[GJW XIV Phase I] Fiction - In Opposition (Option 1)

By Ethan Martes 14873

Ethan stood at the cross section, spinning his blaster in one hand before returning it to its holster then immediately whipping out his slugthrower with his other hand and spinning it as well before he returned it to its holster. He repeated this action time and time again, watching all around him as people ran past him to the escape pods just down the hall. Every once in a while he’d catch sight of a Collective soldier and he’d immediately blast them before returning to spinning his guns.

Alarms blared, constantly telling all that could hear that the station was under attack, and that non-combat personnel were to evacuate. The Collective had won this battle, but the war was far from over. Right now though, Ethan wanted to make sure as many people that could, got off the station.

“Ethan, come in.” Petth’s voice came from his comm-link. “I’ve got an update.”

Ethan pulled his comm-link to his mouth. “Let me guess, having lots of fun out flying around and shooting down Collective?”

“Oh, I am, though that’s not why I’m contacting you. Turns out there are some relics on the station that might be of some use. I’m sending you the location of the vault they are in now.” Petth spoke before letting out a few curses in her native tongue. “I’ve got a few on my tail, so I’m going silent to concentrate.”

“Fly true, love.” Ethan smirked as he put the comm-link back in his pocket. He thought for a long moment, the relics are important but he didn’t like the idea of leaving this spot that so many of the people were evacuating through. After a few more moments he decided that he hadn’t seen too many Collective over here, so they must be focused on something other than evacuating people.

He strode forward, making his way through people who pushed and shoved to the escape pods. He changed between Kritim, his Lucky DL-44, and Marri, his .48-caliber Enforcer Pistol when he took shots. The first being a blaster shot from Kritim and if that didn’t drop the target, then the armor piercing round of his slugthrower Marri normally did.

The Collective were tough due to their cybernetic enhancements, but Ethan could easily take care of any of the rank and file individuals. Out of what most would call paranoia, Ethan constantly checked behind him and around every corner. Finding the vault room was easy enough, though it looked like the Collective had the same idea.

Ethan counted two soldiers guarding the door, and no telling how many were inside but there was an almost deafening sound of some kind of drill coming from the room. After a moment of debate, he double checked to make sure he was fully loaded and spun around the corner. Two quick shots with his Lucky DL-44 dropped the two guarding Collective and he ran to the door to peak inside.

The noise hadn’t been heard by the others, but there were five more Collective soldiers in the vault room, having gotten access and now trying to drill their way into the main section of the vault. He recognized that only two of these five were called Hive Mind Marines from that briefing he had not too long ago. Ethan thought for a moment, he often liked using his Mind Trick ability but if they could not hear him then they can’t hear his suggestion, and he wasn’t sure how well it would work on the Marines. He decided to bide his time, his free hand holding a concussion grenade.

He’d look around but then go back to peaking around the door to see if they were into the vault yet. As soon as the drill stopped and the vault opened, Ethan lobbed his concussion grenade at their feet. After it went off, Ethan bursted into the room, letting out shot after shot as he quickly made his way to take cover behind a pedestal in the room, only dropping two of the Collective.

The Collective recovered a bit quicker than he had hoped, and started firing back. The three of them that were left started taking up positions to flank Ethan. He switched to his slugthrower Marri to let the DL-44 cool down, thinking the slugthrower’s armor piercing rounds would do better against the two Marines. He took down one flanker and one Marine with a quick burst of shots that spent the magazine. The last Collective Marine however charged and tackled Ethan before dropping his own weapon.

Ethan fell and tried to aim but the Collective Soldier smacked the slugthrower from his grasp. The Collective Soldier grabbed Ethan by the neck with both hands, strangling him as the Human fought back. Ethan’s feet kicked as he tried to get some air, his hand initially reached for his Lucky DL-44. The Collective let go enough to smack that away as well but this let Ethan break free of his grasp, his hand touching the Marine’s chest before a burst of the Force exploded out and threw the Marine back against the wall.

The Marine slowly stood up, as did Ethan, both a bit dazed from what happened. Ethan cursed slightly, as he wasn’t able to put his full might behind the Force push. The Marine shook its head and pulled out its vibrodagger. Ethan just shook his head, still trying to get his breath back. “Really? Come on… I hate melee.”

The next action was in split seconds, the Marine making a charge for Ethan again but he was unable to close the distance in time. Ethan reached to his third holster on the back of his belt and pulled out his BR-5010 Slugthrower. Ethan got off the one shot he needed in time, the armor piercing round ripping through the Marine and staggering them. The powerful recoil of the slugthrower almost ripped the gun out of Ethan’s hand, but he tightened his grip and stance and centered it back, letting out a second shot into the staggered Marine and dropping them.

Ethan took a few more moments to fully catch his breath before picking up his weapons making sure they were ready for more combat. He stopped and admired the BR-5010, this was the first time he had used it in combat and it definitely dropped his enemy like the salesman said it would.

He opened it and checked his ammo, only having two shots of it left. For a moment, he thought that maybe he shouldn’t have modified it for armor piercing rounds since it already went through light armor. He then looked to the dead Marines and how his two slugthrowers compared, before deciding he was right to modify them as they were both wearing heavy armor. “Kark me…” Ethan muttered. “Really glad I bought the armor piercing rounds.”

Ethan entered the vault and easily loaded up a cargo carrier that he then pushed out of the vault and down the hall. “Petth, Parf. I’ve secured the cargo, requesting pickup.” Making it to the only secured hangar wasn’t too much trouble, more of the rank and file Collective showed up, but Ethan easily took care of them. The Partisans and Huntresses were easy enough to deal with, especially since only the latter wore armor and even that didn’t stop the Lucky DL-44. He could even Mind Trick those two Collective troops into fighting each other or taking themselves out. Though Ethan kept an eye out for more Collective Marines, as he knew that he had limited ammo to deal with them and he wasn’t sure if his ability would work on them or not.

Thankfully he didn’t run into any more of the Collective Marines, and getting to the hangar was easy enough. He saw his XS Light Freighter pull in and the docking ramp lower immediately. “Get on, things are getting a lot more heated around here.”

“Don’t have to tell me twice.” Ethan quickly pushed the cargo carrier onto the ship and activated the ramp to close it. He didn’t even have time to buckle up before Parf slammed onto the accelerator and ripped out of the hangar and jumped out into hyperspace as soon as they were clear.