

BETA TROOPS

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Introduction

The first lesson that any person wishing to work for the government should learn is that any government can be brought down. It doesn't matter how powerful the military, how wealthy the government is, how righteous or evil they are, or how controlling they are, any government can be brought down if the will of the people is strong enough to overcome the determination of the government.

The United States of America stood as a beacon of freedom and wealth for almost 250 years before the civil wars started. No one was absolutely sure how they started. It could have been the massive division between the two parties, the overwhelming debt, the nation building military, or the apathy of the people in electing their government officials, but the civil war started and when the dust settled, America looked very different than before.

The acronym U.S.A. was still sometimes used, however the initials now stood for the Unified States of Alpha, which was a joke to those who hated the government of U-Cam, or the Unified Can Am Mex government. U-Cam was a collection of over ninety percent of the old U.S.A., fifty percent of Mexico, and twenty percent of Canada. The civil wars that gripped America were so destructive that they spilled over into its neighboring countries, taking parts of them down with them.

During the final fleeting days of the sixty year war, a losing faction decided that they were going to try a desperate gambit to attempt to turn the tide of the war back to their favor. In their attempt to seize control of the government, the Freedom Explorers, as they were known, released the monstrous Shackle Virus. The Shackle Virus attacked protein manufacturing centers of the body, creating a situation where humans cannot manufacture needed amino acids within the body and to survive must be fed a synthesized amino acid, once a week, to avoid a slow and painful death.

The Freedom Explorers had the needed amino acid compounds ready to use but before the Shackle Virus took effect, the Alpha Troops, led by the Ross family, wiped the Freedom Explorers out, along with the two other groups that were vying for control of the

country. The Ross family found the synthesized compounds and began to develop more and more to keep everyone in the country alive. The first years of the Ross Empire saw a rebirth of the country. After so many years of war the people were ready for peace and the first Emperor Ross made sure there was peace throughout the country.

It didn't take many years to discover that Emperor Ross wasn't exactly what he'd claimed that he was going to be. He ruled with an iron fist. His promise to hold elections for a senate and state governments kept getting pushed back. Political dissenters disappeared in the night. The true nature of the emperor was revealed when a small uprising occurred, the people wanting representation, and Emperor Ross withheld the compounds and allowed the group to die. He said that any group or person who spoke out against them, tried to stand against them, or who worked against him would die.

A scientific arms race quickly began to develop the compounds so the people wouldn't be reliant on the government. Scientists quickly discovered that the compounds were so complex that they couldn't unlock the secrets of the compound. When the emperor discovered that they were working on unlocking the compound he withheld the compound and let the scientists die.

When the people reached a fever pitch over all the evils of Emperor Ross and wanted him gone, he allowed the election of a Prime Minister. The Prime Minister was to listen to the people and bring their pleas to the Emperor but he was only a stooge, he did the Emperor's bidding. Nothing changed.

The people started to long for the days of war, when the government didn't pay attention to their lives. A bright light came when Emperor Ross's daughter killed her father in the night and took the mantle of Empress Ross. She didn't rule like her father, she allowed the Prime Minister to dominate the country while she entertained herself with parties and a never-ending supply of men to keep her occupied.

Like her father, Empress Ross met her ultimate end at the hands of one of her children. The only son that she claimed killed his

mother, strangling her in her sleep, when he was only fourteen years old. He assumed the title Emperor Ross II, held elections for a new Prime Minister, and started ruling the country like his predecessors. Emperor Ross II took the terror to a new level when he began to utilize the Alpha Troops to their fullest extent.

The Alpha Troops are genetically engineered warriors created by scientists who worked for the Ross family before they became rulers. The troops are stronger, smarter, faster, and totally loyal to the Ross Empire. The troops start training at a young age, learn multiple weapons and fighting styles, and thanks to the genetic engineering, develop genius intelligence. Their loyalty is assured in two different ways. First, it's bred into them with the engineering. Second, if any ever tried to defect, they wouldn't receive the needed amino acids to keep them alive.

