

Mako Henymory
7640

New Tython Seher

It had been in the early hours of the morning when the holo terminal pinged in Mako Henymory's office. The Quaestor had risen early, the Force having refused to allow him sleep. The Krath thumbed the activation button and glared at the machine as A'lora's form flickered to life.

"Madame Consul, this had better be important."

"We have an emergency, Vorsa just showed up critically wounded. Before she lost consciousness she said the Iron Legion being lead by the Grandmaster was on their way to wipe us out. You are to mobilize your House to facilitate a full evacuation, immediately."

"Understood, I will see you at rendezvous one," The Quaestor let out a sigh as the terminal powered down then activated his comm link.

"Alethia, to my office now."

"Mako, don't you have Lilly to handle that for you," the Aedile's annoyed and tired voice responded.

"The Iron Legion is baring down on us, get here **NOW** so we can begin the evacuation," Mako cut the link before the former Imperial could reply. Looking around the office he sent Lilly their prearranged evacuation signal, they would meet up at the rendezvous, Vincent would insure her safe arrival with Mako's few belongings.

Several minutes later Alethia bust through the office door, her shirt still half unbuttoned, yet her makeup perfectly applied. The Krath allowed her to catch her breath as he puffed on his smoke.

"How boned are we?" Her question lingered in the air unanswered as the Quaestor removed several data storage devices from the main terminal.

"You don't fight Pravus, you merely survive as long as your existence amuses him."

"So super boned"

"That would be correct, Sound general assembly to the house, I want them here last night. Then burn everything in this office. After that get your behind on a transport," the Quaestor

spoke slowly, his emerald orbs full of concern. Alethia swallowed on a suddenly dry throat, the full realization of their situation dawning on her.

“Sir, and the Harakoians?”

“Leave them if they refuse to evacuate, we do not have the time or manpower to force them off this rock.”

As the first orbital strikes rained down upon New Tython, Mako quite literally shoved the last member of Satele Shan onto a shuttle. Ooroo had taken some time to find, but Mako had somehow managed to locate them all. As the shuttle bearing the last Jedi to leave Seher speed off to orbit Mako turned to the Seher leaders.

“Are you sure you wish to stay?”

“This is our home, Henymory, We will die here if we must but leave it we will not.”

The Quaestor nodded, turning to face the Jedi Citadel he pressed button on the detonator to the explosives Lilly had set what now seemed so long ago. The proud structure crumpled as flames erupted from inside.

“Use the tunnels, they are your best chance of living through this assault,” his peace said, Mako walked away from the Seher leaders, and the city he had sworn to protect. In the distance a shuttle speed, low to the ground, toward the Krath’s position. The final shuttle that would leave New Tython was but one passenger shy. As streaks of green descended into the city behind him the Quaestor called upon the Force and leapt into the hovering shuttle. The other Jedi Council members sat their eyes looking anywhere but at Sorenn and his wife. At the helm Vincent, assisted by Lilly, expertly maneuvered the shuttle into a safe escape vector.

“Let me see if I can help, brother” Mako said as he knelt beside Turel and placed a hand on his Proconsul’s shoulder.