

Kord

Ary

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Kord

Port Ol'val

The Lucky Lekku

Smoke curled through the neon lightning that glowed along the intricate symbols set above the bar of the Lekku. Bottles galore lined the back wall, set against a massive mirror that showed the shifting crowd of the common room. Slumped down at one end of the pitted bar counter surface was a pathetic looking display, a Ryn with his head in his hands, slouching. Before him was an ashtray half filled with crumpled butts and ash, along with a mug of ale and a rocks glass filled with an amber liquid.

Blue and purple lights danced across the bar, reflected by the mirrors and clothing of some of the more dressy types that moved about the place. A band was blaring incoherently in one corner, a space clear of tables before them to allow people the chance to dance. Kordath Bleu sat in dejected silence, taking a drag off of his cigarette and sipping his beer while he watched people enjoy themselves in the reflections of the mirror.

It'd been only a couple of weeks since the farce with Dassac, the Chistori Elder who'd survived the destruction of the One Sith. A couple of weeks since Bleu had been released from whatever mental bondage the big scaly bastard and his Zeltron Lieutenant, Trilsha, had placed him in. Crazy broad had gotten him to the point where he was convinced he was in love with her. His memories were foggy for what had happened while working for Dassac, flashes of red skin and other recollections suggested he'd had a lot of fun at least.

Of course when he'd been brought up out of the control, with Dassac and Trilsha dead, the first thing to happen was his best friend tried to kill him. Uji Tameike, made ProConsul while he was gone somehow, had tried to throttle the Ryn as soon as he was cognizant. The Shadow Lady had stopped it, if barely. She was the only one who'd sat down with Kordath since his recovery to explain what he'd done while acting against the Clan, the only Arconan to really give him the time of day. Finding out that he may have killed, or been responsible at the least for the death of, Satsi, Uji's twin sister was a bit of a shocker.

Those in Galeres had begun muttering behind his back the moment he was on his feet and moving again, so the Ryn had hopped the first shuttle to Ol'val. He'd been wandering the station for two days, sleeping in flop houses and generally keeping to himself and staying out of trouble. Then the bloody DIA had tracked him down to hand off a datapad and a mission before

disappearing again like the blasted spooks they were. His review of it had lead him to the Lucky Lekku, one of the premiere drinking spots on the Port.

It'd also told him to be on the lookout for two people, a Devorian accountant for the Besadii Hutt's and somebody named Sargon. The accountant had some kind of data card the DIA wanted, information they wanted so as to keep the Hutt presence on Ol'val in check or some such nonsense. Sargon was meant to be a fellow operative, some bounty hunter turned Arconan, Force Sensitive. Other info about them was sparse to say the least, and the Ryn noted in the electronic trail that the mission had come under scrutiny, and likely been modified by the Shadow Lady herself.

So either Blinky is throwing me a soft one to get me back in the game, or she's karking with me.

The Ryn was betting more on the latter, considering their friendship. Movement in the mirror drew his attention as someone settled into the stool alongside him. Kordath's grey eyes widened in surprise and more than a little fear as he took in the red hued woman who sat down. Slowly he turned his seat towards the...very well put together Zeltron, he couldn't help but admire despite his recent and past experiences with her kind.

"Uhh, can I help ya lass?"

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Ary

Port Ol'val

The Lucky Lekku

The second she'd seen him slouching in that booth, half hidden by the smoke that drifted through the room, Ary had known the Ryn was the one she sought. What details she'd been given were sparse, because that's how Arcona seemed to operate, but she'd gathered that the being she was looking for was morose and brooding, and a Ryn to boot.

He fit the bill.

"Uhh, can I help ya lass?" Came the question as she settled across from him. Ary ignored the question and instead allowed him to stare as much as his alien heart desires as she signaled the attractive Twi'lek carrying a drink tray.

If I wasn't just as attractive as she is, I'd wonder why people stared at me all the time.

"Absinthe," she said to the Tw'lek when she approached. "Or something similar. Oh, and a glass of ice water. Put everything on the Sargon tab."

Only then did she turn her attention to the Ryn. He still wasn't done staring and if anything looked a little...frightened?

