

The One With All the Resolutions

A Howlader Tale

By Vodo Biask Taldrya - 3729

It was a day much like any other. He awoke, scratched his belly, and groaned with mild stiffness and he rolled his legs out of bed. He sat there for a few minutes on the edge of the mattress massaging his aching temples. Howlader looked around the room. He sat on silk sheets, teal, and around him lay the cast off clothing of what looked to be three people. He glanced over his shoulder and saw four bodies there behind him and returned to massaging his skull. It had been a night much like any other.

Since the Emperor's death and the break up of the Imperial system the former Rear Admiral had listlessly slept his way from one end of the galaxy to the other. There were few watering holes that didn't know him by face if not by his credits. Credits were good anywhere, even if his old rank and prestige weren't. He would have to find a new way in life, one away from the Rebels and their damned New Republic, but that could wait. For now he didn't see any need to change up his routine.

His mouth was dry and tasted strange. He couldn't tell if it had been something he'd eaten last night or something he'd drank. The ashtray and water pipe on the bedside table began clearing up that mystery as well as why he had a strange craving for Corellian Deepdish. One problem at a time though. He was stark naked and the room was chill with early morning air.

As noiselessly as he could he stood up and began rummaging through the clothing to find his own. It took a moment to collect most of it and his right leg was halfway through fitting his legs into tight leather pants, a fashion he'd picked up of late, when he heard a faint chuckle. Sheepishly he looked at the bed and saw one of the forms there watching him with amusement. She was green skinned and had lovely, long slender lekku. Her form was hidden under the thin, almost diaphanous sheet leaving very little to his imagination.

"Howie baby, you aren't leaving already are you?" she said just above a whisper.

"Quiet sugar, or you'll wake the others", he gave her a wink and finished covering his nudity and quickly thereafter was dressed.

As he was leaving the room he felt arms drape over his shoulders and hot breath on his ear, "When will you be back? Don't say in six months again..."

She turned him around and pressed herself against him, "You really should take those off. You look ridiculous in pants."

Howlader looked down and saw that the devilish woman had already mostly removed them from him. In that moment, looking into her big brown eyes, he knew she was right. She was so right he resolved then and there never to wear pants again-- where possible. He allowed the Twi'lek girl to lead him back to the big bed where the other forms there were beginning to squirm and writhing with yawning stretches. It would be a day much like any other.