

# Pressure

**Selen**

**Korda**

**42 ABY**

At the entrance of the building, the bronze female checked her hair and real quick. She had two toned hair, starts dark red at the roots and goes down to golden blonde at the ends. She didn't need to style her hair, it was beautiful as it was. She made a step towards the building, her legs were tightly closed together. It was obvious that she was slightly chubby but nothing extreme. Just a few rolls. She barely moved any muscles above her knees while her feet shuffled forward. Her hand was constantly reaching down and pulling down the dress. The hem was right below her knees but she was uncomfortable. With a fake smile, she gripped the ends of her dress and pulled down again. It just feels too free and airy and she feels like just walking one step forward would reveal everything-

“Lula, Are you alright?”

“Oh!” Lulaire was startled as she turned to the voice. It was another Firrerreo like herself but his hair was two toned of raven black and navy blue. He raised an eyebrow and looked over her in his chocolate hues.

“Oh! It's just ya, Leo. I be alright! Just taking care of a bit of uh- slight wardrobe malfunction!”

“You are lying.”

“Well, yea! But- do ya not think the dress mighta be a smidge short? Geez, I sure do feel like a single breeze would blow the entire thing ever faster than a fallen leaf in autumn.” Lulaire protested as she tugged it down again. With a deep sigh from the male, he stood by her side and held out his arm for her to hook around. Which she took. They started walking and his long strides had to be shortened to compensate for Lulaire's shuffling of her feet.

“It's actually pretty long. You will be fine, Lula.”

“But he’s here. And I just want to roll him up in electric fence and-”

“I know.”

“Then I will not be fine,” the jedi pointed out to the male. One arm still hooked around his, the other gripping at the fabric at her hip and still pulling it down.

“If you keep that up, you’ll end up exposing your chest to everyone.” Lulaire stopped completely and gave the male a glare with her piercing orange hues. He grinned but then tilted his head to her chest before looking away.

“It had already stretched out some.” Lulaire panicked, tilted her head down, and checked her chest but saw that he was lying. She swatted him at the arm as he chuckled. The conversation had helped Lulaire be a bit more confident and the shuffles had become a short stride. She could hear the music. There were many Firrerreos here, all chatting with each other. Then she sensed him. Her head snapped towards the direction but Leo was blocking the way.

“It’s not worth it, Lula.” Lula paused as she looked at him with a slight nod.

“Ya, you’re right. I rather wrestle and wrangle with several banthas than to pine after him. ”

“There we go. No way, you can take down a bantha, Lula.”

“Oh, yes I can! I had wrestle a bantha-“

“A baby-”

“A bantha! Baby or not!! And it’s mother!”

“She was tamed-”

“I still wrestled that mamma, on mud, mind ya, it be slippery, and won.” Leo rolled his eyes

playfully at Lulaire. Truth be told, she could hold her own. The night goes on and the room slowly gets dim with each passing out until there are only small lights barely giving any light. Firrerreo had the ability to see the room differently so it was not a problem with them. She felt a familiar hand rest on her shoulder followed by a deep voice, "Lulaire."