

Option 3: WREAK CHAOS

Write from the perspective of your main or alternative character as they capitalize on the chaos of the Collective attack. The Dark Council and the Clans' military forces are now engaged in full-on warfare. With the enemy on all sides, the so-called "allies" of the Brotherhood are distracted. Use this time to your advantage by sowing chaos against the other clans or diverting Brotherhood resources for personal use.

The battle ensues.

Eos City was being overrun by collective forces. No matter how hard the Iron Legion fought, they were over matched by the Hive soldiers. Precision and relentless carnage followed their path of destruction.

Brimstone watched from his advantage as his clan, Plagueis, and the other 6 clans engaged in full defense of the Brotherhood's city on Arx. He knew he was expected to be amongst the others, helping to defend the inhabitants. But after already suffering hits twice, once to his leg and to his shoulder, he knew caution was better for himself, ala self preservation.

He was loyal to his clan. Has been for over the last ten years. But he still felt some resentment. Between years earlier being cast aside from the clan of Tarentum to the Iron Throne nearly killing him in the star destroyer to the recent feud with Vizsla, he was tired of being the pawn in the game. From Declan Roark ordering the assassination of one of his leaders, to traitors like Montresor who left to join the upstarts, Brim was getting tired of being the pawn.

And with zero recognition, it was time for him to unleash his inner dark side. Brim was either going to either get his Dread lord to recognize his worth, or die trying.

Brim stood in the crumbled ruins of what looked like a cafe before the war. As he watched from a hidden point, a group of Collective soldiers came down the street and were searching each building for enemy combatants. Brim knew his area would probably be checked also. As he surveyed his surroundings, he felt a danger within his vicinity. Ducking underneath a tossed over counter, he felt 5 presences come into the building. It was up to himself to save his hide.

Brim closed his blue eyes and reached out to touch the minds of those coming within. He tapped into their souls to try what they are fearful of. As he touched the webs of their consciousness, he found the fear they held within them. So the Chiss tapped into it and

started to stoke the terror that was to be unleashed. Two of the Hive had the same fear, being disemboweled by the Collective. Brim pulled hard and within a minute, he could feel the terror unleashing itself. Both soldiers howled in anguish and fell to the ground, clutching their midsections. The other three turned and stared at their comrades and then their internal programming took effect. They all felt the pain. This was part of the implants put in them, what made them work as one mind. All five were now on the ground in what looked like convulsions.

Brim used that time to remove himself from his hiding spot and before they could realize he was there, he unleashed multitudes of lightning currents from both of his hands. Fingers outstretched, they screamed in agony and the Battlemaster unleashed the rain. He wasn't going to stop. His eyes, for one of the few times in his life as a Sith, had turned into the putrid orange-yellow that is accustomed to a Sith fully enveloped in the darkness of the Force.

Their flesh bubbled and burnt splotched enveloped them as he continued to unleash the torrents. What seemed to go on for eternity, ended after a few minutes when the charred remains of his victims was all that was left. The smell of cooked flesh filled his nostrils. Brim stopped his onslaught and breathed deeply. He walked over to the mangled corpses and kicked them, looking for anything that he could use for finding the leaders. After a few moments, he found what looked like codes to secured frequencies for incoming transmissions.

Pulling up his commlink, he punched in one of the codes. It then was a shock when he heard the transmissions of the clan Vizsla coming through. "So this is how they know how we are positioning or defense" thought the Chiss. He then listened in and looked outside. As their transmission continued, he watched more Collective forces make their way down the street towards the other clan. Brim was undecided if he was going to let them get their butts handed to them or to help out. He decided on the prior and chose to let them protect themselves.

Grabbing one of his blasters, Brim made his way out of the back of the cafe and left to find another member of his clan.