

Sirens wailed and the sound of footsteps drowned out the Clones own as he made his way through the winding corridors of Meridian. Chaos was everywhere. Bodies lay strewn among the debris of the old station and every step taken opened up new horrors. Beings that were once alien, so far gone with enhancements and modifications, stalked the hallways laying into whatever they found. Kojiro had already put a couple down before arriving at his current location and with each execution, he felt his cybernetics twinge. This is what he could of become.

The Quaestor shook his head and took a left at the next junction. Regardless of what was to become of him, he refused to allow any of the scum aboard this station to leave. His current direction took him towards the central core of the space station. Flick, his ID-10, had already gone on ahead finding the best route with the least resistance. It wasn't easy. Here and there he kept running into frantic prisoners and collective soldiers making their way towards the escape pods. At one point he'd been accosted by some near human babbling on about how she was of Clan Odan Urr and wanted to go home. A bolt to the skull ended her mewling and Kojiro continued on his way. This was no time for sentiments. The only ones safe from his Crusade were his family, everyone else was an enemy.

Blaster fire ricocheted off the wall near his head, one bolt struck his upper shoulder causing him to spin into the wall. His own blaster fired back and he dove head first into a pile of corpses, propping one up as a shield. As he lay his hand went to his belt and he unclipped his one and only thermal detonator. With a pull of the pin, he launched it over the makeshift barricade and hunkered down further. The explosion ripped through the corridor and took out everything alive. The heat of it struck the Clone where he lay and he had to stop himself being lifted from the ground with the outward force of the detonator.

Once the scene had died down the Clone pushed himself to his feet and broke into a run. According to his intel, the core should just be up ahead. It was, for once his droid had been spot on. Bits and pieces of bodies lay scattered around the doorway and Kojiro paid them no heed as he stepped into the control room. There was no one left and for such a room it was eerily silent.

"Flick, hack the terminal," the droid whisked itself out of a corner it had been hiding in. "Now on my count extract the initiate the plan." The droids querying been had the Keibatsu throw him a quick glare. "Just do it. None will make it out of here. Now."

Kojiro ran his hands across his helmets seals as his plan went into motion. A warning indicator within his helmet began to flash in warning as the air levels began to decrease within the room. A panel on the station in front of him read the same. Kojiro had purposely restarted the Dioxis system and was pumping it back into the atmosphere station wide. No one was leaving here alive.

"Extract the DataCore and set the station to self-destruct. Disable the alarms however, I want no one aware and Flick if you can, attempt to push the Dioxis into any and all ships currently docked with Meridian, minus the families and ours." A sad whistle emanated from the usually

feisty droid. This wasn't what he was used to, he was used to a grumpy master but nothing this excessive but he did as he was told.

When confirmation came back that his orders had been carried out Kojiro turned on his heel and followed the swiftest path back to the Tartarus. Those that had had time to place rebreathers on walked the corridors but the hunter put most down with a few well-aimed blaster bolts. It took little time for the Clone to make it back to his own ship, board it and undock from the Meridian. The station was done and he had no intention of awaiting its destruction. As he took his vessel into hyperspace the structure behind him began to disintegrate and then rock with explosions.

The Collective deserved it, everyone aboard that station deserved it. They all had to disappear.