

Inyri coughed as her senses returned to her, returning her to a world of twisted metal and fire. As she returned to the world of the conscious, she soon remembered where she was; a LAAT gunship that was taking her to investigate reports of a chemical weapon sale in progress. But the gunship was a twisted wreck, and several of the Warhost troops were dead or trying to regain their footing. As Inyri tried to free herself, the port side door was forced open, and a hail of blaster fire ripped into one of the troops that was trying to grab his weapon.

Inyri scrambled, trying to pull her knife free so she could cut herself out of the crash harness, when a black hooded figure stepped aboard. Lowering their cowl, Inyri saw it was a male Kaleesh, staring at her with a predatory grin. A group of four men in Mandalorian armor boarded behind him, two of them breaking off to shoot the other Warhost troops that were sprawled throughout the troop compartment. The Kaleesh extended his hand and Inyri felt her airways blocked up, unable to breathe.

“You have no idea how long I’ve waited for this day. To take my revenge on the one who saw me banished from the Academy. I will make you suffer long after you’ve begged for death.” The Kaleesh said. He began to step towards her, still maintaining his grip through the Force on her throat.

“Shall we dispose of this one too, sir?” One of the Mandalorians asked.

“No. The boss wants someone to interrogate, take her.” The Kaleesh said. Inyri’s vision started to fade as she started to black out from lack of oxygen. The Mandalorian nodded, and stomped over to her, smashing his rifle stock across her head, knocking her out.

When Inyri awoke again, she found herself hanging by her wrists in a utility room, pipes running along the walls and ceiling. She was stripped of her gear, her boots, and even the top of her operations suit, leaving her only in her pants and undershirt. Standing before her was the Kaleesh, two of the Mandalorians, and a Human male, middle aged, in a business suit.

“You’re awake. Good. I am Tovan, and you will answer my questions. Disobedience will be met with punishment.” The Human said.

“Kriff off.” Inyri spat.

“Disobedience.” Tovan said, nodding to the Mandalorian to his left. The man stepped in, drew back with his fist, and slammed it hard into her stomach, knocking the air from her, before slamming another into the side of her torso, about where her kidney was. Inyri wheezed and winced from the pain, dangling on a set of chains above the ground.

“Who is leading the assault on Kar Alabrek?” Tovan asked.

Inyri stared hard at him, but her gaze was fixed on the wall behind him, keeping a fixed point in order to better focus. She had no intention of playing this weasel's game, but she couldn't hold out forever, either.

"Have we lost our voice? Jorg. Help her find it." Tovan said, nodding to the Kaleesh. The Kaleesh stepped forward and a blast of blue lightning ripped through her body, causing her to scream in pain.

"She speaks!" Tovan laughed, "Now. Who is leading the assault on Kar Alabrek?" Tovan asked.

"Why don't you kill yourselves now, and save me the trouble?" Inyri asked sarcastically.

"Disobedience." Tovan said, and the same Mandalorian stepped in, repeatedly punching her in the chest before stepping back and then punching her once in the face. It now hurt to breathe, Inyri was sure she had a cracked rib or two, and vision in her right eye was starting to close.

"You look quite a fright, my dear. But perhaps we're going about this the wrong way. Perhaps you're not useful to us for intelligence, but rather...a martyr." Tovan turned to the other Mandalorian, "Get the gear."

The Mandalorian exited the room while Disobedience cut her down from the pipes, dropping her to her knees. The hulking mass of armor held her in place while the other returned with a holocamera. Tovan nodded to Jorg, who took his position behind her while the other Mandalorian stepped in to restrain Inyri. Tovan came up behind the camera and turned it on, while Inyri heard the distinctive slow hiss of a lightsaber being activated behind her.

"This is a message to the forces who seek to reclaim Kar Alabrek. You abandoned the city, and it has turned itself away from you. You send your soldiers to kill us, to force your rule upon us once more. Leave us to decide our own fate, or more of your soldiers will face the same fate." Jorg said.

"State your name." Tovan said.

"I'm what mortal men fear most. I'm what dead men have and rich require. I..." Inyri was cut off as an armored elbow slammed into the side of her head.

"I...I follow and lead as you pass. I say good morning hi and good evening bye. Dress yourself in black, my darkness lasts. Without the sun, your view of me would be gone." Inyri got another blow to the side of her head.

“This child’s example of defiance is pathetic, and is the measure of the soldiers we face. And as such, we will extinguish this foe from our ranks. You have 24 hours to withdraw from the Cathedral or you will suffer a similar fate.” Jorg continued, and a purple lightsaber blade was put to her neck.

“Make it slow.” Tovan ordered.

“Don’t...Don’t blink.” Inyri said, and Jorg staggered back as he was suddenly blinded, dropping his lightsaber. Fueling her body through the Force, she managed to overpower the Mandalorians and snap the restraints on her wrists. With a feral cry of anger, she body slammed into the other Mandalorian, who punched her square in the face and stepped back to draw his blaster pistol, a WESTAR-35. But as he started to level it, Inyri blocked the barrel coming down with her forearm before beginning to force the aim elsewhere.

The door then hissed open into the room, and shots rang out. However, Disobedience now had three smoking holes in his torso as he collapsed to the floor. The sudden intrusion caught the other Mandalorian off guard, allowing Inyri to disarm him of his pistol. She stepped away from her opponent and shot him once in the head before the mystery arrival revealed themselves. It was an all black IG-86 droid, holding Inyri’s A280C in its hands, leveled on Tovan.

