

Sitting on a table, Raven, the Mercenary Zangoose who holding the little bundle that kept his son, Pactorn warm. Raven never intended to have a child in the first place but now he has one, and the mother disappeared, given how dangerous Skyrim is, properly dead.

Given his life style and the fact he doesn't own anything except the clothes, his equipment and some stuff in his travel bag, isn't really helping to the fact that Raven is completely unable to raise a child to a healthy person. So he did the only sensible thing he could imagine and head out for the help of some friends. The hunter Simon, a sneasel and his mate, the mawless mawile Eliza.

He knew from an encounter some time before the Zangoose learned that he is father, that the pair was having a child of their own, an healthy boy.

So now he sat there on mentioned table, with the mentioned Sneasel and Mawile and the mercenary had explained his tale.

Simon crossed his arms "That is quite a story... and it doesn't take much to think that you are not fit for taking care of a boy alone."

"Also it honors us that you thought we might be good caretakers of your child but..." sighs Eliza "I am not sure if we can handle another mouth. Simon has to hunt, I have to run a store not to mention our establishment in the outskirts."

"I understand you." Said Raven "And I am more than willing to send you money to compensate and of course help out whenever I can. But if you refuse... then I don't know where I should go. Riften is not a place to raise a child, even if the Orphanage is under good care now. And most other friends I have are even more unfit to take care of little Pactorn here."

"Can we have a few minutes Raven?" asks Simon after hearing their friend out. The Zangoose nodded in understanding and left the room for now.

The sneasel turns to his mawile and said "I can understand Raven... and he really hasn't many options."

"But also he had the nerve to come at the most unfitting time." Sighs Eliza "But life isn't easy. Especially here in Skyrim. And also Raven is right. He isn't fit to raise a child. Not in his position."

"So we take Pactorn then?" asked Simon and Eliza nodded "For the sake of the child, yes. At least until Raven is able to build something stable so he can take the boy back. And that he let us have compensation. After all the extra stomach to fill is from him."

"He already offered up the compensation, so he would be more than willing to do so." Nodded the dark/ice type and embraces her.

She hugs back before moving to the door and asks Raven to come back in. Once he has taken seat, Eliza told Raven "We had a short talk... as long you compensate us, and help us out whenever you can, we are willing to take care of your son, alongside our child."

"I am fine with these conditions" explained Raven "I will stay in the near for next time to ensure I can help out as much as I can... and get some money together to give you a first large compensation sum. Have to cover up the dry times when I am not able to find any work."

"Understandable." Nodded Eliza and Simon slowly took the sleeping baby from Raven and looks closer at the boy.

"He is cute" mused Simon while giving the baby a gentle stroke on the cheek. Pactorn, who isn't awake at the moment curled in and sucks on the thumb.

Raven looked at the pair and gave a heavy sigh before raising up "I am sleeping at the pup here. And... I go and go after something that promises a good pay."

"You are staying here for now." Countered Eliza "At least until we have set up everything, we need one extra pair of hands."

Raven nodded in understanding. "Alright. What should I do?"

"At first, get a crib for Pactorn. Then you help out at the shop." Explains Simon "I have to hunt some food and at the moment some rowdies are in Falkreach, which are trying to scare the people into giving them stuff for free."

"So in short I work off some of my compensation here?"

"At least we got things settled" giggles Eliza.

Raven nodded and rose up "Where could I get a crib?"

"You may be surprised, but our blacksmith here is talented into these things, despite doing mostly metalwork. Just order a crib and pay up in advance and you are settled." Explains Simon "Oh and tell him if he tries to cheat on you: I still have that one arrow I pulled out of him."

Raising an eyebrow, Raven doesn't try to question the sense and moves out, heading to the blacksmith, which happens to an Aggron. That of course made Raven wonder what type of arrow was stuck in this beast.

As the Aggron noticed Raven, he turns and asks "How can I help you?"

"Simon and Eliza told me I can order a crib by you. So I am here to do so. Oh and a hello from him. He still has this one Arrow." Explains Raven

Raising an eyebrow the Aggron told "The crib is done within a week, 500 Septim." Raven was sighing in his mind as he pulled his purse out and count up the money before handing it over. After recounting the Aggron nodded "I start once I have this blade ready."

"I see you in a week." Stated Raven as he turned around. IN his mind, he is having a long week... or general a long time, depending how long it takes to get his biggest troubles sorted out. Also one question lingered into his mind... how many children did he father? He had his time with many girls and... with Pactorn it made him realize the first time in his life, that he must have quite a number of kids, due the many, many females he shared the bed with.

... He really felt screwed right now.