

# The Will of Seager Puisin

The young wife and mother was in the kitchen while her two children rolled in their playpen. She cut vegetables thick for her stews. She knew her husband would like it chunky and hardy when he came home for dinner, though in the midst of cutting a krakka root, Cailin's ear flicked towards the front door at someone's knock.

"I wonder who th-that could be..." she spoke to herself, setting down her knife and wiping her hands on her apron as she made her way to the door. When she opened it, she was surprised to find an Ul'dahn porter at her front step. She immediately drew back, already scared of what he might have to tell her. "Y-yes? C-can I help y-you?" She asked quietly.

The man before her straightened himself. "Are you Cailin Puisin?"

Cailin was far more confused now. "Uhm... Y-yes... that was my m-maiden name. Is something w-wrong?" Her mind was starting to race. There were a few people she knew in Ul'dah, but what could this man want? Had something happened to any of them?

"I apologize miss, for both misidentifying you as well as the news I bring..." His face became more somber as he spoke. Cailin couldn't help but draw her ears back. "I am sorry to inform you, Miss Cailin that your father, Seager Puisin has died."

"What?" was all Cailin could muster up. Her... father?

"Yes Ma'am. I am very sorry. He was found dead in his luxury suite not but two suns ago. Fortunately, he had a will set in place. His will is to be read in Ul'dah in just four suns. The information is here." The porter passed her a piece of paper folded and stored into a nice, yellow envelope.

There was a pause before Cailin lifted her hand to shakily take the envelope. She couldn't take her eyes off of it. There were so many thoughts racing through her head. The man seemed to notice, and even looked into her house as one of the babies inside made a squeal. He looked to Cailin again. "There is also information inside that will lead you to help... of any kind, should you need it; including child care, and personal support."

Cailin looked up at the man, and then to her children behind her, her face starting to flush as she felt a weight come over her. "Uhm... Th-thank you... I... u-uhm..." What was she supposed to say in this moment? She looked back to the porter. She didn't smile, but she didn't cry either. She just looked confused. "I-I will... uhm... I-I..."

The porter held his hand up, telling her it was okay if she was not comfortable speaking. "Please. I understand. Take your time. There is no need to tell me anything, or thank me for any reason. All I can do is offer the help in that envelope. I otherwise hope you have loved ones to be with you; I highly recommend it in times like this." And with that he gave her a small smile before turning and heading off on his way.

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Later that same day Cailin found herself dressing the twins in their new holiday clothes, making sure they fit before visiting Grandma, though she did not seem too excited about it, oddly enough. She even sighed as she finished pulling the little red pants over Basil's diaper. She settled herself down on the floor and looked to the fire while the twins quickly turned their attention to each other.

Just at that moment, Fennel walked into the room to see his wife looking rather stoically to the fireplace. This was very unusual for Cailin, and so he raised his brow in confusion.

"The fact that you're not squee-ing in delight over the twins in Starlight outfits tells me there's something wrong... What is it my blossom?" He asked as he approached her, kneeling next to her and letting his nails graze along her scalp. A small smile crept over Cailin's features. She turned her head to look at him proper, and despite the smile it was obvious she was not happy. She even fiddled with the wedding ring on her finger.

"I am sorry, my love..." She started. "I just... I received some very... concerning news this morn, while you were away, and I am still trying to process everything."

Fen shifted from kneeling to sitting as he pulled her between his legs so she could relax against him. "What's going on, love?" He asked, wrapping his large, furry arms around her as he hugged her.

Cailin willfully cuddled to his chest, her eyes looking back to the twins just to be sure they were not harming themselves. They had very limited mobility, but still, as their mother, she could not help but be sure.

"It's... odd..." she said. "A man from Ul'dah came to the house today, a messenger or courier of some kind. He told me that..." She paused to take a breath. "He told me that a member of my family had died... My father... and that his will reading will be in just a few suns..." She paused again, waiting to see if he had a response, but it was short lived. "I never knew my father... I never even knew he was alive..."

That was when Fen found words to say, for he was just as shocked as she was. "That... is a rather odd situation... I mean, obviously ye weren't close to them so it's hard to feel that loss... But at the same time to learn that he *actually* existed and then died... That's just... I couldn't imagine..." He spoke as he nuzzled the top of her head. "Have ye tried talking to your mother at all?"

