

by Max Barry



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Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Sun Oct 12, 2014 6:33 am

QUOTE

50km East of Imbrinium

Captain Henshaw took a quick glance through the periscope to try and get a visual on his target before ordering 'down scope', all through his training as a submarine captain it had been constantly drilled into him to only use the periscope for as brief a time as possible to avoid being spotted. His boat was the *Oberon*-class submarine HSS *Odin*, the class itself held a word reputation for being an extremely quiet boat able to conduct clandestine operations with remarkable ease. Many of the Royal Morridane Navy's *Oberon*-class subs had been [assigned to surveillance operations outside of certain Imbrinium and Stevidian ports](#) at the outbreak of war between the two respective nations, though the *Odin* hadn't been one of them and ended up colliding with a Kourlian sub off the coast of Malgrave. The *Odin* had to endure months of being bound to a drydock for repairs leaving her captain shore-bound. Henshaw had been offered the command of one of the Navy's four new *Divinus*-class subs, that had literally washed up on Morrdh's shores, but Henshaw had declined and cited his preference to skipper the *Odin* once she went back to sea.

Now the *Odin* was one of a number of Morridane submarines lurking just outside of Imbrinium waters, though Henshaw didn't know how many subs or even roughly where they were. Much like its Stevidian counterpart the Royal Morridane Navy's Submarine Service was highly secretive, with the only person who had any idea to where most of the Morridane subs were was the Royal Morridane Navy's Flag Officer Submarines Vice Admiral George Holbrook. Indeed Morridane subs only communicated infrequently between them and Holbrook's HQ, each message being encrypted twice with different encryption methods to keep the messages as secure as possible. Also each sub had an allocated 'window' to transmit messages, with the window being rotated from sub to sub to make life difficult for anyone trying to track down one of the subs. Each sub captain was effectively operating independently, though they still had a set of orders to follow and each captain was assessed by the Morridane Admiralty to ensure none risked going rogue.

"Contact holding steady at zero-zero-six skipper." Reported the sonar operator, to which Henshaw nodded and ordered. "Scope up."

Henshaw took another glance through the periscope once it had raised and swivelled it round until he spotted a ship close-by on the plot given him to by the operator, the waves were a little choppy but he was able to clearly see the vessel and was disappointed when he

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saw that it was a cruise liner. Though the orders to start attacking Imbrinium shipping had came through the day before he was still restricted with regards to what he could actually sink, warships were very much open game along with Imbrinium flagged cargo ships whilst passenger ships remained very much a 'no-go' target even after the Imbrinium attack on the Stevidian liner RMS *Princess Jane*. Sighing, Henshaw called out. "Scope down and sonar, find me something I can sink."

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Wed Oct 15, 2014 12:25 pm



Southeastern Imbrinium:

At a royal air force base in the southeastern part of Imbrinium almost three hundred members of the secret biological rapid response teams had gathered with their gear and aircraft. The mission was to answer the call from Mokastana to help with the VBF outbreak.

The VBF found its way north into Belmotin by just sheer luck it was believed. The virus was supposed to spread fast and kill fast, but somehow the virus was now affecting one of the Crowns friends in the region. The BRRTs where created almost two decades ago and have responded around the world every time a virus broke out somewhere. The teams main goal was to help people by coming up with cures but its side goal which was still important was to obtain live viruses and tissue samples for study.

The BRRTs where very secretive and very few knew who they where and the command they feel under the program was the most public of a bigger black part of the military complex. No one knows how many viruses the teams had collected over the years but some say thousands maybe more.

The special aircraft where advance mobile labs with everything a team would need in the field. These where BL4 in an aircraft, normally the complete lab is carried in 4 C10 Minotaur but can be expanded to carry more equipment as needed.

The Belmotin mission is simple look at the quarantine zone and make any adjustments as needed and also look at the response plan to make sure it meets the needs of the virus, and then to look at and treat the victims of the of the virus.

The BRRTs load the last of the equipment and the crews did their final checks and the 8 C10 Minotaur's took off one after the other and disappeared into the night sky.

Last edited by **Imbrinium** on Wed Oct 15, 2014 12:26 pm, edited 1 time 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



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Wed Oct 15, 2014 2:48 pm



45km east of mainland Imbrinium:

The coast guard cutter HMS Milani was on a routine anti-submarine and patrol. The coast guard patrols had doubled even with the addition of two escort carriers and a number of patrol carriers which acted like a cutter and a carrier for helicopters for rescues and combat search and rescues. The anti-submarine patrols where doubled when the intelligence in formed the coast guard that Stevid could be trying to sneak subs into the crown waters again among their allies might try to sneak into the crown waters to attack Imbrinium shipping.

The HMS Milani was tracking a cruise ship some 15kms east of them

and some oil tankers farther inland at the oil bulk off loading port. This seemed to be a boring patrol like the others in the weeks past.

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#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Fri Oct 31, 2014 7:41 am



HSS *Odin*, 50km East of Imbrinium

"New contact." Reported the sonar operator in a harsh whisper.
"Bearing two-one-four and opening."

"Scope up." Henshaw ordered before he took a quick look through the periscope and then ordered it down a again. They'd picked up another Imbrinium vessel, though this time what seemed to be a small naval vessel that may even be coast guard. The vessel wasn't that much of a threat by itself, but it posed a problem in that it could bring a whole world of trouble down upon the *Odin* should it spot the Morridane submarine. At the same time with regards to tonnage it wasn't worth sinking, but it couldn't be ignored as much as Henshaw wished he could. Regardless the sonar operator confirmed that the cutter was holding true to its course, it hadn't detected the submarine....yet.

Right now Henshaw's option was to continue to run silent and drift deeper into a thermal layer that would make it exceedingly difficult for the Imbrinium vessel to detect them. But Henshaw was determined to sink *something*, damned be the cutter. Henshaw gave orders for all eight of the *Odin's* torpedo tubes, six bow and two stern, to be loaded as he planned his route of attack. He would try and sneak in as close as he dared to the oil tankers at the oil terminal, though he would limit his attack to only four torpedoes. His remaining four torpedoes, the two in the bow tubes and two in the stern tubes, would be kept in case the *Odin* had to fight its way clear.

All posts reported ready and Henshaw gave the word for the *Odin* to begin its attack.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Thu Nov 06, 2014 10:13 am



Just an hour out from the port of VasoZIA, part of TF34 was headed for its first mission since arriving at in northern Indras. Task force 34 was made up of two regional patrol fleets and ten supply and support ships. The regional patrol fleets where made up of a cruiser, light carrier, two destroyers and a supply ship, these two RPF where escorting five supply ships, three all stores ships which carries everything from gum, bullets, food and fuel the other two ships where container ships. The other five ships where naval submarine tenders to resupply submarines operating in the southern AO of Stevid.

The radar pattern was full both air and sea there was a lot of traffic and the RIN wanted to blend in as much as possible without causing too much of a bleep on anyone's radar. Intelligence stated that Stevid navy was operating in the area and had a port in Indras but the risk of them attacking within Macabees waters was not expected. With that intelligence the task force commander admiral Boni had order the task force to condition one, action stations for all ships. The two carriers had two combat air patrols and four ASW helicopters out looking for enemy subs. With the amount of naval ship and civilian ships in the area there was a lot of interference with the task force's radars and sensor's, but the jammers where on active scan and the air defense systems where set on active search.

Admiral Boni was in the CIC looking at the radar traffic talking with the XO commander Pirozzi.

"There is a lot of traffic and interference out there doesn't know if we could see an attack if till it was on top of us."

"Agreed sir, but not much we can do the coast and the other naval traffic is hard to read."

"Any news from the subs where supposed to be linking up with?"

"Not as of yet but we have almost another hour to the RP"

In the corner a radar operator started to pick up tracks moving at a high rate of speed but only hit and miss contacts nothing the radar would even classify as a target.

"Sir have contacts but they could be Mac fighters on patrol or from a neutral third party"

Boni walked over to the communications station and had the COMs room to contact the Ajax class carrier HMS Cattaneo to speak to Commander Genovesi.

"Commander Genovesi this is the Admiral, we have possible inbounds and our radar has a lot of interference, can you tell me what you have?"

The Ajax class light nuclear carrier was used with the RPFs which gave the small fleet an air arm for contact patrols and or clear the way for larger fleets. The HMS Cattaneo along with her sister ship HMS Folliero had a four flight fighter CAP and a ready 5 on the deck ready to go if needed. There were also six helicopters out running ASW operations.

"Admiral we're detecting jamming of systems, I suggest we change course to a different heading and see if it's tracking us"

"I see Commander I will let you know"

The small fleet had six ASW helicopters out hunting for possible Stevid submarines near the fleet, their call signs were HUSKER 60-66. Husker 64 was 20kms out and had just made a few passes over a small local fishing boat waving at the locals. The crew was seasoned and had hunted subs together for years.

Their patrol sector was in the flight path of the incoming missile attack on the fleet from Stevid's navy.

Capt. Silvia Cremonesi and her co-pilot Capt. Cipriano Russo and their crew were fixing to make their first pass with the dip, when the missile warning alarm started going off in the cockpit. Silvia flipped on the jammers and hit the countermeasures, at the same time the crew chief spotted the missiles coming in.

The helicopter jolted forward with the jerk of the controls to get out of the way of the missiles.

"GRIFFIN this is HUSKER 64, VAMPIRE, VAMPIRE, VAMPIRE!"

The destroyer HMS De Luca was the first in the way of the incoming missiles; the automatic defense systems kicked in and filled the sky at sea level. The HMS De Luca knocked out at least ten missiles before three ripped into her breaking her back in an explosion that lit up the sky with a huge fire ball before hitting the water and sinking with all hands.

The second and third ships were the flagship HMS Cattaneo and the Cruiser HMS Longo where hit but not without taking our twenty or more with their sister ships helping in the fray of metal tearing clouds of counter missile fire.

The HMS Cattaneo had the first missile hit her tower ripping through it and killing scores in the CIC and Flight operations. The second hit missile hit right in front of the island and exploding inside the flight hanger blowing a huge hole in the upper deck, the flight hanger deck was full of weapons and aircraft. The fire spread was quick fast than most of the damage control teams could get control of it.

The HMS Longo took three missiles in a row knocking out all power in the ship. The second missile that hit the ship scrambled the second reactor and cut the coolant system for it, the worst part is that the number one reactor containment vessel had a hole in it, and the main reactor control room was destroyed. Fire and radiation alarms started to go off. The emergency power system failed to start but the battery system kicked in; the engine room was hit and starting to flood. The damage control teams were out matched with the destruction at hand. The reactor sector safety controls kicked in and the doors closed trapping anyone inside still alive.

On the bridge radiation alarms were sounding the radiation rate were starting to climb. The Captain asked the second in charge of the damage control and the second chief engineer if the ship was savable. The answer was stern maybe, no one will know for the next few minutes. The onboard fire suppression system was working at 40% due to the loss of power.

The two sub tenders that were with TF34 today both took hits that had set the both on fire and destroying the HMS Hebe's engine room and she was taking on water. The missiles that took on the HMS Brampton hit the crew section and blew out to the other side of the ship. The large of the of the three ships was the MS Midas was a container ship and she took two hits in her bow and she was taking on water and within minutes of being hit the bow the bow of the ship collapsed off into the ocean.

The now command ship the HMS Sir Manlius a Waarden Class CGN and the rest of the fleet worked to get survivors picked up. But the first thing was to get out of the area as fast as possible the fleet turned and headed at full speed back to port. The plan now was to try to blend in with local traffic and head back to port and make the subs come the port.

The HMS Lord Pattison CVL12 launched their planes and prepped their helicopters to pick up the wounded from the decks of the wounded ships. The fighters were ordered to hunt down the ships that launched the attack. The fighter coverage was limited due to the size of the carriers the fighters in flight were all load with air to air missiles and anti-ship missiles. With the fleet under attack the main thing was to get as much of the fleet back safe into port.

Gambler flight formed and flew over the carrier and then headed on the same track where the anti-missiles came from with the jamming so heavy counter jamming wouldn't be noticed. The flight leader called over the radio to the HMS Lord Pattison.

"FORAY this is GAMBLER 6 and MISTY flight we are heading to track down the buggers who attack us, MISTY flight form up on GAMBLER and let's go get these bastards"

MISTY formed up and headed to a rally point to form up with GAMBLER flight. What was left of TF34 moved out of the area but was launching as many helicopters to rescue persons from the down ships.

The HMS Longo was dead in the water now and the acting captain ordered most of the crew off of the ship leaving the damage control and some officer staff to try to save the ship or at least keep the reactor from blowing. The cruiser was listing almost 35 degrees at this time. The damage control officers knew that saving the ship was lost cause but trying the reactor breach doors to close to seal off the reactor room from the rest of the ship and the outside.

The damage control team inside the reactor room plugging the hole

and control flooding, which would control the radiation from getting out into the ocean, only time will tell the damage to the men in left in the ship and the what radiation escaping to the open water.

The rest of TF34 was now on guard and alert the enemy whoever they where would have a tuff time getting the rest of the Fleet. The HMS Longo sent and message to the closest Macabees naval base request help and let them know that the task force was attacked.

The Village of Blaichach

With force ordered to pull out after their first time but doesn't mean that the village was left unchecked. Drones had been flying over the village keeping an eye on the village. Just outside the village force had been put together to clean the village out one way or another. With the video been seen around the region and orders had been given to clear out the village and get the movement push back on track. There was now a marine commando team in there light attack vehicles and a company of combat engineers and two tanks companies, followed up with three companies of mechanized infantry.

The plan was to have the tanks and infantry move in and force the civilian population out of the village as the combat engineers destroyed the village behind them. Air support was on call with both vertical and fixed wing. There was also some transport vertical transport to carry in commandos in as needed.

The tanks and soldiers moved slowly out the first few blocks of the village where empty the only life signs where animals left behind. Two blocks in the tanks and soldiers stopped and setup defensive positions as the combat engineers moved in with bulldozers and demo guns. The goal was to clear the village of VIDs and then raise it to the ground. The control of the main road was the key to cutting off north and south and ending this part of the campaign.

If the villagers resisted they were to be killed outright, they had been offered more than one chance to move out of the way and move to safety.

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#MAGA, WWG1WGA , Q



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Thu Nov 06, 2014 11:00 am



“ Stevid wrote:

4 days later...

