**Elevator to Coruscant Mid-Level**

**Coruscant**

The elevator was basked in the gloom, it contained a few passengers whose faces were mostly obscured until the lights of passing speeders swept through the glass and illuminated them briefly. The faces all looked worn and tired, it was clocking off time and most of the inhabitants were heading home after their shifts. All except one, in fact, if you viewed the scene closer you would notice all the passengers stood to one side of the lift away from a large man whose face was obscured by a fur-lined hood. When the light hit the hood all that was reflected was the sheen of a metal mask.

Kojiro adjusted his weight, the journey to Coruscant had been long and annoying. Pandora, his adopted ward, had transported him and his pet to the city but against his better judgement, he had left the Tuk’ata behind. “It would draw too much attention” the young woman had muttered as the Clone fumed. But she was right, so begrudgingly he left his beloved Sith Warhound behind and journeyed down to the planets surface alone.

So there he stood and waited, a caged beast waiting to be released as the elevator descended into the mid-level of the planet. He disliked this city, there was nothing natural about it and too many eyes. It made him uncomfortable and he had to hold himself in check lest a bloodbath breakout. To ease his mind he took out his datapad and checked the mission details again. Not for the first time, he was glad for Pandora, her skills at hacking had cut down the search time for Manu and located him, and what appeared to be several potential collective agents hiding out in a small complex near where the elevator he was on stopped. They had summarised it would be near one of the major transport routes for a quick getaway and his kid had gotten lucky with the surveillance systems around the area.

They came to a stop and Kojiro had never seen so many people rush to leave an elevator before. They did it in an almost amusing half waddle so as not to appear rude but also like they knew something might happen if they tarried. The large man left at his own pace and made his way towards the complex’s location. Kojiro didn’t believe in being subtle so he made no efforts to hide his presence as he stalked through the streets and the complex came into view. It was accessed via a side alley and a quick glance had him spot at least three suspicious individuals whose eyes never really left the entrance. The Warlord didn’t stop as he continued his march straight towards the mouth of the alleyway.

“Yo, big man where do you think you’re going eh? This is private property and we don’t know you.” said one of the men he had spotted before. He wasn’t armed at first glance but a brief examination of the man’s thoughts allowed the Clone to know all he needed. “I said what do ya think you’re doing eh?”

“I’m going inside,” the response was metallic and grated as if metallic fingers scraping against metal. The man visibly winced. He opened his mouth a couple of times but there was such conviction to the statement that it took him a few extra seconds to process. Those seconds was all it took for the fist to collide with the side of his head and knock him to the ground with a crack. Before he had even hit the ground Kojiro was moving away from the street and down the alley. The other two men he had spotted called out but he was already moving.

He came upon a bolted door, his hand reached out and he felt the locking. With subtle movements through the Force the basic bolt lock clicked open and the door swung wide. A confused looking woman stared at him as he barged into the structure and went for a blaster on the table next to her. With the second movement of his hand, she was thrown heavily against the wall her neck bending a way it certainly wasn’t meant to. One of the men ran up behind him but was met by a Force swung metal door to the face, something crunched and sent him reeling back. The door reopened and the dazed attacker felt an unknown feeling wrap around him and drag him into the building, the last thing he saw was the heavy armoured boot of his assailant meeting his face.

The third man from outside hadn’t appeared yet so Kojiro closed the door behind him, bolting it as he did. He moved with a predators grace through the lower floors. Reaching out and sensing his prey through the Force. One floor up it seemed, directly above and Kojiro had no patience to find the stairs. His sabre ignited and he raised it towards the ceiling above and almost spun on the spot. As he did so he carved an oddly shaped circle which fell to the floor beside him with a clatter, Kojiro lept and hoisted himself through it, a figure lunged with what appeared to be a table lamp but the Warlord had already anticipated the blow through the Force.

The lamp was knocked aside and the figure lazily backhanded away. Kojiro tilted his head as he examined his quarry, a Twi’lek lay sprawled upon the floor and the Clone could sense the spark of life still within him. His ears twitched as the sound of banging could be heard below. Several voices rang out and it appeared the missing man had returned with friends.

“No time for this.” the Clone muttered to himself and ignited his saber once more before launching it at one of the outside walls, with a few handwaves he managed to cut enough away for his overly dramatic escape. Grabbing the quarry he rushed at the wall and using his speed and bulk collided with it and then through it in a shower of damaged masonry and metal. The ground met his feet and a few stunned onlookers gave way in time for the Clone to wind his way through the streets.

The Elevator dock was in sight and all he had to do was hope one was waiting to be used and empty. It wasn’t so he slammed the call button and growled as he read the notice of five floors. It seemed to take forever but it arrived just in time as a blaster bolt collided with the ground where he had stood moments before as he spied a group of people rushing to his location. His fist hammered at the buttons and the door closed behind him and began its ascent away from harm and to the ship that awaited him.