

# Desperation

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Submitted: December 19, 2005

Updated: December 19, 2005

*What happens when Jak gets killed? The worst day of Dexter's life. Warning: Sad.*

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# 1 - Desperation

Title: Game Over

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**Summary:** Ever wonder what happens when Jak gets killed? Ever wonder how Dexter reacts whenever Jak gets blown up or shot to death by Crimson Guards, or chewed up by Metal Heads or Lurkers? Well, here is a series of short, angst-y stories that involves some character's deaths in each of them.

**Disclaimer:** Jak and Dexter and all characters/worlds mentioned in this fic belong to Naughty Dog, not me. There, I said it.

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## ***GameOver***

Jak dropped off the ledge, all the while ignoring the screaming, flailing ottsel on his shoulder.

Zoomers zoomed overhead, taking no notice of the steady mayhem below. Red lights flared on the walls of the buildings, sounds of screams and distant gunfire touching up the scene of utter uprising. Jak's boots landed heavily on the pavement as he continued to sprint towards a parked vehicle. He was almost there; almost free of the six Guards closing in on him from behind.

Krew had set a trap. The slimy ball of fat and grime had decided that Jak was too curious and too knowledgeable to stay alive, especially when the young outlaw was so deeply involved in his own plans. Promising big rewards, Krew gave Jak orders to 'pick up' a 'special order' from one of his clients near the stadium. But when Jak and Dexter had arrived at the scene, a series of Crimson uniforms met them instead.

There were dozens of them. The sheer number of Guards was simply too great for the incident to have been a coincidence. Krew *had* sold them out, and now they were both in grave trouble.

A red laser skimmed over his shoulder as Jak leapt into the cab of the zoomer. Not wasting a moment to sit down properly, he pounded his foot onto the floor pedal. The zoomer snapped forward, throwing both of its occupants back.

"Krew set us up, Jak!" Dexter was yelling into the elf's ear.

"I know!" growled Jak. He seized the steering pad in both hands and wrenched it to one side. The ottsel was tossed off his shoulder and landed on the inside of the cab.

"Geez Louise!" Dexter managed to scramble onto Jak's shoulder again. "This doesn't look good! That cream puff crammer really squealed this time!"

Jak didn't answer him. His attention was focused on the hovering line of Crimson zoomers just ahead, forming a roadblock. At once, he leaned into the front of the cab and sent the hovercraft diving towards the ground. The world seemed to drop out from below them just before Jak pulled the zoomer back up and sped skillfully below the infuriated Guards. A spectacular display of gunfire followed in their suit, just nicking the slight wings on the side of their zoomer, sending it rocking back and forth.

"All right, Jak!" Dexter whooped as they raced on. "One for the Demolition Duo! Crimson Babies, zero!"

"Don't celebrate just yet," said Jak through gritted teeth. "Hang on!"

Jak then sent the zoomer into another spiraling dive as a Guard approached from dead on. A split second after he regained their height, a loud explosion erupted in their faces with a bright red flash. Both Jak and Dexter were thrown clear of the wreck that was now their stolen zoomer, flying through the air like the scattered pieces of debris that joined them.

Dexter had only just leapt to his feet when a pair of hands grabbed him around his middle. Before he knew it, the ottsel found himself wrapped tightly in Jak's grip as the elf hurtled down the street in search of a new escape vehicle. Although Jak said nothing to him, Dexter knew nothing had to be said. They were not going to make it. Somehow they knew it, together. There was simply not enough time or good luck to buy them safety once more.

A Crimson tank roared just above them. Three more Guards appeared around the corner of the next street, their weapons drawn and triggers readied. The sound of a siren pierced the air like an arrow, cutting away the last thread of hope that tied the duo to any chance of freedom.

"Surrender now!" ordered one of the guards, cocking his rifle and aiming it on knee. He did not offer a second option. "By order of ruler Baron Praxis, you are under arrest! Put down your weapons and leave the animal with them!"

Dexter felt Jak's muscles tense suddenly, and assumed what his best friend was thinking. "Oh, no," he said cautiously. "Don't even think about it, Jak! They've got our tails stuffed now for sure!"

Jak acted as if he hadn't heard Dexter. For a painful moment, it seemed as if he were about to comply to the Guard's demand. That moment shattered immediately when, faster than could even be imagined, he seized his Blaster and prepared to fire it at the Crimson.

A streak of red light dashed across his shoulder. Jak swore in pain and let the rifle drop to the ground, where it clattered uselessly. Dexter yelled in surprise as the shot missed him, but caused him to jolt backwards. The ottsel lost his balance and tumbled from his perch while relatively unharmed.

This, however, Jak did not know. Jak only knew that the spot where Dexter had been crouching just moments ago was empty, and a gaping wound in his flesh was all that remained. He knew that Dexter had tumbled backwards a moment after the shot had happened. Jak was certain the laser had burned a hole right through his friend.

And then Jak lost control.

The powerful purple sparks erupted in all directions, throwing his body into a violent transformation that temporarily confused the Crimson Guards. Just as Jak was about to unleash his most powerful Dark attack on the Crimson Guards, though, four unseenguards arrived from behind the unsuspecting hero.

Jak surged forward, intending to obliterate his enemies with all the power he had. All in one moment, four blasts went off that made time itself run cold.

Four red-hot lasers hit their mark. Jak stopped dead in his tracks just as the Dark malice faded from his eyes. He stumbled back for a moment, looking down at the hole scarring the back of his torso. For another while, he stood and wavered. Then he fell back, his dead weight collapsing on failed limbs.

