

# Creatures for a While

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Defiance, anger, and rage focused on the burial site and the Cathar that had crawled from it. Wulfram loosed several shots at Chicyciot, another of Selen's false 'Gods', only to have them absorbed by his waraxes. He refused to back down, to kneel to any figureheads, whether a God or Emperor of any kind. No Gods. No Kings.

"Let's see how much abuse you can take, then." The Mandalorian growled through his helmet before the MFTAS lit up with warnings of incoming fire.

He wheeled to see blaster fire from his own troops bearing down on his position, a detachment of the 3/1 had begun to fire freely and the anger shifted.

"Don't you fire at me!" Wulfram shouted as he returned fire on the men, scorching armor, on the first, and burning through the heart of another.

The smell of burning flesh. The shouts of people he knew, cared about, trained, and played alongside filled the air. Memories flooded him. He wasn't the 53-year-old Mandalorian standing on a battlefield, fighting to liberate people from false gods... He was a 10-year-old child again, the war surrounding him was the genocide of the Mandalorian people. The Hab Tower collapsed, and his mother and siblings were crushed as the central column failed. Ganymede and himself were thrown into the street by the explosive force of the building collapse.

The song infiltrated the deepest reaches of his mind and tugged at his heart, trying to sway him to protect the Caxquettes, to turn on his own soldiers and friends. His family, the ones they were trying to kill now. The rage turned, formed further and further inwards as the Mandalorian fumbled with how to fight this schism until the rage grew. He fed the anger with his own, throwing logs of hatred for the Gods, for those they killed, for the peace they disturbed, and for what they threatened and made it kindling to blowback against them.

The RSKF-44 in his hand clicked three times, adjusting to stun as his senses slowly returned to him, he turned to fire, but the blaster didn't respond. Another force wrenched the blasters from several of the soldiers and they fired of their own accord, striking several of the Reggies down on the spot. Gui stood above the assembled and made a flourish with his prosthetics, his

face contorted in a rage unfamiliar to the normally serene and roguish Temple Master.

“Stand down! Or I’ll make you.” Gui commanded, keen eyes on his Councilor of War as his hex continued to disable the weaponry of their soldiers.

A pair of lightsabers ignited as Wulfram took a step towards the Kiffar male. Both men’s lips drew into thin smirks, the tension immense, thick, and palpable. It seemed the pair would be locked in a stalemate, unwilling to move from this spot, but Wulfram broke the tension in the air between them as the vox unit of his helmet crackled and the Mandalorian threatened the High Councilor.

“Braver men have tried, a lot of them died. Ask your droids just who we came here to fight Gui, because, unlike everyone else who came here to fight relying on blasters, sabers, and droid weaponry...” the Councilor of War holstered the Fog of War and pulled the hilt of his phrik arming sword, the kyber crystal in its hilt igniting the runes along the blade as they exited the sheath “I’m not going to just roll over when they don’t ignite.”

If he could redirect Gui’s rage and abilities toward a common target as well, it would immensely shift the power on the field. The sound of combat breaking out between the others was worrying, but Wulfram had to focus on those he *knew* he could fix or break. His Consul was a strong asset but relied on The Force, if he couldn’t redirect him, he would suppress him. Either way, as of this moment, the Consul was one step towards a larger fight.