

# Cecilia's Party

Dajorra System

Port Ol'val

Broken Blade

The Docks were bustling, a myriad chorus of voices filling the metallic housing for the Broken Blade. As the craft refueled, the crew took the few days it took to resupply very casually, casually smoking and drinking as they sat atop the many crates waiting to be loaded onto the ship. They had a good rapport with one another, sharing stories and making bonds. It was the only time that they got to relax, the Broken Blade usually in a constant state of alert. Keeping a secret as big as House-Qel-Droma amongst, thieves, crooks and kingpins took lightning-fast response times and as such, tensions were often high. The Captain was more than happy with giving them all some much needed catharsis - on occasion, too happy.

Cully Vlam was a human street urchin turned dock-worker. After years of stealing energy cells and small canisters of tibanna gas to afford food and water, it took for him to choose the Styx hangar to be caught. His expert fingers had pried a single canister away without a single noise to attract attention but a firm grip on his wrist stopped him taking another. The Miraluka was happy to find someone with such skillful hands and effectively bullied him into working for him, placing him under the care of experienced crew members. Suddenly, rather than waking his rumbling stomach, touching an energy cell instead made him smile and puff his chest out. He loaded the last rack of cells onto a repulsor-trolley and made his way down the long corridor that bisected the many hangar rooms within the Docks. It was always a new day there, with ships from all over coming for commerce, trade and refueling. He always kept a lookout during his duties - he'd gotten lucky with a couple of dancers from Tatooine and prayed every day for the same luck.

The trolley hummed reliably under the weight of its contents and he watched the small groups of travellers interact with one another. Gradually, he began to notice their faces, craning their necks to frown at the space behind him. He shrugged. It wasn't unusual for outsiders to be impressed by the massive complex that sat within the giant asteroid. He was about halfway to the ship when he began to hear their voices.

Loud and boisterous, they barked orders and encouragement. Puzzled, he pushed the trolley to the side to get a better look.

"Hey! Stay where you are, you're in the way!"

Recognising the voice immediately he froze as the voices sped past him at a reckless speed. Two crouched figures rode each trolley, long hair spilling behind them as they were pushed by two others. They weaved in and out between the crowds, their voices loud and obnoxious.

A bystander walked over to Cully with a concerned expression, "What's going on? Who were they?"

Cully sighed before grinning honestly, "That's my boss."

Myrji braced himself as his trolley split a group of people, missing them by inches. The female Zabrak pushing him was drenched in sweat, her every muscle swollen by extended sprinting and the sheer effort required to push a full trolley with someone on top.

"Halfway there - come on! Big fat pay rise on the horizon Zahlia!"

She grunted violently, her thighs bulging through her fatigues and her torso tensing beneath a revealing training bra. She weaved around another group of people, grunting with the effort before returning closer to the center. The other trolley shot out from behind a similar group and almost crashed.

"Hey, watch where you're going! Are you blind?!"

"Yes!"

Cecilia was dressed similarly but her poise was all different. She rode atop the trolley like a predator; ready to pounce upon her prey with grim satisfaction. She kept her eye on the prize, her coral-coloured eyes flicking towards her bare-chested employer. That stupid grin infuriated her - he had absolutely no sense of tension and brandished his training tunic about like a flag. She turned her head sharply to glare at the person pushing her.

"Go. *Faster.*"

She hissed through her teeth but her fury made her beauty no less dazzling. The well-built human mechanic she had picked up at the entrance of the hangar looked at her with heavy lidded eyes, his legs slowing as her dark pink irises locked onto his. She slammed a hand down atop the trolley and he sped up post haste, his sweating face determined to win her favour even in the restrictive jumpsuit straining under his efforts.

There was a small crowd of people suddenly within their path, the Broken Blades hangar only a few meters ahead. The split off from one another, the Miraluka holding a small lead as they rounded the corner. Every word he spoke was coloured by his grin as they neared the edge of the hangar - and then he leapt. Cecilia timed her own jump to get ahead of him but as is usually the case she underestimated him. The faded blue shielding that hummed between the arches of the hangar swallowed him before she had a chance to prepare a landing.

She folded into a roll and halfheartedly rose to her feet, the Gray already running a celebratory lap of the hangar. The crew stopped what they were doing to let out a chuckle or

two before Cecilia's burning gaze silenced them. The heavily panting steeds made a slow gait towards the ship before the Zeltron stopped them with a gesture.

"You win, Zahlia. 10% pay increase - and I'll even throw in that time-off you wanted. As long as you don't remind *him* of-"

"*Big* announcement everyone! Listen up!"

"-Damn it!"

The dark-skinned Zabrak looked puzzled between heavy breaths as the Miraluka gained an audience. Cecilia began a light jog towards the ship's main access ramp, her hair covering her face.