**Stevidian Airways Flight SVD665
En route to Mokastana via Lamoni**

Dr Bielefeld...was on board with a team of three hundred men and women of the Stevidian Civil Defence Group (SCDG), a government organisation that were present in many major towns and cities in the Empire. They were in charge of running the civil defence bomber shelters, evacuating civilians from areas of the city that had been bombed or attacked, and were to assist emergency services in their tasks. This included a specialised CBRN branch that was tasked with setting up triage and quarantine facilities in unaffected population centre areas that had fallen victim to CBRN attack. Stevidian expertise in the field weapons of mass destruction had been requested by Mokastana in the aftermath of the VBF pandemic that was now starting to sweep the east of the region.

Stevide often touted, and proved, that it was highly prepared for WMD attack. The SCDG with the Army and RAF CBRN units were testament to the preparedness of the nation. In fact recent government and independent opinion polls suggested that Imperial

citizens believed that the nation would still be able to function in the aftermath of a mass WMD attack. Thankfully, this had yet to be put to the test. For now, SCDG and Dr Bielefeld would hone their skills on whatever Mokastana had in store for them. But on a personal level, Dr Bielefeld reminded himself that as far as the world was concerned, Stevid was working on a cure but not testing on live people... and certainly not on a 'citizen' of AHSCA. Mogan relationships with that collection of islands plus Aqua Anu was not lost on the good doctor who was fully aware of the politics behind the bad blood the Empire had with those states. Now was not the time to drop the ball and sour Stevidian-Mogan relations, now was the time to see what Mokastana had discovered on the virus. A third party was always welcome; Mogan insights into the virus may actually help refine the Stevidian cure faster.

**Pine Ridge International Airport,
Western Belmotin
People's United Federation**

"Stevidian Airways Flight SVD665 you are clear for landing"

On the Tarmac waited Special Situations Director Alberto Cruz, the man who authorized sharing the virus with the Holy Empire in exchange for any medical knowledge they could get. No doubt the Stevidians would want to look at samples of the virus acting in an actual environment, and they would get a chance in time. For now, the key was quarantine and curing. The breakout was too strong to just burn a town and call it safe, but he did have a nuclear sub off the coast of belmotin ready to fire on Mogan soil if the situation got that bad. Luckily it had not. To Alberto, nothing mattered more than saving Mogan lives, and he didn't care the price it took to defeat this virus on home soil. If that meant working with the 'enemies' of the PUF's 'allies' then so be it. Alberto never followed politics but being in the MBSA required him to have a certain 'knowledge' of how the world worked. Imbrinium's actions had caused distress and division amongst the Lyrans Power block, which might be the only reason the Holy Empire was strong enough to deliver these precious solutions to Belmotin.

As soon as the plane landed and staff began unloading, they would notice the strong military presence, armed guards escorted them to hangars converted for their use where they could store their medical equipment. Armored convoys would be escorting them to the field where they would get a chance to see 'hands on' what the Blood Fever was doing. Soldiers, many with CBRN gear on but not sealed, walked the airport. Officially this airport was in the GREEN ZONE, which should mean safe, but that was only because there was also a 'shoot on sight' order for anyone unidentified approaching the airport from any direction.

Once Dr Bielefeld was off the plane and setting up with his comrades, did Director Cruz ride over in a Humvee to meet them. Unlike the traditional black leather garb of the MBSA he was in CBRN military gear just like the rest of the soldiers crawling over the airport.

"Greetings, I am Special Situations Director Alberto Cruz, Biological Division of the Bureau of Secret Affairs. Welcome to Belmotin. First things first, all politics aside, we are here to contain the virus and help these people, in that order. Everything else is secondary. Also, Imbrinium teams will be working elsewhere in Belmotin, I expect, no matter your relations to the war, that any cross discussion is solely about the above objectives. Any espionage against the team from the Kingdom of Imbrinium will be treated as espionage against the People's Unified Federation and treated as such. If I make myself clear, then we can get to the part where we share our research:

"Thanks to our own labs and Montana Inc's we have a possible solution for a vaccine being flown in tomorrow under military escort, . Previous tests on Live subjects show that anti-bodies are being

developed but we will have to wait a few days for the full effect to take place. If we get a green light from the labs, we will begin distribution. Distribution trials will be done here in the YELLOW ZONES where we can maintain quarantine if it fails. I've been told you have made some progress on anti-viral drugs and looking towards a cure, I will have my fellow Director Calvin Amarillo flown in tomorrow to discuss his research, but can I get a quick overview?"

“ Imbrinium wrote:

Southeastern Imbrinium:

At a royal air force base in the southeastern part of Imbrinium almost three hundred members of the secret biological rapid response teams had gathered with their gear and aircraft. The mission was to answer the call from Mokastana to help with the VBF outbreak.

The VBF found its way north into Belmotin by just sheer luck it was believed. The virus was supposed to spread fast and kill fast, but somehow the virus was now affecting one of the Crowns friends in the region. The BRRTs where created almost two decades ago and have responded around the world every time a virus broke out somewhere. The teams main goal was to help people by coming up with cures but its side goal which was still important was to obtain live viruses and tissue samples for study.

The BRRTs where very secretive and very few knew who they where and the command they feel under the program was the most public of a bigger black part of the military complex. No one knows how many viruses the teams had collected over the years but some say thousands maybe more.

The special aircraft where advance mobile labs with everything a team would need in the field. These where BL4 in an aircraft, normally the complete lab is carried in 4 C10 Minotaur but can be expanded to carry more equipment as needed.

The Belmotin mission is simple look at the quarantine zone and make any adjustments as needed and also look at the response plan to make sure it meets the needs of the virus, and then to look at and treat the victims of the of the virus.

The BRRTs load the last of the equipment and the crews did their final checks and the 8 C10 Minotaur's took off one after the other and disappeared into the night sky.

**Chaucer Air Force Base
Western Belmotin
People's United Federation**

Major Zu Li of the Mokastana Burea of Secret Affairs waited in a briefing room for the team from Imbrinium to arrive. Around the Air base, air man security had been beefed up with by Army units on patrol and they brought in their heavy convoy teams to move Imbrinium lab equipment closer to the YELLOW and RED ZONES. While the Imbrinium scientists might think a strong military presence on an Air base was expected, the amount of armor and heavy trucks might give it away that there was more here than just Air Force troops. As they were unloaded, a convoy of humvees waited for them to move to a briefing room where things could be discussed more openly. The leaders were escorted to the room while others were left to discuss with the logistic soldiers how to move the equipment off the planes and onto the trailers ready to haul it closer to the YELOW ZONES. Once inside they were greeted by a man in the traditional Black leather trench coat of the MBSA, he took of his hat that merely had the initials 'Bio' on the front and extended out a hand.

"Greetings, I am Major Zu Li of the Bureau of Secret Affairs, Biological Division. We have numerous vehicles ready to help take your lab

equipment closer to the YELLOW ZONES. Unfortunately, this is the closest airport to the YELLOW ZONES that can handle the C10 Minotaur, without mixing you up with the teams from Stevid.

Just to make sure we are all aware, any war between your people's and the Holy Empire does not exist here. We are here to contain the virus and help these people, in that order. Everything else is secondary. We will do our best to keep both teams separated but any interactions should only be regarding the virus at hand. Any espionage against the team from the Holy Empire will be treated as espionage against the People's Unified Federation and dealt with as such. If I make myself clear, we can continue with sharing information:

"Seeing as this your virus, I hope you have far more information on it than we do. We have a test run of vaccines being flown in tomorrow under military escort. Previous tests on Live subjects show that antibodies are being developed in the subjects but we will have to wait a few days to know the full effects. If the labs in Proper give us the go ahead, we will begin distribution in a YELLOW ZONE to manage quarantine and ensure it works. Since you developed this virus, I was hoping you had a surefire vaccine or solution to contain an outbreak, or at least better anti-viral drug solutions than we have come up with in these past weeks."

[Factbook](#)
[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Mon Nov 17, 2014 3:06 pm

QUOTE

Office of Naval Intelligence Juventud Island, off the coast of Mokostan Island People's Unified Federation

Publicly, much of the Federation was displeased with the behaviour of the Kingdom of Imbrinium. From the deployment of biological weapons which found their way to Federation soil, to their forced exile of hundreds of thousands of civilians in South Greal. With many of the Federation's closest allies either cutting ties with the Kingdom or provoking action against them. Many wondered if the Federation would follow suit.

Still, there were those loyal to the alliance forged by Lyras and saw no reason to stray from the mighty power block they had grown accustomed to. Many military leaders from Aqua Anu, who had only been children during their war with Stevid, saw no need to assist the Holy Empire. Other's, followers of Charles Villa chose to, if not approving of, remaining loyal to their allies. There was a small group, those that believed in Covenant right or wrong and choose to make it their mission to aide Imbrinium in whatever way they needed.

"It's taken some work Admiral, but we think we have a few options. Ideally, we would want to show footage or pictures of the weapons on the *Princess Jane* but due to the possibility of an inaccurate fabrication, I advised against it. Instead we went the simple route."

Juventud Island, home of the Moka Navy Global Headquarters, AKA The People's Unified Federation Naval Headquarters. Juventud Island was the center of Moka military power. Deep within the island bunkers and tunnels ran deep. There were even rumors that underwear bases branching off from the island, but those were only rumors, so far.

It was in a concrete cube deep within the island did a meeting take place. Officially it was regarding budgeting for the next year, but the truth was a lot of "budgeting" meetings were just code for something else. How else could you get numerous Admiral level officers and occasionally even the Primary Admiral himself into one place without

arousing suspicion? Fortunately for this group, the Primary Admiral was currently in Mokastana City.

Of course, budget meetings would be high value targets for enemy agents, which meant extra security for this meeting. It took nearly a half hour for the bug sweeps and lockdowns to clear the room, but once all was well, they invited the young Captain to begin his presentation.

He gave his above introduction, avoiding names as was custom for this level of secrecy, then pulled out a manila folder from a suitcase locked to his wrist. Passing the contents around he continued:

"The first sheet is a print out of a Stevid shipping manifest recovered from South Greal. The second imagine is a similar manifest but with military goods listed. Please notice the difference in the way they are formatted and signed. Who's signatures and stamps of approval are used.

By using basic image editing software we created a look alike, using the military format and changing the information to match the *Princess Jane* according to public knowledge and corporate espionage. The list of military goods are similar to the ones we've seen Stevid forces use in South Greal and the list was confirmed by Imbrinium agents as items recovered in South Greal. Since we already have an idea of how she sank, we just needed to find military goods that would match the real story.

The final document you will see, looks almost identical to the doctored version. However, we took the first document, photographed it with microfilm, proceed it at sea and took a picture with a digital camera and sent it back to ourselves. This created some reduction in quality, but we were going for authenticity.

Obviously the Stevid Navy will know this is a fake, but we assume the Imbrinium Crown will be using this to try to gain some international support. Based on my research into Stevid Naval operations I believe this document will pass."

The Admirals spoke quietly among each other, going over the document and making sure it didn't have any glaring errors. Until one finally spoke up:

"Son, you do realize we are putting the reputation of the Moka Navy on the line here. If there is any flaw in this that could come back to us, that shit is going to roll down hill, you know that right?"

"Of course sir."

In other words, the Captain knew it was him at stake. If it failed, he would be arrested for fabricating intelligence reports and be declared a Imbrinium sympathizer who went too far. If it succeeded, then the Kingdom of Imbrinium would help supply the PUF Navy with a new fleet of subs. Not to mention the awards and promotions that would come with this level of a black operation success. It was a gamble, but the young Captain knew what he had to do.

Though being a sympathizer to the Imbrinium cause did help ease the tension.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Tue Nov 18, 2014 2:46 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



Morrdh

by [Morrdh](#) » Tue Nov 18, 2014 5:51 am

QUOTE

HSS *Odin*, 20km East of Imbrinium

The minutes crept by painfully slow as the *Odin* plodded its way

Powerbroker

Posts: 8417

Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

closer to the oil terminal and the vulnerable tankers at anchor there, as the distance decreased the risk vastly increased. Henshaw relied upon his sonar operator to keep him updated on surface contacts, since the sub had dived down to a thermal layer it made it impossible to use the scope. But right now the *Odin* was tracking a tanker heading into the port, the idea to use the vessel as cover for the Morridane sub. Once inside the port the *Odin* would begin its attack proper, Henshaw was still only going with four torpedoes but he had hoped to use them in a staggered attack. If they could get at least one of the tankers as it was unloading the oil it had onboard so much the better, the blowback from the explosion would hopefully damage if not rupture the oil terminal itself.

Gradually the *Odin* slid closer to its target, the tanker above it remaining blissfully unaware of the threat that lurked in the depths below it. When the time was right the *Odin* slowly turned to put itself in a position to begin its attack, a quick check on the sonar and glance through the scope later Henshaw gave the order. "Gentlemen, lets sink something."

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

Posts: 589

Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

☐ by **Imbrinium** » Wed Dec 03, 2014 11:32 am



Chaucer Air Force Base Western Belmotin People's United Federation

As the BRRTs teams landed and parked the huge C-10s carrying everything the teams were going to need to complete their mission. The aircraft where moved into their nose in star formation and the other four aircraft parked nose to tail as close as they could be. The reason for different parking styles where that the support aircraft and the shops where in the four nose to tail aircraft with a soft skin structure formed from the tail of the first plane and connected to the nose of the other, and both buildings where joined in the middle with crew areas and a place to eat etc. The four planes nosed in nose to nose with their massive nose doors raised and joined with a set of hard and soft skinned buildings. These aircraft contained the labs and the rest of the things needed to study and cure diseases.

Col. Castore Monaldo was the commander of this BRRT. He was a strong nosed, no nonsense researcher that the only thing he loved more than his job was his dog. He could have rose high into the ranks of the military but that would've taken him out of the field in which he loved so much. Having never having any children and only married once in which he lost his wife almost ten years ago to cancer. He'd help save hundreds if not thousands of lives in his field work and research. He didn't believe in everything that the BRRTs were called to do but when it came to fighting diseases he was the first one to volunteer. He worked to find and fight what nature and made could come up with to kill his fellow man.

LT Col. Nadia Capon she was the yang to Col. Monaldo's yin. She was in her mid 30s and had been recruited right out of med school. She was the person you wanted to send if you wanted a fearless person to travel to a strange land and bring back the worse diseases man has ever seen or in some cases made. Col. Monaldo respected her as a scientist and researcher but not as a person as much do to her willingness to do the dark jobs that being a part of the BRRTs required.

Castore and Nadia walked into the briefing room and shook the hand of Maj. Zu Li.

