

Highrise Club House

Selen

37 ABY

Pop!

The sound of yet another bottle of champagne being opened was almost drowned out by the excited giggling and hubbub of the gathered Arconan women. As Tabriss, Lucine Vasano's ever-dapper man servant, moved from glass to glass and filling them up perfectly despite their often wonky angles, the women themselves continued to fuss around the bride. It was a big night and she would have to look *perfect*.

"This really isn't necessary..." Zujenia repeated herself for—she'd lost count how manyeth—time.

"Oh nonsense, darling!" a visibly inebriated Lucine Vasano cooed, handing Leeadra Halcyon another ribbon to tie to the half-Ryn's flowing snow white hair.

The Pantoran had been at it for a while now, having begrudgingly accepted the task thanks to 'smaller hands for nimble work', and those blue hands were getting mighty sore by now. But the results did speak volumes as a combination of pampering, prodding, and prettifying had almost transformed the usually down to earth Zuji into an absolute bombshell of a woman. Her wild mane had been tamed by countless bowties that Leeadra by now hated with a passion, while Lucine herself had offered her best tips at make-up to enhance the woman's natural beauty—and obfuscate life's small blemishes. Her usual beige-white-grey casuals had been eschewed for a tastefully elegant dress of pastel blue with pink detail, and a few select pieces of jewelry glittered around her neck and ears.

"Come on, red. Haven't you tormented her enough?" Satsi muttered gruffly, emptying her glass of champagne in one go.

"Well you're one to talk," Lucine quipped back over her shoulder, earning herself an almost immediate shift of stance from the toned Human Mercenary.

"Please, ladies. Couldt ve not?" Tali Sroka sighed and shook her head. "Ve've barely startedt the party..."

The two Humans gave each other a pair of venomous glances, one better veiled than the other, before turning back towards the Twi'lek and stating in unison; "Fine."

"Jinx!" Sera Kaern chuckled from a couch, the young Zabrak having taken quite well to the abundant supply of sparkling wine that the industrious Chiss butler so diligently furnished. "Now you have to kiss!"

The two women cast a withering glare at Tali's upstart protege and the Twi'lek had to sweep in to suggest perhaps she'd had enough drink for a while, lest she agitate the two frenemies into forgetting the friend-part. Sitting afar from the more heated center of attention, Eilen continued to awkwardly fidget on her seat, poking fingertips against each other while trying to make herself invisible—a task made all the more challenging by the half-Bothan's two meter height.

"Right, that's it. I'm done!" Leeadra declared with a distinct tone of finality as she got up from affixing the last ribbon to Zuji's tail and proceeded to down both their glasses, one after the other.

The gathered flocked around the bride-to-be and as she turned around, a collective series of gasps, sighs, and awws followed in a wave of genuine approval. Even the sourest of Satsis managed a subtler grin and Lucine's smile lacked its usual hint of smugness as they gazed upon their soon-to-be-wed Rolemaster.

"You look simply breathtaking," Lucine stated.

"Gorgeous," Sera agreed.

"Umm, what she said..." Eilen managed from the back row.

"Here's to the bride! May her beauty never vither!" Tali cheered and raised her glass.

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"Ack!" Lucine squealed as zesty lemon juice squirted in her eye, Satsi snickering unabashedly across the table as she watched the posh woman flail about. Cutting citrus was proving as much a hurdle for her as browning toast—her skills being more in *blackening*.

"Remind me again, *why* we're resorting to this frankly barbaric exercise? If we wanted drinks, I could have Tabriss whip them out in no time," Lucine griped, extending a hand to snatch up a handkerchief promptly presented by the very same manservant.

"Because," Tali muttered, her tongue sticking out of the corner of her mouth as she focused on peeling a long, thin spiral of jogan fruit for her garnish. "It might be useful for her to know."

"I doubt Kordath really cares if it's a cocktail or a bottle of whisky," Leeadra stated as she diligently measured the ingredients into a mixer and handed it to Eilen for a good shake.

"I heard he's been cutting back on that, is that true, Zuji?" the tall space-ferret asked, before beginning a loud ice-crusted shake that muffled the half-Ryn's reply.

