

The New Order II: Written by the Victors

Anyone else think the last instalment wasn't dark enough? Yeah, me too. Most of the photos in this and the larger timeline were ruthlessly pillaged from wolfenstein trailers in the great YouTube raid of 2014. Also of note: I hate Nazis. I lost two grand uncles who flew Lancaster bombers over berlin. This is a work of fiction and don't reflect my views on anything anywhere ever at all in any way.

FEBRUAR 1949



Demolition of Mount Rushmore

South Dakota, Greater German Reich

Generalfeldmarschall Erwin Rommel was 57 and the last 5 years had not been kind to him. His once smooth cheeks were creased with wrinkles and sunken into the sides of his face. He looked like death. After the withdrawal from Africa Erwin had been tasked with the defence of northern Italy as the Italian military fell apart. Erwin's last battle had been the defence of a little village north of Bologna too small to have a name. After that New York had been destroyed and the Americans had surrendered, thankfully.

At his right shoulder Obersoldat Jorling, his attendant, was on the phone. 'Explosives have been set, demolition crews are clear, General.'

Erwin nodded and raised his binoculars. Jorling, a former Panzer gunner, had earned the knights cross after he destroyed three allied tanks and killed 6 allied infantry during the battle for that little village.

Through the binoculars Erwin gazed upon the granite faces of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln. Across their faces Erwin could see demolition charges wired together from left to right, the cable disappeared over the cliff face to where the demolition crew had found shelter. Erwin lowered his binoculars, looked to the brown shirt standing to his left, turned back to Jorling and said. 'Do it.'

With the sound of thunder, light flashed across Washington's face before it disappeared in a cloud of billowing smoke and dust. In a split second the flashes traced across the four presidents, reducing them to nothing but dark grey smoke. Another nail in the American coffin, Germany had sold Hawaii to the

Japanese last December. Perhaps now the American 'minutemen' rebels would understand that the war was over. Erwin hoped so for their sake, the things he had seen his fellow Germans do to people...

The Brownshirt standing to his left, Wilhelm Schepmann, had been sent by Hitler to oversee the demolition along with a gaggle of photographers and journalists. As the dust rained down the cliff face he turned to Erwin with a hand outstretched. Erwin masked his own feelings and grinned, shaking the man's hand.

'God bless America. Where is their god now?' Wilhelm laughed. 'Heil Hitler!'

'Heil Hitler.' Erwin replied. 'With your leave I think my men and I will retire to the local beer hall.'

Wilhelm nodded. 'Of course, General. I'd say you have earned it.'

At the beer hall, a Travelodge just down the road, Erwin and his men put their weapons beneath their table and ordered half a dozen jugs of beer.

Erwin sat at the head of the table and raised his stein. 'To absent friends.'

Jorling and the rest of his men returned the salute. They drank quietly for maybe ten seconds before the jokes, jibes and stories began. The men were happy, they had survived the war and now they were finally going home.

'Free at last.' Erwin said as he drank.

'Yes sir.' Jorling said. 'Our last mission.'

After the deserts of Africa, Italy had been an adjustment from manoeuvre warfare to more fixed defensive battles. The time it took Erwin to adjust to this had cost German lives while the Americans just kept coming at them. By the time it came to defending that small village he had only 41 men left under his command. After the battle he had only 30 left and 10 of them had to be sent home with major injuries. After the Americans had surrendered Erwin and his men received no reinforcements as the war was considered won. Instead 'Erwin's 20' had been sent around the new Reich performing publicity stunts like the Mount Rushmore demolition.

North of the village an 8cm grenatwerfer team had been wiped out by a Firefly and a section of infantry, two dead and one legless. The granary in the west of the village had been far worse however. The granary had a good view of the main street so Erwin had posted his elite sturmgranadiers there. Naturally a Sherman tank had spotted them and proceeded to wipe them out. The grenadiers had panzerfausts but the Sherman was well out of effective range. The granary was an abattoir when Erwin inspected it after the battle, 2 had been blown apart, scattering their limbs, guts, brains and bones across the floor. The other five had lost limbs and were impossible to move, the surgeons had to operate there in the granary. He would never forget the sight, five veteran soldiers lying in pools of blood and meat, screaming, doomed to a life as a cripple. They all received the wound badge before they got the train home.

