

Dale Gipe is just a normal highschool kid.

But before that, everything had changed for him.

Coming home from baseball practice, and carrying his baseball bat, he was stopped by a gang of unruly bikers.

"Gimme your wallet." The man yelled.

"I refuse." Dale said, in a pissy voice.

The bikers punched Dale, which connects at his crotch.

That causes Dale to go to the ground, coughing as they steal his wallet.

"Damn you bikers!" He yells out in pain.

Dale gets up and walks home, the smell of blood dripping on his face as he manages to find a small bus stop.

As Dale sat down at the bus-stop, he could see a small notebook filled with cash.

Almost as if it was set up for him.

Dale, despite his better judgement, stole the pocket book and slid it in his jeans.

Just as he does that, a larger than life Mexican man holding a Grease gun sat down at the bench too.

"Who are you?" Dale asked.

"None of your business."

The bus schedule hangs out sideways, a small breeze lifts the piece of paper as the Mexican kept holding his Guide Lamp M3.

"My name is Dale Gipe." Dale said, in his asinine voice.

"No one cares kid, I got a meeting with Sid."

"Who's Sid?"

Dale tried to think about who was this Sid character, but failed to figure out who he was from just asking this strange man.

"What's your name?"

"Russ."

"That's not a very Mexican name." Dale was a known racist.

"So?"

"Well, I'm a Jewish, if you were wondering."

Russ got up from the bench, looking around for anyone.

Across the street he sees a couple walking into a deli.

One of them had a revolver.

Russ walked across the street, slowly as Dale followed him.

"Geez mister, you got permit for that?"

"Kid if you don't shut up, this gun is going so far up your ass you'll be burping bullets, understand?"

"Yes sir."

Russ creaked the door open as the couple are holding the shopkeeper hostage.

"It's not going to work, friend." Russ said as he walked into the building.

"Who the fuck are you?" The man asked, turning to point his revolver at him.

The revolver goes off, and Russ dodges it.

Russ fired off three shots, two of them whiz towards the man, one striking him in the foot.

The bullet rips through his foot as the man falls to the ground.

The woman goes over to scoop up the pistol but Russ fires at her.

She dodges, the bullets striking the glass, shattering flakes all over the meat.

The woman gets up, and fires a round.

It misses, hitting a light fixture.

Russ shoots his submachine gun.

It hits the woman in the face, her eye dangling out as her nose is ripped apart in the blast.

The shopkeeper stares at Russ, looking at him for answers.

Keeping cool, Russ just walks out, making a peace sign as he could see Dale Gipe had stared at him through the window.

End of episode one.

Dale tries to walk away as Russ pointed his grease gun at the kid.
Turning away, Dale runs to an abandon storefront where he usually hides at.
Slapping his fist at the door, Dale breaks through the door without any real trouble.
Russ see's him going into the alleyway but as he keeps looking around, he can't find anything.
Dale breathes a sigh of relief.
Russ leans against a wall and calls his buddies...
Within 30 minutes, Russ friends show up, armed with M16s and Tec-9's.
Dale is still hiding in the basement, looking for anything to use.
As he fumbles around, he ends up making a lot of noise in the basement.
Russ rushes down through the storefront and into the basement.
Dale is piddling his pants as he see's Russ hold his submachine gun at him.
Russ aims his submachine gun at him.
Dale is struck with a bullet to the neck...
Blood squirts out heavily as Dale is knocked out, for the brief minute, he could feel himself getting colder, then very, very hot.
Russ feels a bit more cocky then usual and blasts Dale again and again in the basement.
Dale Gipe died in that basement.
Russ gets out of the basement and heads toward a waiting car, before ordering one of his men to cement the whole basement off.
"We don't know how to do that." One of them said.
Russ sighs and tells them how to exactly do it.
They get some tools to mix the cement when the machine explodes inside the building.
Embers start to fly as Russ lands in the alleyway, the building now on fire as the paramilitary group picks him up and drags him back into the car.
The police start to drive forwards towards the scene of the crime as Russ driver drives off towards the small base of operations in an apartment complex.
The policeman named Cyrus walked towards the burning building.
"I can't figure this out, who would blow up a building for no reason." Cyrus quipped.
As the police searched through the rubble, they could find a dead child laying in the rubble.
Picking him up, Cyrus stared at the child and just shook his head.
"We gotta gang war going on now." Cyrus didn't really care about the job he was doing.
He picked up his Colt Governor and slid the rail back.
A bullet is ejected from it as he ends up going to his police car.
Meanwhile, as they drove off, Russ could feel his body getting weaker as he tried to get up and look around in the van.
He bumps around, thumping into the wall as he could himself going limp.
Blood leaking out of his left arm from debris was the only answer to this problem.
They sped towards the apartment.
Entering it, he could see that a squatty man named Sid was coming down from the stairs.
"Sid, you sick fuck what are you doing here?" Russ questioned.
"We got word that the police think we're involved with some random kid's slaying, you know anything about this?"
"Not a clue."
Sid cocked his FN-Fal and slid it into position as he got ready to go towards his car.
"We're taking mine." Sid quipped too.
"Okay then, asshole." Russ said to his Arab partner.
The group were nationals trying to take control of the city of Split.
Sliding into his seat, Russ got into the car while Sid revved the engines.

"Where are we going now?" Russ didn't like asking these sorts of questions but they ended up being asked anyways.

"We're going to the first bank on center road."

"Why?"

"Because we need to do some overwatch for the Heitte gang."

"Fuck the Heitte gang." Russ slapped Sid's lap.

"Then what do you want to do then?"

"Go in, hijack their car and steal the loot."

"Oh we can totally pull that off, but I'm not risking my ass getting sent to the freezer."

"Coward." Russ chuckled as they pulled into an alleyway.

The sun still hang high Russ got out of the car and knocked on the door to a meat merchant.

"How many delis do we even have?" Sid asked.

"Don't care, hey Deliman, we're going to be hanging up on your roof here's 100 dollars and keep your mouth shut."

The Deliman takes the money.

They go up the stairs and towards the roof.

"Russ, why don't you stay on the ground floor and defend the stairwell while I go provide cover fire."

"Fine by me." Russ didn't really care.

In the small radio piece, Russ could hear that the police were coming towards the bank.

"So quickly?"

"Tell me about it." Russ cocked his Grease Gun as pointed it at the deliman.

"You, with me." He shoved the hot barrel into the man's chest as he forced him into the meat locker.

A small scream could be heard as he enters the meat locker...

It's content was filled with frozen bodies of past deli workers.

Russ shot the deliman in the left leg, causing him to fall to the ground as he shoved him into the room.

Locking the door, Russ ran up the stairs to go grab Sid.

"Sid, this is serious, we're on the rooftop of a murdering cannibal."

Sid was looking down the scope of his battle rifle as he shot a clean round at a passing policeman.

The bullet strikes the policeman in the crotch, and he falls to the ground with a sick thud.

"Alright, what do you want to do about it then?" Sid turned to face Russ, as Russ closed the door.

"Sense we're in murder town, I say we go into the sewers."

"That's retarded." Sid took another shot at a police officer, aiming his rifle at his chest.

The officer is checking the man who's bleeding out from the gunshot wound.

He's checking his six as Sid fired another round right into the man's torso, causing him to go falling to the ground.

A police car speeds past, stopping right at the bank as Russ got his submachine gun ready.

Sid got down on the ledge, going prone and hoping the police wouldn't have the forwital to use a helicopter.

Cyrus gets out of his car, holding a pipe in his hand as he tries to understand what's going on, two dead bodies on the street, more policemen were coming in.

A scream could be heard as a woman points up towards the building, Russ was still up their, holding his pistol.

Cyrus turned to face Russ, and trained his M16 on him.

Russ grabbed Sid and dragged him down the stairs.

"What about the bank crew?"

"We gotta move buildings, that's the problem."

Sid just sighed as he rummaged through his pockets to find a small grenade.

"Setting a trap?"

"Naturally."

He makes the grenade be tied up to a doorhandle as they escape into the car.

“Make sure we can go into the bank though.”

Revving the engines, Sid floors it and rams the police car.

Sid gets shards of glass on his face as Russ comes out unscathed.

Pulling out his submachine gun, he runs into the bank.

The Heitte crew were all dead, the money was still hanging around on the ground as Sid walked in behind him.

Cyrus got up, his body not trapped under the weight of the car.

The police car had managed to force itself to be wedged between the doors of the bank.

Holding his M16, he wondered if this whole situation could be his own downfall.

Sid picks up a duffle bag filled with cash, straining to do so as Russ rushes in to provide covering fire.

Cyrus walked into the bank, holding his M16 as he fired into the area.

Russ takes a bullet to the left arm, shattering it completely as bit of gore leaks out.

Screaming in pain, Russ fires his Grease gun, before the bolt receiver jams.

Sid jumps over the counter as he gets his Fn-Fal ready.

Cyrus cocks his rifle as he ejects the empty magazine and runs towards the teller screen.

Sid fires a shot at Cyrus, single shot, missing him completely.

Cyrus stands up, and fires a round at Sid.

It misses as well, the bullet going flying into the air as Sid grabs Russ.

Russ is screaming in pain, knocked out by the pain after Sid pulls him out into the street.

Sid searches around, slamming the door shut in the back alleyway as Sid could see police cars starting to pile up near him.

“Shit! We’re really in trouble now...” Sid grabbed Russ by the scruff and lifted him over his shoulder.

Taking him out of the area, could see the police starting to blockade the area.

The subway!

He spots a subway station, but it’s surrounded by the policemen.

A small dumpster is right near him as he checks the cover.

Leaning out, he slams the gun into fully-automatic.

One of the police officers notice that Sid is outside, holding his rifle.

They open fire, missing as it hits the dumpster with short pings.

Sid sprays his entire magazine, killing two officers who were closest to him as he dodges back into cover.

Russ does nothing, being knocked out and all that.

Sid grabs him by the scruff again and pulls him near the dumpster.

Two officers start to run towards him as Sid ejects his magazine.

The officers unload, shooting at the dumpster.

A bullet strikes his exposed right leg as Sid yells out in pain!

He recovers and inserts a magazine in the Fn-Fal.

Looking up, he could see the two officers close on him.

He opens fire.

The bullets rip through them as the two cops are now dead.

Sid picks up Russ over his shoulder as he see’s an opening, a cop-car ready for the taking.

He leaps in, taking the cop-car and places Russ in the other side of the car.

Swerving, he ends up slamming into a wooden crate that was helping to block the area.

He drives off back to the apartment, blood dripping from his bullet wound as he gets up to check it.

“Shit, we gotta go see a doctor.”

So they drive down into the apartment complex, slamming into the parking garage as Sid disembarks, grabbing Russ and the money as he rushes into the complex itself.

A strung out chick smokes a joint as Sid shoves her out of the way.

“Where’s the doctor!”

A dirty doctor comes in, grabbing Russ, his arm was barely attached to his body, hanging by a tendon as Sid keeps panicking.

“What the fuck do I do now!” Sid gets grabbed by an another doctor, who takes him in for surgery. His leg is healed up, he’ll be limping for a bit.

Russ ends up losing his arm, meaning he’ll be useless in combat for a good point of time.

The night afterwards, Sid is called into the leader of the revolution, and takes the duffle bag on his body.

