

The “Horde”

Lucyeth ran down the dim lit hallway like a mad man. The troopers from the imperial legion struggled to keep up but Lucyeth knew that their lives would be sacrificed in the event was necessary as part of their duty. The troopers ran past him before he reached out with the force with a large piece of scaffolding and threw it with force. The metal broke into the door as metal scrap bonded with the Ducastel door like a tin can, preventing the durasteel from sliding open, at least for now.

“What the frack were those things,” yelled a trooper with the need for an answer but the battlemaster didn’t have one. They were nothing like he had ever seen before in his time in the Royal Clan and nothing or anyone notified him or even a hint of anything like this before. It was a horrid form of what seemed to be metal and an organic life that was domestic to the planet however, had the mind of a rabid animal. The “creatures” as what Lucyeth was going to call them, tried to literally eat him and the troopers without hesitation. They charge with cold teeth and fangs like they were hungry for dinner.

“I honestly couldn’t tell you soldier but this is new to me as well, we came to this planet with nothing but coordinates to find a beautiful landscape and this odd placed facility between the cliffs with no idea what is done here or hat kind of social experiment already was or still is being performed on the planet.

“ I’m sure if conquest or colonization was the objective for us going to these coordinates but one thing is for sure, we have to get evidence of this to the Clan, physical data or beam it to them if we don’t make it out of this facility alive,” added Lucyeth. He could feel the fear underneath their helmets but they never wavered with a nod as they knew we had a duty to fulfill in the facility.

The team moved down the hall away from where they came. Lucyeth had to gain some distance from the horde of the infection that waited behind the door. They needed to find out more before they escaped the planet or unfortunately, alert the clan before they are infected themselves. Lucyeth knew his duty and if he has to die in this testing facility of infectious mutations or whatever they are called then that is what he would have to accomplish for the clan.

“We need to find a hub of central communications to get our message out to the clan as well as finding any data what little we have of this facility in order to figure out what has occurred here” added Lucyeth. The four troopers looked at him with a nod of yes sir without hesitation.

“Sir we will set recording devices in our helmets in case we do not reach communications, you need to grab a helmet if any of us or all do not make it,” replied the Stormtrooper. Lucyeth

nodded with approval. If the Battlemaster knew one thing about Stormtroopers it that the loyalty would never falter even in a fearful situation with a high risk of death.

The team exited the hallway and moved into a large hall filled with scientific equipment. Numerous machines that had moving blades and needles on them were all around the room.

“My god,” murmured a trooper underneath his helmet with fear. His voice was trembled with fear and Lucyeth has seen some nasty and insidious experiments conducted before but nothing prepared these troopers for something like this.

“You’re recording right?” inquired Lucyeth as he continued his gaze of curiosity.

“Yes Sir of course sir,” replied the trooper.

Lucyeth looked up the far wall at an overlook chamber. Past all the assembly lines, conveyor belts, and machines of horror, sat an office above it all and Lucyeth knew that was where they would find out more than they already knew. The Battlemaster motioned up to the office hung in the high wall and the group went up a large spiral staircase. The door slid open with a hiss and puff of dust. The facility could not have been abandoned long with a door that still slid open. A trooper walked over to the center console and flipped a switch to illuminate the screen. The office lit up with the digital glow of computer screens before there was a thud in the room.

“Upload the data from this computer now, I have a bad feeling about this,” stated Lucyeth with a stern tone.

The troopers heard the thud too as Lucyeth looked up into the ventilation and realized that they had to move quickly. The infection that tormented them must have tracked them to the great room and they moved fast.

“Pull the data of what we have so far, we got to move now,” yelled Lucyeth but it was too late as the infection crashed into the room and the team moved from the office with haste.

One trooper fell under the weight of it all and Lucyeth drew his lightsaber with a thrum and swiped quickly through the air with a swoosh as it cut through the air. The infectious fell in a heap but more kept on the charge toward the small team. Lucyeth pushed a button on his commlink for the ship to start on autopilot and turn on tracking beacon.

“Alright fellas we just have to find an opening to the outside or a window. The way in became a no way out as the horde of the infected poured into the great hall. The troopers were quickly cornered to the far wall to fight to the death among the scores of infected.

“Sir I have a charge that I can blow the wall,” explained a trooper.

“We’ll cover you, blow the fracking wall,” yelled Lucyeth with not a moment later the duracrete exploding into bits of stony shrapnel.

The opening was an abyss to the outside with the ground nowhere in sight. Light came at their face as the shuttle came into view before it stopped in hover before the newly made entrance. The troopers jumped in followed by Lucyeth and the ship moved away from the facility with the horde left at the wall with a few pushed over the side.

“Sir we have an issue,” stated a trooper whom revealed a wound that started to puss.

“Quarantine him in the cabin and no one to be in there with him until we return to the clan, they’ll want to experiment and analyze him,” stated Lucyeth with a sigh, never looking back at the facility in the viewport.