

Mako Henymory
7640

New Tyhon
Seher
Jedi Citadel
Quaestor's Quarters

The soft, smoothness of silk gently tickled her skin as she curled up against his side. A feeling of belonging and love filled her as she gazed upon his pale face. His emerald eyes shifted as he turned his attention to her. A smile crossed her lips as she wrapped her arm tightly around him.

"What ja thinkin' love?" Her voice was reserved and full of anticipation.

"I was wondering whom to send to the Commons in the morning," the Krath said with a playful tone as a rare smile crossed his face.

"Oi," she protested, her teeth sinking into the exposed flesh of his shoulder. Wincing he pulled his shoulder away then wrapped his arm around her.

"Why joo gotta be so mean, Mako?"

"Well if I was all sunshine and rainbows then it wouldn't be any fun now would it?"

"That's the truth. So when we going to go on another mission, just the two of us?" her eyes looked eagerly up into his own, her bottom lip drawn taut as she bit the inside of it.

"Well I suppose we could look through SenNet's files and find something to occupy our time."

"Can we make it off world love, this place is nice and all but the lack of technology is starting to wear on my nerves."

"If that's the case perhaps we could find a way to justify a trip to Coruscant," he spoke as his thoughts turned to the past.

"That would be fun, but only if we stay on the upper levels, wouldn't want you to go on a killing spree." The Mandalorian said with a grin.

"Well now I suppose we need to plan how to get away from this backwater world."

"We can do that later," the young woman said as she pulled the covers over them.

Several hours later

The holocom chirped as the two cuddled.

"Is that yours or mine?" Lilly asked with a sigh.

"Mine I think," Mako spoke as he floated the holocom to his hand and pressed the activation button.

"Henymory! Oh, uhm, I'm not interrupting anything am I?" The image of Turel said as it moved to shield its eyes.

"Hey, Turel!" Lilly said with a grin, holding the blanket over her chest as she sat up.

"Please tell me that the two of you have pants on," the Proconsul said cautiously as he peered intently through his fingers at the image on his end of the conversation.

"If it makes you feel better," the Quaestor spoke his tone calm and even.

"Only slightly, So you know that there is a Council meeting in an hour don't you?"

"Yes I am aware, I am also aware that you owe me some paid vacation there *Director*."

"Paid, vacation, what is this black sorcery you speak of *Agent*, there is no vacation when battling the dark side," the Proconsul's tone was half flabbergasted and half joking.

"*Turel*, hunny, sweetie, you *are* going to let Mako take me on a vacation or so help me I will come down there and show you *exactly* how *flexible* every joint in your body is," her tone was serious yet it was the icy cold smile upon her lips made Turel's blood turn icy.

"Mako, we will discuss the tentative dates of your vacation after the Council meeting, Sorenn out."