

The party was going very well. Members of Arcona Clan were happy, the Odan-Urr's representatives were happy, and the Porgs were happy - still shooting from time to time with glitter at everyone around.

Music was a very cheerful addition to all of that, and also very helpful to entertain Tajga, Tooka, Nuna and its companion - the lover Porg.

The main Leaders of Arcona were still trading, negotiating and debating alongside a good drink. They were staying underneath the level of the bar, at the opposite large branch of an even bigger tree, than the bar was builded at.

Most of the members of both Clans calm down after glitter fire exchange, but Porgs were still holding them hostage, with small glitter guns ready to use if someone didn't agree for a quick hug.

All small creatures behave the same, almost the same. Some of them were stopping from time to time - making a quick gaze at the next one, and making almost impossible to hear a small squeak.

It looked like a silent chain of passing information between small animals, which didn't want anyone to notice it.

Archian wanted to focus on relaxation and booze, but after noticing this alongside his newly acquired Aedile position in the Arcona Clan he couldn't stop observation of the creatures. He followed with his yellow eyes one Porg after another, until he reached the end of the chain. Small Porg was standing at the corner of the platform's fence turning backwards and forwards, like a policeman signaling manually commands to the drivers.

Shistavanen slowly walked next to two: Eleceos and Kaled who were taking off pieces of Glitter from each other - at least Eleceos was trying to do it, with pinching another one from time to time.

He bent backwards through the fence and by turning his head a little started to scan surroundings.

Everything was calm, even including Atyiru hanging around, and quickly jumping from time to time between branches.

The female Zeltron suddenly appeared next to him. She corrected her pixie, blue short hair and asked:

- "What you up to?"
- "Just looking around for more Porgs." Archian didn't want to sound paranoid - at least not yet...
- "There is a small group climbing through a branch path to our location, and a few of them are sitting at the roof of the building where our leaders are having high maintenance fun." She pointed, and looked with her blue eyes precisely in that direction.
- "Yes... could you do me a favor please. Can you keep an eye on Tajga - that little white-brown Shistavanen there." He nodded in the direction of his prodigy. " Ahh.. and also can you pass a message to your clan leaders that there can be some troubles soon?"
- "Sure... What kind of troubles do you think?" She looked suspiciously at him.

- "Very furry once. Thank you by the way." And he quickly jumped down by the fence below at the big branch.

He needed to move quickly. Porgs at the roof were supposed to guard the leadership and take care of any disturbing actions around the hall.

Instead all of them were laying at their furry bellies and watching - with surprisingly worn thermal visors - through the glass roof what was happening inside. That was not right if you included that they had ready rocket backpacks at their backs as well.

Archian followed the trail of another group of Porgs coming closer to the hall building.

He noticed that they were passing inside of the Christmas Box on the way, and coming out in full similar equipment as other creatures on the roof.

Shistavanen started to jump two branches at once to get closer faster. At that moment he noticed that his Nuna and Porg were following him... flying! Porg was using his rocket backpack Nuna was at the top of him.

He quickly whistled at Nuna and pointed at the group of Porgs walking to the hall.

Nuna kicked the side of the Porg under her, which affected it with its squeak, and they flew away in that direction.

Archian reached the box before the next group could reach it. He opened it, and found out that water filler, and dish for food was replaced with racks of guns - but not glitter guns, that once were thrown into the corner. At the racks were hanging real laser rifles, especially made for the size of the Porgs, with additional space for rocket backpacks, and thermal visors.

Archian quickly took off the rack, thrown all guns from the branch, and before the next "team" approached, replaced them back with abandoned glitter guns.

Now it was the time to sort out the Porgs with the guns. Nuna and her companion were flying above it, and the squeak of the flying creature could be heard, and caught the attention of the group. They started squeaking back with angriness, and following them into Red's direction. Archian grabbed one of the leftover glitter guns, and stealthy approached the group from the side. He grabbed a branch, and hung one of his arms, while holding a glitter gun in the other one.

When flying Nunu and Porg passed him above, and small tumors of little feet approached, he took a gun above the branch and shot a maximum amount of glitter at them.

Porgs had panicked, and while spreading, also loud squeaking noise, they threw away all laser guns.

Archian climbed back up, and whistled again at Nuna. This time two creatures approached the group at the roof, while Archian ran there to catch them before they could accomplish their plans.

Porgs started to squeak at flying creatures, and slowly moved at the edge of the roof.

Archian was almost there, a few steps more, next two meters up, and he could easily aim at the group. He pushed the trigger and a wave of glitter scared the "team" so much that they jumped, or more like slid down the wall of the building at the lowest level of the all platforms through all branches in their way.

Archian was gasping for breath, it was a long run, and long way to climb. Now he was looking down, at the entrance to the hall, where one lone fully equipped Porg was running inside. Archian jumped down from the roof as the last resort, but wasn't there on time. He saw only the lovely butt of the running Porg, with a very similar Collective tattoo on it, with

letters "Si Vi" under it. He didn't recognise the letters, but knew for sure that Collectives are never a good sign. What he saw reminded him of a pain in the chest, where the scar was showing the shot from the sniper when last time he met their forces, and almost died.

He shook his head. There was no time to lose. He loudly opened the doors, and had time only to shout the name of the woman who was drinking Mojito from the glass holded in her hand.

- "QYREIA!" He shattered his lungs to make it as loud as he could.

Zeltron turned around at him, and at that moment the shot could be heard.

The Arcona's Consul became a standing rainbow of the glitter which flew out from the gun held by the Porg. Also her Mojito fell down on the floor, making a wet splash all over her bottom part of the body.

Qyreia looked angrily at the small creature, and before anyone could blink, she kicked it so strong that it flew through the main door, and only loud whoosh could be heard when it was falling down from the platform.

Cinnabar- Red skin Zeltron turned furiously at the confused still standing at the door Shistavanen, but before she could do anything he only said:

- "Good afternoon, and goodbye".

And straight after closing, the doors to the hall behind him, took a deep breath.

Archian quickly started walking small steps back to the bar, hopefully before Qyreia would shut down the whole party.

Nuna and Porg happily were following him, and squeak romantically to each other.