

Occultan scanned over the data pad one last time the frustration building. Thankfully the hunt contract had been sent to him over the holonet and not given in person. No ID number, no picture, no last known location other than a moon. The Mandalorian took a deep breath to take the edge off the anger he felt at the lack of information.

“How the hell do that karking expect us to go in prepared for this.” He muttered in a barely audible whisper. If this was for just a single unaffiliated individual then there wouldn’t have been an issue. What irritated Iacul happened to be that there were enough details to identify the individual and denote them as the leader of a Pirate gang, or crew, or something.

“AT LEAST GIVE US THE NAME OF THE ORGANIZATION THEY LEAD!” His scream reverberated for a moment throughout his quarters. A slight nervous chuckle from the other side of the door and a muffled “agreed” set Occultan a bit at ease. At least he wasn’t the only hunter that was upset about the House’s lack of intelligence provided.

“When I get back from this I will have to have words with O’neill. I think we will have a chat about how providing proper intelligence makes the casualty list smaller. Also about how it keeps foolish *officers* from taking a blaster bolt to the back,” venom dripped from his voice as he said officers. The Mandalorian had lost too many friends to bad decisions made by idiots in command.

“Best be at it then, hopefully this gets wrapped up quickly before the inexperienced ones start coming back in bags.” As Occultan spoke his left hand subconsciously rubbed at the area on his right shoulder where flesh met cybernetics.

Iacul donned his matte black pure beskar armor, putting the helmet under his arm, and took one last look around the room. The human grabbed the bags he had prepared, his armor set, weapons, explosives, and gear then walked out of his quarters. The short walk to the hangar bay was quiet. Occultan liked it to be quiet when he departed for a hunt, it let him collect his thoughts and mentally prepare.

Onboard *The Rifle’s End* the Mandalorian carefully stowed his gear in their proper places on their proper gear racks before making his way to the bridge. Double checking the order he input the order to the droid brain to take the ship to Daemunn and enter a stable orbit. It would be a short trip, but once there the Mandalorian could start scanning the area to hopefully gain the intel his order where sorely missing.

The trip proved not long enough for all of the frustration to leave Occultan, most of it yes, but not all of it. Iacul sat relaxing as he watched the monitor, waiting for some form of usable intel to present itself. After a few hours he had something at least worth checking out.

“Daemunn Wayists, not much on them but perhaps a good place to start. Time to go moon side, get some clarification.”

