

[GJW XII Event Long] Combat Writing - Collective Strike

[Ethan Martes](#) #14873

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The Badlands, Nancora

Ethan sighed as he got over the dune and looked ahead, seeing in the distance a structure in the sands. His mouth moved a bit before he spit a mouthful mixture of saliva and sand onto the ground. "I hate this place... Better yet, why was I chosen to scout?" He reached into his robe to produce a pair of binoculars, using them to spy at the structure in the distance.

He knew what it was, he paid attention in the briefing, even if he mostly doodled on his paperwork. This was the Badlands and ahead was where the Technocratic were supposed to be keeping the scrolls his team was going to be after. Another heavy sigh left Ethan as he pocketed the binoculars.

"What a bother..." He slowly moved down the hill, seeing a bit of shade available underneath a large scrap heap that might have been part of a ship at one point.

Once in the shade, Ethan took out his water and sipped at it, his mind already thinking about his next moves. "Shouldn't be too hard, right? I mean, yea they got some sort of maze thing going on and lots of turrets. But this will be a cakewalk." As soon as the words left Ethan's mouth, he immediately wanted to eat them. He could hear something travelling towards him.

Thinking quickly, he swept his hands out in a circular motion all around him, the Force kicking up a large cloud of dust and sand that concealed his presence while he tried to find some part of the scrap to hide under. The roaring sound of an engine got louder and louder before finally cutting off, "Alright droids, this should be the last bit of scrap we need for the day." A female voice called out.

Ethan's hand gripped tightly on his trusted DL-44 Kritim, peeking through a small break in the scrap he was behind he could see the forms as the dust died down. One woman and two smaller scrap droids scanning for useful parts. The woman sat on a small land rover, a bored look upon her face as she waited for the droids.

"I keep telling them it would be better to set traps out here, but they think this is too far out to be effective."

A droid scanned over the scrap on top of Ethan before letting out a series of warning beeps and sounds. The Jedi telekinetically threw the scrap onto the droid to smash it away as he held his blaster out and took a shot, destroying the other droid.

The Twi'lek woman was off her rover and blaster ready in an instant, the two having a stand off. "You've got a lot of guts destroying my droids."

"Apologies, I originally wanted to ask you out for a lovely drink and a moonlit night, but this place is a dirt hole." Ethan smirked at her, the two waiting for the other to make a move first. "Since I am a gentleman though, the name is Ethan Martes." His left hand slowly slid behind his back, grasping the hilt of his lightsaber.

"Gwendolyn Sparks." The Twi'lek replied, "Mind telling me what you are doing here, or should I just kill you slowly and torture it from you?"

"Oh me? I just got lost on a lovely stroll I was having. I'm actually the mayor of a small town up the coast, it's very lovely during this time of year. You should visit." Ethan's smirk didn't falter for a moment, mentally sizing up his opponent.

"Slow it is!" Sparks yelled as she opened fire first, Ethan returning fire with his own blaster. The two just barely missing each other as they stumbled through the uneven ground to try and find cover from each other.

Ethan whipped out the lightsaber and batted away one blaster shot, "They always shoot for the chest..." Was all he muttered, remembering his master's training.

Sparks growled, "Jedi!" As she reached forward with her wrist launcher, the micro-rocket humming to life before firing out at Ethan. The Jedi tumbled out of the way and behind some scrap as the rocket struck, sending debris and shrapnel into the air.

There was a silent moment as Sparks aimed her blaster, trying to see through the dust and smoke if she was successful. Ethan righted himself slowly and put his lightsaber back where it belonged. As the dust settled he finally called out, "I surrender."

"What?" Sparks raised a brow, a bit caught off guard by this all of the sudden.

"I have no means of beating explosives." Ethan slowly stood up, his hands in the air and the blaster hanging off one finger. He wore a disarming smile as he stepped out from behind the impromptu cover. "And I'm not one for fighting really, I'm more of a lover."

Sparks aimed her blaster at him, "This is a trick."

"Is it?" Ethan said as he tossed his blaster to her feet.

She stared at him for a long moment before glancing to the blaster, then back to him. "Lightsaber too. All your weapons." She felt an odd presence about Ethan, as if something emanated from him.

"Very well." Ethan chuckled and slowly took off his lightsaber and tossed it to her feet as well, his hand making an odd gesture for a moment. "Though don't you think... This is a poor way to treat a friend?" Ethan's last words seemed to echo a bit to Sparks, he had been focusing on the Force while he spoke.

Sparks tensed for a moment, "Wh-what?" Her natural eye blinked a few times, as if trying to get something out of it.

Ethan kept his hands up, they shifted ever so lightly. "Oh yes, don't you think you should treat a friend better?" His disarming smile was plastered on his face the entire time, watching as Sparks slowly lowered her blaster.

"Y-yes..." She began to relax. "I should treat a friend better." Her eyes went wide as Ethan produced Marri, his slugthrower and with quick reflexes let out two shots. Her body tensed to try and get out of the way but it was too late, she had let her guard down.

Sparks hit the ground hard as the two slugs ripped through her stomach. Writhing in pain she pointed her blaster at him only for it to fling from her hand to his. "Sorry about that." Ethan kept his smile up. "I'm not fond of using the Mind Trick ability on such a pretty lady, but... Well this is war."

He tossed her blaster aside and used the Force to bring his own blaster and lightsaber back to him so he could replace them to their rightful places. Sparks reached up with her other wrist weapon but then stopped as Ethan pointed the slugthrower at her. "I'd keep your hands on those wounds of yours. Otherwise you'll bleed out."

Her brow furrowed in frustration and anger, made only worse by the constant smirk that Ethan wore upon his face. "I'll get you for this."

"Maybe." Ethan shrugged, "I've gotten all the information I was supposed to get. Good news for you, I'm not a cruel man and have medical supplies in my backpack." He motioned with his gun at her, "You toss aside all your weapons, I'll give the supplies to you."

"You said this is war..." Sparks grinned through the pain, "Doesn't showing mercy to your enemies kind of go against the point of winning?"

“Maybe.” Ethan shrugged again. “Though, right now are you really one to complain? You are bleeding pretty badly as I got two rounds in your stomach. Clock is ticking Sparky. While you are at it, how many are in that fort lookin’ place?”

“Sparks!” She growled, her eyes almost glaring holes into Ethan’s skull before she finally tossed aside her wrist mounted weapons and the two explosives she had still. “More than your stupid group could ever handle.”

“Don’t feel too bad Sparky.” Ethan chuckled. “If you had gotten the drop on me, you would have won. Luck just happened to be on my side is all. But the fact remains that I was able to make you lower your guard, and that is all I needed to win.”

“The supplies!” Sparks growled at him, already feeling the loss of blood getting to her as her vision became blurry.

“Oh right!” He laughed, “Sorry, was just thinking of how this will look on the report.” Ethan pointed his slugthrower and fired two more rounds into the prone Twi’lek. “Thing is I lied, no way I’d help an enemy. That would just be stupid.”

He then turned and holstered his slugthrower Marri as he walked away. “Gwendolyn Sparky... Sparks? Nah, Sparky. Sparky sounds better.” Ethan spoke to himself. “Encountered, and defeated.” He looked back over his shoulder to her unmoving form. “Dead.” He goes back to walk up the hill and towards the rest of his team. “Dead is good.”

The hot air blew as gusts of wind and sand kicked up around the battlefield. No matter your equipment or training, or whether you feel you are right in your conviction, it can all be undone by one simple shift of luck and someone willing to take advantage of it.