

The shuttle had roared into space as they made their way off planet, back to the safety of the Fleet. They had all been exhausted from the fighting that they had endured on Mygeeto. They had been beaten badly. What had made matters worse was that it had looked like they were running away with their tails between their legs, and that had gouged their pride. Betrayal, or no betrayal, they shouldn't have fared the way they had and that did not sit well with a few of the Sadowans. A few were calling for vengeance, or an immediate reprisal. Consul Locke had mumbled something about "purge" under his breath before dismissing the Clan to return to their House bases for recovery and rebuilding.

Armad had remained silent on the journey back to Tarthos, though some of that time had been spent in a bacta tank. Once they arrived in system, they were told to remain on Platform Onyx for the time being, while the House Summit ventured planet side to gauge the populace's reception of them returning and probably to discuss the House's next step. Armad figured that he would stop at CTZ to get a decent meal and maybe a stiff drink or two.

The restaurant was bustling when he walked in, but the hostess, a young Ekind female, welcomed him with a warm smile and a cheerful greeting.

"Welcome to CTZ. Just you today, sir?" She questioned, looking him up and down. Presumably trying to get a good read on him, to make his visit a more memorable one, and a better tip for her. Armad was still in his battle armor, fresh new scars were scattered about his armor, tears in the cloth portions from blaster grazes and explosions that got too close.

"Why don't we find you a secluded seat somewhere, shall we?" The hostess said. The Sith barely heard a small emphasis when she said 'secluded', though that could possibly have come from her race's disdain for Force-users, or from the look on his face that might have said "don't bother me with unnecessary things." She was good, though she would probably have to be in order to remain the hostess and not just one of the wait staff.

Gesturing for her to lead the way, Armad fell in step behind her as she started to weave her way toward the back of the restaurant. While they made their way through, Armad was able to get a look at some of the customers that were already seated inside. He was surprised at the number of Warhost soldiers that were grouped together, some toasting their fallen comrades, while others were silently mourning their friends. Everyone dealt with death and loss in their own way, but he did notice that there were a couple of soldiers that were sitting alone, away from the others, blank faces staring at nothing. Armad could feel the pain and despair that was coming off of them as he walked past. While he would normally relish in this fact that there was someone nearby that was in despair and agony, he knew that having something like this within a soldier was a bad thing and that it could hurt the morale of their unit if left unchecked.

As they arrived at his booth, the Ekind hostess turned to him. "Here we are, sir." She stated as she gestured for him to have a seat. "Your waitress will be with you in a moment. Is there anything that I can get you in the meantime?" She asked.

“Yes. Your strongest ale, if you would.” Armad responded. As she nodded in acknowledgement and turned to leave. “Ma’am,” Armad said, stopping her. “A round of your strongest whiskey for every Warhost soldier that comes in today. I will also be paying for those soldiers sitting alone.” Armad could sense her shock and disbelief at what he had just said.

“Are you certain?” The Ekind questioned, making sure that she heard correct. Armad secretly wondered if her disbelief stemmed from her species hatred for the Sith, and that she could not believe that someone like him would show generosity toward another without expecting or demanding something in return.

Smirking, Armad responded with an affirmative, and could tell that he had rattled her, making her question everything that she had been taught about the Sith since she was little. The Ekind could only nod and walk away to carry out her duties. Armad stared after the hostess, wondering if he had gotten to her, he had not planned on rattling her like he did, possibly making her challenge her beliefs about the Sith, but either way it was an interesting side effect. One that he would most definitely have to follow up on. Armad’s real motivation for doing what he had done with the soldiers was two-fold. First off, he truly was being altruistic towards the soldiers of the Warhost. He was worried that a soldier who took the death of another and carried it with them to the next engagement, could potentially not make the right choice on the battlefield and endanger his whole unit. Which brought him to his true selfish goal, to lift their spirits by showing that this Clan Company Commander does look after his troops. Plus, he figured that if he ingratiates himself to them, then he would have a good size of soldiers at his disposal when the time came for retribution against the Palatinaeans.

His waitress had returned with his ale, while various other waitresses had distributed the whiskey shots to those soldiers in attendance. Their confusion evaporated when they learned who had bought them the drinks, and in a near perfect unison, every soldier raised their glass to Armad, giving him a salute of alcohol. “For Sadow,” was said in a rippling effect throughout the room. By the time that his Nerf steak had arrived, Armad had already received a message from the Proconsul stating that they were free to return to the Tarthos at their convenience, but to be called upon soon. Armad was cutting into the steak when he realized that he would need to convince some of his House members to do the same, and quite possibly some in the Clan as well.

With the first bite, Armad confirmed that the hype was real, this place did have the best Nerf steaks in the Orian system.