

by Max Barry



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Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Thu Jan 23, 2014 9:44 pm

QUOTE

Malgrave wrote:

Official Communique of United Kingdom of Malgrave

To: Foreign Ministry, The People's Unified Federation of Mokastana

Subject: International Assistance

Encryption: **None**

Comrade Villa,

We are saddened to confirm reports that both chemical and biological weapons were deployed against civilian assets in the country, an action confirmed by independent inspectors from the Commonwealth of Morrdh and the Royal Union of Kouralia, however the situation is not as grave as it would appear as within moments of the horrific attack both government and military officials from within the blast radius alerted both local health authorities and the regional military commander about the nature of the weapons utilised. We have since then dispatched specialised units from both the Territorial Defence Force and the Army to establish secure cordons and have quarantined the immediate area in order to ensure that the contagion shall not spread beyond the initial infection point.

In the spirit of international cooperation and brotherhood assistance from the Socialist Workers Fund shall be gladly accepted by our government and dispersed to those in need however all qualified doctors and pharmaceutical products shall need to be inspected by the Ministry of Health in order to ensure the validity of qualifications and the efficiency of these drugs as is required by current immigration and import regulation

with warm regards,
(Image)

Chief Doctor Romeo Allende waited in customs for the all clear from the Ministry of Health of Malgrave before being allowed to continue on with the mission. As Chief Doctor he was going to be in charge of

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the Socialist Worker's Relief Fund Operation in Malgrave, determine exactly what the 'blood fever' was and help his team and local teams determine the best way to combat it. Graduate of the Salvador Allende University of Medicine, the Mokans had spent billions of Gold Labors making sure that their Medical Educations programs were top notch, on top of that with the largest Pharmaceutical Company in Greater Dienstad the Mokans had perhaps one of the best health care systems in the Region. It was not uncommon to hire doctors from out of the country, mostly from Alfegos, to teach at Salvador Allende University, for the pay was good and so was the tenure. Of course, some of the best schools would attract the best students, and many went back home to their respective countries to continue their practices, but the local born, like Doctor Allende, stayed where his family legacy had begun, working with the political left, but never entering politics or joining the Socialist Worker's Army, instead he chose to practice medicine.

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Quotes about Mokastana:

QUOTES



Stevид
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by **Stevид** » Fri Jan 24, 2014 2:02 pm

QUOTE

Stevidian – Wanderjar Border

The invasion from Wanderjar was both intense and surprising. The push of over a million troops was the biggest offences the Empire had ever had to face in its history. Not since the region's last war had such odds been faced and with such aggression. Only XXX Armoured Corps, still based in SafeHaven since the conflict therein, had faced such an implacable enemy hell bent on conquest through conflict. Though while surprising, it was not totally unexpected. The border with Wanderjar had been silent for years since the annexation of Stevidian South Greal, but it had been politically freezing since the first troops had arrived.

The enemy to the north had made their intentions very clear during the initial occupation prior to the legal annexation. Long had been their desires to occupy the territory to their south and they had been the only nation to fully and verbally oppose Stevidian expansion on the continent, more so compared to the substantial expansion of the land Lyras now possessed – this produced a huge feeling of discontent within Stevid on how a nation with a larger military, commands instant respect from nations around it, and blind 'eyes', only for Stevid to be vilified for having the same foreign policy but not the fear of reprisals attached to it. The Empire countered this with the deployment of two whole divisions, one armoured and one mechanised, totalling close to 35,000 troops. Behind the lines in support were four logistic and support brigades but this, plus the now bloated air force numbers due to Imbrinium aggression, were the only permanent defence to Stevidian South Greal. This, at the time was enough to force Wanderjar reluctant acceptance to the Stevidian claim, albeit fleeting as was now being witnessed.

The surprise came because of Stevidian concentration on the conflict east of the territory. Imbrinium had managed to sneak an amphibious fleet in from the north and threatened further invasion despite naval interdiction against Imbrinium fleet supplies and the annihilation of their occupation on a local island south of Malgrave. However the movement of so many troops was no secret, no matter how hard the enemy tried to cover it up. Since the aggressive stance Wanderjar had put on, Stevidian Military Intelligence had been especially interested in the comings and goings of their northern Germanic neighbours. AWACS and JSTARs had made a special effort to look into Wanderjar. The enemy had done enough to mask the majority of the movements and general intent, however with outbreak of full hostilities with the Kingdom of Imbrinium, Stevidian Military Intelligence shifted the alert level of an attack from Wanderjar from *Substantial* to *Imminent* - anticipating the enemy to take advantage of Stevid's precarious tactical situation.

The initial attack against Stevidian air defence sites was overwhelming, and the response minimal. Effective air defence came from ground man portable or tracked units and not static sites. The numbers involved meant that kills against the enemy would be guaranteed but irrespective of this, the air attack would overwhelm any Stevidian response. In regards to the EW attacks, the Empire could at the very least combat this. The relocating of the 5th Fleet meant the presence of no fewer than five Defiler Class command cruisers, two of which were present off the west coast. These, plus the Hanover EW cruisers also in the fleet makeup, were proving crucial against enemy EW attacks. The Empire was well versed in electronic warfare and one of the principle countries in the region that had a fully integrated data management system across the military branches. Countermeasures against EW aircraft would come from smaller dedicated EW aircraft but primarily from the Royal Navy's own EW vessels - enough to keep key communications and radar operational to the point to prevent a complete rout but far from enough to enable a counter strike.

The air force was the only element of the Stevidian military in Stevidian South Greal that was the most numerous. With the future potential to use Greali airfields, these numbers would swell further. The attacks on the RAFs airfields however was a significant blow, aircraft would be caught on the ground but not in the numbers the enemy would be expecting. Many squadrons flew sorties over long distance and replaced pilots on the turnarounds to increase survivability. The engagements with Imbrinium naval assets coupled with the Fleet Air Arm meant the air presence was massive and choked - the loss of a single airfield would be keenly felt but would not be the be all and end all of RAF involvement. Expectation of an invasion from the north meant that contingency plans were in place. Civilian concrete runways long enough to accommodate fighters able to use snap take-off/landing manoeuvres would be utilised, motorways and other large roads, and especially those with underground or tunnelled segments would also be used - reminiscent of Swiss invasion contingency plans. The logistics behind this would be managed jointly by the Army's Royal Logistics Corp and RAF ground staff.

The Army would be hardest hit, even with basic air cover, the ground forces would be overwhelmed if not for enemy air dominance but due two divisions facing nearly four whole armies numbering nearly 300,000 troops in each. A massed invasion was the logical assumption made the Stevidian Generals, and it appeared correct, if not under estimated. The battle plan was that of defence - a retreat to pre-planned defensive positions with major towns and cities as primary defensive points that could be held with infantry for prolonged periods with minimal air cover or armoured support. Armoured and armoured infantry would provide the initial defence before conducting over lapping retreats with fresh units deployed further behind the lines. Invasions against pre-planned defences favoured the defenders who knew the terrain and overall landscape better. Battle locations were chosen and not forced; the enemy made gains over flats and less uncompromising terrain, but at population centres, naturally occurring bottlenecks and more difficult terrain, great success was met. The end result was always defeat; the enemy had that much more momentum and manpower available, but in more favourable terrain, losses were negated to minimal and in some instances none at all.

Improvisation was essential here too. The enemy could not advance off road over distance indefinitely without getting picked off eventually. Roads were critical and thus damaged or destroyed wherever possible and strategically sound. Bridges and their destruction was key too. A massed invasion put armour and infantry first, supporting element would be further behind, and in a massive invasion this would create a backlog of traffic or long off road routes. Stevidian troops maximised this by destroying bridges and roads to force units to circumnavigate woodland, non-traversable hills, rivers etc. Roads or highways that could not be destroyed were mined with conventional or improvised explosives laid in cars, over-head signs,

tunnels, pillars, anything inconspicuous, and anything to delay the advance. Due to the limited close air support, friendly armour frequently suffered, a testament that Lyran armour (as used by Stevidian forces) was far from invincible but true to its ruggedness – not every hit was a kill. Disabled tanks were evacuated but a spate of bravery amongst crews meant that many were left crewed by a single individual that transformed it into a static 140mm gun emplacement that would remain dormant until enemy units advanced forward and eventually finishing it only after it wreaked amongst advancing troops. Tanks too damaged to fight actual battles but able to retreat moved to local pre designated defensive centres at towns and cities all across the front where they would be combat stripped of parts and converted into static weapons platforms throughout city streets.

If Wanderjar expected a coordinated reaction then they would be disappointed, in fact a reaction at all would have taken something special. A full retreat had been ordered, that much was clear. It took hard work, calm under pressure and immense aerial sacrifice to prevent the retreat that started controlled and orderly turning into a full rout. Of course it wasn't all perfection. The east flank almost completely collapsed as the foreign Wanderjarian African Rifles moved south – this and the Imbrinium fleet invasion meant that a full retreat to the eastern most city and more inland towns was the best option if not haphazard and chaotic. The central front collapsed south in an orderly retreat overall but with several strongpoints of defence, including three key towns being routed and completely overrun with no word on casualties. The west flank, near neighbouring Greal, was different. It retreated as ordered and was unique in that they had little in the way of armoured support but had favourable air support, air fields in the west suffered less than their counter parts across the territory due in fact the overriding air superiority of the Stevidians closer to the coastal regions – thanks mainly to the Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy combining with the RAF. The ground elements were mainly light infantry intermixed with mechanised infantry including two whole, fresh Paratroop regiments. The fighting was deadly, prolonged and vicious and the losses on both sides skyrocketed, but the enemy advance stalled on several occasions due to pockets of major resistance in villages and towns, coupled with funnelling towards woodland areas that favoured infantry against most odds. There was no counter attack though, retreat was the game here but the enemy would find attrition rates here far beyond what they anticipated despite strategic gains.

This elastic defence opened up Stevidian territory massively to the northern invaders as they made huge gains to the east and centre with good success to the west. Within hours the enemy had overrun nearly 40 kilometres to the east and showed no sign of stopping. In the centre resistance was fierce but hampered by enemy air support contributing to excellent gains with 30 clicks and some forward recon elements penetrating deeper to nearly 45 kilometres – but here they found Stevidian resistance was much stiffer as they ran into the support elements that were more than prepared to defend their FARPs and supply routes. The west flank had shifted 20 km or so but had stabilised as the woodland and population centres became denser. It was expected that defensive positions north of the eastern most city of Vanderburg would be overrun in a matter of hours, or at most, two days with the city under direct threat in perhaps a day. FOBs in areas of potential occupation were rigged to blow while rear party FOBs were reinforced with what AA defence the Army could muster after the initial waves of destruction wrought by the Wanderjarian air force. With little in the way of allied aircraft to protect them, these FOBs would be pounded for days to come, as would most of the ground forces in the east and centre of the theatre.

The enemy's focus on radar and airfields was apparent, the shift in focus to forward army elements was expected and, unfortunately, unable to be countered. Command and Control elements remained somewhat unscathed but the loss of hardened radar sites was a significant blow, only army mobile radar stations (that had low effective range), sky based radar in the form of AWACS (constantly

harried and attacked in the central front and all but completely destroyed in the east) and with Royal Navy's CELLDAR tapping into civilian telecom towers (massive range but significantly less effective to totally insignificant over distances as far as the east coast) remained to provide the military with a picture of what was happening.

The only real Stevidian response of note was small scale and utilised what little ground attack aircraft the RAF could spare. Only 70 Scorpions were brought back from forward fighting positions on the east coast further west and ordered into flying units of four aircraft and would penetrate north into enemy airspace and strike deep. Flying fast and low and using the mountainous and hilly terrain mask when applicable, these airstrikes would bypass enemy troop movements and air units altogether. Their targets had already been predetermined months ago as part of the conflict contingency plans drafted by Stevidian commanders. The targets were key bridges and roads, small civilian runways perfect for the likes of C-130 and equivalent aircraft to transport supplies directly to the frontline. Known supply dumps and FOBs were hardened targets and attacked with no less than 10 aircraft. With attacks against enemy supply lines or supply routes, the enemy's advance would slow and/or suffer to some degree or another.

These attacks would not go unnoticed however and attacks against hardened FOBs, FARPs and supply depots were bound to inflict casualties on Stevidian aircraft and would illicit a Wanderjarian response. Their orders were simple: attack their designated targets and fly directly for Greali airspace. Because Greal had sympathy to the Stevidian position it was unlikely that a diplomatic crisis would ensue once Stevidian planes crossed into their airspace. The Scorpions were ordered to immediately surrender to the Greali authorities once they crossed into their territory.

Stevidian South Greal East Coast

The Imbrinium invasion met minimal resistance once on the beach; in fact only sporadic air attacks greeted the invading troops before the aircraft were chased away by opposing jets. The further the enemy penetrated the more intense the resistance became but the engagements were only against forward recon units, Viper IFVs reporting back enemy positions before artillery scattered within and outside of Vanderburg pounded the beach head incessantly for every minute of every hour. But the Army's response would be the least of the invaders worries.

5th Fleet, 1st Splinter Fleet, HMS Resolute

"Bring us closer yet! More yet!" The admiral screamed at the helmsman.

"Sir, navigation sonar says there is less than ten metres between the hull and terra firma."

"After the week we've had, do you think I give a fuck? Closer! Every metre counts now!"

The Sanguineous Class SDN had taken several hits in the last naval engagement but the Splinter fleet as a whole had done enough to see off what Imbrinium had thrown at them. It was of no consequence however; the Admiral had ordered a splinter fleet wide disengagement from hostilities with the Imbrinium fleet they had been trading blows with for days. The admiral's hunch had been right when Imbrinium launched a full naval assault against the Stevidian fleet, at one point the main guns of the fleet's dreadnoughts were trained and actually firing on enemy ships. The attack was a feint. The picket destroyers he had despatched north along the eastern coast of Stevidian South Greal had engaged a very large amphibious fleet making a beeline for the Stevidian territory. The three task forces sent north of the sea embroiled in conflict, specifically tasked to attack supply lines and report enemy movement from the outset of the fleet action, had managed to miss this fleet completely. The

destroyers had engaged the enemy amphibious task force head on knowing that they would be overwhelmed but their small echelon composition and stealth design meant they wouldn't be detected, hopefully until too late. They had unleashed everything they had at enemy capital ships, carriers and helicopters conducting the landings. The enemy's preference for carriers made for easy pickings in this instance but the destroyers had sealed their fate; not before relaying everything back to the *HMS Resolute*.

The fleet had been ordered to disperse into its subsequent task forces as dictated by the 'Order of Battle' within the Royal Navy except three. Three task forces, including the SDN would push north within range of the beachhead being established by the enemy. Now within medium range of the beach with her main guns, but dangerously close to grounding herself, *Resolute* opened fire with everything she had left. Literally thousands of missiles sailed out of her; air-to-air missiles struck out and swatted the enemy plans/missiles either brave or stupid enough to come close to this combined task force. Anti-shipping missiles and anti-SDN Holy Grail Type II missiles surged towards the amphibious task force looking to strike the multitude of mother ship landing vessels. And finally was the ground attack element – leading the attack were the ground attack ship launched cruise missiles, their targets lit up prior to the Viper IFV and special forces recon units further inland, following this was a musical barrage from her massive 30 inch ETC cannons. The barrage rocked the ship to the point that she bounced on the ground beneath her keel but her firing computers kept their aim- the noise deafening, the display tremendous but for those on the receiving end... terror awaited. The rest of the fleet joined her in the attack, tens of thousands of missiles soared skywards destined for all manner of targets, but the response was inevitable. Within the first few hours of the attack, much damage was wrought against the enemy but their position had been compromised, there was no retreat and no surrender. The Imbrinium fleet had caught the combined task force and the attack on the beachhead had drawn aircraft in towards the SDN. Over the next hour the fleet was harried at close quarters by enemy ships and aircraft. The *HMS Resolute* continued to take hits as one by one her escorts and accompanying capital ships fell to the onslaught – despite this the attack on the amphibious fleet and the invading forces themselves continued with only half-committed strikes against the enemy navy now attacking them.

The battle came to an abrupt and cataclysmic end. Lucky shot or not - none could say. A missile penetrated deep into the *HMS Resolute* and detonated her forward missile magazines. Her hull had already been compromised and she had been grounded hours earlier, the explosion tore throughout her, breaking her back, and once the fireball detonated her rear magazines in those split seconds, she almost jumped out of the water before being engulfed in a massive explosion that could be heard as far as New Empire. Her reactors did not detonate but one was breached and a major environmental incident was a foot. The nuclear tipped missiles on board, however, were not armed and had their fail-safes applied – they would not be going up.

The few surviving ships started to retreat in the chaotic aftermath of the explosion taking full advantage of the disorientating blast and focusing heavily on enemy aircraft in the area.

Seas South of Morrdh

The ASW activities of a 300+ amphibious force had never been so brutal. Submarines, friend or foe, couldn't get within ten miles of the fleet without at least one ship knowing, and if one knew they all knew. The movement of four divisions, two armoured, two infantry, was of paramount concern and they had crossed the open vastness of the ocean to Stevidians north and sailed into Morridane waters without so much as a shot fired in anger. Imbrinium planes had been detected on the fringes of radar but instantly chased away any threats. No kills and only minor engagements reported.

Morridane waters were seen as neutral before with relations chilly as

the war began. But has the conflict had raged on and become more aggressive, the warm friendship the two had built over the past few years developed again and had culminated in Morrdh invading Imbrinium's side of Mordent in response to the confirmed use of biological weapons. It was enough to force Morrdh's hand and face up to the enemy across her border – an enemy Stevid was willing to help them fight.

A 300+ fleet of warships, four divisions – nearly 72,000 troops and logistics, and two air force groups from Guffingford and Northern Eldrich, Stevid, 230 aircraft and all in support of the Morridane effort against Imbrinium in Mordent. The landing of troops was inevitable but their ultimate destination unknown.

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Sat Jan 25, 2014 4:22 am, edited 1 time in total.

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Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by [Morrdh](#) » Fri Jan 24, 2014 3:40 pm



Mordent, 0617 Hours Local Time

The thundering roar of the Imbrinium artillery had much to cover the advance of the four man Morridane SAS team as it crept up upon it's intended victim, an artillery battery engaged in a counter-battery fire mission. Each of the SAS men was armed with the Morridane Army's standard rifle, the L1A1 SLR fitted with a SUIT scope, plus a Browning Hi-Power pistol and a mixture of grenades and explosive charges. Corporal Manson carefully and slowly slid the barrel of his SLR through the long grass and rested the butt of the rifle into his shoulder, then looked into the SUIT scope with it's inverted marker. His comrades had similar actions as they hand gestured to one another to line up shots on the unsuspecting gunners as they in turned were busy loading up their gun for the next shot.

Wait fer it...

