Three’s Company

“Are you sure about this?” Kelly questioned her Arconan companion.

“Yes, I’d like you to meet my father, and eventually my stepmother, but we have to find her a body first.” Edema told the Plagueian.

“What?” Kelly replied with shock in her voice.

“Hmmm, I’m with Kelly here, what?” Minevra agreed, semi-listening.

“Thanks, Nevra.”

“No problem.” The Muun chimed in.

“It’s complicated, anyway, why don’t you want to meet my father?”

“Well, he might not take kindly to your choice of me over I don’t know, a man. I’d imagine any clan-based groups like Mandalorians would like to marry you off to some guy who’s a warrior and can give you children.”

“You let me worry about that, I know he’s going to like you, I just know it.” The Sephi told her lover.

“If he’s weird about it, your father or not, Mandalorian or not, he going to fly,” Kelly warned.

“So can I take that as a yes?”

“You can take it as a maybe. I still need convincing this is a good idea.”

“I want this to happen, won’t you do it for me?”

“Kelly isn’t big on doing things for others.”

“Hey, you! But my friend over there has a point. I’m not used to this. You woke up a part of me I thought I’d buried long ago. It’s going to take some time.”

“Think of it as a test, if he doesn’t make you want to leave me, nothing will.”

“Everything’s a test Arconan. Don’t you get that yet?” Minevra teased.

“Will you control your friend? Or will I have to?”

“Come now Nevra. Not everyone comes from such a rigid system as you did.”

“Need I remind you I’m the one flying this bucket of bolts? I could just ground us.”

“Yeah, but then I’d have my shuttle pick up Edema and I and leave you here.”

“Well played.”

“Now Edema, what were we discussing?”

“You said you’d come meet my dad and throw him around if he looked at you funny.”

“That last part sounds like something I’d say, though I don’t remember agreeing just yet.”

“If the two of you don’t get on I’ll just have to keep you separate.”

“That can only last for so long, though we could worry about that when the time comes.”

“Yes we could, now will you come? Or do I need to resort to unconventional tactics?”

“What do you mean by that?”

“I could always give your pilot a pile of credits.”

“Sorry, I don’t have a death wish, and from what I heard, Kelly could take you in a fight.”

“Fine, Plan B it is.”

“Ok, fine. Don’t worry your pretty little head, when you’re ready to get this over with we’ll go meet him.”