

The *Nesolat's* hallways carried a thin haze of smoke and smell of burnt ozone, the tell tale sign of blaster fire. Occultan lacul moved slowly from bulkhead to bulkhead, keeping in cover as much as Humanly possible. The Mandalorian had already encountered a few small enemy patrols, though his m5 blaster rifle had made short work of them.

Pausing at an intersection the Human slowly peered down the new corridor. Sighing internally Occultan noticed a Falleen in an Collective officers uniform and two Collective troopers. Taking a knee and inhaling slowly the Mandalorian took careful aim. Exhaling he eased the trigger home three times in quick succession, shifting his aim slightly with each shot.

Konnus Dreen dropped to the deck as the first blaster bolt rang out, hitting one of his personal guards squarely in the crack between his armor and helmet. The second shot sailed through the spot Konnus' head had been a mere heartbeat prior. The third shot hit the last guard in the neck as he spun to engage. Konnus sprang to his feet his E-11 blaster rifle coming to bare.

Occultan ducked into cover, a blaster bolt pinging off his Mandalorian armor. *'Kark, he's a sharp one. Was hoping to avoid extended fire fights.'* The Human's thoughts surged alongside the adrenaline surge firefights always brought. Leaning out around his cover Occultan spotted the Falleen doing the same. Both men pulled the trigger at roughly the same time, both men's shot going wide by mere centimeters. The Collective officer ducked back into cover for a moment then sprinted toward the next cover nearer to the watching Mandalorian. Three bolts missed Konnus, the fourth grazed the man's shoulder.

"You're pretty fast for an officer." The Human called out, his helmet turning his voice mostly monotone. As the Falleen regained his composure the Mandalorian adjusted his aim, his trigger finger slipping forward to the grenade launchers trigger.

"I'll make ja a deal green man. Surrender now and I won't drop ja where ja stand."

"Why would I do that when I obviously have the upper hand here." Konnus retorted, one hand slipping down to the rapiers hilt. The young officer eyed the next bulkhead, only a few dozen meters and he would be within melee range of the Mandalorian. The man dashed out toward the next spot of cover, sliding in safely.

Occultan tilted his head slightly. *'Does he really think I would let him close distance with me. He looked fresh but just how inexperienced is he?'* Annoyance tugged at the Mandalorian as he watched the Falleen peek out once more, eyeing the next bulkhead.

"I gave ja a chance, guess some just need ta die for the cause." The Human pulled the trigger as the Falleen looked up at the words. A deep "thunk" sounded as the high explosive grenade shot forward. The short arc of the projectile placed the impact a half meter behind Konnus Dreen.

Occultan shook his head slowly as scorched pieces of the Falleen scattered across the corridor. Ambition and confidence wasn't everything one needed on the battlefield. Iacul knew this fact all too well, his left hand slowly moving up to his right shoulder where flesh met cybernetic.