

Chapter 1: Budapest—Hungary

Stuck in Budapest wasn't an ideal trip for Vince. The humid air hung against his face as he took in the sights. The large clock tower was chiming.

His hand rested on a small briefcase, black. Heading towards the stairs of his

small suite, he could look outside the window. The whole area was crowded with people. Just crawling with dirtbags who would smoke in public and try to cloud up the whole area. He never really like Budapest to begin with, too cold and humid. The people were somewhat nice, when they weren't ruining his time by smoking.

Vince pulled out the contents of the suitcase. One M-16 rifle with a scope. Stock was wooden. Very nice, very sheen. He put the gun up against the window, it had a silencer on, and aimed very closely, his eye trained on an older man, with a small green sash

around his body. Breathing heavily, Vince finally takes a shot.

The bullet rips the man, his blood dripping down as he slumps. The crowd of people keep looking for who shot him.

Vince just fled the room, holding the M-16 and fleeing out the back, he ended up in a small alleyway. Two men wearing green and khaki shirts looked at him with a small grins, holding FN-FAL, the men open the back of the van as they managed to speed away.

Holding onto the door, the two men look at Vince, just humming and smiling as paramilitary force keep driving on. While they drive on, the giant city becomes more and more of a faded memory as Vince readies his M-16. The man wearing a green shirt looks out the window, only to nod at Vince. The man in Khaki's slams his foot against the door, opening it to see if anyone was tailing them.

All Vince could see is asphalt, but the sound of bullets pinging off of the metal walls of the van only uneased him. The sun still beat down heavily as they past by tall communist blocks, men in hand-me-down tracksuits unloaded on them, forcing Vince to lean out of the van.

With each and every shot, the poor Hungarian boys get filled with lead as he turns to each side. The two other men opened fire at the large block too, making sure to make it look like they were actually doing something, Vince could tell the men weren't actually shooting, or they were missing.

The drive towards the outskirts was long and tedious, the four men sat anxiously as they drove through the old villages. Vince finally moves up to pull at his walkies-talkie, only to radio in about the situation. "We're on our way." was the only thing Vince said.

The whole village was old, concrete buildings lined the streets as the driver sped through the area. The small UNITCO logo on the back of the van was rusted, the two men were looking out the window.

Vince readied his rifle against his shoulder as the van drove through the farming village. The government may have become western again, but they would still utilize the large communist housing blocks built by people 30 years ago. Vince causally shifted out of the window to see who was looking out at them.

As he looked out, a small roadblock stopped them in their track. The tires groan as the man in a green shirt got out. His hands holding the rifle as he barked in *magyar*, telling the unseen force to move away from them. They were due to come back to Slovakia in a couple of hours.

"We're good to go." The green shirt man said, motioning for the van to move forward.

"Good good." Was all Vince said, his hand on the rifle as the van lurched forward.

The man in Khaki's looked at Vince and asked, "Who did you kill exactly?"

"Some Romanian spy, or something, once we head back to base we can talk about it later."

"No really, who did you kill? The radio chatter all day was talking about how some dignitary was coming in to talk in Budapest."

"Guess it must of been him. I don't know man, the contract stated that he needed to go so that's what happened."

Through the long drive of the old concrete buildings an old woman strolls up towards them.

“Would you like some food for your trip?”

“We’re good ma’am.” The driver callously said.

She looked at the van, and scowled. “No one ever wants any food from the village.”

As they drive off, even crossing the border even into UNITCO controlled Slovakia. The two blue helmet wearing men wave for the van to cross into the area. The sound of heavy steel mills working across the Danube as the workers make heavy weapons. This was the only sovereign land that the United Nations owned, legally.

Vince got out, walking across into one of the border patrol posts, the man just gives him an odd look as Vince fumbled with the radio controls.

A man with a blue UN hard-hat comes in to look at Vince. “You want to radio to high command?”

“I want my money so I can go home.”

The UN soldier chuckles, “Go get some rest at the barracks. High command is pretty tense at the moment, no one’s supposed to leave.” He turns

the radio dial to call in one of the high officers. "Vanny has returned, over."

The radio static crackled, a voice overpowering it as a deep low growl tries to control the situation, "This is General Pierce, you have orders to get him back to capital camp, over and out."

So they drove him across the Danube, and got him to base

UNITCO-Slovak area.

The United Nations had managed to take control of the whole region of Slovakia, using it as a forwarding base, why else would be stuck between Austria and East Germany.

Reports of Hungarian separatists have cropped up in the area between Transylvania. The region known for Vlad III, impaling Muslim men who tried to invade the region. Turkish boys who were attacked. The command were trying to figure out why the Hungarians were trying to reclaim the region, the build up of weapons emplacements along the border with cross border raids haven't really helped the matter much. Reports of MiGs flying over the borders have been becoming more and more recent. Both sides were flying and inspecting in a dangerous game of chicken. Even the Danube itself wasn't safe, as large boats with

SAM installations floated across. War was brewing, that much was certain.

The Lieutenant-General looked at Vince, his sharp upturned nose brushed up against the his mustache as he slapped a manila folder across the table. All Vince could do was just look at the folder, 'Vince X', across it.

"That's my folder alright."

"That it is. You know why you're in Slovakia, correct?"

"I was assigned here by INTERPOL, now they managed to cut all ties with me and I'm forced to work with you. I know what's in the folder."

Vince rubbed the nice folds of it, as he just stared at the Lieutenant with an ugly grimace. He knew that this was the only reason he was stuck here in this almost hostile situation. The whole UNITCO situation was just a sham at this point. An Army that didn't answer to anyone expect for the largest world powers. The Lieu-General just chuckled as he looked at Vince. "You want your freedom?"

"You're lying."

The Lieu-General leaned back against his leather office chair as he flicked a lighter.

"Listen Vince, I know that working with us hasn't been the greatest situation, but man you're really pushing the button."

"That's because you keep giving me these jobs for freedom!"

Lieu-General pushed back his beret, revealing his small scars. "I mean, you could always go AWOL you know."

Vince slapped the table in frustration! "That dossier has enough stuff in it to incriminate me for the war crime!"

The tension was getting heated as a large, stocky man walked into the room, old and run down as the actual General of the operation walked in. They called him the Boss.

"Boss, I..."

"Vince, what are you doing?"

"Talking with the second-in-command. You know how much I have to put up with this guy's lies?"

The Boss grabbed Vince by the shoulder, turning him to face him, his face was old, wrinkled, in times past he could of been known as a warlord, but now he was in charge of the UNITCO. "Don't take anything that Hoss tries to push on you. Why do you wish to leave our outfit?"

"It's not like I want to leave, but if I do leave, the whole world would be trying to crash down on us. I take it you want to give me an assignment?"

The Boss just chuckled, "No, not at all. But I wanted to talk about how you shot a Romanian politician."

"Yeah... About that."

“The boys don’t think you shot a politician?”

“Worse, 5.56 round killed him.”

The Boss slapped the back of Vince’s neck. “I guess that mean’s we have to make M-16’s for the Hungarians!” With a hearty chuckle, he walked out of the room and kept laughing to himself for the longest time.

Lieu-General scoffed at The Boss, and focused back on Vince.

“Vince, this is going to be simple, I swear. All you have to do is take an RPG and blast the plane carrying the president of Romania, one Geog Mati.”

“That doesn’t sound so simple.”

“It’s super easy. Right now we have a proxy of ours talking to the top brass of Romania who’s planning on purging the Hungarians out of the area.”

“You mean a-”

“Genocide? Correct. We’re predicting at this rate about half the population to either be killed during what we’re predicting to be heavy shelling.”

“That’s when Hungary comes in, with full support?”

“Of the international community, of course.”

Vince just looked at the man. “But why?”

The Lieu-General tugged at his own shirt, becoming hot all of a sudden due to the

questioning. "Because we need to justify the budget this year. The Boss will know more. Go ask him about it."

Vince brushed back his hair, and walked towards the door, opening to see the bombed out hellscape from the previous war over the split-up of the Czechs and the Slovaks. The poor slavic men and women walking the street as APCs' patrol the area. Old factories pumping machines and smoke. The factories were producing weapons of war for the new age that was upon them. As he walked through the street, he only just muttered to himself about the situation.

"Why must I kill him?"

He had no real concern with killing the president himself, no it was the fact that the Lieu-General could outright tell him that it would cause a genocide. The UN wasn't supposed to let stuff like that happen, right? He just kept sighing as he hailed a taxi, well an APC to be exact.

Riding the top of it, he could see the people look at him with dangerous thoughts, how could someone like him do something so heinous? He knew that what he was going to commit would cause high treason. But he had to do it, not because of any real commitment to the UN, but the fact that the man only known as 'The Boss' would support him if he did it.

Knowing full well he wouldn't be alive after the attempt, he prayed to God that his mission would be successful. Other men were riding atop of the APC too, green-boys who got snatched up by the promise of adventure. That's why most of the boys were here in general. Moving from torn warzone to warzone, trying to reestablish it for civilians too while the whole area would be modernized.

Such was life.

Romania – Bucharest

The President of Romania, Sergei Iliescu sat in the waiting taxi, his small presidential guard surrounded him. His strong chin looked ready to break another man. The former pro boxer won gold for them years previously. His black hair hid his somewhat dirty brown eyes, bloodshot from the night of hard drinking he encountered.

He got out of the car, five men were armed, holding Russian-made AKs, the make and size didn't matter but the fact was, he was going to meet with President Andras Takacs, trying to see if they were really going to break from the old pact that held the countries together. He could feel that something awry was going on. The old council tried to convince him not to go to his country, but Sergei had no real choice. The Magyars who lived in the

Transylvania needed to calm down, he knew that that Andras was funding the terrorists in the region.

He also knew about how the people in Slovakia were trying to do something shady, not truly knowing what they were doing, he was just aware that they really were trying to push this war option. How could men of peace try to force a war. Damn the USSR for opening the doors here. Just because they weren't becoming loyal to you doesn't mean you have to overthrow them, because now these crooks are here.

"Mr. President, your plane is here."

The 6 men walk across the tarmac, the group looked on as the sound of a small helicopter flew in the air. It's rotors slapping the wind with each hit to the wind as one of the guard's look up.

"Mr. Iliescu!" The stocky man in black grabbed Sergei by the arm and threw him to the ground. Bullets flew out as Sergei grabbed one of the serviceman's pistol, and aimed it up at the sniper who was shooting! The strangest part was that it had no real markings, no call-sign, anything.

The Presidential guard yanked the President up from the ground and dragged him up. The fear of him getting killed during this historic moment would most likely cause the international press to go wild. Those damn

Magyars! The President kept taking potshots at the copter as one of the guards pulled him into the plane!

“Take off already!” Is all the security guard yelled out. The sounds of anger and rage filled him as he pushed the president into the plane as he jumped out to face the helicopter!

“Hawk is secured, take off!” Is all he yelled into his mic, his AK spraying up at the air, shooting, the bullet splitting the sniper’s thigh in two as he fell to the ground with a sick thud. As the helicopter goes to fly away, he can only notice one thing. A man.

A man wearing a black coat cocked his revolving S-A-M launcher and fired all 6 rockets at the plane!

The security guard shot at him, only to duck as the plane exploded! Everything was gone as the black coated man started to flee towards the runway, signaling for a helicopter to pick him up.

“Fuck!” Is all that the Security Guard can say, as he rushed towards the barely damaged car. His right arm was burnt to a crisp as he smashed his fist into the driver side window and jumped in. Fiddling with console, he finally radios the capital. “Bomb the Mountains!” Is all he can scream, before the rolling engine crushed the car!

Chapter 2

The Times:

Heavy bombing today in Transylvania has increased tenfold. Large scores of men are fleeing the area as the shelling intensifies. It could be described as a madhouse scene as the small mountain villages are burnt to the ground by Romanian Soldiers. The soldiers have marched through the villages, burning and sacking as the scores of people flee into Hungary. During these sick and deprived times, we can only hope that the Romanian fury would die down and that they'll realize that war isn't the answer they need.

Hungary-Budapest

Andras Takacs looked out the window of his palace, the sound of people screaming in anger over the lost of their homeland. Refugees were fleeing across the border during the days after the death of Sergei. But what was he going to do about the situation? Order him to stop sending people into the nation? How silly of him. He took a heavy sigh

as he turned around to face a leathery faced man.

“Why did you kill him?”

The Boss shrugged. “To speed the process along, why do you think I did it? Because I didn’t like the way he talked to me?”

“You never dealt with him! How are we supposed to deal with the fact that the USSR is going to be breathing down our neck?”

“We’ll-”

“We’ll what?” The older gentleman snapped at the leathery faced man. “You better think of something quick.”

“You said you wanted to regain the whole region again, correct?”

Andras throws some papers at The Boss. “Yes I do!”

“Then calm down.”

“How can you be calm when your people are being siege down and slaughtered like pigs?”

“Because, you have all the reason to invade the area.”

“Damn the area I just want my people to be protected!”

“Yes yes, in due time, in due time.”

“Do you even understand what’s going on? My people are being shelled because they think that my people killed the president!”

“I’m telling you, don’t worry about it.”

Andras sat down at the table, holding his face. His strong face looked like it was about to burst a vein. "I know this is the proper time for war, but I don't think my people are ready to be put through the wringer, please. Just, just do something about it. Make sure the Soviets don't invade, that's all I'm asking."

The Boss only just nodded, raising his hand to silence him. "I promise."

Slovakia

Vince was asleep on the ground. The sounds of planes taking off filled his head as an old man splashed water on his face.

The old man grabbed the man by the scruff of his shirt and picked him up, barely even smiling at Vince as he just scoffed at him. Planes were touching down, some were flying off to do patrols, some of them were even trying to protect the airspace around them.

"Vince this is serious right now, I can't have you be sleeping on the job." Is all Lieu-General can say.

"What do you want?"

"Well, your mission was a success, which is good. But you got one more mission for you."

Vince let out a heavy groan, "What do you mean another mission? Are you reading the newspapers? We already have a war brewing, why do I have to another mission."

“Because Vince, this is orders straight from the boss.”

Vince’s head turned to face Lieu-General.

“You’ll be heading into Kalmyk-”

“What’s Kalmyk?”

“Only Buddhist enclave in Europe. All we’re asking is that you oversee a shipment of weapons to distract the Kremlin with. You think you could handle that.”

Vince looked at him. “Okay, slow down. Why do I need to go to Kalmyk? Why not go to the Caucasus? I know that the Iranians are really pushing for that whole region of oil.”

The Lieu-General just sighed and handed him a clipping:

Dagestani bomb Buddhist temples in Kalmyk to prove point. See page 10 for more details.

“You get the point?” Is all the Lieu-General has to say. “Just give them this shipment of weapons and supplies and you’ll be home before the first shells are fired.”

“But what happens if I get caught?”

The Lieu-General just points his finger into Vince’s chest. “You won’t.”

“You sure about this?”

“I am, what would it take for me to prove to you that I’m not bullshitting you.”

“I don’t know, chief, how can I tell you aren’t lying to me, how do I know I’m not being set up?”

The Lieu-General nostrils flared, and punched Vince across the jaw with one mighty hit.

“Stop acting like a child, just because you want to return home doesn’t mean you can just ruin the whole operation that The Boss wanted.”

Vince spat out a tooth and gave a small grin. “Fine by me. I want twenty men to come with me.”

“That can be arraigned.” He looked at the soldiers, holding AKs’. “You can’t take any NATO weapons, that’ll be too suspect, you know?”

All Vince could do was just nod as the Lieu-General saluted him and walked off.

Vince grumbled for what seemed like an hour, smoking a small pack of cigarettes he bought from a poor Slovak boy. He could see small campfires forming at the base, poor refugees trying to flee into Czech land, Austria, or Germany. Vince let out a sigh of relief as he saw two Frenchmen carrying FAMAS walk towards him. Both of them very mean, brutish looking. They wouldn’t smile for anyone, even for their wives imported from the Berber-states.

Vince waved towards them and asked, “You two speak Arabic too, correct?”

“*Oui*, what of it? You silly Americans with your anger with our imported women.”

“No no, that’s not it. I need people who can speak Arabic to join me.”

The two men looked at each other, and just laughed. Vince flashed his badge. “High orders from The Boss himself.”

The two men didn’t even stop laughing, holding each other as they kept chuckling. “Why does this dumb American want to bring us Frenchmen into some third world, country?”

“Because you cheese monkey fascists, I need people who can speak Arabic to protect my goods.”

“Again, why should we come with you?”

“Because I need foreign legions to come with me.”

The other Frenchmen, who’s face was still recovering from the mocking laughter he gave slapped Vince’s back. “Listen, Vincent, I know you want to look good for *Le patron*, but you know for a fact that we’re going to be going home soon. My wife is going to have a child soon.”

“Yeah and I’m stuck here until the mission is over, and I need men to join me, so just come with me, I promise that you’ll be safe.”

The two Frenchmen, one named Pierre and the other Jean, both nodded. “I respect you for what you do.” Jean stated. “I’ll go and

see if the Saudi boys would join up with you. They've been known to deal with Arabs too."

They kept looking around the old burnt out derelict, smoking, small cigars as the now twenty men were ready to fight. 2 Frenchmen, 10 Saudis, 5 Turkish men, and 3 Austrians. All of them were carrying FAMAS, as it turned out, they weren't NATO standard, so it would appear that the French were arming the Buddhist Nationalists to fight the Muslim republics. Vince just tapped his nose in happiness as he looked at his ragtag group of men who would be fighting under him.

The group carried their AKs' and FAMAS as Vince stared at them, nodding how he picked a good fighting force to serve under him. He knew these men would fight for common unity. But right now, they needed to get ready to go into battle. So the twenty-one men walked into the mess hall. Each of them sitting down and having one final smoke before they would go out and take on the world. Never really noticing the fact that this might be the last night on Earth. Vince wasn't sadden by it as he turned on the TV.

The report showed a group of men holding M-16 caches as a Romanian soldier barked at the camera that "Hungarian dogs and western pigs will pay!" Not in English of course, they didn't speak the language. Then the Camera

panned to show the villages being burnt to the ground, whole farms being used as killing floors as streams of refugees flee on horseback or motorized vehicle across Europe. It had been at least two days and the Romanian government, to their credit, was reacting with some amount of force.

The men only just scoffed at the dirty Romani bastard. Especially Vince, never liked them to begin with. He would rather end up fight against them any day of the week, they were weak, not surprising because they got done dealing with a slight famine.

Jean flicked his ashes into an ashtray and walked towards a payphone. Flicking through the heavy metals, he finally was able to call his wife. Telling her that he loved him.

As the rest of the gang sat and ate, the sound of helicopters flooded the area. UNITCO blackhawk helicopters, used to help airlift food to underprivileged nations.

But as Vince finished his drink, he saw a young boy walk up and take his empty glass. And with a small, innocent voice asked, "When will occupation be over?"

Vince patted the boy on the head. "This isn't occupation, this is just for protection until the government can run again."

One of the Arabic men, he believed it was Mahmot, looked at Vince and asked, "Why is it

that most of the African nations under UNITCO not pitching in with soldiers?”

“Because we’re running operations to make sure the government is stable, we don’t want children to join.” He looked down at the kid and flashed a toothy smile.

The gruff Boss walked into the mess hall, and slapped the back of Vince’s shoulder blade. “Well Vince, I see you got a small army to help deliver the packages. Men, you’re in good care.”

The boys tipped their glasses toward The Boss and drank.

The whole mess-hall was quiet as they looked in awe of The Boss. This man was the man who fought tooth and nail to merge the Private Military Contracting houses into this small group. UNITCO was the umbrella company, only ran by itself where it saw fit. It would only recruit men from previous mercenary groups, the rest were considered outlaws, but they could buy into the franchise and start up under the UNITCO belt. Right now The Boss pulled out a cheap ashen cigar and smoke it in front of the men.

“Men good days are coming to us soon. Soon we’ll be fighting the side that’ll pay us the most. Hungarians are really starting to like us but I do believe in these times we should start to think how can we drag out the conflict as much as possible, you know, maximizing

revenue. Right now as we speak, the USSR owned oil fields are pumping oil at a faster rate than expected, so I'm glad to announce that we have purchased half of the fields deep south of Romania. Twenty companies of men are going to be heading down to Romania while we plan on selling the oil to both sides."

"How can we get the oil across the border?" Pierre piped up.

"Through Yugoslavia, the peacekeeping boys will defend the convoy and it'll enter the Hungary area."

The Boss went through and listed the twenty companies that would be going down to Romania to ensure that the oil would be secured. It would be easy, of course. They were operating under UN standards and they couldn't be targeted. Or they could, but they aren't like the peacekeepers of old where they were impotent, they would fire back and strike harder. Vince nodded as The Boss finally wrapped up his speech and walked out. The Second-In-Command, Lieu-General walked into the mess-hall and looked at Vince and his crew of nineteen men. "You better be heading out soon. Go grab the last person and get on the plane to Dagestan."

"Dagestan sir?"

"The Boss had a slight change of heart and realized he could make more money if he tried to inspire a Jihad or something like that."

One of the Turkish men scoffed at it. He was one of those Young Turks who never knew when to shut his mouth. "You know, I'm pretty sure they wouldn't even heed the call."

One of the Arab men, who must of been at least 22, just chuckled. "Oh the Clerics would love to call a Jihad over something. Maybe Allah's willing will listen."

Vince slapped the table, "You aren't radicalizing on my watch. Fucking Wahhabists."

The Saudi men only laughed out in joy as they slapped the tables too. "We only let the one's who work the fields radicalize. We promise we won't get swept up in the fever of Jihad."

That was all Vince had to hear. The whole time he could feel the people watching him across the table just shake there heads at him and his new crew of boys. Vince didn't catch it himself but Jean sure did. Arriving into the mess-hall with a smirk on his face. The Platoon would be setting off tonight.

The Turkish men looked at the group who were sneering at them. Who cares about them, they wouldn't be fight, or at least not yet. The Lieu-General didn't leave the room yet, and was just watching like a hawk as the boys just started to smoke around the pipe.

Vince didn't really understand the bad vibes going on. All he knew was that his men

were going to be fighting soon. Dagestan, he never heard of it. The group cracked their knuckles as the large Turkish man got up from his seat, and pointed at the geek sneering.

“You want to go?”

The geek got up, and pushed the Turk. With one mighty swing, the geek goes flying across the table. His jaw bleeding as Vince ran up to grab at the Turkish man who just tried to hurt a comrade in arms.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Yanking the Turkish man away from the bleeding geek, the boys jeering at him only made Vince realize the bad vibes were coming from them. The intelligence group. Always the rude bunch. But they were important to the group. When he looked over the people he had, he didn’t have a single one that knew the C3I’s. (Command Control Communications and Intelligence). So he yelled at the Turkish man to get out of his platoon, and sit on what he did wrong while he pointed at one of the poindexters and said “You’re coming with me now.”

The Turk was ashamed of himself, how could he act so cruel over something he didn’t realize would set the group off. Sulking away in shame, Vince had none of it and now had: 2 Frenchmen, 10 Saudi Arabs, 4 Turks, 5 Austrians who really didn’t do much but just drink now that he thought about it, maybe they were the command group? Never mind that,

he now had another American, another American that would be hiding in Dagestan with the rest.

Chapter 3

The Times:

Slovakia riots increase tenfold today, the old mining camp of Handlova is under siege by communist and republican armies as the UNITCO forces try to negotiate with the strikers who refuse to work with the coal miners.

Whole streets are lined with blood as reports of Soviet arms entering into Romania is a cause for alarm. Entire towns owned by Hungarian villagers have been wiped out due to the firepower and might of the what is assumed to be Soviet weapons. Small tanks have been seen rolling across the fields as they destroy old villages.

The Russian Soviet Federation has announced that nuclear weapons have been mostly dismantled. Hoping for the United States to do the same, a good will present has been sent to President Henry Monroe and the Soviet reports of nuclear weapons being pulled down.

Crimea, USSR

The whole area didn't sit right with the twenty-one red cross men. Lots of Russians. There weren't anything wrong with them, no. They were a fine people. It's just that they never really had to deal with them in the slightest. None of the Russians would allow it's people to come into the group, and so they would have to be turned away. This was at the behest of the security council.

