

[COU] Tipping Point: Fight Night (Fiction)

By Ethan Martes

Ethan sighed as he sat in his chair and muttered, "Well Petth, you can be happy knowing that this looks like a bust and we get to leave early." He took another swig of the drink he ordered, his contact already thirty minutes late. Was the contact dead or was this a trap? Either way, he felt a bit of comfort knowing Petth was a few tables away watching his back. Even though he was technically supposed to keep her away from missions, the former Sith proved to be a valuable aid.

"Oh don't be like that. It is possible that someone may still show up, love." Petth's voice whispered into Ethan's earpiece. "Or we can bounce from here and head on home... I know how to lighten up your mood." Her voice almost purred.

"Oh that you do... Maybe it was a noble or someone trying to go up in ranks to get closer to the throne, or they were targeting boss lady. Either way, I was hoping for something." Ethan finished his drink in one more big swig.

"Heads up, you have someone approaching your table fast." Petth whispered.

Just as Ethan placed his glass back onto the table, he felt something hard press against his back. He froze for a moment, his paranoid mind instantly telling him it was the business end of a blaster. "On your feet Jedi. You are coming with us."

"Oh come on now... That-" Ethan began to speak but was cut short. One of the goons had pistol whipped him on the back of his head with their gun. "OW!! Okay! Okay! I'm getting up." Ethan slowly stood up from his table and turned around to be face to chest with a group of five Sephi. "Man I forget how tall you guys are."

"Enough chatter. Move." The gruff voiced one spoke.

"Alright, alright." Ethan held his hands up as they began to move as a group. "So you guys want to hear a joke?"

"Shut up." The gruff voice spoke again as it shoves the barrel of the blaster into Ethan's back to prod him.

"Alright... But the punchline is killer." Ethan chuckled as the sound of a lightsaber igniting could be heard. The Sephi turned around in time to see a red lightsaber wielding female Chiss pounce on them.

Happy Landings erupted into an uproar of yells and screams as combat broke out, one of the Sephi being downed instantly by Petth's lightsaber making an intimate relationship with their chest cavity.

The apparent leader of the group, turned back to Ethan to see him already diving over a table and flipping it over as cover. "Kill her! Don't let him get away!"

Ethan drew out Kritim and braced himself as he listened. Petth wielded her lightsaber in both hands as she swung with powerful strikes, carving into anything or anyone unfortunate to get in her way. "Honey, keep at least one of them alive please!" Ethan called out, knowing that if he wasn't careful, Petth would kill them all and leave no one to question.

The Sephi fought back, one of them grabbing a chair and slamming it into Petth as hard as he could muster, staggering her and making her drop her lightsaber. Unfortunately for the poor man, Petth's eyes locked onto him like a predator staring down its next prey. She pounced on him, digging her nails into him like they were claws as she conjured Force Lightning.

Between the Force Lightning and the 150lbs of psychotic woman tackling him, the Sephi dropped to the ground smoking as Petth rolled away. Blaster and slugthrower shots chased after the Chiss as she scrambled on all fours quickly to find cover.

Ethan used this moment to pop out of cover and let loose his own covering fire. Ethan nailed two of them, leaving one left that began to run out the door. "Petth, he's getting away! We need him alive!"

Petth rolled out from cover and Force pulled her lightsaber to her hip as she broke out in a sprint. The Sephi ran as fast as his legs would take him, daring a look back to see Petth gaining on him with Ethan not too far behind.

The Sephi's heart pounded faster and harder as he could see an access elevator in the distance. The thought that he just had to make it to the elevator was all in his mind. His legs and lungs burned as he almost stumbled to a stop to hit the call button to the elevator. His heart told him to not look behind as fear crept up his back, but he did anyways to see Petth on him immediately.

Before he could draw his weapon again, Petth was midair with a mighty leap. Her hidden wrist blade shot out as she landed on him, her legs wrapping around his waist to block his arm from drawing his gun. Her blade then stabbed right through his shoulder and into the floor beneath him.

Ethan slowed to a stop, trying to catch his breath as Petth kept the man pinned to the ground. "Oh man... I should... I should shoot you for making me run like that."

At this time the station security swarmed them, pulling Petth and Ethan away before they could even ask questions. The two were in custody for hours before being cleared, unfortunately they could not get any information on the Sephi who tried to take Ethan away.