

Class Type B Escort Shuttle

Dajorra System

Identify, isolate, assassinate. Typical job, like counting to three to anyone with more than that many brain cells.

Cole sat in a transport, arm wrapped in bacta-soaked bandage as he paged through the file on the target. Between the healing he'd received already, through Bacta and Mune Cinteroph's Force healing, and the bandage he'd be functioning well enough. The arm was beyond mangled in appearance, but if it worked then that was that. After sticking a grenade down the throat of a crystalised Caxquette, Cole was happy to simply still have the arm.

So, Jezora Zosh. Self named Jedi, Human, dark skin and hair, green eyes. Extremely fit with only a lightsaber as a weapon from the images provided. About average height, and fairly lithe rather than bulked. Close quarters combat wouldn't be preferable, but considering the man's location was in a citizen filled area it would be easier to keep things quiet long term.

He turned his head to lean against the window of the transport he'd been sent off in. Hopefully this would be a quick and easy-

One hour later

Cole's head snapped to the side as Jezora's fist made hard contact with his cheekbone.

The Arconan mercenary had managed to isolate Zosh alone in a recently abandoned building. Surprisingly easily Farrow had happily noted. Getting the lightsaber off of the mother-karker had been more difficult but losing track of his blaster rifle had been worth it. Over the course of several minutes, they'd managed to get through their weaponry, succinctly disarming whatever the other drew.

Thus, leaving them several floors up, with nothing but desks, windows and chairs. And their increasingly bloodied fists.

Cole managed to duck the next wing, sizing up the remaining useful items. Zosh was in a fury of blows, beyond pissed and tunnel visioned. All he had to do was get one step ahead.

So, he ran, shoving a chair aside and vaulting a desk. Zosh threw a whole draw at him, narrowly missing the Arconan's head and instead bashing Cole in the shoulder with the furniture. He missed the next piece, rolling back toward the window and predictably Zosh followed what was seemingly a fault in the plan.

He managed to get a punch in, breaking the Jedi's nose in a second place and turning them around. This got Zosh's back to the nearest window and Cole watched with contempt as the other man swung out with a fist.

Cole leant back with the blow, nicking his chin but giving him enough of a reason to kick his legs out and push the chair over. He fell on his back sat in the chair almost, and as expected for the raging idiot, Zosh leapt forward to pin him down. He wasn't prepared for a follow up attack. When Cole kicked out with both legs, with the floor to brace the weight, Zosh was caught off guard. The blow itself didn't bring down Zosh, simply making him stumble back. However the window behind him wasn't strong enough to resist even a relatively lithe human's weight.

It smashed, and without any resistance Jezora fell backwards. He yelped.

Cole remained still, staring at the ceiling and counting through the brief quiet. One, two, three... A distant thud gave him the alert that he could breathe. The screams following alerted that he had about long enough to get out before he moved now. So much for relaxing, injuries would be tended to later he supposed. Using his less-recently mangled arm to push himself up, and getting to his feet. His head swam, but concussions were manageable.

And bruises. Burns... More bruises.

The shuttle ride toward Fort Blindshot to aid the Voidbreaker crew in the defense wasn't long enough.