

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE!

SAV Kordath Bleu #13593

Kordath Bleu woke slowly to an existence of cold. He shifted his weight and noted the chair he found himself in was metal, possibly a folding chair as he found no discomfort for his tail. Another little movement confirmed for him that his hands were indeed bound behind him. He almost tacked on a mental 'again' but felt it was unnecessary. He woke up like this from time to time. Sometimes the reasons were even fun. The black bag covering his head suggested this was not one of those times. Probably. Okay, maybe.

The Ryn stayed calm despite his predicament — as it's been said, this wasn't his first rodeo. He paused on that thought, both wondering what the hell a rodeo was and if it would hurt. Diverting that train of thought, he wondered where he was. The chair was cold, so either the room he was in was cold as well or he'd not been in it long. The ambient temperature as near as he could tell was a bit chilly, and he realized he could tell this because he was clad in boxers and not much else.

'Probably took me from my bed while I was sleepin' one off. Woulda woken up if was sober, I would have. Right. Yeah.'

Air movement picked up for a moment, causing the nearly naked Ryn to shiver and decide he was outside. Or someone had opened a door. Uncertain of what exactly was going on, he decided to give in and try his 'other' senses. Opening his mind up to the Force he felt about a dozen people in close proximity to him, who seemed to be waiting for something. One bright light of a presence stood out, of course.

"Atts."

"Oh, you're awake!"

"Care to tell me what I done ta get black bagged today, luv?"

He heard the Miraluka giggle moments before the bag was yanked off of his head with a yell of, "Surprise!". Bleu blinked a few times in confusion before letting out a long sigh.

"Blinky. I luv ya, you know that, right?"

"You better, I went through a lot of trouble for this, Fluffball!"

"Right, so I say this with luv, of course, complete and total affection. Please don't hurt me, eh?"

“What?”

“When ya tear the bag off a bloke’s head and yell surprise...”

“Yes?”

“It helps if the lights are on so he knows what the kark you’re surprisin’ him with, yeah?”

A long, drawn out and quiet pause followed this exchange before blinding lights came on and a half hearted chorus of ‘Surprise!’ came from the others in the room. Kordath blinked a few times to regain his sight and took in his surroundings. A table was set along one wall covered in cups and a large bowl of red fluids, possibly punch. The empty liquor bottles around it suggested it was at least good punch. A harassed and tired-looking Uji stood leaning against one wall still clad in pajamas, probably having been pulled out of his bunk for this little adventure.

He didn’t recognize any seeing bleary-eyed people in the room. A few Zeltron women who were scantily clad and heavily made up were moving about the room trying to chat up males. They weren’t the kind of Zeltrons the Ryn was used to seeing — they looked...tired, a bit heavier than the run of the mill ones he ran into while working. A sudden realization clicked.

“Oh god why are there whores here, Atts?”

“Hah! So you know that form I sent out to everyone? The one asking all sorts of relevant and personal information for the use of the Clan?”

Kordath racked his brain. “Ya mean tha one ya sent out months ago? Blood type, planet ya was born on, all that dosh?”

“That’s the one!” she said cheerfully, holding a cup of punch up to the still bound Ryn’s lips. With a sigh he tried to sip it, the attempt derailed as the woman grabbed his shock of white hair and pulled it back. He sputtered as she poured the heavily alcoholic punch down his open mouth. “You never turned yours in! So I had to get the information from, umm, other sources!”

Trying to fight back the urge to throw up on his Consul, knowing she’d not appreciate it, he choked down the rest of the punch and fought for breath. Finally, he was able to speak clearly again he, looked up at her with watering eyes.

“Huh?”

“Gwen filled me in on some important stuff. I knew most of it already, you *do* like to talk when you’ve been drinking after all! But you know what you never told me?” she asked as she held the cup out for a passerbyer to swap out with a full one. More gingerly this time she held the glass up to his lips and let him actually drink it properly. The Ryn eyed her in distrust. Gwen was

a childhood friend that Clan business had him cross paths with again. She'd been the first girl he'd ever discovered he had ever crushed on when they were barely teens. Gwen knew more about his past prior to running off to the Outer Rim than anyone else alive, probably.

"Filled ya in on...what?" he asked slowly. He'd reconnected with Gwenievre on a mission for the Contract people, ended up saving her from a gang of loansharks she'd tried to screw over. There'd been a lot of sparks and a very intimate reunion after he'd saved her from the toughs, and he had to remind himself that Atyiru had gone on that mission with him, so the two knew one another.

"Welllllllll," she stated slowly, forcing another drink of punch on him as she decided to plop down into his lap. Kordath tried to think cold thoughts as he warmed up from the punch and bodily contact, very aware once more that he was clad in not but his boxers. "For one, your birthday!"

'Oh kark me.'

"Happy birthday, Bleuboy!" she shouted, getting a weak background of follow ups from the others as she pushed the cup at him once more. He saw Uji wave a full cup half heartedly from his place on the wall where he was trying to ignore a chubby, half dressed Zeltron who was pawing at him.

"Whats uhh, with tha quality of entertainment tonight anyways? Ya couldn't find better?"

"This is what you get when it's short notice, Bleu, blame yourself for not filling out the form!"

"Don't guess yer gonna untie me now?"

"Wouldn't be a party if you weren't trussed up, Kordy."

"You and I have very different ideas about what a party is, Blinky," he stated blandly.

"That's not what Gwen told me," she said teasingly, causing the Ryn's ears to turn bright red.

"Cripes she talks too much," he mumbled.

Atty leaned in and gave him a peck on the cheek and held the cup again to be refilled, "In your defence, she's only said nice things about you two's private encounters."

Kordath perked up a little despite himself, getting a little grin, "So, uhh, that mean I'm gettin' a present tonight, luv?"

“Yup! More punch!” she shouted, forcing his jaw open again. The Ryn mentally sighed as he tried to not drown. It was looking like a long night. Maybe if he asked nicely she’d give him a blanket at least. Or quit moving around on his blasted lap.