



Sivall Loria

Aedile of House Galeres of Clan Arcona

Gods, We Dine in Brimstone: *Overcome Yourself*

Stand Still, Faster

“Oh kriff everyone’s shooting at each other-!”

“Die you scum!”

“The Caxquettes are breaking through the blockages! Mayday! Mayday!”

“Ahahahahahahahah!”

“Minnow! Minnow!”

“Braver men have tried, a lot of them died..”

“Feedbreedkillfeedbreed-”

“Holy karking kist, the Counselor and High Counselor-”

“Denydenydeny.Karkingabominations.MustgettoNotMyBird-.”

“We need extraction! There’s too many-!”

Pain.

Fear.

Anger.

Siv’s eyes closed tighter than they already were, tiny blue fists becoming smaller where they rested on her lap. This is all she could do— listen to the chaos below. She promised both Ruka and Alex that she would stay out of this fight. She promised that this time she would hang back and support her Clan and House where she would be safe, where she could heal instead of harm.

The Chiss Aedile was perched on one of the couches on the Nighthawk, flinching every few seconds as new shouts filtered in both through her comm unit and her link to the force. It had taken her several tries to get the connection this strong, to link herself to as many members of Arcona on the planet below, but she had done it.

She almost wished she hadn’t.

“Send down an evac shuttle to Severin’s location. He’s stranded with civilians.” Her voice was only a soft mumble into her comm, unable to project her voice past the turbulence in her head. A bead of sweat tracked its way from her forehead and across her pale skin. Another flinch and a small gasp, another twinge of pain in her head.

“Affirmative, ma’am.”

It was too much.

Alex was away, helping somewhere on the ship.

She was alone in the passenger sitting area.

There was no one to stop her.

The medic severed her link to the force, grabbed her Envoy pack from where it laid next to the couch, and made her way to where the Nightingale was docked to the Nighthawk. She had to do something, anything, more than just this. It wasn't right. Her people, members of her house, were being hurt and maybe even *dying* down there. She refused to sit here and let them waste away on their home planet.

She wouldn't fight, she wouldn't put herself at risk like that, but she could at least join the GALFMC in their mission to help the survivors and fighters at ground zero. She could still keep her promise and help more than just commanding units from a parking couch.

"Ma'am? You do not have authorization to disengage the docking clutch to the Nightingale."

She ignored the voice in her comm unit as she punched the codes into the console of her ship, the dock already sliding back into her cruiser. She'd deal with the fallout when she got back to Selen. This was worth getting in trouble over, this was—

Her head snapped to the airlock as there was a pounding on the exterior door. Her thoughts immediately jumped to the worst possible scenario— Could the Caxquettes survive the vacuum of space? Had All'asu somehow managed to launch them into the upper atmosphere? *Could they fly?*

"Open the door, *Riduur!* I won't stop you but I'm at least coming with!"

Relief flooded her as the familiar voice of her husband filled her head, and she rested her forehead on the console for a second before hitting the button to open the exterior airlock door. The familiar '*hissssssss*' of the airlock pressurizing and the interior airlock opening followed, and Sivall jumped from her seat to rush to meet Alexandyr as he walked inside.

The Human male was wearing his Mandalorian armor and was taking off his helmet just as she rounded the corner to the airlock. She ignored the impracticality of tackling a man in Beskar and threw herself into his arms.

"Vi'vukust! I thought you were a fracking Caxxie! How'd you get here so fast?"

"I know you, Siv. I knew you wouldn't be able to just sit there. I set the ship to alert me the moment you punched in your credentials to get onboard."

Siv swallowed hard at the guilt that rose in her at that comment, at knowing that her husband, the love of her life, was expecting her to break her promise. That she had made it so he couldn't trust her enough to keep still for her own good.

The medic pulled away and gathered Alexandyr's face into her trembling hands, running her thumbs along his stubble before planting a soft kiss on his lips. Her heart ached. She had this amazing man, who somehow decided he loved her and wanted to marry her, and she was ruining *everything*.

"I don't deserve you."

"Nonsense. Let's get out of here, before Ruka somehow manages to lock down the ship."

"Right."

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Atmospheric entry went without issue, but once they got within a few miles from the surface, the *rage* hit like a wall of duracrete.

Siv gasped, her hand flying out to grip Alex's kom'rk. It was at that second that she was glad TOR was flying the ship and not her. Her vision went red and the anger that suddenly filled her threatened to choke the air from her lungs. She had only ever felt this kind of rage once before in her life...

