

A significant amount of intelligence comes from claiming left behind DIA network access.

Typically, the bulk of the data is useless to him. He reads and stores it daily in case of any information contributing to Gaile's search or directly relevant details to their well-being.

Or occasionally, that of a very few select others.

Unblinking red eyes narrowed at the display of his datapad, and his cup was lowered to its place in today's porcelain dish without so much as a *\*tink\** of sound. The Nautolan sat up from what was, frankly, a sprawling slouch, though he did not shift enough to disturb the avian feet bundled in his lap.

"Bapt?" Flyndt hooted in question at the grunt he gave, sunset eyes peeling from Mal'nies, who was perched on his chest, having been, as best Foxen could guess, doing some sort of droid version of composing with Flyndt as the Omwati cooed and trilled different commands to her.

"Hrm," Foxen grunted back, and relished in the pure and wondrous agony that was having to get up when he was comfortable and Flyndt's *\*feet\** were in his *\*lap\** and he'd *\*intended\** to massage them and other parts before 11:00:00 small plates.

99.99.99% of the galaxy is not worth moving.

Unfortunately, this particular individual is actually a person, and one who holds his oath. One who helped Flyndt in a time of great distress, was there for him, when he couldn't be.

"Siv-a," Foxen said by way of explanation. "Need to go make sure...she's equipped."

"Siva?" Flyndt echoed, some concern coming to the avian's inked features. "Is she well? Equip for what? We go? Help?" Then, with feathers lowering somewhat and a cock of the head: "*Hoooo*, or, do you mean, for clothes?"

He smiled slightly at this, a rare indulgent thing with a proud chin tilt upwards for understanding. While Foxen's fashion sensibilities eluded him somewhat, he certainly approved of various results sometimes, and understood that it was critically important to the Nautolan. Also, that their Chiss compatriot got something out of it.

With some ruefulness, Foxen shook his head. *Wish I did this time. Is partially a matter of clothing. G-A-L-E-R-E-S deploying on mission. Some cruise ship gone down on one of E-R-E-B-O-R-O-S' moons. Means she'll be there. But it is frozen. Likelihood she puts herself in recurring traumatic situation when it is unnecessary: ≥ 90%.*

The Omwati gave a *brrt*, processing the words, the speed at which his eyes followed the movements with perfect understanding of him by now slowing only slightly when they switched

to fingerspelling midsentence. He sounded out the letters to the word, then kept going, Foxen pausing accordingly both times.

"*Hrm*," Flyndt echoed, far deeper than his normal register, a mimicry. Foxen tilted his head, asking. The Ghost nodded. "Then yes, we go."

Sigh. Confirm.

A tattooed fingertip poked him. He turned and nipped at it fondly.

"*Hoo*, you are making that face. Calm. We be home, back, soon. Then can do other things, yes?"

"Promise?" Foxen asked, and Flyndt tapped his lips, inviting the Mandalorian to lean over to kiss him. "Mmm. Yes. Home with y-you."

They rose and collected themselves. Mal'nies was, sadly, left to one of her perchs.

Gear: check.

Weapons/armor: check.

Perimeter: check.

Additional critical material: check.

Foxen tucked the heavy garment bags over his arm.

Confirm.

*Khal Hatal* lands at Fort Blindshot while the freighters are still being scrambled, fortunately. While they have no Arconan clearance codes, the Erinis' will do for landing zone allowance. Flyndt is tense and watchful beside him as he strides from tarmac to the base proper, ignoring general hubbub of marshaling soldiers and the air traffic controller adjunct trying to catch them for any word about what the hell they think they're doing here during a military operation.

Inside is organized chaos typical of large militant and naval scrambling. Flyndt is nearly vibrating, and Foxen feels that much safer for it, even with threats here being relatively low in assessment.

They keep going, Foxen long having memorized the layout of these new buildings, until finally guards wearing dictator *jediit* bigwig colors attempt to stop them.

The massive Nautolan cups a hand around each head and shoves both out of the way much like opening a swinging cantina door. Protests follow at his heels and Flyndt makes warning clicks.

Inside the war room are the fraking ancient tree frak, a tall half-blind Shistavanen reeking of cigarra smoke, and their target.

"Hey, stop—"

"What—"

The big dog growls.

"Foxen?" the Chiss asks. "*Flyndt? What are you both doing here?*" She lifted a gloved hand, and behind them, the guards retreated.

The Nautolan rolled his eyes and stuck out the garment bags, waiting for her to take them. Red eyes watched with confusion, but knowing him by now, took them.

"Foxen, this isn't particularly the time for this..."

*Look*, he said. Her lips pursed, glancing to her coworkers with some measure of dissatisfaction, but was otherwise a calm facade, ever steady hands opening the first bag.

The suit was, of course, custom made. Highest quality materials. Insulation that would make even Hoth pleasant. Lined interior that was plush for comfort of texture. Moisture-wicking undersuit with armorweave inlay.

And it looked fraking good, unlike all other cold weather equipment.

The other bag held boots, detachable hood, cloak, and, of course, *gloves*.

Thick ones, with touch-technology from the Collegium sources, and hand-embroidered on the outside with her chosen name.

*Not here to stop you from making the fraking idiot poor choices you're likely going to, going out in that frozen-ass wasteland to administer aid instead of staying in command ship like a commander ought to, or being in the medical bay for wounded to be brought to you instead of ground deploy yourself, the Mandalorian explained, once she looked back to him, then to his hands. They're yours to make. However: at least be prepared. Fraking lucky I got this done last week. Was going to supply it at lunch.*

Her eyes grew moisture. It looked like there might be a hugging impulse there.

One he knew with confidence she would not inflict up on him.

Which was why it was permissible.

Huffing, Foxen opened his arm, gesturing in.

Tiny blue hands went around his middle. Not all the way around, because she couldn't reach, but the attempt was there. He didn't touch back unconsented to.

It lasted some seconds, then she drew back, sniffing very discreetly. If he hadn't been watching, it wouldn't have been noticeable.

"Thank you," Siva said, and smiled at Flyndt, earning more points. "Both of you."

"We can help, yes?" the Omwati asked, still looking around as though ready to stab anyone.

*Mmmmm.*

Focus.

"It isn't your job..."

*We're here anyway.*

"I...alright. Alright."