

Stage I

The War Begins

Act 1

Several Days After the Death of Geno Latios Blackheart

Location: Shadow Dominions Fleet over Zertek XII

Within the vast overture of space, the most dense of voids pasted with the glitters of worlds so far far away. The green and partial blue orb of the jungle world rich in land and... jungle? Incredibly so. Canopies of trees stretching miles and miles into the sky and covering up the view of the under-grove be it there or not with such insane trees.

Asteroids, loosely forming a ring, danced around the uppermost sphere of the world. And it was there, sitting just beyond the rocks, a vast fleet of Star Destroyers. A single Super Destroyer surrounded by nearly a dozen supporting capitol ships, two Interdictor, and several support cruisers. And it was within one of those ISDs, one near the massive SSD, where the story now begins anew...

Through the halls marched the Storm Troopers, stained not white but instead the silvery dark of the Dominions. Imperial Era Designs other than the color. Groups of them moved down the halls, whilst officers in uniform moved about undeterred. And within one room, one of a few conference rooms...

?1?- "The situation in Sector 301 has become problematic. We've lost half of our blockade fleet to their new surface weaponry, capable of striking craft that are sitting in orbit."

???- "Planet Yagros has become a bloody grudge match. The natives are in a state of civil war and our troops are being caught up in it."

?3?- "Pirate attacks are continuing to mount within Sector 249. I've had to pull forces from our defense fleet and place them within the escort reserves. At this rate if there is a substantial attack-"

?4?- “Pirates are the least of our worries. Our enemies are gaining power while we are slowly losing it. Something must be done!”

?5?- “Where is General Yonvak in all of this!? His Insurgency Task Force would be most useful to our cause right now!”

?2?- “General Yonvak and his forces are currently hung up fighting Legion Forces on Abugakurei. They have shield generators protecting them from even our destroyers, and any time our destroyers get into position the Legion launches an assault.”

?3?- “This is NOT sustainable!!”

?6?- “We are spread TOO thin to continue our offense, we are being pushed into the defensive and we are being crushed!! How soon until the Federation decides to mount up and attack? We’ve got enough enemies at our throat as is!”

?7?- “We need to let go of our least valuable sectors and regroup for a proper counter offensive!”

?3?- “HOW DARE YOU ADMIRAL?! You would leave worlds under our protection to be assaulted by our enemies? If our enemies don’t take advantage of that then surely the pirates will do so!”

?8?- “Does it really matter now? Our leader is dead, and his best heir is also dead. It is up to us to hold this together and if we need to sacrifice people to retain then that is what we will do!”

?3?- “That is not what the Dominions was founded on your cur! We were birthed to help people, not lead them into Hell with open blasters!”

Click

Within the room of around a dozen blue holograms came stillness. All of the faces, disgruntled and twisted and contorted with wrath, all of them. Frozen. Only the slightest of flickers of the holograms from the projection shuttered.

The only bodies with actual tangible color were those in the room standing at that moment. From behind a huge desk and standing into the holograms was a man, a man marked in complete and utter white Imperial attire. His hair black, combed proper, his beard graying along with his stache, his plaque well decorated. And within the room with him on the edge, several general officers of Captain Rank or higher.

“Gentlemen,” the man spoke, shifting himself around the desk with a slow walk, arms drawn behind his back, “As you can see- our so called *superiors* are acting like a bunch of scared

children, throwing a tantrum. I do not welcome such pointless bickering within my own division so if you have any intentions of stepping out of line, state your desires now.”

Silence wafted from the various officers within that office in the next few moments.

“Good. The 242nd does not need to succumb to such- discrepancies,” he grumbled, turning his back to the group for but a moment.

“But sir- if divisions like the 322nd Task Force or the 1231st Division are having such problems... isn’t it just a matter of time before we face those same issues?” one officer questioned.

“Director Skol there is a point to be had. If we are heading into a war-like scenario over the brass being wiped out then our operations may not be safe indefinitely. Should we not be preparing for that eventuality?”

“... you are no doubt correct Captain. We have grown stagnate in recent times, the whole of the Dominion Navy. I can assure you however that our 242nd Division is more than capable of dealing with any insurgents, any pirates, and any attack. Our special forces in particular can handle most opposition.”

“I can’t help but feel that you put too much stock into the Chaos Battalion,” one more officer called out.

