Her excitement grew as she approached the Ale Pond. Entering the establishment, she waved to the bartender, who always seemed to know exactly when somebody had just walked in. A raised eyebrow asked a familiar question, to which a nod and smile confirmed Tahiri’s answer. She looked around the dimly lit room, seeing many clan soldiers, but focused on a familiar face at a wall table.

Her regular drink, called the Cometduster, was ready by the time she walked up to bar. Taking it, she placed a few credits, always with a tip, down on the bar and approached the occupied wall table. Around the table sat a group of four soldiers, all men, each were concentrating on the cards in their hands.

“Well, don’t you all look like a bunch of ship rats,” she said with amusement. As the men started in their seats, laughing, “At ease men, only kidding.”

“Commander Night-Thorn, long time, no see,” replied nearest soldier, grinning.

“Yeah, been busy Buck,” sighing as she took a sip of her drink.

“Want to play a couple rounds?” asked Buck.

Smirking, she took the offered seat next to him, “Sure. Deal me in, and be prepared to lose.”