

Objective I: Fight the Mutineers

Mauro Wynter sat in the cockpit of his custom Star Courier and monitored the carnage taking place in the Lyra System. His mission was crystal clear and he was not allowed to deviate from the authorized parameters. However, nothing was going according to plan and the mission parameters were blown sky high by the ongoing warfare taking place.

It was truly breathtaking the ruse the Collective had perpetrated on the Severan Principate. A false flag assault was one matter, and this was entirely something different. It was a genius plan that almost might work. Yet, the Advanced Inquisitorious Network was prepared and had kept their communications and surveillance assets working.

The fact that the Collective would sacrifice its own assets, its own people, was a new level of desperation. Yet, it also showed to Wynter how dangerous their enemy truly was. If the Collective would willingly attack their own personnel showed the level of commitment and fanaticism they had in reserve. The Collective was indeed a deadly threat the likes that the Brotherhood had never faced.

Mauro decided he could not allow the mutinous Severan Principate fleet and the Collective to gang up and cripple the friendly vessels in the system. If the Brotherhood's craft were eliminated the Clan emissaries and top level Dark Council personnel would be at the mercy of the Severan Principate and the Collective who appeared to be pulling their strings more and more.

No, something had to be done and Wynter was prepared to do it, orders be damned. He knew no one was aware he was here – no scanners had locked in on him and his transponder was likewise disabled. He was a nobody, an enigma, a phantom. And as such, him striking back would raise no alarms. He decided to act.

Flicking on the ignition he vectored in hard and fast towards the nearest Principate capital ship. His craft could not go toe to toe with the Collective's elite fighter squadrons but it could do some damage and allow his allies a fighting chance. He had the chance to strike one critical blow before he had to frag out. Going toe to toe was not an option.

The Severan Principate flagship was a massive vessel and well armored and armed. He had no way of outgunning it or deal a death blow but he could put it out of action for the time being. He targeted the enemy craft's targeting array and thumbed down on his missile activation switch. He dodged salvo after salvo of point defense lasers and watched the missiles hit their mark again and again. The defensive fire died down markedly and Wynter took another pass around the massive vessel.

The Collective's fighters were now aware of his presence and he had seconds left to frag out before he would be engaged. Doing a barrel roll, Wynter keyed in on the vessel's engine port

and freed all of his remaining missiles. He did not wait to see if they hit before hitting his lightspeed ignition and zoomed out.