"Today I have successfully defeated the most dangerous and beautiful women this side of the Port- and have made a victorious discovery! One of them grows in wisdom by another year and as such, we must properly celebrate them!" Cecilia shuffled past the edge of the audience before speeding up to the ship's entrance, "Our rosy fury herself, Cecilia Morningst- wait, stop! Big party tonight, bring all your friends and dress well-"

He sprinted after her before he could finish his sentence. Zahlia squeezed the back of her neck tightly before stretching her back and rolling her shoulders. A hand stopped her from continuing on with her duties.

Still panting, the heavily-built mechanic took a few deep breaths before speaking.

"That woman, who was she?"

The Zabrak tentatively removed his hand from her shoulder, the muscles in her arms flexing subconsciously, "I wouldn't fall for that one, buddy. She's all kinds of complicated."

The woman walked away, leaving the human with his thoughts.

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It took under a full standard minute for Cecilia to barricade herself in her room. She'd thought herself safe as soon as she had entered the ship but was instead hit by a chorus of well wishes, some of the crew suddenly donning bright coloured clothes so deviant from the uniform code that she was shocked to silence. They only took a moment to give their congratulations before going back to decorating the ship. She fled.

*He can't make me do it, I refuse, I refuse, I refuse.*

The turbolift took too long to take her to the upper floor and she ran at full speed past the Bridge to her personal lodgings before she could make eye contact with anyone. She

exhaled deeply once the door closed and lay back against her bed. The knocking came a few seconds later.

*Knock, knock, knock.* "Cecilia?" *Knock, knock, knock.* "Are you mad at me?"

"Yes! Leave me alone."

"Oh, well in that case-"

The door beeped and swished aside, "-we should talk about those feelings."

The Zeltron groaned and rolled into her covers but the Miraluka seemed not to notice, instead pacing around the fairly sized room.

"You haven't decorated. Seems a waste when you have so much space. Has good acoustics though-"

"Stop."

"What?"

"I'm not going to do it, don't bother asking."

"Not going to do what?"

"Nothing."

"Hm?"

*"Nothing."*

"Ah, never mind then. Have you picked a song yet?"

She burst from the covers, her deep pink eyes narrowed, "I am *not* singing."

The Miraluka calmly pointed a slender finger at her, "You lost the bet. I beat you *and* Zahlia at the same time - and with just my hands." He wiggled his eyebrows, "Therefore, you must sing."

He said the last part as if it was obvious, his lasting smile as oblivious as always. She wanted to argue with him, but her worry wasn't a logical one. She always held her word when she gave it, she prided herself on her capacity for loyalty - especially within her species. Pleasure seekers could be flakey at the best of times. But singing. That pulled at a different set of strings. She squeezed the bridge of her nose as her eyes became hotter and hotter, her anger fading as her resolve strengthened.

“Do you trust me?”

She took a moment before she answered, her body relaxing as she exhaled a tired sigh, “I suppose-”

“Then your daughter will be fine, both in memory and bodily. You used to sing to her didn’t you?”

Her magenta hand touched her mouth as her eyes widened, “...Yes, before-”

“Yes of course, before. How is she doing?”

The Zeltron cleared her throat and corrected her posture, “Well. She is progressing quickly, I hear.” There was an edge to her voice and her sentences came out with practiced monotony, “Her mentors have nothing but praise.”

“But how is she?”

Her lip trembled but the steel in her gaze kept her voice even, “Tired. Every day something new is required of her, some limit broken and a new level reached. She even has goals now.”

The Miraluka nodded, his head tilted to the side as if listening for something.

“And I can’t...”

This time Myrji held her, his arms ignoring her sex and her status as he rocked her sadness to its completion.

“You’ll always be her mother, Cessi. She’ll grow nurtured and protected; a woman as strong as her mother. I can’t imagine-”

Cecilia laughed quietly, “You probably can - and have. You wouldn’t have done this for me if you didn’t.”

It was the Mystic’s turn to laugh, “Technically I haven’t done anything except abuse our alliance with Odan Urr. Those Jedi are far more patient and understanding than anyone she’ll find here.”

“But the Inquisition-”

“Will never find her. The whole Galaxy will turn against that man and his ilk long before he reaches New Tython. You have my word.”

She squeezed him for a moment before sitting up and pawing at her eyes.

“I probably look a mess.”

“You do,” Cecilia’s knuckles rapped his arm, “But you have plenty of time before the festivities start. I won’t make you attend but I would point out your closet.” With a small gesture the doors slid open, “There’s not a soul around for clicks that has one like yours.”

She grinned ruefully and swayed towards the closet. Within moments she stood proudly naked, her hand laying gently against one of her well-rounded hips

“Then I’ll make sure to impress you, boss.”