Vince didn't like the whole vibe of Crimea, the people at the airport were snooty and mean, the fact that he couldn't travel with all the supplies made him upset too, but that wasn't a real point. The boxes and the weapons weren't being smuggled for nothing.

Jean sat around on a small lawnchair, so did Pierre, they both sat around, enjoying the Vodka being served by the stewardess, not bad too. One of them, Pierre, would cat call one of the women.

"Pig." Is all the woman said.

Jean only chuckled as he took a swig of the smooth liqueur. The men didn't really care, but they had to keep up the facade of them being a part of an international relief organization. So Vince gave Pierre a dirty look.

The two Turkish brothers flexed in the cargo bay mirror, grumbling the fact that their youngest and buff brother couldn't come with them.

The poindexter was all alone, sipping his mineral water as he fiddled with the communications array. He knew he would be stuck in there, so he might as well get it to work.

Vince walked over to the Saudi men, who were looking at the crates of weapons deep inside the plane. They were giddy to say the least. One of the men reached out to grab Vince by the sleeve and show him the major beauty. The big one.

It appeared to be a Davy-Crockett missile launcher. Small dirty bombs could be launched and judging by the thickness of the lead, could depopulate an entire region. Vince didn't smile. Not even chuckled at that. "Put that away." Was all he said.

The Arabic man just shook his head. "No no, this isn't for us."

"And it won't be for whoever is going to get it. Get rid of it somehow."

One of them pulls out a pistol and points it at Vince. "We're not going to use it at Dagestan, nor Kalmyk, I promise. This is a gift from The Boss so we can use it."

"But if we use it, that'll cause the end of the world!"

"Okay then, how will we end up using it..." The Arab inquired.

The American Comms. officer turns to look at them and yells "Keep it down, it's supposed

to be used as a bribe for the Dagestan people as a deterrent against the Buddhists, Jesus Christ do you people not know how this works?”

Vince looked at the man waving a pistol in his face and sneered. Then back at the Communications Officer. “What’s your name?”

“Johnny Valentine.”

Johnny Valentine? What is this. He must be some kind of kid or something or he wouldn’t even be here. No, he shouldn’t be Johnny Valentine, who would go on to name a child Valentine. Vince didn’t really care about who he was. “So this is to be a gift?”

“Straight from the Caliph himself.”

The Arabs stroked their breads in hostile strokes. They knew what was being planned. Vince was dumb as a rock when it came to geo-political factorial situations. Most of all the fact that he couldn’t understand that the Socialist Arabic States would allow a Caliph to even exist.

“Ah, so The Boss is saying this is a gift from Caliph Rhomund. We will accept it and pass it along to our brothers in the east.”

How did this happen, how did the Soviets managed to get Iran under their thumb and spread the fear of Allah into the half of the Fertile Crescent. Fondly thinking, the Arabic men thought back to in their youths when they saw the Caliph, he blessed them and told them

to go out and crush the infidels. "Say, The Boss wouldn't mind if we took it, right?"

"We're already giving them to the militias to protect their land and cause Russia to freak out. Why do you need to spread the word of God through the sword?"

"Because Muhammad would want that. We need to use this weapon in Kalmyk, no matter the cost."

The nine other Arabic men look on at the brother in arms with a slight concerned look. One speaks up. "No we don't, Allah would want us to follow The Boss order."

"Who do you believe, the Caliph or The Boss."

The nerdish voice peaked up, "Well The Boss did prop up the Caliph."

Mahmot shot daggers at Johnny. "It doesn't matter, Allah will shall be done. Vince, we will end up using this, correct?"

Mahmot, the calm out of the 10 men, looked at his brother Ali, the staunch jihadist with a passion to kill the west.

"We will, or, matter of fact, they will."

Mahmot motioned for the man to lower his pistol drawn on Vince. "We will deliver this package to the Dagestan. Say do you know what we're actually doing?"

"Do you truly want to know?"

"Of course, why lie to your new brothers?"

Vince sighed, and pointed to the two technicals, covered up in tarp and plainly spoke, "We'll be going through the territory and causing as much damage as we can, or rather, you will. God willing, you will reach the capital and destroy anything and anything you can. This will be a show of force and show that the Muslims mean business."

The whole area felt off as the men stood around. The Arabs nodded in agreement as they loaded the box up again. They knew how the war would work. They would have their Jihad after-all.

The five Austrians armed with... stealth units? They had stealth units. They could go invisible, holding small arms and being able to shoot people without anyone seeing them. Holding their AUG's they could sneak around. The Boss really loved his gimmicky shit.

As Vince pondered why he thought about them, the sound of helicopters taking off only alerted him to the fear of something horrible about to happen.

Helicopter motors started to take off as Vince rushed out. The men followed him in the commotion, trying to figure out if they were friendly or not. The huge blades of the copter made Vince nervous, it better not be those Russians.

He saw it was some strange, Turkish writings. The sound of the helicopters over-

passing them only made Vince nervous about the situation, grabbing one of the rocket launchers, he aimed it at the gunship, and fired!

The rocket went skywards, striking the copter in an explosion of hellfire, killing the man inside the copter. The place went deafening quiet, the stewardess's looked upon the men in fear. "You aren't Red Cross." Is all they can mutter out, in fear of what they would do to them. The Two Frenchmen prepared the benches as a makeshift table, making sure they wouldn't get shot by the enemy.

The plane wasn't ready to take off at all, which made Vince angry, his heart sank at the prospect that he couldn't take out the rest of the evil people who might ruin The Boss's mission. Just as he looked, two trucks rammed the gates, slamming against it in a fit of anger and caused them to get the men out of the truck. The men armed to the teeth started to point guns at the men. Shooting at the plane as the soldiers started to unload hot lead at the men. AKs vs AKs. The five Austrians went through.

Five men with the stealth units shot at the Militiamen, who kept shooting at the airplane.

The amount of fear the men were in, the Arabs wanted to use the weapons, but Vince motioned for the Frenchmen and screaming out "Men get over here!" Trying to get them to

come back to the plane. Vince held his AK and fired at the Militia. How did they know?

Vince bashed through the cockpit and yells at the pilots! "Get your ass in gear!"

The two pilots in the large cargo plane starts to take off, the rotors starting to get ready as Mahmot grabbed at Vince. "Vince, this is going to hurt me to say this but you gotta fight these people yourself."

"You want me to-"

"Get on that Anti-Air gun and help us get out of here! We'll give the arms to the Dagestan people!"

Vince grabbed his rifle and jumped out of the plane, it was starting to take off as Vince kept firing on the Militiamen, the sound of their deaths becoming louder as he spots an Anti-Air gun. Russian made as the plane finally takes off, bullets hitting it as Vince got on the gun! He kept firing upon the enemy soldiers who are trying to kill his men as he could swear his men were saluting him. The sounds of the Militias overrunning the area only made his heart sink, the realization that he was going to be captured by these men.

A woman jabs the butt of the rifle into his back as he falls back.

Chapter 4

The Times:

Foreign interventionism? It's more likely than you think. In tonight's story, small socialist countries in the Caucasus have been experiencing Proxy warfare. Large groups of men have been seen carrying M-16's no doubt smuggled in from Turkey. Georgian commanders are upset over the fact that they can't even control the sovereignty of their own country and that the Turks are trying to impede upon them.

Other news, small group of bandits have managed to take socialite Hillary Rothschild hostage, we have yet to receive word of any ransom being given. All we know at *The Times* is that the GUTS (General Units Team Support) is on the case. God Speed GUTS, God speed.

Unknown- Unknown

Sofia sat on the metal chair, eyeing the man known as Vince. He looked alright, was all

she honestly thought. He knew he was scum by the he was dressed. Those tattered 'Red Cross' uniforms that she could tell weren't his.

"Vince, what was in that plane?"

She kept looking at him, her eyes like burning jasper.

"Vince, if you don't talk, I'll do it again."

All Vince could do, was look up at her with a toothy, bloody smile. Then he spat at her, it didn't hit. The woman could only smirk before she nodded at a Doctor.

The Doctor, holding a large needle, jabbed it into Vince's arm. Vince kept smiling before he slumps. His face becoming paler and more gaunt as he reached out across the table. His hand's bound by the leather straps. The metal chains, rusted and rubbing against his legs only could tell tales of countless tortures that have occurred here.

"You know that GUTS protects the Red Cross, you knew that!" She throws the document at Vince.

Vince could only just laugh at her, a predators smirk as the Doctor injected him with more of the white liquid.

"I don't gotta say a thing to you. I know my rights, hell I helped pen it."

She leans across the table, her blonde hair draped across it as she cranked her neck back to face him. "Who the fuck do you think you are."

“The Pope, now let me go.”

“That’s not happening until you answer my questions, what was in those planes.”

“I want my lawyer.” was all he could respond with. Sofia pointed at the door and ordered the doctor to leave.

“Alright, since we aren’t getting anywhere, we’re going to try it the hard way.”

“Hard way?”

Sofia punched him across the jaw.

Vince could only just chuckle at that reaction. “That’s nothing. Do your worse.”

She kept smashing his face in. Her fists made his face look like patty meat before he could only look at her, and ask for seconds. Moving down, she punched him in the sternum, feeling it crack somewhat as Vince shuddered, but still holding strong.

By this point, Vince knew that if he talked or didn’t, it wouldn’t matter. But Sofia knew that it would matter for him to keep quiet about the plane. “Tell me about the plane or I’ll call The Boss and ask him myself.”

Vince’s face frowned, small tears welling up. But how could she contact the boss?

“You wouldn’t dare.”

She scoffed and kicked him over, falling back on the concrete floor. Vince coughed in pain, the leather binding snapping. Sofia would end up pulling one of the serrated blades on the table, and pointed it at his chest.

“Vince, I *will* call him, and we’ll end up having a small talk. How does that sound.”

He tries to unbound himself from the chains but she jabs the knife into his hand. Blood trickles down. Vince could only let out a loud primal scream as he tried to push at her. She could only spit at him! He could feel the hot spit across his face as he reached down to grab at his chains.

Her long painted fingernails dig into his chin, forcing him to look up at him, before her fist slams into man’s face. His nose explodes like a tomato, blood pouring out as he flinches and screams. The woman was as if Satan took control of her, her fists kept pounding and pounding until he tried to speak!

“Stop!”

“You going to play good?”

“Play good? The fuck do you-?”

Another right hook met his jaw, almost making it slack as he slumps back in the chair. “Okay okay. I’ll talk.”

“What was in that plane?”

“Low-grade nuclear weapon! Davy-Crockett for the Buddhists! The plane was to land in Kalmyk and attack cross border! That’s the God’s honest truth!”

The woman gave a sigh of relief as the man finally admitted his ‘truth’ to Sofia. “Good, now how do you want to be sent back to The

Boss, as a broken man who'll be known as a betrayer to his organization or join us."

He only let out a small throaty laugh. "Send me back for all I care. GUTS can't handle something like what my men are pulling off right now in Dagestan. If you kill me that would be a direct violation of UN law."

"Bullshit."

"That's not bullshit, what's bullshit is that I'm still stuck here and you won't free me. I gave you the information you needed. What's next? You want me to tell you why the plan was set in place?"

She pressed her heel against his chest, and gave a small predators smile. Her white, pure teeth shone in the concrete slab of a room. "Anything that will help me protect my homeland is always a good thing Vince. You should know that."

"Well my homeland is gone, so don't act so noble here."

"Ah yes, America, was it? I'm glad the Soviets managed to snake in and got an inside man. What's his name again? Mr. Joe Steel?"

"I don't care about my former communist president, my entire state is a burning husk because of what he did."

She slapped him, "Focus, why are the men in Kalmyk."

"To avenge the death of the Dali Lama who died by a Dagestani boy."

Dagestan- USSR (Russia)

The plane touched down in Dagestan. The men looked out the windows, the whole plane was covered in markings stating "Red Cross", The whole plane shook. Technicals bouncing around like rag-dolls connected to a fine wire. Mahmot and Ali looked at the men, giving them a good once over with their eyes to confirm that they were ready to fight.

Mahmot grabbed the crate of military hardware and got it ready to be open. The plane taxied for what seemed like an awfully long time when it finally stopped. The cargo hatch opened with a loud pop before the men. With a heavy slam, a heavy-set general walked up into the plane.

"Mr. Jafir I-" Mahmot tries to speak.

"Where's The Boss?"

"The Boss isn't here, we're here to deliver the goods."

He squints, and shakes his head. "Ah, I wanted to talk to him about having him help out in our current affairs, shame that he won't work in Russia, eh."

"You know how it is, can't trespass unless asked. Anyways, go to the back, and we'll talk about the things we need from you."

Jafir walked across the steel, the 9 other Arabs only nodding in agreement as the two

Turks are grabbing at the cases, holding them so they can be opened for him.

“If your strongmen could carry it out to my truck, we’ll allow you to do whatever you need here.”

The Turks take control of the heavy cargo, lifting it and walking it down the cargo bay door, out into the dusty mountains of the Caucasus. The two men, Mufasta and Orak stared out into what could be assumed to be their native homeland. Giving a small smile, he greeted the men who have been properly islamicized. The uncut beards and the smell of Turkish sweat walking across the runway, placing the explosive in the truck only made Ali chuckle.

“May Allah bless us, Mr. Jafir, use it to your need.”

Mahmot slapped Ali across the face.

“Listen, stop trying to look dumb, anyways, Mr. Jafir, if you may uh... listen to my idea here.”

“Yes yes, what do you want?”

Mahmot only let out a small sigh, and looked up at him. “We need more men, that’s the best way to put it. We just need more manpower to pull this job off. I’m sure that The Boss told you everything you need to know about the situation, so here’s the issue. We need about 200 of your men to join in our cross-border raid. It’s what The Boss would want.”

"I can only give you a token force of 50." General Jafir said. "Can't risk the Kremlin breathing down my neck."

Ali looked at Jafir and scowled, "You're telling me you can't spare 200 brothers of Allah to help drive the Buddhists out of our rightful land?"

Jafir was taken aback by Ali's piousness. He could of been a Cleric if he didn't join with the UNITCO. "Okay okay." Was all Jafir could say.

"Good, we got enough arms to make sure your area is secured, expect more arms to come in soon, right, Johnny?" Ali cracked his neck to look at Johnny, radioing the base in Slovakia.

Johnny turned around, dumbfounded by the situation, and nodded. "Sure, yeah, uh.."

"Uh what?"

"What do we tell The Boss about Vince?"

"Captured by Russian Militants." Mahmot stated

Ali smiled. "Never liked him."

Mahmot again, slapped Ali across the face. "You stop bickering with him. Just because he has his moral beliefs doesn't mean you can't insult him when he isn't here."

Ali drew his pistol on Mahmot. "You hit me again, I will kill you right here." He holstered his pistol. Mufasta looked on at Ali and gave him a dirty look.

“Jafir, get your men to unload the boxes, we’ll be at waiting at the border.”

The two asleep Frenchmen woke up from the commotion, trying to piece together what happened in their sleep. “What happened.”

Mahmot looked at them, “Nothing, go stay on the plane with Johnny.”

“What happened to the Austrians?”

Mahmot only shrugged, not even realizing where they were at. Invisible suits were so damn stupid. “At this point, they’re dead. That leads us with 12 men on the mission, 6 men gone, and the rest staying on the plane.”

Pierre looked at Mahmot, “Who made you in charge?”

“No one, I just took control because no one else would.”

“Oh, well. I guess you’re in charge. We’re just going to stay here with John boy and watch him.”

“Fine by me.”

Ali walked down into the summer air, the feeling of warmth and dread filled him. The dread of death. The fear that this might be the last day on earth for him. But he knew in his heart that Allah would be merciful and protect him on his way into heaven.

The twelve men got into the two technicals, six in each. Driving slowly, not to fear the men who might be helping them in this

proxy war. "Vince would be proud of us." One of them said.

"He would be, be prepared, we'll be going into deep territory, unless... no, Jafir?" Mahmot looked at Jafir, "You got any planes?"

"Oh...well, listen. GATSU is kinda on high alert, and is expecting you guys to land in Kalmyk, and cross the border here to do some weird shit.

"But if we do fly some planes across Kalmyk and land at the airport, that puts us in a good spot to test the Davy, isn't that right?"

Mahmot eyes widen. "Wait, they're on high alert? Fuck I knew this was going to be suicide."

"No, what's suicide is thinking that way. What that means is they won't expect *us* to attack them."

"But still, we're going end up dead if this doesn't work out well."

"That's true for any plan." Ali yelled at him. "Listen, Jafir, we need 200 men, land them on the outskirts, and we'll take care of the rest."

Jafir nodded accepting the fact that 200 green men were going to be cutting their teeth in an attack funded by UNITCO.

"We'll end up doing some good," Jafir said. "Hopefully the cry of Jihad will awaken the people in the shit-lands of Mesopotamian Ba'athist land."

“Maybe it will, maybe this will just make the Kremlin upset, we just don’t know, and we won’t know until we try.”

“That is true.”

Jafir made some calls, ordering some of his imported American Chinooks, and ordered 36 men in each, and that one of them would be armed with the Davy-Crockett.

This really didn’t surprise the crew, and they set off towards the border.

Radio chatter wasn’t active, so Johnny thought, listening in to The Boss giving a speech:

“Today, we will see our men fight for the common goal of unity, now you may be asking yourself, what does unity mean? What does it mean for you and I? It means, brothers in arms shall be able to fight for the ideals of every common man. The right to arms, the right to life, and the right to defense. This is what we have been fighting for the past ten years, global unity, the UN may think they own us, be we are the master of our own destiny. So today, it shall be known that the UN has selected us to be a permanent member of the Security Council. May God bless us all.”

Chapter 5

The Times:

America to give up it's arms?
In a last minute interview, it has been revealed by President Joe Steel that nuclear arms has been turned over and is in the process of decommissioning them. Soviet leaders have applauded the action, claiming them to be 'noble' and 'highly acceptable.'

There was a strange feeling in the air. Vince knew it well. It was the feeling of dread, the feeling of death in the air. He knew he didn't have much longer in the world, but he could just sit back and relax for the next hours. Sofia wasn't going to free him, he knew that, he was also aware that his men had touched down. The woman was still in the room, looking at a monitor and humming to herself, trying to figure out what was going on. Turning out the window, he could see the sea moving, rolling around.

He knew this wasn't going to be a great place to die. No place is, but not here, not now. Sofia was drumming her fingernails against the wooden table. Vince's wounds had managed to heal, no special par for the course of Russian medicine. No small feat for them too, this weird

stem cocktail of drugs and nanomachines. His jaw was fixed, sore as hell but still fixed. He looked at the screen she was looking at. Apparently something was going down in Kalmyk. Russian KGB running around trying to fix the situation. Then it hits him.

He chuckles. A small, curt chuckle.

Sofia turns to face him, "What was that?"

"It's called a laugh, Kalmyk is going to burn, just watch."

She was glued to the screen as she kept looking at it him. "What did you do?"

"Start a fire that you won't be able to put out."

The woman's voice became intense with anger, slapping him across the face again in a hostile tone. "You keep messing up with the world, the world is going to end up burning up!"

"What does that even mean?"

The woman slapped him again, her fist now forming into a ball and slamming it into his cheek.

Sofia wasn't happy about the whole situation, she could tell that Vince was getting to her. She kept flicking back to him, and to the television screen.

A riot was taking place! The whole city was going mad due to the KGB attacking and killing the Buddhists their! Her eyes were glued to the screen as Vince sat down next to her with a small chuckle, "It's a beauty isn't it."

The whole streets were burnt out, the cameramen holding it were getting shot at. Vince could only just laugh at the situation, how could they be so dumb?

“What’s your name, sweetheart?”

She gave him a look of utter contempt, “Why should I tell you, dog?”

“Because I want to know who’s face I’m going to be wearing after this night is over.” He said, his confidence booming in his voice.

“Now move over, I want to see what’s going on.”

He kept looking out into the distance, large black Chinooks were flying across the sky, the sound of the birds rotors flapping in the wind made him puzzled, then he squinted and saw it, the Dagestan logo. “Make me proud, men.”

The sounds of the helicopters roared to life, the men inside, all 36 of them, armed with AKs knew that today was going to be important, this whole planning of which only lasted a day was finally coming into motion.

The men inside were holding their AKs, some of the Chinooks had these large motorized battle jeeps, held on by what could be described as just rope. Ali smiled as his brothers in arm were going to enact Jihad against the dirty Buddhist men who years before attacked them.

There was no real blood loss between the whole idea of attacking them, the idea of just going in and killing large swaths of the Soviet men, without any care. Mahmot looked out, holding a radio and said this, simple phrase that could only be described as the damning phrase that could doom the whole situation. "Kill them all."

To the rest of the green-men here, they didn't really realize that they too would be fed into the slaughter, or be captured. One of the other.

The helicopters landed outside the city limits, and with the doors opening, the men rushed out. The soviet guards were happy, happy that reinforcements were coming in, but their similes turned to shit eating frown as the Dagestani men fired AK rounds into the air, and shot at whoever was in the way. A mass of civilians were being slaughtered right before their eyes, Ali pulled the pin off of a grenade and chucked it at the small soviet roadblock.

With one rippling explosion, the whole guard post exploded, the men inside bleeding as the mass of civilians fled towards the city hall, where the Soviet KGB men were trying to contain them.

The men kept firing, Mufasta rushed in with a three prong minigun, and opened sustained fire. It's heavy bullets, .50 cal rounds were smashing into the men's skulls and

bodies. Giving it the appearance of the dead being riddled with bullets.

As they marched through the street, they could see the small buildings being filled with huddled comrades, and they too were killed by the passing crowd of Soviet trained militia men, they feared nothing, that was the most important thing here, the amount of fear that the Dagestan men had were almost zero to none, the men watched, the women screamed in horror as the dirty bearded men kept opening fire, the bullets ripping through.

Then, the sound of a helicopter's blades were becoming more and more apparent, it's rotors starting as it launched into the air. Mufasta, opened heavy fire on it, ripping the hind to shreds. Each of the heavy tipped bullets piercing the hull, killing everything inside.

The slow, steady march into the city square was met with heavy resistance, the KGB were killing as many as they could take before it could get overwhelmed, the Buddhists themselves, those who managed to smuggle arms across the border were carrying large torches, it's flames spreading across the sky as they chucked them at the marching militia.

Some of the men caught flame, now on fire they tensed up, not really feeling any pain except for the fear of how many in this restless slaughtered did they truly kill.

Ali carried a brick of explosives across the battleground, the whole idea of fear and intimidation was going to work dammit. He looked up to see the large Chinook flying across the sky, laying heavy fire upon the city-hall. The comrades in arms were getting pissed, opening fire upon the militiamen. Scores of them were dropping as the rest of the Dagestan men broke into a rout. Fleeing, Mufasta just stared up at them, and with one, damn demented smile, kept firing as his body was riddled with bullets. Each one only invigorating him to the point where all he could see was red.

He slumps down to the ground, dead.

Orak watched in horror as he pulled out his rocket launcher, and opened heavy fire, one of the South African Grenade Launchers, modified to launch heavy shells. With each shot, more of the men standing, opening fire were killed in the impact of the explosion, the fear of it all only made Orak mad with anger, he screamed "Cowards" in his native Turkish. That's when he noticed something, some of the men were carrying GUTS logos, and targeted them with extreme prejudiced. Allowing them to fall down to the ground as the rocket smashed deep against the concrete building.

The large rocks kept falling down, more Hinds were flying out, spraying fire at the approaching men who kept forcing their way

against the soldiers waves. It wasn't any true fear that made this situation upsetting, it was the fact that the KGB were so under prepared for this type of situation, bad intel or something.

Orak died standing as the bullets ripped his body apart. He fell to the ground, as the Hind passed over him. His body ripped apart before he could warn his men in arms that the GUTS were here.

Mahmot was hiding in a small blown out building, waiting for his chance to strike against the men. The rest of the soldiers had fled but he knew for a fact that they would be killed in this restless slaughter if they only just fled.

The large amount of soldiers in the area that fled, well giant groups of them at least, were gunned down by the Hind, bodies dropping like flies as he looked out, head sorta peaking out as the Chinooks exploded in a fireball.

