

by Max Barry



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The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Tue Jun 16, 2015 7:03 pm

QUOTE

Fedala, Imperial Province

Getting the peace talks underway...

Like all of Fedala, the history of the Palace of Nipotas began in 2004, when the new city was built as the capital of a reunited empire. The city's location was a progressive decision to move the Imperial capital to the center of the provinces to mend old wounds by moving the locus of power away from Dienstadi Kingdom of the Macabees. But, the predominately baroque architectural style spoke to a rebirth of the old traditions of the Imperial Government. The combination of choices signaled a new forward-looking age that acknowledged and stood proud of its roots. Nipotas' tall outside walls decorated with faux corinthian columns, guard towers topped with marvelous domes sporting tall straight spires, and sprawling gardens made it the ultimate manifestation of this new image. The exquisitely detailed entablatures that decorated the façades of every building in the palatial complex served to speak for the Golden Throne's wealth, as if the scandalously beautiful fountains throughout the gardens were not evidence enough, with their intricate and complex water patterns. In the center of the complex stood the expansive principal palace, standing strong and tall as it radiated the imperial splendor it embodied.

The center of the principal palace was marked by an impressive gilded dome, its massive girth equaled by the splendor of the byzantine design work. It was flanked by four towers that rose well above the dome, tapering into smaller domes with spires, much like the towers lining the outside walls. Around it flowed the building, its sheer elegance radiating outward from the center, her pale yellow — almost peach-like — walls decorated with white-framed windows. In front of its façade was a broad marble peristyle of sorts, rising from wide steps that arched along the outer wall. Four large, marble double-headed eagles kept watch over three inter-connected ("French") doors, and well above these jutted out a stunning marble balcony with an extravagantly colonnaded railing. Inside its halls resided foreign rulers, whether they be kings or democratically elected prime ministers. In recent years, not many of those had come by Nipotas, and instead her ample space had been taken up by an increasing number of diplomats. As such, the palace was more and more being used to host diplomatic meetings of all kinds, not just those between His Imperial Majesty Fedor and men (and women) of comparable position.

Petre Baros' short legs could barely keep up with those of his colleagues, the tall Faro Pendas. Despite their longstanding friendship

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and partnership, Baros could not help but feel some resentment at being not just shorter, but considerably less attractive than the other man. He was born smarter, though — at least, that's what he told himself. Despite the minor points of friction, and thanks to both of their abilities to rise above pettiness, the two had formed a formidable partnership within the Imperial Government. The two had risen through the ranks of diplomatic bureaucracy together, from the clerical work to their current heights as full fledged diplomats leading meetings with important international dignitaries. In that position, albeit with years of success and experience behind them, the two were headed towards one of the major conference room within the principal palace of Nipotas. The Golden Throne was hosting a second round of talks between delegates sent by Stevid and Imbrinium, with the intention of bringing the two warring countries closer to peace. The setting was proper, given how awkward the war had become for the Golden Throne — it simply did not make sense for two potential allies to fight each other.

Pendas turned his head back and gently said, "Hurry Petre, our guests will arrive at any moment."

Baros scowled at a guard, who, behind his golden helmet, seemed amused at the diplomat's unimpressive height. The soldier was wearing the classic attire of the *Sadakor*, including Barbute helmets crested by golden plumage and a long golden cloak draping to the ground. His chest was well guarded by a ceremonial golden breastplate, which included a rear plate that enclosed the rest of his upper body, up to the man's shoulders. Five hundred years ago, these men were still widely feared combatants of great fame who served as the rear guard for armies under the command of the emperor. Since then, their body had become smaller and their purpose reduced to mere formality — although rumors of a modern arm of agents were not scarce. The imposingly broad and giant guard did not seem to impress Baros too much, however, as he quickly turned his attention back to Pendas. "Something tells me that our highly improbable tardiness will be the least of the frustrations that we will see today."

Without pausing his step, Pendas responded, "Yes, well, I am more than certain that we shall do a good job at eliminating those frustrations and drawing the two delegations closer to a treaty that will end the war. After all, the conference will be honored by the presence of such a celestial mediator as yourself," he said, as he brought his right shoulder back to pat the smaller man on the back.

Baros snorted. "You think that your charms do all the work. But, without my brains, where would you be?"

"Maybe somewhere better than I am now," laughed Pendas.

The cheap talk continued as they walked through the inner halls of the palace, the vaulted ceilings of the passageways high above their heads. Finally, they arrived at a set of large wooden doors, where their dialogue came to an end as they prepared for the imminent arrival of the Stevidians and Imbrinium. Inside, the gorgeous ceilings were painted with exquisite scenes depicting religious subjects, including the deities of past and present religions of the Golden Throne. Eight lavish chandeliers, their glass a brilliant yellow from the light within, hung in two straight rows down the length of the room, below which an exquisitely carved table ran almost from one end to the other. The walls were separated into panels by gold trimming, and the panels were decorated by a wallpaper depicting a geometric pattern historic to Knootoss (most likely imported via Guffingford, in its time). Servants scuffled around the room, setting glasses and pitchers of water on the table, making last minute touchups to whatever still had a smidgen of dust or a virtually invisible spider web. By the time the foreign dignitaries had arrived, they'd be gone, and only the two Macabee diplomats and a fist of *Sadakor* would remain.



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Wed Jun 17, 2015 1:01 pm

QUOTE

Northern Lochconnon

Johnstone waited as the police officer radioed through to his HQ and then handed him the radio microphone. Johnston cleared his throat before speaking. "Sergeant Johnston, Forty-Seventh Battalion, Morridane Army."

"I need ye to patch me through to the highest ranking bastard ye can get hold o'." Said Johnston. "I am currently part o' a large force o' Morridane soldiers currently dug in hereabouts, we have an offer fer yer government from me own government. We also need help from yer coppers to evacuate the locals in case things turn sour."

"Oh and a few crates o' beer whilst we wait wouldn't go amiss." Added Johnstone before handing the microphone back to the policeman.

Morrdun

"Space Marshal Cannell?" Asked the secretary. "They're ready for you, just head on through."

"Thank you." Cannell nodded as he picked up his briefcase and headed into the room as directed by the secretary where he found a couple of men waiting, namely Prime Minister Edmund Vermillion and Minister of Defence Nathan Hay. Placing his briefcase down on the table and taking a seat, Cannell nodded to the two men. "Sirs."

"Thank you for coming Space Marshal." Replied Vermillion. "Though I must stress that what we're about to discuss doesn't leave this room."

"Of course sir."

"Good." Smiled Vermillion. "Right, Nathan...please continue."

"Yes Prime Minister." Hay nodded before turning to Cannell. "I take it you're at least aware of the situation in Mordent?"

"I've read the reports sir." Answered Cannell.

"Then you know that the Imbs are giving us a trashing, though we are sending extra troops and making a one or two." Hay explained. "Though we need an insurance policy; Maunsell."

"Ah..." Muttered Cannell. "I was afraid that'll be why you asked for me."

"Well Maunsell is your area of responsibility." Commented Vermillion.

"That is correct." Conceded Cannell. "So what is it you want to know?"

"Is Maunsell operational? If not, whats needed to make it operational?"

"Right..." Sighed Cannell. "Maunsell suffered severe damage from the Kessler Syndrome, two of the platforms were destroyed completely whilst a third was knocked out of its orbit and suffered heavy damage. This leaves two platforms, both suffered varying degrees of damage and are operational in the most basic sense. What resources I have as part of my Command have been devoted to repairing the damage that these two platforms suffered, but a great deal of work is required before they can become fully operational again."

"Are either of them operational enough to be brought into action?"

"*Drake* is the least damaged and can be readied within a couple of days, providing it doesn't suffer more damage from the Kessler." Cannell answered. "I'm guessing you have targets in mind?"

"As I said, 'insurance policy'." Said Hay. "Though are the Imbs aware of Maunsell?"

"I doubt it, their missile attack was against our sats and I'm more inclined to say the attack's aim was more along the lines of disrupting our sat network."

"I see." Muttered Hay. "That'll be all."

"Ye sir." Cannell as he got up and made to leave the room, though stopped before he reached the door. "I'll see that *Drake* is made ready."

Without waiting for a reply Cannell departed the room, already forming an idea as to what the 'insurance policy' was implied to be.

(Just wanted to get this up, more to come)

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - [Factbook](#)

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Sat Jul 04, 2015 2:39 pm



North of Mordent

"All hands to flying stations, all hands to flying stations."

The ship's tannoy called out and Admiral Sir George Cutting watched as the deck crews headed out onto the flight deck of the *Audacious*-class aircraft carrier HSS *Eagle*, beginning a series of rigorous pre-launch checks before the first aircraft was brought up from the hanger. To other side of the *Eagle* were five of her sister ships, each one another *Audacious*-class carrier which were exchanging flashes from their Aldis Lamps before beginning their own preparations for launch. Cutting could feel the reverberations in the deck through his feet as the *Eagle*'s engines and steam turbines were worked up as her and her sister turned into the wind, in the distance the carriers' escort group of a few cruisers and smaller ships like destroyers and frigates kept station as pickets. This was about half of the fleet that had supported the Morridane landings in Northern Imbrinium, whilst the *Centaur*-class carriers had been left behind with their own escorts and support ships the rest of the fleet had been directed to try and relieve the pressure on Commonwealth forces in Mordent. Though the carriers would be keeping their distance from Mordent, the *Vanguard*-class battleship HSS *Valiant* and her own large escort group were moving much closer to lend some direct firepower. Cutting was also aware that a number of submarines were taking up stations north of Mordent ahead of launching conventional missiles in a co-ordinated and strike against Imbrinium forces, though due to the secretive nature of the Submarine Service he didn't know what strength or even the classes involved.

His attention was brought back to the flight deck, a Westland Wessex SAR 'plane guard' was starting up its rotors after the pre-launch checks had been completed and the first aircraft were beginning to be spotted on the flight deck. Blackburn Buccaneers were being sighted on the flight deck's starboard side whilst Rolls-Royce Phantoms were on the port side, a Fairey Gannet AEW was being marshalled onto one of the catapults that was still building up steam but the Gannet required less force to be launched and so was often launched as soon as possible get some extra eyes up in the sky. As the Gannet was hurled over the end of the carrier and into the sky the strike aircraft were being checked and checked again, every effort was being made to ensure that the aircraft were serviceable and ready for launch as they were bombed up. The noise grew painfully loud as multiple jet engines started up and then the tempo grew even more as the aircraft's afterburners roared during

launch. All-in-all some eighty odd Buccaneers and seventy odd Phantoms were being launched as part of the mass strike, the formation would transit at low level before 'popping up' just before their attack runs when they reached Mordent. If anything in conjunction with the missile strike it was hoped to prove to the rest of Greater Dienstad not to count out the Commonwealth just yet.

Mordent

The Morridane positions in (West) Mordent had taken a pounding from Imbrinium missile and artillery fire, though they stubbornly clung on and took cover where they could as they tried getting as close to Imbrinium units as they could to negate the near ceaseless bombardment. Skyguard and SAM batteries were working overtime to knock out what they could of the Imb missiles, though enough got through to cause damage. Every effort was made to concentrate the anti-air defences in a protective ring round Lindun to keep its airfield operational and the carriers safe, the cruisers and other escorts stationed offshore added their own anti-air defences to this protective ring but the odd missile still got through. Sappers had been busy adapting some of the old smuggler tunnels that criss-crossed Mordent to use for communications and supplies, the rockbed provided shelter against the worse of the Imb bombardment. The Morridanes had kept up the pressure up with their own bombardment of smoke and CS gas rounds, the exact mix was constantly changed to keep the Imbs on their toes which included barrages of just smoke rounds.

HQ Mordent had gotten an inkling that the Imbs were up to something and had set its own plans into action, the boys from Intelligence had burnt plenty of midnight oil in gathering and piecing together all the scraps of information that they could get hold off. It came increasingly clear that the Imbs were building up to launch another offensive, as tempting as it was to shore up his defences and hope to weather the storm Lieutenant-General Walters had other ideas. As the Imbs were gearing up for offensive operations Walter reasoned their defences would be considerably weakened, if he could get this punch in first he might be able to catch the Imbs off-guard. He had also been informed by Morrdun off a forthcoming strike against Imbrinium forces, but the timing was critical and he could only guess how the effort to stir up open revolt in Imb controlled East Mordent. Walter ordered that everything that could be down to misdirect the Imbs was done so which including radio reports of units being forced to fall back, running low on supplies and demoralised. It would likely be what the Imbs wanted to hear, though all the while Walter was marshalling his troops and freshly arrived reinforcements. Troops were moved up via the foresaid smuggler tunnels, least they couldn't be spotted so easily, and decoys were placed to mask the movement of armoured units where possible.

Everything depended on the timing.

When he was certain as much as possible and as far as Intel was able to tell that the Imbs were close to launching their own attack, Walter had the word passed down for his own troops to attack. He opted for the attack to begin before dawn, using the cover of darkness to hide the movements of his troops as they formed up as their mustering points. It wasn't the roar of artillery that herald the attack, rather the quieter and more haunting noise of dozens of bagpipes that started playing a moment before hundreds of thousands of SLRs, machine guns, mortars and anti-tank weapons started firing and lit up the still dark sky. Then the artillery started opening up, both cannon and a number of missile batteries that the Morridanes had managed to bring in with great difficulty. Soon after the first submarine-borne missiles were launched, the effect mainly to provide cover for the armoured units that were now starting up and beginning to roll forwards.

The Battle for Mordent was far from over.



Wanderjar
Ambassador

Posts: 1895
Founded: Feb 17, 2006
Ex-Nation

by [Wanderjar](#) » Sun Jul 05, 2015 11:22 am



Stevidian South Greal, Wanderjarian Occupied zone

For nearly a year, the no man's land of Stevidian South Greal and Wanderjar had remained quiet. After a massive blitz had seen the Afrikaner Defence Forces surge over a million men over one hundred miles into Stevidian territory, political squabbling had forced State President Blair to order his southern command to halt the offensive, and correspondingly hold against the Stevidian colonial forces. While the Stevidians were unable to dislodge the holding Afrikaner troops, nor did they especially try, sporadic fighting had continued for several months until an uneasy cease fire had been declared. This ceasefire still persisted, but both sides had settled into a routine, and finally both sides had, for the most part, relaxed.

Private Granger Westhuizen stood at east in a great plain that only now was nature beginning to reclaim. Hundreds of thousands of artillery shells, rockets, and aerial deployed bombs had relegated the once lush green landscape of rolling *kopje* and savannah into a decayed and pockmarked image of hell. Granger had watched over the previous several months this transformation and was always amazed at nature's ability to heal itself. He was a new soldier, having only recently finished basic training and school of infantry at Auckland just before his assignment to the 49th Dragoons, an armoured cavalry regiment attached to the 17th Corps, 8th Army, Army-Group South. Granger had not experienced combat, as he came long after the ceasefire was issue, and thus far his experience in South Greal had been limited to lazy drill and boredom busting via chain smoking with his comrades.

A relatively recent development along the lines was the beginning of a sort of friendship developing between the Wanderjarians and their ostensible Stevidian foes. As he and several other comrades from Baker Company had crossed the lines and entered no man's land, they encountered a trio of Stevidians who waved amicably, and urged the four Afrikaners to approach. Withdrawing a pack of cigarettes, Granger offered them to each of the Stevidians who gladly accepted. Neither spoke each other's language, but smoking was a universal commonality that soldiers the world over could agree upon. The Stevidians nodded and held the cigs up in thanks, to which the Afrikaner troopers acknowledged by producing a rugby ball.

Granger remarked at how much fun he and the lads had just tossing the ball around, laughing, though without the benefits of speaking. *'How odd,'* he thought to himself, *'Just a year ago we were trying to kill these guys.'* Wanderjarians and Stevidians had, historically, good relations. Most of the soldiers even recalled growing up in grade school being educated about Wanderjar's historic enemies, such as Emperor Pudu, the Kraven Corporation, and the Blackhelm Confederacy, and historic allies such as Lyras, Allanea, Questers, Lamoni, and of course - Stevid. When the war started, he had wondered what had happened to change all this.

For the moment however, it didn't matter. A sort of détente had been reached in South Greal and, god willing, it would last. In the mean time, Private Granger would continue to look upon the Stevidian soldiers not as foes, but as comrades in the shared misery of a hardship deployment.

*Office of Naval Intelligence
Bloemfontein, Afrikaner Free State*

The Office of Naval Intelligence had always been remarked as the

best of Wanderjar's military intelligence departments. Situated in a large, structurally reinforced, office in downtown Bloemfontein on Maurician Boulevard, itself a centre of government and military staffs, this held the intelligence bureaus for the Royal Afrikaner Navy, Air Force, and Army. The threat level perceived to Wanderjarian maritime trade lanes was deemed high at the moment, given the current northern naval conflict between the Morridanes and Imbrinium which threatened to at any time erupt into yet another larger regional war. Correspondingly, the Office of Naval Intelligence was busy; in particular the Bureau of Strategic Intentions found itself especially overworked.

Should a Stevidian, or Morridane for that matter, intelligence officer view the building from afar, they would no doubt gather quite quickly that this staff was perpetually undermanned. Long nights far beyond normal hours saw a staff of about a dozen dealing with all global, and especially regional, threats. The number of pizza deliveries skyrocketed such that many remarked the Wanderjarian Intelligence Directorate single-handedly could raise stock prices. An old joke in the intelligence field also held that spies note that something big is going down when the pizzas start flowing into the building, so called 'PIZINT' or 'Pizza Intelligence.' It would've likely made for an amusing sight.

At present, the reports of Morridane forces in northern Imbrinium were pouring in from their allies, and this shocked ONI. They never thought that the Morridanes would be so bold. This brought up an interesting question however: what exactly did they hope to gain from doing so?

Vice Admiral Piet de Klerk believed it was sheer madness to believe that they would be able to seize territory, much less hold it, even if just to force a ceasefire and withdrawal from Mordent. This made the question ever so much more complex, and produced few possible answers. The end result was that the Chief of the General Staff and Admiralty was provided with little more than shrugged shoulders, a fact which neither General Hendrik Pembroke nor State President Michael Blair were particularly happy with.

The RAN's northern fleet commander, Vice Admiral Kristian van Hollander, had confirmed that Morridane naval forces were in the area via aerial reconnaissance and submarine observation. The reports he was feeding back to ONI suggested that the enemy was simply holding the area to defend their forces beachhead, and requested confirmation on how to respond.

Blair was particularly unsure of how to do this. Engaging may reignite the Stevidian conflict which Congress was especially hoping to avoid, but it was a Wanderjaria obligation to assist their ally when their shores were violated by a hostile threat. Secretary of the Admiralty Jason Neuhall asked van Hollander if he believed his force could engage and remove the Morridane threat, which the Vice Admiral conceded that he most certainly could.

