“So, let me get this straight… you’re telling me that Darth Ashen told you that Darth Pravus told *him* that the Attack on Karufr wasn’t actually carried out by Grand Master Cotelin, but by someone named Greg?”

It was late morning in Chyron’s Taldryan Sector, and Erinyes was standing outside a cantina, minding her own business while she waited for her apprentice to show up for their lunch date—or at least, she *had* been. Then the bum who’d parked himself outside a nearby alleyway started spewing conspiracy theories at every innocent bystander who walked past, and since Erinyes had told Vicandria to meet her outside, that included her.

“Nah, lady, Greg wiped out the whole *galaxy!* Then he told Pravus to tell Cotelin to destroy Taldryan’s military to cover his tracks! He gave me a notebook with the whole thing… kark, where’d I put it?” The hobo frantically twisted around and dug through the piles of refuse around him.

Erinyes raised a hand to stop him, resisting the urge to turn the gesture into a Force choke to silence the wingnut permanently. “Don’t worry about it, I get that part. What I don’t understand is, if Greg destroyed the whole universe, how are we still here talking about it?” The Adept hoped the question would keep him preoccupied long enough for her to make her escape.

Unfortunately, the bum had an answer for that, too. “He didn’t *just* destroy it. He remade everything in a new form, then wiped our memories to hide the truth. The only reason anyone knows is because his accomplice Jenth Forn Krill wrote the whole plan down in that notebook, then gave it to Darth Pravus–”

“Who gave it to Muz, who gave it to you.” Finally, Erinyes sensed Vicandria’s presence nearby. “Well, good luck with that.” Before the bum could respond, the Adept turned and practically bolted down the street towards her apprentice.

The Togruta quirked a brow-ridge when she saw the speed of Erinyes’ approach. “Is everything alright, Master?”

“It’s fine. I shouldn’t have left my flask in my office, but it’s fine.” Erinyes forced herself to smile, although judging from the way Vicandria winced, it didn’t look particularly friendly. “How was your flight training? Did they finally give you the simulator time you asked for?” If nothing else, her apprentice’s form-fitting flight suit—or rather, the figure beneath it—was a welcome distraction.

“Yeah, we did trench run simulations all morning. It was, uh… well, let’s just say it didn’t go as well as I hoped,” Vicandria said, sheepishly.

Erinyes chuckled and pulled the cantina door open. “Let me guess, you were reminded that the Force doesn’t help you in a simulator.”

“Pretty much.” Chagrin filled Vicandria’s voice as she followed her mentor inside.

Even at this hour, the cantina was dimly lit and hazy with cigarillo smoke. The Twi’lek hostess was both cheerful and easy on the eyes, though, which were two reasons Erinyes liked the place so much. A third, and the reason she’d dragged Vicandria halfway across the Taldryan Sector to come here, was that their lunch menu was fantastic.

Once they’d ordered their meals, Vicandria settled back in her chair and stretched. “Are we still going to train later this afternoon, Master?”

“Yes, as soon as I can get away from my desk. Rian asked me to help Cymbre choose which candidates to interview for open House Summit positions while he went off and did some community-outreach thing.”

“I didn’t think Sith were charity-work types.” Vicandria wrinkled her nose and waved the smoke away with her hand.

Erinyes shrugged. “We usually aren’t. I don’t know why Rian’s thinks it’s important enough to do it himself and push the personnel stuff off on me.”

The Togruta smirked. “Maybe it’s because you keep asking him if you can buy a space station and turn it into a giant pleasure palace.”

“See, if he’d just agree to it, he wouldn’t have to listen to me nagging him about it anymore. I don’t see what’s so hard about that.” Erinyes shook her head and, was about to take a gulp from her mug of lum when she felt a ripple in the Force, warning her of impending danger. She turned to look for the source of the threat, only to see an empty tankard flying through the air towards her. Growling in annoyance, the Adept drew the Force into an invisible wall. The glassware smacked against it, then tumbled to the floor and shattered, just as a voice echoed through the cantina.

“What do you *mean* you don’t serve Rokarian dirt-fish sandwiches?” The outcry came from a male Gran, who visibly swayed on his feet as he gesticulated wildly at the waitress.

“The cooks said they’d never even heard of a Rokarian dirt-fish sandwich before, sir,” the server said, her tone as conciliatory as she could make it. “If we had any, they’d be happy to make it for you.”

The Gran sputtered in disbelief. “Never heard of– That’s ridiculous! Everyone knows what Rokarian dirt-fish is! I demand to speak to the manager!”

“If you’re so upset about it, maybe you should try a different cantina,” Erinyes said, then smirked as the obnoxious customer nearly tripped over his own hooves in surprise.

“I don’t see how it’s any of your business,” the Gran said, whirling to fix the Adept with a three-eyed glare.

Erinyes narrowed her eyes at the loudmouth. “You almost hit me with your glass, and frankly, the more time she spends dealing with you–” The Adept gestured to the waitress. “–the longer it takes before I can have lunch. So, are you going to be reasonable, or not?”

The Gran huffed and tried to draw himself up to his full height to tower over Erinyes, though his unsteady footing wasn’t doing him any favours. “Listen, pink-skin, get out of my face before I–”

“You should check at the butcher shop in the Imperial Sector.” Erinyes injected a current of the Force into her words, stopping the Gran in his tracks.

“... before I…maybe I’ll try the butcher shop in the Imperial Sector.” The loudmouth shook his head, as though he were suddenly drowsy, and shuffled towards the door.

“And pay your bill before you leave,” Erinyes called after him, winking at the waitress as she pushed the suggestion into the Gran’s mind.