

The Citadel
Selen

He woke to the usual alarm, his one-year-old, or as near to that as he could tell considering the circumstances of her birth, crying. It was routine, his eyes barely open as he rolled from his bed and half walked, half stumbled to the crib. Cracking an eye open to make sure he picked her with her head up, he gathered her up in his arms and lightly bounced her.

"Mornin', Shay me luv," he spoke, jaw creaking as he yawned. "Let's see what tha day shows us, eh?"

The little girl's fussing slowly abated as he wandered into the living room of his quarters. It was taking some getting used to, for both of them, the new accommodations. The view tripped him up, every day. Being Scion had certain perks, he'd be the first to admit, and the view from near the top of the Citadel was helping his issues with flying. He turned from the windows to head for the kitchen, again his eyes drooping back towards sleep. If he avoided the caf and fed Shay, maybe soothing her back to sleep or handing her off to the Bleu Ball, the caretaker droid. Then, maybe, if he was lucky he could go back to sleep.

So it was with some alarm that his foot caught on something that shouldn't have been in his common area, tripping the Ryn up. He landed on his back, twisting as he fell with almost unnatural agility, holding his daughter up in the air as the wind was knocked from him. Her giggles suggested she thought the whole situation was hilarious.

"Ow."

"Oh no, Kord I'm so sorry," came a voice he knew very well, causing his eyes to open all the way.

"Zuj? When'dya get in?" he asked, slowly sitting up as the white-haired hybrid entered his view. She scooped up Shay'Ira and whispered in the little girl's ear, getting more laughter from the toddler. She settled onto a stool, somehow juggling the child and a small bowl of soft food. She got the first spoonful into their daughter's mouth before she looked up to speak, only to find Kord having raised to his knees. She smiled as he leaned in, his hand reaching out to touch the side of her face before kissing her lightly on the lips. "Did nae know ya was comin' ta Selen."

"Well...all the commotion last year that came up, this is Shay's first Life Day. I thought I'd come and see my two favorite tails." She smiled at him, her amber eyes laughing.

He froze, looking around the room. "Uh, oh, uhh...so it is."

"You forgot all about it, didn't you?"

"I, well, uhh," he sputtered, hand scratching at the back of his unkempt head of hair.

"You've been busy," she said, looking down at Shay and making speeder noises as she moved the spoon around. "I should have reminded you."

"I shoulda remembered," he muttered, before his tail flicked behind him and his head turned towards the kitchen.

"There's fresh caf."

"I love you."

"You better."

He gave her another quick kiss before rising to stumble towards the kitchen. When he returned, a pair of steaming mugs in hand, he noticed a few boxes next to where Zujenia was sitting. Probably what he'd tripped over.

"A few gifts from people, I thought we'd open them together." She nodded to the coffee table, prompting him to put down the cafs and take Shay from her. He bounced her and held her up, making a face at the freshly fed little girl. She giggled and reached out, poking one of the holes in his nose, changing the tone of his exhalations to a whistle that made her laugh even more.

He heard the sink run as Zuj rinsed out the bowl before returning, settling on the floor next to the gifts. He shifted down as well, setting Shay down so she could inspect the boxes. The little one tugged at a ribbon, fascinated by the material and the way it curled, while her parents pulled open one of the presents.

"A...jumper? For Shay?"

"Well, I sure hope it isn't for me."

"Ya know I'm a fan and all when ya get a bit, eh, adventurous, but I think this may be a bit, uhh..."

"Small, Kord, small. Because it's for an infant."

"Just didn't want ya thinkin' I meant, ya know I'm a big fan o'--"

"Shut up and open the next one," she rolled her eyes.

The next held a few holos that they thought might have been of Shay, if not for the big, fuzzy thumb that obscured much of the shots. "Heh, tell yer lad Kelviin he's got a talent, luv."

"Be nice," she said with overstated patience. "We got one more, I think, well I'm pretty sure..."

"What, tha purple and gold one with all tha ribbons? Tali, is gotta be from Tali."

They let Shay delight in pulling apart the wrapping, the little Ryntron rolling herself up in paper and ribbons. They found individually wrapped and labeled with names on papers inside of the box. Within the papers were knitted lengths, bringing a snort of amusement from Kord, and a look of consideration from Zuji.

"She made us bleedin' tail warmers, course she did."

"I mean...your tail has a thicker coat than mine, or Shays, this could be useful."

"Oh, aye, I just think its funny, not doubtin' or demeanin', luv," stated the Ryn, still chuckling to himself. "Oi, somethin' else in here."

He reached in, pulling a thicker bundle out, and unwrapped it. From the corner of his eye, he saw his bride-to-be grow still. "What's wrong, Zuji?"

"That little...confidentiality...oh my gobs, I'm gonna have words with her," she hissed, fists balled so tight her knuckles grew white.

"Eh?" he asked, the bundle coming apart in his hand. He looked down to find a trio of smaller tail warmers and felt himself grow cold. "Okay, words with who?"

"Tali," she mumbled, a hand settling on her lower stomach. Kord licked his lips and stared. "Was supposed to be a secret."

"Oh," he croaked out, his voice breaking. "Oh."