

Nesolat Air Lock 3  
Nesolat Platform

“Ten seconds till breach,” the Warhost soldier reported over his helmet comm. Kojiro stood silent behind him flanked by half a dozen of his clans soldiers. His robes drifted lazily around his body while his eyes gleamed out from within the depths of his mask. “Breach.”

The door slid open and the air filled with the thrum of laser fire as Warhost and collective traded fire. Two soldiers dropped down before the Warlord, who in turn stepped forward, felt out through the Force sensing his opponents and let the raw Dark side emanate from his fingertips. Lightning cracked through the air and collided with one of the collective foes before them. Flesh and circuits burned as the lightning cascaded between the enemy squad. The closest to the initial target took almost the full brunt of the lightning as those around took varying degrees of harm. Regardless of level it gave the Warhost soldiers enough time to advance and gun down those of the enemy still standing.

They advanced onwards, stepping over the twitching bodies on the floor. The air stank of burnt ozone and electricity danced through the air. “Initial area clear, proceeding as planned my Lord.” The soldiers moved forward, two stayed behind with the Warlord as the squad opened the next door and entered into an empty, silent chamber.

“Strange, I figured there would be more opposition, where are they?” Kojiro mused aloud.  
“Advance as planned. Leave none alive.”

They moved with purpose, empty chambers and corridors met them at every turn but something was wrong. The tell tale signs of combat were evident but the only bodies they discovered seemed to be that of Nesolat staff and defenders. It was eerie.

“Where ar...”

The wall exploded outward before the soldier could finish his words. Heavily armoured soldiers spilled out of the breach wearing armour similar to the Imperial Purge Troopers of old. Blaster rifles leveled the enemy squad and proceeded with unbridled fury. Kojiro’s double bladed saber ignited and began haphazardly blocking what he could as he backpedaled. One of the bodies of the fallen Nesolat staff was yanked from the floor with the Force and utilised as a human shield as the Warlord retreated behind some semblance of cover.

“This is insane, we need backup where’s the rest of the Sadow forces?” A voice echoed over the comm.

“Different airlocks, you know that now shut up and return fire,” a voice echoed back.

Lightning crackled out from the Sorcerer's fingertips once more and struck one of the Hive Soldiers in the chest, lifting him from his feet and driving him into one of his fellows as raw energy burnt him inside his armour. A bolt to the head from one of the Warhost finished him off. The air was filled with blaster fire and lightning until something thudded on the floor and rolled beside the sorcerer.

"Sithspit," was all Kojiro managed to get out before he did his best to use the Force to throw it back towards the attackers. The air exploded, and Kojiro felt himself hurled backwards and cracked into the wall. Smoke filled the air, and what air there began to rapidly vanish.

"Breach."

Was the only word that needed to be said as the chamber they were in began to rapidly decompress. Hive soldiers and Warhost alike were ripped out into space before the breach shield activated. Kojiro pushed himself up unsteadily, his cybernetic arm lay on the floor ripped away from his body due to the explosion. He tried to rise but felt something pushing him back down and it was then the sensation of pain flooded into his body as he eyed the metal spur impaling his body to the wall.

Only a few Warhost remained and they were hunkered down protecting themselves from the fire coming from the hive soldiers that had already recovered. Suddenly the air filled with the sound of blaster fire and thrumming of sabers. A pair of hands clutched at Kojiro's shoulders and pulled him extremely painfully from the floor, the metal sliding out of his body as he did.

The face of Shimura looked down at his fellow Keibatsu, throwing him a grin. "Guess you met these things before my squad eh?" His voice took on a serious tone. "You look like hell and these creeps took out three of my squad before they went down."

Kojiro coughed up a little blood before muttering something incomprehensible. A medic moved up and administered treatment to the Warlord who after being able to catch his breath was able to stand.

"You okay to continue?" Shimura asked with some concern in his voice.

"Yeah...lets go kill these monsters."

With that the two squads moved further into the station ready to purge everything before them.