“What were you thinking, you should of let the mission be a failure, now Russ can’t shoot.” The leader bitched out at Sid.

“Well, I mean, it’s not really my fault...”

“It is now, right now you’re on your own until we can find replacement parts for Russ.”

Sid just sighed and got his rifle ready.

“What’s my next mission?”

“You’re going to have to sit down for this one.”

The leader leaned in as Sid grabbed at his right leg.

“You’re going to end up entering Green-water Sanitarium to find Billy Styx-”

Just as the leader of the revolution is talking, a hind-d helicopter rises up to meet him, and opens fire right behind his back!

Sid dives for cover as the leader of the revolt is slain!

Grabbing his Fn-Fal, he ends up rushing out of the hallway and runs down the stairs.

Running down the stairs, he can see men wearing black body armor march up.

“Damn!” Sid screamed, kicking his way through a door and grabbing Russ, who is barely alive at this point.

“Sid, what’s going on?”

“Apartment is being raided, we gotta go!”

Sid picked up Russ over his shoulder and jumps out of the window onto a fire escape.

The fire escape rusts and the metal bar holding it cracks, falling to the ground some 20 stories high.

The Hind-D shines it’s flash-lights on Russ and Sid, before turning to open the door of the helicopter.

The helicopter doors open and three men wearing green soldier uniforms aim their rifles at the two.

Sid runs at the helicopter, jumping on board with a heavy thump.

It shifts a bit as the five men are now on board, the helicopter flies off towards Green-water Sanitarium...

“So what’s the plan now?” Sid asked the partners.

“We’re going back to HQ so we can patch up Russ over there, nice job almost killing yourself dipshits.”

“But what is our next objective?”

“You, and Russ when he gets healed up, are going to the Sanitarium to find Billy Styx, just like that man said.”

“And do what with him?”

“You’re going to find out where the terrorist group Famicon are hiding next.”

The helicopter kept flying in the air.

“So we just go in, take Styx, and he’ll tell us where the next location of Famicon is hiding out?”

“Bingo.”

Russ moaned out in pain.

“What about Russ? He thinks we’re still apart of Famicon.”

“We’ll put him in jail, isn’t that right?” The largest of the three men pushed Sid Hansil around.

“For what, murder?”

“Of course murder, he killed good policemen, so did you, but you have that contract that allows you to kill as long as you pay the families insurance money.”

“He doesn’t?”

“No, he’s been brainwashed into thinking he’s apart of Famicon and now he’s with them, anyways, drop the helicopter down.”

The Hind-D lands on the ground, near the police station.

“He’ll be safe here, the guards know that he’ll be under strict watch.”

Two of them push Russ out into the field, rain starts to hit the helicopter as Sid grabs his Fn-Fal.

“Who are the Famicon?”

“It’s just one branch of the Syndicate, a group bound for world domination, we here at UNCIA are here to fight that, isn’t that right?”

“That’s true.”

“If we strike down Famicon, the rest will end up falling into pieces.”

“True, true.”

Two of the men escort Russ into the police station, and rush back into the helicopter.

Russ is coughing up blood as Sid watches from afar.

The helicopter takes off, flying away out of the city-state of Unievco and into the territory of Zadar.

Rain kept striking the blades of the rotor as they flew into the airspace.

Sirens blared, before they became quite quiet again.

“You got two hours to go in, and interrogate Styx, members from Famicon are planning on breaking him out, and you’ll know better then to let that happen.”

“Is he expendable?”

“Up to you.”

Sid readied his rifle as they in the pitch blackness of night, the sanitarium was near, lights shinning as he got up on foot, and limped towards the large wall.

Will Sid find out the secret plans against Famicon? Will Russ be able to use his left arm again? Will Cyrus be important to the story?

End of Episode 2.

Sid climbs the wall, scaling it as the sound of orderlies march around.
Holding his rifle, he forced his way into the compound, the sanitarium.
An orderly passes by him, not seeing Sid.
Sid lifts up his Fn-Fal and slaps it across the man's skull.
It stuns the orderly, he stumbles to the ground as Sid reaches around to grab him.
Taking the man's clothing, he puts it on and dresses up as an orderly.
His black shirt now hidden against the wall as the tree waves in.
He walks into the building, and he's immediately spotted as the enemy.
One of the orderly's pulls out a pistol and aims it at Sid.
Sid runs towards an iron pillar as he hides.
The bullet misses him as the pistol fires at him.
Sid leans out and shoots, but the orderly dodges and goes for cover.
Sirens start to go off as more orderlies start to run into the lobby.
"Oh I shouldn't do this, but..." Sid smirks to himself as he rushes up the stairs.
A bullet strikes him in the torso, just missing his stomach, he clutches his gut as the blood start to leak out of his bullet hole.
Turning around, he fires an entire magazine at the group.
Three of the seven orderlies fall to the ground, bleeding out as he rushes up the stairs.
Ejecting the magazine, he can see markings of a triangle within a triangle.
"Shit." Sid moans out in pain as he forces himself to enter the nearby room to the left of the stairs.
Orderlies were starting to march up the stairs as he slammed the door shut.
As he turns around, he can see that it's a medical supply room, small vials of blood fill the room as he spots a first-aid kit.
Picking it up, he starts to patch himself up, stopping the bleeding as he wraps gauze around his wound.
He lets out a heavy scream as he can hear a pounding on the door.
Sid lifts up the Fn-Fal, aiming it at the door.
He clicks.
Reloading his magazine, he pushes a bed up against the door as he looks out the window, seven more orderlies were coming through the front door, holding bolt-action rifles and pistols.
A heavy thump smashes through the wooden door, being blocked by the bed.
An orderly pushes the bed over as Sid unloads a round, striking the arm of the orderly.
It causes it to go limp as the other orderly moves in to try and shoot.
Sid fires another round, striking the orderly in the chest as he falls back to the ground with a heavy thump.
The other two orderly move back, hiding behind the stair cover as the door to the lobby is kicked open.
Sid rushes out of the room, doing a diving dodge as he's struck with another bullet to the torso, ripping the bandage as he yells out in pain.
He holds onto his wound as he fires rounds at the orderlies.
They miss, causing the orderlies to start moving up towards Sid.
Sid fires again, blowing off the left leg of one orderly and the hand of another.
They both go flying back as he keeps bleeding, sliding into a room.
It appears to be a technicians lab.
Another first-aid kit was found as he stumbled up to grab it.
He notices there is another door, unlocked as Sid patches himself up, covering the small bullet holes, and again, stopping the bleeding as he blocks the door.
A large thump can be heard as he opens the door to the next room, an orderly holding his pistol was pointing it at the door.
He shoots as Sid dodges, hitting the wooden door as Sid closes the gap and shoots a round into the man's torso.

The orderly manages to dodge the attack, vials of blood go flying on the ground as he aims his pistol again.

Sid fires a shot at the left leg, and blasts it clean off as he pushes the barrel of the gun to his head.

"Where's Billy Styx?"

"Damn Syndicate, he's in the fourth floor, here, take my elevator pass--"

The wooden door bursts open as six orderlies burst into the technical room.

Sid snatches his pass as he sees a door to his right, slamming into it, he opens it.

He takes a deep breath as he walks out, more of the men were going to be following him as the elevator door was already on this floor.

No orderlies came out, but a patient holding a knife.

Sid shot a round at him, which misses and hits the elevator wooden panel.

The patient shambles forward as Sid shoots another round.

It strikes the man in the chest, and he goes flying into the elevator.

He thinks for a second, and realizes that he could just go in the elevator without any problem.

The door slowly starts to close as Sid slides in.

He shoves the keycard into the slot, causing the engines of it to roar as the elevator panel lights up.

Sid presses the fourth floor.

The elevator rises up without any problem, sliding open, he enters the fourth floor.

Place looked like a warzone was going on, orderlies holding bolt-action rifles were shooting at patients, patients were stabbing orderlies that weren't behind the cover of the metal beds.

"You, get over here!" One of the orderlies yelled.

Sid rushes through, landing at the defensive perimeter.

"We're having a riot, as you can see, apparently they think someone's here to save *that*." The orderly smacks the iron door.

"About that," Sid unloads his entire magazine into all three of the men, killing them.

Grabbing a key, he slides it into the door as it clicks open.

A lone light shines brightly on the Afro-Chinese man.

His black hair and squinting eyes were only as Billy stared at Sid.

"You're my rescue?"

Sid pointed his rifle at the man.

"I didn't think you would be so quick."

Sid rushed forwards and slammed the rifle against Billy's stomach.

"You're going to be answering questions, and quick."

"Dumb UNCIA, you don't even know about the shadow-missile in Zadar, do you?"

"What's that?"

"It's the next-generation weapon hidden inside the city of Zadar."

Sid slapped the man across the face.

"What else?!"

"It's a new cloning project for our soldiers!"

Sid stared at the man, "A new cloning project?"

"Yes, all the orderlies here are apart of operation Shadow-missile, all clones."

"Where's the bio-laboratory located?!"

"I don't know, maybe if you promise you won't kill me, I can tell you where they are."

Sid just sighed, "I promise, now where is it?"

"No, you take me to your leaders and we'll talk, you don't have enough time to find it by yourself."

Sid picked up the old, frail, carmal skinned man and lifted him up over his shoulder.

The sound of a helicopter taking off was more apparent in the distance, before a heavy shake of the building indicated that yes, they were here.

UNCIA.

Sid rushed towards the elevator as he hit the ground floor.

Landing on the ground floor, he ran out, bullets flying everywhere as Sid could see Billy panic.

"You won't kill me, you promise?"

"I don't know where the cloning project is being held, so I can't."

Sid dropped Billy on the ground, and he started touching Sid's stomach. A small gel dripped out as it healed Sid's wound.

"Thanks, old man."

"Let's get out of here!"

The helicopter had landed right in the middle of the courtyard, orderlies were shooting at it as Billy was forced onto it, Sid got on board and hid.

"You brought him?" The older man asked.

"He has info we need to know."

"Spit it out then."

"There's no shadow missile project, you fools!" Billy cackled.

The commander of the operations pointed his pistol at Billy.

"You won't shoot me, I'm an honored warrior."

"Then tell us why did the Syndicate want to save you?"

Billy rubbed his cheeks as the commander shot him in the leg.

He goes falling to the floor of the helicopter as it takes off.

"Tell us, why are you needed in this backwater city-state?"

"The Syndicate wanted me to help find out the secrets of cloning so they wouldn't have to use regular civilians and train them."

"So the cloning thing is real?"

Billy looked at Sid, "Yes you idiot, Shadow-Missile is fake but the clones are real. Listen the Bio-labs are in the foothills of Zadar territory, in one of the old bunkers after the war."

Sid stared at Billy.

"You know this place is under civil war right? The whole Dalmatia region is at war, and it's being funded by Syndicate nationalists, correct?"

"Yes and?"

"Well because of that, Zadar has managed to contract them to build a bio-laboratory in one of their bunkers."

"Well ain't that swell." Sid cocked his eyebrows at Billy.

"That's not all, they're going to use the clones as fodder, and as cheap labor."

The commander leans in, "So the Syndicate has this technology on hand?"

"Well, yes and no, they've been able to replicate fast cloning, but the problem is the training, most of them snap after a couple weeks, hence being sent to that Sanitarium for "biological" disuse."

