

"I'm not sure I could think of a more perfect place to be right now don't you think hun?" Kryy whispered, looking in the direction of Misourae as they lay on the grass plains, an open meadow that spread across the countryside up to the hills upon the horizon. The two lay quietly, basking in the sun's final rays as the warmth began to fade. Light blues turning to yellows and dark oranges as the light quickly dissipated with the setting sun. This had always been Kryy's dream, the kind of dream everyone has but never truly believes they'll see through. It was truly magical watching the stars appear one by one and they glittered the sky with each passing minute.

Misourae turned to face her beloved partner,

"You didn't have to go through all this trouble just for me, you spoil me too much. This... This is truly breathtaking Kryy, thank you so much" and with that she leant over and delivered a soft kiss. Blushing, she lay down next to him, smiling away to herself. Kryy quickly joined her, his cheeks unnaturally red and puffed out. *Could it be he's actually embarrassed?* Misourae thought cheekishly to herself, it wasn't often you saw a man like Kryy embarrassed, a man of many mysteries and a man who's walked both sides of a blurred line.

"I guess even the most fearless of men have a soft spot" she chuckled to herself, audible enough for Kryy to pick up on, his head snapped in her direction, cheeks burning brighter than Tatooine's three suns.

"w-what's that s-supposed to mean huh?!" he exclaimed, flustered and taken aback. Misourae smiled and crawled on top of him, letting her hair sprawl across the Acolytes chest and shoulders.

"Nothing." she quietly spoke, hugging into him. Dressed in a dark tunic and formal pants, it was easy to hear her companion's beating heart as it thumped loudly in his chest. With a gentle sigh, she closed her eyes and began to rest peacefully under the night sky. Cold, she began to shiver in her sleep and hug into Kryy more. With the gentle touch of a loving hand, he wrapped himself around her. As the thousand stars of the Naboo night glimmered, shone and twinkled above their heads, Kryy was thankful that his Valentine's Day dream had been just what he'd hoping for.

*It was nice to take a break from battle and chaos, to take time out and withdraw yourself from mediocrity* he thought, soaking in the moment and taking its significance in. Ever since they'd known each other, they'd led busy lives, often fighting alongside each other but it just wasn't the same. They rarely had time to themselves, time to take out and live for themselves. The Jedi did not believe in attachment, things such as love and marriage. The Sith moreover found compassion and love a weakness, making you vulnerable and petty. Being a Dark Jedi, Kryy had been accustomed to both ideologies, though neither seemed to stick. This was the way of a Dark Jedi who walked the grey path. For Kryy, finding love was not something he had set out on, but his happening of fate, meeting Misourae for the first time during a strike team mission on Coruscant, he'd felt a strong force bond between the two, an inseparable connection that had brought the two of them together. It had only been 4 months since they had been officially married to one another. A special ceremony was held on Alderaan, free from the fighting, the Sith and the Jedi alike. House Thul was kind enough to let the Dark Jedi and Dark Lord into their house and hold a ceremony in their honor. Time had flown by and through it all, they had managed to make it last, and Kryy couldn't think of anything he wanted more. After all,

“I’m not sure I could think of a more perfect place to be right now don't you think hun?” he repeated quietly, the long since passed out Misourae remaining unresponsive. He giggled and drifted off to sleep.