here hotshot,” DarkHawk said. The voice modulator made his voice slightly digitized, husky and gruff.

The sentry whipped around to see a black-clad wraith standing curiously behind him. The nose of the barrel began to rise, DarkHawk reacted instaneously. A waft of the hand and the blaster went sailing across the rooftop. The sentry looked perplexed as his weapon left his hands.

“Pointing weapons at people is not very polite.”

A heavy perplexed look quickly turned to fear. Sleight of hand is a very deceptive tool to wield for any assassin. While watching his blaster skid across the rooftop, DarkHawk tapped into his Terror ability. A subtle circular motion of the forefinger and the Warlord sent fear inducing tendrils out consuming the sentry’s mind.

Visions of Gorax’s slashing repeatedly across his body. His torso peeling wide open, spilling his entrails out into his hands. He began to scream believing his wounds were real. His heartbeat went into overdrive, it felt like it was coming out of his chest. Beads of perspiration immediately poured from his forehead. DarkHawk quickly yanked the man closer to him with the ever so useful of his Telekinesis ability. Momentarily removing the Terror from the sentry’s mind, would allow DarkHawk to interrogate the man a bit.

The man gasped for air as the grip around his throat tightened. “Now, I cannot have you screaming and waking the neighbors,” DarkHawk said jovely.

The sentry shook his head violently in agreement. “I know you’re not the head-honcho here, so I am only gonna ask once. Where is it going down at, and who do I need to stop?”

The man’s eyes widened like saucers when DarkHawk pulled his face in closer. The helm’s cobalt blue eye slits illuminated the sentry’s face, accentuating the beads of sweat running down his forehead.

“Go ahead, you have my full attention.”

The man tried to speak, but just mouthed his words. Desperately struggling to point at his throat, “Oh my apologies,” DarkHawk said. The assassin eased his stranglehold over the man.

The sentry's gasps for air mimicked the intake sound of a pod racer engine. Finally filling his lungs enough to spit out "Senn Torgo."

"And this Senn Torgo, what is his objective?"

The man shook his head rapidly, negating to speak. "Spill it, or I will throw you off the building. I am on a tight schedule."

DarkHawk moved his arm slightly, floating the sentry closer to the edge of the building. The assassin leaned his victim over the edge slightly, trembling with fear the sentry had no choice but to stare at the long fall awaiting him.

"THE SQUARE! THE SQUARE!" the sentry cried. "Senn planted explosives around the main hall."

"Where is he now!?" DarkHawk growled as he leaned the sentry further over the edge.

"He never stays in one place..." DarkHawk gave a gentle push to his Force grip he maintained on the sentry. Pushing the sentry further off the ledge and tipping him further towards the concrete below. "NOOOO!!! Please don't drop me. I swear I don't know where he is. I do know this, he will be close. Senn gets all spiritual-like when it comes to watching his handy work. He will be close, I SWEAR! Please don't drop me!"

Urine ran down the sentry's leg, rolling off his boots elegantly falling on unsuspecting victims below.

DarkHawk studied his prey momentarily, eyeing him from head-to-toe, "*You're just not worth it are you?*"

The assassin rolled his hand in a circular motion, spinning the hovering sentry to face him. "Allright clown shoes, if this does not check out. I am going to come back and finish what I started here. In the meantime you're going to hurt for a few days. Think about a career change...I will see you soon." DarkHawk said ominously.

A puzzled look fell upon the sentry, then his eyes widened yet again as he watched the wraith before him wave his arm aggressively. The sentry went sailing through the air only to slam into the rear of a small utility building posted on the roof. The distinct thud of the sentry's body careening into the outbuilding's metal door sounded like an ill timed belly flop. Then the thud of his body hitting the floor.

DarkHawk switched his commlink to HSD secure channel and then activated it, "HSD Summit,. This is Summit Two, how copy?"

A few moments passed then the commlink squawked, "Summit Two, this is HSD Summit. We have you L&C."

"I just got intel that one Senn Torgo has planted explosives around the square. One of his goons informed me he will be nearby to watch his work. Yul and I will head to the locale and start seeing what we can flush out up here. Can you sweep the adjacent buildings to diffuse explosives?"

“We’re on the explosives DH. Find Senn.”

“Understood”



***Esk Sector***  
**Main Square**

Yul, DarkHawk and Ty moved closer in the sector towards the main square. The noise of the festivities was overbearing at the very least. Carnival music blared throughout the sector. Buzzers buzzed, whistles and bells sounded off continually. The murmur of the crowd and various identifiable shouts would normally draw the attention of most onlookers.

Yul was three buildings over to the left of DarkHawk. The Shistavanen was on all fours, snout pointed upwards, nostrils flaring. Yul was separating the scents of the festival from those around him. Each nostril moved independently, allowing the Lupine to determine which direction a particular scent was coming from. Activating his comlink, “DarkHawk, I smell very cheap whiskey and blood up here.”

