

"You have to be more careful in the future," are Permafrost's first words to him the moment he steps through the doorway to the infirmary, with Pyre perched on his shoulders. She's carrying a basket of medical supplies, and Sethos grimaces.

"There's really no need-"

Permafrost sends a fierce scowl his way. "There's every need, when you insist on getting smacked around in the arena on a regular basis."

"Says the one who actually trained for such a thing."

"But you'll notice that I don't actually take part."

Before Sethos can answer, Pyre timidly cuts in, holding the basket up in front of Permafrost's face, as if blocking his view of Sethos will stop their argument. It won't. It's been attempted before by a very exasperated Bones. "Hey, where... Where do you want this?"

Immediately, Permafrost's posture relaxes, and Sethos rolls his eyes. Pyre knows exactly what she's doing. With a nod of his head, Permafrost gestures to the floor by Sethos' feet. "Over there is fine, we just need it within reach."

As Pyre hops off his shoulders, he levels another flat look at Sethos, one that clearly says, *don't make this more difficult than it needs to be*. Sethos huffs and lays down more comfortably, wincing when the movement disturbs his injuries - the deep cut across his belly, in particular. Curse Toxzera and her spiky tail, he never learns.

There's a knock on the doorframe, and Turas' head pokes into view. "Hi! I heard you were in here. Mind if I steal some of that balm? I, uh, had a run-in with an unusually territorial giant squid."

Now that he mentions it, he *does* look quite drenched. Still, a giant squid?

"Of course," Pyre says, eagerly diving into the basket to find the right supplies.

Turas sets himself up in the corner of the room after he's handed the balm, out of the way of Permafrost's agitated tail-swishing, and starts up an endless stream of small-talk, ranging from his old adventures to interesting food he's seen in the market recently. If it weren't so familiar by now, Sethos might've been annoyed.

"Alright, front legs first," Pyre grins, holding up a roll of bandages as Permafrost smirks behind her, making an encouraging gesture with one wing.

With a deep sigh, Sethos holds out his – admittedly quite battered – leg, and Pyre pounces on him, eager to help. As what feels like his whole body is wrapped up in bandages, he keeps his attention on Turas. Aside from the occasional pained hiss, he remains remarkably quiet despite the many small cuts Sethos can see through his dense fur. A few of his wing feathers are missing, even. There's probably a squid out there somewhere with a few stuck to its tentacles. He doubts it's going to stop Turas from returning to his travels anytime soon, however – he can barely sit still long enough to hold a proper conversation, and the wide world is simply too tempting to ignore.

Sethos yelps in pain as something pokes him in the side. That *something* turns out to be Permafrost, one claw still curled in preparation of another poke. “Tail,” is all he says. Sethos grumbles, but complies.

Turas huffs from his corner as he carefully stretches out one of his hind legs, testing sore muscles. When he catches Sethos looking over, the corners of his eyes are crinkled in amusement, and he refuses to answer Sethos’ quizzical expression.

Pyre secures the final bit of bandage with a flourish and a pat to Sethos’ tail – thankfully not right on top of an injury – and bounds over to Turas to help him reach the scratches on his back.

With no Pyre to instruct on the art of first aid, Permafrost settles down next to Sethos, a pensive frown on his face.

“You know I’m going back to the arena,” Sethos tells him.

Permafrost hums vaguely, and leans closer.