Ali held onto the brick of explosive, rushing across the battlefield and into the large group of civilians, and with one major scream, he died for Allah. The large shrapnel exploding and hitting everything in the large fireball of death and destruction. A small shock wave splashed across the area, the glass that still remained in the area now shattered as the nails and bits of shrapnel killed untold 100s of people. A true slaughter.

Mahmot held onto his rifle as he forced himself up the second story building, smashing open the door that blocked him and cocked his rifle. Preparing for a fire-fight for his life as he looked out into the skyline in fear and reprisal of the kind of situation he was in. What was this even for? Why? So that Russians wouldn't try to interfere?

He kept muttering to himself as he heard a bullet slam against his body.

Slumping down, he looked up to see who shot him, a woman did. Petite and small, her face was of true terror as she shot him again, and again.

The men who routed looked back at the situation, and tried to turn back, creeping forward as the Soviet men kept opening fire. The cars used as cover as the Dagestani men pressed themselves up, trying to block the bullets as they opened fire. The large scale death and destruction only made Mahmot cringe, he shouldn't have ordered his men to kill them all. That was all he was thinking. The woman had spent all the bullets in the gun as he finally, slowly rose up and pointed his rifle at her. "Get out of here!" He barked, his Arabic starting to lose focus as he tried to slump out of the situation, his body was tense, tight almost as he looked in true pain. The woman had caused this, the fear inside him almost made him tense up, how could a woman do this to

him? He wanted to shoot at her, he wanted to fire a round right between her eyes, but his hands were too tensed up. The woman just fled the room. He was just coughing up blood as the old wound started to pop out of his body. The fear of him dying starting to overwhelm him. This wasn't how he wanted to go, in a shitty two story apartment building.

His hand gently rested, and with all of his last amount of strength asked in his radio, "Please, use the bomb..." was all he said.

A small cackle on the radio answered him. "Gotcha chief." He could only look out the window, his arms crawling on the small broken glass as he looked up at the sky, a lone Chinook still flew in the air. He knew this was going to be the last day here, so he propped himself up against the wall of the building. His heart beating in a rapid pace as he looked up at the ceiling, old, white paint chipped to reveal the wood above. He could feel his body getting tense, the whole fear of him dying was getting to him again. He grabbed out with open hands to see who was going to save him now, no one. No one was going to save him.

His arms rested on the table. Blood dripped across the wall, he got up, away from the window, and rested against the small table that the previous occupant used. "I'll die here, but I'll be glad that everything went to plan." The last phrase in his mind as he could feel the

cold embrace of death was over him, his body becoming limp as he fell ontop of the table. His breath was lighter and lighter as he took one final breath in the cold, musty air.

The lone woman walked back into the apartment, her hand rested on the door as he saw the man resting on the table without any fear. The woman grabbed him by the scruff and picked him up, trying to get him away from the window and away from the area. The gunfire was still rapid, still going on in the background, more and more people were getting slaughtered by the minute as the chess play area exploded. One of the dumb Dagestani men destroyed in his iconoclastic finality, the bullets ripped through him afterwards as the Buddhist members walked across the street, the men from the temple still alive as they opened fire on anyone that had a gun. The civilians who saw these roving death squads fled in terror. They didn't want to get killed by these men.

There was a brief sound of silence as Mahmot coughed, and saw the woman who shot him was helping him into the bathtub. His body was draped in the small curtains as she made him comfy, making sure that his last moments were safe.

It hit. It hit like a ton of bricks.

It hit more harder then what was ever imagined. The nuclear warhead went off. The

whole capital building was wiped out as the men watched in horror, before becoming vaporized by the blast. Mahmot could hear it, before... deathly silence took over him. The blast struck through the building like a vibrating cobra. He tried to speak, but his mouth felt too dry to try and speak, almost as if the liquids escaped his lips. He tensed up, fearing the death of him at any moment, he only smiled, a knowing, happy smile that this was all over, that his men were finally going to heaven for this deed.

But some of the men didn't die.

They still clung to life, holding the rifles as they kept firing. Some of them, those with the minds for it, tried to flee out the city, none of them aware of the bomb that hit, only knowing that the people inside were dead. Out of the 212 men that came on this mission, 20 were still alive, barely. The Soviet authorities watched in horror as the Arab terrorists blasted the whole city into a radiated rubble pile.

Mahmot looked at his savior with a dreadful smile as her skin started to flake, she slammed herself against the wall of the room, closing the door as she held her prayer rope, praying to whoever would listen to save her. He could only let out a raspy chuckle at it.

Vince watched on the television as the nuclear blast hit the area. Sofia gave her death

glare at him as she walked out of the room. As he looked out into the open window, he could see there was a small chunk of land, ready to be jumped on and escaped to a land of freedom. So, with one mighty leap, he jumped out of the window! Splashing into the cold icy water, he could feel his body tense up, before seeing the search lights turn on.

He looked out into the sea as he started to swim, his body cold and apprehensive to the whole situation, the fear of him dying became more apparent. What was the woman planning? If he escaped... that would only serve that he lied to her... but that doesn't matter, he hoped. He hoped that they would be considered defunct by the time he made it back to sea, or put on duty to fight the Dagestani men who got blasted with an unhealthy dose of radiation. If everything went according to plans, a small skirmish would be taking place.

The boss knew one thing, and one thing well, was that war through proxies was the only way to get things done. It was also a war of attrition. He knew that the Dagestan men wouldn't be able to handle a combined Soviet intervention, but that would be enough to ensure that the Hungarians would be able to attack with full backing of the EU.

He could feel in his heart that he was no different then the Romanians who were slaughtering the Magyars, but he casted the

thought aside as he swam towards land. His heart beating in his head as with each stroke towards the area only made the cold water feel that much worse. The what he could only assume Black Sea felt awful as he found a small piece of drift wood, holding onto it, he paddled for dear life, trying to feel secure and hopeful that nothing bad was going to happen, the amount of fear going on in his heart was intense as the sound of small motorboats roared to life.

He turned to face the enemy, the men with motorboats were speeding towards him with force! The water chopping as he held onto the wood with anger and purpose, he wanted to get out of here but nothing would be even real.

Letting out a small sigh, he forced himself to float on the water, making his body hard to not notice, and they sped towards him.

Yelling in Russian, they forced him to get on the boat, as he got on the boat, he shivered and with one punch, he smashed the person holding a Kiparis, falling back to the sea as Vince yanked the submachine gun and blasted the driver of this small boat and having him slump down onto the sea. His face was covered in the water.

Vince fiddled with the controls and pointed where there was somewhere, trying to get as faraway as possible, the water was choppy, splashing as he looked at his clothes, it was

still his red-cross uniform, but that didn't matter, he forced himself to speed through, hoping that the boat wouldn't die on him.

Daylight broke through as he powered through the area, the sun rising as he tried to see if he could make it to Turkey. He knew that UNITCO would allow him to survive at the base. Vince kept speeding through as the sound of the boat motoring through the area only made him feel relaxed, but he couldn't stop, if he did he would end up crashing onto the beachhead and never waking up. With sheer grit, he managed to fly through the air, the boat now off the water as he felt it smack down with a heavy thud. His body still shivering in the freezing cold as he finally smashed himself deep against the beach. He looked, and spoke in Turkish "We in Turkey?"

The man gave him a dirty look, and pointed his AR at him. He spoke...Greek. Such was his luck, his body tensed up as he saw the Greek Soldier point his rifle at him, ordering him out. Then he asked, "Soldier?"

"No, UN peacekeeper."

"Bullshit, why the uniform." He pointed to the uniform, aiming his rifle at him. "Soviet dog."

"No, no no no, American! I" He started speaking English, "I'm American! I'm with the peacekeeping unit in Slovakia but I got kidnapped!"

“That doesn’t seem likely, what’s your name?”

“Vince.”

“Last name?”

“Classified, just get me to a UNITCO camp and I’ll be fine, I swear.”

The Greek shook his head, “How do I know you aren’t planning a terror attack in Greece?”

Vince held the Russian Kiparis and dropped it. “Search me, I swear I have nothing.”

The Greek patted him down, making sure he had nothing, which was true. The only thing he really had was needles filled with a silver liquid. Heroin maybe? That’s what the Greek man thought. He ordered Vince to strip and he’ll drive him to the UNITCO base in Athens.

Chapter 6

The Times:

Fucking hate my job... oh uh, welcome back to the brand new recorded voice version of this. We're having a lot of kinks here but... apparently there was a terrorist attack today?

Back at the UNITCO camp in Greece, Vince could just watch as the sky got dark, feeling the cold air dripping down onto the ground. His skin was almost frozen solid as he was covered in towels.

One of the men looked at Vince, his smirk wasn't that bright. A dim smile, not a knowing smile but the type that shows how dumb he was. "Frenchies want to talk to you."

He takes hold one of the radio headset and sat down at the table with the radio. The camp was foggy, smelling like hell and death. This must be the next base for UNITCO, wherever death comes, it follows.

"Do you read?" Vince asked.

"Loud and clear, mission was a success, we're going to be getting out of here anytime soon. Just waiting for The Boss to give the word to let us leave."

"What's the causality list?"

“We’re the only one out of the group that’s still alive. Please understand the boys back home aren’t going to be happy about this. The Boss is thrilled though.”

Vince fiddled with the controls, trying to make sound less and less louder. “Yeah? That’s good, I can finally go home.”

The Frenchmen laughed, “You’re being targeted by Interpol over this, did you not hear?”

Why was he laughing? “What does that mean?”

“It means The Boss hasn’t cleared your name yet, if I were you, I would try to call him up and see what’s up.”

Vince went silent, and fiddled with the radio controls until he finally got something. It was the Lieu-General.

“Talk to me, who’s this?”

“It’s Vince, we need to talk.”

“You’re alive?” The Lieu-General asked.

“Yeah, I saw the whole thing go on, giant fireball and everything, I think the Dagestani people don’t understand that they shouldn’t have used it but whatever.”

“Vince, you aren’t going to believe this but...”

“Not another mission.”

The Lieu-General just sighed. “No, it’s worse. Interpol wants us to turn you in for the

crime. You know, wash the blood off of our hands.”

“Are you, are you kidding me?”

“It’s either that or we risk Russia attacking and mucking up the operation. Just surrender to the policemen, we’ll take care of everything, I promise.”

Vince strained his voice, wanting to let out a primal scream, his fist bashed against the wood. “Don’t you set me up like this!”

“It’s for The Boss, you know that.”

“Bullshit it’s for The Boss, get him on the radio.”

A small rumbling sound could be heard as a gruff voice started to speak through the radio. “Vince, listen to me.”

“Vince. Vince you need to listen.”

A small tear was forming on his cheek. “I can’t, I can’t keep getting forced to do these operations, why me? Why do I have to go to the Hague Boss?”

“Vince, listen. It’s not as bad as it sounds, just stay their for a night, and we’ll see what we can do to pull some strings, okay? Vince buddy?”

There was an eerie silence that struck him. “Boss, I’m sorry.”

“I understand. But that means you’re getting arrested by UNITCO units and they’ll send you to the Hague. Alive or dead. I promise Vince, we’ll remember you as the

agent who made this operation be possible. I promise you this.”

Vince’s body was tense, his hands gripped the radio headset, almost trying to take it off. “If I go to the place, what will happen to me afterwards?”

“I don’t know, probably work for us or something.”

A small stream of tears ran down his face. Nothing was more humiliating then to be castrated from freedom. “No I want a real answer, I don’t want to be trapped in a cage.”

“And I don’t want this contract to fall through, now be a man and just get captured and let God do the rest, okay?”

The radio cuts out, leaving Vince alone in the world as a rifle smacks him in the back, not hurting him but to warn him. He got up from the chair, and put his hands up again. Against the wall he stared as the man grabbed and groped him, making sure he truly was unarmed before zipping his hands.

The Greek men paraded him across camp, the men clapping for Vince, cheering for him. “You’ll be fine.” And “Nothing to worry about.”

The men cheered as he boarded one of the helicopters, a small blackhawk. Being forced to sit down he could take a breath and understand the situation, it was all moving so quickly.

As the helicopter flew over the sky, crossing borders, he heard something, a weird high pitch whine before an explosion! The whole helicopter explodes, Vince lands face first against the tree and falls to the ground. His hands still bound as he looked around, noticing that all the men he was with were dead. The dead bodies of the men around him as he tried to break free from the hand-restraints.

His body was filled with regret, from what he could tell, he was stuck deep in hills of Romania, and he couldn't bare it. He slams down onto the ground with a loud oomph! The ties breaking apart as he looked around.

All he could see were two men, Romanian as they pointed AKs at him. Easing up, he just puts his hands up and walks.

"Who are you?" One of the men ask.

He looked at them, and wondered if bluffing would save his skin. "Danus."

"Ah, Danus. We didn't know that you were being held hostage by the UN."

Do they... do they think he's someone else? Vince looked on as the threw at him some clean uniforms. "We're going to Crisana, I hope you like shelling. Loads of resistance."

Vince could only just sigh at the result of hearing that. One of the men threw him an AK and they got onboard a lightly covered truck. Vince knew he was fucked, he barely could

speaking Romanian but here was, with men who would sniff him out. He just smiled as the men joked and hollered, one of them opening up a keg and drinking it as the men partook in the operation of getting shitfaced before the next mission.

One of them jokingly poked Vince in the thigh, asking "Why not drink Danus?"

"I just don't think it would be right before our mission is over."

"Oh phooey, here, have a drink and we'll be fine." The man pushed a small Dixie cup into his hand, which Vince swallowed down in pride.

"Happy?"

"Of course Danus, why are you so uptight?"

"Well the helicopter I was in just blew up and here I am, drinking with the men who shot it down."

"Oh? You think too little, we liberated you from that hellish thing and now you are here, helping with the army. I heard that Colonel Sofia is coming straight from the Black Sea to aid us."

"Oh her?" Vince felt his body run ice cold. He looked down at the cup, and sputtered out a small stream of spit. Shoving the cup into the comrade in arm, which he assumed was a sign to get him more to drink.

"You know her?"

“Eh, let’s just say we had a run in. You got any shoe-polish.”

The man causally handed it to him. He painted it across his face. The Romanian looked at him oddly. “Danus, you okay?”

“Listen if she see’s me I’m going to be killed.”

The soldier held onto his arm and looked at him. “What do you mean, comrade?”

“I mean, she will fucking, kill me.”

“Why.” The man’s face was becoming filled with dread. “Unless... did you do something to piss her off?”

Vince grabbed the man by the shoulder and had him lean in. “I’m a defector from UNITCO, you saving me from that helicopter was a blessing in disguise. Now listen here, alright? You heard about the attack in Russia yesterday?”

“No? Why did something happen?”

“Huge attack from the Muslims, I helped send the supplies to it. Now the UN wants to put me in the hands of Interpol for the crime, you can see where this is going.”

“So... does that mean you’re with us now?”

“Sure. Even though the guy who runs my organization was the one who caused the spark to go off, yeah I am.”

“You don’t seem happy about being with my band of merry units.”

Some of the shoe-polish slipped off of his face. "Listen, I appreciate the fact that you took me in without any care or questioning, now I would like it if this stayed between us, got it?"

"I guess? I heard a lot about the guy who runs UNITCO, what's he like?"

"He's basically the only father figure I ever really had." Vince pondered for a moment, back in New York he remembered seeing the large UN building being covered with communist gang tags, men would roam the street in that district. Then he saw them, the man himself. The Boss. With his automatic rifle he blasted at the filthy communists who ruined the UN building. He remembered when he said he would revitalize the US, only to be betrayed by it.

It seemed like the United States had turned it's back on the principles of liberty, now only knowing one thing. That through the people that they'll work. It only made Vince sick. He was one of the last cops in the area, it was either do or die, join the men and women who'll fight and defend or become apart of the cog in the machine. The UN's own fighting force would be considered the only sovereign military force for America. Did Vince really care about where The Boss came from? Not really, all he knew was that the communists that took control of his job were to blame. He looked up to him, still even. Once he got word that he'll

join The Boss and he'll be able to be a police officer again only made him happy. But the years ticked by. Instead of being a policeman he only did dirty, rotten things for him, smuggling cocaine across the southern borders, propping up loyalist dictatorships in Africa and South America so that 'America can rise again someday.' He felt like a pig to the slaughter with the false promise of a nice home. Until now. They had reached the end and he'll end up being swallowed up by the Justice System he helped set up. It didn't feel poetic, it felt awful. Made his stomach churn.

The Romanian looked at him and said, "My name is Vargo."

"What?" Vince dimly stated, trying to realize what had happened.

"My name is Vargo." Vargo said, again.

"I got that, now where are we?"

He pointed to a small sign in Romanian, then another sign that read in Hungarian. "We're deep on the Crisana area. We'll be disembarking soon."

Vince held his head in his hands. If that woman was here, what would she do to him? The men witlessly started to jump off of the truck and soon, Vince joined them. He held his AK, making sure it was ready to be used at any moment. His eyes moved towards the large guns near the back, large shells being loaded

into the artillery. The shelling of this poor town. One of his dirty deeds coming to light.

He walked around the camp, which was made up of half of the town, the other half was used as the no-mans land. Deep ditches were dug, lining the area with a zigzag cross pattern. The Romanians were dug in, preparing for any attack. The heavy shells would fire at 3 minute intervals.

With each shelling, he could see at the very end a large plume of smoke rise up. Hand shaking on his AK, he was never around to see these large things happen.

Vince just took a seat at one of the nearby camps, the sound of heavy gunfire from the massive artillery shells only overwhelms them. Vince could feel each of the shots ripping through the area. His hand resting on his AK still as Vargo slaps a small folder on the table.

“Colonel wants to see you.”

Vince only let out a sigh as he begrudgingly walked across the field as he finally saw the massive black helicopters. Vince didn't smile, not even bat an eyelash at what was going to come to him.

He let out a loud sigh as he finally forced himself to move into the building. The woman looked at him. His face still smeared with black paint. “Why did you leave?”

Vince looked at her with a burning intensity. "I wasn't going to die on that ship because of what The Boss told me to do."

"If you would of *stayed* on the ship, we would be negotiating how you can bring down that terrorist!"

"He's not a terrorist!" Vince yelled out with passion.

"But he is! He authorized the use of nuclear arms in the area! You work for a war criminal and you know it!"

Vince pointed the rifle at her, his body was hot, sweaty almost in fear. She must of been 6'2" long, her white skirt with those cute pink camisole made it look like she was straight from the late 80s. A cheerleader. "Don't speak ill about the man who saved my life!"

"I don't care if he saved you, you must realize that he's going to be even more dangerous to the world!" Her voice was matching the anger in his. "You realize that he set you up for failure right?"

Two the guards closed the tent flaps. And she leaned against the table, facing him. "He set you up from the beginning, and you know it."

"What do you mean?" He was curious at this point.

"Vince, think about it. Why would he send someone like you, a person who just wants to

get out on these suicidal missions? Because he respects you? Please.”

“That’s wrong.” Vince’s anger was rising in his voice again. “That’s wrong and not how it is.”

“Then why won’t they let you leave? Why do they just want you to go to prison? You played your part, you helped get the Russians out of the conflict, pat yourself on the back, you dirty war criminal scum.”

“I-”

“You knew full well that killing the president of Romania would spark a war, you were fully aware of it, and what did you do?”

“I did it.”

“Why?”

Vince blinked, looking at her with a strange glaze of anger and pain. “Because I follow my orders of my higher command as they see fit. That’s why.”

“Then why don’t you want to get arrested? Isn’t that what The Boss wants you to do? Be arrested and die in that rotten prison system. They wouldn’t break you free, push that thought out of your head.”

“Then...”

“Then what? How do you make amends? How do you make sure he won’t do it again?”

“How do I make it right by you.” He dropped the rifle onto the ground. His heart beat quicker.

"You destroy the head of the snake, let it's blood flow and we'll mop up the rest." Her voice was calm. "Once you do that, you'll be free from all of this."

Vince looked down at the ground. "I just wanted to protect the people. Right or wrong, I just want my people to be free."

"They were never free. Never have, never will be. You are dog just wanting a master to tell you what to do."

"Then what do I-"

"Stop yourself right there. You're asking me what do *you* do. I don't know. I'm not you." Sofia sat down on the chair, snapping her fingers to shoo the guards away. "Take a seat, come on."

He brazenly took his seat, looking at her with fear, embarrassment that he allowed himself to get cut down like that.

"We need to talk about the men who're still stuck in the Caucasus. One of them took part in the attack, but he's stuck in the hospital. We captured 3 men, two Frenchmen, one American. All three of them very pissed. We were wondering who we should send home."

"What do you mean?"

"Who do we let free."

Vince looked at her. "Really putting me in a bind already, huh."

"It's not like I'm asking you to kill your friends. We're just wondering who we should

let go. Seeing how you were the commanding officer of the operation, it's fitting to see who you choose."

Vince looked at the pictures spread across the table. "Bring Mahmot home."

"Mahmot...?"

"The man found at the blast sight. He'll be hailed as a hero."

"Perfect." She smiled. Her cute features of a high-school cheerleader showed through.

"We'll come along and help film while they hail him as a warrior making his return home from war."

"That's not what-

"It's what's going to happen now. With him, he'll be associated with the bombing, and we'll be their to record the whole thing. Airing it on live TV to show the people under their boot who they really work for."

"But why?"

"So we can get one step closer to The Boss."

"How, it's not like you're going to break him."

Mahmot laid on the hospital bed, waking up from the dull pain in his body. His right arm was gone, only replaced with a stump. The amount of radioactive waste in his body was so massive that as he turned to look around, he could see he was in a pitch black painted

room. A light source and monitors were around him as men in lead lined shirts propped him up.

For all of it's worth, he wasn't in a lot of pain. Maybe due to the opium running through his system, he didn't care nor did he want to find out. He moved his left hand to feel at the stump, only give a dry, raspy moan of discomfort. He should had died in that building, he knew it. The last thing he recalled was two soviet officers grabbing him. A 'lucky break' for them. The woman died, half her skin melted off in the radioactive blast. Which only made him wonder, how much did he lose.

Rubbing at the thigh, he could only feel his atrophy muscle, and then, a bone. With one good push he could feel it snap. His voice got even more raspy, trying to let out a scream only to be silenced by... himself. He looked to the doctor, and asked him "He-help"

The man, very blase about it, handed him his cup of water. Mahmot took a swig, only for him to feel himself vomit up the water. His stomached rumbled for something, and he noticed the saline bags dripping liquids into his body.

The doctor injected him with another shot of opium into his left leg, numbing the pain to a certain extent. His arm reached out to grab for something, anything. "W—Where am I?"

"That's classified." The doctor spoke in perfect American English.

The doctor looked down at his pager, and nodded towards an opaque wall.

The man stared down at his lost stump, only covered in a lead plating. "Am I, going to die soon, doctor?"

He just walked off, ignoring him as Mahmot could see the colors dance across the blackness, as if he was looking through space itself. Whatever this was, it wasn't opium.

Small white flecks of stars moved past him as he remained motionless to the whole thing. Almost on cue, it stopped, only to show a giant white light. Shinning, making him squint in pain as he reached out to grab at it. The light became blindingly bright, his eyes burning due to how hot it was. He knew he was seeing something, an angel? He wasn't going to be the messenger but he knew that the bright light wasn't from here.

As he kept looking, a being came from it. A man of pure white, his robes green and black, beard a pure pitch black, he had no expression, blank, sullen and not fearful. His voice was quiet, low. "Jinn lurk in the area, be not afraid and keep true to the path of Allah." Was all he said.

The being floated, floated right towards him as he pushed his finger against Mahmot's skull. Within a second, a flash of bright light filled Mahmot vision. Within seconds, he could feel the room becoming filled with the dread of

all mankind, the fear that everything has gone wrong in the world was focused in that small room. With that, Mahmot could only watch, not smile, blank.

Doctors were watching the whole thing, seeing him shake and seize, but did nothing. There was nothing to do. One of them was taking notes about what was going on.

Mahmot reached out to grab at him, to touch the angel that protected him from the Jinn, and could feel the knowledge that world peace was upon him. But he slumped back onto the bed, not falling asleep but not dying. Becoming as close to a state of meditated hell for him.

The Doctor entered the room, looking at him with his large black eyes, and said. "Stand up."

