



Werewolf Magazine Reborn
Presents

W.O.L.F

World Operation Lycan Force

Episode 4
Dominion

Free novella series for the
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Presents

AL J. Vermette's

W. O .L. F.

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The WASP flew fast and low barely 500 feet above the British landscape so not to be detected by any early warning radar tracking system that the Hendrix castle may be utilizing. Within the machine its warrior occupants remained quiet with each man's thoughts solely to themselves. It was the calm before the battle and each soldier took this time to reflect deep within before all hell was to break loose. The sun was just starting to hide behind the curvature of the Earth as its illuminating shine no longer gleamed off the dark paint scheme of the flying machine.

Then T-Rex spoke ending the long silence and addressed the mission ahead. Although his men were now well versed in the plan his words mostly went over the details again for their three new partners for this exchange. Ghost never truly trustworthy of anyone looked upon their Russian counterparts with contempt. He was unsure of their presence and wondered just how far he and his team could even trust them. Vladimir, Sergey and Katya remained silent for the most part aboard the WASP feeling a bit out of place from their American counterparts. Katya in particular felt unsure of herself for of the three her command of the English language was not as acquired as was her two Russian brothers in arms. Although she greatly struggled to understand the words spoken by T-Rex she knew enough to get a sense of orientation in the plot to follow along.

"Pilot what is our position?" called T-Rex over his headset to the cockpit.

"We are coming up on the coordinates now Commander, we should be within visual range within five minutes."

"Good, keep me posted."

"Will do Commander."

“I would like to say something to everyone here,” The Commander said as he unbuckled his belt and stood up. “I know what we are about to do has yet to be attempted,” he said with all eyes upon him. “But the time has come for us to take this fight to the one man who has turned this into a war.”

“Go on Commander we hear ya!” Ghost called with enough encouragement to be felt by all.

“The man we now hunt has since the outing of these creatures caused nothing but conflict between their kind and ours. Where once their numbers were small and hidden from society they have swelled to unchecked proportions and without the fear of exposure no longer a factor they have openly threatened humanity. This man we hunt who single handedly crowned himself their leader declared war and now we are going to dethrone him. If he falls maybe the others in fear will back off and return to the shadows.”

“Commander the target is now in sight!”

“Very good, prepare to take action,” T-Rex replied as the entire group felt a surge of energy propel through their bodies.

Jason took a deep breath as he knew the team’s greatest challenge was about to begin. This was what they trained so hard for and this very conflict was going to test all of their abilities. Jason was fear full as always but somehow knowing that this mission above all was so essential to winning the war with the beasts that his usual anxiety stayed off just long enough to keep him in the right frame of mind.

“Commander we are being observed by various Furies in human form atop the structure walls.”

“Good let them know we are here.”

“Will do Commander,” the pilot replied as he switched on the choppers main forward facing gun.

As the WASP neared the chopper pilot took note of the creatures starting to undergo their transformation in the fading remaining light of the sun. “Their starting to turn!” he cried out.

“Good let them know how we feel about that.”

“You got it commander!” replied the pilot as he reached for the trigger and depressed it slowly.

Without warning the newly night sky lit up in a blaze as the nose mounted cannon exploded with round after round of hellfire down on the transforming creatures. Most still in mid-transformation were ripped to pieces with blood and fur exploding over the clean white stone wall.

“I think we just got their attention Commander!”

“Indeed I’m sure we did,” T-Rex replied just as the chopper flew over the wall and settled into a hover over the courtyard 20 yards in front of the castle.

Creatures below started to scatter as another volley of white hot fire rained down on the fleeing beasts.

T-Rex whipped open the sliding door on the right side of the chopper and deployed two fast ropes and dropped to the ground. Without hesitation Ghost was the first to rise up from his seat and take hold of one of the fast ropes followed by Reaper.

“See you all on the ground!” Ghost called as he dropped from the hovering machine and slid down the 60 foot cord.

Reaper followed right behind him as the two men dropped into enemy territory without a single sign of hesitation. As they descended they looked all around them to make sure the landing area was safe for them and their comrades to touchdown. The choppers nose mounted Gatling gun with its overwhelming firepower suppressed any chances of any creatures overrunning the landing party.

Jason was the last to deploy other than T-Rex who looked the young man straight in the eyes and gave him a nod of approval.

“You got this soldier.”

“Yes sir I do,” Jason said as he took hold of the line and dropped out of the chopper.