"So the Syndicate is getting funds from the city of Zadar...?"

"Yes, whole loads of money, they're basically allowing themselves to become vassals to the Syndicate by the time this is over."

"Well shit." Sid sat down on the bench as Billy wobbled on the ground, still in pain.

"So are we going back to HQ?" Billy looked at Sid and the commander.

The Commander drew his pistol and blasted Billy in the head.

Billy slumps on the chair as the helicopter flies towards the city of Zadar.

It's city ports and bridges connecting the city together by ferries and bridge.

"Christ what a slum." Sid coughed as he could see large smoke-stacks rise up in the air.

"Well Sid, we'll be staying at UNCIA safehouse and allow you to patch up. We'll try to find any contacts in the city that'll give you the information you need, but right now you need to get some sleep."

"Gotcha chief." Sid winced as one of the soldiers injected him with a bit of opium laced needle.

Russ awoken in his cell, one arm less than normal.

He remembered he was saved by Sid, but he didn't know where he was.

A rattle on the bars startles him as he looks up to see a plain-dress uniform officer.

"You Russ?"

"Yeah?" Russ voice was guttural.

He looked at the policeman, he was carrying his M16.

"Well what do you want?" Russ was getting pissy at the man by the second.

"We got information that you might be in contact with a group called Famicon, is this true?"

"Depends, what do you mean 'contact.'"

"Don't get wise, smart ass, we need information and we need it fast."

"I refuse."

"We know you killed that kid..."

Russ's eyes flared up as he looked at the officer.

"And you're stuck in this cell, what are you going to do about it?"

"You little shit!" Russ jumped up to try and grab at the officer with his one good arm.

"I'll let you go, free as a bird if you give me what I need to know about Famicon activity, why did a Hind-d attack the apartment complex?"

"That wasn't Famicon, that was..."

"That was what?"

"I don't know!"

Cyrus opens the cell door, his M16 pointed right at Russ.

"You better tell me all I need to know and I'll let you go, alright?"

"I know this, Famicon is planning on leading a large-scale attack on the city soon, look for the subways."

"Thanks for your information, you just stay here and I'll try to verify this with my sources."

It started to snow in the city, the large city of Split was on edge as police officers started to search the subway tunnels, miles and miles of subway tunnels were being searched each day, finding nothing.

The whole of Dalmatia made up the southern coast, a perfect beach-head for New Mexico just 50 miles away, Split and Zadar were connected by the subway system and roads...

Which in turn, when the Subways from Zadar started to roll in the next day, the police didn't expect 1,000s of people that were wearing demonic masks, carrying AK-47s and battle uniforms.

"Shit, he was right!" Cyrus yelled into his phone, trying to call the police in to stop the large roaming band of bandits and revolutionaries.

Sid flipped on the TV, turning to see that a large band of "Famicon supporters," have came out to attack the city of Split today.

He knew he needed to stop the cloning facility.

Or at least, stop those trains from coming into Split, his base of operations for the time being.

End of episode 3.

Sid stared at the clock as it ticked on, he could see that it would be dawn as his wounds healed. Silently he cursed himself as he tries to get ready to go into the bunkers.

Holding his Fn-Fal, he gets inside a random car.

Apparently no one questions why an Arab is holding a rifle, or hijacking a car, since most of the population is giddy with the whole revolt.

Sid drives up into the foothills, away from the road as he calls in some friends.

The 'friends' are sapper units that manage to be flying over to him in 25 minutes.

"No, go to the subway tunnels and bomb them."

"Gotcha Sid, God speed."

Sid punches it towards the bunkers.

Two men are holding rifles as they speak at him.

"Get out of the vehicle, now."

This man had a large mustache while the other one had a balding old white face.

Sid slowly gets out of the car, before drawing his Spas-12 shotgun from his back, and fires off a shot.

The pellets rip from them like paper as they stumble to the ground.

Sid notices that there's military fences everywhere as he tries to run into a small outpost.

Throwing his shotgun to the ground, he goes and grabs a M16, and hides in the small outpost guard tower.

He hides in the guard tower for a minute before he can see men move down the road.

They stop and notice the dead bodies.

And the opened door that Sid and forgotten to close.

He can see one of the guards check the door as Sid slams it in the man's face.

It's made out of iron just in case the situation wasn't clear enough for it.

That dude's face is numb as Sid leans out the window, and blasts a round into the other guard.

The round blows him apart, chest ripped open as the only alive guard in the area shoots at the locks.

Sid aims his rifle at him, and shoots at the man's face.

He shoots the man's torso just as he's entering the building.

Blood starts to pour down his chest as Sid finds the least damage uniform in the area, and afterwards, hijacks a vehicle.

He drives off towards the bunker complex, getting by without a pass as he has received transmissions that the Famicon group here uses M16 and is training the clones that are attacking the city of Split to use AK-74 in an attempt to make it look like Famicon doesn't know how to use both weapons efficiently.

Sid gains access to one of the bunkers, heading down into a rail-road sort of situation, rail cars everywhere as people are moving everywhere.

"Mr. Hansil, what are you doing outside of Split?"

One of his superiors looked at him.

He blinks, realizing his cover has been blown.

"Well, why are you here?"

"Revolutionary leaders are trying to figure out why there's an army attacking."

They buy it, and points the door, opening it and forcing it open.

"Well what's the next plan after this attack?" Sid asked.

"Easy, we're going to free your people from the tyrants that rule Dalmatia. If everything goes to plan, the government will be a political council. Doesn't that sound nice?"

"So wheres the bio-labs?"

"Oh uh, in the east side, why?"

"Styx wanted me to add something to the bio-weapons..." Sid tried to see if he'll catch on.

"Styx... I thought he was locked away, who ordered you to talk to him?"

"The revolt leader, he wanted to bring him back to his home base, but he valiantly killed himself for the revolution."

That makes no sense, but they buy it.

"So you're sure that Styx legacy is added to the-"

The base shakes.

UNCIA squads are moving up the road.

Machine gun posts keep firing at them as Sid runs towards somewhere.

He runs into a military post, abandoned as he can see large groups of soldiers and technicians starting to go deeper into the base or go out and fight the enemy.

Sid readies his rifle as he collect magazines and a map.

He skims through it, finding where the oil/energy plant was at, and where the cloning facility was located.

In his head, he thinks destroying the power supply would be better, so he grabs some frag grenades and stuffs them in the green uniform.

He rushes out and finds another barracks.

"Help, help, the sappers have gotten into the base!"

One of the soldiers nod and rush out of the room.

"You two, they managed to get into the core refinery!"

The soldiers blinked.

"If that thing gets shut down..." The soldier stared at the flashing red wall.

"Then the power will get cut, and the emergency suicide switch will be turned on!"

"Who designed this base to do that?" The other soldier yelled at his companion.

"Just go, and stop whoever is sapping it!"

Sid could hear gunshots fill the area as UNCIA have managed to get one person in, only to be promptly killed by a stray bullet.

Sid finally pushes into the refinery, he chucks all of his grenades before slamming the door shut.

The engine explodes, shaking as the lights turn off.

The sound of gas started to rise up from the floor... in 30 seconds this base will erupt.

He finds an exit, which is starting to close as he can see soldiers rush with him.

"What about the bio-labs?" One of the men yell.

"All the research will be fried!"

"Who cares, let's get out of here before we're toast!"

Sid rushes out with them, holding the M16 as he can see Hind-D's flying around, shooting at anyone leaving the base.

Sid flees away as an explosion rocks the base, the doors are filled with fire as Sid can watch the sounds of people burning inside.

Sid rips off his uniform and heads into the bushes, he can see a train leaving from the subway station, the very last train.

"Sappers did you destroy the lines?"

"Of course, no problem at all, how many trains are coming?"

Sid stares out, seeing that multiple trains were heading towards Split.

"Twenty trains."

"Jesus Christ..."

"Tell me about it, blow them up now, the clones are highly dangerous."

Out in the distance, near a mountainside, he can see the railroads explode.

Whole entire subway train, now a regular train just explodes as Sid cheers on in the background.

Now there were still clones in the city, firing away.

Sid got on his knees to contact his superiors.

"Bunker is destroyed, UNCIA casualties are unknown but the cloning facility is gone, Sir."

"You idiot, you were supposed to get info from it."

"Well, I guess that's your loss."

A helicopter lands right near him.

"Get in, we're getting you further intel at HQ finally."

They fly off towards HQ.

Landing their, Sid gets informed on the situation.

"That bunker wasn't where the cloning labs were at."

"Then where is it?"

"That we don't know, from what we understand, that was a grow-vat area, not where the actual cloning takes place."

"Will any of this matter?"

"Well, if the Syndicate is planning on cloning people, we need to find where it's at, at the source."

Sid can see a dead body on the table.

"How long has he been here?"

"Never mind him, he's a clone that died by a bullet wound to the head, we found his DNA to be traced back to a fisherman near Vis."

"So what are you saying?"

"That this is where the true cloning operation is at. Those vats, they can't use them anymore but they're still having the people being grown naturally their."

The commander spreads a whole lot of images of the same person in the city of 1,000. All of them a single person.

"We know that Syndicate operations have managed to seal the town off, just before the bunkers blew up, a cloning vat had managed to escape."

"So what do you want me to do about it?"

"Personally, I want you to find Russ and get him back to HQ, which we should have done, but now he's out attacking the government buildings in Split."

Sid picks up Russ while he's attacking a government building as the national army marches in from the coast to attack.

Picking Russ up in the car, he could see the carnage the clones were doing, the city blocks were burning as Sid drove by, heading back into HQ which lied on the border of Brazil and legal government of Dalmatia.

Sid breathed a sigh of relief as he dropped Russ off, he could see on the news that a band of militiamen were planning on raiding the small town of Vis over the radio chatter.

Sid's eyes perked up as it's been only twenty-four hours since the clones had invaded.

They were back at HQ.

The clones were mostly driven out of the city, mostly due to the efforts of the heavy artillery and tanks that drove through.

Sid stared at the TV at all the carnage that was taking place, clones were being shot as the mayor of Dalmatia was trying to get UN to help out.

"I don't care, I need more merc- I mean peacekeepers here."

The HQ that was stationed near Brazil and Dalmatia kept getting questions about when will men and trucks be ready to help out the war effort.

"Why should the UN be helping in a foreign affair." Was the official spokesperson questioning.

"Because I know that Famicon is part of the-" the transmission cuts, "and that this was staged so that they can have a foothold in Dalmatia. You know how hard we tried to stay out of it?"

"They already have a foothold in Dalmatia, if you want, we can put out a contract for the highest bidder to help you out in the time being."

"That's not what I want, I need your elite units to end it now!"

"I just can't commit-"

The transmission is cut as Sid stares at the General.

"So what's the game plan, we're heading back to Brazil and arming them so they can do a cross border raid?"

"Yes, and you're going to help us out by attacking one of the outposts on the border dressed as a Dalmatia soldier."

"So that way they'll mobilize?"

"We'll pull some strings, right now the main goal is to keep the highest bidder happy, and seeing how Dalmatia isn't pay enough, we'll use our funds to 'convince' that the Famicon threat is real, and could spread over the border. We'll be using this week budget to re-arm the military wing."