The Imbrinium gunners went to fire their gun, Corporal Manson and his comrades took their chance to fire their SLRs at the same time. Idea being that the roar of the artillery gun firing would drown out the SLRs being fired and the rifle's own flash suppressors would allow them to go unnoticed for a while longer yet. Though their timing paid off as red mists sprayed out from the heads of their victims as they crumpled to the floor, seemingly unnoticed by the other Imbrinium soldiers save for one who'd glanced round only to get a 7.62 NATO round for his troubles. The other SAS continued on with their grim work, picking off a few more gunners as Corporal Manson looked for an ammo dump to plant some explosives on.

Mordent, 0640 Hours Local Time

"Open bomb doors," The pilot of the lead Vulcan called out over the intercom and confirmed a moment later as the cockpit indicator flicked from black to white. *"Bomb doors open."*

"Aw hell!" Cursed the Air Electronics Officers as he hastily flipped some switches and declared as a high-pitched rattle erupted in his headphones, signalling a fire-control radar was looking for a lock-on. *"Gunnery control radar. High threat. Eleven o'clock. Jamming."*

An uprated Dash 10 ECM unit flickered into and started throwing off alternating radar signals, hopefully it would work long enough for the Vulcans to do their final run-in on the target. As they reached the target, the four bombers released the ten ton Grand Slam bombs they were carrying and jolted upwards as they were suddenly free from the weight they'd been carrying. The pilots of each four aircraft opened the throttle all the way and banked hard, a [loud howl](#) shattering the dawn sky in the Vulcans' wake. Half a minute later after the bombs had impacted the runway and tarmac of East Mordent's main airport, small mushroom clouds rose into the air followed eleven seconds later by sonic booms and then the

thundering roar of the bombs detonating. 70 ft deep and 130 ft diameter craters were left after the bombs had detonated and the dust had settled, effectively devastating the airport.

Eastern Morrdh, 0645 Hours Local Time

Except for a few squadrons being kept on QRA, fighters on airfields throughout Eastern Morrdh were being scrambled and committed to the growing air battle over Mordent. Though the Morridane fighters were in some cases technologically inferior compared to their Imbrinium counterparts, they did have numbers and a home ground advantage on their side. Also being committed was a squadron of Lyran built LY909 Sparrowhawks, the first time these light multirole fighters had been used in combat in Morridane service.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Lyras
Ambassador

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

by **Lyras** » Wed Jan 29, 2014 2:09 am



+++Bredubar, Protectorate of Lyras+++
+++Lyran Intelligence Command+++
+++Grid 02180226+++
+++0200h Local+++

There was always tension in the air when something big was about to start. War with another major Dienstadi power was one of them, and for all the usual expectations of successful engagement, there was nervousness. What state, after all, chooses to initiate conflict without the presupposition of success. At least the first roll of the dice was pretty well stacked in the Protectorate's favour. Elements of the 7th Order's SOG would hit a Stevidian-controlled ex-Dukopolian Damocles Uplink Station. They'd hack it, scrub it, demolish it, and withdraw.

Naval and aerospace elements were on standby, either to assist or, if necessary and/or warranted, engage those Stevidian fleet and air force units in-theatre. The weapons were loaded, chambered, aimed, and the slack in the trigger had been taken up.

This was Greater Dienstad, however, not the back end of nowhere, and Stevid was not a third-rate power in a no-consequence hole-of-a-region. The Protectorate was not taking anything for granted.

88888888888888888888

+++Lyran Warship *Longsword*+++
+++Northern Sea of Greal+++
+++Grid 0204, 0195+++
+++0330 Local+++

Darkened ship was an odd drill. Most navies only employed it during wartime, or when a vessel was in hostile waters, due to the strain it put on operations. Lyras had never made the distinction. If you're at sea, you are on operations, the doctrine went.

Not that anyone doubted that the Protectorate was at war. The hundreds of thousands of missiles that had left the decks of the fleet in the last two days was ample testimony of that. Arguably the Lyran refusal to differentiate between operational and non-operational cruises made the shift easier on the psychology of the fleet units.

The same was not true in CiC. The *Longsword*, first ship of the class that bore its name, was designed not only to co-ordinate campaign actions, which this bridge had done many times, but also to provide central command for the combat management of a full-strength Armada, in this case the 3rd.

Subordinate commands, of course, also had their flags flying from various vessels within the fleet. They had all been allocated their objectives, areas of responsibility, and appropriate phase lines.

But here was where they converged.

There were three such convergences. One here, on the *Longsword*, and the others on its sister-ships, the *Falchion* and *Unyielding*. It all looked so neat. But there were, quite literally, millions of enemy combatants and thousands of ships within the AO, and the 3rd Armada would not have an easy time of it as the force disparity may have at first suggested.

88888888888888888888

+++Former New Empire+++
+++Dienstadi Grid Reference 0194,0204+++
+++0300h Local+++

"Get Parnell and have him shift some 40-mil fire onto that building! See if he can spare Innsman too, that Songbird would be a lot of help right now if he feels like running the gauntlet. Until these fuckers are fragged we are goin' nowhere!"

Krell fired off a few bursts in pure spite at the building across the courtyard before dropping back into cover. Though her LY47 Stormhammer SMG was chambered in .50LCL with other factors in mind, ability to punch right through the walls the enemy were crouching behind at the moment was an added bonus.

She'd have to get her armourer a card or something. *Do we even have Hallmark cards in Lyras? I ought to check. And do they make a 'Thanks For The High Caliber Weapon' section? If not, they should.*

Krell could hear Corporal Hudson shouting into her radio over the din of battle as she bounced back and forth between relaying her orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Parnell's cut-off team parked in the quickly shredding atrium around the corner and firing off the occasional burst of deterrent fire at the enemy. Today was not going as planned, and that had only further soured everyone's already tenuous mood.

Just who the hell did these assholes think they were? She was Natasha Krell. She was fighting for the survival of not only Lyras, but the same freedoms that these morons were taking for granted. She'd been given weeks of life, at most, and they choose this of all moments to fuck with her? If reinforcements started rolling out of the complex, or over the bridge behind them, while they were pinned down like this, it was game over.

They were sure taking the express route to her shit list – which was very full of crossed-off names. People tended to get scratched off it pretty quickly. She couldn't help but smirk a little at the thought of unleashing on whoever sent the militia.

Firing off a last burst before ducking past the Corporal, who was still arguing with Parnell, Krell almost slipped on the ever-growing pile of white hot brass at Lance Corporal Thomasen's feet. His MGJ-21 LMG was resting in a windowsill, rocking back and spraying spent brass with every burst. Never one to let a little thing like an entrenched enemy or incoming fire get him down, Tommy was grinning maniacally as he raked fire over the building he seemed determined to demolish one bullet at a time.

"Ease up, no heads have come up in the last two minutes." It was difficult to instil an aura of quiet command into her voice while she was trying desperately to fend off laughter at the LCPL's crestfallen look. In his defence it wasn't every day the SF gunner ran up against an enemy he could actually suppress, so he was bound to get a little worked up. Deciding to placate the man slightly, Krell rested a hand on his shoulder.

"Reload and cover the western egress. I have a feeling they will be pretty keen to relocate when Parnell starts up with the 40 mike-mike."

She left out the part about the militia likely moving to press a flank from that direction. Thomasen was smart enough to figure that out for himself and there was no need to panic everyone unnecessarily. The sound of gunfire closing in to the west of the atrium was doing a

fair job of that all by itself. Someone was turning their flank. The other one. Lovely.

Before her gunner could respond, Hudson slamming her comm down caught everyone's attention. She tossed her superior an apologetic and frustrated look, not waiting for her to ask the obvious question before answering it. "No dice, ma'am. They got light armour coming down the service road to the west. Parnell says his hands are full."

"APCs huh..." Bobbing her head, Krell was already running through the options in sequence. At least now she knew where that fire was coming from.

Alright. She hadn't exactly been expecting a private militia, even a front for the militia, to have light armour so close to hand. That sucked. She also hadn't been expecting two squads of regulars showing up to ruin her assault plan. That *really* sucked. Parnell was going to have a field day lecturing her on her recklessness over this one. Was it wrong that was the part that worried her the most at the moment?

"If we can take that building we can hit those APCs, and their dismounts, right in their flank." Krell mused aloud.

Corporal Hudson frowned, "We have five here, ma'am. I counted at least twenty storming in there and I might have missed some. You know... with ducking the return fire and everything."

"Can Parnell send Innsmann over here to pin them down?"

Amanda shook her head, hair spilling out from under her helmet and in front of her eyes where she swiped it away in annoyance before squeezing off a few rounds from her LY20 DMR through the window above her. "Parnell said Innsman's Songbird is the only thing keeping those APCs off their backsides. The APCs are too far back to hit with the Ru'ahks, and he wants to make the first hits count. He says they have a pretty well trained security force bearing down on them over there."

"Who do they think we're dealing with over here, the bloody Girl Scouts?" Krell dropped a few inches lower as fresh waves of fire rained down on their position from across the courtyard. The incoming fire had started to crack her composure enough to have her lapsing into speech contractions. A bad habit she had picked up in the Dictatorial Republic of Sumer, and hadn't yet shaken. "Whiskey - suppressing fire!"

Little did Colonel Krell know, but Corporal Hudson, given the roar of incoming fire, misheard her. She only heard Krell saying '...think we're... bloody Girl Scouts', and, having never heard of Girl Scouts before, and having spotted at least a couple of long-haired figures, assumed that the unit was one termed the 'Girl Scouts', and from the context of Krell's speech, assumed that they were, in fact, a high-end paramilitary unit. Thus was born the enduring misconception within Lyras that 'Girl Scouts' are something to be feared.

Everyone found a hole and for the next thirty seconds unleashed hell on anything that moved, looked like it might move, had possibly moved in a previous life, or may be reincarnated into something that may move. The enemy, most likely a few less of them now, seemed to have hunkered back behind their makeshift cover for the moment as the fire petered out on both sides under pressure to reload, devolving into the occasional pot-shot. Despite the lull in the action, Krell glowered while running her eyes up and down the troops within earshot. "Well I might not speak for anyone else here, but I have had about enough of *this*."

Various nods and affirmative grunts greeted her frank assessment of the situation, causing her to break out into a feral grin. "Thomassen, keep eyes on that western egress point. Jameson, you cover him. Here." Krell handed off her spare Widowmaker rounds, and some spare SMG clips from her chest webbing. "Try not to use all of them, they

may have something heavier coming."

Wheels spinning full speed now, Krell tossed her chin in the direction of her unit 3IC, "Captain Lachlan, I need you to keep these two in order, and to hold down the fort and put up enough fire to convince them that we are all still sitting pretty. Put out as much lead as you can without going dry."

The man nodded wordlessly, acknowledging without speaking. Not that he didn't know how... the man was a polylinguist, and spoke some stupid number of languages.

Catching Krell's eyes, Jameson's body was all but screaming apprehension as he slipped the bandoleer of GR-88 clips over a shoulder. He'd been with her long enough to recognize that tone in her voice, even when it was coming out clear and level. Long enough to recognise it, and for it to put the fear of God into him. "Mind if I ask what the plan is, boss-ma'am?"

The man's apprehension didn't bother Krell in the least. Hell, it was his job to be paranoid. "You remember Stormwatch Hold, South Fehnmar?"

Jameson was less than enthusiastic and he didn't hesitate to let it be known. "I remember you got shot at Stormwatch."

Krell glowered at him, "Not what I was referring to..."

Jameson shook his head slowly. He would follow his CO's orders, he always did, but nowhere in the regs did it say he had to be happy about it. The Battle of Stormwatch had been a mess - a house-to-house slug-fest... well, burned out shack -to- burned out shack slug-fest, that had lasted weeks. Casting a lingering glance over the open courtyard and its adjoining buildings, the Lieutenant knew exactly what Krell was planning to pull. "Yes ma'am, I remember Stormwatch. You going in the third floor or the fourth?"

The impromptu meeting was interrupted as something exploded on the outside of the wall they were hiding behind. Chipped brick flew, and dust enveloped the room. Jameson had barely coughed his way up off the ground, but Krell was back at the window, a long burst from her submachine gun stitching lines around a window on the second floor of the building across the courtyard. Just as the burst finished, a long, mounting and keening scream rose from the approximate direction she had been firing. She took a sight picture, and fired once more. The keening stopped.

"Actually," Krell's grin was beaming out full force now as she motioned to the lab complex to the right which ran nearly the entire gap between their position and the enemy's and made up the south wall of the courtyard, "I was thinking of the roof. The gap is only a meter and a half or so."

Krell was already shucking off her extra kit in preparation for the intended jump.

"Hudson and I'll work our way down from there and clean house. Keep up as much fire as you can on the lower stories, that should limit how many of them can disengage to deal with us." Slapping a fresh magazine into the receiver she could only shrug at Jameson's unspoken question, her second lapse into contractions the only indication that she was as apprehensive as she should be.

"Look, not my first choice either, but the opposition are capable, dug in and well armed, and, more importantly, we are on a timetable. Odds on they have every ground level entrance secured and sentries on every floor. I just hope they find the idea of jumping across those buildings as nuts as you do, then maybe they skipped on wasting a pair of eyes guarding the roof."

Jameson couldn't fault her logic in the slightest, and that's what was really bothering him. The woman had a way of turning the most harebrained ideas around on their head until they sounded as

reasonable as walking across the street. Unfortunately, in this case, they would be walking across the street into a hail of gunfire. "Ma'am, I still feel the need to point out that most Colonels would not feel it necessary to lead the assault team personally. To say nothing of most daughters of a head of state."

"Like Hudson pointed out, we are not exactly long on manpower at the moment." Krell snagged a few extra magazines and pair of ten-oh-two thermobaric grenades from her discarded kit and distributed them among various cargo pockets as she spoke, "Still. No one ever mentions this to my father, right?"

"Yes, ma'am." Aidan Lachlan chimed in at last, shaking his head at his commander's way of doing things. "Hold down the fort, acknowledged."

Krell checked her gear one last time and motioned over her shoulder, "Hudson, with me. We move light and fast so ditch anything not absolutely essential."

Tossing her pack to the floor Amanda quirked a brow at her, "So... my makeup kit?"

Krell rolled her eyes as she picked up her SMG and began moving towards the door that lead into the side alley. Corporal Hudson was one of very few non-diplomatic corps Lyrans that likely had the foggiest idea about how to do anything with makeup – or even, for that matter, what makeup was.

"To the roof, Hudson," she pushed the door open slowly with the barrel of her weapon, peering out into the alley over the sights, "It would be soooo easy..."

The rest of the two strong assault team slipped out through the door while she covered her, Krell nodding over her shoulder to her gunner, "Suppressing FIRE!"

Before she had even managed to shut the door completely, fire erupted from their position, lead of varying calibres, and the occasional 40mm grenade slamming into the crumbling facade of the office building the militia had dug into. The ornate fountain whose unfortunate destiny it was to occupy the space between the combatants had nearly ceased to exist. Water had flooded the courtyard and was now seeping into the surrounding alleyways as Krell jogged quickly to the nearest fire escape. Ducking into cover and motioning for Hudson to do the same, she paused a moment to weigh her options.

While the fire escape was the most direct route to the roof, it would leave them completely exposed if there were any unfortunately placed snipers nearby. Entering the building offered a reasonable amount of cover, but there was a good chance the militia had booby-trapped the surrounding structures. It's what she would have done.

Krell motioned silently to the rusted ladder of the fire escape, passing along his orders in a few efficient hand signals. They would stagger their advance, the highest woman covering the one below her as they made their way up the stairs. If there was a sniper out here, at the very least they wouldn't provide them with an abundance of stationary targets. Impossibly, the fire from the courtyard seemed louder here in the alley as it echoed and reverberated off the narrow gap between the buildings, adding a sense of urgency to their ascent.

Her fears proved unfounded as they emerged unmolested onto the roof and began moving quickly to their jumping off point.

Krell sniggered to herself, wholly inappropriately. '*Jumping off point*' she thought. *How apt.*

One thing she hadn't anticipated was the course gravel crunching and sliding beneath their booted feet. It was a damn good thing the rest of their squad was still keeping up with a steady stream of

suppressive fire as their advance across the roof was less than stealthy. Both soldiers crouched low as they got closer to their target, Krell ducking behind an industrial air conditioning unit and motioning for the Corporal to do the same. She couldn't help but cast a wary glance over the adjacent building, the first tendrils of real apprehension racing up and down her spine. Was it just her, or had that gap grown while they were on their way up here? Not that backing down now was an option - the only thing Krell feared more than a six story fall was looking like an idiot. Especially in front of a beautiful woman.

Wait... where did THAT come from?

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"Once we breach we keep moving until we hit the ground floor, understood?" Krell waited a moment for Hudson to acknowledge her orders before continuing, "I have point, you bring up the rear. I want you on the opposite side of the hall from me no more than three meters back. Odds on we run into at least one fire team in there, and if we want to survive it we need to make every shot count. Hold your fire until I drop the first man, then just do the best you can to pick off whatever scraps I leave you. Remember, we are heavily outnumbered here, so make sure we never shoot at the same target."

Krell closed her eyes, taking in a series of deep, calming breaths. She made a conscious effort to close off her mind to any thoughts that weren't directly connected with their immediate survival as she slipped into what her men only half-jokingly referred to as her 'zone'. Dragging a practiced eye over the roof just ten meters away from them, she plotted her every move between their current position and the door leading down into the building - she didn't want to have to slow down once they hit the roof on the off chance there was a sniper nearby who just hadn't found a shot he'd liked yet. Her eyes never leaving the door, Krell thumbed her radio over to their squad's frequency. "We are Oscar Mike, will check in every time we drop a floor. Keep the line open in case I need to direct your fire."

Captain Lachlan knew better than to respond, and Krell was already moving at a quick trot across the open rooftop. She didn't need to look behind her to know that Hudson had fallen into position a few feet back. *Thirteen steps to the ledge, Krell cringed inwardly, good omen there.* To say the ledge was approaching with startling rapidity would be an understatement. It wasn't until she was less than four paces away that she remembered exactly how much she hated heights. Her breath hitched and her palms slicked, her feet stuttering in hesitation.

It was like her conscious mind had shut down. She took the last two steps in long, loping strides to build up as much momentum as possible. Her boot slammed into the slightly raised ledge along the perimeter of the roof and she shoved off with everything her legs could muster. All Krell could register for a tortuously long moment was the wind whistling past her ears and the blood pounding impossibly loud in her head while the sky streaked by, followed by a sickening crunch.

She hadn't in fact broken both her ankles. She had cleared the gap, and four metres past it, and the crunch had come from her boots impacting the gravel strewn over the surface of the roof. *What the hell?* Luckily her brain was still locked firmly in the zone, and her feet started moving towards the door while her thoughts were still a wild mess of residual terror, shocked relief and absolute astonishment. In one smooth movement she unslung her submachinegun and brought it up to her shoulder, then flipped off the safety, firing a quick glance behind to confirm the other half of her team had made the jump in one piece.

Krell didn't have more than an instant to dwell on this minor hiccup, or to take a breath, or make peace with God, before all hell broke loose.

She was no more than three paces away from the roof door, still

running at a pretty good clip, when the portal burst open, revealing a large man with a PKM over his shoulder and a shocked look etched across his features. Already less than fifteen feet away with a decent head of steam built up, all Krell could think of was closing the short distance between them before the soldier could cut her in half with the high calibre machine gun he was trying to bring around in his now white-knuckled hands.

