Blade sat back in her chintz armchair and swilled her glass of tequila. It had a pleasant aroma that brought back old memories. She closed her eyes in reverie as the images flashed through her mind…

The event was a New Year’s Bash hosted by Quaestor Kell Palpatine Dante. He was holding the event at his family’s estate in Judecca. The sun had already set when she got off the transport, the dulcet tones from his party already bashed wonderfully against her ears. She walked along a lantern lit path to the back of the house where the party was already in full swing. There was a well proportioned dance floor, plenty of drinks and plenty of people. Blade made a mental note of some of the hotter specimens in the crowd. She had chosen to wear a velvet blue cocktail dress that showed off her curves quite well.

All of her friends were already there and she joined them at the bar. Eyes followed her as she walked over to the bartender, not uncommon being a Zeltron with pink skin. She grabbed a few bottles of Tequila for her group and then they found a nice table to sit back and down shots. As each new shot was downed their ruckus attracted others. A small circle of friends drinking shots had turned into a flock of people drinking shots. Their cries of “3, 2, 1, drink!” and the ensuing drunken laughter were probably heard all the way out to the family stables. Again and again they drank shots until the bartender refused to serve them drinks. They had to restock the bar! Chaos threatened the party but feat not! She had an idea and suggested that they hit the dance floor. She dearly loved to dance and drunk people were hilarious on a dance floor.

They migrated in mass to the dance floor and moved their limbs in the most epic of ways. The more athletic men and women were doing intricate aerial dances in a dance circle with drums. Jorm was already showing off to several young women. The Squids even moved their tentacles to the beat. It was one of those moments that made your night. A new art form! She would have made a holovid but a guy caught her attention. She danced over to him and send a wave of pheromones in his direction. There was no resistance and it wasn’t long until their bodies were undulating to the music. It wasn’t long till she had a circle of men dancing around her. It could be so much fun being a Zeltron. It was an epic dance session.

Eventually she decided to gather her friends again for a party prank. She had spotted a pen full of moose and a had a wonderful idea. She grabbed a few of her friends and crept away to the moose pen. She remembered the glee on their faces as the shed nearby held Mountie costumes and several large Canadian flags. She found it a bit odd that it was near the moose pen but to each their own. Her group quickly donned the Canadian mountie costumes and got on top of the moose. They opened the pen gates, grabbed a Canadian flag and rode back into the party. Flags raised high they thundered onto the dance floor. The crowd fell silent for a moment. Their stopped their moose short of the crowd, held the flags high and yelled “One day we will rule the world and then you’ll all be sorry!” The crowd broke into laughter and pointed out their ludicrous costumes . It was hit. Everyone wanted to ride them.

Blade got rid of the mountie costume and found her new beau again. They cuddled together in a booth, made out, and had some more Tequila. Her friends eventually joined her table with some of their new “friends” and they broke out some pazaak cards. They turned it into a drinking game. Anytime someone busted their hand everyone had to drink a shot. After a while the table broke into song. It was a merry occasion and the songs varied from battle hymns to “Kylo the drunk emo”. In an endeavor to shut them up someone provided them with a whole plate of brownies. The brownies didn’t work and they continued to sing to the night until they fell asleep…

Blade opened her eyes and smiled contently. She looked at her glass of tequila and swore she would never forget that party.