

The Marines had been created for one sole purpose. To do the bidding of The Collective. He walked around, looking for anything and everything that was a target for his masters, all while receiving constant information feeds from the other Marines from his pack. They were continuously finding enemies, Brotherhood members and mercenaries alike, and dispatching them with ease. Hardly ever having to turn around, as they had near perfect 360 degree vision feeds from each other.

He turned his blaster, firing over his shoulder while watching the feed in his cybernetic eye as the target that was trying to sneak up on him fell to the ground. It was almost too easy. They walked through the halls, destroying anything and anyone that matched the description of the targets they were giving during their mission brief.

It was not long before they made it to a room with a lot of weird looking items, potentially the artifacts that they were looking for. Small devices, large devices, some that would take an entire shuttle to themselves. It was an easy task for them. *Destroy.*

The crew of five Marines began shooting everything in the room, laying down enough fire to destroy a herd of Bantha in seconds. He focused his shots on what appeared to be a bronze hourglass. After about 20 seconds, they ceased, looking around to confirm that all items were indeed destroyed. Shattered artifact pieces of various materials laid scattered throughout the room. There was no remorse, no second thoughts. This room was finished. He and the other Marines turned and began their way down the hall, looking once more for potential targets.

A few Brotherhood members jumped out at the lead Marine in an attempt to ambush their team, but it was for naught. Seeing them jump out, his sight was automatically updated into the minds of his allies, and their lead jumped out of the way before they all fired upon the Brotherhood members.

“Your attempts are futile!” the Marine bellowed as he chuckled to himself. This was, by far, the best he had felt in years. The upgrade the Collective had given him was amazing. His abilities were unmatched by any he could conceive. It was only a matter of time before their enemies were vanquished, the Brotherhood was destroyed, and The Collective was victorious.

It was in those thoughts that he barely caught a glimpse of a blade headed straight at his back. He got a chunk of his side taken out by the vibroblade, but managed to avoid taking a fatal blow. He furiously began swinging at his assailant, but couldn't seem to hit him before he vanished in front of his eyes.

Looking around, he could not find where his enemy had disappeared to. A few seconds later, he received information that his squad mate had fallen to his back, and he immediately turned to the room and fired upon the enemy. It was too late, his ally had been struck down. He and another of his squad mates were able to successfully shoot the target before he once more vanished from sight. They continued to fire, but never found the assassin again.

His squad continued pressing forward with the mission, this time slightly more vigilant as they watched for the assassin. They continued to find room after room of artifacts and equipment that they destroyed. All of the while logging the information and video feeds on their holodrives.