

The Topsy Rancor was in full swing, and for some people that was rather literal. One of the custodial droids was using a broom to try and pry a very inebriated Bith off of one of the hanging light fixtures at the moment. A trio of Gran were sitting in the corner with massive mugs of some kind of foamy and foul smelling concoction, singing the songs of their people. From the tight packed barroom all manner of noises could be heard tonight, laughter and crying alike. Cheering from those watching the holo panels displaying a game of shockball was in stark contrast to those trying their hands at a game of billiards.

Near the middle of the teeming mass of various species and alcohol, sat a trio around a small table. A pyramid of upside down shot glasses standing six high, surrounded by empty pint mugs spoke to their level of intoxication. A Ryn, a Miraluka, and a Human sitting in a bar, nearly sounded like the start of a bad joke. Kordath had drunkenly pointed this out at least three times in the last hour, laughing at his own idiotic humor every time. His two friends would shake their heads and drink their beer, waiting for the Priest to pass out on the table as he was want to do.

The three were old hands at this. They'd drink until one fell out and found themselves facing quite the hefty tab next time they came to the Rancor. On occasion they'd manage to hook another Arconan in on the action, but many had grown wise to the trio's antics. They perked up as a group as one of the server droids managed to force its way through the crowd and deposited another round of whiskey on the table. Wavering hands clinked glass together, and shots were downed. Atyiru pulled a face as the liquid burned it's way down before laughing and slamming her glass down.

Uji was impassive as his was emptied, placing it gently on the top of the pyramid. But Bleu, Bleu tossed back his shot, then tossed his glass up into the air over his head. He promptly forgot he'd done it, despite his Aedile watching the trajectory of the tumbling tumbler. As it disappeared from sight the Obelisk briefly held on to the hope that it had missed anyone and simply smashed to the floor. That hope was shattered, much like the glass was when it struck the forehead of a Wookiee who'd just turned away from the bar to return to his own table. A roar shook the interior of the tavern, causing a surprisingly eerie moment of silence to rush in on it's wake. Almost silence. Nearly complete silence. Except for the laughter and whistling sounds coming from the very, very drunk Ryn.

Two massive and hairy paws appeared to either side of the Priest's head, causing him to crane back to look up at the bleeding face of a very, very angry looking Wookiee. It growled at him, baring teeth and snarling in a truly menacing manner before said paws fell on to the Ryn's shoulders. Kordath stared, blinking a few times as his brain tried to register what was going on.

"Ello?" he started to say, before the Wookiee lifted him out of his chair and turned him around.

ROOOOOoooooaaaAAAAaar!

"I don't follow mate," said the Ryn, lifting his mug to take a sip despite his situation. The Wookiee snarled again, moving one hand to grip Kordath by the back of his neck. With its other it knocked the mug of beer from the Priest's hand.

"OI!" shouted the Krath, bloodshot eyes finally starting to focus on the hairy alien before him. Bleu saw a copper skinned hand reach up and gently place itself on the Wookiee's arm, and heard Atyiru start to try and calm it down.

"Now now friend, it was an accident. Let us buy you a drink--" she yelped in shock as Uji reached over and pulled her back into her seat by the back of her shirt. The Wookiee's offhand sailed through where her head had been moments before right after her butt hit the seat.

"Oooh...mate..." mumbled Kordath, smiling at the big bastard in front of him, "Ya shouldna done that."

Kordath watched as the Wookiee turned back to him, cocking its arm back to hit the Ryn with enough force to kill him, more than likely. Behind the hairy beast he could see Uji with a chair in hand.

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Atyiru came to first, groaning as she pushed herself up and out of the sticky floor of the tavern. A quick kick brought Uji to consciousness, cursing as he held a hand up to block out the light streaming through the dirty windows. Slowly the Obelisk stood, reaching down to help his Consul to her feet as well. Both stood in silence as they looked around their shattered surroundings. Not a table was standing, not a chair in the place still had four legs. On the ground between them was a datapad, a light blinking to indicate a message waiting. Uji picked it up, as he scanned the waiting message all the color drained from his face.

"What's wrong?" asked the Miraluka, sensing her friend's discomfort.

"He bloody karked us," muttered the Obelisk, shaking his head, "Kord musta slipped out in the fight."

"Ah, so we've been stuck with the tab then? We didn't drink all *that* much last night."

"Not just that, it says we started the blasted fight, we got stuck with ALL of this."

"...I'm going to have him strung up. I'm going to have boots made from his hide. Ryn boots."

"Quite fashionable, my lady."

"Oh shut up."

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