

THE HIVEMIND IS CONQUERING FOR ME?

Chapter 2: You call that a boon?

Apollo minor-spartari outer rim-ongoing warzone

"We have to keep moving, the bugs broke through the defence forces line!" A man shouted to his partner. "Wha- what about the baby they wont let it into the evacuation shuttle its for military only!" A woman retorted looking down at the small innocent in her arms.

"I told you, you should have aborted the thing when you found out. We're lucky you weren't showing otherwise we both would have been court marshalled for affairs whilst deployed." The man snapped making the woman flinch.

"But-" The woman started "No buts, if you want to get out alive hide the baby somewhere and lets move our asses!" the man interrupted.

The woman looked down at the baby, it looked back at her with a frown as if knowing it was about to be abandoned. The woman held back a sob and

whispered to it. "I'm sorry I'm so so sorry" She stopped her run by an alley placed a kiss on the babes head before placing him in a nearby rubbish bin.

"If the defence holds the monsters back I promise, I promise I will come back for you." She said holding back tears, her instincts as a mother were telling her to pick him back up and risk it, but was pulled out of that thought by a vice grip. "Come on you've done all you can for the bastard we have to go I can hear the fighting getting closer." With that, the woman was pulled away from her son.

Her fate and the fate of the father solely rested now on if they make it to their shuttle.

Meanwhile, in aforementioned bin, the abandoned baby's mind was a flurry with thoughts.

"What the heck man! Sure, just leave your child to its inevitable demise. Man I've been screwed by that accursed blue lamp" I frowned as it continued "And what the heck is this boon" Although I hadn't been told my boon by anything I knew it instinctually.

'The first female that see's you that is not a family member will instantly fall in love with you in a state of pragma, eros, mania.' "You call that a boon? I call it

call child services." I inwardly sighed "I should've just picked join the infinite as energy at least I wouldn't have to die again so soon."

"Anyways, I wonder what my parents meant by bugs? To have a defence force be overrun they would have to either be a swarm of tiny bugs in the countless just eating everything or-" My thoughts were interrupted by shouts coming from the nearby street.

"Fall back, fall back, a contingent of the basilisk strain has reinforced their assault with a queen guard!!! Re group at the next checkpoint, there should be incendiary rounds to swap out Go! Go!

Go!" A strong feminine voice called out at the dozens of feet rushing by, crackling of kinetic rounds and cracks of thunder as laser rounds went off just meters away from the bin-cum-makeshift shelter I found myself in.

"Sounds like the fighting is coming close by, I wonder what on earth a basilisk strain is?"

Meanwhile

"ATTACK DRONES. FULL FRONTAL ASSAULT. CONSUME BIOMASS AND RELEASE THE EGGS."

With this psionic command, the basilisk queen guard, given name by humans, or as it better knows its self as freethinker variant #1700354 walked behind its drone swarm with further 50 basilisk swarm guard charging past it. It was charged by the hivemind to take out this section of planet with as little biomass loss as possible.

It knew as a freethinker that current biomass loss would be astronomical, but the gain from the meat of the sapiens and the rest of this small world would bring a hundredfold increase.

As it walked down what the prey called 'streets', it stopped. It seemed to smell a prey, but small not enough to be a meal, but biomass is biomass and must be consumed. It started again towards the alley telling its guard to continue forward in the main assault, whilst it headed towards the metal container containing the morsal.

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Despite being in a bin all I could smell was sweet pheromones and I could hear clicking, chattering and screeching swarming past the alley I was in.

Suddenly, I could hear big impactful steps coming towards me. "Well this is it, whatever is out there I can tell is not human." I thought.

What felt like an eternity in anticipation the stepping stopped just outside the bin was I safe? Did whatever was there think this was just an empty alley? Before I could garner any hopeful thinking.

BANG

The lid of the bin ripped off violently. I looked up see my end before me and what I saw made my blood run cold. 5 meters tall, a white chitinous body with tan accents down its front and sides spikes decorated throughout.

4 legs each one ending with a sharp thick spike which could run a man through with ease a vertical torso with 2 scythe like appendages sharp enough clearly to cut through metal with no resistance. A head, in a shape similar to a pentagon with small protrusions sticking out of the top in a row. Teeth like ivory needles drenched in saliva and eyes black as void staring down into his own.

Petrified! Even if I wasn't a helpless baby, my body wouldn't be able to move. Those deep dark eyes peering into my own had something about them that stopped me from moving.

Then I remembered. "Ah! Basilisk strain! From the stories I remember, a basilisks eyes have the capability of paralysing a being no wonder it feels like I cant move. Even though I cant to begin with..."

Coming back to the moment facing the being that would most definitely spell my demise, I cant help but admit in my final seconds that there is some beauty to its form. It looks like a perfect apex predator its whole being emanates death if I am to die which I know is the case I'm glad its to such a perfect being.

I smiled at it. At peace, ready to go...

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A few seconds passed. Nothing. Strange, maybe its just taking a second to enjoy the moment as humans sometimes do when looking at a nice meal. A minute passed by, still nothing, truly strange. Suddenly, I felt the paralysis wear off. Confused, I lifted my arms at it beckoning the end letting it know I couldn't escape if I wanted and then it flinched...

"Huh? Di- did it flinch?" I exclaimed in my mind. "How could I make it flinch?"
The 5 meter tall perfected death machine flinched at the raised arms of a day old child? Flummoxed would be a good word to describe my current state.

"what's going on?"