

Corollary

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11111580) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11111580>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Mutant X
Relationship:	Mason Eckhart/Original Female Character (implied)
Characters:	Adam Kane , Mason Eckhart , Original Female Character(s) , Original Male Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Pre-Canon , child trafficking , selling of babies , backdated , Casual Racism , (actually not as dark as the tags may make it seem)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2003-08-13 Words: 2,130 Chapters: 1/1

Corollary

by [kenzimone](#)

Summary

It was purely business. He could handle business.

Notes

This fic is set in the late seventies. With the limited character bios supplied, I tried my best to tie this all together. If anything doesn't seem to fit in, well, that's why they call it fan fiction.

1978

The car rolled to a halt outside the small apartment building, its engine dying and the light from its headlights fading. Its two occupants remained inside, the one in the passenger seat staring out the side window, silent, while his companion tightly gripped the steering wheel, lips pursed firmly together.

The passenger, a young man in his early twenties, seemingly having had enough of the uncomfortable silence, unbuckled his seat belt and opened the door, feeling the cool night air hit him. "Thank you for driving me here."

The other man let go of the steering wheel, turning to look at his slightly younger friend. "You know I don't approve of this."

"Yes, I know." The man stepped out of the car. "And I hope you know that I do wish there was another solution to this, Adam."

The one named Adam nodded, watching as his friend closed the door and walked in front of the car, heading up towards the building.

There was no elevator, so he was left with taking the stairs. Two steps at a time, wanting to get there quickly, but at the same time wanting to put this meeting off. Forever, if necessary. He never planned this, never dreamed that he would ever be in such a situation as this. He had been reckless. Now he was going to try to undo this...this mistake. It was cowardly, he knew that. Such a thing would have never crossed his mind normally, but he was a desperate man. He doubted that even Adam would be able to think clearly if he found himself in his shoes.

Third floor, second door from the left. He hesitated, ever so slightly. Then he rang the bell. The seconds before he heard the sound of her footsteps approach the door seemed like an eternity. He could imagine her standing on her toes, looking out through the peep hole at him. Could see in front of his inner eye how she smiled. A solemn smile. This was not a social call. Whatever had been between them before was no more. It was purely business. It made him feel better about the whole situation. He could handle business.

The door opened, and she was before him. Bare foot, in a wrinkled shirt and a pair of pink shorts. Tanned skin and dark eyes telling of her Latino heritage, black hair uncombed and dull. She looked tired. For a moment he questioned what he ever saw in her, why he had been willing to take such a risk just to be with her. But of course, at the moment there had never been any thoughts of what could happen afterwards. There had been no afterwards, should not have been any afterwards.

She stepped aside and he entered. *Filthy*, was his first thought. The apartment was filthy. Scarcely furnished, the room he was standing in contained only a sofa and a small TV. He should never have had to come here. It had always been his apartment, or a cheap motel room, her always beautiful, eyes sparkling, mouth smiling, a formfitting dress caressing her curves, a sweet perfume filling the air between them. Never her true form, never her home.

She knew that, there was nothing to gain this time. Nothing to lose. Strictly business. It had ended eight months ago.

She didn't offer him a seat, or anything to drink. For that he was glad – he didn't know if he'd be able to touch the couch, let alone sit in it. Filthy. He wondered why a cocktail waitress couldn't afford better.

He turned and looked at her. It was hard to believe that this was his Lorena. As always, reality wasn't nearly as alluring as what he'd thought he'd had, what he'd thought she'd been. She walked into the bedroom, which contained only a small bed and a night stand. There, on an old blanket, lying on the bed, it was.

It. He couldn't call it anything else at the moment. She stepped aside and he tentatively walked towards it.

"It is a boy." The first words she'd spoken to him, and he heard how tired she sounded. There was no love, for either him or the infant laying sleeping on her bed, in her voice. Detachment, cold and weary. Yes, this was her true form, her true self. This was not what he'd once thought he'd loved.

He slowly reached out, pulling the pale blue blanket back from the infant's face. A head of dark hair greeted his eyes. Its skin was still pinkish, but it was already turning slightly darker, declaring the child's heritage. He caught himself wondering how old it could be. A few days? Weeks? He was almost positive that she had given birth here, in this apartment, maybe even in this room. His mind told him that it wasn't important.

Running a finger along the infant's cheek, he jumped slightly as she spoke once more. "I named him Nicasio, after my father."

He nodded absently, wondering what the point of naming it was, and his breath caught in his throat as he suddenly found himself staring into a set of small, brown eyes. They blinked, and he stood upright again, feeling the situation become all too personal. This was business.

"He does not look anything like me."

"He is your child." Her voice was ice cold. "He doesn't look like either of us, but he most certainly is ours."

He finally turned to look at her. "What now?"

"I am leaving."

"What?" He couldn't help but sound surprised. "Where to?"

"Home, back to my family." She crossed her arms over her chest. "Do not give me that look, Mason. I haven't changed my mind, you don't have to worry about me leaving him here with you."

