

Survive the Hive by Dev'err Malren

It was just another normal day. Like every other boring day in the life of Dev'err Malren. "Dev'err do this. Dev'err do that... Sergeant get your troops in line." Dev'err got approved shore leave. And it was much needed. He needed to go to the one place he could blend in, and indulge. His cup runneth over in almost a literal sense. Once he arrived to Nar Shaddaa he heard there was a section where he used to live. The Corellian sector was quarantined. There was a Abersyn infestation.

In a cold sense of words, this warming coldness swept over the man. He breathed in through his nose deeply and breathed out of his mouth. This is exactly what he needed. The force heard his cry in a manner of speaking. He goes to his ship and gets his equipment. But he'd have to let the group know. He'd alert his commanding officer whom happened to be Warlord Quejo Xyler. Alerting him of the fact that he was stranded in the Nar Shaddaa Quarantine. He'll have to fight his way out. He did his due diligence in alerting command. Now he was being drowned in the boiling of his blood. His eyes started to dilate his arm began to have that psychotic twitch about it. As the helmet sealed onto him. He'd grab his weapons.

Knowing Nar Shaddaa was known for its easily breaking quarantines he'd found a slip through the quarantine perimeter. At approximately 19:00 Hours the Barrier shield recalibrated allowing a weakened section attached to a building to be phased through. He literally walked through the recalibrating shield into the infestation zone. Knowing how dangerous this was. He was intoxicated. Seeing the bugs flying around he opened fire with his E-11. It alerted every person in the quarantine. One of the bugs landed upon his neck came from behind. It began to bite but before it burrowed through it flew away. He'd curse under his breath.

"Shit... shit..." It stung like no other. Instead the hive turned on him. The bugs didn't like him and now they wanted him gone. He'd check his munitions. He'd calculate he'd have enough ammunition for at least 6 hours of combat, but he'd need to make it to a cache he knew the old gang left. As he fell to one knee taking a tactical position behind a speeder. He'd began to open fire as if in unison. They'd move into his blaster fire. It was melodramatic in the sense that as each body hit the ground. Glee, overswept him. He had no control over how much fun he was having. He'd pull out his vibrosword and smile at it. Bringing it to his helmet's vocabulator in a matter of kissing it. He'd began to cut down members of this hive. Running on top of speeders. Hopping off them and into a cleaving manner. Separating the top of a person from shoulder to hip but before the body could hit the ground he'd swung around to behead the corpse. It was the only way to be truly sure the parasite was dead. As he'd engage in this dance of his.

The more profane he became. As blood ran in the streets. He'd behead one person before grabbing their hair to catch them and use the head as a grenade of sorts by smacking another infested to stun them temporarily. Before his blade came out. He was tired and he needed to find a place to rest. But that wasn't going to happen anytime soon. He's been at this

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for almost two hours. How else is he gonna sleep. His suit's adrenal injector came to save the day. As six injection points came into contact with his skin. Pure unadulterated venom, was infused into his bloodstream. His eyes dilated till they were beads, his whole body shook for a second. But if you saw his eyes they dilated to the point that you'd think his eyes were black entirely. Reinvigorated he'd put his vibrosword to rest before drawing his combat knife. Only 8 inches of blade. And he was eager. Oh happy dagger, bless this day.

He'd charged at the closest infested creature and like a savage animal he'd stab at the neck of the infested. In almost a blinded rage until the head was severed. He'd let out a very guttural roar as motivational speech to himself. If there was music playing. Drowning Pool let the bodies hit the floor was most definitely to be playing. Unfortunately it was never made. He'd put the knife back into its holster and unclipped the E-11 once more. He'd fire a shot into the gut of the closest infested before they could get up. He'd put his foot on their chest and smiled underneath the helmet. He'd put four bolts into the head, leaving very little of it left. As blood pooled underneath it. All he could say is he's home....

Two weeks later he finds himself back on his ship. He looked through his messages. And alerted the Warlord. "I've been cleared to return to the Taldyran. It appears I'm immune or inedible to the creatures... I've been holed up in a hotel room between patrols. He took a memento with him. He'd put it in a quarantined glass case. A finger, a toe, The skin around a belly button, an eye and a lock of hair. From five different people. Needless to say on the way back he'd close his eyes and smile at the vacation he just had. It was the time of his life. And he never felt that way before.