

Scion Tarentae
9335

Eyes narrowed to peer into the dim surroundings, Scion crept warily through the familiar expanses of the Dark Hall now rendered foreign to him by the vast energies of Darth Ashen's ritual. The ruined building sparked memories in the old soldier's mind; the edifices had once seemed permanent and somehow intertwined with the strength of the Brotherhood itself. Now it was clear that the link had merely been a figment of an old man's sentimentality. He took a drink from his flask, and cursed under his breath as the battered old thing let out a *clank* that reverberated throughout the building. They had probably heard it back on the *Sword's Sheath*. The old man scowled.

A shadow moved unnaturally in his peripheral vision. The old soldier resisted the instinct to swing his head around and look at it. He ducked around the next corner, and pressed his back up to the wall. He listened. The wind howled ferociously around some distant corner of the building, sending a gust of wind skittering through the room. A cloud of dust particles glittered in a momentary beam of sunlight, but some of them were *wrong*.

The DL-44 blaster was in Scion's hand faster than the blink of an eye, and a volley of rounds were crossing through the cloud of dust long before anyone should have been able to perceive and move to avoid them. A lithe black figure materialized in the dust cloud, springing high into the air over the projectiles. A brilliant red blade emerged at the apex of her ascent, the hum reverberating through the chamber like the engines of a shuttle spinning up. Scion's aim followed the jump, leading his target with the benefit of a lifetime of practice and punctuating the air with a flurry of precise blaster fire.