Cailin shook her head in response. "Not yet... I had planned to see her tomorrow anyway. I am sure she has heard already. She never talked about my father... and I never really bothered to pry.

Because of that, I don't even know what kind of man my father was. I never learned why he was never there. I guess... I guess I just always assumed that because Mother never mentioned him he was not a kind man..."

"I mean... the fact that you're part of his reading means he at least knew of your existence... but that just makes it even worse that he never reached out to you..." Fen frowned, never once loosening his grip on her. "I know some people would probably say he probably had his reasons... but no reason is good enough to not be part of his daughter's life... especially not a daughter as incredible as you."

Cailin only sighed and laid her head hard against his chest, removing her glasses with one hand while she rubbed her eyes with the other. There was a single sniffle, to which Fen immediately clung tighter to his wife, bending over to nuzzle her cheek with his nose. "... I don't even kn-know what he looked like... I... I had never s-seen any pictures..." Cailin's stutter was starting to show again as her emotions grew more unstable. There was another short pause. "I-I am sure... n-now that I am part of this... M-mother will be willing to sh-share more information... B-but... Sh-should I... D-do I even go...? To the reading, th-that is..."

"Take your time to think on it. Ultimately, it's up to you if you wanna go or not... regardless, I will be by your side the entire time." Fennel spoke softly as he pressed his nose to her cheek.

Cailin sniffled again, but let herself smile again as he pressed his nose to her cheek. She loved the feel of his big, pink nose. It was so soft, and his whiskers always tickled her. She nodded. He always knew what to say to her. "Of course... I have a few suns to think, right? There is no real need to make a decision now. Besides... the twins have their new outfits... and aren't they just the most precious little flowers you've ever seen?"

"Of course they are. Just look at their poofy butts. They're so precious," Fen laughed through his heavy purr, cuddling his cheek to hers now as he rocked her a bit. "How can you be sad when the most beautiful babies are right there?"

As if on cue, Basil heard his father and rolled onto his tummy. With a little bit of struggle he got up on his hands and knees and began adventuring towards Mommy and Daddy. Cailin sniffled again, but this time for a different reason. "You are right... How can I let a person I never knew ruin such a special time?"

Fen chuckled a little and continued to snuggle Cailin, but this time kept a close eye on Juniper as she too began to adventure her way towards her Mommy and Daddy. "This is our first Starlight together as a family. It's definitely a special one," he spoke warmly as he purred louder, his tail whipping back and forth slowly.

As Basil reached his parents and was clearly struggling to stay up, Cailin reached out to pick him up and snuggle her baby boy as she curled up in her husband's lap. Even she began to purr, to which Basil let out a high pitched, happy squeal, making Cailin giggle. Just seconds later Fennel reached

out to scoop up Juniper just as she made it to her parents. With his own daughter now part of the mix he pulled them all together to snuggle with his whole family, hugging them all in his large arms.

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It was a cold morning in the Twelve's Wood. The 16th Sun of the Sixth Umbral Moon. Starlight was coming. Maybe they would have snow this year. All the more reason to be dressed in winter clothes, such as Cailin and the family were; large, fluffy coats to keep everyone nice and cozy on their way to visit Grandma.

Cailin walked up the short steps to her mother's home carrying her son and a bag of baby supplies, while Fennel walked closely behind her with his daughter and a different bag of baby supplies. Cailin gave a knock first, but let herself in with a call to her mother. "Hello? Mother, we're here!"

As they walked in they were each individually met with a strong smell of gingerbread spice. Lena was baking again, but who would have expected otherwise. From around the corner that lead to the kitchen came an older Miqote that looked strikingly similar to Cailin, with some gray streaks in her hair rather than Cailin's colored ones. Pulling off her oven mitts this woman came practically sprinting to the couple and their children with a large grin on her face. "Oh, my babies!" She cried, taking Basil from his mother's arms and giving him a big hug. He gave a little bit of a whimper but that didn't stop Lena from swiftly making her way to Fennel and scooping up Juniper with master skill. She snuggled the both of them as she brought them further into the house, inviting both Fennel and Cailin in too, of course.

