

Devil Dawgs

By : AmicusCurious

Los Angeles is the battle ground for this war. The United States backed by the United Nations has backed its front lines to Bakersfield. While on the other hand Mexico backed by the Eastern Alliance which includes China, North Korea, Pakistan and Iran have their front lines established around the northern end of San Diego but they have forces currently trying to occupy L.A. Consequently, Los Angeles is caught right in between two of the largest armies that the world has ever known. The United States tried to evacuate L.A. now know as the "dead space" but was largely unsuccessful. Most of L.A.'s 4 million residents are dead while small fractions still remain as pockets of resistance. Just would like some feedback if anyone likes it!

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Prologue

It is the year of our Lord 2012. The season is spring in a month called April. These people in the Northern Mexican Territory of Los Angeles have a saying that, "April showers bring May flowers." What an insanely optimistic saying! For everyone in the city of Los Angeles knows that no flowers will grow in this concrete jungle. In fact after the first attacks in early 2011 there hasn't been any plant life reported being seen by the local resistance groups or by anyone else for that matter. Los Angeles has been reduced to an urban warfare hell. Most of the buildings are abandoned and only vehicles owned by the resistance are still operational.

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"What was that?" a voice whispered in a dark crowded room.

"I think they are almost here." A woman replied. "Just be quiet and wait for the signal."

Four stories below an E.A. patrol came in to view. Their vehicles spewed black exhaust into the dead sky above. The troops sported head wraps, new vests and top of the line weapons. They were well fed and well funded as the E.A. had been preparing for their invasion of North America for years. Adversely the United States and United Nations had been at war in Iraq and Afghanistan for over a decade. Their militaries were tired and their governments bankrupt from such a long and costly war.

"Three seconds" the woman said signaling to the group to switch off their safeties. Clicks could be heard throughout the shelled out room as every person let out a nervous breath. She hoped her counterparts in the adjacent building were ready. Suddenly a concussing boom was let out as a rocket came into view. The rocket slammed right under the tire of the lead vehicle sending shrapnel and debris flying through the air. As soon as that rocket detonated the machine gun fire started. From both sides of the road, four stories up 240 machine guns and various other small arms cracked off. The air was suddenly full with lead as the troops were butchered down below. They scrambled for cover seeking cover on different sides of the vehicles only to be cut down from the side they were on. The woman reigned down hell as she let loose 7.62 mm bullets in sequences of 15-20 rounds at a time. She was full with adrenaline and just didn't want to give the E.A. troops an opportunity to fight back, *we've got to kill them all*, she thought as she tried to roust an enemy troop from the safety of his vehicle.

She gave the motion for cease fire since there was no use in trying to shoot men surrounded by impenetrable armor. The sounds of the vehicles engines whining sounded like an animal hoping to get away from the jaws of a predator. The black smoke once again filled the air as the vehicle crews frantically tried to escape. It was no use either their tires had been reduced to shreds or their axels were busted either way they were just sitting ducks.

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She noticed several E.A. troops were wounded but still alive. Letting out random screams for help from the crews inside others saying things that only a man on the edge of death would mumble. She smiled looked over to one of her men and said, "Give 'em the hounds."

The man let out a twisted smile then let out a howl. "Bring on the dogs!" he said. Barking could be heard in the distance as two men came from the alley into the street. The barking grew louder and louder. Then as if a gate was opened dogs flooded from the alley into the street. Most were pit bulls but there was the occasional Rottweiler in the pack. In L.A. a dog doesn't pass a meal up especially dogs that haven't eaten in days. The dogs didn't skip a beat running right past their handlers to devour the dead and dying. The A.E. soldiers that were inside the vehicles could do nothing but watch their comrades be eaten alive by hungry packs of dogs. The soldiers screamed as if it would help them. Some tried to crawl away in panic hoping they would be spared. None were spared. Soon the dogs had nothing to do but try and go after the men inside the vehicles. They barked, bit and chewed at the vehicles but it was futile. After their handlers had a good laugh they disappeared for a moment only to appear with welding masks and cutting torches.

They went to work quickly setting up their gear and getting the torches lit. Soon the torch was cutting through the armor on the doors. The men inside the vehicles could feel the heat as they backed away and pointed their weapons at the door. After a few minutes of cutting the handlers stopped and flipped off the rest of the men that were stuck in their vehicles watching what they were about to do to their comrades. One handler slid a crowbar and pulled. A few shots rang out as the men in the vehicle tried to shoot at the hole that was being made. They stopped almost immediately in fear of shooting themselves. As a small gap appeared in the door the other handler ran a hose through it. He then went to the tank it was attacked to and opened a valve. Immediately the men started screaming. But their screams weren't that of pain they were that of fear. The handler with the crowbar lit a cigarette with his blow torch and waited. He took a long drag then nodded his partner. "Ready" he said in a gruff deep voice. They turned off the valve and pulled the hose from the small hole in the door. Gasoline started pouring out as if the vehicle had been wounded. A torch was then placed into the hole and the vehicle lit up from the inside. Flames spewed from the openings as the men inside were roasted alive. Shots rang out as men tried to get out of the vehicles choosing a bullet and the dogs over fire. The handlers picked up their gear and moved to the next vehicle where the troops inside hadn't made a decision on how they wanted to die yet.

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