

Into the Squad-lands!

Synopsis: World is an action-movie-like setting where commandos are fighting each other in the fields of battle. In this new age, monsters have appeared too, and the undead roam across the land. Can our hero, a freshly recruited man named only Martial, make it through the lands?

Chapter 1

Martial laid there on the black stain mattress, his body propped up to avoid most of the gross stains. His hair was spread out, flayed out almost, he brushed it back to see the world. Where the hell was he? A blank thought came across his mind as he pieced together what had happened.

"Last night, in my dream I got stabbed in the hand by a robot. What does that even mean?"

As he said that, he looked down to see his hand. On the bottom of his wrist he saw the contraption. It was a blinking blue light that would blink on and off intermittently.

As he looked around in his destroyed room, he took a deep breath and tried not to panic. But how could he not panic, a device was shoved into his hand! It only meant one thing.

He had been chosen to take up the role of a commando. Commandos were heavily trained soldiers who had been implanted with devices to tell how well their skills and abilities were. At the age of eighteen on up, one could join up for a hefty fee, or in Martial case, find out that one of the machine drones that stalk around the village had implanted him in his sleep.

Most of his room was barren, expect for the black mattress that he owned, he had nothing but the clothes on his back. The dead drone laid sprawled on the ground, it had done it's deed.

"I might as well get this over with." He said to himself. With a press of the button on his wrist, a holographic display popped up in front of him.

<Welcome to Squad-OS, biometirc scan complete, welcome **Martial Dangerfield**>

<Because of your biological make up, we are recommending the skill-set **Infantry Training** or **Personal Security**>

He scrolled through, sitting on the edge of his mattress as he tried to see what other skills he could gain. There were none.

"I should hold off on making a choice, I might as well see what the rest of the day has for me." He said to himself.

He put on his ripped black shirt and jeans. The great joy of having something warm during these cold days filled his heart. Martial found himself smiling as he looked out at the ice-covered window.

That's when he noticed the hole, a small gaping hole that appeared to be cut with a diamond-tipped window cutter. That smile he found himself having went away as he regretted signing up to be randomly chosen. Commandos were rare, and were known as the ones who would defeat evils wherever it roamed. That blinking device on his hand indicated that by God he was going to do it.

But as he opened the window, the ice cracked off with loud pops, and he found himself staring at the wall.

It was the wall that protected this village for the past two generations. It was ten meters high, thick, made of iron and stone, all to protect them from the horrors of outside. Burned marks could be seen as he looked at the sea of shacks. Another fire had broken out it seemed. But the people started moving forward, toward their occupations in order to better the survival of civilization.

Where Martial lived was one of the few remains of civilization. Sure villages without walls existed, but they were prone to sackings, prone to having the former population wiped out and the damned monsters take over. The village Martial lived controlled the surrounding 500 miles of land, incorporating even smaller villages and farming communities into it's sphere of influence.

Understandably, there were other walled villages nearby that controlled their own lands. There was friction, all sorts of friction.

But Martial was part of new generation, the generation of civilized people. Traders would travel to the walled villages and sell their wares. Despite all this, old wounds and sins of the father still linger while small skirmishes led by commandos would happen.

A small buzz could be heard. Looking down he saw his hand buzz, the blue light blinked repetitively.

<Martial Dangerfield, please report to Lionheart Private Contracting House>

"Great. I might as well pick something."

He choose Infantry Training. Within that moment he felt a jolt of energy course through his body.

Martial walked out of his shack, the cold air brushed against his skin. While he walked away from sea of burnt shacks, he could see how they still stood, yet were partially melted. Shaking his head, he traveled toward the meeting hall. The walled village was controlled by a group of commandos called Lionhearts, and they would meet at the grand hall in the middle of the village.

The grand hall was a quick walk, seeing how his shack was right next to one of the gates that allowed soldiers and commandos in. As he walked forward, he could tell one of the guards were going to be asking him questions.