"You look like you've seen a ghost," she said. He blinked and she could tell he was struggling to see her through the fog of either booze or the past. "I'm gonna take a wild shot in the dark and say you need some help."

The Twi'lek returned and placed a bottle of bright yellow liquid as well as a glass of water on the table. Ary slipped a credit chip between her cleavage and shooed her away before getting up and pacing slowly towards the Ryn.

"Lass-" he began, but he didn't get to finish his statement before she leaned over him, her low-cut shirt giving him a very close up view as she slid into his lap. She set the glass of water on the table and curled her other hand in what hair he had.

"Sargon," she corrected. "But you can call me Ary."

The fear coming off of him was a little concerning, but in the end his eyes wandered just like everyone else's. "Eyes up her, darling," she murmured. When he looked up she smiled sweetly and dumped the water on his face.

"Lass!" He sputtered, water cascading down his face. She grinned and hopped from his lap to the table, crossing one leg delicately over the other.

"Ary," she corrected again. "It's nice to meet you."

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Kordath

Kordath sputtered and wiped water from his eyes, staring at the flirtatious bounty hunter in confusion. The cold shower had shocked a bit of life into the Ryn.

Sargon? So this is my contact; cute Blinky, real cute, course you wouldn't let on that it was a Zeltron.

With a sigh Bleu picked up the glass of whiskey, tossing it back before moving on with the woman. Eyes closed, the Ryn tried to take a moment to gather himself, his familiarity with the woman's species didn't make her any less alluring. Slamming the glass down he sighed again, this was going to be a long night.

"Ah, don't take this the wrong way, luv--err, Ary? You know a pair of redskins like yourself, Trilsha and Ly'sha? Just wanna know where I stand before we kick this off."

“Who?” she asked with a little smile. Kordath couldn’t help but think the woman was already flooding the air with her pheromones.

The Rollmaster nearly collapsed into his stool, his whole body slouching in again.

“Grand, okay. So you’re here to help with the mission, hah! Sorry, not laughin’ at you, luv. Not surprised, neither, was out of pocket for a time so ‘course they sent somebody to ‘help’. ‘Cept you’re new ‘round here yerself, eh? DIA wants to see what you can do when paired up with the drunk,” he stated, pulling the mission datapad from his jacket and holding it up.

“Odds are you got one of these with a bit more on it then I did, at least when it came to your ‘partner’ for this mission, eh? ‘Keep an eye on the Ryn, take ‘im out if it looks like he’s gonna frak us over again’? Don’t worry, I know it ain’t personal, luv,” he muttered the last bit, picking up his mug again.

“Target ain’t here yet, we got some time ta kill.”

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Ary

Trilsha and Ly’sha, huh? Those sound like Zeltron names to me. You’ve had a bad run in with my kind? Interesting.

“My Datapad only had this picture on it,” she said, pulling it out of her back pocket and laying it down on the table. Ary chose to focus on how she’d known who to look for rather than those names he’d dropped; that could come later.

He peered down at the picture, which was an unflattering shot of him lying face down in what looked like puke, and felt a chill scurry up his spine. That was right before that Mirialan girl had shown up with the details for his last mission. How did the Brotherhood--eh, nevermind. The less he knew, the better, Kord supposed.

“Other than this...” She put the Datapad back and turned back to him with a cheeky grin on her face. “We’ll just have to get to know each other, won’t we?” Ary hadn’t prepared for someone like him: someone who started at the slight hint of her pheromones that hit the air and stared at her with a mixture of fear and desire. That kind of a reaction was new.

She slid off the table and back into her seat, folding her hands in front of her and merely watching him. That’s how they sat for a few minutes, the Ryn watching the attractive, crimson-skinned woman warily and she looking at him with genuine interest. Finally she broke the silence.

“I don't plan on taking you out,” she said, addressing the comment she'd ignored at first. “Unless you can't behave yourself.” Old habits died hard and she had never been one to change herself for other people anyway, yet the constant fear in his eyes was a little off putting.

He's not afraid of me. Just of his past. Guessing those other Zeltron messed with his balls. Is this sensitivity training or something? Cause I'm gonna fail.

