

She hung limply from his arms, the slight Mandalorian completely unperturbed by the situation. On the other hand, Juhist felt his pulse staccato into a faster rhythm.

"How do you do this every year? The alcohol is bad enough, but why must you insist on brawling?" His indignation was a mask for the sheer panic he felt rolling into a boil as he readjusted her weight, sending more of a gush of blood from her face.

"Yeah, but I won though." The petulant brat wasn't wrong, she had left the bar almost decimated in her wake.

"Aay'han, one day you'll pick a fight you can't win." She sensed the concern that laced her companion's voice.

"Then I'll die well, it'll have to do." She spoke quietly, as though she didn't want to tempt fate to make it come true. Her face squirmed into the crook of his neck savouring the warmth he naturally radiated like a furnace.

The blood smeared across his neck leaving a sticky residue as it began to dry. Juhist fumbled, shifting her weight to one arm so he could get through the door.

Without much recourse he kicked the door shut with his boot. With another huff he propped her up on the kitchen counter. It wasn't gentle, practically dropping her onto the stone top that Aay'han couldn't keep herself upright with the amount of Tihaar in her belly. Juhist was surprised she hadn't passed out.

A claw-like hand gripped at her shoulder to keep her up until she balanced herself. He held on until he was confident the girl had her balance before flipping the faucet on.

There were a few more moments of rummaging through cupboards before he found a bowl and filled it with the warm water. In the lull he vanished and reappeared. Aay'han wasn't sure how long she had been left there, the passage of time blurred in her inebriated state of being.

It took a moment for Juhist to saturate the cloth but with some care he started to carefully clean away the sanguine body before him. Beneath the crimson the white skin had patches of grey where the bruises had begun to form. He was surprised Aay'han didn't flinch away, her swollen face proof of the beating she had taken at the bar.

Silence hung viscously between the pair as he quietly cleaned her up. For the most part he could see her body had already begun to heal itself. Most of the cuts had already started to knit back closed of their own accord which offered some reassurance.

The gash at the back of her head would take longer, from what could be seen. It was difficult through the blood drenched tangle of braids. The laceration still had a considerable amount of crimson cascading down her neck so he wrung out the cloth and applied it to the wound, slapping her hand onto it to keep the pressure on it.

Eventually it too would cease but that could be a while yet. This left Aay'han with only one hand to steady herself with and again nearly sent her toppling over until Juhist shoved her back with a little too much zeal that had he not caught her shoulder she would have concussed herself on the worktop.

"Woman, you are a menace!" He yeld, but still procured some glasses and a generous bottle of the potent liquid she had been imbibing earlier in the day.

"... Love you too." She cackled as he poured two servings. Before she could swipe the closest glass he had picked it up wrenched her hand away and tipped it over the still bleeding injury.

Through gritted teeth she hissed her discomfort but beyond that showed him no other signs of distress. Aay'han's reward was the other glass, which she greedily drank.

Juhist refilled them both and moved them to the coffee table before going back for her, satisfied now that she had managed to come out of the fray relatively unharmed.

Once Aay'han had settled into the plush sofa she rolled them both a cigarette and the pair silently enjoyed the bottle and tabac without outside disturbance.

It was after all the small things in life that made existence tolerable for the pair of them.