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7640

Smoke curled around emerald green eyes as they watched the others. Never letting his guard down as he sipped from his adult beverage. The bar was just outside the Citadel, a favorite watering hole for Mako. Mako's vision blurred for a moment as he finished the last bit of his drink. Setting the glass down on the bar's top the Battlemaster reached into his pocket removing smoke of his own. After putting the smoke between his lips the Human rested his finger against the waiting tip. A small surge of Force power emanated from the man as concealed lightning scorched and lit the tip of the smoke. Taking a deep pull of the smoke Mako sighed as he exhaled and resumed looking around the bar.

It was as the Battlemaster smoked that he first noticed a change in his vision. It was but a flicker of a form sitting in an empty chair. Tilting his head to the side the man focused his eyes on the spot. Was there a Force user concealing themselves there, he wondered as the image flickered again. 'Hints of blue, a tail of kirf me' Mako thought as the image cleared up a flicker at the edge. A shaved and barely dressed Kordath sat in the once empty chair.

Blinking heavily the former Krath tried to make the horrid image go away as it became ingrained into his mind. A heavy clunk came from the bar beside the man. Turning to face the bartender, whom had set a whiskey bottle on the bar. Mako waved his hand over the top of the empty glass as the hallucinated Kordath appeared beside the bartender and made lued gestures with his hips at the man with accompanying grunts and moans.

"I think I have had enough for tonight."

The bartender nodded to the Sith and went to serve other customers. Mako stood and exited the bar the shaven Ryn skipping along in front of the Battlemaster.

"I need to get some sleep," Mako said as he shook his head and looked away from the hallucination. Some things just weren't meant to be witnessed.