

Making Merry Competition
By Ethan Martes

Tyraal strode into the bar, holding himself up rather high. This was a good way to raise morale, a good way to get the team back together and back on track doing what they were made to do. The Clawdite male had good intentions for all of this, but that did not prepare him for what he saw. As soon as he walked through the doors, he was greeted by the sight of his team in a full on fistfight with other bar goers.

His eyes went wide, watching as Ethan decked a man in the chin with one hard right hook, knocking him straight to the ground. Petth was right behind him, jumping over the Jedi to tackle a woman down and pulling at her hair and punching her face. Junazee was at the bar, slamming her fist repeatedly into one man's stomach. The Daegella Twins weren't that far behind, using chairs to beat people away. Chrome had his fists up and was blocking swings from a Gamorrean before countering with a quick, one-two punch. Korroth had one arm being held by one man, while he used his other to strangle another. Lastly was Sai, kicking the crap out of one drunkard who tried to get feisty with her.

Tyraal barely ducked out of the way as a bottle flew at his head, but smashed on the door behind him. He finally grabbed his blaster and pointed it up at the sprinkler system and fired, letting water out and dowsing the heated tempers. "What in the name of the Force is going on here?!"

Everyone slowly let go of each other, dropping broken beer bottles and chair legs. Ethan wiped his lip free of some blood, "Oh, hey Tyraal!" He smiled, but that just slowly faded as the Clawdite just glared at him. Petth slowly got off of the woman, who was not looking as pretty anymore. "So... Uhm... We can explain?"

"I certainly hope so!" Tyraal growled, "Tython Squadron, out on the street! Now!" There were a few mutters and grumbles as the squad slowly left the bar, one of the Daegella twins taking a cheap shot at one man before they fully got outside.

Each member stood in a line, each one with a bruise or a bit of blood on them. They were all a bit wet from the sprinkler raining down on them, but mostly they were concerned with what Tyraal was going to say. There was a moment of silence before Tyraal spoke, "So? Who's going to explain this mess?"

"Well... First off, it wasn't our fault." Ethan started.

"Oh really?" Tyraal spoke as he shot a glare at the human.

"Honest! We were sitting there, minding our own damn business!" Ethan protested.

“Oh, and what happened while you were *minding your own business*?” Tyraal moved closer to stare Ethan in the eye.

“Well, first me and Petth got here first. The bar wasn’t that packed, and no one else from the squad was here yet. So we started to have a few drinks. Jaftis showed up for a few minutes, said something about having to take a leak and I haven’t seen him since.” Ethan began regaling Tyraal with the events that led up to the fight. After a riveting tale, that was confirmed by everyone else of the squad, a Gamorrean by the name of Chuck was at fault for knocking over their table.

“And you are all sure that *Chuck* was the one who initiated this whole mess?” Tyraal raised a brow, as everyone just kind of nods with agreement. “Either it is the truth, or all of you are just agreeing so you don’t get a worse punishment.” Everyone remained silent. “Alright then, obviously you need a good run to get the alcohol out of your system! Let’s start marching everyone!”

There were groans but they did follow. Chrome leans forward and whispers to Ethan, “Great going.”

“Hey, at least he doesn’t know about what we did to Jaftis.” Ethan whispered back.

“Yea, the harmless prank that started the whole thing.” Chrome muttered.

The bar man sighed and went to the bathroom after pulling himself out from under the safety of his bar counter. He opened the bathroom door to find Jaftis and a woman duct-taped together and gagged. The Gamorrean male ran over, “So that’s what they did with you Feana!”