

The Citadel, Estle City

Selen

Earlyish

Earlier than Kord would like, okay?

The massive, stone doors of the Throne Room were open when Kordath arrived, the heat from the fire lit chamber wafting out into the hall. He was unsure what he'd been summoned for, only having received an urgent recall from Port Ol'val due to 'an unexpected delivery to your Citadel office,' the missive had come from the Shadow Lady herself so it wasn't like he could ask too many questions. He'd have been halfway to Selen by the time somebody translated his version of Basic and asked her aloud, anyway. So it was with some surprise when he entered the chamber and found it mostly empty, no guards, no bureaucrats, just....huh.

Atty he'd expected, sitting upon her throne, Zuj leaning over the side and looking at something the Consul held was a bit of a surprise. He'd known she'd been summoned a few days prior for some reason or another, but he had expected to have to track her down when he was done here. This would save some time, and he already had some ideas about them appropriating a speeder and going off to see some actual nature or something, the pair of them had been cooped up on Ol'val too much lately. Maybe a picnic?

"Uhh," he began, in his characteristically eloquent manner. Both heads swiveled towards him, a set of amber eyes and a blindfold somehow managing to mirror the same look of 'Oh. It's you.'

"Hi?" He approached the dais and throne with trepidation, something about this didn't feel right. His senses were screaming that he was missing something, like someone else was in the room, but he hadn't spotted them yet. "What, uhh, what's goin' on, ladies? Heard I had a delivery, heh."

"Indeed," spoke the Consul her tone oddly neutral. Usually, he'd have expected some kind of emotion, something. Not...this. "A servant delivered it, though she can't recall where she got it from. Last she can remember is red skin, golden eyes and a voice telling her to take the...item...to your office. Luckily someone noticed the state she was in before she could make it there."

"Somethin' dangerous then?" he asked, still uncertain of what was going on.

"I'd say so!" spoke the Miraluka, a grin finally cracking through as she moved the cloth covered bundle in her arms around. Some kind of...bubbling sound could be heard from it. "Nobody goes in there. Ever. The maids say it smells like stale alcohol and desperation, nothing they do gets the scent out. So nobody would have found her in there."

“Her?” Kord’s eyes tracked from whatever was going on to the throne to Zuj, who was staring at him with arms crossed. She didn’t look...mad, just as if she was waiting for something. Something concerning him. “What...her?”

The Consul grinned as she lifted the bundle and turned it to...face, him. Fine white eyebrows and golden eyes peered out from the blanket, a shock of white hair sticking out above that. A chitin nose was set beneath. Red skin covered the child’s face, and Kordath felt dizzy.

“Wot...WOT?”

“The note said her name is...Shay’Ira,” stated Zujenia, holding a slip of paper. Amber eyes bored into him, “She filled me in on some of it, some of it makes sense from what you told me about when you were a prisoner.”

“We don’t know how, yet, Tril’sha managed to have a child with you in the short time she had you, but the child feels like you, Bleu. It’s been long enough for a surrogate or something else,” stated Atyiru.

Kord swallowed a lump in his throat as he reached out with his own senses and felt himself mentally recoil. There was a connection between him and the infant, but he could feel the oily presence of Trilsha on the child’s being as well. He realized he was shaking.

“Is, uh,” he saw took in the sight before him. Two, or three now he realized as things settled in his mind, of the most important women in his life, were staring at him, likely wondering what his question would be. “Is she, uh, healthy? I did nae think...a Ryn and a Zeltron, I mean...uhh..”

He barely caught it, the loosening of the shoulders in both women as he asked. “Likely the Force was involved in some way, some adjustments made by that woman. This is new ground for me, Kord, I can’t tell you much outside of her seeming to be okay.”

The Consul stood, holding the child before her as she stepped down from the throne. Kordath stood, dumbfounded still as the baby was put into his arms. He looked from the kid’s red face to Zujenia, “Well, uhh, this is gonna raise questions. Damn near got yer eyes, luv,” he said in an attempt to laugh.

“I’ll leave you two to it for now,” spoke the Shadow Lady, wafting pass them with little head pats and cooing at the baby before leaving the chamber.

Silence filled the room, except for the little noises made by the infant when the Ryn grew too still. Hastily he began to jostle the baby about crudely, realizing he had no idea what he was doing. Zujenia placed her hands on his arm and sighed before taking Shay’Ira from him.

“You don’t have a clue, do you?”

“Can nae say this was one of tha skills I picked up over tha years, Zuj.” He took in the sight of her cradling the baby and felt a coldness come over him. “I...I’ll understand if ya nae want anythin’ ta do—” She cut him off with a silent glare.

“Give us sometime ta adjust, eh? I’ll nae bring it up again, just...won’t blame ya none if it turns that way,” he quietly spoke. With a mutter, he said “So much for the picnic idea.”

“You really think I’m going to leave you alone with this little girl and go back to Ol’val? We can figure this out.”

Bleu didn’t know what to think or feel; the whole world had just bloody turned itself over on him again. He was afraid he’d end up clinging to the woman in front of him and drag her down with him. Still, there was a strange sense of calm as he looked at the baby. Maybe this was the last gasp of his old troubles centered around that manipulative Zeltron and her Chistori boss, maybe things would settle down now. He ran a shaking hand through his disheveled hair and sighed.

“I’ll go hit up tha kitchens and see what they can get together for an outing, I guess. And tha motor pool. Or somethin’. See where this goes, okay?”

She gave him a tight smile as she swayed back and forth with the child in her arms. Kordath swallowed again and tried to not shake even more. Helluva day.