"isn't that immoral? Who is the highest bidder right now?"

Sid's eyes blink. "You can't be serious."

"I'm afraid so, the Syndicate bought us out already."

"But-"

"Just do your job."

"Why would you accept funds from them?"

"Because we agreed on one thing, that we need to have one state be powerful, no need for this multi-plural world."

"But I agreed to uphold justice, how could we?"

"There is no justice here. Dalmatian civil war is the tipping point for this world."

Sid stares at the General Persia, and shakes his head.

"The UN would have never taken bribes."

He storms out of the base, taking of his trucks as he drives towards the Brazilian border.

Before he reaches it, he manages to turn around and take an indirect route into one of the smaller port towns.

He stops the vehicle for a moment, before entering the town.

When he enters, he can see that the people were on edge, smoke still rose from the sky.

His earpiece was gone as he tried to find a boat captain.

"I need a voyage to New Mexico, please?"

"You smuggling guns?"

"No sir,"

"Then let's go."

And so the boat traveled off.

Cyrus is stuck in the city, patrolling the route towards the hilly countryside, where loads of people were heading off.

Sid arrives in Fort Summer, getting off the boat when he can see his old pier-mates hanging outside having a smoke.

"Back so soon?"

"My job just got bought out, looks like I'm out of the job."

"Well, don't threat, I know an organization that's gives people like you *good* jobs."

Sid just smiled.

Russ was getting the tar beaten out of him, tied to a chair.

He was in pain as he could see General Persia smack him around, he knew Famicon were the good guys.

Sid boarded a helicopter as it takes off towards Vis, finally deciding that enough was enough and that the cloning operation should be shut down.

This was going to be a lone operation.

He lands near a wheat field as he can see farmers holding sickles, he still had his Fn-Fal as he walked pass them.

They didn't notice the helicopter but when he asked if any trucks came in, one of them nodded and pointed towards a small fortress.

"Bad stuff happens there, be careful."

"I don't want to be a slave to this Syndicate people."

"I don't either." Sid found a small truck as he drove up towards the fortress.

He could see large guns aimed at the road members from the fishing community stared at him awkwardly.

The guns of gunfire erupted as the cross border raid had managed to start.

The 500 men were shooting at any clone, this was on the orders from Dalmatian government.

Sid drives towards the fortress, seeing the large cloning vats and the pens of upon pens of artificial wombs, giving birth to them.

Now that the cloning vats were here, they could be accelerated.

Sid blasts it away with his rifle, destroying it.

Letting out a sigh of relief, he now realized that Dalmatia was in the midst of a civil war, and that the Syndicate would destroy the UN...

He turned to face the TV.

It couldn't be, the UN was dissolved on the orders by ---higher--- powers.

Now the Famicon operations would be fully in action while the rest of the UNCIA would be made to work for them.

A great global war would begin, with all sides fighting each other soon, but how soon enough would it be?

Sid watched on the TV as the sounds gunfire approached.

Turning around, he could see one of the militiamen.

"We heard about it too, I guess we gotta beg for their forgiveness and ask them to side with the proper government."

"No, that's not how it should be, we're going to restore the government here in this broken territory if that's the last thing we do.

Cyrus was in the group, looking at Sid.

Russ was free to go, his face bleeding as he escaped into Brazil, laying face dirt in the mud as a travelling caravan had managed to pick him up, taking him to Rio de Janeiro, resting he ends up looking at a map of the Continent of Janember.

The largest landmass was Brazil, and it appeared that Kabylia had managed to split off from Languedoc-Roussillon in a show of force, and Brazil had lost territory to L-R about ten years ago, he could see military units positioned on the border of L-R, while on the other side it appeared that Kabylia was building units to aid in attacking L-R.

Brazil was the major powerhouse on Janember but it was remembered that L-R had discovered large patches of oil and uranium, making them be able to field large mechanical giants.

When Russ clicked on Kabylia, he could see that the Berber state had managed to ally itself with Free Dalmatia already, no thanks to the UN.

In the apparent twenty-four hours since he's been here, the UN had dispersed, which he was glad, Famicon would be having a base of operations in Free Dalmatia, which he was also glad about.

Brazil had allied itself with L-R in a surprise move, when Russ clicked on Brazil, and was planning on moving units away from the border so they could attack Kabylia and split the land apart between the two nations.

He knew that Famicon would be willing to work with Kabylia so he called up one of their agents.

"This phone line secured?"

"It is."

"What do you want?"

"I need to call in a favor, Kabylia seems like it's posed to help Free Dalmatia, and I need it so they don't do that."

"You sure about that?"

Russ stared at the map, seeing the units move towards the south east.

"Yeah, whole division of cavalry is moving towards their boats to intervene."

"I'm sure they should be allowed to intervene, what seems to be the issue."

"L-R moved their units towards Kabylia, and they look like they're about to attack in a joint effort with Brazil."

There's an audible sigh.

"We'll send word to the Berber high-chiefs that we can't risk it yet. In the meantime, go to L-R and see if you can find any dissidents in the army ranks so we can have that alliance broken up."

"Gotcha chief."

"We'll try to see if we can convince Brazil to join up against the Dalmatia, our best agent is going to be taking him out quite shortly."

Cyrus is having a smoke as he notices a diplomat enter the ruined building of the capital.

He carefully walks into the building, cracking it the door open as he looks inside, seeing the man wiping the sweat off his brow.

A gunshot goes off as Cyrus perks up, seeing the diplomat shot dead.

Shit.

A month pass.

Free Dalmatia and Dalmatia are at war with each other, Brazil and Kabylia keep sending supplies into Free Dalmatia while L-R has managed to move units back towards the border with Brazil and Kabylia, their giant death robot still in position as Sid has been in the bush fighting with Dalmatian militiamen on the border between the Free Dalmatian way.

Cyrus was now in jail.

And Russ was smirking as his whole plan had managed to come into fruition, he planned on moving into L-R to get them to attack Brazil.

His whole goal was to destabilize the continent and have it become a puppet of Famicon, and if there's only one nation standing, they'll be too weak to stop the growing army all over the place.

Taking a helicopter to Languedoc-Roussillon, he can see the large scale build up, entire divisions were being committed to helping Free Dalmatia, which he knew would end up be taken over by Brazil if he was a betting man.

Russ ends up being contacted by a Syndicate agent as he lands, "Good news and bad news, good news, we managed to complete our objective in starting a regional conflict, there was a coup due to military pressure. Bad news is that Famicon has been dissolved."

"So what do we do?"

"Worlds your oyster, do whatever you want to do, we already set in motion a regional war."

Will Sid unite Dalmatia?

Will Brazil and Kabylia end up at war with Languedoc-Roussillon?

Will New Mexico intervene?

Will Russ enjoy his newfound freedom?

Will Cyrus escape from the framejob he's been given?

Find out next time on Jews(Game)

End of episode 4

There was an attempt here, it's gone now.

Sid hid in his tent, the daylight was starting to shine on the small field, his small band of men were prowling the area, armed with a mixture of M16s and Fn-Fals customized to fire 7.62x 51mm.

Managing to collect 50 men, Sid had started his own militia of sorts, they were deep in Free Dalmatia.

"Sir, when are we going back home?" One of the younger peasant that he picked up asked.

"Not soon enough."

"But the men are hungry, we haven't found any food in days."

"How many rations do we have?"

"We have enough for the rest of the day."

Damn, Sid thought.

"Sir, we found a city near us, we can loot the outskirts and try to steal food."

Good idea, Sid chuckled.

So they marched towards through the abandoned outskirts of town, looting anything and everything, finding a good amount of food.

They manage to put it all in the old M113 transport that they're using.

They had managed to steal it from a military installation when Sid only had five people with him.

He lost all but one, who could actually drive the thing.

Sid wouldn't accept this loss, but he would take it as a victory, and drove the M113 out of the base and now is being used a mobile storage unit.

The whole holding bay for infantry had been turned into a make-shift cooler for the food.

With this raid, they had managed to take 9 weeks of food to be able to consume at a meager rations.

The driver, who's name was Bernard, had to wear a long-shorts to make himself feel better, the engine was well insulated as the APC traveled at a slow rate with the rest of the men.

The gang had managed to make it on the small roadway when a small militia from the town had started taking potshots at them.

Sid ordered his men to turn and open fire.

In the ensuing firefight, Sid had managed to take out two men while his own militia had taken out a good half of the 100 militiamen who were coming from the outskirts.

To the cities militiamen credit, they did try with what amounted to using SKSs hybrids that could be fully automatic.

They had managed to snag 2 of Sid's men in the ensuing gunfight, killing them.

Sid didn't take this lightly, and ordered an attack on the small city of Zibo-Jetla.

"We'll leave a small rear guard to protect the M113, but the rest of us, we're going in and trying to clear out the military presents here. Got that?"

Everyone nodded as Sid pointed towards moving into the slums.

The morning sun shined high as they passed the dead militiamen, who laid strewn on the dusty dirt road.

Passing communist blocks of steel and cement, they managed to make it onto paved road, that was also made of cement.

They passed by coffee shoppes and small mom and pop stores before the group could see that militiamen were starting to move towards them.

Cars filled the street, paying way towards the marching Sid army.

They soon would be used for cover as Sid fired the opening shot at the opposing force.

Bullets ripped through the brick as Sid ducked into an alleyway, some of his men knew that this would be a textbook flanking maneuver, and only a handful stayed in the area to draw the enemy out.

One of Sid's men threw a White Phosphorous grenade, which two cars blow up, sending shrapnel everywhere.

Sid kept leading his men before a small squad of the Zibo-Jetla police opened fire with small armed pistols.

Sid kept his cool as his men blew them away.

They marched through the alleyway, turning through the large maze as they could see the bulk of the militia firing upon the rest of Sid's army.

Sid's men charged out, gunning down most of them but a good chunk would end up surrendering.

One of the people in Zibo looked at him and said "Damn bandits, what are you going to do, steal our food?"

"Why is it this way?"

"There's no stable government outside of Zadar, and that place is being heavily contested by the Dalmatia army. We just want the country to go back to normal!"

Sid nodded.

"What are you going to do now?"

Sid looked around at the city square, the area that was being used as a base of operations and calmly stated, "I'm taking the city over under martial law."

"Under who's authority?"

Sid pressed the rifle against the woman's chest.

"Gotcha chief."

Sid marched towards the Mayor's chamber as his men aimed their rifles at him.

"This land is ours now, pack your shit and leave."

The mayor obliged him and fled out of the building.

Sid sat down on the leather chair as he prepared to send out his men to inspect the city.

The adviser for the Mayor looked at Sid.

"Good luck controlling this town, it's not going to last long."

"Is there a military base near here?"

The adviser flipped open her phone and thumbed through it.

"Yes sir, there happens to be a shipyard nearby, not so heavily defended but there's at least a platoon their watching over."

"Okay, we'll prepare operations to start moving towards the Shipyard, got that?"

"I don't know why you're telling me, sir."

"I don't know either, but I'm going anyways."

As he sits in his mayor chair, he phones his M113 to move into the city.

It crawls through with no real intensity when a shell smashes into it!

The whole thing explodes.

All the food, gone.

Sid called his units to inform them that we now have this city to be able to use as a base of operations, not informing them of the lost M113.