Five men deserted the battle for that village, all of them regular infantry from Schutzens A and B. Schutzen B had taken fire from an American infantry section who had snuck up on their house by crawling along a ditch. Troopers Feuchtinger and Putter had been lightly wounded in the assault and fled along with two others. Feuchtinger had been the only one to come back and fight. He still had a scar

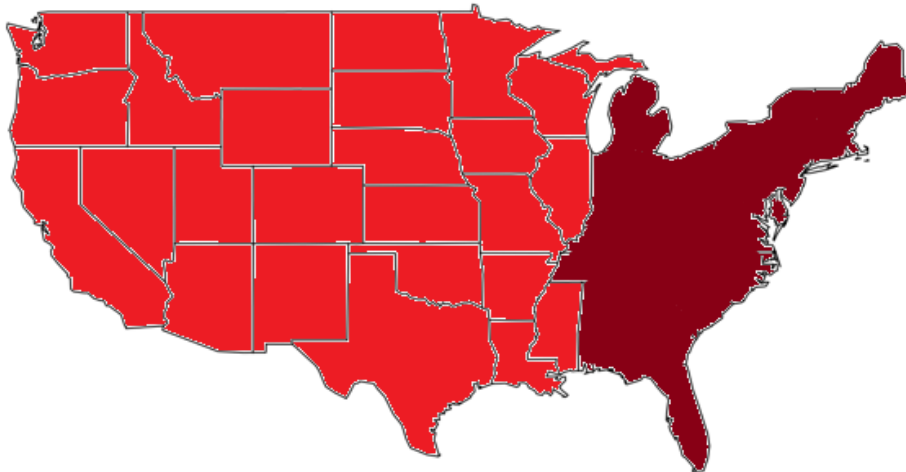
across his cheek leading to the hole in his right earlobe. Only four members of Schutzen B had survived the battle and two of them had to have arms amputated afterwards.

Then there were the men who were simply good soldiers. Volke had received the medal of war merit for killing 7 American infantry with his Mauser. Jahn had received the assault badge for killing a tank with his flamenwerfer and then three of its crew as they tried to escape.

Jahn was arguably a hero. By the end of the battle Erwin had lost both his Panzer, his StG III assault gun and his 8cm grenatwerfer. Of the four American tanks only one still remained, the Sherman that had slaughtered the sturmgnadiers in the granary. Jahn and Breisen's flamenwerfers were the only anti-tank weapons still available. The whole battle had hinged on luring the last Sherman into range of the Jahn and Breisen. If Jahn and Breisen had been killed crossing the main street of that village Erwin's Twenty would have all died just days before the American surrender.

Neither Jahn nor Volke had ever shown any distress after the battle, only pride in serving their nation. Both men had been in the war from the beginning and neither had a scratch on them to show for it. Erwin watched them joking and drinking. These were the kind of men who would thrive in the new order. It would harden the strong and consume the weak.

POST WAR AMERICA



Due to both logistics and Hitler's own vision, the United States was divided in two by the victorious Nazis. The Germans assumed direct control of all the states east of Chicago, dubbed the 'American Union' with Washington DC as its capital. The remaining united states west of Chicago were ruled by a puppet government run by the German American Bund headquartered in LA, a similar regime was established in Canada.

While the American Union was home to a massive number of death camps, the western states remained relatively autonomous. The bund was assisted by a German garrison available for rapid response to the growing 'minutemen' militia.

The German's made several attempts to cripple the morale of the minutemen. First they distributed brochures depicting the atom bomb falling on New York and when that didn't work they started on the

American monuments. The statue of liberty, which had survived the atom bomb, was destroyed in 1947 followed by Mount Rushmore in 1949.

The chaos following the assassination of Adolf Hitler in 1953 led to the temporary liberation of Alaska by minutemen before the Japanese took it for themselves. The minutemen persisted however and by 1975 large swathes of the mid-west were considered effectively lawless by the Reich...

NOVEMBER 1952



Line for the soup kitchen, Dublin

Dublin, Greater German Reich

Josef Blosche's hobby was to find an Irishman driving a pickup truck and pull him over. He would then climb in the back of the pickup truck and tell the Irishman to drive. Where? Anywhere! Just take a drive around Dublin. Josef would then sit in the back with his MG42 and a cigarette and watch the city go by.

