

## *Speed Dating*

The Havoc's Tether cantina was slow for the evening. Commander Mauro Wynter had reserved his favorite corner booth in the rear of the establishment, well away from the handful of drunks, degenerate gamblers, and smokers. He glanced at his chronometer, wondering why the always punctual Major Silvia Tanos was running late.

He almost missed her when she sauntered in. She looked different, in a good way. Mauro was out of his flight officer uniform and clad in some of his mercenary regalia; heavy leather pants, a thick wool turtleneck, leather boots with a matching belt and shoulder strap holster. The female Zabrak always had a haunting look. Her porcelain skin and platinum hair hanging long down her back. To him she always appeared as a ghost, a ethereal figure. She was indeed beautiful if not very welcoming and friendly. She wore black thigh high boots, and a tight black tunic. He chuckled slightly, it was a combat suit of sorts.

He stood up when she got to the table, and welcomed her. "Commander Wynter...you look..."she stumbled for the right words. "Dashing, is it?" he asked. They both laughed slightly and sat.

"If I would have known I would have wore something more...civilian." She added. He did not correct her, only looked at her with a slight longing. "I thought...wait...is this a date?" They both laughed, awkwardly. Tanos laughed infrequently. Wynter had heard some of her personal history. She was once a slave of the Empire, a captured Night Sister it was whispered.

"Is it a date?" he asked. She studied him carefully. "Strictly speaking, it wouldn't be against regulations. You are not my commanding officer. If you recall I am only serving in a liaison role, and still belong to the *Remembrance of Seher*."

The barmaid came over with a decanter of fine ale and placed it down loudly, giving Wynter a very cold look and eyed Silvia Tanos angrily. They placed their order and began to drink freely. "From Ryloth, a good vintage I presume?" asked Tanos. Wynter drank his glass greedily and smiled. "Indeed, from my private stock...a gift from Ethan Martes from his smuggling days."

The pair talked casually about work, to be sure, and the training evolutions of Tython Squadron they had both been running. But, in time some personal talk ensued. He learned about her history within the OEF and he shared some of his mercenary tales. Tall tales, to be sure, but more truths than he usually shared with anyone, even his friend Maximus Alvinus.

"So, I heard a striking rumor that you were a Night Sister...is it true you can..."she cut him off before he could ask it. "Read minds, indeed, I can to some degree." They eyed each other wearily with some anticipation. "And my mind?" he asked. She drank her glass in one long sip, surprising him.

“Your mind indeed, Commander Wynter. And *that* will not be happening anytime soon. But this has been fun. I don’t have much time like this. Perhaps you can get me drunk once Tython Squadron is commissioned and I can go back to the *Seher*. Maybe then I will make some bad decisions I will surely regret.” They both laughed loudly and smiled.