“Wouldn't be the first time, lass,” he said. Kord tested the air again and found that the pheromones projected did not present an invitation to *come get me*, but rather, *relax*.

Now he felt even more confused.

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Kord

Behave meself. Gods when did that stop bein' a problem around a piece like this? Shameful, Bleu, shameful.

The pheromones themselves seemed soothing to the Ryn, he was familiar enough with her kind after the past year to recognize the difference. The idea of relaxing was trying to ring about as many alarm bells as the usual Zeltron 'come hither' vibe that he was used to. Except for the glass of water dumped on his head she'd been pretty non threatening, he reminded himself. Flirtatious and knocking him off balance with ease, but she'd made no moves to outright manipulate him. Even the glass of water had been more about waking him up out of the depressive stupor he'd been working himself towards, he felt.

In an attempt to distract and settle himself, he fell into routine, patting his coat down for a moment before producing some smokes. Shaking one out and placing in his mouth, he blinked and waved the pack towards Ary who simply shook her head while sipping her drink with an amused light in her blue eyes. Kordath shrugged and lit the cigarette, taking a drag and staring off into nothing as his mind wandered once more.

Loosen the hell up, Bleu. This is a milk run of a mission, just pick a bloody data card off some bleedin' nerd. Ya even got help, very distractin' help that could probably pull this off without ya even here. Stop bein' scared ya git, sure she looks fit and could probably whip your arse five ways before sun up, but that's the sort of thing ya usually go in for. Not like many others runnin' about in Arcona are givin' ya the time of day right now.

“Looking for a prize in there?”

Kord blinked and realized that in his musings he'd been intently staring into the depth's of the crimson skinned woman's cleavage.

“Uhhh...”

Dont' freeze, idiot. You've got a rep as a dirty drunken lecher, live up to it! Get yourself out of this funk! Doesn't matter what she does ta ya next, quit bein' a depressed little moron and get back to bein' a proper sleemo.

“Just, uhh, admiring tha different shades, luv,” he said, trying to produce his best grin. She had told him to lighten up, after all.

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Ary

Good. He's on his way to fun and off the fast track to freaking out. It's about time. This whole 'playing it nice thing' is getting on my frakking nerves.

“If that's the case you could have just asked,” she teased and had the pleasure of seeing him choke in shock. Despite her decision to reassure rather than distract--all in the name of gathering allies--Ary couldn't help her usual response to such words.

Even if they were likely to be entirely rancor shit.

With a sly grin she poised her fingers over the top button on her shirt and deftly popped it open, batting her eyes at him all the while. He coughed as he promptly inhaled the smoke from his cig straight into his lungs and she laughed. Totally worth it.

She leaned back in her seat and picked up the shot glass the curvy Twi'lek had placed at her elbow moments ago, swirling the glass before throwing it back. “Don't we have business to discuss, Mister Dark Jedi?” she asked. Her tone suggested innocence but the subtle quirk to her lips and the light in her eyes said otherwise. “You had been saying something about a mission, I believe.”

Way to ride the rancor, Ary. You got 'im.

The Ryn stared at Ary as she smirked at him and wondered just what he'd gotten himself into. As a Zeltron she was coy, seductive, and with that Sithspawned fluidity to her soul he couldn't get a read on her--and it frustrated him.

“Mission indeed,” he grumbled with more annoyance than she deserved. She reminded him too much of those *other* Zeltron and it put him on edge.

“Well?” Ary scanned him up and down, different than the once-over she’d given him when she first saw him, and waited while he shifted nervously.

Poor, unbalanced little Ryn.

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Kord

Kordath sighed, turning in his stool to prop both elbows on the bar. He waved at the barkeep, gesturing towards his empty glass and put his cigarette out.

“Mission, yeah. Some Devaronian workin’ for the Besadii, that’s the local Hutts, if ya dinnae know already, should be poppin’ in soon. Got a data card on him, dunno what the spooks want it for, but the bloke can’t realize it’s gone till mornin’, else it’s worthless.”

