

Winter 'Holidays'

The Tipsy Rancor, one of Estle City's "premiere" drinking establishments, was filled with people this evening. Smoke and the smell of alcohol and sweat permeated the air, as well as the slight burnt smell of the heater that hadn't been needed in months. The chill winter air was driving the populace of the city indoors, and the pub was making a killing tonight for it. Being on the same level of the city as the nearby spaceport meant the crowd was even more diverse here than at the Citadel, further up.

It was also surprisingly devoid of much of its regular clientele, Arconan military and Shadesworn having been called up to said Citadel for the evening. While the soldiers and guards got along well enough with the locals who frequented the Rancor, dock workers and warehouse guys, the fact that none of the robes were there led to a much more festive atmosphere. Despite the general attitude of fear, distrust and awe that the Force users of the Clan seemed to attract from the locals there was still a small chorus of greetings when the door swung open to let one in.

Shaking fresh snow off of his coat, Kordath Bleu took the room in with a glance and felt some tension leave him. Running a hand through his hair displaced more of the white stuff and left it slicked back though still desperately trying to stick itself up as he moved towards the bar. It was known to many of the non-Clan associated regulars of the bar that the Ryn was 'one of those weird fellas with the mind powers'. Even with this his own attitude and manner of dealing with the so-called mundanes kept him in good graces, it was easy to forget that Bleu could move things with his mind.

Settling on a vacated stool he waited briefly before the first tumbler of whiskey appeared before him, giving the barkeep a grateful nod. The bartender saw the look in the Ryn's eyes and left him a bottle as well before turning to update his tab. Kordath shook his head and grinned, digging into his jacket for a smoke as he watched the crowd in the bar's mirror. Taking a pull off of his smoke he filled his shot glass again, doing a mock toast to his own reflection.

"Thought you lot was all at that party up the hill, Bleu?" said a Human who tossed an arm over his shoulder.

"Aye, Rens me mate, aye, I was," stated the Ryn.

"Well? Too fancydress for ya?" The man called Rens laughed as he hugged on the Ryn, the smell of cheap ale thick on his breath. Kordath used a hand to push him away a bit, grinning despite himself.

"Nah, just, I dunno. Not my scene."

"Was they charging for drinks or something?"

"Bugger off, Rens, I'll be more sociable after a few drinks, yeah?"

"No worries, they got cards going in the back corner, maybe you'll feel better if you take all their credits again."

"Yeah, they said they'd shoot me if I tried playin' Sabacc in here again, Rens, you know that."

The Human laughed again, slapping him on the back as he moved off, leaving Kordath to his thoughts. Bleu refused to tell anyone he'd left the party in a hurry due to his Master, and her own for that matter, having freaked him out to the point of paranoia. With a sigh he tossed back another shot, head up and eyes closed as a meaty hand landed on his right shoulder.

"Rens, mate, I told you I'd be up for hangin' about...later..." Bleu began to say as the grip turned him around on the stool. Another large hand appeared in his vision, balled up in a fist as it came at his face.

Observer's in the bar would later tell security forces that they had no idea why the giant of a Zabrak had decided to take a swing at the Ryn. Some speculated the big horned bastard had come back from the can and found the Arconan in his seat. Others thought he was just drunk. People don't need a lot of excuse to beat the hell out of a Ryn, after all, but people in the Rancor knew better. It was just Bleu, afterall. What they did all agree on was the way the little furry bastard seemed to melt off of his stool before the punch could even land, his whole body going limp as he watched the first pass over him.

The swift kick launched up by the smaller alien got a few gasps and grimaces from the crowd as his boot ended any parental urges the Zabrak might have been feeling, at least for a few weeks. Kordath spun back around on his stool and poured another drink, shaking his head.

"Weather just brings out the bloody idiots, don't it?" he said to no one.