

# Enyo's Games - Fortress Invasion

After lunch had been served and campers had a chance to eat, the camp director made her way to Enyo's Fields to plan her war games for that evening. What once served as the Strawberry Fields were now nothing but barren ground that she planned to use to whip these puny campers into fighting shape.

With a wave of her hand, a small tremor could be felt in camp and a fissure opened up. From it, several undead warriors climbed out. Order barked orders at them, harassing them much harder than she had any of the campers. Sucks to be on the losing side of battle and have to serve her and Ares in the afterlife.

The warrior's set to work, slowly construction a [wooden fortress](#) with its back lining the camp's forest. In the center of the fort, well beyond the wall, was a command center, and on top of it was a [red flag](#).

After the warriors were done, Enyo banished them to the underworld. By then, a few campers had shown up to watch what was happening, causing Enyo to sneer at them. Not long after, the conch horn sounded, and formation was called.

"Alright runts." She growled as she paced back in front of the formation. "You all have been treated too soft for too long."

"Tonight I'm bringing back the war games. *Real* war games. Maiming, Powers, whatever you need to do to win. Oh, and if you die..." she rubbed her hands together with an evil grin. "You'll serve me in the afterlife."

"Now to the rules.... There's only one: attacking team capture that flag, defending team, don't let them."

"War Barracks, Nature, Love and Water, you'll be defending first. Go set up your defenses. That means Weather, Chthonic and Skill, you'll be invading."

She paused and then gave the order to begin in a hateful bite. "MOVE!"

## **Team 1 - Defending**

- War Barracks
- Nature Barracks
- Water Barracks
- Love Barracks

## **Team 2 - Attacking**

- Weather
- Chthonic
- Skill

# Enyo's Wrath and War Games

## **Early Morning**

The questers had returned and it seemed like another slap in the face to Enyo. First the party, Dionysus showing up, and those three little punks having the audacity to return alive. *Enyo was pissed.*

She didn't let it show, however. Being a goddess of War, she was an expert at keeping her emotions in check especially on the brink of war. Instead she sat at the head table, watching as Camper's rejoiced. Staring at them with only a small smirk on her otherwise emotionless face.

After breakfast, the campers would notice another barracks had sprung up, away from the cabin area and sitting in alone by the Big House. This one was much larger, able to board an entire army, and that's what it would do.

A large greyhound bus rolled up the camp driveway before coming to a stop at the Big House. Girls and women in uniform stepped out, before making a perfect formation in front of their barracks, standing at attention until their leader took her place in front of them.

"At ease!" She barked out her order in the same manner as her mother had in camp. Then she turned to greet the goddess walking towards her.

"Mother." She bowed her head and dropped to one knee. Her army followed suit in one crisp, clean military movement.

"Rise." Enyo said sternly before giving her daughter a firm handshake. "Good to see I have one daughter who's not a complete failure."

She then turned to the campers, who were standing around, looking disgusting. She spat on the ground and tried to control her rage as she turned back to Queen Sarah.

"Have your warriors fall out and settle into their racks. At nightfall, the games begin." Sarah nodded before turning to address her army. The Amazons then turned to put their things away as Enyo turned to her campers.

"Disgusting!" She growled. "All of you. Those are real warriors." She pointed to the Amazons as they disappeared into their barracks.

*We're heroes too!*

Came the squeak of one of the campers. There was no response or retaliation from Enyo, who instead sneered and rubbed her hands together. "Go then. Prepare yourselves. We'll see how you stack up tonight."

## **That Night**

On one side of the field stood the Amazon warriors, dressed for combat in their matching armor and looking like a real army. On the other were the campers, dressed in mismatched shirts and armor, looking like a group of LARPers.

Her last three weeks to push them into forming an army had failed and now they looked like a disorganized mess. With a wave of her hand, their shirts returned to orange, to go along with the orange plumes of their helmets.

“Alright punks. Prove me wrong.” She grinned with an evil glare. “You all know the set up of Capture the Flag. The Amazons will take the west woods, Campers have the east.”

“Chiron’s been too soft on your for too long. There are no rules in war, only objectives. First team to cross the creek with the enemies flag will be the winner. By the end of the night, it won’t just be that stupid daughter of Eros this game has claimed.”

