
Fort Blindshot - Selen
42 ABY

“Cyare? We have a problem.”

Sivall blinked at the message on her datapad, swirling around in her desk chair to face it. A problem? She picked up her ear piece (she had decided to take a five minute break from it) and shoved it back in her right ear before pulling Alexandyr up on her commlink.

He answered quickly.

“*Vi’vuckust?* What do you mean “We have a problem”?”

There was a moment of silence, tense silence, before Alex spoke again.

“There is a kid here, showed up at our door, saying they were *your* kid.”

The sound that pulled itself from Sivall’s chest sounded more like a tire squealing. Black polish covered fingernails gripped at her datapad.

“A... kid?”

“She looks exactly like you, Siv. I’m starting to believe her.”

“Alex that’s... I mean... I... That’s physically impossible!”

“Tell that to the kid sitting at our kitchen island!”

“*You let her into the house?*”

“I wasn’t going to just let her stand in the hallway!”

This beautiful, handsome, intelligent, wonderful idiot. Sivall pinched the bridge of her nose, taking a deep breath. Some strange child, claiming to be her child, had infiltrated her home. What if this was a plan to get at Alex? What if it was someone trying to con her? She had made a lot of enemies since moving to Dajorra.

What if it was some crazy karking scheme from Connor?

Her heart jumped into her throat.

“Just... keep an eye on her. Protect yourself. I’m coming home.”

“Siv-”

“It’s okay. Just please, *please*, don’t let your guard down, okay? Please?”

“... Okay.”

She hung up the call and stood just as Ood peaked around the corner into her office. Sometimes it was hard to read the Neti’s expressions, but this time the confusion and *interest* on his face was visible. He had probably heard every word of what she said.

“Everything alright Sival?”

“Yeah, just some troubles at home. I’ll be back in about an hour.”

“Aight.”

With a tense smile she all but sprinted through the door, determined to get home before she found the love of her life ax murdered in their apartment.

Estle - Selen
42 ABY

Little sanguine eyes stared up into her own and Siv couldn’t help but remark that they looked *exactly* like her own. To a “t”. She smiled softly, trying to put the kid at ease, then pulled Alex a bit further away into the living room, practically plastering them against the massive windows that spanned from the floor to the ceiling.

“I promise I’ve never had a kid.”

“I believe you, *cyare*, but what do we *do* with her?”

Tiny blue fingers trailed into her hair and Siv gripped at her scalp, unsure how to handle this situation. How did this child even come to existence? Did someone clone her? Did someone somehow steal her genetic material to make a kid?

Oh gods.

Of all the times for Ruka to be in a fucking coma.

“I.. I could call Cora. I should call Cora. Cora will know what to do. *Alex, I am not mother material.*”

The Human frowned, gathering Sivall into a tight hug. He didn't verbally disagree, but she felt it trickle across their bond. A strong belief that she would indeed be a wonderful mother to whatever kid they might have. The sentiment made her eyes tear over— she wished she believed in herself as much as Alex did.

She was *not* parenting material. Outside of Ruka and Cora, she had never had a solid parental figure in her entire life. She had nothing to base her template off of. “Call Cora then, dear. We'll see what he says and go from there.”

The Chiss medic closed her eyes and let herself relax into her partner's arms for just a moment. She matched her breathing with his, let her heartbeat settle, let his presence sooth her nerves. They would figure this out— of course they would.

“I'm sorry to interrupt this incredibly touching moment but.. I'm hungry.”

Both Sivall and Alexandyr jumped before looking at the Chiss child standing beside them, staring up at them expectantly with a soft smile on her indigo lips.

The Force thinks it's funny, she mumbled internally.

This was going to be interesting.