**Spanky’s Tavern**

It wasn’t often that Andrelious was able to have a night off. Usually, his nights were dominated with screaming infants and filled nappies, as well as the attentions of Kooki. For once, though, he had been allowed to slip away to Spanky’s Tavern, having spent the majority of the day looking after his twins.

The Warlord was at the bar, minding his own business as he drank his fifth glass of Ebla Beer. As he took a swig, he noticed a group of Taldryan’s fighter corps pilots entering the cantina.

“Some of those fighter jocks might even give you a run for your money. They can put quite a few away,” the bartender told Andrelious.

“I’ve been drinking a long time, and flying even longer. Those amateurs haven’t got anything on me. I’m not over the hill yet,” the Sith responded as the pilots sat themselves at the bar.

“A round of Norvanian grogs, barkeep! We’ll be in for a while, so don’t get too comfy!” one of the pilots ordered, throwing a large amount of credits onto the bar counter.

**2 hours later…**

Andrelious was on his tenth glass of the evening. He was starting to feel quite drunk, but didn’t say anything; he wanted to stay ahead of the flight corps pilots, who were becoming more and more rowdy with every swig of their drinks. The Warlord gathered that the pilots were in two distinct groups, probably rival squadrons. He could sense a little tension between the men.

One of the pilots, one who clearly couldn’t hold nearly as much as some of his squadmates, wobbled to the bar. He craned his neck around to find the bartender, but caught sight of Andrelious, instead.

“You! You’re Inahj!” the drunken man declared.

“*Mimosa*-Inahj these days. What’s it to you, anyway?” Andrelious asked.

“You just come waltzing in here, after all the trouble you’ve caused us! How dare you come here!” the pilot hissed.

“Drent. Calm down. He’s with us now, or so say High Command,” a second pilot interjected, having heard the ongoing ruckus.

“Probably as a spy! You remember how ruthless he was, Rettak. He took out a whole squadron of our fighters. I’d not mind, but he vaped the pilots when they ejected. Not one survived!” Drent continued.

“Oh, you mean during the Invasion of New Tython? The squadron was me, I’ll admit that. But I don’t fire at ejected pilots. Not even back in my Imperial days. You clearly weren’t there. It was one of the Mandalorians who killed the pilots. You know what those mercenary bastards are like,” Andrelious snapped back.

Drent didn’t offer a verbal respond. Instead, he balled one of his hands into a fist and tried to punch the Sith square in the jaw. Though affected by the alcohol he had consumed, Andrelious easily avoided the badly aimed attack, leaving Drent’s fist to sail through thin air. The drunk pilot stumbled forward, almost falling over.

Leaping from his bar stool, Andrelious punched Drent in the back of the head, knocking him to the floor.

“Anyone else want to slander me?” the Warlord hissed. He wasn’t remotely an expert at hand-to-hand fighting, and the rules of Spanky’s precluded him carrying any weapons, but his abilities in the Force, combined with his own drunkenness gave him the confidence to press on in what was little more than a bar room brawl.

“You don’t knock out one of my men and get away with it, Sith or not!” Rettak yelled, charging at the Warlord.

Andrelious stepped away to avoid the punch, but the ruckus was attracting attention throughout the cantina. The pilots who belonged to the second squadron appeared particularly interested.

“At them, lads!” their squadron leader demanded.

Within moments Spanky’s turned into an arena playing host to a melee. The two squadrons had apparently been waiting for an excuse for some time, and Drent’s attack on Andrelious had been the spark needed.

Meanwhile, Andrelious, after flooring Rettak with an uppercut, slipped through the crowd, punching or kicking anyone who dared get in his way.

Grabbing his coat from the cloakroom, Warlord Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj exited Spanky’s.

His night off had turned out to be as action packed as a typical day on.