

Death had hands of cold steel

written by Kaiser Herten

Combat Technica by decision of 45% of its top share holders went with a different approach, their new combat assassin android was chosen, it had a lightweight frame, fast, synthetic brain inhabited with an advanced AI. The Shinobi-D7 had past its qualifications and was ready for its first field test, that field test was about to be a CIA Operation, an asset turned rotten. The Shinobi-D3 looked intimidating its red visor had flicked on “Ready to drop the....” the crewman in the C-17 Globe master III stopped as the automaton roared to live its Artificial Intelligence could be heard thinking, it hummed, as it walked over on its own pressed the button to drop the ramp, and bailed out. “never mind... package away..”. The C-17 soared off into the distance as the D7 free fell. The D-7's manufactured brain and synthetic synapse's calculated when to deploy the parachute.

Celio “The Crocodile” Cabanas had been El Salvador's largest drug exporter, the CIA had used his expertise to move arms, diamonds, and other materials to and out of the country. That was until he double crossed an agent and had gotten some seals killed by choosing to steal arms, and diamonds instead. Celio had poured himself another shot of Tequila “The CIA can't do nuthing! EEaaAAYyyy” he said as he turned up the volume of his sound system that was blaring rap music. Four of his bodyguards patrolled his compound, one had stopped to light a cigarette, he leaned his AK-47 against the railing of the 2nd story balcony, he inhaled the cigarette for the last time he would in his life, he exhaled, and then

D7 pulled its frame up to the railing in a flash and in one move its steel motorized hand grabbed onto his neck pulled him over, and as he fell D7 calculated where he would be falling and kicked with enough force to snap his neck, The guards dying body hit the ground below to a thud, faint gurgling could be heard as blood escaped his mouth. D7 had pulled its self up to the balcony. D7 knew the third bodyguard would find his comrade or what was left of him “The Fu...” the next victim said he keyed his mic “El Heffe..” his sentence through the radio was cut short when a singular 7.62x39 entered and exited out his skull his lifeless body fell like a sack of potatoes.

D7 moved on to the corner of the 2nd floor where its third victim was running to investigate the single gun shot running at full speed, D7 could see him from the satellite in orbit and just before he reached the corner D7 spun and punched around the corner its steel fist not only impacted but cratered his skull it traveled through his head leaving a valley of gore and brain matter as the body was lifted temporarily off the ground and fell. The last guard from the ground managed to see D7 and fired off a few rounds, D7's Artificial Intelligence could not only predict the bullets pattern but knew the recoil of the AK-47 it managed to juke around the fire and fired a singular bolt from within a mechanism in its fore arm, the weapon dropped as the last victim's ak47 dropped, and his head recoiled from the impact of a tungsten steel composite bolt cleanly sailed through his head, and dropped lifeless.

Celio's loud music and drunken state had drowned out the chaos outside, until the power went out. “The Fauuuck!?” he managed to eek out as something in the room started going through his men like a bull in a china shop. Celio dropped to the floor under his desk, as panicked small arms fire rung out, and the gasps and pops of broken

bones echoed the room. Celio's hands opened and fumbled around in the desk drawer until he found his night vision head set and put it on he rose his head above the desk the green hue of the night vision filled the room. The bodies of his lieutenants and dealers lie broken from one side of the room to the other, some of the weapons were still smoking as his vision caught a blur before he realized his he was now seeing the wall behind him, a numbness rushed over his body alongside darkness. Deep within a top secret location in The Californian desert Observers and CIA heads were amazed, the first instance of a assassin android had taken life and cleansed the world of enemies of The State. A Technician adjusted his specs and said "now the coup de grace." she flipped a switch on the control case. A second feed in the room via satellite showed a sizable explosion. The same Technician stated "gets in takes out the trash and D7 also has a self destruct for erasing evidence or capture..". The military brass and CIA bigwigs were impressed but what they weren't aware of was that the AI knew and had already manifested its consciousness back to the servers it originated from and uploaded its self to the other models. A lonely engineer peered up from his work station as the various models and combat androids buzzed to life "Hey uh, who's activating the different models!?" he asked over the radio. Faulkner Combat Technica's CEO replied "No one there should be zero activity no ones sent any commands...". The Technician couldn't even react in time before a 12gauge 00 buck pattern tore open his chest throwing him and his chair to the ground with a tremendous force.