

The Ryn glanced at his soon-to-be wife and smiled, holding her hand in his as the priest raised his hands by his side. Zujenia couldn't have beamed more if she tried, the sheer joy of the moment making her even more radiant in the pristine white dress that flowed in ruffles of lace down her elegant form. Smiling, she wrapped her tail around their hands, just as he did, their tails entwined to cement their union as the priest nodded with approval.

"By the powers vested in me, in the name of our holy spirit, I pronounce you Kordath Bleu d'Tana and Zujenia Kait, husband and wife. May the Force be with you, now and always." The priest, bedecked in gold-trimmed finery, proclaimed inside the cramped room. The assembled collection of friends and family burst into applause and jubilation as Kelviin led his Wookiee acapella group into a re-imagined version of the classical wedding march.

"Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra Rawr-rawr ra-rawr-rawr-rawr-rawr Raaa rawr-rawr ra-rawr Raaaaa!"

Tali had to hold back the tears, standing in what passed for an aisle in her simple blue dress like the other maids of honor, the purple Twi'lek awash with emotions as she watched her mentor and friend finally tie the knot with the man she loved.

Casting a sideways glance at Koliss Welcott who sat in the second row, his sharp uniform easy to spot among the crowd, she was surprised to see the man dabbing the corner of his eye with a handkerchief, the veteran medic apparently not entirely immune to the sentimental. Or perhaps he was merely crying over the Wookies butchering a classic musical number.

The newlywed pair turned to look at the collection of family and close personal friends, an assortment of faces and races as varied as the trinkets tied to the back of their wedding speeder smiling back at them. Without a doubt, every soul present was joyous for their commitment, even if some of the females did so simply out of a hope of Kordath ending his lecherous ways.

As the Ryn and half-Ryn walked down the aisle to their awaiting speeder with the 'melodic' tones of Wookiee singing ringing in the background, a shower of rice and flower petals rained down upon them. Tali, as eager as ever, showered the newlyweds with as much glitter, rice and lotus petals she could get her hands on while cheering on enthusiastically. For her, being the first wedding she'd ever attended, it was a magical moment as much as for the bride and groom.

Hours later, at the venue of the actual celebration, the exorbitant offerings of food still stood narily touched even though every guest was filled to bursting. The drinks flowed freely and the music, mercifully changed from the Wookiee variety, continued to blare. As those not entirely overcome by post-gluttonous stupor danced the calories away, Tali found herself looking for Koliss. Her "plus-one" had last been seen heading somewhere with Kordath and though she had her suspicions, she had decided not to voice them at the time. However, that had been almost twenty minutes ago and though Zuji was taking the lack of her husband surprisingly well, merely venting out her fury to the calmly nodding Atyiru who kept filling her glass with more wine, Tali wanted to put an end to it.

She was just about to head off when the music suddenly stalled and the lights dimmed, a single spot beam shining upon the draped scene at the end of the hall. The curtains parting, Kordath stood on stage in front of a microphone with Koliss sitting by a synthesizer behind him.

“Zuji, my love, this be ta you...” The Ryn spoke softly, Koliss shifting minutely as he began to play.

*“Fly me to the moon...”*

The Ryn’s voice, surprisingly sophisticated for such a sappy love song, rolled over the assembled crowd like a wave and Tali caught Zuji’s reaction as the half-Ryn seemed to almost burst from affection absorbing each syllable like the first words of a newborn. The Twi’lek also made note of Koliss’ surprising musical talent as he accompanied Kordath with his melody while the Ryn even departed from the original piece with a more powerful and raw performance towards the middle. At the end, when the final notes rang across the room, a soft silence momentarily descended before the crowd erupted in applause and ovations, Zuji rushing to embrace her husband with her layered dress shifting and shuffling like a ball of lace.

As the music returned, Tali caught Koliss still dragging his fingers across the instrument’s keyboard with a longing look on his face, the Twi’lek smirking as she figured what he might have been thinking.

Hours later, the party had descended into a drunken fest of dancing, light snacking and copious drinking. Tali too, under the influence of far too many *Pink Lekku*, which the hired bartender was only too eager to provide her, stumbled across the dancefloor looking for her date. The memories of their past exploits on the dancefloor fresh in her mind, the Twi’lek wished to repeat them with the human, yet could not find Koliss anywhere. Suddenly, from a lull in the pre-recorded music, sounded a clearly drunken voice.

*“To life! To Life, l’chaim! L’chaim, l’chaim to life! Life has a way of abusing us, bashing and bruising us... Sing l’chaim to life!”*

Tali’s face flared red with a mixture of embarrassment and anger as she spotted the obviously pissed-drunk human playing away on the synthesizer, singing into the microphone between sips from a strawed drink sitting within neck-craning distance. The crowd seemed, mercifully, more amused than insulted by the performance and neither Kordath nor Zuji appeared angered more so than amused as Tali raced to haul her date off the scene.

With the impromptu song and music number coming to an end, Zuji began to feel it was time to call the festivities over for their part as they still had their marital duties to take care of. Heading to their awaiting speeder with the crowd in tow, she turned around and held her bouquet in both hands before closing her eyes and tossing it blindly among the crowd.

Tali was not entirely sure if she felt the influence of the Force wash through the air, guiding the flying bundle of arranged flowers in a particular direction, but with her hands full of hauling the barely standing Koliss, she knew it had not been her. Yet, unerringly and without her bidding, the bouquet landed in her lap, held there by Koliss' head as he mumbled something incomprehensible about her lekku.

If she could have died of blushing, Tali might not have survived that moment as the purple on her cheek and lekku seemed to change color to a lobster red while Zuji merely giggled before slipping into the speeder and the awaiting arms of her husband. The clatter of pots, pans, cans and other assorted Rynnish debris was almost lost to her as Tali stared at the bouquet nestled against her bosom and the drunken medic in her arms, feeling that the implications were a bit too heavy handed...