

[Objective 2] Light em up on Meridian. A RoS: Meridian story, By Rhylance.

Meridian Prime; the space station that all roads pointed to. The recovered Inquistorious agent, Vance Kordall, had given the location to the AIN, and in return a new mission was delivered to Aiden Lee Deshra. His assignment; deactivation of the Space stations main power generator. Other agents were tasked with taking out other parts of the station's power grids, but this job was directly given to him.

They really are trying to kill me, he thought to himself.

Traversing the landscape of the lower levels wasn't easy. Technocratic soldiers and a number of droids stood in his way, and only his skills as a silent hunter have given him any semblance of a chance. Crawling above him, amidst the pipes lining the ceiling, Vizierian followed his "master". The droid hoped the Balance Adherent would fall in the line of duty, his programming not allowing him to do the job himself.

"Viz, scout ahead, let me know the numbers." Aiden whispered into his comms.

"Always sending me in to do the hard work." the droid grumbled to himself as he crawled around the next corners.

Aiden patiently waited for the droids report. Annoying as Viz may be, his abilities as a hunter were a valuable asset.

"There is a line of Techno's around the bend, the are guarding a door which i believe may lead the way to the core you're looking for. I suggest rushing in blindly, though you'll dismiss my wonderful ideas."

"I appreciate your wild sense of humor Viz."

"...I wasn't joking "Master"."

"I know Viz."

Aiden shook his head. Through his helmets visor he stared out a nearby viewport. He couldn't wait for these missions to be over. Being around the Collective felt...off. He couldn't put his finger on it, but something about this faction just felt wrong, as if the Force wanted them gone. They felt like an aberration of life.

Activating his shoto saber, Aiden jumped around the next corner throwing the blade in an arc. With the Force, he guided the amethyst blade in a rotation as it severed the heads of several soldiers before flying back into his grasp. Two technocrats remained, their blasters aimed at the Gray Jedi. Throwing the blade again, Aiden used his right hand to activate his silver lightsaber as well, blocking several blaster bolts before his shoto finished its job.

“You may want to hurry, I am detecting a considerable threat heading in our direction. It would seem one of your compatriots jumped the gun and have alerted the Collective to our presence.”

“Well that’s just fantastic, isn’t it?”

Aiden ran forward and tried to open the door. It was magnetically sealed, with a hand scanner next to it. Looking down at the dead soldiers, Aiden removed the hand of the one who seemed to have the highest rank before placing the dead limb upon the scanner. After a few moments the door slid open.

“That was morbid. I approve.”

“Not now Viz!”

Entering the room the large generator Aiden was impressed by the size of the machine. A smile crossed his face as the door behind him closed.

“Viz, keep them busy for me out there.”

“Yes, of course. Make the droid do all the hard work.”

Ignoring Viz’s snide remarks Aiden focused hard. He stirred up all of the strong emotion that he could muster as he channeled the Force into his hand. Machines ran on electricity, so overloading the systems was a simple way to cut off the power. As electricity crackled at his fingertips, Aiden let the emotion explode from within himself as his eyes flashed a yellowish orange hue. Lightning burst forth from his hands, impregnating the machine with more and more power. He continued his barrage of electrical discharge as red lights warned of a system overload.

With a twisted smile of satisfaction, Aiden watched sparks fly from the machinery all around him, and the power generator shorted out before bursting into a pillar of flame. His job complete. Aiden had only one thing on his mind. Extraction from this horrendous space station and a relaxing ride home.