Emperor Ross II, now in his twentieth year of rule, has maintained peace within the country by scaring the population into submission. His children are kept away from him to avoid a changing of the guard by a knife. His Prime Minister, Garret Boyd, takes a pleasure in watching citizens suffer.

No longer the beacon for peace and freedom, the old United States turned into a cesspool of crime, drugs, gambling, prostitution, and death. The police, run by the Alpha Troops, redefine corruption. The government uses taxes to make sure no group or family can gain the wealth to challenge them. The fear that Emperor Ross will pull the compounds and allow people to die is an ever-present threat.

However, hope is never far away when people still believe that hope is possible. There will always be people who remind us that the government is here to serve the people, the people are not here to serve the government...

Chapter #1

The water calmly broke against the side of the massive red freighter barge as rough seamen quickly scurried about, tying ropes and lowering gangplanks. The equipment came to life as the lights turned on and the sounds of industry filled the air and overtook the sounds of the soft but powerful ocean. The docks had been calm until the ship berthed at pier 14 on the foggy, warm night. As the men rushed about, a pair of black semis slowly drove down the pier with their flatbed trailers ready to receive the payload off the ship and move it instantly.

As the seamen worked to get the barge ready to unload, they couldn't help but notice a few men dressed all in black who carried large black automatic rifles board the ship and take position to protect whatever precious cargo the ship had carried. They worked quicker with the men there, knowing whenever extreme protection was needed, trouble would most likely follow. The ship's manifest indicated a pair of cargo containers listed as having been shipped under the highest priority although they would go to a small, local barber shop.

Carl Buss, the pier foreman, watched the bustle as the men shuffled the cargo cartons around to find the pair of containers the semis would pick up. Carl understood those situations. He didn't ask what was in the shipping containers, nor did he care. He simply wanted to get them off his docks as quick as possible. As Carl watched, the trucks stopped next to the ships in the loading area and a man exited the passenger seat of the front semi and approached him.

“You the foreman?” the man barked.

Carl studied the man. He was big, with short black hair and a black beard. Carl couldn't tell how much of the man's impressive bulk was real and what was from the long black trench coat he wore. He didn't know how the man functioned on a hot night in such a heavy jacket. The man walked right up to Carl and stood a pace too close for comfort.

“I said,” the man barked again. “Are you the foreman?”

“Yes I am,” Carl said quickly. “How can I help you?”

“Have you secured the area?” the man asked. “We have to know the area is secure before we begin to transfer those containers to the trucks.”

“It is secure,” Carl said. “We have multiple security devices in place. There’s nothing to worry about here.”

“The hell there ain’t,” the man said.

“And you are?” Carl asked.

“Devon Marks,” Devon said quickly. “I’m in charge of this cargo. We need to move it quickly. The cargo itself is...sensitive.”

“We have our schedule,” Carl said. “It will be unloaded promptly. They are moving the upper crane over right now.”

Carl and Devon looked down the docks and saw a crane slowly moving toward them. Devon looked at his watch and then back to the crane. His manner was impatient and rushed. Carl never could figure out why they always got so agitated while they moved cargo at night. Carl shook his head and looked back at his working men; he was proud of the good job they had done.

“You’ve scanned the entire docks?” Devon asked. “Made sure there were no Alpha Troops here?”

“Why would Alpha Troops be here?” Carl asked.

“I don’t want to be held up by inspections,” Devon said handing Carl a thick envelope. Carl looked inside and saw thousands of dollars, the same as when any of the ships carry cargo for small companies that have no reason to be receiving cargo crates. “We need to be out of here soon.”

“Of course sir,” Carl said.

“Who the hell is that?” Devon asked pointing down the docks.

