“Oh, uh, well Gusta’vo was slinking around with this other chick, not his mate? Nan’cee. The bastard!” Diyrian grinned, jutting a finger at a blue-hued male Twi’lek with an angry woman telling him to get the kark out — pack his bags and go. She adjusted the woven hat that compressed her green locks, the curls spilling out in a cloud about her neck, as she waited for a response.

There was a pause as Hibi’ki, a gangling-looking Keadean kid, translated what she could understand. The youth had taken an interest in basic and was apprenticing as a translator apparently, which added the Kiffar’s quest on sharing the wonders of soap operas. Despite stumbling on a few words, her explanation garnered a collective gasp from the several others huddled around the Arconan and her holoprojector. Most were maybe teenagers or young adults if she guessed. One of the smaller ones might’ve been even younger and probably shouldn’t be watching this, pg-13 and all but who was she to enforce that, honestly. A couple were older, their bones aching from the cold weather rolling in and were just happy to enjoy a bowl of their mushy reptile gumbo with a blanket around their shoulders. They didn’t seem inclined to tell the others off for lazing about when work was to be done, more amused by their reactions to the flickering projections of the Twi'lek love triangle.

“*Rrie!”*

*“Nanxh!”*

*“Siranarr, Gusta’vo!”*

*“Hxe, Nan’cee!”*

They cried out. One of them jumping to his feet passionately, nearly dumping his neighbor’s hot meat mush, gesturing roughly at the device with a stream of Keadean from his lips. Diy didn’t need a translator to guess what he was saying. That was the language of one overcomed by the passion, the betrayal of the media. These soap operas had taken his heart and promised it a happy story only to shred it to pieces the next moment. She nodded to herself before standing and placing a reassuring hand on his shoulder, taking a second to sip on a memory from his fur shirt.

“Listen, uh,” Diy paused, blue-green eyes shooting a glance towards Hibi’ki, “name?”

"*Tahkibii,*" she hissed in reply, fidgeting on the rock she sat on with a mix of curiosity and a bit of concern. "*Threatened death by gulls did he*."

"That.. may be excessive but if honor demands it." The Kiffar grinned, thinking of Sera. A chuckle escaped her as pinned arms and challenges were recalled. She didn't dwell long on the memory though, not risking the dreadful shift to more recent times. Shaking her red wool wrapped head, Diy locked on the lad's autumn brown, slitted eyes. "Tahkibii, welcome to the soap box, the clan of holovid appreciation. Their tale will live on in ya—"

"—when I said to help keep the Keadeans warm, didn't mean by holovod romances." A voice sounded behind her, the hint of amusement underlined the mock scolding. Diyrian turned to catch brilliant blue eyes and a maroon tattooed face grinning toothily towards her. Sera's hands were on her hips, her shoulders rising and falling as if she'd just got done helping move a large load or assisted in training — you know, more helpful things. The Zabrack tipped her horny head to the side, beckoning the faux-Zelosian to come with.

"Yes, Capt'n," Diy picked up her things and turned off the holoprojector, much to some Keadeans' disappointment. One of the elders shushed them and stepped in to redirect the youths. "Sorry, folks. Maybe next time."

She trotted after Sera, shoving the device in a spare bag on her flight suit belt. Folding her arms behind her head as they walked side by side, thankful the Zabrack's thick coat hid her scars, Diy spoke, "I got those supplies ya asked for. Artie's been unloadin' them." She paused, unfolding her arms and giving a coy smile. The meds, tools, food, heating oil, and several weapons were all smuggled. The last time Sera had been privy to her business was their encounter on Coruscant, and that went well. "Can't say where I got it, but it ain't Severian, promise."

Sera halted, searching her friend and comrade's face for honesty. She nodded, satisfied, "Okay."

"Annnd might of grabbed somethin' fer ya as well. Whenever ya take a break," Diy grinned mischievously, warping an arm around the shorter woman and squishing her in close. "So are ya? On break then?"