

Inyri sat perched on the outer wall of Ragnos Cathedral, looking over the Grand Promenade before her. The gangs were clearly better prepared than originally thought, she could make out armed patrols and turreted weapons all along the grounds, though thankfully nothing too terribly heavy in the way of weapons. But somehow, they had E-WEB heavy repeating blasters and PLX-2M portable concussion missile launchers fitted to automated turrets, and that was going to make things tricky.

“Shrike to Control. In position. This entry point is a kill zone, we’ve got at least a dozen armed hostiles, plus turreted repeating blasters and ‘Plexes’ here too. Cover’s dicey at best.” Inyri explained as she continued to look around. Someone was helping these people too, this was an ideal entry point for any effort to retake the Cathedral, and it was set up perfectly to ensure any attacking force would get cut down the second they were detected. The defenders had good cover and support fire, and Inyri would have bet good money that the kill zone was even mined.

“Define ‘dicey at best’, Shrike.” Control replied. Another voice without a face to put to, it seemed that she was bounced around whoever was running her mission’s base. She didn’t like it, it felt so impersonal and more over, that she was just another cog in the machine. Frankly, Inyri didn’t even feel like she belonged to a team of any kind, she was just a tool, and that was starting to chafe.

“Minimal cover, whatever they couldn’t remove they have at least two or three points to render it useless, and that’s before someone lobs a missile at it. Too easy to defend, too costly to attack. We need to even the playing field.” Inyri replied.

“Shrike, the attack must proceed as planned. Find a way to limit casualties. Control out.”

Inyri let out a frustrated sigh in response, looking over the Promenade once more. There was only one thing for it; she was going to have to be that way. The only way to get their attention was to make a bigger mess away from the entry point, even if it was suicide.

“Well...worse ways to go out, I suppose.” Inyri said to herself and made her way along the wall to a set of scaffolding to climb down to the ground from. Once on the ground, she took a deep breath and focused, letting herself fade from sight and began making her way towards the Inner Wall, where one of the defense points had been set up. Slipping past guards on her way there was no easy feat, Inyri had no idea if there were any Force Sensitives among them or if any droids were present to peer past her veil, but she made it to the tower’s door.

Slowly, Inyri made her way up the stairs, finding that only a single guard was posted, with several weapons crates around him and a PLX-2M turret set up. Inyri let her concentration go and faded back into view before springing into action. She slammed her right foot into the back of his knee, dropping him down to the ground and then drew her combat knife, deftly swiping the blade across his throat before rolling him down the stairs behind her.

She then checked the crates and their contents, and found one contained a pair of E-17 sniper rifles, and the other contained a pair of RT-97C repeating blasters. Inyri then looked over the turret, and found that despite appearances, the whole thing was brutally simple to use, and even had a manual override. Clearly, whoever was arming these people didn't have much faith in their technical abilities. She engaged the override and then pulled one of the E-17s out of the crate, checking it over before setting it up.

"Control, Shrike. You'll know when I'm ready for the assault. Out." Inyri said, sighting in one of the missile turrets through the scope of her pilfered rifle.

"...this is going to get messy."

Inyri's finger slipped into the trigger guard and pulled the trigger. The recoil kicked the stock into her shoulder, and the blast slammed into the control system for the missile turret, knocking it out. And every head turned her way. She shifted her aim to the next turret, and fired again.

"SOMEONE'S UP THERE! KILL THEM!" A voice below shouted, and Inyri swung back behind cover as a torrent of red blaster bolts started chewing into her cover.

Inyri crawled over to the other crate and pulled one of the RT-97s out, readying it. She leaned out from the other side of the rise in the battlement and lined the sights up on a group of enemies, before letting loose with several groups of bursts from the repeating blaster. Several enemies dropped, but there were still more and even more coming. Inyri swung back behind cover as the enemy returned fire. And then to add to it, one of the E-WEBs opened fire, blasting stone and duracrete all around her.

"The next time you get an idea, put it in a kriffing memo!" She shouted at herself before leaning back out. She tried to put fire on the turret, but her enemies only gave her time to fire one burst before she was forced behind cover.

"GET UP THERE AND KILL THEM! COME ON!"

"Oh. Great." Inyri muttered to herself. She crawled to the missile turret's base and slinked up to get a view of the sights. She shifted the turret to line up on where one of the E-WEBs were set up, and then to the next one. Taking a risk, she shifted the sights back to the first one, and pressed down on the firing stud, and didn't let go, walking a barrage of missiles from the first turret to the second one. Six missiles slammed into the Promenade, and six explosions echoed in the courtyard.

She then turned to the stairwell, dropping the RT-97 and was about to draw her pistol when she stopped.

“Shock and awe.” She muttered to herself, and drew her lightsaber instead. It was her newest addition, the hilt was simple but darkly colored, matching her mission profile. She thumbed the activation stud, snapping the icy blue blade to life, and took the normal grip version of the Shien stance as she started down the stairs, her blade at the ready.

A group enemies were advancing up the stairs, but stopped when faced with the black clad enemy wielding a lightsaber. Inyri advanced on them, and the tower echoed with blaster fire and the crashing of her lightsaber blade. She began batting bolts aside before finally getting into the mix and started slashing her way through her adversaries. Screams soon joined the chorus of battle, but just as fast, left as her enemies were now all dead.

“Control, Shrike. Interrogative: WHERE THE HELL IS THE STRIKE TEAM?” Inyri demanded, noting that the attack had still yet to begin.

“Shrike, Control. Lose the attitude, the attack will begin when we feel that it is sufficiently clear.” Control replied.

“Say again, Control. You’re coming in broken and stupid. I can’t take everyone on my own. Now’s as good a time as any.” Inyri snarled.

“...you’re on your own, Shrike. We’re breaching a different point. Control out.” The channel closed completely.

“Oh you have got to be kidding me.” Inyri rolled her eyes. She started towards the door when it cracked open and three spherical objects were tossed in before it closed again.

“KRIFFI!” Inyri shouted and started to race up the stairs once more, but the devices went off, and her senses were completely overloaded from a blinding light and a high pitched scream that made her head feel like it was going to split open. She collapsed to the ground, screaming in pain, her lightsaber falling from her grip and landing on the floor.

Her senses only came back in time for her to realize she was surrounded by a group of enemies and they began to pummel her, first a rifle stock caught her across the head, disorienting her enough to keep her from reacting, and then fists and rifle stocks started battering her body. Darkness began to close around her vision, before suddenly, it stopped with a volley of blaster shots cutting down her attackers.

Inyri tried to move, but her body wasn’t responding, only letting her look around. Her vision was blurry, but a group of figures approached, and as they got closer, she saw they were Warhost troops. One knelt next to her.

“Are you Shrike?” The soldier asked. Inyri weakly nodded.

“GET A MEDIC OVER HERE!” The soldier shouted to his comrades, before looking to her, “Sorry for the delay, ma’am. Lord Keibatsu had to override the idiots at the CP, they wanted to change the entry point. We’re making good progress now, and we should be linking up with the other squads soon.”

“...good.” Inyri said in response.

“We’re going to get you out of here now, you did your part, it’s time for us to do ours.” The soldier said as a medic knelt down next to her, jamming her arm with a syringe of some kind. Inyri started to slip away now, but she could feel herself being hauled over two soldiers’ shoulders and drug away before she finally had to succumb.