

## Meridian Station Kuat System

“You understand what I need you to do Kojiro? This is important to both myself and Arx,” the holographic image of the Regent gave the bounty hunter a stern look. The two men got on, Kojiro even enjoyed working for the man but something hadn’t sat right with him recently. Perhaps it was these Collective freaks that set his wires on edge. Ever since the escape from the Orian system and his subsequent capture and ‘upgrade’ by the Technocrats, Kojiro hadn’t been himself. “Of course it’s also important to the Brotherhood as a whole. Failure cannot be an option, do I make myself clear?”

“Crystal. It’ll be done as instructed. Just ensure my pays where it should be. I’m still awaiting my fee for that Vance fiasco.” Kojiro’s tone was flat, he disliked asking for his fees and this war had done little to assure him he’d ever get paid. “Right, best go.”

Evant nodded before Kojiro cut the comms. Gaining access to the station hadn’t been easy but he’d managed to gain access via an external shaft with a help from his droid. The journey through the cramped air ducts had set the Clone on edge and he’d been thankful to finally reach his destination. The Mandalorian, perched upon a shipping container near the back of one of the station’s hangers, crawled forward from his perch and surveyed the scene below him.

Pit crews skittered from ship to ship, Collective soldiers, patrolled set patterns and a whole swathe of droids went about their business. Kojiro was in all senses severely outnumbered. Flick, his droid, had already been out and tagged materials worth anything. A cargo ship sat perched on the other side of the hanger from him but it would take a miracle for Kojiro to make it across without being seen.

*“What I wouldn’t give for a stealth field generator or have those fancy cloaking powers the Force users have.”* He thought to himself, not for the first time at that. Surrounded by his family and put in situations like this he constantly felt inferior, that he’d never be good enough. Kojiro internally chuckled as he realised half the foe before him may have felt the same.

A soft beeping alerted him to his droids return and he turned his head to take in the sleek black form of his erstwhile companion.

“Take it you’ve done your part?” The droid beeped in reply. “Good, as it stands if everything goes to plan with your sabotage those shields and the doors of the hanger are about to go...”

Sirens blared as if on cue the hangers shields dropped. The hanger began to jettison its occupants and gear into the void as a vacuum was created. Kojiro was sure that someone somewhere was attempting to bring the shields back and close the doors but they wouldn’t have much luck for the moment.

Kojiro kicked off from the container and activated his jetpack. Angling himself towards the target ship he felt the pull towards the doors. However, his calculations and thrusters should hopefully take him right where he needed to be. Those Collective forces still in the hanger could do nothing as the Mandalorian soared over their heads towards the ship, instead those that hadn't been sucked out into space held on for dear life as the oxygen slowly left their bodies. It was all pointless.

Thunk

Kojiro clattered against the side of the target ship and with effort and sheer force of will managed to drag himself to the door. Flick worked its magic and within seconds the pair were inside. The vessel was empty which suited the Mandalorian and as he took the pilots chair he watched his companion hack into ships controls and start the freighter up.

As the ship left the hanger, knocking into jettisoned bodies as it fled Kojiro realised he didn't mind he had effectively murdered dozens of men and woman in his plan to steal one ship. They deserved it. They all needed to die