

“Tea Time Surprise”

by Turel Sorenn #13830

922 Words

Frisky Dewback
Menat Ombo, New Tython

“Right this way sir.” A Mirialan server indicated with a flourish as he opened the door to the VIP suite.

“Uh, thanks.” Turel replied, unsure if he was walking into a trap or a blind date. He had received an anonymous invitation to tea in this secluded upstairs lounge:

Dearest Friend,

You are invited to tea.

Please come to the Frisky Dewback in Menat Ombo, upstairs in the private lounge, at 16:00 hours on the 15th.

Fondest regards,

A Friend

The Sentinel wore his black street clothes with his trusty saber and enforcer pistol close at hand. As he ascended the stairs into the private chamber he sensed only one presence in the room ahead. A very familiar presence. Surely, it couldn't be her. He slowly peered into the secluded room as he crested the stairwell. The lounge was lit only by candlelight, all the furniture had been removed save a single table in the center with two place settings on a crimson tablecloth. A holoprojector in the corner played the soothing notes of a string quartet which enhanced the ambiance of the room. He would have sworn this was a date but for the lavender skinned Togruta pacing on the far side of the room.

“Hey boss, what's with all this?”

The High Councilor gestured toward the table. “Please, have a seat.”

Remembering some of his sister's brutal etiquette training, Turel went and pulled out A'lora's seat first and seated her before taking his own seat. He wasn't a complete slob when it came to manners. “Okay, now are you going to tell me what this is all about?” The Human inquired, thoroughly confused at this very out of character display by his Consul.

The Togruta exhaled deeply before speaking, “I needed to speak with you...about something private. I felt like this setting would make you more comfortable.”

Turel looked around the room, taking in the atmosphere for a moment. "Well this is nice, but your office would have been sufficient....you aren't firing me are you? I know that last mission was a little messy and I've been short at council meetings but I--"

A'lora raised her hand for him to be silent. "No, nothing like that. This is more...personal."

"Ooooh." Turel ran his fingers through his hair nervously. "Look I'm flattered and all but we have to work together and I'm kinda with Vorsa now and--"

"I pregnant." She interrupted with an almost nonchalance.

The Human's jaw stood open for a few awkward moments. "Wait, what? Do you need a leave of absence or something? I'm sure we can work that out for you while you...wait. Who's the father?"

She cleared her throat. "You are."

Turel stammered, "No way, are you sure? Is that even possible I mean, a Human and a Togruta?"

"Yes and it is."

"But when?"

A'lora kept constant eye contact as she hammered Turel with the reality of the situation. "The Korahaii festival."

The Human rubbed his hands over his face as he processed what was happening. "Oh, that. I don't remember much after drinking all that mead. There was dancing and I remember waking up with you in my tent but....we didn't."

"Apparently we did."

Turel sat up in his chair. "But assuming we did, are you *sure* it's mine?"

A'lora huffed in frustration as her lekku began to vibrate. "Yes! A medical scan confirms the child is half-Human." She rubbed her belly for emphasis. "This is your daughter Turel!"

He buried his head in hands while leaning on the table. "What are we going to do? What I am going to tell Vorsa? She's going to *kill* both of us."

"I highly doubt that. We'll tell Vorsa together."

Turel lift his head out of his hands. "I want to do the right thing, by you and our daughter. It will hurt but I'm sure Vorsa will understand."

A disgusted look flash across the Consul's face. "I'm not going to *marry* you, don't be absurd. Vorsa can keep you, for whatever she sees in you."

The Human exhaled a sigh of relief. "If she'll still have me that is. What about our daughter? Who will raise her, I mean--"

"I will have the child on Shili with my tribe, which will require a short leave of absence. Once she's old enough to come to New Tython we will work something out." Her look hardened on the Proconsul. "No one besides Vorsa will know about this, no one."

Turel nodded with understanding. "I get to be a father and I can't tell anyone?"

"We'll see, in time perhaps but we can't afford the *distraction* from our current purpose."

"I understand." His anxiety over the situation remained but the reality of his impending parenthood began to sink in. He got up from the table and walked over to A'lora. "We'll make this work." He leaned down toward her stomach. "May I?"

The Togruta rolled her eyes ever so slightly. "You may."

He knelt down and gently kissed her stomach. "Hey little one, it's your dad. I know things will be weird for a while, but I'll always be here for you." He and A'lora both stood up. "Thanks."

"Remember, no one can know about this besides us."

"Well if that's the case, I have to get this out of my system." He swooped his Consul up in a tight hug. "I get to be a dad!"

"Ugh, put me down. We still have to tell Vorsa."