"Evening Maj. Zu Li I'm Col. Castore Monaldo and this is my second in command LT Col. Nadia Capon of the Imbrinium BRRTs"

"I'm sure you have a lot to tell us and we are willing to listen and help in anyway but first, my team is here to help your nation in this time of need not to spy or even care about the war that has brought us here. My teams are under strict orders to focus on the job at hand. We are willing to help and assist the teams from Stevid you

also have here if needed to help cure your people."

"We need escorts to take our vehicles into the RED zone, we should be ready to go in a few hours until then give my people everything you have on current viral intelligence you have."

"Our country weaponized this dam bug, and we do have a cure for it but it's only if given in time before the damaged is gone too far inside the human body."

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Wed Dec 03, 2014 11:37 am, edited 1 time 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



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by [Imbrinium](#) » Wed Dec 03, 2014 12:28 pm



20km of the coast of Rock river Bulk oil offload platform

Rock River started out as an old town in which fishing was the main income for hundreds of years but with larger fishing ships and large companies taking over the kingdom's largest oil company pulled the small town from the brink and gave it new life. Heckson Energy Company is the largest oil and mining company in the kingdom. Heckson energy needed a port away from most ports to build and bulk oil offload platform to be placed off shore and have the oil piped to it oil refineries. Rock River was the perfect place it had a small port that could be expanded and had the seas terrain needed to build the platform without a lot of work.

Being the oldest BOOP (Bulk Oil Offloading Platform) it was no longer the largest in the Crown but she was still important. Rock River city and port was three times the size it once was with large bulk oil and mining ships and oil platforms moving in and out of the port daily. There was also a good size naval reserve and coast guard base there to enforce the rules enforced by the crown to keep the oceans clean and safe.

The ISS Hermes 2 was million barrel supertanker was in route to offload its cargo and rock river BOOP. Her captain Gastone Bergamaschi was a thirty year sea going captain and had spent his whole life on the seas.

"Rock river control this is Hermes 2 approaching from the northeast requesting a hookup and offload time"

"Hermes 2 this is Rock River control hookup time in 6hrs offload time 8hrs, got all lines full at this time"

Gastone sat back in his captain's chain and order the engines a one quarter speed and poured his self another cup of coffee, well at least there's not a traffic jam and we are first in the slot.

Rock River port headquarters:

This place was the nerve center of the military and coast guard base here; in a non labeled room with a number locked door was the CIC for the port center. This center also had a port monitoring system starting about 5kms out of the port and all the way to the port entrance. This system could pick up subs, mini subs, torpedoes, even UUVs and divers. But with a massive company that drills and uses the latest tech to find oil and minerals, keeping false alarms down where always a problem. A larger long range system was being put in place but hadn't been completed and up and running.

The coast guard had about ten ships out and around the port and ocean with the naval reserve had about five and another fixing to leave port within a few hours. Most coast guard ships where geared toward safety but not had the extra task of ASW work, with the naval reserve taking on the bulk of the ASW work in the deep ocean

around the port.

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** » Thu Dec 11, 2014 10:24 pm



The Village of Blaichach

Captain Jacob Parks sat on top of his LY224 'Sorcha' HIFV as it rolled ahead to the village of Blaichach. UAVs showed Imbrinium forces were already in the town, but the Mokans were here to give the civilians a chance to escape. If that escape was to an overcrowded and under supplied camp full of people with no hope, then such was life. Behind him additional IFVs and APCs escorted the trucks and ambulances. His Rifle Company was the lead of three, with the tanks and artillery behind at division command where they were held in reserve.

As the scenery changed from fields to homes and shops, he could here the distant sound of explosions as buildings were being leveled. His driver slowed to a crawl as the civilians attempting to escape began running past his armored vehicle, vehicles were backed up along the highways leading out. Even with advanced noticed many were still left behind. And there he was, driving into the storm with his hands tied behind his back.

"This area looks good, begin setting up evacuation point alpha in this park."

He spoke into his BALCOTH helmet, allowing his lieutenant to prepare the company's primary location for the next few days. As the leading officer of the four companies, he would take a platoon and move further in the city to help verify previously determined routes and locations were still viable. Other commanders would do the same, with Captain Zull in the back acting as central command.

Anything could go wrong once here, riots were always common when cities was being evacuated and torn down. Despite their deep religious beliefs, there were always some people willing to take advantage of the situation. As his Scorcha turned down a street into one of these improvised riots Parks decided to climb in and close the hatch on his IFV, the sounds of rocks bouncing off the armor confirmed his choice as the right one. Additional army units would be behind him and hopefully the looters would get the message.

"Jacob, UAVs show what looks like Imp forces two blocks ahead of us."

"Keep going. Standard procedure when we run into them."

"Copy."

Most of the peacekeepers had taken to calling the Crowns troops 'Imps' for short. Even his driver, a young man named Sebastian from Mac Anu who laughed at a burning Catholic church, had began to use the term. Sure, occupying land in the country his father fought was fun, but one could only watch so many civilians starve before feeling something wrong.

Behind them a truck reported it was stopping and threatening looters with tear gas to disperse. The peacekeepers had been ordering a lot more crowd control gear than they originally expected. Shotguns were now supplied, loaded only with bean bag rounds, specifically for crowd use. Hopefully they could keep it peaceful back there.

"Jacob, confirmed. Imps dead ahead."

There they were, a group of soldiers and an armored personnel carrier

similar to the ones the Mokans used. Stopping in front of them the imbrinium troops recognized the peacekeepers and would probably be ready for trouble, just in case.

"Alright, you know the drill: Sebastian, Rutilio, Keep the car running. Felix, Francis, Wu, on me."

The four men exited the IFV and went up to the Crown's soldiers, possibly marines judging by the markings on their uniforms. As usual, the Mokans displayed in no rank or unit information as was expected in combat/deployment. Pleasantries were exchanged, and Jacob was about to ask about the road up ahead when shots rang out from the building next to them. The front door flew open as a man ran outside only for the wiz of a bullet follow him out and to the ground. Inside a woman screamed, another shot and the screaming changed pitch.

"What happened in there?"

A soldier yelled back something about a swing.

"Shut that woman up! What happened?"

The cries muffled, possibly a hand over a mouth.

"Bastard swung at me with a bottle, I missed and he bolted out the door. Then his son went after..."

Parks might not have understood what happened next, and he might never be able to tell you why. While that sergeant was busy looking into the house, Parks aimed his HILAR at the Imbrinium soldier, giving him just a second to turn and react before three rounds were let free into his body.

Behind Parks his three soldiers hesitated for a second, just long enough for Felix to be hit in retaliation. They dove to the ground to return fire.

A rocket flew out from the IFV towards the Imbrinium APC and the Scorcha's 14.7mm gun roared to life.

"Blarney two to Blarney actual, we are under fire, Crown Forces are engaging us. Repeat. We are under fire by Crown forces."

Last edited by Mokastana on Fri Dec 12, 2014 2:39 pm, edited 2 times in total.

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[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Stevид
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevид** » Mon Dec 29, 2014 2:18 pm



*For the Lord loves the just
and will not forsake his faithful ones.
Wrongdoers will be completely destroyed;
The offspring of the wicked will perish*

Psalms 37:28

St Malleus Cathedral

Mt. Malleus, Stevidian Wastelands

Touted to be the largest cathedral in the world and certainly within the Greater Dienstad region, Saint Malleus cathedral was a monolithic dark gothic construct that sat on the side of the semi-active volcano Mt. Malleus. The volcano was the cause of the local greenhouse effect and the root cause of the frequent ash falls. She hadn't properly erupted in over 50 years and the seismic tremors that betrayed activity had fallen very silent over the decades prompting a reclassification to semi-active. The cone still smouldered with intermittent ash and sulphur clouds but not at the levels it used to.

The cathedral was located on the safer south face, all eruptions had occurred on the north and eastern faces with the smoke and ash following the prevailing easterly winds. There were lava buffers a few kilometres out from the cathedral but in the hundreds of years since the building of the cathedral it had never fallen victim to the volcano. Some, if not most, in the scientific community attributed this to nothing more than blind luck in that the Stevidian inhabitants had little knowledge of the volcano and how it erupted to then make informed judgements on where the cathedral should be built. But 'luck' isn't very scientific (without diving into the mess that is Chaos Theory); in fact it was easier to believe, and ironically more logical to an ordinary Stevidian, that St Malleus had survived all this time because of God's favour.

Unlike the labyrinth of dark catacombs that burrowed into the mountain, the interior was an awe-inspiring sight; it was adorned with statues, gothic pillars and huge stain glass windows. The basilica, above the transept, was one of the region's wonders as the hand painted depiction of the Stations of the Cross was nearly three hundred years old and the halos over Christ, Mary and the Apostles were rumoured to be made of solid gold. Below, in the Nave, were several individuals kneeling in prayer. The atmosphere was dark and archetypical of a gothic cathedral, one could hear a choir of four monks in choral tune chanting "[Veni, Veni, Emmanuel](#)" as powerful incense from the altar flooded the cathedral adding to the gothic overtures and ambience. Christmas was approaching, this was a holy time and there was now a permanent vigil in the cathedral as the resident Malleus Monks and Knights Templar watched over the altar and Advent candles in silent prayer and reverence.

One of the Templar's keeping the vigil this day was Captain Arctus of the 4th Company and of the appointed position of Master of the Reliquary granting him the position of 3rd in command of this entire Brotherhood of Knights. An important position to say this least, more so now than ever with the Chapter Master almost constantly in St Stephan's cathedral in Stevid Capita and the Chapter Brother-Captain currently away in Liberated America overseeing a small detachment of Knights deployment to Cersia Island – newly acquired from the Golden Throne.

Knelt in prayer, his hands were clasped together and he tightened them in concentration. While beautiful, the gentle singing of the Latin version of 'O Come, O Come, Emmanuel' by the Monks was somewhat distracting to the Templar as he tried to focus on his inner vigil. It was difficult; Stevidian Christians took Christmas as seriously as Easter – the traditionally more important Christian feast day as it was about the cornerstone of the faith, the Resurrection of Christ. It meant that the Cathedral did not have its usual stillness, though an outsider with little experience of Stevidian churches would probably see it as one of the quietest and tranquil places in the country. Not to Arctus, his preference was that it be just he in the Nave – alone from the mortal world but one with God.

There was no escaping this though. His finely honed senses picked up a faint sound of walking from the aisle behind him to his right. He heard quiet shuffling that gave away the approaching person as a monk. He remained still, focusing on clearing his mind, but the figure sat next to him and leant forward in kneeling on the pew.

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen." The monk whispered while making the Sign of the Cross. The two then sat in silence for another ten minutes before the monk blessed himself again and gently leaned towards the Templar.

"Brother Arctus, your vigil again I see." He said in a hushed tone so he did not disturb the other persons present in the Nave but Arctus believed it was more about not being overheard than not disturbing fellow parishioners.

"It helps clear my mind if anything. Besides, my kin are too busy to attend in person and I should lead as an example to our younger brethren that regardless of the pressures of the day, one can

always make time for our Lord." Arctus replied also making the Sign but remained kneeling. *"I take it you have come not just to socialise Brother Marcus."*

The monk Marcus smiled. *"You assume correctly. I have news from the Chapter Master in the capital. He sends his warmest regards."*

"I receive and return his regards."

"I'm sure you do, however his regards come with physical dispatches too. Not for electronic communication. It is to do with the current war in the east."

"Am I to believe that you have read these dispatches, Brother?" Arctus said with a lower, more threatening tone.

"I have and I assure you that I have full authority to do so. I sit on the Order of Malleus College and thus all official communications with the Order of the Knights Templar are also my business seeing as we do host you."

The two eyed each other up and Arctus sensed no deceit and bowed in acceptance.

"Walk with me, Brother Arctus."

Arctus grudgingly followed. He may well be one of the highest-ranking members of the Order, but Brother Marcus was an actual man of the cloth thus his word and position commanded more respect. The Templars were affiliated to the Church and even had dedicated chaplains but Arctus was not one and had to pay the proper compliments to those of the cloth when necessary. The two walked down the aisle towards the façade of the cathedral that would open out to the outside.

"The Stevidian government has officially requested Templar presence in Stevidian South Greal. The military position is becoming more desperate and battle lines are more fragile. The Order has been asked to have a larger and more overt presence in the territory than before so as to better combat the enemy in closer urban encounters."

"This has come from the Chapter Master? How many does he wish I send?"

"The dispatch was quite clear that the current deployment of twenty-five Knights is now insufficient in combating the enemy. The deployment is to be raised to one thousand, effective immediately."

Arctus mused this number. It was a major escalation, not seen since the occupation of Animalpolis, now part of AHSCA, and even then only just over a hundred had been deployed there.

"That's a substantial increase, two-thirds of the Stevidian Templar Order. Since when has the government commanded such authority over the Order?" Arctus spat as quietly as he could.

"This comes after weeks of deliberation with the government. We have a new potential ally too. The massacre at Blaichach has forced our hand as much as it has the government's. The enemy is levelling the village, innocents – Christians, are being deliberately killed should they refuse to leave their own homes. But this wanton destruction extends to all buildings. The local church has been destroyed." This was enough to stop Arctus in his step and his right hand clenched and shook with barely contained rage.

"Collateral damage... fine, 'tis the price and fact of war. Innocents die, buildings tumble. But deliberate destruction because of paranoia or some other grotesque stratagem is tantamount to deliberate desecration."

"Your Master is of the same view, Brother Arctus."

The two approached the exit of the cathedral and walked outside on to an a huge open concrete courtyard that had fine ivy growing on the pillar railing in front of them and a staircase left and right of the overview. The panorama was bleak yet breath-taking as one could see the 1,000ft down into the wastelands. The ground was murky grey and black with storm clouds in the distance, the odd spike of lightning fired off for added effect. It truly looked like the end of the world.

"You mentioned an ally?" Arctus continued.

"Yes, apparently the government has decided to call in some favours. It seems like the ODECON alliance's terms of agreement will be invoked so the Empire can receive direct military assistance from the alliance. I'm told Lord Sumguy is to answer the call. But these may not be your direct allies. They have a religious order too, but hardly the state and Church sponsored entity you belong to. The Son of Megiddo, they may prove to be useful in the conflict against the enemy."

"Affiliations?"

"Not my concern, though I'm told they maybe loosely Christian. But that said, in the interests of preserving the faith – any help is acceptable help."

"I'll be the judge of that. The Order cannot be seen to work with heretics..."

"Don't turn this into a crusade, Brother Arctus. Should the Sons of Megiddo be willing to work alongside your efforts against the Covenant, one should look beyond the short sightedness of ecclesiastical differences, no matter how big or small. An enemy of my enemy is my friend..."

