

The Summit  
By Ethan Martes

He watched from the sidelines, not overly interested in the politics going on. He stayed focused (mostly) on his guard duties as he reached into his robes and produced a flask for a nice quick swig. His eyes drifted towards Tyraal's back, smirking a bit to himself as he watched the new leader of Tython Squadron. The position suited the Clawdite male, at least according to Ethan it did. His eyes also shifted to Mauro, who was busy glaring at the representative of the guilds here on Daleem. Ethan's nose scrunched for a moment as his wandering eyes eventually landed on another individual, muscle brought by the guild incase anyone tried something funny.

The room was rather heated between the Odanites and the guild, especially since they had recently had a scuffle that took the life of Mauro's right hand woman. Ethan could almost cut the tension with his lightsaber if he wanted, but he remained there on the sidelines. He brought his commlink to his lips and whispered into it, checking in with the rest of Tython Squadron who were busy with their positions in the halls or in the air.

Everything seemed good and clear, but then the representatives of the Vatali entered. "We are sorry to keep everyone waiting. Please, let us proceed with the negotiations."

This is the part Ethan mostly tuned them out, he stood a little straighter as he kept his eyes and senses open to anything that might pose a threat. He tensed as the muscle from the guild walks over, standing a good four or five inches taller than Ethan. He was a human, green hair with the sides shaved down. "Kind of short to be a bodyguard."

"Well, I got this position by sleeping with a lot of people." Ethan smirked at him.

"Heh... So I take it you Odan-Urr folk actually take this seriously?" The muscle asked.

"Oh we do. That's why we've sent our best here. Tyraal and Mauro are better at the whole politics thing. I'm better at other things." Ethan chuckled as he took out a cigar and placed it into his lips.

"I've got a good bit of weight and height on you. Not to mention I could just shoot you." The muscle slowly reached for his holster.

"Keep your hand away from that, or the only thing you are shooting is your own dick off." Ethan smirked, their eyes locked as the man's body froze in hesitation. "Tense situations don't need hot-blooded people."

The man smirked but then scowled as Ethan lit his cigar and blew smoke into his face. "You aren't worth the rounds."

“Maybe not, but after a few shots of rum, your mom wasn’t that bad in bed.” Ethan kept his grin, obviously antagonizing the man.

The two glared at each other for a long moment before a voice called over to them, “Ethan, I can feel you annoying the man. Keep your head in the game.” It was Tyraal, who over his time as the leader of Tython Squadron, has gotten to know Ethan’s antics.

“Gotcha boss. I was just thinking that this room is pretty stuffy and tense.” Ethan laughed, brushing past the man with a wink. “I think I know how to help.”

“Oh no...” Mauro muttered under his breath.

Before anyone could protest, Ethan waved his hand and began with the simple words. “Maybe stripping down would help.” Quickly he targeted each of them and repeated the words until everyone was in agreeance. The two guild representatives and their guard were first, stripping down to their birthday-suits. Before Tyraal and Mauro could say anything, they suddenly felt the suggestion hitting them as well. The Vatali representatives also felt this sudden suggestion as Ethan smiled to them.

Tyraal was rather quick to follow the suggestion, with Mauro doing so after a begrudging moment as if he was trying to fight against the idea. While this happened, Ethan took a moment to disarm everyone except for himself and to gather their clothes into one big pile in the center of them. Finding a couple of holdout weapons and even a small explosive on one of the guild representatives, he put those aside.

He looked at his watch and held up a finger, “And the effect should wear off... right... about... Now.” He pointed to each of them as the Mind Trick wore off and they each started yelling and freaking out about being naked.

Ethan chuckled and winked at the one female of the Vatali, “Nice tattoo on your leg.”

Everyone’s face turned bright red in anger or embarrassment as they scrambled to get their clothes back on. “Ethan Martes! I am going to make sure this in my report. You’ve gone too far this time!” Mauro growled.

“Maybe, but hey. They were going to blow themselves up. I found this bomb on them.” Ethan held up the explosive, looking at the slightly shoddy design of it. “Looks like someone made this in their bedroom with spare wires.”

Everyone’s eyes turned to the guild representatives, who sat nervously as they clutched their clothes over their privates. The muscle then bum-rushed Ethan, but ended up just flying back from a Force Push from Tyraal as the Clawdite (in his boxers) stomped over to Ethan. “I’m not

sure if I should be mad with you, or happy that you stopped their plan. Don't ever make me strip again."

Ethan kept his same old grin. "Sure thing boss. By the way. Love the color."

The Vatali cleared their throat, trying their best to regain some of the destroyed composure. "Well then.. It seems that one party came to this table with the intentions of sabotage and of killing us. I'm sure you have a good explanation for this?"

Ethan went back to smoking his cigar while the negotiations resumed, a smirk still on his face. He knew he'd be chewed out later, wasn't the first time and won't be the last. A bit of happiness for him though as he prevented a bombing and gave more leverage to their side for the negotiations.