Dublin was a nice place. The only thing he didn't like was all the poor people. The conquest of England and America had not been good for the Irish economy. Operation Green, the conquest of Ireland in 1946, had only made things worse. On his tour of the city he would inevitably go past a line of untermenschen lined up for free soup or housing or clothes or whatever. When he saw them he would tell the driver to do a U-turn and go back past the line. He would then stand up and aim his machinegun at the crowd and open fire.

With a good spring the 7.92mm rounds would spray out of the barrel at 1500 rounds per minute, emptying the 50 round drum magazine in 2 seconds flat. Then one of two things would happen. Sometimes the driver would freak out, pull over and run for it, in which case Josef would shoot him in the back with his sidearm. In other cases the driver would be too scared to stop and would continue driving. Josef would just laugh and keep his head down and wait for the police to pull the driver over.

Josef would come out with his hands up, wearing his uniform he would be immune to prosecution. The driver would get a quick burst of 9mm through the windscreen for disturbing the public peace. As a Scharführer in the SS, Josef was well known to the local garrison and as long as he only targeted poor people they didn't mind him.

But killing people was thirsty work. Josef would get a ride with the police back to the family mansion and pour himself a few steins of quality German beer while he cleaned his weapon. The MG42 was still a beautiful piece of engineering. During the Warsaw uprising he had preferred the MP18, a lightweight submachine gun, it could hold 32 rounds of 9mm and was handy for the room clearing jobs. But the MG42 was something else entirely, a perfect specimen of German engineering. The phone rang.

'Hallo?'

'Scharfuhrer Josef. I'm calling about this morning's incident.' It was his C.O.

'What incident is that?'

'Don't bother. A journalist took a photo of your drive by at the soup kitchen.'

Josef rubbed his eyes with one hand. 'So? They're Irish and unemployed. Just more mouths to feed!'

'Yes and we don't care about that. We care about you getting photographed. The Irish are classified 1A. They have potential to join the Reich as citizens. They will not assimilate if there are photos of you massacring them!'

'That's ridiculous! They won't assimilate regardless of what we do!'

'Silence. You have been docked a week's pay. Be more careful next time.' The line went dead.

Josef felt the blood rush to his cheeks, felt his heart rate increase, felt his eyes itching. He shouted at the top of his lungs **'REBECCA!'**

His little Irish maid hurried into the room. She was wearing the French maid's outfit he had bought for her. She was tiny, a foot shorter than him, with freckles on her cheeks, brown eyes and brown hair.

'Lose your clothes, I'm angry.' He pulled his shirt off over his head.

Her eyes bulged. 'Please sir, I have many chores still to fin-'

'NOW!'

She flinched and slowly pulled her outfit down to her ankles. She wasn't wearing anything underneath, he had forbidden her.

He pulled his trousers down and walked behind her, he could see her shivering. She was small and Irish but she had a great pair of tits. With a hand he shoved her forward until she was bent over the table, she put her head down and began to whimper. Josef walked away and returned with a tall mirror from his bedroom. He held her around the waist and entered her.

Josef had turned 40 years old last February but he had taken good care of his body. He had thick muscles all over his body and a lot of stamina, as was expected of an Aryan superman. Which is what he was! A superman! Why should he be punished for killing parasites? Below him on the table Rebecca's

eyes filled with tears, blurring her vision of the machinegun's cold steel barrel. Josef saw her crying and decided to slow down and pace himself, this wouldn't be over quickly.

It took a minute for Rebecca to realise that the machinegun before her was not only pointing over her shoulder but it was loaded, there was a belt of bullets leading into the chamber. She quickly shot out a hand, grabbed the handle and pushed the trigger back with her thumb. The weapon cycled twice before it jammed, one round cut straight through Josef's right shoulder and he fell flat on his back.

Rebecca picked up her clothes and ran to her left but then stopped and turned around. She saw Josef's uniform on the ground, with his pistol still in its holster, Josef had seen it too and was getting up. She dived onto the floor just as he reached out with his left hand. He was too slow, she wrenched the pistol away from him and pointed it at him with shaking hands.

