

“And so he threw the senate at him...the whole senate.”

Kalon grinned as he Nath snorted loudly, in more of a manner to prevent her drink from leaking out her nose than a dissuasive attempt of a laugh. The three had settled into a small bar on a random corner street on Nar Shaddaa. They all knew that tomorrow they would be called once more by their Clan to fight and potentially die. As such, there were plenty of mixed emotions going around the table, though Kalon was attempting to lighten them up with entertaining jokes and stories.

“Is that what he really did?” asked Anduriel to his Master, a mixture of excitement and dread mixed in the glint of his jade eyes.

“Of course it is, my gullible apprentice.” slurred the drunken Sith, rising from his seat and leaning against the table, his voice raising louder as he continued speaking.

“...and then after this he did take the little green ball and commence in a match of catch with Darth Vader. All hail the esteemed Dark Lord!”

There was a moment of silence as the other bar patrons turned to the source of the noise. Most wore disapproving frowns whilst others glared at Kalon, quite obvious the violence was solely on their minds.

The Sith Warrior smirked, standing on the table now. In the process he kicked Nath’s glass of Corellian whisky at her, causing the Jedi Hunter to fall backwards off of her chair, giggling as she did.

“ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED!” roared the Mandalorian, stretching his arms wide open, as if trying to hug the largest hutt alive.

He could see his student facepalm in the corner of his eye; this had obviously happened quite a few times before.

“You don’t want to be joking about Sith around here, Mandawhorian.” spat one of the bar patrons. He was a rather large Rodian, dressed in some form of crude armour; a mercenary perhaps? These suspicions were most likely true, as the thug was indeed surrounded by several smaller men of various races, but similarly dressed.

“Oh I don’t?” asked Kalon rather normally, jumping down from the table and walking across the room towards where the mercenaries were standing.

He could sense Anduriel and the now recovered Nath following him in an even pace either side of him. It looks like the two wanted a fight just as much as he did, or perhaps they were making sure Kalon didn’t run rampant like he had the last four times.

*“So what if I almost burned down half of Mos Eisley...they bet me I couldn’t.”* thought the Sith Warrior, now standing right in front of the Rodian gang-leader.

“Here’s how it’s gonna go...” began the Mandalorian, watching for any signs of aggressive movement from the group in front of him.

“You can fight in which you will all die, or you can run in which case only most of you will die...hmm no...you’ll all still die anyway.”

The group burst out in laughter at his statement, obviously they did not realize that they were standing in front of three force users, one of whom a Sith. Kalon joined in with the laughter, much to Anduriel's confusion. Nath it seemed, had got distracted and was now attempting to spell her name with condiments on the bar, though she got stuck at what came after the A.

Kalon was still laughing even after the group of mercenaries had stopped. In fact, he was still laughing as he blocked the first punch from the Rodian gang-leader, catching the arm and pulling it to the right.

A sickening snap echoed around the bar, followed by a pained cry which Kalon ended with a strike to the Rodian’s neck. All around the establishment, bar patrons dropped their beverages and sprinted to the exits, not wanting to risk getting involved in a potentially fatal bar fight. Though some remained, most likely to beat up whoever was left.

The Sith followed up his attack to the next mercenary, a human female. She looked quite odd in her armour, it appearing to have been made for someone with a more manly frame. Kalon rolled his eyes and punched her in the face, smirking as she dropped to the floor like an unsupported beam. To his left he could see Anduriel drop-kick a Twi’lek thug into a table before quickly diving away from the swing of a sword.

The mercenary with the weapon managed to get a hold of the Protector. But before he could run his sword through Anduriel a knife was buried in his neck. Nath kicked the man over, nodding drunkenly at the downed Protector. Kalon ran over and handed his student the sword the dead man had dropped before diving back in the fray.

After four more minutes killing and wounding the various thugs and mercenaries around the bar, the fight had pretty much vanished. As Kalon watched the last handful of opponents turn tail and flee, Nath looked over at him as the Mandalorian stood silently.

“You said we’d kill them even if they ran away.”

The Sith Warrior turned to her, smirking.

“I changed my mind. I’m not drunk enough.” he replied; turning and heading back to his table, a

mug of blue liquid in his hand.

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