

Fistful of Credits
Multi-objective Fiction

Objective 1

Zsoldos
Outskirts of Ullr
38 ABY

Another explosion rocked the cockpit of the AT-AT Khryso Mallus was standing in, causing him to widen his stance slightly to ensure he remained steady. The Subjugates sitting at the vehicle's controls seemed as unphased as ever, realigning the walker's laser cannons to focus on their target. Outside the viewscreen, a battle was raging on as Armored Regimental Combat Team Alpha threw itself against Vizsla's defenses. Their target was Saga, a great hall that sat on the forested cliffs just beyond where the battle was raging. The Dread Lord had passed down the order to occupy the hall, one of several different targets on Zsoldos, so Khryso intended to carry out the mission.

Fortunately, Khryso would not be taking this mission on by himself. Alongside the might of the ARCT Alpha, a handful of Sith would be participating in the assault. The Chiss couldn't see a Clan of mercenaries standing up to the might of the Ascendant Legion. Even as they delayed the inevitable now, having deployed their own walkers, artillery, and soldiers, Vizsla was still fighting a losing battle.

The Mandalorians did have one advantage, however: the approach. Not only was the terrain jagged and uneven, but the thick forest made slow progress from the heavy vehicles Plagueis had deployed for the assault. As they slowly ascended towards Ullr, the Vizsla forces were entrenching themselves and lying down a field of fire that further slowed Plagueis' progress. Khryso clearly wasn't the only one concerned, however, as a small hologram appeared on the control panel of the AT-AT. A scowling Devaronian that Khryso had met in passing a few times, Ranthe Benzayn.

"ARCT Alpha, you are falling behind schedule," the man declared, his arms crossed over his chest. "If you maintain your current pace, you risk additional enemy reinforcements being reallocated to Ullr. Push forward with infantry to break their line and simplify your approach." The hologram disappeared just as abruptly as it had appeared. Benzayne was the General of the Ascendant Legion and was coordinating Plagueis' assault by overseeing several different fronts. It was likely that all the officers in the ARCT Alpha had received the message as well, so Khryso wasted little time in turning away from the cockpit.

Moving swiftly back into the passenger area, Khryso saw that the Ravagers there were already preparing to disembark. Without a word, they moved in lockstep to the large door in the side of the compartment. Stepping over to stand next to the door, Khryso pressed the activation

switch, causing the door to slide up, exposing the group to a sudden gush of chilly air that smelled of smoke. Immediately, the Ravagers in the front threw down four cables that were anchored to the roof of the compartment. Jumping onto the cables, the soldiers slid down into the forest below, quickly and efficiently vacating the walker.

Khryso waited until all forty of the present Ravagers had departed before stepping up to the doorway himself. Grabbing onto one of the cables, he slid down to the forest floor, his right hand wrapping around the hilt of his lightsaber and pulling it out from inside his cape. Landing softly on the hardened soil, Khryso reached up with his hand, closing his eyes for a few moments to bring his full concentration to bear. Khryso felt the Force flood through him as he anticipated the battle to come. Like startled snakes, the cables quickly retreated back up into the walker, disappearing from sight. With one more quick application of his telekinesis, Khryso closed the hatch and turned his attention forward.

The platoon he had accompanied down to the ground was already on the move, seeking to regroup with the rest of Company Alpha 1C. Every few seconds a stray laser blast from the Vizsla tanks and artillery cut its way through the trees, blasting a hole in the foliage. Thankfully, however, the thick collection of plants made it difficult for the Vizsla infantry to engage the Legion at far range. Nonetheless, Khryso ignited his lightsaber, holding it at the ready as he followed behind the advancing Ravagers.

It was only a matter of minutes before they encountered the rest of the Company, who was forming a line. Khryso moved ahead as the Ravagers fell into formation alongside their unit. "Captain," the Chiss called out, drawing the attention of the officer overseeing the formation, "are we ready to move?"

