[GJW XIV Phase I] Fiction - Combat Writing

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Nesolat had come under siege by the Collective, likely aiming to take over the platform to get to Arx below. Ethan and Petth were given two simple tasks, the first is the locating and elimination of Gwendolyn “Sparks” and the second was the defense of Nesolat. With the space above the station filled with fighters from both sides, boarding parties from the Collective needed to be repelled.

The battlefield was often a place for chaos and confusion, the shouts and screams of hundreds as they fought for not only victory but survival. Blaster fire, slugshots, cannons, and so much more could be heard, deafening and scarily enough to Ethan, soothing. That was something that always bothered him, that such chaos could soothe him and make him feel like he was somewhere he belonged.

Though at the moment, he walked with a bit of confidence, his guns ready at his sides and only leaving their holsters for a quick shot or two before returning to them. He strode through the corridors as people fought all around him. Fellow Force users using their lightsabers to deflect shots or trying to get into melee range with Collective forces that preferred to stay at a distance.

He smirked for a moment, as he did have one such individual with him serving as a blaster shield. Petth, his Chiss lover and accomplice in many schemes, was just a few paces in front of him, using her crimson lightsaber to deflect and smack away any blaster fire from the two. Maybe it was his time spent with her that he no longer felt anxiety from battle, but he’d never be able to prove it.

They find a quiet spot away from the battle to refocus, the Chiss turning to her Human lover with a look of annoyance. “You are doing it again. You are being too quiet and in your head.”

Ethan blinked for a moment in confusion before a smile crept onto his face. “Oh? I had no idea. Normally you get annoyed with me when I talk too much.”

“I do, but I also don’t like it when you are too quiet. It means you are not focused and something is on your mind.” Petth pointedly spoke, her dark eyes scanning over every feature of his face as if looking for an answer.

“I’m fine Petth, so don’t worry about me.” Ethan kept eye contact with her and that same old smile. “We’ll be done with this job in a bit and then we’ll head on out.”

She scowled at him before shaking her head. “Fine, we’ll talk about it later then. Who’s the target for us?”

“Some Twi’lek named Gwendolyn, nicknamed Sparks. Apparently she’s the big brains behind the Hive Mind Marines that’ve been causing trouble for our allies.” Ethan produces a small holopad that projects the image of their target. “I know big brains types aren’t your preferred challenge, but I figured you could have a bit of fun with her.”

Petth examined the image for a moment, a sly and sadistic smile came to her face. “I can think of a few ways to make her pay for deeds.” With that the two moved out again, this time they did their best to be stealthy as they searched the corridors for their prey.

It didn’t take much longer before they found the Twi’lek in question. She was standing there with a datapad in hand, giving orders to a few Collective soldiers, and at the moment unaware of the two.

Ethan taps Petth on the shoulder and uses a series of hand gestures and mouthing of his words to explain his plan. Then pointed to a door across the hall that went into a small office just near Sparks.

They waited for Sparks and her two guards to start moving before they acted. Petth focused on the Force to enhance her physical abilities and waited for Ethan’s action first. The Human popped out of cover and with two quick shots from his Lucky DL-44 dropped the first Collective bodyguard. Petth then rushed in and full on body tackled Sparks into the small office, leaving the last Collective guard surprised and unable to either stop Petth or to defend against Ethan’s next two shots.

Petth and Sparks tumbled to the ground in the office, the two wrestling with each other as one tried to overpower the other. Ethan quickly entered the room as the two broke apart, Sparks immediately brandishing her K-16 Bryar though she held her shot as Petth ignited her lightsaber. “Two against one, eh?”

“Oh no, one against one.” Ethan chuckled, “I won’t be fighting you, and I also know you won’t be using those explosives you love so much because well…” He uses his blaster to gesture to everything around them, “Boom-booms inside a space station are a big no-no. So you are going to help keep Petth here entertained.”

