

Music pounded from the speakers, causing the air itself to vibrate with the beats. Stahoes considered the scene before him. Everyone seemed to be having fun. In the corner, he saw two of the Keibatsu, Kojiro and Muz, sitting at a wide table that was covered in a multitude of bottles. Several of the bottles glimmered with the pulsing of the many colored lights that flashed in a staccato to the rhythmic, shifting beats of the music. The majority of the bottles were spread out near Kojiro, with a single, unassuming bottle sitting in front of Muz. This brought the shadow of a smile to Bentre's mouth. He hoped that Koji remembered about the properties of a Bottle of Sadow. Muz Ashen looked up for a moment, as though he felt the Proconsul's eyes on him. The barest nod met the gaze before Muz turned back to regard his fellow Keibatsu.

There was one thing that itched at the back of Stahoes' mind as he walked through the small crowd of soldiers who were dancing on the edge of the dance floor. He had not seen Sang around yet. Where had the man gotten off to? Of everyone to take a chance to relax, after all they had dealt with over the last year, it was their Consul. The chaos surrounding the attack on the *Suffering* had been quite stressful for the Clan. Sanguinius had been leading as well as any man could be expected. At the very least, Bentre wanted to buy his boss a drink. It was the least he could do.

His steps brought the Sith nearer the center of the dance floor. Evelyn, Locke and several others were dancing around but it was the two in the center of the dance floor that caught his eye. His own Tasha'Vel and Scarlet Agna were there, facing each other down in an impromptu dance off. Bentre felt his heart flutter as he watched his wife move with the music. Scarlet appeared to be having fun, though he couldn't characterize her movements as quite as fluid as those of the Twi'lek. Though, Bentre mused, he was a little bit biased in that particular area.

Shaking his head, the former Obelisk made his way toward the bar area. The Boomshakalaka had the private rooms where they could have served this party. It hadn't felt like enough, so they had rented out the business for the night. It had taken some doing, but they had done so. The wait staff had been given the evening off, but the bartender had offered his services. As he reached the bar, Bentre rapped a knuckle on the bar and leaned forward.

"Could I please get a Corellian Ale!" Bentre tried to keep the volume of his voice down, but it was a little harder to do so in the midst of the party. The Chiss bartender nodded, pulling a large square bottle from one of the shelves behind him. As the man worked, Bentre looked over the rest of the Clan for several moments. The clunk of a glass on the bar brought his attention back away from the rest of the party. It was not the bartender however, as the Chiss was still pouring the ale into a tall glass mug. Rather, it was the familiar face of the Sadowan Entar, holding a now-empty mug and looking very somber.

"Hey." The clipped greeting was met with a wave of Sanguinius' arm. Bentre sat down by his boss, heaving a sigh. "Well, at least they all get their last hurrah before things go to hell. Drae'lath, Davide, Mactire and several of the others are going into their first major conflict. I mean, really major." This prompted a slow nod from the Augur.

The Gray Jedi cleared his throat, looking very stretched out and even more tired. "Force help us all."