The men gather outside of the mayor's building in the city square as Sid informs them that they'll be going in and capturing the shipyard.

"We can do that!" The men cheered.

They had also managed to recruit about 80 men, using those SKS as main battle rifles.

The rear guard arrives to inform Sid about the M113 blowing up.

The militia goes quiet.

"It's not a problem, Bernard will be missed, henceforth, this town shall be known as Bernardgrad."

In the mean time, the people inside the city were miffed about having a new leader.

Some even asked if the tax rate would go up.

"I henceforth ask that all questions be addressed to this adviser here."

She's alright at her job of administrating, but not the best one to do so.

It happens to be three weeks later, the group had managed to properly heal up, scouts have been coming out to tell Sid that the military present is light at this point, and attacking now would be the best time.

Episode 6: The thrilling start of the attack on the shipyard.

A king doesn't enter a new land he owns, does he?

Sid marched his men across the road, the traffic would be light on account of the civil war going on. His Fn-Fal was ready as his men went in, carrying a Black Standard across as his men took potshots at the workers who remained.

Sid pointed towards the dockworkers who were maintaining the ship and tried to figure out where the men were.

He could hear a barrage of gunfire as his men were trying to enter a warehouse!

This was where the military for Free Dalmatia was hiding.

Sid ordered his men to go in and clear it out, sending twenty young men.

These men take aim and fire at the resting soldiers, which results in the soldiers inside the- shouldn't it be sailors?

The sailors were getting shot up before some of them started to wave a small white flag.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot, we'll give you anything you want."

Sid ordered his men to start picking up the men who lied on the ground.

They cared for the bleeding and almost dying as Sid looked around at the base.

That's when he could see two heavy helicopters fly in, carrying what he assumed to be military equipment.

Sid called out the men to get out of the warehouse.

A good portion of them managed to escape as Sid could see a missile shoot out, striking the warehouse.

Sid is thrown back, so is most of his men as the sound of a chaingun whirling up startled him!

His back was pressed against the wall as he tried to get up, a loud constant machinegun fire erupts from the area as his men are fleeing towards the docks.

Sid got his Fn-Fal ready, and shot the tempered glass of the helicopter.

He misses, obviously as he runs to crash through the wooden door into a small office complex.

Grabbing around, he could see 5 men rush in with him.

"What do we do now?" One of them yells.

"Do we have an anti-helicopter gun?"

The soldier looks at Sid.

"Anything at all?"

One of them hands him a satchel of C-4 as they pat him on the back, forcing him to go up the oaken stairs as he could see the helicopter about to make another pass.

About a good half of his men laid dying on the ground, as the iron-crosses on the helicopters become obvious.

Sid rushes out and throws the satchel at the helicopter right as it passes through the open window.

It smacks on, landing perfectly on the front of the glass.

Sid squeezes the trigger, causing the whole thing to explode.

In horror, he could see the helicopter crash right into the engineer port!

It explodes, ripping apart the whole building.

All those poor people who could help him out were now dead.

Sid could see the other helicopter was starting to drop men wearing black-and green uniforms as they go down the rope.

He could see in the meantime, that he needed to take out the other helicopter that was over passing them.

Pulling out his Fn-Fal again, he orders his men to come out.

They oblige him, aiming their rifles at the crowd of people coming down the rope.

Before they could even land they were riddled with bullets.

Sid could only smirk to himself as the men watch as they slaughter their way through the horde of men.

Sid prepared his rifle again and took some shots at them.

The helicopter swerves to face Sid.

Ducking for cover, Sid keeps aiming his rifle at the pilot, while his men slaughter the remaining soldiers.

As he marches through the area, he could see the helicopter crash into the harbor, its blades crashing around as Sid could only just smugly chuckle at this sight.

Sid charges through the thicket of men as he now has managed to collect a small seaport to use for his own devices.

This wasn't that bad of a place, looking out, he could see through the wreckage that ships were still able to be used, albeit it they wouldn't be able to get repaired but that wasn't a huge problem.

He could see that what had done wouldn't cause anyone any problems as he established a large group of soldiers near the base.

Sid looked out and ordered his men to start learning how to set sail, and they'll be learning how to fish by the end of the week.

Large missile cruisers were being converted into giant fishing ships.

"Sir, we found some recruits that know how to work on boats." A soldier said.

"Good."

"Like, they want to do something... drastic, if that makes sense?"

"Oh?"

"You did hear that Brazil is sending their men into Dalmatia, right?"

"I am aware of this, yes."

"Well, how about this, we send a couple missile cruisers and attack New Mexico, we even have some of the green standards ready."

Sid thought about this for a good moment, before nodding.

"Go forth and do it then, I want them to think that whoever is leading this revolt ordered it."

"Who is in charge of the civil war?"

"Icarus."

"Just Icarus? Who's Icarus?"

"He's a *companion* of mine."

The soldier stretched out on the cots now at the base were trying to figure out what to do with the burning rubble.

Most of it had been cleaned out, and some of the civilians from Bernardgrad were coming to visit.

Some of them were being unruly, trying to see what's going on.

"Are you people planning on turning this place into a fishery?" One of them yelled.

"Yeah, actually!" A soldier yelled back.

"Well that's just great, we have a food supply!"

People started to move in and build small houses outside of the gated area, the civilians and the militia had started to build around the base.

8 weeks later, there was a functioning small community, power being run by the aircraft carrier generators at standby.

At least 2,000 people were now living near the shipyard of Bernardgrad.

In a rare move, Sid ordered the land to be annexed into Bernardgrad territory, connecting the city and the military base together.

There was much rejoicing.

In his next move, he declared himself over a radio channel that was encrypted that Dalmatian forces could land here without any problems, only if they would allow him to keep the military base.

Russ had been hard at work talking to delegations in Languedoc-Roussillon.

The people inside Perpignan were hard at work, trying to discover a reason why the oil supplies were running low.

Russ, being that he managed to set up a shell company, had managed to buy himself a seat on the welfare council for diplomatic meetings.

Which was really just fancy talk for country delegation.

Russ had been pushing for them to attack Brazil while they have the chance.

"But we need to find out who's been attacking the new pipeline."

"What do you mean?" Russ was curious about the situation.

They got a helicopter and flew towards one of the many refineries in the area.

"So what's the big problem?"

"Workers are striking, can we trust that your agency can take care of it?"

"That's who been attacking the pipelines?"

"Yes, now please call in your friends and please help us out here. Our giant war machines don't work without oil."

Russ rubbed his chin, he did notice that was going through the roof here in his small chateau.

The leader of the delegation committee stared at Russ.

"Yeah, I lost my arm in a firefight against tyrants."

"Well, we could give you a metal arm, if that'll be to your standards."

Russ just gave a good smile.

Being a diplomat had it's perks, so it seemed.

Russ was handed his phone and called up a small crew that still remained with him, they didn't betray the cause of revolution, but they did desert to join him.

They show up an hour later, driving their jeeps as one of takes a potshot at a worker.

"Whoa, tell your men to stand down!"

Russ pointed at them and told them to cut it out.

The helicopter lands and he walks over to see the man shot, his left-arm had been shot.

Checking it, he winces, seeing the same wound as he holds the bleeding man's hand.

"You'll be okay. Get this man a medic."

One of his revolutionary friends comes over and picks the bleeding man by the stretcher as Russ talks to the union leader.

"We need you to work."

"But we got a better deal if we just don't work."

Russ turned to the head delegate and asks "They aren't getting enough to work."

"Well, how much *are* they getting paid to not work?"

Russ asks them, and they reply in kind "100 Francs an hour."

Russ spits out a thing of spit as he turns to look at the delegation team.

"Can you price match that?" The head union boss asked.

"I'm not in charge here, he is." Russ walks back to the delegation crew and whispers in their ears.

"Do you have your workers bring their family here?"

"You mean, around the plant?"

"I guess, yeah, anyways, I got an idea here, you aren't going to like it."

"Don't tell me..."

Russ pointed at his crew of highly trained shooters.

"You want them to clean up the place?"

"No Russ, we can't just use excess force on our own people."

Damn, he's good.

Russ didn't agree but he couldn't find it in his heart not to agree with the man.

"Russ, let me handle this."

The delegation boss heads over to talk to the union boss.

They talk before the boss storms off back to Russ.

"Some Syndicate is telling them not to, they told me a man named Rico had ordered them not to work!"

“Syndicate huh...”

Russ pointed at the workers, “Hey when does Rico come?”

“Oh? In about a day actually.”

Russ turned to the head of delegation and pointed at the refinery, and calmly stated “We’ll have men stationed here, and we’ll capture Rico.”

Russ wanted to forget his time at the Syndicate, being beaten by the now defunct UNCIA only made his anger grow.

Being a private worker who held large stakes in L-R arms industry meant he could communicate with the army to do stuff.

It could be said that if this oil crisis is over, he could install himself as the new gun-baron.

Those 3 months really taken their toll though, getting set up with his own private company and funds through a backdoor connection with the Syndicate had made him richer then ever, but he vowed to destroy them, Dalmatia shouldn’t be having this civil war, and he knew it.

His gun factories were producing cheaper variants of the firearms, which surprisingly enough didn’t break.

It was one handed AK-74, the barrel shortened to about half of it’s length, the wooden stock was gone, only to be replaced with a shorter, stubby stamped iron stock, this what Russ had made and what L-R had been using.

It could shoot 7.62x51mm ammo, which was becoming the standard ammo in the region.

Russ needed these workers to be working so that the army could be funded.

The phone rings once again, and Russ ducks near a rock, trying to avoid being seen.

“Russ, is that you?”

Sid?

“Sid, how did you get my number?”

“Don’t ask too many questions, remember who saved your life?”

Russ just let out a heavy sigh, “What do you need?”

“I’m in Free Dalmatia, I have my own shipyard, and I’m wondering if you would like uh... a gift of sorts?”

Russ cocked his eyebrow.

“Why are you in Free Dalmatia?”

“Don’t ask too many questions, I’m the mayor of the place.”

“Oh shit, really?”

“Anyways, we’re planning on sending a cargo ship towards Lodeve, with some uh...”

“Sid, what are you sending?”

Sid’s voice got deeper as he whispered this into the phone.

“We’re sending 500 prisoners of war that we managed to capture, all we need are some armaments, Infantry fighting vehicles, anti-tank units, and those really neat ass guns.”

“Sid, you can’t be serious, that’s against the law here!”

“What ever stopped you from breaking the law.”

“I’m a changed man.”

“Oh cut that shit out and listen, it’ll be cheaper to send them over and give you free labor, besides they’re coming already. It’s the Free Dalmatia flag they’ll be carrying.”

Russ lets out another deep sigh. “When are they coming?”

“If everything is permitted, at least two weeks.”

“Are you alright?”

“Me, personally, just fine. It’s just that militias keep trying to attack us, and through superior firepower we’ve been able to push them back, even collect some men, but they’re a waste of space.”

“But why by boat?”

“We don’t have any air units...”

Russ just sighed, just like the old times.

“Do what you must, send them here and I’ll check them out.”

The phone hangs up, must of been another raid.

Russ thumbed through, and found a lone ship that was heading towards a port.

“I gotta buy that.”

So he does, spending the last of this week’s pay on a small dingy port.

