

Daleem
Sky Breach Base

The Krath breathed slowly as he lay upon his bunk. So much had happened recently that he had barely a moment's rest since stepping down as Quaestor. His former second, Aleitha, had seen to it that he had barely a moment's rest since his initial training with Gwen had finished. Once she had seemingly tired of sending him out of system on fetch missions for SeNet, he had been pawned off onto Len. Mako didn't blame Aleitha though, to ensure a smooth transition she had needed him out of the sight of the house.

The Human rose to a sitting position on the bunk as his eyes open. The emerald orbs focused quickly, far too quickly. The charred remains of Vincent's armor, hastily recovered from the shuttles wreckage sat quietly, stoically in a corner. Lilly's armor, weapons, and gear sat in organized piles in the room as she had always kept them. A ping of heartache overcame the Krath as he focused on her helmet. The mandalorian design stared blankly back at him, gone was that which once gave it life.

Memories of her flooded back in a wave as he crossed the room. Fingers lightly touched the side of the helmet. His hand traced downwards to the torso armor set carefully upon the armor dummy. He could still smell her scent, barely, coming from the armor. Every inch of the man's body ached for his lost love. The tears came as his mind replayed her last moments over and over again.

"I would spend a thousand years in that cell if I could see you, touch your face but once more," he choked back a sob as he mouth the words *'my love.'*

A soft wrap came at the door and the man turned to so it was already open. Aleitha stood quietly observing him from the entry way. Mako quickly wiped the tears from his face with one hand as the other straightened his robes.

"Figured I would find you here, Henymory," her voice was sure but tainted with concern.

"How can I help you today, Quaestor?" His face melted back to its normal stone mask as he spoke.

"Director," the woman corrected as she stepped into the room holding up a bottle of Corellian whiskey and four glasses. "Figured you could use a drink. Was hoping to treat you to Havoc's bar, but figured you would rather drink with them," she gestured to the armor with the bottle as she spoke.

"I appreciate the sentiment," his voice was still heavy as he spoke and Aleitha poured.

"I miss them too," the Director's voice was somber as she set a full glass in front of each armor.