One Wild and Crazy Night

By Ethan Martes - 14873

Ethan looked at the datapad, “Yep, this is the place Petth.” The two of them stood out side of the Twi’lek Twister. They had been invited there by the summit members of Odan-Urr, so who were they to turn down a night of drinking on someone else’s tab?

“Did they know that this place is a strip club?” Petth raised a brow.

“Gentlemen’s club.” Ethan corrected. “Strip clubs tend to smell worse and be of low quality.”

“Well either way… Let’s meet these friends of yours. I need a drink, and you can look but not touch.” Petth moved to the door, the human quickly moving ahead of her to open the door for her as the two went in.

Thw Twi’lek Twister was certainly a Gentlemen’s club. Decent funky music playing, lights flashing in various hues, and the air was a mixture of alcohol and smoke from various smoking pipes. Plenty of places to sit with views of the main stage, where holograms of three Twi’leks danced, while a couple of smaller stages had different women dancing away. Women of various humanoid races walked around in scantily clad pieces of cloth that could hardly be called clothing.

Ethan pointed over to one private booth where he could see Tarvitz waving them down, he was trapped between one Len and one Tisto, both of which were trying to drink the other under the table. When the two got closer he laughed, “Oh you actually came! Come on, join us!”

“You seem rather chipper considering alcohol doesn’t effect you Tarvitz.” Ethan chuckled as he and Petth sat down.

“Wait what?!” Tisto blurtted out in an almost slurred voice. “You cheaten frak!”

Tarvitz bursted with laughter again, “Hey, it’s won me a number of credits so far!”

Len held up a drink, “To Petth, for letting Ethan out of the dungeon!” To which Tisto and Tarvitz both cheered to as well.

“Oh, ha-ha…” Petth sneered before stealing a drink from Tisto and downing it. “I told Ethan he can look, but not touch.”

“Where’s the boss-lady?” Ethan asked before flagging down a bikini-clad waitress for a drink.

Len pointed over to one of the smaller stages. “Sssshe’s dancing! Ssshe got here… and started drinkin’ waaaay before us.” His words slurred as he tilted lightly in his seat from the amount of alcohol coursing through his body.

Sure enough as Petth and Ethan both looked over, Aura was up on a stage and stripping away to the music. “She drank two other Zeltrons under the table before she got up there.” Tarvitz mentioned with a big grin on his face.

“Well Petth and I aren’t one to be party poopers!” Ethan declared as they tapped their glasses and started downing their drinks. This was the last memory any of them had, except Tarvitz who just laughed and watched on as he did his best to hit on some of the dancers and waitresses. According to him, Len and Tisto tried their luck multiple times but in the end just passed out in the booth. Aura eventually stopped dancing and came back to the booth in time to see Petth and Ethan dancing as well and playing a few rounds of cards with Tarvitz. Eventually though, last call rolled in and they all had to leave. Tarvitz called cabs and made sure everyone got home safely, as he was the only sober one and in the morning he was the only one without a hangover.

In the morning Petth just stared at her clothes and narrowed her eyes. “These aren’t mine… I think they are Aura’s.”

The End.