

Yep, it's just a party

It was dark and sharp, eyes peeled open but there was nothing to be seen in the inky blackness. More of a feeling, nudging the poor creature in the correct direction, stepping over the lip of her container she staggered, glass crunching under bare feet and shredding fine skin into slitting ribbons.

New muscles stumbled with lack of use, cramping as they took their first tentative movements to propel the girl forward, mayhaps a bit too quickly as her knees buckled sending her body downward.

A small whimper of pain. More blood flowed from the pale palms as more sensitive skin exposed itself to the sharp shards.

A gasp, breathe coming sharply with ebbs and waves of compression on the chest as the first breaths came and escaped soft spongy tissues of lungs. It was as though the coldness of the air was too much, but there was no stopping the next one or the one after it. With time, it began to become easier but the pressure did not abate quickly, it remained, regardless of the frequency of the expansion of the ribcage.

It took time but eventually the creature stood and staggered forth into the darkness, following the instincts that nudged her. Unknowing she kept herself into the shadows until finally a crack of light could be noted, a door opened just enough to let the new thing see where she needed to be.

There was no certainty at what compelled her there, an inability to put into words, not that she had ever worked the cords in her throat to create words, a dizzying array of concepts blinded her mind's eye. Memories, feelings, concepts. None of which were her own or even in the current time.

Blindly her feet carried her forth past the threshold of the doorway, unnoticed as a varied populace of species mingled. Though the light blinded the poor creature that she relayed mostly on her ears as her eyes slowly adjusted to the new concept of light. She could not see the inky streaks of ichor like vitae that trailed along her path.

Hidden behind a pillar, it was all she could do to hold in a scream of pain as her body came into contact with fabric for the first time, fire-like tendrils shot along the fine strands of nerves hidden away within the porcelain flesh. Fine fingers gripped at the supple silk that draped along the pillar shredding it with the hope of ending the new torment.

The chattering felt as though it was becoming louder and louder, her mind focusing on it now as a distraction. There were so many people speaking it was as though she was drowning in words. Her senses rapidly began to become overwhelmed by all the new sensations and sounds that bombarded her mind.

Moments passed her by in a sharpened haze of confusion, blinded still by the brightness of the light, colours slowly started to make themselves known as a sickly wetness trickled down her face, the scent of strong metallic copper yet again assaulted the senses. A wave of nausea swept over her stomach, acidic and foul her teeth gritted and a hard swallow was all that could be done.

Unable to bare the pain much longer her scream ripped through the minds of all present within the chamber. Glasses shattered across the hard floors with the shock of the sensation, many had allowed their guard down at the gala event were assailed with the pain the wretch shared.

Heads whipped around in confusion as many attempted to ascertain the source of the disturbance though it was only a few that noted the black viscous substance that trailed in the entrance way, it almost blended into the flooring to those that only spared a cursory glance.

Vasano was the first to glimpse around the pillar, she had not expected to find the nude creature piled on the ground with the ripped silk decoration just about covering the thing's nudity in stark contrast to the blood and skin. Watching it silently for a moment she held out her palm to silently stop others from approaching too quickly. Lucine analysed the scene with sharp eyes as yet uncertain how to broach this situation.

It took a good few moments for her to realise that the blanched being was actually female, it wasn't until she attempted to remove the source of her discomfort, the scarlet silk peeled away revealing raw skin across her chest, breast and stomach; as though it had never had anything touch it before. The girl looked pitiful in her current state, flailing her limbs in the hopes of ending her suffering, laboured breathing, skin pulled taught over bones as though the muscles had barely been used.

The Redhead felt a pang of pity dance across her for a moment, knowing well enough the girl would be unable to fight off an assault if it were to occur. Though she had shown at least some tenacity to make it here though from where she was not certain, no doubt the blood would tell them this eventually should it be followed back far enough.

Whilst the mental assessment was being conducted by the Consul some dained to step closer, Rhyrance was bolder than most, rounding the pillar brazenly and without fear of what would be seen on the other side. His glowing eyes brightened behind the cosmetic spectacles which he pushed up his bridge. Slowly he allowed a breath to escape past his lips as his eyes took in the scene before him crouching down to get a closer look but keeping himself just out of the reach of the girl on the floor.

With a cool detached voice he began to verbalise his thoughts on the situation, interested purley from a scientific point of view, uncaring of the obvious discomfort he was able to see.

"Female, half Iridonian, judging from the fresh protrusion of the horns I would estimate fifteen years of age. Though judging from the underdevelopment of the muscle mass and skin

sensitivity I am led to believe a rapid growth of cells from a medical facility. So in actuality most likely this is a child of approximately one year of age.”

The glowing gaze of the Chiss was detached and he only got closer to inspect the girl’s eyes, though he knew better than to touch without prior warning.

“Eyes are attempting to adapt to light, she will need medical attention if you wish her to remain in good condition.” He had lent in a bit too close to the girl, his lips peeled into a smirk. “A Force user also, though a weak attempt I believe she will develop rapidly.”

Rhylance had felt the skittering of Terror that had attempted to dance across his mind, not wishing to antagonise the girl any further he backed up a little. It would be a shame to waste a potential resource or lab experiment if he was allowed to keep her.

Atyiru had been late to enter the gala but the smile that almost perpetually graced her lips dropped as suddenly as her arrival into the large room. She could feel the new presence and though it was fresh, it was familiar enough to her it only brought grief with it as she recalled her lost friend Nath Voth.

Without hesitation she came close, Marick followed like a specter behind the Adept, curiosity piqued as he noted his companion’s sudden change in mood which moments before had been excited to enjoy a reverie now only seemed grief stricken.

When he realised what he was looking at his stomach churned at the un-natural means by which the girl had obviously been conceived. The Chiss which had been so close moments before had been sent sprawling away as Atyiru picked up the girl without hesitation, knowing she would not attempt harm. Resting the pale child’s head on her shoulder she heard her murmur her first words in a whisper.

“She knew you’d come for me...” The voice was strained, but unmistakably familiar. The Miraluka looked towards the Consul.

“Help me get her to the medical facility, I will explain later.” Her voice was unusually brisk, Marick assisted with the burden of the female’s weight and carried her without question. As he looked at the child’s face he recognised to whom the child belonged and felt a pang of pity for Atyiru, knowing the pain that she must be experiencing.

The comotion of the two attracted more senior members of the Clan, Skar and Kordath forced their way to the front of the crowd and simultaneously drew in cursed breaths of their own. The pair had been until then trying to relax and enjoy the copious drinks and food allowing their responsibilities to lapse for a short time before having to take them back up again.

They shared a knowing glance at one another and followed, recognising their late Master’s handy work with such ease even after all this time. The pair felt drawn to this new child not merely out of curiosity but a certain sense of loyalty that they could not as yet put into words.

It felt like a new adventure was about to begin.