Two things happened immediately after that. Dexter dashed to his feet in time to see the flashes of red. He did not see their target, nor did he have the moment to rush to Jak's side in defense. For another explosion took place, once much larger and deadlier than anything the Crimson Guards could have created.

Large sections of the bridge above and the buildings around them blew into millions of pieces. With their golden crowns glistening, an entire army of Metal Heads chose that second to begin their final and most thorough attack on the city. They descended in the hundreds, taking the murderous Guards by surprise and rending their armor ineffective with one swipe of their sharpened claws.

The streets became an instantaneous battlefield. In the short time it took to realize what was happening, Dexter began to tremble at the ferocity of the event. Here he was, alone and exposed, ready to be snatched up in the jaws of any Metal Head hungry enough for Ottsel Filet.

Dexter knew better than to remain still. He thought for a brief moment that he saw Jak's unusually bright hair through the streaming crowd of frightened citizens, Crimson Guards and metal beasts. For that brief moment, his hopes surged within him as he tore through the chaos to reach his buddy in need.

Only to find that 'Jak' was nowhere around. Cringing away from the snarling face of a Metal Head, the orange ottsel changed directions and started to run for a post that looked tall enough to see above the crowd. He leapt once, twice, and again towards it, putting every ounce of faith in the possibility that he would spot Jak through the crowd, just as eagerly searching for his missing ottsel friend as Dexter was looking for him.

Something to his left flashed. Dexter was struck roughly and sent flying towards the wall of a building, where he smacked into it and fell limply to the paved ground. The world around him glimmered faintly, and then went black.

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Dexter woke groggily to the sound of still silence. He moaned irritably and sat up, clutching his sore head when it complained of a brand new goose-egg.

He shivered. As his surroundings came into focus, he realized at once that it was no longer daytime. Moonlight spilled over him from the midst of a dark sky filled with millions of tiny stars. The buildings nearby were smeared with blood, scorchmarks and breaks where bodies had been crushed by the force

of a Metal Headattack.

The streets were empty of all that was living. As Dexter blinked in horror at the drastically altered city that now housed him, the nauseating stench of death and fear took his quivering ottsel senses by storm. He whimpered a little and crawled to his feet.

"J-Jak...?" he stammered, laying his ears flat against his head. He gulped and turned around in a slow circle.

The corpses of civilians, Guards and monsters lie about in every direction. Crashed zoomers burned quietly nearby. The occasional shifting of debris was the only sound to break the eerie silence of a fresh field of slaughter. And still, Dexter could see no sign or trace of his best friend.

Had Jak given up looking for him and gone back to headquarters? No, that wasn't something *his* buddy or Jak would do, was it? He had to be somewhere nearby. Or, if he had escaped, he was looking for Dexter right now. The thought brought new hope to the ottsel instantly.

Dexter took a few cautious steps into the sea of destruction. He peered at the wreckage with round, fearful eyes, hoping that any moment now, Jak's familiar face would suddenly appear, looming way overhead. Another few steps brought him closer to the awful truth. A few bone-chilling seconds passed before he saw it; the truth sat there in the open, clearer than the lack of daylight this terribly night served.

The orange ottsel yelped and bounded over to Jak's frozen figure in a flash. He clambered onto his best friend's torso and grabbed the elf by the collar. "Hey, Jak!" he blurted fearfully. "C'mon, buddy, rise and shine! We gotta go stop the Metal Heads, Jak, remember? Jak?"

Jak's head moved limply with Dexter's every shake. When Dexter finally released him, his head sunk back and lolled to one side. There was no color, no life in his cheeks. There was no breath in him.

Jak was dead.

Dexter stumbled backwards and tripped, landing on his behind. Slowly, numbly, he leaned forward to press an ear against Jak's chest. After what seemed to be an eternity of staring into space, waiting for the rhythmic beating sound, the realization finally hit the ottsel like a charging yak-kow.

"JAK!" Dexter leapt forward and planted his tiny hands on the elf's face. He shook him wildly. "Jak! No, Jak, no!"

With no response from Jak, Dexter merely slumped and looked into the large, ashen face of his best friend. The unbearable silence hung over them again, flickering with a cold breeze that the ottsel ignored utterly.

"Jak..." Dexter climbed down from Jak's still chest. He stood, his shoulders and head hunched, at the elf's side. "You weren't supposed to go like this, were you? Buddy? Jak, you can't die...you can't die yet, Jak..."

The breeze picked up again, causing Dexter to shiver. It simply picked at him, biting through his fur for the next few minutes as the ottsel tried to cry, but could not. There was nothing to do. Nothing could be done.

about the swelling pain that burned in the back of his throat and in the pit of his chest, where his heart used to be.

Mercilessly, the wind became so fierce that the cold could no longer go unanswered. Trembling still, Daxter crept over to Jak's shoulder, his old perch, and curled himself into a tight ball against Jak's icy neck. The ottsel continued to tremble with the bitter cold and the weighty revelation of his best friend's demise.

This was how Torn discovered them the following morning. There was no false admittance of how truly overwhelming the news was for everyone. No one spoke one ill word to Daxter, not even Samos. Keira became unstable in her grief, only finishing her more audible sentences with words that sounded vaguely like "I loved him so much!"

*So did I.*

That was the only thought that made sense to Daxter anymore.

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**All right, so hate me. I'm pretty freakin' sad now. I'm going to go relieve some of these terribly, pent-up tears now all by my lonesome, and contemplate how evilly I shall kill the next character, given the chance that I receive at least one review....**