

Blood on the Ice
"Watch the World Burn"
Socorra #12648

"Come on, just pick one."

Socorra shoved the datapad in Marick's face again. He reluctantly accepted it with an audible sigh. Images of random humanoid females scrolled up with thumb flicks, each one of them sporting a different hairdo.

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do. Look again. You come from Hapes for kark sake, just help me pick one that look nice and modern! Instaholo is a pit but better than Tackterest."

He just shrugged.

"You're hopeless. And Atty can't see it. Great, I'm relying on toddler. Oh Kirraaa..."

"Simply ravishing," Wyndell, dressed in formal tuxedo, grinned with a bow and offered the crook of his arm to Socorra. She had arrived at Celeste in the cursed purple gown at his insistence. *Third time's the charm, afterall.*

She was fitting into it better this time, having gained a few pounds since the social. Her dark skinned figure was slowly coming back to the hourglass it was known for. The Socorran's raven tresses were done in an elegant half-updo with braids and ribbons, and was only missing the large flower that Kirra really went crazy for. It was not necessarily modern high noble style but Kirra loved it and that was all she needed. To top off the *elegance*, her black heart eyepatch was replaced with the skull that Sammy had suggested back on the 'Void. It was clear the woman did not have a stylist.

Wyndell himself forewent any prosthetics and tricks and simply came as his regular, handsome self. Tonight he was playing the part of the enthusiastic patron of the arts. He did, however, bring a monocle, *because reasons.*

"'Ravishing?' You really think so?" she asked, reading his expression for little quirks of even a hint of a white lie. The woman trusted Wyn, so it was merely a habit. The Sith's mind was always searching, in fact, all around for little whispers in the dark and now, for danger in the crowd.

“Absolutely. But I am afraid that you are missing one single thing that would complete your transformation this evening. A flower,” he sighed dramatically. Socorra’s dark brows furrowed and she opened her mouth to speak, but he drew his other hand from his back. In it, he daintily held the stem of the large bloom Kirra had picked out that the Erinosa was unable to obtain in such a hurry. “As luck would have it, I have that covered. A lovely flower for a lovely woman.”

Her jaw dropped as if to say *how did you know?* but all he did was grin and gesture to her updo. She nodded and bent to the side so the Tyrin brother could place it in her mostly-raven mane.

“Ah, perfection.”

It brought a smile to her ruby lips and maybe even a hint of bashfulness. It had only been five minutes yet everything in them had been foreign to the woman. To be seen in public, for a play, her gown, her hand in the crook of a man that was bent on doting on her.. None of it familiar, none of it warranted, none of it earned or deserved. She hadn’t known what to expect, only to be vigilant, watch the exits, mind the blade in the shadows. And at Atty’s insistence, try and enjoy the night.

Almost in defiance to it, at Socorra’s request (or demand, really) they had acquired side balcony seats for the play *Watch the World Burn*, only so that they had a view of most of those exits. It was certainly not all of them, but the woman had placed agents around the venue having done extensive research beforehand. Just because a theater assassination was trite did not mean someone wouldn’t try it.

The introduction began and the audience quieted down along with the lights. Wyndell was captivated for most of the evening, although he did check to make sure his plus one was enjoying it as well. While not nearly as into the stage as him, because her attention was split between it and sensing the vibrations in the Force surrounding the entire venue, she was in fact enjoying the performance. Besides, her memory would be so vivid she could recollect it later if need be.

At one point during the performance Wyn did the classic yawn-stretch arm on the date’s shoulder routine that Socks had read about in preparation for her date with Avery. Wyn doing so just made her smirk knowingly and scoot a little closer.

The play received a standing ovation and the pair left the venue without incident, Wyndell talking about it nonstop until he placed his hand on her lower back to usher her through the crowd.

“*Oh*,” he said, surprised by the feel of the holdout blaster that was cleverly strapped and hidden within the lumbar fold of the back of the dress. “Huh. Neat.”

“She’s called Last Stand,” Socks smiled when he came back to her side. “She has a twin strapped between my thighs.” She leaned in closer and could almost tangibly *feel* the massive grin lighting up his face. “I haven’t named her yet.”

Immediately, without conscious thought or care for anything else that very moment in the cosmos, he enthusiastically blurted out his answer to the unasked question.

"Wynning!"