The Ryn nodded in thanks as a full glass was pushed before him, picking it up carefully and sipping a bit. “Ahhh. Right, plan was, before I found out you was gonna be here, anyways, was ta get the bugger good and drunk. Filch the data card, hand it off ta the DIA, since I’m sure one of ‘em is in here, watchin’. Then just, ya know, hangout for the evening, make sure he got home safe and sound, tucked in and the like.”

“And now?” She asked, arching an eyebrow. Kord felt the muscles around his left eye twitch despite him only being able to see the movement from the reflection in the bar mirror.

“Weelllll,” he began with caution, turning in his seat slowly to look her in the eyes. “Now that you, and your, uhmm, obvious charms,” he spoke, waving vaguely at, well, all of her, “might be easier to just let ya go talk to him and slip it out of his pocket. Odds are, line of work this guy is in, woman like you shows any kind of interest and he won’t be thinkin’ bout his job security the rest of the night.”

She rolled those brilliant blue eyes at him, preparing some kind of response when movement caught Bleu’s attention.

“Oh kark me, he’s here. Oh, oh no. No.”

“What?”

“Well one, the bartender spotted him first, and poured the bugger a soda, a bloody soda in a drinkin’ establishment like this? Secondly, he’s movin’ to that corner booth with the other lads dressed in button downs, the ones with all the datapads out who keep lookin’ up at the holoscreen above tha bar. Gotta be kiddin’ me.”

Kordath glared up at the ceiling, cursing the fates, the Force, and whatever deities that might have been listening.

“Bloody karkin’ shockball fantasy league, I never even thought to wonder why they knew he’d be here tonight. His bloody fantasy league is meetin’, and not a one of that lot in the corner is drinkin’ proper drinks. So I’m open ta suggestion, Miss Sargon,” he growled, lifting his glass in a mock toast.

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Ary

She didn’t bother turning around to get a look at the “bloody karkin’ shockball fantasy league” for herself; they were making an awful lot of noise for a bunch of guys who were only pretending to drink. “You think they know we’re here?” She asked. Her tone was casual, as if they were doing little more than discussing the trade market, but her body language said pure flirtation.

The Ryn rolled his eyes in her direction. “Yah smarter than that, luv,” he said. His voice was low, a warning rumble, but Ary was hardly concerned. She merely raised an eyebrow and stood up, carefully adjusting her shirt so that another button “accidentally” popped loose.

“I know better than that, do I?” She asked casually. Her brilliantly blue eyes held him in place for a few moments while he stared, far too distracted to be of any use, before she turned from him and sauntered towards the group of nerds in the corner. Before he even realized what was happening her rear end was already sashaying away, and all was capable of doing was watching her go. By the time he realized what was happening she was already gone, and he was helpless to stop what happened next.

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Kord

To say that her approach was noticed by the four guys at the table, buttoned up shirts and spreadsheets out on the table, would be an understatement. Kord did a quick visual check on the group, having pretty much ruled them out as a threat earlier. Two Humans, or near Humans, who could bloody tell the difference if they didn’t have different hues like Ary. The Devaronian, the mark in this case, and a Dug sporting an underbite and an incredibly thick pair of glasses. He almost felt sorry for the two Humans, one turning so pale that the Ryn worried he’d pass out; the other was nearly the color of his Zeltron partner.

Kordath couldn’t quite hear over the music, but the way Ary cocked a hip to the side, hand upon it, he could just make out ‘This seat taken, boys?’ Having been subjected for the past few minutes to her obvious charms, the Ryn took a moment to appreciate that said charms seemed to be a complete package when viewed from another angle. When she slid into the target’s lap,

much as she had to him, he had to admire the smoothness of the movement. Just enough contact to really get a guy's blood going, not enough to make him think he was in. But maybe if he tried...

He spotted a hand reaching up to gently trail along one of the Devaronian's horns, the movement slow and sensual as she chatted away at the group. The poor clerk looked as if he was going to have a stroke, and the two Human's were staring without regard. Kordath cocked his head a little, sipping his drink before realizing that with their seating placement, just how much of that shirt was unbuttoned to them. The three were putty at this point, but the Dug...

Bleu reached out with the Force to get a surface read on the nerdy looking little alien, getting a feel for what the Dug was dealing with emotionally.