The last few steps were a blur as she picked up speed, dropped her shoulder, and rammed into the behemoth, sending both of them tumbling back through the door frame. They flew across the scarred section of concrete separating the door from the stairs in a jumble of swinging arms and legs, and it was only as they were about to tip over the edge that Krell caught sight of the two other men who had been making their way up the narrow staircase, but had frozen in surprise at their comrade flying backwards down the well.

It seemed to occur to Krell for the first time that her fall was not inevitable, and she might be better served staying right the fuck where she was at the moment. Locking her good hand firmly around the side of her enemy's neck, Krell lodged her left boot as securely as she could into the side railing and shoved backwards until her shoulders made contact with the opposite wall, securely wedging himself into the narrow hallway.

The militiaman was frantically grasping at the front of Krell's uniform with both hands, his weapon already clattering ahead of him down the stairs as his fingers scratched and clawed for any purchase that might keep him from tumbling after. Not that he had to worry about it, Krell wasn't finished with him just yet.

Using the man's momentary lapse against him, she wrenched her injured arm behind her and down to her belt, her other hand still clutching the man's throat and squeezing with everything she had. Something hot and wet spilled over her gloved hands as she felt something give. The fluid poured down the front of the giant's chest. Fighting past the pain, Krell didn't stop until she felt her fingers on the other hand wrap around cold metal. In one smooth movement, she yanked the pin from the grenade and slammed her helmeted head into the soldier's unprotected face. There was a sickening and unmistakable crack of bone and cartilage giving way followed by a few warm drops of blood splashed across Krell's forehead, then she picked him up by his belt, and shoved him forward, sending the man backwards down the stairs with a burbling scream.

Both of the soldiers on the stairs raised their weapons, but couldn't fire without hitting their rapidly descending comrade, nor could either of them get out of the way before he slammed into them and brought the whole group to the bottom of the stairs in a tangle of limbs and weapons. There was however a moment of confusion when, instead of taking advantage of their current immobility to rain fire on them down the narrow hall, their young attacker threw her body back out onto the roof and kicked the heavy steel fire door closed behind her. Their confusion ended abruptly when the 'Hellsbreath' thermobaric grenade Krell had pulled from her belt and shoved into their friend's uniform before knocking him down the stairs detonated in their midst and brought all future contemplation to a permanent halt. Gritting her teeth against the pain tearing down her left forearm Krell let Corporal Amanda Hudson pull her back to her feet by the strap of her 'arachne' armour. Catching sight of Hudson's barely contained grin she just shook her head, "Not a word..."

Hudson's grin faded when she saw blood on Krell's hands.

"You ok?"

"His."

"Right." The grin returned. "And I would never dream of it, ma'am." Pushing the now wobbly door open with the barrel of her LY20, Hudson's grin became a grimace in no time flat. "Did you consider that there is no other way down before making your little mess?"

Shoving past the woman and trotting down the stairs Krell's eyes were ice, "Don't slip and break a nail, soldier."

She could hear the other woman fall into step behind her as they descended the short staircase. Despite the attitude, Krell was less than enthusiastic about covering the last few steps, her stomach churning uncomfortably as her left boot sank a good six inches into a torso she hadn't assumed was that damaged. Hellsbreath grenades. She should have expected no less. She'd seen enough of their effects. Ignoring the small bits of gore dribbling down from the door frame she halted long enough to scan the corridor outside. A brief hand signal had Hudson darting past her to the far wall as Krell covered her, waiting until the corporal got into position before leapfrogging to the next doorway under her cover.

Pausing only long enough to flick a piece of person off her boot with the barrel of her LY47, she forced a few calming breaths past clenched teeth as they approached the only machine gun nest on the top floor. Hudson hopped the gap as silently as possible, taking up her position on the other side of the door frame.

Indicating a three-count Krell pulled a flashbang from her webbing, the pin sliding free in one smooth motion as she rolled it across the threshold and into the small office behind them. As soon as the light splashing the wall across the hallway had faded she swung into the open doorway, dropping to a knee allowing Hudson to swing in above her. Three men were stumbling around the room, two of them firing wildly in their general direction with small arms. Krell dropped the two on the left in one long, raking SMG burst. Hudson decided on a more subtle approach, squeezing a single shot off from her rifle, and into the centre of the machine gunner's chest.

"Move!" Krell hissed, bouncing back out of the doorway and motioning to the stairwell at the end of the hall. Thumbing the contact on her radio she could hear the Corporal falling back into position behind him. "Fourth floor is clear. We are Oscar Mike."

"You have a problem ma'am!" Hearing the ear bud call out, in Captain Lachlan's voice, brought Krell to a stop in her tracks. She tossed up an open palm and took a knee behind a wrecked drinking water fountain.

"Report."

There was a pause of a few second during which Krell felt the building rock slightly with what he assumed was another 40mm grenade strike to one of the lower levels. "You got their attention, ma'am. At least two of their fire teams have disengaged and are now moving to intercept."

"Yay us. Whiskey copies." At least that meant fewer hostiles were shooting at her men. Small consolation at the moment, but she'd take what she could get. Rising over the top of the fountain she levelled the barrel of her LY47 at the fire door separating them from the stairwell, and, catching Hudson's eye, gestured at it. A closed fist, thumb down, followed by a raised palm, moving up. Enemy, coming up.

Reaching into the room beside her Hudson brought one of the heavy steel filing cabinets crashing into the hall by tipping it from the top, a few scraps of paper spilling out onto the tile floor. Managing to squeeze most of her slight frame behind the cabinet she brought her LY20 to bare with an incongruous grin. "So, you having fun yet 'Tasha?"

Quirking a brow, Krell could only shake her head. "Oh yeah. Best birthday ever."

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"Armoured unit Delta has moved one-hundred fifty meters southwest since the last update." Sunder rattled off the information in the sharp

tone he'd been using since he had hacked into the local wireless network up-link. To say his mind was multi-tasking would be an understatement. "Approaching our position from behind the disabled APCs."

At the moment Parnell was almost grateful that at least one of them was calm and collected while all hell was breaking loose around them. Taking a deep breath he thumbed his comms unit over to Krell's squad freq. "Alpha lead to Whiskey lead."

Thirty seconds passed by before he repeated his challenge, his heart slowly building up speed as the seconds ticked on without a response. The last message he'd received had been a position update shortly after Parnell's squad had been cut off from the rest of the strike team by the militia's forces.

These fuckers had known exactly when and where to hit them and they'd never seen it coming. *He* had never seen it coming, and he was on the bloody assault team. And now Krell was out there all by herself and there was no way for him to do anything but wait and listen helplessly. Raising a now shaking hand back up he could feel the plastic shift and pop under her crushing grip, "Colonel Krell!"

Suddenly his unit erupted in a cacophony of screaming and automatic weapons fire, the tumult only allowing her to glean bits and pieces of the conversation over the ambient noise as the soldiers fought on ferociously against the attackers baring down on them.

"Still bleedin' Sarge!"

"You the medic, Blackwall?! Get your ass back on the bloody firing line!"

"Wheldon, two fists right! Drop those fuckers!"

"Jameson! Watch those grenades, last one almost landed on top of us!"

"No shit!"

"Cut the chatter! Hostiles inside the wire!"

"Back door!"

"Tango down!"

"Reloading!"

"Krell to Parnell!"

Parnell's heart actually seemed to restart when Krell's voice broke across the line, despite the obviously desperate tone it carried. At least she was still alive. When would the bloody woman learn not to give her men heart failure.

"What you got ma'am?"

"Disengagement was not to come deal with us. They are opening their ground-floor traps to let the reinforcements in. They are driving up the stairs right towards us. I had Hudson set up a parting gift but we are pulling back. I would appreciate it if you kept..."

There was the sound of sustained weapons fire, a distant scream, and the unmistakable sound of a growling and irritated Lyran colonel followed by the click of a magazine swap, "I would appreciate it if you could provide some cover when we hit the ground."

"Uhhh... the ground, ma'am?"

"I have them pinned in the stair well, but that mostly cuts both ways, so we are not going out that way. Luckily they had enough gear up here to storm Gholgoth, including the C4 we used for our

surprise and hopefully enough rope to rappel from here. Hopefully."

They... were going to be rappelling down.

"You coming down the west wall, ma'am?"

"Looks like the plan at the moment."

"Little problem then, boss-ma'am. Innsmann managed to take out the engine blocks of those APCs but we still have Tangos swarming all over that area."

"Whiskey copies. Hold one... there was something in that stockpile that might even the odds."

"Copy that ma'am, we will cover your..."

The signal was suddenly cut short by a massive explosion, so loud Parnell dropped his comms unit to the floor, the piercing shriek still ringing in his ears.

Beside him, Sunder frowned while rubbing the back of his head. Upon noticing his expression his face softened a bit. "Krell is born for this. We should worry less."

"Smart or not, she is still not bulletproof. Where does she get these ludicrous ideas?"

Sunder shrugged. He certainly seemed nonplussed. "She is as much a Krell as her father is, no doubt about it..."

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"Somebody..."

Raymond Kohl ran his eyes slowly up and down the petrified faces of the men sitting on the bench across the APC from him while clutching his quickly soaking-through sleeve to his forehead in a vain effort to stem the torrent of blood seeping from the trough carved across the top of his skull by a single well placed round. If he hadn't been wearing his helmet... "Somebody has to see what the fuck is going on out there."

"Screw that." Nick Peters was having none of it, "Commander stuck his head out to 'get 'em to surrender' - no more head. You order the driver to move us closer, we get three feet them boom - no more driver. See that hole? That shot went straight through the fucking hull. You stick your head out the hatch to find out what in the name of God is going on - you'll get it fucking taken off! We ain't heard shit from the other APC in thirty minutes. No brother... I think we're fine right the hell where we are."

"God dammit Nick!" Kohl kicked the wall across from him. "We're not gettin' paid to sit around while these..."

"These what?" Until now Reggie had stayed out of the argument, but the men's constant bitching coupled with the rounds pinging incessantly off the skin of their APC was really starting to wear on his nerves. "I know I'm the new guy but I signed up to get paid to wave flashlights at burglars, not have firefights with the FUCKING LYRANS!"

Nick nodded enthusiastically, "Amen. We may be gettin' paid Ray, but we sure as hell ain't gettin' paid enough for this shit."

Frowning at the smashed radio unit that had gone down with the commander, Reggie continued his thought, "It shouldn't be long before the cops get here... we just gotta hold out. Let those fuckers kill each other off."

"You slow Reggie?" Kohl scoffed while swapping sleeves, "You think cops are gonna turn up? Cops? This is a fucking war, dipshit, and you think that cops are gonna come and save our sorry ass?! You got another fuckin' think coming. I thought they hired guys like us to

keep teens from fucking in the parking lot! This ain't Saigon motherfucker and I ain't Rambo."

Before the older man had a chance to respond the ramp making up the back wall of the APC shook, and the world spun, the half ton chunk of steel bowing slightly before releasing a horrendous shriek and giving way completely to crash onto the asphalt parking structure. All three men were too frozen by shock, and rattled by the impact, to so much as raise a weapon at the towering figure decked out in militia fatigues, complete with captain's insignia, and an HK416 assault rifle.

Glancing around the cabin with a mildly amused expression, the man quirked his head to the side. "Everyone alive in here? Who's in charge?"

Reluctantly, Ray raised a shaking hand. "Uh... that would... that would be me."

"Enemy forces have secured the main armoury and are fighting their way through the administration building. Two of our detachments have been dispatched to retake the armoury, and I have been tasked to clear out the uplink building. You get to help me." Without another word he spun on a heel and stomped back down the short ramp onto the torn up grass and mud that had once been an immaculately trimmed lawn.

Reggie's reluctance didn't stop him from getting to his feet, "Who the hell was that?"

"I dunno." Kohl frowned, "But I got a feelin' he's like to get us killed."

"We'll, sure as fuck I'm not going to wait here for the Lyrans to hit us again." Without waiting for a response Nick shouldered his G36 and trotted down the ramp after the militia officer, Ward hesitating only a second before following suit.

Grumbling under his breath Kohl leveraged himself off the bench and retrieved his own G36 with a resigned sigh, tearing a clump of gauze from the nearby medkit, crumpling it into a ball and cramming it under his helmet in an effort to at least keep the blood out of his eyes. The militia captain was directing his troops into position as he trudged down the mangled ramp, sustained weapons fire echoing from every direction.

Kohl's boot had barely made contact with the grass when a window on the fourth floor of armoury exploded outwards in a shower of glittering safety glass and an RPG made a bee-line directly into the lid of the other APC. The heat hit him harder than the blast, the exposed hair on his body sizzling and popping as he was tossed backwards into the unforgiving side of his own personnel carrier only to flop to the comparatively soft earth like a grounded fish. Small tendrils of smoke drifted idly up from his clothes as the world around him tilted and yawed randomly.

Kohl couldn't tell if the ringing in his ears was from the blast or the way his head had bounced off the armoured vehicle, but after long consideration decided it was probably a little bit of both. His helmet was long gone and a tuft of bloody gauze was now hanging limply over his left eye, taunting him as drop after drop of his blood dribbled from the sodden cloth down to his BDU covered lap.

Though he imagined he looked like hell the pain wasn't nearly as bad as he would have expected it to be given the circumstances. Ray imagined this was one of those things you felt in the morning. If you were lucky enough to survive the night that is...

His first conscious thought was Reggie's face directly in front of his own, his stubbled and acne-scar pock-marked countenance silhouetted by the flames still licking out from the destroyed vehicle behind him as he screamed silently at his unmoving superior. Then, as if a switch had been flipped, Kohl's hearing returned with a piercing shriek as the younger man's open palm ricocheted off his right cheek, the world suddenly refocusing around him to reveal the true horror of the scene.

Bodies were littering the grass in all directions - some moving, most not. Ten meters away one of the former occupants of the slagged APC was still stumbling around aimlessly, flames engulfing the upper two thirds of his body as he flailed his arms uselessly. The few who had avoided major injury were either running balls out for the front gate or trying to help their less fortunate comrades.

Ray was starting to wonder if he was dying as he caught sight of a beautiful brunette backing out of the window the RPG had come from, repelling down the side of the building like they were all in a freaking James Bond movie. Another figure remained behind in the window, silhouetted by the light inside while firing wildly back into the hallway behind her, occasionally braving a glance over the ledge to check on the woman's progress.

Two figures came barrelling out of the smashed facade of the admin building building to his right, one firing a MGJ-21 from the hip to lay down waves of covering fire for the man next to him while his partner lobbed 40mm grenades at anything that put up even the slightest resistance.

"Get up! We have to get the fuck out of..."

Reggie never got to finish his sentence, as the whole world seemed to explode in a cacophony of force, light and sound.

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Coming to was tough. Everything ached, but he had enough presence of mind to keep still and quiet, listening for the sounds of movement around him. The firefight had ended, though how long ago was hard to tell. Long enough for the attackers to finish whatever they were doing, and ready their vehicles to leave, by the looks of it.

For his part Ray was just about ready to relax as their attackers prepared to depart when a woman, carrying herself as if she were in charge, stopped in her tracks just a few feet away from him with a thoughtful expression.

"It's a lovely fucking thing, war. Isn't it?" Though her eyes were locked forward as she fished a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from her cargo pocket, Kohl could practically feel her gaze boring into him while she knocked one free of the rest and proffered it up to him. "What's your name?"

Trying to still the desperate shaking of his hands Ray pulled himself up a bit against the side of the APC. "R... Raymond. Raymond Kohl."

"Well Raymond, Raymond Kohl." A quick thumbing of her zippo had the flame jumping to life to expose the untouched side of his face while she lit his. From this angle she looked almost... normal. If you ignored the distinctive rose tattoo on her left cheek, and the blood splatter. And was that blood smeared over her hands? Didn't look to be hers, from how she was moving. In fact, if she had been a couple of years younger, she'd have kind of reminded him of his kid sister. "You have a family?"

"Yeah." Ray answered without thinking, immediately regretting it upon remembering the little detail he was talking to an enemy soldier. "I've had a bad night Ray." Krell shook her head, a sad smile tugging at the corner of her lips. "I sometimes... I sometimes need something to remind myself why I do what I do. I'm supposed to be saving people... that is the idea, anyway."

"You are going to take a trip, Ray." Nodding idly towards the two soldiers dragging their prisoner towards the waiting LY83 Fox she continued, "You are going to sell everything you have. You are going to use the money to buy enough supplies for a year. You're going to load your family up and buy a little cabin in the middle of the most distant part of nowhere you can find. And when it happens... and believe me, you'll know what 'it' is, you wait as long as you feel is

necessary before you come find me. Listen to your radio and you will know where to look."

Tossing the battered zippo onto the ground in front of Ray, "You show that to any of my men and you and your family will be taken care of. You have my word."

Without ever even looking at him Krell turned, re-shouldered her submachine gun, and started limping towards the truck. She was halfway there when Ray finally found his voice, "Wait! Just who the hell should I ask for?"

The woman actually paused as if she had to consider her answer, a long moment passing before he finally glanced back over his shoulder. "Krell. *Lady* Natasha Krell."

Checking the back of the truck quickly Krell yanked the tarp down when she was sure everyone was aboard. Tossing her weapon into the cab she pulled herself up into the passenger seat after, the door slamming shut with a strange finality. The truck's engine revved once before it was thrown into gear and tore out of the the parking lot at full speed, blasting right through chain link security gate on the way out, headed for the heavy-lift helicopters he could just see touching down against the lightening sky.

Running a weary eye over the area surrounding him Ray couldn't help but frown. Two shredded APCs, most of the cars in the parking lot, including his, were slagged beyond recognition. The Uplink Pavilion's roof had collapsed inward at some point, apparently he'd been too distracted to notice, but the entire structure was smashed beyond recognition anyways. The once pristine courtyard was flooded with dirty fountain water mixed with vivid streams of crimson.

Feeling the cool weight of the zippo in his palm the former security guard let out a long, shuddering sigh. Yeah... a vacation sounds like a damn good idea.

88888888888888888888

FROM: Diplomatic Command, Bredubar, Protectorate of Lyras
TO: Holy Empire of Stevid
RE: Current conflicts within Greater Dienstad

Let it be known that the Protectorate of Lyras is hereby putting the Holy Empire on notice that military action carried out by Stevidian forces against the Kingdom of Imbrinium and Hapsburg Kingdom of Wanderjar is to end immediately, and Stevidian forces are to withdraw from all territories east of the 0180 gridline, and all territories north of the 0210 gridline, pending the resumption of interim peace talks with the abovestated sovereign entities.

Compliance with this communication is not negotiable. Failure to accede to this missive, and enter said negotiations will be construed as an act of war against the Protectorate and its allies, to be responded to with as little or as much force as the Protectorate deems suitable.

The Holy Empire is given 36 hours to respond, and timetables following response are open to reasonable and rational timeframes, though the withdrawal itself is not.