Both Cailin and Fennel chuckled at how eager Lena was. Walking further into the cozy home they set down their individual baby bags next to the couch and slowly stripped themselves of their coats to hang on the nearby coat rack. They were still dressed fairly warmly underneath. Cailin was, at the very least. She wore a sweater and thick stockings. Fen wore a long sleeved shirt and pants, but his fur mostly kept him warm indoors. As they settled in the twins were also freed of their coats, showing off their green and red starlight outfits to Grandma Lena. Who, of course, was over the moon about how cute they were.

"Oh, how I wish I could still dress a child up this way," commented Lena, to which Fennel replied almost too quickly.

"You can have them if you want," he chuckled then was given a look from Cailin. To which he just shrugged, keeping his smile.

Lena chuckled as well, "Well, you know I have no problems babysitting for you two if you ever need it. They've been nothing but little angels before, and it's always so nice to have young ones in the house again. Oh! But please, I have cookies. Make yourself at home while I get them on a plate for you four." She was gone before Cailin could say otherwise. Of course the babies were too young, but that wasn't going to stop Cailin and Fen from enjoying Lena's expertly baked cookies. They were her profession, after all.

After all was settled and cookies had been eaten, Fennel looked to Cailin with a knowing smile, giving her a little bit of encouragement for the conversation she needed to have with her mother. Cailin drew her ears back, but returned the smile. Cailin stood, reaching out to her husband's offered hand to give a gentle squeeze before turning to her mother.

"Mama, do you mind if I talk to you in the kitchen? I have some questions to ask... I am sure you already know what about..."

Lena turned to her daughter and though her smile faded, she did nod, giving her a knowing look. She stood and hugged Cailin as they moved their way into the kitchen. They both understood that having Fennel there was not a big issue, but Cailin did not want to be upset in front of her children for fear of upsetting them as well, and they weren't even old enough to have cookies yet!

The two of them sat down at the table, next to each other so they could be close. They each took a deep breath, looking more like sisters than parent and child. Lena started the conversation.

"This is about your father, isn't it?"

Cailin nodded. "Y-yes... I am sure you got a message similar to mine..."

"I did." Though Lena's answer was short, she did not sound angry.

Cailin continued. "I... I was... invited, for lack of a better term... To his will reading..."

That was the first time Lena frowned the entire day. "Oh, my dear, you know you do not need my permission to go. You are your own woman now."

Cailin shook her head. "While I a-appreciate that, I am actually here to ask you about F-father himself... I have not decided if I wanted to go or not just yet. Were... Were you not i-invited?"

Lena shook her head. "No, but I expected as much. There were clearly reasons we were not together while you were growing up. Am I safe to assume those are your questions, then?"

Cailin nodded that time. "Y-yes... F-first, I want to say that I am not u-upset with you are anyone! I do not want any confused m-messages. I love you Mama... and I am forever grateful for how you h-have raised me, for providing me with a c-comfortable home and h-how hard you worked for me... and I am sorry that your relationship with Father did not work out better..."

Lena just smiled as she listened to her daughter. "Oh, baby, there is no need to be sorry. Sometimes, things just do not work out. Please, worry not your head or heart about me. I am doing perfectly fine. Why, my little bakery is even prospering! There is no need for my own daughter to look after me. Now please, what are your questions?"

Cailin smiled, though her ears still sat back on her head in worry. This was still going to be a tough conversation. She took a deep breath before asking her first question. "Did... did father w-want me?"

Lena frowned. That was a rough first question. But she never knew her daughter to skip any details. She took a deep breath as well. "Of course he did, my darling. He was actually there for you when you were born, and wanted to continue to be there for you. I suppose it was my fault more than anyone's that he was not there for you growing up. I suppose that as you grew older, that was when he realized a family life was not for him."

"W-what do you mean by... y-your fault?"

Lena made a face. "Well... When he decided to leave, when you were just about one cycle, he confessed to me that he was not ready to be a father. I became filled with anger. Though I did not outright tell him to leave, I made it plainly obvious that I no longer wanted him around. I suppose he took that a little more seriously than I originally thought, though when you were a baby I was not upset about him not reaching out to see you. I was selfish. I did not want to see him."

