

<<connecting, commencing handshake with security protocols...>>
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 <<welcome to Ares Global Grid: Valerie Black>>
 <<opening file KE-PCC-RiverRock-20840726-1317>>

KNIGHT ERRANT

JOINT COMMAND: SEATTLE

AFTER ACTION REPORT: KE-PCC-RiverRock-20840726-1317

Date/Time Reported: 27JUL2084 1137 CST / 0937 LST

Reporting Officer: Det. Sgt. Valerie Black, 940D34-1R4FNA

Division: Arcane Investigations

Involved Personnel:

- Det. Sgt Valerie Black, AuthID 940D34-1R4FNA
- [REDACTED]
- Dir Mariana Trujillo, Mergers and Acquisitions
- Heather Blake, Mergers and Acquisitions
- [REDACTED]
- [REDACTED]
- [REDACTED]
- [REDACTED]
- [REDACTED]
- [REDACTED]

See attached file KE-PCC-RiverRock-20840726-1317-Table1 for full personnel on site during the incident.

Incident Events

Statement 1: Dir Mariana Trujillo

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Statement 2: [REDACTED]

<<Error opening file: insufficient access>>

Statement 3: Det. Sgt. Valerie Black

<<opening file...>>

<<beginning playback>>

A trideo begins to play, showing a metal chair by a metal table in a grey walled room. A woman enters -- an ork. Clad in a tank top, combat boots, and black fatigue pants, her hair is jet black, cut short on one side, and she eyes someone just to the side of the camera as she sits down.

"State your name, rank, and serial number."

A voice. Masculine, dry, authoritative.

"Detective Sergeant Valerie Black, 940D34-1R4FNA. Can we get this fraggin over with?"

She's impatient, annoyed.

"This will take as long as you want it to, but know that your statement will be reviewed in detail by IA. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, I fraggin know the drill."

"Can you walk us through the events of the last 24 hours as you understand them?"

"Yeah. I was fraggin heading home for the day when I got a call from Captain Chuck Ingles. Not my usual chain of command, but he needed someone for an op and had a temporary transfer to the babysitters. They--"

The male voice interrupts.

"To who?"

The ork rolls her eyes.

"To *Executive Protection Services*. He said some protection detail needed an astral specialist and I was going to fill in. Must've been pretty last minute, because he had a chopper pick me up from the precinct and took me to Ares Plaza. Had a FRAGO for me to look over. Protecting some drekhead named Blevins -- Richard Blevins -- at a retreat at River Rock Lodge for some meeting. Blevins decides to bring his granddaughter along for some fraggin reason. Couple other bigwigs there. Director Trujillo from mergers and a guy

named Darrel Ford. He's C suite at Nexcurity. Security plan looks tight. The full package and change, plus the facility is under comms blackout. I'm folding in to a detail, callsign Gambler as their number five. There's 1, the TL, 2 and 4 are both door kickers, 3 is an adept, and we've got two of the new Phobos drones, not sure why since they're fraggin useless. If they could at least carry gear --"

The voice interrupts again.

"Irrelevant, Black. Keep it focused."

"Yeah, whatever. Anyways, I meet up with my team and we go to the ORP and meet up with Blake -- Trujillo's XO -- and get on a T bird. Callsign Tambor 1. We wait on the tarmac until Blevins and his shithead kid get there and we're wheels up. Flight wasn't too bad, 40 minutes, no in-flight service. Once we get there, comms are dark so we switch to transceivers. We get Blevins and the kid squared away in the library, then go back to the bird to grab our kit and go to our standby area. Conference room 124. Most of my team leaves to go grab the rest of the kit, and it's just me with the team lead for about ten. When they get back, he says to sit tight and heads out with 3 and 4. When he left, I heard a click. Sounded like the door lock engaging, which fraggin keyed me in. 2 was sweating bullets, so I told him I was hitting the shitter. Only when I moved to leave, he stood up and tried to stop me."

"And that's when you knew your team was compromised?"

"I knew he and our TL sure as frag were, wasn't sure about the others yet. I knew he was going to get physical so I took the initiative. Stalled him out with some bulldrek about what academy class he was in, then put my knee in his balls and choked him out. Jack 1 and 2 -- the drones -- fraggin flagged me as OpFor, but lucky me they're fraggin braindead. Threw up an illusion that made it look like I was surrendering, then socked em both. I had 2's radio and checked the channels. They had the standard ones I had: team, command, emergency, but they had another one programmed. I wasn't sure who was in on it, but there was chatter. One of my team said 'We're set, Ford is holding, Trujillo is inbound, charge in place, holding one, holding one.'"

"You were sure about this?"

"No, I thought they were holding a fraggin surprise birthday party. What do you think?"

"This isn't about what I think. Why did you not report it to your commanding officer at the time?"

"Cause he would have just said I was crazy, or that I was in on it. You've fraggin read my file, do you really fraggin think he would have believed me?"

There's a momentary pause.

"...proceed with your statement."

"My first duty was to make sure Blevins was safe, so I went to the library and got him in the panic room with the kid. Told him the team was compromised and to trust no one. Only when he asked what was going on, I had a weird feeling. Like he was more surprised to see me than to learn the team was dirty. Then, when I left, I heard his voice on the earpiece. He said 'She's onto us, move now. Gambler 3, intercept'. So I --"

"You're sure it was Blevin?"

"I'd just fraggin talked to him. Of course I was sure. So I needed to get up to the observation level since I figured if Blevin was in on it, he was going after Trujillo. 3 tried to jump me in the service stairs. I used an arcane invisibility technique to evade him at first, but he caught on and opened his third eye. Big fraggin mistake. I conjured a class 2 barrier, grabbed him, and dragged him through it."

"Can you go into more detail on that?"

"Do they not teach the basics anymore? So imagine a wall of fraggin spikes, but only in the astral. You and I can pass through it no problem, but to anyone on the astral plane it's as real as this table. When 3 opened his third eye, he was on both the astral and the meat at the same time, but I was only on the meat. So when I pulled him through it, it ripped his fraggin soul out, capiche?"

"And that killed him?"

"Yeah. Plus he fell down a flight or two of stairs."

"I see. Proceed."

"So as I'm getting to the second floor, fraggin explosion happens. Sprinklers are going off and there's fraggin smoke everywhere. I knew from my earpiece

that they had to blow early, but they were standing by for secondary charges. I found Trujillo, but her team was breaking for Rover. My team had a plan B, and since they knew our evac plans inside and out, I figured they'd plan around that and had the chopper or the pad rigged. They didn't believe me, but they stalled long enough that I was able to string up an illusion of Trujillo and her team pushing across the pad. Drekheads couldn't tell real from fake and blew the fake team while we were still inside. Now Trujillo knew I knew my drek and had her team follow my lead. We had to hang the plan and go somewhere they wouldn't suspect, so I took her to another panic room than the one assigned to her and broadcast on the emergency channel that Gambler 1 and 4 were compromised. From there it was a waiting game while the cavalry cleaned up."

"That's it? Is there anything you'd like to add?"

"Yeah, can they program the new drones to help us carry our g--"

"Any thing *relevant*."

"Nah that's fraggin it."

"Then we're done here."

"Fraggin fina--"

<<end of playback>>