1hr NE of Indras

The task force that had conducted the attack on the Imbrinium supply fleet was now steaming away at best possible speed out of Macabee waters. While the Stevidian government had been told that there would be no repercussions following the marine assault, the Empire would be pushing her luck by continuing the fight within neutral waters and air space. The fleet was reasonably small but the carrier still had a full complement of Sabre aircraft that had now been launched in preparation for a possible enemy counter strike. Morale was high; the surprise missile attack had been an overwhelming success and the follow up marine assault had been a masterstroke. Now Imbrinium's primary port in South Greater Dienstad was in flames and her submarine support fleet wounded and weary. The fleet expected a reprisal, nothing short of a return air attack.

The impetus still lay with the Royal Navy. The task force still used its CELLDAR to great effect over the mainland and noted the enemy helicopter activity and a fighter force flying in the direction of the missile launches. Seeing as most of the missiles came from ships in harbour the trajectories criss-crossed over northern Indras, the enemy force was en route to the harbour. The enemy planes were watched by the ships of the Royal Navy task force while the Sabre naval air squadron lurked towards the northern coastline keeping a very low and quiet profile, their radar displayed kept up-to-date via the BATTLEnet and would alert them once the enemy fighters either somehow detected them or pushed on towards the fleet.

The Antares Class cruisers also kept up the hard graft with their electronic counter-measures. No doubt the enemy would be fielding anti-ship missiles so the longer detection took the safer they would be. The Sabres (and the fleet) were also linked into the TOMESTONE EW suite and its rotation schedule so that their radar and communications equipment would not be affected by the defensive

jamming. Elements of the system were now trying to directly attack the enemy aircrafts' electronic systems, notably communications between each other and between the squadron and the mother fleet. The effects would probably worsen the closer the enemy got as the fleet would feel more threatened and it would be then that the Sabre squadron would engage. Two Lemartes class destroyers lingered behind the main fleet as pickets ready to engage the enemy the moment they crossed into maximum combat range of the AA missiles.

Imperial Admiralty, Stevid Capitia

The Royal Navy's First Sea Lord Sir Gregor Austin was sat at what only could be described as one of the most ornate and maritime themed desks in the world. Surrounded by certificates, pictures, maritime vessel models, awards and other possessions of naval traditions, Gregor poured over several documents accompanied by a rather large investigation file weighing in at nearly 2kg and 3-inches in thickness. Such was the life of the most senior sailor in the Navy but the file was exclusively on the attack on the RMS Princess Jane. The documents he had in front of him specifically were of grave concern.

It was late afternoon in the Capital and he should have been off home, but recent international developments regarding state security were now plundering his downtime – such developments were of a sensitive and considerably damaging security breach, one that now not only left General Military Communications & Intelligence Headquarters (GMICHQ – or '*Gimmick*') embarrassed but also extremely busy.

There was a polite rapping knock at his office door. Gregor inwardly rejoiced at the distraction and required no effort to pull himself away from his work. He took a quick slip from what would be his eighth glass of water of the day and called the knocker in.

"Yes?" He sighed, from round the corner of the door popped in Admiral Plutarch of Naval Intelligence, Deputy Head of MI6 Sir Reginald Clarke and the Detective Super Intendant Sir Shane Peat of Stevid Capitia Metropolitan Police Criminal Investigation Department (CID). *"Ah ha! Merry Christmas gentlemen, please come in! Help yourselves to something to drink – you've all been in my office enough times now!"*

They all exchanged pleasantries for several minutes before they got down to the business of the day.

"Interesting read, my Lord?" Asked Plutarch referencing the documents Gregor had in front of him. *"Records from the RMS Princess Jane."*

"Interesting? No, quite boring to be honest, it's just a manifest. Scratch beneath the surface, certainly... very interesting."

"Do you concur with our initial analysis then, my Lord?" Plutarch continued.

"Of course I do!" Gregor raged, but not directly at anyone in particular – the rigours of the day were starting to show. "Complete bloody nonsense and certainly fake. Although dare I say it a decent one..."

"But hardly a work of art." Mr Clarke chimed in. *"We're confident of debunking this."*

"This is partly your fault." Gregor retorted while pointing rudely at the man. *"The overseas interests of the nation are your responsibility. The protection of Stevidian assets from foreign espionage, civilian and military, are for MI6 to protect. Clearly 'Gimmick' has dropped a bollock here. But now is not the time attribute blame, just wait on the public inquest after all this is done. Now is the time to get to the bottom of this, this is why I have invited you allow Detective Super Intendant Peat. 'Plut' give him an*

abridged version of Naval Intelligence's analysis."

"Well it is only an initial one at this stage, however the crux of it is that a foreign intelligence agency, likely an equivalent to Gimmick or Royal Navy Intelligence, or both, has obtained restricted – but not sensitive – documentation on Stevidian merchant navy cargo manifests. This manifest appears to have been altered or otherwise doctored so that it appears to show the cargo manifest of the RMS Princess Jane. The cargo includes war material specific items such as ammunition, spare parts and weapons. This document has been released by the Kingdom of Imbrinium as a counter-weight to our claims that the attack on the liner was disproportionate and illegal. In other words, they are claiming this information was justification to attack the cruise ship."

"That's absurd, morally anyway." Peat said rolling his eyes.

"The enemy is the Covenant that hold moral ethics of war as their core principles." Gregor said. *"Does anyone see the irony?"*

There was an exchange of smiles before Plutarch continued. *"Clearly these documents are doctored, we know this but proving it to the world will be difficult. At the very least it highlights a failing within our system on the classification of documents within the Merchant Navy."*

"The documents are listed as 'Restricted'," Said Clarke. *"Although this doesn't mean anyone can read it, it does mean that a great deal many people can. For example, police statements recorded from members of the public in minor cases of theft are recorded on 'Restricted' paperwork and handled by hundreds of individuals. These manifests exchange many hands but not as many as a statement. We'll be looking into reclassifying the paperwork. But right now, in order to prove it, we require the CID (Criminal Investigations Department) and potentially the RMP SIB (Royal Military Police Special Investigations Branch) to launch a full and public investigation into the allegation that the RMS Princess Jane was carrying such weapons. Or rather follow and collect the paper trail to disprove the fake document."*

"Exactly." Gregor finished.

Sir Shane Peat sighed deeply as he now looked over the documents. Fraud of this kind on this scale would require close work with the Royal Navy and Customs & Immigration, and could potentially take months to complete. The paper trail would be long and complex but this was CID bread and butter work. Potential 'witnesses' and persons of interest, in his mind, would easily number a few hundred and range from military to civilian personnel, those based in Stevid, Adaptus Astrates and Stevidian South Greal, as well as third party experts.

"It won't be easy and it certainly won't be quick. But so long as people in authority are doing their jobs correctly, I think we'll get to the bottom of this. I'm no expert of course but this looks like the real deal."

"I can assure it does, but I can also assure you it isn't real." Plutarch muttered.

"Anything glaringly obvious?" Clarke asked the head of naval intelligence.

"Well first and foremost the government has not requisitioned civilian merchant navy ships into dedicated military activities. That is still the job of the Royal Navy Auxiliary. Secondly the transport of war specific materials between Stevid and Adaptus Astrates is almost exclusively oil and other fossil fuels – but that is also civilian criteria. Rarely are actual war materials and parts exchanged between the two and more rare yet to have them come from the Astratii's – it's usually in the other direction; the manifest is for what was on the RMS Princess Jane when she sank coming back to Stevid. Pardalote Line will probably confirm that the RMS Princess Jane has no space

for additional military supplies on top those required for the passengers on board."

"I'm sure they would, but prove that."

"You have two other sister ships to look at, one older and one newer plus the original and current schematics of the ship." Plutarch beamed. "Then there are the documents held in Adaptus Astrates about the docking, unloading and loading of the vessel in Caliban then departure. The paper trail there will be unique to Adaptus Astrates and not Stevid/Stevidian South Greal. I understand this makes the paper trail and list of witnesses long..."

"But on the spin," Peat said with a smile, "It gives us tons of evidence to disprove the document... given time. Which means the investigation has to be public. Perhaps foreign observers, the Golden Throne, the Commonwealth or Lamoni?"

"I don't see why not." Gregor said reclining back in his chair. "It keeps it legitimate and open but also keeps their grubby hands off the evidence. This has to be watertight."

There was a general murmur of agreement.

"Mr Clarke, chances of catching a culprit?" Gregor said as he began to tie up the meeting.

"Therein lies the difficult bit. Obvious nation-states that could be behind this 'attack' are not in short supply. Most obvious of course is Imbrinium. While I'm not discounting them, in fact they top my list, this sort of cloak and dagger tactic doesn't fit their national 'persona' so to speak – they seem to favour either military acts or political-diplomatic acts. But again, it would be foolish to rule them out on a gut feeling. Second is Wanderjar, but again – considering the political instability within their borders it is a bit unlikely. I'd like to rule Lyras out completely; honestly Lyran espionage against the Empire has been extremely limited and has had low success rates. Lyran persons or persons with Lyran descent have been closely monitored when they entered the Empire or had dealing with us – they are our main Imperial rival after the Golden Throne. The only reason they are still on our list of immediate suspects is because they are belligerents in this war."

"Who else remains?" Peat asked with genuine intrigue.

"Well obviously the trend there is they are all Covenant powers. To that end the Covenant as a combined collective should be placed under the microscope and also the member states individually looked at. Mokastanna strikes me as likely, but hard to pin it on. We have favourable relations but they are very close to Lyras and allied to the Imps through the Covenant. There's bound to be some people over there that oppose us in this war. Second there will be anti-Stevidians in general because of the history we share with AHSCA and Aqua Anu. But in regards to the war and that they have been large vocal supporters of us... yeah... hard to prove."

"Coltarin? Lamoni?" Gregor then asked.

"We don't have much to go on with Coltarin. It's possible because their grievances with the Morridane CCA mirror our own misgivings plus they have had little interaction with both sides in this war. Can't rule them out but it won't be difficult to. Lamoni, again, unlikely. But they may be out of favour with the Covenant with only their special relationship with Lyras keeping them in, in all probability. It is possible they've done this to calm the 'beast' without jeopardising our war effort or implicating themselves."

"They were quick the denounce Imbrinium and brought on a wave of sanctions and threats." Plutarch said.

"Which is why they are bottom of my list." Clarke finished.

Gregor smiled. "That was a long winded way of saying you have no idea who made this! At least we have four potential culprits, and if the skill of Lyran negotiators is anything to go by compared against the skill of their intelligence committee then you can rule them out too. But that said they're happy to remark about corporate espionage in regards to R&D on some of their military jet engines... hmm... I'm going to guess finding a culprit might not happen until the war's end - just prove to fickle heretics of Greater Dienstad it's a fake."

The meeting finished with more tea and pleasantries.

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Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

☐ by **Morrdh** » Mon Dec 29, 2014 4:04 pm



Rock River, Imbrinium

Now came the most dangerous part of the Odin's attack, the submarine had probably been detected shortly after it emerged from the cover of the oil tanker. It would most certainly be detected once its torpedoes were in the water, by which point Imbrinium naval forces would probably try their hardest to sink the sub. Henshaw had plotted a course that would allow the Odin to loop round as it made its attack and then head northwards once it had reached the relative safety of open water, though he left the plotted course and any necessary corrections in the hands of one of his officers as he declared. "Mr Moran, you have the helm."

"Flood forward tubes." Henshaw ordered as he raised the periscope so that he could guide the attack, spying a tanker laid up and presumably offloading. "Fire one... Fire two!"

There was an acknowledgement from the forward torpedo room before the boat jolted twice in succession in conjunction with a couple of whoosh noises as the torpedoes left their tubes. "Fish away!" Was the report, but Henshaw was already searching for another target as the Odin began to loop round as part of the captain's pre-planned course. He called for another torpedo to be fired as his sights fell upon another tanker in the process of docking up, then saved his last three torpedoes that were load in the forward tubes to try and sink vessels in the harbour's entrance. Whilst inflicting as much damage as he could was his objective, he also aimed to cause a bit of disruption and partially block the channel that led to the port.

Henshaw selected another pair of tankers as his targets as well as a coast guard vessel, the Odin was heading back out to sea to escape as the Imbriniums started to react to the surprise intruder. Though as much as he wanted to, he didn't dare linger to see the results of his venture since no doubt the Imbriniums would be onto him like a pack of rabid dogs on meat. His concern now was making sure that he and his crew lived to fight another day.

Stevidian South Greal

Captain Gibbs, C Coy 21st Battalion Commonwealth Volunteers, peered cautiously through his binoculars over the lip of the trench at the Wandjarian positions opposite his own. The company had been deployed to this now bomb blasted village to hold up the Wandjarian advance, but it had suffered heavy casualties in the process which included Major Powell who was the company's commander. Now Gibbs had barely a couple of platoons left dug in amongst the rubble, though he did have the GPMGs from the decimated sections reissued to the surviving section so that each one had a pair of GPMGs to bolster their firepower. He also had all the mortars formed into their own section under his HQ section, not quite Morridane practice but needs must.

He had been promised tanks a few days ago, though the steel beasts had yet to effect an appearance. Thankfully he wasn't lacking so much in air and artillery support, the Hawker Hunters ground attack aircraft of the volunteer squadrons had been practically active in engaging Wandjarian ground forces and helping to make sure supplies via air drops made it through to Gibbs' beleaguered forces. Ideally he waited those damn tanks to pitch up along with the reinforcements command had promised, though the cynic in him suspected the promise was made to keep him sweet to ensure he held his position. Truth be told he wasn't sure how long he could hold out, especially if the Wandjarrians made a determined effort to take the pile of rubble that his men currently occupied.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Mon Dec 29, 2014 10:23 pm



OOC: short post, will get back to people regarding the Blood Fever soon

IC:

**Morrdun,
Capital of the Commonwealth of Morrdh
0700 local time**

If there ever was a single person who symbolized the end of socialism in Mokastana, it was this man. Antonio Montana, CEO and founder of the every growing Montana Inc, with holdings stretching from Nova to Gholgoth and a dozen nations beyond, this multinational corporation had grown over the past few decades from a farming community in Suria del Moka, to spread across the Confederation, then the Federation, and then beyond even the governments borders. It had hands in pharmaceutical goods, shipping and transport, space travel, Defense contracts and even a small but dangerous PMC force made up of the best from across the world. Men and women who decided going private sector was better than returning to the civilian life. Combine that with their corporate Navy designed to protect their valuable container ships, and you had a military force of a small nation.

All thanks to Antonio Montana.