Cailin couldn't help but play with the wedding ring on her finger. She was already holding back tears. "Then... Then w-were you and father... ever truly married? Did you and father h-hate each other?"

Lena frowned at that question, reaching out to take her daughter's hands. "No, my love. Your father and I never hated each other. Never truly. We just stopped seeing eye-to-eye, I suppose. We were married for a short time before you were born. I took his name - Puisin - and because I never truly hated him even after he left, I couldn't bring myself to change my name back. It is always why your name was Puisin as well." She gave Cailin a small smile.

Cailin returned the small smile and nodded before continuing. "In that case, what were the circumstances surrounding my birth? Were both in love then? Or had you noticed something was wrong before Father said anything to you?"

"Well," Lena sat back in her chair again, thinking back on the day her first and only child was born. "I think when we found out you were in my belly, we were very much in love." She smiled, thinking on the day. "Seager - your father - was so excited to learn that he was going to have a little girl or boy. And even more excited when you were born and he learned you were indeed a girl. I think he was excited to be a father, just as I was excited to be a mother. Clearly that did not last, but I believe he did love you very much. But I think... I think after we brought you home, I began to notice a change in him. Now keep in mind, nothing that happened is your fault! If anything, it is his own. You were just a child, one that he wanted, so I don't want to hear anything about you blaming yourself, understood?"

Cailin nodded.

"Your father, even before we met, was a very... we'll say frugal man. He was good with business, and knew how to make money. He is probably the reason why my business is doing so well, to tell the truth. He was very influential, and taught me how to start my own business. When we first met it was not love at first sight, I will tell you that. Though we were acquaintances, friends of friends, and eventually we grew to dating, loving each other, and eventually we married. He always took care of me, he knew how to invest and so was quite the money maker. Perhaps I was naive back then, or maybe I was the one who changed, all I know is when you were born things did change. I wanted to be a mother. I became very family oriented. You were my world... I loved you more than anything. Maybe he felt that, or maybe he just did not feel the same way, I do not know... I just know that after you were born, he sank himself deeper into his work. I almost never saw him during the day, and I think when he found out he had to actually be a father, like changing your diapers and such, he did not want to do it. I realized that raising a baby was hard, but I needed my husband. I am sure you realize that now more than I did back then." She gave her daughter a sly smile.

Cailin returned it, but it did not last. "Is... is that why he left then... because... he did not want to care for a baby.?" She tried very hard to word her question so it did not sound like she was blaming herself.

Lena nodded solemnly. "I think so. At the very least, it was one of the reasons. I believe we just ceased to see things the same way. I wanted to focus on you, on having a family. He wanted to focus on his job and money. Or at least, that is how I have felt for the past... well... twenty cycles. Perhaps I have harbored my distaste for him for too long. Though now it is too late, for he is no longer here to make amends with."

"Did you not find it hard to raise a child on your own? Do you regret keeping me? Had you ever considered adoption?"

Lena looked at Cailin surprised. "No... No not once had I ever considered giving you away. And I would hope I never gave you that impression that I ever wanted to. Of course raising a child on my own was difficult... but I loved you... I would have given you the world if I could..."

Cailin suddenly felt guilty and shied herself away. Of course her mother would never have given her up. How could she even think so for a second, though the conversation had to continue. "Pray forgive me; I suppose I just became over-eager to learn... Though, I do still have a few more questions, i-if you'll allow me..."

Lena calmed herself and placed her hand on Cailin's knee. "Of course my dear, please, continue."

"I am unsure if you are even aware of this... but do you know if... if Father had any other children? Do I have any siblings..?"

Lena shook her head. "None that I know of. Of course I have not talked to him since he left, so if he had any more I do not know of them. You are my first and only child."

"Then, can you tell me a little more about... about who I am? Father sounds like he was Hyuran... is that true? Am I actually half Hyuran?"

Lena sighed once more. "That is true. Your father was a Midlander, from here in Gridania. He had followed in his father's footsteps of becoming a monetarist. Which I think is where he went after he left, I am confident he moved to Ul'dah..." She took one more deep breath. "Though that is all I know of your father; as for my side of you... Clearly you're also half Keeper of the Moon. My name was Lena Ghomo. I think it is clear we went with Seager's Hyuran way of living. Though I do suppose it is easier... just not as family oriented as I would like, or was raised.

