

Breaking the Wall

SAV Kordath Bleu, #13593

Coronet City

Corellia

Nerf and Son's Book Emporium

Kordath Bleu smiled woodenly as the next person in line stepped forward, clutching in their hands the newest edition of his book. As the man or woman, honestly he'd quit paying attention an hour into this signing, spouted off the usual nonsense about 'to my friend etc' he scribbled his name across it and handed it back with a nod. It felt as if he'd been in this shop for half a day already, having done some question and answer time, read a chapter, and finally pushed the book itself. A glance at the clock showed it'd barely been two hours since the event had started.

It was going on a year now since he'd left his home in the Dajorra system, with his Consul's blessing. A year of book promotions, parties and touring. At some point in the Mid-Rim, working their way Coreward, he'd quit drinking.

'At some point,' he thought to himself with a tired smile, nodding to the next customer and handing them their book. *'Five months, sixteen days. Seventeen when we hit about ten tonight.'*

A commotion in the line caused the crowd to push forward slightly, and drew a sigh from the Ryn. This happened at about one in every three events, somebody got excited, or someone who felt their mate had 'changed' because of the stories got angry and wanted a word with him. His agent, and the event organizers usually had decent enough security, but occasionally somebody made it as far as the signing table. Kordath crossed his arms and leaned back in his chair, sensing movement to his left as his Clan issued bodyguard began to move forward.

Stres'tron'garmis cracked his sizable knuckles and stretched his thick neck as he watched the crowd. Even a year of traveling with the massive Chiss, Kordath was still taken aback at times at just how bloody big the guy was.

'Now how tall was Strong meant to be again...'

"Two point three meters," spoke Kordath, before blinking a few times and looking around.

'Uhh...well, that's not good. Ignore me.'

Bleu turned in his chair, checking behind himself, then looked under the desk, and finally up towards the ceiling in confusion.

'Stop it, stop looking for me.'

"Fraid I need an explanation, mate."

'No, no you don't, just ignore me, pretend like you never heard me, damnit. Argh, how did this even happen?'

"Alright, no, I can hear ya, in me head. This ain't telepathy, I've had enough bloody idiots talkin' straight into me brain to know that feelin', and this ain't it." Kordath crossed his arms and sat in his chair, focusing on the voice instead of doing as it asked. With a start he realized the scene before him, the shifting line and the shouting of someone trying to force their way through had stopped. Everything had stopped. Strong was in mid neck stretch, the big man trapped in a visage of the anticipation of violence.

"O...kay, that's new."

'Well it's either that or let you keep babbling like a god damn idiot to the voices in your head. Guess I put too much of myself into you finally, crap. Extension of the psyche and all that fun stuff.'

"Wot? You sayin' I'm an extension of you? I hear you in me head, mate, that suggests I made you, yeah?"

'No. No you didn't. Shut up. I am not a figment of your imagination, I'm not a side effect of five and a half months of sobriety. No. I made YOU, not the other way round.'

"Oh, yeah? Prove it."

'Seriously? I already STOPPED TIME to have this idiotic conversation instead of just deleting the whole mess and starting over. This'll just keep happening over and over again if we don't sort it out right now.'

"So I'm you? Funny, still feel like me."

'You're not 'me' persay, you're just a character I use as an outlet for all the insanity in my own mind. You're a subsection of my damn brain, a partition, a..uhh, I dunno, a drunken mess on paper.'

Kordath attempted to glare inwardly, which outwardly made him look as if he'd sucked on something extremely bitter. "Mate, sorry ta be tha one ta tell ya, you got problems."

'No way? I thought I was perfectly healthy in a mental sense. Jackass.'

"Didn't know a voice in me head could be sarcastic. Fine, if this is just a story, what's next, eh? Some angry bloke is gonna push his way past security and get laid out by Strong?"

'Honestly? Yeah, that was the plan. This is the first time I've gotten to write up your Fade/bodyguard, figured it'd be fun to let him knock some heads. God knows you're no good for it.'

"Ah-ha! Me and Strong been runnin' together fer a year now, near enough! You're full of it!"

'Really? Had a lot of good times with your bring Chiss buddy? Tell me some? Tell me one.'

Kordath barked a laugh, trying to ignore the still world around him. "Well there was this...this...one...time...huh."

'Can't, can ya? Didn't think so, haven't written anything with him yet. You guys won't remember this anyways, this one isn't canon. Kind of like you, for now, Ryn.'

"Not canon? What ya mean not bloody real? Why won't I remember...I remember lotsa stuff that's happened ta me, ya bastard! I've taken me licks, been chased about, beaten on by women folk and all sorts of stuff!"

'Yeaaaaah you tend to attract a lot of violent women, like I said, you're an extension of me. We like 'em kinda scary, keeps things fresh. And you remember those things because they're canon, as far as I'm concerned, part of your 'story' as it were. At least I don't make any of the stupid fights where people take your tail a part of it.'

"Me tail? What!? No, I don't believe I'm a bloody...bloody fiction," stated the Ryn, slapping one of the books on his table and holding it up. "I'm not a bloody character like Jin or Polly!"

'Uh-huh, you know what I'm done with this. I was going to let Strong knock somebody around, maybe let you take a couple of questionably aged girls back to the hotel with you. Plans changed, you're getting a lesson in who's in charge.'

"Lesson?" muttered the Ryn, blinking rapidly as time took over once more. Stres'tron'garmis stepped in, parting the crowd with amazing gentleness for such a large man before stopping. He stiffened up at a parade stance, shock evident from what little of his face Kordath could see.

