Taldryan Fiction Comp: This Is Me

Adept Seraine "Erinyes" Ténama (Sith) / House Ektrosis of Clan Taldryan

The Core Overload was the busiest bar in Chyron’s Dark Sector, filled to the brim with smoke, liquor, and exotic dancers—the kind of place where Erinyes could be found whenever she had an excuse, and frequently when she didn’t. The Zeltron had her feet kicked up on a table and a bottle of ebla beer in hand, which she drank from periodically as she scanned the tapcafe for her target: Tarn, her contact had called him, a saboteur working for Rath Oligard’s Liberation Front.

Even the mission briefing had annoyed Erinyes. “How am I supposed to find him when all you know is that he’s a Human? Does he walk around with ‘I’m With the Collective’ stamped on his forehead?” Her sarcasm had quickly turned to chagrin when Cymbre smirked and showed her a picture of Tarn—and the Collective Zealot did, in fact, have his organisation’s three-pillar symbol branded right between his eyes.

Luckily, Tarn’s lack of subtlety—a trait which Erinyes shared—made him easy to spot, even in a crowded establishment like the Overload. Erinyes waited until her target had settled on to his barstool, then sauntered over. “Hey, handsome. You’re not drinking alone tonight, are you?”

The rest was pure pazaak: sit at angles that flaunted her curves, look away to let Tarn gawk when he thought she wouldn’t notice, a coy suggestion that she might need someone to walk her home a dangerous part of down like the Dark Sector. Really, it was harder for Erinyes to look like she *wanted* to seduce Tarn than it was to actually do it.

Finally, several hours and a dozen drinks later, Erinyes coaxed Tarn out of the Overload with the promise of a trip back to her apartment. A few blocks later, the Zeltron steered her target into an alley, claiming it was a shortcut—and once they were out of sight of the street, she stopped.

“What’s wrong?” Tarn’s frown wrinkled the Collective logo branded into his shaved forehead, his gaze hardening instantly, even under the influence of alcohol.

“Nothing, I was just hoping you’d *tell me everything you know about the Liberation Front’s plans*.” Erinyes locked eyes with the saboteur and reached out as she pushed the command into his mind. The Collective agent tensed, and Erinyes felt him resist, as though they were each pushing on opposite sides of a door.

In the end, Tarn’s anti-Jedi training was no match for a Sith Adept’s will. A few moments later, Erinyes felt the information she needed flood into her mind: plans, names, communications frequencies. With her mission a success, she lowered her hand, and the Collective saboteur sagged against the wall of a nearby building.

“You have an hour to roll up your network before I have CSF round you up and execute you all as enemy spies,” Erinyes said, turning on her heel. “And remind Rath Oligard that his own fanaticism is what united the Clans against him and cost him the war.”