

## Overcome Yourself

### *Run*

That was the only thought that raced through Ignatius Blaeceth's mind. All that he could afford to think. Anything else risked his mind slipping.

This battle has been a race against time. A desperate attempt to stop Chicyiot from completing the ritual to unleash his rage. And Ignatius had only been a on-sight mechanic for this mission. Only meant to stay near the edge of the battle and restore the vehicles and weapons.

But as the ritual came into being the maddening rage soon followed. And soon even soldiers all the way at the back of the would-be battlefield were tearing each other apart.

Ignatius could see why though, because from his, and presumably from every other soldier's perspective there was no distinguishing between friend and foe. Between soldiers, and the horrifying Caxqettes that descended out of nowhere.

Ignatius wasn't even sure when they began the attack. He just knew that they were now here, tearing other soldiers and presumably each other to pieces.

There were two salvations that Ignatius was grateful for, although he cannot afford to linger on such salvations as it may allow his mind to sink deeper into rage.

The first was the vehicle that sped past him covered in Caxqettes. He could not even afford to watch as the vehicle spun and ended up on its side with the Caxqettes ripping it to pieces before pulling out the vehicle's occupants.

This was not the first time since the battle began that Ignatius saw this but he knew from it that the rage couldn't alter his perspective of the vehicle's, the inorganic, this gave him hope of his destination.

The second was the headphones attached to his ears as they were blasting loud music threatening to destroy his eardrums. His commander told him that such distractions could cost him his life in battle. It almost did last time, but right now it seems to be the only thing saving him from the hive mind. He could still feel it borrowing into his brain like worms demanding that he *fight for the hive, kill for the hive, die for the hive...*

Loud music allowed him to shake the voices out temporarily as he continued to run through the edge of the battlefield towards his destination, his mind focusing on every burning muscle, every twinge of pain, every note of loud music threatening to death, him anything and everything to hold on just a little longer.

He could feel the urge to rip, tear and bite anything that moved to give into his animal instincts and bathe this battlefield and blood. He felt it borrowing into his skin like talons threatening to peel away his sanity and leave him nothing but a monster.

He couldn't even dwell on these thoughts for long. He couldn't do anything but run. Keeping his mind solely fixated on a single goal, allowing him to burn what anger was bubbling inside him. He hoped it would be enough, it had to be.

Sure enough, with burning muscles so close to colliding, he reached his destination, the edge of the battlefield where the ships that had carried supplies and troops had been docked in case of retreat, a place where he was hoping the Caxquettes had not yet reached yet he could still see them.

Still, he watched as Caxquettes pulled each other from the ships and fought viciously with claw and teeth in the mud. There was no sign of any winged or heavily armed Caxquettes, so he was hoping that this was just the rage altering his perception and that these were not actual monsters, but his fellow soldiers lost to madness

Ignatius ran past all of them. He quickly saw a Caxquette reach out for him but he instinctively kicked his foot out. He felt it collide with something. He didn't even look back to see what he had hit, he wouldn't even know who he had hit if he did.

Ignatius quickly made his way to one of the ships that has been stationed further back these were the first ships to be deployed. He couldn't even consider fleeing, not with his mind compromise and he could so very easily just crash the ship into one of the main cruisers in orbit.

Instead, as he entered the ship, he quickly made his way towards the cockpit, where a new upgrade had been recently fitted in. Since the Caxquettes could mutate there was no telling if they would be recognisable but the clan did have a strain of the base DNA, something that the Caxquettes couldn't change even if they tried and as a result a DNA tracker had been developed.

All the vehicles had been fitted with it but most of the land vehicles were currently in the middle of a battlefield being ripped apart so the ship's trackers were a safer bet.

Ignatius wanted to fiddle with the device to understand it, so that he can implement his plan better, but he didn't have the patience nor the time, since it was an upgrade, the tracker itself could be removed without damaging either itself or the ship so without a thought, he yanked it free from its placement in the cockpit.

He looked at the screen and saw that it detected no Caxquettes nearby. Ignatius would have relaxed a bit if the rage hadn't flared up in something that could be interpreted as the frustration of another being separate from himself. He hoped to simply seal the ship and curl into a ball to wait for reinforcements. Keeping an eye on the tracker so that he could tell friend from foe.

He looked away from the tracker and he made his way to the doors of the ship to finalise his plan. As his hand reached for the latch he felt the device vibrate slightly in his other hand. Ignatius' heart almost lept out of his chest as his mind was allowed to race. The adrenaline keeping the rage at bay.

*How did this thing get here so fast he thought, unless... It followed me.*

Ignatius rushed outside the ship. The distant sounds of dying groans and violent shouts drowned out by his music along with the hive thoughts. There he saw it. The Caxqette's black fur and long sharp talons and teeth and a pair of large bat wings that had allowed the Caxqette to follow Ignatius undetected until now.

Ignatius's eyes lingers to the winged beast's hand. There he saw a smaller Caxqette impale by the long talons. It's hollow dead eyes staring at Ignatius.

Ignatius glanced at the tracker.

Only one Caxqette was in the area.

Ignatius felt the rage burning through him. If he had been less selfish if and stayed to died by his fellow soldiers, then maybe this soldier, now dead in this Caxqette's hands may have survived and only fought their own troops into unconsciousness.

This death was his fault

His burden.

His responsibility to make right.

Without looking, Ignatius tucked the tracker into his jacket and replaced it with his combat knife and in the few moments before the rage fully clouded his mind he could swear he saw the creature smile.