**Hangar Bay**

**The Nesolat, southeast spire**

**Arx System, Brotherhood Territory**

**38 ABY**  
In a wave of his hand, Areticus tore metal from flooring to conceal their aim and have cover from a possible explosive. He sensed that his comrades on the ground team were out of his sight and tossed aside his helmet so that he could finally see.  
  
*Puny metal men…*  
In a pulse with the Force he activated the shield generator at his hip. He then reached out to lift each of the four marines up with the Force. After they had risen in suspension, Areticus gestured with his hands by shaking them vigorously. Their explosives and sheathed weapons rattled onto the floor. Two of the men were able to keep their drawn rifles, but struggled to fire against a shielded foe. One seemed to have lost his appetite and vomited in his own helmet from constantly spinning. Areticus let his laughter escape, he then isolated that marine from the group and proceeded to wrap metal around him from surrounding debris.  
  
“Do you feel safe in there? Behind your pretty armor? Perhaps you should don some more!”

The trooper tried to fight against the metal curling around him like a constricting serpent. However, he became tied in a manner that locked him in a frigid stance. It gave strain and made it difficult to move the primary muscles. Areticus constricted even tighter until he heard screams of pain. Those screams were then shortly silenced from the lack of air from the inward struck breastplate, and a hard bleeding choke from metal around his neck. Areticus added continued adding pressure until something popped and the amount of blood spilt had satisfied him.   
  
The other three broke free of his hold by activating their jetpacks.

*It would be a waste of effort to try and fight against the jetpack thrust. Though manipulating their direction is a possibility.*

Areticus activated his own and chased after them. They flew in unison like a squad of starships in circulation around the hangar space. They aimed their fists towards the Sith, and Areticus replied with telekinetic japs. Mandalorian Core brought about the basics of combat in suspension, and where to apply force. Areticus mimicked that with telekinesis by gesturing the same moves as if he had been in melee range. This threw off their aim at firing the wrist rockets, causing them to spiral and miss as Areticus moved aside.

Areticus dashed forward with further speed directly towards one of the armed marines, and slowed his reaction with the Force. Midway Areticus drew his Bo-rifle and extended into an electro staff, and gave a hard swing at his opponent’s head, knocking the helmet off clean off. He then pulled up the Lanvarok on his left forearm and fired a poisoned disc at the exposed throat.

*He won’t survive.*  
  
Areticus yanked his shoulder to the side to propel himself at an angle as a blaster fire came close to hitting it. The unarmed marine followed shortly after the bolt in an attempt to tackle midair, but received a telekinetic uppercut that altered his course. He then slowed the armed marine, and used a disarming strike combination from a distance applied by the Force. His body mimicked the gesture to help his focus, including a kick that resulted in a strike to the marine who attempted to tackle earlier. He sensed their stress and confusion, uncertain as to what to do against an opponent who can extend his martial reach with the Force.   
  
“Do you think some lightsaber resistant tin can will make you dangerous against the Sith? Those glowsticks are ceremonial, and you forget the true weapon we wield!” Areticus slowed the marine he had earlier kicked after noticing the soldier attempt to land near BlastTech pistol on the ground. He switched targets to deliver a swift telekinetic strike to buy time, then drew the pistol to his hand from the Force. He aimed still midair and fired a bolt at the exposed head of the halted marine.   
  
The Sith Obelisk slowly lowered himself to the ground, watching his last opponent for sudden movements midair. He could feel the sensible fear coming from the person behind the implant’s control.  
  
“You do know the Force is, in a sense, similar to a hive mind. It permeates through all consciousness, organic and technological alike. I find it quaint how you try to mimic what you proclaim to extinguish.”

Areticus watched the marine slowly lower himself to the ground level. He took off his helmet and set it slowly to his side, keeping his eyes fixed on the Sith. It was a warrior’s gaze, one that was sensed shortly before the fighter took a ready stance.   
  
*Should I indulge him?*

A distant rumble from the Nesolat reminded him that they were under siege. Areticus pushed the soldier against the wall and kept him there. He then took a nearby vibroblade and brought it to his hand. He lifted the underbelly of the breastplate on the soldier, and used the blade to cut open his waist. His intestines spilled out, putting the marine in shock. He figured that would be enough to keep him occupied until died from loss of blood.   
  
“Please… Have Mercy…” the soft whine from a defeated man whimpered. Areticus removed the man’s helmet to see his eyes wide open. His chest rose slowly as he stayed still from having his guts loose around him. “Please…” he pleaded once more.  
  
This brought Areticus to loom over him and stare back into those wide eyes. “Beg,” the Sith asked.  
  
“I beg you”

*Show me your passion*

“You are begging for mercy?! In front of the merciless?!” the anger abhorred Areticus to let loose lightning upon the man through his fingertips.  
  
*Show me your strength*

“You are a trained warrior! Show me!” Areticus shouted. All he saw was agony on the dying man’s face.  
  
*Show me your power*

“Oh, boo hood! It hurts. Have you never been electrocuted?! Tamed?” he asked. Silence was his reply. “Then let this be a lesson of pain” Areticus said with a deep tone before continuing.

*Show me victory*

All he saw was defeat, as the life from the eyes of the Collective marine faded into the great unknown.  
  
His attention then turned to his scan pulse to find the rest of his squad before they presumed him dead.