

Trippy Revenge

Her eyes opened slowly, blurring in and out of focus as they adjusted to the sudden burning sensation of bright light. An obnoxiously rude beam of sunlight radiated through the window with the drawn back curtain, perfectly landing right on the violet woman's face. It was almost as if the sun knew.

Her head was throbbing. She could feel it in her temples, an incessant metronome beating to the cadence of a wardrum. Except there was no war. It was quiet, save for the pounding. She groaned and shifted slightly. Her mouth was dry and parched and when she opened it to yawn she could taste the brackish aftermath of god knows what she had ingested.

What had she taken, anyway? The last thing she remembered...was...what? Why couldn't she remember--

K'tana bolted upright and looked around in panic. A hundred questions flooded her mind, all pushing and shoving against one another to make it to the forefront of her awareness. *Where am I? How did I get here, who brought me here, where are my clothes, why is there...*

To her immediate left, Braecen Kaeth lay sprawled out on the floor beside the bed. He was cradling a bottle of liquor of some kind like it were a child and was snoring contently. She looked around further and realized that she was in a motel of some sort. She remembered being on Ol'val, so she figured it had to be one of the places downtown. They had all gathered at the Lucky Lekku, and...

Furniture in the room was all upended. A mirror hung cracked and crooked on the wall. There were a few bodies sprinkled around the floor, and the entrance to both the door and tiny bathroom had a dresser and chairs moved in front of them as if trying to prevent anyone from gaining entrance. It was almost as if a battle had occurred where unknown invaders had tried to force-entry.

Among the bodies, Uji and Atyiru, and Nath had turned a tied-up and bound Kordath into a makeshift pillow with each of their heads resting on opposite sides of his torso. The Ryn had multiple bruises and a baseball bat lay discarded beside his unconscious form, and a rope-suspension pulley of some kind hung empty from the ceiling above. Part of her memory remembered something about a thing Atyiru had called a "pinata".

Celevon and Turel were both shirtless and laying atop one another, with a redheaded woman and a lithe Zeltron. There was also some kind of cat-thing that part of her mind identified as a Togarian slumped over and curled into a fetal ball that almost made him look cute. A sitting chair was tipped over on top of Ernordeth, who had passed out face down.

And to top everything off, a pineapple sat quietly on the side of the dresser. While the rest of the room had been strewn into a chaotic mess, the peculiar looking fruit seemed unphased. Smug, even. She would take up issue with it later.

As she got a better grip on her surroundings, her mind started to settle. She remembered the training Marick and Timeros had put her through and sifted through the finer details of the night. She focused on the small details first, then slowly began to piece together the rest.

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It had been a long night of fun and fervor. K'tana had sweat in places she didn't know she could sweat in. Her eyes were wide and dilated, her vision pleasantly blurry and her tongue heavy, but not so heavy as to prevent her from eloquent slurring.

"Heyy...you. Ysh, you! New guy! Bring me a drink!" The Twi'lek pointed at the man with long, pretty hair and yellow-tinted skin. His hair was drawn up into a bun, with a stick of some sort stuck through it for hold, and his face was clean shaven to reveal comely, rounded features. He looked rather average, to be frank, save for the electric blue hair. And the eyes, that were far too blue for their own good. They were familiar, but for some reason, she couldn't place where.

The man smiled and brought over a drink. He flashed a smile to the man sitting beside the Twi'lek, who simply nodded his head once. K'tana shot a glowering glance at Timeros, who had, of course, been the only person not engaging in any sort of "fun." It irked her to know end, but she had at least dragged him to the occasion.

The bartender came over with a tall glass with a neon-pink liquid in it that fizzed with bubbles.

"Oh my god... is...is s-so pretty!" K'tana exclaimed as she giggled and clapped her hands in excitement. She snatched the glass from the man and tossed him a credit chit as penance.

"I call it a 'Glitter Bomb,'" the man said with a humble grin before turning to leave.

She downed the contents in a single gulp. And that's when everything started to spin and wrap and twist and distort...

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Glitterbomb....Glitterbomb...

Jigsaw pieces slid into place. She knew that bartender had looked eerily familiar. His skin had been a different hue, the nose and cheekbones set differently, but there was no mistaking those too-blue eyes. He had wanted her to know, wanted her to realize that it had been him when she came around.

Marick. Of course it was him. That feen-faced, smug blunderhead had finally figured out a way to get back at her. It was just glitter, she didn't think he'd take things this far. Still, it could have been worse. When she got her hands on him she'd...

A grouchy grumble sounded from beside her. The covers to the bed shifted.

K'tana froze in place like a startled animal; deathly still. The covers lifted as a large framed figure sat up. The blanket fell back to reveal a confused looking Kahleesh.

"What the...boss!?" Skar stammered through his mask as he took in the Twi'leks mostly nekkid form.

The Gatewardeness let out a shriek that could be heard all throughout the rundown motel.

"MARICK!!!!!!!!!"