Avery had reserved two very expensive hotel rooms that the new couple decided to combine at the concierge and obtain the penthouse suite at no extra cost. While the Sith woman easily could have manipulated the Twi'lek behind the desk to give them the suite at said price - or for free, even - if she had felt like it, it was not necessary. How or why the female concierge knew Wyn was a mystery but clearly played a role in obtaining the nicest hotel room in the entire building. With a wink she announced she would include all of the extras Avery had ordered for the room.

Quite a bit more than tipsy from the multiple nightclub hops, Socks raced him to the hotel door and fumbled with the hotel card, dropping it. Wyndell bent to politely pick it up but she *thunked* her head into his, causing them both to collapse on the floor in giggles as they rubbed their own temples. She stole the card back and finally opened the door but the other sat holding his head in mock pain, sucking in air through his teeth then sighing cartoonishly, over and over again.

"Noo no you don't. That'll never end. Git in here!" She grabbed him by an arm and started dragging the man inside until he gave up and playfully let himself be dragged.

Turning on the lights revealed the *extras* Avery had apparently ordered, with champagne, rose petals dotting the floor of all the rooms, chocolates and strawberries and chocolate strawberries lining the tables. Everything screamed *Congratulations Newlyweds!*

"Oh my gods!" Socorra burst out laughing. "Are you serious?!"

Wyn grinned from ear to ear *for days*.

"It's called the Honeymoon Package. You should see the bedroom."

If her one eye could get any wider it would be the size of a small moon. "I will!" She bit her ruby lip. "Race you to-"

He was gone before she even finished the sentence. "...it. Wait! That not fair!"

She kicked off her shoes and hiked up the gown's skirts to quasi-run down the hallway and up a ramp. The suite was far more than she could have imagined. A heart-shaped bed romantically styled with canopy and columns and the petals leading directly to it and to the jacuzzi in the

corner by the refresher. Candles lit the jacuzzi as if inviting the supposed newlyweds to take a dip before consummation or *to consummate*.

Wyn was found jumping on the bed.

"Holy. *Kark*."

She walked into the room, crushing the petals underfoot, and stood there watching him jump up and down like a little kid getting away with it. And she smiled, amused at his antics.

"Jump, jump!" he said, gesturing for her to join him.

"Wha? No, that okay, don't wanna puke booze and dress is too complic- oh I now.. floating. I guess we doing this..."

He theatrically outstretched his hand although for the Elder it was clearly unnecessary. "Wyn is gonna make ya!"

She sighed at him as her feet sunk into the plush bedding. It took a moment before she gave in and bent her knees. And jumped. And *jumped*. But not for long, as Socks would get tired well before he'd even consider stopping. She paused, the bed bouncing slightly still, and pointed at the wall.

"What are all of switches for?"

"Those?" He walked over to them. "These are for lights. This one," he turned the knob and the bed started vibrating on different settings according to the dial. "This one..."

He flipped the switch and the ceiling panel flipped over to a gigantic mirror reflecting the bed.

"...is to watch yourself. Neat, huh?"

"Meh, already have one." She flapped a hand and looked around for more fun things. "So I had them hook up my console games somewhere and put booze in kitchenette, and I brought party favors. I asked for popcorn for my expertly curated holoporn but I didn't see it. Whatevs, suite is so big, I think we should play hide and se-"

"I'll hide!"

"Oh, um.. okay. " She jammed a thumb backward. "I'll make some drinks, look for popcorn. Aaand I guess come find you."

Wyn was good. Too good. She tossed her hands out to the sides and shook her head, the drinks in her palms spilling over. "Where in the *kark* are you?" She made her way back to the bedroom where it started and nearly gave up after checking the bed underside. Deciding it was time to cheat or gods know he would never be found and/or be stuck in character and not pop out on his own, Socorra extended her senses like radar. His unique signature was not found, though a tiniest of blips in the Force revealed itself over to the corner where the jacuzzi was. Her half-sight had missed a straw sticking out of the bubbling water.

"Clever *osik*," she huffed and sashayed over to it. The Human was down in the water using the straw to breathe. Socorra set the glasses down on the edge and waved. The bubbles masked his face and he didn't move. Her brows furrowed and she yelled out his name but still he did not move.

The water was steaming hot and breathing through a straw for that long couldn't have been healthy. In a worry the woman threw a leg over and sank into the spa in her gown to drag him up by an arm and up through the surface, splashing water over the sides in miniature tsunamis.

