

**Orbit Above Zsoldos
Bridge of the *Ascendancy*
38 ABY**

The Imperial I-class Star Destroyer loomed behind the fleet skirmish taking place. Command Force Aurek wasn't even engaged as the Ascendant Fleet slowly overwhelmed Clan Vizsla's ships with sheer numbers. The Dead Lord watched the battle taking place in the distance, silently pleased with how well Task Forces Besh and Cresh flanked and pushed the Mandalorian clan's ships into a vise. She'd felt reservations about how well the fleets assigned to Houses Ajunta Pall and Karness Muur would work together after the merge into House Tyrannus. This battle felt like a good indication of the future of the House. The sudden sensation of the faintest presence of someone unexpectedly entering her bridge turned her attention away from the battle and she looked back to see the tall form of Furios Morega di Plagia approaching her slowly.

"Could you *not* sneak around like that, Furios?" she hissed at him.

He grinned mischievously as his ethereal veil lifted. "If I don't practice concealing my presence in the Force, I can't get better at it. Besides, who better to practice on than the Consul. Keeps her on her toes."

The female Epicanthix grimaced. "You may be a di Plagia, but don't think that means I won't kill you," she threatened. "Wrathus told me you were supposed to be on the *Instigator*. What are you doing here?"

Furios' face shifted to one of discontent. "I'm bo-o-ored, Wrathus only left me on the ship because I have the most experience commanding caps in the Battleteam, but we're not even fighting anybody. I want to 'pound the ground', you know?"

The female Epicanthix sighed, partly at the derogatory reference to their old Obelisk tradition. This was not the first time Furios had interrupted her requesting a more front-lines approach. He'd been warring for Clan Plagueis a lot longer than she'd been in it and she couldn't see how he still had such a drive to crush enemies beneath his armored boot. She may have to discuss this with the Dreadbringer lest the di Plagia abandon the Battleteam and become a thorn in Scudi's side. At least Wrathus was a Force-user and a fellow Epicanthix. She could only imagine how poorly Furios would get along as a subordinate to his former rival in leadership.

"What do you want then?" she asked relenting.

"I want an assault company," he said with almost childish glee. "Oh, and some CR25s to carry them."

"Fine," she said. "Take Gamma.III.d and get out of here. I'm busy."

****Southwest Ridge of Ullr****

Zsoldos

38 ABY**

The drop-off had gone without a hitch as the Clan Vizsla fleet was too occupied to stop the flight of troop carriers and the march up the ridge had no resistance. Furios had his assault company and was intending to help the Plagueian war effort breach the forests surrounding Saga. The wooded areas had given Vizsla's troops cover to defend against the Ascendant Legion's primary ground assault to the east. The di Plagia separated his heavy infantry into four groups and had the E-WEB teams form three lines in a trapezoidal formation while the heavy infantry stood ready to defend them from all sides. As the heavy repeating blasters started to mow down forest in three directions, the infantry maintained cover and visuals for them to creep forward over the fallen trees and reset the WEBs. The push was aimed straight for Saga.

As Furios and his troops burned through the forest, knocking down trees left, right, and center, they began to run into occasional Clan Vizsla patrols. The first and second ones died without any Plagueian casualties while the third had managed to kill one of the infantry soldiers. Once the third enemy unit was eliminated, there was a decent time without incident. The Warlord suspected that word of his approach had reached Saga and an ambush was likely on the way. One thing Clan Vizsla had over Plagueis was ground troops, but with their focus mainly on their eastern line, it would take some time to assemble the right forces for a counter to his assault. He commanded his western E-WEB teams to take their next positions on the east side, shifting his line of destruction toward the rest of the Plagueian forces at an increased pace. If he intended to finish this burning march to Saga, it would be better to catch the ambush off-guard if they assumed he was still on a straight path. Satisfied with the length of the dogleg in his trajectory, he turned his company back to their original formation and resumed his course to Saga.

When the ambushing troops finally came, they ran into Gamma.III.d in the middle of setting up another line. The heavy infantry reacted quickly, decimating troops in the tree-line. They made short work of the enemy infantry and finished setting up their E-WEBs by the time the other half of the ambush caught on and arrived. The enemy ambush fell with only a handful of Plagueian casualties. Furios continued his march.