Alex stiffened under her grip as well, and she might have been lost to the rage if her concern for him hadn't broken through the brain fog in her head that smelled of copper and death. Her gaze turned to her Human husband in time to see the shift in his expression— a shift from the gentle man she knew to someone she had never seen before. Alexandyr's face tightened, stark lines playing on his features.

His gaze was settled on the tiny Envoy droid settled into its cradle at the front of her ship.

Before she could argue or stop him, Alex was moving for TOR. He deftly grabbed the bot by one of its tetrahedral pieces and flung it backwards into the far cabin wall, causing the droid to fall into pieces— disorganized but not damaged. The *Nightingale* careened, threatening to crash out of the sky.

They had such little time.

"Alexandyr!!" Sivall's shout was more akin to a gasp as she fought against her own boiling blood. She forced herself to take a few deep breaths, focusing on who she was, focusing on her emotions to tame the fire down to simmering coals.

Alex, however, continued his rampage. With Force-bolstered strength the Mandalorian stomped down on the only other droid in the ship— Ellie. The noise the BD unit made was enough to spur Siv into action, pulling her husband away from the droid.

“Vi’vukust no!! These aren’t the droids that hurt you! They’ve done nothing wrong!”

No answer. The Human struggled against her grip and she struggled to hold him.

“Alexandyr Zoria! Answer me! Please!”

Emerald eyes finally met hers as Alex stopped resisting. With a sigh of relief the Chiss medic gathered his face in her hands once again. They shared a moment, their eyes locked, breathing for a few heartbeats before she gestured for TOR to drag Ellie to a hiding spot now that the Envoy Droid had reassembled itself.

Ellie whirred in pain as TOR moved her and Sivall’s lip quivered.

“Alex. *Riduur*. I need you to focus, okay? Can you fly the ship?”

Alexandyr nodded and moved to the controls, pulling the ship from its nosedive. The gravitational force from the sudden maneuver threatened to buckle her knees, but the medic stayed standing. She eyed her partner as he brought the ship to land near one of the encampments. He was gripping the controls for the ship so strongly, his knuckles had turned white. Her concern for him grew.

Once the ship had landed, she pulled Alex aside and made him look at her once more. She had battled the anger away into a corner of her mind where it screamed to be released. Alexandyr, however, was still very clearly caught in the throws of whatever had befallen everyone on Selen.

“Vi’vukust,” she started, turning Alex to look at the Arconan forces fighting on the ground, “These are our friends, our family. You are not to hurt them, okay? I know your mind is screaming for you to, but you cannot. Doing so would hurt *me*, okay?”

“... Okay.”

“But you see those beasts out there, attacking everyone? Those are fair game.”

The Mandalorian, her Mandalorian, who she had come to know as a gentle and goofy man, smiled the most unsettling smile she had seen in someone she loved. She knew she couldn’t stop him from answering the Call, but maybe she could lessen the damage that he did—and the guilt he would feel afterwards.

Alex reached to his side, for a saber that was no longer held there. With a twinge in her chest, Siv handed her partner her sabers— Caduceus and Mercy. She begged the Gods that this wasn't a mistake, that she wasn't about to send her partner out there to kill the people she was sworn to protect. She also asked for forgiveness. Forgiveness from the Gods and Alexandyr, for sending this man sworn to peace out into battle once more.

"I love you, Alexandyr. Come back to me, okay?" Those words had double meaning.

"I will."

And like that he was gone, into the fray to fight Caxquettes. Siv quickly jogged to a nearby set of medics, where one was strangling another. She pulled them apart effortlessly. The Chiss let out an irritated huff and stepped in between the two. She mustered all the air in her lungs, then let out an ear piercing whistle that rattled even her own eardrums.

All the medics that had begun fighting each other and their patients stopped and looked at her, some of them (especially the Shista and other animal-like breeds) covering their ears.

"Get your kist together! Anyone who can't fight the Anger come to me and I will knock you out of it— or sedate you should that fail! We have people counting on us, patients, friends, family. We are the last line, we make sure people make it home. We *cannot* lose our composure!"

The Chiss took a deep breath, suddenly winded and exhausted.

She would not fail.

"I hope you're watching me, proud, Ruka." She whispered to herself, knowing her adopted father was somewhere near the Serpentine throne.

And then she went to work.