

****Objective 1: Operation****

*****Saga Drinking Hall**
Ullr forest
Zsoldos***

The hall echoes with the regular muted commotion of inaudible talking between different consumers of the hall. Several Mandalorians, bounty hunters, and mercs scattered throughout the building as they drink and talk about their recent trophies or endeavors.

Near the center of the banquet a common figure of the hall stands out, with his beard protruding past his T-shaped visor and his black and blue color scheme of his former Mando clan. He's usually here after a mission, but it almost seems like he never leaves except for when he's given direct orders from the Deathwatch Battleteam leader to 'Get off your ass and help me'. Dral sits in his usual spot and drinks with his standard MWC-35c Repeating Cannon and Tostovin Munitions Micro-Grenade Launcher strapped to his back and side respectively before a sudden silence befalls the Saga. The silence comes so swiftly the waves of the sea can be heard crashing into the shore.

Each member of the building's holo devices started to buzz and blink. Everyone had a similar feeling they knew what it was, but it didn't take Dral long before checking the message with a few of the other more dexterous members of the building.

A robed silhouette flickers from the recording, the Wren Adeile appeared in the video.

"All members of Vizsla be aware, Plagueis has begun their assault on Zsoldos. Members of Wren be advised there has been signs of drop ships being deployed to recent sightings of Vizsla activity. They are targeting all members of Clan Vizsla, casualties don't seem to be a concern for them either. Our air forces are preoccupied with the orbit conflict, you will be on your own till you can regroup with the ground forces commander located at the Clan Headquarters."

The Aediles image dissipates into a small map showing Zsoldos with a coordination on display. "The Plagueis forces are rumored to have been descending upon this location for a forward base before their several land invasions. If you manage to push them back, ensure they regret ever stepping foot on our home."

A few of the patrons begin to pack up or walk out at the first hearing of this news before stopping shortly.

As the Force Disciple reappears back into focus of the holovid before concluding the briefing. "Those who are more interested in credits than loyalty, there is a substantial sum for the one to bring me the head of the Plagueis ground forces commander."

A sudden shuffle of the hall erupts into commotion as now each member is gathering gear and preparing to join the fighting before a man shouted. "There's a rather large force approaching the Hall from the Forest, I caught a forward scout of a speeder but the other got away!" A rugged human carrying a Plagueis scout's helmet in with him to the hall as he speaks.

"What happened to the scout?" Dral asks for a moment before realizing who he's dealing with.

"Didn't make it." The human merc replies with a grin

Dral shook his head in disappointment before speaking back up to the whole crowd "Alright we're going to rig the forest with traps, If you have trip mines pass'em forward! Those of you with sniping experience move to the balcony and roof for positions! The rest start digging outside! I want a trench before nightfall"

A few other mercenaries take offense before being coerced by Dral's MWC-35c Repeating Cannon and Tostovin Munitions Micro-Grenade Launcher. Dral sets up a few of the hall tables to make barricades and makeshift cheval de frise's to slow down an infantry charge. "Luckily the forest is too dense for an armored assault, their best bet is to hit us with an artillery strike to stir us up and overwhelm us with sheer infantry." The mandalorian says to the small command assembled each representing a merc group and a designated bounty hunter by Dral to command them.

A rather feisty female Zabrak in charge of the Red Wing Merc's with her ebony brown skin named Mira, A brown Besalisk in charge of the Serpent Merc guild named Rax, and the bounty hunter Voc a Bothan who represents the non-clan Bounty Hunters, where Dral represents the Vizsla Clan, and acting commander of the Hall.

*** A few hours later ***

Dral sets on top the Hall near the front of the building with his repeater set up on a tripod. Night sets in shortly before the preparations are finished, the air is filled with the stench of anxiety and anticipation. It wasn't long before the whistle of artillery could be heard, right before the explosion of the bombardment. Several pockets of the forest are now bare, along with a few of the fortifications built to prevent the infantry charge. A small moment of silence before a wave of Plagueis infantry begins to move in.

The Vizsla forces and mercs reside along the 3ft deep trench that was built in a rush as it was one of the last things to be finalized. Others with scopes and thermals scattered throughout the halls roof.

Dral holds his comm open for all those on the same secured frequency listening can hear. "Hold til I give the command! We still want them to get in as close as they can."

The members held their fire as the Plagueis members moved throughout the forest. It was when the Plagueis forces activated a tripwire when one of the sections of the line began to fire.

"WHAT'S HAPPENING!?!?! HOLD YOUR FIRE!" Dral shouts into the comm, the leader of the Red Wing's begins to bark her orders to cease fire, shortly after it was too late to stop them in their panicked rampage.

"Shebs, Fire!" Dral orders as the other members begin to open fire. The forest opens up into a burst of bolt and repeater fire. Streaks whizzing across to both sides of the field, the building taking her own hits. As the Plagueis either maneuver past or activate the remaining tripwires. The Vizsla forces prepare to clash into melee combat with the charging forces. It wasn't long before the invaders broke past the forest line, the Merc's and hunters jumped into action to engage them head on as Dral opened fire down upon the engagement, providing cover fire.

It wasn't long before a flare was shot up from the forest, the remaining Plagueis forces, what little remains began to descend back into the forest, not before a few grenades of Dral's Tostovin Munitions Micro-Grenade Launcher caught a few of them. The battle had been won, but the war had only begun.