“Oh, *that* is utter bumblefluff.”

“…”

“What?”

“I…no. Why is he here?”

“Hey, now…”

“Don’t be mean, Sister.”

“Agreed. It’s not his fault he’s slower. d’Tana and all.”

“*Cethgus!* Stop that!”

“Did he just agree with me? *Kark,* I need to punch something.”

“You couldn’t hit a target if you tried, Krath.”

“What, Cethy? Were you replying?”

“I said—”

“Sorry, sir, but it *is* hard to understand you. Speaking in grunts and all.”

*“Kordath!* You too?”

“Oh, Atyiru, were you bothered by the lack of hugging going on? That’s too bad.”

“Go ride a nerf, Andrelious.”

“Ahh, it tries to bite back.”

“I’ll do more than *bite,* I promise you, dearie.”

“Try it, girl.”

“Try me, Andrelious. I’ll back my sister.”

“You couldn’t back a thing, Ceth—”

“*Enough!”*

“…huh. Didn’t know you had it in you to shout, Kordath.”

“I’ll admit, I’m impressed too, Bluey. Good job!”

“What brought that on?”

“…you were dangerously close to knocking over the whiskey. You *don’t* spill good whiskey.”

“And, it’s the alcohol. Why do I bother?”

“Hey, lady, from where I’m sitting, you’re drinking too.”

“It’s good to enjoy drinks while we can. Our next battle is soon to be upon us.”

“Yes, yes, Brother, doom and gloom.”

“Get used to it, Atyiru. The world isn’t all sunshine.”

“For one thing, I am perfectly aware of that fact. For another, I *can’t karking see sunlight, you bloody di’kuts.”*

“You tell him, Sis.”

“…I thought it was ‘wife’ now, or something of the like?”

“Well—”

“Wait, wait, wait, you’re married?”

“Yes—”

“No—”

“Um. Well. This is awkward. The Kordath supports the ladies, however.”

“I’m sure the Kordath would *love* to be supporting certain ladies, alright.”

“Woman.”

“Blueballs. Oh, I meant boy. Blue*boy.”*

“Sure you did.”

“Are you two done flirting yet?”

“I’m not flirting.”

“I—well, I’m drinking, so—”

“Children, calm yourselves.”

“Says the one that actually looks like a child. Pipe down, kid.”

“Inarya, I will break you.”

“Hot. Bring it on—”

“Now who’s flirting?”

“Wait, aren’t you two brother and sister?”

“Yes, and?”

“He’s obviously confused as to why the Entars would be adopting d’Tana antics.”

“Hey!”

“Hah! So she *does* have a bite.”

“Lady, that was uncalled for.”

“You were uncalled for.”

“Ooooh.”

“Low blow. How did you even know that?”

“Medic, remember? You all have files. I know *everything* about you.”

“Sure, you do—”

“Even certain rashes, Andrelious.”

“…”

“I thought so.”

“Well, great, but I *still* say bumblefluff, lady. My people are good at making up complete crap and selling it, and I’m telling you, *that* is sithspit.”

“What’s so hard to believe about me flying a LATT/I, crashing on a desert island, and surviving off the fruit of the land and all that for a good month before you all came to get me?”

“You, flying *anything*.”

“She did say she crashed.”

“Us coming to get her then?”

“Oh, *kark* you, Brother.”

“Hahaha!”

“I’ll drink to that.”

“Me too.”