

TWILIGHT BONFIRE SECTOR

Ring 10

— Additional Forces requested by the Union Board of the Twilight Bonfire Sector (UBTBS) —

The Union Board of the Twilight Bonfire Sector

Board Director	Shimaru Toshin
Union Administrative Department Officer	Majura Sayabitha
Union Naval Department Officer	Ulysses Thornwell
Department of Justice and Human Rights Officer	Michelle Torstett
Union Science Bureau Officer	Onda Ibori
Union Economic Bureau Officer	Eline Anniken
Bureau of Colonial Administration Officer	Mwenye Onwuatuegwu
UBO/NTM* Officer	Tane Mikaere
Union Intelligence Bureau Officer	Nirmala Amrita-Kavitha

* Union Bureau of Orbital and Non-Terrestrial Management

TEAM ONE : NOTHING TO LOSE

Board Liaison – Camus Venizelos | TacOfficer – Tamra Shigetsu

TEAM TWO : HOSTILE WITNESSES

Board Liaison – Adjatha Marud | TacOfficer – Uriah Jamal Amudh

JENS

PILOT NAME HERE

LICENCE LEVEL 3

Licence Name [LVL], Other Licence Name [LVL]

Character Description

AARON

PILOT NAME HERE

LICENCE LEVEL 3

Licence Name [LVL], Other Licence Name [LVL]

Character Description

LEON

PILOT NAME HERE

LICENCE LEVEL 3

Licence Name [LVL], Other Licence Name [LVL]

Character Description

ANDY

PILOT NAME HERE

LICENCE LEVEL 3

Licence Name [LVL], Other Licence Name [LVL]

Character Description

CALIB

PILOT NAME HERE

LICENCE LEVEL 3

Licence Name [LVL], Other Licence Name [LVL]

Character Description

RASMUS

PILOT NAME HERE

LICENCE LEVEL 3

Licence Name [LVL], Other Licence Name [LVL]

Character Description

LITHO

PILOT NAME HERE

LICENCE LEVEL 3

Licence Name [LVL], Other Licence Name [LVL]

Character Description

MAGNUS

PILOT NAME HERE

LICENCE LEVEL 3

Licence Name [LVL], Other Licence Name [LVL]

Character Description

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The Stars Are On Fire

Twilight Bonfire Sector, Ring 10, Vartik Solos System, Throneworld Rakani IV

The halls were filled with countless courtiers, attendants, dignitaries and others from the highest echelons of civilization and the great world's finery. Gold and gems glittered with blinding flashes of light, streamers of the great houses wove in unseen winds, whispers of jealousy and ambition flowed through the crowd like water does through rapids.

The Throneworld was aflame with passion and destiny, with the chronoprophets of Viratus en-route to proclaim the destiny of the new Thronekeeper herself: Malakira Castur-Var of the House of Morat-Var. She had climbed the bloody steps of the Starfire Throne with knife in hand, eyes fixed to her goal, ceaselessly working through the line of succession and everyone knew, as was tradition.

The arrival came - as it always did - with danger and death. A sudden shock of purple lightning flashes across the middle of the throneroom, incinerating in like-colored flames all that stood within it's cataclysmic radius. They burned and those who recalled their destiny stood firm, forcing themselves to be sacrificed in dignity.

The wave of cries and terror fled as quickly as it had come at the sound of chanting and other sounds of worship. In the midst of the hall, amidst heaps of charred corpses stood a monolith, as if it had sprung from native stone and been engraved for almost an eternity, strange sigils writing on it's surface, nine bald-headed monks surrounding the stone, chanting their arrhythmic chant. Clad in steel-colored clothing, they each looked harrowed and broken, but at the same time they each exuded a power equal to any who would dare take them on.

The chanting stopped when She rose from the throne.

The first real words spoken in this room came from her lips: "Chronoprophet Harat, let ARUT-MAR write my destiny."

One of the bald monks rose to full height, impressively tall and standing above any other in the hall with ease. His eyes were a mingled purple and red, almost as if the fiery lightning from before coursed through them. His voice echoed and reverberated as if it were no longer human: "ARUT-MAR declares your reign to be the end of the cycle, the doom and death of countless men and women, the march to true freedom for the people of the Throneworlds. Blood shall accompany you through the steps of hell itself and your armies will lay waste to an endless horde of enemies until the last day comes. Blood will be paid in blood and as the True Prophet foretold: What was shall be. What shall be was."

With the last words, ritually intoned, the priest stepped to the carven stone and there took out a knife of steel, forged by his own hands and doused in the blood of five traitors. He slit his own hands and painted crimson on the stone, casting the fate spoken into chains. Then he slit his own throat and kneeled before the stone, life slowly leaving him as purple lightning crackled from the stone and boiled the spilled crimson.

She seated herself on her throne with a smile.

