

# Indignation

RetroInferno

It was such a sentimental thing...

Just a lone obelisk amid a park meant to accommodate humans and nonhumans alike. Tiny names in many human languages were etched along the stone, overshadowed by a memorial plaque.

## **Rynar Invasion of Earth**

**2015 CE - 2016 CE**

**“Dedicated to the humans who lost their lives during the fighting.”**

The obelisk was enormous altogether like a skyscraper. Countless names adorned almost every inch of the structure, easily numbering millions. Some names were in English, others were in Spanish, but many more were in Chinese or Russian. Just about every human culture was included. Regardless of their origins, the monument honored humans from all backgrounds and walks of life who perished, including a symbolic section for the unknown and missing humans.

A falashai smirked at the sight. “Bunny boy, look! It’s the rynar scoreboard!”

The young viliti man winced in return. “Really mature, Sionna...” He paused for a moment. “And what’s a bunny?”

“It’s what you are, silly!” she said with a mischievous smile. “Or at least the humans seem to think so.”

His face scrunched up. “Right.”

Sionna gestured at him. “Just record me and their reactions, especially if you see something funny.”

“But don’t you think this is going too far?” he asked, scratching behind one of his large and floppy ears. “I know your entire schtick is making mischief, but it’s a war memorial and all...”

Sionna sneered, strutting forward with a pep in her step. “Oh, come on! Even if we get in trouble, it’ll make for great content... especially if it goes viral on the extranet!”

“That’s the thing...” said the viliti, hesitantly trailing behind her. “That might just make things worse.”

Sionna scoffed. “All publicity is good publicity, silly. What makes this any different?”

He shook his head. “I don’t know. I just got a gut feeling that this is a bad idea...”

She dismissively waved at him with one hand. “This is all about pushing boundaries and seeing what makes people click, bunny boy. Now be a good cameraman and capture everything that’s about to unravel!”

With those bold words, Sionna strutted forward once more. She approached the monument and stepped over a small safety fence to join some human pedestrians on the sidelines. Upon closing the distance, Sionna stomped forward, startling several humans as they jumped or backed away from her foot slamming against the ground.

The viliti used his personal device to record everything accordingly.

Meanwhile, Sionna pretended not to see the humans present. “What is this?” she said, scoffing and shaking her head. “A monument for bugs? Pah!”

The pedestrians moved away from her massive form or gave her dirty looks.

One crossed his arms. “Mesos aren’t allowed in this area, lady.”

“The hell is your problem?!” blurted another, defiant despite barely reaching around her ankle.

Sionna scrunched up her toes, leaning forward to sniff the monument. Her whiskers also brushed against the tiny names inscribed on the stone as her nostrils flared. “Smells funny...” she said, pausing for several moments. “I wonder if it tastes funny?”

With those words, Sionna slightly stuck out her tongue. From there, she gave the monument a broad lick with her entire tongue smothering dozens upon dozens of names. Others watched on with shock and confusion as her tongue practically trailed the engravings, slicking the stone with saliva. Afterward, her saliva lingered around the affected area, obscuring the names of the deceased.

Sionna panted a bit before gagging. “Blah! Tastes like dust... and... and dead people!” She shook her head for a moment. “Just like grandpa’s ashes...”

Any humans still lingering around started to depart the scene. Parents grabbed their children by the arm and a few showed signs of either fear or fury as they gazed up at the giant vixen woman.

With some more space, Sionna stretched out her legs and put her hands on her hips. She stomped forward again, outright annihilating an empty bench as it compacted and crunched beneath her toes. “No wonder humans struggled so much...” she said, smirking with her fluffy tail swaying behind her. “Just look at how small they are!”

As the vixen snickered to herself, the viliti’s ears perked up as a towering figure entered the scene. His camera then caught footage of an outright goliath mech entering the restricted zone, clanking and thuds heard as its mechanical legs constantly pounded against the ground. The war machine carried a standard plasma rifle, an anomaly in a civilian area, and its human pilot promptly made their way to the falashai woman blatantly disrespecting all of humanity.

Sionna soon found herself looking up at the mech, which towered over her by a head or two. Her ears folded against her head and her tail drooped back down to the ground as she froze in place.

“Attention.” said a deep and booming voice reverberating from the mech’s head. “This is a restricted area. Nonhumans are only allowed to interact with the monument with explicit permission from the administration and safety protocols in place.”

After glancing at her cameraman, Sionna’s mischievous persona returned as she sneered. “Pah. You and what army?”