“As I just said,” Zujenia sighed after the rattling of ice cubes ended, “yes, he has been drinking a lot less. It was one of the reasons we’re back together...”

“Well then,” Lucine sighed as she looked at the treasonous fruit knife and considered what punishment to exact upon it later that night, “that makes my question all the more pertinent, doesn’t it?” She discreetly chucked the knife and used the Force to tug a few wedges over from Satsi’s counter when she wasn’t looking.

“I meant that it will be of use for *her* to put up with *him*,” Tali smirked. “Plus we’re all getting a good show of it.” The Aedile shot her superior a cheeky wink. It was not returned in kind.

“Well I for one am having great fun!” Sera declared, draining what appeared to be her third drink in a row.

The other women furrowed their collective brows and looked at the Zabrak trying out some fairly alien dance moves on the spot, clearly enjoying herself a bit *too* much for this early in the party. “I thought we cut her off,” Satsi stated.

“We didt,” Tali agreed. “I askedt Tabriss to switch the vodka andt vater bottles for her.”

“I did the same,” Lucine mumbled.

The two Qel-Dromans turned to look at the Chiss who, for once, appeared to show a slight hint of sheepish emotion. “I... merely followed your orders, ma’ams.”

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“Well then, that took a lot more work than it had any right to,” Lucine sighed as she finally relaxed on the couch with a mostly self-made drink in hand, stirring it idly with a rather phallic straw.

“Anyone seen my lemons?” Satsi grumbled, searching for the missing wedges she was *sure* she’d cut earlier.

“*I think you already ate one, darling...*” Lucine muttered into her glass.

“I’ve made some extra!” Eilen hollered, offering Satsi a few of her less-furry pieces.

With everyone finally getting seated, and the kitchen an utter mess, though still for the moment uncombusted, the entertainment part could soon begin.

“So, I brought a deck of cards...” Satsi began, a phallic straw almost poking her eye out as she drank from the brim. “And I figured y’all might want a go.”

“Thank you, darling, but I’m quite sure Zujenia doesn’t care much for gambling,” Lucine smiled condescendingly.

“First of all, shut up. Secondly, it’s not that sort of deck.”

“What’s what he said!” Sera giggled from the back row.

“It’s a more *interesting* one,” Satsi smirked as she pulled out the deck and gave it a quick shuffle. “Here, red. Pick a card, any card.”

Lucine looked at the fan of cards before her, each an equally featureless black piece of flimsiplast. Her gaze wandered to the woman propping them on her, and that fiendish smile on her lips. Was she being poisoned? A dermally applied neurotoxin spread on the cards, perhaps? Surely not, Satsi herself was holding them, and poisons seemed somehow not her style. Too few broken kneecaps that way.

She sighed and plucked one. It read; *When did you lose your virginity, and to whom?*

Lucine almost choked on her drink. Thank goodness Tali hadn’t drawn that card. But Satsi’s impish grin was almost as bad to deal with. Almost.

“Well, red? What’s it say?”

“It inquires a rather personal detail of my past,” Lucine replied coldly.

“That’s kinda the point,” Satsi smirked smugly. “You’re not *chicken* are you?”

The two measured gazes for a moment, before she yielded. Or rather, would not let herself be made a fool of. Clearing her throat, Lucine read out the question in a clear voice.

“When did you lose your virginity, and to whom?”

Eilen turned beet red beneath her fur and fidgeted awkwardly. Leeadra put a calming hand on her girlfriend’s hand to calm her down. For her part, Satsi’s shit-eating grin faded somewhat as her opposite number seemed less embarrassed about the whole than she’d hoped. Even so, she pressed on.

“Well, red? Who was the lucky prince who plundered your modesty?”

“If you *insist*, darling, it was a strapping young lad from another major House on Coruscant. Heir apparent to their fortune, we were both sixteen at the time. More hormones than sense, really,” Lucine sipped her drink before muttering under her breath, “at least for me.”

“Well done, red. Who’s next?” Satsi asked, slightly miffed she’d not managed to tease out more of a reaction out of the redhead.

“How about yourself, darling? How was your first?” Lucine’s eyes flashed over the lip of her glass.

“That’s not how the game works, *red*.”

