

Lyra-3K-a

Ordu Aspectu Temple Site

Sencara A'theri could hardly believe her luck, having set up in the depths of the old, allegedly Jedi, temple ruins. It had been expected, and she had anticipated, that the Force bending oppressors of the Brotherhood would send their more scholarly variety to such a site. It had been suggested that they would not be able to resist such a find, and it seemed the intelligence had been correct. Next to her small, makeshift nest, tucked against a darkened and recessed corner, was a set of scratched lines on the stone. Each one another of the Brotherhood's would-be investigators and self-styled archeologists or scholars having met their end at the muzzle of her A280.

What was bringing her a morbid elation was the current prey, meandering through the pillars and staring at the patterns in the floors or inspecting the walls. A markswoman of her caliber had obviously studied what she was given on the leadership of the Enemy, and there were only so many Ryn running around with that crowd to begin with. She shifted in her sniper nest, quietly moving aside parts of her field kit which had, up until this most recent intrusion, included her breakfast. Every move was silent, not even a scrape of metal on stone as she set aside her cooling rations and lifted her rifle into position. She peered through the scope, catching her prey circling one of the pillars, disappearing around it just as she was drawing a bead.

Sencara did not curse or berate herself for slowness, she simply waited. She had patience, she was a professional, she knew what she was about. Her finger lay alongside the trigger assembly, well away from the firing stud to avoid any mishap, and controlled her breathing. In and out. In and out, quiet and prepared. The Ryn would come into her view again. To her right her datapad flashed a message from her DRK-1 probe droid, the screen black with ultraviolet lettering to help hide her position.

Target range, seventy meters.

She knitted her dark brows in concentration, gauging the distance between her and the pillar the Ryn was inspecting. It was no more than fifty, by the pacing she'd done when setting up her kill zones. Was the droid malfunctioning? Or was it giving position relative to itself rather than her. She could have sworn she had calibrated it to be based on her nest. Unless there was another one with the Ryn? She tightened her grip on the pistol grip of her A280 and squinted into the shadows, her people's natural inclination to darkness letting her see further than her current target. But what if he wasn't alone? What if — movement from the pillar drew her eye back, the white-haired, gray furred Ryn stepping back into view.

'To hell with it, if he's got a friend the shot will just draw them into view or make them run. This is a High-Value Target, if it means burning this ambush site then so be it, he's worth it,' she thought to herself, her cheek pressed against her rifle stock and eye focused on the man moving through her scope. She took a deep breath, released it, and laid her finger on the

trigger, gently squeezing it. Just as she depressed the last millimeter, causing the weapon to spit a bolt of green death towards the man, she saw his tail twitch, his head cock to the side. The Ryn dived to the floor, her blast impacting and scorching the pillar he'd been studiously studying. This time Sencara did allow herself a mental curse, tracking the scrambling target as he tried to move to cover. Her position was compromised, she knew that, but if she could kill this one it would be worth it, hell she could demand a pay raise and better targets. This was a chance to prove herself, she decided as she fired again and again, twice in quick succession.

A yelp of pain told her she'd hit her mark, or close to, as the Brotherhood agent kept moving towards another pillar. He looked slower, and one of his legs had a patch that looked to be smoking. Idly, in the back of her mind, she wondered if Ryn caught fire when shot with blasters, as her scope zeroed in on his pained face, a small quirk of a smile on her lips. It dropped, as beyond her target, about twenty meters part of her realized, the slightest of movements could be seen. A flash of energy filled her vision, before darkness.

"That was bloody close," grunted Kordath Bleu, back against the pillar. A short Falleen was wrapping a bandage around his injured leg, shaking his head.

"Told you playing sniper bait was a stupid idea, boss, but you insisted."

"Well, I do nae like anyone pickin' on tha nerds, Sprout. Uh, good shot, by the way."

Sprout pulled the bandage tight, trying to hide his grin as Bleu grunted in pain.

"It's what I do."