Despite the bond the Equite’s set up that steeled his mind against the oncoming onslaught, Marcus could slowly feel his mind slipping. Voices  kept intruding on his mind, whispering falsehoods and half-truths. Would the Adept actually aid them, or was this all a setup from the battlemaster? Even the new prodigy Bentre, who he found on Nar Shaddaa and had been progressing faster than any other student, kept giving him glances of mistrust.

The Force nudged at his mind just long enough to pull him out of his mad reverie. "More are coming, stay together!" His instincts took over as he telepathically slammed another scaly alien into a wall, seemingly dispelling the encroaching madness he felt upon his mind with each alien that was killed. There seemed to be no end to the waves of green-silver attackers.

Meanwhile Shirai and Malik were ravaging through groups of the aliens as if they were nothing, blurs of light the only thing that distinguished them from the darkness around them. They made this seem easy in comparison, then again they were veterans of many conflicts.

Bentre and Marcus were having a much harder time keeping up, their skills not as honed by years of conflict as the two Equite’s had been, cutting heavily through each individual enemy.

As suddenly as the attackers had appeared, they vanished. Bentre sounded off first.

“Who were they? Was they all of them?” Marcus, panting slightly from the physical exertion, opened his mouth to retort but no sound came out.

His world disappeared in darkness, he could not see, hear or sense anything beyond his own terror. Monsters leapt at him from the darkness, clawing at his flesh. His friends appeared and turned into horrible monstrosities before his eyes, beings warped by alchemy and torture. His father and mother sprung to life before him, only to be ripped to shreds by the beings that were once his friends.

Malik felt it first as Marcus’ mind fell from the link they’d formed. Spinning about to the young Epicant, he could see the Jedi Hunter sinking to his knees amidst the multitude of corpses that had piled up around all of them. He called out to Shirai to have him secure the perimeter but no answer came, the Battlemaster was exhausted from his foray with the aliens. The new prodigy would have to step up while he attended to Marcus.

“Bentre, you check the entrances, see if there’s any more coming.”

Still unable to discern anything but the horrors and his fear mounting, Marcus pulled his saber into his hand, igniting the crimson blade. The rough metal from the armory saber felt comforting, encouraging him to attack the vile demons that plagued him.

Before Malik could get to the future team leader, Marcus ignited his saber. His face contorted in fear, his eyes were completely blank. He wasn’t part of this reality now, Malik realized. Before he had a chance to do anything however, Marcus charged in rage, fully succumbed to the mental attacks that plagued him.

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**DJK Marcus Kiriyu (Krath) / BTL /**[**Battle Team Devil's Shroud**](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/devil-s-shroud)**/ of**[**House Shar Dakhan**](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/shar-dakhan)**/ of**[**Clan Naga Sadow**](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/naga-sadow)**[GMRG: II] [SA: IV] [ACC: Q]**

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