

**Attack of the Porgs**  
*By Lexiconus Qor #13880*

Screams and shrieks filled the air as the armies of porg-kind charged through the hangar and scattered around. Rasilvenaira rushed around and tried her best to scoop or levitate the nasty creatures, but to no avail.

"I have arrived to help, your grace," Lexiconus bowed. A net suddenly caught him across the head as the Warlord raced past him.

"Good, then get these buggers into that flaming net and help me!" A porg quickly rushed over her leg and nibbled at her thigh, as she hopped and scrambled across the floor.

"Medic! I need my leg amputated! This vermin got me!" She screamed as tears welled from her eyes, while she shook her leg against a cargo box. The Quarren dived at the creature, net in hand and ready to catch it. But, the flighty avian was prepared and quickly scurried away, leaving Lexiconus to capture Rasilvenaira instead.

"You loth cat! I said the porgs! Wait....do you hear that?" She dropped her volume into a whisper as her head darted around like a meerkat. The Quarren was oblivious to what she was talking about, as he began to snuggle into her warm body.

"Now is not the time, squid. Can't you sense that thing, in the rafters?" She shoved him off and growled.

"Oh, you mean the Nexu? Yeah, I wouldn't worry about that." He chuckled.

The Sith glared.

"Um, well you see, he's sorta busy hunting the porgs as well," Lexiconus rubbed his neck and grinned, pretending to hide his nerves.

"It's hunting!? There's going to blood everywhere!"

"Well that's sort of the point. They hunt, they eat, they bleed. Not the Nexu, the porgs. I imagine they're quite chewy actually. Not bloody at all."

Lexiconus felt a hard smack against his head and suddenly raised to his feet, avoiding her glare.

"The porgs need rescuing," he nodded and blushed.

"Well I'm glad you saw sense in that jellied head of yours. Now fetch those darlings immediately. Otherwise, you will become dinner," she snapped her fingers and the Quarren ran with haste. She smiled with confidence as she slowly rose to her feet and snapped a porg hanging from her collar.

"Well, I cannot say you aren't cute. I can see why the Nexu do enjoy your company." A scream echoed through the hangar, followed by roars of anger or joy. She whisked her head around to notice the Quarren ducking and weaving past the rafters.

"I'm sorry, but I cannot say the same about our Quarren friend here. Lex! Stop antagonising the porg's feelings and just nab them!"

"I will ma'am! Just as soon," a clang bounced around the durasteel walls as claws met metal. "Gah! As soon as dinner is over!" He whimpered as another clang was heard from above.

"Dinner? What one earth are you talking about, Lex?"

Her answers were met with conclusion, as a young and very timid Nexu dropped from above, with Lexiconus firmly in her mouth. She panted and scratched at the floor in excitement, as the Quarren squirmed and shook.

"With all due respect, ma'am. I don't think I'm the best man for this job. I suggest maybe someone with more finesse?" His chuckle became broken and weak. The Nexu shook her head and he fell back into whimpering again.

"Nonsense, Lex. I see you're the perfect man for the job. Here," Rasilvenaira slowly knelt to the floor and stroked the chin of the Nexu, who purred and gently slid her tongue out to pant happily. Lexiconus quickly rolled and dropped from the maw, then began to limp away.

"There, you see? The perfect man, now I've given you a head start. Please, do not waste this opportunity," she shook her head as she stood and slowly petted the porg in her hand.

"Head start? What do you mean-Gah! Force preserve me!" The Quarren didn't feel curious anymore, as the young Nexu pounced from the shadows at Lexiconus. He began to circle the room with his net, as the chase continued.

"Now then," she smiled as she looked at the empty cargo box. "Where did you sorry loy actually come from?"

*End....*