Regards

Order-Marshal George Wallins
Marshal-Commanding
Diplomatic Command
Bredubar
Protectorate of Lyras

Quotes

[Lyrans Arms](#) - [Lambda Financial](#) - [Foreign Holdings](#) - [Tracker](#) - [Photo](#) - [OOC](#)



Mokastana
Ambassador

Posts: 1554
Founded: Feb 20, 2007
Democratic Socialists

by **Mokastana** » Thu Jan 30, 2014 9:09 pm

QUOTE

MNS Panama, Nietzsche Class Super Dreadnought 16th Air Attack Fleet 1100 Kilometers North of Mordent

"Order just came in, We are to support the Commonwealths operations in Mordent, We will be coordinating attacks with the 14th Air Attack Fleet and the 25th Assault Fleet in theatre. Command of theatre will fall onto Admiral of the MNS Santa Villa."

"Did we get the confirmation codes?"

"Yes Sir."

The Admiral stood in the war room where the Moka Navy had been observing the opening moves of combat on the ground and in the air of Mordent. It seemed that war would be coming to Mokastana after all. They had been flying full sorties for the better part of three days now. With four carriers alternating which one was deploying its combat aircraft just in case an order like this came in.

"Very well, I want all available aircraft in the air, prepare to defend us against any incoming attacks from the Imbrinium side of the Island."

Turns out the government is not a fan of those who use biological weapons on civilians after all. He thought to himself. Elsewhere on the ship the news from the Senate announcement was spreading fast. The admiral would let his crew watch the announcement, make sure they got the public information before he made his own announcements. Letting the Senators back home drone on about justification and covering their asses worked well enough for him, gave him time to make sure his stuff was in order before he spoke to his vessels.

"I assume we collected enough information from Damocles during that battle?"

"Intel has been marking targets for the past day or so, most are uploaded into the battlenet."

"Good. First things first, I want a full list of enemy vessels in theatre, they will be our primary concern. Prepare AshM launch orders for them. From there we will offer our strike capabilities to the allies on the ground. Get me in touch with the Commonwealth Military Command on the Island, let them know that the 16th Moka Fleet has 7500 Cruise missiles primed and ready to support their operations, with two other fleets moving in."

Though the majority of the aircraft would remain to guard the fleet, the first attack groups made up of F-18s and F-35s armed with Cruise / Anti-Air missiles (depending on the squad's load out) moved south, staying close to the coast of Morrdh. They would attempt to meet up with the aircraft talking off from East Morrdh and offer their services.

Back at the fleet, orders had gone out to use cruise missiles to strike stationary and identified mobile missile launch sights, such as the counter-batteries firing against Commonwealth forces or batteries that could be turned against the fleets. If the Mokans were going to declare war they were not going to sit around and wait for the enemy to come to them.

The Admiral had intentionally not let himself think about the possible outcomes of Mokastana going to war with Imbrinium, he knew they would not take this laying down, and the Lord only knew what kind of reaction they would have to Moka involvement in their little border war.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Tue Feb 04, 2014 6:57 pm



150km south of Morrdh.

The HMS Holland a SSK was on her third day underwater on the primary shipping lanes looking for pray. Her captain was the calm and cool headed type, he like the hunt but wasn't much on the pray that didn't hunt back. Her orders where to hunt down and sink any ship with the markings of the enemies of the crown.

"Con, Sonar surface contact bearing 285, 6000yrds single screw I'd say about 8 knots"

"Con, Aye let's take a look at our contact, take us up to periscope depth."

"Aye Sir"

As the HMS Holland slowly rose as not to let her pray know she was being hunted the scope went up and there she was a good size fish and factory ship headed south.

"Right WEPS get me a plot and set condition one throughout the boat load tubes 3 and 4"

"Sonar, Con anything out there besides contact 0551?"

"Neg, Con nothing close but track 0551"

"Rgr, Sonar give me a track and last heading, WEPS give me one last plot to target"

"Rgr, Con same track and heading, same plot Con"

"WEPS launch tube 3"

And with the order the electrical pulse ran from the firing computer and down to the front of the boat and into the tube and launched the torpedo to its target. As the torpedo sped toward its target the Captain counted down on his stop watch under a minute the torpedo struck the vessel and broke her back. The captain took one last look and turned to get back into the hunt.

The SUBFLTCOM had issued orders to move in closer to home to attack Stevid and Morrdh at their coasts, this was open unrestricted naval warfare at its finessed. Every ship flagged with the enemies of the crown would be hunted down and sunk regardless. Mordent front.

The attack had came to a shock to the crown but it was now time to open the gates of hell and show Morrdh government they had made a mistake a big mistake. Since the chemical weapons had been taken off the menu of opinions that commanders could use, but there were still lots of menu you opinions. There had been reports that an artillery battery had came under fire behind the front and commanders were worried that it was either Special Forces or irregular attacking forces. The commanders sent out orders to hunt down and kill these guys at all costs.

80km east of the border commanders issued orders to all missile and artillery batteries to switch to FAE shells and suppress the attack of Morrdh armor and infantry across the lines. Orders had came down from the crown to the land based cruise missile batteries to attack the port city of Lindun and the capital city of Mordun with intermediate range cruise missiles loaded with FAE warheads.

East Mordent Command center:

The main runways at our airbases have been knocked out and will be down we need to fall back to our secondary plans. As commanders agreed and disagreed over tactics on the ops center. Kilometers away at what had looked like just cleared fields of grass the cows where hurried off out of the way and in the heavy treed camouflaged bunkers the doors opened and a turbo propped aircraft pulled out. While not you're old War World 2 aircraft these where used in extreme close air support. Along with that the same was so with paved roads and highways they wherein placed as backup runways for fixed wing aircraft. While the rest of the surprise would come from the VSTOL aircraft that didn't need airports or runways to stay in the fight.

As the orders went out to the counter-insurgency aircraft wings, RIM harriers where prepping to run intercept missions while not the best aircraft for the job. Till fighters where moved to alternative airfields it was the first and last line of defense.

The front lines troops were catching hell, the wounded from the front where being treated as best they could before getting them away from the front. The 3rd armored division was not moving to the front. With the 87th Heavy infantry division headed out to the south to reinforce the southern shores to hold the front from naval landings. The 56th Marine CAD where moving to the left flank of the 3rd Arm div. while the 86th Marine CAD where headed north to secure the northern flanks.

The chaos and shock subsided the orders where coming out with more tactical use and not just hold the line. The 2nd army headquarters hadn't really unpacked with the combat started but the Marines based in the east took up the slack. The 22nd Cavalry division was the princes unit but he as of last was still in Mordun. But the 22nd Cav div had taken a hard hit and still taking a beating, plans where in the works to relieve them in place but nothing would be done till the Morrdh attack had been turned away.

Thousands of kilometers away on a shore of another distant land the invasion was well under way the LSTs had been hit hard but still got their mission completed the mine clearance units and combat engineers had opened the gates to make the landings. The tracked land vehicles made land fall and drove through the cleared lines and moved up off the beach and started securing the beachhead.

The invasion was D+4hrs in and they were pushing toward the first phase line and the airborne phase was now underway. Hundreds of troops where now in flight to the shore to reinforce the landing forces and secure the beach head. The first armored battalion had hardened their position. Right now most of the forces where on LOD Ashley or just forward of the LOD conducting the reconnaissance forward to make contact with enemy forces, thousands of troops where now ready to press the attack west.

Southern part of Imbrinium at a classified base in the desert there was two unmarked C-10 loaded with a very top secret project. The only thing most knew that it would be risky very risky. Within hours the two cargo aircraft took off and was quickly surrounded by its escort fighter protection. It was going to be a long flight to a country that did not and would not want them there.

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Wed Feb 05, 2014 8:19 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



Kassarar
Postmaster-General

☐ by [Kassarar](#) » Wed Feb 05, 2014 12:32 am

QUOTE

**“ Imbrinium wrote:
150km south of Morrdh.**

Posts: 10871
Founded: Jun 16, 2013
Corrupt Dictatorship

The HMS Holland a SSK was on her third day underwater on the primary shipping lanes looking for pray. Her captain was the calm and cool headed type, he like the hunt but wasn't much on the pray that didn't hunt back. Her orders where to hunt down and sink any ship with the markings of the enemies of the crown.

"Con, Sonar surface contact bearing 285, 6000yrds single screw I'd say about 8 knots"

"Con, Aye let's take a look at our contact, take us up to periscope depth."

"Aye Sir"

As the HMS Holland slowly rose as not to let her pray know she was being hunted the scope went up and there she was a good size fish and factory ship headed south. As the captain and the XO looked at the ship they noticed the flag it was one that had sided with the enemy, she was a Kassaran vessel.

"Right WEPS get me a plot and set condition one throughout the boat load tubes 3 and 4"

"Sonar, Con anything out there besides contact 0551?"

"Neg, Con nothing close but track 0551"

"Rgr, Sonar give me a track and last heading, WEPS give me one last plot to target"

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The SUBFLTCOM had issued orders to move in closer to home to attack Stevid and Morrdh at their coasts, this was open unrestricted naval warfare at its finessed. Every ship flagged with the enemies of the crown would be hunted down and sunk regardless.

Kassaran Naval Command International Shipping Monitoring Center

The Captain sitting at the central position of authority in the small room had been awake for almost two days now, running on nothing but sweat, adrenaline, and a few gallons of coffee, watching as the lone Kassaran freighter had made its way into the war zone. He had seen it for what it was, and understood the finer points of the why it was being done. The Prime minister knew his people were becoming more and more restless by the day as hundreds of riots popped up across the nation only to be suppressed by an even more stressed military police force. Kassaran peacetime was never peaceful, yet with a war on, the Minister could do what he pleased with little to no consequences for his actions. Each and every last person aboard the now missing freighter had been assigned to that crew for one reason, to give a *casus belli* to a stricken nation and allow for full and complete mobilization of the Home Fleet. This was the Minister declaring war.

The aide ran up, a young lieutenant looking worried and distraught. He already knew what was on the small crystal tablet she held in her palm. Name, date, time, and location for the missing vessel as well as the final words of the radio operator before the vessel had gone under. Sure enough, it had been within the stretch the Captain's supervisor had told him it would be. He frowned, he never did agree with human sacrifices of any sort to any cause, but he was not one to question the Minister. Nodding, he took the slip and began the

walk up and out of the small pit he'd been stationed inside of, and approached the dark-robed Commander.

A silence hung between them as the Captain approached, for he already could see the look of anticipation spread across the Commander's visage. As cold and calculating as he may of appeared to be, his eyes gleamed with blood lust, though the merchants had been sent like sheep to the slaughter, it was going to be Hell to pay now that the Kassaran's were moving in. They all knew that Kassaran submarine tech, as far-fetched in general design as it may have appeared, was highly stealth oriented, and were certain to pack a punch. Stretching forth a dark, gloved hand from the folds of his robe over his chest, it grasped and crumpled up the small piece of paper and for once, the Commander smiled. The captain shuddered, thinking of the horrific deaths of those aboard the stricken freighter before it had been lost to the sea, and prayed silently to God above for their safe passage to the Heavens.

Kassaran High Command Chambers

Arhk Naval Command Control Center

Arhk Val Catacombs, 2km below Surface

The room was dimly lit, but the glow of the crystalline data-pads illuminated the faces of those seated around the large table in the center. Further behind those wizened features, the silhouettes of the main military commanders that had been given the privilege to attend this ceremony sat, bathed in the darkness of the outermost edges of the room. In the center, a large holograph hung, suspended in what appeared to be stasis, but instead was only photons off of the spinning plate. One by one, a red light came on under each of the illuminated figures until finally the lights came to pause at one last person. Moving into the light, the minister revealed himself," Indeed, it has been decided. In response to the current threat to our shipping and safety within the seas due to unrestricted Imbrinium submarine warfare, I finalize this vote. With all of the hands of the High Council rise as they complete the declaration?"

A slight rustling, like wind through the leaves, swept through the large chamber as those whom had been only illuminated by datapad lights emerged from their shadowy dwellings within the Council Hall. One by one they rose their hands and in the ancient languages spoke in unison alongside the minister," *Blessings children of the Sea, children of the most high, go forth and cleanse the filth that plagues this land, and threatens our safety. By God's will may you succeed and return home as this Council now determines its stance in the War against Imbrinium. We declare today that we shall take vengeance for fallen kin and not stop until we have exhausted every last option. With this said, as our vow to become victorious, we now state, with irrevocable certainty, that the Isles of Kassaran are at war!"*

A mighty cheer rose up throughout the nation as those watching their televisions understood that the federation was now at war. Finally, an enemy that would unite Kassaran with Kassaran, and stop this fighting for now. The orders went out and one by the soldiers at shore leave returned to their posts. mobilization, Phase One was now underway. Somewhere nearby the Council Hall, orders were going out to a small patrol along the edges of the EEZ to change course and move towards Mordent. Even though the chance were small that they'd make it all the way without trouble, they needed to reach the engagement zone. Their objective now had changed. They were to immediately begin scouting for submarine activity along the main shipping lines between Mordent and Kassaran. Imbrinium vessels were no longer protected and all freighters currently within Kassaran waters were now to be confiscated and their crews held as POWs. However, that would only be if they could find such vessels in their waters.

Notable Quotes

Beware: Walls of Text Generally appear Above this Sig.





Stevид

Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497

Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

Non-Lyran Dukopolious

QUOTE

The courtyard smouldered with the burning stench of motor oil and tortured masonry. The Lyran strike force that had piled through the facility only a few hours ago had done quite a number on the place. Several buildings that made up the facility were all in state of ruin, one was still burning uncontrollably and another, the one that housed the server rooms and actual satellite uplink/control, had its roof caved in. An APC sat motionless with flames licking out from within and around it; in fact all around the facility, outside and in, were the bodies of the defenders.

Their MARPAT fatigues and the snarling shark emblem on the right bicep sleeve showed they were of the Midnight Dawn Private Military Company (MD-PMC), hired by the Stevidian government to guard key military installations at a variety of sites throughout the Empire. The Damocles facility was one of these, it freed up the Stevidian Army to conduct the peacekeeping operations along the frontier with Lyras together with their Morridane counter parts.

But life still stirred amongst this carnage. Wading through the destruction was a platoon of men from the Stevidian Army and in the distance the Chinook they used to transport them here thudded loudly. It took less than an hour to sweep the facility, and only seconds to realise that there would be little use in trying to retrieve data from the servers judging by the damage. Reinforcements quickly followed as three APCs arrived with additional troops and technicians that would dismantle the whole facility.

* * *

Leaning against one of the smashed walls of the courtyard, Colour Sergeant Doyle Moore lit a cigarette and took a long, unhealthy drag. He sighed with exasperation as he emptied his lungs of smoke and wiped his dirtied brow.

"Curse this shithole of a country. Nothing but ash and devastation..."

CSgt Moore had been the platoon sergeant leading the first Stevidian troops into the facility in order to remove any threats that remained. He had called in the reinforcements so that his team could relax somewhat given they were the QRF on station and were generally busy every day. Even though the insurgency in the south had lost most of its power with the arrival of Lyras, there was still enough fighting to keep his platoon occupied.

"Colour?" Came a voice to his left; Moore looked up to his left and saw LCpl Charlie Thorpe – recently attached to his platoon having served with the 22nd Motorised Infantry Division that currently kept the peace in the local town. He was green, compared to the rest of the unit, but he's seen enough action (and impressed during said action) throughout the war in New Empire to be granted place in the QRF Platoon – famed for its high attrition rate.

"What?" He replied bluntly.

"The techies are here now, gunna be tearing the place about looking for any salvageable data or information."

"They'd be so lucky, the Protectorate made sure of that."

"They seem confident of CCTV recovery, that sort of stuff has plenty backups both on an offsite."

"What are you, some kind of subject matter expert that just decided the infantry was his calling?"

"Err..." The Lancejack swallowed nervously. "For four years prior to this I worked in a supermarket, Colour. It was what they did..."

"You're full of useless information Thorpe. But that CCTV could prove

useful to those boffins in the Intelligence Corps. It doesn't take one of those slimy bastards, or an RMP, to investigate and understand what happened here." Moore scowled while shifting his feet among the debris. He unearthed empty cases from the floor – clearly someone had been hiding behind this wall during the firefight. He returned his cigarette to his mouth and bent down to pick up one of the cases.

"You see this? This is a 6.5mm JMC cartridge. The 6.5 x 45 is used within the Lyran Mary Jane LMG. I've only seen 6.5 cartridges lying about the place – it stands to reason that whoever barged in here didn't do it 'Rambo-style' with just four bods. No, they were probably using those .50cal SMGs they have with that caseless ammunition too. This was not the work of insurgents, this was clearly a complex operation staged by the protectorate. The devastation here has obvious hallmarks to a controlled operation. Anything that has been destroyed has been done so for a reason. The grouping of bullet holes shows that suppressive fire is controlled. These are professionals and not insurgents, plus the biggest give away is the lack of corpses."

Thorpe looked around him. From where he stood in the court yard he counted six bodies, many more lay about but they couldn't be seen from where he stood. Moore smiled and shook his head gently.

"Oh no Thorpe. No. Enemy casualties, where are they? Not here clearly which means that if there were any at all then they have been brought back with them once the attack was over. Insurgents don't tend to do this, usually because of the amount of casualties they sustain."

There was a deafening roar, enough to make Moore look skyward. A Nightwalker air-superiority fight of the Royal Air Force stretched into view and made northwards having come from the direction of the Lyran border.

"That's a shame..." Moore said while taking another drag.

"Colour?"

"They got away. If he'd caught them and shot them down he would have given us a little display up there to celebrate. They must have made it over the border just in time. I had heard that we tracked their transport aircraft on their way out of here, I guess it seems the RAF are getting a bit lazy when they scramble their aircraft. Peacekeeping is making them careless." Moore spat bitterly.

"What do you think is going to happen Colour? You think we will retaliate?"

"No. No I don't." Moore frowned. He almost looked disappointed. "Across that border there is nothing of strategic importance that I can think of. We'll probably beef up the border presence to prevent a Lyran invasion. But other than that, we'll probably do nothing."

He finished his cigarette and stubbed out the tab with the heel of his boot before looking around at the corpses and destruction.

"I hope the CCTV shows they put up a fight... this looks like a slaughter."

* * *

Morridane Mordent **Stevidian 3rd Army**

The 3rd Army had been dispatched to Mordent from Liberated America in order to reinforce Morridane troops there against potential military backlash from Imbrinium. Now that Morrdh had sided against the Kingdom, this was evermore likely. The 3rd Army was made up of

four divisions: two armoured – the 5th (Stevid) Armoured Division, otherwise known as the 'Mace', and 12th Armoured; and the 15th Mechanised Infantry Division and the 109th Combined Services Division. This totalled around 75,000 troops plus light and heavy equipment, helicopters, trucks, planes etc.