On the descent Jason steadied his nerves and suppressed his anxiety and he gazed down as the rapidly growing Earth below him to see the others, guns drawn and ready for the action ahead. Upon touching down Jason was glad to have both boots on the soil but above all he was content with himself for keeping his nerves in check.

A moment later T-Rex touched down beside him and he immediately made his way to through the pack of soldiers to be at the front of the group. They could see off in the distance werewolves holding their ground and yet maintaining a safe void from the wrath of the powerful machine gun stilling laying down suppressive cover fire for the team. As the group advanced on the main structure ahead of them Carnage noted that the beasts were just remaining out of fire range.

“So what these bastards are just going to let us walk right up to the main door without any resistance?” Carnage asked as he and the others walked across a ten foot bridge and up to the 15 foot high double doors that separated them from the unknown.

“The creatures knew all too well that in the open they would be vulnerable to the choppers fire,” T-Rex said. “They are waiting for us to enter their domain to hit us where they have the tactical advantage.”

“That makes sense,” Ghost added. “They know the layout of this construction we don’t plus we face an unknown number of assailants.”

“And that’s why we are not separating this time,” The commander put forth as his men turned to look his way. “We need to be one force going in, hit hard, hit fast and eliminate any opposition we encounter until we find the nerve center of this cabal.”

The commander’s words were incorrigible as the team acknowledged with a nod as Reaper stepped forward to the large doors ahead and with a sticky substance bonded an explosive device upon the wood. With the push of a small button on the face of the device Reaper called out for everyone to stand back. A moment later the small charge detonated blowing a human sized hole in the wooden barrier. The group rushed in the opening with weapons at the ready. Each member carried not only their standard M4A1 rifle with a magazine complement of 30 rounds but in addition another seven magazines upon their belts bringing their firepower maximum to 210 rounds of deadly force for each plus their side arms with two more magazines for ready reloading. The W.O.L.F. team’s European counterparts carried their standard AK-12 assault rifle with just as much deadly force when placed in fully automatic mode as the M4A1.

As the WASP remained in flight the choppers pilot watched as the W.O.L.F. assault team breached the outer door frame and entered the unknown. They were now on their own with no support from their mother ship to help lay down additional firepower. Once the group was in they found a long dark passageway illuminated with only wall mouthed torch lights to lead the way.

“Stay close everyone, keep a nice tight formation,” T-Rex whispered to the others as his men followed behind with the three Russian warriors keeping track and watching the rear. With Katya being the only female of the assembly she was no less physically impressive with a height of nearly 6 foot 1 and arms that seemed like she could wrestle a grizzly bear. Carnage couldn’t help but find her inspiring as well as imposing at the same time, finding her just as attractive as she was deadly.

The corridor led out to a large open rotunda with a matching circular ceiling. The stone walls were lined with mounted torches everywhere lighting the area in a radiant red and yellow glow. As the team advanced forward a single throne like chair could be seen high upon a staging platform at the far end of the enormous room. Then a single figure emerged from a door at one end of the platform before walking over and taking a seat upon the large golden lined chair.

“Is that him?” Vladimir questioned as everyone’s eyes became fixated on the figure before them as a low growl seemed to surround their position.

“Yeah I believe so,” T-Rex answered as he and the others took note of the beasts slowly emerging out of the shadows of several vestibules surrounding the room.

“Commander!”

“I know Reaper I see them.”

“There must be like 50 Furies surrounding us on all sides.”

“That and the ones we don’t even see.”

“Do we open fire Commander?”

“For now we stand down, let’s see what our host has to say,” T-Rex said turning back to the man seated before them.

“As you wish,” Reaper replied as he and the others held their weapons at the ready but not ready to fire just yet.

Then the man upon the throne spoke in a clear yet somewhat raspy voice that gave shivers down Jason’s spine.

“You may come forth,” the seated figure requested as the group slowly and cautiously complied as the creatures positioned just out of the main light remained partially obscured with only their silhouette and yellow glowing eyes to disclose their presence.

“You are the one they call Hendrix?” T-Rex questioned taking a few steps forward from the rest of the group.

I am the one,” he replied as the shine from the fiery torches gleamed off the eyes of the creatures surrounding them making the group nervous knowing that they were greatly outnumbered.

Each warrior knew that their only advantage was their heavy firepower but with so many beasts looming in the shadows and most likely more unseen, once they exhaust that armament they had nothing for protection. Their training and physical strength was no match to that of the werewolves who were significantly larger and stronger than them in every way.

