

COMPETITION: [SHADOWS UNVEILED] OPERATION SPYFALL

SILENT INTRUDER



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Warlord DarkHawk Sadow #264

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Tytus's Snapshot](#)

Hyperlanes

40 ABY

The VT49 Decimator *Tāron* raced across the hyperlanes towards Pendroh-I. Ellee the ship's pilot droid and copilot had the ship under her helm. The ship's pilot Tytus O'Baieron, a former AirCav Sergeant Major was going over insertion plans with Warlord DarkDawk Sadow.

"Are you sure about this one?" Tytus asked.

DarkHawk shrugged his shoulders, "No different than any other insertion/extraction mission I suppose."

"You know young man, I have done this song and dance a time or two. Don't try to water it down." the Duros said sternly.

DarkHawk paid little attention to the Sergeant Major's remark. "Ty, this commission came directly from the DC. We have a member who is deeply planted within this Children of Mortis's ranks. The intel is solid and we need it, plus the credits, a few boxes of vintage stogies would do us some good don't you think?"

Ty rubbed under his breath. "Bullocks! Come on then I have something to show you." Ty said, walking out of the ship's situation room. "If you are so dead set on seeing this mission through to fruition. Then I need to go over the modifications I made to some of your equipment."

“Ahh so you do care.”

“Don’t be a buffoon, DH.”

The two went down to the engineering room. There across the workbench was a familiar looking item. Ty grabbed the backpack and handed it to DarkHawk. “You’re giving me my wing pack?” DarkHawk asked.

“With some upgrades.”

“Oh? DarkHawk asked, pointing to the electronic device on the pack.”

“I have reinforced the skeletal tube frame by having it dipped in Phrik. Adding very little weight and increasing the frame’s strength. I extended the length giving you more lift and control. All the articulating points have been stripped of their mechanical fasteners and replaced with these roller bearing electromagnets.” Ty said, holding up a spare electromagnet.

DarkHawk’s eyebrows raised in astonishment. “Do I even want to know where you got the Phrik from?”

“I still have a hook-up for the Gromas Mines Cooperative. So I paid a fair price for the ore and smelting process.”

“Shocker,” DarkHawk said, smirking.

Ty shook his head then continued, “The electromagnets will allow for more fluid movement as you pilot the glider. Especially if you go into a steep dive, you will feel little resistance whenever you reposition the wings. The battery pack powers the electromagnets, and you can activate the system through your vambraces with this button” Ty said as he grabbed the vambrace from the bench.

“No better time to try her out eh Sgt. Major?”

“I would prefer to do functional check flights under a less hostile environment.” Ty replied.

“It fills me with much reassurance to know you care so much about not losing me in the middle of a mission.”

“Yeah there’s that, but mostly the fifty thousand you owe me for the upgrades.” Ty said, tipping his Air Cav hat.

“Like I said reassurances...”

Ty positioned himself in front of the engineering room table and activated the holoprojector. The Duros brought up the orbital scans of Pendroh-I, and dialed in on a large mountain range to the north of the scan. There the *Nexus of Light* was neatly built into the mountain side. A large river ran to the south of the stronghold.

“This is the home of the Lightbringers,” DarkHawk said.

“Indeed. It is very well fortified, one way in one way out. Not to mention it is crawling with all those genius scholars, philosophers, and whack job scientists. These Lightbringers are not to be underestimated DH. According to the intel reports, they are steadfast in their ideology. They are bloody deadly both physically and their application of the Force. Which in turn makes them a formidable adversary. They are all the lap dogs of their leader, one J’hon Whetu. You and the Brotherhood know this bloke as The Harbinger of Light.”

“Ah yes a nasty bite that one has.” DarkHawk said sarcastically.

“More than a bite DH.” Ty straightened his stance, almost snapping to attention before speaking again. “It would be ungenerous of me not to emphasize you are not to engage. Let me make that clear, DO NOT ENGAGE!” Ty said definitively.

“I read the report Sgt. Major. Orders are clear, no engagement. Noted.”

