

Port Ol'val Hangover - Wuntila Arconae (#8533)

The street lighting was like a bolt between the eyes. With every beat, his heart felt like it was chasing up his veins and trying to burst out through his head. Drink. It was a cruel mistress. Elation the night before; dread the morning after. Moreover, this particular episode of overindulgence was only compounded by Wuntila's penchant for Corellian brandy, a beverage that was more common than water in the port's Besadii Entertainment District.

The human-theelin rolled over onto his chest and pushed himself feebly to his knees. The haze and general drunken stupor still clung relentlessly to his peripherals, but he managed to open his eyes – albeit to little more than a squint.

He pulled himself up to lean on a nearby lamp post and surveyed his surroundings. A few feet away he saw a mass of black cloth and raven dark hair. He stumbled awkwardly in that direction, tripping up the kerb and staggering most of the way. The Dragon was convinced he had committed some form of felony the night before, but he was not sure what.

The bundle groaned and rolled over. And Wuntila sighed with overwhelming relief. Marick Arconae brushed the matted hair from his eyes and looked up to the Dragon, who dropped to the floor beside him in exhaustion.

"I didn't know you were here," Wuntila groaned.

"What do you mean.... 'Didn't know I was here'? I was with you all last night." Marick Arconae tried to pull himself to his feet, failed, and sat up rubbing the heels of his palms into his eyes.

"Last night?" Wuntila lay on his back in a pool of cold vomit, naked from the waist up, with his eyes closed and his hands pressed tightly against his face. "What happened? And where are my clothes?"

Even in his delicate state Marick was able to laugh. "Your clothes are at *Madame Maude's*."

"Wait, what? My clothes are at the brothel? Don't tell me we went to the brothel..."

"We did more than just go to the brothel, brother. You were insistent."

"Insistent my arse!" Wuntila slapped his hands down at his side, throwing vomitus over the both of them, and sat up sharply. He swayed slightly, but managed the head rush and ensuing pain well. "I detest such establishments. I simply like to drink..."

That was not your opinion last night, my friend. You demanded we go, and you demanded we stay. I did not partake in the... activities, but you? Well..."

"If I find out you're lying, I swear to Selen that I will gut you..."

“Honestly, brother, you were the life and the soul of the party,” Marick’s face was a tapestry of pure delight as he spoke. “You proclaimed your love for a particular lady in the establishment a number of times. Both vocally and... physically.”

“Wh... which one?” Wuntila’s expression dropped.

“You know little Sandi?” Marick asked. Wuntila’s face lit up. “Well, not her. Your eyes never left Kasinska from the moment you entered the place until the moment we were thrown out.”

“Wait, what?” Horror flashed across the Dragon’s eyes, followed swiftly by disgust. “The man-crusher?”

“The very same.” Marick stifled a laugh as he pushed himself hesitantly to his feet, turned, and took a piss. “You see,” he continued over his shoulder, “you said before we went in that you wanted someone who could, and I quote ‘challenge your manliness’ and ‘throw you around the bedroom’. It just so happened that the seven-foot Cerean was able to do just that. Although I did warn you that her shoulders were broader than yours...”

“... and my clothes?”

Marick burst into laughter as he shook himself dry, turning back to sit on his haunches by Wuntila’s side. “You gave them to her as a proclamation of your love.”

“And *Dragonsbreath*?”

“Your lightsaber?”

“Yes. I didn’t... I didn’t--”

“--Don’t even say it--” Marick began, disgusted.

Wuntila paid no attention. “--put it... up her, did I?” It was more of a plea than a question.

“Suffice it to say that you may want to wash it once you find it.” Marick shook his head and slapped the human-theelin on the shoulder. “Come on. Let’s get your clothes back. And your lightsaber. Then we’ll get breakfast.”

Wuntila whimpered. He reached over, grabbing a half-empty bottle of brandy discarded by Marick the night before and took a long, hard swig. “Why do I drink?”

“You told me last night it was to stop the screaming in your head.”

“Oh, yes. That’s it...”

END