*So this is our new home,* Erinyes thought as she glanced around the spaceport’s concourse. The architecture was typically Imperial, a sterile morass of black and grey that dampened the enthusiasm of all who passed through it—except Erinyes’ perpetually-cheerful apprentice, Vicandria.

“Huh. That’s disappointing,” the Togruta woman said, shifting her backpack from one shoulder to the other as she took in the sights. “No perpetual storms, no monstrous wildlife… I thought it would be more evil-looking.”

“We normally save that for when you’ve got a little more time in. No sense scaring the new blood away,” Erinyes quipped. Her nose wrinkled a little as the pair emerged from the spaceport and saw the thick haze of pollution hanging in the daytime sky. “You have your identicard and code cylinder, right?”

“Yes, Master. Just like the last time you asked me.” Erinyes didn’t need to look to know that Vicandria was rolling her eyes; her tone of voice gave it away.

“Good. Those should get you into the condo, but if you have any problems, I’m sure R3 will help. Isn’t that right, Sparky?” Erinyes glanced over her shoulder at her astromech, R3-N3; the droid had earned the nickname after a mishap with a faulty power conduit. R3 answered with a cheerful electronic whistle. “I’ll meet up with you after I’m finished with my errands.”

Vicandria’s brow-markings rose. “Anything interesting?”

“No, just a meet-and-greet with one of the Summit members. You know, ‘new job’ stuff.” Truth be told, this was the first time since returning to the Brotherhood that Erinyes had set foot on Taldryan’s new homeworld—mainly because it was out at the ass end of nowhere, and she’d been having too much fun in the Core Worlds and Hutt Space to drag herself all the way out rimward of Bespin. Her appointment to Proconsul had put an end to her irresponsible streak for the time being, though, much to her chagrin.

“Fun,” Vicandra said, her tone thick with sarcasm. “I’ll look for somewhere we can go for lunch in the meantime.” With Sparky in tow, the apprentice set off for the nearest taxi.

Erinyes caught the next taxi in line, and a short time later, she found herself at the new-to-her building complex that housed Taldryan’s administrative staff. The security in the facility was tighter than she expected, and it took what seemed like an unreasonably long time for her to clear the checkpoint at the front entrance.

Fortunately, Cymbre—Erinyes’ meeting date—was waiting in the foyer. The Quaestor of Ektrosis had been skimming through something on a datapad, but looked up the instant Erinyes stepped into the lobby. “Proconsul.” She offered a respectful nod.

“No need for fancy titles, Mini-Meep,” Erinyes said, returning the gesture; she’d have offered her hand to shake, but Cymbre didn’t seem like the type.

Cymbre blinked. “‘Mini-Meep’?”

“Yeah, it’s the noise tiny dragons make.” Erinyes grinned.

“Ahh.” Understanding and amusement flickered in Cymbre’s eyes as she recognised the pun: a play on her old title, Xiao Long, from a different era of the Brotherhood. “Well, it’s a pleasure to finally meet you in person. Come on, I’ll show you to your office.”