

Word Count: 529 Words

Apt. 73, 86 Nightingale Lane

Pride Of Corellia, Port Ol'val, Dajorra System

Late Winter 34 ABY; 2328, Local Time

The Onderonian took a breath as he popped a piece of candy into his mouth, the tart treat immediately causing his mouth to fill with saliva. Artemis was curled against his side, head resting against his shoulder as she slumbered with her feet tucked beneath her legs. Without realizing what he was doing, Celevon gently pushed her dark hair out of her eyes and tucked it behind her ear.

His daughter had fallen asleep almost an hour prior, halfway through the holo vid comedy they had chosen for this particular night. Every year on this particular evening, Artemis wanted to stay up late and watch holovids until the new year struck. As happened every year, the preteen fell asleep despite her best efforts to remain awake.

The difference this year was the presence of the Gate Wardeness of Shadow Gate, as he and Zujenia shared the rent and bills for the apartment. Celevon's two Fades, Jade and Trix, were out celebrating the new year.

The half-Ryn sat on an adjacent couch, a mug of tea clasped between her hands as her dark amber gaze remained focused on the holo vid. Her long, thick mane of hair had been coiled into a long braid shortly following her shower earlier in the evening - Artemis had been the one to carry out the braiding.

Neither of them spoke until the film itself ended, occasionally snickering as the child human star of the film outsmarted the two crooks with a variety of improvised traps. The taller of the two crooks having a nail driven through his foot had caused both of them to wince in sympathy.

"Are you going to let her sleep on the couch or bring her into her room?" Zujenia asked quietly, eyes flitting down to the preteen.

Celevon glanced down, pondering the thought for a few moments. "I'll probably just let her sleep here. If I move her too much, she'll probably wake up. Would you mind grabbing the spare pillow and blanket?"

In response, the Gate Wardeness put down her tea and went to retrieve the requested items. It wasn't until she returned that the Ondeornian started to rise, placing the pillow down before he gently lowered his daughter's head to it. While he did that, Zujenia covered Artemis with the blanket.

“Well, I'm off to bed. Are you making breakfast or will I be doing it?”

“Whichever of us wakes up first, I guess,” Ceevon shrugged.

“The usual deal?”

“Mhm. Whoever cooks, the other person does the dishes. Do we know if Bleu will be joining us?”

“No idea,” Zujenia frowned as she emptied her mug and rinsed it out. “He's been very busy with his new position. I'll see you in the morning.”

“Goodnight,” Ceevon replied as she left the room. Once he washed out the dishes they had used, he returned to the couch where Artemis slept on. A glance at the clock revealed that it was past midnight.

He made sure she was tucked in, kissed her forehead and whispered: “Welcome to a New Year, little Monster.”

~(END)~

(Yes, I have them watching Home Alone in this fiction)