

Collective Strike vs Sencara A'theri

The tiny blue form of Justinios Drake whipped past the ever churning production lines inside of Factory Empusa. All around the Aleena there were seemingly endless production lines of small arms in various stages of manufacture. Justinios had been brought to the factory by Technocratic Huntress' who "captured" him from his crash site in the Badlands. His plan had worked so far, he had allowed himself to be captured so as not to die out in the Badlands. He also had partially executed step two of the plan, escape, at the first chance he was given. That chance had come during his interrogation, or more appropriately the moment between when Justinios was un-cuffed but not yet strapped into the terrifying machine that was likely meant to torture information out of him.

Having quickly recovered his lightsaber and other gear Justinios sped through the manufacturing plant as fast as his reptilian legs could carry him searching for the only possession he had yet to locate, his *KX-series* droid K1-L0. Up until this point he had avoided any attempts at recapture using his agility and speed but a whisper from the Force warned him that a different threat had just manifest. In one fluid motion the Jedi activated the blade of his bite-sized lightsaber and blocked a single blaster bolt that would've hit him square in the left side of his skull without intervention.

Not wanting to wait to see if a hail of blaster fire would follow Justinios quickly ducked behind a large piece of equipment that would put a whole bunch of durasteel between himself and the direction of the new threat. Temporarily safe, the Aleena had time to contemplate the nature of this new peril. It didn't take much of his brain's processing power to discern he was up against some sort of sniper and likely a good one. Whomever was at the other end of that blaster rifle hit him moving at full speed and weaved their shot between the rows of equipment. Justinios devised a quick test for the snipers reflexes. He poked the very end of his Lightsaber no more than a 10 centimeters out past the edge of the machine that was providing him cover. With almost no delay Justinios felt the blade shudder as it was hit by the deflected blaster bolt.

The joy of being correct about his initial assessment of the snipers skill was immediately overridden by the anxiety of being pinned down by a very good sniper. Options were limited and he knew it. Running wouldn't work if he didn't want to be shot from behind and Justinios had no ranged weapons that he could use to return fire. Even if he did getting into a shootout with someone of this skill level also was seemed pretty foolish to him. Justinios knew there was only one smart course of action, locate the sniper, close the gap and turn them into minced meat.

Repeating the same test again Justinios received the same result. The lightsaber was stuck out and was immediately hit by another blaster bolt. This told Justinios that his adversary had not yet changed their firing position and that they were in fact an exceptionally good shot. There would be only one chance at this and he knew it. Closing his eyes, Justinios gave himself over to the Force and faster than even thoughts could process he moved towards the direction of the blaster fire. The Force directed the Jedi and he gave it as much control over his body as he had himself.

Raise your lightsaber. Block high. Justinios did as was commanded. Jump on top of that conveyor belt. Duck! Use the extra momentum to launch yourself onto that cat walk. Dodge left! Block low! Jump up to that next level. Sprint. Now stop!

Conscious thought returned to Justinios' mind and he found that he was now directly over the sniper. Justinios could see the eyes of an Umbaren female looking directly back at him. After a single heartbeat the two warriors both reacted to each other. Justinios dove headfirst over the railing as the sniper dropped her rifle and plinked off a handful of hastily aimed shots from her blaster pistol as she took off down the catwalk. As the Jedi fell towards he deflected the bolts but didn't have the ability to both slow his own descent and redirect the fire back towards its source. Before Justinios landed softly on the hard durasteel plating of the lower catwalk the sniper had a good head start and was still shooting blindly behind her as she ran.

Justinios figured that his assailant turned prey had probably hoped her haphazard fire would distract him from the fragmentation grenade she had left behind but the undirected blaster bolts weren't enough of a threat for him not to notice the explosive. As Justinios took off after the sniper he quickly kicked the grenade off of the catwalk. The device exploded closer to the factory floor but the force of the blast was enough to vibrate the durasteel footway.

Even with her longer legs the Umbaren was no match for a speeding Jedi and Justinios had caught her in moments. As Aleena closed the gap he leapt toward her using his forward momentum with his lightsaber held high for a quick killing blow. As if she could sense the incoming strike the sniper dove forward into a combat roll and quickly sprung up into a fighting position. The Umbaren let off one quickly aimed final shot, which Justinios easily batted aside as she soared towards her, before she threw her pistol to the catwalk deckplating. Before Justinios could land his blow, the female Umbaren pivoted to avoid the searing blue blade and slammed her fist into his spine as he glided by.

With a tiny thud, Justinios hit the catwalk hard and the sound of what was likely a few cracked ribs followed shortly after the initial rough landing. As the Aleena slowly got up he noticed that the sniper was already running back down the catwalk towards the spot she had left her rifle. Her hands were now empty, which meant she likely threw her pistol over the edge by accident in her rush to avoid being sliced in two.

Justinios threw his activated lightsaber overhand so that it soared through the air just as a throwing knife might. Immediately after it left his hand he put all of his focus onto the hilt of the weapon to both guide its path and ensure that the activator switch remained depressed. An onlooker would have seen the azure blade trace through the air like a deadly pinwheel on a blustery day. The Jedi pushed the weapon to travel as fast as he was able and it quickly overtook the fleeing Umbaren, lodging itself diagonally in her torso with the hilt pointing up at the factory ceiling at about 45 degrees. She immediately fell to the walkway and was motionless.

Trotting down the catwalk to the snipers motionless corpse Justinios recalled his weapon to his hand. He stopped momentarily to consider whether he should waste an extra moment to ensure the Umbaren

was in fact dead or take the chance she was alive and attempt to find his droid as soon as was possible. The decision was made for Justinios as another explosion rocked the footway, this time right from where the Umbaren had been laying.

“Thanks for finishing my job,” Justinios yelled out to the now clearly deceased sniper whom had obviously been hoping to catch her Jedi prey in the blast. Speaking to himself he then said, “Now I’ve just got to find that droid before he somehow escapes on his own and shames me over it for the next three months.”