

Ti...tle?

Port Ol'val

An Apartment

0900/Too Karking Early For This Shit

White hair obscured the young Half-Ryn's face as she came to, artificial lighting filtering through the slightly parted blinds, making it glow. A groan accompanied this realization of consciousness as the blood pounding through her head filled her ears. Closing her amber eyes did little to abate the sensation of Jawas marching through her skull as she pulled a blanket up over her head and whimpered. She curled up tighter into a ball under the covers, wondering what she had done to deserve this pain and misery.

Sounds from outside the safety and darkness of her impromptu blanket fort made her peek an eye out to survey the situation. Whimpers were coming from a pile of pillows and sheets in the corner of the room, a shaking slightly as if whatever was underneath was shivering as well. Zujenia blinked in the fractured light a few times, her one unobscured eye sweeping the unfamiliar room. Carpet, a few very comfy looking chairs, a couch that looked well used, a pillow and sheet lying on it. Then there was the desk. She focused on the desk, needing something to look at to keep the room from spinning.

Piles of parchment and data pads littered the surface with no apparent order, as well as a holoframe, though she couldn't see the image from this angle. An ash tray with a heap of undumped butts and debris sat next to a mostly drained bottle of amber liquid, the black label covered in Huttese script. Pens and quills of all things sat atop it as well, causing Zuj to feel a thought rise in her head. Something that had come up the previous evening, but her pounding head wouldn't let it take form. Shifting once again under the sheets, the woman noted just how high quality they were, and the freshness that came from the bed itself. As if it was rarely used, which with the state of the couch near the desk, it likely wasn't.

She also realized she was lacking a large amount of clothing, which caused her a moment of alarm. Zujenia slowly shifted her body over to the edge of the bed, clutching the blanket as she moved. With a glance at the pile of shivering covers, she daintily lowered one tanned foot to the carpet and gathered the blanket around herself. Scrubbing a hand over her face and then up to the tangled mass that was her hair, she looked around the floor. Her clothes were in a surprisingly orderly pile next to the bed. She picked up her shirt and slowly raised it to her nose, sniffing, and felt her stomach heave.

Smoke, alcohol, and odors she couldn't place permeated the clothing. She dropped it with a shaking hand, covering her mouth as she fought the urge to toss up. She squeaked in surprise at a noise from behind her, turning and pulling the blanket tighter as she took in the rest of the

apartment. There was a kitchenette, not big enough to be a proper one, set along one wall, a door that looked like it lead to a refresher, and that seemed to be the whole place. As Ol'val standards went, the place wasn't cluttered, but it wasn't what one would call spacious. The source of the sound was shuffling about the kitchenette.

"Oi, you up, luv? Here," stated the shirtless, pajama bottom covered male Ryn. He looked tired yet cheerful as he handed her a tall glass of water. Zuj took it with her hand still shaking, mind racing to recall the previous evening. She stared at the older Ryn, who gave her a look of sympathy. "Trust me, it'll help tha head. He awake yet?" asked Kordath, nodding towards the pile in the corner.

"Who...what...", she tried to say for a moment, before giving up and chugging water as the dryness in her mouth let itself be known.

"Poor little Ghastly, thought he could handle his drink better than that."

Kordath shook his head and turned back to the kitchen, taking the now empty glass from her hands. She watched him walk away, noting the nasty scar up on his right shoulder. Her brain tickled again as she almost remembered something from the night before.

"Umm," she began as the male started moving things around on the counter. "What..."

"What happened last night?" he asked, looking over his shoulder with a grin, his tail flicking about in obvious amusement. They were both well aware of what others had been saying, the assumptions made that even a Half-Ryn female would be hooking up with the Rollmaster. He turned and rounded the end of the bed, sitting down next to her. In his hands were a pair of steaming mugs, the smell of caf filling the air.

"Well, there was the party, right?"

"Right. I remember that. K'tana wanted everyone to socialize."

"Aye," spoke the Ryn, grinning widely as he sipped at his caf, "with an open bar and no witnesses. Bloody brilliant move."

Zuj nodded, biting her lip., "Right, everyone got together at Thanatophilia, K'tana made a disjointed speech. Then...drinks?"

Kordath laughed beside her, nearly falling off the bed, sniffing back tears as he got himself under control. "Yeah. Drinks, a few." He snorted, the sound whistling out his nose as he tried to keep from having another fit of laughter.

"What happened?" she asked, feeling a sense of dread. "Kord? What did we do?"

The older Ryn coughed, cleared his throat and stood. He leaned over the form in the corner as if checking for something. He nodded to himself and reached over into a nearby hamper, tossing something at Zujenia. "Here, you'll be a helluva lot less distractin' with that on then the bloody blanket. Ya got moves, girlie, I'll give ya that." He had the audacity to wink as he spoke.

She caught the robe more with her face than her hand, frozen as she listened to him talk. When she got it off from over her head she found him standing with his back to her, tail flicking in apprehension and face pointed at the ceiling. With a groan, her head still feeling as if excavations were underway, she stood and quickly covered herself with it.