"Hey! Wyn, you okay?" She swiped a curtain of water and his long, dark hair from his face.

"Yeah! You win!"

"Stop that! You made me worry - you're bright red you *di'kut!*" She narrowed her eyes and growled.

"I was using the Force to control my body temperature and breathing..."

"You were cheating? No wonder I couldn't find you." With a hard push the Sith shoved him backward into the water. As if expecting it, he grabbed onto her wrists and dragged her with him with a warcry. It ended in a full-on water fight between the two, completely soaking her gown and massive mane. Wyn eventually stood up and it was only then that she realized he was actually completely nude.

She didn't stare, didn't comment, wasn't abashed or insulted.

But she grinned and grinned wide.

And then the lights dimmed and the spa bubbles slowed down while they stood there face to face in the middle of the jacuzzi. The candles provided plenty of light still.

"Ooo brownout," he said, wiggling his brows.

"Your... face is a brownout."

"I'm wounded," Wyn gasped and patted his chest while he fell back into the water.

A mischievous little smirk crossed her ruby lips. It was clear she was still enjoying the night. "I'm thinking of another game. How long can you hold your breath for?"

"A few minutes, maybe two? Three?"

"Mmm.. you'll just have to be very good then."

She started diving beneath the surface as he replied. "At what? What game are we pla- oh.. *ohhh...*"

Both nude and sitting against the jacuzzi side together, they seemed very content. The bubbles had stopped entirely and the water no longer steamed. The only light provided was from the candles.

"My nips are freezing," she grumbled. "This is not brownout. Electricity stopped, generators not run tub."

Carefully Wyn pulled his arm back from around her shoulders. "Unfortunately. We should probably see what is going on."

She stood up and waded out before grabbing a large candle. "No dryer. Have to go in towels."

"Well.. my shirt will likely not fit the uh," he gestured to her mountainous peaks, "area, but you could try my clothes."

"Sweet of you. But nah, I go naked lots. Not big deal. Erin's brothers stopped coming to spar shirtless 'cuz I would too. Brave Mandos run away screaming every time. I win." She shrugged and stepped into the refresher with the candle, looking for a towel rack.

Wyn stood in place for a moment, his head bent to the side as he stared at her and seemed to consider...or picture, her words.

A high-pitched shriek pierced through the walls before a wave of terror through the Force radiated from the refresher like a nuclear bomb. Unfazed by it but recognizing it all the same, Wyn leapt from the water, darted across the room and into the fresher.

"Socorra, what's wrong!"

He found her sprawled against the wall, her eye as big as a moon. Directly across from her in gooey splatters dripped the remains of a black nightmare creature not unlike those that she had

portrayed for Ruka's training the week prior. A massive hole in the ceiling seemed to be chewed or ripped apart, all illuminated by her flickering, dying candle on the counter.

"It was just.. hanging there.." the Erinós panted. "The poor thing had no chance, I just obliterated.."

"Well, nice job! You scared it stiff."

She slowly turned her head to give him a stern look of disapproval. But as she did so the candle finally winked out, leaving them in total darkness.

"Oh *nonono* get out, shut the door *shut the door!!*"

They both scrambled in the dark as she shoved him where the exit was, and fumbled for the wall panel. The door whooshed down and she backed away from it but the hairs on the back of her neck still stood straight up.

Darkness again.

Wyn assumed the Socorran was just as blind as he was. Sure, the Force made it easy enough to sense things. Could have been worse. Still, he could not help much other than to keep his promise and to keep Socorra safe. She was plenty capable, of course, but Wyn was a bit old fashioned, even if he didn't mind being the damsel every once and while. However.

"Pst, over here.."

"Over where? And why you whisper? It just us...*right?*"

"Here! Oh, hmm...I think I found something," Wyn continued to whisper, only louder.

"Wyn, that's my tit," Socorra replied flatly.

"Oh I guess you are right. Wow, therapy is really paying off huh?" He replied without so much as a hint of concern.

A shuffling of steps.

"And now, that's my ass."

"Well you know what they say about asses and assumptions," Wyn replied without skipping a beat. Another shuffle and second later his voice went up an octave. "Welllll that's a nipple. A very.. twisted.. nipple...not that I'm complaiinn-ahh-*ahhh*..."

"Oh really. And this?"

“Ahh ahh oo eeee.. th-that’s not a handle.. wooo *really not a handle* and it doesn't bend that-
owoeow way.. eee I usually have to pay for this...”

