

Mako Henymory
7640

Bar
Outside the Citadel
Selen

Condensation slipped down the side of the bottle, pooling in a circle on the bar top. Water tension kept it partly on the bottle and partly on the bar. Then the tension broke as the bottle was raised to waiting lips. The amber liquid poured over those lips and into the waiting mouth of the young woman. Setting the bottle back upon the bar her blue orbs turned to the man beside her. His emotionless mask meet her gaze as he sipped from a glass of whiskey. The two had been together now for a long time, ever since the death of the man's brother.

"Sight would have liked this place," the man broke the silence first.

"He made a habit of coming here most evenings," the Mandalorian replied as she remembered her former Master. Raising a finger, Lilly grabbed the attention of the barkeep and signaled for another round.

Several rounds later, the Fade looked at her Master once more. Her heart quickened for a moment as she looked at the man. His emerald eyes staring forward his attention on the whiskey in hand. They worked well together, their relationship had been purely professional.

"Do you remember what I said when you came to be my Fade," Mako asked those emerald eyes turning to look into Lilly's own. The breath caught in her throat as the intensity of his gaze bore into her.

"I remember being lost, having no purpose after Sight's passing. I remember Arcia, Celevon, and Turel keeping me company as we grieved. I remember the weeks I was alone. I also remember you coming by to check on me. Then you took me by the hand and dragged me out of that sad place. You told me *'If you can not see your way from here, then follow me as my Fade. Focus on the things I tell you too, and when you can see your way again you will fight by my side.'* And I have followed you since."

"And can you see your way?" the question was simple, yet the answer was complex.

"My eyes are not darkened with grief, though it still dwells within me."

"Are you prepared to fight by my side?" his words were soft, composed, her heart fluttered at them.

“Do I not fight by your side already?” his face remained still, yet she could see a hint of joy creep into his gaze.

“That you do,” his attention turned back to the whiskey, and a smile crossed her lips. For a while longer they sat silently at the bar, each drinking slowly.

“Why did you request the Talons?” it was now her turn to break the silence.

“I was without a purpose at the time, so I found one. I knew I would not be able to take over Sight’s job upon the Nighthawk. I was never quite as mechanically inclined as my brother. The only thing outside of undercover DIA work that I know is how to fight. So I used what authority I still had left to form the Talons. It created a purpose for me on the Nighthawk. One that I could fully enjoy,” the Battlemaster spoke as he finished his whiskey and stood to leave.

She finished her own drink and put credits upon the bar top. Wrapping her arms around one of the man’s she rested her head on his shoulder as they walked.

“Mako?”

“Huh?”

“How long do you think we will need to keep fighting?”

“Forever,” his arm wrapped around her as he spoke.

“Good,” her response was simple yet more complex than she could have ever said. For now she was just content walking into the night with him.