Their long guns were the first thing he noticed. They were bolt-action rifles, an oddity considering that semi-automatic and automatic rifles existed. But the people here were proud of the large cache of old Remington rifles that were now being repurposed. Men were firing off rounds at targets as Martial walked by them. They were fresh recruits.

<Welcome to Camp Lionheart, a senior commander will introduce himself soon.>

A commander eh? Just as he thought that, a man appeared in front of him, his hair a crimson red as he looked Martial up and down. "You got picked by our drone? Huh. Never would a guessed you'd be picked."

"It's not like I had a choice in the matter." Martial retorted.

A hard smack crashed against Martial face. "If you want to live in this village, you knew the risks. Besides you should be honored, means you aren't going to live in squalor and do nothing with your life."

"It said you've picked Infantry Training, smart boy." He said, before pointing toward a small domed building. "You'll do well learning how to shoot one of these."

"What's your name, sir?"

"Eh? I'm Gio-Gio. And don't call me sir, this isn't a military organization. We're just militiamen that received the same gift as you."

Chapter 2

It had been three weeks since he started going to camp Lionheart. He wasn't an official member, so he was forced to stay in his ramshackle shack. During the week he had been given the basics of how to shoot. Those Remington rifles were cheap enough to be given away at barely any cost to the PMC group who controlled it.

It was during one of the cold days, as Martial walked down the road, that he found himself bumping into Gio-Gio. The red-headed man was walking out with a large group of soldiers from the Lionheart camp. These men were leaving, hoping they themselves can prove some glory on the battlefield and maybe have the same chance of being a commando. Some of the men looked at Martial with jealous eyes.

"Keep walking." Gio said, waving his hands forward. "Oh and Martial, hope your training is over soon."

In this three weeks he learned how most of the basics, how to shoot, how to hide from enemies, how to not look like an incompetent fool in front of another commando.

It was weird too, seeing how it was only him getting this training from the get-go. But he didn't mind. In a way it felt nice being the only one being focused on. He passed by the guards and entered the domed building.

The interior was made up of mostly stone bricks heavily layered ontop of each other. Small generators were kicking off lots of noise and heat as they kept the lights on in the building. The entire room was circular in design, with entire sections divided into makeshift firing ranges.

He walked up to the first station and picked up his Remington rifle.

The barrel was long, 22 inches, and was made of stamped steel. As he stared down the range, he could see the target at 10 meters. It was a fake human torso strung up by wires.

<Martial, shoot the targets to pass, five shots left.>

Ping! The bullet casing dropped to the ground. With a single bullet at ten meters he hit the center of mass. It went flying back about two feet, but he couldn't appreciate it. He had to move to the next station.

More bullets flew out as he destroyed another target, a metal target board that dented with each bullet. By the time he reloaded he could see another target was set up.

But he stopped himself from shooting as he heard the door open behind him.

It was his instructor, Marcus Jacobson. He was a giant man, covered in old scars while his face was cracked from fighting.

"Martial! I'm glad that you keep showing up all this time." Marcus said, his voice gruff and piercing.

"Sir I appreciate being her, sir. It means I have a purpose in life finally."

"Yeah well, we're going to have to cut the budget on your training. You should be good enough to start heading out on missions though."

Martial furrowed his brow. "Do you really think so? I think I need more practice shooting."

"Well we just lost another commando and we need you to be called up. That implant on your arm, you know how to access your skill list? Just press on it and say skill-list."

Martial did just that.

"Hmm... the device is telling me you have an E+ in shooting rifles. How it works is this, it goes from F- in a skill all the way up to Triple S. And the machine is telling me that you have a lot more latent talent inside of you, what a waste. I don't think you could surpass a C- rank in shooting. But I do believe you'll be in good hands as one of the commandos."

"You really think so?"

Marcus laughed and walked away.

Left dumbfounded that his training was being cut short, he found himself investigating his screen. Did they really think he would be able to make it through without any true training? He stewed as he walked out, realizing that he would have to go out and learn how to shoot better.

