“So how are you settling in, my love?” Elyon asked him.

“I learned much about the layout of this new station. There is a section that hosts security personnel, with storage for our equipment. Offices were given, and the surveillance here has cameras in every hall and public room. I’m not too excited about their uniform, I feel exposed without my amor,” Creon replied. He wore a dignified and sharp jacket that bore the crest of the Guardian Corps, with stretchy dress pants and indoor running boots. A utility belt was around his waste with a single stun gun and commlink holster. A drastic downgrade from times in war.

“I wouldn’t expect you’d need it. The worst that goes on are domestic disputes.”

“I’ve mostly helped with patrols, watched the cameras, and give escort. The little “hover-way” they give us is a fun vehicle. Tell me, how are you settling in?”

“The warehouse is vast and there’s always a new face everyday!” Elyon said cheerfully.

“What do you mean?” Creon asked.

“The Conclave’s business contracts reach far and wide in this sector, so there’s always something new on the GTN that people buy out here. The entire hangar bay is one big market shared with the warehouse for the station itself. Droids help with the menial accountability while we organize the movement and logistics.”

“Sounds like you’re running your own trade depot.”

Elyon laughed, “I don’t run it. The conclave does, I’m just a mechanic and also a clerk if there’s nothing to fix.”

The two sat on an elongated loveseat in the center of their living quarters. Across from them was a viewscreen within the wall just above a glowing and lively fish tank. It shared an opening to a kitchen corner and the door to the bedroom and bathroom. It was a modest home and one of many shared by the inhabitants of the Asclepius.

At first Creon had felt closed in by the void of space, contrary to how must feel in its vastness. It wasn’t until he was able to jump around the station in a spacesuit outside did he become more comfortable. There was a small entertainment plaza sectioned off for amenities. Creon enjoyed gymnasium and sport activities to manage his fitness. Elyon had been drawn to their tools used for research and medical treatment. They invested daily time apart from their work schedules to participate in their respective recreations and came back together afterwards to rest. Meals could always be ordered from any vendor and their list of dishes, delivered by droid. Droids also provided housecleaning services on a daily basis, which eased the comfort and living quality of the station’s residents.

The only drawback that came with living on Ascelpius Station. Residents and staff were not permitted their personal vessels onboard or stationed in orbit. This made travel outside of the station exclusive to a first party transit service that has a monopoly of the exit. The prices aren’t unfair, but it’s enough to sway residents to spend their money within the station than to leave their wealth elsewhere.