

The thing about being emphatically useless for a mission is that it leads to excess boredom.

Also: angst and anxiety.

Unblinking red eyes watch as his home paces the short length of one corner of the *Nighthawk's* hangar where they have settled. It is the waiting period. Neither of them is equipped to brave the freezing cold outside. While Flyndt has more clothes now — each one an honor and gift to be allowed to be given, to be accepted — and could layer them, none are truly *tactical cold weather gear*. Similarly, Foxen has had no need of such equipment since their escape, and thus, had found he no longer fit in his old set of cold-sealed armor; it is too tight on him now, his physique bulked from the years in the pit plus the last year of healing and abundant nutrition.

There is also no need for warriors nor ghosts to plague. This is a rescue operation. The limited help Foxen could be in heavy lifting is both undone by the cold and a waste of energy compared to mechanical equipment made for such. Similarly, while both of them is competent in survivalist basic medical aid, there is a fleet of military medics and magical healers like Siva at the ready to aid in an orderly process wherein they would just as likely be in the way.

Such it is that now, with gear delivered to the Chiss Aedile, they are left spinning wheels. Normally unpleasant, but Foxen can tell even more agitating for his partner, who feels the suffering outside and wishes for action in his bones.

The Nautolan snapped his fingers softly, *Hey*.

Flyndt's head turned 289° around mid-step, talons clacking on the metal of the deck as his stride continued. Sunrise eyes landed on him, then his hands, a short, sharp question of *coo*.

*Some advice?* Foxen asks, and watches the Omwati's lips pinch, the smallest frown.

"What is?" he asked, moving closer and lowering voice. It makes the space in Foxen's chest feel warm and private, *Known*.

*You already know. Sometimes, all we can do is be here, and that is the most important.*

He nodded past them, to where across the hangar, Siva was, by some sweet merciful *frak*, actually staying inside the hull and taking the lead on healing critical patients being pulled from the wreckage. She was covered in blood over her personal protective equipment, but she stood tall and steady, her new suit underneath the disposable layers.

They'd come for her. Mission: accomplished.

Flyndt gave a small *hrrt*, acknowledgement but still agitation.

*Hey, Foxen repeated. I love you. Do you want to learn about where we are? Future Intel, possibly.*

It would be a better offer than talking or something closer to a reward/comfort while other objects: people suffered in close proximity.

His heart peered at him, then over at the military personnel. His beak clacked, and his crest rose before he gave a shake and a sharp nod and hopped over, perching next to Foxen more than sitting.

"Can try, yes." The determined look on his face briefly made the insides and bones gelatinous and syrupy, loosed a typical hum of admiration from the Mandalorian. Then Flyndt rubbed at his collar, clacking. "Uncertain if...focus."

O.K. Foxen replied, as if that had ever been a problem before or would ever be. *Then tell again later. We're on G-E-T-H-S-E-M-A-N-E. One of seven moons of E-R-E-B-O-R-O-S. Farthest out planet in this star system. Gas giant...*

The rescue continued with the Galereians.

Foxen and Flyndt just talked, and were there.