

Podracing wasn't usually his sort of thing...

That was the understatement of the universe, especially when Giletta was involved. Arcona was the first Clan of the Brotherhood, it had been for several years and Selen was slowly becoming a bustling hive of activity and for whatever reason, the Shadow Lady decided now was as good a time as any to host a Brotherhood wide celebration filled with all the death, debris, and over the top shenanigans one could expect when half the galaxy convened in one location.

That might have been an exaggeration, but it certainly seemed that way. Everyone from the high profiled and mighty from the nobility of the Core Worlds to the scumbags of the lowest levels dredged around the many stalls, stands and structures built for sustainable and entertainment. Maybe a slight profit too. The fried, greasy delicacies of the Outer Rim wafted through the network of various races. Thefts were commonplace, and security scarce.

Thankfully, no-one dared to approach Appius if they didn't have too. The Mandalorian was hardly inconspicuous in his bright red armor with a lightning bolt on the chest. His helmet kept his face out of sight of everyone else, and even in the stands for the race, people tried to avoid sitting next to him if they could. Clearly the rancid-smelling Rodian sitting beside him didn't get the memo, and even as the Taldryanite gave the big-eyed creature a sideways glance, arms folded, the Rodian didn't seem inclined to move.

*Typical, he smells like Aru Law back on Coruscant.* Appius mused to himself with a heavy huff. *I wish Ankira was here.*

Unfortunately, she was preoccupied with the Vornskr Battalion. So Appius was stuck taking this mandatory leave of absence at Erinyes' insistence.

*"Go and have some fun, for kark's sake! You haven't had a day off since you came back to Taldryan!"* She had said. So here he was, alone, in a place he didn't really want to be. It was like being fifteen years old all over again.

His attention was diverted to the podium up above when a klaxon sounded. A fiery red-headed lady in the most elegant and sophisticated dress Appius had ever seen. She was supported by an entourage of barely dressed Chiss men, hair slicked back and hard abs on show more for her eyes than anyone else's. She was the Arconan Consul, Lady Lucine Vasano.

"Darlings!" Lucine declared, raising a single arm. The pod racer pilots below switched on the power ignition to their engines, purple streaks of lightning shooting out of one side to the other. The noise was deafening as the crowd erupted into applause. "Let the race begin!"

Lucine was nothing if not a showman for the crowd. She ate up the cheers, loving the attention her adoring public gave her. Appius watched as the lights changed from red to green. The pod racers soared past the starting line with thunderous speed. Appius kicked

back and watched upon the big screens as inevitable death and destruction claimed the most inexperienced among the pilots.

*Huh, maybe this won't be so bad.*

It was certainly entertaining. Who knows? Maybe he could have some fun watching this after all.