

All throughout history, there has been an ever present constant in warfare. Beyond armies, generals, soldiers and weapons lies the greatest weapon of them all; information. Know one's enemy as one knows themselves, and they hold the key to victory. Control of information is control of the battle, potentially even the war, and to deny it to the enemy is just as crucial. During the Galactic Civil War, the Rebellion saw their greatest victory at Yavin because they had obtained information that ensured the superiority of a couple of squadrons of fighters over a planet killing battlestation, and the Empire foolishly gave information to the Rebellion as bait to a trap, a trap that backfired and led to their downfall over Endor.

Even today, the goal of controlling information remains as relevant as it always has been, either by gaining it from one's adversaries or denying its use to the same adversaries. Mastery of the world of intelligence gathering and counterintelligence can be just as crucial as having the best weapons and bravest soldiers. And there must be the will to fight for it, even if it is a war that goes unnoticed on the whole. It is a war of wits and cunning, but it is not without bloodshed. So it would begin for Inyri Ginovef's part in reclaiming Kar Alabrek.

With the collapse of order in the city, various groups began to struggle for control, hoping to be the one on top now that the Dark Jedi, mercenaries, and soldiers of Clan Naga Sadow were considered to be a non-issue. All out conflict was an option, but not one that was considered realistic, and it was better for everyone involved that precision would be the course of actions. And it was a course that suited Inyri quite well; no need to put innocents in the line of fire but sending a clear message to those of the underworld who pretended to be rulers that their short reigns were about to become very short indeed.

Inyri moved slowly in carefully at a crouch, following the catwalk maze over the club. It was a dingy place; loud music, bright lights on the dancefloor and no lights anywhere else, cheap drinks, anything that could be done to detract from the fact the place was a dump and just an escape from the bleak lives people faced in the slums. Even the name tried to escape reality: Tasteful.

It wasn't the bad music, the watered down drinks, or strange smell that seemed to permeate through every surface that was of interest to Inyri, it was the office overlooking the dancefloor. Inyri went to her tactical vest, pulling out a small set of macrobinoculars and zoomed in on the office, but the lights were reflecting too much off the transparisteel to allow her a good view.

"Shrike to Aurek. At the vantage point, no good." Inyri said into her commlink headset, reporting to her controllers, some intermediaries relaying information between her and House leadership.

"Can you confirm that the meeting is taking place?" Aurek asked. It was a male voice, native Basic speaker, but Inyri knew nothing more of him than that.

“Affirmative. Saw the owner go in with one unknown in hooded cloak, and about five others, looked to be all late teens or early twenties,” Inyri replied, looking around for a way to get closer without being detected. The catwalks didn’t run close enough, and she didn’t want to risk climbing on the light fixtures, not when she had no idea how many people were going to open fire if she were detected. No, this operation was “weapons tight”, stick to the shadows and rely on cunning and guile.

“We need more than that, Shrike. Can you get in closer?” Aurek asked.

“Negative. No good, and the lights are making observation from here not possible. Likely an intended design feature, if I had to guess.” Inyri kept scanning the room with her eyes, but no avenues of approach were showing themselves.

The plan was falling apart so quickly, since the plan had been to bug the meeting and determine who was using the Tasteful as a recruiting grounds. So many local gangs found it easy to pick up fresh meat from the youth, it was a buyer’s market for new recruits, and the clearer of a picture they could begin to map of these street gangs, the easier time it would be to start thinning them down.

Inyri kept looking while she waited for Aurek to figure out what to do, and her eyes turned to the door to the office, which swung open and the unknown figure in the cloak stepped out, waving over two of the bouncers. Frowning, Inyri swung her macrobinoculars onto the figure, who was doing a great job hiding in the shadows until he turned to point at the catwalks, at her. He was Kaleesh, and somehow, strangely familiar. The bouncers, a large Trandoshan and a heavy built Human male, both started for the back of the bar.

“I’m made. Exfiltrating.” Inyri said into her commlink and started moving for the maintenance access door she had used to get onto the catwalks. How had the Kaleesh spotted her, the lights would have made seeing her just as difficult as it had been to see into the office. No, something else was going on here, but she didn’t have time for that.