She practically purred and Myrji found himself uncharacteristically tingling, his cheeks suddenly warm.

“I’ll be waiting.”

She smiled honestly and her beauty flowed unrestrained. He held his breath until the door closed behind him.

“Yep, yep, I get it now guys. Loud and clear.”

He stretched his shoulders back and headed onto the Bridge.

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4 Hours later  
Broken Blade  
Bridge

With the blast doors down, the illumination minimised and the alcohol flowing freely, the hangar of the Broken Blade was full of life. From the maintenance crew to the officers that led them there was a bright harmony that flowed from person to person. A six-person band played by the entrance of the well decorated ship, its members formed from the ranks of the crew itself, joy in their eyes as they watched their colleagues celebrate.

Long benches stretched out filled with recipes from all over the Galaxy, rapidly emptying pitchers spreading merriment with gusto. Brightly coloured lanterns and paper flowers lit and coloured the room intimately, the grey walls of the hangar forgotten in shadows. Within the ship, a single trail of decorations led out into the hangar, the dulled melodies of the band warming the halls and walkways.

Cecilia managed to stifle a nervous laugh before she stepped out. In her youth, she had performed for a vast amount of patrons, each enthralled by her beauty and voice. She sang in castles and towers full of wealth and power. It came as easy as breathing for her, entertaining those that wished to be entertained by something attractive, throwing money and half-baked compliments to tempt her to their clutches. She never broke. A stony beauty,

they would call her and that career path shrivelled quickly against the monument of her pride. She promised herself she would never bow to those lesser than her. And suddenly, she realised something important.

The food, the drink, the decorations. All hand made and acquired from their personal effects, the budget clearly tight and somewhat limited. And yet it was completely perfect.

She patted herself down, smoothing invisible creases. She wasn't doing it for just anyone, she told herself, just the people that mattered. She let the warmth of the thought carry her forward.

She stepped out onto the ramp and let a breath stretch her posture as tall as it could, her chin raised as she presented herself proudly. The musicians faltered, the conversations died. All eyes were on her.

Myrji moved first, one foot suddenly on his stool and another on the table, "Cessi, cessi, cessi-"

He clapped with every word and grinned from ear to ear as the room was filled with chanting, open mouths closing to form grins of their own.

She blushed, a lovely velvety red over pink rouging her cheeks. Picking up the skirt of her dress she moved to the middle of the ramp and let a note escape her lips. The band trailed off as it held clear for a few seconds before lilting upward into a cascade. She released her skirt and suddenly sang a surprisingly low note, the lilt beginning afresh as her voice invited their gaze. Each watched as the cobalt fabric shimmered downward to pull at her curves, the excess fabric pooling about her feet like mercury. The note steadily rose, drawing their gaze up from her hips to her embroidered neckline, the modesty of its height accentuating her ample bust. She lifted her arms as the note reached an angelic pitch, her shimmering gloves pausing by her face. Her expression evoked a sigh and the note stopped.

Then she sang the songs and everything was her voice. Songs of love to make them ache, of loss to draw at their grief and of hope to draw their tears. She swayed to some songs, grey tense in others, the emotion within her a star that the crew warmed themselves by. Every ear heard her and every heart understood her. She finished with a simple melody, a lullaby so genuine that folded her hands and took a modest bow.

Applause erupted as every seat was simultaneously vacated. They chanted praises and whistled loudly as she made her way down to the tables - five different individuals offering their spaces. Then the band started up again with their inspiration renewed and the five Operatives of the team congratulated her personally. Lonewolf and Adem had formed a symbiotic relationship whilst drinking together and slurred their compliments whilst supporting the other in a headlock. Zakath commented briefly on the level of skill required to sing well and Strategos even offered a few poetic words, surprisingly with no trace of a backhand. Cecilia bowed to each comment and then faced Myrji, an eyebrow raised in expectation.

“Hmm? Oh, I guessed you could sing like that. See? I’m puffing out my chest - show’s how proud I am.”

She chuckled at his now obvious pose, “Then I thank you for your continued confidence, Boss.”

“Though I do have to ask,” he leaned in conspiratorially, “Did you use any of those magic pheromones you have? I just can’t seem to figure it out...”

Everyone looked at Cecilia, expecting her usual anti-Zeltron speech and the importance using abilities responsibly. Instead, she looked him over thoroughly in the space of a second, blushed lightly and said with some humour, “I was raised a Zeltron songstress, the purity of my skill is my pride. Instead, we keep those talents for only very *special* patrons.”

She winked and Myrji’s expression dropped as she moved to take her seat. Strategos shooed him back to his seat as he proceeded to ponder on her sudden change in behaviour and the party resumed as normal. The crew drank, ate and were merry - a joyous evening to warm hearts and lift spirits to last against the coming shadows.