Quite the Conundrum

 Malfrost sighed as he rubbed the back of his head, his fingers ruffling though his mop of brown hair as his hazel eyes gazed at the pack with a forlorn expression on his face. He had come ALL this way for the Clan because apparently this contact was supposed to have some vital information and he because his contact was apparently a coward, Malfrost was told to come completely unarmed. He was not even allowed to wear his Sith armor that he took much pride in have and instead was wearing simple t-shirt and sweatpants to look as inconspicuous as possible.

 “What a waste of my frakking time.” The young man sighed as he tugged the towel and blaster out of the pack, looking at it rather confused. Was there supposed to be some kind of hidden message here? It was obvious to him that that contact had been jumped by a gang or other people who were up to no good and the pack had likely gotten lost in the shuffle. “I’m not getting paid enough to go look for this guy. I’ll just say he never showed.” Malfrost resolved to just lie about it to Korv and call it a day. Just as he was about to leave though, he sensed that he was surrounded; two people behind him and one and front.

 “Can I help you gentlemen?” Malfrost asked with as much charm as he could muster given his annoyed state; he didn’t really want to fight but if push came to shove, he would. The men, two Rodians, and a Human, didn’t seem to want to mince words as they willed out blaster pistols and he let out a sigh. Well, they were asking for it.

 He let the Force flow through him, letting him feel and sense the movements of his ambushers before they even acted. He then empowered himself with that Force, his heart pumping faster as his muscles flexed and pulsed as a sort of bloodlust fueled him and made him stronger and faster. He moved in less than a blink of an eyes as he tossed the towel at the face of the man in front of him and chucked the blaster pistol in his other hand at one of the men behind him.

 There was yelling and confusion, but Malfrost did not allow himself to be distracted. He surged towards the man in front of him, blinded by the towel as he shot his pistol blindly into the air. He drew his closed right fist back and then delivered a swift and powerful punch to the man’s solar plexus, knocking the wind right out of him and disorienting him. The surging pain of that punch would be the last thing the man ever felt as Malfrost used the chance to get behind him, arms around his neck which he quickly and efficiently snapped, ending the man’s life in an instant.

 The man Malfrost had tossed the blaster pistol at had been struck in the head by the object and grasped his head in pain as the other man only just seemed to realize what had happened and was now leveling his pistol at Malfrost but it was already too late. The lifeless corpse of his former comrade had been tossed at him with such power that the corpse sailed towards him at the speed of a speeder and sent him tumbling to the ground. Malfrost charged towards the man who was grasping his head, having only just recovered from the pain to see hazel eyes full of murderous rage and intent baring down on him. Swift blows to his solar plexus and face followed, breaking bones and rupturing organs as the man collapsed to the floor with a scream, he would be dead in moments from internal bleeding.

 The specter of death walked over to the final man, the corpse of his friend still on top of him. He picked him up with ease, the weight of a fully grown adult human seeming to him like the act of picking up an empty mug. He held the man up at eye level and then flashed him a brief smile before tossing him over the nearby safety rails, his scream filling the air as he plummeted to his demise.

 It was over in an instant. In the time it took to blink just a few times, Malfrost had killed all three of his ambushers without having broke a sweat. As he let the presence of the Force ease inside of him, he let out another long sigh as he scratched the back of his head. “Well…I guess I can take one of these guys back and see if he’s got any info on him at least but I’m letting Korv know I’m not doing this again without a down payment…” He lifted the corpse of one of the Rodian’s up and rested it on his shoulder like a piece of firewood as he began to walk back to his ship. This was Nar Shadda after all, no one would really bat an eye at a man carrying a corpse around; it was just another uneventful evening on the Smuggler’s Moon.