

Inyri wandered down the streets of the Entertainment District along Kar Alabrek's Northern Coast. She was clad in civilian attire, heading down the street, more observing than anything. She needed to understand what the chaos was that had undertaken the city, what was going on, and how to anticipate how the people would react to the changes. Though her methods of intelligence gathering was different than this, she still wanted to expand her knowledge and expertise.

She approached a caf shop and ordered a drink and pastry, sitting down at one of the tables. After a few moments, a black haired Human male sat down across from her, roughly her age, with close cropped hair and his eyes hidden behind sunglasses.

"Excuse me, but..." Inyri started but was interrupted by a voice behind her.

"Don't turn around. Talk like you're speaking to Mako." The voice was a woman's, and then Inyri placed it; it was the mysterious Arani, the information broker-slash-mercenary CEO that had stopped her from kicking off a crime war in the Tapani Sector. All Inyri knew about the woman was that she was also a Grey Jedi of some power, she was very smart, and she knew more than she let on to at any time.

"Okay." Inyri complied and faced the man across from her, who nodded once subtly.

"Your...House...is trying to retake this city. And doing so with the usual reserved nature that your people are known for, which is why I'm here. One of my clients tried to hire me to kick you lot and the corporation that you people prop up off this rock, and I decided that I needed to do some field work." Arani explained.

"And what's your conclusion?" Inyri asked.

"Not worth my time. But you might want to tell your friends that any moron with half a brain can draw the connection to you people propping up Dlarit. Every time you disappear, they lose control, and every time you appear, they're suddenly on top again. Do you people even employ analysts?" Arani asked, sarcasm lacing her words.

"Above my pay grade. So why are you here if not that?" Inyri asked.

"I'm going to help you. First of all, your actions are going to cause some people of interest to me go to ground, making them more exposed. Secondly, I'm doing this because you refrained from killing Keegan. As a result, I actually was able to keep things in check and my company's stock rose about twelve percent." Arani explained, and Mako slid an envelope across the table.

"Inside, you will find information that will lead you to a very advanced intelligence analysis computer, cutting edge stuff, as well as a number of equipment that will aid in intelligence gathering in the future. The computer itself is worth quite a hefty sum of credits, because the only units like it were in the New Republic Intelligence HQ building before the Hosnian System was wiped off the maps. I'm giving you first dibs on it, but you need to act on it tonight." Arani continued.

"Why not take it yourself?" Inyri asked, "It's obvious that you want the thing too."

"Astute observation. However, if I go after it, I'm going to upset your Brotherhood's leadership. You, on the other hand, have already done that. So if you go in after it, well, you're already in their crosshairs, you can't get any more in them." Arani explained, "You really are a Ginovef, stubborn but steadfast."

"...how?" Inyri blinked. Arani just chuckled.

"I wasn't always a respectable businesswoman. But that's irrelevant. What is, however, is that you have tonight before the whole package deal gets transferred. You can't haul the equipment out on your back, so I suggest that you make arrangements to have the equipment removed. The details are enclosed as well." Arani said, "And, as a word of warning, you've begun to gain enemies faster than you've gained allies. And they're going to move against you sooner rather than later. I'd be very careful who you trust going forward."

"I have allies?" Inyri asked.

"A few. Not everyone in this Sector are self-serving power hungry megalomaniacs. Just enough that I made a policy of not doing business out here. Our time is up, you know what to do." Arani paused, "May The Force Be With You."

Mako stood up and left, and Inyri remained seated, since she knew better than to get up and follow either of them out of the caf shop. After a moment, she opened the envelope and pulled out her datapad. A datachip fell out and she plugged it in, going over the information enclosed.

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Inyri was back at the center of Kar Alabrek, at a warehouse district connected to the hover-rail line. She was crouched on the roof of one of the warehouses overlooking the yard, lit up by several light posts and the occasional crash of lightning, as night had fallen and brought along with it a storm.

The good news was that the equipment was all neatly loaded into a shipping container, and that container was already loaded on the hover train in the yard. The problem was that she only had a squad of Warhost troops, and her plan had been to use a modified LAAT/c to steal the container off of the train, which in turn meant that she needed to figure out a way to get the train away from the yard so that the extraction could be completed.

Mercenaries and gangsters patrolled the yard, meaning that a direct confrontation was out of the question, and she needed to avoid a firefight around the container to minimize damaging a very rare computer. But on the other hand, it wasn't going to be hard to miss the container being hauled off by a converted gunship vehicle transport either, so their attention needed to be elsewhere.

But then it hit her. Arani had mentioned that the Brotherhood's leadership would be upset with her if her organization acted here, which Inyri rolled her eyes at herself and grinned. Now she had a way in.

Hooking up her rope to the building's railing, she rappelled down the side, and openly approached the first group of guards she saw, keeping her hands away from her weapons and moving as casually as possible. Her expression was one of annoyance, but in her mind, she was tensed up and apprehensive.

"Who are you?" One of the guards asked.

"I've sat on that roof for the better part of an hour, and not a one of you idiots noticed me. Were I your enemy, I'd have killed you all and burned this place to the ground. Why we're entrusting anything to you is beyond me." Inyri said, speaking with an air of haughty aristocracy.