Inyri slipped into the maintenance area, which was full of supplies that were just in as bad of disrepair as the rest of Tasteful. The lights clicked on, bathing the entire area in bright white fluorescent lights, a stark contrast to the rest of the building. And the bouncers were closing too fast, they spotted her.

“You! Stop right there!” The Human shouted. Inyri let out a frustrated sigh and stopped, standing up and putting her hands up. They would both have to be dealt with, but she couldn’t risk a firefight. They didn’t seem to have weapons, but a holdout blaster was very easy to conceal, whereas Inyri’s own blaster pistol was in a tactical drop holster on her left thigh, in plain view.

As the bouncers approached, Inyri's eyes darted around the room. She figured she could take the Human, but the Trandoshan was going to be a harder target, even with the Force, and really, she only needed to knock them out. Unlike some of her brethren, Inyri believed in proper application of force, to use only the force needed to deal with a threat.

Her icy blue eyes found it; a mop handle. It was far from ideal, but it'd likely give her the edge to take out the Trandoshan and Human. Leverage and distance, the rest would come into play with her own hand-to-hand skills.

"You're coming with us." The Human said, stepping in behind her as the Trandoshan stopped in front, leering at her. He crossed his large green arms menacingly, while the Human grabbed her right hand by the wrist. Inyri snapped into action.

She twisted her wrist and slipped from his grasp, and reversed the situation so now she had a grip on his left arm, and then pivoted around. Drawing back with her left hand, she slammed her fist into his nose, with a crunch telling her she had just broken it. She followed up with an upward strike into his arm, another pop and a scream of pain telling her that she was successful there too. Then the Trandoshan stepped in, grabbing her by the shoulders and roughly threw her into a stack of boxes. Inyri saw stars for a moment as she did not expect the Trandoshan to react that way, but shook her head clear of the disruption.

As the Trandoshan bouncer reached down to grab her, Inyri reared her head back and slammed it into his snout, causing him to stagger back a bit. Inyri rolled to the side and came back up to her feet. Her eyes locked on the mop handle and she stretched her hand out to it, focusing on it through the Force. It was hardly graceful but the mop handle made it to her hand. The Trandoshan regained his footing and charged at her once more. She swung hard, slamming it into the side of the Trandoshan's torso, knocking him to the side onto a knee.

Inyri then suddenly felt a crashing weight slam into her and knock her to the floor; it was the Human who had rejoined the fight by tackling her. As he sat up, Inyri grabbed the mop handle again and swung it, catching him on the head. He cried out but wouldn't move, so Inyri did it again, and he rolled off of her. Inyri scrambled to her feet, only to catch a good left hook to her face from the Trandoshan that threatened to knock her out.

Calling again on the Force, Inyri fueled her next blow, slamming the handle over the Trandoshan's head with speed and power that wasn't natural. The wood handle splintered and split into two, and the Trandoshan dropped to a knee, wobbling. Inyri followed up with a roundhouse kick that knocked the Trandoshan out of the fight. She turned to face the Human, who was on a knee and fighting between the urge to keep fighting and the urge to cut and run, and Inyri solved his dilemma by knocking him out by hurling what was left of the mop handle at him.

Inyri made her way to the emergency exit, turning off the maintenance area's lights and pulled the fire alarm to mask her escape. Alarm klaxons blared and panic began to take hold throughout Tasteful. She made her way down the fire escape to the alley, and then began limping her way towards a nondescript hovervan, which was her ride out of here. A couple Warhost troops manned it, dressed in plainclothes, and one opened the door, letting Inyri aboard.

"What happened?" One of them asked as Inyri clambered in. She shut the door behind her and pulled her facemask off.

"Bar fight. And I think our friends here have friends in high places...or low places, as the case may be," Inyri replied. Her back and the left side of her face were now screaming in pain, but that couldn't silence her mind still asking who the Kaleesh was.

"Who made you?" The same soldier asked.

"I don't know, but when I do, I owe him for this and likely more." Inyri let out a sigh as she leaned back. Even if the intended goal of the mission was a failure, it was still quite informative.