She pulled on the trigger but it wouldn't move, she looked down to find the safety switch and he slammed into her. He sat on her chest and held one hand around her throat, the other hand clasped the wrist of her gun hand. She had seconds before she passed out but his right hand was weak from the hole in his shoulder. Slowly she pushed the gun towards his face and pulled the trigger. The round punched into his temple and he fell backwards, warm blood splashed across Rebecca's face. With tears in her eyes she aimed the pistol at Josef's corpse and pulled the trigger until she ran out of bullets.

APRIL 1956



The Moscow Uprising

Moscow, Greater German Reich

Eat a dick, Russia. Captain Strahinja Janjić thought to himself as he froze his arse off in red square. The Russians were pissed, something about personal freedoms or Russian pride or whatever. Hitler had been right, they should have turned Moscow into a lake. They had been laying siege to the kremlin for three days before Janjić had arrived with the Gestapo's 1st Belgrade Special Combat Detachment. It was 12 degrees back in Belgrade at this time of year, twice as warm as Moscow.

The Detachment had marched out of the Kitai-gorod merchant quarter, behind the besieging rioters. The rioters had turned and thrown Molotov cocktails at them, most of which had bounced off his men's

riot shields. Like Vikings of old the Detachment formed a shield wall and held the fucking line against the mob.

Still the Molotov's had flown at them, one even making it over the gestapo troops and nearly engulfing him. Janjić then introduced his secret weapon, fresh from the SS labs in Austria: Weisskreuzz. The rifle grenades were launched into the heart of the mob, spewing white gas into the faces of the rioters. His own men were wearing gas masks. As the rioters coughed, gagged and cried the fear began to spread. As the mob lost its momentum Janjić ordered the push. His men started to march forward, hammering at the crowd with nightsticks. The crowd held together for maybe a minute before the panic set in and the crowd stampeded over themselves, fleeing the marching gestapo troops.

Janjić had broken his men into five smaller spearheads to hunt down the rioters as they fled, he himself remained in the square with the remainder of his men. Four rioters had been trampled by the stampeding mob, two males and a female.

'The usual, sir?' his lieutenant asked as he stood over one of the trampled rioters. He had a MP40 hanging from his shoulder, aimed at the rioters head with a finger on the trigger guard. Janjić inspected the rioter, an ugly little Slav wearing a beanie and one of the new disgusting moustaches. Janjić looked from him to the flames where one of the Molotov's had landed.

'I have a better idea.' Janjić smiled and called to his men. 'You three! Pick up the other male and put him in the fire!'

The man looked in horror as three of his men picked up his comrade and carried him over to the fire.

Janjić switched to the local dialect. 'Why are you here?'

'The Japanese are slaughtering our brothers in Siberia!' the man yelled at him. 'We will not let Russia die to fascist scum like you!'

Janjić held his gaze. 'Look around you, parasite. Russia is already dead.'

The other rioter began to scream as he was placed one the flames. Janjić switched back to German to speak to his lieutenant. 'Wait a while for the flames to pick up again before you put this one in.'

Behind him he heard a scraping noise and turned around. The female was dragging herself away from him, she looked over her shoulder and her eyes widened. He smiled some more and pulled his P49 out of its holster. In a couple strides he was standing over her and she stopped moving, covering her face with her arms. The ice cold wind blew through her dark brown hair, she looked starved, probably didn't weigh more than 40 kilograms. When he didn't shoot her she risked a look at him, she had blue eyes. He could hear her heavy breathing, trying to stay calm.

He looked down at her wounded leg. Her jeans were torn at the knee and she was bleeding where someone had trodden on her. Her stare was holding.

Ripped jeans, skin was showing.

Cold day, wind was blowing.

'Where do you think you're going, Fräulein?'

JUNI 1959



Frau Ebert, Paris Boardwalk

Paris, Greater German Reich

'Felix...HOLEN!' Alyce Ebert threw the bone down the boardwalk and Felix, her German shepherd, raced after it. It was a brilliant summer's day but most of Paris was stuck indoors working which left Alyce, Felix and Max to enjoy the boardwalk. Alyce smiled and sipped her orange juice as she sat beneath an umbrella.

Alyce, 26, was on vacation. Five years ago she had made a name for herself at Castle Hollenhammer creating the Millennium Battalion who had seen their first deployment in Nigeria. As a reward for her work she had been allowed to keep a couple of her subjects for further experimentation. Max, who was standing at attention in the sun, was the result of those experiments.

