

Short and Sweet

Fort Blindshot

Selen, Dajorra System

The Shadow Lord was doing inspections. This was something that many people seemed to dread for one reason or another. Sitting at her desk with the confines of Galeres' administrative building — one which doubled as a Dajorran Defense Force headquarters — Qyreia was hardly ill at ease. Regardless of the title, Kordath was still part of that small circle of people she trusted and thought of as a friend; even *if* she had nearly dismembered his tail on several occasions. It was unclear what exactly he was going to “inspect”. Too often, she'd been in meeting and battle planning with him, and he seemed to have only a cursory grasp of military jargon and combat know-how.

As he walked in, admiring the fresh drywall and paint of the new building, his expressions still belied a mixed sense of dread and ignorant aloofness. “Nice place ya got here.”

“I've got you to thank for putting the order through,” Qyreia said as she stood from her desk. “Come to see as the shiny things?”

“Nae in as many words, but yes.” His eyes caught sight of the Selenian woman at the desk by the door, her long blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail. “Eh, am I interruptin' something?”

“This is Sergeant Jelenko, my adjutant.”

Before Kordath knew what was happening, the woman had sprung to her feet and was rigidly presenting herself. “Good afternoon sir. Pleasure to meet you.”

“Eh... heh, yeah, you too,” he replied uneasily, shaking her hand, which seemed to be her cue to resume her work — whatever it was. “Don't suppose ye had a tour planned?”

“Not in as many words, but yes. We can borrow one of the DDF speeders.”

Kordath shot another curious eye at the Selenian woman before following the Arconan out the door and back down the halls and lift he'd just come up. Not exactly the greatest impression, but he knew that Q had her methods, as opposed to some of the *other* sights he'd been treated to in his other rounds. And just as the Zeltron had said, sitting out front were several speeders in a matte olive green paint scheme, one of which they slipped into and flew off without any ceremony.

“So here's the basic rundown,” Qyreia began.

She told him all about what was going on, much of which wasn't even Galeres' business. A good deal centered on the DDF and what *it* was doing at Blindshot, and all the ways that the merc was managing to make the military brass glare at her angrily twenty four-seven. He saw all the firing ranges, the urban assault course with its many buildings, and some of the less-camouflaged defensive positions around the island. Qyreia even tried to give him a crash course on more military jargon, but by then his eyes had glazed over and he was just trying to enjoy the ride.

Fortunately, his Zeltron companion was quick to note the mood. Time enough for talking shop. For the moment at least, they could just enjoy the ride.