

Another planet, another mission completed. The Krath sighed, the clan wouldn't know for another day, but it was his last mission for them. His hand absentmindedly touched his lower right abdomen, where the branch had impaled him on Semuboca. A pointless fetch errand for Pau'an Pharma and Chem. One that could have been accomplished by any number of the Daleem guilds. He had made up his mind then as he had crawled through the mud, with his blood trailing behind him. He would not die for those Jedi, true their goals aligned in that they both wanted Pravus to die for his actions, but he would not die for them. Setting down as a storm rolled in, the Dark Jedi had punched Len in the face for it after the mission had ended. He would have died from a destroyed kidney and an infected wound shortly after they had returned to Daleem if it hadn't been for Sylvia, the child had a serious gift for healing.

Mako had found her for the clan, and she looked up to the Krath. He felt bitter for leaving her behind, but the light was too strong in her, she belonged with the Jedi. He would see her again, he felt it in the Force. Turel would receive the Human's resignation letter in roughly 24 hours. More than enough time for the Krath to disappear into the universe. Mako smiled to himself as he looked at the landing pads entrance. Time for a new chapter to begin, the Krath would live through Pravus, he would see to that himself. As Henymory walked to the door the sound of blaster fire caught his attention.

Blonde hair caught the sunlight, the glint and blue glow of cybernetic plates. Something seemed familiar about the woman. Almost against his will the Krath's feet began to move. Mako cursed under his breath as he sprinted toward the fight.

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EI's dual briar pistols fired again and again, men fell as leaves to the wind before her. The com unit in her ear buzzed.

"Watch your six," Arcia's cold yet efficient voice came through clearly from the ship's electronic warfare suite. Simultaneously an armor weave cloak brushed across EI's legs, dust from a man's feet kicked up and a blaster shot echoed from behind the woman.

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Mako ran quickly the picture becoming clearer as he approached. The com receiver crackled to life in his ear, startling him for a moment.

"Henymory, stand down. Elequin has this covered." Arcia's voice echoed in the Human's ear, causing him to come to a stop. The Admiral must have seen his approach through one of the surveillance cameras. All black robes usually tended to stand out a bit, Cortel would have checked the nearby landing pads as well.

Trust any subordinate of Arcia to be so efficient in battle. ‘*She left no openings,*’ the Krath began to think as his eyes caught the glint of a blaster barrel, ‘*Except to her rear, she let one flank her.*’

The Force flowed through him as he slid on his feet to a halt just behind EI, his hand shot out in a flourish. The blaster shifted fractions of a second before the bolt flew loose from it. The Dark Jedi’s spine tingled, his knees forced him to into a low duck. The pistol whip barely missed his skull. With a roll forward Henymory spun as he rose, the quickly risen Barrier shattered to EI’s powerful kick. The woman’s blue eyes widened as she recognized the Force in use, but not its wielder.

“I see my Captain got herself a new Talon,” Mako’s voice seemed amused as he sidestepped an elbow to knee strike. His tone only seemed to infuriate her. Blocking another kick the man winced, her strength was nothing to toy with. The Force flowed into the Equites legs as he spoke, “Elequin, you certainly are a fireball. Kill me after you finish watching your six.” With a Force assisted leap Mako vaulted over the short woman, exposing the enemy who had flanked her.

Dust erupted into the air as the Force slammed into the ground, concealing the Krath’s landing point from the cybernetically augmented woman. Elequin sneered as a briar blasts found home inside the man, incapacitated but non-lethal. From the other side of the dust cloud the hum of lightsabers accompanied the screams of the remaining few.

“I will handle the Krath, let him get away,” Arcia’s voice came through com unit once more.

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The *Henymory’s Promise* cleared the atmosphere, and the IFF scan came back with a positive match to the SeNet database, a communications line became active.

“Cortel, didn’t think I would find you here.”

“Henymory, looking to be praised for disobeying orders?”

“No Captain, you seem to have found a sharp Talon for your use, would have been a pity for such a warrior to get hit in the back.”

“It is Admiral.”

“Arcia, you will always be my Captain, and I will always be your Talon. Even if you do not utilize me.”

“Do you need something Henymory, I have places to not be.”

“Seems then that we both were never here,” Mako’s voice turned to a more serious tone as his ship prepared to make the jump, “When you need my skills get ahold of me via the old means, looks like time is up Captain, take care of yourself Arcia and give my best to your cute little fireball.” The *Henymory’s Promise* jumped into hyperspace before Arcia could send her reply.