“Clear that side Yul, watch your six. Ty, call targets out as you see them.”

Ty perched himself on the roof of the operator’s cab on a nearby high-rise crane. The Duros had tucked himself in nicely and had a clear panoramic view of the main square. Dialing in the scope, a small flare of a cigarette caught the sharpshooter’s attention. Three targets patrolling the rooftop, heavily armed, one was a rather large Lasat.

“Yul, you have bogies nearly one klick to your twelve o’clock. I got your six.”

Yul’s nostrils widened, and his amber eyes narrowed. A low growl reverberated in his throat, “Da hunt is on...”

Keeping to the shadows, the Shistavanen moved silently, swiftly. Continuing on all fours, he quickly made it to the building’s edge. The lupine easily leaping the gap between the buildings and landing silently on all fours. The natural predatory instincts engulfed Yul as he stalked behind a set of large air handlers. His ears twitched as he tuned in to the footsteps of a nearby goon coming closer towards him. Yul dropped his front shoulders and eagerly waited to spring at his prey. Drool hung from the Shistavanen jowls, Yul could almost taste the hunt.

The unsuspecting goon walked past the air handlers and Yul sprung into action. Yul’s muscles flexed and contracted as he leapt forward at the armed goon. His arms extended forward, the Shistavanen swiped at the goon’s throat with his clawed hand. The movement was so swift, a cloud of blood hung over the goon as he abruptly stopped. Blood poured from his throat soaking his tactical vest. He fell to his knees, then slammed face first to the roof’s surface.

Yul licked the blood from his claws, a moment of euphoria fell over him as the taste of blood touched his mouth. The second armed goon was taking a large drag from his smoke when Yul locked his sights on him. Smoke from the was pungent and hung low in the area. The bitterness made the Shistavanen's nostrils flare violently. He shook his head radically to waft the smoke trails away.

The smoking goon took a few steps to his right, which gave Yul a left to right attack angle. Springing into action, Yul bolted for the goon. The goon haphazardly turned around just as the charging Lupine bore down on him. Two quick strikes across the torso ripped the goon's chest cavity wide open. Before the man fell to his knees, Yul lunged again catching the man by the throat. His powerful jaws bit down and violently shook his head leaving nothing but a gaping hole where the goon's throat used to be.

Ty watched this all unfold through his scope. "My god that man is a bloodthirsty monster. Glad that bloke is on our side," Ty said aloud.

Moving his sight to the right, he spotted DarkHawk bearing down on a gaggle of armed loiterers. Ty activated his comlink, "DH, you got company inbound to your twelve o'clock." Knowing Ty had a view of him through his scope, he never uttered a word. DarkHawk simply held up the *A-OK* signal then pulled two batons from their sheath. DarkHawk favored a customized Technocratic Electro-staff, housed in a sheath attached to the backplate of his Dark Armor. The assassin unsheathed the weapons and spun them around in his hand before securing a firm grip.

The first of the goons meandered closer towards DarkHawk. Their demise now just mere feet away, the assassin squeezed the grips again, readying himself. As the goon walked by, DarkHawk dropped the electrode end of the weapon right in front of the man's face. Startling the man he stopped dead in his tracks, "What the hell...!" DarkHawk activated the weapon and the electrode arced and the goon jumped back. DarkHawk slowly raised his head to reveal the helm's cobalt eyes illuminating within his hood.

The goon began to bring his blaster up to fire. DarkHawk reached out with his left baton striking the goon's grip on the weapon. The blow pushed the blaster upward, the goon managed to fire a round off before he lost the weapon. The commotion would definitely bring more knuckle draggers to investigate. DarkHawk snaked his baton over and back under the goon's arm until it rested in the crevice of the goon's armpit. DarkHawk lifted up on his baton locking the arm, forcing the goon off balance. Taking a wide open stance, the assassin brought his second baton around and struck the inside of the goon's right knee. As he began to collapse, DarkHawk spun the second baton around to finish his quarry off with a strike to the back of the neck. The electrode arced violently as it scorched the bare skin of the goon's neck.

The goon slammed face first to the roof, the smell of burnt skin was now very pungent. The nasty aroma was quickly ignored as the sound of boots scurrying across the pebbled roof were closing in on the assassin. The butt of a blaster crashed against the back of the assassin's helm. The blow was robust and deep enough to feel through the helm. Had DarkHawk not elected to wear his helm, the scales of combat would have turned in the goon's favor. Luckily, the helm took the brunt of the blow. The assassin was very grateful without that added protection he would most likely be out cold.

DarkHawk rolled forward with the force of the blow, tucking his body in tightly, the assassin rolled up to his feet. The maneuver created distance between him and the attacking goon. Aided by the Force, DarkHawk immediately used his legs to execute a Force-push launching him backwards into the air. Pulling his knees up to his chest to grab the front of his shins. This allowed DarkHawk to rotate and twist slightly to perform a rotating backflip. On the downward slope of the maneuver, he opened up his tuck, allowing his legs to fall towards the ground. Muscle memory took over, flexing his quad muscles to absorb the incoming landing.

