

Zakath could feel his irritation growing as he stood at his usual post at the tactical computer on the bridge of the *Nighthawk*, his glowing purple eyes narrowed at the Ryn who had the misfortune to have been appointed as Captain, and who currently was well on his way to polishing off the bottle of Corellian whiskey that he clutched in his ink-stained hands as if it were pure gold. The Ryn had become progressively drunker as the night wore on, even though he was technically still on duty.

“But screw it.” Kordath had said earlier as he was uncorking the bottle. “It’s my last night on this bloody ship before I become Rollmasta, and I’ll damn well drown my liver down for that beautiful piece of news!”

Zakath could feel a low growl forming within him as he continued to watch the Ryn stumble sloppily around the bridge, somehow avoiding spilling even a drop of the potent liquor as he began to slur through his goodbyes.

“And \*hic\*, Kally, you were the bestest damned helmsman I ever had!” Kordath said as he slapped the young Mandalorian on the back before taking another swig from the bottle.

“...I think I was the only helmsman you ever had.” Kalon replied dryly as he checked his console readout. “And we’re about to dock, permission was just granted.”

“Oh what sweet tidlin’s you utter, my beautiful helmsman!” Kordath replied, his tail twitching in excitement. “Can’t wait to kiss the ground on Selen.”

Zakath could feel a quiet sense of unease grow within him as the Ryn spun around suddenly and laid eyes on the Barabel, a crooked grin appearing on his face.

*He iz not... oh damn it, I think he iz... Zakath groaned internally as Kordath approached him. He is actually going to stay goodbye to me. Please let me not kill him. Please let-*

“And my freaky scary Barabel friend!” Kordath exclaimed as he finally stood in front of Zakath, his head craned up to look up at the fuming Barabel, his crooked grin in place. “Can’t say I’m going to miss you but... I think I might miss you. Just a little bit.”

“...you will mizz me.” Zakath repeated, staring down at Kordath, his eyes glowing brighter in irritation.

“Yep. At least while I’m drunk anyway. You’re not nearly as bad as when I’m sober.”

Zakath stared down at the Ryn for a long moment, unable to think of a proper response as Kordath took a long swallow of the liquor. Just as Zakath managed to formulate a somewhat proper reply to that within his mind, Kalon interrupted.

“And we’re docked. You’re free to leave, Kord.”

“Yes! Mother of God, yes!” Kordath almost howled in triumph as he lurched toward the turbolift.

“Time to get off this godsforsaken ship and to my new office! And the booze! The sweet booze!”

Zakath stared at the retreating Ryn rapidly lurching his way toward the turbolift for a few seconds before he abruptly strode forward to join Kordath.

“Eh? Whatcha doing, Zakkie?” Kordath blinked as the Barabel materialized next to him.

“Az Chief of Security, it is only appropriate that I escort you off the ship.” The Barabel replied with a slight growl to his tone.

“Oh, uh, that’s mighty nice of you, but not-”

“I inzigt.”

“Um. Okay.”

The ride down to the level containing the primary docking hatch was uncomfortably tense for the Ryn, much to Zakath’s pleasure, who made it a point to smile sinisterly at him, rows of razor sharp teeth on full display.

A few moments later, the two stood at the primary docking hatch, and Kordath instantly smacked the release button, causing the door to rapidly slide upward revealing the hangar bay of the station that promised Kordath’s freedom. The now former Captain turned toward the Barabel and extended a trembling hand.

“It’s been a pleasure, Zakkie.”

“Indeed.” Zakath replied solemnly, staring down at the extended hand for a long few seconds before he ignored it in favor of grabbing the blue and gray haired Ryn by the scruff of the neck and lifting him up off the floor, his feet kicking in the air.

“Oucha, what the hel-”

“I will not pretend it has been a pleasure having you here, Kordath,” Zakath hissed toward the suddenly quiet Ryn, whose eyes were now staring wildly at him. “But I can say that this will be a pleasure.”

Before Kordath could blink, he was instantly spun around and tossed up into the air. Before he could crash onto the floor however, he could feel Zakath drawing onto the Force, and before he had time to react, he felt the Barabel’s clawed foot booting him in the arse and sending him flying forward into the hangar bay.

“Enjoy your new pozt, Kordath.”

Zakath let loose a barking laugh at the sight of the sprawled Ryn before turning to re-enter the *Nighthawk*.

Kordath could only stare at the now smashed bottle of Corellian whiskey that laid next to him.

“Well shit. I wasn’t finished with that.” Kordath muttered before looking back at the *Nighthawk*, its docking door closing behind the Barabel. “Asshole!”