**“BEGIN!”**

OOO Notes:

- Mods will be playing amazon NPCs as well as characters we have developed for this plot.
- Comment your character and whether they are attacking or defending the flag. Once everyone is set, we will post a flag thread comment, and the fun will begin.
- This is a plot based game, so stupid heroics will result in IC consequences. Meaning it’s a plot, it’s not supposed to be easy, and don’t expect to instantly win.
- The mods will not kill any characters who don’t want to be killed. However, you may receive an injury if your character is acting foolishly

Just remember it’s not a race to see who can be the hero to win. Not everyone responds at the same pace, so be patient. This is a plot, so let it unfold as it comes. Most importantly: have fun! :)

## Cozy by the Fire - A New Camp Director

### Judgment

*Thump. Thump. Thump.*

[Enyo](#)’s heavy footsteps echoed against the stone floor as she marched towards the throne room of the gods. Interrupted in front of the campers, her authority called into question, and the audacity of that child of a goddess to challenge her. Enyo wasn’t just angry; she was enraged.

“Father!” she bellowed like a spoiled child before she even rounded the corner to the throne room. Once she entered, however, that march slowed to a crawl, and her feet shuffled across the floor.

The goddess was met not only by the Council of the Gods, but by a large gathering. Minor gods and goddesses, parents to many of the fallen demigods, had flooded the throne room, wanting answers for Enyo's actions.

"What's this about?" she spat as she caught eyes with several of the gods.

They didn't wait for proceedings. Many started yelling insults at her, cursing her for what she did to their children. They had a right to be angry, and their cries were for justice.

"Silence!" [Zeus](#)' voice echoed through the halls of Olympus. Loud and commanding, as the king of the gods should be. "Come forth, Enyo... to answer for your crimes."

"My... What?" She looked around the throne room as she was once again called into question.

"You placed me in charge, to train those runts as I saw fit."

"To train, not to murder for your own leisure!" snapped Zeus, causing the war goddess to fall silent. "This behavior is unacceptable and will not go unpunished!"

"That's where you're wrong..." She sneered and started to glow.

"Seize her!" Zeus ordered, commanding Kratos and Bia to charge forward.

They never reached her. Not before she erupted in flames, leaving nothing but a scar on the floor of the throne room.

"Hunt her down." Zeus growled in a low voice. "Bring her back here. She *will* answer for her defiance. I swear it on the Styx."

## Passing the Torch

As the minor gods and goddesses finally filed out of the throne room, Zeus sunk a little lower in his seat. He rubbed his forehead, as if all this was giving him a migraine. Responsibilities, amirite?

Athena was the first to speak up, giving the Lord of the Sky her wise counsel. "We still need to determine who shall be the new director of camp."

Aphrodite stood to present her case, giving Zeus a small curtsy before turning to address the gods. "These children have been through so much. Hate... destruction... war."

"As the new Camp Director, I would shower them with love, help them find their inner beauty, and help them find true happiness." Her words were laced with charm, as she looked around for approval.

"Love?!" Spat Hephaestus as his beard dance with a few patches of fire. With a grimace, he slowly rose from his throne. "Nay, these children need some tough love."

"Not bat-shit crazy, tough love." He quickly added, realizing Enyo promised the same thing.

"More work with their hands. I'll toughen em up, and help engage their minds."

"Minds?" Athena asked with a humorless chuckle. "Then you agree, I should be the new director. After all, wisdom is my domain."

She stood up, ready to challenge the other two. "These children don't go to regular school, they need education."

“Education? Books and machines?” Demeter rose from her seat, ready to join in the debate. “Bah! They need to go back to the old school days and learn to farm the land. Working with their hands will toughen them up.”

Dionysus took a sip from his goblet, trying to keep out of this conversation. He had served his time in camp, and was in no rush to get back. Instead, he looked to Apollo, trying to encourage his brother to join in the debate.

Apollo stood up with a wide smile. He took a deep breath, ready to make his case. “All of you sit down,” Zeus ordered, erasing the smile from Apollo’s face.