“You’re going solo on this one DH. Ellee and I will drop the ship down enough for you to HALO in. Weather reports call for heavy cloud cover and light rain which gives us an element of surprise. You can glide in and land here,” Ty said, pointing to a high battlement near the mountain wall.

“More than likely there will be guards posted at each battlement. The guards, according to intel, should not be the issue. The issue is if you’re seen and they alarm the others. That is when this thing goes south quick-like and in a hurry. Savvy? Use your helm’s HUD to prioritize your targets. I cannot stress the significance of stealth on this one. Take opposition out quickly and quietly. The last thing you want to do is tangle with the lot of these Lightbringers.”

“And our rendezvous point?” asked DarkHawk.

Ty pointed once again at the holographic image of the stronghold. “Right here. The statue of the Harbinger is your target. Since there will be no physical hand off, you will have to keep an eye out for it. Once you obtain the disk, go out the same way you came in. Ellee and I will pick you up here along the mountain range. Nice and out of sight. Easy peasy lemon squeezy eh?”

DarkHawk turned around to the workbench and grabbed a small rack of test tubes. I have derived a new toxin that should be perfect for this mission. It’s a concentrated dose of Vornskr venom, Nightshade and Wolfsbane. It will cause a temporary paralysis before shutting down their central nervous system and finally stroke out and die.”

“How gentlemanly of you,” Ty said regally.

“Gets the job done quickly and silently per DC orders.”

“How long before it takes effect?”

“Immediately when introduced to the bloodstream.”

Just then Ellee came over the ship’s intercom, “Pendroh-I system coming up. Prepare for hyperlane exit.”

“I better get up there before she crashes the ship directly into your target. Oh, I boosted the ship’s comm array so we will be in communication throughout. Weather permitting we will try to feed you as much intel as we can here from the ship. Keep your head on a swivel ol’ boy. ”

DarkHawk nodded.

Pendroh-I
Entering the Stronghold

Ty and Ellee maintained steady control of the ship as they came out of the hyperlanes. Putting the ship in an immediate dive towards the planet’s stratosphere. DarkHawk braced himself in the cargo hold. Ty came over DarkHawk’s comlink.

“OK DH, this is not only gonna be tricky, we have a small window of opportunity here. I have engaged the secondary IFF to mask us as a supply transport. The storm will only delay us for so long before they catch on. So get in, get the disk and get out, savvy?”

“Savvy”

“OK we are about to go dark. Sealing cargo hold now.” Ty flipped a toggle switch and the hold’s lock made a loud “*Clunk.*” A red jump light illuminated the hold and the assassin readied himself. A few moments later the cargo door began to open and DarkHawk inched his way down the ramp. Soon as the jump light turned green, DarkHawk dove into the darkness of night.

“Ground Control is hailing us,” Ellee said.

“Handle that will you lass?” Ty said, closing the cargo hold before pulling back on the ship’s yoke.

“Ground control, this is supply transport *Widget*. We are currently experiencing severe weather conditions in the quadrant. Delaying our descent until this storm clears and gives us a good trajectory.” Elle said convincingly.

Ty continued his climb until he entered the thermosphere.

Meanwhile...

DarkHawk was in a head first dive, the altimeter numbers in the helm's HUD rapidly decreased. The assassin kept his body straight and rigid during his dive. Cutting through the air using only slight hand movements to steer his descent.

Soon as the HUD indicated he was below forty five hundred meters DarkHawk flared his body out, slowing down his descent slightly. Pressing the button on the vambrace, the wings instantly stretched out from each side of the pack. Biting into the cool night air the assassin began to make a controlled circular descent towards the stronghold.

