

Alaris Jinn was buying another round of Corellian brandy for the group that had assembled to celebrate the Twi'lek's birthday. As the round got delivered to the amassed group of Jedi, officers and near-do-wells of all sorts a family cry once again went up, "To Alaris!"

"To Alaris," Justinios Drake muttered to himself as he sipped on the recently delivered drink. "May his life be as endless as this party." Thus far the Aleena had been able to go unnoticed for however many hours he had been stuck in the cantina, at least until he tried to leave. Each escape attempt up to that point had been thwarted by one or more of the extremely drunk revelers. Now sitting quietly on a barstool, below the sitline of most of the other attendees, Justinios took another shot at extracting himself from the party.

Turning his body into what could only be described as a combination between a wet noodle and a sack of Muja fruit, Justinios' blue form went completely limp as he slid casually underneath table he had been sitting at only a fraction of a second ago. The fact that nobody had immediately poked their head under the table to inquire as to why Justinios was currently standing beneath it indicated the maneuver had been successful. However the Aleena knew that the shelter was only temporary if he wanted to actually exit the cantina.

"To Alaris!" The call went out again to indicate that another round had been delivered by one of the catina employees. Under the din of the crowd Aleena also heard a drunken Alaris say, "W-where is Justiniosh?"

For reasons unknown the Twi'lek had been especially vigilant against anyone making an early exit and doubly so towards Justinios' efforts. If Alaris had noticed the blue skinned Knight was missing that would mean the hunt was on. The visibility was very low inside the crowded cantina but Justinios knew he would need to locate a path towards the door even if that meant ducking between the legs of the more vertically inclined patrons.

"Has anyone seen the wee Jedi Drake?" Alris' voice seemed to be much closer which severely increased Justinios' urgency level. Deciding to trust in the Force, and hoping the Force cared about whether or not he got a solid night's sleep, Justinios began darting through the throng. After hours of drinking it seemed that everyone senses were either dulled enough so that they didn't see a sober Aleena all but sprinting between them or they were too drunk to care.

Before Justinios knew it, the freedom of the cold night air nipped at his skin. He took a deep breath of the fresh, cool air which quickly turned into a yawn as he began to trot back towards his ship. Now that the stress escaping the party had passed, Justinios' eyes began to get very heavy. He was able to push himself on with the thought that his warm bed was waiting less than a block away. That comforting thought was abruptly interrupted by a screaming Twi'lek.

"Ohhh look who is too good to stay at my-yyyy party" Alaris yelled at Justinios from just outside of the cantina entrance. Justinios and Alaris weren't even that close which only served to make the situation all the more confusing to the sleepy Aleena. Despite having little reason to be angry, Alaris followed Justinios down the street as he continued with his tirade. "You've been trying to leave all night and we basically had to carry you here in the first place."

That was enough to stop Justinios in his tracks. "No you didn't BASICALLY carry me here you LITERALLY carried me here. In fact, I still think I smell like wet Wookiee."

“Well you know what, screw you buddy!” Alaris screamed down the empty street, apparently out of witty repartee.

With his reptilian teeth flashing through a wry smirk Justinios simply said, “You couldn’t handle it,” before turning around and continuing on his way.