Carl picked up his binoculars and looked out at the two shadows moving down the docks. Carl saw two stunning women, both tall and lanky, with well-defined curves and shapely bodies. They both had long curly hair, one fire red the other blonde. The women each wore an abundance of makeup. The redhead was wearing a leather miniskirt with a barely there leather top, both black with tall black boots. The other woman wore a shiny, tight, strapless silver dress with a very short hem and matching heels. Carl chuckled as he watched the women seductively walk toward the boat.

“I asked you a goddamn question,” Devon said. “Who the hell are they?”

“Water rats,” Carl said. “A pair of hookers. Look pretty hot though, I’m sure they are higher priced girls, not the cheap tramps who normally hang around the docks.”

“Have you seen them before?” Devon asked.

“I don’t associated with those types,” Carl said. “We don’t need to report them but that doesn’t mean I’m going to hire them.”

“The men do?” Devon asked.

“Often,” Carl said. “The girls know these boats have been on the water for months and these men receive their final pay and trip bonuses before getting off. They have plenty of money for booze and women.”

“I don’t like it,” Devon said as he pulled out a communicator and spoke into it. “Green leader, two inbound from west dock. Apprehend and detain until we have left the perimeter.”

“Copy,” Green leader’s voice came through the communicator. “Orders received and understood.”

“You think that’s necessary?” Carl asked.

“I do,” Devon said. “I think it’s very necessary.”

The men watched as more hustle and bustle took place on the boat and the women got closer to the loading area. A man approached the women as they walked. Carl noticed Devon had a smile across his face for the first time since he'd stepped out of the semi.

The women watched as a man dressed all in military black gear with a large handgun approached them. The women smiled, knowing this would be their first customer of the night. When the man got within four paces of the women he stopped and pointed his gun at them. The two women stopped and smiled, but didn't raise their hands.

“Stop where you are,” green leader said. “Hands up.”

“What's your name?” The redhead asked.

“Lance,” Lance said. “I have orders to detain you. This is a private dock.”

“That's real good Lance,” the blonde said as she seductively moved her body while she stood in place. “Because we want to have a private party with you.”

“A party with me?” Lance said.

“Anything you want Lance,” the redhead said as she ran her hand over her body. “Anything you want.”

“I do need to watch you,” Lance said. “Move, this way.”

Lance held the women at gunpoint as he made them walk along the dock. Lance looked up to where Devon was standing and flashed him a hand sign signaling all was well. Lance took the women into a side room and locked the door. The room was basic, white walls and floor, a folding table with chairs set in the middle. A partially played game of cards was spread about the table. The smell of cigars and cheap booze filled the room.

Lance turned and looked at the girls. He guessed they were each about twenty years old and knew they weren't ordinary cheap

hookers. From the way they walked, the way they smiled, and the way they stood, Lance knew the women had been through the seduction schools that had become the norm in U-Cam. They were professional by every definition of the word. They surely knew every method there was to please a man. Lance smiled at the prospects of what was about to happen.

“So ladies,” Lance said. “I’m the leader of this team. We were hired to protect some valuable cargo and I received a large hazard pay before I arrived. I’m supposed to keep you here and detained. So how much will it cost me for the two of you to keep me detained?”

“Both of us at once?” the blonde said. “We like that. Come to me Lance.”

Lance slowly walked towards the blonde girl. He trembled because he was so excited, his mind racing with all the things he could do with these two ladies. Lance tried everything to calm himself; tried breathing slow and deep, tried focusing his attention elsewhere, but he was so aroused Lance couldn’t even think straight as he placed his gun on the table and took the blonde woman’s hand.

“What’s your name?” Lance asked.

“I’m Crystal Dakota,” the blonde said. “But I go by Dakota. This is my partner Tanna North.”

“Those are beautiful names,” Lance said. “Ladies, I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Sure you haven’t,” Dakota said. “Just relax and let us do the work.”

Dakota kissed Lance twice before moving behind him. Tanna seductively danced while Dakota ran her hands over Lance’s stomach and chest, his skin tingling with pleasure, arousal, wherever she laid her hands. Lance’s eyes were glued on Tanna as Dakota moved her hands to Lance’s head. Before Lance realized what was going on, Dakota tightened her grip on Lance’s head and quickly twisted with

great force which snapped his neck and killed him instantly. Lance fell to the ground as Tanna took his gun and pointed at him.

