

Celahir sighed as another outfit landed on the already covered bed. "I karking hate parties." the young Kiffar muttered.

"What was that Cel'ika?" Sashar asked.

"I can't find anything to wear!"

"Calm down little brother, here put these on."

The Adept handed his stressing brother a random combination of clothes.

"This is perfect, thanks Sash."

"Yea yea, just hurry your ass up, I don't want to get there just to find the Entars have drank all the booze again."

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As the Erinos brothers approached the party venue the laughter they heard was far louder than the music.

"Haar'chak! I told you I wanted to get here before the Entars would be gone this far"

"Ni Ceta, Ori'vod, you know how I feel about parties." Celahir apologised to Sashar

As they entered the main hall it was evident they were late to the party. The Entars had claimed several tables, Timeros was found sitting in the corner being gloomy, this was most likely caused by Strategos who decided to really let go and was in the process of emptying two bottles Corellian brandy on himself under loud applause and laughter from the remainder of the Entar family.

On the other side of the hall Talos had spotted Celahir and Sashar entering, which was followed Talos jump tackling the nervous Kiffar.

"I was afraid you wouldn't show up again Cel!" Talos slurred at Seer, who was slightly dazed by the unexpected tackle.

"I didn't plan on it, but this di'kut here dragged me along, as always" Cel answered Talos.

The comment earned him a punch on the shoulder from Sashar.

The trio joined their brothers who welcomed them with loud roars and immediately provided them with their much needed beverages. As Cel started his first drink of the night he thought to himself that maybe, just maybe tonight wouldn't be so bad after all.