**Unknown location**

**Unknown system**

**XX ABY**

A copper smell filled the air as a warm feeling spread slowly across his back. He wondered what it was for a moment as his mind fought the shock slowly setting in. His body felt warm, except for the extremities which were slowly growing cold. At the center of the warmth was an excruciatingly exquisite flower of pain. With each heartbeat the cold took hold over more flesh, and the flowering pain screamed in his mind a bit stronger. He was too distracted to realize that the time between heartbeats was slowing down. That the warm feeling was his lifeblood spilling onto the ground creating a pool around his dying body. His mind couldn’t comprehend anymore that the cold in his arms and legs was evidence of his blood no reaching the flesh there. His breath came in a jagged rasp, and his mind finally caught woke up.

“Lilly, you...” Mako’s breath gave out before he uttered the obscenity.

“You always knew I may decide to finish you off one day. That was our deal after the children were taken from us,” Lilly replied evenly to the words from the dying Krath. A grim nod was all the man could retort with as he struggled to catch his breath.

There was no standing will outside of their arrangement. Lilly would inherit everything that Mako owned. She would hold onto those few valuable possessions until the day in which the children were ready for them. Mako’s considerable finances were already in Lilly’s control, and had been for a long time. There would be no ulegy, no funeral for the Krath, he had voiced his opinion on the matter to those who mattered long ago. Outside of his Fade he had no friends, no one would mourn his passing as Vincent had long since returned to the Force.

Without question the Clan and the DIA would sorely miss his expertise and experience. Though that would be all, Mako was considered a sharp tool to be utilized, nothing more. He was not thought of kindly by his superiors and those whom had the displeasure of serving under him respected and hated him. To say he had no friends outside his Fade was an understatement. It was simply a product of his cold exterior and distrusting ways.

Lilly’s hand gently caressed the side of his face as she knelt beside him. The Fade’s face was lit with a radiant smile, one that Mako had once said made her look beautiful. A rare smile crossed the Krath’s lips as his eyes grew dim.

“I am glad it was you, my love,” the words issued softly, meant only for her. A tear dropped from the Mandalorians eyes, landing on already dead flesh. His body would be burned in the old fashion, Lilly would be the only one to stay for the ceremony, the Quaestors, and Aediles only staying long enough to give their condolences to her. The Proconsul and Consul stood by her side for the first hour before returning to their day. The Nighthawk was to far from port to return, though the crew would not have come to see their Commandant off for one last time.

**Nighthawk**

**Mako’s Quarters**

**39 ABY**

The Krath woke with a start from the vision. Lilly looked up from the array of guns she was maintaining and at her master.

“Bad dreams again Mako,” The Fade asked a smile curling upwards upon her lips.

“Merely a vision of a possible future this time,” the Commandant said as his eyes adjusted to see her. “You know, that smile really makes you all the more beautiful.”

The young woman blinked as the smile left her face. “You ever say something like that to me again Mako and I will tear your heat from you chest and make you eat it,” her tone was flat and serious, this was a promise she would not forget.