Activating his targeting system, the HUD made out the outline of the stronghold. Locating the battlement, the assassin steered himself directly above it and began a more aggressive dive angle. The electromagnets made for very smooth movement transitions between wing positions. There was no hesitation nor resistance. *“Impressive Ty...”*

Switching the HUD over to infrared, crimson blips began to illuminate within the HUD. DarkHawk could see a guard pacing the battlement. The guard was looking over the side when the assassin began his strafing run. As the guard looked about, DarkHawk dropped in about two meters above the battlement. Flaring the wings out fully just before impact the assassin planted his feet in the man's chest. The man sailed back crashing against the duracrete barrier of the battlement. Immediately DarkHawk retracted the wings into their housing and sprinted towards his prey.

Jumping on top of his prey the assassin produced his Nightsister dagger from its sheath. Plunging the knife to the hilt into the man's skull. The man's eyes rolled to the back of his head as he took his last breath. Tossing the body over the ledge the assassin watched the body bounce against the rocks on the way down.

Activating his comlink, “Ty you copy? “

A loud *HISSESSSS* of static was the only response. *“Damn weather...”* DarkHawk thought.

Down the steps first landing, two more guards on patrol making their way up the stairs. Producing throwing knives from their sheath, the assassin launched the blades towards the guards. The blades hit mid-section into their torsos with a thick *THUD!*. The poison already took effect as his body fell paralyzed onto the steps. His face hitting the steps right at the bridge of the nose. The second guard grasped his throat and began foaming at the mouth gasping for

breath as the poison shut his lungs down. A quick toss of the bodies over the side, left no sign of foul play. DarkHawk made his way further down the spiral staircase. Voices, more targets inbound. The tendrils of the Force embraced the assassin as he vanished from sight. He had gotten quite good over the years with the ability to Ghost.

Now a translucent shimmer floated down the steps to the next battlement. Four guards posted below, blade in one hand and shurikens in the other DarkHawk prioritized who was dying first. Leaping from the stairwell landing, DarkHawk materialized in mid air. Throwing the shurikens at the two furthest guards. One shuriken sunk into a guard's throat, he fell to the ground grasping at his wound. The second projectile found its way into the temple of the other guard, dropping him like a wet bag of meat.

As soon as DarkHawk's feet hit the floor he went to work again with the Nightsister dagger. His first victim took the knife in the Medulla Oblongata. The last guard began to raise up his weapon as the assassin pulled his blade out. Quickly the assassin side stepped, grabbing the barrel with his free hand pulling the barrel down. Immediately plunging his blade into the man's heart before letting him slump to the stone floor.

DarkHawk disposed of the bodies before making his way down near the stronghold's large open foyer and the rendezvous point. Returning to his Ghosting ability, the assassin quickly made his way down to the foyer entrance. There at the far corner of the foyer the statue stood stoically as if watching over the stronghold peacefully.

As the assassin approached he surveyed the scene with no trace of a datadisk. To the left of the statue a drain cover could be seen, the cover was slightly ajar. *"Really"* he thought. With a slight wave of the hand the metal lid slid open and DarkHawk jumped in without hesitating. A circular room with steps leading upwards towards a very ornate steel door was on one side of the room. To his right sat a three meter statue of The Seer. *"I remember you lady..."* DarkHawk said to himself.

A familiar sensation resonated through him, beginning at the pit of his stomach. Bringing the energy bow up to the ready the assassin gracefully sidestep to his left getting a better shot at the door. The door swung open and two guards emerged. The assassin launched two energy bolts at his targets in rapid succession. Before the two fully crossed the threshold, the arrows burned cleanly through their torsos. The aroma of burnt flesh began to hang thick throughout the room. The two tumbled down the steps, their armor sounding off like war drums. *CLANG, CLANG, THUD!*

"Need to move quick, someone had to have heard that," DarkHawk thought.

DarkHawk quietly shut the door, then moved the bodies behind the statue. Its dark alcove would keep them out of sight for the time being. Next the assassin began to look around the base of the statue and did not find any sign of the data disk. DarkHawk began to examine the statue itself. The Seer looked down upon her parishioners with open arms. As he continued to

examine the statue further. There nestled in the Seer's stone crown sat a small data disk. DarkHawk quickly secured the disk in his utility belt. Then augmented by the Force he jumped upwards out of the opening and replaced the lid. The foyer remained clear.