'Who the bloody 'ell would Strong stand at attention for? Not a one person from the Clan came with us and oh gods why couldn't I sense her earlier?' thought the author in sudden surprise, with just a touch of fear.

"M'lady!" boomed Strong, stepping aside to allow the white garbed, tan woman through. If Kordath hadn't already felt her presence the blindfold would have been a dead giveaway. The bundle in her arms was new, though, he noted in a detached manner, still coping with her mere appearance.

Kordath worked his jaw a few times, noted no sound coming out, and paused to take a breath. Clearing his throat, he tried again.

"Blinky? The hell are you, I mean it's great ta see ya luv and, what the hell are you even, I don't, I can't."

'Well, that went well.'

"Sod off," growled Bleu, under his breath. "I mean, hello, Atty. What the hell are you doin' on Corellia?"

"No hug? Nothing?" asked the Miraluka. To the Ryn, she sounded less than amused with...everything. Everything was wrong already and he'd only been in the same room as her for thirty seconds.

He jumped to his feet and came around the desk, moving closer his Consul. She stood stiffly, still holding the bundle of cloth close to her chest. "Pardon me, luv, but ya don't look like yer interested in gettin' a hug. Ya look like ya want ta rip me bloody tail off. What'd I do, I've been gone a bleedin' year, I know we've been sendin' back some of the book proceeds. Likeness rights and all that."

"Yes, yes you have. Consistently. Very good, Bleu. That's not why I'm here," she stated, bluntly, holding the bundle up.

"What...is...that?"

"What does it look like?"

Kordath leaned forward to peer inside the bundle, and was greeted with a pair of deep, purple eyes and a coat of white hair. Something flickering about the small creature's legs looked a lot like a tail.

"You got a pet?" he asked in a confused tone, "ya missed me this much, ya coulda just comm'd me, told me ta come back home."

To Bleu it felt as if the temperature in the the book store had just dropped to below freezing.

'Ah, right, forgot to do that little bit of an edit, we'll wing it.'

'Wing what?' the Ryn began to ask the voice in his head before a pain in his mind nearly dropped him to his knees.

Unbidden a rush of images and sensations poured through him. Snatches of conversation, apologies, laughter, discussion and sounds far more passionate. Images of twisted sheets and tanned flesh lit by moonlight filtered through blinds. The taste of wine, fine food and something far sweeter, a lingering sensation in the back of his head. A morning of quiet contemplation and sense of peace, though not without tinges of questioning and worry.

"Oh kark," mumbled Kordath from the floor. A large, blue skinned hand grabbed him by the collar and lifted him up.

"Master Bleu! Are you alright?"

"M'fine, Strong, put me down. Get those folks back, eh? Need ta...need ta talk to her Shadowness for a minute."

"Of course! EVERYONE BACK!" The crowd grumbled as Strong planted himself between the two Arconan's and the onlookers, slowly pushing them back with his mere presence.

"Well?" came the icy question.

"Is it, I mean, they, are, uhhh."

"She."

Kordath grabbed Atty by the shoulders and turned her around, pushing her further into the store. He had to get away from the crowd, he couldn't think, he couldn't focus. He had to buy himself time while he processed.

Coming to a spot further from all the noise he stopped, she turned so quickly that he thought he was going to get hit. For a long moment he felt he deserved what was coming.

"Is she, uhh, healthy? I mean, she looks...I mean, how the hells did this even happen? It shouldn't even be possible!"

Atyiru showed the first crack of a smile as Bleu babbled on, pleased at least that his first question was over the child's health. "The Force finds a way, apparently. Trust me, I was quite surprised myself."

"How," whispered the Ryn, staring into the face of the child. Those purple eyes seemed larger every time he looked into them, drawing him in. "Well she's got yer nose, luv, thank the Force for that one."

"I have been told, yes. She has a strong aura, quite bright as well. Who knew one night of you trying to make up for being a drunken idiot would bring this about, hmm?"

"She's bloody beautiful," he heard himself say, breathlessly. A chill ran through him as the infant grasped one of his fingers in her tiny, white haired ones.

'This isn't bloody real, is it?'

'No, it's not. Alternate Universe, non-canon, however you want to look at it. You won't remember this, it won't carry over.'

'You utter bastard. You complete and utter bastard.'

'Lesson learned, then? Tell you what, you agree to at least pretend not to hear me in your head when it pops up, I'll at least make this a dream. You won't remember too many details, of course, but maybe it's something for you to work towards as a character, hmm?'

'What, a roll with Blinky to make a daughter? Doubt she'd agree, you had to bloody make it up on the spot, I know story progression, damn't, I'm an author.' The Ryn trembled as the woman handed over the girl, allowing him to cradle the child in his arms. *'I'm not sure I want to remember this. This hurts, this hurts knowing it ain't real, mate.'*

'Like I said, something to work towards. Who knows, maybe I'll write you up a proper mate at some point, a half Ryn, half Miraluka would get the double heretic treatment anyways.'

'The hell does that even mean?' Kordath bounced the child in his arms, listening to the burbles of entertainment from his daughter. He felt a light touch on his shoulder as Atyiru leaned against him, watching the girl's aura through the Force.

'You know what? Even I feel like a bastard for even doing this, writing this...whatever. You'll get that dream, but I'll, I dunno. I'll leave this one open for a while, let you enjoy yourself at least a little, god knows I beat on you enough for you to deserve something.'

Kordath felt tears running down his cheeks as the voice in his head went silent. He chose to forget, for now, that which he shouldn't have ever heard, and instead spend what time he had been allotted with the little girl in his arms.

He was certain, he'd never felt the need to cry from both sadness and joy at once.