

He woke to light streaming through the slightly parted curtains and silence, just the sound of bodies breathing and the quiet burble from the crib. This was confusing enough to Bleu, who despite having just awoken from the best sleep he'd had in a week, looked incredibly haggard. The infant sleeping nearby was responsible for much of that. Neither he nor...his eyes traveled over the sheets to the sleeping form of his hybrid fiancée, her amber eyes closed and white hair splayed across the pillows like fresh snow. Well, neither of them had gotten much sleep in recent days with the inclusion of Shay'Ira, Kordath's surprise that had come back to visit him.

What the half Zeltron child meant to his life wasn't altogether clear yet, though ever since he'd looked into the golden gaze of the tiny, red skinned and tailed girl, he knew she was his. Another glance at the woman lying beside him brought a smile to the exhausted Ryn's face. She'd had every right to leave when the kid popped up, many a woman would have. Instead, she'd practically pulled little Shay out of his arms and helped as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Kord couldn't help but look down at her sleeping face, eyes tracing the curve of her jaw, the chitin tipped nose that showed her mixed heritage, and feel as if he didn't deserve her.

After the past year of trials, from being brainwashed into turning against the Clan; which had more or less lead to Shay; to the betrayals of trust from his closest friends...Zujenia was the one bloody thing that had made sense. His win for the year, he thought with a smile as he decided not to break the improbable quiet of his small apartment by getting out of bed. Instead, he quietly enfolded the sleeping woman in his arms, burying his face in her hair as he felt her shift and press against his warmth, nose nuzzling into the hollow of his neck.

He didn't deserve her, he certainly hadn't expected her or Shay'Ira to come into his life. But he'd be damned if he ever let either one of them go.