

Personal log: Coruscant

One of the things that astounds me the most about humans is their ability to bond emotionally. When I began my new life amongst them I was less prepared for this than I would have liked to have been. My goal had never been about making friends or even allies but rather getting the job done but still friendships and attachments occurred in spite of my attempts to keep a distance. Humans are remarkable in this ability to form communities, to show great compassion and to love deeply. We Chiss are always taught as children that such powerful emotions are a distraction, interfering with the logical thought process and clouding cognitive judgement. Perhaps, where the Chiss are concerned, this may very well be the case but in humans it is more often than not a positive force.

I have never considered myself to be an emotional man of any kind. Rational thinking and logic have always been my allies. The ability to see all sides of a thing, of an event and to map out all possible outcomes to any progression line in time have been my gift up until now. Now, I think, this has changed. It is a subtle thing and even I will admit to being surprised at how it has crept up on me, this emotional attachment to another, yet here it is and now we have joined in every sense of that word. Now I am truly hers, my own fate sealed in order that I might protect her from harm because harm follows her around like a shadow and whether I like it or not I desire to protect her at all costs. My brother would find this situation very disturbing and not in the least bit funny. I just find it ironic.

As I write this I fear it sounds overly dramatic yet as I think to that moment when something fragile wavered, just for a second, between us I understand that entire worlds crumble on moments such as these and the weight of love, the ties of emotional bonding are more powerful than any military oath or treaty. And now, well now we have consummated this bond and there is no return.

I have put her off so many times always waiting for the perfect moment, hoping to find the right place and time only to have her choose it for me, for us. I should not be surprised, really, after all she is the one who leads me and not the other way around although I dare say she'd argue that point vehemently. So how does one react when given the command 'bed me now' by someone who has never actually had sex before? Such trust, such hope all mixed with trepidation and desire. Of course this moment is made all the more poignant by the fact that she is still healing from a fight which very nearly killed her as well as from an attack, that had she actually be in her home, most likely would have. How could I refuse her when she asked at that precise moment? That moment when I was searching for the right words to comfort, assure, to give hope. How could I then refuse her when she told me that she did not want to die under that pash'kja'anta' hands without knowing pleasure under mine? I wonder if she even knew what she was asking of me, she certainly did not understand the full implications and I was not about to tell her either. She'll discover all of that in due time and she won't be happy when she does.

So what else was there to do but to take her to my bed and show her both pleasure and passion, to try and teach her, as much as I am able to do so, in the art of mating with another and, oh how

receptive and willing to follow me down that dark hole she was. Lithe and beautiful she made me feel complete and whole, strong and fiercely protective. Emotions I was aware I had but unaware of just how powerful they could be when called into play. I have never been someone's first time before nor have I ever had to teach, seduce and take such care. That in itself is probably one of the most erotic and intoxicating things I have ever had the fortune to experience. There are some moments in time, some events in one's life that truly only ever happen once. Now for us both everything has changed ever so slightly, shifting in some indefinable way, becoming more solid, becoming impossible to untangle. I am not sure she is aware of this or even thinks about our coupling in this way but I do. It is significant.

Complete.

Now there will be no going back as far as she, in my life, is concerned. We are now bound in every sense of that word.

And as I sit here in the quiet contemplating this fate I have chosen for myself, this unexpected path that has led me to bond with a human I find I am, for the most part, content with my choice as well as surprised by hers. What is it she sees in me, older, alien and rigidly different? Even if I asked her this question I doubt very much I would truly believe any answer she would give me. I have to take her gift of self on faith but it brings a heavy price. I also find I know a fear that was not there prior to meeting her. This has been slowly building up, accumulating with each disaster that lands her in the medlab and I do not at all like how it feels, nor do I like how it affects me. I came here to do a job but now, much to my chagrin and surprise, I find that this job description has been amended slightly to include her. I am curious where this will lead but for now I am content to take each moment as it is.