Skol’s head turned a slight, an eye peaking out and landing on the officer who spoke out. His disgruntled gaze, sharpening before turning away once more.

“The Chaos Battalion is without question our finest unit. You would do well not to question their logistics. Time and time again they are sent on assignment for our forces, and time and time again they succeed. Be it the Dusk Squadron or the Zeta Squadron- neigh be it the whole of the Battalion, they have yet to flounder.”

“That’s because they receive such a huge percentage of our budget. If we were to disperse their funds to the rest of the Division- take for instance Dusk Squadron like you just said. We could increase our fighter numbers if we slashed their budget.”

“HMPH, spoken like a true bureaucrat Captain Togen. On paper they may cost a lot yes but do not forget the kinds of missions we dispatch that squadron on. Even now the Battalion is at work with Dusk and Zeta in a system not far from here, doing their duty!”

“Meh-”

“Director Skol, the Admiralty is attempting to contact you with new orders,” a voice called out over a spear on the man’s desk, to which he turned around as it gave the comment.

“Finally. Perhaps when the Chaos Battalion finishes their assignment we can get a move on. Captain Nollar, be sure to check in on their progress when you return to your post.”

“Yes sir!”

Meanwhile... far far away in a rather different sector of space.

Location: The Enaxes Sector

The scream of a Tie Fighter, hurdling through space, somehow making a noise through means never to be questioned by science. The spewing sound of laser fire in the distance before the high pitched piercing sound of Ties firing on something.

Pew-pew-pew-pew-pew, BONG BONG CRASH!!!

The explosion of something, a fireball sending debris flying. And then another massive crash heard with the dying shout of a Tie. In orbit high above the planet of Enaxes a battle was underway- a tremendous one at that.

One Providence-class Capitol ship, joined by several Munificents and a few Recusant, two carriers, and tens of hundreds of Vulture Droids screaming through the air. Three modified Helghan Arc Cruisers with supports and many many MANY more modified fighters zipping about firing on everything. A single 546-class Command Light Cruiser, a Quasar Fire Carrier, two Light Cruisers, several corvettes, and screams of Tie Fighters of varying variations. Round and round they all went, the Ties firing on the Vultures, the Vultures firing on the Helghast, the Helghast blowing up everything in their path.

Tie Fighters, black with splashes of red, most of them being the FO Space Superiority Fighter rather than the IN. Equipped with actual deflector shields and decent engines, whirling around the battle field. Granted the regular Ties were not the only ones; though they did certainly make up the bulk of the Dominion Star Fighters present. FO Defenders and Bombers made their way around the space battle, as did some of the advanced base Ties.

Those Ties did continue to scream by as they continued then to dog fight with the enemy. Droids, unshielded, quick to blow. The Helghast Strike Fighters, modified with some shielding though just as quickly destroyed as the FO Ties. A few good hits and kaboom- the fighter and pilot gone. And it was at this point that several Ties made a run on one of the droid ships, a Recusant- a few of the advanced base models protecting the bombers.

Shots fired and blew several of the Ties out, striking even one of the bombers- yet for all of those taken out the bombers made their run whilst Helghast Fighters struck from behind.

Explosions- rocking the Recusant, the bridge erupting into flames with an engine blown off the back, a chain reaction rippling through and immediately tearing the capitol ship into pieces and fireballs.

The chatter of comms, orders being relayed to the Tie Pilots, all originating from the bridge of the 546-model Command Cruiser. Heading the assault, protected on either side by the other Light Cruisers. Two men stood upon the bridge near the view port, whilst other officers ran about the bridge. Four commanders were present on that bridge, the two viewing the battle before them, and two behind each handing out orders through either barks or strict dialect. The two behind both being young twins, a man and a woman, both with blue hair though styled different, both in jumpsuits hosting various gadgets and gizmos- Lieutenants Arron and Emily Styigma.

Of the two viewing, one stood dressed in the attire of a captain with a black coat over his uniform- his hair short gray and slicked to the side, an amber gaze fixated out. And beside him, a man in special military attire- adorned with a long black trench coat with shoulder plaques. The second man, his eyes just as amber as the captain's, his hair flopped over almost a golden platinum blond, facial hair around his jaw and up to his mouth, a stache present, and then the scar over his right eye.

