

“Hey Kalon!”

“Hmm?”

“Kordath’s leaving.”

Kalon spun around in the comfortable leather chair, turning away from his flight controls to face the speaker. His Co-Helmsman, Karth Orsai, was stood up, dressed in his uniform and staring down at the Mandalorian. They had bonded considerably since Kalon’s return from Clan Naga Sadow, mostly because the Iridonian had managed to keep the Agave-Class Picket in one piece during his temporary promotion. Now though, the Helmsman was just looking at him, completely stunned and for the first time, unsure what to do.

“Right.” Replied Kalon, jumping out of his seat with such unexpected speed that Karth almost jumped out of his skin. The Mandalorian grabbed him by the collar and threw him into his chair, mumbling something about him taking over while he began to sprint across the bridge deck, not even looking behind him to see if his crewmate had landed alright.

Truth be told Kalon didn’t mind Kordath. Sure he was a bit of an ass to him but then again, he was like that to most people and not to mention he had acted the same to every Captain the Nighthawk ever had, Teroch being the exception. This still didn’t mean that the Mandalorian wished the Ryn well, no. Kordath had done much to earn the ire of the seasoned warrior.

“He stole my Corellian Rum stache!” Mumbled Kalon as he slowed down into a fast pace upon reaching the command centre, where the ship had widened to accommodate the mass of crew and equipment located there. It was then that he spied the departing Ryn, shaking hands and bidding farewell to the other members of the crew.

“He lengthened my shift times!” Groaned the Mandalorian, reaching out for his collar and hooking onto it, not stopping to say a word.

“Kalo-huuugh...” Began the former-Captain, his words cut off by the force of Kalon’s movement. He tried to resist but found his strength nothing compared to the Mandalorian, whom was more than a foot higher than him. The rest of the crew just stood where they were, completely puzzled by the unexpected actions of their Helmsman.

“Who elected him to fly the ship?” Asked one, watching Kalon drag the feeble Ryn back along the deck towards the airlock door.

“Kalon, can’t we talk about this?” Reasoned Kordath, though it would all be for naught.

“No.” Came the expected reply as Kalon, let go of the former-Captain, kicking him ass first into the airlock chamber before sealing the door.

“Kalon, that’s a really bad idea.” Mumbled Karth, watching his crewmate from his chair.

In response the Mandalorian straightened up and turned his head towards the young Iridonian.

“Frankly, my dear Karth, I don’t give a damn.”

And with that, the Mandalorian pushed the button to open the outer airlock doors. The sound of the depressurisation of the door as it opened made Kalon smile. Surely victory was his, and now that annoying Ryn would never bother him again.

Before he could cackle evilly like he had planned, Karth cleared his throat as he opened the shutters to the cockpit.

“I tried to tell you..” He began, indicating to the outside of the ship, which looked remarkably like the Nighthawk’s assigned hangar on Selen. “I landed the ship whilst you were preoccupied.”

“...”

Slowly and painstakingly, Kalon opened the airlock door. He was greeted by Kordath, still very much alive, who was dusting himself off. His gaze then turned towards the three figures standing outside the ship.

As Atyiru, Braecen and Uji turned their puzzled faces towards the Mandalorian, Kalon just tilted his head and smiled.

“Ever so sorry, my lords and ladies. Just removing the trash.”