Sid stared out, the iron walls surrounding the village had been able to hold, motor-shells were a common thing, people didn’t take kindly to new fortifications.

Sid didn’t care about them at all, and would order his men to capture them, if they were useful, they could stay with him.

If they weren’t useful in anything, they were sedated and held in the brig, which was the cargo-ship.

People were rotting inside as Sid drank, in the first time in weeks.

“Today, gentlemen, I propose a toast, to Bernardgrad and the people who fight for it.”

“Here here, Sid.”

“But there’s been one problem... the walls surrounding the new village for the workers and our men have kept being attacked, any ideas to stop that?”

“We need to start contacting the militias in Free Dalmatia to join us. And then we can start preparing for the worst.”

“The worst?”

“Brazil attacking.”

The men shuddered, Brazil was known for murdering entire villages for just so much as looking at them.

“We need to stop that at any cost.”

“But what if they do attack? What if they attack our humble city-state.”

“We’ll hold out for as long as we’ll take, and then we’ll try to evacuate to New Mexico.”

“Well they welcome us to there? What about my wife?” The soldier’s voice was gruff.

“If they don’t, we’ll take what’s ours.” Sid sat on his leather couch, sitting next to his assistant.

“Maybe someday we’ll find to get some helicopters.” Sid chuckled to himself. “How’s the deep-water mining project going along anyhow.”

“Those things... it’ll take at least three months to get them set up.” The assistant smirked at him.

“They’ll be stationary, correct?”

“Of course, it’s an offshore mining and... you want it to be a main base?”

“Yes ma’am!” Sid roared with laughter.

“But sir, how would we be able to transport all the men there?”

“We wouldn’t, only the best of the best are welcomed on my artificial island.”

The assistant pouted her lips at him.

“You’ll be with me too, missy.”

She smirked at the comment, and rested up against his lap as Sid could see a new batch of men coming into his base.

The base itself had been improved, the engineer corner was able to build weapons at a cheap cost, this place would be the foothold for Sid’s grand middle-finger towards the Syndicate.

End of Part One:

What happened to Cyrus?

Sid’s plan to destroy the Syndicate?

What about Bernardgrad, what will be for them?

Will Russ be able to control his emotions?

Will he break the strike?

Find out next time on Jews(game)

Part Two.

We turn our attention to a small field reporter off on a small sampan boat.

The reporter, a young perky blonde named Shannon was having a cigarette while she hangs out with her crew of Chinese workers.

She kept traveling towards a large cargo ship, the new-mexico flag flying over the sampan boat as she held her rifle.

"I'm getting word that a group of pirates have managed to fill an entire cargo-ship filled with humans, we're talking about over two thousand bodies cramped up inside those cargo holders, we'll be the first ones to see this."

The boat slams up against the ship.

Shannon pulled out her revolver, and her Chinese buddy throws a grappling hook up onto the ship.

The rain is starting to pour down as they scale it with no real problems.

Two of the pilots from New Mexico drift away from the large cargo-ship.

Shannon stares out at the deck, seeing how many container's there were on board.

"Mother of God, that's a lot cargo."

She keeps walking on the metal grate, fidgeting at the lock while her Chinese friend aims their rifles around, making sure no one is watching her.

Shannon fiddles around some more, before the lock snaps.

When she opened the door to the metal cargohold, she could see that there were 100s of men, tied together in this rusting cargohold.

Shannon kept walking through as the sound of gun fire starts to attract her.

Two of her guards were shot dead, as she watched a man holding an M16 fire at her.

She spins her revolver around as she takes a potshot at the man.

The man turns to shoot a round at her, it strikes her in the arm as she dives off the ship to land on the sampan.

Blood oozes out of her arm as the team manages to boat away, her arm bleeding as one of them asks, "Did you take the picture?"

She smugly chuckles as she finally manages to not crash out on the boat-ride back into town of Fort Summer.

As she arrives, she could see gangs of Arabs smoking from small hookahs, some smoking cigarettes while others are praying.

The docks attracted the low-life scum here in Fort Summer.

She could see the iron walls that protected the area shine, hotter then ever as she walks towards one of the open doors.

"Hello?"

A nurse comes running in, grabbing at her arm to check on it.

It was only a super fiscal wound.

Shannon only scoffed at it, handing the woman a quick slip of cash before walking out of the clinic.

Her arm was better, but what about the situation that was going on, she could see a large group of the Arab traders selling wares out on the port, while Chinese fishermen were trying to haggle with them.

She herself was an Arab who's father was a Hmong while her mother was the daughter of an Imam.

But Shannon herself wasn't a Muslim, her cherry red hair flown in the wind as the Arabs here were relaxed when it came to women in the area.

Most of them weren't even Muslim, they were some weird fusion of Islam and Right-wing nationalist visions.

But that didn't matter, she had to get those pictures given to the head of the paper mill.

As she opened the door, she could see her boss, a one Jillian Goldstein smoke a big cigar in her mouth.

"You got any good info on the alleged slavers?"

"Yes ma'am."

Shannon throws her camera at the woman.

Jillian catches it, and scrolls through the pictures, picture after picture of the men lined up, in chains, some of them were even on the ground weeping in pain as the rain splashed down on them.

“What should we do about it?”

“What we should do is talk with the Prime Minister and show him the information we have gathered here today.”

As the girls cluck their tongues, out in the distance a gunboat can be seen.

Two missiles go streaming into the air, and land on the docks.

A great explosion rocks the area as Shannon ducks near a wall.

“Great. They really are onto us!”

Shannon got her Smith and Wesson out and watched out the window.

Two small speedboats came out and landed on the shores, carrying AK-74s.

“It can’t be...”

Shannon stared at Jillian, who was making her way to the computer to upload the files.

Jillian clicked away, uploading the images as gunfire erupts from the street below.

Ten men in all were carrying AK-74s, shooting away at anyone that got in there way.

Police officers were rushing down to stop them but they too were shot up.

One of the men were carrying a large Free Dalmatia standard, waving it around.

A bullet rips through his head as the flag goes flying in the air, crashing to the ground.

The nine men pushed onward, gunning down hapless Arab and Chinese traders, before another missile crashed into a dockyard, causing it to blow the building up.

Shannon watched in horror as she could see Jillian finally uploading the images, getting them sent to the network and given to whoever was in charge.

Jillian sighed a sigh of relief as her hands finally stopped shaking, the gunfire was still louder then ever but at least the data would be preserved.

It was sent to the Prime Minster with a note attached saying that “Free Dalmatian slavers are attacking the city!”

Shannon stared out as she walked out into the street.

The men had quickly managed to disappear, most of them were wounded, leaving only one boat as they left the rest dying.

She looked at the men, and she kept staring at them.

“This, this is a false flag.”

Jillian rushed to see one of the dying men.

She gags at the sight of him, blood leaking out.

Going to help him, Shannon pushed the black-haired jewess away.

“Don’t help the enemy, Jillian.”

“But what about information they might have?”

“Too late for that.” She blasts a hole in the man’s head, before boarding the speedboat.

Jillian calls out, “Be careful!”

Shannon needed to see what was actually going on at Free Dalmatia, was it really that bad there?

As she boated through the area, the great sea water was splashing all over her, the missile boat was driving away slowly, not even carrying to notice her as Shannon tailed behind them.

The smell of seawater was great, the salt managed to burn her wound the engine pattered out, she could see land ahead, a small dock as the sun hanged brightly down on her.

What was once raining was now sunny as could be.

Shannon got her pistol ready, and swam towards the docks.

About almost a half-an-hour later, she washes ashore near the docks, on a small sandy beach.

Her arms tired as she got up, and brushed herself off.

“I guess I gotta go look for the slavers...” Shannon rested on the beach, letting her eyes drift off.

Russ sat at the edge of his seat, having a small smoke from his pipe as he could see on the little ticker-tape that New Mexican Journalists have managed to find a ship filled with 'Slaves'.

His greasy fingers kept fumbling around as he picked up the phone to message someone important.

"You guys are still at the oil refinery?" His voice as cold and hoarse.

"Yes sir, we don't see anyone coming in."

"Damn."

He hangs up and calls Sid.

"Sid what the fuck did you just do?"

Sid can be seen smoking himself some fish as he holds the cellphone in his hand.

"Sid I know you can hear me."

"Everything's under control, Russ."

"No, that's not under control... you know how much money I got into this venture?"

"Yeah, enough to fund my small army to sack Zadar and try to restore Dalmatia."

"Why do you even care about Dalmatia anyways? You have no stake there."

"I do, when I signed on to protect the world from tyrants I said I would, so don't worry about the shipment."

"Don't worry about the shipment! You know how much that's going to cost me."

Sid flips the fish on it's other side.

"Nothing at all, I'll just write you an IOU and everything will be back to normal."

"That's not-"

"Russ, shut up. I'm trying to grill here and you are messing with my grilling mojo."

"Sid, this isn't funny, what if they link this back to you?"

"Everything will be fine, trust me, I know what I'm doing."

"I don't believe you, you know that."

"I'm telling you, just stay calm, this will work in our favor."

Russ slams his fist into the oak table.

"How the fuck will it be better?"

"Because they think it's *Free Dalmatia* that did this, not me. I'll be waving a Dalmatian flag and they won't be the wiser. Plus the reporter didn't state which port it was going to, which again, is a bonus for us."

Russ just lets out a heavy sigh.

"You really think this will work?"

"I'm as sure as Christ was on a stick, don't worry and help will be with us."

Sid hangs up the phone.

The base is in a really cheery mood, the first transport of prisoner of war were being shipped away, which meant that more recruits were either pressured into joining Sid's personal army, or were being prepped to be taken in.

The militia men were monsters, they raped and pillaged, a bunch of bandits who shouldn't even be alive at this point.

Good riddance to those scumlords.

Sid turned to his right hand man, a man named Siegfried, who wore a pickelhaube and some old war uniforms, he carried himself to be a man of proud Prussian descent who lived in Frisia, before coming over to help fight.

Well, before the UN collapsed out of nowhere.

Now, he was just a man who worked with the Arab.

"Siegfried, you mind going on a mission?"

"Well, not really."

"Good, in the last couple of days I've been tracking where the Syndicate might be planning next."

"Who?"

“Terrorists who want to destroy the planet.”

“Ah, where are they located now?”

“According to my sources... they’re in the Scottish wastelands.”

“Excuse me?”

“You know, the Hills of Scotland are a desert with those great sloping hills, they almost just touch the sky with how massive the sand dunes are. Arid, best way to describe it, an arid wasteland, I’m surprised that there’s still people living there. You know Russ?”

“Person on the phone?”

“Yeah, him, his family is from there.”

“So what does that have to do with me, am I going to investigate the area or something, see what’s going on?”

Sid just sighed.

“We found a report that states that large cache of uranium has been found, now I’m no fool but knowing them, I think they might want to get their hands on it.”

“How much of it?”

Sid slammed the fish down on the grill.

“Enough to destroy the entire continent, the fishing boats that managed to go around could see large cargo-ships filled with the fuel rods, seeing this we managed to document it and share it to the world at large, but...”

“But the slaves would be more important, sir?”

“Exactly, the ship will be heading into New Mexico in the next couple of days, your job right now is to find out where the uranium is being mined at.”

A small rustling could be heard in the bushes.