The man in question, Major Adrian Dalton of the Chaos Battalion. And beside him the captain of the battalion's flagship, the Magnetar, Captain Crux Stone. As they stood and watched the battle unfold before them, another couple of Ties erupted into flames and a couple of the Vultures went crashing down into asteroids. A line of vultures approached just ahead, a line broken apart by three Defenders charging straight in with open fire, explosions rocking the ship all the while.

Neither man said anything as the battle raged on, whilst behind it was nothing but chaos.

"Vulture squadron incoming on our starboard, three bombers detected!" one officer called out.

Behind Emily turned round from a couple ensigns reporting to her, her arm thrown out as she barked out- "Maintain forward fire and round the Defenders to cover!"

"Hold back at least half of our Defenders to protect the fleet. Route squadrons of Ties behind a Defender Leader each and send them in to punch a hole through the enemy ships. We have Bombers so send them out too!" ordered Arron from behind with both of his arms flung out.

"Sir enemy fire is too much. Our Defenders won't last against those cruisers. We should knock out the Helghast first and-" another officer began.

"You idiot we should keep them in so the droids aren't focusing exclusively on us!" a third spat.

“The droid fighters have us beat by a factor of six and a half alone, and their capital ships hold way more fire power than our lite cruisers- the longer this battle drags on the worse it gets for us!” barked another.

“We are not the Legion, our pilots are better and our Ties have shields. Droids are slow and easily fooled. We can maneuver this!”

“This is-! Lieutenants, Tri’s coming into our sector!”

“Raise the forward shields and send in the Defenders!”

“Sir we’ve got dozens of fighters inbound, our Defenders won’t be enough-”

“Intel suggests the droids are hailing for reinforcements!”

“Dammit- at this rate... Major Dalton, we need reinforcements of our own!”

Ahead at the port viewing out, the man with the scar over his eye continued to gaze with his rather stone-set expression. Beside him the captain, albeit not as stone faced, was doing just the same for a time before tilting his head.

“... sir!”

“Focus on defending the fleet and pull our offensive advances. Direct the Defenders to punch a hole into the enemy fighters- we shall cover them with our own fire. Our forces need to hold out until both Dusk Squadron and Zeta Squadron complete their assignment on the surface. That will be sufficient enough until further notice. Am I making myself clear?”

“-... aye sir! You heard him, to your stations and begin relaying orders!”

The march of chaos sounded behind the two men, people running about and people beginning to plug in the commands. All the while those two retained their focus out into the space fight, watching as the approaching mass of droid fighters was driven apart by the sudden flurry of weapons fire from the three cruisers, a few droids even being clipped and blown to pieces.

“You’re sure about this Major?” the captain questioned, “We may be putting too much faith into those squadrons.”

“Crux, if there’s one thing I’m certain of it is the efficiency of both of those units. The surface operation is essential. If we can’t pull that off then holding onto the battle up here is pointless. We need not defeat the droid fleet nor the Helghan fleet. We need only stall until the time is right.”

“Very well sir. I shall contact Commanders Roaga and Anglo respectively, appraise them of the situation up here,” the captain spoke turning about base and walking away in that moment.

Location: Planet's Surface, Sector 5

The Dropship doors wrenched open and out poured the forces. About a dozen or so Helghast Infantry taking position and lighting up the enemy before them in the city ruins. Across the cracked and torn road, littered with debris, marched the B1 Army. The droids with their blasters raised returned fire in no time at all. A line of red bolts sent flying and crashing into the soldiers. Some were downed instantly, others remaining either in the cover of the streets or in the wide open returning a sweeping fire.

The pelting rain of returned fire mowing down the droids, explosions roaring out overhead. The screams of Ties and the hum of the Strike Fighters. The blur of fire from those Ties tearing up more of the streets below sending bodies flying everywhere. A single rocket flew up at first and smacked into the Tie, its shield becoming very visible from the pulse of smoke and fire- then came more and all at once down went the screaming Tie with a BANG!!

A city in flames, hostiles all around. Droids marching through the streets, soldiers in the armor of the Helghast commando-ing around taking cover and letting off fire. Toppled buildings, caved in buildings, littered vehicles blown and turned to scrap. Huge craters in the ground left by bombs and fallen craft. Craters of stone and fallen structures in the dirt, trees scorched black with only bits of limbs. A tremendous blast erupted, an entire tower sending its remaining glass cascading to the ground with the puffs of flame roaring on out.