The fleet composition included fleet auxiliary tankers and cargo vessels as well as amphibious assault ships. The original plan was to conduct an invasion on the Imbrinium controlled side of northern Mordent. But this had changed, abruptly, and much to the displeasure of the soldiers, sailors and airmen that made up the task force. It had now been decided that the 3rd Army would off load in a friendly Morridane port in western Mordent and would then travel east advancing towards the front deploying units were applicable to strengthen the defences in Morridane Mordent and create a more solid 'defence in depth'.

This did not sit happily with many of the senior company and regimental commanders, and by extension their troops. The secondary excuse given to them was "Sorry gentlemen, its just politics."

* * *

Westerly Seas off Stevidian South Greal

The remnants of the 5th Fleet were now remnants in themselves. The surprise naval attack from Lyras had cost the Royal Navy dearly and the naval and military position in Stevidian South Greal was nearly untenable. In fact so precarious was the position that several units had routed across the frontline in the face of this crushing blow to morale.

80% of the 1st Splinter Fleet, 5th Fleet, had been destroyed by Lyras Hellion II missiles launched from the Lyras 3rd Armada. 12,000 ships with three Longsword super dreadnought versus barely 7,000, it was quite a mismatch and the Royal Navy had not anticipated Lyras involvement. The results would be splendid for the Protectorate. Only three carriers had survived from the original forty, although all three were Sanctus Mare super carriers. The Sanguineous Class super dreadnought HMS Virtuous had also survived, but this was a bittersweet result. She was indeed crippled and parts of her were scarred beyond recognition. Her deck and super structure were literally cratered with wounds exposing her delicate interior and she had limped back to port in Stevidian South Greal along with the three carriers. The majority of survivors were the Lemartes Class destroyers. These ships had performed considerably considering the overwhelming odds and had been designed to perform against the 'massed missile strike' tactic so often employed with super dreadnoughts.

The fact remained that the 5th Fleet was effectively no more. It bore striking resemblance to the defeat suffered by the 3rd Fleet during the Second War of Golden Succession when Guffingford had charged headlong in decisive battle and crippled the largest fleet in the Royal Navy. The news at home then was one of quiet sombre and dignity. This time was different. In Stevid and across the Empire was verbal outrage at the attack; in fact protests would have been remarkably more subdued had the defeat come at the hands of Wanderjar or Imbrinium. But a surprise attack from Lyras boiled the blood and the public cried out in anguish demanding Lyras blood in return.

The government used this to their advantage and aired the "ultimatum", that had been delivered to the Empire by the Protectorate's diplomatic corps, to galvanise public support for the war even further. The ultimatum was widely discussed within hours of it being aired and the one word that cropped up over the televisions, internet and radio to most was "Insulting". First edition prints of newspapers lambasted the Protectorate and hailed them as "traitors to humanity and chivalry", others were not quite so distasteful and tried to put a more professional and analytical spin on the message.

It didn't always succeed, nation pride had been hurt and had been further wounded by the ultimatum – an ultimatum that was bound to illicit a negative reaction...

As for the rest of the 5th Fleet, it skulked back to harbour in Stevidian South Greal under the thankful protection of the AA defences of what remained of the fleet and the RAFs and Army's own AA deterrence. But now, the air power in the west was stretched due to the lack of carriers. Not to the extent of east but it mirror that of the central front. This in turn caused a minor collapse of the western front by a further 40 kilometres but now resistance would become stiffer yet.

A minor counter attack was made against the Lyrans fleet with the super dreadnoughts being the target. Twenty submarines that were deliberately silent and calculating as per Stevidian naval doctrine converged on the fleet as best they could and as deep as they dared. The submarines would attack in waves of five to eight boats and would be targeting the super dreadnoughts. It was clear to the submarine commanders the chances of success with minimal to almost non-existent. Lyrans ASW techniques had never been experienced by the Royal Navy or even witnessed first hand, but they would not be under estimated – if the submarines were detected that they would almost certainly be destroyed. In these circumstances, the submarine commanders were to destroy whatever shipping they could and pray that God spared them – if not that, then that death would be quick and painless.

* * *

Stevidian Parliament

"*The Prime Minister!*" The House Speaker declared to a triumphant cheer that drowned out any dissenters that dared to jeer.

"*Thank you Mister Speaker. I address the House in its entirety. Unless the reprobates among you have been living under a rock these past few months, we are at war – so to speak. This now seems to include that delightful nation the Protectorate of Lyras!*" The Prime Minister said with a very sarcastic tone of voice. At the mention of Lyras there was a chorus of boos.

"*Should these said reprobates not have heard of this ultimatum, or for those of you that are simply too old and frail to remember, I shall repeat it!*"

Prime Minister Conroy cleared his throat dramatically, obviously aware that he was being watched on television, internet and heard of radio by potentially billions of billion throughout the region and Empire – all keen to see what would be said after this charade.

"*Let it be known that the Protectorate of Lyras is hereby putting the Holy Empire on notice that military action carried out by Stevidian forces against the Kingdom of Imbrinium and Hapsburg Kingdom of Wanderjar is to end immediately, and Stevidian forces are to withdraw from all territories east of the 0180 gridline, and all territories north of the 0210 gridline, pending the resumption of interim peace talks with the abovestated sovereign entities. Compliance with this communication is not negotiable. Failure to accede to this missive, and enter said negotiations will be construed as an act of war against the Protectorate and its allies, to be responded to with as little or as much force as the Protectorate deems suitable. The Holy Empire is given 36 hours to respond, and timetables following response are open to reasonable and rational timeframes, though the withdrawal itself is not. Regards, Order-Marshal George Wallins.*"

The House was a din of boos and insults, some so disgusting it was borderline racism – a disturbing trend.

"*Well I say now to the Protectorate,*" Conroy began again once a

sort of calm returned to the House of Parliament – his voice however was much more serious, there was a distinct touch of anger or irritation in his voice, a trait not usually seen in the Prime Minister. *"Here is the Holy Empire's reply that they have been so eager to get. Though I must apologize, it is five days late and I do believe I missed the 36-hour deadline by some margin. To the House I apologize for this government's tardiness for we have been quite busy with a war." This drew a series of chuckles from most of the MPs gathered in the House; a House that was packed to the rafters. "The Holy Empire of Stevid laid claim to what is now referred to a Stevidian South Greal several years ago. Back then the only contender to Stevidian expansion was Wanderjar. Since the legal annexation, and even before it, we have seen the Lyran borders swell massively, comparable to a cancer. Yet this Empire remained silent, and even a loyal customer despite the minor Imperial rivalry that grew between our nations. And yet now Imbrinium has attacked us. It was foreseeable if not completely unavoidable and this conflict has grown into a war of titanic proportions. "This has then led to another unprovoked attack by Wanderjar, who have leapt across the border to take territory that we got to first. A seemingly selfish act, but again, not completely unexpected. Lyran involvement however, is surprising. Sickeningly so. "The Empire has not fired a shot in anger against Lyras in our entire history and yet we are on the receiving end of a raid in New Empire and the almost complete destruction of the Royal Navy 5th Fleet. This 'Protectorate' then has the audacity, the disgusting blind face cheek, to deliver an ultimatum to us!"*

The Prime Minister practically spat the final sentence out as his anger, for that split second, got the better of him. In the time it took for the House to calm down again, he composed himself.

"Let it be known to the Protectorate of Lyras, that a nation that has a reputation for military prowess, tactical brilliance – this point I stress, and code of military honor – that asking a country to cease hostilities against two nations that have not only acted aggressively first but I in the midst of an invasion against Stevidian territory, not only strikes me as odd but downright stupid. I am no real military man, not one of great tactical knowledge and cunning, but I find myself in the unique position where I have to lecture the Lyran Protectorate on wartime tactics. If Stevid were to cease hostilities, we would lose the war. Stevid is on the defensive here – there is no option for a ceasefire when we are not the aggressors. Perhaps the Lyran's should stick to what they do best and simply fight, clearly diplomacy is not their forte less they have sent this ultimatum to the wrong nation!"

Following the laughs, PM Conroy piped up again.

"The issue with removal of forces from the X Y grid position they have given suggests our commitment in New Empire. This is actually a clause we could, and would be willing, to negotiate. Stevidian troops have been in New Empire a long time, and I would love to bring them home though not on the auspices of threats from neighboring Lyras. However, if this is to include Stevidian South Greal too... then that is much more serious. Stevidian South Greal is legally Stevidian territory. Demanding the removal of all Stevidian forces there not only cedes the territory to two aggressive nation states that are currently invading it, but to this Empire it is akin to removing an arm or leg – it is not possible. It is our territory and we have a right to defend it. That particular demand is the most insulting of all. It disgusts me to think the Lyras, a nation that prides itself on military chivalry, morale courage and honor, would demand that of any nation. If Stevid carries that little respect – respect that we do not demand, unlike Lyras that gets its respect from everyone due to their military might – then the Protectorate invites a very bloody war – for it is a demand we simply will not bend to. Ever. Not to anyone. Lyran military might is deservedly respected, but the Holy Empire will not be bullied and Lyran military might is no defense to this offending ultimatum. "The deadline in itself is affront to this nation. Why should we adhere to the time schedules of another country? To what end? This is an

international demand, not a children's school playground. This ultimatum has been made with words of a grossly insulting nature. An affront to this Empire that saddens my heart and makes me question whether or not the Protectorate of Lyras even deserves the reputation it has – judging by this ultimatum, it certainly isn't earned.

"It is about time this government said something official on this conflict. The dialogue between the warring parties has been few and far between. Members of the House, Stevid, the Empire and... our... 'Allies'... His Majesty's Kingdom and Holy Empire of Stevid and Rubet hereby declares that a state of war exists between ourselves and the nations of Imbrinium and Wanderjar. This is total and unrestricted war, there is no tip-toeing around this point – a state of war exists and we are in it to win.

"Because the Protectorate of Lyras seems so keen to bully and further antagonize this Empire through an unceremonious ultimatum; threatening war if we do not adhere to the ultimatum as they wish – I feel I should relieve them of the burden of diplomacy that they find so difficult to deliver unto this nation. The Holy Empire hereby declares that a state of war exists between ourselves and the Protectorate of Lyras..."

Months ago, such a declaration would have elicited silence in the House, nothing but blind shock, perhaps terror. Lyras' reputation preceded it and it was well warranted. The Prime Minister and every Member of Parliament new that Lyras have the respect of the region and the world for all the right reasons. But opinion matter little in these circumstances, the ultimatum had been found that offensive that it mattered not how big the enemy was, how powerful, how many friends et cetera. A nation had threatened the Holy Empire with war at the behest of what was clearly one of the most unreasonable and obnoxious ultimatums in Stevidian diplomatic history – perhaps even regional. There was no other cause of action to take, Stevid could not possibly accept and war **had** to be declared.

This came as no shock to anyone and certainly not to the press or the public that had anticipated this response. In fact the very nature of the Lyras ultimatum was leading, as if the end result was to encourage war in the first place. This was probably correct in which case Lyras had won this round. But on the other side of the coin was that the blind respect the world had for Lyras and fear of the repercussions of crossing them militarily is usually enough to force some kind of settlement. If that was the intended goal that Stevid had won this round.

Irrespective of this, PM Conroy had made this 'Great Dienstadii War' war official, or rather the Empire's involvement. Before signing off his speech to the House and allowing MP questions to the follow, Conroy adding one following remark.

"Should the Protectorate of Lyras, or even Imbrinium and Wanderjar for that matter, approach us with much more reasonable or neutral terms that can be discussed properly, then this Empire is willing to entertain them..."

* * *

“

{ { DIPLOMATIC COMMUNIQUE – STEVIDIAN INTERNATIONAL EMBASSY } }

{ { ENCRYPTION LEVEL – Q ---- LOW ---- } }

{ { TO ~ THE PROTECTORATE OF LYRAS } }

{ { FROM HIS MAJESTY'S KINGDOM AND HOLY EMPIRE OF STEVID AND RUBET } }

{ { SUBJECT MATTER ~ RE: ULTIMATUM } }

We refer you to the Parliamentary Session in the Stevidian House of Commons that took place at 0918 hrs 9 February.

It is with regret a state of war now exists between the Holy Empire

and the Protectorate.

There is no apology forthcoming from this Empire for missing the "deadline" and no apology for the personal remarks made by the Prime Minister in Parliament. This Empire stresses that such reactions are predictable considering the lack of tact and mutual understanding in your previous communiqué.

Unless the Protectorate approaches the Empire with more reasonable and less antagonizing demands as stated in your previous communiqué, the declarations officially made in Parliament will remain valid.

*God Save the King
God Save the Empire*

Last edited by [Stevid](#) on Sat Feb 08, 2014 5:33 pm, edited 1 time in total.

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



Lamoni
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045
Founded: Antiquity
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

☐ by [Lamoni](#) » Sat Feb 08, 2014 7:25 pm



The surprise destruction of the Stevidian 5th fleet had left the Lamonian government in a minor state of shock, and support for Stevid was showing up in the Lamonian media. While hotheads were calling for Lamoni to declare war in the defense of Stevid, cooler heads in the government prevailed, and a more temperate response was sought.

So it was that an encrypted e-mail had been sent directly to the Stevidian Prime Minister.

Office of the President of the Free Republic of Lamoni

From: Andrew Stinson
President
Free Republic of Lamoni

To: Prime Minister Conroy
Stevid

It is with shock that we have seen Lyras cast off the military honor of which they like to boast, and perform a sneak attack upon the Stevidian 5th fleet. You have our condolences on the loss of so many fine Stevidian sailors and their ships.

The Free Republic is therefore willing to provide material aid for Stevid, both replenishing Stevidian military losses, and providing raw materials, food, and other needed imports. The Lamonian Navy will escort the merchant ships on the Lamonian-Stevid run, and Lamoni would be willing to host Stevid weaponry manufacturers on Lamonian soil. Any weapons of Lamonian design are open to Stevidian purchase, including the Pijl class arsenal ship. Lamonian intelligence information will quietly be given to Stevidian Intelligence.

We would also like to set up a military liason group with your military forces, which would bring us into closer communication. We are also willing to stage naval exercises which would take place at locations between the Lyras fleet and Stevidian South Greal. That should give you some cover with which to re-inforce the units there. We might also be willing to have Lamonian special forces soldiers destroy Wanderjar's supply train and communications in the rear area of their assault on Stevidian South Greal.

Of course, if Lamonians are attacked directly by any side in the

conflict, punishment would be severe for the attacking party. Do not worry, we are not expecting Stevid to behave like Lyras has just done.

Please let us know what you need, and we will do our best to provide it.

Signed,

Andrew Stinson
President
Free Republic of Lamoni

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



Lyras
Ambassador

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

by **Lyras** » Sun Feb 09, 2014 10:00 pm



4 days ago

+++HQ Lyras 2nd Order+++
+++Dienstadi Grid Reference 0223-0191+++
+++0630h local time+++

Higher command levels within Lyras had been notified of the ultimatum delivered to the Holy Empire. This was to be expected when a conflict was brewing, and one of the potential magnitude this one had. Of course, the combatant elements closest to the border, by reason, would be those most likely to be given the most up-to-date information. Ward's 2nd Order was the very foremost of these formations, and not just for his Order's potential to advance rapidly into Greal if called to. That point was certainly relevant, but was not the most pressing point. Indeed, three other Orders were equally well-poised to advance into the Federal Republic.

No, 2nd Order's importance was not related to the Federal Republic.

2nd Order's relative importance was that it was less than 2,000km from the approximate center of the Stevidian 5th Fleet's disparate force elements. A distance well within the all-important 3,000km that constitutes approximate effective operational range of the LY589B Hellion 2 extreme range advanced multirole cruise missile.

It was estimated that Stevidian fleet elements, as with most naval forces throughout history, and across every culture, would be watching the movements of the admittedly rather scary Lyras 3rd Armada. Three *Longsword*-class superheavies have a way of drawing attention. However, at least in the first stages of this conflict, the three SDGNs would not fire a shot.

Their contribution was, however, crucial. Their enormous AN/FPS-65 *Moat* over-the-horizon radar array was tracking the approximate locations of every ship within a 7,000 km radius. All of which were within that crucial distance of the 2nd Order's Cockatrice and Manticore units.

The 2nd Order, like most Lyras first-line combatant Orders, fielded 1,940 divisions. The exact weighting of differing arms was always different, but the 2nd, currently, included 150 artillery divisions. Of those, approximately one third of the total artillery pieces were either LY7/4072 Cockatrice or LY300 Manticores. Both platforms could be configured to fire LY589Bs, and Ward, having been pre-warned about this attack's possibility, had ordered all of them armed accordingly.

In addition, the multitudes of other divisions also had integral artillery units, of which, again, about 1/3 were Hellion-capable. Each such

individual platform throughout the Order would be able to launch 14 Hellions in a salvo, reload (with the aid of its loader) within five minutes, and then fire a second salvo of 14.

In total, the 2nd Order would be putting, within a five minute window, 4,636,800 LY589B Hellions into the air, aimed at the approximately 8,000 ships of the Stevidian 5th Fleet. It would be the Protectorate's largest ever cruise missile launch, and largest ever anti-ship operation. Perhaps the largest the world had seen. Either way, it was enormous overkill, in one sense. Nearly 600 missiles fired for every single Stevidian ship in-theatre. Hellion 2s. Clever things. Clever enough to choose a second target if their initial target was destroyed before they could lend their impact to the strike. The effect would, of course, snowball. The 400kg unitary anti-ship warhead would mission-kill all but the largest of surface combatants, and, if in doubt, the Hellions were smart enough to hit them a few more times.

Most of the Hellions would be shot down, of course. That was how ship-based anti-missile systems worked. But at nearly 600 Hellions per ship, the anti-missile magazines would run dry before the incoming missiles did. Assuming every anti-missile weapon scored a hit, which was highly unlikely.

The ultimatum had been sent. And the Holy Empire of Stevid had answered as had been expected. But the Protectorate would never be accused of foul play.

Originating from the *Longsword*, a message of warning was sent to the Stevidian 5th Fleet.

“

TO: Stevidian 5th Fleet, waters off South Greal
FROM: Lyran Warship *Longsword*, 3rd Armada

You are hereby advised that as of ten minutes ago your government has rejected an ultimatum delivered by the Protectorate of Lyras, and commensurate to this, the Protectorate of Lyras has declared that a state of war now exists between the Protectorate and Holy Empire. As such, we offer you due and fair warning that Lyran forces are preparing to fire upon you.

You are given notice herein, that you may make yourselves ready, as you see fit, or abandon ship.

In Honour, and with respect.

Field Marshal Rachel Bowen
Commanding Officer
LWS *Longsword*

The Stevidian 5th Fleet got 15 minutes, then the 2nd Order's Hellions flew.

Today

+++Bredubar, Protectorate of Lyras+++
+++Executive Command+++
+++Grid 02180226+++
+++1400h Local+++

Order-Marshal Wallins had waited patiently while the other members of Executive Command had read through the communique from Stevid. Watched their faces for the tell-tales that they had finished reading. The response had been more or less as expected. Perhaps more particularly, the NON-response by the crucial time had been

even more expected. As such, the Protectorate had struck, in accordance with its warning, and the destruction had been commensurate. Stevid's 5th Fleet was barely there at all. They were, however, at war. That wasn't a good thing, but neither was it necessarily a bad thing, to Lyrans minds. War was a natural state of affairs, after all.