On top of that, using his own fortune, he had his own small private army and a few aircraft that could be considered an air force. It was a harsh world after all.

So when a man such as Antonio Montana made an appointment with a high ranking military official of another country, people tended to notice. As such, a certain secrecy was required. Though a series of interconnected flights and false flag operations, Antonio Montana had found himself flown into the Capital of Morrdh via a shell company that Montana kept on hand for whatever uses the company might be needed for. A local escort had been built up using private contractors who worked in the capital, no doubt used to being hired as additional muscle for high ranking visitors to the Capital, and some local Montana Inc Security forces working for the local branch of Montana Financial.

The drive to the Ministry of Defense was one rather uneventful, but getting clearance was another matter entirely. The civilian disguised convoy of escorts drove off leaving only Montana's vehicle to visit the security gate. Upon request for IDs and purpose of visit. Montana Merely stated what he had cleared a long time ago.

"Antonio Montana, CEO of Montana Inc, here to see Nathan Hay, the Minister of Defence."



Stevид

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevид** » Wed Dec 31, 2014 9:26 pm

QUOTE

Blaichach and the wider Stevidian South Greal

It was amazing how such a small and relatively insignificant little village had become such a major flashpoint in this war. It did lie on the key B19 road that led from Vanderburg and accessed the wider autobahns, but aside from it being situated on this somewhat important road, Blaichach was just as strategically important as any other village. But history, regardless of the victor, would record the grim Imbrinium occupation of eastern Stevidian South Greal. The village had been the first undefended population centre the Crown had come across since the siege of Vanderburg and would taste the extreme Imbrinium crackdown that had yet to be observed further east due to the fighting. The Crown forces were quite rightly paranoid and frustrated at their current situation; they were winning the war and winning relatively easily on the ground in a conventional sense. In simple engagements against Stevidian forces, Imbrinium had the advantage of numbers and shock 'n' awe. The Empire had quickly changed to a guerrilla styled elastic defence whereby engagements were small and calculated to achieve minor victories with little chance of defeat to then draw out enemy retribution to areas primed with IEDs, minefields and ambushes. The tactics had worked impressively well despite the grim strategic outlook - Stevid was making the Crown fight for every inch of ground. It meant that the enemy were constantly on their toes, impeding progress and keeping nerves frayed. Every fallen tree, dustbin, crater, roadside bench, burned car, could have a 1,000 lb bomb, AT/AP mine or IED in it ready to blow them apart.

The brutal crackdown was a result of this. The Crown's scorched earth policy meant every building had to be evicted of persons and razed to the ground to prevent straggling Imperial forces (of which there was now a growing number) or resistance groups from using the buildings to stage ambushes. This had come to a head in Blaichach and such was the protest from the people it had caught the attention of forward elements of the official Moka presence in Stevidian South Greal. The deployment of peacekeepers however did little to calm the situation despite the good intentions. The people were not stupid but given the fluidity of the situation and the nations/alliances involved, their reaction to the Moka peacekeepers was understandable. Imbrinium, Lyras and Wanderjar are all members of the Covenant - so was Mokastanna. The Imbrinium forces and of course Lyras forces all use Lyras Arms equipment - so did Mokastanna. The people saw armoured vehicles and combat fatigues of 'Covenant' design and grew angry. The colours were different but the kit all looked the same. A small riot broke out on the outskirts of the village from people that had decided to give into Crown demands and leave their homes. Moka peacekeepers exercised enough restraint in order to quell the crowd and order return only through use of legitimate force. The use of tear gas, batons, shields and rubber bullets drew no condemnation from the Stevidian and local governments but it did reiterate the state of the humanitarian situation in the area. Stevidian forces were too stretched to provide support and Imbrinium had removed local law enforcement - as a result common law and society was starting to break down.

About 100 people still remained in Blaichach and refused to leave despite the fact the Imbrinium forces were in control and with absolute authority over the small village. The scene was chaotic, no longer were people stood at their doors defiantly jeering the troops, singing national songs or throwing fruit and veg, now it was active, terrified and desperate resistance. With the breakdown of law and order and the remaining people's rejection of the occupation, it was every man for himself. Families threw bottles, held knives, irons, anything, just to defend their homes and livelihoods. Sometimes there

was violence, sometimes it was verbal in other instances it was physical. Sometimes shots rang out. People flooding into a Mokaan refugee camp some twenty miles behind the frontlines spoke of an engagement between Mokaan peacekeepers and Imbrinium forces in Blaichach.

Elsewhere in the broader east of Stevidian South Greal, Imbrinium was starting to cement itself more firmly. Many towns and villages had fallen as to had Vanderburg City. Although the siege of the city had removed the strategic importance of the city as a base of operations, it was now a makeshift fortress as Stevid had used it. The ruins now occupied by Imbrinium troops meant that should the war ever turn in favour of the Holy Empire, Imbrinium troops could remain there almost indefinitely. But as the Empire was pushed further west the resistance increased as the enemy ran into more difficult ground and fortified positions. The south was different, an enemy armoured thrust had swiftly broken through the fragile defences and pushed towards the rolling plains the separated Stevidian South Greal from Sumer. The sliver of territory in the southeast was left relatively untouched; it was believed this was because it had been 'reinforced' by the thousands of troops that had vacated Vanderburg in good order. Efforts were made to fully fortify this part of Stevidian South Greal and fight hard to draw in more enemy resources in order to defeat the Stevidian defence force. The armoured thrust was countered by a combined effort of Empire's 4 (Greali) Armd Div and Mokaan 'volunteer' units. The situation in the south soon degraded quickly into that of the east whereby armoured units suffered immeasurably to Stevidian elastic defence combined with scorched earth guerrilla warfare against the enemy and their likely routes of attack. Stevidian armour almost completely withdrew while damaged vehicles remained behind to act as static defence turrets. But it was obvious to the defenders that they would not be retaking territory any time soon.

While Mokaan volunteer troops had been used as suggested in a shock troop role, the Morridane troops had been used in a broader strategic sense and to great effect. Morrdh's volunteer force had been deployed to provide additional support to the eastern front but to also provide frontline duties in the north against Wanderjar. In the NW Stevidian troops held their own but the intervention of Morridane troops in the NE had incredibly stopped the north-easterly encroachment of Wanderjarian troops joining up with Imbrinium frontline troops thus preventing the complete collapse of the eastern front. In the centre north Wanderjar still made minor gains but Stevid had anticipated a Wanderjarian invasion since the annexation of Maltose (Stevidian South Greal) and prepared accordingly. The Morridane reinforcement had been a welcome boost to the point where several villages and other positions had been taken back from what seemed to be a very quiet and unorganised Wanderjarian force. The rich mining areas had not been completely taken (a presumed pre-war goal of the Hapsburg Kingdom) and so there was still all to fight for - for both sides. The introduction of Morridane aircraft was a welcome relief, although air superiority was by no means close to achieving - friendly forces could call on more top cover in the north than before - the east was still left somewhat wanting.

New Empire

The initial Imbrinium missile attacks came as a shock but they failed to damage the Stevidian command and control network even a little bit as major HQ elements still resided in the Empire's underground cities. With the Golden Throne handling the peacekeeping duties Stevid and Morrdh were free to strategically redeploy their forces to better counter the new threat. The Holy Empire's air force launched raids into the Crown controlled areas but caused little damage, the real hurt would only come from ground forces. However it started to transpire that this may not have to be the case. Diplomats started to be made aware that the Golden Throne had convinced Imbrinium to withdraw from New Empire altogether in order to keep the peace. It may have been just the peacekeeping elements or maybe the whole force, but it stood to reason that fighting may not be returning to New Empire.

Stevidian diplomats and politicians, eager to continue a good relationship with the Golden Throne, welcomed the opening moves but there was another move by the diplomatic forces. Keen to prevent the Golden Throne placing itself in a position to annexe New Empire from under the Empire's nose, Stevid began to make it clear to the Golden Throne that should war in New Empire be averted she would resume her peacekeeping responsibilities in the south eastern, eastern and north eastern sectors of New Empire.

South and wider Greater Dienstad

The Holy Empire still retained overall control of the seas in Southern Greater Dienstad. Imbrinium's diplomatic moves with a resurgent Golden Throne had complicated matters by allowing the Crown to get a foothold in the south. This had greatly troubled the government and, most importantly, the Admiralty. It meant that the gem of the Holy Empire, Adaptus Astrates, was under grave threat of long range enemy incursions. It also represented a direct affront to Stevidian naval supremacy in the central south of Greater Dienstad. The south was a traditional tinderbox of Imperial Armies and this hadn't changed with the times into Greater Dienstad and the Macabees', Lyrans and Stevidian rise to principle regional superpowers following the War of Golden Succession. The waters around Holy Panooly were still fraught with danger; ex-Indras territory was a haven for warlords with access to a wealth of weaponry and pirates still roamed freely in certain areas of the surrounding seas too. It was in Stevidian interests to be a dominant power in the area to act as a counter-weight to the Golden Throne's colonial efforts.

Imbrinium disturbed this fragile status quo... greatly.

A major goal of the Empire was to at the very least secure south GD in the war. Dersconi had been occupied to that effect and Imbrinium bases had been systematically targeted by the Royal Navy south of Adaptus Astrates. Pirate duties were left somewhat neglected so that comprehensive ASW activities could be conducted in full. The enemy submarine packs that frequently harassed Independent Hitmen naval AA and ASW pickets around the Stevidian Home Isles travelled from bases in the south and from home bases in the north east. While the Empire could do little about the bases in Imbrinium proper, the Imbrinium threat in the south could be contested. So far this had been extremely successful and while the threat did remain the chances of it festering into something more substantial had been largely mitigated.

Around the Home Isles the Imbrinium air threat had diminished substantially thanks wholly to the massive effort by the RAF to counter the huge enemy air assault against the Empire's centrally based naval assets in the previous months. While the fleets had moved south to stay out of Hellion range of Lyras, they had now scattered into small echelons or task forces to not be obvious to the Moat OTH radar used by both the Crown and the Protectorate. Losses had sharply fallen while enemy air losses had risen. The full extent of the damage incurred to the Crown's aerial support fleets was unknown but had been enough for RAF and Royal Navy to retain control of the northern and southern seas and the skies around the Home Isles and Independent Hitmen.

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Wed Dec 31, 2014 9:44 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007

by **Mokastana** » Tue Jan 06, 2015 10:39 am



YELLOW ZONE
Village of Fendor, Belmontin
People's Unified Federation

217.

Two hundred seventeen dead from Varathon Blood Fever. It was effective, that was certainly clear based on the rate of infection. Even with the highest regards to control and martial law, the virus had still slipped threw villages and took out those it found. It was only due a militant response and air lifting of infected from villages did they stop it from killing more. Still, nearly 400 infected remained in the RED and YELLOW zones.

YELLOW signified areas where infected were found and quarantined, travel was restricted, homes were locked down and a curfew was in effect. The government was handing out masks and clean water. There were outbreaks there, but they were controlled and stopped quickly and quietly. GREEN zones surrounded the YELLOW ones, where no cases had been found but they were under the same martial law as the YELLOW to prevent an unrecorded infected from sneaking out and spreading it further. If a case was find in a GREEN zone, it was promoted to YELLOW and the GREEN expanded.

Finally, there were the RED zones, areas deemed unsafe for human habitation. It was the village of the original case found and the border village patient zero came from. It was here the virus had nearly two days to spread among the population unchecked and though the majority of the dead came from these villages, there were still survivors in a YELLOW zone hospital(one wing was declared RED zone and everything it that wing was burned along with the dead bodies of infected).

The original RED zone had been under lockdown with orders to shoot anyone attempting to leave it until force could be brought in to clear it. It had taken about half a day to deploy local Reserve Guards and Army units, but in the end a field hospital had been set up to begin taking care of the sick and determine origin of infection.

By the time the teams from Stevid and Imbrinium arrived, the RED zone had been evacuated. Survivors moved to quarantined hospitals in the YELLOW zone and the dead burned in pits. The villages would be raised by napalm strikes and special fire teams would ensure the area was properly "sanitized."

It was here in the YELLOW zones that the team from Imbirium was escorted to, while what research the Mokans had was shared, including the results from live test subjects and the make up of the possible vaccine. They had tried to isolate each case from one another to prevent those who showed promise, or recent cases, from having their immune systems overran by other infected.

Another hospital kilometres away the team from Stevid was given the same research information, along with live subjects to field test their anti-viral drugs. Those suffering were going threw Hell, so finding volunteers was easy enough. The chance at... if not solution, then at least relief, was a rush many were willing to take.

Federal Parliament/Senate Emergency Session, Closed to Public Mokastana City, Mokastana

It had been years since the last time Parliament had closed its doors to the public, even the government subsidized MNN was not allowed in these closed hearings. With no insight into the reasoning behind the called meeting, news networks could only speculate as to why Parliament was now issuing a media blackout. All they had was that it was an emergency meeting regarding the South Greal Conflict. Based on previous times, these meetings usually were held just before a war was announced. If that was the case, and Mokastana was willing to go to war, the question was, against who? Stevid? Imbrinium? What did the powers a be intend for the Federation? Reporters could only wait outside over the next few days to be invited in to hear the decisions finally made.

"Primary Admiral Consuelo, can you explain to the committee why we

are receiving.... hundreds of submarines from the Kingdom of Imbrinium?

The person asking the question was Conservative Party member Mr. Esteban Moreno. Though the conservative party tended to disagree with most left wing policies they had a hard on for self sufficiency. Naval war production was one of the few areas where the Mogan Military Industry still stood a chance of success.

"Well, Parliamentarian Moreno, from what I was informed, the Kingdom wishes to, if not remain in good grace with us, then at least keep us neutral in the South Greal Conflict. I was informed these Submarines are a gift."

"And what of the domestic production of the new... uhh.. Virginia Class?"

"We only reduced our order, but I believe that additional customers were found."

"So you are saying we accepted a bribe from the Kingdom to remain out of the conflict?"

"Politics is no my field Parliamentar-"

"Order!" The lead of the committee, a Liberators Party member by the name of Mrs. Sandra Gomez took control of the floor, "No leading questions, if you have something to get too Mr. Moreno, I suggest you get to it."

"I do," Mr. Moreno responded, "but that is all I need from Primary Admiral Consuelo. Madam Gomez, before I continue I would like to request that the archiving cameras be turned off."

"Is this in reference to the Azul report you submitted earlier?"

"Yes Madam."

"Very well, staff please turn off the archiving cameras for the moment as this pertains to classified information."

