

Rein walked the streets of Dandoran. They had a job to do, and they would do it well. The pedestrians of the city paid little attention to the assassin as they passed by them. The Clawdite scoped the area looking for the best vantage point they could find. Their target would be led down this street by other members of their faction, and they'd be running headfirst into a trap.

As they continued their stroll, they saw the perfect vantage point; a high rise roof bathed in shadows with a clear view of the street. Seeing a back alley near the building, Rein disappeared from sight, moving with clear purpose. There was a ladder towards the back leading to a fire escape, which they took. They climbed to the top and took their post, drawing out their rifle.

The target? A Rodian member of the Tenexir Revenants named Dwipp Bruskars. For one such as Rein, a job is usually a job. But since meeting Eleceos Arrave, their frame of mind has slowly been shifted. Their ability to detach themselves from their kills had lessened. But this one, this job they took on easily. Dwipp was a member of the pro-slavery faction of the Revenants. That alone was enough for Rein to cross them off the veil of life. But the call to arms Rein received held a more substantive reasoning.

Rein had truly grown to care for and be protective of Eleceos. Stemming from their initial meeting, Rein having been hired by an anonymous source to kill the young Miraluka, the Clawdite could feel something different about this target. They abandoned their hiring and chose instead to protect their new ally. But the mystery of who wanted Eleceos dead was a new driving force for Rein's work. And his new benefactor claimed to have information on that very subject.

Eleceos was against this job, the Miraluka claiming that the Force would guide them down the correct path. But Rein wouldn't listen. Not only did they actively distrust the Force, but the Clawdite let no one guide their path but themselves. They wouldn't allow any harm to befall Ele. The young Jedi was still too naive to the ways of the universe. Too trusting of those who didn't deserve his sympathy and favor.

So they patiently waited. Waited for the Rodian. Waited for the plan to begin. That was something Rein had always been good at. Silently waiting.

Then the fun began. An explosion rocked the Dandoran city as a Revenant base was attacked. Hordes of civilians fled the rubble in all directions. Rein kept their eyes peeled. They knew their target, and they knew the route he would take. So they watched, their finger gently caressing the trigger of the rifle. They waited, their breath slow and even to negate movement of the sights. Until the moment arrived, and the Rodian showed themselves. He ran into the streets with a look of panic on his face. And panic, he should.

With one sound motion, one flick of their finger, Rein pulled the trigger. Red plasma burst forth from the rifle's barrel and careened down towards its target. Plasma met flesh in a second, burning a hole into the Rodian's forehead, ending his life in an instant. Rein could only smile as their job had been fulfilled. Their mission was a success. Dwipp Bruskars was no more. And

Rein was one step closer to learning his real enemy's identity. They only hoped Ele would understand and forgive this course of action.