The Warmarshal, still looking haggard from his last round of chemotherapy, took a sip of his tea, and leaned back slightly in his chair, as he contemplated the document. Then, without looking at the subject of attention, he spoke briefly.

"George..."

Wallins took the hint. The old Warmarshal had been doing it tough, and this situation had not been easy for him. He'd given the word for the 2nd Order to engage, and in the process sent nearly a million Stevidian sailors to their deaths, if the approximate calculations were correct. That had to weigh on a man, even one as dignified and steadfast as Leon Krell. Perhaps *especially* on such a man.

"Sir, it is as we thought, more or less. The Holy Empire will not, as far as we can tell, back down to external pressure. They cannot without appearing weak. We knew that, even as we put forward our demands. We are all, in a sense, trapped by circumstances. We can keep the terms of armistice as benevolent as we choose, but there will not be an armistice without more fighting. Unless a minor miracle occurs or a dramatically unusual and out of character outbreak of common sense, we will have to do a lot more killing before this is over."

The Warmarshal nodded. Nothing he'd not been presupposing.

"Stevid's allies?"

This time it was Kurt von Helmgart, the head of Lyrans Intelligence, that answered.

"Greal's partial mobilisation along their border with Wanderjar stopped abruptly. They have now considerably reinforced their border with us, but are no longer in an offensive posture to their south. We will have plenty of notice if they make moves in that direction again. Wanderjar is, as far as we are able to tell, free to conduct operations free of significant Greali intervention. Mokastana has announced their intent to honour their commitments to their alliance, but we have reason to believe that there will not be appreciable Mokan contribution. Expect token assistance, in functional terms. Morrdh continues to fight, but they are fighting a traditional enemy, and will likely see it in those terms."

"How do we look against Greal?"

"We are appreciably stronger in theatre, sir. We have three times their military strength arrayed along our mutual border. If they move, so do we. They know it, we know they know it, and they know that we know they know. In fact, given how un-subtle we have been, I think everyone knows it."

There was a muted chuckle around the room. The success against the Stevidian navy had only been the first step, and the knowledge that the war was to continue for quite some time yet was sobering.

"Very well. I know there are more questions, but they will wait, I think. Unless someone has any that are especially pressing...?"

No one spoke. There would be more meetings the following day, and they would all be kept in the loop.

"Dismissed then, everyone. Duty calls."

+++HQ Lyran 11th Order+++
+++Dienstadi Grid Reference 0189-0195+++
+++1430h local time+++

Order-Marshal Jessup was not surprised, on one level, though the speed and scale did take him a little unexpectedly.

"Confirmed?"

"Yes, sir. Just in from Executive Command. We have just been activated, effective immediately."

The Order-Marshal nodded. They were, after all, the western-most Lyran main-line formation. They would be responsible for the Protectorate's far west, and for keeping the naval supply lines to Imbrinium open from the south. They had the assets for it, and 3rd Armada wasn't far off. Still, 'immediate-action' orders weren't common.

"Ok then. Send out the appropriate signals. Bring all sub-units to operational readiness. I want us on 5 minutes notice-to-move within 8 hours."

Last edited by [Lyras](#) on Sun Feb 09, 2014 10:03 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Quotes

[Lyran Arms](#) - [Lambda Financial](#) - [Foreign Holdings](#) - [Tracker](#) - [Photo](#) - [OOC sentiments](#)



Kassaran
Postmaster-General

Posts: 10871
Founded: Jun 16, 2013
Corrupt Dictatorship

by [Kassaran](#) » Mon Feb 10, 2014 1:22 am



“

[INS \(International News Source\) KBC-198.8](#)

*Across Kassaran and much of its outer-lying island colonies, massive military mobilization has been on the rise. With almost all eleven million military personnel in reserve now being called upon to serve the Minister and the Federation, a notable absence and stillness in the waters surrounding and within the Kassaran isles has taken hold of the area. In rare footage caught less than a few hours ago by civilian satellites, a surface force of an estimated 500 vessels was spotted en route towards the **Secure Zone**. It has been three days since the Prime Minister condemned the actions of certain elements of the Imbrinium Naval Forces and with the blessing of the council, has now begun to beat the war drums.*

In a tradition almost as old as civilization on the Isles themselves, he shall beat the drum for a day straight with no break for food, water, or bathroom breaks, he shall not sleep, or attempt to meditate on anything but the drums. He has begun the warpath, a highly archaic, yet powerfully motivating ritual which in the olden times rallied the warriors of the islands to fend off invaders. In order to show his dedication to his cause, he has gone through and nearly completed the entirety of the ritual. In fact, in about thirty seconds his time will be up, and he will be allowed to enter back within his chambers to dress and return to determine Kassaran's fate in what is quickly becoming the Dienstadi Great War.

On another note, public and civil disturbances have reduced significantly in anticipation of a greater threat and across the Federation, millions hold hands and pray. What it be for none may know, but there certainly is one thought that has probably touched the hearts of those out there, the possibility that the Minister follows through and declares an official State of War exists between Imbrinium and her allies and Kassaran.

The Prime Minister was tired, he had been beating a drum in the heat now for nearly four hours as the sun began to reach its peak in the skies overhead, yet what kept him going was his knowledge that he

had only a short time left. As if on cue to his thoughts, a large gong was rung and he slowly stood up, and dusted off the ceremonial tribesmen clothing that he had donned for the ritual, and retreated into the shade. no more than two steps in and several Secret Police members immediately approached him and helped brace him in an upright position. Watching over him as he was tended to and rejuvenated in an effort to make him seem more *presentable* to the public, they snapped a crisp two armed salute over their heart with both fists in a position as though holding a spear through their heart.

Their crisp white Naval Command Dress uniforms crinkled slightly in the breeze that swept over the large veranda of the Prime Minister's Amphitheater. Thousands sat in the pews lined up along the walls and the smell of their sweat, tears, fear and excitement crept into his nose. Jonah smiled, and approached his podium. The Amphitheater got eerily quiet as not even music or birds sang out, but rather an oppressive fog descended upon the masses crowded within the seashell arena.

"Four days ago, a Kassaran Merchant Fleet vessel was sunk off of the shores of Stevid. The merchants onboard were from varied and diverse lifestyles, yet they all were *murdered* in a similar fashion. In cold blood, at approximately 08:54 Hours Kassaran Standard Time, an Imbrinium Naval Submarine targeted and destroyed the merchant vessel and all aboard were lost to the sea. Their final message was one of panic and horror as they expired at the hands of an alien enemy, an inhuman enemy. A race of violent inebriates, inbred warmongers, and overall dishonorable warriors is what we face now, and though the Lyrans fight by their side, it doesn't change whom *they* are and nor does it change who *we* are!

"It is after great consideration, meditation, and deliberation, that I have come to the final decision, a conclusion as to Kassaran's stance on the actions of dangerous states as the Imbrinium Monarchy. As of now, it is with sorrow, that I must declare, that a State of War exists between the nation of imbrinium and her allies, and the United Military Federation of the Isles of Kassaran. We declare now that we shall fight to the bitter end, that surrender shall never be a word to stain our tongues and that retreat shall never be an idea considered if it doesn't allow for victory in the End. We are the people of Kassaran! Warriors by heart and people of the One True Path! It is with our kindred souls and common blood as fellow countrymen that we shall color their water red with the blood of their dead, and it is with the charred remains of their war machine that they shall rue the day they crossed us!

"To the Kassaran Naval Command, I state, set loose the Hounds of War and may we never look back!"

At the crescendo to his speech, a squadron of Kassaran Naval Air Corps PS-21 *Raven* Strategic Interceptors came in low over the Amphitheater and in the fading seconds between worlds as the sound of the jets flew over, the Prime Minister turned and looked at his brother, the Minister of War. Indeed they had come a long way, and though their new-found enemy was strong, they'd have to prove stronger. Though their enemy had experience in fighting these kinds of wars, they were not used to Kassaran Naval Warfare. Turning away from the crowds, the Minister looked at the large holovision screens floating in the backdrop of the stage, looking on with the rest of the crowds at the massive waves of troopships and warships now launching from Arhk Val's main grotto -Arhk Cuvalik.

Now walking off the stage, he allowed himself to be ushered into a small elevator to be taken down a few dozen meters to the main Arhk Catacombs access points. After having spent eighty years almost building a massive subterranean country, now the large cities had been mostly abandoned by the general population whom had migrated to the surface in late 2000. It had been only thirteen years and yet they had come so far up top as well. He felt proud, he was the youngest Prime Minister in the history of the nation at age 28 and he was leading it through some of its undoubtedly worst moments, though in recent times, it appeared the nation was beginning to fall

apart. Checking his crystal datapad for more information on the fleet's progress with deploying, he smiled. Never before had the Joint Fleets been assembled, never before had such a massive undertaking been put underway, and now they finally were going to be allowed to test out their own technology and systems against a dangerous enemy.

Across the *Home Isles* (the five main islands making up the core of the Kassaran Isles), the scene was the same as each of the five fleets launched from their respective "*home-island*". Millions stood along the shorelines, waving at the vessels beginning to now dive into the ocean to their general cruising depths. Though Kassaran's had slow moving vessels, the one place they made up for a lack of armor and speed was their stealth and weapons. With almost all vessels being required to be submersible, they now had the ability to hide from almost all forms of orbital spy and civilian imaging satellites. Unfortunately, with over ten thousand kilometers of open ocean to cross, it would be almost a month before the Joint Fleets would arrive at their destination, the western coast of Morrdh.

General Missive

No. #908.21-KA

From the Foreign Acquisition of Intelligence Office

In light of recent events by the Kingdom of Imbrinium, which has engaged in hostile and reckless behaviour against the United Military Federation of the Isles of Kassaran, we now declare that a State of War exists between aforementioned aggressor nation and the Sovereign Federation. Nothing short of unconditional surrender will be accepted as deemed by the Prime Minister, and authorization to initiate in total warfare has been enabled.

Notable Quotes

Beware: Walls of Text Generally appear Above this Sig.



Malgrave
Negotiator

Posts: 5723
Founded: Mar 29, 2011
Democratic Socialists

by **Malgrave** » Mon Feb 10, 2014 3:50 pm



Nikola Tesla International Airport - Epping - United Kingdom of Malgrave

Stanley Mason coughed neatly into a handkerchief as he glanced over the stack of paper work in front of him, the Malgravean customs official making on final adjustment to his heavysset glasses before getting to work checking it over, it had taken nearly five hours but eventually the different departments of the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Education had checked the background of both the medical school Chief Doctor Allende had visited and the hospital he currently worked at and deemed them acceptable and had attached an appropriate military escort for the visit.

"Doctor Romeo Allende?" Stanley said, his voice scratchy and tired due to a constant lack of sleep. "Just sign these documents in the sectors indicated and you should be free to go. The Army should have the appropriate kit and safe transport to take you to the infected city of Maldon." Stanley said muttering a small plead to the ancestors before returning to work.

IC Information.



Haishan
Diplomat

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

by **Haishan** » Sat Feb 15, 2014 8:47 am



Secret-in-Character Somewhere in Istegium Unknown River Estuary 151+ km from Yaroslavl-istegium Border

Wannabe freedom fighter Steve steals a quick peek at his superior rolling up a Mokan trip tube; it was almost translucent and whiffed almost no hallucinogenic odor but Steve knew it's a Mokan drug, shipped directly from the highly organized underworld syndicates of Haishan, characterized by its flaky wrapper and slightly salty aroma.

"Ei boss, can I get some?"

"After you haul the latest ass that is! Haha!"

Facing contempt from his laughing boss Enstelch -and- his nearby peers that decided to take a portion of the hit, Steve grabbed a long pole on the boat while grunting in frustration. With mosquitos and good-for-nothing compatriots for company, he sways the long ashen rod into the murky mangrove waters while keeping his eyes trained in the low level light--waiting for a specific kind of signal to appear.

"Ei boss, we got the signal now."

"What does it says?"

Steve slowly drags a small buoy from the water while grinning in triumph against other freedom fighters on the boat--to actually caught Haize secret message in one try. As he decked the orange object onboard, Steve then breaks open a small box tied to the buoy, to retrieve several strings of papers which his boss then took to the boat's com gear.

"Oi boys! Time to work! We will get our goods soon!"

Unlike the almost half naked men in the merry and creaking wooden boat, Enstelch wears a slightly proper if not dirty camouflage fatigue, a commemorative piece given to him from his discharge serving the Istegium standing army several decades ago. While having a portion of his tuff under hallucinogenic control and another near insanity, he is no less skilled, expertly pointing the boat's small flood light toward the ocean and pulses it in a specific secret code. Other mens, some normal peasants and some wannabe fighters like Steve can only either amazed at what Enstelch did or just fumble in confusion, still drowsy from Moka tropical hit.

"Ahaha! This one is a big draft boys! Lock and load! It might be our last one!"

Enstelch then barked orders through his old yet robust physique to the boat's motorman, to navigate in the mangrove maze into a pre-determined location communicated by a nearby yet ghostly return light pulses from a stealth Haize cargo submarine. He raises his right hand, signalling the men to stay on full alert, replied by several softly audible trigger pulls.

"What the hell, *gee-five* rifles? Finally, we're getting to the good stuffs."

"Gee what boss?"

"Cheap like *eeh-kays* but performs better I heard. I don't see any markings on it..eh, anyway boys, chop-chop!"

The boss continued to shuffle his fingers on the still clean albeit slightly dusted NSA G5M2 Assault Rifle, patterned for covert operations courtesy from HIRSr of Haishan. He almost slipped the origin of the rifle, noting the Moka hit might be a bad idea for the current operations--should Estelch slipped the truth, he will find it difficult to escape from the Junta given it's the intelligence arm of the nation had supplied both materials and training for his rag-tag crew.

And HIRSr knew everything about his operations as it's them that orchestrated plans for Estelch and his band of misfits. As his men load numerous unmarked dark green boxes floating amongst the mangrove roots into the deck of the boat, Estelch wondered whether he made a deal with a devil or his only path to quench thirst for a last stand. The boss then gritted his teeth, remembering previous plans arranged with other freedom fighter groups or so they claimed be, but he could instinctively tell their loyalty stands divided. Estelch however decided he will make this fight to be his last, allegiance and loyalty would cost no more than his mission, or his last destiny.

"Huh...mercs..."

"You say something, boss?"

"Nevermind! Jacky, turn the boat around! We're done here!"

The meeting then quickly dissipate into balmy air tides from the land, Estelch's boat laden with new small arms and several military-grade explosives made to mimic guerrilla home-brew appearance. Being a retired veteran, he could clearly tell what his patrons would like him to go and do; go out in a last stand with style. As the boat rapidly maneuvers between the swirling maze of mangrove roots, Estelch chuckled the Mokan tube towards the sea while clenching his new rifle tight.

Unknown Coordinates Somewhere in Haishan

"Three...two...one...Mark!"

A long missile stamped with HADC's signature logo roared into the night sky, followed by a dusty base and a symmetrical-diamond like fiery exhaust. The silvery body then rapidly detaches its first stage as it cruises toward space in a pre-calculated trajectory. Another missile will soon follow a similar flight profile with a gap of few milliseconds later as its launcher selectively delay engine ignition order.

"Second missile launch! Three...two..one..Mark!"

As the second missile energetically animate into life, its human overseers below however prepares to pack up and go--the missiles will follow a relatively simple order to intercept an incoming space debris projected to fall in a nearby Haize city. The lead missile then broke its last stage to reveal several smaller interceptors packed in circumference of a central bus as the launching platform subsequently moved away.

It will be a moment of truth for the HPVA-developed Volumetric Kinematic Interceptor (VKI) design to autonomously interdict hostile space debris by its own although it's highly likely the missiles will be still guided by what remaining satellite assets Haishan have, and from the ground. The lead VKI bus glows into life as its detaches numerous smaller interceptors to surgically strike several incoming space debris head on and hopefully de-orbiting or breaking up the space junks into more manageable sizes for Haize anti air units should they did continue on their original extrapolation.

The offending pieces are several half of tonnes space debris from god knows which satellite, lazying screech into the atmosphere at Mach ten in soft plasma afterglow. One by one do the interceptors strike the collection of white-hot debris, whittling them down and cause some to tumble. Eventually as the second VKI bus arrived, the debris clump swerve into several different trajectories and predicted to break and fall into a nearby forest--an acceptable compromise for the VKI which was not originally built for the mission and due to the fact Haize Armed Forces had almost lost majority of its satellite capabilities thanks to Imperial States Alliance of Coltarin ASAT attack, dated several weeks ago.

Last edited by [Haishan](#) on Sat Feb 15, 2014 9:04 am, edited 3 times in total.

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

Misc



by [Imbrinium](#) » Tue Feb 25, 2014 6:52 pm



Mordent front, Vermillion line.

Nearly eight hours into the battle the regiments of the 22nd cavalry

Diplomat

Posts: 589

Founded: Mar 03, 2008
Ex-Nation

where hold on but just barely in some places. Some of the hardest hit troops were down past half strength but still dug in and fighting. Charlie troop had lost up to 60% of all its soldiers and only had a few vehicles left in the fight. The armoured punch had taken the IAFM by surprise but reinforcements were on the way. Delta troop was in far worse shape, regimental headquarters order them to fall back less they are totally wiped out. Direct fire support and what air cover that could be raised was covering their escape. Charlie troop would have to fall back soon to save them. With this the line was falling one company at a time. It was hoped that reinforcements would shore up the line.

At a forward operations base a group of helicopters were being loaded with SAS and other units to fly behind enemy lines and strike ambushes on supply convoys and cause general havoc in the rear.

Commanders in the rear at 2nd army headquarters where debating whether or not to pull the 22nd Cav back to fall back positions or leave in place hold and wait till reinforcements arrive.

Mean while the close air support and point defence networks was making a dent in Morrdh's temporary air superiority. Artillery was the key in holding the line against the Morrdh front line forces.

Cormond the capital of Imbrinium;

The prime minister and other heads of the state where being briefed on the ongoing attack on IAFM in east mordent. The king was on VTC with them listening and getting angrier by the minute. After the briefing the king told the PM to issue a memo to the Morrdh Crown and make plans to prep for a counter offensive on the Morrdh mainland to relieve the pressure on east mordent, and also a memo to the Lamoni government.

To: The Government of Morrdh

From: Kingdom of Imbrinium

The Crown is disappointed and shocked attack on IAFM in East Mordent, without cause or just reason. The Crown states that you call a cease fire and hold your forces where they are short of the border. This stab in the back to from close allies has not set well with the crown. If hostile actions are not stopped and a cease fire called by your forces there will be unrestricted warfare against your kingdom and its people and will not stop till your country ends like New Empire.

To: The Government of Lamoni

From: Kingdom of Imbrinium

This is to inform your nation that one of your closest allies have attack the Crown and our kingdom will not stand for this and will counterattack and will defeat them on their own soil if need be. Also it has come to the kingdoms attention that your nation has offered support to the nation of Stevid. This is uncalled for and the Crown promises you that if your forces engage in hostile acts against the Crown it will be dealt with harshly.

