# … Storms of Toxic Red

Entry for: **Unchained Malady - Champions of Evil**

Written by Dasha Jala Renza on May 2, 2021.

Dasha hurried down the large central hallway with her pack. She closed whichever doors she could on the way.

Meanwhile, Grom wasn’t even satisfied as he cut down another ‘keyboard-rat’. This wasn’t even challenging, why was he assigned this task in the first place? The guards outside stood more of a chance outside than inside. Yet, supposedly this would cripple his Lady’s enemies somehow.

He sighed and focused for a moment, tasting in the terror of the remaining. After the first, he relished in the terror of the other 3. Another was cut down, why was there only one more nearby? A fading yet extremely brilliant entity of fear was getting away. Well, waste not want not. His red saber plunged into the last door and started melting away the metal.

Dasha made it to the Bridge, passing by many bodies of Taldryans slain by a lightsaber. She grimaced as she remembered Erinyes’s lecture about her pranks yet she hasn’t done any since then, mostly busy with SRI duties. Her heart sank when she found the Bridge devoid of life.

She froze for a moment before trying to tap away at the command seat’s terminal only to be met with a blaring red, “Access Denied”. Almost on the verge of tears in being trapped, the slicer plugged in her tool into the terminal and worked her way into giving herself enough to lock down the ship, closing all the doors, blast or not. Sirens and alarms went off inside and out, warning everyone in proximity of the threat.

Her fingers worked desperately as she managed to get herself permissions here and there equal to Erinyes and Appius, something she would definitely get in trouble for later. Having bought herself a tiny bit of time, Dasha worked on spreading the alarm as far across the Taldryan forces as she could.

Grom frowned as he heard the nearby blast door slam shut and alarms going off. This was going to be a mixture of problematic and enjoyable. He was held back from proving his superiority over the other species under Lady Scoryx’s command. Now he might get a delightful mixture of fame and drinking up his preys’ horror as they watch their comrades sliced cleaning in slaughter.

Being locked up in this dead end hallway is a pain, so he retracted his lightsaber and went to grab the keycards off the nearest ones with a wrinkled nose to open his way up and see about turning off the annoying sirens. None of them worked.

How could HE of all people be trapped? No, whomever did this should pay for their disrespect. He went back and cut out the door to the last keyboard rat who was firing its blaster in his general direction from the other corner of the small room. ‘Livestock knowing their end is near.’ He was never one for being defensive; the Falleen moved towards the chubby ‘pig’ and destroyed the blaster quickly.

“Now… you are going to open the way for me.” he cooly demanded with his lightsaber at the throat of his new tool.

Dasha went back to work on opening up another vent in the Bridge to serve as her escape should she need it. Her comlink lit up as she heard her Master state, “I’m on my way.” Though, he was somewhere ‘out there’, could he get back in time? Many soldiers and workers alike are dead, how many are actually alive?

Something pinged on the console as the last screw was removed. She went to take a look and someone else was trying to get permissions and open up all the doors. Now began the deadly game of trying to keep all the doors closed.

It didn’t take long before the doors starting from her workplace were being opened then immediately going offline. One by one, doors going towards her were removed from the network.

6 doors, 5, 4… Her ears perked up and she heard a sizzling of a lightsaber on a control panel, 3… He was destroying the control systems before she could close the doors! But how…

A message popped up before the last door opened, “Run.” The last door never opened. Instead, a hiss and melting metal started to appear as someone was melting a hole for themselves. Dasha shoved her tools back and started for the vent she had opened only to feel an invisible force yank her at the terminal she was using.

“Escaping lambs tend to not be as annoying as you…” Grom venomly stated as he held his lightsaber at his side, “And a non-force user too. Now be good as I make sure your corpse isn’t as poorly cut as some of the others behind me…”

Dasha froze in fear as memories bubbled to the surface, she naturally backed away. He raised his red saber for the attack.

The glow brough Dasha back, remembering something else more important. For one, her life; for another, the face of Appius. With a shake of her head, she focused and drew her own green lightsaber and parried the blue reptilian’s strike.

“Stay STILL!” the Marauder growled as rage ran through his body.

Dasha danced about, using the various chairs and other equipment to her advantage to block or obscure his sight. She just needed to buy enough time for an opening.

Grom grew angrier and angrier with each failed wave of his lightsaber. He couldn’t sense her attacks, the agile rat wasn’t even trying to hurt him.

The Sephi finally made her first ‘attack’ that he sensed and for once he tried to block. Dasha had flung a cloud of blinding dust at the Falleen causing him to recoil in pain as the gritty substance got into his eyes. Immediately, he summoned a barrier around himself as he tried to work on getting the crystalline gunk out of his eyes.

Dasha went in for his knees only to be surprised at some invisible forcefield; not knowing what it was she retreated as his barrier fell apart.

Sensing where the strike was, the Unchained Marauder threw lightning from his fingers in sheer rage at his opponent’s resistance of which Dasha was barely able to fling herself away from.

His vision was starting to clear enough that he could see the pointed ear brat. No one humiliates him as she has done so without getting away from their deeds! Enraged, he amplified his speed to catch the very annoying Sephi, putting Dasha on the defensive once again.

Fast footsteps approached the pair quickly as a red armored Mandalorian with a yellow lightning symbol drew his lightsaber and charged straight at the Falleen.

Immediately, the berserking Marauder sensed the danger and fell into the defensive against his now 2 opponents. He barely had time to bring his saber up to clash with player 3’s as they held against each other long enough for the Mandalorian to growl, “You do NOT harm MY apprentice!”

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