"Your extended family is still around, though there are few of us. The Ghomo clan was small even when I left it... You have a few aunts and one uncle. They are here in the Twelves Wood, though I do not know where..."

"Why did you never contact them?"

"Well, I suppose I figured I was too far gone..." Lena gave a shrug. "I guess I felt like... I had already gone so far into a Hyuran lifestyle and I became comfortable. Besides, they are a hard bunch to get a hold of, if I am completely honest."

Cailin stood at that moment and gave her mother a big hug. "Thank you, Mama... Thank you for your time and patience... and for answering my questions as openly and honestly as you did..."

Lena teared up a little bit at Cailin's words, returning the hug and almost refusing to let go. "Of course, my love. I am only sorry I did not tell you earlier, and not at such a confusing and dark time..."

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Three suns had passed since then, and since then Cailin had decided it was time. After learning a little more about her father from her mother, perhaps it was okay to go to his reading. After all, both Lena and Fennel had explained that he clearly had some sort of feelings for his own daughter; why else would he be leaving anything to her?

Her trip to Ul'dah was a solemn one, despite Fennel being there. The Hrothgar came with the little kitten for emotional support, which she figured she would need quite a bit. She had no idea how this day was going to go, or if what she was left was even worth coming out all this way for.

They had found their way to the hall that the will reading would occur, and once invited in the two of them took a seat across the desk from the lawyer. Condolences were offered, and it was explained that Seager Puisin was the owner and proprietor of a company settled here in Ul'dah. He was a monetarist, and quite the wealthy one at that. And so the will reading began.

I, Seager Puisin, residing at XXXX the Goblet, Ul'dah, Thanalan, declare this to be my Will, and I revoke any and all wills and codicils I previously made.

ARTICLE I: Funeral Expenses & Payment of Debt

I direct my executors to pay my enforceable unsecured debts and funeral expenses, the expenses of my last illness, and the expenses of administering my estate.

This had fortunately already been taken care of, or else Cailin would not have been there. It was the next part that Cailin was interested in.

#### ARTICLE II: Money & Personal Property

I give all my tangible personal property and all policies and proceeds of insurance covering such property to my daughter, Cailin Puisin. May she do with it as she sees fit, no executors are in charge of these possessions. If she does not survive me, or refuses my will, I give that property to my associate Theodgar Forest. My executors may pay out of my estate the expenses of delivering tangible personal property to Theodgar Forest.

Cailin could not believe her ears. They stood right up in attention, eyes wide. What did this mean? Just how rich was this man? What about his house? What was happening?

#### ARTICLE III: Real Estate

I give all my residences, subject to any mortgages or encumbrances thereon, and all policies and proceeds of insurance covering such property, to my daughter, Cailin Puisin. If she does not survive me, or refuses to my will, I give that property to Theodgar Forest.

#### ARTICLE IV: Residuary Clause

I give the rest of my estate (called my residuary estate) to my daughter, Cailin Puisin. If she does not survive me, or refuses my will, I give my residuary estate to those of my company, XXXXX, in equal shares, to be divided among them.

And that was it. That was all at least relating to Cailin. The rest was more formalities, and his company going to that Theodgar Forest she had heard a couple of times. Cailin's head was spinning. She was given... everything? She couldn't understand. Why... How did things end up this way? Who was this man? What was she to do now?

"As per the will," said the lawyer, "Do you accept these terms and property from your late father?"

Cailin almost couldn't answer. Fennel tried his best to calm her down with a gentle pet on the head. She looked up to him and found him with a gentle smile. In that moment she saw clarity. She was just given a house that could potentially house all of her children and animals. She was just given a fortune that could solve all of her immediate problems and have her possibly set for life. By the Twelve, she would be a fool not to accept her father's will.

She looked back to the lawyer. "Y-yes. Yes I accept these terms."

"Very good," started the lawyer and gave her a smile. "And congratulations, Mistress Cailin. I believe you have just become one of the richest monetarists in all of the Lavender Beds."

With that he stood, handing Cailin a key to the new house she just acquired, some documents to fill out, and the code to the bank she now had free access to.