Blair decided to tell van Hollander to wait further instructions, and to see how the situation developed before making a move. The Royal Afrikaner Navy needed time to prep for a renewed naval conflict in case this ended up having wider regional implications, and so the deadline was set: in forty-eight hours if the Morridanes hadn't been removed by Imbrinium or removed themselves, the RAN would begin combat operations around Imbrinium's coast to remove the Morridanes themselves, or at least remove their supply lines and trap those troops currently on the beach.

MT

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Stevid

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

Somewhere in Centre-west Stevidian South Greal Camp Arcadia

QUOTE

Considering it was summer the weather was particularly appalling; not so much because it was thrashing down and around with wind and rain, but more because mid summer in Stevidian S. Greal tended to be of excellent quality. Days were generally long and mildly hot and such conditions, regardless of current political and military affairs, would bring people out doors to enjoy the sunshine. Not today however as it had now been lightly raining for four days straight and the clouds remained ever overcast. Not ideal if you were a simple soldier in Stevidian S. Greal, especially if you were in Camp Arcadia. The camp was one of the largest in the central regions of the territory and had one of the largest 'Live Exercise' training areas with provisions for infantry battle drills up to brigade level, armoured assaults, air assaults, close air support drills, and artillery bombardments.

Since the outbreak of war the camp had become very busy with activity and had been recently reinforced with active units on top of those still in training or on exercise. During the initial air attacks from Wanderjar the camp's main areas of infrastructure had been hit hard, and whilst repairs were well under way a lot of camp buildings were ruined and still unsafe to use. But the training area was left unscathed simply because it was just a training area potted with a few killing villages and ranges. Today the training hosted the full, newly formed and freshly trained 42 (GREALI) RILES and 23 (GREALI) Hussars regiments. Monitoring the two units engaging in one of their last exercises before deployment to the frontline some two hundred miles away was Major-General Alice Higgins.

Stood with a full retinue of fellow senior officers in a hastily put together 20-metre concrete observation tower, Maj Gen Higgins watched on through a pair of binoculars through the relentless drizzle as armoured vehicles moved in on the final objective – Killing Village Zulu (or KV-Z). She was dressed in full combat Osprey rig and rifle slung, like everyone else. Being in an operational combat zone with peace talks nowhere near finished meant that an enemy break-through, no matter how unlikely at this stage, could never be ruled out. Smiled as the units a few hundred metres away from here began the attack, mud

flying in all directions as main battle tanks flanked either side the hideously large village whilst the mechanised units trundled slowly behind between the two tank squadrons some two or three hundreds metres behind – en route straight for the village.

"It ain't training if it ain't raining."
She mused loudly.

KILLING VILLAGE – ZULU

Strike Force Alpha was the name of the three companies (two armoured one mechanised) that was involved in the final attack on this particular killing village, the rest of the regiments were held in support and reserve with additional artillery support if needed... which it would be. The rounds were all blank and the enemy was imaginary with no live OPFOR actors in the village other than dummy targets. Use of force could be a liberal and aggressive has the senior officers commanding the OP on the ground wanted.

The operation and story behind it was simple enough: Imbrinium forces have taken the population centre and dug in. Village is reinforced and well supplied. Buoyed by their nation's successes in the campaign morale is high and their weaponry and equipment are well maintained. The enemy are in the process of being rotated out of the combat zone so defending forces, while experienced, are not battle hardened. The village has to be taken so to dislodge and annihilate the enemy so BLUFOR can utilise the village as a temporary base of operations for further strikes into enemy controlled territory. Resistance expected to be rugged, determined and aggressive. No change in weather or political circumstances. ROE s unchanged, maximum aggression, surrender to be accepted depending on situation on the ground and in AOR.

It made for good narrative but only for training purposes, most of the info the troops worked off for this exercise was Real World irrelevant.

Flanking the village by several hundred metres were eight AY2-1L Panthera Leo tanks, four on each flank. They trundled through the thick mud hugging the dense treeline that snaked around the village and 'opened fire' with their main guns. The use of training lasers on the main guns activated small dummy explosive smoke charges in the village representing shell strikes on

the village. It seemed realistic enough minus any actual structural damage. The tanks fired on relentlessly with ease, the crews were fresh and highly familiarised with their vehicles. The vehicles themselves were brand new as the Empire wide policies on military equipment manufacture, especially in Stevidian S. Greal were now in full swing. Supplies and reinforcing equipment from Stevid and Adaptus Astrates was no longer a necessity.

The two companies communicated over the local secure network and the order was given to check fire right and left on their respective flanks. Simultaneously 35 Battery, the nearby supporting artillery, was hailed for a smoke barrage on the tip of the village. While this conversation took place the light armoured vehicles of 42 RILES, eight in all, which had been following some distance behind charged forward at breakneck speed. The tank squadrons kept up the rate of fire and still flanked the village. The attack was ferocious and it was obvious that an enemy would either be pinned down in their houses, whatever was left of them, or that the tanks would be drawing an awful lot of fire. This was taken into account with there being several laser devices that would mimic Lyrans LY65 Ru'ahk RPG launching HE and AT missiles. The tank companies were targeted and successfully engaged on four occasions. Vehicles deploying counter-measures and explosive reactive armour were taken into account by the battle management computer that conducted the simulations. One tank was hit, immobilised, survived but declared out of action; another was hit but survived with light damage to secondary armaments and the gearbox while the other missiles failed to score hits. Panthera tanks replied in kind by knocking out the firing positions.

Meanwhile the eight FV-801 Viper infantry fighting vehicles that made up 42 RIFLES assault company were minutes away from entering village. Arriving in two arrowhead formations the main auto cannons on the vehicles opened up on the perimeter houses of the village – firing somewhat indiscriminately whilst on the move on tough terrain. It was then that several actual real life explosions sprung up between the assaulting vehicles and the village as the artillery smoke rounds arrived a little later than planned. The wind kicked up the smoke quickly and the infantry company in the vehicle

entered the outskirts of the village unheeded by the make-believe small arms fire from the village.

Camp Arcadia Observation Tower KV-Z

Higgins nodded with approval, other officers were conversing about the attack also impressed by the ease of attack. Obviously in the real world there would be other factors to consider. The smoke was late by nearly two minutes, enough time for the enemy to fire off a rocket or two at the assaulting light vehicles and given the modern world weapons being used kills would have been likely. But on the face of it the assault was successful.

"I must say Maj Jennings your RIFLES units have done remarkably well in training in such a short space of time. I know it's not conscription as such but the trawl and training of these men really has been short notice." Higgins hawked, still watching the 'battle' unfolding through her binos.

"My training teams all have service persons who have seen action, many in New Empire so have great expertise in armoured and mechanised assaults verses Lyran weaponry and also in the use of such weaponry."

"I dare say there are quite a few teams like yours in South Greal at the moment." Higgins said turning around to actually look at Maj Jennings. *"Your RIFLES, together with Maj Olgin's Hussars will be the fiftieth and fifty-first unit that Camp Arcadia has successfully pumped out. All with fresh brand new equipment."*

"And with motivated, local soldiers, Ma'am." Jennings replied rather proudly. *"Local and ruling territorial government initiatives to boost volunteer service for the Empire has had a remarkable effect. We're getting a lot of South Greali applicants these days."*

"Good." Higgins said although she'd become somewhat distracted as the actual infantry platoon attacks began in the village, signalled by extreme snapping noise of light arms fire supported by the Vipers' main guns. The Panthera tanks had since ceased firing and were now in over-watch ready to support and engage when required. *"I'm glad the South Greali government is finally getting to grips with the situation and not relying on the homeland to do all the work. I*

hear initiatives to getting Mogan and Morridane 'volunteers' to sign up to temporary military contracts in the Empire's service in South Greal is working too. We're getting more and more foreigners joining up to make their 'personal' cause more official."

"Plus it drives down the number of unaffiliated troops fighting for us down."

"Exactly. My one and two up have expressed this fact to the local government in that an official armed force is more likely to be legitimately recognised than foreign PMCs or national volunteers. They won't all join up but it keeps their numbers controllable."

Twenty minutes or so passed and the ground war in KV-Z came to an end. Obviously it was a complete success as with every final attack exercise. But the exercise itself was not would concern enemy agents or commanders, but who was participating. The lull in fighting on the ground meant the Holy Empire got the respite it so desperately needed to regroup its forces. Apart from the odd localised exchanges of fire at really strategic locations were nerves were very frayed, the ceasefire had held very well. Imbrinium however was facing a war on three fronts, South Greal, Mordent and now on the shores of the Imbrinium itself. Stevid, no thanks to the political decision of Morrdh not to help the Holy Empire when war with the Crown started, out and out refused to be drawn into the Commonwealth's conflict with Imbrinium – now more than ever what with the ceasefire. It meant that while Imbrinium had more to focus on still, Stevid could focus solely on preventing the enemy ever gaining any headway in South Greal or anywhere else. This was no more evident than in Stevidian South Greal.

The standard construction templates on all Stevidian military equipment and purchased DPRs had been forwarded to all factories able to retrofitted for wartime production as well as actual dedicated factories. The former nation that is now S. Greal was First World and well developed, the technology and infrastructure was there to mass produce weapons of war, the lull in conflict now meant it could continue without interruption. Tanks, light vehicles, aircraft, small and heavy arms, ammunition, rations, clothing, it was all being mass-produced in the hundreds or thousands. The Empire's

war economy was now in productive full swing and the Stevidian government wished it would remain so while the war still persisted. Peace was very much on the cards but the country had suffered majorly in the war, in order to recoup lost assets on the ground, air and sea, the war economy would be used to replace it. The economy's aftermath, should peace be achieved, was another more daunting prospect.

Without dwelling on the future, Stevid South Greal was now more prepared for than ever before. All across the eastern and northern lines units were being reinforced, whole new brigades and divisions were being deployed. Fortifications were built or ad hoc ones built with current ones reinforced; airfields were resurfaced at the expense of local roads – the expense of man-hours was tremendous but the territory of millions knew what was at stake and the brutal reputation the Imbrinium forces carried with them.

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Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevid** » Wed Jul 15, 2015 12:42 pm

QUOTE

Palace of Nipotas Fedala

The Golden Throne don't do things in half measures, the country was proud of what it could achieve in the face of adversity and would strive to better itself on almost any level. Culturally The Macabees was a country with a rich history with a fondness for physical grandeur, this fact was not lost on foreigners who could not fail to notice the splendour of Macabean architecture, particularly that which was on display in the capital city. The Palace of Nipotas was one of these archetypical Macabean buildings, a building that literally embodies the spirit of Macabean wealth and prosperity. The palace gardens, interior corridors, the grand staircases, the building itself was a work of art that in itself displayed foreign and domestic art work to further show off to those inside just how incredible Macabean culture was.

The proximity the of the Holy Empire to the Golden Throne territories meant that the cultural significance of the sister Empire across the Otium Aqua Sea was difficult to ignore. Dienstadi was a third language of Stevid and had recently become more commonly spoke than the traditional second language of the Empire, Latin, on the island of Rubet – closest to The Macabees. Whilst the two Empire's shared much in common, the two cultures were particularly different. The culture of Stevid had been heavily influenced by the devotion the country had to God and Church

where the richest people and the elite of nation, while they existed, were generally frowned upon by a religious institution that practiced a way of life that looked beyond the vices of greed and jealousy. Therefore the Stevidian palaces for the royal family and stately homes for the knights of the realm tended to be more Georgian and more or less reserved in how they displayed the owner's wealth. The nation's churches and cathedrals, however, were truly something to behold. Stevid had the largest collection of Christian places of worship than any other in the region and one of the largest cathedrals in the world. The designs were almost all Gothic and stood and over fist above almost anything else in the region. Through this, Stevidian people tended to be more in awe of a building's stature and how it relates to God rather than how it shows off how rich the owner is.

Because of this major cultural difference, the Stevidian delegations in Fedala truly wondered and respected the sense of elegance and grandeur of Nipotas Palace, but were not in awe. A Stevidian always appreciated elegance and luxury – just so long as it wasn't so 'in your face'. The country's most senior diplomat, Sir Gregor Austin, headed the Stevidian delegation. He had been at the forefront of the Empire's highest level talks for the better part of twenty years and was stalwart in his efforts to get the Holy Empire the best deal for a good a compromise as possible – sometimes without compromise, it really did depend on the situation. Prime Minister Conroy, as usual, would not be attending. Whilst it was in the Prime Minister's job description to conduct diplomatic missions personally on occasion, these first stage talks were better handled by a true professional that lived and breathed the role. Sir Gregor was the country's best chance of getting what it wanted at the enemy's expense.

The delegation may have arrived before Imbrinium but they had set up office in one of the Palace rooms and asked not to be disturbed until a full hour had passed after the Imbrinium delegation's arrival. A Palace Porter regularly knocked for the Stevidians to 'hurry up' in as polite way as he could muster. But the deliberate tardiness of the Stevidians was probably not lost on the Macabean host of the Imbrinium delegation; even though neither side had sat down and begun talking the talks had 'already begun' and had done so from the moment Stevidian diplomats landed in the Golden Throne. The representatives of the Holy Empire were playing mind games, annoying the enemy (and the hosts to a degree), everything was about tipping the odds in your favour, watching the other side's reactions and capitalising on them should the opportunity present itself. The backlash could be a less reception Imbrinium delegation, but neither side could afford to ignore each other.

Eventually Sir Gregor beckoned his retinue of men and women to gather their things and follow him to the stately room where the talks would take place – he followed on behind the

Porter who looked genuinely disgruntled. As the delegation moved through the grand halls of the palace they discussed its beauty and this seemed to cheer the Porter up who seemed more than happy to turn the walk to the talks into a mini walkthrough – talk through history lesson and guided tour. Eventually they arrived at the room and the Porter entered first, declaring the arrival of the Stevidians. Sir Gregor eyed a guard dressed almost head-to-toe in gold. In those few fleeting seconds he compared the guard to a Stevidian Templar Knight. They seemed of similar height and build as the Templars tended to be very tall and very bulky, but the attire of the Knights compared to these Macabean Sadakor was much more imposing. That said, the Knights' kit and equipment appeared archaic but was in fact quite modern and had a genuine place on the battlefield; as opposed to this golden armour that seemed more for ceremonial use than anything else. Nonetheless, Sir Gregor was impressed.

As the Stevidians walked into the room the Macabean mediators rose. Behind them were three flags; that of the Golden Throne flanked by the standards of the Crown and the Holy Empire on their respective sides of the table. The table itself was practically empty and clean save for three pitchers of water. It was the ceiling that was most impressive for it was noisy with decorations and chandeliers, but Sir Gregor pretended not to notice for they were nothing but a distraction at this stage and the recess sessions would give him time to admire it. The task in hand at the moment was these peace talks.

"Forgive us for being a little behind schedule, gentlemen." Sir Gregor said somewhat bluntly. Furthermore he didn't follow this up with a reason for being late and certainly wasn't going to tell them it was solely for the sake of it.

They all introduced themselves and the Macabean dignitaries laid down the law. The Imbrinium's had indicated that the Empire should get the ball rolling. Sir Gregor agreed and he fiddled with his paperwork following this. He was quiet in doing so, methodical too. In fact he was noticeably slow. He stopped on occasion, frowned at the paper in front of him then would silently and softly shake his head and remove the paper from sight. He didn't once look up but was acutely aware in the periphery of his vision a few members of the Imbrinium delegation had raised the odd eyebrow or exchanged glances at each other, although the foreign Prime Minister and a few others hadn't broken their stare. Sir Gregor was satisfied that he had read into the other delegation's body language enough for the time being and finally decided on several pieces of paper to have in front of him, though as he started to speak he didn't once look back at the documents.

"I'll keep it simple and brief to begin with gentleman just so we're all singing off the same song sheet, so to speak. My

government is of the mind these peace talks have been delayed long enough. Furthermore my government expresses its great disappointment that the Crown of the Imbrinium has taken so long to agree to peace talks to take place. I will touch on that subject later. For now we should start at the very beginning and what we expect from these talks that hasn't already been covered by our friends in the Golden Throne.

"My government stresses that these are preliminary talks between The Kingdom of Stevid and Rubet and Holy Empire, and the Crown of Imbrinium. Our two governments have not sat down properly and talked before now during this war – therefore we acknowledge that we probably won't settle our difference in this round of talks. Furthermore my government implores the Crown to remember these are Phase Two talks. The Holy Empire conducted minor Phase One talks with the Protectorate of Lyras with the Free Republic of Lamoni as mediator. These talks ended with no promises made, only the exchange of ideals and where all parties stand. But the fact we have progressed to a second round of talks – now between the main belligerents, is a testament to the willingness of both our governments to see this war end. "To business then. My government hereby declares the following initial demands of the Imbrinium:

One: The Crown Kingdom of Imbrinium must immediately evacuate all military units and civilian agencies attributed to it from the legal territorial holding of the Stevidian Holy Empire, Stevidian South Greal.

Two: The Crown Kingdom of Imbrinium will affirm that Stevidian South Greal is a legal Stevidian territory as recognised by the international community of Greater Dienstad, and will cease and desist from ever challenging Stevidian right the territory.

Three: The Crown Kingdom of Imbrinium will admit to and apologise for the systematic killing of innocent civilians in towns and villages in occupied Stevidian South Greal. Further to this the Crown should also apologise for the murder of surrendering troops following the evacuation of Vanderburg.

Four: The Crown Kingdom of Imbrinium must hereby pledge full reparation of all damages incurred to civilian infrastructure during the fighting to which your forces were responsible for.

Five: The Crown Kingdom of Imbrinium will accept full responsibility for starting the war by way of deliberately ramming a Royal Navy destroyer and the instigation of all out war two years on 23 Jun.

Six: The Crown Kingdom of Imbrinium will apologise to the international community for its use of weapons of mass destruction on a neutral nation state and subjecting the region to the most dangerous pandemic of Varathron Blood Fever it has faced in its history.

Seven: The Crown Kingdom of Imbrinium will admit and then apologise for its hand in the torpedoing of the civilian cruise liner RMS Princess Jane."

As Sir Gregor finished he noticed the frantic

scratching noise of pens on paper and everyone jotted down notes on what was the opening salvo of demands from the Holy Empire. Aside from the scribbling, there was an awkward silence.

"Of course, these wouldn't be peace negotiations if there was not room for negotiation..." Sir Gregor finished.

Last edited by [StevId](#) on Fri Jul 24, 2015 1:54 am, edited 1 time in total.

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The Macabees
Senator

Posts: 3870
Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by [The Macabees](#) » Sat Jul 25, 2015 12:49 pm



Baros' jaw dropped further and further as the Stevidian gave his country's list of demands. They certainly did not waste any time, and they gave no room for anyone to think that Stevid was going to be backed into unfavorable peace agreement. When Sir Gregor Austin finished the list, Baros turned to Pendas and whispered, "Sorry brother, but I don't think today's events will reflect well on us."

The other man responded, "Why do you say that? Surely, the Stevidians are honest when they say they are open to compromise."

