

Gentle Seduction
Yuki Suoh
6377

The Suoh estate sat on a mostly deserted island off the coast of Strokera in the Pearls of the Chosen. The short, verdant green grassland surrounding the medium-sized house moved silently in the wind. Yuki sat with Keiji on the small deck attached to her home. She wore a simple strapless dress of crimson with slashes of black and her lustrous raven hair hung loose down her back, a cascade of night down alabaster skin. The color scheme of her clothes was the most predominant in her wardrobe, but that did not matter nearly as much to her as the woman that was on her way. She had conscripted her adopted brother, the massive Keiji, to watch the daughter of her current interest. She smiled softly and privately to herself as a small shuttle landed nearby and began the procedures of disembarkation. The small door opened up and the small Zetron bounded out of the entryway.

“Keiji!” Zoe shouted. “We get to play tonight!”

Keiji stood up and grinned. He rarely actually smiled at anyone or anything, but this small child had wormed her way into the man’s heart. He truly liked the small girl. “I have heard. Mommy and Yuki have something to do tonight. So, we get to tear up Yuki’s house for a change.”

Yuki gave the giant a withering look at his back and the man seemed to twitch for just a second before he held his hand out to the child. “Let’s go see what we can find.”

Zoe took the man’s massive hand in her tiny one and smiled at Aurora. “Have fun, Mommy! Don’t forget to bring me a treat for being good!”

Aura smiled softly at her daughter and nodded before walking over and kissing the small girl on the forehead. “Just remember to be good for Keiji. If you aren’t, Yuki might not let you come back.”

Three sets of eyes turned and looked at the smaller woman. Two almost woeful and the other expectant. Yuki sighed internally and gave them all a stern look for a moment and then sighed aloud. “Just do not break my house please.”

Keiji and the small Zeltron whooped and then almost raced into the house, the paper screen door almost slamming shut. Yuki winced and then looked at Aura. The taller woman wore a shimmering green dress with blue ribbons wrapped lightly around her wrists. The Corsair raised an eyebrow and whistled appreciatively. She held her hand out to Aura who looked at it for a moment and then shyly accepted it. Yuki had asked her for an evening of pleasure, but the smaller woman’s red dress was more than a lot out of character for the usually armored Mercenary.

Yuki led her to the waiting shuttle and helped her up into the small cockpit. "I will fly, Aura. We are heading into Baime for the evening."

Aura seemed to relax a little as she settled into the other seat. Baime was a place with many distractions, with even more bars and clubs than were normal. The city thrived on the tourists who would come for an evening of amusement and distractions. Some even stayed longer, falling into a cycle of debauchery that they could never really escape. It was a haven for hedonists and that meant it was usually a safe idea.

Yuki entered the startup sequence and the engines roared to life, gently lifting the shuttle from the small landing area near her home. "I have a reserved box at a music hall in Baime. I thought it would be nice to take someone to see a performance instead of always going by myself."

The Zeltron glanced at Yuki who piloted the shuttle almost expertly away from her small island. As the sky began to slide to the sides, Aura watched out of the viewport and wondered. The evening would at least be enjoyable, she would have a chance to enjoy a performance very few outside of the elite would be able to view and from a private box in the theater. The thought interested her, but the other woman's behavior was intriguing. Yuki seldom invited anyone along for these outings even within her own family. She spoke at length about her brother and son, detailing for the Zeltron what they had been up to recently and how they had been doing. Curiously though, Aura had not had the chance to meet Ryu. He stayed away from the Corsair's home for some reason, but she did not ask the reason behind that. Yuki had a past that was filled with pain and suffering that her son had shared in. That was bound to cause tension between mother and adolescent son.

They landed on a small platform in one of the richer districts of Baime. The two women disembarked from the shuttle and Yuki took Aura's hand and led them down to the street to hail a speeder. As they climbed into the back, the smaller woman gave the coordinates to the driver who drove towards the theater. Yuki leaned back in the seat and crossed her legs, showing off another anomaly. She wore red pumps that matched her dress, but left every last bit of scarring down to her toes exposed.

Aura looked at the scars and tentatively traced one of the pale, razor-thin lines. The Corsair looked at the Zeltron from the corner of her eye and smiled softly. "I have had them for so long I tend to forget they exist. They are a part of me, and I try not to think of the story behind them."

The Rollmistress shook her head in confusion. "I always wanted to ask why they were only on one side, but I don't want to dig up painful memories."

