

Arcona Citadel

7 days prior to celebration

The throne room, once covered in shadow, was now bathed in the light of multiple colors. The Battlemaster kneeled before the throne, his face an impassive mask hiding his disdain at the way his clans seat of power had changed under the Shadowlady's rule.

"You summoned me, ma'am," Mako spoke the words as a statement, no other reason would have taken the Nighthawk's commander from the ship.

"I have a special task for you," Atyiru began, the Miraluka easily able to tell the Battlemaster's true feelings. "I want you and your Fade to prepare the main courtyard for a holiday celebration."

"Yes, Mistress," his voice was calm and level, internal objections to such a task remaining out of his tone. The former Krath was aware that it was useless to hide things in such a manner from the Shadowlady, the Miraluka saw more without eyes than those who possessed them.

Arcona Citadel

Courtyard

Slightly before celebration

Mako leaned against a pillar feeling the exhaustion in his bones, his task had been much harder than anticipated. Between coordinating catering, finding decorations, arranging tables and seating charts, not to mention that Atyiru had been almost a constant fixture in the courtyard. The Shadowlady had tasked the Sorcerer with setting the party up, but that had quickly seemed to be merely a ploy to allow her to change everything behind his back.

"How does she have some much energy to expend on this?" The man asked his Fade as his Consul half skipped, half danced around the tables, placing lights and adjusting name placings.

"I have no idea Master," the young Mandalorian woman said with a chuckle, one pale hand placed on her hip.

"Well at least in a few short hours we will be back on board the *Nighthawk* and away from that crazy Miraluka," Lilly nodded at her Master's words before giving his shoulder a squeeze and wandering off to check on the catering. Taking a deep breath the Battlemaster stood and moved toward his Consul.

Having finished the preparations with some time to spare, the Shadowlady had taken Lilly by the arm and dragged her away muttering some nonsense about a proper lady does not wear battle armor to a party. Mako had retired to the refresher and to don his ceremonial robes. The former Krath was one first of the three to return to the Courtyard. Having made the final checks

and preparations, the Sorcerer took up a position by the main entrance to welcome his fellow clanmates and their guests. It wasn't long before the Shadowlady skipped through the doors dragging Lilly by the arm, both women in formal dresses.

"A good host will greet his guests with a pretty lady on his arm," Atyiru spoke quickly before skipping off to sit in the throne like seat at the head of the table.

Arcona Citadel

Courtyard

After the celebration

The courtyard was littered with a combination of passed out clan members, too drunk to have made their way home or to the guest quarters, and the bottles which they had consumed. As far as Arcona parties went, it had been a grand success, as no one had been killed.