"I'm not sure they will be open to the compromises Imbrinium is looking for," said Baros. He glanced at Imbrinium's delegation and continued, "Do you really think the Kingdom will apologize? A people who spread one of the most dangerous and vile viruses in history upon Maldorians?"

Pendas laughed silently. "Are we any better?"

"Perhaps not, but that's neither here nor there. I am not making moral commentary. And, in any case, would the Golden Throne accept a demand to apologize?" Pendas shook his head in agreement. Baros went on, "And if they won't apologize, do you think they will agree to reparations?"

"Of course, we should take in mind the reparations that Imbrinium has paid us for unintentional damages caused by the Kessler they catalyzed," Pendas added. They both looked at the Imbrinium delegates, who were taking in the Stevidian demands and most likely formulating a response. Pendas' palms itched from his flared nerves. The Kingdom's peoples were never the calmest and he was afraid that today's talks could go in one direction — utter disagreement and, perhaps, something more — as well as it could go in the other — a further step towards a final treaty. Pendas continued, "Not that they will ever pay us the full amount of the damage they did, which is unfortunate."

"They are paying the rest in other, indirect ways," said Baros. "Trade is flourishing and the Imperial Government, as resourceful as it is, has of course taken to appropriating the remainder of the damages via taxation of Imbrinium's assets in the Golden Throne. But, let us go back to the discussion at hand. We have two demands that will never be agreed to, in our opinion — perhaps our friends to the north will surprise us. And, if they won't apologize for the supposed 'killing of innocent civilians' there's no way they'll agree to apologize for their 'ramming of a Royal Navy destroyer.' Perhaps they will apologize for unleashing Varatheon Blood Fever, but I doubt that too. Ditto regarding the *RMS Princess Jane*. So that's five demands that will probably never be agreed to."

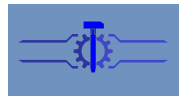
They could both see Imbrinium's delegates' faces growing cold. Clearly they did not appreciate the aggressiveness of Stevid's proposal. The truth of the matter is that it did not reflect the current situation, where Stevid's disadvantage vis-a-vis its opponents was clear. It reflected a possible future state where the war turned in the

Holy Empire's favor — *possible*, but not yet a reality. The Kingdom's people still had not responded and things were growing awkward in the room. Before events got worse, Pendas was determined to use his charm to help move the talks into a more favorable direction. He finally whispered back to Baros, "Then we shall focus on the points they both can come to agree on."

As soon as Pendas said that, he turned his attention to the entire room, all of which shifted to look at him as he spoke. "Those are...strong...demands, but as Sir Gregor says we are at the negotiation table. So, before we decide 'yay' or 'nay,' let us start negotiating. Let's talk about the two most important terms first. These are, A, evacuate all Imbrinium assets from Stevidian South Greal and, B, the recognition of Stevidian South Greal as a legal territory of the Holy Empire. As we all know, we can't talk about demands without talking about offers, so," turning to the Imbrinium diplomats, "what are your demands, and," turning to the Stevidian diplomats, "which of those demands are you willing to listen to?"

Former Sr. II Roleplaying Mentor | [Factbook](#)

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Haishan
Diplomat

Posts: 687
Founded: Sep 08, 2010
Father Knows Best State

by **Haishan** » Tue Jul 28, 2015 9:06 am



Palace of Nipotas Fedala

Sashan Vidin carefully read through the list of demands voiced by the Holy Empire against the Kingdom of Imbrinium; most of it seem punitive in nature but considering how much the Empire have suffered on the hands of the Kingdom, the Vidin could see some of the justifications. However, Haishan is simply an outsider to the current conflict at hand, albeit the Junta have secretly supplied the Empire with a particular consignment.

It seems that the consignment was never received due to lack of confirmation from the Empire and this caused a slight frown on the Vidin's face, hidden behind a white mask. The Vidin rethought the situation again; as the Empire do not show any interaction toward the Junta's sincere offer, the Vidin could interpolate that the relations between the Junta and the Empire is somewhat shaky at best. Thus Junta obligation to the Empire, despite them being the major proponent of SCNS would be naturally lower than expected.

In the end it's a political chess; if the Junta supported the Empire too much, that could mean a foreign war for Haishan and the current mood is anti-war as shown by mutual compromise between the Junta and Moka Federation in the Istegium Crisis. On the other hand, should the Empire falls, Haishan would lose an important State in the SCNS project, one that is not polarised by either superpowers in the region.

The Vidin instead decided to focus on the only issue that warranted Haishan to send Sashan Vidin in the first place; indiscriminate Kingdom of Imbrinium anti space attack. Haishan have full rights to be angry in every way; not only the Junta felt humiliated by the Commonwealth Colonial Authority failure for punitive deterrence against space attacks in its clout, the Istegium crisis only soured the Central Military Commission further, before the unrequited Kingdom attack.

Subsequent public protests against the Kingdom are only viewed as jokes by the warmongering State whereas they're real and direct criticism voiced by Haishan over how the Kingdom does its actions. Thus the Vidin thought; this isn't a negotiation but this is the least compromise Haishan could give the Kingdom given the space attack was viewed on the same level as strategic nuclear strike. If not for the backing and assurance of the Golden Throne, Haishan is more than prepared to repay the favour tenfold.

For the first time in inception of modern Haishan, the Vidin then

officially speak in a foreign conference. "Greetings, ministers, diplomats and relevant personnel. I would like to add point C, where the Kingdom must compensate for the previous space incident. We saw the attack similar to nuclear strike level thus we would like to request a public apology from the Kingdom for the attack, full monetary reparations for disrupting Haize assets of that time and in the future, and joint safeguard with the Golden Throne."

"What the Kingdom did was strategic threat to Haishan, and a serious crime toward the Global Aerospace Trade Association. As second signatory to the Organization, the Kingdom actions could cause damages of untold billions in terms of Dienstadi aerospace trade, disrupting or even collapsing signatories economies and, could further hinder operations of the Organization. Personally, I would like our fair attendees to ponder upon my last sentence. If the Kingdom cannot handle the red button, we're less inclined to believe a negotiation can be held."

STATE CAPITALIST WITH CHAOS THEORISM | THE TECHNO-INDUSCRACY OF HAISHAN
ORDER THROUGH DISORDER
"Nyhizi kizcyk kur"

Misc



Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Sun Aug 23, 2015 6:01 pm



The FLOT West Mordent:

As thousands of soldiers and armored vehicle waited listening to their radio command nets for the go signal meanwhile just behind them was thousands of artillery and missile batteries. It was just after midnight and very dark night with only a quarter moon. The night vision and thermal gear and systems helped the IAFM own the night.

Just after midnight the first UAVs took flight it wasn't long before the first enemy positions, where picked up on thermals and laid to waste shortly after, it was shortly after 0200 than the first scout and armored forces moved across the border and started the operation. Resistances was light at first only the occasional firefights here and there most where put down quickly on the loss of a few armored vehicles and lives. This was also the first time command ordered the taking of prisoners. And there where about 20 EPWs taken and rushed to the rear for interrogation.

The front had been pushed some 80kms back with most riding through empty villages like those did in the great war in the 40s. There was no one around for miles it's like the whole Morridane front had collapsed well so the leadership was either hopping or dreaming it had. About 0430 the forces had almost came to halt when the UAVs and scout units started to be engaged by heavy forces, at first on in pockets, but grew quickly in the whole front. Some scout unit became heavily involved in engagements losing some of their light and medium wheeled armored vehicles. The armored tank and heavy infantry units where quickly called forward to handle the threat that seemed to grow with every minute. The UAVs and units where seeing for the first time tanks on the battlefield.

Route K1 approaching objective Tango 23 a cross roads little town leading the way was the first elements of a scout recon platoon conducting a route recon for the spear head of tanks and heavy infantry.

As Charlie troop moved up the route with 2nd platoon in the lead with their light armored wheeled vehicles. About 600meters away from objective tango 23 they pulled off the road into a herring bone and let their dismounts, this four 3 man teams moved slowly up to gain eyes on the objective. The four teams moved slowly through the bush making sure they were not seen. As the four teams found and moved into their OP/LPs and setup their sensors to watch over the objective.

Within minutes the talon teams reported set into their positions and started to report back intelligence on what was being seen. The first reports where not good the Morridane's had dug in positions, mined the roads built up dirt anti-tank traps and barred wire, the UAVs

reported at least two platoons backed up with infantry and armored vehicles.

The 2nd platoon leader noted everything what was coming in on the BMS to the rest of the force and beyond. The front had hit large pockets of Morridane forces all along the front; time would tell who would break first.

Palace of Nipotas Fedala

While the delegations that where in Macabees there first stop was the hotel. After the security swept the rooms and a security office was setup the prime minister and the peace delegation left for negations. Within thirty minutes the peace delegation was at the palace of Nipotas, the awe on the delegation as they walked the halls of the palace. They where late the Macabees and the Stevidian where already in the large room to conduct the talks, the prime minister and the peace delegation walked in passing the other delegations and sat down across from their Stevid counterparts.

The silence was finally broken by the Stevid's head spokes person. The Stevid's demands where read one by one and they where wrote down by the prime minister's assistant. The demands where typed into a tablet so every member had a copy of the demands word for word.

After the prime minister reflected on the talk that him and the king talked about before leaving the kingdom got the peace talks and also glaring at his notes over the past two years of the war.

"Gentlemen I understand the pressure from both our leaders on ending this war but the terms you have listed are outlandish. The kingdom will agree to a phased withdraw over the next 2yrs max. We also will turn over all EPWs and local civilians your people left behind the young and the old that were not able to move when you're fled. As for the rest gentlemen we are at war and a war is when diplomacy has failed, diplomacy has failed in and all accounts between our two nations. I don't know how the holy empire fights its wars but as for the crown we fight the way we have for the last two years. We have actually not fought to the extreme we wanted or would have if pushed. We are not weak in our sense of how we fight do not forget that. Diplomacy must be regained and regained by us here and now. Not only will we do as I stated before but we have terms also.

- 1. We will hold on to the hard fought northern city of Vanderburg with a 100km buffer zone a DMZ as such to keep a watchful eye on the Empire.*
- 2. Your troop numbers in southern Greal will not reach over 250,000 for the point of ten years enough to keep and maintain law and order in the lawlessness that will take place when we pull out.*
- 3. Your empire's fleet numbers will not exceed two full fleets in the waters west of Southern Greal only to maintain defence of your lands there.*
- 4. Your air force will not place heavy bombers in Southern Greal for those ten years time spoke of above.*
- 5. The fourth expansion of the empire will stop and not restart east of Southern Greal.*
- 6. Shipping lanes east of Southern Greal will b reopened for both our nations for both civilian and military traffic.*
- 7. We will not pay or expect payment of losses due to this war by either nation.*
- 8. Our withdraw will not be attacked doing so will cause combat operations to restart and we have more forces in the area to wipe out anything you have in Southern Greal. Stating that our forces in Vanderburg will number around a million with another million permanently stationed in Wanderjar.*

I will you and your team talk over our terms and step forward from here, remember your empire has not lost the war but isn't in a position to make sure terms on the crown either, we both hold the power here at this time to either do more harm to our great nations

or move toward peace.

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Mon Aug 24, 2015 3:05 pm, edited 2 times in total.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Stevид

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by [Stevид](#) » Thu Sep 03, 2015 6:30 am

QUOTE

Sir Gregor allowed his aides to jot down pretty much everything the 'Imps' had outlined as part of their own initial demands. He was a seasoned negotiator and could quite easily recall their list of demands. Despite his experience, however, there was no denying that even he was surprised at the aggressiveness of the demands. But he expected nothing less of course, the enemy were back by two regional superpowers and probably felt comfortable with a Macabean presence in the talks too. Comfortable enough to fire off a list of demands that they almost certainly knew would be rejected with little thought; much like Stevid's demands, if Sir Gregor was honest with himself.

There was a brief pause as the Stevidian allowed his aides to jot down the last of the opposition's demands before providing his riposte.

"My government understands that our demands are, shall we say, difficult to swallow - but nonetheless justified. Of course these would be negotiations without actual negotiating, as I mentioned before. On that note, my government is more than willing to make exceptions or otherwise amend our list of demands. Perhaps add or remove several, so long as the Crown can guarantee the Holy Empire the same common courtesy."

There was a noticeably long pause and subsequent silence as Sir Gregor poured himself some water and casually sipped from his glass.

"Contrary to the beliefs your government holds on the progress of the war it is my duty, as a true representative of His Majesty's Government and Empire, to correct you on several issues. You claim that you hold the balance of power in Stevidian South Greal? I will not deny that you can current field more combat units to battle than the Holy Empire and the South Greal Defence Forces currently deployed. However it should be as clear to your military as it is clear to me that Stevidian forces have not 'fled' the field. The successes you have had in conflict have been hard fought for a reason; the reason Vanderburg in a city of ruined ash is a testament to 'Stevidian Resolve'. The Imbrinium campaign in Stevidian South Greal can only be described as less that satisfactory as you have failed to dislodge an initial force of only two Divisions and now seen it grow in strength to nearly two Army Groups over the past two years.

"My government is not convinced that your military has not been fighting to the best of its abilities. This may be evident in the obvious lack of military progress in Stevidian South Greal, the Crowns disastrous mass air attack on the Stevidian Royal Navy and the subsequent inability to remove the Navy from the war. This government will not speculate on the exact state of your air forces' quantity of support aircraft but we could hazard an educated guess that your nation could not mount an attack like that again on Stevidian assets so close to the Stevidian mainland or even South Greal.

"My government applauds and accepts the Crown's offer to remove its troops from Stevidian South Greal, together with the handover of captured persons and displaced citizens. However the total sum of your demands is unacceptable and BOTH our terms should be properly discussed and amended as such. For example:

1) Hold on to Vanderburg to keep watch on the Empire?

I think it was obvious we would decline this. Furthermore you need to clarify this point further for our own benefit. What purpose to spying on the Empire serve the Crown if it is a signatory to the Damocles satellite constellation or when you nation is on the other side of a shared ocean? It is also contrary to your previous statement of withdrawal. Furthermore, Vanderburg was hard fought because Stevid made it hard... the city is in ruins and will take decades of investment and rebuilding. This responsibility falls on the territorial government of Stevidian South Greal. Stevid has maintained that the war will continue until Imbrinium removes its forces completely. I'm afraid, Sir, this point is nonnegotiable.

"2) This is agreeable to us and we accept. Considering the original defence forces were only two divisions strong to begin with, this is more than acceptable. We have a counter argument however, in that Covenant forces, notably Wanderjarian, should demilitarise along the borders of Stevidian South Greal. If we are not threatened then there is no need for a large contingent of troops... hence why South Greal was only defended by two divisions.

"3) For similar reasons of point two we accept this. However, there is much discussion on the points of fleets, their size and home ports. This should be discussed later and due to your demand of Point 3, it is critical it be discussed in these talks.

"4) This would otherwise be acceptable on the fact that heavy bombers were not posted there prior to the war. However we do not accept this because of the lack of clarity in the request. Why is this point worth raising when it does not pose a threat to you and why the ten year clause?

"5) The fourth expansion has ceased. The bombing of the island off Maltose, the conquest of the Dersconi Colony and gift of a

former Golden Throne holding for Guffingford makes this point and demand rather mute. However, we offer this instead: Government policies change regularly and so a fifth sphere of expansion may occur in the future. But we can guarantee that it does not affect the direct spheres of influence of Covenant member states. If it does then it should not constitute *casus belli* but rather a serious international incident that results in the halting of the expansion in order for negotiations to take place.

"6) The shipping lanes were never at risk and were never closed by Stevid. In fact, the shipping lanes in the west are at more risk and have had thousands of closures because of wild Hellion missile firings from Lyran ships targeting naval support ships. Being able to distinguish between neutral navy merchant vessel and enemy ones for a primitive AI computer in a missile is seldom seen.

"7) I'm sure this will be negotiable to an extent and worth talking over further.

"8) This is acceptable bar the placement of your forces in Vanderburg - especially at a size of one million. You are free to deploy your forces in Covenant nations as you wish as it is your alliance thus your prerogative. The Empire is also due to discuss territorial concerns with Wanderjar and Wanderjar only - however I could usurp that somewhat and ask that military deployments along the Stevidian South Greali northern border be in moderation for the threats you are facing from Stevid, which would be minimal seeing as a million troops versus less than three Army groups is overkill."

"Finally," Sir Gregor said as he prepared to finish. "The full terms we have outlined are far from outlandish. Especially points 1, 2, 6 and 7. My government demands your direct reply to our initial points plus our counter proposals."

[\[Stevid Embassy Exchange Programme\]](#) | [\[Stevid MoD\]](#) | [\[REANIMATION DIRECTIVE \(Nov. 2014\)\]](#) | [Craxx Archipelago Colonial Signup Thread](#) | [SeaCul - Oil & Gas Exploitation](#) | [SternGuard - Private Military Contractor](#)



Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Thu Sep 03, 2015 3:42 pm



Ministry of defense Cormond

Within minutes of the confirmation of that in fact the north had been invaded by the Morridane, northern command had sat on the intelligence till they had a fly over of fighters which where both lost in a brief battle.

It was now nearing midnight and the complex battle and war rooms where alive with personal trying to put together a response. It had taken longer for the commanders to reach the MOD with roadblocks in place due to the riots from the non-citizens which had picked up over the last few weeks.

It was almost 0100 when the castle was alerted and then things went into high gear from there, the kings knights ran in the kings and queens chambers and woke them and hurried them to get dressed mean while the youngest was woken up and her nanny helped her get her stuff together and dressed. Within about 30minutes the

crown was loaded along with the top staff members of castle Cormond deep underground in a train.

Roughly two hours outside the city of Cormond the king and the royal family along with top staff members arrived at a huge underground base. This base started in the late 40's and been updated and expanded over the years the know location and size is top secret. The first stop was a to get the royal family settled in and then was to the command center.

It was 0600 and the king wanted to make a announcement to the kingdom. As the kingdom was headed to work and getting ready for the day when the emergency system interrupted everyone's day.

"Good morning Imbrinium I the king comes to you this morning with troubling new, our great kingdom has been invaded by the country of Morrdh with demands to pull out of Mordent or else. I can assure you that I your king and the government are doing everything in its power to keep this kingdom safe and to rid our kingdom of these invaders. Please keep calm and please be patient with the government in ridding the kingdom of these invaders. Thank you"

Right after the public announcement of the invasion the orders went out to the all local and federal police to lock down movements around the kingdom trains in some stations where taken over by the government and placed under the MOD's control. All military bases where closed to civilian traffic and placed on high alert.

King Sobairce called for a meeting of the top advisers to discuss what to do about the invaders and to hear the recorded message from the local police of their conversation with the Morridane soldiers. In the meeting it was discussed how to respond to the new threat on the northern shores.