The Captain, a human male, strode forward to meet Khryso halfway. "Yes, m'lord. I'm coordinating with Companies Alpha 1B and Alpha 1D, we should begin advancing within the minute."

"Understood," Khryso said, glancing forward through the thick forest that lay around them. "I'll be on our right flank with my platoon."

With a nod, the Captain raised a hand to his ear and turned away, no doubt speaking to the aforementioned officers of the other companies in the battalion. Returning to his platoon, Khryso took up position behind the line. Reaching outward, Khryso extended his awareness beyond what he could see and hear, searching the companies surroundings for any potential dangers. They were still in the clear, it seemed, but that could change as soon as they started moving.

Khryso's comm chirped, signalling the company to begin their march. The Ravagers in his platoon received the signal through the comms in their helmets, so once it came they all began marching without much more than a glance to each other as communication. Their rifles at the

ready, the company began pushing through the brush and undergrowth of the forest, scanning their surroundings for any enemy units.

The HUDs inside their helmets were updating with information on the terrain ahead of them and enemy positions as recon reports came in. Khryso, however, had to keep an eye on his datapad if he wanted to see the same information. For that reason, he remained armed with only his lightsaber, allowing him to keep a hand free to check his datapad and comm occasionally. Of course, the Sith also left his awareness open to the Force, ready to react at a moment's notice should hostility appear.

Their progress was slow but steady, encountering little resistance. Each minute they pushed closer to the defensive line, however, the sounds of Vizsla's artillery and walkers grew louder and more menacing. As the sense of the enemy drew nearer, the sounds of their own walkers soon began to fall behind them. Khryso could vaguely sense Company Alpha 1B and 1D to their left, the latter staying a bit further behind. There was also a growing sense of anxiousness within the platoon. They were ready for a fight and the fact that it hadn't found them yet was beginning to agitate the troops.

It was only a matter of time, though. Khryso knew there was no way Vizsla would leave their artillery and defensive lines undefended. They would encounter resistance before they cleared the forest, it was only a matter of when and where. In a flash, Khryso had thumbed the activation switch on his lightsaber, bringing the violet blade to life. He had felt danger, but, as he looked around, there was no sign of the enemy.

Half a breath later, it became clear why. A series of red lasers tore into the ground, cutting into the left flank of the platoon. The angle of the attack made it clear; they were being fired on by the enemy walkers. Immediately, the Ravagers jumped into action, fanning away from the point of impact and seeking out cover among the thicker trees and foliage. Khryso did the same, reaching out to try and discern if they'd taken any casualties. From what he could tell four men were down, although at least one of them was still alive.

"Lord Mallus," Khryso's commlink came to life as he came to rest behind a thick tree. "They shouldn't be able to spot us through the canopy, so they must have eyes on us. Move southeast with your platoon before looping back up to regroup with the company. Be wary of enemy scouts." As the orders were completed, Khryso's response was drowned out by the sound of more laser fire impacting dangerously close by.

Khryso switched to his platoon's comm channel. "We're moving, due southeast. Fan out, search for enemy scouts!" With that, the Chiss turned out of his hiding spot, crouching low as he began to run quickly, his platoon moving with him. He reached out with his senses, but with the heightened emotions of his platoon surrounding him and the Plagueian army scattering all around in response, picking up any enemy positions nearby was difficult.

The next volley of blasts hit several meters behind the mobile platoon. The Plagueis forces were successfully outpacing whatever reports the Vizsla artillery line was receiving. They couldn't slow down, however, at least not until they were sure they wouldn't be fired on again. The walkers gave it one more try, similarly missing with their fourth volley, before the sounds of soldiers rushing through a thick forest was the only thing left.

After it became clear they were out of direct danger, Khryso called for the platoon to regroup. As the Ravagers came back together, still moving forward at marching pace, Khryso took a quick head-count. The platoon was down to thirty-six soldiers, which meant they hadn't lost anyone since splitting from the company. Pulling out his datapad, Khryso deactivated his lightsaber and checked up on the progress of the other platoons in the Company. Pausing for a moment, the Sith planned out a route that would allow them to reunite before they encountered the defensive line.

