Brig Level, Pleasure Ship *Maiden's Bounty*, Hyperspace

37 ABY

The bright lights of the ship’s brig pierced Turel’s hangover clouded head like a superlaser. He had barely cleaned up and thrown himself together after waking up on the floor of his suite in a dress and feather boa. The image he saw in the mirror as he stood up in that outfit would haunt his dreams for some time to come. It didn’t take him long to realize that he was the lucky one, as he learned Brain was in the brig waiting on the ship’s next port call. Turel collected the bail money and proceeded to the brig level to bail out his comrade, muttering to himself along the way. “Let’s take a cruise he said. It will be fun he said. Plenty of women he said.”

Eventually Turel came to the booking sergeant. “Can I help you sir?”

“Yes, I’m here to bail out Kirq, aka ‘Brain the Fist.” The booking sergeant squinted as he checked his computer screen.

“Ah, I have someone by that alias in the drunk tank. That will be 2000 credits.” Turel begrudgingly tendered the currency. The booking sergeant attempted to make small talk while they waited. “So, I heard about your \*ahem\* performance last night on the stripper pole. Is he your, um…”

Turel cut him off, “Friend. He’s my friend. Only my friend.”

“Well I get off shirt early tonight, we could get together later and you know. Arrange a private performance.” The guard gave Turel a skeezy up and down glaze.

“Um, I think we were getting off at the next port call, sorry.”

“What a shame.” The booking sergeant bit his lip. “Oh look here’s your ‘friend’ now.” The door to the lobby opened as two security guards dumped Brain’s semi-conscious body on to the floor and returned to the back.

Brain slowly sat up, clearly still drunk and wearing a wookie body suit with a metal bikini over top of it. “Where am I? Who turned on the lights?” Turel gently helped him up and supported him as they left the security station. The booking sergeant very obviously watch the pair leave the lobby with prurient interest.

“Where in the galaxy did you get that costume?”

“What costume?”

“Dude, you are dressed like a wookie. In a bikini. A wookie, in a bikini.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Isn’t it a little hot in there?”

Turel got Brain back to his cabin and made sure to walk him in front of the bathroom mirror. “**That** costume, where did you get it?”

Brain, still drunk, admired himself in the mirror, “Whoa! Who put this on me? How freaky. I’m a wookie, a sexy wookie.” He giggled at his own pun.

“I’m glad you think this is funny. I just had to pay 2000 credits to bail you out and get ogled by that pervy desk sergeant.”

“You should have gotten his” \*hiccup\* “number. Ha ha.”

“Oh very funny.”

Brain found a pink miniskirt with matching heels on Turel’s floor. “Niiice, did you score with one of the dancers last night.”

“Not exactly. Look man, let’s get you some water and get you back to your room. We can talk about last night later.”

“Whatever you say man.”

**Turel’s Cabin, Pleasure Cruise Ship *Maiden’s Bounty*, Hyperspace**

**8 Hours later**

Turel was awaken by the sound of a knock at his door. He turned on the lamp next to his bed and made his way to the door where he found Brain standing on the other side.

“We need to talk. I can’t remember a thing about what happened after we went into the casino last night. All I know is there’s a wookie costume and a metal bikini on my floor, a scary autographed photo of a gamorrean in a skimpy outfit and 50,000 credits in my bag. What happened?”

Turel gestured to the sofa in his suite. “You’re going to want to sit down for this one.”

“Is this worse than Corellia?”

“Way worse.”

“Did I at least score one of the hot dancers?” Turel struggled to contain his laughter at Brain’s legitimate inquiry.

“What’s so funny?”

“Oh I’ll say you scored all right. With Galaxia over there.” He pointed to the autographed picture Brain had carried over from his room.

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope. Honest truth.”

“What about you, where did that dress come from?”

“That was mine apparently. Don’t you remember? You bet me 1000 credits I wouldn’t join the girls on stage and do a dance on the pole. One of the Twilek girls suggested double or nothing if I would do said dance in a dress.”

Brain giggled. “Tell me you didn’t”

“For 2000 credits, you bet I did. Though the Corellian ale had more to do with that than anything else. Apparently I made some fans. In the security office.” Turel shuddered in disgust a little at that last sentence.

“And you spent that on my bail?” Turel nodded. “Oh man, if you did a pole dance in **that** dress and **those** heels 2000 credits is the least you deserve.” Brain pulled out 2000 credits from his wallet and gave them to Turel.

“I was really drunk, but it was kind of fun in a way. Especially when the girls took me backstage to help me into my ‘dress.’ I could stand to have Twi’lek dancers help me undress every day.”

“So how did I end up with ‘Galaxia’ at the end of the night?”

“Well after you started winning at the Pazaak tables they flagged you as a high roller. And when you started throwing your winnings around to the girls they offered to take you backstage for a private lap dance from the galaxy famous Galaxia.”

“Wait, and you knew who Galaxia was”

“Yep.”

“And you let them lead me back there?”

“Oh yeah.”

“So what about my, um, costume?”

“I have no idea man, I kind of lost you after that. I went backstage with the girls after you left and ended up getting escorted out of the casino by some very unpleasant bouncers. I woke up in my room.” Turel gave Brain a deadly serious look. “You know no one in the House can find out about this right?”

Brain cracked an evil smile. “I think your fan in security has pictures. What’s it worth to ya?”