Winters1/Luna Lovewell/(LL)
Predator Whitelist application story thing

Name - Nkr'agr

Introduction

Nkr'agr is a shorter yajuta standing at 7’2 and a part of the Lker clan, a smaller clan only consisting of one elder(krr'Lec), 2 youngbloods and Nkr'agr, who experienced an engine failure while conducting a scan, causing them to crash into Gita V, a large jungle world with confirmed xenomorph activity.

Nkr'agr was tasked with fixing the damage to the ship due to her smaller stature and knowledge of the ship's subsystems. while the other two youngbloods started their own hunts, determined to claim their first prizes. Time passed while Nkr'agr worked on the engines, with tools designed for large, powerful hands. The Elder, high up in the thick brush, was watching out over the forest. She pauses for a moment, the possibility of a successful hunt invited foriegn feelings of excitement. Quick to get back to work, she starts the recalibration of the engines, the small thrusters spit their fuel but lack a spark to ignite. "A simple fix." She spoke out loud so that her elder would hear. Nkr'agr had just fashioned a rudimentory yet advanced 'spark plug' for the engine when a chilling roar made its way through the thick forrest echoing from the north, Nkr'agr barely had time to wonder what had happened as a loud Crashing sound caused her head to snap back, assessing the threat only to be met by krr'Lec, who did not waste time to give his orders. "Finish the repairs, then join the hunt." before activating his cloak and running off into the forest towards the now silenced wails of pain and failure. A mix of Pride and Dread filled Nkr'agr as she got back to work with haste. She understood her clan was small and a loss of another sister could spell disaster, though she now had the chance to become blooded and rise up through the ranks. The final repairs took 30 seconds, the advanced tools that Nkr'agr created being stored in a ship compartment carefully, much like an artifact, for those tools are what allowed her small clan to escape into space in the first place.

The first trophy

Nkr'agr took her time proceeding through the forest, treading carefully as she valued stealth and the element of surprise, scanning her environment, following the trail of her elder with small clues such as broken branches or the occasional largefootprint, Nkr'agrs adreniline still yet to kick in as she cautiously continued. Her visor switches between regular vision and thermals, scanning the trees. A roar came from behind a large alien hedge like plant sending a shiver down her spine as she recognized it as Krr'Lecs own, her body quick to move, as she parted the alien flora, eyes scanning the scene before her, Adreniline slowly rising once she spots the large black Serpent tail that had impailed her elder spraying the luminous green blood through out a small pond the elder stood in. Shock and disbelief flooded her, she could feel her internal tempreture rise as her thoughts process the elder of her clan now dead, all the while that tail removed its self, the sharp spines dragging out further blood and viscera, her elder falling to his knees, then mask first into the murk below, Nkr'agrs focus came back to her, the advanced masks systems scanning the Serpent, identifying its oversized tail, while a good weapon for striking at a distance, near useless in close quarters combat. Though her thoughts faded and were replaced with a faint sense of curiosity, seeing the creature reach for her elder's mask, removing it to reveal that vulnerable face. Movement caught her attention as a facehuggers lengthended fingers dragged its mass out of a small burrow that had resin coating the outside, yet it was well camouflaged. The finger-like limbs allowed it to crawl closer to Krr'Lecs form, but Nkr'agr had seen enough. The underlying anger from the death of Krr'Lec was replaced with a burning rage as her hand reached down to remove her combi stick. With a loud metallic grind, the ancient yet functional relic extended, and before the facehugger could react, she threw it, the relic splitting the air, finding its mark, and piercing the facehugger's center mass.

The Serpents attention turned to Nkr'agr, its body shifting, but her attention was on the tail, watching it slowly coil and whip, lining her up for an attack, Wrist blades flew out of her bracers as she roared, sucsessfully baiting the Serpents tail, with a sidestep that wasnt quick enough as the spines ripped a deep gash from her upper right arm, Nkr'agrs blood ran hot almost like it would threaten to boil her alive as she pounced forward, closing the distance in but a few strides, her wrist blades surging upwards towards the Serpents head, a risky manuver preformed under the surge of adrenaline but worth it in the end, as the duel blades tore into each side of the Serpents lower head, piercing out the top, causing the acidic blood to splatter Nkr'agrs mask and shoulders, the pain barely registering as her eyes stared at the creatures weak attempts to resist, watching it slowly fall quiet, the pitiful struggling having stopped. Nkr'agr pushed it by the mouth, off her wrist blades, taking a moment to observe the corpse, confirming it was dead, her eyes finding themselves drawn to the acidic blood sizzling in the murk below, observing how it interacted with water. Though she soon moves on, collecting the old combi stick, needing to give it a good whack to retract the ancient equipment. Her form moves to her elders, carefully tracing his face, a twinge of pain being felt in her heart, fearing the worst for her survival chances without him. though those thoughts where pushed aside as she reached down, collecting his wrist bracer in one hand, the other carefully tapping the screens, setting the self destruct timer, with one more glance at Krr'Lec, the elder who had first saved her when she took her first breaths, A warning from the bracer brought her back to the present as she stands, her head turning north while she reaches down, grabbing the Serpent by its extra large tail, dragging it behind her as she proceeds with haste through the heavy forrest floor, making distance between her and the explosives.