With his rifle on his back, he found that he felt secured having a weapon here. Lawlessness was a sort of norm, and with that damn arsonist running around he knew that he could stake a claim on killing him.

In his shack he checked his skills, most of them were of F rank to E- rank. While he realized that he had some of them he had been working on could be improved immensely. Even though he had learned how to shoot, and could shoot at a stationary target, he knew that in a real fight he might be trounced.

<**Martial Dangerfield**, tomorrow you'll be sent out for your first mission. Do you accept?>

The machine chirped as he looked at the prompt. His heart was full of sorrow as he closed the prompt.

"If they're going to send me out to die, why couldn't they at least give me some training? Why am I considered a joke?"

He looked around the room, seeing how the walls were rusted and flaking and let out a loud cough. "I know commandos are supposed to be rare, but it feels like I just don't understand what am I supposed to do."

A loud bang could be heard on his makeshift door. Martial looked up, and saw a man with a burning bottle in his hand. The arsonist. He was here to strike! Before Martial could get his gun, the man threw the bottle of liquer and gasoline at the rotting mattress.

He dodged out of the way, rolling onto the scrap metal flooring and fired a round at him. The bullet clipped through the arsonist shoulder. Fear burned through Martial heart as the fire lapped and licked at some of the wooden scrap on the ground. But his rifle was on hand as he shot another round into the arsonist's chest. Killing him instantly.

<Beep beep! **Marital Dangerfield**, you killed a notorious criminal, please accept this moderate amount of \$20,000.>

Blinking in astonishment, he looked down at the corpse. "You were worth 20,000 dollars. I guess I can just pay for the training myself."

But as he walked out of the doorway, he could see cadre of soldiers, men that were supposed to defend him aim their rifles at him.

"What's the meaning of this?" Martial asked.

"Simple really, your being kicked out of the village. Come on and get a move on."

Another soldier barked, "Marcus Johnson ordered you to leave, so do it. Go check your computer on your wrist about it."

<Mission: Investigate Maize Valley camp.>

"Did you really need the guns?" Martial asked.

"We heard shooting, also sir your house is on fire."

Martial let out a sigh. He had not a single possession on him outside of the gun he held and the clothes on his back. While he may have gained 20k in collecting an automatic bounty, he had no idea on what to spend it on. Or if he could actually spend it at all. The soldiers escorted him toward the gate nearby. His shack burnt away into rubble as he finally left, rifle on his back.

He would have to walk all the way to the next village. But as he looked around, he could see the tall grass, and the dirt road that led up to the gates. Some of the soldiers looked down at Martial, giving him a wave off as he set off toward the north.

Chapter 3

There was a reason for those walls, Martial soon found out. Traveling 5 miles away, the sun had reached noon, the highest it would be in the tall grasslands. Regret filled his heart, but he had pressed on. In the tall grass he could hear the sound of meat slapping against each other, loud foot stomps trampling the coverage.

A pale-skinned woman lunged forward. Gnashing her teeth, Martial pushed the woman away with the butt of his rifle.

All his life he had lived in the walled village of Lionheart, and he had never seen what horrors that awaited him. This woman was a shock to him. Her pale rotting skin slough off, her teeth gnashing against the butt of his gun. He had swung it, clubbing her in the head. Blood squirted out as the woman fell to the ground.

She was already dead when she approached him, but he sent her back to hell where she belonged. Zombies started to appear from the grass. Their moans loud and rasping, they looked more like decayed corpses that could walk. With a good hand he cleaned his rifle, clearing the blood off of the end and steadied his aim.

Bullets rocked out as he blasted two rounds into the group of undead. There was eight of them, now seven. Undead ichor shot out as the now dead corpse fell to the ground. One more lunged forward, while the other undead lurched forward. But he was quick, firing three more shots into the lurching corpse.