Once the gods had settled back into their thrones, Hestia stood from her place by the hearth and made her way to the center of the room. She didn’t ask for permission and was going out on a limb here.

“I am the goddess of Home, Hearth, and Family.” She started with a small, gentle smile. “I may not be viewed as the prettiest, the wisest, or the best warrior, but the Home is what I provide... to *all* of you.”

“Allow me to return to camp. To provide young demigods everywhere a place to call Home. Where they can discover their inner beauty, unlock their minds and imagination, and train to be heroes... as *they* see fit.”

“These are your children and we need them as much as they need us... Prove to them we still care, and give them a place that is truly safe from the threats of the outside world. Allow me to make camp their *Home*.”

With that she paused, waiting for the gods to make a decision. When the vote was called for, every hand slowly went up.

“Very well. I give you Lady Hestia: Goddess of Home, Hearth, and Family, Director of Camp, Protector of Heroes.” He announced, making the ruling official.

With a small smile and a bow, Hestia walked quietly back to the flames of her Hearth. Following a deep breath, she stepped into the flames and faded from the throne room.

### **Changes... Again.**

The campers were left in limbo, waiting for any news from Olympus regarding the fate of camp. In the center of the barracks, where Hestia’s hearth still stood, the flames began to grow, hinting that something was happening.

Stepping from the flames, came the young and vibrant woman who had left them just days prior. She looked around more confidently now, and waited for campers to gather to share the exciting news.

“Campers.” She greeted with a soft, gentle tone. One that would seem so foreign compared to the near month of Enyo’s yelling. “[When my Hearth failed](#), you reminded how important I was to all of you. How much you needed my presence here.”

“Because of the promises you made to me, I have a promise to make to you. Never again shall the council allow another careless god to watch over this camp. From this day forth, it shall be a safe place, for all demigods to call Home.”

“As *Camp Director*,” she finally let her words sink in, “I think there needs to be some changes around here.”

With a wave of her hand, the barracks were replaced by the cabins that once stood in this very spot. Another wave and the camp shirts returned to orange, a true sign that Hestia, Goddess of the Hearth, was now in charge.

She spun around in a slow circle, returning the camp to the way it was, piece by piece. The Arts and Crafts cabin was restored and then her eyes fell on the strawberry fields, still black and barren from Enyo’s games.

“Apologies...” Her voice faltered. “Farming extends outside my domain...”

“We can rebuild and replant.” [Marilee](#) stepped forward and placed a hand on the goddess’ shoulder. “Right?” She asked her fellow campers.

Hestia gave her handmaiden an appreciative smile and a nod. Then she turned back to the campers. “Your Home has been restored; go, enjoy it, *heal*.”

The goddess stood by to watch. She knew that campers would be happy to have their cabins back, and the fear of Enyo was gone... *for now*.

*Should anyone wish to approach the new Camp Director, she would be standing by to talk to her campers.*

OOO Notes:

That’s a wrap! This concludes our second plot: Enyo-palooza.

Thank you all for participating and making this as enjoyable as it was. I hope you had fun with it. Thanks to the mod team for making this idea come to life.

For now, camp has returned to normal (as normal as possible with PTSD and guilty consciences). Soon, we will have a PSA, marking our first quarter and will be asking for some feedback, so stand by for that.

## Home Improvements

Hestia stood on the porch of the Big House, looking out across the camp. She pursed her lips as she viewed the cabins, seeing some problems with the current living arrangements.

Some gods had cabins, while others did not. Meaning some campers were either very lonely, or crammed in the Hermes cabin, without a home to call their own. *Unacceptable*.

The goddess rolled up her sleeves before walking across the cabin area. Surveying the land for her new project.

“Campers!”

She called. Though her voice was sing-song and sweet, unlike the orders barked by their last Director. Once she knew, and she was a goddess so she always knew, that all the campers were out of their cabins, her work began.

With a wave of her hand, the minor gods’ cabins all faded from existence. Before any of the campers could get too discouraged, she started pointing and new cabins sprung up.

“These will be your *new* homes.” She said proudly. Then she looked to her campers with a wide grin. “Well, go on! Go and see.”