Tyk was ill. That much was obvious from the snot running down his nose and into his face fur. What was not obvious was why. The two had spent the last week running shuttle missions barely touching the surface, and most certainly had not been near any other sentients. Work’t preferred it that way, though it chaffed a lot of the time for the boy. He knew that.

Still, other people were dangerous. And he would take care of the adult-child of an Ewok if it killed him. He carried over more water, once again setting his force healing off. Unfortunately, while setting bones was at this stage a trivial matter, the purging of micro-organisms in the blood stream and infecting the lungs wasn’t. He put his hand to Tyk again, focusing on healing away the irritation to the throat, the soreness in the muscles. The battlefield injuries on the war of infection.

He struggled however to actually purge the illness itself, so here was sitting and worrying more. And yes, thank you very much, he could admit that. He was not, as Zuza would phrase it, emotionally constipated bear. The boy was still learning the world, seeing the sights. Imagine the tragedy of dying to the bloody Twi’Lek flu. At least that’s what his remote doctor from Arx was telling him this way.

He sighed again. He found it was becoming a habit of his, sighing a lot. Tyk had that effect. Ever since pulling him out of that slave market on Nar Shaddaa he’d found the boy infuriatingly naïve. Despite being a slave for most of his life, his experience had been a lot less traumatic then his own. Not pleasant, no. But not the horror of a falling apart Imperial Star Destroyer ran by psychopaths.

He dabbed at the Ewok’s forehead with another cold cloth, pulling out the ice bucket with his telekinesis. The Force served, he supposed. His eye twitched as the Ewok went into another coughing fit. “This sucks, Work’t.” Tyk muttered, struggling to keep his head up or focus his eyes.

“Yeah, it does. Go back to sleep.” He dabbed more, hoping the kid didn’t notice the edge to his voice.

“Awh, you’re worried about me?” Tyk said, blinking a few times.

“I will strangle you right here, cub.” Work’t said neutrally, pulling out more water. “Here.”

Tyk drank deeply. “It’s nice that you care. You’re usually so serious about everything, I don’t know how you cope.” The boys voice trailed off as he fell asleep again, Work’t barely Force lifting the cup out of his hand before we doused himself.

The truth was, though he’d never admit, is he coped because of the people he was meeting now he was free. That kept the nightmares at bay and made the day liveable. Without them he wouldn’t. So tonight he’d sit and clean up after a messy cub who probably got the damn plague from licking a door knob he was that stupid. He would pretend he brought the strength to this pairing, and not just an endless supply of fear and spite.

He sighed, and kept dabbing away.