Yuki turned and looked at the woman, the scarred side of her face hidden in shadows. "The one who gave them to me did not want to completely destroy something beautiful. He just wanted someone that was not entirely beautiful."

Aura, still confused, nodded slowly. "I think I understand."

The Human shook her head. "I was a slave at one point. Someone used for the *Master's* pleasure."

The word master seemed to be spit out of the floor with nothing less than disgust. The smaller woman's mouth twisted slightly into a sneer for a moment before she shook her head. "Tonight is about enjoyment and not bad memories. After tonight, I will answer any question you have."

The Zeltron seemed taken aback by the rapid shift of emotion for a just a second before the speeder slowed to a stop. Yuki handed the man a credstick and exited the vehicle. She held out her hand for the other woman who took it cautiously, carefully. The nerves from Aurora heightened the Human's pleasure at the evening so far. The small quirks in her mannerisms that were never very dominant. She smiled at the other woman who smiled shyly in response. Yuki held the other woman's hand gently and guided her through the crowd. A scarred woman and another with inhumanly pink skin drew the attention of nearly everyone around them.

So, do you think the men will go home and have interesting dreams of us? Aura's voice sounded in the Corsair's mind.

Yuki gave the Zeltron a sidelong glance and winked. "I certainly hope so. I know I will."

The Rollmistress of Odan-Urr stumbled for a step, caught completely off-guard by the small Human's offhand comment. She recovered quickly and leaned closer against the Human who stood just a little shorter than her in heels. Yuki's nose flared slightly and her eyes became almost predatory as the Zeltron unconsciously released a small dose of pheromones into the air. The smaller woman's eyes flicked from side to side, every single person present becoming a rival for Aura's attention. Her grip on the other woman tightened slightly as she led them through the myriad of corridors to the private box on the upper level.

Yuki opened the door to her box and waited for Aurora to enter before slipping in behind her and closing the door quietly. The small lock on the door clicked and the Corsair led her companion to one of the seats. She settled the Zeltron into her chair and seated herself beside her. Every movement she made was precise, practiced and elegant. Her upbringing in a house of nobles was evident in a thousand small ways in which she carried herself, but especially when she was accustomed to another presence. The rough and ready aspects of her demeanor melted away and the polished court lady shone through, which drew Aura's attention but the lights began to dim before she could make any remarks.

Soft melodies began to fill the air of the theater, emotions rampant in each note. The small woodwind instruments seeming to set a stage before the percussions began a counter melody. The two seemed to dance along the air, a mingling of soft music and the beating of a heart. After a few more measures, the smaller brass section added their own voices to the song, a haunting counterpoint to the dance of love. As each voice of the instruments rose into the air, the story of love and pain, sadness and joy began to lay itself out on the stage. The music began to build, a dramatic rise of emotion that seemed to saturate the very air surrounding the patrons.

Yuki looked at Aurora who sat perfectly still, transfixed by the music like a butterfly on a pin. She smiled lightly and interlaced her fingers in the other woman's, a grin spread on her face as she felt the Zeltron's heart flutter in her palm. The music continued, happy melodies leading into haunted, melodramatic songs of the area, each telling a story that the Corsair had heard many times before. This was one of her spaces, one of her private areas that she did not even allow her own family to intrude upon. Keiji understood why his diminutive sister needed a place of peace. He knew about her background and what had led her to be the way she was, a broken shell of the noble born lady. She had thrown away all of the riches attached to her family and the ideals of the Sith. Yuki had learned what it was like to be alone, learned how to be what was needed. The small Corsair believed that Keiji was probably one of the select few that would truly understand her, but she felt something for her companion this evening and it was curious even to herself.

As the music faded into the intermission, Yuki touched her fingers below Aura's chin and lifted her face slightly before she placed a soft, gentle, lingering kiss. For a moment, the blood red lips of the Mercenary touched pale seafoam green lips. Yuki leaned back in her chair and watched the Zeltron in the dim light as emotions crashed along the other woman's face. Confusion, interest, worry, fear. Each flicker told a story, each had a small part to play in the larger act.

Aurora Ta'var looked down, her face turning a darker shade of pink noticeable even in the dimmed light. Her eyes flicked to their hands and her fingers began to tremble slightly. She pulled away from the Mercenary's gentle grasp with an almost imperceptible shudder. The proximity of the other woman, the nearness of her and the scent of wildflowers closed in on her. She tried to move away from the Corsair, her eyes focused intently on the patrons that milled about beneath the box.