Down one of the roads the droids lay beaten, the Helghast rushing right on ahead over the machine bodies. The glow of their eye visors, their guns trained ahead, firing on more of the droid forces. Swarming far far FAR down that road on the other end of the suburb another battle was ongoing. Shadow Troopers of the Dominions, at least three squad's worth, all out in a clearing around various toppled columns and inside of the destroyed buildings- poking out only when it was to return fire on the charging droid forces.

Five troopers stood out there with their blasters, firing in a sweeping motion. One moved ahead, this trooper wearing an orange pauldron as they took aim and fired on the droids with both a rifle and a carbine.

"Hold your positions!" the commander howled out.

Further away at another juncture, Droid Tanks and Helghast Tanks moved in on one another- both sides firing away at the other. The rumbles as their rounds plowed into their surroundings, rippling through with pure destructive force. The flash, rounds cycling through and slamming into the enemy lines. The infantries of both rushing on the side lines, firing non-stop.

Further FURTHER away, the point where both Dominion Forces and those baring the Helghast military did battle. A solid platoon of SD Troopers moved in with their blasters raised-firing out at the enemy currently locked in defensively and thinning out. The troopers showed no signs of hesitation, no sign of fear, they merely marched and charged in the open. The reason for this rested with a single individual leading their small operation.

A man dressed in a black jumpsuit, covered over by both white fabric AND white plating, cloaked in a huge white cloak with a hood up. Glowing lights protruded from the armor though not many, lines mostly zipping around the torso and arm pieces. The individual flipped and jumped, wielding a red bladed lightsaber in hand deflecting shot after shot as they skipped and hopped around the enemy attacks. Their floppy black hair very electric and unkempt as the fighting continued, their dark blue eyes shining with each crackle of blaster bolt striking the saber.

This man, known by his comrades as Commander Roaga, held the front of his forces and acted as quite the shield. Any time the Helghast came close it took only a simple force push here and there with a single hand. At least half a platoon of the enemy lay before them, all of whom were holding the area of which the SD were advancing towards. Brought to a halt by the dug in defenses, this left only Roaga to make a move.

With his free hand able and his saber hand continuing to deflect shots, his fingers began to fidget, weaving, almost like sign language really. As he did he held his mouth open, a faint white glow radiating outward.

“Katon- Zukokku (Fire Style- Cranium Carver)!” he called out, somehow without moving his mouth.

At once the light flickered and erupted, a full on jet fuel blow out of flames erupting out. The cloud of fire went ripping straight through the earth and concrete, scouring the very land itself as it went and slammed straight into those soldiers. Brief screams and wails roared out from within the cloud of fire but it was only temporary as they swiftly subsided. And as the enemies were charred to a crisp and blown to the winds by the following blast, the flames halted- Roaga holding out his saber and pointing it ahead-

“ADVANCE!!”

Howls and shouts followed from behind, the entirety of his platoon rushing around him and moving in. Very few Helghast remained behind the blast radius of Roaga’s attack and of those that did the fire of the SD Trooper’s blasters followed swiftly like rain to put out the flames. This left Roaga back, as another cry for aid came out over his comlink, his eyes shifting to his left where the piece was transmitting.

“Bloody Hell, at the rate that this is going- Roaga to Commander Anglo, do you copy? What is the status of the operation?”

No response.

“Roaga to Commander Anglo, do you read me?”

No response.

“Aegis Segura, do you copy? Does anyone hear me right now??”

Again, no response.

“Bastards must be jamming long range communications, that’s just ducky,” he grumbled.

In but a few brief moments his eyes shifted back to his left with a slight head turn. Coming up at him from behind, several Commando Droids with their blasters raised. The small squad opened fire immediately on the commander, who in turn turned around and swung his saber deflecting another couple of bolts.

“Guess this’ll have to do until Zeta Squad gets to the target,” he murmured slow-walking forward towards the droids whilst continuing to deflect any shots coming too close.

All around his position the many MANY battles continued on- the Dominions vs the Droids, the Droids vs the false Helghast, the Helghast against the Dominions. An utter fest of explosions and death leveling half a city, while in orbit the battle continued to pick up all around with forces on the three sides continuing to slam into one another. This battle now only just beginning in the grand scheme of it all!!