

Occultan slowly moved forward, his Westar M5 blaster rifle ready. The Daemunn Wayists' base had mostly been abandoned or cleared out. However there were still a few pirates left. The echoes in the durasteel hallways betrayed all who made noise. Iacul took a deep breath, steadying his nerves. Pushing forward into a room, the barrel of the M5 swept from corner to corner.

"Room F-75, level 3 clear," the Reaver called it in over comms.

"Noted, move on to the next." The comm operator's voice was robotic, but efficient.

The Human was always slightly surprised when the Clan of bounty hunters engaged in larger scale operations such as this one. It seemed unusual and unnatural for so many bounty hunters to be working together. The military style command and efficiency the Clan utilized during these operations was the surprising bit. Occultan had worked with a few other mercenary companies in the past, they would never have been able to pull a large scale operation off though. Too many unique personalities clashing in those companies for any sort of large scale cooperation to happen.

Occultan paused at the next doorway, the low mumbling rasp of whispers barely audible came from the room. The Mandalorian waited a moment, trying to place the position of the whispers in the room. Two individuals, left of the doorway, away from the wall. The Human pulled up an opaque blueprint of the compound onto his helmet's hud. Taking a moment longer the Reaver consulted the blueprint trying to place where the voices would be in the room. Back left corner, another deep breath to steady the nerves. *'Push in!'* He screamed internally at himself.

Occultan passed quickly through the doorway's fatal funnel, cutting right along the front wall. His M-5 pointed to the back left corner, his eyes scanning quickly, a flash of green skin. Iacul flicked the M5's barrel over, lining up the shot. A blaster fire burst forward, striking the Rhodian in the head. Another Pirate popped up next to their fallen ally, hands raised. Another burst of blaster fire, and the second Pirate fell. The Mandalorian swept quickly through the rest of the room, finding an active console next to the dead pirates.

"Room F-76, level 3, contact, cleared." Occultan reported in.

The Human looked over the console's screen. A ship designation, name and destination coordinates.

"Noted. Proceed," The Operator respond.

"Reporting Intel, active console, looks like the Pirates were attempting to remove the following information from their system. ST-70 Assault Ship *Empire's Rise* logged destination coordinates pointing to Bakura."

"Report accepted and logged, proceed to the next room."

The Human turned, M5 at the ready, and moved back into the hallway. His job right now was to clear this base, not act on suspicious intel. Others in the Clan were on standby to follow up on any leads the clearing operations turned up.

An hour later after the clearing operation was finished Occultan's comm link pinged.

"Go for Occultan."

"Iacul, this is Korvis. Head to Bakura to provide Kanal and his team back up."

"I'll head out then. Make sure to prepare additional compensation."