"What?" Both guards looked confused.

"Sadowan forces could be lining up on you all right now, and you wouldn't have noticed. Now take me to your boss or I'll start exposing even more...fatal flaws in your security." Inyri replied with a sneer. One of them stepped up to her while the other stayed back, shifting his blaster rifle to a more ready stance.

"Lady, you better walk away right now before..." Inyri didn't let him finish, as the POP-HISS of her lightsaber activating cut him off.

"You're tempting the wrath of someone far more powerful than you, and when you tempt his wrath, I execute it. Are you sure you wish to continue?" Inyri asked, cocking her head to the side inquisitively.

"Uh, hey, no, sorry, you just, you didn't look like the other guy. Yeah, right this way. Ma'am." The guard almost physically stumbled where he stumbled verbally, and fear resonated off of them like heat off a fire. Both of them bowed once and led her towards the warehouse. Inyri disengaged the pale blue blade of her lightsaber as she walked. Intimidating the two guards was one matter, bluffing whoever was in charge would be an entirely different matter.

She was led up into the upstairs office of the warehouse, where a bulky Human male stood behind a desk, a look of confusion masked by outrage on his face.

"What the hell are you two di'kut doing? Who the kriff is this?" The man demanded.

"Boss, she's from...well...you know...THEM." The lead guard stammered.

"Which them?" The man replied.

"Are you dealing with too many people that you forgot our arrangement? Or are you just that stupid?" Inyri asked.

"You listen here, girl, you're on my turf, and I..." Inyri rolled her eyes.

"You are on OUR turf, we just let you play on it. And if we so choose, we terminate that privilege and find someone else. Or perhaps we can end our arrangement. I'm sure the

Sadowans are quite merciful will be very understanding when they slaughter you all. It would inconvenience us, but we'll recover..." Inyri said with a shrug.

"...why are you here? I thought you said once we did the job, we'd get what you promised and that'd be it." The boss asked, waving away the guards and sitting back down behind his desk.

"The deal hasn't changed, but I'm here to oversee the final phases. After all, it'd be a shame to have come this far, only to have it all fall to pieces now. I hate anticlimactic endings, don't you?" Inyri asked.

"Yeah. You want to check it over, make sure it's all good?" The boss asked.

"I'd appreciate it. But as a favor, you really should step up patrols. Your men missed me until I walked right up to them, and your enemies aren't going to be nearly as gracious." Inyri said with a grin.

"Lazy morons. Yeah, I'll do that. Next hideout, we're not going to be as easy to get into, it's just a lot of terrain for us to cover this time." The boss explained.

"Oh come now. I'm sure you can do better than that. But once my people arrive, you can pack up and move sooner rather than later. So. Let's go take a look at our prize." Inyri said, gesturing to the door. The boss stood up and the two of them, with four mercenaries in tow, headed across the loading yard to the container on the hovertrain. The boss typed in a code on the door and opened it up.

Inyri peered inside, and it looked like Arani was right. There were several crates, most of them big enough to hold a computer, plus equipment crates, as well as a table, the top of it a black glassy sheen. Inyri stepped inside, and looked under the lid of two of the crates, picking them at random. One contained surveillance gear, small enough to be deployed by one person in the field, while another had a rather large computer hard drive in it.

As she looked inside the computer crate, she slipped a homing beacon onto the inside lid, and activated it, informing the Warhost squad it was time to come. She then activated her commlink as she returned to the boss.

"Well, this is indeed quite the prize. I must say, your services have turned a significant investment. In fact, my superiors must have undervalued you initially. We'll have to look at throwing in a bonus." Inyri said, still keeping her tone arrogant, but adding in a measure of sounding in pleased.

"I won't say no." The boss replied.

"...Shrike, didn't copy your last. What's going on?" The voice on the other end of the commlink headset sounded quite confused.

"There, however, has been a change in plans. We're going to do the exchange now." Inyri said.

“So where’s...” The boss didn’t get to finish, as he and his cohorts were now suddenly blinded, while Inyri stood with her right hand out to them, and then her lightsaber snapped to life. She quickly stepped in, running the blade through the boss, before turning to his guards. Her ice blue blade sliced across the torsos of two more before the last two regained their senses and realized they were down men.

“The deal is off. We don’t do business with degenerates like you, we take what we want. You were just pawns.” Inyri laughed haughtily at them. The two mercenaries looked between one another, and then turned and ran.

As they did, the LAAT/c and a LAAT/i showed up, with the LAAT/c lowering onto the crate and latching onto it. The troop gunship set down and the Warhost squad jumped out, taking up covering positions while Inyri approached the squad leader.

“Sorry about the comm drama, Sergeant. Was playing an odd angle, but needed to get the word to you to move in. Let’s get this stuff and go, they’re going to be quite unhappy that the Inquisitorious just duped them.” Inyri said, approaching the LAAT/i.

“Understood, ma’am. Cargo’s secured, we’re outbound.” The Sergeant motioned to his troops to re-board the LAAT/i, and once Inyri and the Warhost troops were aboard, both LAATs lifted off.