

# RANCOROUS RAIMENTS

*Est. 144 BBY*

One of the oldest standing businesses in the Sinchi Ring, Rancorous Raiments has been supplying lavish finery to the upper-crust of Estle and enterprising Arconae for well over one hundred and fifty years. It isn't just the exorbitant prices or luxurious silks that draw so many agents of the Brotherhood, however. Like most things connected to Arcona, the business has an ulterior side, hidden just beneath the surface.

Constructed from massive blocks of white, shining sea-stone, the habidatary's newest building stands proudly near the base of the Arconan Citadel. The exterior space that hasn't been given over to ornate carvings of noble lords and ladies at frolic and duel is devoted to window displays, flaunting fashionable, finely tailored outfits, changing by the season, or often enough, by the day.

Most of the interior *seems* to be composed of the same. The posh setting -glossy woodwork set over plush carpets and similar trappings of high-standing- are easily overlooked. A veritable army of mannequins displays a vast, multi-chromatic coterie of fine garments; fine suits of silk and glorious gowns of gossamer, austere robes and short, slinky skirts. The central room is complete with several dozen dressing rooms, to be used at the customer's leisure. Somewhere from the back, a live chamber-orchestra pours fine music out upon the assemblage; a lively backdrop to a rich setting.

The array of fine habiliments is attended by a two dozen tailors, tall, pale muun one and all, uniformly clad in suits of jet-black silk. They have a knack for taking customer measurements on sight, and are constantly ready to be of service.

This includes standing ready to show any prospective customer the backrooms, and the special stock held within... provided that they have the right password; "*atrocitiy*." That done, the customer is led to dressing room 13, and told to pull down on the right-most clothing hook. Hard.

The room beyond, while smaller, cut out from the stonework of Estle's terrace, seems quite similar at first glance. More vestments sit on display, complemented this time by various extravagant add-ons; silvered canes, gilded pens, platinum-chased purses, and silken handkerchiefs, all set in tight, neat robes. This is where the similarities end, however, for beside the blue-blooded trappings sit weapons; a rich man's weapons, beautifully constructed, but weapons nonetheless. Chrome-plated RSKF-44s are set beside bottles of fragrance, ornately decorated CJ-9 Bo rifles leaned next to the canes.

Rancorous Raiments needed a secondary venture to draw the eyes of the Brotherhood, afterall. Fine, discreet weaponry is a boon that no Shadow lord or lady would ever go without. Upon closer inspection, just about everything in the habidatary's "imported stock" is lethal; the pens hiding stiletto blades, the canes concealing microedged swords, neurotoxins or fragmentation charges set within purse or perfume. The many pieces of fine clothing, made to order, and cut to fit perfectly, are fabricated from the finest armorweave, designed to absorb blaster-fire, or to conceal armor forged from Sith alchemy.

It is a rather versatile little store, indeed.