Max was Italian originally. Unlike her previous experiments which relied on nicotine addiction as a positive reinforcement, Max's regime had relied on negative reinforcement. Max had been subject to a very intense physical regimen which had transformed the little Italian boy into a hulking mass of muscle. Across his arms, chest, stomach and back you could see the scars from where she had flogged him whenever he wasn't trying hard enough. There were no scars on his face though, she made him wear a black mask over his face to keep him looking pretty.

'Max? Foto.' She said simply. Max took a camera from her handbag and aimed it at her. She smiled for the camera and watched him put the camera back. She was on vacation, it was time for some fun.

When Felix returned with the bone in his jaws she announced. 'I better get you two home and fed.' She took the bone from Felix and showed it to Max. The bone, as he well knew, was the femur of his predecessor. She smiled at him and put the bone in a bin before walking them back to her apartment.

When they got back to home she put some dog food in two bowls and placed it on the kitchen floor as Max and Felix sat and watched her. She walked over to the kitchen table, sat down, put a cigarette in her lips and lit it. Felix and Max watched her in silence as she exhaled a cloud of smoke. With a click of her fingers the two boys raced over to their bowls and began to feed.

Max ate carefully with his hands while Felix wolfed down his food. Max was careful not to get any of the dog food on himself because that would be bad. Alyce smiled to herself and took another puff. The experiment was ongoing but her vision was to create a whole battalion of athletic serfs from the Italian and polish stock. This battalion would be well suited for manual labour for the space program which was rumoured to begin next year.

Try as he might, Max had got some dog food on his chin.

'Max?' She said. When he looked at her she tapped her chin. His eyes went wide with fear as he wiped his chin desperately.

'Too late. Drop your shorts.'

He looked at her and then at his bowl. He hadn't eaten in a while.

'Do you want the mask again?' She asked with a raised eyebrow. Her bag was on the kitchen table, the bag with the mask.

'No...'

'Sorry?'

'Nein! Meine dame.' He pulled down his shorts.

'Good boy. Now sit.' She pointed to a wooden chair.

She watched him as she took off her swimmers. His penis had swollen but wasn't erect yet, it looked confused. It knew what it had to do but it didn't want to.

'Oh Max.' Alyce said, shaking her head. She pulled some hair behind an ear and walked over to the table towards her bag. She heard his breath catch as she reached into the bag and pulled out a little ring. 'My last pet was a slow learner too.' She said as she slipped the ring down Max's penis and tightened it with a string. The restricted blood flow made him stiff as a mast in seconds.

She smiled and put her hands on his shoulders as she sat down on him and he slid up inside her. She took his hands and put them on her hips as she started to bounce up and down. All that work at the gym had paid off, she had powerful legs.

She kept him there for a long time, working up a sweat until she had come twice. She held his face in her hands and licked his cheek. 'Did you like that?' She whispered and stuck her tongue down his throat. With that she climbed off him and walked over to Felix who had been watching the whole thing.

Max clasped at the ring to remove it.

'Uh-uh!' Alyce said, pointing at him. 'Don't touch.' The look on his face was priceless, he must be pretty numb by now.

