“Question: Master do the Clan summit not believe in your abilities as I do?” Fate, Battle Lords Silent only trusted comrade asked as the two of them and a small squad of Ravagers combed intertwining tunnels in which the B1 battle droids first came through.

“Fate, the summit does, but even the greatest can fall, so every member has been assigned a group, its simply more man power to get the job done. Remember Fate it takes more than one man to build a star ship.”

“Statement: You are right master, I will have my data banks looked at once you have achieved victory for your Clan.”

The Shi’ido continued down the same path he had started on, knowing it was the right way by the smell of rotting eggs getting stronger and stronger the deeper he went into the caverns, he was glad to have found a secondary cave not too far from the first one that spewed out droids like pregnant spider being stepped on. He was glad to have his personal bodyguard Fate, a HK model and the four Ravagers with him. They all walked with a silent deadly aura of death, even clad in heavy armor and weapons, they barely made sound as they walked through the eerie soundless tunnels.

They walked maybe an hour slowly to make sure they were unheard of but at full speed for all the distanced could have been closed in about ten minutes, it wasn’t much longer that a light appeared at the end, and shadows of something large flew across the exit. Ravagers and Fate had their weapons at the ready three looking forward with one looking behind them. Silent had both of his lightsabers in hand but not ignited.

“Statement: Master my database has given the image of the shadow flown by to be a 99% chance of being Geonosian.”

“Why would any of those bugs be hidden away here?”

“Statement: Master it is quite possible that during the First Galactic Empire, that the Geonosian’s new they would be betrayed and set up hives on other planets to ensure their species survival.”

“That would explain the smell then, should have taken a breather with me.”

“Statement: Thank the maker I do not have a sense of smell Master.”

“Shut up Fate.”

The group slowly made their way into the exit of the tunnel and into the entrance of what was now a hundred percent chance a Geonosian hive city, it expanded far beyond what the Shi’ido could see, the smell of rotting eggs now mixed in with a sulfur exhaust coming from off in the distance.

“That building back there must be a droid foundry, it looks like this place has been growing since the Clone wars, but where locked in like some type of bunker and we opened it up.”

“Statement: Master what are you orders? I am ready to fumigate!”

Silent pulled out his com’s as he and the team took to hiding back into the tunnel, the static filled the air and no signal came through.

“No signal, no way to tell the topside what we found down here, we move back to the topside and gather more troops, we do not engage unless fired upon, now everyone back to the top we have to prepare battle.”