When she woke up, Atyiru realized three things.

One, everything hurt. Everywhere. But most was eclipsed by the monstrous headache. Two, she was naked, abed in her quarters in Selene, and had no frakking idea how she’d gotten there. And third, there were a lot of people here.

She sat up with a groan and found a delicate arm draped over her. Turning to her left, Atyiru prodded the form, hearing a feminine mumble. “Wha?”

Atyiru’s mouth gaped. She recognized that voice.

“*Alex?”* she cried. “Oh, gods. Marick will kill me. Oh, kark.”

“Calm down,” said another familiar voice from the Hapan’s side. “He’d have to kill all of us then, and he can’t. Logic.”

“*Vic?!”*

“Stop shouting,” called someone standing primly before the windows.

“*TIMMY?* Brother, what—I….what?!” She nearly started hyperventilating. “And—Force, what happened to your *hand?”*

Timeros’ left hand was missing. He gave a cool shrug. “Teroch calls it Sarlacc for a reason.”

Atyiru groaned. “I can’t take this right now. It feels like a Krayt dragon has been chewing on my skull.”

“Actually,” bubbled Trouty from her right. “One did. But mostly it paid attention to Marick after that.” He made an obscene gesture with one flippertip.

Just then, the bathroom doors opened and their Consul strode out. For a moment, his silence was absolute.

“We *never* speak of this again,” he intoned, then marched out the door. A hand caught it before it swung shut, Teroch leaning inside.

“*Osik,* did I miss the party?”