They fell to his bullets as he reloaded, taking a knee as he killed two zombies in quick succession. One of them had a rough, faded military uniform. He carried a rifle too, but not of the Remington variety. It was a Mosin Nagant. He too fell to the bullets. Ripped apart by the other bullets, the zombies died a quick death.

"Damn I guess the training did help." He muttered. Realizing that all his huffing meant nothing, but as another zombie stumbled forward, another soldier from the east turned dead for who-knows how long. But he killed him too. His heart raced as he lifted his rifle up and kept moving.

What Martial didn't know was the world had been like this for 108 years. The undead had broken free and had consumed most of the major civilizations. Generations of men had to strike it out and destroy the undead, but it was like fighting a sea.

It didn't help that the dead now had conquered the world, but they were considered fodder for commandos and their soldiers now. They were people to be farmed and harvested for their experience. Even Martial felt himself grow stronger in his shooting ability. But then again, he wasn't sure how much ammo he had left. He was unsure of himself to say the least. Unsure and afraid. All this killing had made his excitement rise and fear had taken a stranglehold in his heart, but he shook it off. He stood. He stood tall as he saw the final zombie in the group. It was a bruised, black and gray flesh being, large shaped like a man with a bull's head. A minotaur. An undead minotaur.

Its eyes were wide and flared as he stomped forward.

The rotting stench of flesh filled the air as Martial covered his nose instinctively. What a horrible smell, he thought. It was comparable to old meat rotting in the sun. Some of the bull man's flesh had rotted off, his pecs, once mighty were now reduced to just fallen slabs of meat.

That's when Martial noticed the minotaur held an axe in his hand, and had lunged forward to chop at Martial's head off. The monster whiffed at the air, missing while Martial managed to get a hold of his rifle.

Minotaur snarled, some intelligence must still remain in its soulless and dead eyes, and charged horns first into Martial. Martial went flying, his shirt ripping off, exposing his body as he flung in the air and crashed down like a sack of potatoes.

Blood leaked from Martial's mouth as he could see the minotaur approach, axe in hand, ready to kill him, when a large bullet-hole formed right between the eyes. The large beast fell. Martial's gun had smoke leaving from the barrel as he panted.

One of the few things he was taught in those three weeks of shooting was to always keep your rifle by your side. Even if you were being attacked, because you never know when you'd need it most.

Martial thought about those words as he saw a pop-up on his hand.

<**Martial Dangerfield**, gained 4 points for killing 8 zombies and killing the pack leader Minotaur. 94 more points until **Martial Dangerfield** can increase stats to C- tier.>

"How do I even spend my points?" Martial asked the machine. He could see large, glowing orbs popped out from the giant minotaur. He reached out, and grabbed it. The glowing orb felt like beam of light with the consistency of jello, with all it's jiggling despite having no weight. As soon as he grabbed it, he felt energy transfer into him. The cuts and that massive bruise he had on his body dissipated. Energized and ready to move forward, he now realized that these white orbs would heal him. It was surreal to him, what this what reality been like? Living in Lionheart village for all his life made him question what was real. And the training, he knew he wouldn't do well in a firefight, but killing zombies was easier then killing fish in a barrel.

"Don't get cocky." He said to himself, and slung the rifle over his shoulder as he traveled northward.

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Martial wandered forward, and off to the side of the path he spotted a broken down sedan. Cars still operated in the region, and he was aware of them. Only the rich could travel like this, so he was shocked. Maybe he could buy a car himself, he thought to himself. But in front of him, he saw a woman passed out in the car, head slumped against the steering wheel.

He looked at her. The first thing he noticed was her hair, jet black. While her skin was a cream white, her lips covered in black lipstick. She wore some flak armor over what appeared to be old brown Soviet Afghani uniform. Her lips were pursed as she looked up Martial.

"Where am I?"

Her Mosin Nagant was laid out across her lap, her hands reaching up to grab at it as Martial reached for his.