"Thank you," Mr. Moreno waited a minute until all the red lights were off, "I have a report of a High Classified Operation where agents from the Bureau of Secret Affairs assisted Kingdom forces in extracting an agent from the Commonwealth of Morrdh. I believe that these submarines are payment for our services to the Kingdom. If that is the case, we have been far more active in this war than mere peace keeping."

"Committee members, this is in reference to the Azul Report submitted previously. It shows that not only are Mogan Agents working without Parliamentarian approval on domestic black ops. but that other agents actively tried to intervene. While this may not seem like much, additional information shows that the Federation is quite torn on this war and without leadership, many are taking things into their own hands. We need to find a solution soon. Please turn the archiving cameras back on."

Mrs. Gomez waited for the cameras to reactivate, before continuing.

"Thank you Mr. Moreno. My fellow Parliamentarians, as you know the Senate is currently having a similar debate at the moment whether or not the People's Unified Federation will join Stevid or Imbrinium in this war. Since both outlooks look like no's. I must submit the Committee's findings to you all for review, we have a possible bill that would cut off all overt and covert support to the Kingdom of Imbrinium. I would like to submit it to vote."

"Second"

Over the next few hours the bill was debated, with both sides

leveling weapons of all kinds at each other, from demands for action from the families of dead conscripts in Blaichach, to Pro-Covenant sympathizers who saw this kind of bill as treason to the Alliance. Reports of the VBF in Belmotin and the hundreds dead, to reviewing footage of hospital ships being sunk by the Holy Empire. In the end a vote was cast, 185 for, 115 against. Just shy of the 2/3 limit required for this kind of bill.

A revote was requested and that measure passed.

Additional debates went on, it would only be a matter of time before the People's Unified Federation finally took a stand in this war.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Tue Jan 06, 2015 6:41 pm, edited 4 times in total.

[Factbook](#)
[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



Lamoni
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045
Founded: Antiquity
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

Moving is never easy! (Semi-open,GD)

by [Lamoni](#) » Wed Jan 07, 2015 2:26 am



OOO note: I don't even remember if i've named the Lamonian Ambassador to Stevid, so bear with the post here.

Lamonian embassy, Stevid Capita, Stevid

It had certainly been interesting working with the Stevidians during this time of trial, the ambassador thought. At first unsure of what the true facts behind the war between the Covenant and the Holy Empire, the Free Republic of Lamoni had learned quickly enough to form an opinion after several high profile events where the Kingdom of Imbrinium had violated the very rules and laws of war itself. The use of bioweapons by the Kingdom being just the most egregious violation to date, though forcing the civilians out of their homes and demolishing entire cities in Stevidian South Greal was a close second. Certainly, hospital ships had been sunk, but Imbrinium's multiple flagrant violations had brought a full economic, military, and diplomatic sanctions package upon them, and when that had not deterred the imperialist ambitions of the former Lamonian ally, Lamoni had started backing Stevid behind the scenes with intelligence, weapons, and even allowing Stevid access to Lamonian manufacturing concerns, so that they could have their weapons manufactured in Lamoni. This was a win-win proposition for the Free Republic. The steps taken had massively increased the Lamonian-Stevidian friendship and alliance, and the Free Republic got to keep the money made from the endeavor.

It was now seen that even this would not be enough to at least even the odds, so something another card from the political hand of the government of the Free Republic had been tried. Due to Lamonian friendly relations with The Empire of Common Territories, the Free Republic had been able to quietly engage the services of Commoner League Incorporated for ten field armies, four air wings, and four fleets. All in all, a total of 500,000+ mercenaries had been hired, and now it only remained to inform the Stevidian government of this generous gift, so that the details could be worked out. The ambassador had seen the LIA and DMI intelligence estimates of how Stevidian and volunteer forces were fairing in Stevidian South Greal, and it was thought that this gift of mercenaries would be welcomed, with certain understandable reservations.

The enciphered message on the subject that he had just received from Nephi had been very specific about what he was to do next, and so the ambassador lifted his telephone, and placed a call to Prime Minister Conroy's private number. LIA had managed to get this telephone number in advance, and it was just one way for an intelligence service to show their prowess in a harmless manner. Waiting for someone on the other end of the line to pick up, the

ambassador started to mentally compose what he would say to the Stevidian Prime Minister. Given that the Lamonian intelligence services used highly secure one-time pads for the most important transmissions, the LIA was sometimes entrusted with the dispatch of highly sensitive diplomatic traffic to the intended recipients. Thus, this was not the first time that the ambassador had gotten a message routed through the LIA, but it was sometimes a little unnerving knowing that the intelligence services knew what you would be doing. The ambassador didn't have anything to hide, but there were the old wives tales about LIA running a super-secret prison somewhere in the Free Republic. So far though, no one had found a single shred of evidence to support or refute the allegation, but as certain skeptics were quick to point out, that could just mean that the intelligence services had managed to cow anyone who knew about the facility or facilities in question. Others were of the opinion that the whole thing was a whole load of nonsense. Still, no one was quite sure.

[National Anthem](#) [Depressed or Suicidal? M-SAD Assessment My Factbook](#)
Resides in [Greater](#) [Lyrans 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.



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Fri Jan 09, 2015 6:12 am



Nathan Hay was a military man through and through, following in the traditions of his family he'd volunteered for the Morridane Army after leaving school at sixteen. He served twenty years, eventually leaving the Army with the rank of Colonel in his late thirties before he went into politics. Six years later and in his early forties he was the Minister of Defence, responsible for overseeing the Morridane Armed Forces and advising Her Serenity's Government on defence policy. In the actual day-to-day running of the Armed Forces he was assisted by the Chief of the Defence Staff, the professional head of the Morridane Armed Force who was typically a senior ranking officer from one of the Services.

Though there were times when he felt like a schoolmaster trying to keep the peace between bitering schoolboys due to the various inter-Service and inter-department squabbling. Thankfully a brief distraction presented itself in the form of an appointment with the CEO of Montana Inc, though suspected the man had simply come to present a sales pitch but had decided to hear him out regardless. After all, a nice little break would be an absolute boon. So when his secretary informed him of Antonio Montanna, he told her to send the man straight through to his office.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Fri Jan 09, 2015 9:06 am



Antonio Montana strolled through the Ministry almost casually, admiring the art works on the walls and the over all "morridane" feel of the office vs the more relaxed (and yet more confrontational) feel of a Moka one. Behind him a small entourage followed including a secretary and whatever security he was allowed to have. Even when trying to keep a low profile he liked to keep a few "status" items on hand. When he finally got to the office, his staff was left to wait outside, while Mr. Montana went in to office alone.

"I got to say, lovely office you have here. I've been in quite a few government buildings and this is the first time I've felt like people actually work here. Everything is so neat an' organized. You know. It's nice."

Montana smiled as he talked, something about this meeting made him

feel young again. He could tell by look in the Minister's gave that though he enjoyed the pleasantries, he was expecting something else.

"Let me be honest, I like jour country. Less taxes than what I pay in Mokastana, good market share. Proximity ensures less costs incurred from transport of goods. Cooler than what I'm used to, but that's most places."

Antonio's Surian accent was coming out in speech. While normally in business meetings he remained calm and collected, careful to enunciate every word, it wasn't every day he could pull a deal like this off.

"Because of that, I want to offer you a deal. Jou do a lot of shipping, as do we down south, because of that my company, we have to maintain a certain amount of 'corporate espionage'. Nothing new just part of the business, ja know?

However, a certain, foreign power, let's a say a... kingdom, who might have an interest in you, has made a deal with my company for information on your shipping habits.

I was originally against the idea, but a few egg heads I employ came up with a good idea. Jou see, now jou get a chance to know what this Kingdom knows, and if you want to hide something. We can edit our information to match your needs. If you need a ship hidden, give us ten to ignore and we'll make sure those don't make it to the reports. We would like compensation for our efforts if course, and I need to protect my company assets in Mordh, including my, uh, business spies.

So here's the deal: We sell you same information we are going to sell your competitors. You, of course, get the right to edit the info before we do sell it to them. In exchange, my company spies remain untouched. I don't care if you know them, but I'll need them after this contract to keep spying on my competitors.

This way everyone wins."

Montana gave the Minister anther smile. It wasn't every day an offer to mess with enemy intelligence just walked into your office. Of course, he could choose to ignore it and try to shut down Montana's operation through other means, but the fact that the CEO himself came to explain the situation should give some indicator to who's side the CEO was really on.

[Factbook](#)
[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Thu Jan 15, 2015 11:28 am

QUOTE

“ Mokastana wrote:

"I got to say, lovely office you have here. I've been in quite a few government buildings and this is the first time I've felt like people actually work here. Everything is so neat an' organized. You know. It's nice."

"Thank you." Hay muttered, though uncertain what to make of the Mokan businessman. To most in the Commonwealth the Mokans had always seem a tad...*excessive*, the Mokan Drug War and the cartels had gleefully been reported about by the popular press. But it was clear that the Mokan had come here with something he clearly thought the Commonwealth would be interested, otherwise why waste his time?

But Hay was to be pleasantly surprised, he'd been expecting a sales

pitch for some new weapon system rather than an intelligence operative's wetdream. What Antonio Montana offered would prove to be a very useful service and seemed almost too good to be true, though Hay was a little wary of accepting and had one or two questions of his own. He sat back and gave Antonio an appraising look for a moment before speaking. "Mr Montana, your...ah...'offer' I must confess wasn't something that I was expecting. Truth be told I half-expected a sales pitch for some new military latrine."

"I'll have to run the proposal pass the Admiralty, though I do have a couple of questions. I trust there isn't too much of a time limit on how long this offer is on the table for? Secondly, the information that our rivals have asked for...can we get the same information on them?"

Trans-Mordent Border

The night time air was bitterly cold as Mordent Frontier Service Sergeant Robin Fannon stepped outside for a quick smoke, he placed his mug of tea on a convenient window ledge before fishing out a packet of cigarettes and a box of matches. Once he'd successfully fished these items out of the pockets of his thick woollen coat, he was rewarded with a feeble light and warmth as he struck one of the matches that caught first time round. He lit his cigarette before shaking out the match and then inhaling the smoke, giving a pleasant sigh as the nicotine entered his system and warmed his lungs a little. As he tipped some tea from his mug he spotted a car pull up to the checkpoint with its highlights dimmed, with a sigh of irritation he fished through his pockets once again for a torch before stomping over to the vehicle. Shining the torch in the direction of the car he saw that were were four occupants within, all rough-ish looking men which made him a little wary.

"Oi, ye there." Fannon called out, trying to sound brave. "State yer business!"

"Army mate, we're on a shufti." Answered the driver as he winded down the window and held out a piece of paper and some photo ID cards. "Ring the number."

"Right, we'll see wot yer 'bouts." Said Fannon as he glanced at the ID cards and compared them to the men in the car, they matched and were Morridane Armed Forces cards alright but there was still something afoot. "Everything *seems* to be in order...so far."

"As I said mate, ring the number....though probably best ye keep 'em cards."

"Very well." Fannon nodded before he called one of his colleagues outside to keep an eye on the car before going in to use the telephone...

~ ~ ~

"Wot was that all about sarge?" Asked Fannon's colleague after he'd seen the car off. "Ye keep their cards!"

"Orders lad, they were the cloak and dagger lot." Fannon answered. "Best ye keep yer trap shut."

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Mokastana
Ambassador

by **Mokastana** » Thu Jan 15, 2015 3:20 pm



**Command deck of the *MNS Nuevo Orleans*
Nietzsche Class Super Dreadnought
RESERVE FLEET DOCK B27**

130 km outside of Nuevo Orleans

Admiral Evan Domingo paced up and down the deck of his beloved ship. As one of the two Flotilla level Admirals who had helped put together the false shipping report against Stevid, he was now in charge of the Pro Imbrinium... conspiracy? Faction? Group? It didn't matter, what did matter was that the other Flotilla level Admiral was now on patrol between Mokastana and Wellovia, a chance to take his new fleet out. Admiral Domingo was scheduled for upgrades as well, but for now the soon to be decommissioned ship would serve as a good meeting place for a few like minded operatives.

"So what the hell convinced Parliament to pass this bull shit pile of a bill? They do realize the Kingdom is our ally, and many Federal citizens lost loved ones to the Holy Empire, it's pretty straightforward."

"Well sir, it seems they got wind if a few things, have you had a chance to read the Azul Report?"

"No, but I trust you have a copy?"

"Yes I do, a parliamentarian's aide sympathetic to Imbrinium leaked it to us. She knows we have been working with the Kingdom from the beginning, and wanted to help out."

The lower Admiral passed a think white folder to his commanding officer. As Domingo flipped threw it the lower Admiral kept talking:

"It turns out that one of our contacts in the Bureau was compromised, they supported the Kingdom's actions against Stevid, but questioned their motives in Morrdh. The Kingdom still managed to use our bases to get a high value target out of Morrdh, but MBSA agents had a small shootout with each other over it. The Kingdom's gives never knew about it, but the event was reported.

The investigation committee believes the subs were suppose to be payment for the job, luckily they are still in the dark about the Stevid shopping plot. Unfortunately, they also caught wind of local companies being contracted to spy on our northern neighbor, so Parliament was given the impression that the Kingdom was trying to subvert their authority."

"Didn't the HVP project go through the proper channels though? Well, proper for spooks anyways."

"Yes, but it was not reported as such to Parliament. Mr. Francisco tried to argue such to them, but all he got was accused of treason. Unofficially at least."

Admiral Domingo looked up from the report.

"He still has his job, but Parliament knows of the tear in the Bureau now. He was instructed to get the MBSA in order and cease support for the Kingdom. Based on what I was told, Parliament thinks the Kingdom is trying to turn us against the Commonwealth using cloak and dagger tactics. Add that to the already low public opinion after Blood Fever and stories from the refugee camps, and..."

"I know, the Damn politicians are hiding their stupidity behind popular opinion again."

Another naval officer, this time a Captain, spoke up:

"It gets worse, Senator Ortega tells me that the Senate actually voted on a declaration of war against the Kingdom. Everyone knew it would fail, but it was still sent time vote by the Belmotin Senators. Yet somewhere around 80 ish Senators voted in favor. The Belmotins want blood for blood, and they are not going to let up. That vote was kept a secret from the news."

The Flotilla Admiral chewed on his information. His own contracts in

Juventud were just as confused as he was, and now everyone would be looking to him for answers.

"We need to contact our allies in the Kingdom's embassy, do we still have allies in the Foreign Ministry?"

"Ever since Charles retired many have stopped working so openly with us, but we have a few. Why?"