After 5 minutes of walking, she hears the explosion go off, standing there to listen, as the dense jungle grew darker, deciding it best to wait where she was for now, she drops the Serpent's tail. Nkr'agr thinks about how she lacked a knife and about the large serrated tip of the abnormal Serpent's tail, coated in the now dark green blood would make a perfect knife, This did not take her long as she fashioned a new knife using some scrap metal she had in a pouch from the engine repairs, with a few swipes through the air she feels pride swell within her, a deep satisfaction infesting her thoughts as she had sucsessfully hunted a Serpent that managed to down her elder. Though she did not dwell long and found herself some shelter below an enormous uprooted tree that must have been at least one thousand years old. Nkr'agr, now settling down, tends to her non-fatal wounds, using a green gel-like substance to smear over the acidic burns and coat the bleeding gash on her arm. The dull pain in her shoulder had been overwritten by everything that had happened up until now. Though it's not long before she finds rest.

The Dream

-The Desert-

-No Food-

-Starvation-

-Ship…-

-SHIP!!-

-Find Food-

-Giant Stranger?-

-Food!-

-Prove your worth-

-learn to fix things-

Nkr’agr jumped awake, her eyes scanning the terrain before she started to move, the sun still hidden away by thick forest. She looks down at her shoulders, carefully tracing the faint scars of where the Serpent's acidic blood had landed, her powerful digits squeeze and press at where the gash was, inspecting her wounds before taking her leave from the place of rest.

The thick jungle parts into one of the very few plains that were scattered over the planet's surface. Nkr’agr stood looking out over the plains as she thought about her dream, why now? Why was it suddenly coming back to her, Krr’Lec had found her with one foot in the grave already, but he found that the small one was naturally gifted when it came to engineering.

She pulled herself back to the present as her mask zoomed in on a lake that split the plain, spotting the two youngbloods lying on rocks, the green blood obvious and everywhere. Nkr’agr was quick to make her way over to investigate.

It did not take her long to make her way over to the rocks by the lake, Approaching cautiously, she surveys the scene, one of the youngblood's body was cleaved in two, his upper half was a good meter away from the waist and legs. The second was face down on the rocks. She moved closer, only for her own stomach to drop, seeing long finger-like limbs wrapped around the second youngblood's head. A hole was soon discovered, revealing something had burst from his left ribcage.

Nkr’agrs thoughts turned to worry once again about her future. She was now alone once again, but she was older now, able to snap out of it and focus. Setting both of the self-destruction countdowns on the youngblood’s bracers

Nkr’agr stood and surveyed the landscape, noticing a trail of disturbed plants, suggesting something big was the culprit. Having no better option, she takes her leave, quiet thoughts of the youngbloods fill her mind, how they use to fight her for being a lot smaller, how the elder just watched as she lost her food to them.

It didn't matter anymore; all that mattered was that she hunt down the abominable creature, soon to find that she wouldn't have to go alone as the sound of thrusters caused her to pause, the visor scanning the sky and locking onto another Yautja ship. She stood, quietly observing as it landed nearby, the advanced cloaking technology her own ship lacked, activating as a single Yautja stepped out, approaching her

Nkr’agr stood still, her hand resting on her combi stick, her mind flashed back to when she first met Krr’Lec. Her stance eased, hand shifting away from the combi stick as the stranger approached. This older Yautja's presence seemed to demand respect as it stopped about 10 ft away from Nkr’agr, waiting.

Nkr’agr took the queue and introduced herself first.
“I am Nkr’agr, Youngblood of the Lker clan.”

The Stranger replies
“I Am Vot’ork Cnaw, blooded in the Cnaw clan. We have been watching your clan from the moment you landed. I am stepping in now for the abomination exists.”

Vot’ork Cnaw gestures to the youngblood with the hole out of the side of him.

Nkr’agr felt conflicted as this was still her hunt,
She took a moment to consider, carefully replying with

“We will hunt it together.. A test to prove my skills.”

With that, she withdrew the handcrafted alien knife, offering it to Vot’ork Cnaw to inspect while adding.

“I did not have my tools to produce it well.”

Vot'ork cnaw inspects the makeshift weapon, offering a nod of approval
"Its quality is acceptable. We shall hunt together then."
His gaze, hidden by the adorned mask, was inspecting her frame, weaponry and mask, seeing the result of the acid blood splattering.
Before turning away, walking towards the north, further along the lake.

Nkr'agr followed suit, her combi stick being withdrawn, hands and nails picking at the residue and dried mud coating it.
Such a dirty weapon must look horrible, she thought as they continued the hunt together….

(This is the first time I have written a proper story in about 15 years. I am not the best when it comes to long-form stuff, but I had fun writing this(8ish months ago), then revisiting to rewrite and finally finish it.)