At this point Jason was not the only one feeling the pressure and as salty beads of sweat rolled down his face the others were experiencing the same anxiety and fear if they would ever see their loved ones again. They all knew that a sudden rush of assailants all at once would deplete much of their magazine complement forcing them to reload again and again until they had to resort to their side arms until they too were drained of ammo.

“You know what they’re doing right,” Reaper said to Ghost as he moved in close.

“Oh yeah I do,” Ghost replied. “They’re going to rush us in a first wave as the sacrificial lambs depleting much of our supply of ammo before coming in with the next wave of beasts for the kill.”

“Short and controlled bursts everyone.” Reaper whispered to the others while their commanding officer stepped even closer to the man they sort out.

“Why have you come here?” the figure asked as T-Rex took two more steps forward as the seated man paused, took a breath before continuing “You are here to kill me?”

“That was the plan,” T-Rex replied coldly.

“Sure piss off this guy commander while we are surrounded by beasts,” Carnage said under his breath with a shaken voice.

“However I am willing to talk if you are,” T-Rex add as he lowered his rifle a bit as a gesture of good faith.

“You think I want to talk, you burst into my home, murder my sentinels and hold a gun on me,”

“It was you who turned your people into a force of destruction by weaponizing their ability to transform.”

“It was the human race who feared us to the point that laws were made to discourage us from doing what we deem as natural.”

“Understandingly so, but your kind started turning on the human race, saw us as a food source once your numbers grew and werewolves were no longer a hidden race.”

The group standing back from the platform a good 20 feet could all still see the man seated eyes start turning a bright yellow as his teeth grew sharp as his temper boiled. T-Rex could see it too as he casually moved his index finger to his weapons trigger but remained in a relaxed posture as to not giveaway his own uneasiness to his enemy. He remained ready but didn’t want to telegraph his intentions until the moment he would have to take action.

“That’s because you are a food source Commander and you have always been such.”

“Yeah well that ends now,” T-Rex called out as he raised his weapon ready to fire. “Call off your dogs....now!”

“Killing me will only fuel my creature’s desire to wipe out you and your team with no mercy.”

“Maybe so, but your creatures will operate from now on without you guiding their way, your hive mind connection to them will be severed for good.”

The creatures standing just out of sight in the darkness of the vestibule leading to the great room started to stir. The team knew that Hendrix telepathically was gearing them up for the attack.

“Remember boys and girls short controlled bursts,” Reaper told the others again as they stood ten feet from their leader. “We have to conserve our ammo for as long as we can. We can’t blow it all on the first wave of these furry bastards.”

“You got Sub-Commander!” Carnage replied as his finger rested on the trigger ready to unleash hell.

“It was your kind who first feared us centuries ago, forcing us to go underground in the first place.” Hendrix said as his voice grew deeper and his eyes burned yellow. “We could have lived alongside humanity but you saw us as nothing more than monsters,” he added as he slowly rose from his seat.

The team grew tense watching him rise from his seat as his voice grew ever more profoundly deeper and his torso and legs seemed to elongate.

“Shit he’s changing Commander!” Ghost called out as he turned to see if the creatures were still holding their position within the entranceway to the main room.

“Hendrix don’t do this!” T-Rex shouted. “There must be a way for both species to thrive without more conflict.

“No peace for our kind in a human world,” Hendrix called out as his words grew into growls and his face began to alter.

Pointing his rifle directly at the transforming beast T-Rex called out one more time for him to stop his metamorphosis as he readied his weapon to fire. Then telepathically the order was given to his lupine army as the creatures rushed the large room with the soldiers standing at its center.

“Their coming!” Reaper screamed as he and the others without furniture though opened fired on the beasts as they stormed in.

“There could have been a better way,” T-Rex cried out just as he depressed his finger on the trigger and a volley of fire blasted into the chest of the transforming man on the stage.

As Hendrix body collapsed to the floor T-Rex turned to face the onslaught of incoming creatures as he and his team fired everything they had at the attacking mob. The large open space filled with the sound of gunfire and screaming wolves echoing off the hard stone walls as wave after wave of werewolves stormed the room. Some of the larger and stronger beasts made it nearly to the team before dropping from their fatal wounds as more took their place.

Their method of firing in short bursts to conserve ammunition was hardly working as the creatures fueled with rage and adrenaline rushed them until their bodies could no longer absorb any more damage. Bodies of fallen werewolves littered the stone flooring as each squad member fired and reloaded as fast as possible. The creatures seemed to come from everywhere as the group stood firm in the middle of the room desperately defending themselves from the horde of monsters.

