

*You would almost think they couldn't see me.* Bentre grumbled to himself as he took another sip from the red plastic cup. The lager was not the most terrible drink he had forced down his gullet, but it did not offer him the buzz he wanted at that very moment. His mind drifted to one of the large bottles of Corellian Ale sitting in his room. *Not that it would offer much more of a buzz, but at least I would get a taste of home.*

He watched the others as they talked and joked, and somehow his self-imposed isolation felt that much colder. He had never been very comfortable at parties, even before he had joined the Dark Brotherhood and Clan Naga Sadow. Too many fake people at parties with their bratty children and their false prestige had long poisoned any notion of a genuine party in his mind. It wasn't like this in either Shar Dakhan or the Clan as a whole, but he still felt out of place.

Taking a large drink, the Knight tried to peek over the edge of his cup at his fellow clansman. His former Master Daedric was dressed in some kind of clown outfit, talking warmly with an eerily-calm Macron. It appeared the Mad Alchemist had thrown something akin to a suit over his normal set of armor. A top hat was perched upon his head, and he held a very fancy cane in one hand. It was a tad unsettling to say the least. He was polite and mannerly in a way that somehow frightened the Shadow to the core of his being.

He scanned over the assembled, picking out each of the members of his Battle Team in turn. The Falleen Hunter Vicious was bobbing for apples while dressed in security officer blues, prompting laughter from both Rosiedawn and Maru. Gaia'u was nearby, with many of those red plastic cups spread out on the table before him. The Umbaran was smirking at the new Zeltron girl who had just joined their ranks.

*What was her name again?* Bentre struggled to recall. *It was something that started with a Q right? Or was it an R? Ah well, it will come back to me later.*

He shrugged to himself, and watched as the pair began to grab cups of amber liquid and gulp them down with a frightening fervor. He smiled a little at the sight. He hoped that Mit'ac remembered that the Zeltron were known for their party lifestyle. Otherwise he would be in for a nasty surprise. Bentre had seen the dress-clad Mercenary drinking a lot when she had first arrived. So either she was already a bit sloshed, or she had just gotten started.

*Those two are going to have one hell of a hangover in the morning.*

Just past the pair, Kalar was standing against the wall. It wasn't as though he was aloof exactly, but he didn't seem in a hurry to join in on the festivities. As Stahoes allowed his gaze to pass over the crowd of Sadowans, he felt something rising in his chest he had not expected. He felt a stab of jealousy, and in many ways it seemed more painful than when Atra had taken out his left eye.

*Can I ever really be one of them? In this place some of them are wearing masks, others are in costume, and here day in and day out I have to hide my true face.*

The thought lingered for a moment, and the Corellian sighed into his cup. He could try to talk with Sang perhaps. After all, they hadn't had a chance to talk much properly after the incident on Dentavii. While he didn't agree with the Jedi's philosophy, he might get a giggle over a lively debate.

*Or something like that.*

His eyes flitted around, looking for a sign of Marka Ragnos's Quaestor, but his eyes first fell on the dancing form of that damned blue Twi'lek. There was a silver tinge to her face. He wondered for a minute how much she had drunk over the course of the evening. Given the slightest stumble in her dance steps, it looked like it may have been a bit much. This brought a wry grin to his face.

*Perhaps I should step in and get her off the dance floor before she ends up tripping over her own feet.*

A sigh escaped his lips and the Knight pulled himself up to his feet. It wasn't as though there was a chance of someone taking advantage of her inebriated state, unlike some of the parties in Coronet. She was in no real danger exactly. It would probably help if she got a little water in her at the very least. He wasn't sure how often she drank like this, or if she realized how much she might regret it later.

"Hey Versea," he coughed a little at the first word, but tried to smile in spite of it. "I hope you are doing well this evening."

"Bentre!" Tasha'vel let out an enthusiastic cry, drawing a brief sidelong glance from those surrounding. She threw her arms around the Corellian, causing him to go rigid almost immediately.

"Come on, girl. Let's get you sat down for a little bit." Bentre tried to shake her grip as politely as he could muster. Her grip was a little too strong for him to shake her off, though. He didn't want to throw her off, when she was only a little drunk. "Come over and talk with me for a bit."

"Ohhhhh," she drew the first word out, putting a finger on his nose, "I will tell you what I like about you Benny-Benny-Ben-Ben-Bentre."

Stahoes had to keep from rolling his eyes. He had spent more evenings of his youth than he cared to think about with extremely boring girls. "Sure thing, but first let's get you sat down." He placed a hand on her hip, trying to guide the Twi'lek away from the dance floor.

The Marauder's eyes widened a bit at this, and she managed to flush and even deeper shade of silver. "You see," she drawled, "I think I finally figured out why you like to pick on me so much. Stabbing my poor lekku like you did, especially."

"Oh, what is tha-" The word was cut off prematurely as Tasha'vel forced her mouth upon his in a sloppy kiss. Bentre's eyes widened as his face flushed, and he found himself pulling away. He managed only to break the kiss, however. The female Sith still had ahold of him.

"What in the Hells, Tasha?" he growled, prompting the girl to frown for a moment.

"Oh don't tell me you don't feel it too," she cooed. Versea cradled his face affectionately with her hand. "You can't be that calloused you silly Human boy."

The Shadow was not quite sure what to say to this. Dropping down, he slipped from his rival's grip, and rolled sideways. His eyes darted across the room, looking for the closest exit. "I think," he locked eyes with the pouting Marauder as he straightened his stance, "that I will talk with you later if that's okay." Without waiting for a response, the Corellian whirled around and practically marched from the room.

*Well, that was unexpected.* That was more than enough excitement for one evening. As he had sworn countless times, he wouldn't be going to another party like that. Tonight, he would just grab a cold shower and then crack open a bottle of that Corellian Ale before going to bed.