

Doppelganger

Havoc's Tether
Sky Breach Base
Daleem
Kiast System
2200 Hours

Commander Mauro Wynter sat at the smoke filled cantina leisurely pushing his drink from hand to hand. It has been a long time coming, wallowing at the *Tether*. The events of the recent war had taken a drastic toll on him. He had been fighting for so long, and had much to think about. First, he crash landed on Nancora and had to fight off the illustrious Huntresses, the expert trackers of the Collective. He had bested them, barely, but had to be rescued by friendly forces.

The trauma of the recent conflagration had taken its toll on many. The first night back he had sat at this same cantina seat and talked to his friends Len Iode and Maximus Alvinus. The need for a greater defense force and counterintelligence for the Odanites was readily apparent. The germ of that meeting was the genesis of the Tython Squadron battleteam. He had been busy since then.

Wynter sat and drank. He needed this release, after many weeks of hard training and the crushing weight of leadership. And so he drank, and smoked, and sat for a long time. It was late in the evening, or perhaps early in the morning, Wynter did not know when the man walked in. He sat down across the cantina from him, saddling up to the cantina and ordering a drink. The barmaid brought a frothy mug and filled it with dark brown ale. When she left, Wynter took a deep hard look at the man sitting across from him.

The human dropped his drink, and put down his smoke as he trained his eyes on the man across from him. He had a look that was far too familiar and yet oddly out of place for Wynter. The short, brown hair with a slight golden hue. The bronzed skin, with a fair complexion that was blemish free. The hazel eyes and the ever present smirk. Wynter paused for a while, trying to get his mind to think through the haze of alcohol.

He continued to study the man, watching his mannerisms. The man appeared to be roughly early thirties and of a stocky but athletic build. Even his sense of style made Wynter feel a wince of nostalgia. A black body fitting top with sturdy leather shoulder holsters. Leather boots, belt, and gloves with a dark heavy duty pair of trousers. Wynter realized through the fog that he was looking at himself, at least so it appeared.

Wynter stumbled over to the other side of the bar in an attempt to approach the man. "Excuse me...are you me?" The man turned to him, and laughed loudly. "My friend, how much have you been drinking this evening? Haven't you heard of a holoshroud? I just returned from a special operations mission and forgot to turn this damned thing off. My apologies...didn't mean to startle you." Wynter sat down in the seat next to the man. "Well, if I wasn't drunk before I better start drinking now. Barkeep, two drinks on...me."