“I volunteer!” Sera cut in, prompted by a shallow nudge by the Twi’lek sitting beside her. Reaching out, she plucked a card from the deck and read it out loud.

“Kiss someone in the room.” There was a moment’s silence as everyone stared at her. “That’s what it says!” the Zabrak insisted, turning the filmsiplast card around, and feeling it lift off from her fingers as if yanked by unseen fingers. Staring dumbfounded at the piece of black card, she watched it fly right into Leeadra’s hand, the Pantoran immediately turning around and planting a kiss on Eilen’s lips.

“Next!”

The game gained some steam from there, each attending woman taking a card in turn and detailing some sordid encounter from their past, or egged on into making an ass of themselves in relative public. Tabriss kept the drinks and champagne coming, and the deck of cards was soon nearing its end, when a third one was being prompted to the woman of the hour.

“What’s the most *daring* thing you’ve done with a lover?” Zujenia read the question, slightly glassy-eyed from the champagne, but clearly trying to recollect.

“I bet it’s got to do with the tail...” Tali mused, casually caressing her own lek.

“Tail? Why the tail? You think it’s sensitive?” Lee inquired, causing Eilen to fidget a bit more and coil her own in her lap.

“No no, not *her* tail. *His* tail...” Tali giggled slyly, the implication causing Zujenia’s sandy cheeks to take on a sunset hue.

“Um, actually...” Zujenia coughed, every single pair of eyes suddenly nailed to her as she began her little admission.

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“Wow,” Leeadra stared at the opposite wall and sipped her drink.

“Yeah,” Sera agreed, mimicking her motion.

“Did you know tails couldt be used like—*that*?” Lucine looked at Eilen, who shook her head rather furiously.

“Would you like to try?” Lee smirked mischievously, causing the tall space-ferret to almost pass out.

“Vell, that vas the last cardt. Thank you all,” Tali smiled and collected the deck back together and handed it to Satsi, who’d suddenly grown a little distracted, as if caught up in some not-too-distant yet all-too-vivid memory...

“If you ladies are done sating your curiosity,” Zuji began as she stood up. “I would like to dance these shoes off before my feet die.”

“Um, darling, there is actually *one* more piece of entertainment we’ve prepared for you. Well, *I*’ve prepared...” Lucine interjected, making various hand gestures at Tabriss who vanished at once from the club room.

“Oh? Should I be worried?” Zuji raised an eyebrow.

“No, nothing as *degrading* as what my dear Satsi had in store. I have a much more *refined* palate,” she smiled as the lights suddenly dimmed.

“It took some *considerable* effort to acquire their services, but I simply know you cannot have a proper bachelorette party without some... *male entertainment*.”

A lone beam of light shone at the doorway, awaiting the arrival of the promised show. Lucine dug herself deeper into the chair and fumbled for the phallic straw between her lips, eyes nailed to the doorway. Zujenia, for her part, looked a bit unsure of what to expect, with the others falling somewhere between the two in anticipation or anxiety. Only the Twi’lek had suddenly vanished.

A sound, droning and low, emanated through the door. It vibrated in the air like a warning, or the first note in a grand symphony. Lucine’s fingers curled around her glass in muted excitement. She’d not exaggerated the credits she’d spent on this, but getting the Blue Man group to perform was sure to be worth it. Who could say no to the most talented Chiss strippers this side of the Quorn nebula?

The door opened, and in walked a stunted male with furry features and a pleated nose, the sound the women had heard emanating from said nostrils. Behind him, came another, and with him another note. Two more followed, each bringing together a wholesome harmony. Dressed in loose-fitting pinstripe shirts and wearing matching straw hats with ribbons, the quartet of Ryn were about as far from strapping blue skinned man hunks that Lucine could imagine.

As they broke into song—a rather beautiful, if still fairly nasal, love ballad dedicated to the bride-to-be—Lucine got a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach and swiftly checked the holocorrespondance she'd had with her supplier, Yumni Ha. As she opened the final attachment the Kaminoan had sent her, her fingers were already shaking with muted outrage—only to have her worst fears realized as she read the line-item she'd paid over ten thousand credits for: The *Bleu* Men Group.

