

Warehouse District, Kar Alabrek Spaceport

Inyri stood in the open warehouse yard, chaos having taken hold around her. She had gone with the Warhost squad to secure the shipment of chemical weapons that she had been sent for in the first place, and it had been a final trap. The troops were locked in a final battle with the local criminals that stood to lose everything, but that wasn't her battle. Before her was Jorg, the Kaleesh that had tortured her, the pet Sith of the criminal kingpin Tovan. His purple lightsaber hummed while she stared at him from behind her X-8 blaster pistol.

"Once more, I outsmarted you. Once more, you fell into MY trap." Jorg said.

"Yeah, I probably should have made sure I killed you in that torture cell. That was a mistake." Inyri replied.

"I will prove that it was they who were wrong when I was banished from the Academy. When I present your head to Darth Pravus, I will be welcomed back." Jorg stated as he took a step towards her.

"Really? We're both so beneath his notice, all of this is trivial to the likes of him. But you're even less than nothing to him, you're some has been kingpin's pet." Inyri said, watching the Kaleesh's movements.

"And you are the pet of a failed Grand Master." Jorg shot back. Inyri just chuckled darkly in response.

"What's so funny?" Jorg asked.

"I'll find out." She said and pulled the trigger twice. A pair of crimson bolts seared towards Jorg, who batted both aside before lunging forward. He brought his blade up high, a tight grip on his hilt, and attempted to power the purple blade down into a powerful downward slash. Inyri twisted to sidestep towards him, and his aggressive push put her inside of his defenses. She jabbed the pistol twice into his torso, and then a third time into the side of his head, staggering the Kaleesh.

He growled and stepped back before letting his right hand off of his lightsaber, drawing it back and slamming it forward. Inyri flew backwards with teeth rattling force, landing on her back and skidding on the duracrete ground, but the Kaleesh's hand never touched her. Inyri shook her head as Jorg stalked towards her, raising his blade in an overhead slash. Fueling her body through the Force, she rocked forward and charged into Jorg, tackling him to the ground. His lightsaber clattered away, and Inyri began smashing the muzzle of her pistol repeatedly into his face.

Jorg let out a howl of fury, before grabbing Inyri with unnatural strength, standing up and throwing her across the yard into a shipping container. Inyri slid down and landed slumped against it. He drew a pair of vibrodaggers from within his cloak and charged at her with blinding speed. This time, Inyri didn't attack, she opted to evade, letting Jorg slam into the container before attempting to right himself. Her pistol gone, Inyri took her only other option and drew her lightsaber, igniting the pale blue blade.

"JEDI SCUM! UNDESIRABLE HARLOT!" Jorg screamed as he started to slash at her. Inyri kept sidestepping and hopping back, keeping the blue blade inverted behind her.

"You're the embodiment of what's wrong with the Brotherhood. Just some crazed lunatic lashing out at the first thing he can, looking only for more power but when you can't find it, that's all you can fall back on." Inyri said, "And you, just like what you represent, won't survive."

"I'LL FLAY YOU ALIVE, YOU JEDI WENCH!" Jorg screamed and lunged at her again. Inyri brought her blade up this time, and his blades were seared apart in the parry. Inyri stepped in, running the blade through his chest, dropping Jorg to his knees after she pulled it out.

"Was it worth it?" Inyri asked, before slicing her lightsaber, severing the Kaleesh's head from his body.

Inyri looked around as Jorg's headless corpse collapsed to the ground, his head rolling away, seeing that the battle had died down and that the last holdout had been taken. Inyri extinguished her blade and went to collect her blaster pistol.

Ragnos Cathedral  
THREE HOURS LATER

Inyri sat up on one of the completed sections of the wall, looking over the restoration efforts that were wrapping up on the Promenade. The campaign was coming to an end, but there was already the looming question of what would come next. Some people were already celebrating a victory hard earned, but Inyri had no one to really celebrate with. Iggy was off tying up some more loose ends, turning on his former employers, and really, she wasn't keen yet on saying her only friend was an assassin droid, particularly since they weren't friends, just colleagues.

It wasn't the physical damage that she suffered that wore on her. In fact, in the heat of battle, she could leave her problems behind and focus on what was in front of her. But in these lulls, the downtime and the silence, she had only her own thoughts to live with. Master Ashen had his family and clan, Commander Amahara had his troops and clan, and presumably, even DarkHawk had his own friends and family, but out here, Inyri had nothing. Her victories had gained others ground, gained others glory, gained others prestige, but they were meaningless to her.

And that was the most difficult reality to keep coming back to. Darth Vindex was right, she had to find purpose and meaning. She wasn't a weapon or tool, she was a person. And she needed to give one final chance for her superiors to start treating her like one, or else the cycle would repeat. Her line of work had left her in a world of her own design, a world of solitude and silence, but it was a life without direction.

Inyri stood up and made her way down, heading into the Cathedral itself. She had never taken an interest to the building, its contents or even its meaning. All of it was ancient history of an order she had no interest in upholding, the Sith had just as many flaws as the Jedi and neither would ever face that, just keep trying to force reality to match their ideals. It was all a meaningless cycle, just as her own aimless life was proving to be.

To her surprise, Inyri had been permitted by the interior guards to enter the Inner Sanctum, to proceed straight to Master Ashen's office. When she arrived, Muz was standing in front of the massive desk, waiting for her. Inyri stopped short of him and nodded once respectfully.

"Sir. We need to talk." Inyri said.

"So. Talk." Muz replied.

"Sir, I've been doing everything asked of me, but not for myself. It's been for either the House, the Clan, or the Brotherhood. Even taking on the Inquisitorious, it's not because I stand to gain anything from it. I'm doing it because what they're doing, this whole purge that Darth Pravus is undertaking, it's wrong. He's making the Brotherhood weaker, and so are they." Inyri paused, "Sir, someone told me that I have to find purpose, to find what's worth living for and fighting for. I have nothing, and all I seem to be looked at by DarkHawk, you, and even Locke is just some kind of weapon. I'm tired of it, and I need help."

"I was unaware that you were fighting the Inquisitorious, Knight. I do not have an answer for you right now. However, I will consider your request and we will speak again once I do." Muz said. Inyri nodded.

"Yes, sir. Thank you for your time, sir." Inyri replied, before turning and leaving his office. But she still didn't feel like having a party, and so she returned to her perch, remaining as out of sight as she felt she was.