

Jarion landed another punch on the training dummy, followed swiftly by a harsh uppercut that knocked the piece of equipment to the floor. Wiping the sweat off his brow with his arm, he picked the dummy back up, placing it securely against the floor before slumping down on the bench besides him.

The Corporal had only been in Alpha Squad for the last few weeks, and despite being the Squad Leader he hadn't got to know his comrades much besides from through training drills and boring patrol duties. As a result from this, he usually disappeared into the training rooms when he had free time, a result of his loner attitude.

The Coruscanti was only wearing a loose black regulation shirt, along with cargo trousers and standard issue boots. The darkness of his attire greatly contrasted with his sharp white hair and piercing blue eyes. Satisfied with the amount of rest, Jarion rose once more to face the dummy, dropping into the comfortable stance which was identifiable as Jakelian. He had learned it firstly from his Mandalorian father, and had spent years honing his skill ever since.

With confidence born through experience, Jarion lashed out and struck the training apparatus once more, his deep sapphire eyes never leaving the target in front of him.

He continued like this for another hour before he had completely worn himself out. As he leant resting against the dummy, he heard the hiss of the main door and turned his gaze to see the newcomer.

"Spiffy." Said Jarion, nodding his head in greeting as his fellow Squad Leader and former squadmate entered the training area. He was wearing similar clothing to Jarion's however he wore a comfortable looking leather jacket on top.

"Renalds." He replied, with a smile on his face. "What a surprise seeing you here."

The Mandalorian could hear the friendly sarcasm in the other Corporal's voice, he knew very well that his former squad used to joke about his withdrawn attitude and consistency when using the training facilities.

"Got to stay in shape." Replied Jarion, a cheeky grin working its way onto his face as he turned towards the approaching soldier. "Especially if my squad is going to beat the Eopies' time in tomorrow's training exercise."

The older man chuckled, he was close enough to Jarion now to pat the taller soldier on the shoulder. "I like your enthusiasm. We'll make a socialite out of you yet."

"Maybe." Muttered the Coruscanti, his thoughts trailing to the squad briefing he had held that morning and the plan they had formulated for the exercise.

"Anyway.." Began Spiffy, shattering Jarion's concentration on his thoughts. "How about we partake in some light unarmed sparring? We haven't done it in a while after all."

It took several moments for the Mandalorian to consider the request before accepting. They both moved over to the mats, Jarion's body falling into the passive Jakelian stance as he watched Spiffy do the same. It was also his time spent in the naval academy and with his military leave to Mandalore that had helped him develop the fighting form from what his father had originally taught him.

She rolled his shoulders and as he moved in with a sudden cross cut towards Jarion, but the Coruscanti managed to roll with the blow, his body shifting to the side. As Spiffy moved to adjust his attack, Jarion managed to grab onto his arm and hold on to it for just enough time to use it as a leverage to bring his foot up towards the older soldier's face.

Spiffy was quick however, and managed to move back. He broke Jarion's grip on his arm and struck before he could recover, his elbow cracking against the side of his mouth and sending the young Mandalorian tumbling. He hit the ground and rolled quickly though, rising to his feet within moments and raising both arms in a cross guard just in case another attack came.

Moving forward, Jarion ducked a follow up blow and managed to weave inside of Spiffy's defenses and land a strike to his chest, pushing him back a few paces.

They both said nothing, for Jarion at least it was not his nature to talk much during combat, besides from a sentence or two. He grinned slightly, charging forward at the man. Jarion feigned an attack to the left, simultaneously aiming a strong fist for the right side of his rib cage.

Whilst Spiffy went along with his feigned attack, the fist caught him off guard. The Squad Leader of the Eopies crumpled, letting out a sharp gasp as he felt something crack. To his credit though, he managed to spin her body around and connect his elbow to the side of Jarion's head once again. The Mandalorian reeled back, the force of the blow from his strong bone enough to

concuss him. Blood dripped from his mouth and he let out a grin, approaching Spiffy as the older soldier also recovered.

"I think I'm done, for the moment we seemed to be equal." Said Jarion, wiping the blood from his mouth with his shirt.

"So it would seem." Replied Spiffy, taking Jarion's wrist and clasping it in both a form of respect and appreciation. "Though I am surprised, considering you're a Mandalorian."

The Squad Leader of Alpha chuckled lightly, pressing the palm of his hand against the side of his head, putting pressure on the bruise from where he had been concussed. He also went over to his discarded jacket and belt by the rest benches, re equipping himself as he looked up at Spiffy. "I wasn't up for fighting dirty today, maybe you'll get to see that tomorrow."

As Jarion gathered his things, he suddenly felt a little dizzy. The sparring had worn him out a bit, though he could still feel the dryness in the back of his throat that he knew a good spiced rum would fix. Turning towards his fellow Corporal, he imitated drinking from a glass as a silent invitation for Spiffy to join him.

His comrade grinned and nodded, gesturing for Jarion to lead on as they both made their way towards the nearest entertainment complex, leaving the training facility empty once more.