

"What are you doing?"

Juno's voice breaks Tech's concentration, even through the laser focus he has, and also, the literal laser cutter he is using to weld this particular piece of metal on his workbench. He drops the tool, actually *drops it*, at Juno's sudden appearance.

Wielding a laser cutter is not abnormal behaviour for Tech or Juno, nor the pair of them in equal exchange. Nor is either of them drawing the other's attention above all else.

Dropping a laser cutter, though. Well.

There are also comments to be made about being 'caught in the act' when paired with the speed in which Tech rids himself of the laser cutter. As well as him deliberately putting himself between his workbench and Juno.

The three latter things - dropping tools, catching in the act, and hiding things – *are* abnormal behaviour. Especially for Tech. The soldier. The *eccentric* soldier. The *eccentric* soldier who has never omitted a truth once in his *life*.

"You're not subtle," says Juno at his non-answer-yet-answer. She repeats, "What are you doing?"

"I... ah..." Tech adjusts his goggles. He does not move from his space in front of the bench. He also makes no effort to retrieve the laser cutter, so Juno does it, the clone watching her nervously as she moves. "I am working," he finally supplies when she hands the discarded laser cutter to him.

"On what?"

"Work," replies Tech hesitantly.

Juno arches an unimpressed eyebrow. "I have never known you to be unspecific. And, again, you aren't subtle." She still stands in front of him, arms crossed, frizzy hair abound with the thoughts fizzing through her mind. She forces eye contact between them, her face darkening worriedly, as she asks, "Is something wrong?"

"No," Tech answers, meeting her eyes. So he is earnest. "I am... working, yes. On something I hoped to surprise you with. That is why I do not—" Tech shifts to one side as Juno leans to the same side, trying to peer around him. "—wish to specify. I specifically instructed Wrecker—"

"Oh, he's more un-subtle than you," Juno interrupts, to which Tech shakes his head. "I didn't even need to remove my helmet to discern your whereabouts from him."

Tech sighs. But it is not a bothered sigh, simply a 'caught in the act' sigh. Juno watches the crease of his brow, trying to ascertain if something truly *is* wrong, and if her sudden appearance has made it worse. She simply hasn't seen Tech all day. She *wants* to see Tech today. Particularly on a day like today, which is allotted for downtime, rest, and recovery.

Would he truly avoid her?

But then Juno's brain catches up to Tech's words. No, he intended to *surprise her* and she just squeezed it out of Wrecker *and* Tech.

Far too caught up in her musings, as usual. Far too quick to forget her own eccentricity.

"Juno," Tech starts, gently. He is still determined to hold her gaze. "I do not wish to keep things from you, or *myself* from you, so if you wish to see..." He steps to one side gingerly.

Shaking her head, Juno looks away. "You said it was a surprise. And I didn't think, I just—"

"*Cyare*," liti Tech's gentle voice interrupts her. He inclines his head towards the workbench, also setting the laser cutter down gently now he has moved. "You may see. Surprises are intended for positive riposte. If I have not met that condition, so be it, you may see today's work."

"Are you sure?"

"Hm, yes," Tech replies, but adds the condition of, "But I humbly request you do not share with my brothers, yet. With the exception of Wrecker. I am grateful for his confidence."

*That* piques Juno's curiosity all over again. Paired with Wrecker's quick folding to her enquiries, the dropping of the laser cutter, her one-track mind ruining Tech's surprise... Juno's expression is cowed and unsure as she reads Tech's face for his intentions – genuine, of course – and then slowly approaches the work bench.

On it sits...

A ring?

It's a carefully welded, sanded, and polished silver ring that Tech is in the middle of engraving. The writing is small and styled Mando'a, so far it reads: *a moon for the*.

Confused, Juno tilts her head, her eyes raising back to Tech. Where she finds him *blushing*.

"What is this?" she asks. Her face must read all measures of confusion, for Tech blushes more and then appears to stumble over his next words.

"It is a ring," he supplies.

"I can see that. You... You are making me a ring?"

The answer to her question supplies itself as soon as the words leave her lips. Paired with the request for Juno not to speak of this to Tech's brothers. Well.

"You're making me a ring," Juno repeats. Now it is not a question.

Tech's blush manages to deepen, a deep maroon that dusts his dark skin. It spreads to his ears at her second sentence. It is particularly obvious thanks to the light of his goggles and onboard recorder.

The silence which follows is... a lot of things. In it, Tech starts shaking his hand with unstated energy, a stim, meanwhile Juno moves in rapid succession between two states of mind: she twisted this discovery out of Tech, and, she has this discovery to make in the first place.

The only words Juno can suddenly manage are, "*Ner mir'senaar...*" She re-reads the engraving. "An owl needs a moon."

"Yes," Tech gets out like a relieved intake of breath, "so I hope my intentions are not too brash. Or them being revealed in this fashion. It is not how I theorised or researched such proposals take place."

Juno makes a face. She can't help it. Whether Tech researched Basic practices or Mandalorian practices she is unsure, but the idea of discovering this surprise in a public forum... unnerves her.

Like this? In a method that is not abnormal to them? Eccentricity, tools, and musings about how normal people usually would do this? While acknowledging the fact they are very much *not* 'normal people'?

Perfect.

"My answer is yes," Juno says.

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"But I have not—"

Juno's face takes a journey through bewilderment, amusement, aloofness, and finally, love. "Nothing else is required," she insists, complete with matching gesticulations. "I see why you deterred me, but this is... perfect, Tech. My answer is unwavering. Yes. I will marry you."

Tech's blush migrates to his eyes, as a sparkle, then to his lips, as the widest smile she has ever seen him wear. No more words are needed. Tech steps forward to embrace her, and she him. Their foreheads press together to seal the promise just spoken.