

Selen, Estle City
Sinchi Ring

“Oi, laaaadies...” started the Ryn, before he was jerked away by a green hand on his tail. “Oi!”

“You’re married, boss, remember,” hissed the Falleen, leading his stumbling, inebriated employer away from the table full of women.

“But I just wanted ta taaaalk ta ‘em!” he whined, plopping down in a chair back at their own table, looking over to the third member of their trio. “What’s about you, big guy? Ya wanna go take a swing, or did tha purple Lek steal yer mojo?”

Said big guy was a Chiss, who looked up from the datapad he seemed to constantly have before him ever since taking on the role of Arcona’s training officer.

“Pardon? My ‘mojo?’ I am unsure what you mean, Master Bleu?”

The Ryn tried to stand, one hand reaching down to grab quite uncouthly at his trouser region, “Ya know, yer lads, tha jewels! Heard she shot ya down, that kill yer interest in tha fairer sex?”

“Boss,” cautioned the Falleen, wincing and sinking further down in his chair.

“Wot?”

“Master Kordath,” spoke the Chiss, slowly rising from his seat, “Miss Sroka and I had a very frank discussion about a possible future, and it was decided that it was exactly that. A possible future. Now, I believe I have had enough to drink this evening. Good night, gentleman,” he stated, bowing slightly and collecting his datapad.

He strode out, past the table of women that the Ryn had been trying to approach, four sets of eyes stuck on him as he walked.

“Look at the shoulders on that one,” mused one aloud, a Mirialian with short, blonde hair, a smudge of grease connecting the twin diamonds tattooed under her purple eyes.

Next to her, a slim Zeltron leaned forward, a finger twirling in her long, loose lilac hair. “That is a reaaaally nice butt, like oh my gawd.”

Across from the pair was a blue-skinned Togruta woman, rolling golden eyes even as her lekku, sporting sets of twisted pink lines, twitched in the Chiss’s direction. “You are both shameful,” she growled, glancing over at the receding figure, “though he has hands that could wrestle a nexu to submission, I will admit.”

“You three are horrible,” spoke the last member of the quartet, a Devarnoian with black and white hair. She looked a good ten years older than the other three, the start of wrinkles around her red eyes, which seemed to smile as she took in Her girls before flicking towards the Chiss. “Besides, how can any of you thirsty little schuttas not notice that sheen, that glorious...bald...scalp,” she murmured, taking a sip.

“Huh?” said the Zeltron, confused. “All that man-meat and you’re looking at his head, Channy?”

“Devarnoian men don’t grow hair, Lilly,” spoke the Mirialin, waving towards the bar for another round of drinks. “It makes sense that she’d be interested. But I bet she still noticed how thick his...neck was.”

“You’re turning red, Jindo. He has a very impressive musculature, I will admit. It takes an impressive amount of discipline to achieve such a form,” stated the Togruta, sipping at her drink. She followed it immediately with water.

“A very impressive musculature,” quoted Chanas, the Devarnoian, looking at the Togruta with amusement. “Rissa, dear, you can just say you think he looks good. And yes, I did notice how thick his neck was, and how wide his shoulders were, my dears. But none of that is why we came to this place for a drink and a talk, now is it?”

Chanas’s voice switched to a serious tone, and the three women around the table leaned forward a bit. Rissa’s lekku twitched at the sound of a choked off noise from the Ryn nearby, causing her to roll her eyes once more. Their attire had drawn the eye of most of the males in the establishment, and the short-shorts and short-sleeved crop tops contributed little to the imagination.

“Alright, girls, you know how it’s going. Jarrik’s pods blew out, and well, they were scraping him off the track outside of town for ten minutes before someone brought out a pressure washer,” stated the woman, grimly. Jarrik had been ‘their’ racer, a Zabrak with quick reflexes who had hired them on to maintain his pod racer. “So, we’re out of work, and this,” she gestured at the drinks scattered across their table, “is the last of our petty cash from our last win. We need to find a job, and soon, if we want off this backwater rock.”

“I dunnoooo,” spoke Lillian, still playing with her hair and grinning at random people around the room. Well, not random, to those who knew her, the teasing smiles and way she leaned slightly forward towards men were more calculated than most would give the seemingly ditzy woman credit. “This place isn’t so bad. The airs clean, they’ve got nice beaches, and the locals are all...stripey and fit,” she bit her lip, looking over at a Selenian busboy. “We could be stuck somewhere a lot worse.”

“She isn’t wrong,” muttered Jindo, “but that castle at the top of the city gives me the creeps, and the people coming and going from it don’t help. This place is nice and all, but I still want to be able to get off-world if we need to.”

“Rissa? Anything to say?” asked Chanas, looking at the Togruta.

Rissa looked up from her water, turning her head slightly, lip curling back to reveal sharp teeth.

“There is no suitable prey here.”

“Except for the Chiss,” piped up the Zeltron.

“Perhaps,” mumbled Rissa, into her glass.

Chanas snorted, picking up a piece of paper sitting on the corner of their table, holding it up for them to see.

“I found some postings over at the spaceport, ships looking for crew. Maintenance, pilots, sanitation, just...a bit of everything. Including one that’s looking to fill four positions.”

“I would prefer not to break up our group,” spoke Jindo, nodding. “We work well together, and Lilly would be lost without us.”

“Aww, are you my big sister, Jin!?”

“I’m not old enough to be your big sister,” snapped the Mirialian.

