

It was quiet within the small apartment deep within the Port Ol'val. Well, relatively peaceful and serene with a gentle cooing doing little to distract from it. Soft blubbering sounds that can only belong to an infant bubbled from the slowly circling duo in the middle of what little space the flat had. Streaks of gold flashed in the white hair of the woman and child as they turned under the overhead lights. Zujenia couldn't contain the warm smile that spread from cheek to cheek as Shaylra palmed the metal band which gathered the end of her ponytail. Amber eyes almost akin to her own lit up with fascination and curiosity, little blue tail wagging.

Zujenia had volunteered to watch the Ryntron while Kord was out working for his private investigation business. A yawn escaped her, reminder of the lack of sleep she's had recently due to trying to keep up with her duties and aiding her lover in caring for his daughter. A small tug on her hair brought her attention back to the youth propped in her arms. She halted their little waltz, walking over to settle on the sofa. Tan fingers worked the silver band from its hold and gave it to Shaylra, her hair un-twisting into a wild waterfall free from its bound.

"You like my band, Shay? It's part of a set, it is. Your Auntie Xira has the other. Oh, she would find you...um, well, lovely of course." Zujenia spoke softly in that elevated pitch one usually takes upon when around an infant. "My father gave them to us as a present when we were young, fourteen or so. Hasn't been a day since that I haven't worn it."

Shaylra tapped the metal piece against her other palm. The action highlighted the intricate weaving loops that decorated its sides. The lines rose above a smoky background where small specks of purple sparkled from. Glitter really, trapped within the porous surface of the darker indents — an addition acquired from K'tana before she left.

Slowly, Zujenia slipped into her thoughts, her gaze zoning out on the opposite side of the room. Skips and pieces of elaborate dresses, laughter, and the warming love of a sister filtered through her mind. Her father interrupting their preparations for a gala with two boxes tied with frilly ribbons, his smile when he took in their bright eyes.

Her tan tail flicked against the sofa, reminding her that life was different now. She didn't take to the pampered life, no matter how shiny and tempting it was. But that was not the issue that agitated her being, the fact her sister doesn't know that she is alive and well. Zujenia's gut tightened as realization of the fretful state the Echani must be in. Xira wasn't one to give in when all hope was lost, not with her at least. She would keep searching until Zujenia's body was before her, living or dead. Guilt weighed heavy in the half-Ryn, regretting not slipping her sister a note before sneaking away from home, a tear running its course down her cheek.

Shaylra must of sense her upset, fussing in her arms. Zujenia blinked, shifting the infant to better rock the child. A sweet aroma filled her nose and caressed down the troubled thoughts for another day.