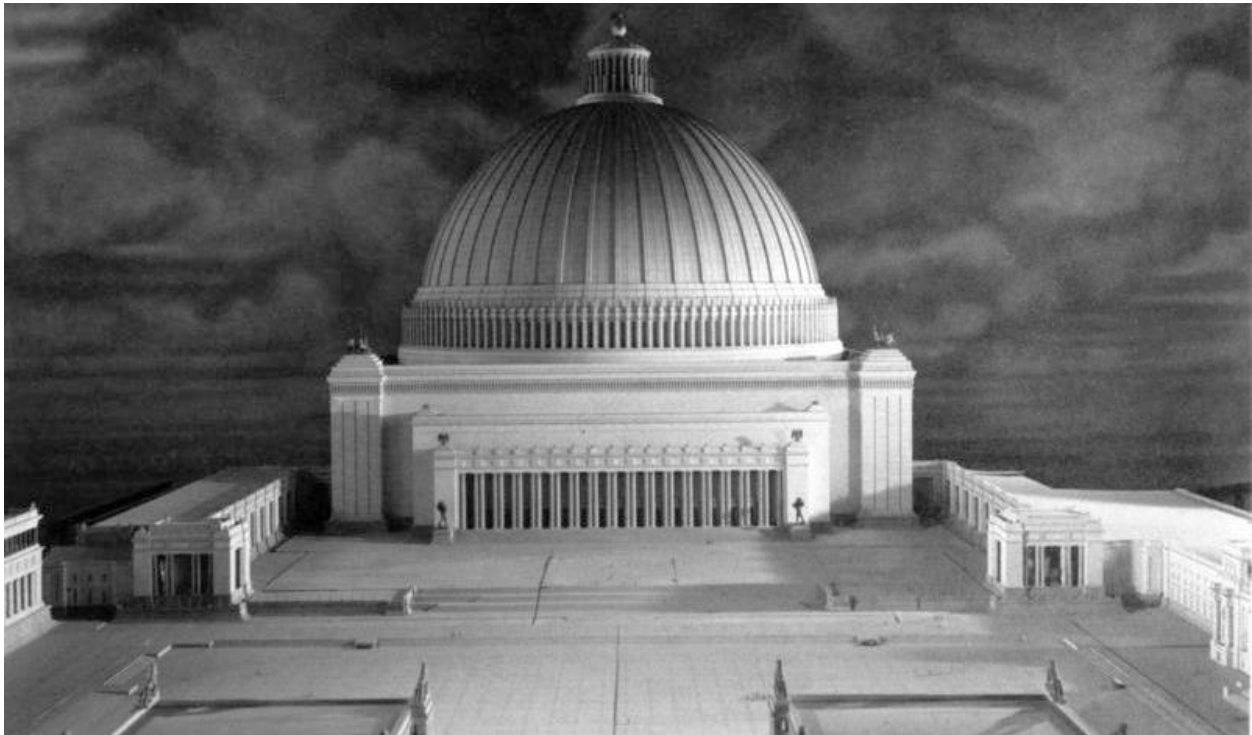
'I was raped when I was 14. Did you know that max?' She said as she crossed her legs and sat next to Felix. 'Raped by an SS Captain. He had dark hair like you, but blue eyes. I'll never forget the feeling of him on top of me, the pain as he tore...' She shivered. 'Anyway, I got pregnant and I was happy for a while. So happy. But then two more SS men came and took my baby away.'

She scratched Felix behind the ears. Felix kept his eyes on Max, drooling, there hadn't been much food in his bowl.

'I can't hurt the SS but you know the best thing about your people Max? They're cheap.'

Alyce looked Max in the eye and whispered in the dogs hear. 'Felix...ANGREIFEN!'

OKTOBER 1962



The People's Hall

Germania, Greater German Reich

Standing in the middle of the Volkshalle Albert Speer traced his shoe over a crack in the pavement.

'Scheisse...'

As he had feared, the swamplands of Berlin were never meant to support something as monstrous as the People's Hall. He would phone his assistant and get somebody to paint over the crack tonight but it was too late. Now it was just a question of how long the paint would work. This crack would get bigger

with time and would need to be filled in. Soon it would be joined by other cracks in other parts of the building and those would need to be painted over too. More and more paint would be needed as time went on.

But the paint wouldn't cover up the shift. With a poor foundation the people's hall would sink millimetre by millimetre until somebody noticed. By the time they noticed the Hall would need to be shut down permanently lest the whole cursed thing collapse on them.

In 1954 he had tried to adjust the foundation to share the weight over a larger area, but it was a temporary solution. The structure's sheer mass would drag it down until there was nothing left. In a hundred years' time, possibly less, architects would look back and wonder what the fuck they were thinking.

Speer looked at the Fuhrer's podium and admitted he wasn't really sure himself. If he looked carefully he could see the bullet hole in the podium from the night Hitler had been assassinated back in '53. To be honest Speer didn't think Hitler himself had known what he was doing either. His views of the new order were eclectic at best, contradictory at worst. All Hitler had known was that he was doing the right thing for his countrymen. Albert supposed that all the great leaders of history had believed that. Nobody ever started a war in the name of evil.

There was probably a lesson to be learnt there, something about paving and good intentions.