

Blind Date

Havoc's Tether

Daleem

Kiast System

The Havoc's Tether cantina was a bustling hotspot this time of year. Many couples were actively engaged in romantic conversation and heavily imbibing drinks. Lieutenant Colonel 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 if the date he had been setup on would show or stand him up.

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 Umbaran looked different out of her flight suit as well. Her clammy, blueish hued skin and bald head had a haunting enigma about it. She was indeed beautiful in her own manner. 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...good for a change" she stumbled for the right words. "Dashing, is it?" he asked. They both laughed slightly and sat down.

"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. "Well, this is a date isn't it?" They both laughed, awkwardly. She was Lieutenant Colonel Mair Sul, a new addition to Tython Squadron. Wynter had heard some of

her personal history, but was unfamiliar with her on a personal level. "Is it a date?" he asked. She studied him carefully. "Strictly speaking, it wouldn't be against regulations."

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 ongoing activities within the Odanite Expeditionary Force. 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.

"So, I heard a striking story about your ancestors, that they were like mine. You grew up on Raxus Prime just like me. How small the galaxy is indeed" stated Mauro. She laughed lightly. "Well, the Umbaran expatriot community on Raxus is large indeed. So, we have the same history. Did you hate that backwater dumping ground as much as I did?" she asked.

The night continued in deep conversation and heavy drinking. For an Umbaran she was unusually talkative and jovial. Perhaps they would hit it off after all.