As Khryso transmitted the route to his platoon's HUDs, however, another surge of alertness struck him. Dropping his datapad, Khryso quickly raised up his lightsaber into a high guard as the blade came to life, catching a quick burst of blaster-fire that he deflected up into the canopy. At the same time, the platoon was hit from every direction, blaster bolts threading through their ranks. Thankfully, the Ravagers' armor took most of the blows that landed hits, but the surprise attack had managed to catch almost everybody off guard.

Khryso quickly whirled around, trying to find somewhere safe to put his back as he deflected the blaster bolts that were aimed his way. The enemy was playing it safe, remaining hidden in the foliage and shadows that the forest provided in excess. Switching to a one-handed grip, Khryso put his back against a tree and reached into his cape, pulling out his LL-30. Using his eyes to follow the trajectory of the bolts back to where they were coming from, Khryso probed out with the Force as he raised his pistol, firing several times as his senses focused on his target.

After half a dozen shots, he managed to put down his target. Khryso paused again, refocusing on deflecting the incoming blaster bolts. From what he could tell, two more soldiers were firing on him. Once again, he puzzled out their locations. He raised his pistol towards one, unleashing another barrage of blaster bolts while he focused in on the other, deflecting the bolts that were coming towards him back towards their source. After several seconds, both of them had stopped firing.

Finally free from the suppressive fire, Khryso was able to turn to his platoon. They had immediately counter-attacked, rushing the enemy positions. The battle was still in full swing, however. Khryso scanned the battlefield. Five Ravagers were down. Reaching out with the Force, he sought out their state of health. Two of them were dead, one was seriously injured, while the other two had some minor injuries that seemingly had disabled them through a mixture of shock and pain.

Moving closer, while staying in cover, Khryso extended his Force presence, wrapping the three living casualties in it. Through the Force, he sent waves of energy that washed over the soldiers, bolstering their bodies and helping them to recover from their injuries. In about twenty seconds, one of the Ravagers had recovered enough to get to his feet, another ten brought a second back into fighting form.

Khryso withdrew his presence back into himself, summoning the Ravagers over with a slight gesture. "Cover me. We're going in." Turning to the undergrowth, where a battle was still raging, Khryso holstered his pistol and took his lightsaber in both hands. Following the sounds of battle, he rushed in, keeping his lightsaber up to deflect any direct fire. The Ravagers were right on his tail.

Moving through the forest, Khryso encountered each engagement, quickly turning the tide back on the attackers and rallying his platoon. It took nearly ten minutes, but eventually they were able to kill or drive away the rest of the hostiles. After regrouping and collecting themselves, Khryso took stock of the platoon and counted up their casualties. With eight more soldiers seemingly down for the count, they were down to twenty-four combat ready Ravagers. Just above half the platoon remained.

Khryso hesitated before ordering the platoon to continue their advance. Only half of their casualties were deaths, but he didn't want to drag the unit's performance down by dragging along injured soldiers that could end up slowing them down. After some deliberation, the Chiss forced himself to come to a decision. Khryso ordered the squad leaders to check their casualties and make judgement calls on who should continue forward. He would try healing up some of the lighter injuries present, but if he continued burning energy before they'd even made their objective, he would start getting nailed by fatigue.

After a short few minutes of sorting through their injured, Khryso ordered the platoon to keep marching. They were falling behind schedule and the Chiss didn't want to keep the rest of the Company waiting. Thankfully, their hike continued on uninterrupted. The Ravagers kept their guard up, however, ready for another ambush. Khryso's senses were trained around them, carefully monitoring the shadows and silence that permeated the forest. It seemed Vizsla was busy planning out their next move, however, as they didn't bother the platoon any further.

