

Thrad
42 ABY

“Ugh... Where the kark am I?”

Teon Sul felt like he'd been hit over the head with a gravity hammer. He could feel the heat of the sun on his skin, and the texture of expensive silks beneath his fingertips as he sat up in bed. Whose bed was this? Although he appreciated the feel of a nice, soft bed, he preferred a firmer mattress for his own. And the air was dry here, far warmer than it was on Selen.

“Oh good, you're awake. I was beginning to worry that I'd have to call the royal doctor.”

His hand shot to his hip in search of his blaster, but there was none present. He *never* went anywhere without some kind of weapon on him. That he had none of them was concerning enough, but what worried him even more was the fact that he hadn't sensed her presence.

“Come now, is that really how you plan to treat your new wife?”

Wife? There was no way in hell he'd chosen to get married, especially to someone he didn't even recognize!

“I think you've got me confused with someone else,” answered Teon. His voice was hoarse, as if he'd been shouting all night. “I don't do marriage.”

He hopped off the bed and grabbed a bundle of the silk sheets to make himself somewhat decent.

A chuckle escaped the woman's lips. “Teon Sul, former Corporal in the New Republic army. Current member of the Grand Master's Royal Guard and resident of the tropical planet known as ... Selen. How am I doing so far?”

“Worryingly accurate,” admitted Teon, “But if you know that, you'd know that I'd never choose to get married. And where are my clothes?”

“And yet you did. You wear the band of matrimony to prove it. As for your clothes—we made quite a mess of them last night, so I arranged for my attendants to wash them.”

Teon's hadn't noticed it until now, but she was right. He ran his fingers across the smooth surface of a metallic band worn on his left wrist. It was heavy and encrusted with some kind of gemstones.

Who was this woman? She must have been a noble of some sort since she claimed to have royal doctors and attendants.

“Alright, well I’m sorry to disappoint you miss—”

He paused, waiting for her to share what her name was.

“Nehne Amoset, princess of the Thradian people.”

She was a princess?! He supposed it wasn’t the worst person to be married to, but it was still a marriage all the same—one that he had no interest in upholding.

“As tempting as it is to live the life of a noble, I can’t be your husband,” Teon began, lifting his hand to rub the back of his neck. “I’m sure you’re a lovely lady and all, but I don’t know the first thing about being a husband. I’m a soldier. It’s all I know how to be.”

Even though he didn’t know this woman, Teon didn’t want to hurt her feelings, either. Hopefully his words were enough to let her down easily.

As he waited for a response, he felt her cross the room and place a hand on his chest. Her slender fingers were surprisingly warm to the touch.

“I know, Teon,” she replied, a hint of sadness present in her voice. “But, last night you showed me that there’s so much more life to live than what the walls of my castle allows. I cannot abandon my duties as future leader of my people, but I can spend a night getting away from it all. So, that’s all I ask of you—one night out of the year. I won’t hold you to anything more.”

What an unusual offer. But, it was one that was well within his power to fulfill. Lifting his shoulders in a shrug, he offered Nehne a smile. “That wouldn’t hurt, I suppose.”

He felt the woman’s excitement emanate through the Force the moment he agreed to her proposal. She practically jumped on him in response, wrapping her arms around his muscular torso.

“Wonderful, now come on. We need to get you fitted for your royal raiments before I send you back to Selen.”

The next thing he knew, he was being pulled by his hand toward the door. And he didn’t resist until he remembered the only thing he was wearing was a bed sheet he’d haphazardly tied around his waist.

“But wait, I’m still naked!”

What a wild night. He definitely needed to stop drinking so much, now. Who knew what insane situation his next bender would get him into? He didn’t want to find out.

No more.