"I don't know who you are, but don't see why we should shoot reach other." Marital reasoned.

"That's true... You're a commando aren't you? I'm Annabelle Swain. You?"

"Yeah I'm a commando, Martial, Marital Dangerfield. Come with me."

Annabelle Swain stepped out of the car, and her long flowing black hair reached down her khaki battle-pants. Being a commando had it's perks it seemed, like disregarding any uniform and wearing anything that would make them survive longer. That flak jacket looked like it saw better days though, but Martial said nothing about it.

She looked at her fuel-gauge and let out a breathy huff, "As you can see, I was left here to die. After all these years in service to the Freikorps, I end up like this! I can't believe I allowed myself to be fooled by their promises of owning land. They're probably already invading Maize Valley without me..."

"Damn! Okay how long have you been out for?"

"If I have to guess, a day or so."

Martial checked his quest-log on his wrist-device and could see that he needed to travel to the location to confirm it. He looked at the gothic woman and lowered his voice. "I can see there's a fork in the road 10 miles north, why are you here? What's your mission?"

The woman looked dumbfounded, but Martial grabbed at her hand, and pulled her toward him. She squirmed but his strength held her firmly in place as he scrolled through her mission logs. There were loads of them, ten, fifty, two hundred missions completed, but as he scrolled to the very bottom, he read,

<**Annabelle Swain**, since you are defecting, have fun with being knocked out while traveling to Lionheart camp>

She pouted at him with her black lips quivering. Her heart raced as she yanked her hand back and looked at Martial. He had adjusted his grip on her and held her tight.

"You're a defector?" Martial asked.

She nodded. "And I take it you're a member of Lionheart?"

Martial let go of the woman and brushed the dirt off of her Kevlar body armor. "Yeah, sorry I'm green as grass here. I've never really left the village and this is my first time meeting with another commando. Well let's not waste any more time and lets get a move on!"

Chapter 4

On the road the duo spotted an orange-and-white color butt hanging out from the tall grass. It was meaty, huge, bountiful asscheeks with markings and drawings from old pagan times, runic swirls adorned each cheek. The soft sounds of her snoring could be heard as she shifted in the grass, her ass clapped as she adjusted, shaking each of voluminous cheeks without any regard. She looked out of place if anything...

Martial poked his rifle at the squishy asscheck. A loud yelp could be heard as the grass rustled, and within a span of a few breaths, an orange furred fox woman popped out of the long blades. Her chest was huge, H-cups tits swayed like pendulums as she swiftly moved toward the attacker, they jostled without any restraint. Her hands were like a human, except instead of any normal color, they were orange. She had tipped claws too, glinting in the afternoon light as she slashed at the air, missing Martial all together.

"Who are you? Why are you in my territory?" The fox woman questioned, grabbing at Martial's neck while talking. She licked her chops as she held Martial in place. "No matter, it's fun to see what the natives are doing here," she teased.

Martial could feel his neck tighten, but he broke free of the grip and fell to the ground. Dirt covered his back as he looked up to see her lunge at him. Her jiggling chest swayed as her large frame grappled Martial to the ground. One of her melons rested firmly on Martial face as she giggled, her hands toying and ripping at his clothes.

Annabelle watched, but the air was filled with what appeared to be a malaise of horny energy. She could feel her loins getting drenched as her voyeuristic instincts kicked in, watching Martial get eaten so to speak in front of her.

His black shirt and pants were ripped to shreds, the last of his possessions gone just like that. Fear ran down his spine as he tried to comprehend what was happening. First it was the undead roaming the world, and now it was crazed vixens trying to have their way with humans? What had the world come to? Martial's mind was running wild as the motherly fox-woman held him down, her long red-tipped areola was tantalizingly close to his face.

His lips latched onto her red nub without any care, slurping and licking at the reddish nipple. Almost in a trance he was focused on licking at her chest. All the while that was happening his hands were bound by the thin fabric that covered her now exposed pussy. The thin fabric was already soaked with her love juice, but he didn't mind. He couldn't have mind, it was almost heaven.