Letting out a sigh of relief, he suddenly felt ashamed for doing so, willing himself not to look at the small boy on the bed. *His* boy. His son. No. He forced himself to turn, to get the

blanket and the infant out of his field of vision. Business, strictly business. It should not bother him that he was dealing with a life, a small life, but a life neither less. He had done it before.

"You're not taking it with you." It wasn't a question. He didn't want any attachment to this woman, or her son. Her son, not his. He had offered to pay for an abortion. She had declined. Now, having seen it, it seemed an even bigger threat than it had been when she'd first told him. A threat to his career, to his life style, to everything he'd accomplished so far. He suddenly wished he'd been more persistent regarding the abortion.

"Him, not 'it'," she corrected, glowering at him. "The woman who helped me deliver him, she... She helped me get in contact with a couple. They want a son." She spared the bundle on the bed a glance. "They will pay me good for him, I will be able to buy a plane ticket to go home." She looked at him almost as to dare him to claim a part of the money she had been promised.

He nodded absently, briefly wondering if that was why she'd declined his offer to have it removed. So that she could sell it and go back to that god forsaken country of hers. "Well, I guess all is solved then."

"Yes."

As the bundle began to make cooing noises he turned and left the room, walking out to the hall. She followed. Opening the door and turning he looked at her. When she remained silent he turned again and walked out the door, shutting it behind him.

Climbing down the steps seemed easier than climbing up, he noticed. The rational part of him told him that of course it did, but another part hinted that maybe it was the burden which had been lifted off his shoulders that made it seem that way.

Pushing the door to the apartment building open, he stepped out on to the pavement with light steps, heading towards the car that was parked in the same spot as it'd been when he left it. He opened the door, startling Adam, who had been close to dozing off as the wait grew longer. The engine had been running, and he smiled at the warmth that greeted him as he sat down and closed the door after him.

He could feel Adam's eyes on him and nodded, mostly to himself. "Don't worry, everything's been taken care of."

"Mason..."

"Adam, please. Lorena's going to find the baby a new home – everything will be fine."

His friend seemed to relax some. "She is putting it up for adoption?"

He shrugged, pulling off his gloves. "There's no reason for you to worry, I don't really see why you do that in the first place as this doesn't concern you-" He looked pointedly at Adam, as the latter opened his mouth to protest, silencing him. "Let's not speak more of this. I've washed my hands of this whole ordeal."

Adam, seeing his friend's determined look, shook his head as he turned back to the wheel. Looking up towards the apartments, he thought he could see a silhouette of a woman in one of the windows before he drove away.

Lorena watched the car pull out of the parking lot before leaving her spot at the window and walking into the bedroom to check on the baby. It was asleep, which she was grateful for. She did not want to handle the infant more than necessary. Walking back into the living room, she sat down in the couch, turning on the TV.

Half an hour later she turned television off as the door bell rang. Trying to straighten out the wrinkles in her shirt she hurried out in the hall to open the door.

"Ms. Lorena?"

There was a man and a woman standing in the hall. The man was tall and lanky, with fair skin and a somewhat blank look on his face. His untamed brown hair and day old stubble were beginning to show signs of grey, although he couldn't have been older than thirty five. He was dressed in a mechanic's overall, and was giving off the smell of oil, cheap beer and cigarettes. After working as a waitress for far too many years, Lorena knew an alcoholic when she saw one.

The woman, who had addressed her, was shorter and stouter than her husband. Her dark hair was curled out of control, and her round face was heavily made up. Her dress was dark blue and adorned with light blue lace; she had obviously gone through the trouble of dressing up even though her husband hadn't. In her hands she tightly grasped a purse, and though Lorena's smile had been quite guarded to begin with, it now turned more sincere, as the thought of the purse's contents tickled her mind.

"Yes, I am Lorena."

"I'm Jessica, and this is Aaron."

Lorena stepped aside and let them enter the apartment. Guiding them into the bedroom, she gestured towards the baby before slipping out of the room.

As soon as the woman saw the bundle on the bed she broke into a smile. Walking up to the bed she lifted the baby up into her arms, waking it. It seemed surprised at the unknown face staring at it, and it looked on with large eyes, its first impulse of crying for being so rudely awakened gone.

Lorena watched them from the hall. She really hoped they would take him. She needed the money, and she really wasn't asking for much, not in comparison with the exorbitant fees some mothers were demanding for their newborns.

The woman smiled in delight as the infant reached up to tug at her curls. "Look, Aaron, isn't he a *darling*?"

The man snorted. "Looks awfully dark to me."

His wife glared at him. "Nonsense!" She turned back to face the infant, her smile growing. "I was thinking of naming him after your father." She looked up to see her husband shrug his shoulders. "Well, I think we should take him," she continued. "Take my purse and pay the girl."

The man frowned but did as his wife said. Lorena smiled as he opened the purse, taking out a couple of hundred dollar bills. Soon she would be far away, in her father's house, busy forgetting all about this country and Mason Eckhart.

Inside the bedroom, the infant yawned and the woman cradled him in her arms, awkwardly attempting to rock him to sleep. "Brennan Aaron Mulwray," she told him as she placed a kiss on his temple. "Now isn't that a nice name?"

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!