

Turel Sorenn groaned, squeezing his eyes more tightly shut against the brutal morning sunlight. The duracrete in his sinuses and the slight spinning sensation in his head were clear indications that he'd had a little too much fun at the party last night. He was in Seher - *somewhere* in Seher, or at least he assumed he was. They're been celebrating the new Quaestor's ascension to the Seherob council, and their victory over the rogue Jedi Sentinels. There had been Vasarian brandy. And a woman.

And what a woman. Turel had met her before, in passing, but never in a cocktail dress. A plunging neckline showed off a charming silver necklace, and some other charming things besides, and the short skirt revealed the longest, shapeliest, smoothest legs he'd ever seen. Blue eyes so arresting that they managed to distract one's attention from the delicate curves of her ruby-painted lips. Silver hair cascading down to frame a face that stopped his heart as surely as any Sith terror when she smiled.

Turel couldn't remember her name, though, but in his defense, their conversation had mostly amounted to her laughing at his stories and telling him how foolish but brave he was. The fond recollections *almost* distracted him from that fracking pounding in his head. As Turel pawed at the covers to pull them over his head, his arm brushed against soft, warm skin. *Oh*, he thought, the realization slowly percolating through what was left of his brain. *OH. Well, that'll cheer me up.*

The Jedi slowly worked his hand over the body next to him, caressing the soft skin until he'd made his way up to his companion's chest. *Emperor's black bones, the hell kind of bra was she wearing last night? This girl's flatter than I am.* The suspiciously deep groans didn't reassure him any, and Turel finally came to the sickening realization that the pulsing sensation wasn't coming from inside his head, but above it.

He opened his eyes.

"Rise and shine, Proconsul. Smile!" a chipper, feminine, *familiar* voice called out to him as a camera drone fixed its camera eye directly on his face. The droid floated up and panned out slightly to capture Turel's horrified expression as he looked down at the body next to him.

"MAKO?!"

His new Quaestor snorted and opened his eyes, shutting them when he decided he didn't like the view. "Sorenn, for frak's sake shut up."

Turel bolted upright and saw the woman from last night seated comfortably, her legs - her long, long legs - crossed as she fixed a handheld recorder on him. "What are you doing?!"

"Getting a promotion, most likely," she answered. "I'd prefer 'Madame Director of the Sentinel Network,' Alethia said with a cruel smile. "But Aedile will do in a pinch. I'm sure the frog will understand. That is, unless you want this footage to find its way to the Herald's office."

"Mako!" Turel shook the other man until he finally rolled over. "Control your people!"

Shan's new Quaestor dry heaved slightly, then squinted up at the woman seated off the foot of the bed. His bed, actually.

"Archenksova," Mako grumbled.

"Yes, Quaestor?"

"Why are you wearing Lily's shirt?"

Alethia only smiled in reply, as Lily's voice rang out from the kitchen. "Breakfast is ready, ya sexy psychopath!"