

THE HIVEMIND IS CONQUERING FOR ME?

Chapter 8: Information and speculation

Leondis-Spartari Ecumenopolis -Core world 7

In a war intelligence room, 12 people were sat at across from each other on a long conference table. Nervous energy permeated through out the room with occasional glances at seat 13 currently absent. The 12 present were all early of course, the man they were waiting for was not someone who you wish to grace with lateness.

step step step

sharp footsteps echoed closer to the conference room from the hall outside the room every individual proceeded to sit up straight and made last second adjustments to their already immaculate black and red military suits. As the door opened everyone stood and bowed "A thousand victories to you my king." the 12 voices choired in unison.

The man ignored the serenade and with strong steady steps made his way to his chair.

the king was a handsome man in what appeared to be his mid 50's with a grizzled face, moulded by a lifetime of war and military service. A slight frown lingers perpetually on his face, although somewhat ordinary in appearance he comes across rather striking due to his sharp, sword like eyebrows and thin lips. with his posture oozing authority, he uttered in a deep gruff voice "speak".

the woman to his right took a deep breath then started "yes sir, about one week ago the evil scourge known as the swarm attacked 27 outer rim planets under spartari control. while we would not usually ask you to come back from the Drakoshi front for such trivial reasons your grace, however the scourge has proceeded to act in a way which has yet to be documented in the last 10 years."

the King's eyebrow arched up "give me what information you have" he demanded. the king was handed a data pad with hundreds of different reports from the planets in question. he skimmed through the reports his frown growing through confusion "they stopped?" the king looked at those present "what do you mean they stopped?"

"we-we aren't sure your grace" a hulk of a man interjected "on all planets at the exact same time 3:52 pm core world 1 time.

every single drone, warrior and even elites such as basilisks and brain bursters just came to a complete halt for 5 minutes." 'hmmm' the king pondered a moment 'there must be a logical explanation for this' the king looked back down at his pad ignoring the others present a short pause grasped to room before he questioned . "this gas it released just before they regained movement, harmful?

" no your grace no casualties in those who were effected by the gas however quarantines have been put in place onto those who were exposed in case the substance was a bio-weapon in nature" the woman from earlier retorted

"what about in other sectors we can observe any news from the coalition?"
"yes your grace" a blue humanoid said from the far end of the table "our spies in the traitorous coalition have reported similar events occurring no other information at this time." the king looked at the blue alien 'ugh what was king Lysander thinking passing the bill allowing the filthy xenos permission to join our mighty military.

if I can find a way to assassinate the civil king Dickon and replace him with a puppet I could flip the bill and remove the filth before it festers.' shoving his racist thoughts to the back of his mind till later the king continued.

"so its happening in the unliberated squalor systems also? A shame if was just in our planets it could've meant we had a potential resource that causes the swarm to freeze up." "do we have any theories so far? sometimes speculation can pave way to results"

two members of staff in white uniform looked at each other before one spoke in a rather weaselly voice " some speculation at Rnd my king is that perhaps one of our enemies have made a psionic weapon which targets the swarms capability to relay orders, but such a weapon to us is theoretically impossible so has been ruled out."

the king nodded his head 'impossible indeed psionic weaponry is very difficult to make and one with such strength is unfathomable' the king himself only had a few war gears that are psionically capable in nature, none as powerful to the extent the researcher speculated about.

interrupting the kings thoughts the second members female robotic voice rang out " as we know from autopsies and testing, the scourge is a hivemind species I believe perhaps that the swarms main brain became occupied by something that required its full attention. my guess? a powerful enemy forced its hand and it momentarily gave up its control over the lesser bugs in order to deal with it."

a heavy silence descended upon the intelligence room the prospect of a being which forces a being who can 'mind control' trillions of bodies at once was a grim thought.

" an amusing speculation techno mechanic" the king let out a small smirk " but a speculation none the less" "we know that wherever the swarm calls 'home' is at least 50 years traveling time away with our current FTL technology so even if there is another hostile threat its will be nowhere near us, if there even is a threat which I doubt very much." "with that said though start sending double the amount of troops to the northern outer rim to deter more attacks.

new behaviour in our enemy should always call for overcaution rather than under caution. that shall be all." "now that I'm back in the Ecumenopolis I have to go meet with king Dickon. for pointless political meeting for a few days." the king said exasperated while standing up "a thousand victories all.". the other 12 in the room standing followed suit " a thousand victories to you King Sigismund."

...

On the void swimmer Orchid and I were staring out through the same translucent tissue I was a week ago for outside of the ship was a sight so beautiful even after a week I have yet to tire from it. outside of the ship was a

cacophony of vision. lights flashing and fading, reality distorting. colours which I cant even name ever changing.

psionic power hitting the ship with sheer force I can feel it in on my mental defences. I found it majestic beyond words.

according to Orchid the hives method of traveling faster than light is completely different from any other know species it has come across. from the detailed explanations I have received the dumbbed down version I got is. Due the Psionic might of the hive, the hive can feel special tendrils of pure psionic energy that run throughout the universe as branches.

the tentacles that are found on the hives ships act as a sort of psionic key allowing the hive to use these branches and in essence become a part of the universal psionic energy. the speed at which you travel through the tendrils of energy makes the speed of light look like a slug.

from what i understand it would take humans with their current FTL technology approximately 128 years to get from apollo minor to the home world of the hive and it takes the hive on the tendrils 2 weeks! the only downside of this travel is the hive cant manipulate the tendrils so sometimes the branches might let scouting forces out in the middle of dead space with nothing for it to consume.

however, the more a single branch is used the bigger it gets allowing a hive invasion to get closer and closer to its goal the more it uses that branch.

" Apollo-mate, the last thing Orchid wishes to do is deprive you of the joy you are emanating through our link but I have been relayed by the psionic agitator that she has exited torpor early and wishes to check on your mind for any lingering damage from last weeks incident." Orchid relayed this to me while stroking my face with a stump.

according to her she cut of her left scythe in an attempt not to hurt me whilst caressing me. she also said when we get back to nest world she will do a major gene-splice augmentation which bio infiltrators go through in order to care for me better.

"its not a problem dear Orchid, although I enjoy watching the pretty lights I am more than happy doing other things." I said noticing once again the funny squeaks Orchid makes when I use words of endearment. I noticed this on the second day of our journey I threw it out as a whim during one of our conversations and it made her do what I now call 'classic Orchid pauses' followed by said squeak.

its funny to me how much i enjoy teasing this 5 meter tall death machine.

"Orchid is happy you are happy" she commented bubbly through the link, letting off sweet pheromones simultaneously. "how long does the agitator want me for? although I have nothing against it her, all those tentacles make me feel like I'm in a Japanese animation and I'm not about all that"

"Orchid doesn't understand what some of those words mean Apollo-mate but Orchid can feel your intent do not worry while you are with the agitator Orchid shall remain with you

I sighed with a smidge of relief. although I knew the psionic agitator would do nothing to me which would cause me scream out 'YAMETE', having Orchid there would keep me calm and composed.