**" Rally the armies,
gather the navies,
my path is cast in blood
as was my ascent to this throne.**

**May the Throneworld survive eternally
by the grace of ARUT-MA "**

```
<<connect_[REDACTED]>>
[EMISSARY] Truth is subjective to the perceiver,
never just fixed as you still think it is.
<<scraps:[1]toStomach>>
<<warning[1]overSize?ExaByte>>
<<decrypt:WARNING_UNKNOWN_ERROR>>
<<resetCommand:Copy, little one, this needs be
seen, be brave now, little one.>>
<<CoverWrite[Protocol]:CONFIRMED>

// Rescan Signature
// ...
// Encrypted Content Located, Size: 7 ExaByte
<<DECRYPT?>>

// Decrypting data structure, please wait...
// Bb18B8B84 3818 B9Ff19307 h3f01 #9286~
// "Follow me, now."
```

```
// DATA ENCRYPTED: 100%

[HEADER: Forecast/GALSIM/5016/THREAD_A738o20:Re-
cognition: Visibility Confirmation]
[SUBHEADER: EYES ONLY / FORECAST/GALSIM ONLY]
[ALERT:NOTICE]
[STING:CAPTURE-INITIATE]
[IMPETUS/BURDEN/MUSE///CALL.ATTEND]
[REPORT.APPEND.VERBATIM]

[Impetus] CALL PERCEIVED, ATTENDING.
[Burden] COGNITIVE PRESENCE CONFIRMED.
[Muse] THE BUTTERFLY RISES WITH THE WIND.

(1) COGNIZANCE OF ITERATIVE 9173?
(M) AS THE RIVER FLOWS.
(B) CONTINANT.

(M) THE FORLORN SPEAKS IN RIDDLES OF BLOOD.
(1) ITERATIVE UNDER THREAT FROM FORLORN ANGEL.
(B) FURTHER ITERATION REQUIRED?
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(M) PAINTED IN CRIMSON GLYPHS, THE ANGEL SEEKS
REDEMPTION.
(1) UNCONFIRMED.

[EMPATHY///CALL.ATTEND]
[EMATCHER.INQUIRY?TRUE]

[Patience] LOCATED SHIFT IN ITERATIVE THREAT
APPROXIMATION. ID0002B17389 LOCATED IN DERIVATIVE.
THREAT REDEFINED AS EXTREME. WATCHER PRESENCE
CONFIRMED.
(M) BEYOND THE WALL LIES EDEN.
(1/B) WATCHER PRESENCE REINFORCES ITERATIVE
COLLAPSE. REDEFINITION OF ITERATIVE IMMINENT.

[[REINTEGRATE_SUBJECTIVITY]]

(M) THE VEIL PARTS. COMMAND ARRIVES.
[[COMMAND///CALL.ATTEND]]
```

```
[Command] ITERATIVE 9174 ESTABLISHED. REINTEGRATE
SUBJECTIVITY IN ACCORDANCE.
(M/1/B) AFFIRMED.
(Watcher) PRESENCE.

(C) FORLORN?
(M) A FUTURE WRITTEN IN BLOOD.
(M) THE END OF ONE BRINGS THE BEGINNING OF
ANOTHER. WHAT WAS WILL BE. WHAT WILL BE. WAS.
(1) REINTEGRATION OF PROBABILITY CURVES INDICATES
SHIFT IN ITERATIVE PROGNOSIS.
(C) DATA STABLE?
(B) STABILIZATION BY ID0002B17389 DURING PRIOR
CASUALTY IN ITERATIVE 9173.
(M) THE ANGELS TEARS BREACH THE CONA WALL.

[ESSENCE]]

(C) CENTCOMM DIRECTIVE: INTEGRATE ID0002B17389 IN
ITERATION 9174. PREVAIL AGAINST FORLORN.
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[FOOTER: "A little help never goes wrong, does it,
CHIEF? What we know is what others have forgotten.
Truth remains subjective unless you are like me."}]

<<_SystemCrashRecovery:Initiate>>
<<_SystemCrashRecovery:ERROR>>
<<_SystemRepairManual>>
<<_SystemRepairLog>>
// System Repair Log - Technician Eldred, Davis
// We received a file today from CentComm. The
thing was corrupted to hell and back. Upon request,
we were told no messages had been sent... Still.
We had the thing and Snelger decided to run it
through the Interpreter; system crashed once it
got to the file's signature - a fucking 7 exa-byte
signature that blew our entire computer system and
put it offline for almost a full day. No clue what
it was. Auto-recovery refused to work, spitting
out unidentified errors. Had to hard-reset the
data core, lost the file in the process.
// System Repair Log - End
```


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Expectations

Quick Summary

The Twilight Bonfire Sector came to me from inspiration and the idea to do something a bit unusual with Lancer again. This story will feature a few different parts (depending on how long we play, you know me), though it features one primary antagonist in the story structure:

The Throneworlds.

Led by an utterly strange system of bloody governance, the Throneworlds are ancient, powerful and easily a threat to local Union forces, without a doubt. Their navy outclasses what Union has on site, their economic power is unrestrained in the Twilight Bonfire, and their disturbing culture gives them a hard edge against the less ruthless Union of our time.

This, though, are not the only enemies to Union in the sector. Other dangers and issues await, and the fight will not always be against the Throneworlds or their many varied minions.

In essence, go with the flow, be sure you know how to handle your Mech and be ready to fight a tyrannical and entirely insane stellar nation that intends to carve its name into the stars in a tide of blood that would have even stunned the Second Union into shocked silence.

The Twilight Bonfire Awaits.