Confusion, likely for as to why this red skinned woman had plopped herself in his friend...or rival? Rival. Rival's lap.

Annoyance, that the activity they'd all been so into was being interrupted by Ary.

Interest, that was likely the pheromones, and also another reason the little guy was so confused. The Zeltron was so unlike his own species that he shouldn't have been distracted like the others, but those chemicals were bloody effective.

Kordath grinned as he watched her, hands moving over the Devaronian with little pats and sliding hands. The Ryn knew well enough to know this wasn't just flirtation, she was hunting the data card down, and he sensed frustration from the bounty hunter turned Arconan. As if the blasted thing wasn't in his shirt, jacket, or the front of his pants.

Which left the back pockets, he supposed with a sigh. That meant getting the guy out of his seat. With a tired groan he down the rest of his whiskey, grabbed up his mug of ale and stood up. Exhaling, he tossed his smoke to the floor and affected to look as drunk as he could, which wasn't hard, stumbling his way towards the table. The Humans spotted him first, looking confused as the short, hairy Ryn slammed first a fist, than his mug, down on the table.

"OI! What ya doin' with mah lady, hornhead?" he slurred out, squinting one eye as he glared at the petrified clerk. Absently, Kordath couldn't help but notice, and try not to break character by laughing, that the poor guy's hands were near, but not actually touching Ary.

Poor, poor guy, so out of his depth. Good to know somebody is worse off than me.

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Ary

It was with a smirk and a wink in Kordath's direction that Ary had settled herself in the Devaronian's lap. She had known the moment her hands slid up the length of his horn that she had him precisely where she wanted him, especially if his twitching hands were anything to judge. A wiggle here, a nudge there, a well-placed thumb on the tip of a horn here, and he was completely hers. So completely, in fact, that he didn't even protest against her hands as they sought through his clothing for that karking....what was it called again?

Maybe her own pheromones were starting to affect her a little. Hmmm. Where was she? Oh, right. Data card. She was getting that kriffing data card.

Ary realized she had done a little too much wiggling a little too much distraction with her pheromones; the Devaronian was looking a little glassy-eyed and his horns were a little too warm to the touch. His companions were a little more worse for wear, especially the humans. They were looking at her with hungry expressions that she had seen in the males of all species throughout the years, and it made her lips curl into a predatory smile of her own. Finally, a situation where she could hold her own, where her skills and physical talents would come in handy and her Force sensitivity didn't matter.

Her hands came up empty, and she felt nothing in his front pockets either. Great. Just great. Now she had to figure out a way to get the guy standing before his friends decided to get their greasy hands all over her. Under any circumstances she would have played that game, but this time there was more at stake than her having a good time. Behind her she heard Kord sigh and frowned a little, because the music was too loud to have heard something like that, but she shook it off to glance at him with a smirk. Maybe the Ryn had picked up on her irritation and had decided to help her out a little.

Not that she needed his help, anyway.

Kord stumbled over to her, to all appearances as drunk as those humans seemed to be on her pheromones. "OI! What ya doin' with mah lady, hornhead?" He demanded, lurching to a rest and swaying on his feet. Feigning anger, though still exuding as much sex appeal she could muster, Aryelline rose to face him.

"You're lady!" She yelled, keeping one hand on the Devaronian's horn. She knew that her anger, no matter how false, would cause him to rise--if only to face the threat of Kord's supposed claim. "I'm no more yours than you can handle your drink." True to form, she felt the warmth of the Devaronian at her back as he stood. Kord shoved past her and got right in the other alien's face, daring even to poke his chest.

"Get away from my lady," he sneered drunkenly. Ary took the chance to slip behind the Devaronian, as if frightened. This was her chance...if only he would move.

Kord

The Devaronian sniffed in detest at the Ryn, whose breath reeked of whiskey and hair was in disarray from its recent, and unexpected, wetting. He pushed his glasses up on his nose and looked down on Bleu, who barely came up to the horned man's shoulders.

"Sir, you, ah, seem to be rather inebriated, maybe you should sit down and leave this nice young lady alone."

Kordath swayed slightly, glaring up at the man. "Who's you callin' inebr...inebri...who'se you callin' wassit now?"