Mahmot slowly rose up from the bed, his left leg still appearing to be a twig as the angel still hovered above him. Taking one step, he put pressure on his foot, and he stood.

His right leg touched the bed with a small thud too, but he could feel himself walking. The angel moved towards him and whispered into his ear, "You'll do good."

Mahmot reached out, and grabbed the small desk, holding it in his hand. How could he walk? After grabbing at the desk, he walked across the room barefoot. With each step he

could feel the dark room get more imposing, until he to the ground. Face slapping the metal.

The last thing he saw for a while was the angel, giving him a knowing smile. "I'll see you soon."

Vince fumbled with the picture, and looked at Sofia. "Do you have a dossier about The Boss or something too you want me to add to it?"

Sofia smiled. "What would you like to add?"

"Do you know where is main headquarters is at?"

"I do not."

"It's Bahrain, the whole peninsula has been converted into a fortress city-state. The Saudis put up with it because he defends them against the Ba'athist state to the north."

"I see. Is that where The Boss is at right now?"

"No, last time I saw him he was in Slovakia. If you want to send Mahmot somewhere, it would be in your best interest to send him to the main camp in Slovakia. What else do you want to know?"

"Why are you willing to betray him?"

"He was setting me up to die, I'm just defending myself."

Vince stared at the woman with some contempt, and asked her, "Do you think I'm in the wrong?"

"I don't care what you think at this point, all I care is that you give me enough information so we can justify taking him out. We know that he bought enough oil fields and refineries in the area. We just need to figure out why."

Vince slid back and gave a cocksure smile. "Well he's planning on using that as a diversion, to make sure the Russians aren't involved in defending the oil."

"What makes him think that we won't defend our ally?"

"Go ask the Kremlin if they can spare an Army to land in Romania."

"Well we can't, right now the Kremlin has it's hands tied with the ethnic tensions between the two states and they can't let it slip."

"Exactly, which leads to the Romanians being somewhat alone on this one and allowing UN Soldiers to attack."

"That bastard." Sofia shook her head. The long blonde hair going undone as she looked at Vince. "I'll have to tell my boss about this."

"About what? That the UN is planning on joining in on the attack to 'free Hungarian people'? It's not like he'll send his own personal army to attack."

She dropped the radio and looked at him. "That's where you're wrong. He'll end up

coming here himself. Do you know who he is? He's the leader of GUTS, and he'll kill anyone who harms the world."

"Harm the communist world?"

"No." She slapped him across the face.

"The Socialist governments in place are trying to protect our interests. Right now that terrorist leader of yours is the biggest threat, and because of that nuclear explosion he caused, is an even worse threat than before."

"Is that why the Kremlin disarmed its nukes? So that it could prevent a world war three?"

With her foot against the table, she leaned up against it to look at him. "No. Because of that nuclear attack, the USSR has no choice but to keep themselves armed in case the UN fires again so it can wipe out the map."

"Then why doesn't Russia attack them now?"

"They want solid proof that UNITCO did it, right now, despite our best efforts, the government doesn't believe that it's a UNITCO operation."

"Really. They don't think UNITCO didn't have a hand in it?"

The woman just sighed, brushing her hair back. "They think it's the Saudi Kings that caused it."

"Then what's the Kremlin going to do about it?"

“At this point, I’m not sure. They’re in a heated debate if they should pressure the Saudi kings to lay down their nuclear arms or not by force.”

“And if they invade Saudi Arabia...”

“They’ll draw the attention of UNITCO and then the world has a justified reason to gang up against Russia. This is why it’s important. If Russia gets captured, it’ll unleash operation Hellstorm.”

“Hellstorm?”

“Are you not aware of operation Hellstorm? It’s quite simple really. If Moscow is ever hit with a nuclear blast, it will unleash it’s payload against the enemy of struck them, and when the whole world is the enemy...”

“You don’t mean that.”

“Oh, the Kremlin thinks that, Vince, being pushed into the corner by a large group of capitalist dogs is going to do that.”

“So, let’s play a game of suppose.

Suppose if a terrorist uses a low-grade nuclear weapon in Moscow, now we don’t know who did it, but the leadership is dead, what are they supposed to do?”

“The soldiers get the all clear to blast any nation related to the UN.”

Vince’s eyes bug out, his face in a complete shock. “So if someone does that, it’ll turn into a burnt world?”

"It's either that or the...never mind, you don't need to know about the last one."

"Need to know about what?"

"If Moscow gets hit by a nuclear blast, the soldiers have the opportunity to test out 'Soviet Blue.' This warhead is packed with a virus known only as Soviet Blue, and when released can kill within hours, provided they aren't vaccinated against it. Most of the USSR and China are safe from it even you, are protected from it."

"Gee, thanks."

"You should be grateful, you know what it does to the person? It changes them, turns them mentally retarded and violent. To the point where they lose sentience, perfect workers."

"So if Moscow gets hit with a nuclear blast, it'll release Soviet Blue and burn the world in nuclear hellfire?"

"Boils down to that, yeah."

"What if they hit Bucharest?"

"We'll end up having to step in and treat it as if they hit our nation. Right now as we speak, Moscow is discussing if they should blasting Saudi Arabia with Soviet Blue for the actions in Kalmyk."

"So if the people get infected by it, they'll become violent lumbering people?"

“Yes, the Primer loves his videos and he thought it would be a great deterrent for the world.”

Chapter 7

The Times:

War declared by Hungary today. Reports of large troop movement has been reported in the border between Romania and Hungary. Due to a 'shortage of fighter fuel' it seems that airplanes won't be needed in this fight against the genocidal Romanian government. The Romanians have asked it's brother countries, Bulgaria and Ukraine to assist in the attack.

In other news, Russian army is poised to attack Ba'athist party state or The Saudi Kings soon due to the terrorist attack from two days ago. Some have reported that the situation may go hot. But we'll and see.

Vince stared at the news report, trying to comprehend what had happened. War was declared. He could see the men scramble around, trying to figure out what to do with himself. Sofia was already gone. Left her black helicopter with the promise she'll return.

He gripped his AK in hand, and followed his fellow soldiers into the entrenched area. They managed to have the choke point, the

mountains only had one road coming in and out. The whole village was turned into a make-shift fortress in the time he was here, the large guns were facing the north east, ready to bomb the hell out of anyone that was coming their way.

“Vince, you need to get over here.” Was all the commander said. Wiping the black paint off of his face with a handkerchief, he rushed towards the HQ.

“You’re going to be one of the first men to be charging the enemy.”

“You sure about that?” Vince gave his stout dumb answer.

“If I wasn’t sure we wouldn’t be telling you, now get out of here and make us proud, son.”

“Why?”

The CO gave him a dirty look, wondering if Vince wasn’t a dumbass. Holding onto his rifle, he headed back to the trench-line, watching as it was getting prepared for the assault from the mountains. The shells were slamming against the mountains, trying to make sure that it’ll be impossible for them to cross over the area. Wishful thinking at this point. The large sound of the cannons blasting only made Vince scared. He, and a select few men were stationed right on the front line. Ready to kill the men he helped set up.

He looked up at the sky and asked, “Why am I stuck here?”

One of the soldiers gives him a hearty smack on the back and tells him, "We'll die together comrade, someday we'll be here again fighting the same wars again and again."

Vince didn't really feel happy with this news. Holding onto his rifle, he shakily aimed it at the mountains. Just waiting for anyone to come in and tell him that this is just a rotten nightmare. He could see the looks in his comrades eyes. The men he'll die fighting for but he felt no connection to them. This wasn't his war. He wasn't invested in this battle, he wanted to get out of here as soon as he could. But that wasn't an option with how many men were aiming their rifles at the mountains.

Each time the cannon fired, his bones shook with anger. Nurses were walking across the battlefield with charts, giving the men injections of what could be described as a dose of nanomachines and enough painkillers to keep them from passing out from the stress.

"You need one?"

Vince only shook his head at the comrade-in-arms. He just held his rifle in his hand. Watching the whole situation unfold upon him was unnerving to say the least. Knowing that this might be the last day on Earth. The heavy socialist men watched as the soldiers prepared to strike.

"You're name is Danus, correct?"

"Sure, You?"

“Jackal.”

“That’s not a real name.”

“So isn’t Danus, Vince. Be prepared, the men might be firing upon us anytime soon.”

As he stared out, his hand shook like crazy. His nerves were shot, all he knew was that if he gets shot, he’ll be dead. His mission, if he even had one, would be wasted on some petty revenge against a man who he looked up to.

“Vince, get your mind out of the gutter for a second and think about this.” Jackal calmly stated.

“Yeah?”

“Look at the sky, it’s blue.”

“What about it?”

“A clear sky for a battle against the enemy. How perfect for us.”

Vince sat back at the front of the trench. He didn’t need to stand up for this long while waiting for an enemy that would be striking him any time soon. He wished he could be with Sofia, or anyone that wasn’t this unit.

His rifle laid slumped against the ground as he sat on the plastic chair. The soft earth and wooden planking must had been set up weeks prior.

“Hey Jackal, what do you think about the Hungarians?” Vince casually asked.

“No comment.”

“No comment?”

“That’s what I just said. Just let me focus on the enemy please? We’re going to be attacked and right now this isn’t the best thing for our groove as a unit.”

He stared at the man, and shook his head again. How could they wait for the army to attack them. They should be charging out in the fields at this point, get it over with. But his trench buddy was right with him. Staying right in front of him as he held his rifle true and proper. The villagers who didn’t flee were running towards the North.

“Should we shoot them?”

“Let them flee, most of them are either dead or almost dying. Let them join with the dogs of war and we’ll see if our cannons will discriminate.”

How callous. Vince took a deep breath and tried to relax his arms and legs.

Out of the blue, a rocketing shell slammed right in front of the ground. The amount of soot and dirt flew back was like shards of glass, very deadly and painful. But the two men stayed together as they watched in horror. The might of the Hussar guns were going to be used today. They made sure of that.

The cannon fired back, letting it rip through the sky and slam against the mountain. They were blindly firing, not knowing where the shells were exactly hitting. Vince could hear another shell wizz right by him, smashing

against the center of the town with a large explosion! It knocked Vince and Jackal out of the trench and into the crater. Holding his arm, Vince could see it wasn't broken but it sure as hurts like hell.

The buzzing sound of the shells flew past them, crashing into the village with the heavy explosions, wiping out large chunks of the village in the large explosion! The wooden buildings turning into a matchbox wood, burning ash floating around in the amount of death that lasted in the area. Vince turned to see the large shells slam and destroy the village itself.

Half of the men were fleeing into the trench, Vince tried to crawl back into the system, Jackal was still on his back moaning out in pain as he looked out at him with enough pain to feel the true shock of it all.

His arm was blown off, body was destroyed in the explosion. Vince grimaced and looked away at the amount of death he saw in front of him. The cannons still pounded away, this time from the Romanians side, the large shells slamming against the mountains as he could hear the sounds of his wounded comrades try to flee. Vince knew that this would be the longest haul for everyone here, and to survive this would be to survive death.

Holding his rifle in his hand, he could swear that the Soviets weren't going to help.

He hoped they were going to come but he realized in his mind and heart that the world would be fucked if they got involved in this small war between two nations.

The group with Vince held out, moving deeper into the crevice as they prepared for the next round of shelling. The smell of burning wood filled the area, smoke was smoldering from the area as Vince could swear that this attack would be the true end for him. His gun rested against his lap as he mumbled out a small prayer for his downed comrade. "God, watch over this dead man."

The comrades watched in horror as Vince jumped out of the trench after that small prayer to grab the remains of his somewhat buddy he had. Picking him up, he could hear him mumbling in his thick accent as the sound of the shells shocked the both of them. Missing them by 20 feet, but throwing them back into the trench. Vince slammed back into it without any repercussion, the body wasn't hurt but his soul hurt harder then ever. The amount of fear in his body was intense, adrenaline wasn't the best to describe it.

Vince wasn't a soldier, he was a cop.

But he knew the duty in his heart would have to lead him to picking the soldier up, and huffing him into the small cave system that hid the men inside. They saw the Jackal and gave a small salute, he would be missed. His hand

reached up to grab at Vince's shoulder, whispering something in Romanian as he fell back onto the wooden table the men had set up in the room.

Vince rushed out and saw groups upon groups of soldiers starting to move across the field. Bullets striking at the ground and against the wall as Vince slammed himself against the wall, his gun blindly firing out the trench, he didn't hear any screams as the heavy shells kept slamming into the village. This must be the first wave of men, he thought. Or the scouts, he didn't care nor would he ask any questions, he kept opening firing at the scouts who were rushing out to see the full damage of the attack. Then as it struck the ground again, the whole trench was expanded into the crater. Which forced him to move to the side as he could keep firing upon the enemy. The rest of the men filtered out of the room and into the pit-trench, preparing to fire.

The larger the shell, the more potent the blast. And this blast was so powerful, it destroyed the heavy guns that Vince's comrades were using! He watched as the guns blew up in the explosion in this violent display of power.

The whole shells exploded, without any care in the world as it ripped through the area like a shock-wave, his hands forcibly dropping the gun.

It fell with a loud clunk as Vince stared up at the group of men, they too were shocked at what happened. Vince couldn't understand how this happened, how could they destroy the large guns. They must be using GPS.

Vince started to sweat, his face becoming cold as he heard the men screaming out in pain.

The poor men, they were damned to be burnt and destroyed in the large explosion which rocked the whole area. Vince could understand why it happened, but not how. He knew what hit them, but he didn't know where.

Picking up his rifle, he could see in the distance the men in front of him, preparing to rush towards the trench. The medium sized assault guns were becoming more noticeable as it dawned on him. They were shelling them with that. That's what destroyed the heavy artillery. With that out of the way, his hands rested on the rifle and tried to shoot at the men who might try to rush at him.

His rifle would fire off in spurts of 11 rounds, ducking as they would try and fire back. As he popped up, he could see his comrades get blasted away, a stray bullet striking one of them in the eye as he falls back weakly. Vince kept firing, the blood from that man's wounds getting onto his face, making him spit and sputter as the men watched in

horror, the assault gun slamming into the trench.

Rushing back into the trench system, he could hear on the communications array that the men in Transylvania won't be coming in for the next hour. The shelling started 2 hours ago and now the Hungarian force was here now, bombing the living hell out of the Romanian defenses. The amount of fear resting in all of the men here was astonishing. Deadly silent.

The command told them to sit tight, that running would not be an option. That was what blared through the speakers as Vince looked through his sights. He knew that surrendering now wouldn't be an option. Dying here on the field wouldn't be an option either.

Readying his rifle, he started shooting, 19 rounds later, the magazine ran dry and he was forced to duck and reload. The large assault guns on the hill were firing with high intense bombing shells. The large tank guns were being destroyed as Vince could see the rest of the cannons being destroyed. The fear was getting to him, but he needed to hold tight. If he ran he would surely be shot by the men who had no allegiance towards but they had saw him as another soldier on the front-line.

Ducking down, he shook in fear. The bullets wiz by like hornets, striking comrades near him, his rifle propped up, as he reloads. Firing again and again, he counts... 3 men

dropping due to his firing. He smirked, but he looked around to see that half the men in his trench of 50 were already dead. There was a buzzing sound, summoning them to move forward to fight and die or to pull back and die harder.

The fresh batch of men stared at the Vince and the handful of men in the group, looking at awe at how they were the only ones to survive this attack. Vince smiled, and pointed his finger at the group of men with the assault guns.

“Those guns have been firing on us for hours now, and the general expects us to charge?”

“That’s impossible, why would we retreat?”

“Because if we don’t you’ll end up being killed by the large shelling.”

Vince looked at the men who didn’t realize the situation they were in. “Do you want to charge?”

They nodded.

“Let’s go.” Vince jumped out of the trench, the hellstorm of bullets slashed at the ground, whizzing right by him as he unloaded his rifle at the enemy, a small group dropped down as the rest of the men started to move forward.

The large guns slammed down against the group of soldiers. Vince saw the platoon get slaughtered as the heavy shells rip against the men. The rest of the assault guns were bombing the village, destroying the cache and causing it to burn in the brutal style of death.

The soldiers turned back, those who did, were gunned down by the enemy bullets. Vince and his small selection of soldiers pushed forwards and tried to defend themselves from the people who were trying to kill him. But the only thing that could really defend them was the idea of lady luck protecting the group moving forwards.

Well, the shell slams against the ground, causing the men to fly up, and fall down in the explosion, the fear about dying was starting to get to them. Falling back down, Vince started to crawl back. His rifle dropped as the surrounding men started to march at the group. Vince saw his rifle, as he crawled towards it. A bullet slammed into his hand. A loud scream escapes from his mouth as he turned around to see the soldier horde move in, the assault guns didn't care. One of the soldiers from Hungary noticed Vince. He rushed towards him, to pick him up, yelling at him, "Why are you on the battlefield?"

Vince could feel the anger rise out of his gut as the large guns destroy the entire village. This must be the first wave of the troops attacking. Without any true care. He wanted to escape this warzone, no reason to be in this place. The soldiers grabbed Vince and got him to the end of the line, being pushed back to the motor vehicles that waited for them.

Loading Vince up, he could see the large UN logo on it and he started to get angry, his hand slapping at the logo, blood dripping all over it as his heart pounded in anger. His anger would not subside as he saw the entire village wiped out like nothing. The small resistance was gone as Vince was driven out. The small car drove towards Hungary, hand ripped up from the unnamed village, the small church destroyed as Vince winced in pain.

Moving forwards, the sounds of gunfire was more intense. He was at peace now. The Hungarians would win this battle, the large bulk of them would end up taking control of Crisana by the time Vince returned to the Hungarian border. An intense blitz would be known. His hand bled in anger as the doctor inside grabbed at Vince, trying to wrap his hand up. He was spitting anger at the doctor, "You fuckers are going to get my imprisoned for something The Boss told me to do!"

"Oh shut it, you know you'll be treated well." Was all the doctor said. His hands were working steadily, trying to make sure the bleeding would stop. It works, his hand now being able to move better as he tried to slap the doctor. He reached back and pulled him forward. "Knock it out, you're going to be fine and you know it."

Vince was in tears, "I don't want to return to Slovakia."

The doctor held him down, "You sure?"

"If you take me to UNITCO control area, I will go berserk and snap." His wrist bulged out in anger. "You understand that?"

He nodded. "So you want to die?"

"No, I want to live. Free."

"You don't get those choices."

"Then I'll make my own!" His legs kicked the doctor by the groin, kicking him off of him. Vince steadily tried to stand up, and punched the doctor with his now healed hand. The doctor falls back out of the car, which Vince jumps out of too, fist fist out in the air as it slams into the man's neck. It almost snaps the doctor's neck.

Vince couldn't help but smile. He saw the car stop, and it kept rolling on, until stopping. Vince started to rush out into the fields, trying to escape from the driver.

He looked for anything to use, then he found his pistol, gripping it, he checked how many rounds he had, none. He had no rounds in his pistol. But he ran through the forest, trying to find a way out of the forest. He was at peace now. He didn't know where he was at.

As he finally slowed down, he came across a small road, where no cars rested. His heart raced as he took a seat at the edge of the road, waiting for anyone to come towards him.

The rustle behind him revealed a young man, this must of been the driver. Vince pointed his pistol at him, and the man dropped down to the ground in fear.

"I'll do anything, I swear."

"Do you know any airbases?"

"The nearest airport from here is about a mile down this road. Small, barely anyone uses it."

"Okay, good." Vince cold cocked the driver in the head as he walked towards the road, the traffic was light, nothing was going to stop him.

To return to Slovakia would mean his arrest, to go to Russia would lead to his death. He kept walking, trying to figure out where to go, then it hit him. He was free. He was free from the conflict and he could go home. Home to America. Home that was now a communist shithole.

No, he couldn't go home. If he went home, he would be killed by the communist party for being apart of the UN group. He shook his head in anger, trying to figure out just what the hell was he to do.

Then, he had a thought. *The Times*. The most read paper in the world, if he were to go visit them, he could head to Baghdad and be able to explain what happened.

Chapter 8

The Times:

Hungarian forces have managed to take control of Crisana. The whole front for the Hungarians have been prepared to fight and die for their ancient homeland. Without fear or trying, these brave men have managed to reach a deadlock.

In other news, large oil spill in Romania southern area, UN has yet to comment on it.

Vince arrived in the dead of night. His body shook as the plane ride from bumblefuck Hungary to the outskirts of Baghdad was rough on him. The feeling of dread wasn't ever so prevalent in him. The cheap plane must had been used by drug runners from the olden days of smuggling drugs across the borders. Now it's his, and now it's going to be gone. He fumbled around with the controls, looking up to see who was there on the desert road.

He jumped out of the stopped plane, grabbing the ammo in the plane's secret compartment and loaded his pistol.

The road is blocked by a small car. A dinky small little Toyota car that couldn't really run at all. Vince could only just smile at the situation as he could see the night starting to fall on him.

He had no control, he knew that, but he knew if that car was right, that the person who would come out would be...

A beast. Her skin was pitch black as her hair was obsidian, shining as her eyes glinted across the room. Her hands were smoldering. Heat radiating from her skin. Her tone was almost demonic, but her voice was sweet. She kept walking towards him, a stride almost. The woman's long legs would move towards him in an intense stride, trying to close the gap with him. Vince's hand was on his pistol when she was finally close enough to slash at his neck

Her clawed digits poked at him, digging deep into the clothes. Vince shoved his fist to block the attack but all that does is get her to smirk. Her tongue lashes out, licking him like a dog... like a dog would. He reached out to pet her, rubbing the back of her neck, the scruff. She panted, making sweet, loving pants as she moves in to kiss him. Her tongue going deep into his mouth as he tried to push her back, only to feel her paws latch onto his shoulder-blades and push him down. With each and every loving kiss, her thighs rubbing up against Vince's crotch as she kept kissing and licking. He could feel the tongue now snaking into the back of his throat. Shuddering in fear, Vince tried his best to break free of this terror, but the hound wouldn't let him. Her human-like face kept him pinned down like a good bitch.

In the background the door slams shut and the sounds of high heels clacking on the cold desert floor. "Veronica, heel girl."

The hound moved up, sitting on Vince's lap as he tried his best to move. His body was slow, sluggish as he looked up at whoever this... creature was.

Sofia's heels clicked and clacked across the road as she looked down at Vince. "Vince, this is Veronica, GUTS very own lapdog. Veronica, speak."

Veronica barked then looked down at Vince. "Hello!" She was excited! Her voice was sweet, nice even. Pleasant and very soft as she moved towards him, kissing and licking at his lips. "Sofia told me all about how you would escape and she got me to come here and watch over you!"

Vince tried to cock his head towards Sofia but Veronica didn't have any of that. Her heavy panting getting into his face. "Vince... look at me, I'm going to be your perfect little guard dog!"

His voice quivered, "Sofia, I swore I've seen this woman before.."

"You would be correct, our agents found her in the Amazon, apparently working for the UN."

Veronica gave a loving bark, licking Vince again. "Yup! I was one of the guards that was supposed to get a higher pay grade if I went

through with the experiments with cloaking technology, instead they now have me!" Her soft chest pressed against Vince's body again.

"How did- did you track me?"

"Those nanites in your blood, that's all."

Vince just sputtered out in anger, now he was being tracked by one of the biggest governments in the world? "Then why did you come here then?"

"We heard on the radio chatter to the Ba'athist airspace command that you were going to landing near Baghdad. Veronica and I 'happened' to be in the area so we thought we would stop by."

"So you know why I'm here?"

"Of course I know, you were going to defect to the Soviets side and join up with GUTS."

Vince just sighed, the hound held him in place, nuzzling under his chin with affection. "Join please." She said.

"Vince, why else would you be here?"

"I'm trying to find *The Times* location, all I know is that they have a reporting base in Baghdad."

Sofia was shocked to hear about that.

"*The Times* doesn't have one set area, I don't know why you thought it would be here though."

"Because I remember reading that they would sometimes report here, and if they report

here they must have a base or something, you know?"

"I don't think that's how it works."

"Okay, then how do they report the news so quickly? It's not like they have spies everywhere or something."

A small click could be heard in the plane, before a man stepped out of it, a small, squinting man. Before they knew it, he disappeared.

"What was that?" Veronica

"Speak of the devil and he shall appear."
Vince said.

