

## Objective I: Operation

### Zsoldos

### Jaspar and Saga

### Present Day

Mauro Wynter was clad head to toe in his new beskar armor, awaiting the onslaught of the Ascendant Legion. Teams of soldiers and mercenaries, and fellow Mandalorians were spread out across the hall waiting for the enemy to engage. The skies above the hall were swarming with fighters from both factions but the shield dome was holding. The enemy would have to gain inch by inch, yard by yard if they wished to take the hall. And Vizsla was ready to make them pay dearly.

The fact was the hall meant nothing. It was simply a building. Vizsla was a team of mercenaries true, but it was a brotherhood none the less. The hall was simply a building, a meeting place for the members of the Clan. It meant little. The clan meant everything. And if the hall was to fall, what mattered was that as many of the Ascendant Legion would lie dead as possible. Vizsla would likely lose the Jaspar and Saga. But they might not lose the war. They could lose the hall, they could lose Zsoldos. It mattered little. The Clan meant everything.

Wynter was a nobody. He was a newcomer, he had no rank within the Clan. He was a grunt, a member of Death Watch true, but he was expendable. And that was why he was left in charge of defending the meaningless hall. Yet, he knew his mission. He was there to lead the soldiers and mercenaries that had nowhere else to go. The higher value members of the Clan were assigned to more fruitful missions – taking on the Fleet above, fighting the enemy craft in orbit and in the skies and infiltrating and preparing the contingency plans for the next phases of the war. The men and women at the Jaspar and Saga were unlikely to live but that mattered little. The Clan meant everything.

The first flashes of blaster fire raged to the left of Wynter's position, as members of the Ascendant Legion rushed in and died in droves. The kill zones were well established. Say what you will about mercenaries – but the combatants of Vizsla were professional warriors all. Each of them were worth ten of the Ascendant Legionaries. It was time to prove it.

“Strike team Alpha – hold your position. Strike team Bravo prepare the charges. Strike team Charlie and Delta prepare to move forward when the forward positions pull back.” Wynter gave his orders with a voice filled with disdain and reserved determination.

Dozens of the Ascendant swarmed in and fell just as fast. Wynter knew this was just the first salvo meant to probe their defenses. He knew well hundreds, if not thousands of soldiers were moving in on their position and once enough were killed heavy artillery would move in and pulverize the position. Wynter knew this – indeed planned on it. Here the Legion would be blunted just enough to buy time. Looking at his HUD Wynter could see he was right – hundreds

had assembled and slowly were moving into the plaza outside of the Jaspar and Sage. “Blow the charges.”