

## **Just What I've Always Wanted**

SAV Kordath Bleu d'Tana, #13593

It was cold in Estle City. To Kordath it seemed like it'd been cold for a year, even if the region's winter cycle had only just begun. Regretting that his taking on a job on one of the Clan's starships had meant relinquishing his own quarters in the Arconan Citadel, the Ryn scurried through falling snow towards his apartment building. Packed ice and snow crunched under his boots as he walked with speed, getting annoying glances from other pedestrians for making such quick headway. It wasn't his fault their parents hadn't loved them enough to make sure they grew up with a tail which acted as an amazing counter balance on the slick sidewalks.

His duties had driven him planetside once more, something Kordath was incredibly grateful for. While maintaining a position aboard the AVG *Nighthawk* should his skills be needed, the task of keeping up on the training of Journeymen had brought him back to solid ground. Now he just had to figure out how to get somebody living in the Citadel kicked out again; Terran, the Aedile of Qel-Droma, had allowed his two bodyguards to move into his old place. Kordath didn't mind that, but he wasn't about to kick a female Wookiee and a blood thirsty little Ewok out, he doubted that even with the Force as his ally that he'd survive the attempt. That and the smell would never come out of the quarters.

So instead the hairy Arconan stomped his way up the stairs to his third floor walk up, grumbling to himself about being soaked and generally decrying the weather gods. Fumbling for keys with numb hands he finally got his door open, feeling a gust of warm air hit him in the face. With a sigh he shook off his coat, hanging it up behind the door and stomping his boots a few times in the entryway to try and get the ice off of them. Leaving his boots there he moved to the kitchen and started a kettle, digging through the cupboard for tea as he tried to ignore the fatigue of the day. Hunched over a desk all day dealing with datapads and the occasional yelling bout at a lazy Journeyman, compounded with the mile or so long walk through the ice and snow had worn the Ryn right out.

With a grunt he settled into his arm chair, placing his tea to one side and stretched his legs, settling his feet on a worn footstool. Eyes closed he breathed out, waiting as his tea steeped and tried to let go the stress of his day. His tranquility was destroyed by someone knocking rapidly on his door, whoever it was didn't feel like stopping either. With a sigh he got back to his feet, his back and shoulders protesting as he moved to the door.

"Yeah, yeah, I hear ya, gimme a bloody minute, eh?" he shouted. Pulling the door open he stared into the smiling, tanned face of his boss. "Oh, oh no, what'd I do now?"

"Bleu!" shouted the Miraluka, before jumping through the doorway and giving him an enthusiastic hug.

"Atty, what'd I do? What'd I forget ta do?"

“Oh don’t be silly, I don’t only come around when you mess up!” The Consul of Arcona skipped through his kitchen, causing Kordath to shake his head and nearly get knocked over by a service droid that followed her in. “It’s that time of the year again!”

“Wait, what? What time of the year? Oh, oh no, not the gifts, you said I didn’t have ta get ya nothin’ this year, don’t be doin’ this ta me, luv!”

“I have everything I could want, Bleuboy, but you know I like seeing my friends happy,” she stated sweetly, clearing things from his kitchen counter to allow the droid to place a box there.

Kordath bit his tongue to keep from making a crack about the girl with no eyes ‘seeing’ anything, and received a small smile from the woman.

*Stay out of me bloody head, Atts, you know better.*

*Please, dear, you’re too tired to dredge up anything that bad.*

The two stared at one another, Kordath trying to decide if he should test that or not before throwing his hands up in defeat. “Fine!”

“Great! Now, open it up,” she said to the Ryn, a grin on her face as she shooed the droid out.

With caution the Rollmaster approached the box, a wooden case with a latch on it, much like an old travel chest. Lifting the latch made the lid pop up on its own, the hinges spring loaded apparently. This also caused Kordath to duck down in surprise, glaring at his friend as she nearly doubled over laughing. Slowly he stood, peeking through the two inch opening, shock filling his face. Gently he reached out and lifted the lid, looking down at the array of a dozen wax sealed bottles.

“Atts...is...is this...”

“Yup, some of the best whiskey I’ve ever found. It was a gift to the Clan from somebody or another, but you’ve been working so hard. Also I haven’t been able to figure out who to kick out of the Citadel yet, so this should make your place feel more like home, right?”

“Uh-huh” he said, staring, running a hand over the bottles. “So I was thinkin’” he began to say.

“No. We’ve been over that before, we’re not getting married and making terrifying little furry, blind children with tails.”

“Yeah, sorry, moment struck me is all.”

“I know. Happy Holidays, Bleu.”

“Yeah, Happy whatever's, glasses are in the cabinet.”