For the first time during the war the Territorial Army was activated with orders to move north which could take days to get them and their gear into place. The only personal able to make to the area quickly was the paras, mobile infantry, commandos, and the marine para-raiders. These forces where the kingdoms quick reaction forces, this was agreed by everyone to deploy them north to hold the line.

Within hours tons of equipment and thousands of men and women were alerted and began their loading of gear of war. It was almost noon the first of the recon and combat controllers jumped in some fifty miles south of the reported known positions of the Morridane forces.

The roads have been cleared by local police and Territorial Army military police. The first recon team to break out and get on the road toward the first abandoned town was head hunter 3 driving in modified land cruisers.

The battle for Northern Lochconnon was started.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WVG1WGA , Q



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Thu Sep 10, 2015 11:17 am



Maunsell Orbital Platform *Drake*

The platform was in bad shape, though the power outages and system crashes were gradually being brought under control. An *Orca*-class frigate had docked with the platform and cables that had been run between it and the platform to provide a degree of power stability as repairs got under way. There were a couple more *Orca*-class frigates keeping station round the platform, the official Royal Space Force cover story was that the vessels were assisting in recovery operations but they were really there in case of another Imbrinium anti-sat attack. Though Wing Commander Douglas McKinley

couldn't care less about the truth of the ships' presence, he had more pressing concerns in ensuring that *Drake* was operational again.

"Sir." A crewman called out as they floated over to McKinley. "We're still having problems with the outer hatches."

"I don't care what the problems are, just get them open!" McKinley snapped. "That even if you have to go outside with a welding torch!"

"Yes sir!" The crewman cried as he tried to scramble away in zero-g, though the effect was more akin to spasms as he drifted gently through the air. McKinley sighed and reread the latest communique from Morrdun relayed via the docked frigate, it was a request as to the platform's status and he'd put off responding as long as he could. *Drake's* status could be summed up quite perfectly with two words that began with 'F' and 'S' respectfully, though that would most certainly be frowned upon by the higher ups. So he had to come up with something that was more acceptable but still conveyed the same meaning, despite Morrdun was getting rather keen on getting a status report. Though his thoughts were interrupted when a large *clunk* echoed up throughout the entire platform, prompting him to cry out. "What was that?!"

"We've gotten the outer hatches open sir." Reported a flight sergeant. "It ain't pretty and we'll have to get 'em shut somehow, but we can use the tubes again."

"Excellent, you've just made my respond to Morrdun hell of a lot easier."

COBRA Room, Morrdun Commonwealth of Morrdun

"Prime Minister, " Called Nathan Hay, the Morridane Minister of Defence, as he entered the room waving a freshly arrived telegram. "Looks like we've finally got a response from the Imbs."

"I see." Replied Prime Minister Edmund Vermillion as he took the telegram and read it. "I see they've chosen to escalate matters rather than our olive branch, almost a shame really."

"Yes, the boys in Intel have confirmed that the Imbs have started mobilizing their home forces and estimate it'll take at least three days for the majority to be fully mobilized." Replied Hay. "The bulk are believed to be Territorials who's combat experience is, shall we say, *varied* though they do have the home ground advantage and backed up by the Imbs' more experienced QRF units."

"And what of our forces?"

"Well we don't quite have the advantage in numbers despite the steady build-up and our supply lines are going to be an issue." Hay admitted. "Our forces are battle hardened from recent conflicts and they're combat ready, plus from what the spooks can tell is that we're sort of expected to simply hold ground."

"Least continue to surprise eh." Smiled Vermillion. "Also, inform Cannell that Maunsell has the go ahead."

Airstrip India Zero-Three Northern Lochconnon, Imbrinium

As Flight Lieutenant Robert Rawson walked out towards his Hawker Hunter FR.10 he couldn't help view India Zero-Three with a critical eye, after all it was atypical of an improvised airfield. The main and only runway was formed from Marsden Matting which had to be checked and repaired after each use whilst everything else from air

traffic control through to billets was under canvas. There were also revetments for various aircraft as well as an ammo dump that had been placed in a large pit that had been dug a far distance away, the same went for the fuel damp that was also placed a respectful distance from the 'heart' of the airstrip. For protection there were slit trenches dug everywhere, a near lethal hazard for those prone to sleepwalking, in addition to SAM batteries manned by RMAF Regiment Gunners.

He looked more favourably on his aircraft which was a fighter-reconnaissance equipped with three nose-mounted F95 cameras that were designed for high-speed, low-altitude reconnaissance photography. It still retained an armament that wasn't to be sniffed at in the form of four 30mm ADEN cannons and a pair of air-to-air missiles that occupied the outboard hardpoints, a pair of drop tanks occupied the inboard hardpoints to boost the aircraft's range. As he approached the ground were finishing up their work, so Rawson did a slow walk round the aircraft and completed his visual checks to ensure that there were no defects. Once satisfied Rawson climbed up into the Hunter's cockpit where one of the ground crew helped him strapped in before removing and stowing the ejection seat's safety pins, another member of the ground crew manned a fire extinguisher placed to one side of the aircraft where they could supervise the start-up procedure. Rawson then worked through his pre-start checks, working in a methodical left to right routine and was soon ready to start the engine. Then Rawson raised one finger to the ground crewman, made a circling motion to indicate engine start and a received a 'thumbs up' in return. Pressing the engine start button firmly Rawson heard a shrill *whee* confirmed that the Rolls-Royce Avon's start cycle had begun. Quick of the engine instruments found everything to be in order, so Rawson signalled to the ground crew 'chocks away' before rolling the Hunter out to the take-off point.

"Control, Rover One." Rawson called out over the radio. "Request take-off clearance."

"Rover One, Control." Came the response. *"Clearance granted, happy flying."*

"Roger that Control." Replied Rawson before he increased engine power, double checking his instruments as the whine of the engine became a low roar. Satisfied he released his aircraft brakes and at once the Hunter sprang forward, the runway edge becoming a blur in Rawson's peripheral vision as the Hunter accelerated. Soon, he pulled back on the control stick to raise the aircraft's nose wheel and within seconds the main wheels followed and the aircraft was airborne. Rawson quickly went through his after take-off checks and then banked the Hunter round to head over the Morridane lines. His sortie today was simply a recce; locate and photograph Imbrinium forces as they mobilized to the south. The secret to a successful mission was to fly at very low level over the flattest terrain he could find on the run-in to a target once he'd located one, to reduce his chances off being spotted by patrolling enemy aircraft he would have to fly at a height of around twenty-five to thirty feet. This was, of course, very hard to achieve at an airspeed of 420 knots so he had to paid near-constant attention to his instruments as the Hunter had a common and natural tendency for its height to creep up to around forty to fifty feet. At the same time he need to constantly scan both the surrounding ground and sky for enemy forces, directly behind his aircraft was a near blind spot but that was negated by a cockpit mirror and a radar warning receiver mounted on the tail.

He reckoned it was going to be an interesting couple of hours of flying ahead of him.

Last edited by [Morrdh](#) on Thu Sep 10, 2015 11:42 am, edited 1 time in total.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - [Factbook](#)

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



After the Stevid delegation said there piece about the crowns demands Prime minister Stephanos looked over at Sashan Vidin, and told the Stevid delegation to hold on for a minute while he addressed the Haishan delegation.

"Sashan Vidin you country wants what? Sir your nation was attacked to keep you out of the war and it worked you nation tucked its tail and minded its own business since. Haishan wants a public apology and compensation for the Crown's ASAT attack. Well I don't know who you had to bribe to get into this meeting but you wasted your time my friend. Haishan government will get what it has already going to get from the crown, nothing. We will give you an apology for wasting your time and we expect one for wasting our time here."

"Now back to you Sir Gregor, you say our troops didn't fight and I quote "to the best of its abilities" in which I'm sure you have no idea what we were doing in all of the time we should've been wiping you from Southern Greal. The deal is that we have left Southern Greal a wasteland there is nothing left passed our front lines. Other than the buildings our military units are using nothing is standing, we have destroyed everything in our wake this is what took so long to make it as deep as we have."

"So are troops where fight just how they were ordered to destroy everything, the country could have been ours but we don't want the land or the hassle of staying there once we would have won."

"So Sir Gregor, we are still in the fight and have a lot of fight to unleash, but we are here for peace not for war, and with that being said gentlemen I personal fill like we need to break for lunch."

Uamh caisteal:

Deep underground some 4000ft below sea level under a mountain in the war room, the plan was coming together within hours the first combat troops would be jumping into Northern Lochconnon to hold and expand the line till follow on forces can force the removal of enemy forces from the Crown.

Some commanders wanted a nuclear option on the table but the king and parliament put a stop to that talk. The forces will hold the line and wait for heavier forces to attack and push the Morridane out.

In Lochconnon the first special forces where approaching the area where the last reports of Morridane forces. Hammerhead 2 which were flown in and drove to the area which to them was kind of spooky driving through towns and villages empty of civilians, just the military police or local law enforcement units. The state police rapid response teams had setup road blocks but they would be no match for military units if pressed.

Hammerhead 2 had parked and a team of four one being a sniper moved off on foot, they where almost 5 miles from the front lines. With orders to lay the first eyes on the enemy and give detailed recon on what's going on the ground. With the entire tech in the world nothing can. Shortly after the team made it they setup a hide and gained eyes on the Morridane forces.

After about an hour the hammerhead team had started to look through there optics and started to take photos of enemy positions.

DZ Eagle:

Roughly a thousand feet above the landscape a group of air force special operations personnel jumped out of a MC-130j into the wild. Their mission was to setup a drop zone for the Paras some two hours behind them already in route. As the teams landed with about a hundred and fifty pounds of gear rocketing toward earth the impact was like always hard. But within minutes the team gathered their gear and started to setup while others unpacked the side by sides and setup beacons to tell the inbound aircraft where to drop without radios.

Two and a half hours later the first aircraft sent a signal letting the team know that the Paras have arrived. Within minutes the first formation for cargo planes flew over at about a thousand feet, with the first soldiers piling out of the sides and the green umbrellas opening up and falling toward the lush green fields below.

The Paras couldn't waste any time on the drop zone they had to grab their kit and move out the assembly area to link up with their companies and higher. Chalk after chalk jumped and landed and assembled into their companies and battalions before moving out.

Within the first four hours a division was on the ground and moving toward the town of crossroads it was the closest town to setup a division headquarters.

Hundreds of miles away the first trains were headed north with heavy armour and equipment to take the fight to the Morridane's.

Air bases around the country:

The orders came down from the NMCA (National Military Command Authority) for the RIAF and the RIN bomber forces to be readied for a major offensive against Morrdh, West Mordent and the Morridane navy this would be the largest ever mounted by the joint bomber forces, some 5500 Royal navy bombers and some 7500 bombers of the Royal air force would be involved. But the bombers wouldn't be going at it all alone this would involve tankers, support aircraft and fighter cover and fighter bombers from both services also.

The navy and some of their fighters would attack the Morridane fleet both around West Mordent, northern Lochconnon, and reinforcement fleets in route to West Mordent.

The Royal air force would mount a massive attack on Lindun and other towns and Command and support networks in and around West Mordent. The mission also included a massive attack on Morrdh itself the first in over a year. This strike would be massive with the air force mounting a bomber attack and covering force of fighters to go thousands of kilometres before engaging the enemy.

The Morridane's had a massive air force but their true numbers were still at odds with what the intelligence was showing so no one really knew what they really had protecting their homeland. The intelligence did show new fighters fighting in West Mordent but what about Morrdh itself.

This massive attack would start within the next twenty four hours it would take that long to prep and plan the final target packages. But for now there was a lot of work to be done and short time to do it.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by **Imbrinium** » Sun Nov 01, 2015 6:34 pm



IAFM command headquarters East Mordent:

The current offensive was going to slow the generals back in Imbrinium where not impressed that with over a million troops in east and west mordent that operations were taking this long. The plan had changed and for the worse for west mordent, peace talks nor a ceasefire were yet in the works so after a pause it was decided that gains could be made till the word came.

The corps commanders were briefed on their new orders and they briefed their people, it took time to prepare the equipment and supplies to do the change of operations.

0100 local time

The time had come and hell would be paved with the souls and blood of those who wish to fight the crown. Thousands of artillery pieces opened up from light 105mm guns all the way up to the highly mobile 155mm SP units. Missile launchers firing 220mm unguided missiles, these pieces would be firing thousands of rounds a minute landing on Morridane units and towns in some places a thousand meters grid squares where wiped clean of every living thing. The glow lit up the sky light a far away thunderstorm with its own rolling thunder, fires and smoke could be seen from cameras on battle blimps.

Infantry would no longer supported by tanks the tanks would be in the front clearing the way for the infantry riding in mechanized units killing if needed face to face.

The artillery barraged would last hours almost four hours to be honest, 0400 the smoke and fog where everywhere truly the fog of war that the thermals of the armored forces had no problem seeing through, the tanks moved out in echelon right or left depending engaging targets as needed crushing over mile after mile of death and destruction of the Morridane front.

The 20th and 21st Corps where in charge of moving west killing everything that opposed them, with the 22nd and 23rd corps moving slower being the anvil still engaging the Morridane's with a impressive amount of firepower and death. TacAir would provide support from the sky dropping retarded 500lb and 1000lb bombes at low levels, with cluster bombs dropped from the minimum height needed to destroy the enemy.

Within the first hours of the operation almost 30miles had been gained with little or no enemy opposition.

The waters south of West Mordent:

The 2nd and 5th NAFs moved south off the coast with the 3rd longsword fleet moved and engaged targets along the coast almost 610 ships moving up the coast to blockade the southern side of the port of Lindun.

The 1st and 6th NAFs moved along the northern coast moving in to cut off the northern side of the Lindun approach to effectively cut the west of Mordent off from support of any kind.

3rd and 4th NAFs head north to hunt down the Morridane fleets and destroy them.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Tue Nov 03, 2015 11:43 am



Maunsell Orbital Platform *Drake*

King Red

That was the signal to launch the platform's payload, about a dozen inert tungsten rods fitted with directional thrust systems. It was effectively a [kinetic bombardment](#) based system, the tungsten rods impacting the planet's surface at very high velocities with the resultant explosion being equivalent to 120 tons of TNT. It was basically a weapon that was suppose to be very hard to defend against with its a very high closing velocity and small radar cross-section, in addition to a launch that was difficult to detect. Though it was a weapon that the Morridane government had been reluctant to use, preferring to keep its existence a secret until the right situation arose.

Now was the first time that any of the Maunsell platforms had been used in anger.

A total of six rods had been fired, all aimed for the island of Mordent with their ultimate targets being the concentrated mass of Imbrinium forces with the objective of literally smashing them. It was hoped that being difficult to detect that the attack would have little warning time and therefore would result in the destruction of a large part of the Imbrinium ground forces in Mordent. There was, however, no guarantee that there wouldn't be any Morridane casualties from the attack and so the '*King Red*' codeword was also used as a signal for Morridane troops to rapidly disengage and seek cover just before the attack hit. Either way the landscape of Mordent would be permanently changed.

South of Mordent

The Royal Morridane Navy had positioned the bulk of its fleet, including the critical carriers, in the Gulf of Mordent and had seeded minefields to both the north and south of the Gulf to help protect its fleet. In addition to positioning picket ships outside of the minefields, though more picket ships were located to the south as the Commonwealth was starting to switch over to a more southerly ocean supply route for its forces fighting in Mordent. Some of the picket ships had moved more eastwards to screen a fleet of landing ships that were moving along the coast to land Royal Morridane Marines to attack the Imbrinium flanks in a bid to relieve pressure on the main frontline. It was one of the picket ships, the Type 42 destroyer HSS *Fellig*, that first detected the Imbrinium southern pincher and radioed a warning to the fleet's flagship the *Vanguard*-class battleship HSS *Valiant*.

Orders were soon transmitted round the fleet via the aid of signal lamps, the carriers were directed to bomb up as many Buccaneer strike aircraft with ASHMs as possible. A number of Type 21 frigates were ordered to sally forth, attract the attention of the Imbrinium fleet and then try to lure them into the minefield in hopes of severely damaging them before the 'big guns' of the Morridane fleet went into action. In addition shore based ASHM batteries were alerted, though these had been affected by the land war and thus their effectiveness was reduced by varying degrees.

(more to come)

Last edited by **Morrdh** on Tue Nov 03, 2015 1:10 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - [Factbook](#)

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



The Macabees

Senator

Posts: 3870

Founded: Antiquity
Anarchy

by **The Macabees** » Thu Nov 05, 2015 10:03 pm



Kriermada Komfel , 96 Kilometers North of Macabea, Province of Díenstad

Night of Morridane kenetic strike.

Desperation.

Desperation has been the cause of too many bad decisions.

"How do we know?" Face buried in his palm, a seated *Stratadmiránt* Bartalamo Lejón half-looked at the open file on his desk. He looked up at the clock on the wall — 11 o'clock — and sighed. He hadn't slept since two in the morning, and he'd be lucky if he'd get to bed by two. He thumped on the report with a thick, weathered index finger. "This is serious and we need to make sure everything in here is accurate before I convene with General Staff."

"With all due respect, sir, we've already double-, tripled-, even quadruple-checked everything. The evidence is all there." *Koman* Daranjo Vivier sounded frustrated, as if this were the *n*th time he had gone over the report with the *stratadmiránt*. His team had been working on this for hours and the evidence was pretty clear, the conclusion obvious. He loomed over Lejón in a way that communicated impatience. "We have *photographs*" — the emphasis was very matter-of-fact — "of the satellites. And there's *plenty* of circumstantial evidence too. You know this, sir." He paused for a few seconds. "Night shift came in, so my guys are heading out. You need me to stick around?"

Lejón flipped through a few sheets of the file and waved the *koman* to sit down. "Send the night shift home. Your guys wrote this, so they need to keep working on it until we're done."

"I figured you'd say that, so I already told my men and sent the night shift home," said Vivier.

The *stratadmiránt* looked up and asked, "So why the hell did you ask?"

"I was giving you a chance to be nice for once, sir."

Lejón chuckled, but otherwise never shifted his attention off the spiral-bound stack of papers on the table. Then he sighed, and said, "I suppose you're right. But, since you've already sent the night shift home, you and your men might as well stay until I leave for my flight." He looked at his wrist watch. "You just have to spend another four hours with me. How does that sound?"

The *koman* sighed.