The man reappeared into existence again, almost showing himself to the world as he opened his eyes, revealing a bright blue light coming out of his skull. His voice was cold, not malice filled but just cold and bitter as he looked at them. "I've been following this man for two weeks, ever since he killed the president of Romania. Vince, I'm your personal reporter."

Vince wasn't really shocked, not unnerved, not even properly annoyed by it. "So that explains how the news would come so quickly."

Sofia aimed her pistol at the man as he pointed his finger, causing the gun to melt into a reddish hue, before exploding.

"Vince, I'll take you and your friends to my office but be careful, you can't tell anyone about this."

“Why not?”

“Trade secret, we wouldn’t want the USSR or the UN to get it’s hands on it, would we.”

The blue-hued eye’s shinned into the small car, a small shortage of electricity overcharged it before he dragged Sofia by her heels to get close to the three of them. “Stop!” She tried to scream out in pain.

“No, I’d rather you three get to understand how our group of reporters do it’s job. Besides, you two have been making lots of news recently, and we would love to have a sit down interview about two doers in the world.”

“What about me?” Veronica chimed in happily, getting off of Vince’s body and looking at him. Before the Blue-eyed man could know about it, Veronica was on top, nuzzling and holding him, hands sneaking into his pockets and whatnot.

“You’ll only cause trouble.”

Veronica looked at him with a sad, pathetic expression, almost on the verge of tears.

“Please? I can give my tell-all tale about how I’m a test subject!”

The man scratched his chin, “Maybe, for being a good girl that is.”

Her voice was filled with happy mirth as she moved to kiss Vince again. “I’m going to be famous!” Her tongue snaking in to kiss him again and again, giving him proper loving like a good girl.

His body still froze up as the man put his thumb on his shoulder, trying to nullify the effects. "Let's go gang." His hands clapped, and in a small explosion, the three of them disappeared into the ether. By the time the small orb of light had exploded, the car and the plane were destroyed, almost melting to the side of the road as it got pushed back and away from the area.

The Boss stood outside the high walls of his fortress. The whole country of Bahrain was his to enjoy and use. The only true sovereign territory owned by him and his men. A soldiers paradise. Men would hone their skills, and prepare and die for the country. He kept looking out the sun kissed beach as the high metal walls, mined out from the African nations in a bid to defend this small territory from the outside world.

The large Iron Walls were made to last any strike from anything, be it a meteor to a nuclear blast from the Soviet Union. Within this large domed structure there was the small prison for people who committed crimes. But they were allowed to go visit the city and go around the landscape, they just couldn't leave the place.

The Boss was grumbling, sitting on his old wooden chair as he tried to think this one through. What were the Soviets thinking about next. Destroying this fortress would be a major

plus but they could destroy it manually. His hands drummed against the wall. It wouldn't be his soldiers, would it? He did inspire them, making sure they were fighting for a good cause. Then his mind floated back to Vince. He should of been here in this city with him. Protected from the world. Was he not aware of this was going to be the only place to protect him? The Boss just shook his head. Vince was just misguided. He called Lieu-General.

"How's the war going?"

The Lieu-General just chuckled, "War's doing fine, we got reports that a traitor has fled to the middle east."

The Boss drummed his fingers again. "Vince?"

"Unconfirmed, some sources say yes though. Apparently he was... fighting with the Romanians?" His voice raised up.

"Good... He's still alive. How long do you think this little war is going to last for?"

"Eh, probably a month at most. The Hungarians have been pushing through all day and night."

"International community?"

"We *are* the community."

"But do you have any other source of info or something?"

There's a ruffling of paper in the background, before the Lieu-General calmly stated, "Yeah, actually there is. Sleepers in

Yalta have been saying there's been a large shipment of prisoners in the area. Lots of prisoners actually. One of them is... Mahmot, does that ring a bell?"

"Mahmot... yes, his brother Ali died in the fighting against the KGB and GUTS forces. What about him?"

"He's supposed to be coming over to Slovakia."

The Boss kept looking out his window on the sandy beach. The portholes revealed a bright yellow sun as he just sighed. "Shoot the plane down when it's in Romanian territory." His phone clicked.

The Boss looked at his drawers, a large US General uniform was on display as he just saluted. A picture of Ronald Reagan was on full display as well, with the date (1911-1981). He let out a heavy sigh, then he just sat down at his nightstand and penned a small letter.

Dear God,
Forgive me.

That's was all that was written, before he looked at it, folding it up and burning it in a well placed trash can with other smoldering letters.

His hands felt cold and calm as kept looking around the room, his own bedroom. The United Nations would use these rooms like suites, the women on this base would be used

to gather info from them, to see what they need, and any damning thing that could get them killed too.

His own island to his men had it's problems too. Getting food was a bitch, but they always managed to pull through in the end. Water would also be hard to come by, but with the new water generator, he could get purified water and enough energy to power the whole place. Plus with being good friends with the Saudi King who would visit him regularly, he knew that he could have enough oil to conquer the world with.

"I'll take care of them soon." He said, out loud to no one in the room. His hands fiddled around as he turned on the TV, watching the live report of the war. Large amounts of heavy shelling in Transylvania proper. The large guns on display, but to his horror, he could see the effects of the war going on. *I thought I told them to make it look like it's a good thing.*

His hands kept strumming in anger as he picked up his phone. "Get me *The Times*, I want a full answer about this now."

The phone rung for a good twenty minutes before someone picked it up. "This is *The Times*, how may I help you?"

"I want to talk to John-Nathan Nash."

The end goes quiet, before the sound of heavy breathing can overpower the phone.

"Hey, what do you want?"

“Why am I seeing the war being displayed in a bad way? You know how much I’m paying you?”

“Yeah, and the Soviets are paying double.”

“Fuck!” He yelled out, before returning to the phone. “I’ll pay triple.”

“Suit yourself, the agent will come to you tomorrow about the whole thing.”

The phone goes dead.

The plane of existence in which Vince, Veronica, and Sofia were now was on par with a null and voided landscape. Only for it to return to a land that appeared to be an office environment. The smell of talc and wood ash filled their noses as the trio look around. Veronica was wagging her tail in large swoops, much to the dismay of Vince. Vince held his hand to pet her on the head, trying to calm her down as Sofia looked around.

It appeared to be a western style lobby, chairs everywhere, a small desk with a sliding glass window on display with a motherly woman behind it, rolling her own cigarettes. Sofia knocked on the window. The greeter looked up at Sofia and just shook her head. Her hand moving to a small button with a microphone and said, “Who are you?”

“We’re here to see...” Sofia turns to face Vince. “We’re here to see... who are we supposed to see?”

Vince looked at her and shrugged, "I didn't get his name."

Sofia just sighed and looks at the obese woman. "We're from Earth-"

"Which one?"

Sofia blushed, what other Earth? "Excuse me?"

"I said, which one."

"The one where that man is about to cause world war three and unleash hell."

The woman typed up on her keyboard, and gave a smirk. "Oh, you three have an interview in an hour, if you like, we can show you the other Earths on display. Right now Mr. Del-Grad is talking to one our agents about a mole in the system."

"A mole?" Sofia perked up, "What's that about a mole?"

"Oh it's nothing, reporters can only *report* the news, if we deem it's a good idea to tell the world about said info. Right now there's been reports that someone around the office has been trying to give info to the planet you three are from to a head of state, Bahrain I think that's the actual state I think. About some... What was it again? 'Prussian Blue'?"

Sofia's eyes got larger then ever. She put her hand over her mouth and looked at Vince. Leaning down she looked at the woman and said "How do you know about it?"

"Oh well sweetie, you said it yourself."

Sofia's heart sank as she held onto the desk in frustration and fear. "So you're telling me that this entire building knows about everything go on in the world?"

"Honey these men control the media, for good or for bad, better or worse, we just want quality content for the readers at home to feel like a good story is going on."

"So you're telling me that everyone on Earth is being watched by newsmen who want to see the latest and greatest thing?"

She shrugged, "More or less."

Sofia sighed and turn to look at Vince.

"You want to take over here?"

Vince stepped in front of Sofia and looked at the ghastly woman, she managed to get even uglier by the time she came into Vince's view.

"I take it you're... Vince? Vince Rocco."

"I don't use my last name, just delete that from the database please." He flashed a toothy smile. "It's... personal, you know?"

The woman waved her hand and typed on. Then her face goes blank. "Well that's odd, it said Vince Rocco isn't even your name."

Vince gave the woman sheepish look and leaned down, "Don't tell them anything alright."

The woman nodded. "Alright, Vince. You are here because of one of our reporting agents took you here, correct?"

"With my two... uh, two people I just met?"

“Honey we don’t care about that. Anyways, he said that you had a sit down interview with him, a recorded one that’ll be transmitted onto live television. Were you aware of this?”

“I am.”

“Are you also aware that this will be on your Earth, correct?”

“I wasn’t aware that there were other Earths, but sure, yeah.”

“You people are so naive about your other Earths, anyways, the meeting will be taking place soon. Would you like a cup of coffee while you wait?”

Vince just shook his head and walked back to a chair. Sofia followed him as she pressed up against him.

“These are some strange people, aliens?” Sofia asked.

“Nah, probably world hoppers, they just managed to be the best ones at it.”

“Does it really matter?” Veronica sat across from Vince, looking at him with puppy eyes. “All I want to know is where are we, this doesn’t feel like home. It feels, foreign.”

“Don’t worry about that, I’m sure nothing bad will happen to us.”

“Don’t tempt faith like that!” Sofia slapped Vince across the chin. “Anyways, we’re going to be going in, talking about what’s going on in the world, and leaving. How we’ll get back is

unknown but I'm certain that we'll go home sooner than later."

Vince just fiddled with his clothes, awkwardly staring at the clock for what seemed like for hours, but a door opens ajar. A young man, dressed in his Sunday's best walked out to meet the trio.

"My name is Alex Verne, I'm your interviewer for today. Would you three just step into my office for a moment so we can talk about the... you know, legal side about the fact you people aren't on Earth."

Vince nodded, Sofia nodded, Veronica just looked at the man blankly. "So we aren't on Earth?"

The man chuckled, "Of course not, well, actually you *are* on Earth, but a different *universe* on Earth. If that makes sense."

"It doesn't."

"Shame, anyways you three step inside for a moment so we can talk about the situation, please?"

The trio walk calmly into the room, the smell of oil filled the nostrils, Veronica's hair sparking at it. After the walk down the long hallway they end up going inside one of the rooms, a large, open building that could fill an entire Soviet army inside. Sofia is only left to be amazed by all this. While Vince just shrugged it off as nothing of importance. It was huge, to say the least, the room even had a

horizon, almost curving at a point as a small moving sidewalk took form underneath them.

Vince took umbrage as he looked out at the large room, the amount of room it had could be described as a large fortress. Vince could see the long hallway, but the room would never end, the riding walkway just kept moving for what seemed like forever. The Blue-eye's man looked out at them as Vince stared at him, the man grimaced at a creature, a creature covered in scales, rubbing and forcing Blue-eye's to face him. His tongue snaked out and pulled at his chin. He was a giant, 9 feet tall, reaching out, his eight arms kept grabbing at the man. He turned to face Vince and Sofia.

"Oh, are these my next guests?" His tongue spat out. "Oh boy, I love guests. Are these the people from Earth 93?" His tone had a weird lisp to it, tongue flickering about as to smell the air. "Never the matter, my name is Randell Nash, you must be Vince Rocco and Sofia Tatianaovna Ivanov."

Vince blinked, looking dead at the man who keeps revealing his last name. "Listen, Nash, people don't call me by my last name—"

"They don't? Well, that's a shame. Here I thought that you people would be willing to use your last name. Sofia, how about you?"

"Don't use the Tatianaovna part, please. Wait, why am I getting an interview? Because I was the one that helped capture Vince?"

The creature moved his four forearms, rolling it as if trying to get them to move along. "We have more to talk about, sure that's a good angle for it. All we really need is for Vince to talk about how The UN is behind the invasion of Romania, and maybe something about the nuclear blast in Kalmyk."

Vince looked blank again and just blinked.

Sofia turned to Vince and shrugged, giving him a looming look of concern. "Mr. Nash, please understand that we need to get this interview done as soon as possible, so that way we can bring justice to the UN."

"Oh? Go right ahead."

The moving sidewalk shot forward, taking them at blistering speeds, a small field took form in front of them, a wall of pure energy that could almost touch but they could. Moving so quickly the fear in them almost made Vince cry in anger, waiting out of this damned machine. It stops. The trio go flying into the wall and tumble.

Almost as if a miracle had taken place, none of them were hurt. The damage was undone, any bone to broke wasn't and now they looked forward to see Alex Verne sitting in a small chair, another small chair taking form right across from him, a three camera set up is right before them.

Alex waved towards them, motioning for them to come towards the chairs. "Come on,

take a seat, take a seat.” One of the aids grab at Vince and push him down on the chair. His body is cold and clammy as he looked at Alex. His mouth appeared to be almost a hole as he would take heavy breathes, smelling the hot air coming through his mouth. The aids, cute teenage girls who just wanted a job were preparing the microphones and getting them ready to talk when Vince looked at the clock.

It was spinning, spinning way to fast for his comfort. “Hey, Alex, what’s up with the clock?”

“Nothing? Why you ask?”

Vince just blinked at the clock kept spinning and spinning, hours moving like minutes, minutes moving like seconds, the damn seconds were moving so quick... “We’re drugged, aren’t we.”

The man could only smile, “No no, this is how our universe works, that clock is moving perfectly fine.”

“I don’t feel fine though.”

“That’s because you never feel fine. Just relax, just think about pretty things while the crew helps film the whole thing.” Alex stared at the clock, and at the crew, a woman rushing up towards Alex to whisper something in his ear. “What do you mean the money hasn’t come through?”

“What?” Vince could squawk out.

"Vince calm down, we're talking about how the people who want the story to be published aren't paying us enough money."

"What do you mean?"

"It means you three are going to be doing this interview, but... you have to spin in a... certain light if that makes sense."

"Towards who?"

"The Boss is paying big money to know about what the Iron Curtain is planning. If Sofia reveals what it is, that means we won't be...liable towards revealing damning information." He chuckled. "Sofia take a seat."

Randell Nash grabbed Sofia by the neck, his giant forearms grabbing at her, mouth snapping as he forced her next to Vince. "We promise we won't hurt you-"

"Get off of me!" Sofia screamed, her body feeling the great burning sensation.

Veronica looked on in horror, before wearing a small smirk. Before all she can do is just chuckle. "Randell, you honestly expect me to fall for this? I know you have all the bugs in the world on me, but you forgot one."

Randell turned to look at Veronica. "What do you mean?!"

"The Boss put a bug in my tail, it's already too late, the Soviets and the UN know where your news organization is at."

"But- How would they be able to get here."

Veronica just chuckled. "You think to little." Pulling out a small remote, "I'll give this back to you in return for one thing."

"I don't have time for this-

Veronica grabbed at Randell's neck and threw him across the room. "Now you do. Vince who do you want to give this too?"

Vince blinked, his eyes covered in fear as he looked up in pure terror. "Get Sofia out of here!"

Alex Verne just watched helplessly as Sofia and Veronica escaped into the ether, a small smoke cloud forming as Vince looked at the crew.

Randell laid dead, his neck seeping black blood as the Blue-eyed man looked at Vince. Alex got up to untie him. "Great, we lost one of the great mutants of the world."

"Can someone explain to me what's going on?"

"You aren't in your universe, those two...harlots are going back to your universe and we can't do a thing to stop them."

"Why not?"

"Easy, now that they have the remote to bounce between universes, we can be the first ones to report on it, claiming those two women are whizkid inventors. No point in killing them at this point."

"Let's just... do the damn interview or something."

Alex just shook his head, "No point, Barry, go tell The Boss we'll get the info somewhere else."

Barry just nodded, and phased out of existence as Vince looked on. Alex untied Vince and asked him, "Listen, I'll give you something in return if you keep quiet on this, okay?"

"Something like...?"

"Untold power, something to fulfill the need to do something, freedom to do whatever you want, all you have to do is agree to forget you ever came here."

"What type of power?"

"You interested? Good, girls, strap him in!"

Vince's body is bound to the chair once again, residing to his faith that everything will be forgotten by the end. The large ropes tie him up as the man brings out three vials, and a large syringe.

Drawing each of the three vials liquids out, Alex flicked at the needle and looked at him.

"One of your comrades, Mahmot is about to be awaken too on this spiritual plane. I think we need a good battle between good and evil, what do you say?"

"And I'm the bad guy?"

"No no, you're the good guy, he's the one who caused the nuclear weapon to go off, isn't he?"

Vince just sighed, "I was though."

“But the public doesn’t need to know, that’s why we’re giving you this, so that way you won’t be able to t-”

“But if you give me that, what will happen to me afterwards?”

Alex chuckled, “You’ll be fine.”

Vince kept struggling, “No it won’t! I won’t be fine! I want my freedom dammit!”

“This is what we’re giving you, total freedom, now hold still, the needle is g-”

One of the girls jab a needle straight into Vince’s arm, injecting him with the liquid gold inside the needles, his body relaxed and the camera flashed towards him, “Now...tell us everything about what you know about ‘Soviet Blue’”

Chapter 9

“Huh, that’s strange, no *Times* report.” The Boss grumbled out. His hand was resting on the newsstand, the large western buildings made of steel and concrete surrounded him as the large iron dome upon the sky made him smile. The place was nice and balmy, nice enough to enjoy life as he walked around. The whole place had the feel of a bustling society, farmland on the outside while the large city remained indoors.

There was a sort of fear coming from him. What if someone poisoned the wells. Those damn GUTS units stole one of the pet projects he was working on, but that truly didn’t matter, he had those bugs implanted on her. A small speaker in his ear blared out “Boss you need to see this.”

He was bewildered. “What?”

“Boss, just come near one of the camps.”

The Boss rushed down the street, towards the old mosque that was in the process of turning into a church and entered one of the small encampments. A radio man looked at him weird and asked, “Calm down.”

“What’s going on?”

“Easy there, we had an explosion near the wall, blue light and everything. We’re thinking it’s some kind of threat from the Soviets.”

The screen pulls in, to show that it's a man, squattish and round.

"You know him?" The radioman asked.

"Yeah, bring him in, I need to have a chat with him soon." The Boss flipped his hand up, waiting for his men to come out, some of them armed with AKs and M-16s, trained on the man.

The round man just puts his hands up, and walked into the building, trying to be calm and cool about the whole situation. The Boss didn't have any real worry about why this man was trying to enter here, he knew that this was going to be his contact.

The Boss was back in his suite with the round man. "Listen, Boss man, we got some info you need to know about."

The Boss squinted, "Did you teleport to here?"

"Never mind how I got here, the fact is we need to talk about 'Soviet Blue.'"

The Boss squinted and looked at him again. "What's that?"

"Biochemical agent, a disease if you will, being developed by the Soviets to be released into all UN territories, anyone that was vaccinated is immune to it, which the Soviets and all the Eastern Bloc states are in the process of doing right now, but I'm willing to tell you where you can get the samples *and* the

person who's working on it in return for... something extra."

"What do you mean?"

"As you're well aware, *The Times* isn't what it seems to be, correct?"

"I wouldn't really say that, but for sake of argument, sure."

"Now, what if I told you that my organization wants to... establish ties to this planet, an embassy if you will, to an Earth just like yours."

"What?"

"*The Times* isn't just an organization that reports on the news, we try to bring people to our fold of Earths, this one, as it stands, is a planet that seems like a giant and great nuclear war is about to go off, with a plague that could turn most of the world into flesh eating creatures."

"That so?"

"So that is, maybe if you want to protect your own people, maybe... just maybe, you could... let it happen?"

"You mean let the bombs drop and allow them to release the virus on the world?"

"Exactly."

"You are out of your mind!"

"Well, it seems like at this point that the world is ticking away and that plague is going to be released sooner or later, why not be prepared now."

The Boss just smacked his lips and looked at him, "I'll just find the info myself." His hand reached for his pistol, and blasted the round man in the skull. His head rolling back as a small remote and paper flopped out.

The dead body started to smell, his hand quivering in the onset of rigor mortis. The Boss didn't even look at him as he reached down to read the note, saying:

Sergei Rasputin in Yalta, small shipment of--

The Boss kept looking at it, rubbing the fine printed paper before shrugging and tossing it out. He was going to have to sort this himself, he figured. His hands rested on his pistol as the sound of the waves crashing against the Fort. made him calm, that steady rocking of the ocean.

Throwing the paper to the ground, he finds a small lettering stating that "Soviets are going to be going to Bahrain with this."

He squinted, the dead boy still rotted away as he picked it up. A small trash burner sat there, haven't been used forever since he left, so he tested it out on the round man. Throwing him into it, the rotting flesh started to burn as The Boss just stared on.

He walked out of the room, snapping at the hired maids to go in and 'clean it up'.

All they do is salute and go in, his hand was fumbling with the phone, trying to place a

call to anyone. Finally, he was able to reach the Lieu-General.

“Boss what do you want?”

“You got anything on Yalta?” The Boss drummed his fingers against the walls.

“Yeah, why?”

“We need to capture a scientist in Yalta, Sergei Rasputin, apparently he’s in charge of a shipment or something? My gut feeling says we should try to take him out and see if he has anything to say, black ops, just like old times.”

“You going in by yourself?”

“Of course, I’m one of the best soldiers to have ever lived.” He cocked his pistol into the phone. “I’ll be there by sundown, get me my usual order. Over and out.” The phone clicks and The Boss heads out of the hallway and into his armory.

His ‘usual order’ is a classic: M-16A3 Silenced with a folding stock and five 30 round magazines, a Beretta M9 with three 17 round clips, two Semtex bricks, and three grenades. This would be enough to enter Yalta, grab whoever this Sergei is, and get the info that The Boss needed.

Holding his rifle, he walked out to one of the small helipads, the skylight retracting, revealing the blue sky to the people inside as he entered the Hind, even though his hatred for communism was fierce, he really liked the weapons and vehicles. The helicopter blades

spin on, flying out the hole and into the hot desert wind. Estimated time, 12 hours.

Sofia and Veronica landed on their butts, it seemed like they were trapped, but they didn't know where they were trapped at. The sound of heavy breathing and rustling made them nervous, a large clanging sound took hold of them as Sofia looked out the small peephole.

Veronica stood up, being covered in the clothes.

"We're in someone's house!" Sofia whispered.

"Shit, I hope it's not someone important." Veronica readied her claws, about to burst through the door with so much force it could just splinter. Sofia looked on, trying to find anything to use as a weapon. A small knife was sticking in the closet wall... She grabbed it, holding it close to her chest.

There's a strange mumbling from the person, the hound kept staring through the crack, he was speaking Arabic, that was for sure.

When Sofia could see through the crack that the man was behind him, that's when she struck. Her knife held close to her body as the door slid open, barely making any sound as the man kept fiddling with his phone. Swearing in Arabic, the man turned around to see Sofia lunging at him!

The knife pressed close against his neck as with one slice, his neck got slashed! His death rattle silenced by Sofia's hand across his mouth.

Sofia looked up to see a small bedroom, two beds and a couch. The door was open, ajar as the sound of a woman's heels clicked and clacked towards the room. Sofia motioned towards Veronica, her claws ready to strike as the woman entered the room.

With one bound and a leap, she slashed the woman's throat in two. Veronica smiled, and made sure she wouldn't make a sound. Sofia searched the room for anything, anything at all that could be used as a weapon while Veronica dragged the woman's body out of the doorway onto the opposite bed, facing the window.

Sofia was in quite a tizzy, only finding a small suitcase in the room filled with woman's clothing and a pistol (Beretta), which seemed odd. This was supposed to be Soviet supported country.

As Sofia looked at the gun, Veronica checked the bodies, they both had nice black suits and dresses, without the blood of course, but they appeared to be just regular people. The suitcase had the royal embalm of the Saudi kings...

"Veronica, those people we just killed? Those were..." Sofia hands reached down to

grab at the ID, "Military officers." Her eyes scanned the room, finding another briefcase filled with rubies and diamonds, and a list of demands written in Arabic:

In request of these diamonds and rubies and 100 million dollars, the United Nations is requesting the purchase of Ten Nuclear devices.