"Yuki, I—" the Zeltron began as the lights dimmed slightly again and the musicians began to retake their places.

Yuki looked at her companion and smiled, violet eyes watched the other woman carefully, a gaze that measured each movement. She lightly took Aura's hand and felt her pulse

quicken again as the evening's intent registered. The music began to fill the air once more as the Mercenary leaned close to the only other occupant of the box.

"I do not share myself with others lightly, Aurora. Nor, I expect, do you."

Her words were a faint breath of wind across the Zeltron's neck, a soft echo for her ears alone. Yuki leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, feeling the music was over and around her. The soft sounds of the metal flutes, the heartbeat of the percussion, the counterpoint of the horns, each note seemed to unlock more of her demeanor, settled more things into place. The soft heartbeat in her hand slowed, no longer fluttered against her skin as her companion became comfortable again but seemed to join into the music on its own soft melody.

The theater filled with the melancholia of the final song, a tale Yuki knew to be one of loss and of rebirth, of new beginnings and the ends they came from. The music slowly faded into silence as the curtain slowly closed over the performers and the patrons slowly rose to clap. Yuki remained seated and watched the crowd for a moment before turning her gaze to Aurora.

"We will be able to leave in a moment and we must not forget to pick something up for Zoe," the scarred woman said softly, her voice as soft and musical as the performance.

The Savant nodded slightly, having nearly forgotten that Zoe wanted something in return for being good. "It's a bribe, isn't it?"

Yuki laughed softly. "If my house is still standing, you are damned right it is a bribe. I will do whatever it takes to keep those two from breaking the whole thing."

The Zeltron laughed in return at the ferocity of the Human's affirmation. Aura noticed more of how impossibly proper Yuki spoke. She rarely used contractions and spoke with authority when it was needed and almost demurely when expected. The Rollmistress safely assumed that very few expected the scarred and volatile Mercenary to be demure which in turn probably saved more than a few lives.

Yuki glanced over the balcony at the departing crowd and slowly rose to her feet, smoothing out the blood-red dress with one hand and helped the Zeltron to her feet with the other. Every movement seemed to scream secrets about the Mercenary's state of mind. Each one cementing the deep seated neuroses within the complex Yuki.

"There is a small shop just outside the theater that sells things a small girl would like. My treat," said the Mercenary softly. "You can tell her it is from you."

The two women walked slowly, almost regally through the theater. Blood-red and Pale green drew the eyes of the men and many of the woman. Their closeness was noted by everyone who saw them move.

Yuki gave her companion a side-long glance and just shook her head with a soft laugh. She led them out of the theater and down the busy street to a small shop that seemed to sell upscale stuffed animals. Aura tried to protest as the Corsair half dragged her into the shop.

The smaller woman pointed at the stuffed toys ranging in size, her tone like a frozen stream. "Pick something."

Taken slightly aback by the woman's intensity, Aurora moved through the small store which seemed to be open just to cater to the crowd leaving the theater. The clerk seemed to be awake only to assist customers as they entered and before they exited. The slashing look from Yuki made the man almost skitter away from them as her companion searched for the right present.

After a few minutes of searching, the Zeltron brought a moderately sized toy to Yuki and smiled. "This one is perfect."

Yuki looked at the stuffed animal and nodded with a smile. "Yes, I think she will love it."

The Corsair purchased the stuffed toy and led her date out of the store. She lifted a hand to call a nearby speeder and helped Aurora inside. She sat beside the woman and placed an arm almost protectively around the taller woman. "Shuttleport, please."

The driver nodded tiredly and started to drive to the shuttleport. As they rode, Yuki looked at Aura and smiled. "There are things about me that are not pleasant, Aura. But, for what it is worth, you may have them if you want."

The Zeltron looked down at the toy and smiled almost girlishly, seeming to enjoy the small arm around her shoulders. The small arm was full of scars and hard muscles, just like the rest of Yuki's body. She was small, compact with a very tight musculature. Tonight had shown Aura that part of the hardened Mercenary was soft, warm even. The Rollmistress bit her lip and blushed slightly under her small curtain of blue hair as she thought of the kiss.

Before they could speak further, the speeder pulled up to the shuttleport and the Corsair paid their fare before exiting the vehicle and holding a small hand out for her companion. Aura took it, hesitantly, unsure if there would be more surprises for the night.

Sensing the hesitation, the smaller woman smiled and shook her head. She closed the door to the speeder and looked up the last few inches to Aurora's face. "Do not lie to me and say you feel nothing. But, I do not expect you to do anything about it until you are ready for it."