The *stratadmiránt* gave out another chuckle. "Alright, look, I promise you that in three or four months I'll rotate your men out to make space for a seventy-two-hour leave. And this will be independent of whatever other leave you'll be entitled to by then. That should stop your whining, I hope." Then he narrowed his eyes at *Koman* Vivier and said, "Now tell your men to double check this report and go over any new evidence." He wanted to say, *We can't be too careful. What we're playing with is war and any misstep can be very, very costly.* He mulled that over in his mind. *But war is always the product of a misstep.*

He put that aside and the door closed behind Vivier, as the *koman* left Lejón's office. He flipped through a few pages and then rubbed his eyes. Viver was correct. The evidence was conclusion. Morrdh *nuked* Imbrinium military positions within Morden. No, not nuked. They dropped six rods from space, going so fast that they were pretty much the same thing as a nuke. Except without all the radiation. Always a silver lining, but what's a silver lining in a storm of black? The strike occurred strikes after the rods were dropped, so figuring out what had made the drop wasn't too difficult to figure out. If one were to draw a line from the end of the tungsten rod, ripping a hole

into the ground below it, to space, one would land on a Morridane satellite. You couldn't get better evidence than that. The file even calculated the orbits of military and commercial satellites, and it included a figure that a computer had figured out on the basis of those orbits, the velocity of the rods, and the time of impact. Vivier's team had also consulted with friendly military staff, prodding for intelligence on damaged assets — nobody had lost anything. More evidence than really necessary.

And who could blame the Morridane? Their position in West Mordent was all but lost. With their homeland around fifteen thousand kilometers east, their supply routes intercepted by the Imbriniumian home island, and their defenses facing a numerically superior enemy, Mordent's reunification had turned into a near certain outcome. Forced to play a game of terrible odds, it was only natural for the Morridane to use whatever measures they had to protect themselves. Perhaps the Golden Throne would have used god rods in the same situation. But that is all speculation, and the reality is only one: the one outlined in the file that Lejón was still thumbing through.

The main problem was that the attack came with terrible timing. The Golden Throne reacted to Imbrinium's anti-satellite barrage by threatening the use of force against nations who brought their wars to near-Earth space. For a while, the states of Greater Dienstad seemed to have respected this — although, perhaps it was more correct to say that the need for space warfare had temporarily disappeared —, but now the Morridanes were disregarding it. The Second Empire had to make good on its threats, otherwise they would carry no weight in the future. And they were right to do so. Imbrinium's attack cost the Golden Throne hundreds of billions in terms of lost assets and clean-up costs, the latter of which were ongoing. The private sector suffered even more, although a good chunk of these losses were compensated for by the Crown. Still, space warfare usually came with collateral damage, and now that the Imbriniumian's knew about Morrdh's kinetic strike capabilities the Golden Throne was preparing for the worst: another Imbriniumian mass anti-satellite strike. But, there was a way to help avoid that seemingly unavoidable outcome.

Get to Morrdh's satellites first.

That was the plan that Lejón was taking to High Command, leaving Macabea for Fedala at three in the morning. He'd leave sooner, but the ground crew was prepping transportation for him: a supersonic passenger jet, the *Melodana*. He'd be in the capital within the hour and a half mark, most of the time spent taking off and touching down.

He opened up a cabinet under his desk, to the right. It revealed a platform with a decanter and an exquisite rocks glass set. He took one of the drinking glasses and placed it on the table. Next he retrieved the decanter, which contained a dark gold hue — *barón*. Distilled from a plant local to Holy Panooly, *barón* had a sweet, but sharp as a tack, taste to it. Only a weathered drinker could enjoy it, truly savor it. *Stratadmiránt* Lejón was such a man, and he filled his glass to four-fifths its volume. Carefully, he put the decanter back in the cabinet and closed the door. Then, he took a good, long gulp, and then another, and then another.

Finally, he resolved to read the report one last time. On his intelligence would hinge the Golden Throne's reaction, so he had better gotten his facts right.

Fuermak Komfel, Fedala, Imperial Province

0345, morning after kinetic strike.

Around the large oak table stood Lejón, *Strategos* Arn Víamol, *Strategos* Jesu Lepón, and *Laeridmánt* Karl Trapp. They were all accompanied by another dozen or so officers, most of them very high in rank, but it was them four that truly governed the conversation. Lejón, commander of *Stratkomand Dienstad* ("Strategic Defense

Dienstad" — all naval assets based in Macabea, Sidi Rezech, Sarcanza, and now the Territory of Monzarc), was one of the most powerful men in the *Kriermada*. Viamol was *altstrategos* of the *Fuermak* — the most senior military officer in the Golden Throne's armed forces. Lepón was second-in-command, his recent responsibilities including the integration of the newly acquired continental territories (Zarbia, Monzarc, and Stevidian Guffingford) into the country's defense network. He was somehow still unscathed from the growing criticism of Imperial handling of the occupation of Zarbia, which suffered from almost daily firefights in the deep jungles and frequent bombings in the cities. Finally, Trapp was *alstrategos* of the *Laerihans*, or head guy in charge of the Golden Throne's air force. They all were hotly debating what to do about the Morridane strike.

"Think of how others in the region might react!" exclaimed Trapp, who seemed exasperated.

Lepón — a noted hawk — shook his head in disagreement. "What we are doing what is in the best interests of the region, so it would make no sense to intervene against us."

"You mistake our neighbors' best interests for the greater good. The two are not remotely the same thing. What is in the best interests of a nation is influenced by more than just the vitality of commercial assets, including their political allegiances and their cultural attitudes. You are making the risk of war seem less than what it really is."

Before Lepón could respond, frustration swelling through his veins, Lejón interrupted. Coolly, he said, "If we do not attack we lose our credibility."

To hell with our credibility!" responded the *laeridmánt*. "It's more than our relationships with fellow regional neighbors that's at stake! Must I remind you gentlemen that we are preparing for an offensive operation that will enter the annals of military history. In two years, roughly two billion soldiers will attempt a cross-oceanic invasion of an empire as equally powerful as our own. The operation's preparation is paramount, and that includes maintaining positive relations with the local powers. It's more than obvious that intervening in the Morridane-Imbriniumian war will only complicate things, when that is the exact opposite of what we should be accomplishing!"

The *stratadmiránt* nodded. "Perhaps. But, throwing away our credibility is an even greater loss." He rose a finger at Trapp, before the other man could formulate his retort. "Allow me to elaborate. In an absolute sense, the economic cost of the Imbriniumian kessler was enormous. The private sector took a devastating hit. Four things saved us. First, the fact we are riding the crest of a period of great prosperity. Second, the acquisition of new territories, which offered our companies wonderful opportunities for growth. Third, GATA and our burgeoning trade network. Fourth, and finally, Imbriniumian compensation. We can thank the latter to our military strength. We make great allies and making us happy is worth it. But, we are only great allies as long as we are credible and to be credible need to make good on our promises...and on our threats."

The room filled with murmurs of agreement. Only Trapp visibly disagreed, other like-minded officers staying quiet in the face of such strong opinion. The *Laeridmánt* did not say anything, and the room quieted down for some time, an awkward tension arising, until finally Trapp said, "As High Command wills, the *Fuermak* will carry out its duty."

This time it was Viamol who spoke up. "It seems as if most of us favor action. Since that's the case, the faster we react, the better. The Imbriniumians are surely developing a response of their own and I fear that it will be quite extravagant. They are not a nation known for their timidity. Their use of biological weapons in Malgrave, their recent missile attack, and countless other actions of dubious morality gives us a pattern of behavior. Whatever they do, we must persuade them to avoid a large-scale space attack and instead allow us to handle the problem in a much...cleaner...fashion."

"Yes," agreed Lejón. "There are six *krierflots* stationed under my command, or approximately twelve hundred ships." He would have had more, had this taken place months earlier, but two of his *krierflots* had been deployed to New Empire and a third was heading that way, escorting about one hundred thousand men to that country. Soon, he might even have less. "I propose we use these to end the war in West Mordent. We can combine our air assets with those of the *Laerihans* within *Stratkománd Díenstad*, and elsewhere, to conduct tactical strikes against known Morridane satellites. We'll take them out one by one, avoiding the...mess...of a mass attack." He paused, his gaze passing to Trapp. "Of course, we will offer them a way out. To sue for peace."

"And if they train their space weapons against us?" asked Víamol. "Then what?"

"Then we will do the only thing the Golden Throne would do in such a situation," responded Lejón. "We'll wage war until we successfully disarm their satellites and space fleet."

Víamol seemed unpersuaded. "And if they kill millions with their kinetic weapons?"

"First of all, I doubt they'd risk nuclear war. Second of all, if they did, we would make sure they never again fielded anything beyond a commercial satellite in space." Lejón's face did not flinch as he spoke. But there was an uncertainty about him. It was in the way he stood and in his voice. Trapp noticed.

The *Laridmánt* inquired, "Can't sell yourself your own plan?"

The others in the room looked at the two. Lejón shook his head, "No. It's just that I feel sorry for the Morridanes. The strike was their best chance of success in this war. It seems wrong for us to come in at this point, when the enemy will be at his most vulnerable." He stood straighter. "But, it's not about Morrdh, it's about credibility, like I said."

Kriergруп 'Macabea' would be out at sea within two weeks, three of its *krierflots* sent to approach the Morridane fleet from the southwest...

Skies North of Sarcanza

Two days following the Morridane strike, as the satellite orbits over north-central Greater Díenstad.

The small, but agile, flight of GLI-44 Falcons climbed up towards the sky, their metallic noses glinting in the sunlight. Their sleek, blue airframes seemed to disappear before the vast sea below them, except for their bellies, which remained unpainted. Four of them rose in tight formation, gaining altitude at an accelerating pace. In the distance behind them rose the coastal peaks of the Faragut Mountains, within which dotted a number of subterranean *cűevs*. The snow-capped mountains were just disappearing over the horizon, as the four aircraft raced forth, and they would have disappeared altogether had the flight not been gaining altitude in a zoom climb.

Then they seemed to reach the proper height, because the bomb bay doors on their bellies opened forward, from the center. From out of each fighter jet fell out what looked like a modified AAM.37, the Golden Throne's mainstay air-to-air missile. It was longer, though, joined with what looked like two additional rocket boosters. One of these pulsed, and the missile sped up into the upper atmosphere. Then, a piece of it fell away and it pulsed again, climbing higher and higher until it was out of sight. At some point, the second booster would fall away and a kinetic kill warhead would be left. The missiles throttled every so often to change course, probably responding to reactions by the Morridane satellite. A dance of death.

Below, the Falcons began to maneuver to make another run if necessary.

Soon after the opening battle, the Imperial Government issued a public announcement, accepting responsibility for the attack. They cited the Morridane government's "recklessness" and the Golden Throne's "moral duty to destroy the source of the equivalent of a nuclear attack." However, the announcement also ensured that "Morridane personnel in Omega and the Morridane homeland itself" wouldn't be targeted, "unless the Golden Throne were provoked into so doing." Nevertheless, within the next five hours, another four runs on Morridane military satellites were carried out (their exact status, or role, largely unknown). No more than four missiles were launched at a time, to reduce the likelihood of collateral damage. However, the Falcons circled below, ready to fire more missiles if necessary. In their announcement, the Golden Throne opened a diplomatic channel, inviting the Morridane government "to discuss the option of an end to the war in Mordent."

As some ancient general, who spoke in some now lost tongue, had said thousands of years ago, the die was cast.

Last edited by [The Macabees](#) on Fri Nov 06, 2015 11:04 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Former Sr. II Roleplaying Mentor | [Factbook](#)

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Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by [Stevid](#) » Fri Nov 06, 2015 8:00 am



Palace of Nipotas, Fedala

Sir Gregor was quietly pleased with himself as he and his delegation returned to the conference room to restart the negotiations with the Crown. Representatives from the Golden Throne had invited them all back in quite timely as Sir Gregor finished his back briefings with his own delegation. They had concluded that the initial round of talks had gone rather well, although the other side would probably think the same too. That said, Imbrinium had yet to even acknowledge the Stevidian demands, which were for the most part ridiculous. But this had been deliberate and got the reaction from the Crown as expected. A huff and annoyed PM Stephanos hotly rebuked Stevidian claims that the war had not been going well for Imbrinium, that they lacked conviction, that they required a pause more than the Holy Empire did. In many instances that did seem apparent, given the distinct lack of sweeping military victories as opposed to the rigid and organised withdrawals by Stevidian units. By playing on this PM Stephanos had played poor 'card' in the talks whereby he had nullified any chance of Stevid agreeing to a Covenant presence in Stevidian South Greal; claiming that everything behind their lines was destroyed made the need for them to stay behind, least of all in Vanderburg, perplexing at best. This topic would be another focal point for the Stevidian delegation and one they believed could exploit well enough to get an initial peace agreement.

Better yet was the open statement of the widespread destruction of everything behind the Imbrinium lines. While not something of much consequence in these talks, given that the Crown spared little care for Stevidian civilian grievances, it was something that the Holy Empire would wholly exploit after the war

– irrespective of the outcome. Many would hear and many would listen.

But as of right now the talks were restarting. Everyone was fed and rested enough for the discussions to recommence, but Sir Gregor was not one for giving ground when he felt in control. He had been reassured during the break by his superiors that things look favourable. There was now common ground between all participating in the talks, including Haishan and the Golden Throne, in regards to the Morridane orbital strike; there was talk between governments and third parties behind the scenes willing for all involved to get stuck into the talks and achieve peace as soon as possible. The Stevidian government in particular was keen to end the conflict and tackle the huge economic fallout from a ruined East Stevidian South Greal.

"Ladies and gentlemen." Sir Gregor greeted as he took his place opposite the Imbrinium Prime Minister. The Macabean and Haishan delegates too were now seated and ready for the restart and all indicated that they were ready.

"Now, Prime Minister, forgive me for my previous comments if they sounded too belligerent – I felt like we all parted for lunch a little abruptly, I do hope I have not insulted you or your country. Whilst what I stand by what I said, I do hope the Crown understands that it is my government's prerogative to underline what is nothing more than a miracle of defensive efforts against your military. These efforts are hard to deny by anyone, especially given the amount of outside and third party watchers of this conflict. I do hope to move on from that, however."

"Whilst I do believe your delegation seem to be avoiding most of our points laid out to you at the beginning, I'm happy we have made progress on some issues. However, our underlying objective here is highlighted under point 1 of our initial demands. The removal of all your forces, this is to include allied troops, from Stevid South Greal."

"I reiterate this point not only because it is my government's key objective from these talks, but I put it to you that it is in your best interests too. You have nothing to gain from staying in Stevidian South Greal... you yourself told me the reason that you haven't 'crushed' us on the battlefield is because your troops are being used to destroy literally everything behind your lines. If there is nothing left, why stay? If you want to destroy more then why are we sat around this table?"

Sir Gregor paused and sipped some water, allowing a minute or two to pass to let his words sink in.

"This war, and the fact that you have said your country is busy ransacking South Greal, does not make the Crown too favourable in the region." He waved his hand nonchalantly, *"I care little if this is what you want, to make the Crown the region's pariah-state. But I'm guessing these moves of wanton destruction*

conflict greatly with your friends in the Covenant alliance? It's no secret that both the Free Republic of Lamoni and the Protectorate of Lyras are openly opposed to this war with the former imposing heavy sanctions and military deployments against you while the latter grudgingly supports you – and does not hide this fact. It is in everybody's interests that the Crown leaves Stevidian South Greal. "You have achieved what you wanted, an end to Stevidian expansion eastwards, that the Holy Empire of Stevid limits its troop commitment to Stevidian South Greal to 250,000 – assuming the border with Wanderjar is demilitarised too. In fact, to your counter-points we agreed to most of them and were willing to talk about the others aside from the points that meant Covenant forces remain on the ground in Stevidian South Greal. In return, you ignore our demands."

Now Sir Gregor changed his tone to a warmer and consolable one. He shifted in his chair, appeared more open and commutative rather than the businessman-like posture he sported before.

"Prime Minister, while our two countries will probably never see eye-to-eye, we do have more in common with each other than we'd like to admit. We have friends who are friends, all of them willing to sacrifice everything to bring us to peace. We know Lyras supports you yet are keen to re-establish normal ties with us. Lamoni is Stevid's closest friend at the moment and yet works tirelessly to relax the very obvious tensions within the Covenant alliance. We're no fools either, Stevidian Intelligence is well aware that the Crown and the Golden Throne have been talking much of late, while your dealings may or may not be the concern of the Holy Empire is not for discussion right now; what is, however, is that both our countries look towards the Golden Throne as a mutual partner, one that we respect and relish working with." Sir Gregor nodded towards his Macabean opposite number in acknowledgement.

"Furthermore is your spat with Morrdh. We have reiterated that we care very little about the outcome given the distinct lack of support from them since the conflict began, to the point where it actually defies belief. Now we learn that the Commonwealth has dropped orbital munitions on your forces in Mordent. Again, my government cares little about the fate of your troops in a 'separate' conflict; but we are enraged that they have violated the current trending rule within the region of no near-earth military activity in light of the recent Kessler-effect. I'm obliged to tell you to watch the regional news in the coming hours and days for my government's response to the attack on your troops with 'God Rods'."

Sir Gregor finished his water before rounding off his speech. "For now, let us all consider the points I made: about the complete Imbrinium and Covenant withdrawal from Stevidian South Greal to acknowledge that it is Stevidian territory, the points we have raised

with you before and those from you that we have agreed with..."

Last edited by [Stevd](#) on Fri Nov 06, 2015 9:53 am, edited 1 time in total.

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Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589
Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

by [Imbrinium](#) » Fri Nov 06, 2015 6:27 pm



Secret command location inside the joint space command, a technicians looks at a screen tracking space craft and space junk. Just another normal day tracking the normal satellites going around and other countries spacecraft flying around doing their thing, the watch officer walks over hey object 324 the Morridane's still hovering around that object?

"No they moved out according to the log 18hrs ago, other than that same stuff different day."

"Yeah wish I knew what they were doing up there?"

"Hell if I know probably trying to get one of their old sat's back up."

The watch officer walked away to check on other space fence operators. It wouldn't be long before their day and lives would be changed forever along that the kingdom.

About thirty minutes later an alarm started going off the fence operator called for a supervisor.

"Need a supervisor at screen three"

The alarm was projected up on which the signal wasn't readable till the millions of Brins of computer system made it into readable information.

The supervisor walked over looking at the screen and checking out the information displayed on the screen.

"Have you checked on confidence of the object?"

"Yes Sir, there's another one"

"Shit from the same space satellite?"

"Yes Sir"

"Plot the objects give me a speed and let me know where they are going ASAP"

"Sir they are on a downward trajectory its plotting to hit us, no update looking to hit on or near East Mordent!"

"Alert the battle staff and the MOD's battle staff!"

The officer picked up the phone to the chief officer on watch and the battle staff officer on duty.

"Commander we have targets moving at speeds of mach 10 toward East Mordent at this time from a Morrdh sat, TTI (Time to Impact) 10 minutes at the most."

"Roger move to Defcon 2 alert the KCA!"

Just outside Cormond sat the MOD's command center a bunker some 300ft below the surface it answered the incoming message from the JSC.

: FLASH TRAFFIC FOLLOWS UNKNOWN HIGH SPEED INBOUND TO EAST MORDENT IMPACT IN LESS THAN 10 MINUTES ACTION

REQUIRED:

That statement was followed actions that could change the region as we know it.