Signed: Mohammad ibn Saud

Sofia cocked the pistol. "Veronica, do you know how the UN got it's nuclear weapons?"

She peaked at the note, "Back channels through the Saudis?" Her claws still dripping with blood.

"Bingo." Sofia readied her pistol at the door. Veronica kept quiet by the bedside, pushing the bodies underneath it. The small pool of blood still dripping down it.

There's a small knock on the door. The man knocking on the door kept knocking until the door got broken into! Sofia pointed the pistol at the man. It dug into his face as Sofia led him away from the door, and sat him down on the chair.

"Who are you?" Sofia spoke in Arabic.

The man just stiffened, "No one of importance."

“Tell me!” Sofia dug the pistol into his crotch. “Or you’ll get blown away.”

“You see those two dead bodies?”

Sofia didn’t turn away, but she nodded.

“Those were people my government wanted captured. There’s a mole in my government’s midst.”

“Likely story, but why should we trust you?” Veronica barked out in anger.

“Because I have family in the USSR right now, why would I want them killed?”

Sofia nodded and let him get up.

“I don’t know who the mole is, but thanks to this.” He picked up the note, and placed it on the table. “I’ll be able to prove that those damn Saudis have been trying to start a war.” He took a picture of it, and pocketed the originals, “If you want to get out of here alive, just follow me into my black sedan, and I’ll take you to the airport. Got it?”

The girls nodded.

The man, who had a small name tag claiming he was Yosef readied his pistol as he causally walked out the door of the hotel room. There were two guards, aiming there pistols at him as they open fire!

Yosef falls to the ground with a thud, the girls rush back into the room as the two Arab guards were ready to pounce and kill them.

Sofia leaned out and saw there must of been a whole squad of the Arabic death squad,

ready to reek havoc on the small hotel, just in case the deal didn't go through. And apparently it didn't go through.

Veronica looked out the window, and saw that it was a small jump. They were on the first floor, so if they just threw themselves out the window, they could escape without any harm.

Sofia turned to see Yosef bleeding, not dead but still heavily wounded. A pencil pusher, not an agent. Almost as if the Ba'athists were really trying to deal with the Saudis'. She picked Yosef up, carrying him over her shoulder and shot at one of the guards, the bullet ripping through his neck. A guest turns to look out, seeing what the commotion was all about.

Sofia kept shooting until the clip ran dry, forcing her to chuck the pistol at the guard as she took a running start, smashing her body and his through the glass.

The glass breaks through, and they all tumble out of the hotel, Veronica ducking down as the guards keep shooting, Sofia dragged the Yosef across the parking lot into a running car.

A woman is running across the lot, screaming in Arabic as Veronica opens the door, Yosef is bleeding out as Sofia dug through his pants, finding the picture and the note, he's mortally wounded, blood was squirting out of his neck.

Veronica looked at him with pity and fear as Sofia sped out of the hotel parking lot and onto the oncoming traffic.

She lets out a sigh of relief as Veronica stared at her. "What the hell just happened?" Veronica asked.

"We just solved the million dollar question."

Sofia sped off into the traffic, swerving and weaving. Yosef was coughing up blood as Veronica held onto his neck, applying pressure as the sound of rush hour traffic drowned them out, the speed of the driving car made Sofia panic a bit, swerving around, until they spot a small hospital. Yosef looked up in a panic tizzy and shook his head.

"Don't take me there, I don't want to die there!" Yosef yelled out, his voice raspy as Veronica applied pressure to his neck, burning it, cauterizing the neck. He screams out in a panic as he flops around in the fear and panic.

His neck was in pain, shaking in fear as he slumped down into the chair. Veronica held onto his neck as Sofia kept driving around, aimlessly trying to find somewhere to drop Yosef off. He wouldn't be needing him.

They spot an alleyway, and with one shove, push Yosef out of the car, he tumbled out, body sprawled out as he reached out to try to grab at them.

Sofia let out a sigh of relief as she looked up to see a road sign, telling them where the airport at. So they drive down towards it.

The tires kept slapping against the pavement as the sound people screaming were becoming more obvious. Sofia looked up to see a small black car follow them, two of them actually, but the latter was stopped in the alleyway. Veronica searched the passenger seat compartment, finding a frag grenade.

“Should I?” Veronica asked.

Sofia shook her head, “Too risky.”

Veronica flicked the pin, and threw it out the window, it landed right on the car’s front window, making a spider-hole as the driver panicked, slamming into a building with the grenade exploding.

Sofia slapped her, but they managed to pull into the airport main terminal. They had no cash, but Sofia knew for a fact that the Soviets’ kept a plane for GUTS agents. So she flashed her ID at the guard working there, and rushed onto the tarmac. Driving through the crowded area, she could hear on the radio about how a car bombing killed 3.

Veronica turned to see that another car was tailing them, so, in a feat boundless stupidity, she climbed out of the passenger-side, getting onto the roof, and as Sofia slammed her breaks trying to figure out what had happened, Veronica took one leap and

slammed her clawed foot into the driver's windshield, ripping his throat out as she rocketed out of the car. The car spun out of control, flipping in the air as it crashed down to the earth. Veronica just smiled as she chased after Sofia, she needed to get out of this shithole.

Sofia went in reverse, and with a hop and a leap, Veronica got back in the car for them to drive towards a waiting plane.

Chapter 10

Over Hungary

Mahmot's body shook in pain. Trying to look up, all he could see was monitors. How long was he stuck here... and what was that blinding light coming from.

Fear overcame him, his bony fingers reached up to grasp at the air, trying to touch whatever the light was. Trying to see if it would heal him. To no avail.

That no avail would end up being his saving grace, as Mahmot looked out the window, the blinding light shinned through the room, the pilot turned around to see what was going on, only for the light to reach out, and burn his skull. The pilot's head disappeared. Just gone. No mass, nothing for it to exist, the neck oozing blood.

Mahmot blinked. The pilot's head was still gone, still spiraling out of control, the auto-pilot barely able to take control of the plane as the creature looked at Mahmot. It's warm smile glowed over him in the blinding rays of goodness. But his heart was wicked, so he too, rotted away in that plane. His body melted in a scene of azure, the gurney melting below him as his skin was erupted into flames. Mahmot looked up at the angel and nodded with tears in his eyes. His time had come, he shouldn't

have been alive, and the angel knew it. It's sword pointed against Mahmot's chest as it slashed through him, the pain wasn't there, only the joy that Allah would reward him in his servitude.

The plane was shaking, rocking almost as the co-pilot turned to look at the rotting body of his friend. Not realizing what was going on, he pulled out his pistol, a small Walther TPH and walked into the back, the plane was going to crash anyway, but he might as well see what was going to cause it.

The angel stared at him, it's piercing gaze burning right through the man's body. The co-pilot fired off one shot, before his entire chest ruptured, the bullet striking the angel in the neck. Liquid gold dripped out of it's neck as it held still, applying enough pressure to it, making sure it wouldn't bleed out. The angel's sword shined brighter then ever as it looked at the downed co-pilot, now on the ground, dead.

It floated over towards the controls, Taking it, the angel attempted to fly the plane, but again, to no avail, as the sound of a large explosion rocked the plane, causing it to tail-spin.

It's neck was bleeding out heavily as the plane crashed into the treeline. The small medical plane impaled on the trees. The angel got up, holding it's own wound with anger, it's

burning righteousness becoming more noticeable, and it marched through the woods. Sword slashing at whatever was in its way.

The ground shook as this being would destroy the nature of the woods, the small critters beholding the sight before scampering off, the fear alone could kill them. Its long march would stop at a small stream, where it dipped its long bony hands into it. The golden blood dripped down into the stream, turning it black. The whole stream turned black as it looked left and right, seeing how far it would go. Its sword shined brighter as the morning sky gave way to the sound of moving soldiers.

It turned to face the small squad, exploring and checking on what had caused the plane to crash. Its long sword ready to strike as it stared deep into the squad, burning one man alive, the rest turned to face the golden being. Firing upon it, the great beast would block each hit with its sword. Reflecting the bullets back at them. It struck them, the bullets flying into their chest and heads. Only one man was lucky enough to survive the hellstorm of bullets.

“God has sent me to punish the wicked.” It spat, “Why should I spare your life?”

The soldier cowered before the great angel. “I am but a humble servant of the lord, please don’t strike me down like my brothers.” The man held his small dog-tags with a Latin cross.

The great beast kept moving towards him. The sword dug into the earth, causing it to rot with permafrost and burn without new life. The smell alone would become sickening. The soldier held out his hands, open and palms down, before grasping them together in a single bind.

“Dear God in Heaven, please protect your humble servant-”

The angel just laughed, pointing its sword to dig into the man’s body. “Praying now won’t save you.” With one mighty slash, the being had killed the man.

The soldier’s body laid still, his dog-tag’s read: ‘Mikas’ as the angel read it. The blood dripped down into the man’s gaping wound.

His body shook, before he knew it, his eyes flown back open. Had God finally listen to his prayer? The man stared at the angel, and realized, this being wasn’t an angel at all. It appeared to be an angel, of course, but it was filled with malice, hatred for the world. Mikas tried to get up, but his spine was shattered. Reaching out, he tried to find where his gun went. Only to see that the being was moving away. The golden blood dripped down into the spine, healing it before he managed to get up. Shakily, he looked up at the beast. Before shooting it dead in the head.

The ‘angel’ fell to the ground, the golden blood became a blackened blue. Its body

slumped over before it could finally be re-awakened within the world.

The large bountiful creature didn't move, dead. But the ground shook, the grass rotted away as Mikas grabbed his pistol. Fleeing, that what it was, he fled. There was no reason for him to stay near the dead body. Mikas ran with all of his might, trying to find his unit marching. But he couldn't find anyone.

The grass started to grow faster, but rotted. Large rotted stalks of grass bound to him. The sap sticking to him while the miasma overcame his senses. His heart raced.

May God watch over me. His only thought that raced through his mind. The man watched as the earth below him started to climb up, reaching and grabbing at him. Clawing at his skin with it's silk like touch.

He held onto the tall grass, the trees above him were twisting and warping around, binding each other together in a sickening knot, the great perversion of nature was taking place. Mikas watched as his torso and arms were stuck to the grass while his legs sunk deep into the blackened earth.

A worm, that was the only way to describe it, a warm crawled it's way into his thigh. Biting and digging. It's mouth ate at his skin as Mikas could feel it. Before long, that worm would enter his blood stream, would try to devour his heart.

As he stared down at his torso, his body became tight, tensing up to the feeling of pain. The sticky tall grass had managed to bind itself so perfectly well to him that he couldn't move his arms at all. Mikas head was perfectly still, panicking that this might be the last day on earth. That this horror that couldn't be God's angel had come here to wreck havoc on anyone that came towards here. His spine snapped. The bone breaking as each vertebrae was pulled out of place.

The worm kept eating at his flesh, now crashing at his bone. His eyes fluttered, the attempt to pass out would only be met with the sickly smell of rotten flesh, the long grass made sure to that. More worms came towards his flesh, devouring and eating away, only for him to let out a loud yell, a painful scream almost as he looked up to the sky, an azure sky with pink clouds filled it. The sun hung overhead with it's blinding rays smashing into his skull.

The tall grass had managed to dig it's way into his skin, the long needle like threads piercing it with impunity. His screams were only silenced by a large piece of tall grass, whipping him in the skull, piercing the back of his neck, avoiding the spine with surgical expertise. He tried to cough, he tried to do anything. Why would he be the one to suffer the fate of this beast.

His mouth became silenced by the tall grass engulfing and surrounding his face. He tensed up, feeling the urge to panic only to be squandered by the feeling of peace. A mournful peace.

He looked up again, his eyes the only thing that would work anymore, but to them, they were dimming, almost becoming blind to the world above. The powerful stimulated was injected into his skin, causing his eyes to bulge out, seeing rays of colors, being able to see the world in it's true form. He turned his head to face what had injected him.

A lone woman. His eyes darted to motion for her to free him. To get him out of this imprisoned situation. But his heart sank when he realized what this woman was. Her skin was pale, eyes of pure jasmine as her hair was bleached blonde. She made a small whistle towards him.

Before him was a beast, a giant beast. It's hair covered it's entire body, blackened like an apes. His mouth looked agape, his first mouth on his face, and his second mouth was on his chest. He stood roughly twenty feet tall, its bones shinned through as it held to the ground like glue Its large hands held the pale woman, and placed her upon it's back. It's chuckle was most definitely masculine. It's eyes rested on its shoulders, blinking as both of it's mouths opened and snapped with an angered,

hungered expression. It reached down to grab at him.

Mikas knew his days were numbered. The beast yanked him from his prison with a loud pop! His lower half was gone, destroyed by the beast's mighty pull. The blood poured out of him without any fear of death. Shaking like a leaf, the creature threw him into it's mouth.

Mikas held his hand out, grabbing at the heavy tooth that was about to rip him to shreds as a small yellow light appeared out of his hand, the beast's tooth shattered!

He stared out, in frustration and in pain. His entire lower body was gone, like dust in the wind. The tall grass moved closer towards him as the woman stared down at him with a sickening, perverted smile.

"Your people has summoned us, from a world in which pain and suffering knows no bound, you had killed my corporal form so now I am released here, a spoke in the Wheel of Fate, with my being also instilled into the great beast before you. I am the Alphaina."

Mikas sputtered and looked up in pain. "W-what do you want?"

"I want the world torn asunder, *The Times* has released me into this plane of existence, and I wish to enact whatever I want into it. For your bravery in killing my 'angel' form, I shall give you one thing."

"And that is..."

“My token of appreciation, the black-end gem. If you sacrifice the true thing you love, I’ll have you become a being like you see before you. You’ll know what to do when you see it. If you don’t...” She floated down to smear her blood across his neck. “You’ll become marked as my sacrifice, to feed into my great desire.” Her voice had this soothing, calmness to him. Almost compelled to do what he was told. “Now go, go to the one you love.”

Her fingers snapped, and the shining light appeared before him. The beast looked up at the woman, and picked her up. “You think the rest will come?” The beast asked.

“They opened a portal for which they *can* come. If I can make it through, they can. Now let’s go see about this Mahmot man.”

The woman floated towards the plane. Mahmot was still in it, lying there with a painful expression on his face. Dead, his soul unreachable. She dipped her hand deep into his chest to retrieve something, a blackened crystal from which he could be able to become again.

Mahmot shook with anger as his chest closed up, and his body became healed. He would become again, he knew it. His eyes flew open with unbridled rage. “Who are you?”

“No one of importance, just, accept this as a gift of fate.” Her hand passed him a red gem. “Give this to the man betrayed by his own

nation, he will surely accept it.” Her hand clasped into his, holding it tight as Mahmot looked up at her with fear.

“I’m not even supposed to be alive.”

“And you won’t be if you keep wasting my time.” She snapped at him, as she pushed him forwards. “Walk the journey there, you have legs no move.”

Mikas returned to his home village, deep in Hungary. His hand clutched the gem, with the inscription “Take what you love, and give it up.”

He thought about it, what did they mean by give up what he loved? Then he could see someone, his mother. An old crone who came to be known as the village’s accountant, keeping track of the funds. The old rural nature of it, the small concrete streets within only reminded him of what once was. These houses were made of brick, not this distasteful concrete. But the powers that be told them to make the village this way again. So the people would work hard in the field, and harder in making the large tower blocks that dotted the landscape. People held shops on each floor, and lived in small houses. The old accountant lived on the very top, next to the first secretary of the party. Even though communism gave way to the capitalism, they still had old feelings about doing it the ‘proper’ way. He kept walking

through the streets, only to meet up with the woman.

She hugged him with all his might. "Oh son, I'm glad you left the war to help defend the village."

Mikas looked down. "Mom, you know how close the world is going to end?"

She only smiled. The old crone looked at him and shook his head. "No, we haven't gotten any news about that."

"Well, it's close. Real close, and... I need you to go inside with me." He took his mother's hand into the large apartment block. It ended up being the only building in town at this point, making it higher and thicker than most of the buildings around. The surrounding farmhands watched as Mikas entered the building. His arms tired as he wandered inside.

His mother dragged him through the storefronts on the bottom, small junk shops here and there, a small bookstore of imported western goods. A meat market with a frozen walk-in freezer, a small doctors office. They didn't really meant it to become this one walk-in place but since the people became so enamored by the love of communist blocks that the major buildings were connected by tubes, so that the brotherly love of the village could stay connected.

Mikas walked up the long stairwell with his mother, who wept, praying that he wouldn't

return to the war. A small police arm looked at him and nodded to the both of them, opening the door.

It was an old penthouse, the woman pushed her white hair back as the smell of grease and number crunching machines laid strewn about. She was the head secretary of the village, the mayor lived across from her on the other building.

Mikas leaned against the table as the mother gave him a small cup of vodka. He took a swig and sighed. "Do you really think the building will hold up in the event of a nuclear strike?"

She patted his head. "Honey don't worry about that."

"But what would happen with... with you?"

She looked out through the skylight, the sun shinned brightly through the room as she just turned to look at him. "Mikas, the village will be safe, I promise you that."

He clutched at his heart, feeling it pulsate with the hunger and need.

There was a feeling of dread as the sound of the black-end gem strove towards anger. The mother Mikas had always known would just stare in a heated passion, praying that his son would turn out to be a right and correct man. A soldier of God.

The great building shook. Mikas knew that this would have to be time to do it. To his hand

reached across her neck, and choked her. His cold palms kept squeezing as the black-end gem grew whiter and whiter, pulling off of him with force as he watched it slam into her body.

Her breath sputtered, choking out angered breathes as the woman stared out in anguish, throat rasping at the pain that her own flesh and blood would strike at her. Her body went limp. Barely breathing as the clouds above darkened. A small vortex of energy shot out of her body. The white goodness of her soul escaping into the ether as the black-end gem became apparent to him. It was an egg, an egg fertilized with the goodness of mankind only to be tainted by him.

In his anger, he crushed it, causing the black sky above him to grow an even richer darkness, before it just engulfed him, a pillar of pure smoke filling the room as his body was covered from head to toe, engulfed in this smoke that caused the guards to enter.

The guards entered in the meantime, holding their pistols in hands, they could see the room was just covered in smoke. The cries of a dying old woman filling the room as they tried to enter, but a field of energy would block them. Before finally a tendril reached out. Jabbing into one of the guard's neck. Before long, the smoke had disappeared, and a giant egg was before them. Pulsating with need, the

tendrils growing out as it would suck out the life-force of all of the guards in the room.

The smell of it alone was putrid shit. Mikas was inside this egg, the guards knew it, and the guards could see the mother stand up right, looking at the ground below, before letting out a final raspy breath.

The guards fled in horror of the egg, before the tendrils would suck the life-force out of them!

The vileness of it all, the betrayal of it all. The vile nature of these people were being sucked away as the egg broke.

Out came a man. His face twisted into a face of pure anguish, of fear as the blackness enveloped the whole room. His muscles twitched as the black inkiness covered the whole building with a slime of sorts, consuming the matter inside, becoming stronger and filled with more tainted hatred. He ripped through the room, killing the guards that fled with his hands alone. The stickiness only covering them with the black anger.

Mikas face unfocused, becoming more slack as the ink enveloped him as well, covering him, all the ink receded back into him as the building became silent. The people inside, dead.

Every last person inside the large structure was killed, and he could feel the ink redistribute into him, before long, he ended up feeling all of

the despair and hatred, the hearts of fear as he cracked his neck.

He looked out the window, to see the commotion coming from the other buildings, he could only just laugh as he saw the now white gem, beckoning him to touch it.

As he did, he could feel a shadow overcome him and off he went. Towards where that woman had shown him.

As he returned back into the realm, he could see the woman and the beast look at him with vapid smiles, pleased expressions as she just smiled. Alphaina looked and praised him.

“You have done well, for that, you shall be my servant.” Her hands reached out to shoot into the sky, loads of gems shooting forth, letting the winds of faith take control to take them wherever they needed to go. For whoever wished for power, lust for the ideals of becoming strong, or just wanted an excuse to kill those they ‘loved’, the gems would guide them towards a brighter humanity.

“Now, we wait.”

Chapter 11

Vince slammed to the ground. His body shook as he looked around, he was finally freed from the *The Times*. Finally letting him go after he was of no use to them. He didn't know where he was at, the sky was pitch black, a small whirling vortex above.

His hands dug into his pockets, feeling a small white piece of paper. He pulled it out, which read:

If you are reading this, you have managed to become a willing helper in this great game before you. We have given you new life, and with it the powers that be to influence the world.

Go forth, and know that the debt will be paid in full when you achieve true potential.

On the back it was a crudely drawn picture of a man holding his two fingers out with the words 'Gun'.

Vince held out his two fingers and said "Gun."

Nothing came out. He just let out a sigh. "So this is how it's going to be, huh?"

He sticks his two fingers out and yells "Pistol!"

A small puff of smoke appears and his left hand now holds a M1911. He just sighed. So saying the type of gun would work, but...

“AR-15, scoped.”

Poof. The gun appeared in his hand. He scratched his neck with the rifle, and checked the rifle, then he noticed the magazine. The lack there of.

“2 full magazines of .223 ammo.”

Out of nowhere, two full magazines came out and joined his hand. “Duct tape.” And then duct tape appeared. He wrapped the two magazines up and stared out at the sky. Nodding to whoever was helping him. This would help with logistics, he just chuckled to himself.

He pushed the rifle up against his arm and aimed down it's sights, so well crafted was the rifle that it was like God sent it to him. Vince could only smile. This must of been his true power, to arm the west. To be the true support.

But he pondered for a moment. Then he thought that maybe he could summon a building too.

“Mall.”

Nothing happened. Maybe he wasn't as skilled in it as he thought he was?

“Mall, empty, with a parking lot.”

Still nothing, he just let out an angered sigh and said, with much more effort.

“Small outlet mall on the verge of collapsing, with a small outdoor parking lot.”

His body froze, his heart started to pound faster and faster as he collapsed on the ground with a fit. Sweat poured from his face as he looked up to see... a mall, an outlet mall that managed to take up the whole clearing. The forest around him was now a parking lot. But his body was still cold, in pain. He looked down at his hands and just chuckled. “Oh my, I could do wonders with this.”

His hands were still cold and sweaty as he walked towards the building, more of a shamle but when his hands touched the walls, it was as if he was touching real stone. He had managed to transfer matter through the universe to create this wall. His shock and horror when he realized that he felt like he was going to die, that amount alone was draining him. He rested near the door, it wouldn't budge an inch as he tried to get inside.

When he forced himself to go inside, the smell of the mall hit his nose with a wafting feeling. Stumbling around, he could see that it was empty, no life, nothing inside.

His heart kept racing as he looked at the floor and near him. Then he had an idea.

“Human, male.”

Nothing happened. He pondered for a moment, maybe he was tired? His hands

rested on the wall beside him as he kept rubbing his chin.

After his breathing got better, he walked out of the mall and said, "Human, Male."

Still nothing.

"Huh, I guess I gotta be more specific. Human, male, pale skin, short, 21 years old, bald."

His body froze in shock as a human being appeared before him, not moving. Vince's body was still in pain as he looked at the body. It blinked once, not saying a word as it pointed to Vince.

"Hello?" Vince asked.

It nodded.

"Your name is Basalt. Do you understand?"

It could only nod, before his mouth opened, "Baasaalt."

"Okay, close enough, you know how to shoot a gun?"

It nodded, then put his finger out to point to a tree, "pew pew."

I'm dealing with a fucking child, he thought. "Okay, Basalt, I want you to take this pistol, and shoot at that tree." His breath was ragged. "One clip, full, M1911." And out came the clip, and he threw it at Basalt, who was nude. He loaded the pistol, and fired it at a tree a couple of times. Striking it and making the branches fall down.

“Do good?” He asked.

“Did great, man I to sit down.” So he took a breather, sitting on the parking lot, just rubbing his head. I can... I can summon things now. With this, I can just...” A small grin took form across his face. “I can become the richest man in the world, and have an army to boot, and maybe save the world too, but how...”

Maybe I can teleport? He shook his head, no, those *Times* fuckers wouldn't allow that. Beside he could just hoof it across this small forest towards whatever lied ahead of him. His hands grabbed at his AR-15 as he could see a man scampering across the woods.

