

“They are sending us to kill a woman, I cant go along with this. You want the chair in the light, you can go ahead and take it, but you wont get any help from me.” one of the voices said

“Freaking sweet! Ive been aching for a fight without you having to get involved. Woman or not, shes gonna be a nice challenge.” replied the other voice.

The tall aging man sat with his back against a piece of burned out wreckage. He could feel the woman through the Force. He could hear her barking orders at troops getting ready to leave for a battlefield elsewhere on this forsaken world. A smile crept across the face of Daniel Stephens. Sure the target was a woman, but hey, the dossier on her said she could fight. As the last of the troop transports powered up he felt the woman moving in his general direction. Using the Force, Stephens motioned for a large rock and slung it away from him. It sailed into a piece of durasteel and rang out. He felt the one called ‘Captain Crimson’ tense up. She altered her course towards the sound.

As she walked past his hiding spot, Daniel could see she had her DC-17 blaster drawn and at low ready. When she had walked a dozen meters from him, he stood and walked out away from the wreckage. As he walked out, he whistled letting the woman know he was there. Just as quick she turned and fired her blaster. Drawing his lightsaber and activating it, the blue blade deflected the shot into the ground.

“Jedi scum! Come to attempt to kill me, or to surrender to the might of the Collective? She asked

“You know you would be attractive if it didnt look like your face was mauled by a Nexu.” the former Obelisk replied.

Chelsie’s eyes tightened and her mouth drawing into a snarl. “Im going to kill you, you old bastard!”

As she fired her blaster at the Odanite, he kept swatting the bolts of energy away while advancing on her.

“Aww dont be like that, its not mean if its true!” he responded while smiling. As her blaster power cells ran dry Stephens was only a few feet from her.

“Kill me now Jedi. I have lived a life unrestrained by the rules of the archaic and dogmatic orders of the Jedi or Sith. Can you say the same?”

Lifting one eyebrow quizzicly, “No, I cant say I have. What it has given me is a life of continually bettering my skills.” Deactivating his lightsaber and replacing it into its clip at his side. “Ill tell you what, I wont kill you with this. Ill give you a fighting chance, best me one on one and you can go free. I know you can fight, so come....lets end this.”

She shrugged her shoulders, threw her pistol away, and turned slightly to the side with her right hand away from Daniel. Hands were up in fists and her weight distributed equally.

“Oh Corellian Kickboxing, this is gonna be fun!” Daniel exclaimed. He turned to the side slightly, one hand up with the other at his belly, feet spaced evenly apart and his weight on the balls of his feet.

Chelsie moved in a burst of speed jumping up and kicking at the old Jedi. He moved to his left side out of the way of the kick and countered with a punch to her shoulder knocking her off balance. She fell to the ground, but pushed off and got back to her feet. Just as quickly she moved in for a flurry of punches to the gut of her opponent, as he tried to catch her blows she quickly came around on her right side with an elbow to the side of his face. As he was stunned, she grabbed him by the collar of his robes and head butted him, cracking his nose. A spurt of red stained the ground as Daniel staggered back.

“Damn, your daddy teach you to fight like that?!” he said jokingly. “Hell girl, if I didnt have to kill you, Id love to spar with you.”

Gripping his nose in his hand he made a quick movement to reset the bone. “Wooooo, havent felt pain like that in awhile.” he said. “Its time to end this little match though”

Daniel closed the gap between the two throwing punches between her head and body to throw her off balance. Chelsie rotated to her right side to try and throw out a low kick to the old mans knee. Seeing the move, Daniel moved to her left, slightly behind her and struck out with his own foot. Connecting with the side of her knee, there was a resounding pop and crack as the tendons and ligaments in her knee gave out.

She screamed in pain and rage and fell to her hands and knees. Leaping onto her back, Daniel ran his right arm in front of her and across her throat. With his left arm he reached out over her left shoulder and brought his forearm back. Grabbing his left bicep with his right hand and using his left hand to push her head forward, he had her in a choke.

Rolling her over to her back he hooked his legs around hers. She tried to struggle, to try and talk, or grab something.

“Sorry about this love. You gave a hell of a fight. If I see you in the next world, we will have to try this again.” he said as she started to go limp from lack of blood to her brain.

Just as she passed out and went limp, he twisted his hips to the left with his upper body moving her head to the right and upward. Her neck gave an audible pop as the vertebrae moved out of alignment and cut her spinal cord.

Letting himself relax, Daniel lay on the ground for a few moments, catching his breath. Afterwards he pushed her corpse off of him and got to his feet.

“Time to get off of this dustball, and get my nose fixed.”