A girl pops out, her hand holding onto her revolver as she looks at Sid and Siegfried.

Sid pulled out his Fn-Fal and Siegfried his Anti-Material Rifle, the thing could kill tanks.

“How the fuck did you manage to get into my compound?” Sid was quite upset at this situation.

“You’re a bunch of slavers!”

“Should we kill her?” Siegfried quipped.

She waved the gun around, as a guard tackled her to the ground, her light frame made it easy for getting pushed down.

“You’re a bunch of monsters!” She keeps yelling, Sid is just laughing as Siegfried kept his AR-50 trained on her.

“Well we can’t let her go,” Sid just stared at her.

“Why don’t we put her in the shed?”

Sid slapped Siegfried.

“We don’t enslave women.”

“You’re a bunch of slaving terrorists!”

Sid walked over and pushed the barrel of the Fn-Fal right into her head.

“We don’t believe in slavery, everyone is here by choice, and if they don’t like it, they get to wait for their freedom.”

“But what your doing is wrong!”

“Would you rather have bandits running around your country, raping your people, you dumb bitch!”

Sid kept the barrel jammed right into her face.

“You aren’t even from Dalmatia! You’re a New Mexican just like me!”

“No, I’m not from New Mexico, I’m from Basra! The land you damn dirty mixed dogs tried to steal!”

“Then why did I see you wearing your UN uniform in Fort Summer?”

“Because...”

She stared at him with anger.

“My family moved to Fort Summer to work the ports, like any normal family. Just because my family are Maronite’s, that made us targets and I wanted to help them move to Dalmatia, a place that’s safer and across the sea from the damn, dirty pagans!”

Eyes squinting, she tried to move her hand to brush her red hair.

Sid aimed the rifle at her and sneered at her.

“I’ll give you two choices, either you help this man holding the massive rifle go find where the dig site is for the uranium, or you can be shot on sight.”

The woman tried to protest, but she shut her mouth right quickly.

“Siegfried, looks like you got a partner.”

Siegfried rolled his eyes as he picked up the petite sino-arab woman.

“Come on, let’s go to the ports and get ready to head out to sea.”

Shannon, not being one to get mocked, took some photos of the military base.

Sid didn’t mind.

“Sir, she’s taking pictures of the base.”

“So?”

“You aren’t mad?”

Sid rested his hands on Shannon’s shoulder, groping it with a tight squeeze as he looked Siegfried in the eyes, “We allow the public to come here and use this place as a fish market, besides, the people have a vested interest to know where the bandits that keep trying to attack us are going.”

Shannon tried to break free of the grasp, which only made Sid latch onto it harder.

“You hear that, the people here don’t like it when they get their houses shelled by motors and getting their shit stolen.” His mouth was right near her ear as he whispered it.

Siegfried stared at Sid, “You know, now that I think about it...”

“You want me to go so you can watch over the base?”

Siegfried just nodded.

He happened to be an expert at Administering the area, Sid was honestly glad he brought him onto the team.

Sid led Shannon to a small fishing boat; the captain, a young Fisherman named Jacob Lokob just nodded as they drove off into the open sea, skirting along the coast.

While they drifted, Sid sat and looked at Shannon, she was shaking, she was holding the Model 29 S&W wrong.

“So, what, you wanted to be a cowgirl or something?”

Shannon just sighed as the boat rocked around, trying to not breathe the salty air as Sid offered her a cigarette.

“It’s haram, you know that.”

“I believe in Christ our lord, not some moon goddess who tried to conquer the world.”

He kept smoking, muttering to himself “Russ ain’t going to believe this.”

His eyes were still on her as he made another call to Russ.

“Hey Russ, you won’t believe it.”

“Sid, I’m kinda busy.”

“I’m going to Scotland.”

“Excuse me, why?”

“Don’t your folks own a mining company?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Uh, get me in contact with them, you know the Syndicate is planning on mining out the uranium, correct?”

Russ could be heard laughing into the phone.

“You serious?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Because I learned something from a little birdy...”

Russ can be seen holding a man at gun point, the barrel sticking right into the man’s chest as he keeps muttering in pain.

“They’re apparently planning on...what was it?”

He pushed the phone into the terrified man’s face, he was the man who was sent to bribe the workers, and he finally caught him in the act.

“T-The man in charge of Genesis is setting up a floating airbase, high above the sky! There must be at least 3 bases fully operational near Frisia!”

Sid swore to himself, “You’re planning on making nuclear missiles to irradiate the land while you build a sky empire, huh?”

“T-that’s not all!”

“Huh?”

Russ kept pointing the rifle at the man.

“Tell them about the cloning project!”

“T-they, they managed to get some of the cloning vats onboard, to wipe out the rest of civilization!

They’ll go in and wipe out the irradiated people!”

Sid tensed up, he knew what the affects of the radiation had done to Scotland as of late, turning the people into... what appeared to be soft, almost animal-like people.

They had human faces, but most of them become monster like, more animal but they wouldn’t be considered walking animals, they could do regular human things, just at a taxing difficulty if there hands were too big.

The radiation had effected them for the past couple of years.

Sid could only realize that he was going to be a world of hurt by the time he arrives at the dig site, but he rested his eyes.

Shannon, holding her camera, took a picture of Sid sleeping, his bushy eyebrows hiding his eyes as he drifted off.

I could make fortune off of this, this could be my biggest break yet!

That’s all she could think about as the boat lazily drifted off.

Cyrus still existed, but he didn’t care to think he did.

He had managed to escape his cell, and was now roaming the streets, people were being dragged off to fight in the civil war, which he didn’t mind at all.

Cyrus joins the fight, getting his M16 he’s ready to lock and load against the Free Dalmatia people.

Will Cyrus fight another day?

Will Shannon get the biggest scoop?

Will Sid find out what’s going on?

Will Siegfried be able to manage the base?

And will someone please tell Russ to stop killing people?

Find out next time on Jews(Game).

Entering the stage was Shannon as she got off the boat.

Sid was in tow, and they could feel a crest of energy hit them, causing strange mutations in them.

Shannon had somehow managed to turn into a snake girl with a magic poof.

Sid on the other hand didn't, he was just a normal human, except that he was about a foot smaller and less muscle-mass.

He could barely hold onto the weapon as Shannon just chuckled.

"You're so small, how did you get that way?" She just laughed at him.

Sid tried to hail a cab.

He could see that it was a teenager like him sorta now riding a taxi in this desert land.

"Where do you want to go, boss?"

"Take me to the mine site, yeah, that one."

The driver blinked, before Shannon piled into the car, her entire body wrapped around Sid's.

"Woman, get your body off of me, I don't even know you that well..."

Shannon's red hair was a deep crimson now, her eyes now slit as she started to grab at him.

Sid attempts to slap her.

She snatches the hand and licks his face, giving him a deep crimson blush.

The taxi rocks as they manage to drive through the hilly desert, sand got everywhere in the car as the woman was kissing him all over the place.

The taxi slams and rocks as Sid gets out, holding his Fn-Fal as he feels himself to be a little bit taller, Shannon on the other hand is still a snake.

"Shannon, bite me."

"What?"

Sid stared at her with a need in his eyes.

"I just want to test something, please."

She nails him with her teeth, it pierces the skin as she starts to inject her venom.

He ends up on the ground withering in pain, holding onto his neck as she just licks her lips again.

Wrapping him up in her smooth coils, she kisses him again.

"B-but what about the mission?" Sid's voice was shaky as he tries to break free.

"Mission comes later, right now we need to see what the damage is."

Sid tries to crawl away from her, on his hands and knees as he breaks free of the grasp, only to be snatched by her.

The woman keeps smooching on him, a tongue wiggling down his throat as he shudders like a puppy while experiencing the pleasure of a New Mexican snake girl.

Sid tries to push away but the woman got him where she wants him.

"Now you'll you do me a big favor when we go home, right?"

"W-what's the favor?"

"You'll stop the slavery business, right~"

"Why do you have a vested interest in me capturing good for nothings who loot?"

The snake constricted around him, making him cough up a lot of spit as the woman stared at him with daggers.

She had managed to drag him away from the road and into a small ditch, no cars were going to be passing by anytime soon, nice and easy.

Her fangs were a bright ruby red as they plunged themselves into Sid's throat again, releasing the warm toxin that made his head slump back in pleasure.

Mounting him, she ends up fucking him for a good while, pinning him down and raping him for what seems like hours, until he's milked dry.

By the time Sid recovers from this, he could see that the woman had wrapped up around him for warmth.

Petting her head, he nuzzled into her body, the sky had turn to black and the desert was becoming much more colder then before.

Sid could feel the cold air blow through, and as he rested under the sky, he knew that the syndicate was planning something awful with those uranium bombs.

This wasn't regular uranium, it was a mutagen that could destroy buildings and turn people into creatures like them.

The whole area was devoid of life, and as Sid rested, he could see that Shannon was licking her lips...

Did the Scottish wastelands create cannibals?

It couldn't be, Sid wormed his way out of the grasp of the snake girl as she woke up, her tail wrapping around Sid's foot.

"Honey, did you have a bad dream?" Her voice was soft like velvet.

"No, not at all. Are you going to eat me, I mean, look at this place!"

His voice carried throughout the area, echoing.

"The place is devoid of life, how are they able to grow food here?"

Shannon just chuckled, apparently the radiation had given her insight into the desert life-style.

"Did you notice how most of the stores were underground?"

Sid's eyes blinked.

That explains it, underground farming, so they weren't cannibals.

But Shannon still licked her lips, she was hungry, hungry for something!

Sid stumbled to grab at his rifle, but she coiled him back up into the small love pile.

"I'm hungry for what's inside those nuts of yours, that whole breeding thing got my hungry for more."

Sid tried to stammer out an answer, but it was met with silence as she kissed him again.

"Shush, doll."

The woman licked his face again, and mounted him once again in earnest thrusts as Sid moaned out in pleasure.

After this rape that occurs with him, Sid felt even more drain, and the sky had started to become light again.

He pulls out a map, and he could see that the mine-site was about 37 miles away, and so they traveled in the desert heat.

They would stop by an oasis, drinking the tainted water which only would cause Shannon to become more busty, her chest now at least G-cups as her pert ass was more noticeable.

Sid on the other hand, became more sissified, his ass was now pert and squeezable, his dick was smaller but his nuts were able to produce loads and loads of semen.

Shannon herself managed to grow two dicks, each of them poking out as she tried to hide them using her cloth.

They measured at least 8 inches of grown flaccid meat, that just smelled to high heaven.

Her face was blushing as she slid to turn around to face him.

"H-how is this even possible?"

Sid stared at the woman's chest, and could smell what could only be the smell of unwashed dicks.

"The water must be more potent."

He dips his finger in the water and takes a sip of it.

His eyes were drawn to the dull glowing rocks on the bottom of the oasis, and a sign that was buried that this was an extremist oasis, where it would either make someone into a hyper-potent stud or a meek and submissive toy.

Sid tried to pretend the sign didn't exist, but Shannon read it loud in clear.

"Oh my gosh, according to this... I could fuck your asshole for nutrients?"

"What?"

He peers into the water, and right there, clear as day, the hyper-potent stud could shoot super fertile cream into anything and it'll be able to knock the person up, without any problem.

Sid blushed reading that.