His skin was burnt, radiation had taken hold. What was wrong with him? Then, Vince's eye recoiled back in horror. This must of been Mahmot. He aimed his rifle at him, the man kept walking.

Mahmot's voice was raspy as he looked at Vince. “The...Boss...wants me to give this to him...”

Vince looked at him with the horror he saw in this poor man. He raised his rifle and said “Allah, he had paid his price well.” And shot him dead in the head. Killing Mahmot. The small oblong gem fading away as it spilled out of his hand.

He just shook his head. “You will be missed.” He gave a breath filled sigh, his hand rested on the wall as he saw Basalt stand

around, gawking at the dead man. Vince prepared his rifle and pointed towards where he could see a large skyscraper in the middle of a village. Which seemed... off?

“Let’s get moving.” He pointed and started to walk inward, into the forest and into the realm of what could only be described as madness.

His rifle in hand, the small bouncing in his step, a true camper in his own right. He passed by Mahmot’s body, seeing the bullet hole that ripped through his skull as he just shrugged and moved on. Mahmot would be missed, he thought. He had to put him out of his misery.

The speed of which Vince walked towards the village was quick enough to reach it without taking a breath. The whole scene looked out of place, a black cloud overhung the first tower as the small creeping black vines moved through it. His hands rested on the rifle as he spotted through one of the glass hallways that people were barricading themselves. From what? What were they hiding themselves from? He looked up to see one of the survivors point to him, the boy held his hand to make a mock rifle and ‘shot’ at the adjoining walkway room. Vince held out his rifle to show him that he would clear out whatever was inside. Because frankly, it appeared that they needed to get out or at the very least clear the building of whatever is inside.

His foot crashed through the door, the glass flew across and around him as he looked inside. It appeared that the people inside were consumed, a black looking creature, his skin was pitch black even with the lights on moved with such quickness, such speed, as it lunged towards the only thing that was alive in the room, IE Vince. Vince opened fire, the bullet ripping the 'head' of the creature down to size. Basalt watched in horror as he rushed inside, shooting at whatever he could see.

It appeared that horror that was now laying dead was just the tip of the ice-burg, the sound of creatures stirring on the ground floor, a creature neither alive nor dead started to shamle towards the two. The black slime traveled and hid inside one of the small grates.

"Let's test this out!" Vince yelled out, his rifle aimed at the creature moving towards him. The rifle cracked as it blew the skull away, killing whatever it was. It laid dormant as Vince stared on, his rifle rested as more of the undead things started to move towards the two of them, Vince readied his rifle and kept shooting away. The bullets ripping through the undead as they fell to the ground, what a joke.

They rushed up the stairs, which seemed clean and fresh, Vince at this point had to reload, chucking the used magazine down on the ground as he rushed onto the second floor, which had the whole area almost blocked off,

the sound of footsteps followed them as the undead creatures started to rush towards Vince. His rifle was ready as he shot away at them, killing the creatures with extreme prejudice, there must of been 20 dead corpses as they laid rotting on the ground.

The barricade blocked the entrance to the other apartment. Holding his own, Basalt took the initiative and started to rip away at the wooden tables, before he slammed himself through the book shelf holding back the area.

Vince looked at him with dismay as his companion was bruised, and now the undead would be entering through the area now. "Fucking hell!" He screamed at Basalt.

"Caan't you fix it?" He moaned out, his pistol on the ground as Vince rushed through the glass walkway. Basalt looked on in horror as Vince rushed through and could see that undead from upstairs, souls of trapped creatures were coming down. "Shit!" Basalt yelled.

"Two Grenades, M67!" Vince yelled out, and before he knew it, the two grenades appeared. Vince could see that the undead creatures were stumbling along the glass walkway.

With one smooth action, he pulled the pins from the grenades, and chucked them across the room, letting them land on the glass walkway.

5 seconds. Vince yanked Basalt up onto his feet.

4 seconds. Vince forced him through the door.

3 seconds. Vince took two shots at the closest undead creature.

2 seconds. One of the undead creatures start to move towards the grenade.

1 second left.

The whole glass walkway exploded, causing the undead to fall to the ground with heavy and sickening thuds on the unforgiving cold ground. Vince readied his rifle as he could see they couldn't move. Taking shots at them, the door was now forced open due to the blowback.

"How powerful were those grenades?" Vince wondered aloud, his rifle magazine out of ammo as he looked down, and chucked it to the ground.

Basalt pointed to the people inside, they were scared, one of them held a small knife, pointed at the bald man.

"Who are you?"

"Saviors, do you want to get out of here?" Vince asked.

"But this is my village! How can we leave our village?"

The undead start to move through the opened door across from them, falling on the

ground. Some of them weren't complete losers and were able to stand up, letting out moans as Vince held his chest.

"Instruction on how to heal self!" Vince hands had a small piece of paper that said 'How to regain energy after use of power: Drink water and rest for hours at a time.'

"Huh, I guess we aren't getting any rest anytime soon, huh." Vince chuckled, throwing the paper on the ground with a spit. "Bottled Water."

He takes a swig of water, and felt refuckingfreshed. His body jolted awake as his heart rate began to beat regularly. If all he needed was water then he would be golden.

Vince could still see the shambling corpses climb, crawl up towards the building.

"6 full ammo magazines of .223 ammo!" and Vince held it in his hand, one of the magazines falling down to the ground as he pocketed the rest of them. With a hearty slap, he readied the rifle and slew the creatures down below, their heads exploding as Vince took potshots at them. Wasting magazine after magazine as Basalt grabbed him by the shoulder.

"We need to get out of here!" Basalt said. "Look!" His bony finger pointed out to see the black mass, it's true form revealed itself, the large black ooze now a true copper form. It's

hands reached across and took hold over the walkway. And with one gross, wet slap, he appeared inside the room with the scared people.

“Get out!” Vince screamed at the villagers, who did so with much gusto, fleeing up the stairs. Vince held his rifle and started to shoot at the creature, but the bullets kept bouncing off, his heart raced as the creature slashed him across the cheek! His skin burned as the acid from the creature started to drip down onto the ground. The blood reacting with the blackness.

“Your soul shall be mine...!” The copper-black man yelled. Basalt fled up the stairs.

Vince closed his eyes, and looked at the mass. “That’s false!”

“Incendiary grenade!” And the grenade took form, and after he held it for what seemed like moments, he chucked it at the creature, and ran up the stairs.

The bottom fell out, the flames consumed the blacken creature as Vince kept rushing up the hot stairs, his legs never giving up the sounds of people screamed on. Vince looked down in pity, and turned his head to face up towards the penthouse.

He could see the fire slowly start to see the flames rise up, licking and lapping. As Vince looked on in horror, the air becoming smoggy and filled with the blackness of the creature. It’s ichor smelling like rotten fish as

Vince coughed and sputtered. His vision clouded up as he walked into the penthouse and helipad suite.

He looked out at the group on a helipad. And yelled out before he could escape the air, "Chinook, on the pad!"

With much gusto the helicopter landed dainty on the helipad as Vince looked on in horror. The creature started to drip it's black-smoke like form into his mouth.

Vince's body seized in horror as the damn creature was trying to pull at him, trying to influence his actions.

Basalt looked on from the helipad, and with his pistol, pointed at the group to get on the Chinook before they too would be killed. One of the men looked at the Chinook and nodded.

"You pilot?" Basalt asked.

"I can fly, yes." The man walked into the cockpit of the Chinook.

Vince stared on as Basalt looked at Vince, and rushed himself forwards, with his hands on Vince's body, he hoisted him up and dragged him to the helicopter. The black smog dripped down in a slow fashion, it's ichor like body now becoming pure almost rubber like as the black creature's arm reaches out to grab at Vince.

Vince in his panic, yanked out at the ichor and tried to escape from it. A woman's cackle echoed through the room as she took form in

the blackness, her hand, soft, pure snow white tugging and pulling at him.

“Come with me, Vince.” Her voice soft and innocent, trying to put someone at ease almost. Vince had no other choice but not to comply, Basalt’s arm getting ripped off would be the price as the black haired woman took form, his head being held on her chest as she hummed a sweet tune, foreign and strange.

Basalt screamed in horror, his arm bled out as the muffled sound came out of the ichor, and a roll of bandages in front of him. With some luck, he wrapped up the bleeding stump as he forced his way out the room and into the waiting helicopter.

Vince looked out in horror as he looked up to see the black haired woman sitting on a throne of thorns, her tiara was studded with white diamonds and gold trim. She wore a plain black outfit, a small ripped hole revealed her pink areolae, a budding nipple poked out of her shirt as all she could do was chuckle. She spread her legs apart, only to reveal a pink pussy made for the taking.

Vince kept eyeing at it, as her arms reached out to embrace him, her chest, nice and soft pressed up against his skin. The sweet smell of Honeydew and sweet tea filled his nose as she whispered soft praises into his ears.

“I have an offering for you.” She said, her tone smooth and soft, her soft tongue pressed gently against his soft neck. Her tongue licked around. Vince could feel himself feeling the hard edge of her nails rub deep against his back, making small circles in it as her other hand pulled at her shirt, revealing her chest in the blackness. She moved his head into her chest, rubbing it around, before she reached down to grab at his dick.

He let out a gasp as Vince looked down. His pants must have dissolved in the ichor. His eyes darted around as his dick pressed against her pouty and full lips, that only kissed right at the tip. He moved back, falling down on a chair as the woman licked up and down, Before long, the cock started to go into her mouth, he held her head in place as her chest swayed.

Eyes rolled down and saw her ass, they were jiggling, with each blow he gave with his thick and meaty cock. He kept pumping away at her head, holding her down as her hand reached up to grab at his nuts.

He let out a small moan as he shuddered, he kept looking down at the woman, sucking and fondling his nuts, the orbs becoming covered in her lewd spittle. His hands reached down again, trying to pull her away from his balls before they were almost yanked off.

The woman coo’ “Oh come on, you got to enjoy those orbs being sucked don’t you?”

Her thighs wobbled as she turned around to place her fat, thick ass onto his thigh, she rubbed across his legs, the heat radiating from her soft cunt. The smell of her honeypot got his cock rock hard, ready to burst.

Arms reached out to grab at her arms, and with some strength, dropped her right in front of his crotch. It waved in the air with pride as he dragged her by the legs for those quivering ass flesh to jerk his cock off with pride.

Reaching out, he slapped at it, letting the ass cheeks jiggle in pleasure as he thrusts and hotdogs her butt. The soft flesh and thighs squatting down as he could feel her pussy kiss his dick.

The wet juices dripped down as Vince held her down, and with one good thrust, ripped through the woman's hymen. Small drips of clear fluid drip out as his dick could feel at the tight walls rubbing around.

Hands grabbed at her neck, and tongue licked her. Right across the neck he licked and as his hands moved back, gripping at her shapely side and bucked his hips, the cock moved forwards into her virgin pussy.

A moan escaped her lips as her chest wobbled, smacking each other as Vince humped away at her moist cunt.

Vince kept using her pussy like an onahole, and with one good push, shoved her onto the ground.

A small tongue leaked out of her mouth as she panted, letting out small cute gasps and moans as he humped away.

The cockhead finally pressed up against a soft and quivering uterus, and in the midst of all this heated rutting, the girl could only look up with a smile.

The heartbeat started to slow down as Vince fell to the ground, the woman just smiled over as his dick kept humping away at the woman's soft and hot pussy.

It kept hitting cervix as she leaned in, moving towards his lips and kissed him again. His body could feel the need to fuck her harder.

Mind almost going blank and with all his might, he kept fucking her at a faster rate, thighs meeting thighs as he kept moaning and shuddering in pleasure.

Lips locked around each other as she wrapped her thighs around him, they two sunk into the black mass as her voice started to ring into his ears.

"If you cum inside me, I promise great things, even... greater things inside me too~."

Each hump was closer and closer away from orgasming inside her sopping wet cunt.

With each sloppy and brutal fuck, she wrapped her arms around him, and held him down. The cock managed to press up against her supple womb as the pre dripped down from his cock. The feeling of breeding this woman's

cunt was the only thing that brought him any joy.

The idea of just using her like an onahole only intrigued him as his arms wrapped around her back, and with some might, managed to work up the strength to push her on her back.

Clear liquids dripped out of the girl's cunt as she spasms on the ground, in the pleasure induced state as Vince kissed and groped at her.

Nuts churning hot semen pressed against her asshole, his tongue wide open as spat down her throat.

With one last kiss, his dick shot hot cum inside her pussy, flooding her womb and looking for eggs ready to create new life.

A small screen took place in front of him, seeing the swimmers moving around, looking for hot and ready eggs to be rushed and gangbanged.

Grinning, she could see that the semen took hold, and her egg was multiplying as her grin turned into a warm, smile.

"I take it you'll join me, huh." She gave a smile, flashing her teeth as Vince awoken in a forest clearing.

The woman stood over him, semen dripped down, it looked like a torrent of it was going down her thigh. "Well well, looks like

you'll be a dad." She giggled, her chest was heaving as he tried to get up the ground.

Chapter 12

Vince looked up in his panicked state, his body shook as he tried to get a grip on where was he. He could see the clearing but why would he end up here?

The woman looked at him with a callous smile as she lifted her arm up, Vince's body was so inclined to follow her every movement as he moved and swayed like a doll.

"Vince... In order to become apart of this wheel of fate, you need to cooperate with the creatures that work with you."

Vince cocked his eyebrow. "What do you mean by that?"

"You know that giant beast that was lurking in that giant skyscraper?"

Vince just shrugged.

"You can't just do that, it's an ally of ours. Just relax or something, come on. Besides you got an important mission for you to do."

"But why?"

"Because the world is about to be destroyed and you and I both know that nothing will stop it."

"But I don't even know your name-"

"It's Alphaina. There's not real time to explain but what the Soviets done is release me into this world. You know how it is, allowing communism to enter the nation. Well they

brought me into this world, and I'm going to destroy them."

Vince gave her a puzzled look. "What do you mean?" Intrigued by what she was saying.

"Vince, if you go to the Soviet Union and destroy the whole council they won't be able to unleash the apocalypses."

"But that's wrong, I know for a fact that the world is on high tension, why would you want me to destroy the Earth?"

The woman sighed. "Vince Vince Vince! You aren't thinking this through, if you destroy Moscow, you wipe out the entire workers council, you wipe them out, they won't be able to trigger Soviet Blue."

"But I am thinking this through, I don't want to be the one who caused World War Three. Dammit I want to be able to use these powers for myself, not for others."

"But Vinnnce."

"No, I refuse to take part in your mission, I am my own person all I want is to go home."

"Is that what you truly want?"

Vince looked down at his feet. "Not, not really, but dammit all. I just want to get out of all these wars. The Earth being destroyed wouldn't help anyone."

"But Vince!"

"But nothing!"

Alphaina rested on the big beast behind her. Vince only looked up with a smirk, almost

a grimace as he looked back down to see that the beast was ready to tear at Vince.

“Okay okay!” Vince yelled.

The beast placed its thumb across Vince’s face. Its heavy breathing took form against him as Vince tried to break free from the ugly thing.

With a short chuckle, Alphaina stared at Vince and motioned the beast to shove him towards her.

“Now that I have your attention, we can finally begin. See, this world is ripe for the taking, and when I mean ripe, I do mean *ripe*.”

“Cut to the chase, why do I need to go to Moscow.”

“Oh? Well simple, to kill that pesky GUTS agent. Right now she’s landing in Moscow right now, and they’ll be doing a test-run of Soviet Blue on the UN territories in revenge of trading those nuclear weapons.”

“So hold on, let me get this straight, the Soviets are planning on dropping a bio-weapon in UN held territory, without any prepared or precaution of what it might do?”

“Yes.”

“Then why do I need to kill Sofia then?”

“She has a name?” Alphaina cleared her throat, “Of course she has a name, silly me. But listen, if they release the bio-weapon right now, it won’t do as much damage as they want.”

“You sure?”

Alphaina smiled, flashing her teeth at Vince. "You wouldn't believe me but the way it works is that it kills the body after 24 hours." She hands him a piece of paper. "This is what I gleamed off of the Soviets in return for Mahmot's body."

Sovetskiy siniy (Soviet Blue)
From information leaked by
Soviet scientist Albert Weinstein:
Disease is known to cause cease
of life functions after 48 hours.
Body remains inanimate after death.
During exposure disease has ability
to spread by oral or blood
transfusion. Skin appears to rot
but according to test 115-A subject
has no reaction towards said skin
molting off. Test 125-B Confirms
that diseased individuals
experience increased agitation
towards beings that are not
infected, need to be tested to see
how they can 'sense' who's not
infected. Test 23-B reveals
namesake of disease, showing that
the skin before molting becomes
blue.

Vital Information

Soviet Blue is to be released into all non-communist states (including China).

Latest Test Information (Final Test)

Testing in UN held territory known as Slovakia will be commencing as soon as they're revealed to be the ones who caused the Kalmyk bombing

Vince could only gawk at the paper, and looked up at Alphaina. "So where does that lead us to?"

"If we stop Sofia we can be able to stop the disease from being tested out."

"How do you know that Sofia is in Moscow right now?"

The woman just sighed and showed a small screen in front of him. "Someone from *The Times* has been following them for the past day now. And right now they are... just landing in Moscow."

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

"I want you to kill her!" The woman's voice snapped at him.

With that, in an instant, he was sent all the way into the snowing airport of some small place outside of what he could only assume to be Moscow.

A small plane was preparing to land as Vince ran across the tarmac, the sound of the plane rumbling and tumbling through the sky made it land with a loud skid! The plane slipped on it's own tires, but landed safely.

Sofia looked down to see Vince. "How did you e-"

Vince looked at Sofia and shook his head. "There's no time to explain, you're in danger!"

Veronica stepped out of the plane, the air cold to her skin as she looked down at Vince.

"Sofia, find the nearest car and get going!"

Sofia stared at him for a long time, "You okay Vince?"

A small probing feeling entered Vince's mind. 'Kill her!' was all it said. He held his hands over his ears as Sofia and Veronica stared at him, only to start walking off towards a waiting Taxicab.

Vince kept staring awkwardly as the two girls got inside, holding each other as they drove off. The pilot looking at Vince with some shock.

"You shouldn't even be here, sir!" The pilot said.

Vince looked up at the man. "You're right." He could only just stare at the man while the pilot radioed for security.

"AK-74, two magazines full of ammo." Vince whispered, and the gun appeared in his

hand. The pilot looked at him as Vince shot him dead in the skull.

The body slumped onto the ground as Vince held his own. The security were going to be there any minute. The rifle was held in his hand as he got onto the plane. The dead pilot still on his back, on the ground, as Vince started the engines. With a couple of cranks the plane started up and he could see Sofia and Veronica look out at him.

Sofia stared at him, her eyes almost burning with confusion as Veronica made her way towards the plane.

Vince prepared himself for that, and aimed the rifle at the door.

Veronica hit the door with a flaming punch! The shards of glass stuck Vince in the cheek, causing blood to drip down.

“What the fuck!” She yelled.

Vince fired a stray bullet, letting it hit the roof the plane.

She reached forwards, grabbed at his shirt and yanked him out onto the snowy field. “How did you get here?”

Vince just kept looking at her, the rifle now in the cockpit as Vince shook like a leaf. “I saw the documents!”

“What documents?”

“The Soviet Blue documents, they aren’t going to be targeting The Middle East!”

Sofia stared at him, her hand on the running car. "You mean they don't care about the missing nuclear weapons?"

"Of course they do! The main goal is to release in Slovakia. Then let it spread."

"Well then, why not just let it spread, you were only following orders, weren't you?"

Vince could only hold his eyes shut. "No, I can't let them do something like that. Even if I just want to go home, I can't go home to nothing."

Sofia just sighed. "Then what do we do?"

"We bomb Moscow and let them nuke the whole planet."

Veronica slapped Vince. "Are you serious?"

"Either I kill Sofia, or we bomb Moscow back to the stone age."

Veronica punched him across the jaw and picked him up, out of the cockpit, she held him across her shoulder into the taxi.

Sofia stared at Vince. "Who put you up to this?"

"I don't know, this bitch named Alphaina."

A black hand took form across Vince's mouth. He tried to scream as the entire car is yanked from time itself and brought before the woman.

Her demeanor was dour, her face made of pure rage as she destroyed the entire car,

causing Vince, Sofia and Veronica to fall onto the ground. The trio looked at woman.

"Did you just call me a bitch?" Alphaina asked.

"Yes?" Vince just said.

"Why would you?" Her hand snaked out and wrapped her hand across his neck.

"Apologize to me. I am a GOD you know."

Sofia just stared at the woman, dumbfounded. Veronica's tail wagged, and she knelt before the woman.

Veronica's voice was soft. "You must be the angel who I saw from before."

Alphaina reached across and rubbed Veronica's head. "Of course, I knew that the UN did something to try and summon me before, but what they got is a spawn of me."

Veronica kept knelling before the god, her voice quivering, "How may I serve you?"

"To become something like me, you must kill the one you truly support."

Veronica stared at Vince and Sofia. "And if I kill?"

"You will be one step closer towards becoming a spoke like me. The a second part of the wheel."

"And if I don't?"

"You will suffer pain of 10,000 deaths all at once, and be accepted into my power."

Veronica quivered. She stood before Alphaina and in her hand appeared to be a white gem.

She turned around, and looked at Vince and Sofia.

“Do you wish to be free from the realm of choice, Vince?”

Vince’s eyes widened. The hand dropped down to the ground and Vince could only just shake.

“Well Vince? Do you want to become a machine itself, or just a cog in a never-ending machine, only to be replaced.”

Vince kept looking at the woman.

Sofia stared at Vince, and at Veronica.

“You can’t just do that!” Her voice was hoarse.

“You can’t kill Vince.”

Vince looked up at the sky, the black clouds forming around him the knife slid into his chest. The knife stabbed at his heart, the blood spilling forth with his eyes turning black.

“I’ve... been freed.” His voice rang out, before his body shook, his hands becoming cold. “You only just released a being so powerful, you won’t be able to handle.”

Veronica pulled the knife back, and jabbed it into his neck.

His head almost snapped back, but his throat remained intact. “Alphaina, I will personally come back to kill you, and your

entire world from which you came.” His voiced cracked

Sofia kept looking on at Vince’s head, Veronica pulled the knife back as Vince looked up at the world, and at Alphaina.

“Where I’ll be going isn’t with you.”

Alphaina’s mouth was agape “What do you mean?”

His voice was cold, hoarse even. “I am my own master now...” His body grew colder as his eyes gently closed, with one last gasp, “Free....” before he grew quiet.

Veronica stared at Vince’s body. The gem turned black, but there was a portion of the gem that remained white. Alphaina looked at Sofia.

“So now what?” Veronica asked.

“Move your thumb around, and see if it’ll fill up.” True to her word, the whole gem turned black. With one hand, she crushed it.

“So much for Vince being free, huh.”

Alphaina’s voice was calm, but she could see something white float towards the sky, before disappearing. It’s nothing, she thought.

Sofia was just dumbstruck by the whole situation, there was no fear, nothing in her body. It was as if she came to expect this sort of thing. “Did... Did we just kill Vince?”

Veronica turned to face her. “No, Vince died because of his lack of willpower. Maybe we’ll see him again, maybe we won’t. All I can

say is that he died, and that you should go run back to Moscow.”

Sofia had tears in her eyes as Alphaina flicked her wrist, and so went Sofia.

Veronica fumbled with her hands. “So, what was I supposed to have?” A short blade appeared in it, burning with rage as she pointed at the sky. A small stream of fire shot out.

“Apparently the rage of 1,000 men.” Veronica chuckled, the large forest burning to the ground with each and every slash she did in the air. “This is will destroy everything in my path, huh.”

Alphaina let out a small laugh. “You will be the burning light that shall spread my justice through the land.”

Veronica faded out of existence. Alphaina could only just chuckle in her burnt woods as she sat upon her throne of thorns.

The beast stared at Alphaina and asked, “Will I be released?”

Alphaina rubbed the beast’s head. “Go to Yalta and stop The Boss, and I’ll see to you being unleashed on the world.”

The Beast let out a good and hearty bark, before he too, snapped away.

Alphaina just looked around, and became aware of the world around her would become her own. She could only smile in pleasure as

she managed to get the pawns away, leading dead straight to the king itself.