"Okay, so open bar, as I recall you and Adem were sitting with me at the start of the evening."

Kordath turned, lowering his eyes to focus on her again, ears a bit darker than they were a moment before. "Aye, you, me, and Ghastly was sittin' together."

"That's the second time you've used that as a name. Wait. Is that Adem in the corner? He sounds like he's dying!" She moved towards the pile of sheets and found herself intercepted by the Ryn, who placed his hands lightly on her shoulders as he stood in front of her.

"Ya pull those off of him, good chance his head'll blow from the bloody light, luv. Come on, drink yer caf and I'll try to explain," he said, gently pushing her back from the covered Umbaran. "He drank a lot of rum, and I mean a whole lot. Not sure if he was punishin' himself, but he did do a few rounds on his wee lute, much to everyone's surprise. Kept drinkin' through it all though, the playin' and the singin'."

"Oh gods, what did you mean by I have moves?" she asked, her amber eyes fixed on his grey ones.

Bleu's mustaches quivered for a moment as he bit his tongue, obviously trying not to say something aloud. "Well, let's just say ya did yer heritage well. On yer mum's side, anyways. We are naturally inclined towards music, after all, ain't we? Dinnae worry, ya didn't start pullin' off clothes or nothin'. Not till we got back here, anyways." His mouth clicked shut as he realized how he'd phrased that, seeing the color rise in the girl's face, her eyes widening in alarm.

"Not like that! Just mean ya was pretty sauced, ya saw the bed, said you was too hot and, uhh, off came the shirt. I tried to be gentlemanly about it all, I did! Not my fault you—" he shut himself up again and coughed a few times.

"Not your fault that I did what?" she hissed, her dark, amber eyes narrowing at him.

Kord backed up a few steps, stepping past the end of the bed as Zujenia pursued, face set with determination. He stepped back until he thumped into the desk, the taller woman looming over him and giving him a glare.

“Uhh, nothin’, ya did nothin’! Swear, not a thing happened!”

“Really!? You’re acting very shifty for ‘nothing happened’, Kordath!” she shouted, grabbing him by the beard and lifting his face upwards. This was due to her trying to get a look in his eye so as to see the truth. Or because she’d been moving about in the bathrobe and had exposed some blue streaked, tan skin that the lecherous Ryn was paying too much attention to.

The Rollmaster licked his lips a few time, lifting both hands up in defense. “You had a bit ta drink, that’s all! I know what can happen when a lass gets a bit sauced up more than normal, okay?”

“Oh gods,” they heard from the corner, looking over to see a pale face sticking out of the blankets. “You made a pass at Bleu, he told you to lay down and sleep it off. Now could you both, please, shut the hell up and let me suffer in peace?”

“I WHAT!?” she shrieked, causing the Umbaran to recoil in pain, pulling his head back under the covers. Kordath looked dazed by the outburst.

“Like I said, bit o’ drink. No worries. Was me own fault, offered me place ta you two because it’s closer to tha bar. We got back here, had a few more drinks, spilled a bit on me shirt so I went to change it. Ya got a look at me scars, had some questions, things uhh, got explained.”

“Scars,” she murmured, a hand reaching over to his shoulder, lightly touching the other side of the healed wound she saw on his back. “We talked about this one, I don’t remember why though.”

“Yeah, that one, uhh, get’s me in trouble sometimes, heh,” chuckled the shirtless man, giving her a weak smile as he reached back blindly onto the desk. He came back with the holo frame, holding the image of a smiling Mirialan girl in front of him as if it were a shield. “Liri, met her here on Ol’val, saved her from some slaver types, took a slug through the shoulder for me troubles. That, uhh, scar, uhh, well it does get some attention when the lasses see it, yeah?”

“As does the story,” stated Zuj, blandly, stepping back to cross her arms and stare at the man. She straightened herself and fixed her robe as she noted the effect this had on both herself and Bleu. “So you got me drunk and told me about saving little orphan Greenie here?”

“I did nae get you drunk! Ya did that yerself, luv!” he shouted this time, stepping up to her, mustache visibly shaking with anger. “I may charm me way into a lady’s trousers now and again, but I don’t never take advantage like that. T’ain’t right, it’s not!”

Zuj was taken aback, this time being the one to give ground to the ticked off little Ryn. "Sorry, I, I'm processing. So, you mean to say, umm."

"NOTHING HAPPENED! Ya crashed in me bed, which is nice and all, barely ever use the thing. Adem curled up in the corner, covered him up and gave him a bucket, and I crashed on the bloody couch, yeah?"

"I'm sorry," she said quietly, feeling foolish.

Kord nodded, looking satisfied, almost smug, for a moment. "Ya are a right good kisser though, lass," he said with a grin.

Adem laid in his corner, crying through his hangover at the sound of the Half-Ryn chasing their full blooded teammate around the small apartment. He prayed for the sweet, quiet embrace of death.