"Please, we, uh, don't want any trouble," the clerk said in a placating, yet somehow condescending tone, eyes darting about in search of help. His friends were staring in morbid curiosity, obviously never seeing the Devaronian in a situation such as this before.

Bleu pondered just how much of Ary's pheromones were responsible for the bloke even standing up to him for this long, or if it was just the tall versus short thing. Either way he kicked the clerk in the shin, causing him to yelp and hop about in pain. Behind him, Kordath could see Aryelline's blue eyes widen just a tick, and the tip of her tongue wet her lips as a hand darted out. The Ryn doubted anyone else in the bar had noticed, with the amount of noise the hornhead was making as he bounced about on one foot.

"That's what ya get fer callin' people names, mate!"

A little wink from the Zeltron was enough for Bleu to know she'd gotten the thing, and none too soon as a meaty hand closed on his shoulder. The Ryn craned his neck back to look up at the incredibly tall security guard who'd gotten a hold of him.

A Barabel, of course it's a bleedin' Barabel.

"Think you've had enough, friend," stated the oversized lizard as he dragged Kordath away from the table full of nerds. He shook his head when he saw Ary take a step in his direction and waited for the bouncer to stop moving. "Creditz now, or more on your tab in the morning, Ryn."

"Now 'old on mate, just a big misunderstanin', yeah?" Kordath waved a hand at the big brute, hoping that his talents in the Force were enough to keep from being mauled. "Just havin' a wee bit of fun, is all, won't go near them again. Just let me get back to me drinks, eh?"

The Barabel blinked, staring down at the funny looking Ryn. "Behave yourself, Ryn, got my eyez on you. Last warning."

Kordath gave the bouncer a short bow, more a head nod, and scampered past him to return to his seat at the bar. He waved the barkeep down and gestured at his and Ary's drinks, and waited for the Zeltron to...extradite herself from the mark's table. She'd been looking rough before he'd come over, getting a taste of her own medicine by the look of it.

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Ary

The light in Kordath's eyes when she'd retrieved the data card made Ary smirk with her own sense of accomplishment. This mission hadn't been nearly as difficult as that mysterious dossier had made it sound, and she was naturally proud of herself. How could she not be, with the data card secured where a...man? Alien? Would be brave enough to reach for. He was too much the gentleman, so at least she had some leverage in case things went wrong.

"Excuse me," she murmured into the Devaronian's ear. Her hands caressed his horn as she leaned close to him, allowing her pheromones to fog the air and even darken her eyes. It wasn't often that she let herself get that distracted but she wanted to be convincing in the face of her overwhelming victory. And perhaps it had been too long since she'd had as good a time as she was having now. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to leave you now..." The Devaronian narrowed his eyes at her but was distracted by her sly smile and the wink she gave him as she pressed close to him.

"Surely you don't need to--" he began.

She flicked her tongue out over her lips, her pheromones fogging the minds of anyone around her and serving to distract him out of questioning her more than anything she had done to him. "Quite sure," she purred. Ary pulled away from him, feigning reluctance as she did so, and started to sashay away from him. She knew his gaze, and the eyes of anyone else, was watching her hips as she walked away. Garnering that much attention from their marks was risky, to be sure, but necessary; if that group of nerds in the corner was staring so were the other bar patrons. As such she was effectively shielded by her admirers as she took the seat by Kord that she had abandoned earlier.

If the Ryn was shocked by the heated glint in her eyes when she locked gazes with her he didn't outwardly say so, though she could read the surprise in his body language so clearly he may as well have shouted it to the room at large. In the back of her mind she wondered how she knew that. Bounty hunting had granted her many skills, yet she was far from adept at reading people as she would have liked. "What?" She murmured, picking up her drink and staring at him over the rim.

"Nothin'," he muttered. She saw the smirk on his face and rolled her eyes. "Did yah get the card, lass?"

“As it just so happens...” she paused to throw back her drink and set the glass down a little harder on the table than she meant to. “I did. Now...” Ary leaned towards him, eyes flashing, and said, “So, Kordath Bleu...tell me more about this Brotherhood.”

The End