The Gothic companion just looked on in agony, and a sharp moan escaped as she friggd herself, rubbing through her black-lace panties with one hand and stripping her old combat gear with another. What was happening to me, she thought. Why do I want to just serve this man? Her thoughts were suppressed as she revealed her pale jugs to the world. They weren't as huge as the fox-girl, but were sizable in their own way.

Cupping Martial's head while he suckled on her chest, she coo's him as she pulled down the remains of his pants. "Good boy, good boy! Momma Dorothy is going to make you fill me with your human cream. Oh look at how huge you are, you must have been hard ever since you started looking at my huge rear-end~? Would you like a taste?"

Before he could work up a response, she pressed her impressive rear-end against his face. Surrounded by darkness, he couldn't breathe as he spammed, the words "eat me out and I'll let you free-" were all he could hear. So his tongue went to work, lapping at her vulva as he felt something warm and wet rub against his cock.

She gave head, sucking on the tip while massaging his nuts. "Hm, you seem so backed up~ why haven't you cummed in so long? Would you like to make this fox-matron into a mother again~? Ehe oh lick right t-there!"

His lips sucked on her exposed clit, lapping away at any juices that flowed down from her spasming pussy. Her large ass grinded against him, his nose pinched as she tried to get herself off with his tongue. Within moments she erupted, climaxing all over his face as she let out a high-pitch orgasmic cry into the heavens.

"Oh g-good boy! Let me just undo your bindings an-" Before she could finish her sentence, Martial had reached up and pushed the fox-matron onto the ground. Her legs spread as he spread her pink vagina, seeing how it drooled. Precum dripped from his cock as he pushed her down to the ground again, holding her down as he entered inside.

He could feel how her pussy contracted and squeezed against his dick. A soft groan escaped his lips as he tasted the fox-woman's pussy. The same fox-woman who had been pinning him earlier. Now was the time to strike, and struck hard as his hips thrust inside her. He was on top, holding her down in a mating press. All he could do was thrust, his hips were strong as he went to town.

His cockhead kissed at her cervix, and tried to find every pleasure point inside her. Her little tittering and the way her vagina squeezed against him made it short work as the fox-matron climaxed again.

Annabelle had already stripped when she got close to Martial. Those swelled nuts looked tantalizing in her fuck-haze state, so she got onto her knees and started staining them with her black lipstick. Nursing them, suckling and milking them as her kisses on his balls caused him to leak an extra thick droplet of precum into the fox-matron womb.

The gothic woman grabbed at Martial's butt cheeks and spread them apart, before shoving her long tongue into it. She licked, teasing at his asshole while he bellowed and kissed the fox-matron on the lips. His tongue entered her mouth, and she suckled on it while his hips moved at the same pace she was, meeting her with each thrust.

Before he knew it, he felt a finger in his asshole, and squishing at his prostate. The fox-woman's pussy contracted at the same time as he unloaded inside her. Cum shot from his dick as it filled the orange fox-woman's pussy with all that baby-making cream she ever desired. Their lips were still locked as he kept thrusting, semen leaking out from her well-fucked hole as he kept climaxing again and again. After the third rope of cum had shot out, he rested on her massive chest, while her legs were already wrapped around his back to ensure that not a single drop would leave.

Martial didn't know it, but his semen searched and pillaged the eggs inside her. She really was going to be a mother after all. Annabelle kept rimming him as the fox-woman just gently milked his cock with her well-trained matron-pussy.

The fox-woman kissed him again, and slowly got up. "Well that's a way to introduce someone, huh cutie~?"

He couldn't feel his legs, but neither could she as the fox-woman stood, bow-legged. Semen leaked across her thigh.

"Would you... join my party?" Martial asked, his voice almost lost as he looked up at the fox-woman.