Cormond castle the kings own knight rushed in and grabbed the king and his family and rushed them to an awaiting helicopter other than the knights the kings staff where rushed too one officer had the nuclear football.

The leader knight informed the king of what was going on, and where they were going.

"Sir we are carrying to the air command plane we need to get you off the ground other command and control aircraft."

"Why aren't we headed toward the bunkers?"

"Sir the JSC these maybe god rod if so the safest place in the sky"

Just on the edge of the city was RIAF Acaster Malbis air base which housed the king's plane and other high profile aircraft.

When the king's helicopter landed klaxons where going off and aircraft carrying the top command and control staff member where already taking off using MITO (Minimum Interval Takeoff).

The king's knights rush the royal family aboard not the luxury airliner the royal family is used too but a royal air force E-4RD command and control plane. The engines already running the last man on the crew closed the door and the plane was taxiing within minutes.

Minutes after the king and the rest of the family lifted off the runway, the rods had impacted into Mordent.

Ten minutes later the E-4 was at cruising altitude the first thing the king wanted to know was how bad it was in mordent. The air force aid told the king that he would check on any information.

Within a few minutes the secure phone rang in the king's conference room, the aid handed the king the phone.

"Yes sir this IAFM command"

"This is the king what is the damage there?"

"Sir to be straight to the point you couldn't have called at a worse time, we don't know much as of yet it's chaos here as you can imagine but it doesn't look good they hit us just behind our front lines, the death toll may reach 80 to 100 plus thousand. We've lost contact with at least three maybe four divisions. We've had a general that had we think a heart attack when he heard he might have lost his whole division. Sir we just don't know anything yet sir"

"Thank you sirs keep us informed"

The king hung up the phone and put his hands on his head, thinking to himself about what the next step in this nightmare.

Minutes passed then strategic aid ask the king what he wanted to do. The king responded arguably.

"Launch the bomber force with positive control along with all supportive aircraft"

"Roger sir"

The strategic air force officer came in with a folder asking for codes to launch the bomber force. The king opened his jacket pocket and broke out his snap card and broke it in half.

"Day word DALLAS code word RAYMOND"

"Ok thank you sir what are your orders?"

"Launch the bomber force both air force and navy aircraft and

support aircraft, have them move to their hold zones, flush the fleets and submarines, have the Osea fleet move north along with the submarines, I want the Morridane carriers found and destroyed, I want one bomber to drop two nuclear bombs on the capital of West Mordent."

Soon after the order was given it was sent out. All over the crown bombers loaded with their nuclear payloads. The navy received their orders and soon the fleets left their berths and head out to sea along with their submarines.

Inside the bombers snap cards where opened with the code words to move to hold zones under emergency war orders, except for air force bomber 4230 their order where two proceed to target package 00234 which was the capital of West Mordent.

Onboard bomber 4230 which was commanded by Col. Lettiere and Col. DeRose the wing commander of the 1123th strategic bomber wing. The bomber moved at top speed toward Mordent, only slowing down to refuel.

After hours of flying bomber 4230 feel under IAFM command and fighter cover and flight support within three hours and countless of battle hand offs the bomber was flying at almost mach 2. Jamming aircraft forced the West Mordent radars to see very little, along with humming bird jamming drones spoofing the Morrdh radars in thinking it was a large fleet of aircraft coming from multiple directions.

The plumes from the fires of the God Rod strike could be seen even at 30,000ft above the war zone. It was late in the almost time for the people of Lindun to be leaving work and heading home when bomber 4230 did its final checks and then bomb doors opened and Col. Lettiere hit the release button dropping two 11MT nuclear bombs they separated in distance do to the targeting information entered in the not so dumb bombs. The targets where the Capital building and the second was the port of Lindun.

The crew pulled their thermal and light curtains and banked south away from the blast. The hustle of the city as the day ended and civilians and military moved about the city streets when everything electric and car stopped moving and died seconds later a blinding light filled the afternoon sky followed second by a shock wave and thermal wave that killed and burned everything in its path, whole blocks of down town disappeared as the 11MT nuke exploded 500ft above the city, the second explosion vaporized the port and hundreds of sailors and dock workers blowing up from the dock and out to the bay. Two twin mushroom clouds covered the evening sky and city. The shock wave finally hit bomber 4230 and the bomber shook for a few scary second then it was over the job was done.

When I was young I used to pray for a bike, then I realized that God doesn't work that way, so I stole a bike and prayed for forgiveness. "Deus vult" is Latin for "God wills it" and it was the cry of the people at the declaration of the First Crusade by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095.

#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Fri Nov 06, 2015 8:34 pm



East Wing Study Presidential Palace Mokastana City, Mokastana, PUF

The President of the Federation, Henry Milano, sat at the oak desk acquired nearly 20 years ago by Nicholas Villa for the President's study. Across the desk sat Steven Francisco, head of the Bureau of Secret Affairs, the PUF's main intelligence arm. Between them sat a bottle of Moka made Rum. Together the men looked at the recent reports of anti satellite attacks by the Empire of the Golden Throne against their northern neighbor, and the nuclear attack made by the Kingdom in response.

"Moral duty..." The President chuckled as he read those words aloud,

comparing the claim of responsibility with the images from space of the attack. Lifting his glass to take a sip, he pauses, instead opting to continue his thought process verbally.

"The Kingdom of Imbrinium launches a biological weapon against civilians, fires three thousand missiles into space, and engages in two wars of aggression, and now uses nuclear weapons against civilian targets, but the moment a Foreign Power uses space assets against a legitimate military target to stop them, they get shot at. These... fools... speak of 'moral duty' while they protect the wild dog tearing through the region. It seems that *idiot* Fedor is doing his best to protect his kennels in the west."

The President finally paused to drink, in which Director Francisco takes the free moment to respond.

"Henry, it is possible that they see this as an honor bound grievance, for they did threaten action against future satellite attacks."

"Very possible, in fact it's highly probable. The only, so called, 'ethics' I've seen from the Golden Throne seem to be related to their public image. We could probably nuke all of Mordent and they would back us if they thought it would make themselves look respectable. Hell, the Kingdom just did, but at least the Kingdom of Imbrinium is consistent, punch them and they punch back twice as hard. Do you think there is any chance of reducing tensions after that attack?"

"Unlikely, If the Lyran state can't keep them in check, how would the Golden Throne? At least they didn't launch the nukes against the Morridane Mainland, then we would find ourselves at war..."

"Fucking Morridanes, they had the moral high ground, but they managed to it screw up every chance they've got. Stevid turned their back on them when they didn't defend South Greal. Our talks with Imbrinium to prevent an invasion of the homeland are wasted because her Sss...erenity thought landing on Imbrinium soil was a good fucking idea.... Then! They fired God Rods when the entire region is watching space assets like a hawk. They may be allies, but I fear backing them would be a disaster. And if Lamoni enters the war, public opinion would force us to back them, despite our efforts keep the fascists in check in the Red Star Union. Hell, the fucking fascists might even take the opportunity to push us out completely. If it wasn't for our supply bases in New Garrack, we could ignore this Damn war..."

Both men had reached the same conclusions long ago, if this war was allowed to continue, it would become a mess of region destroying proportions. If the Morridanes responded to the satellite attacks, the Golden Throne would take insult to the counter attack and escalate, giving the Kingdom of Imbrinium more openings. If they responded to the nuclear strike... God help us all...

Either way, it was possible Lamoni would finally declare war. Then public opinion in the PUF would force them to follow suite, as was the curse of a democratic government. The Golden Throne was already backing Imbrinium and The United World Order, so faith in their neutrality was sketchy at best. There was only one move the President could make that would keep things from boiling over...

"Perhaps, it's time we pretended to have a moral duty as well... contact the Queen in Morrdun and the King in Cormond, both nations are requested to send a delegation to a neutral meeting spot in Belmotin to discuss peace. This war has gone on long enough, and the Federation has suffered enough dealing with their...petty squabbles. If either party refuses, we shall take that as a sign of aggression and commence our own combat operations. Contact Lamoni and the Golden Throne as well, if the Golden Throne truly cares about space like they claim, they'll back peace. Hopefully the Lamonians see the value of peace as well. Get Mrs. Franshaw in here, we have a long night ahead of us."

MORRDH

Show Spoiler

LAMONI

Show Spoiler

IMBRINIUM

Show Spoiler

MACABEES

Show Spoiler

Last edited by Mokastana on Fri Nov 06, 2015 8:34 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Lamoni
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045
Founded: Antiquity
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by Lamoni » Sat Nov 07, 2015 7:04 am

QUOTE

War Room Presidential Palace Nephi, Lamoni

The shockwaves of the multiple attacks in and near Mordent hadn't even had a chance to settle yet. The attacks by Morrdh, Imbrinium, and the Golden Throne, had moved multiple important people to a room deep underneath the Lamonian Presidential Palace, studying the steady streams of information provided by state of the art display systems. Half of them wore uniforms of various types, while the other half were all in civilian clothing. At the head of the table sat President Stinson, listening to a briefing being conducted by the head of the Lamonian Intelligence Agency.

"We are looking at potentially hundreds of thousands dead in the short term, just from the Godrods and nuclear weapons," the director continued. "Radiation from the nuclear weapons will potentially kill hundreds of thousands more over time. While the Morridane Godrods destroyed an estimated four Imbrinium divisions, I doubt that Morrdh can continue to take civilian casualties on that scale. With the Golden Throne shooting down Morridane satellites, it is only a matter of time before the Commonwealth collapses on itself, unless either the war ends, or someone actively joins the war on their side. We do have..."

The LIA Director was about to verbally finish his thoughts on the matter, when the Foreign Minister objected loudly. "We CANNOT be seen to be backing the Commonwealth after this disaster! They've taken their last chance at respectability, and thrown it down the toilet! With the Golden Throne making their statement against the use of orbital and near Earth weaponry months ago, did the Commonwealth really think that they would somehow magically escape harm from this!? More likely, they are just desperate! We need to offer them a way out before they collapse, as the LIA Director has just told us that they will!" Somehow just as beautiful at age forty-five as she had been as both a teenager and a young adult, the blonde Foreign Minister Tanya Ley and her ministry had had a mixed bag, as far as the course of Stevidian and Morridane combat against forces both Covenant and non-Covenant were concerned.

While the Free Republic had been able to arm Stevid, and monitor both sides of the Stevidian and Morridane conflicts (to great military, diplomatic, and intelligence gain) the entry of Lyras into the war on the side of Imbrinium had thrown parts of Lamonian warplans out the window. Though, Lyras entry into the war had been a double-edged sword, both for Lamoni, and for Lyras. While Lamoni was busy pulling all sorts of strings behind everyone's back in order to emerge from the conflict unharmed and in an even better position than before, Lyras had had to deal with the tarnishing of their reputation due to the... unrestrained actions of Imbrinium. With all that the Kingdom had done during the course of the conflicts, the massive ASAT attack against all Dienstadi space based assets had mostly flown under the radar, even as every nation in the region was still feeling the effects from it. As the conflict had continued, everyone had learned that the Kingdom of Imbrinium was run by multiple unstable madmen, as chemical weapons, multiple war crimes in Stevidian South Greal, and now the nuclear attacks on Mordent had proven. Out of all of those attacks, only the nuclear bombing of Mordent could possibly be considered justified, as it had happened after the Commonwealth of Morrdh had used Godrods. To top all of this off, the Golden Throne was now busy destroying what few satellites that the Commonwealth had left. The only question remaining was what the Free Republic would do about the situation. While the Stevidian government had been intelligent enough to make peace with the Golden Throne, and engage in peace talks with Imbrinium, Morrdh had broken ceasefires, and used weapons that had caused more than one regional power to move against them.

Worse yet, public opinion was split right down the middle about what the "proper" Lamonian response should be. Unsurprisingly, the warhawks wanted to lash out. Not only at Imbrinium, but at the Golden Throne, as well. It was true that the Golden Throne had given material and likely financial support to Imbrinium in order to keep them in the fighting. It was also true that if the Free Republic went to war, other nations would follow suit, due to alliances, and other means of public support for the Free Republic. It would quite likely even manage to either turn the tide of the war entirely, or at least force a renewed stalemate. However, such a proposition would also undo major diplomatic ties with states like Lyras, and the potential of improved diplomatic and economic ties with the Golden Throne. Then there was the Morridane... to call it "strategic confusion" would be a face-saving way of mentioning what was essentially a total disaster on their part.

On the other hand, would Imbrinium really come to the diplomatic table if that was the way that the Free Republic wanted it? They had been burned diplomatically by the Commonwealth of Morrdh before, and it was likely that they were still in a foul mood from the use of Godrods on their troops. Further, using the Free Republic as a "neutral" ground might not be the smartest idea, since the Lamonian government had implemented sanctions upon the Kingdom of Imbrinium to such a degree that only food and medical supplies were being allowed to be transported there. Further, Lamoni had made it known that they were not exactly fans of the misadventures that the Kingdom had gotten itself into, up to and including the usage of weapons of mass destruction. While the Commonwealth of Morrdh was under the Lamonian nuclear umbrella, it had been decided to allow Imbrinium to continue their attacks on Mordent, with the goal of exhausting both sides of the fight, the sooner to end the war. If events continued like they had been to date however, it was only a matter of time before the Kingdom attacked the Morridane homeland with nuclear weapons, thus triggering a nuclear war as the Free Republic fired nuclear weapons at the Kingdom, in response. Such a nuclear exchange would likely bring other powers into the conflict, possibly ending all life in Greater Dienstad as it was currently known.

Either response would have major risks, and could potentially lead to an entire region full of radioactive glass. This was not acceptable, the President thought, and a third way was needed. If the Free Republic went with the diplomacy route, then they would likely need someone else who had not been publicly involved with the war so far to be the neutral site for the talks. The Free Republic would have to

act like a protecting power for the Morridane Commonwealth, so that they would have equal standing in the talks, and they would SOMEHOW have to convince Imbrinium not only to show up to the talks, but to take them seriously. None of this was going to be easy, but the more that President Stinson thought about the complex web of circumstances, the more it seemed like this might be the way to go. At least, it would be, if one wished to avoid an ever increasing likelihood of all-out nuclear war.

While President Stinson had been thinking of all of this, the meeting had continued, with the some of the military and more hawkish civilian ministers backing war, with the rest backing peace. At this moment, the Foreign Minister was reminding everyone what damage that nuclear weapons could do, especially when everyone in the region and their dog was launching them, which she thought would be the only possible outcome of continued military conflict.

When a messenger quietly arrived, and gave him the diplomatic note from the People's Unified Federation of Mokastana, President Stinson read it quickly, and could have leapt for joy when he saw what the missive contained. He knew that he would have to get everyone's attention, but there was a simple trick for doing that. Some helpful soul had installed a microphone at his seat in the war room, and the President now activated it in order to be sure that everyone would hear him. Leaning into the microphone, the President decided to yell just one word. "ATTENTION!!!" boomed Stinson's voice from the various speakers in the room. Startled by the unexpected command, the military personnel in the room even quickly started to attempt to stand at attention for a brief moment before their brains caught up with what was going on, and they realized that the President was intending to speak. Realizing this fact now, they hurriedly sat back down in their chairs, their undivided attention being given to the President.

"I have just received a missive from our friends and allies in the People's Unified Federation of Mokastana. They are offering to hold peace talks between Imbrinium, and Morrdh. We have been invited to the talks as well, though I suspect that this is because of our support of both Stevid and Morrdh over the course of the conflict. With this being the case, I have decided that we shall take the following action:

Step number one: I am ordering the Foreign Minister to send a reply to Mokastana, regarding their missive. The Foreign Minister will inform the Mokan government that the Free Republic will not only attend the peace talks, but will do our part to ensure that the Commonwealth of Morrdh attends as well.

Step number two: I am also ordering the Foreign Minister to send a missive to the Commonwealth of Morrdh, urging them to attend these Mokan held peace talks. Perhaps pressure from both the Free Republic and the People's Unified Federation will bring them to the diplomatic table.

Step number three: I am further ordering the Foreign Minister to prepare economic recovery plans for both Stevid, and Morrdh. We now have very friendly relations with Stevid, and I would like to demonstrate that we can help to keep the peace, just as we can help to keep our allies from collapsing economically or militarily. Naturally, the recovery plan for the Commonwealth will be the smaller package of the two, given that Morrdh has been more of a problem during the conflict than Stevid has. We will still help them, but we shall also ensure that it will take the Commonwealth longer to do so than it will for Stevid, as a punitive measure.

Step number four: In case the Kingdom of Imbrinium cannot be persuaded by the Foreign Minister and others to come to the diplomatic table, I am ordering the Lamonian military to prepare to defend the Morridane homeland from any potential invasion or attack. We will not help the Commonwealth to hold on to Mordent, but we will make sure that their homeland stays secure. I will relay this information to the Kingdom of Imbrinium personally.

If we want to prevent the specter of nuclear war going any further than it already has, then this is the only plan under which it will happen. Even then, it still depends on getting both sides to the diplomatic conference, which will not be easy. The plan is also the best chance of the continued existence of the Commonwealth of Morrdh after all is said and done. That is all."

Before anyone could protest the plan, the President rose from his chair, indicating that the meeting was over. It was time for both himself and the Foreign Minister to send some diplomatic missives before things got any worse than they already were.

Office of the President of the Free Republic of Lamoni

To: The Government of the Kingdom of Imbrinium

Salutations,

We have received word from the People's Unified Federation of Mokastana that they intend to hold a diplomatic conference between the Kingdom of Imbrinium, and the Commonwealth of Morrdh. The Free Republic has also been invited to this conference, which the Free Republic sees as the last, best chance for peace in the region of Greater Dienstad before more nuclear and other weapons of mass destruction are senselessly used on innocent civilians. We will also be putting pressure on the Commonwealth of Morrdh to attend the diplomatic conference.

In order to demonstrate to you the Free Republic's good faith going into these potentially war-ending negotiations, we are willing to drop all sanctions that have currently been put in place by the Free Republic against the Kingdom of Imbrinium, should the Kingdom make a good faith appearance at the diplomatic talks. We are fully aware that the Commonwealth of Morrdh has broken ceasefire and possibly other arrangements in the past, so one thing that the Free Republic will insist on during the talks is the presence of monitors from one or more neutral nations, in order to ensure that both sides respect whatever agreement results from the talks.

Further, the Free Republic will not interfere with military measures taken on the island of Mordent, but will defend the Morridane homeland against invasion or attack. This guarantee of safety for the Morridane homeland is anticipated to make it more likely for the Commonwealth to agree to show up to the talks, where it is hoped that all involved will negotiate a just peace.

It is our hope to see the Kingdom of Imbrinium make a good faith effort to attend the talks.

Signed,



Andrew Stinson
President
Free Republic of Lamoni

Office of the Foreign Minister of the Free Republic of Lamoni

To: Government of the People's Unified Federation of Mokastana

It is with pleasure that the Free Republic would not only accept any invitation to the peace talks which your government has proposed, but to also help you in any way we can to bring both parties to the negotiation table. Please let us know if we can be of any assistance in that regard.

