

## Hunting Sencari

Mauro entered the old temple, prepared for a skirmish. The Inquisitorius communications channel was still active despite the best efforts of the Collective to disrupt their intelligence and comms relay within the Lyra-3 System. Mauro had just enough intel on his intended target to propose a game plan and strategy for attack.

It was a dangerous and elusive prey to be sure. The female Umbaran was an expert sniper, and one whose pale skin and dark eyes cut an imposing figure belying her beauty. Wynter knew he was up for a challenge, one that may claim his life indeed.

The temple was the perfect spot for the sniper, and Wynter hoped the holy site was not fully prepared for an ambush. Hopefully, Wynter thought, a fight in such a location was never intended by the sniper. From all accounts it was her base of operations and a fall back safe house. Who would have expected a fight at such a location?

Wynter came dressed as a pilgrim, in a dark brown shroud, leather boots, gloves, and a belt hiding his blasters. He would need to sneak up on the sniper and could not engage at a distance which would put him at a severe disadvantage. The site was thronged with other pilgrims and penitents. The problem was most of the others were equally dressed and it was hard for him to make out his target.

From the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of the pale skin and dark eyes indicating a female Umbaran. He could not get an easy shot, the collateral damage would be high. Collateral damage was not strictly forbidden, but the sight of a Dark Brotherhood member, a member of the Inquisitorius no less would not go without penalty.

He followed her around the pulpit as the throng cleared out somewhat. Limiting the witnesses was an important key to the mission, the less witnesses the better on such a case. He moved closer and took up a cautious tail on his prey. He followed her around the back of the temple and into a courtyard. He was uncertain if she had made him yet and hoped not. He slowly palmed his blasters and let them slide down into his grip.

The time was running low, the longer he was present the more attention he would raise and the tighter the ring of security would run. The crowd thinned out even more as they walked down a crumbling alley connecting the main temple to the outer buildings. Now was indeed the time to act.

Wynter surveyed his surroundings and saw an archway he could easily slip behind and then make his exit once the deed was done. He brushed his shroud off his shoulder and slipped the muzzle of his blaster forward and took aim. The silencer was bulky but would help keep the witnesses ever lower. He squeezed the trigger a few meters from behind his target. It was not his tendency to kill an enemy that did not see his face, but this was indeed a dirty war.