"You don't even know my name and you *just* knocked me up, but you want me to join your little... God what do you people call your adventurers here, *commandos*? Sure, I might as well protect the father of my children, Dorothy. My name is Dorothy."

Martial tried to get his ripped clothes together as he gave the giant fox-girl a good lookover. "You have any equipment, you know to fight?"

Mere seconds later, she had already gotten dressed in what could be described as harem-wear. Her face covered by a thin veil that hid her mouth and nose, with two straps covering her nipples and a simple loincloth that covered her leaking vagina and unused asshole. She too had the device on her wrist.

Annabelle looked at Martial, still in a sort of haze. "When you going to do me?"

Before Martial could retort, Dorothy had a slight glimmer around her.

"It's a magic shield, dear. It's one of the abilities I was able to purchase from another world."

Another world?

"No time to really explain, but you said you wanted me to join, so..." She grabbed his arm and held him tight.

"Maybe after this I'll show you what I mean~."

Martial looked up at the setting sun and shook his head. "We might as well make camp here, no reason to travel at night."

So that's indeed what they did, Martial had nothing but the rifle on his back but he laid on the tall grass. Dorothy laid next to him, and scooped him to have him rest on her bosom. Annabelle would end up having first watch.

Chapter 5

By the next morning, the trio had managed to get up and kept walking.

They kept walking until it was near noon, when they saw out in the distance flames rising the north. A wild-fire? Martial didn't understand it, but he carried his rifle on him as the few fabrics of cloth fell to the ground.

"You know you can store stuff with the wrist computer right? Why didn't you take an extra change of clothing? Could have bought a lot of things actually right now. You sure you're a commando?" Dorothy teased as she groped at his butt.

"Well show me, how do you buy products here if there's no towers?" Martial asked.

"No towers-... do you not have the up to date model of the wrist computer?"

Martial and Annabelle, who also had her own wrist computer looked dumbfounded at her. "What do you mean by that?"

Dorothy chuckled, "Of course you wouldn't have the most up to date wrist computers, how silly of me of thinking that humanity still had 5g network on this world. Here-" She handed the two of them a small drone injector.

"This will allow you to have access to everyone's network. It's an adapter and has the ability to allow you to store stuff in a sort-of bag of holding. Just watch." She grabbed at her veil and within mere seconds it disappeared into her hand. She then took the rifle out of Martial's hand, he fell to the ground, and it too faded into the wrist.

The Remington rifle plopped out and was equipped in Dorothy's hand, all of this to prove a point. "So you how about you just inject yourself with it and let's get moving, okay dears?"

Well, they injected themselves at gun point. Martial looked at his wrist and could see that he still couldn't contact his employers about the invasion.

"Why I can't even call them?" Martial asked.

"Huh?"

"I can't call them." Martial repeated.

"What do you... Oh my god I think you might be retarded." Annabelle said, grabbing at his wrist. "See, you forgot to turn off airplane mode. How the hell did you even manage that?"

"What does that even mean? What's an airplane mode?" Martial snorted. "Okay so, will this work now or are we just wasting our time?"

Dorothy looked at him and muttered 'goddammit why did I allow this idiot to fuck me.' "Okay! Let me see your wrist- You don't even have any contacts, that's why you can't call anyone. God-... Martial how did you... How did you even come into contact with this?"

"I was injected with it three weeks ago, it's not my fault I have no clue and I was thrown to the wolves here."

"No it's your fault for not reading anything. Here, just buy some clothes with your slush-fund and be done with this."

She kept fiddling with his computer until she managed to get a screen open. "Here, you should be able to buy some clothes with that \$20,000 you're carrying. And you also have like 94 points to spend too, they really don't tell you anything about how to work these computers do they."

Martial looked at Dorothy and nodded.

The fire grew higher and smoke could be seen from the horizon.