The platoon reunited with Company Alpha 1C within the cover of the forest, only a few dozen meters away from the Vizsla defensive line. The sound of the massive walkers just beyond the forest line was intimidating, but the Legion remained resolute. As Khryso's platoon fell into formation with the rest of the company, Khryso approached the Captain. The Captain acknowledged him with a nod but continued talking into his comm, coordinating his timing with the other companies in the Battalion.

As Khryso waited for the Captain to finish his conversation, he closed his eyes. Collecting his mind and recentering his focus, he prepared for the battle ahead. What they'd encountered on

their way here was only the beginning of the work they had to do. Khryso didn't want to lose many more of his soldiers and he needed to keep his head straight on his shoulders if he wanted to execute the plan efficiently.

"My lord," the Captain said cautiously, interrupting Khryso's meditation. Khryso opened his eyes and turned to the human. Once the Captain had the Sith's attention, he continued. "We'll be striking at their line in approximately 4 minutes. In the front they have their AT-ATs arranged in a fan to protect their AT-M6's further back. They likely also have infantry scattered throughout the environment to protect against the incoming attack. Our goal is to push through and disable one of the AT-M6's to alleviate the pressure on our own heavy vehicles. The rest of the Battalion's infantry will be joining us for the effort."

Khryso nodded and the two discussed the finer details of the plan for a minute before Khryso returned to his platoon to prepare for the attack. As the timer ticked down, Khryso briefed the Ravagers on their plan of attack as their HUDs were updated with the relevant information. As the countdown neared its conclusion, Khryso took position behind his platoon and pulled out his LL-30. With the LL-30 in his left hand and his saber in his right, the Chiss found his center in the Force and readied himself for the upcoming battle.

The signal came and the company advanced forward. They broke through the thicker forest line into the much more manageable trees that signified the edges of the city. The AT-ATs arrayed before them almost immediately took notice as several companies of Ravagers emerged from the forest. Turning their massive heads downwards, about half of the present walkers aligned their weapons with the Plagueian forces and began firing on them. The Companies immediately broke apart, breaking into a run as they spread out to make it harder for the laser blasts to take out groups of soldiers.

It didn't take long for the Ravagers to begin finding cover in the buildings and trees that made up Ullr. The walkers continued blasting away regardless, doing their best to hamper the Plagueian advance. The Ravagers simply kept on moving, however, any casualties they suffered simply being left behind in the dust of their charge. A charge that began to take them right past the walkers that were firing on them and out of their line of fire.

The AT-ATs were not the entirety of the Vizsla defensive line, however. As the Ravagers passed far enough into the city that the walkers' heads could no longer turn far enough to hit them, they encountered their next obstacle. Mandalorian soldiers and miscellaneous mercenaries alike emerged from the urban environment and began to fire on the Legion. Not only did they now have to worry about Vizsla's soldiers, but many of the various mercenaries and bounty hunters that often find work on Zsoldos had opted to defend Saga as well.

Finding cover behind a recently half-demolished wall, Khryso paused for a moment to reach out in the Force, probing the enemy positions to see what information he could uncover. He didn't have much time to search, however, as the Chiss was forced out of his hiding spot when a

thermal detonator bounced over the wall. Diving into a somersault and springing to his feet, Khryso batted away a few stray blaster bolts before sliding into a crouch behind a pair of trees that had grown together.

The battlefield had quickly devolved into utter chaos. Company Alpha 1C was struggling to even draw concrete battle lines, as the Mandalorians seemed to constantly appear from different angles and positions that made it difficult to pin down their precise movements and locations. Khryso pressed his lips together firmly as his adrenaline continued to surge. This delay could buy Vizsla enough time to get their reinforcements. The longer the artillery pounded Plagueis' walkers, the less holding power they'd have to hold Saga when those reinforcements eventually arrived.

Khryso leaned out from his cover, scanning the battlefield as he laid down some suppressive fire with his blaster. Spotting a nearby Ravager, he tapped the soldier on the shoulder telekinetically, drawing their attention. "Cover me, Ravager," the Chiss ordered, "your whole squad." Falling back behind his cover, Khryso waited for the squad of three Ravagers to move into covering positions around him.