She could feel a chill in the air as a small snake took form against her foot. It hissed.

“Oh, *you* appeared.”

The snake recoiled and took form as a man. His skin was pale white with touch of red dripping from his open chest, where it's enlarged cow heart beat. The man's hooves were covered in black veins that could only be described as swirls, like a thumbprint. The head was the most interesting part about it though, his mouth was upon his forehead, with two thick horns across his head. When it could speak, the entire forehead would lift like a hinge. The eyes were on what could only be described as the cheekbones.

“What, this world is ready to be taken and deflowered.” He spoke.

“Oh shush, Chi-Tau.”

“But come on, we are standing on the new edge of a world just ripe for the blessing that we are about to give.”

“Just wait, the world will become ready and ‘blessed’ by what we will give.” Alphaina could only just laugh. “They won’t know what will hit them.”

Tau’s head snapped at the sky as he mocked what was above, the black clouds becoming white again.

Chapter 13

Sofia stood helplessly. Her body ached, her heart raced, she tried to close her eyes but all she could see was the damnable Veronica killing the man who could redeem himself. Someone who she could of brought to the Kremlin, someone who she could say would be the one to shoulder all the blame. But now he was dead. His soul gone to the ether. She didn't like him, of course, but still, to just be... killed like that.

She found herself looking at the concrete wall, something was blinking and glowed a bit to brightly on it.

Her hand reached out to touch at the wall, feeling the cold gem grow hotter and hotter as she rubbed it, feeling the energy from it leak out as her thumb rubbed softly and gently against the wall.

"So cold," her voice rang out, the small red gem rubbed across her skin as she pulled at it. Feeling how hot the gem is, she recoils... only to grab at the red gem.

Picking it up, she could feel the gem land into the palm of her hand. She could see the world, being destroyed, turned into a land of beasts.

But then, a shinning brightness takes form the sky, a woman, brave, powerful, free from the controls of mortals, rushing down against

the hellish beasts, with it's mouths snarling and gnashing against the baked desert sky.

Sofia could see the face, the face of the woman who did it. It was hers.

Her face was golden but still her features remained. The sounds of her lead spear ripping the skulls off of the great beasts that roamed what should be rightful human clay. The true defender of the world.

Sofia's heart sunk when she kept looking at it. "Was this related to what killed Vince?"

The gem kept glowing, her reality becoming warp, showing how she could kill the great 6 legged, 3 headed canine, with it's razor-barbwire fur wrapping around the skin. The spear went through one of the dog's eyes, filling it with blood as a hand took form on her shoulder.

"Sofia?" The giant bull faced man grunted.

Sofia turned to face him. True to form, the man's face was bullish, a nose-ring and pierced ear. His abs cut clean, the smell of perfume and pheromones taking form across his body.

"Sofia!" The man yelled.

She snapped to reality. Her eyes were looking up and down the imposing man. "O-Oh, sorry Comrade Ilya."

The bullish man pushed her aside. "Don't you know that the report needs to be done."

She followed him in tow. She felt... small compared to him. His imposing eyes, the way he would look down at her. She could feel her panties getting soaked.

The man took one whiff, and her vision faded again.

Pressing against the wall, Sofia could feel the giant's tongue enter her soft and pliable mouth, his hands groping around at her soft and tight ass, her moans escaped from her lips as he squeezed and kneed the mass of flesh.

The moans were only silenced by her letting out a heavy gasp, a hand running down her back grabbed at her green g-string.

Ilya grabbed the back of her and brought her inside, holding her as his tongue intertwined with the soft and pliable girl.

Sofia kept moaning as he forced her onto the ground, his pants tenting with that raging erection just ready to burst inside Sofia's snatch. His hands pull and tug at the woman's top, ripping the clothes to reveal her milky white chest, two pink areolas exposed to the world as the people inside the waiting room flee.

A high pitch moan let forth in the room, as the giant beast of a man pulled off his pants, his raging cock hanging before himself as it pressed against the white stained panties.

Sofia's mouth was let agape as he thrusts inside, the folds wrapping and sucking around

his pulsating dick. Groaning, she tried to push Ilya off of her, but his tongue was buried deep into her mouth.

Each thrust gave a new wave of pleasure as Ilya's hand pinched at Sofia's soft and plump breast, pinching away at it as his humping increased tenfold.

The womb started to descend down, the cervix kissing at his dick as he kept hammering away, the veins in Ilya's shaft looked swelled up as the organ was being wrapped around in the hot flesh prison.

Another groan escaped her lips as she tried to hold back her moans. Sofia was in pain as the great beast of a man humped away at her snatch. Tears streamed down her face as she pitifully smacked and pulled on him.

The rough vigor of his thrusts just going through only made Sofia moan louder.

A stream of cum shot out of Ilya's cock as he let out a primal moan, his tongue so deep inside it barely went down her throat. Load after load, the cum filled the woman's tight womb as those heavy nuts became lighter.

Sofia stared in awe at the great giant of a man, panties becoming drench as she blinked back to reality. Still out in the cold as Ilya looked at her with a strange, sad look.

"Comrade, you been staring at me for a while, what's wrong?"

Sofia's lips curled as she walked into the office building.

Rows upon rows of desks sat quietly in the dimly lit place as she walked towards the main meeting hall, to talk to her superior, Ivan Forysta. Each step in the room rang out with the quick steps, the walls were concrete with a small black paint on it.

The red gem was in her hand still as she walked inside. A small thump could be heard outside of a broom closet as she walked towards that.

When she opened it, she could only see something dreadful. A man, obviously of Turkish descent had in his hands a package. He wore a small black jumpsuit with yellow, western shoes. The package ticked on.

The gem shinned brighter. Words like 'leave him.' and 'close the door.' started to pop in her mind.

But I can't, she thought.

'But you can.' Was the only thing that popped into her mind. She blinked again, and she saw a small child, scared and alone as he looked up at Sofia, holding a small stuff toy.

She blinked again, only seeing the man hiding in the closet, holding something deadly. Her hand went for her gun as the man let out a yelp.

Pulling it out, she shot him dead, the gem grew brighter as she walked to pick up the object.

Her hands picked up the package, and felt the wiring inside of it. The gem was at it's brightest. 'Kill the man inside the office. Hurry!'

Sofia's eyes become dull as she walked towards the office of Forysta, with each step she could feel her knees growing weaker, her body trying to break free from the spell.

Finally when she opened the door, she could see her superior stare at her with a grimace as he motioned her to sit down.

Her eyes grew coal black, before snapping back to a clean white as she looked at the package. Hands trembling as she stared at the ground.

"S-Sir, I have a bomb in my hand."

Ivan looked not at all shocked. "So, you're an assassin too?"

"No, I want to-" Her voice got quiet. "I want to tell you that the nuclear weapon that blasted Kalmyk was from the UN, it's official."

"Why would you tell me that with a bomb in your hand?"

She threw the bomb away from her, hitting at the feet of Ilya. He looked down, and just smiled. "Oh those damn muslims."

His hands ripped through the packaging and tore at the wiring. Without breaking a sweat the bomb was defused.

Sofia stared at Ivan and said, "This note from the head prince of Saudi Arabia proves that the UN is in fact buying weapons from the Ba'athist party through the Saudi kings."

Ivan stared bluntly at the paper. "I guess Soviet Blue's final testing is a go, eh."

Sofia looked at him, "No, order the Red Cross to visit Slovakia and order a full scale civilian evacuation."

Ivan laughed, "They are nothing, we need the data to prove that this weapon is capable of destroying the western pigs."

"But it is!"

"But if we test it now, we can see how far it can spread. Let the west rot." Ivan just kept laughing. "I'll send this note on, thanks for that."

Sofia stared down at the gem, and then at her gun. "I can't allow you to do that, Comrade Forysta." With swiftness, the gun got into her hand, and she fired two shots into his chest. The note stained with blood as she grabbed it, pocketing it before Ilya stared down at her, his muscles rubbing as Sofia shot him in the head for good measure.

The red gem grew bright as she could feel herself go back into the blackened forest.

Alphaina looked down upon her, her grin was fierce as she sat upon her black wood throne. The smell of the old burning trees and

the rising ash filled the area, causing a smog like state across the area. This was the land of the true queen.

Sofia kept looking at the woman, who's jaws snapped and parted ways to start to speak.

"Congratulations." Alphaina calmly stated, moving her leg down on the ground.

Sofia could feel a hand drag across her neck as she's forced to bow before the great woman. Alphaina's black heel looked so close to being kissed.

"You will be bestowed with the power of healing, but-"

Sofia held her own, grabbing at the ground.

"But the price is that for every person you save, you become more tainted and corrupted, young Sofia by the time you heal the sick and damned, they will look upon you with scorn, with hatred."

"Then why give it to me?" Sofia asked.

"Because of your noble goal of saving the Earth just a bit longer, right now as we speak, a man named The Boss is in Yalta, preparing to take one of the scientists."

"Oh my God... he's going to reverse engineer the disease to use against us."

"Bingo."

"Then what do I do?"

The woman stared down at Sofia. "You go and capture him."

Sofia stood up, an AK-47 was in her hand, a small stripe across it as Alphaina looked upon her with a cute expression.

"The world doesn't have to end right now. It ends on my term." Alphaina stated as if it was a fact.

Sofia shook her head and readied the rifle, making sure the gun was clean and ready to fight as she could feel a pressure upon her chest, and being ripped out into the great beyond into Yalta.

Alphaina stared at the ground where Sofia once stood and said, "That girl is a fool."

She chuckled as she pointed to the black beast, and the creature disappeared into the ether. Into Yalta.

The plan was in motion, to kill the world it would be on there terms, when the pawns were all in place. With Vince out of the way, the world could be burnt to a crisp. It was just a matter of seeing who would blink first in this cosmic game of chicken.

Alphaina looked down at her throne, and got up. "It appears I must bestow a boon upon someone..." Her voice was low as she snapped her fingers.

A young man appeared before her, frail, shaking and covered in blood.

"You have the gem?"

His hands shook as he looked up, throwing the gem at her. "Y-You made me kill my parents!"

"No dear, you did. For that, I give you the thing you always wanted, freedom. Pick a power."

His voice was hoarse and afraid "I want to just die, please!"

The ground below him grabbed at his feet, and sucked him into the grand chasm of death, where the souls of those who never lived and have lived would be. Somewhere that Vince was circling around. Alphaina just chuckled as she sat back in her chair, sipping on a small thing of tea.

Chi-Tau looked at Alphaina and gave a small throat laugh. The top of his head giggling as he looked up at the woman. "Shall I prepare the weapons?"

Alphaina nodded, and Chi-Tau faded into the darkness, going away in the shade of blackness as Alphaina watched proudly.

Chapter 14

The Boss stared out at the rising sun. Yalta, the port city. He'd been there for the past week, looking for the scientist who he could kill. He held his pistol in his hand as looked around to see who was out there. He honestly couldn't tell if the world was fucked.

For a moment he pondered the fact that maybe he was in the wrong, that maybe he should just remove the plague entirely, save the world from the threat of it.

The salty air tasted even saltier as he looked at the small port, he'd been tracking the man inside for three days, this must of been his last day here.

Cocking his pistol, he knew that he needed to make this right with the world, that scumbags like him wouldn't be able to harm the world.

He looked down at the documents he swiped on his last run of the base, he knew that the disease wouldn't be able to hit his Iron Fortress, but he knew for a fact that his men were unprotected in Slovakia.

His pistol hasn't been shot at all during the past week of spying.

The Boss could feel the cold wind from the south hit his face as he entered his car, moving ever so closely towards the parking lot of the communist port.

Realizing that this car was too damn old for anyone to really use, he just stared out the windshield as he got towards the gate.

The guard looked at him, and asked, "ID please."

Flashing his forged ID quickly, the guard could only let him in.

The Boss held his pistol in his left leg holster as he drove every so closely towards a parking spot, the fear of being spotted only drove his worries through the roof as he held onto his pistol.

He opened the door of his car, the two men stare at him as he walked inside.

He knew that he needed to be quick, if this fails, the world would be in trouble.

Pushing the door in for the pier, he could see a group of men look at him.

"Who are-"

The Boss flashed his ID card at the men as he walked through the room.

The guards didn't even care.

One of the guards got up to give The Boss a pat down, which he couldn't refuse.

"What's this?"

The man lost his jaw in one fell swoop, The Boss's hand ripped through the man's head, pulling at his tongue before he fell to the ground.

The other men pulled out their pistols as The Boss grabbed a pistol from his ankle, shooting at two of them before rushing through.

Holding the body, he managed to chuck it at one of guards. The dead corpse and the barely alive man now intertwined as he forced his way through the base.

The bullet danced through the guard's head as he jumped over the table, pistol in hand as he went through the back hallways.

Forcing his way through the back hallways, he could see men starting to prepare barricades.

That won't do.

Chucking two grenades, they both bounce on the ground and land near the great wooden walls, blowing them up as he charged through. Pistol in hand, blasting away at the men who tried to stop him.

As he rushed through the area, he could see more and more of the guards either rushing to stop him, which resulted in a bullet for their trouble, or were fleeing towards the many boats.

He had to act fast, he could see the scientists in their lab-coats rushing towards one of the Yacht. Then he saw Sergei, his beard flowing in the wind, holding documents in his hands as The boss jumped out of the second story window.

Slamming into loads of glass, he got up.

The rampage wouldn't be over anytime soon, the guards turned around, holding ground, blasting away at the ground as he opened fire at them.

One of the guards head explodes, causing the debris of it to get all over the rest of the men as The Boss kept shooting away at the men.

A large group of them were retreating into one of the ships.

"I don't got any time for this." He slammed himself into a cargo container as he thumbed with the radio control.

"Calling in backup, repeat, calling in backup at Yalta port."

The Boss grabbed his rifle and readied it against the wall. He wasn't hurt, he could handle the bloodshed, he just didn't want to go through each of the ships.

He looked outside, and charging out he could see a helicopter land across the top of the port authority building. Men were getting out armed with AR-15's and AKs, all ready to shoot at the communists.

They were deliberate, shooting anyone that wasn't The Boss, which, much to the chagrin of The Boss.

He could see the large group of men head down the gangplank, but his rifle was ready to kill, and the men fell to the ground, six guards died with a snap of his wrist.

The UN soldiers started to drop down from the building, shooting at any remnants that might be a risk to The Boss.

The Boss didn't think nothing of it, but as he entered one of the small Yachts, he could see a man hiding, clutching a small case.

He leaned down to see who it was.

"You... You idiot..." Was all the man could say.

"Tell me about Soviet Blue!"

"There's nothing to tell, other then the vials your men forced me to release."

The Boss stared at him.

"Yalta will be the perfect target zone, and all of us are going to be infected with the disease."

The Boss turned around to see the vials of what could only be assumed to be the viral outbreak hang by a thread.

"You wouldn't dare." The Boss stared at him.

"You know I would."

Sergei death rattle rings throughout the cabin of the boat. The Boss stared out, his pistol in his hand as the man laid their bleeding out. He took the documents in the man's hands as he stared at the vials. They weren't open.

"That's strange."

He looked out at the pier, motioning one of his men to come towards the boat.

“Now carefully, pull on that string and take the content of that virus.”

“Sir, couldn’t we just burn this?”

The Boss stared at him.

“If we burn this, we wouldn’t be able to vaccinate the people from the disease, that means us.” The Boss slapped the soldier across the face.

The soldier held his cheek as he entered the yacht.

A large ringing erupted from the boat, the whole thing exploded in a fireball as the unnamed soldier flew out of the boat, clutching the test-tube of the viral disease. Unbroken and filled with the viral disease. The Boss yanked it out of the air.

“Everyone, clear back!” The Boss yelled out, rushing away from the group. He was dead set on getting to the helicopter as he clutched the papers and test-tube in hand.

The whole squad climbed aboard the helicopter as The Boss looked out the window.

Inside the Yacht a thing was stirring, the blades of the helicopter roared as he jumped back down to investigate, but before the helicopter would leave, he handed the paper and the test-tube, he nodded as the men flew away.

He held the rifle as he looked down at the burning wreck.

The Yachts swayed and crumbled as the helicopter flew off, The Boss was back on the ground, holding his rifle in hand as he prepared to fight whatever beast was down there.

He could smell the fresh blood of the people around him. The dead soldiers and guards who were around to watch him.

They swayed like trees, standing, not-moving.

The Boss didn't like that one bit, he shot at two of them. They fell to the ground, but the blackness was swallowing the whole area.

A smog like creature taking form as it's mouth gnashed against the metal of the pier. He stared at the creature, it's hands moving to grab at The Boss.

"You will come with me." It spoke, low baritones.

The Boss grimaced and shot at the creature.

The bullets went through it without any problem.

"Oh no no, don't do that."

The Boss stared at the creature. In it's hand was a red gem. Shinning like a beacon of hope. "Here." It spoke softly. The large paw pushed to him a red gem. "You know what to do. Save America."

He stared down at the gem. "I refuse."

With all the might he could muster, he slammed his fist into the creature's mouth.

He kept looking at the monster, waiting for any reaction.

The sky turned darker as the creature disappeared. The sky was blackened blue, a large moon hung overhead as The Boss looked. The pier was covered in the red marking of the world. Hands grasped and pulled at The Boss as he looked around.

He shot at the hands grabbing at him, with one hand gone two more would grow in it's place.

The Boss stared out in horror as the bony hands grabbed at the skin, trying to dig it's fingers deep into the veins.

He let out a blood curdling scream as the hands kept him in place.

In the blackness of night out came a woman, skin white as day as she looked down to take pity upon him.

"Poor, Poor fool. You know that right?"

He kept screaming out in pain, lashing out as the many hands of the dead ripped at his flesh.

"All you had to do was follow my will and you would have been free."

Her voice was solid, like steel. Every word penetrated him with fury as she strolled across the pier, it shook under the might of her walk.

"You damn, poor fool."

The Lieu-General took form right at her side. He smiled as he pulled out a blade from

his pocket. "With you taking the virus, we can now hold the world hostage."

The Boss stared at the man who he used to call his friend. "But why?"

"So we can force America to submit to our rule, to true global power!"

He could feel a bone snap in his wrist as he tried to claw at the man. "You idiot! I wanted to create the world's largest army to free America! Not enslave it!"

The Lieu-General just chuckled. "Well, too bad. The world will be mine under our rule."

The Boss stared at the woman, his eyes pierced hers. "He doesn't know, does he."

The Lieu-General looked at him, "What do you mean?"

"The Soviets are already cured. They managed to vaccinate themselves during the development of this disease. Even if you managed to mutate it, those Soviet bastards would be able to withstand it."

The Lieu-General stabbed The Boss with his finger. "You lie!"

"I don't lie, all you are doing is poisoning the well for which you will drink."

"Then why are you taking the sample to the base?"

The Boss spat blood at the man. "Because, I want to give the rest of the world the cure for it too."

The woman just laughed.

“Shut up Alphaina, I know what I’m doing.”

The Boss laughed. “You either have the choice of poisoning the capitalist west, or save the whole world from this bio-war.”

The man stared at The Boss, and he clutched his former leader’s hand. “I have no reason to believe in either, your ideals shall die on this port in Yalta, and you will be gone forever. I will cure my soldiers, you heard me, my soldiers, and kill the rest of the world.”

The Boss could feel an unease slip into his back. A bone snapped as he let out a pained moan.

“When Africa, Europe, South America are dead, my men will be there to recreate the old ways of life.”

“How? We have no women.”

The Lieu-General stopped short, and stared at him. “What do you mean?”

“The base has no women, sure you could bring women from those countries but... times up already.” The Boss smiled. “I truly wanted this to be a temporary thing, not a longstanding situation. The clock is ticking, my former friend.”

He kept his grin even as the knife plunged deep into his heart.

Lieu-General looked at a small device, small text appeared on it:

Bucharest has fallen

“So what is my power.” He turned to face Alphaina.

“Oh... Yeah, about that.” She poked her finger into his skull. “Your power is... you move ever so slightly backwards.”

“What kind of power is that? I did the most heinous thing possible, and this is how you reward me?”

“No, this is how I kill you.”

The Lieu-General’s body slid backwards, his body moved quicker and quicker until he fell into the harbor sea.

His body splashed into the ground as Alphaina reached out to grab at his skin, ripping it clean off of him.

The Lieu-General’s corpse floated in the Black Sea as The Boss laid there, dormant. His soul barely inside as Alphaina dissipated into the blackness again.

The Boss started to crawl, very softly, very coldly, his body was tense, the knife wound had gone bone deep, if it got pulled out, he would die.

As he crawled, he could see the morning sun slowly starting to rise. His eyes dulled every bit as he tried to shimmy himself across the board.

The pain of it all, the pain of his betrayal only made the blood pumping from his heart keep going in anger.

He looked over the pier, to see his dead friend. Two small tears dripped down from his cheek as he threw himself in after him. The body of his friend being the only thing that could hold his weight as he slowly drifted away.

Eyes shutting for one last time on the rising sun, the dream he wanted on the world would never be realized, and the fool who lied dead with him took it away...

In his raspy voice, he said, "I don't... blame you... Simon..."

"I-I'm... sorry, Johnny..." The corpse said, but The Boss... no, Johnny knew that it wasn't real. Taking one last gulp of the air, he died, in the Black Sea... with comrade in arm, holding each other one last time before his soul left his body, as if a great hand ripped his soul out.

Chapter 15

Sofia watched from her tent the city burning.

That damned witch woman had sent her to Bucharest, knee deep in civilians guts as he watched the tanks fire off shells at the old clock tower.

The shells kept slamming into the city, men with RPG's shot at the tanks that moved in but the battle was already over. The scant resistance was few and far between.

Sofia got sent here by the old crone, she knew it. She held in her hand a red gem as she looked out at the burning skyline. The Red Cross was trying it's best to heal those who were sick, and her membership to it required her to be here.

Though that wouldn't explain how she got here so fast, to the other people at least.

Her hands were fast away, trying to comfort the almost dying who lay in piles of filth as the shells kept going off in the distance.

As The Red Cross Russian soldiers kept healing the injured, the sounds of a scream from outside the camp rang forth.

Sofia turned her head to see what was going on from out of the flap.

She could see a woman, in her mid 30s at least. Her hair was black, makeup running

across her face, her pale skin marred with dirt and soot as her dress was ripped up.

A large bullet hole was in the woman's leg, she kept stumbling around.

Without any real care for the other person, she pushed her hand down on the dying soldier, letting him breath out new life as he coughed and sputter, a yellow aura formed around him.

Opening the flap of the tent, she could see the young woman in pain, on the ground. Soviet soldiers were motioning Sofia to get over towards her.

"Secretary Sofia, this must be the President's wife!"

Sofia stared at the woman, and gave her a good look, "And?"

"She's shot, in the leg!"

Sofia jammed her thumb into the hysterical woman's leg, feeling the blood drip down onto her hand as the soft glow formed around it. Scrapping the bullet out of the woman's leg, she could only hear her mutter in pain as the bullet is removed.

The Soviet guard stared at Sofia, "When did the Kremlin give you that?"

"You need to stop worrying comrade, come on, get the lady into my tent."

The woman kept muttering in pain as Sofia dragged her into her warm tent.

She kept panting in pain as she looked down at her leg.

“What...how did you?”

“God must have made me lucky.” She smiled, her lack of faith showing. “Anyways Mrs. Iohannis, what happened to your husband?”

Her eyes started to tear up, “Those damn Magyar hung him out in the street... for organizing the bombing! My daughter... she’s in . Please, you must save her... apparently she has something that the ‘Soviets’ want.”

Sofia stared at Mrs. Iohannis, “What do you mean something I want?”

“According to my daughter, she was studying in Moscow the last couple of months and returned right when the Hungarians made their way through. But, she said strange beings had been summoned using... mind... control? No, ESP? No... It wasn’t a stick, but, oh damn what was it again? Aha! It apparently ‘blood of angels’, who could bounce through time, apparently the Soviets had made something that could send the creatures back, but the test subject was shot down in Hungary. My daughter, Ioana... had managed to develop it in the bunkers outside of here...”

Sofia just stared at her. “So you want me to rescue your daughter?”

Mrs. Iohannis coughed violently, the pain from her wound still there.