***Skull Hats***

**Furios Morega**

The boardroom was quiet as all eyes pointed to Abadeer Tassii. Even Furios Morega, who had accompanied the Togruta to this meeting, stared dumbfounded at the Aedile of House Karness Muur. The red and white Sith still had the look of confidence on his face that he’d held this whole meeting but it slowly ebbed as he realized what he’d just said. The realization dawned on him that this assignment had just taken a turn for the worst.

“Get out!” one of the councilors yelled with contempt. “Now! Security!”

Abadeer’s smile immediately twisted into a frown. A trio of armed guards entered from the doors behind them to remove the Plaguians. Furios simply sighed in audible exasperation. The closest of the guards clapped his hand on the Battleteam Leader’s shoulder, opening his mouth to make the first order. His words never left his mouth as the Epicanthix slammed the back of his head into the security guard’s mouth. The crack of multiple teeth breaking could be heard as the man dropped back onto the floor.

With a pair of sudden flourishes, Furios and Abadeer spun around, striking down the other two guards with their blue and orange sabers. Each member of Seolara’s governing council cringed and some gasped. Multiple panic buttons were pressed, signaling that more security forces were on their way. Taasii turned back to the aged governors and charged to the nearest one, slicing off his head with a well-practiced swing. Shouts came from the hallway outside as more troops assembled to stop the two Sith.

“We’ve got company,” Furios yelled to his colleague as they neared the door.

The Battlemaster slammed the double doors to the council chamber shut, grabbing one of the guard’s guns to jam the ornate doors closed. Abadeer turned back to the remaining council members and brandished his saber menacingly.

“You will bow down to us,” he hissed through gritted teeth.

“You scum will never have Seolara’s support,” the High Councilor at the meeting declared defiantly.

“Oh but we will, old man,” the Togruta replied coyly. “Even if you yourself are against us.”

He menacingly strode to the aged man and struck him down in his seat. The others were cringing harder now, scared for their lives at the sudden shift in power. Behind the Sith, the sound of several guards trying to force the doors open got louder and louder.

“We need to hurry this along,” Furios called out. He was crouched down on the floor, tearing at the three dead guards before him, splattering blood on the floor. The doors behind him were repeatedly pressing in with the force behind them.

“You heard him,” Abadeer yelled to the remaining councilors. “Who’s next in command?”

The aged leaders looked to a specific member of their number, a smaller man who was probably trying hardest to physically shrink away from the horror before him.

“You!” Abadeer called out angrily. “We need Seolara’s support, even if it means killing each and every one of you. Do you yield?”

The short man stuttered in fear, trying his hardest to fold and stay alive. Furios walked up behind them, clutching three red and white objects in his arms.

“Call off your forces!” Abadeer commanded angrily. Another councilor ran off to stop the host trying to break in through the door, fearing for his own life.

“We yield,” the former second-in-command squeaked, finally composing himself.

Furios placed one of the three skulls he’d obtained on the new High Councilor’s head, matted blood sticking to the coward’s hair. The Epicanthix placed one on his own head and the other on Abadeer’s left montral. He was grinning like a madman.

“Skull hats!” he proclaimed with almost childish triumph.