“He’s dead,” Dakota said checking for a pulse. “We don’t have much time.”

“Get his keys,” Tanna said. “Check him for more weapons.”

Dakota quickly searched over Lance’s body. She grabbed his keys, his key cards, and an even smaller pistol and a black handled buck knife he carried in his boots. Dakota pushed her flowing blonde hair out of her face and looked out the small window to make sure no one was looking in the small room.

“We’re clear,” Dakota said. “We need to let them load the containers on the semis before we take them. They have too many armed guards watching...”

“Green leader,” Devon’s voice rang out in the room through his communicator interrupting Dakota’s thoughts. “Status update.”

Dakota and Tanna froze. They looked at the body and saw the communicator on his belt. Neither wanted to speak into it but they knew people would be looking for Lance and themselves very soon.

“Green leader status update,” Devon’s voice barked through the static communicator.

“We have to get out of here,” Dakota said. “I’m sure they saw what building he took us in. They cannot find us here.”

“Let’s move out,” Tanna said.

Dakota opened the back door and looked out making sure no one was watching. They quickly rushed along in the shadows, careful to avoid any people. They needed to get into a new position that would allow them to stop the trucks before they left the docks. The girls rushed around a corner and saw two armed guards blocking the way.

Tanna quickly raised Lance's gun and took two shots. She hit both men perfectly in their exposed necks. The men fell to the ground, never aware the two women had entered the hallway. Dakota rushed up to them and collected their rifles, knives, and keys. They quickly rushed further down the hall and into a small side room with a small round window that looked out over the dock.

Dakota looked out through the window and saw the guards in a panic. There were guards exiting the shack where they'd left Lance's body. People shouted and ran all over the docks. The crane was almost to the boat and it appeared the two containers were in position to be transferred.

"They know," Dakota said.

"Not good," Tanna said as she looked over the rest of the room.

The room was large with a long dark table surrounded by black chairs. One of the walls had a video screen and writing boards scribbled with ship arrival times and logistics. There was a large black metal desk on the other side. Only two small windows on the sidewalls. There was a control panel near the only door but the girls left the lights off. Tanna moved next to Dakota and peered out the window.

"What's the play?" Tanna asked

"We post here until they start loading the containers," Dakota said. "Then we move into position to take the trucks. I count at least fifteen more guards with guns."

"Sixteen," Tanna said. "One is hiding on top of the crane."

"These windows open?" Dakota asked looking over the window. "I have a plan."

"You shoot him from here and our position will be exposed," Tanna said. "I know," Dakota said as she opened the window and pulled up a rifle she stole off the guards. "We'll have to move quickly."

Once I fire we move to the ground floor. We cannot get into a shoot-out here. They have the position and the numbers.”

“Divide?” Tanna asked.

“Our only chance,” Dakota said.

Dakota adjusted the viewfinder on the scope of the rifle. The guard had filled the finder. Dakota saw a woman standing on the top of the crane, holding a massive rifle that was mounted but able to pivot in any direction. The woman’s dark hair barely peeked out of her protective headgear. Dakota saw the woman wore only a long-sleeved, long legged black bodysuit, but was unable to determine if the garment was smart materials capable of deflecting a bullet. She knew a shot to the head wouldn’t do anything because the headgear was bulletproof. Dakota wagered the bodysuit would be protective as well.

Dakota honed in on a very small patch of exposed skin, the woman’s neck. The top went part-way up the neck and the helmet almost touched it, but there was a half inch of exposed skin. Dakota knew the little patch of skin would be the only place she could kill the woman. Dakota took a deep breath, held it, and squeezed the trigger.

