

## Preparation

*Mauro Wynter's Quarters*

*Zsoldos*

*Present Day*

Mauro Wynter awoke with a groan as he shook off the aches and pains of a life of battle and a long career of activity. An older warrior now, in his mid thirties, he still retained the youthful good looks he enjoyed as a recruit. He walked over to the mirror and studied the lines in his face and the furrows of his brow. He shook his head wearily.

The upcoming contract would be truly dangerous, rewarding, and lucrative. Yet, he knew he was taking on more risk than he usually intended to. In truth, he was all but retired. Tired of the politics of the other Clans that he bounced around over the years and made his name and reputation on. Part of him felt like a fraud, relying on his prior glories and actions to seek higher payments for his services.

In truth he was not the fastest, or the strongest warrior. At heart he was a skilled pilot, a good tactician, and a leader of men. Yet, he had become a loner, alienated from most of the Clans and their infighting and glory seeking. However, he had a duty to his Clan and his reputation required him to keep up appearances and the lifestyle of a senior member of the Mandalorian order. In truth, he took the job because it was expected of him to keep in good standing with his peers and superiors of the unit.

He slowly put on his armor. He had recently sold his Beskar armor to afford a more economical Mandalorian set of armor. It was standard and utilitarian. He kept it chromium plated as befitting his wealth and rank but cared not to customize it further. Gone were his elite weaponry and he carried with him only standard armory Westars. He field stripped and cleaned his weapons, hoping he would not need to use them. Fitting them into their holsters he sat up and donned his helmet and left his quarters.

His hanger slip was nearby. He walked past the small squadron bay that he shared with his allies, "Nightsister" Narix, "Dewback", and "Moff" Sal. They would accompany him on the mission and share in the rewards. The two human women followed him out of duty and honor, sharing years of warfare with Wynter and following him from the OEF. "Dewback", the Weequay, was a true mercenary that came only for the profits and as a brute of added muscle. He was loyal as long as paid and followed Wynter for the prestige it would bring him and offer him advancement as long as they were successful.

Wynter checked the diagnostic on his fighter. It was a cheap Scyk fighter but it would perform well in his expert hands. One of the many pilot droids, "Ossus" nodded knowingly at Wynter and began to climb into his fighter as well. Wynter had paid lavishly on outfitting five additional fighters and O-66 pilot droids to back up his allies. It was a powerplay on his behalf, but he did not care. It was time to go to battle.