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Tali jumped out of the speeder before it'd even fully come to a stop and tossed a credit stick at the driver. She was late. Hurried steps brought her to a featureless back door in the Sinchi Ring where a quick smile and a few words let her inside. Passing through narrow corridors, she came to a dressing room where everything had been prepared. Just as they'd agreed.

"The things I do for love," Tali muttered to herself as she unzipped her dress.

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"Aww, come now, Kordath! Surely *you* of all people can drink him under the table?" Bly chuckled as the Consul stared down the towering Wookiee opposite him.

"E's a bloody Wookiee, if ya haven't bloody noticed," Kordath spat back, the top two buttons of his shirt already undone and necktie long gone.

"Yeah, but he's a lightweight. He just said he's never done this," Bly retorted before turning to the grey Wookiee. "Ain't that right?"

The Wookiee, looking a bit perplexed, but happy to be here, tapped a button on his datapad and a synthesized voice spoke up. "[REPEAT: HAVE NO DRINK ADULTDRINK. PREFER BANTHA MILK IN SERIAL.]"

"See? What it said," Bly winked.

"Ugh, I'm gettin' too old fer this kark," Kordath muttered. "Were we nay comin' here fer some, ya know, *entertainment*?" He glanced around the private room in the upscale Sinchi club, eyes lingering at the rather prominent pole in its center.

"Patience, Consul," Rhyllance stated. "I am certain the merriments shall begin shortly."

"Huh, ya lookin' forward to it, *doc*?" Kordath inquired with a slight sideways glance.

"My line of work lends me a particular appreciation for the well developed physique. I do not deny this."

“Ya karkin’ right it does. And does Lucine know you’re ‘ere? Watchin’ *schuttas* put on a show?”

The Chiss seemed to have suddenly caught something minor in his throat, but nothing that a small cough could not clear.

“The matters of my recreation are hardly her concern...” he replied dryly.

“Right, betcha get ta enjoy that *specimen* quite enough.”

“Consul, I do not understand what you are insinua-”

“Cut the banthacrap, Rhy! We all know yer bangin’ ‘er,” Kordath grumbled and took another swig. “Don’t think I mind. Ya two... ya deserve each other.”

Rhylance wasn’t quite sure how to respond, or whether the Consul’s words had been an insult, or a genuine wish of luck.

“[HYDROMAUL EXCELLENT FOR HEAVY BANGING.]” Kelviin helpfully added. Many heads were shook.

The lights, dim as they had been, suddenly faded into oblivion. Before Kordath could start questioning whether he’d had one too many, a painfully bright spot light illuminated the pole, and then traced a line over to the curtain covered rear of the private club room.

“Fekin’ finally,” Kordath mused, reaching for another drink, as a rather *demanding* base track began to play and a long, purple leg slid out from behind the curtains. Illuminated by the bright light, every inch of smooth, sculpted thigh was perfectly on display as the woman peeled back the curtains little by little in an effect that let her legs go on for days.

Kordath felt a slight tightness in his throat, trying to loosen his already nonexistent collar, with his attention fully occupied by the sights before him. To his right, Rhylance seemed similarly *preoccupied*, though had anyone asked, purely for academic reasons, of course. To his left, Bly had crossed his arms over his barrel chest rather expectantly, a smug smile on his worn features. And across the table, Kelviin was happy to be there, if a little confused as to why.

As the music grew louder, and the anticipation greater, the curtains peeled back further little-by-little and unveiled a purple Twi’lek draped in little more than a strapless bikini top and matching bottoms, all in resplendent silver-white that matched her aggressively high heels. As she began a purposeful march towards the pole in the center, Kordath squinted his eyes, battling the glaring light and effects of inebriation as *something* about this woman seemed very familiar.

“Oh kark, I ‘ave nay slept wi’v her, have I?” he thought in a reflexive panic, but the realization was far worse.

As she stepped over to the pole, one hand high and draping her body around it like a snake, Kordath could not help but recognize the *very* familiar freckled features of the Qel-Droman Aedile. It was good Rhy lance was near, as he almost choked on his drink the very instant. For her part, Tali seemed unperturbed, sweeping into a wide swing around the pole with a leg held high towards the ceiling, before effortlessly twisting her body up onto the top of the pole and gliding down it with seemingly little more than her flank touching the smooth steel.