Blood gushed from the side of the woman’s neck as she collapsed. Dakota’s heart skipped a beat. With all the noise of the docks she thought the gunshot would blend in but the woman fell from the top of the crane to the deck of the boat, which revealed to everyone that they were under attack. The workers on the dock quickly looked around to determine where the shot had come from.

Dakota quickly took two more shots, taking out two men who she thought looked to be barking orders. Dakota looked over the top of the boat and equipment and saw Devon and Carl standing on an operating platform. Devon was yelling into a communicator while Carl was watching all the insanity of what was going on. Dakota pulled the trigger, shooting Devon while leaving Carl alone.

Dakota rushed from her position and followed Tanna out of the room. They rushed down a flight of metal stairs and ran into a guard. The guard tried to pull his gun up but Tanna landed a punch and kick on the man. He took a step backwards, dropping his gun. Tanna tried to rush in on him but he took her to the ground, exactly as she'd planned. As the man struggled to punch Tanna, Dakota pulled a knife and slit his throat.

The girls quickly grabbed his weapons and rushed out of the backside of the building. As they moved along the edge of the building, gunshots rang out above them and bullets hit near them. They quickly ducked for cover as they looked up, trying to figure out where the shots came from. As they hid behind cargo boxes they watched three guards rush by. Once they passed, Dakota wanted to fire on them but couldn't because it would fully expose where they'd hidden.

Tanna realized there was a vent grate behind them. She popped the grate off and the girls snuck into the building they had run against. The small vent system was just large enough for the girls to wiggle their way through. They moved along until they got to a small storage room. They kicked the grate off and went into the room.

The room was full of random boxes placed in six different rows. There were shelving units on the walls with more boxes. The girls quickly made their way to the only door in the room. They waited for a moment before opening the door. Tanna opened it while Dakota hid behind on the opposite side. As the door opened, three more guards rushed in, weapons firing into the darkness of the room. Dakota and Tanna used kicks to break the guard's knees before snapping their necks.

“We can't leave them with weapons,” Tanna said.

“We can't carry any more,” Dakota said. “Quick, remove the firing pins.”

The girls quickly field stripped the guns and removed the firing pins. Dakota then moved back from the open door with her rifle.

By waiting only a moment she was able to kill two more guards. Dakota motioned to move out and Tanna fell in line behind her. They rushed along the exterior of the building. Dakota noticed the cargo boxes were loaded on the semis and the workers had secured the boxes on the trailers.

“Damn it,” Dakota whispered to Tanna. “They are almost ready to go. We need to get into position or we’re not going to be able to stop them. Quickly now.”

Dakota quickly rushed into the open, running down a straight stretch of the docks. Tanna followed. They were almost to the end when gunshots rang out. The girls heard bullets flying over their heads. Dakota smiled, knowing they were so fast no sniper could have pulled them into the sights, and random firing with automatic weapons couldn’t keep up with them either. The girls rushed into a small building and quickly closed the door.

When the door was closed the lights in the building came on. The building was a small equipment storage shed. There was no equipment in the middle of the shed but the walls had been lined with chains, binders, and other tools for securing cargo. Six guards stood in the middle of the shed with large black assault rifles aimed directly at Dakota and Tanna.

“Drop all your weapons,” the leader barked. “Hands in the air. We know you are Alpha Troops.”

“If you knew we were Alpha Troops,” Dakota said as she obeyed his orders. “You’d know you cannot defeat us.”

“There are six of us,” the guard said laughing. “Armed to the teeth against two unarmed girls.”

“Go get yourself a few more people,” Tanna said with a smile. “Then it will be even.”

“Arrogant fools,” the guard said. “You are swine.”

“We’re not the ones breaking the law,” Tanna said. “What are you smuggling here tonight?”

“If you only knew,” the guard said, moving in on the girls. “You are blinded by arrogance.”

The guards moved in on the girls. When they got close enough, Dakota and Tanna swung into action. Dakota grabbed the barrel of the guard’s gun and pulled it past her and aimed it into one a guard’s chest. Tanna pulled the trigger before kicking the guard in the knee so hard his knee exploded. He fell to the ground in excruciating pain and Dakota took the gun from his hands so blindingly fast the two guards hadn’t even realized what she had done.

