As the days passed, and with all missions finished, the Miraluka used this time for rest.

A bit outside Seleste city, Kaled made a home for himself and his little droid R3.

He was not one for crowds. And after Aru told him that he could provide some better home for the young Arcanist, Kaled respectfully declined.

His place was an organized mess. Papers which looked blank on first inspection but were actually written in braille. Deta pads and discs decorated the table and floor of his small living room. As time passed there was a knock on the door. It was Socorra, and in her hands she carried her baby boy.

Kaled visited her apartment after the “Saloon” incident, and this time she wanted to return the favor of being his guest this time.

The Miraluka was surprised by the gesture, stumbling over a few books and items from the library as he tried to make his guests more comfortable. He gestured over to the couch, telling Socorra to make herself at home. As they sat down R3 helped Arcanist to make some tea for his guest.

Kaled started with a small talk, asking how she was, Wyn, new missions and of course the baby.

He also apologized several times for what happened on Sundari Station. She told him not to worry about that and what happened is in the past.

As he put the tea on the table, Socorra wanted to ask a question that was on her mind for a while.

“Kal.” She started talking as Miraluka was leaning away from the table. “You good kid. Kind, gentile. Why you ask me to be Master? Why you always trust people and put yourself in danger? No one wants see you hurt.”

Kaled straightened himself up, giving off a soft smile as the Mandalorian finished asking her questions. As Socorra could tell, that smile on the young man's face was more sour than his usual soft and gentile one.

“You..Alright?”

“No. No, I'm fine.” He said, sitting down on the floor and placing his hand on the table.

“I just…don't want to be alone.” Taking a deep breath in and out, Arcanist removed the bandage that was covering his eyes. Letting his wild and long gray hair act as a sort of a natural curtain.

“I can't be alone. There is a problem…Can't tell when it all started, but I had it for as long as I can remember. Voices.” His voice trembled a bit. “Creeping and whispering inside of my mind. Sometimes, when I go to sleep, they become louder. Screaming.”

**Why?**

“Asking me questions, for help. Voices of children and adults. Always asking for help.”

**Help us!**

“Images flashing. The pain in my chest. Growing more and more. I-I can't! Just-Can't”

**Help us!**

Kaled covered his face with his hands. He couldn't cry as there was no place from which tears could flow. His breathing became more paced, letting out sounds as if he was suffocating. Shaking. They were back. Even as she sat just across from him, Kaled could hear them. Opening himself up like this gave them a chance to pull his mind away, torturing him as he tried to let this burden off of his shoulders. But they held on. They held on and screamed until they were the only thing the young man could hear.

Suddenly Kaled could feel a gentle touch of someone rubbing his head. As the voices slowly dissipated, he could hear Socorras' voice. Shushing him as her hand slowly passed through his wild hair.

“*I’m scared…*” He said barley, voice and body shaking from the experience.

“Shhh…” She replied. “Don’t speak. You alright.”

It took him a while to come back to his senses. Kaled apologize to the Mandalorian that she saw him in such a state, but Socorra didn't mind. It was a good thing to know that he wasn't all happy and eager to help. The Mandalorian now knew that Kaled had a wound. And that it would take a long time to heal.