Yuki whispered softly to Aura in her native tongue and smiled before she led the Zeltron into the shuttleport to their awaiting ride home.

The shuttle flight back to her private estate was quiet as she flew and allowed the Zeltron the privacy of her own thoughts. The Corsair had enjoyed her evening, but Aura's thoughts were as hidden from her as the moon behind a clouded sky. She had savored the nearness of the other woman, enjoyed the feel of her hand against her own. The flight was interminably long, mostly due to the silence in the cockpit.

Yuki brought the small shuttle to a stop on the pad near her home. The door opening spilled light across the small veranda and two figures appeared in the light, one small and the other enormous. As the shuttle doors opened, the Corsair stood and offered her hand to Aura who accepted it almost shyly before she stood. The Zeltron stepped closer to the smaller Human and placed two fingers under Yuki's chin, catching the Mercenary's full attention. The Corsair lifted her gaze to look into the crystal blue eyes that shone with caution, concern and a healthy dose of fear. She leaned down slightly and sea foam green brushed against blood-red for a moment. The Savant leaned away from the kiss for a moment, staring into Yuki's eyes.

Aura seemed to freeze for a moment, their gaze locked on each other. The Zeltron gave a soft smile as she dialed up her pheromones slightly. Yuki's eyes widened as she inhaled sharply. Her hands gripped the Jedi's hips and pulled her closer, giving the taller Zeltron a deeper kiss.

The lips of the usually unflappable Mercenary trembled as they touched against Aura's, a driving need began to seat itself in the hardened heart of the small Human. Her hands relaxed on Aura's hips and returned the kiss for a moment before leaning back in a daze. The Corsair touched the Zeltron's arm and whispered softly. "Using pheromones is cheating, by the way. But, I will forgive you this time."

The two stepped out of the shuttle and slowly walked toward the house, smiling at the small squeal of pleasure that came from Zoe. Keiji stood motionless, leaned against the frame of the doorway with a slight smile on his lips as the two approached the lighted area. Zoe bounded down the few steps and hugged her mother around the calves. "Mommy's back!"

Yuki extricated her hand from Aurora's with a soft, almost sad smile. She stepped away from the two Zeltrons and walked up to Keiji. Her eyes searching for any visible damage. "How was your evening, brother?"

The Togruta gave a half shrug and grinned. "The house is still standing, sister. So, I suppose everything went well on my end. What about yours?"

The small Human looked up into the honest eyes of her adopted brother and shrugged, seeming to fight away some deep emotion. "We will have to see, I suppose. That is all we can do sometimes."

Keiji seemed at a loss for words and placed a hand on Yuki's shoulder in mute support. Behind her she heard the happy exclamation of Zoe as Aura handed over the present. Keiji looked up and laughed.

"Is that a stuffed wolf pup?" the giant rumbled softly.

The Corsair nodded and smiled. "Yes, it is. Aura picked it out at one of the shops. A perfect gift for the girl."

Aura and Zoe approached the veranda where the two Suoh stood watching. The Rollmistress seemed more than a little shy as she approached Yuki and Keiji. She leaned down and looked at Zoe. "Say goodnight to Keiji before we go back."

Zoe grinned and held her stuffie out to Keiji. "Look what Mommy got me!"

The hulking Togruta got down on one knee and looked at the creature solemnly. "A powerful protector indeed."

Zoe giggled and hugged the gentle giant around his neck, lacing her arms under the man's lekku. As she let go, she turned and looked at the two women standing near each other. She ran over to Yuki and hugged the small Human's legs. "Goodnight, Miss Yuki! You should come visit US next time!"

The Mercenary slowly crouched down and kissed the small girl on the top of her head. "We will see, Zoe. Now, be good for mommy on the way back, yes?"

Zoe nodded happily and reached out for Aurora's hand. Yuki smiled softly at the two women and then turned to enter her home. "Fly safe, Rollmistress."

Keiji gave a half-salute to the two women and followed Yuki into the large house, his features hiding whatever he was thinking. As the shuttle lifted off and carried the two Zeltron away from the island, Keiji's voice rumbled through the room.

"Do you want to talk about it?" he asked carefully.

"Good night, Keiji," was the only reply as the small woman disappeared through the door to her room. A few minutes later, the soft wooden sounds of Yuki's flute began to drift through the house and the Togruta began to worry a little about his sister.