"Fabricating evidence helped the clean up the mess with the cruise ship that was sunk. Perhaps it's time to fabricate some evidence against Stevid or the Commonwealth."

"Is it really a good idea to start something with the ally we share a border with? Even Villa didn't want us involved in the affairs between them and the Kingdom."

"Even if it's not with the Commonwealth, we need to convince these politicians that the Kingdom is working on it best interest, or at least the lesser of two evils."

At this point if the Primary Admiral caught wind of his plan it might even be considered treason officially, but his duty was to Mokastana and her allies. Not the good elected to pretend to run things.

**Company headquarters of
Eastern Military Deployments Inc.
Subsidiary of Montana Inc.
City of Tarn,**

Federal law was a tricky thing for Montana Inc to get around, but they had some of the best legal teams available to pull it off. One such creation of that batch of company legal operatives was the Eastern Military Deployments Company. Technically a separate company in only the most technical form, EMD acted add a local branch of Montana Security. While Montana Security specialized in Special Operations and policing operations, EMD specialized in the kind of actual warfare the surrounding nations offered.

With news of the most recent change in Moka Law, Montana Inc "sold" their contract with the Kingdom of Imbrinium to this firm to avoid the legal and financial penalties recently placed on business with the Kingdom. They would need to raise and hire more from the surrounding area to reach the numbers requested, but that wouldn't be hard. They already had 320,000 plus aircraft to deploy, and a cease fire made resupply easy.

70,000 from the [Xirvo Corporation](#), 60,000 from [Whitelake Private Military Contractors](#) and 90,000 from **Eastern Military Deployments**. With another 100,000 or so hired in Tarn, they began the massive resupply mission to the Imbrinium occupied areas of South Greal.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Sat Jan 17, 2015 10:40 am, edited 2 times in total.

[Factbook](#)
[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

[QUOTES](#)



Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

☐ by [Stevid](#) » Fri Jan 16, 2015 8:46 am

QUOTE

Maisach
Eastern Stevidian South Greal
0550hrs

Maisach was a fairly unremarkable town only that it sat on the shores of a very long and

reasonably wide freshwater lake travelling north to south. In peaceful day-to-day life this bustling town was simply a place of commerce, labour and residence in a beautiful part of the country. Stevidian frontline HQs had quickly realised the strategic importance of the town shortly after the Imbrinium invasion and their subsequent unimpeded march westwards. The lake, Lake Ludwig, was one of only a small handful of true natural obstacles to the advancing Crown forces and with the Stevidian retreat came the destruction of the only bridge across the lake. Imbrinium engineers had taken the town but had been unable to construct engineering bridges because of Stevidian and volunteer air pieces and artillery. The lake was hotly contested, in fact this was probably some of the more fierce resistance Imbrinium had face since Vanderburg. This resistance was probably obvious to the enemy commanders too, the Empire did not want to lose the other side of the lake – it was too important. Should the Crown take it then their march west would continue on towards the highly urbanised centre of Stevidian South Greal. The river flow from the north and south of the lake was wide too and most bridges had been destroyed, were contested or being defended. Maisach's location by the lake meant it was a major stronghold to who controlled the lake, and while Imbrinium had the town, they didn't have the opposing shore.

The defenders were a mix of Stevidian, Morridane, South-Greali Defence Force (SGDF) and local resistance. To the north of the lake where the river was actually at one of its narrowest the Empire had an infantry battalion and armoured units. The distributed across the western shore of the lake, and the rear echelons and beyond) was 2 Air Assault Division (Tempest) with an attached armoured regiment and further light infantry regiment. In Maisach it was believed the enemy numbered in the high to mid thousands with armoured and light role units. Both sides had artillery and fast air but Stevid probably sported higher number of helicopters and gunships because it was an airborne division holding this part of the line.

But on this wintery night, Imbrinium forces would be facing a threat many of them had never heard of before, let alone encountered. The festive season was now at a close but it was only now the damaged, broken and largely evacuated town had snowfall. It had snowed four inches in six hours and the units of Imbrinium military forces that patrolled the town had to content with sub-zero temperatures too. But this was not the threat. In the shadows, deep inside the city an eight-man team of tall, brawny, cloaked figures stalked the ruined buildings not far from a sizable Crown encampment. This team had surveyed the camp for close to four days from various directions and different buildings and had come to the conclusion it was one of Imbrinium field HQs – favoured over hard-standing structures because they tended to destroy buildings they captured.

The team gathered in a ruined industrial factory building, snow fell in patches through the shell holes in the roof onto the masonry and felled girders below. They nodded to each other for a few minutes in hushed conversation before one of the group whispered down the radio calling for an artillery fire mission. The operation was simple, the artillery fire mission had a twenty-minute delay, enough time for the group of men to cause some havoc. No doubt the Crown had counter-artillery radar installed somewhere and so a local fire fight in their backyard would prove a useful distraction before the round came in. Stevid could not afford for its own artillery to take a pounding as well.

The group split into two groups of four, Charlie Team leading with Delta in support. The figures were quite distinct and unique. Their fatigues were not of the standard Stevidian design, appearance or even colour, no did it conform to any of the Special Forces regiments the Stevidian military deployed. They sported dark, hooded cloaks fastened with clips. Underneath was the most perplexing to the unknowledgeable observer for they seemed to wear actual jet-black armour. The chest and back plates, neck, groin, thighs, knee and calves all had this moulded steel fastened to them, underneath that was further black body armour but this was made of not metallic composite materials but had additional plating on the torso and legs where applicable. The most formidable were the helmets the figures wore. They were whole encompassing and fastened directly to the neck and torso outer armour with electrical fittings and displays within. Where the helmet met the neck were electric connectors that attached to a small computer on the figures back similar to the US Land Warrior system – the eye slits glowed a very dark blood red. The helmet had an internal voice distorter called a Vox that masked the speaker's true voice sound and changed it into a chillingly low reverberating, inhuman noise. The equipment they carried seemed standard enough. HK416 carbines with plenty of rail mounted attachments, a Five-Seven pistol and grenades. But the weapon that seemed out of place, certainly in this modern world was the sword each of them carried. Cross-slung on their backs, the titanium-aluminium strengthened long sword was a few inches shorter than your 'standard' long sword. These were of extremely high strength with two blood channels and had been individually engraved by the men and the steel itself was gun barrel grey to prevent shine. The one way someone who was none the wiser could identify these men was by the insignia that was on the TRF on their shoulders – a splayed red cross.

The two teams converged on the base from two parallel directions. Charlie team encountered the first patrol quite close to the base. The team split into individuals as they stalked the four man enemy team while their accompanying team sneaked past towards the base perimeter. One of the hooded men deliberately ran to some nearby cover and

made as much noise as possible in doing so. The patrol was alerted and cautiously made their way in the direction of the noise. They had fanned out now inside this abandoned industrial factory in an attempt to dominate the ground. The lead man of the hooded soldiers saw his target pass beneath him to his left; he slung his rifle and slightly drew his sword. This was too easy he thought inwardly as he shifted position to slink down behind the doomed Imbrinium soldier. As he did so he hadn't noticed a patch of broken glass on the floor obscured from moonlight by the ruins shadows. The enemy soldier was already on edge and reacted quickly to turn and see a towering 7-foot soldier wielding a sword. Instinctively he raised his weapon and the towering figure counter with his blade. The Crown soldier doubled round with a kick to his opponent's right knee only to have it countered too with a knee block. Then the powerful dark figure, eye-slits just slightly piercing through the shadowy darkness replied with his own CQC. The parry he made with the blade turned riposte with a beat attack to the hapless soldier's weapon whose own parry dented his own rifle. The figure then pushed forward into moonlight and the Imbrinium soldier saw whom he was battling.

"Templar..." He croaked just as his opponent cracked the hilt of his sword into the soldier's chin before plunging hilt deep into the soldier's chest. They met face-to-face, eye-to-eye. The steely gaze of the Templar's helmet hid what was an emotionless face inside. The soldier coughed loudly and thick blood spat across the enclosed helmet. The Templar withdrew his sword, the soldier staggered a step or two the left before the knight cut the man down with a single swipe down the torso.

"Shit." The Templar cursed to himself as he saw the body's personal role radio (PRR) was on and active. They had been compromised. The fight lasted only a few fleeting seconds, now they'd lost surprise all because he had been careless when landing behind the Imp.

"Contact! Contact!" screamed through the once silent building as Crown soldiers began to engage the shadows.

"ICOM?" The Templar said, his voice grilling down his own comms radio. *"Justicar Riva of Charlie. Monitor the net we're under contact. Charlie team, engage, Delta team, engage the camp – we'll be with you shortly."*

The noise was deafening as the automatic shots rang throughout the building, Justicar Riva donned his small NVG that attached to his helmet eye slits and suddenly the darkness gave way to a green hue of clarity. Muzzle flashes became obvious the enemy had sensibly regrouped and even identified his team's positions. The Templar's engaged in return with automatic fire, but the Imp soldiers were fair shots and Templar took a round to the shoulder and chest and slumped to the floor, his armour however saved him but he still crawled away from danger. Riva saw this and

had to cross fairly open ground on this factory hall to reach his team. He still held his sword in his right hand, with his left he drew his Five-Seven sidearm and nonchalantly walked across the open ground, firing as he did. The Templar's huge shoulders and forearms tensed as he fired the pistol singlehanded, the intense stopping power would have caused such a wild kickback however the pistol barely moved for all his strength. Slightly impressed with himself he dragged his battle brother out of harm's way.

Riva ordered his team to keep the pressure on the enemy fire team, they tossed two flash bangs towards the Imps and Riva turned away as they exploded. He crossed the open ground firing his sidearm as he went. Riva took a condor moment for a few seconds as the shooting intensified. He decided to clamber over the rubble to outflank the soldiers down the left, the building was in such a ruin that such a move wouldn't be too difficult to complete. He edged forward for what seemed like an eternity before a large explosion rocked the floor near to him while dust and masonry fell around him. A grenade, not Stevidian.

"Wounded, still able." Came a distorted noise down Riva's comms as his heart stopped with concern. A Templar couldn't die here, not at the hands of these fools, these heretics, these... invaders.

"Stay safe brothers. Keep focused and keep them distracted. This will end soon."

Riva peaked round the final corner and spied the three remaining Imps. Almost instantly one who had a firing position facing towards the other Templars took a round to the chest with loud thump. His mucker nearby dragged him away while the third retook the position. Riva rounded the corner, blade and pistol in hand. He fired off a single round to the head of the soldier tending to the wounded; the other stood and spun round to face Riva but by then it was too late. He swung the blade at the abdomen spilling entrails, remised with an upward slash from lower left to upper right and then thrust the blade deep between the Imp's ribs. This time Riva didn't pause to take it all in and quickly withdrew the sword and fired two rounds into his chest.

"Clear." He growled down the comms.

He turned to the other two bodies, without a glance he put a final round through the head of the wounded soldier easing his passing.

The distant gunfire noise intensified but before Riva could rally his men a short burst transmission came through his headset, displayed as text. It ordered an immediate retreat from the area due to a developing diplomatic agreement. Riva called back the other squad and set about getting his men to disappear into the winter night.

Broader Stevidian South Greal

Ceasefire.

This single word was nothing short of music to the ears of Stevidian commanders in theatre. The tide hadn't turned, but timely arrival of PMCs that had come through a Lamonian company had eased logistical strains. But ceasefire brought with it an actual reprieve from combat. Stevid had been fighting a creeping retreat from the word go, Imbrinium had managed so many successful engagements in that time it was becoming a small wonder how the Stevidians were going to retake the lost ground. That being said, Stevidian military fatigue was not from constant defeat but for the continuous dogged fighting retreats. Imbrinium had achieved precious few steamroller victories and this had been key to the defence of Stevidian South Greal. But this grit and determination also meant that units were constantly being in the thick of the fighting with little chance of full rotation. While this developed soldiers into seasoned veterans and efficient killing machines, it did little for morale. Ceasefire meant that, for once, soldiers could get some down time.

The war did not hold immediately. With the mass satellite destruction earlier in the war meant that communications across the war zone were patchy. In some areas both sides stopped fighting but in others Imbrinium soldiers would stop first prompting rare counter-attacks from the Stevidian troops, elsewhere it was vice versa. But by 1500hrs, the guns fell silent and the war between the Crown and the Empire paused as both sides caught their breath.

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Thu Feb 05, 2015 8:59 am, edited 1 time in total.

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



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by [Mokastana](#) » Sat Jan 17, 2015 11:08 am



Morrdun,
Capital of the Commonwealth of Morrdh
0730 local time

“**Morrdh wrote:**

"Mr Montana, your...ah...'offer' I must confess wasn't something that I was expecting. Truth be told I half-expected a sales pitch for some new military latrine."

"I'll have to run the proposal pass the Admiralty, though I do have a couple of questions. I trust there isn't too much of a time limit on how long this offer is on the table fer? Secondly, the information that our rivals have asked for...can we get the same information on them?"

"Well, Mr Hay, if you want a' new Army toilet, I am sure we can provide that too." Montana snickered at catching the Minister off guard. It might have been almost childish the way he felt, but he knew that both parties were going to be walking out of here very happy. Though just as quickly as his glee arrived, he calmed it down to get to the request made by the Minister.

"No, time is not something we have a lot of here. To be honest, we are already compiling the first reports. Mostly stuff we already knew from watching competitors in the area. Not to be a pushy salesman, but I would like to have this wrapped up while I am still in country. The Press and everyone think I am in Belmotin touring a Pharmaceutical plant and to oversee the distribution of anti-viral drugs. You can imagine what our other client might think if they caught wind of this meeting. Cha know?

As for information on them. Right now what I can offer you is this. Montana Inc was offered the Contract to handle PMC affairs in South Greal. We built quite a little army for them, but then had to sell the contract to one of our shell companies due to the Government finally getting off their asses for once. I have a few agents in that company who will be happy to send information back to me regarding what the PMC army is up to in the area. Those are for sale too."

Island South of the Malgrave Central East Greater Dienstad

The former nation of Mussleburg was a dynamic place, with nations rising and falling as often as the seasons. Even Belmotin, a territory controlled by the Federation, was only held together by force if will and the threat of external opponents who would no doubt try to return the favors Belmotin did before it's surrender to Mokastana.

Even so, the government did it best to keep their neighbors happy. They often deployed aide to governmentless areas of the continent. Sometimes they would have escorts, just to be safe.

Still, there was a straight located south of where Malgrave once stood, the government had gone silent a long time ago, and that left a Moka naval base with no local power to work with.

A solution would have to be found.