“Oops, *my bad*. I guess tit for tat, *eh?* I *am* just trying to leave.”

“Why didn’t you say so? I have something for this...”

Wyn reached into his satchel and pulled out a glow rod. At the clubs earlier he called it his *rave stick*, but it would do here. The Tyris ignited it, and set it down on the side table. The faint green glow illuminated Socorra, more or less standing pressed up against him. Her long hair covered her missing eye, but her exposed eye was *eyeing* him warily.

One of her hands was now flat on his chest. The other was on his wrist, wherein the rest of his hand was still firmly resting on the curve of her hip towards the backend.

"Oh, huh. Fancy running into you here," Wyn grinned haplessly.

She growled. “A nightmare creature just crawled into our refresher.”

“It’s dead, no worries!”

“The power is out. Generators are out. We're probably being evacuated.”

“Oo I wonder if the hotel will give us a voucher. We can do this *all over again!*”

“Wyndell. Should probably take little more seriously. *Not* going back in ‘fresher for towels. *Nope*. Clothes drenched. Guess we *are* going naked.”

He grinned. “Oh noes, what a shame. Or we just use these towels.” He telekinetically removed two towels from the rack above the jacuzzi and tossed her one.

“What the *kark!* Why you not tell me before I go in ‘fresher!”

“I hated to see you go but I so loved to watch you leave.”

At first she gave him a death glare but eventually it softened. The woman was not used to compliments, or at least ones that were genuine and not simply meant to get her to bed them. Or even *paid for*.

Socorra roughly *brushed* past him, her back to his front, going a little out of her way to do so, to open her own bag after knotting the towel around her bust. She produced her broken-down beskar spear and screwed the pieces together, hefting the tall weapon in one hand.

“We goin’ monster huntin’.”

The pair left their hotel room and entered the lobby to find themselves in the midst of mayhem. There were no monsters, and while there was an evacuation order as informed by attendants, the hotel occupants hardly had anything to panic about other than not having access to their very expensive amenities. In fact, they both would have expected *angry* patrons.

After trying to speak with one, it then dawned on Socorra. “Oh no...” She looked to Wyn. “I think I did this. When the creature scared the *osik* out of me, I scared it right back.. It defense mechanism. I did it at hospital last week too...”

“That is some defense mechanism,” he replied, rubbing his chin. “Do you know anything to... undo it?”

She shook her head. “No, I just horrible. I dunno why you no run from me too.”

“Please, if you think that’s scary, you never met my ex-wife,” he replied dismissively. “Not that I have one of those, but, if I did, I’m sure she’d be a veritable *nightmare* to have put up with me at all.”

He mimed making claws at the air and bearing his teeth like fangs.

She covered her mouth to stifle a loud laugh, her eye squeezing tightly shut at his comedy amid a tragedy. Slyly he seized the moment and took her other hand in his. “So, eye see no problem here.”

Socks opened her eye to roll it.. *just because*. Then she looked down at her hand being held and contemplated it. Like the compliments it was still a foreign thing to her and her hesitance clearly showed it. His brother and her had never once held hands in public. They had been professional to their core. And yet it didn’t stop all the old Arconae from knowing and bearing down on them for it. It was hard to break away from old habits and values when her life and career had depended on them.

Socorra looked back up to Wyndell and smiled, squeezing his hand. After all, she had promised Marick she would *try* to be human.

“Between two of us, we should be able conjure up something. They need evacuate. Maybe.. I have idea.”

“I like where this is going,” he grinned and wiggled his brows.

“Thanks, I figure since illusion is your bag and all. And I can help.”

“Oh, I meant this,” he returned the hand squeeze, “but yeah that too!”

“ ... ”

The lobby was even louder than earlier but not from screaming and crying adults and children. In fact, *everyone* was dancing and singing as they moved in a conga line towards the exit where shuttles and taxis were waiting. The attendants were blasting music in the lobby and leaving it to loop as they too joined the people train. To encourage them on, Socks and Wyn brought up the rear, still in nothing but towels, clapping in unison with the group to the beat of the lively, colorful music.

Using their Force sense together they made sure they were the last of the hotel and danced out the door, still holding hands. Socorra’s expression was pure amusement and free hand held her spear while Wyndell’s expression was a grin *for days* as his free hand held a hotel voucher.