With their supply of back up magazines rapidly depleting as each fired on full automatic until their guns ran dry forcing them to reach for a fresh cartridge. They all knew that soon the creatures would over run them all once the guns went silent.

“Commander we are all running low!”

“I know Reaper and I know, me too,”

“Your orders sir?”

“Back out from where we came,”

“You heard The Commander, everyone out!”

Slowly the group backed up still firing at the enemy as they made their way to the entranceway they entered from. The creatures roaring with contempt as they backed out of the one doorway no wolf blocked. Then the monsters rushed the room and headed right for the soldiers as they took an astonishing amount of fire before they would be put down for good depleting the teams ammo supply to the brink of exhaustion.

“We’ve going to run out of bullets Commander!” Reaper screamed over the blaring sound of their fully automatic weapons.

“I know but its taking a good 30 to 40 rounds just to put one of these bastards down,” T-Rex responded as he ejected another empty magazine cartridge before reaching for his belt to retrieve another one.

Down the hallway they went with Reaper, Ghost, Sergey, Jason, and Katya leading point and blazing their flash mounded weapons forward to light the way as Vladimir, Carnage and T-Rex kept the creatures at bay behind the group firing now sporadically now to conserve ammo. Then from a side passage two wolves emerge without warning spitting the group in half.

“Go find the exit!” T-Rex called to the others ahead of the spilt. “We’ll deal with these Furies!” he called out as Ghost, Reaper, Sergey, Jason, and Katya continued on as T-Rex, Carnage and Vladimir fell back to face the creatures as the team fractured into two.

With a steady stream of fire T-Rex Carnage and Vladimir opened up with everything they had to put down the two beasts that ambushed them.

From the darkened passageway Reaper could see light up a head and called to the others behind him just as he heard of blood curdling female scream behind him. He turned to see Katya pinned against the wall by a large imposing beast that had her right forearm in its jaws. The creature bit right through her forearm gauntlet to the flesh and bone.

Her companion Sergey fired nearly a whole clip into the creatures back before it let her go and dropped. Placing his head along her right cheek Sergey gave her a smile before aiding her down the last of the passageway until they entered an open room. Once clear of the passage Sergey turned and again gave the only female member of the assault team a smile before looking deep into her frightened eyes.

“Get away from her now!” Reaper called.

“What for?” The Russian soldier questioned in broken English.

“She’s infected, step away!” Reaper ordered as he raised his weapon.

“No.....no!”

“I said step away from her.....now!”

“No.....never!” he cried back, “She is my Milaya, my darling!” he said as he heard her scream a terrible cry just as she rose up and bit down hard on his left shoulder armor with such force it brought him to his knees.

He turned with horror as he saw her lovely green eyes turn a pale yellow and her teeth sharpen as a spindle of drool dipped from her open mouth as she pinned him down to the floor with both arms.

“Kill the damn thing Reaper!” Ghost screamed.

“No not while she is atop him.”

Sergey’s eyes grew wide as he watched her face distort from above him into something unrecognizable. As her body wince in obvious pain she moved off her prey for a moment allowing her captive to struggle free and crawl away. As the fleeing man turned back he saw black hairs sprouting from her body as her torso elongated and tore out of her clothing. As her muscle mass grew her face extended into the long muzzle and her ears pointed and shifted to the top of her head.

She remained on all fours until the transformation hit its climax and then she rose up on her hind legs and stood before them as a bipedal monster before them. With her dead yellow eyes still fixed on Sergey the man screamed in fear just as Reaper unloaded a barrage of fire into her body. The creature’s black hairs mixed with the crimson blood pouring from its wounds as the beast screamed with a thundering roar that echoed off the stone walls around them.

As Reaper let off of the trigger the creature fell back as the newly christened werewolf dropped to her knees before letting out another ear piercing cry before falling forward and collapsing to the floor. After removing his finger from the trigger Reaper turned and looked at Jason.

“Bunny check him.”

“What?”

“I said check him, make sure her bit didn’t penetrate his shoulder armor.”

As Jason cautiously walked over to the man on the floor who was quietly weeping Jason looked up at the Sub-Commander.

“What am I looking for Sir?”

“If her bite bore through to the skin you god damn rookie!” Ghost added callously.