It was a bit of a gamble to devote his attention to meditation in circumstances like this, but Khryso figured it would do more good if he could bolster the Company this way rather than trying to root out the Vizsla defenders. Setting his weapons in his lap, Khryso closed his eyes and drew the Force into him, allowing his battle-heightened emotions to feed off of the energy. Like a sudden gust of wind, he sent out a pulse of power, allowing his awareness to ride the wave and wash over Company Alpha 1C. He felt their collective emotions, their drive, their fighting spirit.

They were not fighting alone. The Ascendant Legion fought with purpose and power, and fought with each other. Through this unity and passion, they would overcome their opposition. They would adapt to the Vizsla guerilla warfare, they would ascend beyond their fickle adversaries, and that power would avail their victory. Through his meditation, Khryso was able to rally the platoon and their company. It was time to root out the Mandalorians and end this skirmish.

The ebb and flow of battle was like the tides, constantly coming in and out, sometimes high, sometimes low. The Ravagers threw themselves against the buildings and the trees of Ullr, seafoam spraying out over the beach as they eroded the wall that was holding them back. The Mandalorians fought to stay alive, digging out little trenches in the sand to stem the flow of seawater, burrowing underneath the surface to remain hidden. Taking their own hoses up in their arms in a desperate attempt to fight fire and fire.

The sea was not so easily vanquished, however. The deeper waters brought bigger waves, the sandy beach couldn't stand up to the powerful surges of water. Even if they managed to barricade against one tide or one wave, there was another on the horizon, and another. The

ocean didn't fight for itself, it had no will of its own. The tides come whether or not they want to, bade on by the gravity and winds that govern the laws of the sea. In this case, Plagueis was that moon and Khryso was the wind. The puny sand castles they tried to hide behind didn't have the same resolve, the same undying dedication to a cause.

It took time and many waves and tides, but the ocean didn't erode like the sand. The sand's cohesion and integrity slowly fell apart and what grains weren't washed away had no choice but to turn away, lest they be pulled into the belly of the ocean.

Khryso's commlink chirped, drawing him out of his meditation. "We've routed Vizsla, everyone forward! The objective is straight ahead!" Khryso paused for a moment, motioning for his protectors to move on ahead with the rest of the platoon. Using his Battle Meditation to turn the tides had taken quite a bit of energy, but the mission wasn't complete yet. He needed to draw on the strength he had remaining and continue onward.

Rising to his feet, Khryso holstered his pistol and activated his lightsaber, slowly pushing himself into a run to catch up with the platoon. With the Company once again together, it became clear that their losses were beginning to pile up. What was once a company of roughly 150 soldiers was now closer to 60.

That changed, however, as they neared their target: one of the AT-M6's firing down towards the advancing Plagueian AT-ATs. Company Alpha 1C reunited with the other infantry companies in Battalion Alpha 1, swelling their numbers. They didn't have the raw firepower to bring down the M6 through blasting it, but a focused attack could do plenty of damage. Enough to cripple the artillery line.

With his platoon fanning out around him into defensive positions, Khryso and Company Alpha 1C made their way over to one of the M6's rear legs. Occasionally taking shots at Vizsla holdouts who popped out of the woodwork, They managed to form a defensive ring around the leg. Taking his lightsaber, Khryso crawled up onto the foot and began cutting through the joints with his lightsaber. It was slow, tedious work. However, it was working.

Several Ravagers took the time to unload clips of blaster bolts into the various joints and sections of the foot in an attempt to weaken and warm them. Thankfully, Khryso was able to work uninterrupted by any enemy fire. The Company kept any defenders that showed up at bay. Several minutes passed before Khryso's progress became notable. That was when the walkers made their move, however. Suddenly, the leg began to lift. The walkers were relocating, seemingly aware of the sabotage efforts.

