

The Arkanian screamed through clenched teeth as he was ripped from under a pile of burning shuttle scrap. He was wrenched one more time through sputtering flames, his left arm flopping useless along the snow before he came to a stop. He struggled for a moment, kicking his feet and throwing plumes of snow over him and his attacker. It wasn't until a soothing wave of calm powered through him did his eyes open properly.

It was not Snow he was kicking but sand, it was not a platoon of rebels pinning him down and seizing him but a grizzled, sand covered Sshistavanen. A few moments passed before the black wolf growled in his face and spoke. "I said, can you heal them?" The shout rocked Mikhail, who started to scramble back through the sand before collapsing towards his left as his arm still wasn't functioning. Once he realized he wasn't under attack, he followed the shistavanen's pointed claw to a group of injured DDF that appeared to have been dragged from the craft.

"I.. yes I can. But my arm." He slowly sits up, right hand clutching his numb forearm. A quick assessment granted relief, it wasn't broken. "It's displaced. I.. need you to grab the cuff and hold it still while I-" his words were interrupted by a scream of pain as Doon's large paw clasped the injured shoulder tightly. As asked, it wasn't going to move. Mikhail took a few deep breaths before he threw his weight against the shoulder, torquing it as he did until he felt a wet pop. His eyes blurred with the ensuing pain, forcing him to take a few more moments to gather his senses back before a med kit landed in his lap.

"Fix them. If anyone approaches that doesn't have DDF gear on, shoot them." The wolf rolled his neck, grimacing in pain before he faced the tropical trees and bushes.

"What about Arconans?" Now back in his clear mind, his tone of spite began creeping back into his voice.

"If they are Arconan, you won't hit them." Doon stated simply, before drawing his beskar blade and marching towards the unknown.

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Doon was on the prowl. Shifting from shadow to bush to tree, hunting. He was not sure what happened here, what brought them down, what forced him to see the things he did. He did not know who it was that spoke to him in the nightmare, but he knew someone would have to answer for it. Someone he could hear approaching, likely to investigate the smoke and fire from the crashed shuttle.

Doon took a low crouched stance in the shadow of a tree, waiting. Soon the figures drew closer, chattering amongst themselves. Doon couldn't tell what they were saying, his communicator, translator, and datapad didn't survive the crash. He waited, watching. Snout curled in a rage filled snarl. The scouting stepped into a clearing, giving Doon a view of the first few of them. Scrappy clothes, bows, daggers, spears. Nothing that would rival a saber.

So he drew it, clutching both it and his Beskar blade as he stepped from shadows into the clearing in front of them, cutting off their forward progression. Both parties stood still, gauging the other. Doon's Lightsaber dropped, clattering to the ground, as did his blade. Instead, he extended his paws in a large claw and began growling. It did not take much to make the towering wolfman more terrifying than he was, but he began to exude a dark aura of terror that filled the minds of the humanoids in front of him. He only barely noticed the clusters of Hybrids that lurked behind them and at their shoulders. It didn't matter to him.

The first Selenian made a move, as simple as lowering a spear to point in the Shistavanen's direction. That was all it took for Doon to explode forwards, batting the spear aside and charging the man. Claws dug into flesh as the Selenian was lifted and slammed into a tree.

"Doon!" a shout came from deeper in their pack, it didn't reach Doon's ringing ear.

Rage filled the wolf, instincts on fire as he was surrounded by blades and spears. A creature flew at him, crying out in a strange warble. It was caught in one paw, but before it could be crushed, another's jaws clamped at his leg. He swung his whole limb up, then dropped it and the creature still attached onto another selenian with a devastating ax kick. A spear clattered against his rib armor, and Doon spun, claws tearing through the flesh of the wielder's forearm. A whistle approached, and an arrow embedded itself in his shoulder.

He couldn't feel it, nor the blade that found a gap near his thigh from one of the felled fighters. He merely pushed on, tackling the bow wielder to the ground and smashing a fist into her face. Another weight landed on his back, arms wrapped around his large neck while the hilt of a dagger began smashing itself against the top of his head. His vision went blurry, but he reached back, clawing at the small attacker and pulling them to the side. He promptly fell onto them, crushing them under heavy armor. He twisted, eye seeing nothing but red as he sunk his teeth into where their shoulders met their neck. Blood filled his mouth, bubbles forming in the growl he let out.

"D.. oon.." the voice whispered against his ear and sent a chill down his spine. This taste was familiar to him.

He instantly recoiled, releasing his grip and falling back onto his knees. His sight cleared to see light brown hair and matching eyes staring up at him in terror. Zuza gripped at her wound, squirming as she put pressure on the wound, whimpering under the Shistavanen.

Doon's stomach turned, and if he hadn't vomited earlier, he would have now. All outsiders and wounded Selenians faded from his attention as he fell back over her, hands going to the bite wound and pinning it to the jungle floor to stem the bleeding. "No.. no no no" He muttered, scrambling to find something better to cover the punctures than his hand. His eye began welling with tears as he tore at his armor, using a bit of cloth folded in half to press down with. Still, blood seeped into his paws, soaking the fur there.

The Wolf trembled, face twisting in disgust and rage at none other than himself. Despite his efforts, Zuza slowly lost consciousness.

A roar broke through the island's forest, sending Caxqettes and normal wildlife alike into the air or deep into the safety of their burrow.