

The Sithmas Party

It was still early in the evening within the Arconan Citadel on Selen, but the party was already picking up steam. Military officers and Clan officials alike were mingling with the Force users of Arcona as cheesy music played in the background. It could be noted among the military personnel especially that small items were being exchanged along with handshakes, hugs, and back slaps. Another year survived, after all the chaos of the One Sith and the former Grandmaster at Korriban, the attacks by Dassac and the Perdition forces. The grunts were just happy to still be kicking, and were already reminiscing about those who'd fallen to the wayside since the previous year. Exaggerations of heroism and skills were in abundant supply as they spoke of those they'd lost, making even the worst squadmate out as a Big Damn Hero because hey, they were a squadmate, they'd been one of them.

The grand hall of the Citadel had been decked with decorations in multitudes of colors and lights, ribbons and something people referred to as 'tinsel' hanging from everything that they could be attached to. As a chamber it had seen its uses for balls, meetings, battles, and now a party. Temporary bars had been set up on both long walls, tables clustered at either end of the hall helping frame a large open area for people to talk and dance. It was at one of these bars that sat a casually dressed Ryn in a dark jacket, sipping his whiskey and watching people relax. He'd been amazed when his boss lady had told him they were having a proper 'Sithmas' party, he'd had no idea what she was talking about and any explanations from the Miraluka woman had been less than vague.

Still, even with the tacky decorations and horrible, repetitive music that made him feel as if a Jawa was beating his skull with a hydrosponder, people were enjoying themselves. Even with the so called music playing the Ryn was sporting a slight smile, leaning back against the bartop and nursing his drink. He was trying something different at this get together, an attempt to not get so hammered that he'd wake up trouserless, penniless and in strange company. Though he didn't mind the company usually, but he always preferred to know how he got there. If you can't remember the lines that work, you keep using the ones that don't, after all.

Others had found themselves gravitating to the bar as the night went on, some stayed, some grabbed their drinks and went back to circulating the room. Near the center of the clearing the Krath, he still thought of himself as one even if they'd been outlawed, it was hard to ditch tradition, he could sense the bright light that everything found itself revolving about. People likely weren't even conscious of what was going on, but to the Rollmaster's senses it was clear; they were in a deteriorating orbit that headed towards that presence. Those that made it stayed for a few minutes and then seemingly shot back out into the chamber at large with a smile and a sense of peace.

"She sure can throw a party when she sets her mind to it," spoke quietly the Human who'd stepped up next to the Ryn at the bar.

Kordath Bleu grinned, recognizing the voice. It'd been some time since Edraven had quit wearing a mask, it was still strange to the Ryn to hear his voice unfiltered. "Aye, even if her color coordination is still a wee bit mad, eh?"

"Hah! Tis the season, I guess, for...oh gods. Reds, greens...is that pink and mauve and some kind of bright gold? Who did she have decorate this place, Bleu?" asked Celevon, looking away from the massed decorations lest they blind him.

"She did. She worked very hard on 'em, she did. Put a lot of people to work as well. Go with it, we'll be pullin' it all down in the mornin' and burnin' the lot. Gonna let the Journeymen take care of it, eh?" replied the Ryn with a grin, sipping his drink.

"Figures. Oh, uh, heads up," muttered the Quaestor before slapping him on the back and melting into the crowd. Kordath looked around in concern, trying to determine what Celevon had meant.

A pair of large, clawed, dark and scale covered hands settled on to the bar to his right, another set to his left. These were paler, with dark veins and more slender, though none would call them delicate or 'dainty' even though they were obviously feminine. Bleu slowly started to rise from his stool to back away from the bar, only to find his way impeded by a large, muscular tail. Putting on a weak smile, he squared his shoulders and sat back down.

"Kordath," hissed the voice to his right. The Ryn stared at the barkeep who was traveling up and down the long countertop until he noticed the desperate looking Arconan. He waved three fingers at the man and took a deep breath before turning his head first to his right, than the left.

"Uhh, hey, you lot. How's Port Ol'Val treatin' ya?" he was almost certain his voice cracked as he glanced at his Master and her new hair.

She stared at him, and then at the glass of amber liquor that the bartender set before her and the two men she was sitting with. After that she seemed to ignore the drink and simply watched her former Apprentice.

"Are you behaving yourself, Kordath," asked the gravelly voiced Barabel. Kordath turned to look at him, noting the hulking man's amethyst eyes were narrowed and claws lightly tapping the wooden counter.

"Y...yes, I am. I really am, tonight, hah! Been here near on three bleedin' hours and this is only me third...uhh...fourth drink so far, it is. Why?" Suspicion was heavy in the Ryn's voice.

"Fair enough, don't do anything foolish," spoke the Barabel, giving him a toothy grin before standing up from the bar. He sensed, but heard nothing, from Nath to his left doing the same as the pair wandered off again.

'The frak was that about?'

Kordath looked around the room, paranoia setting in along with the realization that he had three full drinks now instead of just one. He wasn't sure why he bothered, something about the 'spirit of giving' that Atty had mentioned to him. Now he felt like eyes were on him, waiting to see if he did something drunk and foolish to make a scene. Slowly he put his glass down on the bar, not bothering to finish it as he eyed the crowd again and quickly started heading for an exit.

From one edge of the crowd there was a shimmer as the Force conjured cloak dropped around Zakath, Nath, and Uji, who watched the Ryn make his escape. The Aedile turned to his two former Nighthawk crewmates and sighed, handing both of them a handful of credits.

"I didn't think you'd get him to actually leave the drinks, blast it. This was the wager we agreed on if I recall, have fun with the party," spoke the Human, shaking his head as he walked away from the smug looking Barabel and Iridonian.