Tanna threw punches at the two guards left standing. Before the second man Dakota shot hit the ground Tanna had killed both of the other guards. The only guard left alive was the one they had on the ground. He was in the process of taking his helmet off. Dakota aimed the gun at his face.

“What are you transporting tonight,” Dakota asked. “What?”

“Drugs, the guard said. “The most potent sweet leaf from the orient. What else would we be transporting? Millions of dollars’ worth and they would have been on the streets before the sun rose this morning.”

“Trying to undermine our beloved Emperor Ross II?” Tanna said. “You deserve to die.”

The guard simply laughed.

“What’s so funny?” Dakota yelled.

“Yes,” the guard said. “Drugs are illegal by order of the emperor. So tell me why he sold us these drugs and now, after we’ve paid for them, he’s having his goon squad confiscate them?”

“You lie,” Dakota shouted. “He would never do that.”

“Oh yes he would,” the guard said. “The greedy bastard’s going to resell them. How do you think he pays for all his pleasures? This is the government’s side business.”

“Go to hell you lying sack of shit,” Dakota said as she unloaded the gun in the man’s face.

“We need to get going,” Tanna said. “They’ll be on the move.”

Dakota grabbed a loaded gun off one of the dead guards and rushed out the door. The semis lumbered away from the dock area, black smoke spewing from their stacks. Guards hung off the sides of both trucks, holding weapons at the ready. The trucks drove fast, not slowing for turns and curves.

Dakota and Tanna checked the clips in their assault rifles as they got into position, confident they could bring the trucks to a stop. When the trucks were close enough, they opened fire which quickly removed the guards off the sides of the truck and blasted out the windows as they shot the truck drivers.

Both trucks crashed into buildings along the docks, showering the area in sparks, starting fires, and causing a small explosion, killing the remaining guards on the trucks they hadn’t shot. When they were confident all the guards were dead, Dakota pulled out her communicator and called the rest of her team to clean up and take the confiscated goods in for processing. Dakota and Tanna looked over their work, proud of another job well done.

Chapter #2

The medical campus was an architectural wonder set on a hill of land within a cold, uninviting city known as Falling Ridge. It had formally been known as Washington D.C. The old city had been completely leveled during the wars but the first thing Empress Ross did was build a city of her own design and move the government back from New York where the first Emperor Ross had dictated. Where the White House once stood was a mega-castle and there were theaters and sporting arenas where the senate used to meet. Falling Ridge had become a culture center but under the rule of Emperor Ross II it had become a smut town. Drugs, gambling, and prostitution ruled the streets. What was once a grand city people from all over the world flocked to had become a dank and dirty afterthought, just like the city.

The only building that still looked fresh and clean was the medical campus which was the sole crown jewel of the town. It was in the Ridge Medical Facility where the Alpha Troops were genetically engineered. The Ridge Medical Facility had unlimited funding and free reign to get results by any means necessary and they used those rights to their fullest extent.

A doctor left the campus as the sun set on the city of depravity. He drove a basic car, a rusted, ten year old red Ford although he could have afforded something much nicer. He didn't wear a watch or any jewelry although he owned many gold pieces. The only thing he carried on him was a pistol. His car had been updated with bullet-proof plates on the sides and glass. The man was Doctor Chas Kent. Doctor Kent was an assistant researcher on the newest form of Alpha Troops, the Beta Troops.

Doctor Kent drove fast through the poor streets of Falling Ridge and tried his hardest to get to the interstate that would take him to his home in the suburbs as quick as possible. As Doctor Kent drove through the streets he saw Alpha Troops on patrol as they watched for anyone that may pose a threat to the government, in a word, they watched everyone. When Doctor Kent reached a red light and had to stop, he looked both ways and quickly sped through the intersection,