Khryso leaped from the foot, shouting for the company to concentrate their fire on the remaining connective machinery. The Chiss was barely able to move out of the way of the crossfire, watching with concern as the M6 slowly walked. The sheet of red blaster bolts was definitely helping, but they needed just a bit more power. Khryso quickly holstered his lightsaber and

reached out with both hands. Closing his eyes and once again calling on the Force, he transformed the energy that filled him into physical force.

Wrapping the M6's foot in telekinetic energy, Khryso pulled as hard as he could. The effort did little to affect the foot's movements, but with all the cutting he'd already done and the barrage from the Company Alpha 1C, it was just enough to shift the giant piece of machinery out of position.

Unable to stop himself from grunting in exertion, Khryso felt the walker wrench itself from his grasp. The Chiss opened his eyes just in time to see the M6 step down, its own weight and mis-aligned foot causing the joints to grind and shear against each other, knocking the walker off balance.

The rest of the Battalion, which had been working on the other rear leg, used the momentary stumble to finish their own work, causing the walker to begin to wobble. The Captain called for a quick retreat and the Company as a whole turned to get out of the way of the teetering behemoth. Khryso gritted his teeth as he ran, still recovering his strength from his telekinetic wrestling. As they cleared the danger zone, the walker was barely keeping its balance. It appeared ready to topple at a moment's notice.

Khryso paused to catch his breath, propping himself up on a wall with an outstretched hand. "Lord Mallus," the Captain said, approaching him, "I've just received a report. It seems the efforts to disrupt the artillery line are proving effective across the board. Our heavy vehicles are finishing their approach, it's only a matter of time before they breach the city now."

Khryso nodded. "What's our next move?"

"The Company has been ordered to regroup and move back to continue our disruption efforts on their AT-AT lines. However, I've also received reassignment orders for you. You're to connect with Company Alpha 4D. They're making the initial approach to Saga now."

Khryso straightened up and nodded, pulling his datapad out of his cape. Sure enough, the orders were there along with the rendezvous point for Company Alpha 4D. The Sith wanted some more time to catch his breath, but he didn't have that time right now. The end of the battle was in sight. After studying his route to the rendezvous point for several seconds, Khryso began jogging.

Winding his way through the urban forest, the Chiss kept to a comfortable pace. He wanted to move quickly, but he also didn't want to overexert himself. Not to mention his clothes: they were already getting dirty, singed, and sweaty. He had no interest in working up an even more serious sweat and soiling them further. Not if he could help it.

As he was passing through a narrow alley, a prickle up the back of his neck brought Khryso to a halt, his lightsaber leaping into his hand and its violet blade appearing in an instant. He caught the blaster fire on the blade, deflecting it harmlessly into the ground. It had come from in front of him, and as a second volley arrived, the Sith was able to ascertain the location of the assailant. Rushing forward, keeping his lightsaber between them, Khryso quickly closed the gap. The Mandalorian's head vanished from the window as he ducked into cover. Allowing the frustration to overtake him, Khryso felt the Force flood through his body, propelling him faster. With a precise jump, the Chiss rocketed up to the second story window and sailed through feet first.

The Mandalorian, still ducking behind the window, quickly turned to face Khryso, unloading his clip towards the Sith. Khryso stood in place, deftly using his lightsaber to deflect the bolts right back at the shooter. Several of the bolts deflected off of his armor before he began to take evasive action, somersaulting towards the door on the adjacent wall. As the shooter neared the door, still firing on Khryso, Khryso reached out a hand, extending his awareness outwards and wrapping the door in telekinetic energy.

As the Mandalorian came in range to charge through the door, Khryso yanked it open, slamming his opponent with the door. It didn't do much in the way of damage, but it bought Khryso the few moments of surprise and shock that he needed to press forward and close the gap between them. With a few strokes of his saber, the Chiss was able to down the Mandalorian permanently.