“So how do you get nutrients then?” Sid asked, his voice was more softer.

“Well... it appears I can just drink your spit and eat the cum out of your pert little ass of yours, you cute sissy~!”

The snake woman gently pressed herself up against him, and kissed him on the lips once again.

Her lips parted as she pinned him to the sandy ground, her lips locked against his as her tongue waggled around in pleasure, his throat being violated again as she took off her panties, to reveal the two massive cocks.

They smack him in the face, a trail of precum slaps him as it drips down on his face with a heavy wet slap.

Trying to scramble away, Shannon’s eyes become squinty as she pulls down his shorts and reveals his tight little ass.

Her fingers keep rubbing around, fingering and toying with his prostate as a small trickle of blood drips out of his asshole.

His now defunct dickclit was hanging uselessly as his face was now on the hot desert ground.

A load of precum spurted out as he could feel his little button being teased for what seemed like minutes.

Her voice was hot on his back, “Everything will be okay, sweetie~”

Sid tried to turn his face around, to face her, but he was met with a hung, uncut cock pressing against his soft and pliable lips.

A hesitant tongue reaches out, licking at the hot dried cum that just seemed to overflow from this monster of a dick.

Her tail wraps him up, forcing his face to be right up against the breeding poles as his tongue licks up and down, before taking one of the heavy, smegma covered cocks into his mouth.

The slime of it could be felt reaching his core as she pumped her hips into Sid’s delicate mouth, a hot moan escaping his lips as she shot load after load of hot precum down his throat.

She grabs at his head, and forces him to lick the other one clean, her face smiling down at him with devious greed on her face.

“Come on, sissy boy~”

His lips had stray hairs all over his lips as his face got facefucked once again, the smell of those dicks made his clit drip out small beads of salty cream as the woman kept forcing more of it down his delicate soft throat-pussy.

She pulls out with a heavy pop, before bending him over, she had managed to gain mastery of her tail, how about that.

Shannon spits down at the puckering star, before lining her cocks up to spear him.

Grabbing him under his arms, she managed to put him in a full nelson as she fucked him again and again, both dicks fucking his now gaping asshole with much gusto, the heavy nutsacks slapping at his taint.

She throws him to the ground, and puts most of her body weight no him, fucking him fast and loose, the heavy nuts kept slapping away as he kept letting out sissified moans, his tongue only kissing the hot desert sand as her tongue waggled out, panting in pleasure.

The clit on his body dripped cum uselessly, being milked like a good sissy would be as her tongue managed to lap at it, so long and dexterous.

He could feel his asshole start to give in, squeezing down on both hard twin dicks as the start to let out cream.

His colon felt warm and gooey, semen rushed in and flooded his boypussy and made it well worn and used, the woman kept humping away, creaming his womb again and again until he looked positively stuffed with hot, sloshing semen in his gut.

She kept him ass up in the air as her tongue snaked down to start lapping at her own semen.

Gently licking away, her tongue kept taking more and more semen out from his asshole and into her soft mouth, chewing the hard cum as she would swallow load after load.

Sid lets out a short gasp of pleasure as she rimmed his asshole, shoving her massive tits underneath his cock to stroke him off.

She squeezed her tits, rimming the poor boy's semen filled colon as she allowed him to pitifully fuck her bountiful tits.

Cum leaked out all over her chest as a torrent of semen flushed out of his now gaping asshole, which she collected in her hand and ate it, like a fucking champ.

Sid stared at her for what seemed like hours, before she just smiled, and helped him on his feet, he could feel something warm inside of his gut, and he didn't like that one bit.

"Did you..."

"We'll check when we get home, consider this payback for all the dead people~"

Sid gulped, still tasting the dry cum on his lips as he tried to waddle, cum just poured out of his poor abused asshole as the woman laughed at his plight.

"Sid, why don't you just stay with me, and I'll hold you until we get there?"

She managed to carry his Fn-Fal as they crawled against the hot desert ground, snaking their way through the day and night to finally make it to what appeared to be a giant mine-shaft.

Will Sid find out what the consequences are?

More importantly what will happen to the rest of the characters?

Next time on Jews(Game)

Cyrus started to smoke as he rode on a small truck towards the outskirts of Zadar, they carried the M16 well and proud as they got ready to disembark.

Five men sat with him, preparing their rifles as the truck rocked on the roads.

The half-track was only five miles away from the enemy position, one of the heavy machine gunners rode on top, holding onto the nest with open arms as Cyrus held his own.

“Our fire-team will be heading into a prison complex where we’ll be making contact with the enemy commander who is holding our VIP hostage.”

“Who’s the VIP?”

“It appears to be the second in command general from Brazil.”

“But why would we want a Brazilian for our cause?”

“Because if we capture the VIP, we can force the Brazilian forces into a surrender.”

“But what about the Free Dalmatian revolt?”

The half-track kept bouncing as the machine gunner stared off at the distance, closely there was a load of Brazilian men guarding the outpost, all armed with what appeared to be M14s and tank rifles.

One of the Brazilians look up to see the half-track, but he’s cut down by the large machine gun’s blast.

The gun rips the man in two as the outpost’s lights flicker, one of the stray bullets hitting the generators as the door for the truck opens up wide, causing Cyrus to get out to check out the situation.

Cyrus and his merry band of men get their rifles ready as the machine gunner laid suppressing fire, the men staying close to the truck as Cyrus could see men rushing out of their tents to see what was going on.

The road to the prison complex would be a long one, but Cyrus was okay with it, he took some shots at the untrained Brazilian men who came to find fortune in this slavic land.

One of the soldiers throws a grenade near the half-track.

Shrapnel goes flying as one of the soldier’s lay dying on the ground, forcing the rest of his men to move forwards.

Four Brazilian men go flying to the ground as in the pitch-blackness, they couldn’t see a thing in the area.

Cyrus smiled a dreadful smile as he shot at the invaders.

In all, most of the men at the outpost laid dead, the half-track remained as they got on board, smashing the communication array as they managed to ride on the dusty hill roads.

Night time patrols were met with gunfire shot by the machine gunner, who managed to have enough ammo to last the entire trip.

The Brazilians who did see the half-track would realize their own downfall as they managed to drive into the area.

Socialist men were carrying red bayonets as they saw the half-track, and the tank-gun blasted at it.

The front wheel goes flying as the machine gunner goes flying with it, crash landing on the ground as the prison complex was right near them.

Cyrus got out of the vehicle as did the rest of the men, they were going to attempt to breach the area.

They blasted away, entering the fenced in area as the Brazilians opened fire.

Two of the men were pinned down by the M14’s blasts, when Cyrus saw it.

It, being a giant ship... a ship in the air!

A flying warship, a 2 kilometers long as it started to fly up towards the sky.

Everyone stared in awe about the situation, when the earth started to crack.

The entire prison complex exploded in a hot white beam of light.

Cyrus could feel his body burn, but as the white beam died down, he could, faintly for a moment see the world had changed for him, a land of burnt remains as the giant ship flew away.

So Cyrus stared up at the sky, now pinkish red as he lied their motionless, the ship blasting away at anything in the distance as he could hear people becoming more... changed.

He looked up to see that the people who were fighting and the people who fought with him had become monsters, hideously deformed by the ray of light.

Now gasping for air as Cyrus clawed his way away, he could see that his hands were now bone, and that the radiation would take its toll.

“Why...?”

But as Cyrus looked, he could see that the land itself had started to change too, now becoming more dry, more desert like each second.

His eyes stared at one of his men, but his flesh had been ripped off.

Near him, a circling vortex of pure heat and energy sucked away the air as the crater the hot beam of light caused had only made itself much more apparent.

He looked up to see that people in their jumpsuits had managed to escape the area, now changed from their human form into what appeared to be monsters, due to the pink sky, their skin looked white but Cyrus knew that this wouldn't be the case.

They were now giant, the prisoners, and as they escaped the prison, they could be seen grabbing the weapons, making use of them as they clubbed the dead.

It appeared that the large blast had managed to spread outwards, destroying towns and roads, entire populations that were still inside had become tainted and irradiated into men who were now dead, but could now walk the streets on the world.

Their skin was green, but by the morning light, they had managed to become pale and ashen, slowly shambling around, holding onto what they knew as they stumbled through the streets.

By the mid-afternoon, the women had become their true forms, monstrous females with intent to make more of them, while the men themselves had become weak and effeminate, clinging onto the monsters that now roamed this planet.

The large pocket of radiation had caused a major uproar in the community, L-R had managed to declare war on the nation responsible for the attack, and had fired its entire payload into the nation of Frisia and the Right Arab state, wiping out the whole country of them.

Siegfried could see the missiles being launched, and he knew the chance of freedom here in Bernardgrad was slim to none.

As he oversaw the area, he could see people were starting to flee, flee towards the ports.

Brazil had managed to launch its entire payload into L-R and Dalmatia, while Frisia, in one last gasp of fresh air, had managed to launch one ship in the air, they were planning on escaping to the moon, while the last one had managed to be hidden.

Free Dalmatia had won the civil war, but it too got blasted with Brazil's radiation.

Within the hours, Bernardgrad had managed to evacuate the ports.

Out in the distance, he could see the slaver ship crash on the wharf near the port, the waves from the energy attacks must have been too much.

But as he looked up to see what was going on, the people inside the cargo ship had managed to become monsters, the radiation had turned them into snakes and beings with large talons that now were trying to attack.

Bernardgrad itself would be safe, as its people had managed to pile onto the last few ships as he could see Helicopters fly off towards the ocean.

Then, on the radio transmission, a young woman's voice could be heard.

“If you are listening to this, it is too late, the last of the people who have managed to support this world have managed to flee into the stars, this world was always an independent, but since the unruly people have managed to try to stop our hands, we at the good people of Syndicate Interplanetary Corporation have decided to let this planet be on its own. It's your own mess, clean it up.”

The transmission cuts off.

Russ hid inside his bunker with few of his men, the riches of the world not really mattering as he offered a short prayer to God.

Russ knew that this day would come, and he walked into the cryogenic freezer, and strapped himself in. Sid was grabbed by Shannon as they managed to enter what was supposed to be a mining shaft, but what it really was actually a vault for couples, and Shannon managed to get yanked in with him. The world was swallowed up in the deep darkness of space, the entire people had managed to regress, the clones that landed from the massive gunship had tried their best to clear out the monsters, but they were slaughtered.

The world ceased to exist, the nationstates that once existed were now filled with the monsters and men who tried to find their way through the ruins.

The monsters that still existed on the world had managed to become more humane, now only having ears and features, but not the full extent of their once loved ones before them.

The planet slowly turned, slowly but surely, as the new civilizations grew from the radioactive wastelands.

Sid, Russ and Shannon wouldn't be able to see it, as they were pulled away from this world from what appeared to be a guiding hand to a place they haven't been before.

A fresh world.

The blasts from the nuclear attack had managed to create small warp-storms that would suck people in, and this is where they ended up at, on a base on the moon, where the people from the Syndicate had managed to fled.

Russ and Sid were now together as Shannon just smiled, Sid was back with his friend, Russ could now destroy the group that killed his revolution, and Shannon can save the world from the Syndicate's grasp.

They made their way through the now terraformed land, the grass sticking to them as the gray sky made it apparent that the world had one moon.

End game.