If I'm to be honest and fair about Katerina, I must admit that she is no slouch of a warrior. When paired with her pack, she has the potential to be a fearsome foe: able to take on a small platoon of orcs with little to no trouble. However, her specialty is and always has been in frontal assaults – not ambushes. When the orcs came up from behind her sled near Gifre's Vault, she crumbled like any other soldier that had been caught off guard. An orc fell to her blade before her side was overwhelmed, true, but that didn't stop the chieftain from capturing her.

Just like that, the pack had been beaten down. Shadow had been gravely injured, and Katerina was being strangled in mid-air. Had she been alone, that might well have been the end of the wolf. Her concentration was failing, her spells slipping from her grasp. Perhaps the only thing she could hear as she started to black out was the laughing of the orc skirmishers around her; at least until the chieftain let out a death gurgle.

Robin had been preparing a counterattack for this orc and his unit whilst the wolf kept them busy, but the battle's current course forced her to retaliate earlier than she planned. As part of her initial assault, seven shuriken found their way into the throat of the chieftain, stopping him before he could finish off the woman in his hands. Robin had left wires through the center of each of these stars, allowing her to yank them back after they connected and, by extension, amplify their damage. Together, the seven projectiles inflicted deep lacerations on the orc's neck, sending him into enough pain that he could no longer maintain his grip on Katerina.

The chieftain wasn't killed outright by this attack, of course. Shuriken are rarely fatal unless poisoned, and my friend was against using tactics like that in the first place. She did still finish off her opponent, though; make no mistake of that. As soon as the chieftain let Katerina go, Robin climbed up his back and slit his throat with her dagger: all before disappearing back into the whiteout.

The other orcs in that chieftain's group tried to follow their agile assailant, but they were unsuccessful in tracking her movements. Instead, they were slowly picked off by a seemingly invisible enemy. The rear most vanguard was first to go, his neck being caught by a whip from behind. That makeshift noose of his would have strangled him to death under normal circumstances, but, rather than go quietly, he turned around and charged. He didn't manage to avoid death even with that valiant effort, however, instead dying from a knife to the brain through his eye before asphyxiation took him.

Three of the remaining orcs in the squad tried to group up after they noticed another of their member had fallen. Their protective circle was in vain, though, for a blow from Robin's bastard sword quickly shattered their ranks. One orc was killed instantly from the heavy, downward strike; while the other two were wounded severely enough to be taken out of combat.

That only left four orcs from the original ambush group, plus the two others that had yet to show their faces. The latter of those two squads retreated to the vault, joined by two orcs from the former group who now feared for their lives. All remaining members were too proud to give up the fight, and so charged at the slayer of their companions.

Robin threw a snowball into the eyes of the foremost member of that group, blinding him for a few seconds while the other swung wildly at her. He behaved like a berserker, forcing the woman to retreat until she drew near the body of her attacker's dead comrade. To outside eyes, she appeared unable to counter this onslaught, but, in reality, she was just waiting for a chance. Once she was within range of the fallen orc, she looted the crude shield from his body, used it to deflect his comrade's axe away from her face, and then slashed the object's serrated edge against her attacker's throat.

He died almost instantly, his black blood squirting out onto the snow; and then there was one: a measly orc who had been stalled by a snowball and was now facing off against someone who had just taken out six of his companions in the span of seconds. Robin taunted that lone survivor into attacking her by tossing her weapons aside and beckoning to him with two fingers. He seemed to treat the action as a threat to his pride, for he too tossed aside his weapons and ran at the girl with bare fists once he saw.

His punch came first in that brawl, though it never connected. Instead, Robin's arm wrapped around his, immobilizing it with her strength. The same thing happened with the next punch, making it so the orc was unable to move as Robin struck his chin with her heel. She rushed him while he was still reeling from that kick, punching him in the stomach repeatedly until he slouched low enough for her to hit his head. When that happened, she stepped on top of his scalp, vaulted into the air, and came down with both arms on top of his skull.

The last orc was swiftly knocked unconscious by that attack, leaving everything quiet once more. All of the ambushers had been removed from battle or scared off; allowing Robin to, at last, breathe easy. She was actually sweating in that blizzard now, breathing heavy after having exerted herself so thoroughly. After her last opponent had fallen, however, those were the least of her concerns. Instead, she looked down at her hands with an expression of purest shock.

[b]"How'd I do that,"[/b] she asked, not being able to believe her own strength? She still didn't understand what I meant when I said I would help her improve, and was only now starting to notice the improvements I made. Her strength and agility were beyond a normal human woman now, and she would only keep improving the longer she stayed with me.