

Love Hurts

The Havoc's Tether cantina was slow for the evening. 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. "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...I thought you wouldn't come, why did you?" 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.

"Are we...okay?" he asked. She studied him carefully. "Strictly speaking, no we are not. I trusted you, and you betrayed my trust. If you recall I do not give my trust easily. I despise you currently."

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? Did you drink this with *her*” asked Tanos. Wynter drank his glass greedily and smiled. “No, never anything so good with *her*, only with you my dear.”

The pair talked casually about work, to be sure, and tried to sidestep the pleasantries that had brought them here. But, in time some personal talk ensued. He learned about how what he thought was a casual fling had meant far more to her.

“So, can you find it in your heart to forgive me for my indiscretion?” she cut him off before he could finishing asking it. “Perhaps, but I still deeply hate you for what you did.” They eyed each other wearily with some anticipation. “And will that hate ever end?” he asked. She drank her glass in one long sip, surprising him.

“It will cost you dearly. 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 sometime and help me forget your betrayal. Maybe then I will make some bad decisions I will surely regret.” They both laughed loudly and smiled.