Martial ended up buying a Telnyashka—a blue and white striped navel tank-top—and within mere moments, it appeared in his inventory inside the wrist computer. He felt the energy pull out as he finally equipped himself in the old soviet garb. He retrieved his Remington rifle back and looked at Annabelle. "Did you know you could do that?"

She nodded. "Yeah, it's one of the few perks of being a commando is like, having things automatically be transferred to you."

The flames grew higher as thick black smoke rose in the air. Martial heart thumped in his chest. His first true battle. As they crested over the horizon, he could see the entire village engulfed in flames. The fields of corn were roasted alive, while houses made of thatch and timber were lapped away in the combustion. The great granary was ripped apart, and the food-storage was stolen by the vandals who had looted the place. This used to be Maize Valley. Now it was just a looted corpse of a village. Gunfire erupted from the flames. They traveled through the village streets, where bodies of the dead

In the middle of the village was the town square, where seven men wearing old Soviet uniforms were on guard duty. They looked relaxed despite the chaos all around them.. They held MP-40s, but that's Nazi weaponry, which made Martial question the commando who led these men in their taste of weapon to uniform aesthetic.

Dorothy murmured something and she grabbed at Martial's hand, her nails digging into his skin.. Annabelle lowered her rifle. "Follow my lead, and don't do anything stupid."

She approached, her Mosin rested snugly on her back as she looked around. The soldiers seemed uninterested, seeing how she looked like a commando on their side.

"Hello boys," Annabelle said as she walked toward them. "So, I'm looking for the commando who led this operation, I have some information I need to pass along."

One of the soldiers, a prime young man with a buck tooth got closer to Annabelle to see what was going on. "Say aren't you Annabelle Swain?"

"In the flesh," she giggled. Her nerves were shot.

"Well ain't that something special."

"Yeah, tell me about it. I have something *special* to give to the commando who led this operation, can you tell me where he's at so I can give it to him?"

"Oh, he's heading back to Freikorps headquarters, I'll tell *herr* Butcher that you're coming--"

"No that won't be necessary. I know his banner when I see it." She said as she walked off. A feeling of relief came over her, they didn't know. She spun on her heels and points at the seven men.

"Would you like to join my small company?"

"Sure." The men said. All of them were painfully aware that the reason seven were chosen to remain here was because they would be sacrificial lambs for the hornets of Lionheart men wanting revenge.

Annabelle went over to Martial, who just stood out in the distance watching the whole affair. Same with Dorothy, who's long ears twitched over the roaring sound of fire. "These are my companions, as of today we'll be taking care of your wages."

The seven men were nonplused, but the leader of the group, that buck-tooth soldier just nodded in agreement. "So what's our plan now?"

"We're heading back to Lionheart village and reporting what happened." Martial said.

The buck-tooth squad-leader and his six men knew at that moment they had been tricked. But was it truly trickery or was a blessing in disguise? They knew their faiths were going to be sealed by acting as a guard in the wreckage. They too were now defectors from *Herr* Butcher's command-structure for even accepting payment from Annabelle. Being a rank-and-file militiamen meant nothing to the commandos who ran roughshod over the Freikorps, their lives could be spent like bullets. Realizing this in their hearts, they found themselves more willing to accept payment from their supposed enemies.

But Martial had a dark look on his face. "Which one of you took part in the looting?"

All seven men stared blankly at Martial.

"Well?"

Two hands rose from the group. The buck-tooth squad-leader and one of his comrades in arms admitted to it. Bashing his rifle against the buck-tooth squad-leader chest, Martial felt a seething rage in him.

They killed his people, all seven had taken part in destroying this once bountiful farmland.

"How many men does the Butcher have?" Martial asked.

"He has an entire battalion! 3 companies of standardize infantry and 1 company of motorized infantry! Please, we didn't have any choice in joining the looting."

Martial pressed the barrel against the buck-tooth cheek and shook his head. "I'm not going to kill you, but from now on, you'll be working under Lionheart, do you men object?"

None of them did.

"Good. Now let's get a move on!" Martial said.