Signed,

Tanya Ley
Foreign Minister
Free Republic of Lamoni

Office of the Foreign Minister of the Free Republic of Lamoni

To: Government of the Commonwealth of Morrdh

The Free Republic would has recently received word from the government of the People's Unified Federation of Mokastana that said government would host peace talks between the Commonwealth, and the Kingdom of Imbrinium. At this time, the Free Republic would like to urge the Commonwealth to make a good faith effort to attend the diplomatic talks, which could potentially end the war before too many more lives have to be lost.

To that end, the government of the Free Republic will protect the Morridane homeland from attack or invasion during the duration of the peace talks, should the Commonwealth make a good faith effort to attend the talks. We are also doing what we can to ensure that the Kingdom of Imbrinium will make a good faith effort to attend the talks as well, making these talks worth the time of the Commonwealth. Please let the Free Republic and People's Unified Federation know if the Commonwealth plans on making the good faith effort to attend the talks.

Signed,

Tanya Ley
Foreign Minister
Free Republic of Lamoni

Last edited by **Lamoni** on Sat Nov 07, 2015 7:30 am, edited 2 times in total.

[National Anthem](#) [Depressed or Suicidal? M-SAD Assessment My Factbook](#)
Resides in [Greater Lyran Arms The One Stop Rules Shop](#)
[Dienstad](#). (Former) [GHR Page My Moderator Theme Song](#)
Mayor of [Equilism](#).
[I'm a Senior N&I RP Mentor. Questions? TG me!](#)

[Quotes](#)

Part of the Meow family in Gameplay, and a GORRAM GAME MOD! My TGs are NOT for Mod Stuff.



Stevид
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevид** » Sun Nov 08, 2015 7:16 am

QUOTE

West Mordent

10th Fleet, 2nd Splinter, TF 25 (West Mordent Monitors)
HMS Trident

The fleet of 17 ships was still operating off the southwest coast of Mordent without issues. Deployed as part of continued Stevidian presence in areas of interest, the task force was under strict instruction not to interfere directly with the military situation on the island territory some 20 miles to the northeast. However they did have orders to initiate a failsafe plan to prevent the Kingdom of Imbrinium from seizing key assets of the island from Morrdh. These included the systematic destruction of all military ports on the west and south coasts of Mordent, together with major supply dumps and key fortifications. Morridane governmental figures knew that the Holy Empire was more than willing to initiate these procedures should Morridane military units begin to capitulate and had also been

informed that the Holy Empire would provide fair warning (unless the situation was critically desperate) prior to attacks; this would even include helping Morridane forces evacuate the installations.

The Morridane people were hardy bunch; and in military circles they were typically stubborn, but carried with them a sense of grim determination into battle that Stevidian soldiers could really relate to. The cultural phenomena of Stevidian Resolve had been ever noticeable in Stevidian South Greal, where battles of the mind were just as important as the real life exchanges in fire between enemies. Yet despite overwhelming odds, the Empire had not yielded and still commanded most of South Greal.

Morrdrh was in a similar situation in Mordent, though clearly their position was far more precarious. Despite the fact Stevid had relinquished all support for the Morridane cause in Mordent, the Empire did not abandon her 'allies' so quickly. Intelligence sharing continued and this was highlighted by the presence of Task Force 25. But the fact remained that the fleet's true purpose was to destroy everything in case the worst scenario occurred. This fact was probably not lost on Morridane military commanders who may see the task force as Stevidian insurance policy and a token of the lack of faith the Empire had in the Commonwealth's ability to defend Mordent.

But today, that feeling was proven. The act of dropping Godrods on Imbrinium lines had not been missed by the task force, recon aircraft and helicopters surveyed areas attacked by Morrdrh and the Antares Class cruiser continued to monitor air traffic and communications on both sides of the lines. It was clear by the thousands of panicked transmissions from Imbrinium call signs that something truly apocalyptic had taken place. Communications between Crown military units became fragmented and incoherent as they desperately clawed for precious little satellite airtime – but no thanks to the Kessler effect and several ASAT strikes, communication networks were quickly overloaded. Stevidian Royal Navy Intelligence analysts deduced that around three enemy divisions had been struck by the Morridane orbital kinetic strikes with approximate death tolls reaching the tens of thousands. Actual losses could not be confirmed but the equivalent of an entire division, across the several hit, had probably been destroyed.

The flagship of the task force, the *HMS Trident* Lustria Class assault ship, ordered the entire fleet to action stations and condition red in anticipation of typically overpowered Imbrinium riposte.

Admiral Beryl was the Commanding Officer of the task force. Veteran of the 1st Battle of Otium Aqua versus Guffingford in the last regional war, he had experience in the way of minor fleet engagements. But he himself

realized his presence would seem to many as over kill; a Rear Admiral or a Commodore could manage a task force of this size. But his primary recent experience came from Royal Navy Intelligence back in Stevid Capita, and because of the wealth of data following out of Mordent and into the task force; his presence was very much needed. But the day of simple data collection had been abruptly halted by the Morridane kinetic strike.

"Carrier Ave Maria signals birds are deploy, sir. Picket ships are standing by." Called his warfare officer across the operations room. Beryl curtly nodded. He still wanted a good view of what Imbrinium was going to do next, however.

"Signal the Ave Maria, have a flight of their squadron fly to within half a mile of the coast and provide us with any information on anything they see. What's the nearest ship to Mordent?"

"HMS Temeraire, Reef Class, now a few miles off the west coast."

"Tell her to keep her distance, watch the coast and report anything that shows up on radars or to her observers. Get the Antares cruisers to redouble their efforts. If anything is going to happen I want to know about it before it happens."

As the hours passed, the crews and the admiral began to relax a little. The fleet stood down from action stations but remained at condition red, they all knew Imbrinium would punch back but they just didn't know when or in what way. But that all changed as the evening crawled on.

"Sir," the Trident's Comm. Officer started, "CELLDAR showing possible Bandits, vector Red 077 at Angels 33 flying due west. Readings are distorted – enemy jamming is in operation."

"Tell the cruisers to initiate counter-measures. Give me a clear picture." The Admiral said. He was intrigued by the jamming, a possible ruse by the enemy to cloud the movements of a small or large force of aircraft. *'What aircraft they had left'*, he joked to himself. Irrespective of the Imbrinium air force's performance verses the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force, it was still a force to be reckoned with and Admiral Beryl believed it was probably going to be a massive wave of bombers or similar with the sole purpose of eradicating the Morridane military on Mordent.

He found out minutes later when *HMS Temeraire* broadcast on the open emergency channel to the task force and all local Stevidian civilian and military shipping. These messages, when received by Royal Navy or Merchant Navy ships, takes precedence over anything and everything and are therefore broadcast over the operation room's loudspeaker live to allow commanders to hear the critical messages instantly.

"FLASH, FLASH! Brace, brace, brace!"

Came a panicked shout over the loud speaker. In the split second it took for Beryl to bark commands he feared for his very life. The code words FLASH, FLASH was synonymous throughout the Stevidian communication networks and BATTLEnet – the phrase was only to be said or transmitted in the event of a local nuclear strike to the broadcasting unit, regardless of the target, defender or attacker.

"Flash, flash!!" Cried several people in the operations room, including the Admiral.

"Action stations, brace, brace, brace!" Beryl shouted and then noted all personal diving under their desks and consoles. He thumbed a red button on his own personal command chair armrest and reiterated the code words on the emergency channel – although his had a link straight to the main operations room Admiralty House in Stevid Capita, home of the Stevidian Royal Navy. There the entire national BATTLEnet would update across the Stevidian Military Network and notify all relevant commanders that a possible nuclear exchange was under way.

Beryl sat in his own chair, strapped on a seat belt and awaited nuclear oblivion. Seconds passed that felt like hours and the room did fill with a booming rumbling noise. The ship shook but not violently but he noticed on several console screens around the room that external cameras caught the detonation far to the north, but near enough to catch the flash and booming noise of the explosion. Admiral Beryl let out a huge sigh and only then realized he'd been holding his breath for almost three minutes.

"On your feet!" He barked to which the crew was only too grateful to do. *"I want an immediate SITREP on that attack. God has spared us, but not some hundreds of thousands of people on the receiving end of that. I want to know everything that has happened!"*

"Sir, the Temeraire is not responding to hails." The Comm. Officer shouted. *"She may only be a few miles from the blast. I can't raise any friendly air flights around Mordent either, Sir."*

"EMP, locale communications only. Can CELLDAR track anything in Mordent?"

"Negative, nothing west of the Morridane/Imbrinium frontlines. Communications on the island have been completely obliterated. Antares cruisers also report full data and communications blackout within several miles around the epicentre... it's the Mordent capital sir..."

Beryl almost collapsed back into his chair at the news. It could be a major escalation, but not one Morrdh could retaliate to. Admiral Beryl knew very well that Morrdh relinquished its nuclear weapon stockpile almost two years ago, which meant Imbrinium could technically

drop nuclear weapons with impunity – so long as Lamoni did not retaliate for Morrdh. He banished the thought of the chaos Greater Dienstad was crumpling into and set to work. The task force dispatched two ships to the last known location of the HMS Temeraire whilst the Trident and her immediate escort steamed towards the coast to render immediate medical aid. The rest of the fleet, including the fleet carrier, remained off the coast keeping a very watchful eye east for further attacks.

Stevind Capita

The emergency communication from *HMS Trident* shocked the Admiralty's operations room. CBRN procedures took place immediately; the Cabinet of the Stevidian government and the military chiefs of staff were alerted by the Admiralty seconds later. The Prime Minister and other advisors, together with the military heads of staff, were ushered into the underground bunker underneath Lowlands Road. Stevind Capita was a fortress city, in every sense of the word, now it would be really put to the test. This modern fortress was the relic of the old paranoid communist ruling party that created these gargantuan fortress walls to encircle the city and make it almost impervious to nuclear attack. Not even during the War of Golden Succession had the capital closed its mammoth blast walls or activated all the defences the fortress had.

The close down of the city began automatically once the Prime Minister gave the order. It was unknown whether Imbrinium had unleashed the ultimate weapon upon just one of her enemies or them all. Peace talks meant nothing until there was actually peace – the Empire and the Crown were still very much at war. The moment the order was given by the Prime Minister that the country should expect a nuclear attack, the three fortress cities of Stevind Capita, Milton and Keele, began to activate and close themselves off to the rest of the country.

Across the sprawling and towering city of the capital, the antiquated Castle Castings sirens began to whirr to life; though not just here... but across the country. People in the street froze, dumbstruck by the sounds, a sound no one, no civilian, should ever have to hear for real. Civil Defence Authority (CDA) personnel now seemed to crawl out of the woodwork. Ordinary people who never dreamed that their part time reserve service to the CDA would ever amount to anything than a few weeks a year of service. Now with the sirens wailing with the rising and falling warning tones, these people jumped into action by screaming at members of the public to run indoors or underground, telling them to not look at the sky, leave personal effects behind. Designated emergency fallout shelters that people tended to just walk past day to day were now inundated with terrified civilians. But for all the unreasonable paranoia of the previous political system, the city could accommodate its own

people. Within ten minutes of the sirens wailing the streets were empty and silent.

Around the wall were several giant 'blast walls' that had never been raised. Now the main motorways out of the city flashed emergency signals to all drivers that the doors were raising. Thousands of tonnes of reinforced concrete rolled upwards from the ground closing off all the entrances into the city leaving people outside to fend for themselves whilst those inside and still in their cars panicked and fled. Along the wall itself the defence systems were activated; chemical lasers, anti-missile missile batteries, ABM missile, AA guns, massive ETC cannons usually seen on super dreadnoughts, all now sprung to life long the top and front of the wall. Inside the soldiers and military staff got to work. They prepared for the possible deflection of nuclear warheads around the wall but also in case one, by some miracle, did in fact land inside the city limits. Military Police were on hand to work with civilian police now martial law was to be in full effect. Outside the wall were satellite garrisons and airfields. The aircraft quickly scrambled within minutes of the warning and the garrisons' soldiers took cover in their own shelters.

Several hours passed before the 'All Clear' was sounded, and a message over Stevidian Broadcasting Company radio declared that the Deputy Prime Minister had authorised that martial law had been rescinded but also confirmed that Imbrinium had launched nuclear weapons against Morrdh.

Then, so began the chaotic and stressful reopening of the fortress city and the inevitable public backlash over the false alarm, regardless of how well intended.

Last edited by [Stevld](#) on Sun Nov 08, 2015 7:16 am, edited 1 time in total.

[\[Stevld Embassy Exchange Programme\]](#) | [\[Stevld MoD\]](#) | [\[REANIMATION DIRECTIVE \(Nov. 2014\)\]](#) | [Craxx Archipelago Colonial Signup Thread](#) | [SeaCul - Oil & Gas Exploitation](#) | [SternGuard - Private Military Contractor](#)



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by [Morrdh](#) » Wed Nov 11, 2015 7:25 am



Western Morrdh - Pre 'GodRod' Strike

QRA, or Quick Reaction Alert, was a way of life for RMAF Fighter Command pilots on home service with one squadron of each Group (the RAF version) at immediate readiness at any one time. Typically a squadron would spend a twenty-four shift on QRA duty once or twice a month, the pilots fully kitted out and stationed in an aircrew ready room located next to the hangars. At a moment's notice aircraft would be scrambled to investigate an infringement of Commonwealth airspace, often a civilian aircraft that's having difficulties responding to air traffic control. Fighter Command provided QRA day in and day out, three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

It was Lamonian warships patrolling off the western coast that picked up the inbound Imbrinium bombing raid, confirmation was provided by Shackleton AEW aircraft. Fighter Command HQ quickly assessed the situation and a message worked its way down the chain from Command to the various Groups, then onto the smaller Wings and Sectors before finally arriving at the countless airbases and their squadrons. The message was; *ALERT CONDITION RED. ALL SQUADRONS SCRAMBLE. THIS IS NOT A DRILL.*

Along the western coastline air raid sirens started wailing as the alarm filtered through the warning network, gradually the drone spread to other towns as their own sirens started up and crept inland like a Banshee's cry. Meanwhile at Fighter Command's airbases klaxons sounded as air and ground crew alike hurried to prepare the aircraft for launch, the first to takeoff were the fighters on QRA duty that had already been prepared and first formed the first wave. Other squadrons hastily scrambled their aircraft as quickly as they could, being slower than the QRA squadrons they formed a much larger second wave. The bulk of the Morridane fighters were Rolls-Royce Spey engined F4 Phantoms and a couple of squadrons of LY909 Sparrowhawks that had been redeployed to the west coast, all-in-all the Morridanes put up around twenty thousand fighters to give themselves a healthy advantage in numbers. But the sheer number of aircraft warranted tanker aircraft to takeoff in support of the fighters, some from Morrdh and some from New Garrack.

Like a swarm of angry bees the Morridane fighters took to the skies en-mass, though command and control of such a large force was difficult at best and therefore only the designated wing leaders spoke to intercept controllers as the aircraft flew in vast multi-squadron formations. The wing leaders, acting as effectively master ships, directed their own formations onto their targets. Only when the fighters closed to engage that they would break off into smaller formations for the ease of combat, there was nothing orderly about an aerial dogfight. The odds were in the Morridane's favour with the sheer advantage in numbers alone, the Imbriniums would be fighting at the limits of their range whilst the Morridanes's own bases were close to hand as well as tanker support. In addition anything that did get through the vast cluster of fighters faced a mixture of Skyguard and Bloodhound SAM batteries scattered along the Morridane coastline, plus fighters further inland could be scrambled to intercept enemy aircraft that managed to fight their way through. Either way it would prove the fighting strength of the Royal Morridane Air Force.

Gulf of Mordent - Post 'GodRod' Strike'

The *Vanguard*-class battleship HSS *Valiant* sailed south-eastwards with an escort of five *Tiger*-class cruisers and over twenty frigates and destroyers, aiming to link up with the Type 21 frigates attempting to lure the Imbrinium fleet into the minefield that laid across the southern flank of the Gulf. To the north the Morridane carriers were attempting a breakout, protected by a forward screen of escort vessels who's job it was to tie up Imbrinium warships whilst the carriers made their escape. The carriers' had had their Buccaneers bombed up with anti-ship missiles, the strike were mainly for shaking of any pursuers that might've been on an intercept course with the carriers. Meanwhile a number of submarines lurked running on silent, waiting for the various fleets to engage one another before the subs attacked enemy warships in a Morridane pincher movement.

Then came the double flash over Lindun.

Both Morridane fleets had cleared their respective ends of the Gulf when Lindun burned with the atomic fire of two nuclear warheads, radar sets and some electrics burned out from the EMP burst of the twin detonations. A moment later the shockwaves struck and violently rocked the ships, sending men and anything loose flying as the ships reeled from side-to-side. Least most of the ships were still functional, their engines still running meant that they could keep moving even if they were effectively blind. There was confusion and anger over what had just happened, the dead radios didn't remotely help matters but there was a thin silver lining that the Imbrinium ships were just as likely affected by the blasts though this was scant comfort for those ships adrift and without power.

Maunsell Orbital Platform Drake - Post 'GodRod' Strike

Wing Commander Douglas McKinley had transferred over to the *Orca*-class frigate in order to see the results of the Strike, *Drake*'s optics were largely inoperative and they had to use the frigate's radar system to get the targeting data that was then manually typed into the platform's own targeting system. The Strike was a little off-target, though that didn't really matter considering the size of the target zone and the destruction wrought by the Strike. The sudden blaring of an alarm interrupted his thoughts as the frigate's own crew sprang into action.

"We've got incoming!" Reported the frigate's Space Electronics Officer. "Detecting missile lock, engaging ECM!"

"Well?" Asked McKinley as the orbital platform's own crewmembers scrambled over to the frigate as fast as they could. "Is it working?"

"Sort of..." Answered the SEO. "Thrown off the target lock...for now...but theres multiple missiles and they're reacquiring...looks like four missiles....chaff's ready the moment we cast off."

"We're all onboard, get us the hell out of here." McKinley ordered and was answered by the frigate's hatch being pulled closed and locked as the frigate disengaged his docking clamps. As promised the SEO fired the frigate's chaff which helped enough to allow the frigate to put some distance between it and the orbital platform. McKinley saw the final moments of *Drake* as two of the missiles struck home, the dual fireballs ripping apart and engulfing the orbital platform. Somewhat subdued, McKinley asked. "Do we know the..ah...attackers?"

"Looks like the Macabeesians sir, I'm picking up four of their Falcons circling below us sir."

"The Macabeesians?" Muttered McKinley. "Right standby with whatever counter-measures you have in case they decided to attack this ship, other than that put some distance between them and us."

