

Selen
The Citadel

Five blasted minutes alone, please, please make it stop, thought the Ryn as the redheaded Director of Intelligence droned on, swiping at her datapad to change the display. Numbers detailed losses, gains, and whatever the hell else the head of the DIA felt was relevant to whatever this damned meeting was about.

Oh gods, what is it about? Wait, didn't I quit? Or wasn't I gonna quit? Oh kark, they're all lookin' at me, say somethin', Bleu, say— “So tha red numbers are bad, yeah?” *Smooth, idiot, smooth.*

Kordath jumped in his seat at the prodding of a cold nose at his hand, finding himself asleep in the chair of his office. He'd been packing what little he claimed of the room, he recalled, and realized he must have nodded off. Ivoshar managed to shove most of his head under his hand, prompting a gentle scratch from the Ryn. He winced as he moved, feeling the tightness of his still bandaged and bound chest. Injury and stress were wearing him down, even the declaration that he was abandoning the Consul duties was doing little to lift the burden.

A few boxes had been piled onto a small hoversled in front of the desk, he realized, and he looked around to see a Skitters unit crouched on his soon to be disowned desk near the right corner closest to the Ryn. It was glaring menacingly with its single red eye at a frightened-looking girl who held several of his effects in hand; she must have been cleaning his desk while he was sleeping.

“Whosa whatsit, wot?” he managed, straightening in his chair with a groan.

“I'm sorry, Shadow Lord—”

“Do nae call me that,” he growled, groping for the nearby cane. He'd seen the amusement in Tameike's eyes the moment he'd shown up, clacking along with the damned thing. “You helpin' or lootin', uhh....” he stared at the dark-haired woman and drew a blank.

“Violet, Sir,” she squeaked, barely audible. “I was your representative to the meeting at Lyra, remember?”

He stared for long, silent moments before shrugging.

“Sorry, lass, do nae know who tha hell ya are, but thanks for tha help. Do nae mind POR-C1, he's just doin' his best ta protect tha important stuff.”

The young woman seemed genuinely put out by the flippant way her superior— ex-superior — dismissed her identity. She craned her neck, ever the curious one, when he opened the drawer below the droid, his thumb lingering over a spot on its surface.

“Oh, a biometric lock? That would explain why I couldn’t open it.”

“Aye, I, uh, stow these when I’m nae in here, not sure why,” spoke Kordath, looking uncharacteristically sheepish. The drawer slid open to reveal several actual photographs, rather than the much more common holo displays. He grinned as he pulled them out, seeming to forget the girl talking to him.

And this is why we’re quittin’, it is, he thought with a genuine, tired smile, as he took in the sight of his little hybrid daughter being held by Zujenia. He shuffled to the next and took in the bright smile of Liri, and made a mental note to make sure she was invited to the wedding, along with her foster folks. The next made his ears turn red and caused Violet to try and peek, causing him to clear his throat and shove the handful of photos into his shirt pocket.

“Right, lass, thanks for helpin’ load things up, but I’ll uh, take it from here,” he said, groaning halfway through as he pushed out of the chair with his cane. The sled let out an indignant chirp when POR-C1 leaped onto its control panel and forcibly interfaced with it, sending a few sparks and the smell of burnt ozone. The sled turned to follow, the Skitters unit letting out a happy warble. Ivo sat on his haunches, head turned sideways and let out a brief whine, almost stopping Kordath in his tracks.

Surely they’ll keep feedin’ him and such. That’s droid work, do nae think Sunny or Creepy-Chiss will change that up. Can nae take him home, would just confuse tha poor girl. ‘Sides, if Blinky comes back, she’ll want her pup, and it’s mean ta move a blind girl’s things about while she’s gone.

The Ryn stepped into the office’s turbolift, letting the sled on and gave a little wave to the Cythraul, before palming the button to close the door. He blinked when he saw a confused, half-wave from the dark-haired girl and tried again to remember who the hells she was. The lift descended quickly, but even as the numbers dropped he found himself leaning against the wall, eyelids drooping. A well-timed chirp from the Skitters shook him out of it moments before the door opened, and he hobbled out down the corridor towards his quarters.

The door opened quietly for him, and he gestured towards an empty corner of the family room for POR-C1 to park its new mount. A gentle ‘clack’ could be heard as he walked, his usually silent footsteps ruined utterly by the cane as he limped through the apartment. No Shay, no Iarna came out to sweep his legs out from under him, and he wondered if that meant they were playing outside, maybe in the courtyard or...

Ah. Vai. Probably spendin’ time with her granddaughter. Step-granddaughter? Bugger it, family.

An open door at the end of the hall and a low light coming from it, suggested someone was home. Not that he hadn’t sensed her the moment he got to his floor of the Citadel. Still, it was

nice to come back to where he slept and find it...alive. He smiled as he leaned against the doorframe, taking in the sight of Zujenia lying on her front upon the bed, feet kicking up idly as she absorbed whatever was on the datapad before her.

"Hey, Kord, you done cleaning up?" she asked, tapping at something and sighing. He suspected she was clearing the last of her Rollmaster duties as well.

"Aye, can barely keep me eyes open though, just...worn out," he said with a sigh, hobbling towards the bed.

"Well then lie down, you know what mom said, get plenty of rest."

"Aye...mom," he murmured, leaning on his cane as he stood by the bed, drinking in his future wife's curvy form. She turned to look up at him and rolled her eyes.

"You can barely stand, don't try and give me that look, lie down!"

"Yes, ma'am," he snapped, letting the cane fall to the floor and falling into the bed, prompting a yelp of concern and annoyance mixed together from the hybrid. It turned to a laugh as he got himself comfortable, first reaching up to brush hair away to kiss her on the cheek, before he moved further down.

Zujenia let out another laugh as she felt his weight shift, "Seriously! Kord! You need rest, and my mother will kill me if you reopen your wounds because you felt...Kord?"

She turned to look over her shoulder when she felt him stop moving, hands or otherwise, and stifled another laugh at the sight of his face resting gently against her bottom, a peaceful snore whistling out of his nose. She reached back and ruffled his hair lightly, shook her head, and went back to her reports.