

Ol'val

Kordath Bleu released a breath he'd been holding for longer than he thought possible as the shuttle entered the Kas Tunnel structure. The Ryn knew he was still technically in space, still in a craft that just needed to have a minor malfunction for he and everyone else aboard to be sucked out into the void. But he was also in Ol'val, and the tunnel surrounding him gave some sense of comfort. Bleu had moved out to the asteroid some months back after the debacle with the Perdition forces and his involuntary betrayal of Arcona, but at some point it had started to feel...right. Like a home, somehow. The similarities to Nar Shaddaa probably helped, though he felt his face start to tug into an idiot's smile as he considered another reason.

His frequent, if oddly timed, trips from Ol'val to Selen by shuttle was starting to have some kind of effect on his space phobia, he felt. Instead of the urge to throw up his breakfast as the craft settled on a platform he felt almost...giddy. Stepping off the shuttle he took in the sight of the aptly named Docks, Kas Tunnel widening as it reached the interior of the asteroid. Ships of various size were loading and unloading, a diverse array of workers and droids moving parcel and package. Prefabricated warehouses lined the rock wall that made up the back of the area. He tightened his grip around the item he held against his side, tucked under his arm as he took in all of the people.

Shaking his legs to work out the kinks from several hours of flight, Kordath took a deep breath and headed inwards toward the station proper. His first month on Ol'val had involved mentally mapping it out as best he could, though the Ducts still held mysteries. They likely always would as enterprising traders and merchants hewed their own little private hideaways to stash cargo, illicit or otherwise. As it was, maps needed direction, and although he had no idea how he'd settled on it he'd decided Kas Tunnel was the 'east' end of the asteroid shadowport. So he headed west, into the confusing array of shaped tunnels that made up the Ducts. From passage to passage he went, passing small shops, domiciles and cantinas of questionable repute.

Spacers and vagabonds squeezed past one another in this place, mercenaries and smugglers. This just made the Ryn keep an even more aware hold on his own parcel as he weaved through the pedestrian traffic with his natural nimbleness. He had better places to be. That thought caused the grin to start returning before he squashed it with self control. Looking too happy or pleased with oneself in the Ducts was a proper good way to get yourself mugged. Finally the cramped tunnels opened up to wider areas, though the ceilings were still lower than you'd find in buildings on a planet's surface. Space was at a premium in the Port after all, one could only expand in a direction so far before they hit vacuum.

His mental map shifted over to something more complex than the Ducts as he headed towards the nearby ramp and ascending. Jerem Plaza was a maze for newcomers, multiple levels piled atop one another with seemingly random stairs, ramps, and lifts to take a body up and down the

area. After a while Kordath had figured out some method to the madness and settled on routes that let him get where he needed. His own apartment was in one of the middle decks, a decent studio that put him in proximity of the office he used for his cover identity as a private investigator. Others from Shadow Gate and Qel Droma had residences or business nearby, Rogon's tavern Ruby's Perch for one. Thanatophilia was in one of the lower decks, unsurprisingly. Near the west end, bordering the newer Entertainment district was Bolera's tea house, though for the life of him Kordath could never recall the name of it.

Passing shops and restaurants the Ryn moved up a few levels, passing near some of the apartments that were built into the sides of the asteroid. The entire district was a marvel to him, as space station interiors went it was one of the more clever ones the former vagabond had seen. Salvaged or repurposed bulkheads and pressure systems were built into the ramps and passages that linked the levels of the district. If the air pressure in an area dropped in a dramatic and horrifying manner the passage would slam itself shut, sealing off the district that was venting atmosphere and keeping everyone else alive. Not a bad system to have on a self contained city in space.

His steps took him past the Perch despite internal autopilot trying to take him through the doors. Instead the lights of the casinos and other 'entertainment' establishments filled his vision as he continued on. Kord wasn't a big fan of this area, the potential for problems here abounded to him. Whether it was some strongarm trying to mug a casino goer or some idiot accepting a line of credit from a Hutt, losing everything and then some, before turning to dangerous measures to cover the debt nothing good came from the casinos. He also never won any of the bloody games, so he was pretty sure they were rigged.

Walking on he left the Entertainment district and Jerem Plaza, with their salvage and prefab built businesses and homes, behind to star down a steep shaft of roughly carved rock. The Minefields were like a less civilized mirror of the Ducts to the Ryn, random passages running off from the main one that descended deep into the asteroid. In another decade this area would be absorbed into the Plaza more than likely as the precious ores and minerals were mined out and hollow husks of tunnels and caverns were left behind. The lighting of the mines was decent, glowglobes attached to the walls every few meters to keep the workers from harming themselves, and Kordath followed these and marking scratched into the walls as he traveled. The occasion graffiti adorned a rock would cause him to turn or doubleback as he read the codes left behind by the gangs or homeless communities that resided in the mines themselves.

Finally he found the side tunnel he'd come down here for, peeking his head through the opening at the end. Roughly dressed people of every gender and many species milled about, all sharing a common patch of a crimson doglike creature on some piece of clothing. A shock of white hair was easy enough to pick out from the crowd, and a tiny telepathic prod caused the head sporting it to slowly turn towards the entrance. The owner of said head saw a flicker of the Ryn's tail and got herself away from her fellows with some excuse he couldn't hear. Kordath moved back the passage a way and lounged against the wall, waiting.

“Kord,” she hissed as she walked up in her ganger attire, something Bleu couldn’t help but appreciate. “I thought you were on Selen for another day, why didn’t you comm. Could have met you in the Plaza for lunch instead of you coming all the way down here.”

“Blinky cut me loose a wee bit early. Thought I’d surprise ya, eh?” he spoke with a cheeky grin, leaning towards the Half-Ryn.

She pushed him back against the tunnel wall which drew an even bigger grin from the man, this made her roll her amber eyes. “Are you trying to get my cover blown?”

“What? Yer mate Diy knows ya talk ta me from time ta time, why not let her think you’ve got a bit o’ fun when yer not down here, eh?”

“We can see each other later, okay? I am happy to see you but this is dangerous!”

“Right, right, just uhh, had ta deliver somethin’ ta ya. Blinky said she bought it for ya, somethin’ about ya ‘havin’ a bit o’ fun on Ol’val from time ta time’ or somesuch,” he stated, looking slightly crestfallen as he offered up the parcel.

Zujenia took the box and popped it open. Those golden eyes widened and her cheeks flushed bright enough that Kord worried somebody inside the cavern would see the glow. The woman shut the box hurriedly and glared at him.

“What did I do now, luv?”

“What did you tell my Master that she bought me something like *this*?” she hissed.

“I did nae tell her a thing, ya said ya want ta keep this quiet yet. Gave ya my word, maybe yer roommate let it slip. What’s in tha box?” he asked, craning his neck to try and see an opening.

Zuj clutched the box to her chest and continued to blush, right up to her ears.

“Maybe later,” she whispered before turning and running back into the cavern, leaving a confused Kordath behind. He shrugged and tapped out a cigarette from his pack, lit it, and began the walk home.

Home, funny that Ol’val felt like one these days.