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



Lamoni
Game Moderator

Posts: 9045
Founded: Antiquity
Inoffensive Centrist
Democracy

by **Lamoni** » Thu Feb 27, 2014 2:46 am



“

Office of the President of the Free Republic of Lamoni

To: Governments of Morrdh, Stevid

As both of your esteemed governments might already be aware, the Kingdom of Imbrinium has been threatening the Lamonian

government for supporting its allies. In response, the government of the Free Republic of Lamoni has decided upon the following response to Imbrinium's threats. With the permission of the government of Morrdh, we would like to base 2,000 multi-role combat aircraft in Morrdent.

These aircraft would be available to support our Morridane allies in aerial patrols on the Morridane side of the international border, but should one be attacked it would give the Free Republic the legal imperative of declaring war upon the Kingdom of Imbrinium. Given the actions of the Kingdom thus far, we think it a high possibility that they will take irrational action against our aircraft. If the Morridane government agrees, we would also like to dispatch special forces engineers, in order to strengthen local highways (or equivalent) with the objective of making them able to support aerial operations. Supply routes would also be a natural extension of our request, should it be accepted.

For the government of Stevid, we would like to inquire about the availability of overflight rights of Stevidian territory for our aircraft on their way to Morrdh. This would help to ensure the safety of the aircraft while they are enroute, especially as we do not consider it likely that Imbrinium would instigate an attack upon the Stevidian mainland at this time.

While no sane man wishes for war, so must the sane man prepare for the possibility of war while the chance to do so is still open to him. This is what we are doing here, preparing for the chance of war while that chance is still open.

Signed,

Andrew Stinson
President
Free Republic of Lamoni

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

[Quotes](#)

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



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by **Morrdh** » Thu Feb 27, 2014 7:59 am



Mordent

The air battle continued to escalate as the RMAF attempted to maintain it's advantage in sheer numbers by committing more and more fighter squadrons that were based in eastern Morrdh, though additional squadrons scattered throughout Morrdh were receiving orders to redeploy to the east. Even though the western and, to a lesser degree, northern defences would be weakened by moving these squadrons the main response was expected in the east. Though the possibility of a sudden Killian attack from the south meant that units stationed along the border there remained untouched, chiefly to ensure Morrdh's defences remain strongest in the areas that mattered.

The FAE armed missiles were another matter, local AA and SAM batteries round both Morrdun and Lindun were quickly tasked with shooting down the threat but a few still got through. In Morrdun it had been barely a few minutes when the air raid sirens had started wailing when the first missile struck earth, a tenement building on Beacon Street, in the Old Port District, was destroyed and surrounding buildings severely damaged. There were countless dead and hundreds wounded from the initial explosion, though a gas main was ruptured and would cause a fire that would only be brought under control many hours later by the Morrdun Fire Brigade after many more people would loose their homes and their lives.

Back at the front the Morridane forces were faltering under the heavy FAE bombardment after surging forwards during the brief lull in artillery fire, the Morridane artillery and ground aircraft both redoubled their efforts in knocking out the Imbrinium artillery units. Likewise the Morridane SAS and Paratroopers set about destroying Imbrinium ammo dumps and ambushing units rushing to the front respectively, though not without losses of their own. On the northern and southern benches of Mordent the Royal Morridane Marines had forced their way ashore and were paying for it with their blood, supporting naval gunfire helped to relieve the pressure on the Marines as they secured a beachhead in order to bring their armour support ashore.

As a new threat emerged in the form of helicopter borne Imbrinium crossing the line to wreck havoc in the Morridane rear areas, local AA units at the front tempted to shoot down as many of the helicopters they could spot. A few would get through, forcing the Morridane High Command to detail light armour and supporting troops to go deal with the threat that the Imbrinium units posed. But the Morridanes were pouring additional troops across the Gulf of Mordent in either commandeered ferries or helicopters, determined to keep the pressure on the Imbrinium forces as much as possible.

~ ~ ~

*TO: The Kingdom of Imbrinium
FROM: Her Morridane Majesty's Government of the Commonwealth of Morrdh*

In response to the recent communique that we received from your government we wish to issue the following statement.

Her Morridane Majesty's Government is extremely disappointed and angry about the recent use of chemical and viral weapons against the neutral United Kingdom of Malgrave by Imbrinium forces. This is inexcusable and deplorable action by a country that we considered an ally, especially considering the danger that the viral weapon poses to the region as a whole. It is because of this that we feel that we're forced to take action, to show that the Commonwealth will not stand for such actions even if the country was an ally.

We intend to keep military action confined to Mordent, we have no wish nor desire to escalate action to include the Imbrinium mainland. Though if ALL Imbrinium forces are withdrawn from the island of Mordent we will agree to cease hostilities.

*Edmund Vermillion, PM
Commonwealth of Morrdh.*

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Kassaran
Postmaster-General

Posts: 10871
Founded: Jun 16, 2013
Corrupt Dictatorship

☐ by **Kassaran** » Thu Feb 27, 2014 9:53 am



To: Her Morridane Majesty's Government of the Commonwealth of Morrdh

From: The Office of the Prime Minister of the United Military Federation of the Kassaran Isles

As you may have become aware, as of twenty-eight hours ago, our nation officially declared war on the current Lyran and Imbrinium military alliance wreaking havoc in the northern areas of our proud region. It is with a heavy heart that this was done, but if it is what is needed to protect those who need to be protected, then it shall be done to the best of our ability, note that we have dispatched the Combined Forces of the Kassaran Joint Naval Fleets in an effort to help fight the current war underway, it is because of this that we also will shortly be in need of quarter for our ships inbound for the combat theatre and we are henceforth humbly requesting that we have your permission to use your ports as temporary staging points through these hopefully final months of this war. In order to assure

you of our intent to help and aid your allies in the current struggle, we also are willing to pay within reason the price you set for our vessels to take shelter in your harbors. We do not require much, but will be bringing aid in the form of several hundred strategic-interceptors and light ground-attack aircraft alongside multiple Armored Assault and Mechanized Assault Battalions.

We do not intend assist in whatever is needed to secure the waterways in the north and provide safe passage for our vessels through the Stevid and Morridane territorial waters for trade and commerce purposes, however we will hold in reserve the land forces as needed to protect the interests and assets of our allies in this conflict if needed.

*Jonah Mackenzie, PM
The United Military Federation of the Isles of Kassaran*

[Notable Quotes](#)

Beware: Walls of Text Generally appear Above this Sig.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Fri Feb 28, 2014 9:12 am



Stevid/Southern Greal front.

The first marine recon companies approached the outskirts of the medium town just east of phase line Nicole. It was early in the morning the sun was only a couple of hours away from raising. The most forward units were somewhat dug in and watching the town with thermals, night vision and even GSR units.

Command told them to hold back from entering the town till more units could clear the last town. The company commander told his platoons he wanted a meeting with the platoon leaders.

As the platoon leaders showed up and took a knee the CO, started his briefing.

"Ok guys command wants us to hold up here and wait till other units clear from the last town. As we all know the last town was a fuck hole, with sick and old left behind by the fleeing Stevid's. Also as you all know our ROE has changed we are no longer on a scorched earth mission, they want to leave the people that are left here something to build into a free country."

"So this is what we are going to do, we have a couple of drones and some ground battlefield support vehicles so we are going to deploy the drones and scout out the area and the GBSVs to drive in and scout around."

The platoon leaders shook their heads and moved back to their platoons. Within a half hour the drones were ready and thrown into the air it would be a little longer before the GBSVs and their way down the road to the town.
The beachhead command post.

The commanders were so far pleased with how the operation was going, there was almost seven divisions ashore and supplies were flowing in. The screen lines to the south hadn't seen or heard anything and the northern units were told to hold short do to the pace they were moving.

Enemy contact had been very little since the first attacks, and reports stated that most of Stevid forces had moved west to create a defense in depth. While the mission was nowhere near over and only a fool would set a pace to fast to keep up with follow on units and supplies. The causeways were worth their weight in gold and now the beach to off load causeways were now showing their weight to.

2000kms south of Sumer:

TF lion was headed to the nation of Matthew islands for repairs, the Crown had worked out a deal to use their Dry docks and ports to

repair the fleets so they can make home or to a base. Most of all military ships were told to avoid Lamoni shipping lanes and ports at all cost due to tensions between the Crown and Lamoni government.

800km north of Malgrave:

The lead C-10 flight officer looked over at the copilot and stated it was time to make the call to Malgrave and hope they didn't get shot down.

"Any station, any station inside Malgrave this RIAF mercy flight, we are requesting vector to an airport or airbase close to infected areas"

The pilot repeated it three more times before stopping and waiting for a return message.

On board was a task force of doctors and medics from the CRBN command.

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



Malgrave
Negotiator

Posts: 5723
Founded: Mar 29, 2011
Democratic Socialists

by **Malgrave** » Sun Mar 02, 2014 1:53 pm



Tillingham Airbase - Tillingham - Northern Malgrave

It was rather inconceivable to those present that the same government responsible for launching a large scale attack against a population centre with weapons of mass destruction would then offer to send a mercy flight full of medics and doctors to assist with the very carnage they helped create, but the government was under pressure to act against those responsible for the crisis and cleanse Maldon as quickly as possible.

" RIAF Mercy Flight this is Tillingham Airbase. You have permission to enter Malgravean airspace under escort. You shall be joined shortly by two [Avro Sparrow](#)"

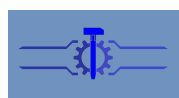
800km north of Malgrave:

"I can't believe we're being forced to escort these bastards back to Tillingham" Flight Officer Wells said, he had been on patrol since failing to stop the earlier attack from Imbrinium and had been sent to intercept the new peaceful arrival.

"We've managed to sign a peace deal that ensures they shall pay for what they did in Maldon and just before those Lyrans entered the conflict. I'd say we did good." SL Fielding replied, the Lyrans were rightfully feared across both the government and military and it was deemed relatively impossible to win a conflict against such an opposing force.

"RIAF Mercy Flight, this is Squadron Leader Kate Fielding. You are hereby instructed to land at the coordinates I shall send you shortly detailing the location of Tillingham Airbase. Once you have landed you are required to shut-off all power and wait until you have been detained by the Special Investigative Service for questioning. Any sudden and threatening movements both in the air and in the ground will be deemed as forceful action and result in termination" SL Fielding said in her most authoritative voice, the Malgravean setting her aircraft into a typical escort pattern alongside the Imbrinium transport craft.

IC Information.



Haishan

SIC message

by **Haishan** » Sat Mar 08, 2014 7:42 am



Sorry.

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**OFFICIAL INTERGOVERNMENTAL COMMUNIQUE
CENTRAL MILITARY COMMISSION, TECHNO-INDUSCRACY OF
HAISHAN**

TO : MORRIDANE GOVERNMENT

SHRKCOM-SIGNED

SUBJECT : DERRY CONFERENCE

ESVP-481-GHLO

Nihatzi,

On behalf of Haize national, private and mutual extra-govermental interests, it's within our attention and capacity to suggest plausible limited involvement of the Junta selected officials to resolve the impending multi-national satellite crisis that are presently happening upon the skies of Haishan. While we strongly wish on preventing extraneous disturbances upon the conducts of Commonwealth Colonial Authority, unfortunately precious Haize lives were lost in result of the disaster.

To further signify the gravity of the situation, the untoward disaster initiated by the Imperial States of Coltarin and subsequently the People's Unified Federation of Mokastana have prompted a near economic meltdown for Haishan conventional markets which can further destabilize the corner of the region.

It's to be declared this letter of intent includes vested interests from the Fegosian Union and Hegemonic Union of Tehraan as co-developers and investors underneath the purview of Haize nascent space program. It's also to be reminded for the Morridane Government that these governmental entities have mutual economic interest with Haishan thus the Junta wishes for the integrity of such interests remain solid.

Therefore, the Junta strongly implores for the Morridane Government to serve as a neutral mediator of the supranational Commonwealth Colonial Authority to resolve any arising disputes from the satellite disaster and subsequently the Istegium issue, between the Junta and aforementioned aggressors in the satellite disaster.

Additionally, it's to be legally cited that their recent actions could arguably classified as casus belli against Haishan upon recent incidents but the Junta have unanimously approved a direct arbitration approach with the Morridane Government and aforementioned aggressor entities would work better for the stability of the eastern Greater Dienstad.

All things considered, intergovernmental negotiations upon the Haize satellite disaster in absentia of the Junta itself are rather misappropriating the consequences of an unbalanced negotiation process and particularly sets an exceptionally bad precedent in the eyes of the Central Military Commission upon relevant regional and intergovernmental relations.

Henceforth it's to be rectified that the Junta should have an active role with the arbitration of the satellite disaster as it would be logical for the afflicted party to be present considering lives had been lost and tremendous economic and other miscellaneous damages are strongly suffered by Haishan opposed to the aforementioned aggressors. We are vehemently waiting your precise response. Thank you for reading this emergency dispatch.

This message is digitally signed.

ESVP-481-GHLO

Last edited by [Haishan](#) on Sat Mar 08, 2014 8:08 am, edited 2 times in total.

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

Misc



Stevid
Chargé d'Affaires

Posts: 497
Founded: Antiquity
Moralistic Democracy

by [Stevid](#) » Sun Mar 09, 2014 6:07 am

QUOTE

Lowland Road, Stevid Capita

Prime Minister Conroy sat in the cabinet office for is, now daily, meeting with the head of Military Intelligence Six – foreign civilian and military intelligence, Sir Hugh Morrison. Only two days after the PM's emotional cry out to the region and bitter words towards Lyras he was now sat receiving information he would have rather had earlier.

"They gave warning to the fleet?" Conroy quizzed Sir Hugh.

"The Royal Signals have a company sized SIGNIT unit currently on the border of Greal and Stevidian South Greal and have been monitoring communications et cetera in that theatre. The Royal Navy also had a Defiler Class command cruiser in harbour monitoring the Lyras fleet. Even through the fleet was practically destroyed we've recovered the message they sent the 5th Fleet commander. The Lyras fleet gave ours less than 15 minute warning of the upcoming attack."

"That's big of them... 15 minutes to reorganise a battlefleet from conducting operations in Stevidian South Greal to sea defence and attack. So much for chivalry, may as well have not warned the commander at all."

"They did give a warning prior to this too, over a day before the attack in fact. We may never know how the Admiral interpreted it. It's safe to say he didn't believe Lyras would actually commit to the war at that stage. The losses were worse than initially reported too, a handful of destroyers and an Audacious Class carrier are all that survived still able to fight. Several other vessels were crippled and are beyond repair, they'll have to be scrapped probably – the rest of the fleet was either destroyed or scattered. Information is a little hard to get hold of at the moment. I'll send you regular updates Prime Minister."

Stevidian South Greal North Western Front

Paratrooper regiments and a mechanised division was the only thing preventing an all out collapse of this particular front and the fight they were putting up was nothing short of heroic. Wanderjarian infantry and armour were constantly harassed in every village and town. Special effort was made behind the enemy lines on this front due to the importance of the west coast to Stevid and the reinforcements that the homeland would be sending.

Friendly artillery would focus on roads and occupied areas far behind the enemy's front line to weaken the logistics of the assault, this was enhanced with gunship and fast air attacks on convoys and known

'hasty' depots and transport hubs where enemy forces making their advance were diverted to their assigned fronts. These were lightening raids, meant to harass, demoralise and, most importantly, weaken the logistical support of the attacking forces.

Special Forces were also deployed to great effect working behind the line for many days and even weeks at a time without direct support. These small 4 - 8 man teams observed enemy movements from afar and ambushed convoys when they could. Roads were mined and natural choke points were booby-trapped to sow chaos whenever possible.

However for all of the efforts made, no gains were to follow. The enemy had been forced into fighting in denser countryside and even forests, towns fought with bitterness preventing direct travel through them forcing the enemy to flank into the countryside where the paratrooper regiments engaged in the more favourable terrain. But Wanderjar had the momentum; they won every engagement and made decent gains in the west penetrating tens of kilometres each day. But the attrition rate would be incredibly and with the additional logistical pressure on the frontline forces, Stevidian resistance became more stubborn. Victory was by no means assured in the west in fact with force composition, as it was, defeat was inevitable. But the western flank of the South Greal theatre was at the very least secure for the time being, secure enough to buy the Empire additional time to bring in the three Army Groups as promised to reinforced the beleaguered defenders.

Stevidian South Greal North Central Front

Wanderjarian efforts here had been much more successful with over 150 km penetration into Stevidian territory, but the defences became stronger and bitter the deeper they pushed. As part of Stevidian defence policy in Stevidian South Greal, man made and natural choke points were used in tandem with prefabricated defences that form the Stevidian 'Defence in Depth' in South Greal. Many years of hostile opposition from Wanderjar to the Stevidian annexation of the territory but a distinct lack of military defence meant that the government had spent money on the deeper defences of the territory in anticipation of an eventual Wanderjarian attack. Garrisons, FOBs and firebases in naturally effective defensive positions on hills, chokepoints, villages and towns of strategic importance had been erected so they could be occupied when the troops retreated from the North.

The initial assault from Wanderjar was overwhelming, the destruction of several airfields and the harassment of friendly air units did nothing to help the defenders secure themselves in these defensive positions, but the deeper they retreated, the more stretched the enemy and the defences became more effective. The central front was to become the lynch pin of the upcoming operation OP SALVATION to support the North Eastern Front, a front that had almost completely collapsed in the face of a combined Imbrinium-Wanderjarian attack coupled with almost a complete lack of air and naval support.

Stevidian South Greal North Eastern Front

It wasn't a rout, but news reporters could be forgiven to thinking otherwise. Royal Artillery air defence units were the only thing keeping Stevidian forces from capitulating entirely. The lack of air support meant that constructive counter attacks to buy retreating forces time simply could not take place in the open field else troops and armour would incur the wrath of enemy close air support. The anti-air units were doing barely enough to harry enemy sorties enough to keep losses 'acceptable' and the retreats organised. These actions were most effective in the port city of Vanderburg on the east coast.

Vanderburg, still tenaciously under Stevidian military control, was a war zone. The civilian population were still evacuating due to the

speed of the enemy attack, an evacuating that was causing the occupying troops and civilian police enormous trouble to organise. AA batteries swatted away enemy aircraft as best they could while the troop and tank divisions rallied on the outskirts and within to protect the valuable fuel, arms and logistic depots inside the city limits. As planned, strategic 'deconstruction' of the cityscape continued as skyscrapers and other buildings were toppled to block direct access into the city creating a hostile urban maze of destruction. These planned demolitions and infrastructure manipulation would confuse enemy ground troops who would have to rely on up-to-date UAV or recon aircraft to help them navigate the 'maze'. Reliance on this would mean the enemy would have to commit these units at lower altitude to get better resolution on the cityscape thus making them extremely vulnerable to infantry based hand held AA missiles and dedicated AA defence batteries. Throughout this maze were dedicated killing zones marked for platoon sized infantry ambushes or full booby-traps where whole streets were rigged to blow with plastic explosives.

