



# Legendary Encounter

Written by Aedile Savant Alara Deathbane, #12681

**2300 Hours**  
**Tipoca II Cantina**  
**Amongst Space**

Alara traced the rim of her cup in anxiousness. She had received a datapad text from her Quaestor, Braecen Kaeth, regarding a new mission: to wait at this cantina, in this very seat, for a mysterious Sith who requested my presence. Apparently the meeting would be focused on our Empire's next move to a new system. Everything seemed to be about that focus these days. She let out a sigh, checked her datapad for any new messages, and took another swig of her Huttese Rum. It wasn't her usual drink, but her boyfriend Jorm recently introduced her to the flavor and she had grown very accustomed to it. Her half-Sephi eyes caught sight of a rather familiar, but strange looking figure; Darth Revan was walking right towards her.

*What in fwec's name...* Alara couldn't help but grin and leapt up from her seat. She straightened her back and quickly pinched her arm to be sure this wasn't a dream. Hair began to stand up on the back of her neck at what was actually happening.

"Greetings. Miss Deathbane, is it?" Revan bowed ever so slightly. Alara couldn't help but stare at how the cantina lights shone perfectly on the metallic mask over the Sith Lord's face. She swallowed her excitement and attempted to further sustain her composure.

"Yes. Welcome, Darth Revan. I'm honored that it was you who requested my presence." Alara bowed back and offered him a seat at her booth.

"Thank you," Revan nodded and sat down at the other side of the table.

The Savant took a seat and waved at a nearby barmaid. "Reyla dear, see to it that this man receives whatever he wishes. I'll be taking care of his purchases for the evening."

"It will be done, Aedile Deathbane." Reyla, the Twi'lek nodded from behind the bar. She walked towards their table and turned to Revan. The woman gasped as she recognized who he was. Before she could say another word,

Alara glared at her and motioned her to keep quiet. "I believe his first drink should be served promptly. What would you like, my Lord?"

"Please, no need to be sumptuous in speech around me. A Corellian Ale will do, Miss Reyla." Revan waved towards the bar. Reyla gave a nod and hurriedly walked towards the bottle rack behind the counter.

"May I ask why you called me for this meeting?" Alara couldn't contain her curiosity any longer.

“Well, I’ve heard good things about you, Alara. Your name has been crossing the galaxies. I couldn’t help but come out of the shadows to meet you in person. I want to aid Clan Scholae Palatinae in reaching their new destination, and I want to be by your side in the mission.” Darth Revan spoke earnestly. He removed his mask to reveal a beautifully chiseled face, shaped handsomely with a shadow of facial hair and crimson markings. His eyes flickered confidently with hues of brown and gold.

Alara couldn’t help but blush both at the sight but also at his compliments towards her. “I’m exponentially honored by your words, Revan. I’m not even sure where to begin in planning this mission...”

She was interrupted by Revan’s reach towards her. He placed his gloved hand gently on her chin pulled her towards him, and leaned in for a kiss. “How about we start with this?”

RISE AND SHINE BABY DOLL!” Jorm’s voice echoed in Alara’s ear drums. She snapped out of her dream world and awoke to a well lit hotel chamber ruggishly decorated with Jorm’s favorite things: anything desert. The half-Sephi sighed and sat up from her bed. *Damn it. Just a dream.*

“What’s wrong, love? Wake up from an enjoyable dream?” Jorm grinned at her and sat next to her while he tucked her stray golden hairs in behind her ears.

“Something like that,” Alara sighed. “Good morning my dear. Where are we off to today?”

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