Kordath was lost for emotions. The sights before him stirring rather *dangerous* thoughts into his mind, while what remained of his sobriety was screaming every possible warning and curse word at him for even entertaining such thoughts. What most were taking as a thoroughly enjoyable display of feminine athleticism at its most enticing—or in the case of Kelviin a fun dance number around a standard gauge 11 durasteel strut—was not far from the worst torture for the conflicted Consul.

The dance dragged on, like Tali dragged her lekku along the smooth pole she’d been twisting around for the better part of an eternity. Kordath had sunk back in his seat and drummed the hand rest while counting seconds. It couldn’t last much longer, could it? Had he ever wanted such a show to be over sooner, he’d have considered himself terminally insane, but when the Twi’lek’s silver heels finally clacked onto the floor for the final time and she took a *very* slow bow, he was the first to clap enthusiastically; if only for it being finally over.

But instead of turning tail and disappearing behind the curtains, the damnable Twi’lek paced forward, and straight towards him. Kordath squirmed in his chair, trying to shift to a position that would best mask his *discomfort* without being too obvious about it. When she reached him, he’d been caught in an awkward halfway house between poses, twisting his body into a rather uncomfortable degree.

“Didt you enjoy the show, *Consul?*” Tali spoke in a voice Kordath did not remember ever hearing before. It was submissively dominant and meekly entrancing, a perfect mix of sultry seduction and muted innocence.

“Y-ya did grand, lass. Thanks...” Kordath managed to squeak.

“I am gladt to hear that,” she smiled softly, eyes half-lidded as she bent forward rather generously to address the seated man at vaguely eye level. “I hadt a secret to tell you too.”

Kordath audibly gulped. Rhy lance struggled to maintain his composure.

“This vasn’t a treat from any of your friendts,” she cooed. “Your vife hopes you’ll enjoy your last day as a *free* man, because after tomorrow, you’re all hers. Understoodt?”

His head was too full of conflicting thoughts and disorienting implications to do little more than nod.

“Goodt boy, now have fun. I know she is...” Tali smiled and turned to leave, but stopped for a fleeting moment to address the Proconsul. “Oh, andt Lucine vill know about this too,” she stated, far more coldly, before sauntering off, hips swaying from side to side.

“You’ve got some strange tastes in women, boss,” Bly chuckled after the prerequisite moments of stunned silence had passed.

“[KELVIIN UNDERSTAND NOW.]” The Wookiee’s synthetic voice assistant declared triumphantly. “[BUT IS NO QUICK WAY TO POLISH STRUT. TEACH TALI-FRIEND BETTER TECHNIC LATER.]”

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“Aww, thank you Lucine!” Zujenia sighed after the Bleu Men Group gave their final bows and filed out. “That was perfect!”

“I-it was?” the redheaded Sith looked genuinely perplexed, though recovered quickly. “Um, I mean, I knew you’d enjoy it, darling. No expense spared for you!”

“I am going to murder that Kaminoan when I next see her...”

Zuji merely beamed approvingly, either genuinely pleased by the romantic interlude of Ryn culture, or playing Lucine at her own game without breaking stride. It was hard to tell which.

“Where’s Tali?” Eilen suddenly asked, having noticed their group was short a pair of lekku.

“I thought she went to the refresher, but...” Sera began when the door opened and the Twi’lek in question entered.

“Ugh, I missedt the ending? Darn,” she sighed and rejoined the others. As she passed Zujenia, the two exchanged a meaningful glance, and the Twi’lek gave a minute nod. Zuji had a hard time suppressing her smug grin.

One final round of refills later, Satsi was already itching to get going and a minute argument was developing nicely between her, Lucine and the bride-to-be about which clubs they ought to frequent. As Tali observed this exchange with minor disinterest, Sera inched closer and suddenly dragged a finger along her exposed arm.

“Master, why are you covered in glitter?” she asked, just too loudly.

“Umh, vell...” Tali stuttered and made a mental note to put the girl through the wringer before knighthood.