

Mako Henymory
7640

New Tython
Menat Ombo
The Frisky Dewback

“Come on already Mako or we are going to be late!” the young Mandalorian woman exclaimed in an exasperated tone.

“Is it really necessary that we attend this *tea party*,” the former Krath’s disgusted tone was all that Lilly needed to hear to know that he was only here because of her. The young woman allowed a brief smile to cross her lips before she turned to face the man. A scowl replacing on her face she stared at him intently for a moment.

“Mako Henymory, you are a Quaestor here. You must have a social life outside of sending reports to that slave driver of a woman, A’lora, and making plans with the Harakoan leaders. Maybe Turel will be here, we haven’t seen him recently.” As Lilly talked, Mako watched her lips move, the tiny flip of her black hair, the fresh red dye in places giving it contrast. The shine of her blue eyes. Inside he felt guilty though he had no idea why. Outside his body posture and facial features remained as unchanging and impassive as always. However Lilly knew what he felt inside, she had learned to read his eyes.

Lilly turned back around and began to climb the stairs to the room. With a low whoosh the door opened revealing a room with a mixture of primitive and modern technology. A small lit fire pit sat in the center of the room. The flickering light mixed with the modern illumination from the ceiling. The mixture of the lighting was both strange yet pleasant to the eye. The walls were made of the usual brownish stone which gave sharp contrast to the steel ceiling and floor.

Inside the room sat several Harakoans that Mako recognized from pictures of leaders in the Menat Ombo area. By a small round table to a side sat Turel, A’lora sitting across from him. A Neti female sat between the two. Mako and Lilly both recognized V’yr when they saw her. The Dark Councillor had become quite the topic in some circles. Noticing the two newcomers Turel gestured to the open two seats at the table. The Savant and his Fade whom had followed him from Arcona each took a seat. Lilly beside Turel, Mako beside A’lora.

“Councillor,” The former Archpriest said as he tilted his head forward slightly toward the Neti, careful not to make any sudden movements. He had noticed Turel keeping a cautious glare directed at the new Qua. The Proconsul took his job as his masters guardsman seriously.

“Relax it’s not like I brought a means to make fire or anything here, Turel,” the former Arconan said as he lit a smoke with a tiny bit of concentrated Force Lightning for his finger tips and let his emotionless facade drop for a second to give Turel a playful grin. Lilly chuckled as the shock

settled onto Turel's face. Perhaps it was the unusual break in the Krath adherent's always emotionless facade. Perhaps it was disgust from the memories of seeing Mako slaughter healthy, wounded, and defeated men wholesale during the last Great Jedi War. The fact that a man with such blood lust and cruelty in battle was capable of such a casual joke. During that war Turel and Mako had become closer yet further apart than they ever had been. Turel had seen the depravity of war embodied in this creature he could have sworn was more demon than man. The very embodiment of the oldest Krath ways, and now it sat with him at the same table as those most dear to the Jedi. Whatever caused the Proconsul to give pause was quickly forgotten and Lilly snagged the smoke from Mako's lips, a disapproving look upon her face.

"I swear I will never cure you of the disgusting habits you picked up from Edraven," even as she said the words the young woman brought the offending smoke to her lips and took a long drag before continuing.

"They never taste quite right when you Force them to life like that."

"When did you..." Turel's words were cut off by the laughter of the other two women.

"I like her," A'lora said as she caught her breath.

The tension finally cut between Mako and Turel, Lilly inwardly sighed in relief. She was hopefully the rest of the tea time would proceed without a hitch. Mako couldn't afford to have a bad image with these three and she would make sure that didn't happen even if she still thought A'lora was a.

"So a slave driver eh," the Turguta woman said her eyes fixated on the former Arconan Fade.

"Kurf"