Khryso deactivated his lightsaber and took in a deep breath. He'd likely encounter more resistance through the streets like this as they neared Saga. Surprisingly, he realized they were in a house. It was clearly lived in, but just like all of the buildings they'd come across so far, it was bereft of any citizens or people besides the Vizsla defenders. Perhaps they evacuated the city once Plagueis had begun landing. That seemed like a massive undertaking. Then again, this was a mercenary planet.

Khryso had worked as a mercenary himself for several years, so he was familiar with the work. That being said, he'd always did his best to avoid places like Zsoldos. In his head, he'd always imagined the places where hired guns and scoundrels gathered to be uncivilized, dirty, and rowdy places. Nowhere that he wanted to be associated with. This was his first time on Zsoldos, so he couldn't speak to how things normally operated on this planet. However, if he knew one thing about places like this, it was that there were likely a lot of people here who didn't live here permanently. Being a mercenary or a bounty hunter meant you lived a very mobile life. So perhaps big swaths of the city being uninhabited was a fairly normal circumstance.

Glancing over at the fallen Mandalorian, Khryso pressed his lips together tightly. If Vizsla had been around when he'd first arrived in the Brotherhood, it was entirely possible he might've ended up in their ranks, considering his background. He was more than grateful that wasn't the case, however. He likely would have died today if he'd been fighting on Vizsla's side. Fighting

Plagueis was already a suicide mission, not to mention his training in the Force likely wouldn't have been as extensive.

A small smirk managed to find its way onto Khryso's face. He was no longer a mercenary. Now, he was a bonafide Sith. He'd moved up in the world and left dregs like this behind him in the dirt. Similarly, it was time to leave this encounter behind him and get to the rendezvous point. Moving through the building, Khryso found the stairs that lead down to the first floor and eventually the exit.

He was drawing close to the rendezvous point when another blaster bolt came at him. The Chiss came to a stop, activating his lightsaber. This time, however, the bolt sunk itself into the ground directly in front of him. All around him, out from buildings and foliage and whatever cover there was, Mandalorians began to appear. He was completely surrounded by at least a dozen. "Make this easier on all of us," one of them said, the shooter who was twirling his pistol around in his hand. "Put down the saber and I'll end it quickly."

Khryso steadied his breathing, preparing for a fight. Before either side could make their first move, however, blaster fire erupted from everywhere, cutting into the Mandalorians' flanks. The Vizslans had surrounded Khryso, but hadn't realized they themselves were surrounded! Khryso charged forward towards the Mandalorian who had shot at him, the start of the counter ambush giving him an opening.

By the time he'd downed his opponent, the rest of the ambushers had either died or fled. Plagueian Wraiths began to emerge from the surroundings, one of them approaching Khryso. "Lord Mallus," it said in a cold, monotone voice, "we'll escort you the rest of the way to the rendezvous point."

Khryso accepted the offer and the group moved together. It was only a few more minutes before they arrived at the point, a large building that was currently being occupied by Company Alpha 4D. Unlike the companies Khryso had fought beside so far in the battle, this company was made up entirely of Wraiths. They were going to be moving on Saga within the minute now that the Sith had arrived.

In the time before they left the rendezvous point, Khryso took the time to sync his equipment with the company and review the new plan. They wouldn't be striking directly, necessarily. They needed to primarily do recon, determining what kind of defenses Saga had in place and identifying weaknesses. They were only to move forward in attempting an infiltration if they received the order after transmitting the intelligence they gained.

Their operation began with the Wraiths flooding out of the building and beginning a quick march towards Saga, further in the city. Normally, they'd travel via speeder, but the denseness of the forested city would force them higher up, which would make their approach much less covert. Thankfully, though, they'd been planning out their route and ensured it would be clear of enemy

troops for at least most of the way. It wasn't the fastest direct route to Saga, but it did the job and brought them within view of the large building.

The snipers in the company began to fan out over the nearby area, finding positions among the structures that they were using for cover. The scouts prepared to make an approach much closer to Saga to begin gathering information that was out of the snipers' views. Khryso was put in charge of the remainder of the company, covering the snipers' positions and making sure they didn't end up flanked or surrounded.

