

Smoke drifted into the night sky as embers flared with a new life. Green painted lips pulled another inhale from the cig before releasing it in a quickly collapsing circle, swallowed by the star lights above.

Just like this mission...

Diyrian frowned, tapping the tip of her cig against the white sandstone of the balcony she had nestled herself upon for the night, one leg dangling over the edge. An edge that hung over a near fifty meter drop. Good thing she had the balance of a loth cat. What better place to muse over whatever the hell the team planned to accomplish here?

Since arriving on the continent, Sera and Qyreia had been busy conversing with the Kasha, or more accurately his paper wall shadow puppet and the Varna guys. From what Sera had shared, it seemed like the insurgents' discussions were all being considered hypothetical. However, they were making progress in the aid department and what needed doing. While they talked, the Kiffar and the rest of the crew had been tackling some of those tasks. Her back was killing her from lifting crates today. A mental note to bring 4R-7H3R along on the next mission. A sigh escaped her lips as she pressed her back into the cool stone behind her, taking in the quiet for once.

Don't tell Sera, she'll call it meditating, Diy mused, a light grin dancing to her lips as she thought of the lady fondly.

Ba-thump.

The Kiffar-Zelosian stirred, tilting her head towards the balcony's door. She swore she heard something, and in her experience nine times out of ten it's not nothing. Someone bumping into a cabinet or table? Another person taking a stroll in areas they weren't permitted, much like herself? A guard? *Kark.*

Footsteps. Coming closer.

Diy flicked her cig away, the red glow dissipating quickly in its long descent, hopped off the railing and hugged the wall. Her hand moved to the small of her back where Whyell with her silencer was tucked away. The rhythmic beat of her heart kept time as whomever it was approached the doorway and paused. Time seemed to elongate as she held her breath. The sound of the wooden door creaking shut triggered an immediate release of tension — hand pulling away from her weapon and taking a deep breath.

That said. Something was off. The smuggler may not have the Force to warn her but intuition and gut feelings usually are never wrong. Waiting a half minute, Diy carefully opened the door again, slowly to avoid any noise. Peeking into the hall, she caught a glimpse of a figure briskly turning down the far corner. Their attire suggested Temple staff, however, their gait suggested

otherwise. She didn't want to risk losing them in order to notify anyone else, and she left her comm back in her room. Biting her lip both in hesitation yet eagerness, Diy followed.

The man, she gathered, led her through a series of halls and stairs. He stopped every now and again to pull out a piece of parchment, looking about as he tried to consult it. Each time she managed to duck out of sight just in time. As she peeked around her cover the last time, her ocean blue eyes glanced about quickly for her target.

Nowhere in sight.

The Kiffar sighed, standing up straight and considering her options as she wandered to the spot she spotted him last. *Alert the guards or tell the boss ladies? Probably tell the Bosses, yeah—*

Was that door open before?

To her right, hidden early from her duck and cover spot, was an ajar large storage door set into a wall alcove. She couldn't hear any movements inside, and pressed quietly towards it. One peek and her jaw dropped. Diy's hand moved on its own, pushing the door farther open and revealing to her the entirety of the scene before her.

Stashed within this storage room were several crates and containers. Wires and fuses connected each one in a chain. And as she breathed in, the scent of chemicals assaulted her nose.

Someone was planning something explosive for the Temple, and not the fun kind.

A piece of paper resting on a crate caught her eye and she carefully moved closer to examine it. Etched on the parchment was a layout of the Temple, and this room right here? Directly below the Kasha's holy chair.

"Halt! Step away and raise your hands!" a voice commanded behind her. Diyrian turned to spot three Temple guards with spears leveled at her.

"Well, holy kark," she uttered as she slowly raised her hands.