The only additional support came from the Army Air Corp regiment that was deployed to Vanderburg. Their primary base had been moved further into Stevidian defensive territory while a makeshift heliport was set up in the central park of Vanderburg with heavy AA defence. The air corps used gunships and light helicopters as the airborne infantry support weapons but also light and heavy lift helicopters as CASEVAC and MERTS respectively. The only additional logistical support came from irregular heavy lift helos, flying as low to the ground as they dared, bringing in supplies and equipment and sporadic convoys from the central front. But as Imbrinium forces began to encircle Vanderburg, the convoys became less frequent with only a few every other day coming from smaller depots near the Stevidian – Sumerian borderlands.

Troops not caught in Vanderburg headed west to their pre-designated defensive positions where the rigging of roads, bridges and streets within towns and villages began in earnest.

Waters between Adaptus Astrates and Stevidian South Greal

The loss of the 5th Fleet was keenly felt throughout the whole Empire. Stevid was renowned for its naval prowess and was virtually unchallenged in the region. Yet since the war had begun there and been one indecisive engagement in the seas north of Liberated America (although war correspondents saw this as a strategic victory), a defeat off the east coast of South Greal, the allowing of an Imbrinium assault fleet to reach South Greal undetected in the first place, and the complete destruction of the 5th Fleet due to the 1st Splinter being annihilated by the Protectorate of Lyras.

Stevidian sea power had been physically dented, its pride wounded and the region was probably eyeing the Royal Navy as nothing more than a relic of the last regional war with only fear and reputation being its only weapon. It was true that Lyras, and Imbrinium that matter, with the Hellion 2 missiles boasted superior range of attack over the Royal Navy (a fact not lost on the MoD that was frantically pushing through D&D teams to find a riposte to this shortcoming) but the first naval engagement against Imbrinium showed that even against the Hellion 2 a fleet with sufficient warning and preparation could fend off a massed strike and counter a large wave completely through use of picket AA destroyers. The Royal Navy was larger and more experienced than most of the warring parties too, Stevid had to add the benefit of the fact that Lyras shipping was widely available of the international military market – the specs and capabilities of the vessel were well understood. Lyras tactics favoured massed fleets in order to bring down massed fleets – tactic that could be exploited should the Royal Navy commit to war against Lyras naval shipping.

There was no mistake in the Admiralty, losses would be high and so shipyards had their production lines working at full capacity with destroyers, cruisers and carriers at the forefront of development. Manufacturing help from the Empire, Independent Hitmen was to be utilised too. But now, thankfully, Lamoni had offered her own

factories for use. The government had put in requests for the yard to be used to help produce parts for Stevidian shipping and ground based military units – the government was also seriously looking into purchased Lamonian equipment in bulk to assist in the war effort.

But the Royal Navy still had nine fleets, hundreds of thousands of vessels in all. And while two of these were scattered across the world on their various missions in service to the Empire's more far-flung territories, six still remained in Greater Dienstad. The 2nd fleet north of Liberated America continued its missions in the ocean separating Liberated America from Imbrinium as well as combat ops in an around Mordent.

But the next phase of the war at sea was to be fought on the other side of the region. The RN Reserve and civilian ships of merchant navy steamed towards the not so inviting coast of Stevidian South Greal bring with them three Army Groups of the Stevidian Army. One flotilla had steamed direct from Stevid, another from Independent Hitmen and the other from Adaptus Astrates using the aforementioned countries as stop off points to collect additional materials and units. These fleets were under heavy escort but of course not as one giant mass of ship movement as a combined fleet. Such folly would welcome an attack; flotillas docked at west coast ports and harbours in dribs and drabs with logistics and headquarters being among the first to disembark so as to establish themselves before the fighting troops landed so that they could be funnelled to the frontline almost immediately.

The escort came in the form of two entire fleets: the 1st and the 3rd. Both fleet were veterans of the last war and had the experienced crew and histories to prove it. The 1st Fleet was the primary fleet involved in the invasion and occupation of the Merkar Republic (now the Ath Isles) south of Guffingford in the last war. Its carrier heavy force lacked much in the way of dedicated arsenal ships, in fact the fleet only had one super dreadnought and a handful of missile BBCNs, but its potency in the air meant the fleet nearly crushed the Merkar Republic's Golden Throne supplied air force almost single handedly. The 3rd Fleet was surpassed by the 5th in terms of size after the Second War of Golden Succession. The initial battle of the Otium Aqua and then the nuclear attack on Portsmouth harbour effectively removed the fleet from the war entirely. However, the Second Hanover War, commitments to the Outer Haven military island, and a heavy anti-piracy presence around Holy Panooly, coupled with their anti-shipping experience against Guffingford meant the 3rd Fleet had a great reputation in naval interdiction.

Both fleets sailed decentralised and not in complete battlefleet formation and were split into their subsequent Splinter Fleets and then task forces for the purposes of naval escort and anti ship/air/submarine missions. Together with this, the substantially smaller 4th Fleet was mobilised from its Southern Approaches patrol duties and prepped for immediate missions off the Lyran coastline – though not deployed as of yet. With the naval assistance from Independent Hitmen and further protection from elements of the green and brown water 9th Fleet, Stevidian waters and those of her immediate territories were secure.

The Admiralty had their plans; they knew their objectives and what's more, were quietly confident of achieving them but were not so confident of projected losses should they fail... or even succeed.

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



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008

by **Morrdh** » Sun Mar 09, 2014 10:16 am



Morrdun, Morrdh

With the Imbrinium missile bombardment the COBRA Room had, understandably, become infeasible to continue using and therefore Vermillion's cabinet had relocated to a bunker beneath central

Morrdun. The bunker had originally been built during the Great Border War against Hailandkill in the 1940s, then expanded and refurbished over the years in response to military and technological developments such as the advent of atomic weapons. It also served as the home of the Morridane Central Command and had housed the controlling Headquarters for the planning of execution of Operation Piper, the Morridane action in East Mordent. As a result there was a lot of operational staff present, chiefly map plotters and communications personnel who worked amidst a din of a chorus of voices and near constant chatter of teleprinters. Despite the muffled roar of a nearby explosion with the resultant brief dimming of the lights and a cloud of dust being dislodged from the ceiling, the staff carried on with their work.

Vermillion himself was looking at the map of Mordent and eastern Morrdh, noting the estimated positions of forces both friendly and friendly as well as the sites of missile strikes as he conversed with some of Morrdh's top ranking military commanders. An aide briefly interrupted him to hand over a couple of messages. "Prime Minister sir, we've received these from Kassaran and Haishan."

"Thank you." Vermillion nodded before reading the messages and then giving a reply. "First, then a response to the Kassarans politely declining their request....cite that the staging of their forces on Commonwealth soil would be counter-productive to our plans. Then to the Haize, tell them that we are taking their complaints seriously and that I wished to arrange a meeting with their government but I cannot do so at this time."

"Lastly, let our New Garrack cousins know that I'll be attending the conference in Derry."

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Imbrinium
Diplomat

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

by **Imbrinium** » Mon Mar 24, 2014 4:06 pm



Mordent front

It had been a long day a long day with the smell of burning vehicles and the shock of the day had taken a drain of the men of the 22nd Cav. The hardships of the day of seeing countless of men carried off the field both dead and wounded. The line had held through the day and with reinforcements now arriving on the line the 22nd and its brave men could sit back and let the burden of war rest on someone else for a few to reflect on the day.

While fresh units were now pouring into the line, artillery and missiles were pounding the weary soldiers of the 22nd who were being loaded up to be moved back for a bit. Command had been on the fence about pulling them off the line but after seeing the numbers of the losses the command had no choice.

At the end of the first day of war between Morrdh and the Crown had been a hard one but nothing had really changed the line had held for the most part. The only breach in the lines had happened along the coasts but had been held at great cost but held none the less. The night and tomorrow would see maybe something new or different; the night belonged to the Crown's forces with thermal and night vision issued to every soldier. Night operations would not be to move on the Morrdh's forces while they couldn't see nor had the freedom the night offered to their enemy.

Back at the 2nd army headquarters the commanders were planning their next step, the RIAF had called for a massive airstrike against Morrdh and her forces. While new fighter support would be coming in the way of naval fleet air arm, the RIAF had air power on standby and a plan for such a problem such as this.

Main land Crown:

As the alarms came in the bombers to equal 3000 in all in bands of

250 planes at a time, the first of these bombers would be loaded out to take out bases and OTH radars to stem the reach of the Morrdh air force.

The bombers would be hitting targets in both Mordent and Morrdh with the main task of taking the fight out of the Morrdh push east.

One by one the bombers took of both RIAF and RIN bombers rose into the sky to fly at almost twice the speed of sound to hit fast and return, 250 every mission with 500 hundred a day and 500 at night 24hrs a day moving west when they run out of targets.

To: Queen Lothwyn II

From: King Marcius A Sobairce III

This comes from kingdom leader to another, our nations have went through times and good times together. We have made mistakes in this war and we are working on making well on the problems our kingdom have caused. The war with between the Crown and Stevid should stay just between our two nations and should not come between such once close nations. What I wish to ask is that peace return to our nations and that you call off your attack on East Mordent. The crown wishes things return to the status quo. I fear if things continue like this our nations my never recover from this war and our nations will forever have a divide between us. Please personally think about this for both our nations and our people.

*Sincerely,
Marcius A Sobairce III*

Last edited by [Imbrinium](#) on Mon Mar 24, 2014 6:27 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



Morrdh
Powerbroker

Posts: 8417
Founded: Apr 16, 2008
Democratic Socialists

by [Morrdh](#) » Tue Mar 25, 2014 2:04 pm



Morrdun Tower, Morrdun

The Tower had originally been conceived as part of Morrdun's earliest fortifications back in Morrdh's Colonial days, over the centuries it had been expanded and improved in line with the technological advances of war. Though it was also a nightmare to Morrdh's defence planners, officially housing the reigning monarch it made an inviting target for any would-be enemy. Concessions were made to allow Rapier missile batteries in the Tower's grounds and on it's roof to provide a degree of aerial defence, the deep dungeons had also been reinforced and converted into an air raid shelter and saferoom. All that could be was to improve the Tower's defences wherever possible, but it was becoming increasingly obvious that there was only so much that could be done.

Her Morridane Majesty Queen Lothwyn Boudica Cathmore II paid no heed to this.

Despite parliament insisting that she move somewhere more safer she had chosen to remain at the Tower, knowing full well the risks of doing so. But it was her choice and hers alone, even as the first of the Imbrinium missiles rained down upon Morrdun she was resolved to remain where she was. She was stood by one of the Tower's windows, watching the columns of smoke rise into the sky, when a messenger entered the room and called out. "Mam, there is a message for you from the Imbrinium King."

"Very well, thank you." Lothwyn nodded. "I expect he'll want a reply, please wait until I have drafted one."

"Yes mam." The messenger nodded as he handed over the telegram,

which Lothwyn read before she wrote a response.

To: King Marcius A Sobairce III

From: Queen Lothwyn II

It is regrettable that war has come to pass between our nations, however the use of chemical weapons by your forces cannot be excused. My parliament feels that a price must be paid for your nation's actions and deemed that price to be East Mordent, nothing more and nothing less. They will not escalate the war beyond Mordent unless their hand is forced.

Morrdh will not agree to a ceasefire without some sort of concession made by your nation, though I can suggest a possible compromise. I can try and convince my parliament to agree to a ceasefire if your government agrees to East Mordent being temporarily occupied by Morridane troops until your conflict with Stevid ends, when peace has finally been brokered the Morridane troops will withdraw west of the Trans-Mordent Border. East Mordent will ultimately remain under your control, save for a brief occupation by 'neutral' troops.

I await your answer.

Sincerely,

Lothwyn Boudica Cathmore II

"See to it that this gets despatched at once." Lothwyn said as she turned to the messenger and handed him the letter. "I'll be at Vermillion's bunker, see that any response gets sent there."

"Yes mam." The messenger nodded and then hurried off.

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

In your Uplink, hijacking your guard band.



Lyras
Ambassador

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

by **Lyras** » Tue Apr 01, 2014 7:15 pm

QUOTE

+++Bredubar, Protectorate of Lyras+++
+++Executive Command+++
+++Grid 02180226+++
+++0830h Local+++

"George, you mean to tell me that there is no one over there picking up the metaphorical phone? In the whole country?"

"Sir, that would be simplistic. We have our liaison officers, and the embassy is still able to make contact with individuals within the Hapsburg Empire, but, for all intents and purposes, yes, there is no one with authority that we are able to get hold of. And not just us, either. Their government is having a serious, serious constitutional crisis, and, what is more, that crisis seems to have blown up, virtually overnight."

"Of all times, right now. Superb. That will, I have no doubt, seriously impact their progress in South Greal. How else is that going to affect us. Kurt, how will the Kingdom take this?"

High Marshal Kurt von Helmgart, head of Intelligence Command, was a long time colleague of High Marshal George Wallins of Diplomatic Command, but could not have been more different from the affable, grandfatherly old diplomat. Von Helmgart was calculating, ruthless and guarded, but an exceptionally skilled analyst, and ran a tight ship. That he was a putative ideological ally of High Marshal Tokovsky of Logistics Command made the relationship strained, but his competence was completely beyond reproach.

"Imbrinium's aims have long been to see the Holy Empire out of the East Dienstadi mainland. Without Wanderjarian control and persistence, Stevid will not easily be pushed out. We have the

capacity to assist the Wanderjarian push, but doing so independently is going to be, I suspect, challenging, our own capabilities are not really my area. Wanderjar's sudden governmental collapse is giving the Holy Empire much needed time. They have not yet reinforced their positions in South Greal, but their 1st and 3rd Fleets are escorting a series of reinforcement and supply convoys that would make the Wanderjarian push, even were it continued, heavily contested."

"Source?"

"Multiple, sir. We have Damocles data, as you'd expect, but counting ships is not the same thing as knowing who commands them. Loose lips and all that, sir. Moreover, the Cromwell uplink from our own 3rd Armada has been quite useful. Those radar arrays are tracking everything afloat within 7,000km of the armada, and that's a long way. We're even getting merchant traffic movement down by the Pennsylvanian Home Islands, and as far west as the east coast of the Morridhane mainland. The good news that brings, is that convoy, or more properly convoys, plural, are well within our radar range. When they get within 3,000km of our forces on the southern section of the Lyro-Greali border, 2nd Order can launch Hellions. The firing solutions, as I understand them, are being constantly updated, but you would probably have to check that with a boffin. The escort fleets are heavy on the air power, but nothing that can match the range of a Hellion."

"Do they have any area of South Greal available for unloading?"

"Yes and no. They control all the ports, although Wanderjarian attacks have made their operation much less efficient than usual. So, in that sense, yes, they are available for unloading. The bright side for us, however, is that there is not a single piece of the South Greali coastline more than 3000km from the Lyro-Greali border. None more than 2000km, in fact, which gives us plenty of room for error to fly the Hellions around Greali territorial waters and airspace. If they attempt to reinforce South Greal by sea, we can put the whole lot to the bottom."

He cleared his throat, then continued.

"The Stevidian 2nd Fleet is operational to the north of Liberated America, but fairly well spread out. A good number of their ships are somewhere within the 027-014 grid, which 3rd Armada is tracking. They have remained fairly quiet, and we estimate that their intent is to safeguard Stevidian assistance to Morrdh from Imbrinium's interference. Now, I would wager, we are also a concern, not least because they would be very well aware of the fact that we can see them, though they remain a long way away from our naval assets or our coastline. Their 4th is being pulled from normal patrol routes, we are not sure to what end yet. Damocles has that one flagged, but we are yet to see what it intends."

The Warmarshal nodded. Kurt was always good, even if his news not so much.

"Cass?"

High Marshal Cassandra Atherton, Naval Command.

"3rd Armada is at full strength, and as Kurt covered, has a very broad coverage of the theatre. It is out numbered, and outgunned, but while as close as it is to our waters, any attempted push against their position is a one-way venture, and would be very lucky to get anywhere near close enough to do more than encourage them to launch Hellions. I have taken the liberty of putting the 2nd Armada at the Isles to sea, and sailing the 1st from Port Finch. The 2nd is to cover our south-eastern approaches, and function as a theatre reserve and radar, while the 1st will take about a week to get on-station between New Kereptica and the Imbrinium. 1st will likely start pushing our radar envelope west shortly after that, but we might need their weight of force elsewhere, depending on how things pan out in that time."

"Walter?"

High Marshal Walter Gideonschild, Aerospace Command. The world-renowned LY106 'Gideonschild' fighter cannon was named after him, likely somewhere between a blatant attempt to curry favour and an illustration of the genuine admiration that was often held for the man.

"The Lamonians have planned to dispatch 2,500 multirole aircraft to Morrdh, to prevent Imbrinium forces from launching further fuel-air attacks across the border. Both the Lamonians and Imbrinium have agreed to us doing the same, to ensure than Morrdh doesn't overuse that advantage. With your permission, I would like to do that, and match them 1-to-1. Sparrowhawks I would suggest, for the most part, with a fair number of Shadowhawks thrown in for good measure. As you know, the likelihood of us coming to blows with the Lamonians are slim-to-none, and we would ensure reciprocal RoE are in place for the sake of parity and trying to encourage things to settle down. Morridane aircraft will be fired upon if they cross into Imbrinium territory, and we have been instructed that that works vice versa. I suspect advancing forces on either side will find the skies very unfriendly. Damocles Control is at 150%, and, if I might add, worth every dollar."

There were nods around the table. Damocles was a multi-national, multi-quadrillion dollar project. But its capability was second to none.

"We have upwards of 54,000 combat aircraft along the Greali border integrated with the four Orders stationed there. They are, we think, not going to do much, but they're there all the same. Fifteen aerospace division are available as ready reserve, located near Dexter, and can be in un-refuelled strike range of either South Greal or Morrdh within 24 hours. Less than that if they go in Hellions-only. With refuelling, the Warhawks can already carry four Hellions each, all the way to any of our expected strike locations in Mordent, or Morrdh for that matter, or anywhere in Eastern Dienstad and immediate surrounds. We are, I must say, looking pretty good."

"Ulli?"

Ulrich Alderman, Ground Command.

"2nd, 7th, 19th and 28th along the Greali border. 11th in Western Dukopolious. 4th prepped for independent operations under Mogan support. 5th activated and standing by for embarkation, should it come to that. 6th and 9th preparing to entrain."

There were muffled chuckles around the table. Alderman was not renowned for longwinded reports. Or speeches. Or really saying much of anything.

"Glad to hear things are looking good. Make sure 1st Armada gets into position, tell 3rd Armada to stay sharp, and make sure that 2nd and 11th Orders have their Hellions ready to fly on 5 minutes notice. If there is nothing else..."

There wasn't, and the officers of Executive Command rose to their feet as the aging Warmarshal took his leave.

Last edited by [Lyras](#) on Wed Apr 02, 2014 12:15 am, edited 1 time in total.

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