The goon could only watch in awe as the assassin performed this counter movement. The feat allowed for a seemingly flawless landing behind him. DarkHawk wasted no time going on the offensive. Three quick strikes came in succession next, the first strike smashed against the inside of the thigh goon's right thigh. DarkHawk side-stepped to his right, burying the second strike to the goon's wide open left flank. The distinctive sound of ribs breaking came next, followed by the goon's roar of pain. As the goon fell clutching his left flank, the third baton strike came to the base of the goon's neck. DarkHawk had spun away towards his right again before coming down with that third strike. The man was dead before he hit the ground.

Movement to his left caught DarkHawk's attention. The HUD identified at least three more armed goons inbound. Reaching into the sheath strapped to his left leg, DarkHawk readied two 30 cm throwing knives. As two of the men cleared the corner of a stack of exhaust vents, the assassin threw the knives in concert with deadly intentions. The knives cut through the night then rooted into the larynx of both men. They clenched their throats before flopping to the ground. The last goon was too busy looking down the peep sight of his blaster to even notice the two sacks of meat slumped over one another in front of him.

As he cleared the same exhaust vent, the armed goon tripped over his fallen comrades. Trying to recover himself from the fall, the assassin was already moving in for the kill. The boot heel of the assassin stomped the base of the goon's neck slamming him back to the ground. The assassin walked right over the man without even a second thought. As the goon attempted to get to his feet a second time, DarkHawk threw the third knife behind him. The blade sunk in the man's back severing the spinal cord. Yet again falling face first to the pebbled roof of the building.

Ty watched this as this all went down. The comlink buzzed in his ear before the voice sounded off. "Summit Two, this is HSD Summit, what is your status?"

"Having a jolly good time up here. Currently the Proconsul and the Lupine are clearing your southeast sector of the square of some rather dodgy blokes."

"We have found the explosives and they are being defused now. Find Senn, bring him to Mt. Dakhan, alive preferably."

"Copy that," the Duros replied as he peered through the scope of his rifle. Sweeping his targeting reticle from right to left, a quick shimmer nearly one klick ahead of DarkHawk's eleven o'clock position. Repositioning back on to DarkHawk, Ty could see his comrade had stowed away his batons and was now firing plasma arrows at his targets.

That same shimmer caught Ty's attention, he tipped the brim of his Air Cav hat and pulled the gun in closer to him. The shimmer was coming from DarkHawk's twelve o'clock position now.

"You're trying to flank him. Jolly good ol' boy," Ty said aloud.

Ty reached up and turned the adjustment dials of his scope, magnifying his field of view. Precisely where he pinpointed the movement, there he was. A very stout Devaronian male was roosting on top of a large air handler to take aim at the Proconsul.

Ty put the reticle slightly ahead of DarkHawk leading him, then pulled the trigger. The IQA-11 projectile left the suppressor with a low audible *pffff!* The blaster bolt exploded in front of DarkHawk causing him to pause in his tracks. Knowing that was a warning shot, the Proconsul slid into his Force Cloak and dematerialized from sight. Ty had already repositioned his reticle and locked in on the Devaronian. "This is going to hurt a tad, you bloody wanka," Ty said to himself.

Senn saw the blaster bolt come from the south and then his target disappeared. "*Someone else must be on the hunt,*" Senn thought. As he adjusted and pointed his rifle down range to investigate the shot's origin, Ty was already lining up his shot. *PFFFT!* Ty fired another round, the recoil was absorbed by the stock's built in shock absorber. Like an egg falling into a pillow, the rifle fired smoothly and quietly.

Senn had no chance, before he could adjust his vision he took the sniper round directly into the left shoulder. Then blowing through the Devaronian's armpit, rendering that arm entirely useless. The shot rolled Senn over to his back, blood was running into the exhaust fans of the air handler. A misty black blood cloud filled the area, DarkHawk rematerialized in front of Senn and was taking dead aim at him with his Nightsister bow.

"Yul, what is your status?" Ty asked.

There was a long pause, Yul was gorging himself on the throat of the Lasat he just tangled with. Blood dripped from his jowls, blood stained teeth tore at the flesh. "Da, Yul is good..."

"HSD Summit, this is Summit Two. We have primary target in custody." Ty said. Ty got up from his perch just as Elle pulled the Decimator up alongside the high rise crane. Ty leapt from the operator's cab on to the cargo door and made his way up to the flight deck. Strapping into his pilot's seat, Ty activated the pilot's control panel comlink, then the Duros pushed the throttles forward and pulled away from the crane.

"HSD Summit, this is Summit Two, we will be enroute to Mt. Dakhan momentarily," Ty said blithely.