*Contract 074, PRT Rod, #14052*

*Dungeon, Arcona Citadel, Estle City*
*Selen, Dajorra System*

*Finally*, the Journeyman thought as he strode through the dimly lit hallway, *a real test of my skills.*

An assassination was a big step up from the recon work he did earlier in the week. Although his cheek bones were still sore from the pounding he received in that bar. His hand slowly slid up to his still slightly
bruised cheek before he abruptly dropped it and made sure no one was looking at him.

*Katrina Golva*, he thought, *consider yourself space dust.*

*Hyperspace*

The blue tunnel of hyperspace coupled with the humming of the hyperdrive provided a strange sense of calm for Rod. Unlike submarine travel, hyperspace was something Rod enjoyed. He liked the sense of calm that it provided him with. Back during the Swarm War hyperspace travel was usually a literal embodiment of the calm before the storm. Today however, there was no storm expected.

*Some intelligence analyst with little to no combat training*, the Protector laughed to himself, *this is going to be a walk in the park.*

*Kessel Spaceport*

The fusial thrust engines hummed as the x-wing lightly touched down on the landing pad. R7-B7 chirped loudly as Rod opened the cockpit and made his way down the ladder. A protocol droid approached him as he reached ground level.

“Good day sir, the docking fee here is 20 credits.” The droid said.

“Here’s your credits,” Rod replied “Now check your databanks and see if a woman named Katrina Golva has docked here recently.”

“Yes sir, it would appear Ms. Golva landed on Kessel approximately three days ago. Her current residence is listed as apartment C-34 located in the residential module.” The droid replied.

*Too easy*, Rod thought, *I’ll be back on Selen in time for dinner.*

*Residential Module,*
*Kessel Spaceport*

It had been two hours since Rod located apartment C-34. A growing pile of cigarette butts lay next to the Journeyman as he resumed his post against the wall after pacing back and forth a few times.

*Two hours*, he thought, *two hours out here and I haven’t seen a single sign of this cursed woman.*

Fed up with waiting, the Journeyman decided his best course of action would be to kick the door down and do some snooping. He approached the apartment cautiously, making sure no good Samaritans would interfere with his duties.

Upon reaching the door he realized he was in deep doo doo. The original lock had been gutted, and in its place was a four digit pin code accompanied with fingerprint scan and voiceprint lock.

*Damn technology*, the human thought, *maybe if I just smash this stupid pad the door will open*.

With that genius idea in mind, the young Journeyman proceeded to bash the pad in with the hilt of his training saber. An obnoxiously loud alarm immediately sounded, followed by a small hatch above the door swinging open and two remotes hovering out.

*What in the world*, Rod thought, *what are these supposed to be, floating cameras?*

Just as he finished his thought he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. Instinctively, without really knowing why, the human ignited the blade of his training saber just in time to deflect the first burst of blaster fire from the remote.

*Sithspit,* the Protector thought, *guard dogs*.

Another volley of blaster fire came from the pair of droids. This time the Journeyman was not so lucky, while he was able to deflect the first shot back at the remote on the right, destroying it, the second shot
grazed his left shoulder.

*That’s it*, he thought, *looking down at the already cauterized wound on his upper bicep, this schutta is going to pay for that.*

The last remote let off another round, which was quickly deflected by the Human directly back at the small defender. The droid erupted into a pile of metal and motors.

“You brute.” A voice said behind him “Do you know how long it took me to program that voiceprint ID?”

“Terribly sorry.” The Journeyman said “I’m just here to collect the rent for the week.”

“Fat chance.” Golva replied “Not many businessmen carry lightsabers, why are you here?”

“Did you really think the DIA would just let you walk away with what you know Katrina?”

The young woman’s blue eyes grew large with fear as the words left the Protector’s lips.

“You’re here to kill me?” She asked timidly.

“Precisely.” Rod replied.

With that the Journeyman took a step towards his target, who proceeded to turn and sprint off at full speed towards the docking area. Rod fell in behind her in close pursuit. The crowded space port gave the slightly smaller woman an advantage, it was hard for Rod to squeeze through the tight spaces like she did, so instead he ended up knocking a good number of people over as he barreled towards the soon to be deceased analyst.

Katrina stopped momentarily upon reaching the docking area, trying to decide which ship she could steal the most easily. Before she could make her decision however, she heard the Protectors voice behind her.

“Have you decided how you want to die yet Katrina?”

“Yeah, old and in a bed.” She retorted, then she quickly reached into her bag and pulled out a small cylinder.

“Makeup, at a time like this?” The Protector asked.

Just then a sudden bright flash emitted from the end of the cylinder. As the bubbles cleared from Rod’s vision, the woman was now a good 50 meters away, attempting to board his X-Wing.

The Journeyman took off at an ungodly speed towards the ship, closing the gap in a matter of seconds and driving his elbow into the analyst’s chest as she attempted to mount the ladder to his cockpit. She stumbled back and found herself grasping the handrail at the edge of the landing pad. A 200
meter fall lay behind her while an assassin stood in front of her. She was clearly out of options.

She reached into her bag again, this time pulling out a thermal detonator.

“Here’s the deal kid” She said “You kill me, my thumb comes off this button, and you die too.”

A large grin came across the Protector’s face.

“It was nice to meet you Katrina. You really are resourceful little devil. Too bad you’re a traitor, I think we would have been good friends.”

As the last word left the Journeyman’s lips a hammer of telekinetic energy crashed into Katrina’s chest, sending her backwards over the rail and plunging towards her doom. A few seconds later the thermal detonator exploded.

*Heh*, Rod thought, *guess there won’t be an open casket for that one.*

With that, Rod turned to his ship and began to prep his ship for launch.

*Commissioner’s Office, Antei Contract Bureau Offices*
*Dungeon, Arcona Citadel, Estle City*
*Selen, Dajorra System*

“Well that was quick.” Celevon said as Rod entered the office with his report.

“What can I say, I like to go fast.” The young Human replied.

“And she’s dead, you’re sure?” The Onderonian asked.

“Yes Si-, Yes, Completely sure.” The Journeyman answered.

“Good, check back soon then, I’m sure we’ll have some more work for you.”