

**Varan's Apartment, 200 Stellaris Way**  
**Sector 001, Chyron**  
**Perune Orbit**  
**37 ABY**

The apartment was unusually quiet, only filled with the soft sounds made by Varan as he disassembled and cleaned his F-11D, a routine he made sure to keep up with any weapon he used on a regular basis. It was unusually quiet, because the silence was usually filled with conversation between himself and his girlfriend Rhynna; however, today the Sephi woman just sat on the couch, staring at the Equite while he worked, emerald hues fixed on the small components which had been systematically laid out on the table in front of the young Mandalorian, though she wore her usual stern expression, her mind had begun to wander, and her ears drooped noticeably only to perk up at the sound of the Loyalist's voice. "Alright, what is it?"

"I don't know what you're talking about Varan."

"Rhyn, how long have we known each other?" The man asked with a sigh as he softly set down the lower receiver of the blaster onto the table in front of him.

"Six years..."

"And in those six years, i feel that it's pretty safe to argue, that i've learned pretty much everything there is to know about ya' and I know that look," he said pointing to her, "The scowl, the way you're staring off into space, ya' ears were just drooping aboutta minute ago, so tell me, what's on your mind?"

Rhynna crinkled her nose, as much as she'd hate to admit it, he was right. They'd known each other since they were nineteen, that time somehow felt so far away, yet not all at the same time and the Sith couldn't seem to be able to wrap her head around how it was possible. He was right though, something was bothering her at that moment and after another long stretch of silence she was finally able to piece her words together.

"I-it's dumb..."

"If it's bothering you I don't really think it's dumb." Varan said in that soft tone which he only seemed to use with her, that same tone that never failed to redden her cheeks if even a little.

"...All the fights, the conflicts we've been in together, what happens.. When.. I'm not good enough anymore? That moment where I slip up, Sniper's love to target medics, you're always out in the open, what happens when that time comes? When that bolt, or that slug with your name on it shatters our lives?" she asked softly, her emerald hues now locked onto the floor. Her hands were gently clutching her upper arms, and her legs neatly folded one a top the other.

The Sephi woman's attention was immediately grabbed by a hearty laugh coming from the other. "Oh, baby is that what you're worried about?" Varan asked with a smile spreading across his lips slowly. "Look Rhyn, you're probably the most skilled woman I've ever had the pleasure of laying my eyes on, and I'll tell you what. If my word isn't good enough alone to quell your worry, then perhaps a promise will."

"Isn't that the same thing as your wo-" Rhynna was quickly cut off as Varan made his way over to her, a look of shock crossing her face as the large man knelt down in front of her and took her hand softly at the wrist, slipping a ring onto her left hand.

"Rhynna Sofia Tallav, with this ring I ask to take you as my wife, and I promise you that you will always be good enough, if not overqualified in your duties as my self-proclaimed protector. Let it inspire you, know that when you look at it, you are capable of more than you could ever hope to know, and understand that I will always love you."

Rhynna brought a hand up to cover her mouth as she stared at the silver band on her finger, her eyes starting to well up with tears at the Mandalorian's words, soon the woman threw her arms around him, burying her face into his neck. With a warm smile on his face, Varan wrapped his arms snugly around the young Marauder, a single hand rubbing her back in slow large circles.