**Mimosa-Inahj Homestead**

**39 ABY**

Andrelious was usually grumpy on his birthday. Long gone were his early years when he looked forward to the morning where he would open his presents, replaced with a groan as he realised he’d obtained another ‘ring on the tree’.

*Forty frakking seven. And yet I’ve two tiny ones to take care of*.

The Warlord mustered the strength to clamber out of bed, sliding his feet straight into slippers to avoid the horribly cold sensation of the durasteel floor as he went to the fresher.

Trudging down the stairs, and nearly breaking his neck on a rattle, Andrelious noticed his wife, Kooki, was as usual already up and giving their baby twins their morning feed. Both girls were busily slurping away and did not notice that their father had entered the room. The Priestess smiled at him, saying nothing so as not to disturb the infants.

*Happy birthday, babe.* Kooki ‘said’. Now she too was an Equite it was fairly easy to communicate via thoughts.

Andrelious spotted a steaming cup of caf on the table. Next to it was a red envelope, and nearby, on the floor was a large box, wrapped up but covered in holes. Stele, the Warlord’s pet Cythraul, was looking with disdain at the box. Andrelious sat down and began enjoying his morning caf. After a few large sips, he was feeling a lot better, especially when Kooki set the two babbling babies onto their playmat and joined her husband.

Wordlessly, the Sith picked up the envelope, ripping a small hole and sliding his finger along to open it completely. Inside was a glossy card. He ignored the rather rude joke on the front, other than to note it was some sort of jibe about his age.

“To my babe Andrelious. Another year older, but you’ll never be wiser than me. Lots of love, from Kooki,” the Arconan read, chuckling a little. Kooki had always enjoyed ribbing her husband whenever she could, especially if it really *was* something she was better at.

The Alderaanian female handed Andrelious another, smaller envelope. He opened it with gusto, hoping that the card would be a little less jokey than the first he had opened. He noticed immediately that it was – it was a printed picture of him holding his daughters.

“Aww. To a wonderful daddy. Love from Poppy and Etty.” Andrelious cooed, knowing it was their mother that had written inside.

Some other cards were quickly opened. One from Atyiru was the usual fare, with the Miraluka also making a light hearted dig at the aging Andrelious’ expense. Saskia, his elder daughter, sent a simple card with an equally simple message. After opening those, and another cup of caf, the Warlord’s curiosity got the better of him and he opened the large holey box. He was so shocked by the cat-like animal inside’s stare that he almost fell off of his chair.

“You got me a spukamas? Wow. Not seen one of those anywhere but Corellia.” Andrelious observed.

“I had your parents ship him as far as Kessel, then got it here. I also had to keep that furry mutt of yours away from him for nearly two whole days!” Kooki declared nonchantly, with a glare so icy that Stele cowered back to his basket.

“Hmm. If him and Stele are going to be rivals, I think I’ll call him Fel. That’s perfect! Thank you, darling!” the Warlord replied happily, wrapping his arms around his wife as he released the newly named Fel from his cage. The spukamas slinked quickly out, and made his way towards the twins. Sniffing at them, he decided they weren’t food and hopped up onto the nearby sofa, curling up and going to sleep. The girls noticed the cat, and gurgled softly at it, sensing that he wasn’t a threat.

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The next day, Andrelious awoke with a sore head. Kooki, for a change, was laid next to him. The twins were asleep nearby, hand in hand. The Warlord guessed from the way that they were moving their mouths that were dreaming about ‘boobies’.

“Morning, darling. Do you regret last night? You and that Ryn had quite a few slammers! Not that I didn’t.” Kooki said, far more cheerily than her husband was hoping for.

The events of the previous evening were mostly lost to Andrelious. He could remember several of the Clan, Kordath, Atyiru, and some others, had come round to celebrate his birthday, each with copious amounts of alcohol. He also recalled that they had begun some kind of drinking game.

“I take it Kordath and the others got home alright?” the male asked.

“Mostly. Your turn to go and make the cafs. And make it a large one!” the Alderaanian snapped in her best authoritative tone.

The Warlord headed into the kitchen. The living area was incredibly messy. Bottles of all shapes and sizes were strewn all over the room. Empty plates that had once held buffet food were piled high on the table. It was then that Andrelious spotted his new pet, Fel, laying lifelessly on the floor. With a sigh, he realised that the cat was dead.

*Seems like Kooki got me a duff one!* The Warlord thought to himself, as he continued unperturbed into the kitchen. As he boiled the kettle, he watched the clear liquid bubbling away, and began to remember something.

**-x-**

“Hey, Chubs, bet I can outshot you!” Kordath taunted, pouring out several measures of whiskey into a set of shot glasses.

“Come on, Blueboy, he’s a father! He can’t get *TOO* drunk!” Atyiru chided jokingly, almost daring the Warlord to challenge that.

“Very well! I accept your challenge. Just be ready with a stomach pump, Atty. One that works on Ryn,” Andrelious answered, joining the pair. Some others from Arcona, including Kooki, Riverche and Nadrin, also came over, determined not to miss the fun.

**90 minutes later…**

Kordath and Andrelious were locked deep in their duel. Riverche had passed out several shots ago, whilst Nadrin had slowed down. Kooki had disappeared an hour or so before when she heard the wailing of the twins. Atyiru was keeping up with the two boys, her usual smile having turned a little frownier than usual.

“Chubs! Come on! I’ve still got room for plenty more!” the Ryn taunted, opening the fifth bottle and pouring shots for the remaining competitors. Placing the bottle down, Kordath downed his own shot, the others following suit moments later.

Reaching for the bottle again, Kordath found it to be cold and a little slippery. To the Priest’s horror, it slipped out of his hand, crashing to the floor but apparently not breaking.

“Frak,” was all the blue-skinned alien could say.

“Alright. Break out the Tihaar. And we’ll have someone more competent in charge of pouring!” Andrelious hissed, passing the bottle to Atyiru.

“Really, Andrel? How am I supposed to manage without eyes?” the female questioned, actually sounding a little annoyed.

“I don’t care! At least you’re not seeing double!” the ex-Imperial answered. “And you won’t throw it all over the frakking floor.”

Soon the Tihaar was affecting the group, as well as Riverche who awoke and demanded a shot of the Mandalorian beverage. With such a potent mix of drinks now flowing inside their systems, it wasn’t long before they were completely unaware of their surroundings.

“Babe, are you coming to bed?” a shrill voice asked from the dwelling’s upper floor.

Noticing Kordath and Atyiru had joined Riverche in a state of semi-conciousness, Andrelious smiled to himself and downed one last shot.

“We’ll call that my win,” he declared, staggering off to join his wife.

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As the memories came back, Andrelious noticed a large pool of whiskey around the deceased Fel.

“That bastard Ryn. He’ll pay for that,” the Warlord vowed.

**-x-**

**Arcona Citadel Cantina**

**Estle City, Selen**

Though still recovering from last night’s drinking at the Mimosa-Inahj homestead, Kordath Bleu d’Tana was already having more. He had slept for a few hours, before immediately heading to the Cantina. The Ryn was sat on one of the bar stools, minding his own business and nursing a large glass of whiskey.

Suddenly, he felt a burning sensation near the base of his tail. Yelping and turning around, he saw a furious Andrelious, clutching the now dismembered body part.

“You destroyed my birthday present, Ryn. Be glad that all I’ve done is take your tail. Now you at least look more like an intelligent being, and less of a beast. Remember this,” the Warlord snarled, before storming off, still carrying Kordath’s tail.