“Well well well. Hello, Tovan. Thought you had eluded my notice once more?” The droid asked. Inyri ignored it for now, spinning around to shoot Jorg twice in the back before he could grab his lightsaber. The Kaleesh collapsed to the floor, groaning.

“I told you, our dealings are over! What is the meaning of this?!” Tovan demanded, backing away from the droid.

“Our dealings are indeed over. You owe me a significant sum of credits...oddly enough, the same sum equals out to your current posted bounty, plus an additional two hundred fifty credits. So the way I’ve calculated it, killing you puts me better off.” The IG-86 said.

“Kill the girl, and I’ll triple that pay.” Tovan said, his voice wavering with fear. Inyri picked up Jorg’s lightsaber and ignited it. The IG-86’s conical head swiveled to look at her with its red photoreceptors before turning back to Tovan.

“Tovan, have you gotten so bad at this that you’ve not only begun hanging bad lines of credit, but now you’re taking on those people?” The droid actually chuckled, “Your credit is no good with me, and given the enemies you’re making, my calculations show that I stand a better chance turning you in.”

“Can I interject?” Inyri asked.

“Sure. I’m getting tired of processing Tovan’s voice.” The droid said.

“I’m perfectly fine with you killing him and collecting your bounty, but what would it cost to get you to stay your hand long enough for my superiors to deal with him first? I’ll ask that they keep him alive enough so you can collect your bounty, if not just have them pay it outright.” Inyri said.

“An intriguing offer. I suspect that you want to see him get hurt, since he was about to make you the star of an execution holo.” There was a pause, “Frankly, I’d like to see him squirm a bit for hiring me with...what’s that term...IOUs? Yes. I’ll do it because it suits my purposes as well for no additional fee.”

“You can’t do this!” Tovan pleaded.

“Shut up or I’ll let the organic punching bag here rend you limb from limb while I record to playback during downtime.” The droid said. “Also, what’s your name?”

“Me?” Inyri asked.

“No, the two dead Mandalorians. Yes, you.” The IG-86 responded. Inyri had to chuckle at that.

“Inyri. Inyri Ginovef.” Inyri replied.

“You may refer to me as Iggy. It’s a moniker that was forced on me and I keep it because it means my enemies underestimate me. Plus my original owner was an unimaginative twit.” The IG-86 said.

“Fair enough. The rifle you have, where was it?” Inyri asked.

“Oh, this old thing? Found it in the armory. I presume your things are in there, but you may find that this idiot, while he can’t PAY HIS HIRED HELP, is able to buy many things at great expense. Perhaps you’d like to avail yourself of some of his wares before it all disappears on the black market?” Iggy suggested.

“...if you’re free, I might have further use for you. I like you.” Inyri said with a grin, “Lead on.”

“Alright. Come along, Tovan. I’d hate to have to shatter your fragile organic components to coerce you into moving.” Iggy said.

Inyri, Tovan and Iggy made their way to the armory, which was converted from one of the other maintenance rooms. They were clearly in the service tunnels of some large facility, but there were no signs as to where. The armory, true to the droid’s word, was fully stocked with

some fairly good equipment. Inyri was able to find her lightsaber and combat knife, but her suit was in pieces and her Glie-44 was already being stripped down by whoever was working here originally.

“My scans indicate that there is a suit of armor that should fit your physical dimensions. It appears to be formerly New Republic or Rebel Alliance, given the IFF codes coming from it are reflecting as such.” Iggy said, and pointed one of its claw hands at a closet. Inyri opened it to find an all black suit of armor, a blend of stealth and protection all rolled into one. Faded on the shoulder plates was the firebird insignia of the Rebellion, barely visible at a distance but standing directly next to it, she could see it.

“Hey, sometime today.” Iggy commented. Inyri chuckled and started donning the armor. Iggy came over with a pair of weapons from the lockers, laying them out for her.

“Studying the equipment you started to take suggests that you are a covert specialist some sort. These weapons should be optimized to your skillset, though we should meet minimal resistance on our way out. Turns out Tovan loves to buy equipment, but can’t bother to hire help.” Iggy said. Inyri looked over the pistol, it was an X-8 Night Sniper, an advanced blaster pistol, and the rifle was an F-11D fitted with the four point collapsing stock. She secured both, as well as her lightsaber and knife, discarding the WESTAR-35 and Jorg’s saber.

“Alright, let’s take this cheap scumbag in. Lead the way.” Iggy said.

Several hours later, the trio returned to Ragnos Cathedral. Inyri handed over Tovan to the first Warhost patrol they came across, who began securing the new prisoner.

“I’ll be at the aid station if anyone needs me, but inform the higher ups that my report on Mister Tovan will be forthcoming. But he is the one who was selling Plank Gas to one of the street gangs and compromised last night’s op. Oh, and he tortured one of this House’s Knights before planning to execute her. Her being me.” Inyri explained.

“Yes, ma’am.” The squad leader replied.

“And also, if you could see about paying the bounty on his head to me, I’d be grateful. I’m tired of working for people who can’t be bothered to pay the hired help.” Iggy added.

“I’ll be sure to pass it along.” The squad leader said, glancing to Inyri. She nodded.

“To answer your question, Tovan, Darth Ashern is leading the assault, and he’s going to be very interested to talk to you. Though he’s legendarily a man of few words, so there may not be much talking. Have fun.” Inyri said. Tovan suddenly became very pale.

“What a chump. But if he’s getting that treatment...well, I might just stick around just to see what else you people do.” Iggy said.

“Oh, it’s an adventure, trust me. Come on. I need to see someone about my broken ribs and swollen eye.” Inyri said, making her way to the medical tent. Iggy fell into step next to her.