Jason bent down where the man was now sitting in a cross leg posture. He looked deeply into the man’s brown eyes as he spoke softly to him. “I’m sorry for your loss,” as Sergey nodded a thankful gesture.

“Come on Bunny was he bit?” Ghost said as he raised his gun ready to fire if needed.

“I...I can’t tell.”

“Then remove his armor Bunny, we have to know for sure.”

“Yes Sub-commander,” Jason replied as Sergey helped with the removal of his football like shoulder and chest protection. “No Sub-Commander she didn’t penetrate through the heavy plastic armor.”

“Her teeth hadn’t grown long enough yet and although her bite force took him down she didn’t have enough jaw power to break through to the skin,” Reaper said.”

“Lucky for you Russian or you would have met the same fate as your girlfriend,” Ghost said unemotionally as he lowered his weapon.

“Do you always have to be a bastard Ghost?” Jason said coldly just as a wave of werewolves rushed the little group making them expel the last remaining supply of ammo they had when one creature lifted Ghost in the air over its head and tossed him into a wall but not before snapping his right leg nearly clean off.

The sound of him impacting the stone made a horrible noise but it was the agonizing scream he made that shook Jason to his core. As Reaper unloaded the last of his ammunition into the beast he backed off as he reached for a fresh magazine on his belt that was longer there. Switching to his sidearm Reaper fired into the beast until it succumbed to its wounds.

With nothing left in his rifle Jason too resorted to his pistol as he instantly went to Ghosts side to shield him from any more incoming attack. Reaper looked over the results of the mayhem to see their Russian counterpart dead with a chunk of his throat torn out and Ghost rearing in pain.

“Jesus Christ!” Reaper called out as he saw the state of his friend’s leg. “Can you hold on man, we have fresh magazines in the chopper I’ll retrieve.”

Ghost could not even speak as he lay holding his leg as Jason stepped in.

“Go get to the chopper, I’ll hold off anything that comes our way,” Jason said with a clear and confident tone.

“I’ll be back,” Reaper said as he tossed Jason his handgun. “If you need this,” he added before he took off running for the main door from where they came in.

“What the hell are you doing....leave me I’m done for.”

“I’m not leaving you here to die,”

“You’re crazy man, I would have left you for the wolves.”

“No you wouldn’t and I’m not leaving you.....I have your back.”

“Then we will both die here together.”

“We are not going to die, and if we do at least I tried.”

Ghost looked up at Jason in a way that he had never before. “You really mean that don’t you?”

“I can’t just leave you here to be devoured by these damn beasts,” Jason said as he heard a commotion coming their way.

“Shit kid their coming for us, get out of here while you can, go home to your wife,”

“I’m not going to leave you here,” Jason said meeting with Ghost’s eyes. “Here take your pistol,” he said sliding Ghost’s weapon into his hand. “We’ll fight these monsters together.....Okay?”

“Yeah kid, let’s light these bastards up good.”

“Ok ready,” Jason said suppressing all of his fears away and focusing on one single moment of bravery locked deep within him.

As the creatures emerged out of the darkness Jason could feel his heart pounding but he was dead focused on the task befallen him and his comrade.

“We can’t take down these monsters with just handguns along kid, fire for their eyes.”

As the werewolves came into view the two men fired with dead accurate precision as the beasts roared with pain as their eyes were systematically shot out blinding the monsters. The creatures although blinded could still target the men by their smell and the sound of their heart beats.

Jason with his and Reapers guns in each hand and Ghost firing his standard side piece the two together held off the creatures just long enough for Reaper to join in the firefight blazing the darkness with his fully loaded and automatic machinegun. With each strike the wolves roared in pain but there were seven of them and so the odds were still on their side as Jason and Ghost's guns ran dry and Reaper could tell his continuous fire would eventually deplete his arsenal as well.

Then just as his own weapon betrayed him and went silent with three creatures still coming in for the kill a secondary fire source came from behind the beasts. As the corridor lit up like day break Reaper, Ghost and Jason looked to see T-Rex, Carnage and Vladimir blasting the beasts until not one of them took another breath.

"Mind if we join the party?" T-Rex shouted as the team reunited.

"I'm damn glad to see you guys!" Reaper said as he and T-Rex preformed a high-5 as Vladimir looked for his companions. "We got cut off from the main route by Furies so we had to go around," T-Rex said as he took note of the distressed look on Vladimir's face.

"Sergey, Katya?"

"I'm sorry Vladimir they didn't make it," Reaper said in a low tone.

