

Tarthos: Criminal Investigation

Fiction by
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[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)
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Markosian City ***Tarthos*** **Orian System**

The *Fantazumū*, a modified X70B shuttle, broke out of lightspeed into the Tarthos system. The shuttle rocketed towards the planet executing multiple evasive maneuvers along its flight path. You could hear the Duros pilot screaming in jubilee all the way back in the engine bay. Tytus O'Baieron helmed the X70 and was enjoying every second behind the yoke of such an impressive ship.

DarkHawk was making his way to the bridge and he could hear the Duros chattering about like an ecstatic child with a new toy. "I say ol' boy, you really pulled out the stops on this one. Aces ol boy, aces!" Ty exclaimed. Ty pushed the throttles full forward, a faint hum could be heard from the advanced ION engines spooling up. Ty performed an aggressive Split S maneuver before leveling the ship back out. "This ship is cracking! All those nasty blokes out there are going to have a difficult time with this lass."

DarkHawk made it to the bridge and strapped into the command chair just in time for Ty to perform his little maneuver.. He could feel the g-forces pushing him back into the seat. This was the ship's maiden voyage, and the Sgt. Major was not going to pass up a chance putting her through some paces.

Ty barrel rolled the ship over and went into an aggressive dive towards the surface. As the ship broke through the atmosphere, differences in pressure between the upper and lower surfaces of the wings produced swirling vortexes that trailed behind them. Ty pulled back on the yoke leveling the vessel off, the lights of Markosian City were now directly in front of them. Now, over thirty meters above the Sea of Urias, white caps could be seen crashing over one right after another.

"Markosian City dead ahead," Ty spouted.

"Ty fly us over to sector three, yellow. If I recall, yellow is pretty vital to the city. It leads directly to the militarized zones. That is where I will start my sweep there, then move towards black sector. If the locals want to make a move, those two sectors would be prime targets. Confirm with HMR Summit of our status, let them know where we will be starting our sweep."

"Copy that."

Before exiting the bridge, DarkHawk told Ty to open the cargo hold. As the ship raced over the cityscape, Ty pulled the throttles back to the flight idle detent, the ship slowed enough to safely deploy the assassin. The cargo door whisked open and DarkHawk without hesitation leapt from the ship.

DarkHawk activated the winged jet pack extending the carbon fiber wings. His freefall now transitioned to a controlled descent. The wings allowed him to glide down safely to the rooftops of the city. He landed softly on one of the larger rooftops, commotion towards the east could be heard.

DarkHawk could see the beginnings of a large fire nearly three clicks away. "Well that did not take too long. What the hell is going on over there?" He began to traverse the rooftops, the gaps between the structures varied in width but DarkHawk ignored those cautions. He focused his emotions and used the Force to augment his jumps making the feat look effortless.

Smoke was beginning to become heavier as he approached. With little to no wind the smoke hung stagnant with a distinct pungent aroma. He could hear screams and sporadic blaster fire. He picked up his pace making a few final jumps before coming to a stop on a building adjacent to where he pinpointed the commotion.

The assassin could see the streets below littered with rubble, debris and more dead bodies than he wanted to count. At the far end of the street he could see movement. His helm's Multi-Frequency Target Acquisition System (MFTAS), allowed him to track and scan the multiple targets below. "*Surely this rag-tag lot could not be the root cause of the situation,*" he thought, zooming in as tight as he could. Darkhawk could vaguely make out the uniform insignias worn by one of the enemy troops. "Children of Mortis," DarkHawk said softly.

Multiple units made tactical sweeps of the streets and their surroundings. The flanks would move forward clearing the alley's and buildings. Firing on the go the troops mowed down anything in their path with little resistance. The center unit concentrated their firepower on anything moving through the streets. Cackling hysterically as they wreaked havoc within the city.

Markosian law enforcement first on scene could not match the firepower of these insurgents. They were quickly outflanked and outgunned, in a matter of seconds the fight was over. The unit continued down the main avenue of the sector heading towards the militarized zones.

DarkHawk knew they were too many of them to take on solo. Before he reported his findings back to HMR Summit, he wanted to implement a bit of mayhem of his own. "These guys are either on a death march or blazing a trail for future use," he said to himself. There was a nearby intersection just ahead, perfect spot to initiate some mayhem.

DarkHawk sprung into action, first thing was first, the two heavy gunners needed to go. Sprinting across the building's ledge, he leapt across the nearly six meter gap. The wraith

seemingly floated through the air before landing as quiet as a whisper. Floating his energy bow into his off hand he continued to sprint down to the opposite ledge sliding to a stop. Dropping to a knee he brought the bow up to the ready position, The helm's targeting system locked onto the two gunners while displaying shooting data.

His heart beat steady, deep breath in, deep breath out. The first gunner was across the street a good sixty meters away. The elevated position tipped the advantage scales to DarkHawk's favor. However the assassin knew he had to make that first shot count. As the gunner walked into the killzone, the assassin smiled as the targeting reticle turned red. He drew back on the bow and released the plasma arrow sending it down its deadly path.

That gunner slammed up against the wall as the plasma arrow punctured through his skull like a ripe gourd. The streets immediately erupted with blaster, brick and mortar shards whizzed through the streets as deadly as blaster bolts. DarkHawk had to move fast, it would not take long before they zeroed in on his position.

Leaping to another ledge, the assassin had a clear shot at the second gunner. Pulling back on the bow multiple times, DarkHawk sent a volley of plasma arrows into the street. The first two hit well short in front of the gunner's feet. Laughing off the short shots, the gunner continued his charge. Before he planted his next step, the third plasma arrow stopped him in his tracks. A smoldering hole materialized in his center mass, followed closely by a fourth flash of red energy. The third shot sounded off with a dense *THUD!* The fourth struck exposed flesh which mimicked the sound of a soaked bag of meat splattering against a solid surface.

By this time the squads narrowed their fire dangerously close to the assassin's position. DarkHawk quickly retrieved a small cylindrical device from one of his belt pouches. Thermal detonators were effective for one purpose, total chaos. DarkHawk relished that thought as he activated the device. A small red LED began to blink followed by a faint *tick-tick-tick*. Heaving the device towards the rear of all the attacking squads, DarkHawk dove away from the ledge.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!!

The explosion sent men flying, leaving a trail of broken bodies in its wake. A swirling dark mushroom cloud began to rise nearly as high as the surrounding buildings. Those that avoided the blast scattered toward the intersection in a hasty retreat. DarkHawk threw a second detonator, this time at the front of the pack. The explosion slammed against the unfortunate, cutting off their retreat.

The remnants of this kill squad now began fleeing the area like spider roaches. DarkHawk activated his comlink and dialed in a secure channel.

"Markosian One, this is Sepros One. How copy?"

The familiar voice of the Marka Ragnos Quaestor Adept Locke Sonjie replied back. "Copy loud and clear *Sepros One*. What is your status DarkHawk?"

DarkHawk tapped away at his datapad, "I am sending you my coordinates now sir." I believe I may have a lead on the source of your lawlessness. I have active engagement with both C.o.M. and rebel insurgents. They were clearing a path towards the militarized zones from within the yellow sector."

"Sending backup now," the Adept said.

"Copy that, I have Ty circling the sector so we have a bird's eye view. Will maintain pursuit."

"I think I will join you on that DarkHawk, I will be there in five."

"Let the hunt begin..." replied DarkHawk.

The End