

Emotional Appeal

Sky Breach Base
Daleem
Kiast System

Lieutenant Colonel Mauro Wynter sat in the Ready Room of Tython Squadron, reviewing the mission logs of the new auxiliary pilots and support staff. The Battleteam had been exceptionally busy over the previous few months, fighting in several major engagements and skirmishes. The work of forming, training, and leading a military unit was daunting and draining for the Human.

However, one of the new pilots caught his eye. She was an Umbaran, like the peoples he grew up around and had the misfortune of growing weary of. Raxus Prime was an industrial wasteland, one devoid of all graces, humor, or happiness. The expatriot community had been banished there in the closing days of the Clone Wars, and it had been a hotbed of discontent and misery without equal during the waning days of the Empire.

Mauro had never found the downtrodden Umbaran women pleasant looking in his youth. Their bald heads, blueish skin, and piercing eyes had always been off-putting and mysterious to him. Their elitist personalities and sour disposition did them no favors either, or so he thought.

But, his mind continued to drift to Mair Sal. She was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Odanite Expeditionary Force, and was a crack pilot in her own right. Something about her was very different in his mind, however. Her smile, as seldom as she did smile, was full of levity and breezy disposition that he had never seen displayed in her people. Her laugh, and she laughed often, was loud and freely pouring.

Indeed, Mauro was concerned why he thought of her so often and let his eyes drift to her during briefings and formations. It was unusual, strictly speaking, for him to have feelings for a coworker. Despite being the same rank, and despite him only being nominally her commanding officer, it was an unpleasant optic within many military circles.

Surely, he continued to think, the feelings could not be mutual. Mair Sal did not seem like an opportunist who was impressed with command and the ability for promotion based on making the right connections. Still, he thought he saw her eyes fall upon him as often as not.

He had had infatigations with subordinates before, as indeed, all men within the military did time to time. Perhaps the taboo and inappropriate nature of the affair was intriguing innately. However, this time it felt different. This time he did not have a lustful eye or physical feelings solely.

They had had one odd dinner together, where Mair had opened herself to him in deep conversation and he had learned much. He felt the feelings that night were mutual and did not doubt it could be anything otherwise.

Finally, he wondered how to proceed. He could not blatantly discuss this with her without losing face or using his position for undue gain. Perhaps it was best to keep things professional in nature. And yet, he could not get his mind off of this beautiful Umbaran warrior.