Exiting the Stronghold

DarkHawk raced up the first level of steps headed towards his insertion point. Muffled voices and footsteps could be heard from the foyer. No alarms yet, although having been through this enough times DarkHawk knew the stronghold would be on high alert when posted guards do not check in.

First landing cleared out, making his way up to the second landing another set of footsteps could be heard bearing down on his position. Knives at the ready, the guards came into sight, their eyes widened as they stared down at the wraith in front of them. A quick side arm throw and the knives hit with enough force to stagger the guards back. They stumbled and crashed down the steps as the poison took effect.

Quickly disposing the bodies over the ledge, DarkHawk began to traverse the stairs almost three steps in each leap. Activating his comlink, "Ty you copy?"

A broken response of "Copy tango!" with another dose of long static.

"Extraction in five mike!"

"Bravo ol' boy!"

"Can't celebrate just yet! Get me the hell out of here!"

"On it!" Ty exclaimed. Ty and Ellee began their descent as Ty rolled the ship over and into a dive.

More footsteps coming up the steps from below. "*Have to get to that top battlement!*" DarkHawk thought. At the last landing a very large statured guard stood waiting. "Going somewhere?" the guard boasted. DarkHawk never said a word, although the evil grin behind the helm was very broad and spoke volumes. Immediately leaping towards the guard, he felt the fury boil out from his heart. Burning down his arm, scorching his senses as it burned through his fingertips. Gritting his teeth and focused on the pain, white hot and electric, held back only by the invisible hand of the Force. DarkHawk's knuckles cracked as they made contact with the guard's chest. The assassin's mind unleashing the storm in an explosion of hate, the coiled lightning shimmering across the guard's body as the impact sent him rocketing back.

The guard's body lay smoldering from the lightning punch. The assassin picked up the man in a fireman's carry, "I am going home, clown shoes!" DarkHawk said smugly, pouring the guard's limp body over the side.

Continuing up the steps DarkHawk finally reached the top battlement. Leaping onto the ledge and activating the wing pack, the assassin stepped off the ledge and into the night. Once again gliding across the cool night skies. Sweeping the wings back behind him he dove for speed piercing the night sky. Then pulling his arms forward, the wings extended back out gaining lift and distance away from the stronghold.

As he circled above the battlement the assassin could see guards coming up the stairs searching for their comrades. DarkHawk banked to his left and silently glided around the mountain side. The mountain range headed south towards a river. DarkHawk followed that until Ty broke over his comlink. "Have you in sight, dropping in at your twelve o'clock."

The *Tãron* dropped down out of the clouds positioning itself directly ahead of the gliding assassin. Ellee flipped the switch opening the ramp door, Ty pulled the throttles back to a near stall. The Duros held the yoke with both hands steadying the ship, as he pulled the nose up slightly. DarkHawk glided just above the ramp then instinctively retracted the wings. Not taking account for the speed velocity the assassin slammed into the undercarriage of the ship. DarkHawk quickly fired the vambraces grappling line into the ramp. Pulling himself on to sure footing, the assassin staggered up the ramp. Reaching the top of the ramp he hit the button to close the ramp door.

DarkHawk made his way up to the flight deck. Elle and Ty were engrossed in their piloting duties as usual. Ty pushed the throttles forward and yanked back on the yoke. The engines immediately spooled up, rocketing the Decimator back into the outer orbit of the planet. Ellee finished plugging jump data into the NAV computer. "Jump data locked and loaded!" the pilot droid exclaimed, waving her metal arms frantically in the air.

"No need for dramatics lass," Ty said as leveling the ship off.

"Were you seen?" Ty asked.

"Don't worry I am fine. And no sir I was not seen. Although it won't be long until they realize their men are dead and not missing. We need to get this disk to Master Adenn like yesterday!" DarkHawk said.

"Well, Bob's your uncle, mate. Strap in let's get the flying fornication out of here!" Ty exclaimed, as he began pushing the hyperdrive throttles forward.

The End

