**[Objective 2]**

**Old Lovers, Unexpected Reunion**

To an outsider, the silence and neatness that pervaded the office would have come across as cold and uncaring. To any who knew the Lyra Colony’s security chief, Amara Cirrus, however, it came across as more the product of someone who always demanded order and precision – in herself, her subordinates, and even in the environment around her - as much as possible. The lack of personalization or ornamentation in the room was in fact not an absence of personality but rather an indication of exactly the kind of person who she was. Amara was singularly focused solely on her job and cared not a bit for whatever trappings might have come with the position (leading the security forces of even such an important colony as Lyra still could have its perks, after all).

Thus, the light coming from Amara’s office in the earliest hours of the morning would have surprised no one, nor would it have come as a shock to anyone to see her sitting at her desk, ramrod-straight posture practically radiating “soldier,” as she studied the datapad in her hand. Especially with the issues the Principate had run into with the Collective and the Dark Brotherhood, it actually seemed even less out of the ordinary for Lyra’s security chief to be burning the proverbial midnight oil. Given those issues, however, the author of the message that Amara was carefully studying would have come as a surprise, however.

*My dear “Ama” –*

*Thirteen years. I can’t believe that it’s been that long since I last saw you in that cantina in Corellia. Our lives have clearly taken us to some interesting places since that last kiss we shared, but here we are again – this time, potentially across from each other instead of side by side. The Brotherhood is not what the Collective would make you believe, and they are not what they seem – I have fought them, and I should know! You have to help us…*

*I’m on my way to you now, Ama. I have proof to show that the Collective is trying to pit us against each other. I beg of you, at least hear me out – for what we used to have when we were younger, or for the sake of our organizations, or just for the sake of keeping the peace. I can prove to you that the Collective is the real villain in this story, not the Brotherhood. What you do with that information is up to you.*

*Forever yours,*

*Farrin*

The loud chirp of her comm broke the silence and shook the Lyran security chief from her intense reverie. After an uncharacteristic jump, she tapped the comm to open the channel.

“Yes, this is Ama- I mean, this is Chief Cirrus.”

The voice at the other end paused for a second, their curiosity piqued at Amara’s odd initial lack of formality.

“Chief Cirrus, this is the Lyra Tower. Apologies for the late hour, but we have an incoming Delta-class shuttle, callsign ‘Irena’, on approach requesting landing clearance. They claim you’re expecting them?”

Amara rose from her desk, her face pensive before breaking into an almost imperceptible smile.

“I am. Grant their landing clearance request and let them know I’ll be meeting them on the landing pad.”

In the colony’s control tower, the sole officer on duty furrowed his brow after closing the connection with his security chief. In all of the time he had worked for her, he had never even seen the woman smile. If he wasn’t mistaken… no, surely he was imagining the almost contained glee in Amara’s voice, right?