

Delilah Omaáni studied the group of what would be total strangers were it not for her skimming over dossiers, all of their names forgotten by now. On top of that, a dossier could be doctored with all the bells and whistles without the nitty gritty details. There was a doctor in their midst which was good. She hoped, if it came down to it, he would be willing to help people in need. Though the helmeted Human man looked prepared for a fight, his armor— which she was all too familiar with— was squeaky clean. There were only three possibilities; he recently had his armor replaced, it was flawlessly repaired, or, and she hoped to the gods it wasn't true, he and his armor were brand new.

Moving on, she studied the largest one in their group. The man was missing most of his limbs, cybernetics for his legs and an entire arm missing. Del had escaped perilous situations with both hands and feet bound so she knew there were ways to work around not having resources readily available. Still the situation would be less than ideal. His helmet rested between his only arm and torso. Again, he also wore Mandalorian armor and a few more people were sporting their own, which gave her an uneasy knot in her stomach. Had she been paired with part of a clan? Judging on his face alone, he looked to be a Zygerrian. A hybrid maybe? It didn't matter.

He was being approached by the man in blue armor as she set her gaze on a group of three women. There was a Zabrak, Human, and... Zelosian? All of them looked well equipped though the Zelosian looked to be frazzled. The Human woman had a mane of messy dark hair that was long and to the middle of her back. Del wondered how she was going to fit all of that beneath her helmet. She chuffed upon seeing the heart shaped eyepatch the darker woman wore. At that very moment, an eye, colder than the tundra they were heading in to, met Del's. She looked away to the Zabrak who seemed more ready than anyone else. Eager was how Omaáni would describe her. She seemed to be consoling or encouraging the Zelosian.

Lastly, and perhaps the person she related to the most, was a Human man in Rebel armor. He was by his lonesome, checking his weapons. A handsome gentleman with a beard.

Between people watching and her not so inconspicuous attempts to focus on making sure her own equipment was up to par, someone eventually noticed her staring. It was the man in blue armor. He approached, removing his helmet.

"Miss Omaáni? My sincerest apologies, I haven't had time for proper pleasantries or introductions. I'm Major Avery Watson," he introduced himself, gloved hand jutting out to her.

She blinked at the fact that the two men looked related. Both of them were handsome in their own right. Too handsome. Her eyes snuck a glance at the other man then back to Avery. Her words left her mouth too quickly as she said, "Matson— Avery. Major. Watson." She let out a breathy nervous laugh. It was a relief to her ears when she heard him chuckle along with her fumbling. She took his hand, shaking it firmly. "Nice to meet you, Major. And Del is fine."

"The pleasure is all mine, Del. We'll get you properly introduced to everyone in a few, just tying up a few loose ends," he said and flashed her a smile with a wink. "Be ready in five. I'll be giving everyone a debrief."

Del simply nodded, her lips still pulled in a smile. The man was undoubtedly charming and made her feel welcome. Again she snuck a glance at the other man, their resemblance being uncanny.

The five minutes felt like seconds as the Major called the group to huddle. He introduced her to the group, going over every one of their names. Even with proper introductions and faces to accompany them, she was bound to forget who was who. Her attention was back on the Major as he projected blueprints to the facility they were headed to.

"The mission is to evacuate these people and get them to safety. As Ruka ordered, the casualties should remain as low as possible. Zero is the target and no one should be left behind. Double check your gear because warmth is a luxury we will no longer have. The temperatures are below freezing and from recent scans, the inside of this facility is maybe a few degrees warmer but is swiftly falling. Any questions, concerns?" The man asked, eyes scanning the group.

Sera? The Zabrak in Mandalorian armor stepped forward. "If at all possible, Diy and I will stay on the ship and ensure that the civilians that are evacuated are on board." She glanced at the Zelosian. "Diy will be more effective here as well."

Avery sighed but nodded. "Alright. Anything goes wrong, comm connections should hold up."

"And if they don't?" The woman with dark hair and the heart-shaped eye patch asked. Her body language was impatient and defensive almost.

"We'll cross that bridge if we get to it."

Sera drew closer to Avery, hands on her hips, her voice low and features soft. Del was too far to hear but it felt like it wasn't her business anyway.