(West) Mordent - Post 'GodRod' Strike

As the tremors from the Strike subsided the Morridane Army rolled forwards to exploit the aftermath of the Strike, Challenger 1 MBTs lead infantry both riding in FV432 APCs and on foot before the Imbriniums could recover from the vast devastation that had been wrought. Most of the ground lost in the earlier Imbrinium offensive was retaken and the Morridane proceeded moving eastwards making gains into East Mordent and taking hundreds of shell-shocked Imbriniums prisoner. Morridane morale was high and was boosted even higher as forwards units reported that they could see Fort Bainsbury, though it was brutally shattered when a new sun suddenly appeared over Lindun and lit up the western horizon. The simple fact that they were facing east meant that the bulk of the Morridane soldiers weren't permanently blinded by the nuclear flash, the same couldn't be said of the Imbrinium soldiers that faced them. The frontline troops on both side were fortunate enough to be far away enough to not be affected by thermal radiation and suffered no heat based injuries, Morridane supply lines and depots close to Lindun weren't so lucky.

In the sky it was chaos, more advanced aircraft over West Mordent had their electronics fried by the EMP burst whilst the older designs used by the RMAF had very little in the way of electrics that could be effected. Those Morridane aircraft that were affected simply suffered engine failure but still retained basic flight control to enable them to be glided, though a number were hit by the shockwave from the twin detonation and their aircrews were forced to eject. Many Morridane aircraft ended up crash landing, some as fireballs after their pilots

ejected or others that had been glided back down to earth. Those that remained airborne faced the prospect of a rough landing in some field, hoping that it was close enough to friendly troops.

As for Lindun itself, save for the military, it was effectively a ghost town. Large parts of the civilian population had been evacuated due to near endless missile and air attacks, leaving those who were too stubborn to go or those whose duty meant that they couldn't leave. The Imbrinium bombardments meant that the Morridane Army had established supply dumps and billets outside of the city for greater protection and avoided using Lindun's port as much as possible unless certain cargoes required its facilities. HQ Mordent was located in a bunker hidden beneath a manor house just to the east of the city, this was due to the need for protection against bomb attacks by the various militant groups of Mordent but meant that most of Lieutenant-General Walter's command staff survived the blast but had to endure being trapped without power for several days.

As twinned mushroom clouds rose over Lindun, Morridane soldiers halted and dug in uncertain as to what to do next. The liberal usage of CS gas earlier in the conflict was a blessing in disguise as it meant most troops had NBC gear to hand in order to protect themselves from the radioactive fallout of the blast. At least for the Morridanes they were lucky to be equipped with Clansman radiosets, having been made during a time when nuclear war dominated military thinking they were EMP resistant and so the Morridanes were able to restore communications relatively quickly in order to co-ordinate relief efforts. By the time communications with the Commonwealth had been re-established a couple of days later via a Royal Morridane Navy vessel most of the survivors had been located, though casualty figures had reached sobering numbers. As the Commonwealth began to organise a relief effort it sent a simple message to Mordent; *'Help on the way, hold until further notice.'*

A Few Days Later...

Official Her Serenity's Government Communique

To All That It Concerns,

By now news of recent events in Mordent should've reached all corners of the region of Greater Dienstad, responses from various nations of our fair region helps prove this.

The basic facts of the matter are this; The Commonwealth of Morrdh dropped a kinetic bombardment, a so-called 'GodRod' strike, on enemy forces in Mordent. In response the Kingdom of Imbrinium dropped a pair of megaton-range nuclear warheads on Lindun, the capital city of Mordent. Overall casualties are as of yet unknown but are estimated to be in the thousands and include a large amount of civilians, we expect a great deal more casualties as the radioactive fallout spreads eastwards and predict that it will make landfall in western Imbrinium itself.

The Commonwealth condemns the Kingdom of Imbrinium for the atomic bombing of a civilian city and long term aftermath of such an action.

Though in the interest of avoiding escalation of the Mordent Conflict the Commonwealth of Morrdh will take up the Mokan offer to discuss a peaceful end to the conflict and thus avoid further bloodshed. We call upon the Kingdom of Imbrinium to also accept the Mokan offer and attend a diplomatic meeting in Belmotin. Should the Imbrinium agree to attend such talks then Commonwealth of Morrdh will see about an internationally backed ceasefire in Mordent and the withdrawal of its forces from Lochconnon.

In the meantime we are sending a relief convoy of medical staff, supplies and Royal Observer Corps volunteers to Mordent. We request a joint Lamonian-Lyran escort for this convoy and also a Lamonian-Lyran force to cover the withdrawal of our forces from Northern Imbrinium.

Signed,

Edmund Vermillion
Prime Minister
Commonwealth of Morrdh

Last edited by [Morrdh](#) on Thu Nov 19, 2015 5:14 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Irish/Celtic Themed Nation - [Factbook](#)

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by [Mokastana](#) » Thu Nov 19, 2015 8:26 am



Refugee Camp San Martes
Isla Alma, Colony of the People's Unified Federation
South of Greater Dienstad
One Week ago

Father Moreno sat in his office, paperwork piling around him. It wasn't an actual office, instead a simple wooden writing desk located in a corner of the open floor plan of the administration building. His bed, a mere army cot, sat a few feet behind him, though it seemed to be never used. Paperwork was how he relaxed after 15 hour days in the camps.

He glanced over the donation reports, supplies from Macabees, food from Mokastana, various other nations sending other things. They managed to scrape by, and Federal officers continued to screen citizenship applications and find work for the poor souls, but they needed more. It seemed like every week a new front in the Great War opened up, and new faces filled the camp

South Grealites, Castleclosians, Mordent evacuees, Malgravians, Unionists, Paloonies of both races... millions from around Greater Dienstad were finding temporary if not permanent shelter in the People's Unified Federation and her Colonies. Many would end up finally settling here, particularly in Isla Alma where the Federal Government needed people to get its industries off the ground.

"Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse those who have illness, drive out demons. Freely you have received; freely give."

The words of *The Order of Our Grace* hung over his head, carved into a plaque on the wall behind him. A constant reminder of his duty as Head Father of Grace in the region to continue his work. He would need another cup of coffee soon.

He looked up to see a Father from *The Order of the Word* standing in front of him, his collar the colour white, unlike Moreno's own red. Behind the Father in the white collar, stood four additional men of the cloth, each with a red collar, marking them brothers of the *Order of Our Grace*. It was not unusual for people to sneak up on him as he worked, but this many, he might be more tired than he thought.

"Yes Fathers, how may I help you?"

"Father Moreno, I am Farther Txolocn of The Cathedral to Saint Alvido, the Church wishes you to travel to Lenton Island, outside of Belmotin. It is said there will be peace talks there soon, and the Federal Government requests someone to represent the interests of refugees at the conference."

Father Moreno blinked for a minute, Cathedral of Saint Alvido was the head of the Church, where the Patriarchal Council met. He had no choice on whether to go, but he had no experience in politics either. Still, there was only one proper response.

"How soon do we need to leave?"

"The church offers a few days to get everything ready here for your departure, I have been sent with a team from The Order of Our Grace to handle your affairs while you are gone."

Father Moreno removed his glasses and rubbed his eyes, it certainly was going to be a long night. He'll need more coffee.

"Shall we get started?"

**Plaza of Liberation, Volograd
Lenton Island, outside Belmotin
People's Unified Federation
One Week later**

The protesters were filling the plaza, many flew in from Belmotin, others, elsewhere around the world. The infrastructure of the island was not capable of handling the influx of people coming to make their voice heard. Fights were delayed and traffic, normally minor even on busy days, grinded to a halt downtown. Part of the reason this location was chosen.

Unfortunately, an aide in the Foreign Ministry let it slip that the peace talks were being held in the Colonial Authority Campus downtown. Police blocked it off for nearly a kilometer away, and businesses inside the perimeter were told to close for the first three days of the conference. Yet still the crowds came. Limos passed the crowds using roads opened up by police and entered the walled off complex. Each had Federal Flags and darkened glass to prevent protesters from knowing which was carrying who. News companies outside updated the world on the current situation.

Meanwhile, outside the city, in a refurbished Army base, helicopters and soldiers were flown in "for extra security." Additional units from Eighth Army reinforced their brothers in the already well furnished garrison. With Castille de Italia to the north, Lenton Island was already a host to a significant amount of Federal Troops, just in case. Though geographically located within Belmotin's sphere of influence, it was still a separate colony. Thus governed and protected independently

Among these helicopters flying in, many flew in from Krakova Air Force Base a few miles north. Unknown to the public, diplomatic flights were to land at Krakova first, then fly to Volograd International, where various people would disembark, climb into limos, and drive downtown. In truth, the Diplomats themselves would be getting off at Krakova, and take a military helicopter to the Army Base outside of Volograd.

For when Lenton Island was independent, the local Warlord built an underground complex outside his capital. After voluntary annexation, Eighth Army expanded it. It would be in these tunnels, in a richly furnished meeting room detailed with Mahogany, would the Diplomats meet to discuss peace, finally in peace.

Once they landed, they would be greeted by President Milano and FM Elizabeth Franshaw, assigned VIP quarters in the underground complex for their stay, and allowed time to prepare their own meals in private kitchens or dine in the mess hall. Tomorrow, the talks would begin.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Thu Nov 19, 2015 10:18 am, edited 1 time in total.

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Lamoni
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045
Founded: Antiquity
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by **Lamoni** » Fri Nov 20, 2015 5:05 am

QUOTE

Waters near Morridane homeland

The request for a joint Lamonian/Lyrans naval escort to both Morrdent and Imbrinium from the Morridane homeland had found the Lamonian Navy well disposed for these tasks. Fifty four Lamonian carrier battlegroups had been using Morridane ports while providing air and naval guard duties off of the Commonwealth for months now, using Morridane ports for supplies, shore leave, public relations gestures, and personnel rotations. This translated into a total of 1,512 Lamonian warships that were available for escort duties, and word soon came down from the Lamonian Capitol of Nephi to assist with the escort missions. Two groups of twenty seven carrier battlegroups (756 ships each) had been formed from this force, with one such group being assigned to escort Morridane medical personnel and supplies to the area of Lindun on Morrdent, and the other group being assigned to assist the withdrawal of Morridane troops from Imbrinium.

With the ships now moving for ports designated for these tasks, people started wondering about what sort of response might be expected from the Protectorate of Lyrans. Lyrans had been on Imbrinium's side during the entire active conflict, and had their reputation sullied by the actions of the Kingdom of Imbrinium in this war. There had been rumblings about so-called "peace invasions" that the Lyrans wanted to put into practice in both Imbrinium and Morrdh, and other rumors had stated that the Protectorate would request Lamonian troops to assist with the peace invasion of the Commonwealth of Morrdh. While this would not be the first time that someone had invaded a nation or two in order to restore international peace, it was generally seen as unwise for the Protectorate to throw their weight around in this manner, especially with the expected guerilla resistance that tended to spring up with any sort of invasion. Further rumors stated that if the Free Republic were dragged into the "peace invasion" of Morrdh (the very term "peace invasion" itself being the subject of multiple jokes, many of them crude), they would likely be far more tolerant toward the Morridane population than the Lyrans were expected to be. It was even rumored that the point of these peace invasions was to temporarily halt all military activity of any kind in both Morrdh and Imbrinium while their respective governments could only exercise their civil powers. This could not possibly end well, but if the Protectorate decided to follow through on these rumors, it wasn't as if people were going to stop them. Both nations had used WMDs of some form against each other, and no one was eager to see the situation escalate into general atomic warfare. While Morrdh had no nuclear weapons of their own, having given them up voluntarily; the Commonwealth's homeland was under the Lamonian nuclear umbrella. Therefore, if anyone nuked that part of the Commonwealth, the Free Republic would respond in kind. This eventuality was now seen as having the potential to start a general nuclear war in the region, and this outcome was unacceptable.

In addition, the Morridane satellite network (or what was left of it after the Imbrinium-caused Kessler) had been destroyed by Macabean forces after the Morridane GodRod attack on Imbrinium's forces in Morrdent. No one knew what the Commonwealth had been thinking when they had launched that strike, what with the Golden Throne serving notice after Imbrinium had caused a Kessler in the skies above Greater Dienstad that the use of anti-satellite or near Earth weaponry would bring a military response against the offender.

Volograd Lenton Island Mokastana

Foreign Minister Tanya Ley of the Free Republic had had an interesting journey to the site of the peace talks. Having informed the Mokan government beforehand that she would be attending the talks, the Foreign Minister had flown to Krakova Air Force Base, and then boarded a helicopter to an Army base outside of the city where the talks would take place. Interestingly, the talks would take place underground, in an underground complex that had existed here since before the Mokan presence. It would be like recent discussions she

had taken part of that had been held in the Lamonian Presidential Palace's War Room, which was similarly underground, likely for the same purpose of protection from outside assaults.

Lamoni had a major stake in this conflict, and thus it had behooved the Free Republic to send a representative of high rank to these talks. While the Free Republic was not a combatant in the conflict, they had supported both Stevid and Morrdh over Imbrinium, with somewhat mixed results. Stevid was likely to make it out of the conflict in relatively good shape, except for their economy. The Free Republic was putting together an economic assistance package for the Holy Empire, and talks would eventually begin in order to hammer out the details, and put the plan into action. The plan would also help enable the Holy Empire to repair the damage done to Stevidian South Greal.

The Commonwealth of Morrdh on the other hand, had come out of the war in far worse shape, especially with the WMD exchange that had spooked the entire region with the potential implications, and caused the Protectorate of Lyras to talk about "peace invasions" to begin with. The atomic bombs dropped on Morrdent would take rather more time, money, and effort to fix, and the Free Republic was less inclined to be charitable towards the Commonwealth than they were towards the Holy Empire. For as much as Stevid had suffered at the hands of the Lyras Navy, they had managed to hold on in Stevidian South Greal, and win the naval war against the naval forces of the Kingdom of Imbrinium. Stevid would be able to make the changes needed (with Lamonian assistance) to combat even the Lyras threat, and would likely move on to bigger and better things, if their economy could hold together. There was also the fact that no WMDs had been used by the Holy Empire against any of their foes. This was an important distinction.

Diplomatic Reception

Foreign Minister Ley was currently waiting in the diplomatic reception line behind the diplomats of the two major belligerents, waiting for her turn to shake hands with the Mokastanan President, and their Foreign Minister. This was the (Lamonian) Foreign Minister's first trip to any part of the People's Unified Federation, and she was particularly interested in potentially spending a few days on vacation here after the talks had been concluded. 'Must remember to mention that to President Milano,' she thought as the line moved ahead. Soon enough, she would shake hands with her hosts, and then things could really start in earnest.

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Part of the [Meow](#) family in [Gameplay](#), and a [GORRAM GAME MOD!](#) [My TGs are NOT for Mod Stuff.](#)



Lyras
Ambassador

Posts: 1145
Founded: Jul 26, 2004
Iron Fist Consumerists

by **Lyras** » Sun Dec 06, 2015 10:47 pm



Everyone knew before everyone knew. The Damocles satellite constellation's automated notification protocols had ensured that every officer of one-star rank or higher had been made aware within seconds of the detonation as to exactly what had happened. Not as many had been notified about the orbital kinetic-strike that had been conducted immediately prior, but their superiors had, almost universally, raised local alert levels after the first of the strikes.

The Kingdom of Imbrinium's nuclear strike was not, in many ways, a strategically unlikely event. Notoriously touchy, and increasingly frustrated at the real and perceived slights against it by the Morridane Commonwealth, the nuclear detonations were the culmination of a series of hostilities reaching back a long time.

But, even while the alarms and alerts were translating into orders and

instructions that would rouse every human being across the length and breadth of the Protectorate, Executive Command was meeting by teleconference. Had the Protectorate, collectively, felt that more time was available, it would have arranged a meeting in person, likely in joint-sitting with the Conclave of Order-Marshals. But that time was not available, least of all to the ailing Warmarshal Krell, who nonetheless called the conference to order from his study.

"The nuclear weapons have been dropped. We can no longer stand idle. What are our contingencies?"

High-Marshal Kurt von Helmgart, of Lyrans Intelligence, spoke first. "The Morridane response is key, here. If they retaliate, then this will escalate, and very quickly. That would be an exchange that could spell the start of a nuclear winter across the region. They would likely know this, but not responding would arguably signal the end of their nuclear deterrent viability in the eyes of many, so it is a realistic prospect."

The Warmarshal nodded. It was, broadly, what he had expected his well-informed head of intelligence to assert. He had, after all, been reading von Helmgart's briefings for several months, as the conflict escalated.

"Very well."

There was a moment's contemplative pause, before Krell looked over at High-Marshal Andrew Thraine, Marshal-Commanding Lyrans Ground Forces, and High-Marshal Cassandra Atherton, Marshal-Commanding Lyrans Maritime Forces.

"Andrew, pass on my compliments to Order-Marshal Howell and the 22nd Order, and have him put the 22nd on 24hours notice-to-move. Cass, have the 2nd Armada prepare to disembark the 19th Order in Imbrinium. This has gone on long enough. If they are unable to stop, we will end it for them."

There was a stunned silence, before the Warmarshal continued, addressing High-Marshal George Wallins, the director of Diplomatic Command.

"George, notify Morrdh and Imbrinium that they have 24 hours to enact a full and complete ceasefire, which, if not full and complete, will be made so by the forces we will be moving in. Please also notify our allies and neighbours that we are moving in such a fashion. Further to that, you are going to be a busy man. If and when there are formal peace talks, I want you there, in person."

The Diplomatic Command director looked aghast, and prepared to respond, but was cut off.

"This is not a request. Of any of you. Too many civilians have been killed in this exchange, and my patience with this circumstance is at an end. Both Morrdh and Imbrinium have very real grievances, and I respect that, and their right to disagree. But we, the Protectorate, cannot stand by while the potential for such a disaster manifests right under our noses. We are held morally responsible for our inactions as well as our actions, and I will not be the remembered as the Warmarshal under whose watch the region turned to ash.□□And yes, I know that there will be howls of protest from our neighbours, and likely some of our allies. But if this is what is needed to bring a neighbour, one I am quite fond of, not that it matters, and an ally I am honour-bound to protect, into real peace talks, then this is what will be done. Every other approach has failed, and our hesitance has lead to an exchange of strategic weapons.

Make it happen, George. Or Order-Marshal Buhallin and Order-Marshal Howell will do it, in your stead."

That had been several days ago.

Now, High-Marshal Wallins found himself in Mokastana, hoping to assist a brand-new ceasefire to hold. Hoping that he'd be able to render the assistance required, in both counsel and materiel, to maintain the peace. Hoping that the 13,000 ships of the 2nd Armada, escorting Morridane relief supplies (and Lyrans ones, for that matter) to the nuclear-hit areas of Morrdent, would not be required to disembark the 19th Order for anything other than disaster assistance. Hoping he wouldn't be the one to have to make the call that the 22nd should start their movement across the 23rd easting into Morrdh proper.

They had a real shot, here in Moka City. But there were challenges yet, and the truce was still young.

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