Yet another aspect of Parliament's closed meeting was whether or not to attempt to annex the island that controlled the Malgravian straight. Valuable to Moka trade, the straight would prove an excellent refueling and resupply point for shipping going to central GD.

It was decided to move in, and take the island. As per previous agreement, a memorial would be erected to honor the Imbrinium offensive that took place here. Though the Federal government was cutting off formal support, the PUF would always respect the dead.

Spearheading the operation was 9th Army, trying to get a quick capture while everyone was focused on the PMC surge in South Greal. Time would tell how the other powers reacted, or the locals. After all, unlike Istegium and Belmotin, this wasn't voluntary occupation.

Last edited by [Mokastana](#) on Wed Jan 21, 2015 7:48 am, edited 1 time in total.

[Factbook](#)
[Montana Inc](#)

Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by [Imbrinium](#) » Wed Feb 04, 2015 10:08 am



The Village of Blaichach

Third platoon was moving down the main road when the lead element noticed something moving up the road.

"Deer hunter to Snowman movement headed up the road in a tactical formation but not hiding or shooting."

"Roger Deer hunter has them to our 12."

"Black smith 6 this is Snowman 4 we have Moka peacekeepers to our

direct front”

“Roger this Black smith 6 and keep me informed”

“Snowman 6 to Deer hunter 4 what is your FLOT and unit?”

“Snowman 6 we have 2nd squad clearing a house about 150 meters from my pos”

“Copy Deer hunter 4”

“Sal we got company out here could you hurry up and clear the fucking house with your team.”

“Working on it Dex but these fucking Vid’s doesn’t want to leave in peace.”

Sal was a long time marine and well respected in his platoon and company, with over ten years in the royal marines this was his life. Sgt Dex Barese was the NCO of 2nd squad of third platoon, this was his third war and he was experienced combat vet.

Divo which was a private in the RIM and he’d only been the marine for a short time and was part of Sals fire team clearing the house when he was jumped by a teenage boy as he was removing his mother from a room. Divo surprised shot the kid in the chest ripping his heart into. Sal backed out of the house first and was shot by the Mokastana soldier and was killed instant.

It was about that time that all hell broke loose, Dex opened fire and killed three of the Moka soldiers and the LY224 'Sorcha' HIFV of the Moka’s peacekeepers launched a missile and took out Deer hunter2.

“Deer hunter 4 to Snowman 6, deer hunter 3 has been hit Moka’s opened fire we are engaged heavy out!”

Second squad backed up and took cover a member of third squad opened up and launched a shoulder fired missile at the LY224, Deer hunter 3 backed up and turned the corner for cover.

30kms southeast Talon two zero, two three, two six, and two eight where load with a SAS team and a sp team of GDE from Mokastana. They were doing a prisoner hand off and intelligence sharing mission on what and where the Mokastana peacekeepers would needed the most.

The crew chief of Talon two zero tapped Blacksmith 11 on the shoulder and signalled to switch over to the pilot’s radio.

“Blacksmith 11 you better here this we picked this traffic up on the battle net it appears that the Moka’s and our forces have engaged each other in combat”

“WTF Talon you’re shitting me?”

Blacksmith listened to the traffic over the battle net and tapped the leader of the GDE to listen in they looked at each other with shock.

“WTH has gotten into these people?”

Blacksmith 11 told the pilot of Talon two zero to turn toward the village of Blaichach. The flight of helicopters turned and made their way toward the village.

As the flight flew low of the city they could see the combat taking place on both sides. Blacksmith 11 knew for the sake of both nations they had to put a stop to the fighting.

Blacksmith 11 turned over to the battle net and broke in over the radio traffic.

“Gideons Gideons this is Blacksmith 11 ceasefire and standby this is an order, code word starlight, day word cod fish.”

Capt. Rutillo Sanchez got on to the Mokastana combat net and called the peacekeepers.

"This is GDE commander Capt. Rutillo Sanchez ceasefire and move to your staging area and hold, code word daybreak, day word Skyfall"

And with that the two engaged unit's ceasefire and moved back to safe areas.

After IAF and Mokastana forces ceased fire and Mokastana forces moved out of the area IAF moved through Blaichach and took up positions on the opposite side of the highway. Within about an hour after that a command order came from the HQ to ceasefire and hold positions.

All along the front the IAF dig in and wait. The order of the day now was to fortify positions and await to see how peace talks would go, not everyone was happy about the ceasefire those who see this as a time where Vida forces could reinforce their positions and bring fresh troops and could make this a hard fight if the talks go bad.

Maisach was once a nice place to vacation it seemed before the war but now it was hell on earth. It had been fought hard to take and defend for both sides. With winter settled in and had a firm grasp of the country everything sucked that much more. Patrols outside in the cold wasn't fun not like it was ever fun but with blowing snow and the bitter cold makes it worse.

Big duke 11 was an on patrol of what was left of Maisach; it was nothing out of ordinary, patrol around the battalion HQ while given a break in between the fighting. Then out of nowhere they were gone. About 30 mins the QRF patrol found what was left of the patrol all dead. The ceasefire was an hour old, and with the last artillery shells it seemed a last sneak attack on Big duke 11's patrol.

The intelligence officer looking over the area where the attack happened, he noticed that this didn't add up as a hit and run attack by some line unit. This seemed more so from a special unit but not one they'd been in contact with before this was new different. The young officer flagged his findings and report to be seen by those higher the food chain.

Just south of Vanderburg

The central war command headquarters intelligence section a report comes to light, only days since the attack and days since the ceasefire was now in place alone figure is handed this report and he reads it.

Sir. Pantaleone Romani was a knight, not just any knight but a knight of one of the highest orders in the Crown. Sir Romani was from the Order of the Oculeum. The knights where in Southern Greal in small numbers mainly to be on standby for missions that called to them, Romani took the report and went back to his area a closed off area on base for the knights of his order and others.

Sir Romani gives the intelligence report to his commander Sir. Mattia Sabbatini the commander of his group in SG. After reading the report and talking it over with the rest of the team this was something worth looking into the thought of Stevid Templar's in Southern Greal.

The team put together four knights prepped the gear for the mission now at hand. The team's call sign would be lancer, they loaded their gear into the awaiting helicopter to fly out.

After a two and half hour flight the four knights walked into the battalion headquarters of the marine unit on the front lines at Maisach. The lead knight lance 21 asked to speak to the Battalion commander. Col. Costa was the marine commander in charge, lance 21 and his team requested to speak to the commander behind closed doors.

The knight told the commander what they were there for, the Col. Costa smiled like all of this was a joke till lance 22 slammed his fist on the commander's desk.

"We are here to find out if your command was visited by Vid knights and if so why you will help us or else sir"

The marine commander didn't like his rank pulled like it was but he knew he had to let them out there and he had to support them in their effort.

"What do you need from my men sirs?"

"We need a platoon to a company us to the ambush site"

About thirty minutes later they all were setup around the ambush site, since the ceasefire the ad hoc commander bunker was moved back to the battalion command area, the knight walked up to the ambush site and like crime scene investigators they took samples and pictures. Blood and carbon samples everything an investigator would need to find a murder they took and loaded it back in their gear.

The whole lot went back to the Battalion HQ and the interviews were done with those who were around that night and the following day the knights left back east to the coast to research their findings.

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



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Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevид** » Thu Feb 05, 2015 8:59 am

QUOTE

2nd Cadian Bn (2 CADIA) "The Redeemers"
King's Own Cadian Regt
Erpel
Stevidian South Greal

2 CADIA, as a battalion, had a very short history, but the units that now comprised the battalion's fighting troops had histories of their own that stretched far back before the amalgamation. The Redeemers in particular drew heavily on their previous history as the 188th Inf Bn as a source of pride namely as they were one of Stevid's principle frontline line infantry formations during the 1700's. Of 2 CADIA only the The Redeemers are steeped in history and even lore, the other units of old, the Cadian Jacks and the Immolated, have less glamorous histories – yet their history and battle honours are kept within the museums and archives dedicated to the preservation of such units even if there is a danger that the living breathing soldiers will remember the deeds of one battalion and not the others.

Throughout its history The Redeemers tended to be line infantry, a role they continued to have throughout much of Stevid's contribution to world history. Following the reestablishment of democracy in Stevid decades ago, the Ministry of Defence undertook a major and expensive overhaul of almost all the Army units in the fledgling Empire, which included a number of amalgamations. The regiments of Cadia now are now gathered under I Cadia Corps of the three Cadian Divisions. The Kings Own Cadian Regt was of 1 (Cadia) Div, the principle deployment division, supposed to be used from

the outset of war as a major fighting force. But the 'Kings Own' were much more than this, similar to the Guard Regiments and the specialised Imperial Guard, they conducted ceremonial duties almost exclusively within Cadia. 1 CADIA was unique in that it was part of the Guard duties within Stevid Capita and thus was the only Cadian regiment to have its field headquarters firm-based outside the territory of Cadia.

Because of the onset of war in Stevidian South Greal, 1 (Cadia) Div was rapidly deployed to immediately bolster the two divisions and Air Assault Bde already stationed in the territory. The King's Own brought their respected military traditions with them, albeit without the standard tactics and equipment of the 1700s. As part of the amalgamation of the 1960s the Div became armoured infantry, subsequently so did the King's Own and these days sported the [FV-801 Viper](#) and [IFV-120 Intruder](#) in support for their forward operations. Despite the regiment's gearing and specialisation for conventional warfare over counter-insurgency, it kept some very old-fashioned traditions alive that seemed to bolster the morale of friendly units serving alongside them, 2 CADIA were particularly fond of these forms of military ritual. They would still bring the battalion colours to forward HQ bases, and should regiment be in the theatre the battalions would share custody, and pride, of flying the regimental colours too. Presenting, then parading, colours in times of victory was also another traditional the King's Own liked to exercise, one the public adored on official ceremonies. 2 CADIA had a fondness for the musical element in warfare too. Certain situations called for a degree of tactical awareness and 'green' discipline; and while all musicians in the King's Own were fully qualified infantry soldiers, each battalion had its own company of piper and drummer musicians. Cadian pipes had much resemblance to the Irish bagpipes in both sound and looks and were played regularly in hard fought war torn areas of theatre where both sides knew where the other was but all one side needed was the edge to out perform the other. Music, particularly traditional military music, had a way of instilling courage that simple banter or snobby officer pep talks could not.

This was much the same at the town of Erpel on the banks of the Iller. Erpel was a medium sized town and did have a sizable population. The town centre was practically in ruins now but after half a mile the town was reasonably well kept all things considered. This was because the fighting here had only just broken out and there was still a sizable amount of civilians still living there. A bridge that spanned the river was a key stratagem for both sides. The urban warfare had been fierce but with the recent ceasefire call both sides had retreated out of the town and the killing zones to consolidate their positions in case talks between the diplomats broke down. Stevidian troops, 2 CADIA, withdrew across the river and left two companies on the other side as a first line of defence, the rest began to dig in on the

opposite banks. Scouts reported no enemy activity in the recent flashpoints of the city and so it was believed they too had withdrawn, probably to the suburbs.

The war had granted 2 CADIA, and the King's Own too, more battle honours. They had been part of Stevid's rapid deployment of forces to Stevidian South Greal in a bid to reinforce the territory from the outset of war. To that end it meant that the 1 Div managed to completely deploy to Stevidian South Greal without let or hindrance before Lyras decided to claim the shipping lanes with Hellions (In ironic contrast to Imbrinium war aims of keeping shipping lanes free and open). The troops on the ground had been thinly distributed across the eastern front with 1 Div holding the centre. Cadian troops had fought numerous engagements with the enemy, all ending in stalemates or withdrawal but they had yet to be defeated or to capitulate. 2 CADIA tanks had been deployed as part of the diversionary counter-attack on Vanderburg after Imbrinium had taken it in order to draw enemy attacks away from the retreating Stevidian Corps from the ruined city.

The battalion had also been using their Intruder light vehicles to assist in hit-and-run attacks inside enemy territory in conjunction with assaults from the national resistance movement in east. Many of these engagements had been successful tactically, if not immediately strategically.

Erpel, however, was a test. The Crown forces had thrown some serious weight behind the attack on the town and the whole regiment had been required to blunt the attack. 1 CADIA and 3 CADIA held the town and the south-eastern town suburbs respectively with grim and bloody resolve. 1 and 3 CADIA were both light infantry battalions and lacked heavy armour; although the 12th Royal Lancers ('The Twelfth' and also veterans of the withdrawal from Vanderburg) provided armoured support, it was wasted inside the town. Initial engagements had forced 3 CADIA to reposition to the more direct east as more troops flooded in from the main road there, while 1 CADIA was forced to commit to battle to relieve the pressure. In cometh The Redeemers to salvage the day from what had looked like a possible defeat. 2 CADIA had been the reserve battalion but committed several companies across the river and north, out of town in their Viper armoured carriers. The Cadians outmanoeuvred the Imbrinium force driving into the town that had already committed to trying to overrun what looked like a weak Stevidian position. Though the regiment did not have the numbers or room of manoeuvre to repel the attack completely, the flanking move from the north forced the enemy to shift south to the south-eastern part of town that was more defensible to 3 CADIA. To prevent the enemy seizing the initiative and deliberately pushing further around the town towards the river then fighting north in behind 3 CADIA, the Twelfth deployed on the opposite side of the river, south of Erpel and pounded the ground. Trapped on both sides the enemy engaged 3

CADIA in a mammoth urban battle that lasted days with neither side wanting to let up. Their mission a success, 2 CADIA retired while 1 CADIA secured the town centre and the northern districts while supporting 3 CADIA efforts against the main Imbrinium assault.

Erpel was secure but the town remained firmly Stevidian and allowed the final few thousand civilians time to choose whether to stay or leave. But now the town was devoid of military life. The town centre and the eastern outskirts bore the scars but not a rifle or soldier or tank could be seen. At the bridge however were the two companies of The Redeemers, they sat silently with a watchful gaze down the avenues of an attack the enemy were likely to move down. Small short-range drones confirmed that the enemy were not moving and were probably dug-in on the eastern outskirts. The cold bite of the winter wind gnawed away at the troops' generally high morale, but the crisp air carried sound far better than the humid alternative and the sounds carried by the wind were the ever present Cadian pipes playing the 1 CADIA the Cadian Jacks' quick march tune "[Challenge Thee](#)". While not the favourite to the men of 2 CADIA (whose own march was 'March unto the Cairn'), they felt better knowing that their brothers in arms across the river had not forgotten them.

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Thu Feb 05, 2015 9:00 am, edited 1 time in total.

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