For a while things were relatively quiet. Reports came in from the scouting party in whispered codes while the snipers called out enemy positions. The techs monitored and compiled the reports, forming a living schematic of the area that was then transmitted to the Wraiths' HUDs, Khryso's datapad, and the officers of the Legion. The process took dozens of minutes, the distant din of battle constantly serving as a reminder of the urgency of this mission.

Khryso was finally able to get some time to recover his energy. He'd been moving non-stop since leaving the AT-AT, so even though his senses were constantly on alert, getting the chance to be still and not in immediate danger was pleasant.

"Company Alpha 4D," General Benzayne's voice suddenly came over Khryso's commlink. "We've breached the city's outer limits; their defensive line is collapsing. Strike Saga before they fall back and fortify the position."

Immediately, the Wraiths began moving, all having received the message simultaneously on their helmet comms. Khryso moved with them. Roughly half of the snipers, as well as all the techs and soldiers, began a quick march to regroup with the scouts. The remaining snipers waited in their nests for the signal. As Khryso marched along with them, he pulled out his datapad, examining the information they'd gained on Saga's layout. There were still some unknowns in play, but they had a general idea of where some of the more vital areas of the facility were located.

Marking the rough location of the control room on his map, Khryso slid his datapad back into his cape, taking his lightsaber in his right hand and his LL-30 in his left. They had to strike hard and fast. The element of surprise would be their best advantage in this scenario. They were outnumbered nearly two to one based on the reports from the scouts and snipers. That would soon change as Vizslans retreated from the front lines and began to fortify Saga even further.

The group met up with the scouts, who led them to a rear entrance where they'd already disabled the present guards. Khryso signalled the snipers who were still in position out in the city to fire on the guards at the front of the facility and begin taking them out. Hopefully that would draw their attention. In the meantime, a few techs stepped forward to breach the door smoothly and efficiently.

With the door open, the soldiers flooded in, moving towards the waypoint on their map. The indoor environment meant smaller hallways, which meant they shouldn't encounter large groups of enemy soldiers if they were smart. The Wraiths ruthlessly culled anyone they came across as they moved through the building. Just behind them were the techs, along with Khryso, followed up by the snipers and then the scouts. Every now and then, a few of the scouts and snipers would break off from the formation to secure various sections of the building.

It was less than a minute before the alarm was raised. Whether it was because of the Plagueian snipers outside or the infiltrators inside wasn't easy to determine, but in the end, it didn't matter. They just needed to move as quickly as possible to locate and secure the control room. The soldiers blasted away any defenses that the techs couldn't hack through. Khryso was able to monitor nearby areas for hostiles with his use of the Force and alert the company to any potential surprises.

The first two rooms they checked were duds, but the third seemed to be the ticket. The techs had a bit of trouble breaching the door's security, so Khryso took his lightsaber to it, cutting a long slash through the door. However, he had to pull back unfinished, as the occupants began to fire as soon as they could see through the cut. Khryso focused for a moment before stepping back up to the door, extending his focus outward to deploy a barrier of energy around the door. The Vizslans firing from the other side weren't able to get through it, but Khryso, on the inside of the barrier, was able to finish cutting a hole into the door before stepping aside to allow the soldiers to flood in.

The control room was fairly heavily staffed, unfortunately. Several Wraiths dropped not long after struggling through the choke hole that was the door. However, eventually, numbers simply overwhelmed the enemy and Company Alpha 4D was able to secure the control room. The techs quickly moved to the control panels, beginning their work on overriding the facility's defenses, while the rest of the Wraiths took up defensive positions around the room and in a few areas outside of it.

Khryso, meanwhile, reported their success to General Benzayne. They'd managed to take control of Saga. While it wasn't a total rout of the enemy, it was the foothold they needed. Benzayne reported that the rest of the Regiment was closing in quickly, but Vizslan reinforcements were closing in quickly as well. The battle to take Saga was over. The battle to hold it was about to begin.