**Mimosa-Inahj Homestead**

Andrelious was reading his datapad. The orders were, for once, specific; Taldryan were forming into teams of three for the latest training exercise. A *mandatory* training exercise.

“Did you receive this message, too?” the Warlord asked his wife, Kooki.

The Alderaanian nodded. “Looks like a Clan-wide operation, babe. No restrictions on teams,” she added.

The couple’s twin girls, Poppeliamarissia and Etholimarissia, were nearing two years of age. They were happily toddling about the front room. Toys were strewn all around the area. Both parents had long given up any attempt to keep their house remotely tidy, especially as one or the other was often called away on official Clan business. Officially, Andrelious was part of Dinaari, whilst his spouse was with Ektrosis. However, these assignments were not as solid as the majority of Taldryan’s membership; Andrelious in particular preferred to operate on his own. His record of efficiency spoke for itself enough that Omega Kira rarely had to check up on how the former Imperial was doing.

“I’ll contact Saskia. We don’t need to get outside of the family for this one,” Andrelious explained.

“Saskia’s not been in contact for a while. She’s busy with what’s left of her mother’s business empire. Not bad for a transaction,” Kooki hissed. She had always had a difficult relationship with her step-daughter.

*Great. Guess we’ll need to mix with the rest of the Clan, then*, the Warlord thought.

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Poppy and Etty fussed a little. Kooki scooped the toddlers, who immediately began to hungrily feed from their mother. Their whining gave way to soft, happy cooing.

“Do you have to have them with you while you do this?” Omega asked.

“We didn’t *have* to come down here, Kira. It wasn’t all that long ago that your colleagues on the summit still thought we were enemy agents. The twins are staying!” Kooki snapped. The Mimosa-Inahj family had been part of Taldryan for over a year now, but Andrelious’ exploits as part of Arcona were still central in the memories of some.

The Dinaari Quaestor took a step back as the female glared icily at him.

“Right. So how do these teams get picked? We going to draw straws?” Andrelious questioned, not bothering to disguise the obvious boredom in his tone.

“We thought we’d use something a little more precise than that. Do either of you play holo-darts?” Bobecc asked.

“A little bit in Spanky’s, but only after a few Ebla beers. If I play sober I can’t blame the drink when Kooki beats me,” the Warlord stated.

“Beat you? Babe, I think you mean when I wipe the floor with you!” Kooki chuckled. The twins appeared to sense their mother’s mirth and giggled, too. Andrelious pretended not to hear.

“So we made the assumption that the two of you would want to be part of a team. We just need one of you to throw a single dart,” Bobecc explained. The holographic dart board had been set up with a set of names of various Taldryanites, ranging from Elders such as Halcyon (his part of the board had a subtle green hue), to some of the newer members.

“You’d best throw it, babe. I’m kind of busy,” Kooki stated as the twins continued to feed.

Nodding, the Warlord picked up one of the darts. He threw, aiming nowhere in particular. It didn’t really matter to him who else would be on his team; he could work with almost anyone when the situation demanded. He hoped that he would at least still get to be the team’s best pilot.

The dart hit the board with a simulated thud indicating a successful shot. The assembled group looked. The thrown projectile had come to a rest in the middle of an area marked ‘Aiden’.

“Great. Aiden frakking Dru. Might as well have given me Telaris..” Andrelious cursed.

“You’re in luck. That’s the *other* Aiden. I didn’t feel cruel enough to inflict Dru on you,” Bobecc noted.

“Aiden Lee? Excellent,” Kooki commented.