Ethan leaned in and put an arm around Petth and slowly cupped her chin as he whispered into her ear. “Cut loose, and do whatever you want.” It was as if a magic spell was cast as Petth’s eyes seemed to almost glow, the psychotic smile clear upon her face. With that Ethan stepped back. “Don’t take too long though.” were his last words as he exited the office and closed the door behind him, taking up a guarding position.

“So your master keeps you on a leash?” Sparks quipped, trying to use words to buy time for her to formulate a plan.

“Lover, and be glad it’s me.” Petth took her stance. “If he was your opponent he’d break your mind without firing a single shot.”

Sparks was at a disadvantage, as Ethan pointed out. Using explosives inside a space station or a ship was risky, the small office didn’t help much either. The internal damage would be one, but one could also blow a hole through the hull if they weren’t careful. However before she could start calculating the risks of using her personal explosives, Petth started her attack.

Petth was as if she were a wild and savage animal that Sparks had been trapped in a room with. Sparks let loose shots but mostly focused on dodging out the way of the crimson lightsaber that cut through anything it touched.

The small office didn’t provide a lot of room to put distance between the two, and the closer Petth gott the more Sparks could feel that terrifying aura. She did her best to fight off the fear, hardening her resolve by focusing her mind on her next actions.

Sparks decided she had to risk it, there was no way that she could keep up in close range with Petth. She lashed out with her wrist laser first, forcing Petth to duck under and as the Twi’lek righted herself to follow up with her MM9 wrist rocket, an arch of crimson flashed before her.

Petth had been waiting for this moment, tapping into her precognitive power through the Force for brief seconds at a time, looking for a perfect moment to land a decisive strike. With one single outstretched swipe of her lightsaber, she lopped off Sparks’ arm at the elbow. The Twi’lek taken back by the pain stumbled, opening up for a second attack that took off her other arm.

Sparks fell to the floor screaming in pain, her mind going in and out of consciousness from the sheer pain. She then felt a weight on her waist as Petth sat on her, “That’s the problem with you brainy types. Always prepared for staying at range, but then when you are in a close range battlefield, you are just so boring and easy.”

Petth reached down and grabbed Spark’s face and made her look at her. “For a brainy type you are stupid, bringing explosives onto a space station. Only way that would work is if you are trying to destroy the place.” She focused on the Force, pushing it through Spark’s body to heal and ease her pain. “You should have had a loadout for close quarter combat on a space station, but instead you brought things that are better for fighting in a large open area. Even if we fought in a corridor, you wouldn’t have lasted very long.”

“What are you doing?” Sparks finally spoke through gritted teeth, still writhing in pain as her legs kicked uselessly to try and get free.

Petth gave a bit of a confused look to Sparks. “I’m using the Force to heal you. I can’t have you die just yet, how will I have fun with you?” She used both her hands to hold Spark’s head still while she leaned in and licked around the cybernetic eye. “You need to entertain me more, to make up for that pitiful fight you put up. So I’m just going to heal you enough to keep you from dying.”

Ethan spun his blaster in his hand before he returned it to his holster, eyeing the three more dead Collective soldiers. He checked his watch to see that it’s been ten minutes since he let Petth have her fun.

He turned to the door, hearing nothing from the other side of it compared to before where he could hear screams from the other side. With a push of a button the door slides open to find a gruesome mess. What remained of the Twi’lek was nothing more than a limbless torso with a head, all of which showing wounds from Force Lightning. The face had been smashed repeatedly with barefists and other objects, and then there was Petth still beating the unconscious Sparks because she still twitched now and then.

“Petth, that’s enough.” Ethan spoke flatly. “There is still combat in other parts of the station that needs to be cleaned up.”

Petth looked up to Ethan and blew a hair out from her face. “I suppose that’s for the best, this toy is all used up and not fun anymore.” She took out one of her many knives and slammed it into Sparks’ throat, before getting up and using the Force to scrape blood off of herself.

With that, the two returned to the fight to defend Nesolat.