

It had always surprised Dain that Deathsworn would even congregate in somewhere quite as normal as a cantina. Sure enough, there he was. It was quite, somewhat cliqued any given night. Except for tonight.

A good bit of the normally dark-robed Deathsworn devotees were draped in robes of blue, red, and violet. Old standbys from the old clans, at least as far as Dain had been told. *Even the most colorful thing they own is functional*, he mused. The mass of figures were crowded around a small section of tables, where at the center sat the newly-promoted Battleteam Leader, Thanadd Mawgath.

“Lookit that. ....damn flies,” came a grumble from across Dain’s table. His master, Kromtal Stormfyld, had been hitting the sauce rather hard that night. If nothing else, Kromtal was competitive. “I’ve given decades, *decades*, Dain, to this house. What do they do? They promote that \*hic\* laserbrain!”

Dain had never seen his master down quite this low. Or experiencing any other emotions beyond anger or pride. Kromtal Stormfyld was often a rock of emotion with a veneer of snark and sarcasm. His robes remained black, trimmed with his beloved Krath violet. “I mean, come on. You go into self-imposed exile for a decade and see how *you* like it!” he growled, hand running through his blond hair.

“Maybe you should give him a piece of your mind,” Dain said absently, drinking from a glass of zochberry juice, playing stag for his master. He meant it in jest. His master did not take it as such.

“That’s....a great idea, apprentice!” Kromtal declared, eyes wide with determination as he stood.

“Now that’s not what I -” It was too late. With surprising dexterity for a inebriated man, Dain’s master had traversed the cantina floor, approaching the mass of celebrating darksiders. Dain had caught up enough to get within earshot of Kromtal as he pushed through the crowd to Mawgath’s table.

“Knight Stormfyld...I was wondering when you would leave your table of sorrow o congratulate me properly,” sneered Mawgath, a goblet of dark liquid clasped in his hand.

“I’m not allowed to have a drink with my apprentice?” Kromtal replied, placing a hand on the table to lean towards the Pau’an, his loss of balance hidden well as a move of intimidation.

“No problem,” Mawgath replied. If his lower jaw were still intact, he would have been smirking. “The shouting about your loss in your bid for power however...”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Stormfyld lied. The crowd around them grew silent.

“We have been having a rather lively party here, Knight, and even those of us at the bar could hear you.” Mawgath’s eyes met Dain’s, who had been standing behind his inebriated master for only a few moments. “You. Is this not the truth.”

Dain’s eyes met Mawgath’s, then his master. “I mean...you have been a little loud master,” he replied with a shrug.

“That settles it, does it not? The mighty Kromtal Stormfyld acting like a child that lost a game of gravball. No wonder I had succeeded you as leader of our team here.”

“Alright, Mawgath, you and me, right now,” Kromtal growled, lunging towards his taunter. Dain caught his master, looking as though he had held him back from getting into a

fistfight with Mawgath. In truth, he was keeping the intoxicated Stormfyld from faceplanting onto the table. The Pau'an did not move, merely curving an eyebrow as he watched Dain hold back his master.

“You wish to prove your worth?” asked Mawgath, leaning forward. “Well, fighting me would certainly not be a constructive way of doing such, would it? Qaestor?” The face of an older human emerged from the crowd, regarding both Deathsworn with severe looks.

“Yes, Knight Mawgath?”

“I would like to nominate Kromtal Stormfyld for Rollmaster of Clan Tarentum,” Mawgath’s metallic voice declared. “But...I would like for him to be tested on my terms.”

Scion’s brow furrowed, staring hard at Mawgath. “And your terms?”

“A series of cantina dares. Should he pass them, that should more than place him ahead of the other candidates, would it not?”

“Well, according to the ancient traditions of Clan Tarentum and House Mortis...sure, why not?” Scion shrugged casually, raising his hands skyward. “Let the games begin!” All of House Mortis cheered as they began connecting their comlinks to inform other members of Tarentum of the spectacle. Within thirty minutes the cantina was packed wall-to-wall.

Having given up his temperance for the evening, Dain began to pound back shot after shot, not wanting to stay sober to watch his master make a fool of himself. The next three hours (or was it two hours? Thirty minutes?) were blur for the night and the future.

What Dain could remember was his master juggling lightsabers, knocking back shots of terantatek blood, punching rancor in the gonads (Wait, the House has a rancor?)....and there was something involving three twi'lek and a Kowokian monkey-lizard.

The next morning, Dain was awoken by his datapad buzzing. The hammering of his head mirrored the pattern of the vibration as he felt around blindly for the offending object. The vibration stopped as he flicked the screen on. He groaned at what felt like the light of a thousand suns blinding his hungover eyes. The notification came from the Dark Brotherhood's encrypted Holonet feed. 'Kromtal Stormfyld named Rollmaster for Clan Tarentum.' *They what?!*