The mech simply stared at her in silence for several long moments. “This is your first and final warning.”

“Or what?” Sionna said, striking a pose with a digitigrade leg stretched out. “You’re going to get out of your mech and apprehend someone as little as me?”

The voice synthesizer captured a sigh on the other side. “It’s not me you need to worry about. If my partner sees this, she’s not going to be happy about it.”

Sionna smiled and stuck out her tongue. “It doesn’t matter how many human friends you bring or how big your mechs are! Humans will always be like bugs beneath my feet!” She lifted a foot to reveal her paw for emphasis, which outsized most human adults altogether. “It’s no wonder that so many names are on that big old list of yours!”

The mech’s head perked up as another figure shadowed over Sionna from behind. “Oh, okay. Cute. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“About what?” she retorted, looking over her shoulder.

Sionna’s eyes then went as wide as saucers.

An elite arkatian shock trooper in full power armor now stood directly behind Sionna. Clear emblems from their unit stood out on their broad shoulders, including a golden United Treaty Organization logo with a draconic wing adjoining an avian one. The arkatian’s physical form was also the only thing large enough to rival the goliath mech in height at somewhere around thirty meters tall when combined with power armor. Their wings then suddenly stretched out entirely, blocking out the sunlight and looming over Sionna during the process.

“Have you lost your damn mind?!” said the arkatian with a growl, practically huffing and puffing. Hot air practically emitted from her flaring nostrils. “This... sheer disrespect? The ignorance? How you’re recklessly endangering people? Why... I SHOULD TEAR YOU IN HALF.”

Sionna reeled with her face contorting, flanked on both sides by a goliath and an enraged arkatian.

The human mech pilot took a step forward, shielding Sionna with one arm. “That’s... unnecessary, sergeant. I can just escort her away from the premises with a warning...”

“A warning?” said the sergeant, her voice rumbling as she spoke. “For this spoiled brat? No, this sort of crap shouldn’t EVER be tolerated! Humans didn’t fight and die alongside my unit just for some young pup to set back all the progress we made with whatever the hells she thinks she’s doing!”

With a whimper, Sionna practically hid and cowered behind the mech... the only thing standing between her and the enraged arkatian. Her fluffy tail partially wrapped around one of its

mechanical legs. "It... it's just a joke!" she said, glancing at the viliti cameraman. "We were just trying to make a funny video!"

The arkatian's eyes followed Sionna's before she stared at the viliti. She promptly barred her fangs at him. "Hey... YOU!" she said, nearly roaring altogether. "Are you with her?!"

The viliti's ears shot straight up before he shook his head, taking a step back as he ended the recording. Without saying a word, he walked off in the other direction, leaving Sionna to fend for herself.

Sionna's jaw went agape. "Wait, wait... don't leave!"

"When I get my claws on you..." said the arkatian, lunging at her to grab her tail.

Only the mech moving a leg prevented a clawed hand from doing just that.

"Sergeant..." said the mech pilot, now standing between the two women altogether. "I'm gonna say this as politely as possible. Any wrathful reactions now will just make things worse."

The arkatian stopped for a brief moment, just to chuckle. "Oh, I'm not going to hurt her. We can just... apprehend her. Bring her back to our station for trespassing and vandalism. Maybe even put her through some hazing in a virtual sim and have her fight some rynar at the size of a human. I bet she'd think that's really funny then if she's so quick to call your kind weak."

The mech directed its attention at a ruptured bench. "I don't think she's technically hurt anyone..."

"Yet." said the arkatian with bared fangs. "We need to make an example out of people like her. What she's doing is not only disrespectful to the deceased, but the entire union if it harms relations between its member species! People didn't fight and die so that she can do... that."

The mech held up a hand. "We can bring her to the station, but we need to do this properly. Perhaps community service would be a more appropriate punishment."

The arkatian looked away for a moment and sighed. "Fine..." She then glared at Sionna. "You better not leave my sight. Or else."

Sionna shuddered at her words. “Y-yes ma’am!”

The mech then started escorting Sionna away. Although the arkatian trailed behind them, Sionna practically clung to the goliath mech’s waist for safety and protection. As Sionna passed by the human pedestrians from earlier, she caught sight of some recording everything with their phones, making her heart sink at the realization.

The subsequent videos and images posted on the extranet hardly focused on her antics.

Instead, something else went viral. Namely media of a young falashai woman cowering behind a goliath mech for protection as it stood its ground against an enraged arkatian shock trooper. Some subsequent memes even replaced the arkatian with a rynar battlemaster, lionizing the mech pilot.