

Mako Henymory  
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Something seemed definitely off about the summons the Battlemaster had received. His first inkling of suspicion was the day of the summons corresponded with his birthday. The Consul had fast become famous for the celebrations she threw for each Arconan on their birthday. The second suspicious thing was that Lilly suddenly had a feeble excuse as to why she needed to travel to Selen's surface three whole hours ahead of him. Normally the Fade followed the former Krath around like she was his shadow. The third suspicious item was that the summons came with instructions to wear his best clothing.

Mako shook his head and sighed as he strode onto the bridge of the *Nighthawk*, his ceremonial Krath robes flowing around him. If anyone had asked the Battlemaster he would have threatened them with death if they did anything for him on his birthday.

"Commander on deck!" one of the bridge officers shouted from his station. The snap click of the bridge crew coming to attention echoed throughout the compartment. It was admirable that the crew at least maintained a professional military discipline, and something Mako appreciated.

"At ease men. Any word on the special assignment I gave the lot of you?" The Commander asked as he came to a stop beside Rulvak.

"Captian."

"Commander," The Sephi replied from the chair, looking slightly out of place in his own ceremonial robes.

"Sir," the intelligence officer snapped to attention in front of his CO and XO.

"Report."

"I have received reports that the Shadow Lady has ordered a large amount of fresh meat. As well as more than the usual amount of alcohol. It can't all be for the Ryn, Sir."

"Very well, dismissed."

"Promission to disembark for the surface, Captian?" Mako asked his emerald eyes turning to Rulvak.

"Granted, I will be accompanying you to this meeting."

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Mako and Rulvak stepped off the shuttle into the Citadels hangar bay.

"I don't think I will ever get used to how much the look of this place has changed," Mako spoke softly so not to be overheard.

"I forget you spent quite the stent in these halls, Commander," the Sephi spoke as they entered the turbolift. Then the two remained quiet until they reached the doors to the Throne room.

"Captain, if this is a party I request permission to gut them all."

"Permission denied, Commander, now get in there before the Shadow Lady and Lilly think you are blowing them off," the Captain's voice had a joking yet serious tone to it as he gave the Human a shove forward.

The Battlemaster's face returned to his normally impassive mask as he pushed the doors open and entered the darkened Throne room. As he reached the center of the space the snap hiss of many lightsabers coming to life echoed through the room. The multicolored illumination cast by the blades reflected and refracted off of several items strategically placed, and lit up the Consul sitting in her throne. Arcia Could be seen still partially in the shadows, standing to the Consul's right.

Mako drew his own lightsaber, 'Frozen Time', and ignited its white blade. The Throne room flooded with light, revealing more decorations than Mako could count. Tables piled with food and drink lined the walls. The Battlemaster deactivated Frozen Time and returned it to his belt.

"Happy Birthday, Henymory," The Consul's voice echoed through the throne room. The former Krath simply nodded in reply, his eyes glued to Lilly as she emerged from the left side of the throne. The Fade was stunning, and the Battlemaster let a small smile cross his lips as he watched her.

"Best Birthday ever," Mako mumbled to himself.