“Big sis Jinny! And big sis Rissy!”

“You know I do not care for nicknames, Lillian.”

“And aunty Chan!”

“Pardon?” asked the Devarnoian, her voice icy. “Aunt?”

Lillian looked at the red eyed woman for a few seconds before smiling broadly, “Big sis Chan!”

“That’s better,” huffed the woman, putting the flier down. “So, we want to keep the band together? Good, I already set up an appointment for tomorrow, we’ll go to the docks and meet this Captain...Garmis, I think it says.”

“Cheers to that,” stated Jindo, lifting her glass, waiting for the other girls to clink theirs before downing it. “New job, same faces!”

“No way,” muttered Chanas as they entered the docking bay containing the ship. “That’s a Nubian, J-Type 327. I don’t think they’ve built one of these things since before the Clone Wars. And it looks...good!”

“Shiny!” said Lilly, her eyes reflecting the chrome hull. Beside her, Rissa shook her head, “Ostentatious, that would never be suitable for a stealthy approach.”

“Oh honey, I don’t think our new potential Captain cares about stealth,” spoke Jindo, her breath catching as she did so. “I cannot believe it.”

“What?” asked Chanas, turning to look where Jindo was staring. “Oh, my. He must oil that scalp of his, for it to shine even more than the ship,” she mumbled to herself. “Captain Garmis?” she shouted over towards the large man.

“Indeed! You are Miss Vauc? And these are your crewmates that you spoke of, I take it? A pleasure to make the acquaintance of so many beautiful women at once,” said the Chiss, loudly, bowing to the quartet. “My name is Stres’tron’garmis. Or simply Strong, or Captain Garmis is acceptable. Miss Vauc, I did look over the work history you sent me yesterday and I must say I am quite impressed!”

“Work history?” whispered Lilly to Jin. “It looks legit, don’t worry, unless he’s got like...an intelligence network to check in on it or something. Don’t worry, is what I mean,” she whispered back.

“Well, I can say your ship is very impressive, Captain Garmis,” said Chanas, with complete honesty. “And you yourself, you are...quite the specimen.”

Strong laughed and nodded, “I do my best, Miss Vauc, please,” he gestured towards the ship, “if you all wish to inspect the *Ladies Delight* before making your decision to serve aboard her, I welcome you all aboard!”

“All aboard!” parroted Lilly, hopping forward, past Chanas to wrap both arms around one of Strong’s. She clung to the man, looking up with big, blue eyes, “You’re like, reaaaally tall, Captain!”

“I took my vegetable intake very seriously as a young man, Miss...,” he looked at Chanas questioningly.

“Sachy, Lillian Sachy. This is Jindo Core,” she stated, pointing at the Mirialin who had moved to his other side, opposite of Lilly. “And Rissa Cliz. We went by ‘The Pit Schuttas’ in our last job.”

Strong choked aloud, stumbling over his feet and tripping over Lillian, though with just enough state of mind not to fall on the Zeltron. Instead, she wound up atop him on the floor, as he tried to compose himself.

“Oh no! Are you okay, Captain?” she asked, tugging at his arm and craning her neck to look him in the face.

“Apologies, Miss Sachy, Miss Vauc. Was this a name bestowed upon you, or chosen for ironic purposes?”

“Huh?”

“He’s asking if people called us schuttas, Lilly, or if we called ourselves that because we thought it was funny,” said Jindo.

“We chose the name ourselves,” stated Rissa, stepping around the downed Chiss’s head with the grace of a predator. “To rob others of being able to use it as an insult.”

She reached down, offering a hand to the big man, shooting a look at Lilly that caused the Zeltron to scramble off. Jindo stepped in and offered her hand as well.

“Do you have an issue with such language, Captain Garmis?” asked Chanas, hesitation clear. “I can do what I can to get the girls to act civilized, but I can’t control how they talk.”

Strong grunted as he stood with the assistance of the two women, the Togruta actually contributing to the effort, impressing the man. Neither woman let go, using the leverage to ‘stumble’ forward into him. Jin narrowed her eyes at Rissa, while behind the big man, Lilly seemed to pout.

“No, I would never dictate how a woman should speak!” boomed Strong, freeing his hands and patting the two women, awkwardly, on the shoulders. “Though if you are to be my crew, I would have words with anyone who spoke to you in such a fashion,” he stated, in a matter of fact manner as he brought his hands together, pushing a fist into the palm to pop the knuckles. “Ah, also, the...uniforms...”

“We like our uniforms!” said Lilly.

“They’re easy to move in,” stated Jindo, dismissively, staring at how Strong’s forearms flexed when he made a fist.

“They provide ample coverage to move in so-called polite society,” spoke Rissa, a hand reaching out to touch the Chiss’s arm through his shirt. “Have you ever wrestled a nexu?”

“Pardon? No, not yet, though I have bested a Wookiee in grappling,” he responded, confused. The Togruta’s light touch turned into a curled fingers grabbing him by the bicep.

“This will do, Chanas,” stated Rissa, nodding.

“I am somewhat confused, do you young ladies wish to see the inside of the *Delight* before you decide?”

“I think they’ve already made up their minds, Captain Garmis.” Chanas sounded amused, stepping forward and offered her hand to the Chiss. “And I do not intend to leave my girls with a big fellow like yourself without my supervision.”

“Very well! Welcome to the *Delight* Miss Vauc!” proclaimed Strong, taking her hand in a firm shake.