Lyra-3K-a

Ordu Aspectu Temple

Sencari A’theri laid quietly in the same spot she had occupied for the last 5 days. Her observations of the Vizsla encampment had gathered valuable information for her to provide back to the Collective forces. The stealth netting the had around her alcove provided needed evasion from enemy scanners and she felt assured that none would be able to locate her, so time was a luxury she was willing to exploit to accomplish her goal.

Throughout her time she had watched several key leaders of the enemy come and go from the main command post and had begun to put together a timeline most of them operated under. There had been a few opportunities for her to down a single high value target, but Sencari wasn’t interested in just one. She wanted multiple high value targets to go down when she made her move. After all, she had a reputation to uphold and extraordinary prices to continue to justify. A strike that took out multiple targets from the Dark Brotherhood from behind enemy lines would be just the sort of thing to give reason to further bump up those prices.

As she peered through the scope on her Blastec A-280 rifle she noticed the leader of the Mercenary Clan approaching the command post. Declan Roark was a tall human and well built, despite approaching middle age he moved with the agility of a man a decade younger. This was the one target that Sencari had never been able to build a timetable on, he seemed to arrive at odd times each day. Even then there had been a two day period where he didn’t show up at all. The one habit she had noticed was that each time he left the Command Post he would pause for a few seconds to survey the area around the base of operations. On occasion she had spotted him checking on the security guards in place around the perimeter, they all seemed to respect him. It would be a great blow to down the Mandalorian leader.

Hours passed with Declan still in the Command Post. Finally, the door opened and Sencari saw Montressor step out. The younger Clan leader began moving to the far side of the base, away from Sencari’s position. She sighted in on his back as she watched the small band of soldiers accompanying him head towards the motorpool area. If only Declan would exit the tent while she also had a clear line of sight to Montresor, she could pack up and collect the credits for a job well done.

The next moment brought a welcome surprise to the weary Umbaran, the door to the Command Post opened and Declan’s second in command stepped out into the dim sunlight. She had never seen Val Cole in anything other than his full Mandalorian armor, but instantly recognized the figure. A Proconsul and Rollmaster would be a nice price. Although not quite the credits that she could have if Declan was in the picture as well. Sighting in on the neck of the Mandalorian she pulled the trigger of her sniper rifle. In the moment the bolt struck Cole A’theri was already scoping in on the Montresor. As she adjusted the zoom on her scope one of Montresor’s entourage caught her eye. The dark haired man’s cloak had fallen off his shoulder and revealed a grey Mandalorian pauldron, and he was staring directly at her as he activated a beacon in his hand.

Turbolasers ripped through the atmosphere as they blasted the rubble around Sencari. She rolled to her feet and began running in the only direction she felt could possible be safe, towards the base of Clan Vizsla. Another volley of turbolasers annihilated part of an ancient temple next to her, stones scattered the ground around her. And then her vision went black.

***1 hour later***

Sencari woke up dazed with a giant boulder on her right leg and a splitting headache. She reached up to her head and felt a warm wetness. Looking at her hand it was now covered in blood. Her gear was nowhere to be found, abandoned in the manic attempt to flee an orbital bombardment. She began to try to move the rock off her leg when she heard a voice from the opposite side of the wall she was pinned near.

“Sir, she’s awake… yes… yes… understood.”

Sencari slumped to the ground realizing she was about to be taken prisoner, or worse. The dark haired Vizsla trooper stepped around the wall, his blaster rifle was slung and sidearm was still holstered, this was a good sign.

She looked into the soldier’s visor and sighed, “Ok… you got me. I surrender, go ahead and take me in. Just tell me, what gave away me position?”

The soldier made no immediate movement or response to her query. Shrugging off his cloak she recognized Val Cole’s armor. The Mercenary unholstered his disrupter pistol and fired a single shot into the sniper’s chest. He retrieved his helmet from around the wall and placed it back onto his head. Declan’s voice immediately came over the communications network once it recognized the link to his Proconsul was active again.

“It’s done?” the consul queried.

“It is. You can inform the Inquisition that Clan Vizsla will be collecting the bounty on Sencari A’their. Transmitting image for proof of elimination now.”