

Din's head felt strange. There was an ever so faint ringing he could hardly make out. It seemed to echo and reverb through his helmet, entering one ear and out the other. He could almost feel the sound bouncing around and inside his head, skimming the surface of his brain. Despite his armor, his layers, and his cape, he shivered.

The noise was getting louder in his helmet. He could feel the pain materializing in his forehead. He took pause, reaching his hand under his helm to try and rub the pain away and regain his clarity. As the ringing grew, Din found his mind feeling fuzzier. Like wisps of smoke at a simmering fire, he found his train of thought trailing away into the open air. It took him a couple of seconds to shake loose of whatever had come over him.

Ossus was a planet with not very much to do. Just the grass, the trees, and the various ant droids scuttling about building this Jedi school. Grogu was off with Skywalker, doing whatever it is that Jedi did. It was not much concern to Din. He could have left and let them continue on with their training. But he decided to stay.

He didn't know much about Jedi, but he thought this idea of no attachments was rather dumb. Maybe if he stuck around, he could convince Skywalker of how the Creed had fostered the idea of strength in community with Mandalorians. After all, warriors are stronger together. But it didn't matter. As of this moment, Din had time to kill so he decided to wander.

The ringing noise was getting aggressively loud. The echoing chime rattled in his helmet, growing louder and louder as it bounced back and forth between his head. He groaned, his hands clutching at his head as the noise continued to build. Then everything went silent. The ringing faded into a tiny line of a whistle. A single musical note sustained like a thin wire running straight through his brain.

The Mandalorian stood utterly motionless. Then he began to strip. First out of his heavy boots. Then of his pants, his armor, his tunic, and his underclothes. Everything came off. Everything except his helmet, of course. He remained still, standing completely naked and lightly swaying in the breeze.

Then the ringing started again. It was a faint whisper at first, growing louder and louder until it was loudly echoing inside his helmet. This time, Din did not react. His thoughts were already lost to the fog. As the sound settled on top of his already clouded mind, new thoughts began to emerge. Thoughts he hadn't entertained in quite some time.

His cock slowly started to stiffen, rising until it stood tall like the bamboo that surrounded him. His hand wrapped around the shaft, slowly tugging. Din let out a deep sigh. It had been quite some time indeed since he last gave himself to his pleasure. His thumb rubbed the head, circling the sensitive spot where it met the rest of his shaft. With a grunt, he started to speed the rhythm up.

On some deep level, Din was aware that he was completely naked and jerking off in plain daylight. But it didn't really matter. He heard that ringing echoing through his helmet, and all he could care to think about was his dick. His breathing was getting heavier, his hand becoming more erratic in its motions. He was going to burst soon.

"This is the Way." His body tensed up, his hand still pumping with wild abandon as he released his seed all over the ground below him.

The ringing sound dampened in volume, but its presence was still felt inside his helmet. As that trill of musical notes continued to bounce around, his brain soaked it up like a sponge. Every time it bounced off one side of the helmet, it used his mind as a jumping pad to hit the other side. Back and forth it went, permeating his every thought. Despite having come already, Din's hand continued to masturbate. His cock never softened one bit.

"This is the Way," he muttered. "This is the Way. This the Way."

The mantra was now on loop, like he was a broken droid with a damaged voice box. That was all he could say. Masturbating was all he could do. His toned muscles flexed as he continued to stand there, jerking off and repeating his words as he came over and over again.

"Now Grogu, I have already told you the importance of having a clear mind," Luke said, bouncing the tiny little creature in his arms as he talked. "But you must balance clarity of thought with a keen awareness of your surroundings. Especially on this planet in particular. There are old spirits here. Spirits who have ill intent. And if you're not careful, you could end up in their grasps."

Grogu babbled out something in concern. Luke smiled, reassuringly.

"That's right. They are that tinkling trill of music you sometimes hear dancing in the wind. In the open air, they are mostly harmless. You still need to be aware of them, but they can't do much until they are able to ring louder. That is why we use the stones that we do to build the temple. If a spirit came in and was allowed to bounce the walls, growing its tone, it would be able to sink into your mind and take control."

He set Grogu down, and patted the kid's head. "Don't worry. You are powerful. And you have nothing to fear. Now, how about we find your Mandalorian? I know he's around here somewhere..."