"And you what on Earth happened to you?" T-Rex asked looking down at Ghost.

"A Furry ambushed us, it killed Sergey and broke my leg. Reaper went for the chopper to rearm and Bun....I mean Jason stayed with me," he said giving the young man a smile.

"Ok then let's get the hell out of here! T-Rex said as Jason helped Ghost up to his good leg and supported him upright by swinging Ghost's arm around his shoulder. Carnage joined them and together they helped the disabled man out and got him to the helicopter.

As the WASP lifted off Reaper turned to T-Rex. "So what now Commander?"

"We make the report that Hendrix is dead and with any luck the furry bastards will go back into hiding....for at least a little while anyway since he was the main instigator for the rebellion,"

"Yeah we can only hope."

"Without their leader, they will not be as bold and will retreat into the shadows." T-Rex said as Reaper held onto his rifle like a child clutching a teddy bear. "Don't worry old friend I'm sure once the howl is out that Hendrix has been killed the others will lose their will for the fight."

“Maybe so Commander but for how long, they will hide only until a new leader takes over the alpha role.”

“And when that happens we will be there to stop them and kick their furry ass.”

“Yeah we will!” Reaper said with a smile.

Jason could feel his heart pounding under his skin a mile a minute when Reaper entered the room and found him standing there fighting back the beads of sweat forming under his dress uniform.

“So are you ready?”

“Yeah.....ah yes I am,” Jason replied with a somewhat quiver in his voice and a lump in the throat.

“So okay then let’s go.”

Jason followed Reaper out of his quarters stepping at first slowly but soon quickened his pace once the barracks rec room came into view.

“You okay kid?”

“Yes....yes,” Jason responded as the two stood for a moment just outside of the compound rec room.

“I hope so,” Reaper said with a slight grin. “This is all for you Bunny.”

“I.....I know.....let’s go,”

“Okay then, let’s do this,” he said before taking note of the young man’s paleish complexion. “You okay kid you’re looking a little green,” he added with a slight chuckle.

“No I’m good.....let’s go.”

“Okay then,” Reaper replied as he opened the door revealing a room full of people all standing at attention and focus solely on Jason. “You got this kid!”

Jason closed his eyes momentarily as he heard his name being announced by his commandeering officer followed by an explosion of applause from his fellow W.O.L.F. members and other members of the military brass. When he opened his eyes he saw a room full of people

some he knew and others complete in full military dress that were unknown to him personally but cheering his name just the same as he stepped over the room's threshold. As he walked down a center aisle with a sea of armed forces members welcoming him he caught sight of his young bride Katie standing among his W.O.L.F. team members. Her eyes lit up as she smiled at him with a pride for her husband that he had never seen before.

As Jason walked the center aisle Reaper slipped in along the wall and joined his teammates at the front of the room as Jason took his last steps and stopped before his commander officer who was standing at the end of the aisle. Jason could feel every eye in the room centering on him and although he could feel little beads of water dripping down his back he maintained his composure as he stood before T-Rex just as another man came into view. Jason knew this man he was the President of the United States as he came and stood beside T-Rex.

Jason thought that the President looked taller on TV but now viewing him face to face for the first time Jason could clearly see that this was not the case as the young man gazed slightly downward at him as he held something shiny in his right hand.

"Jason Barkly for your act of extreme bravery in the face of combat and for saving the life of a fellow soldier I grant you this Medal of Honor," the President said as he presented a bronze five pointed star to him suspended from a blue ribbon. "I proudly bestow this medal upon you Private Barkly in the name of the United States of America."

"Thank you sir," Jason said lowering his head to have the older man place the ribbon around his neck. "I accept this with honor sir," he said as the room erupted in applause.

Once Jason received his medal the President stepped aside allowing T-Rex to take over as he too held something in his hand. Then the young man saw his commander do something he had never thought possible...he saw T-Rex smile at him.

"But wait there's more Private," he said standing before the young man. "You deserve this bump in rank for not only your bravery in combat but for protecting and saving the life of George Dixon known better to us all by his code name Ghost, I hereby declare you on this date in the year of our lord 2065 the rank of Private First Class."

"Thank you sir," Jason said with a smile as T-Rex pinned the new rank insignia upon Jason's dress uniform's outer jacket as Jason could hear the room again full with the sound of applause.

Once the pinning ceremony concluded Jason caught up with Katie who looked just lovely in her blue dress. "I am so proud of you Jason I always knew you had something wonderful within you," she said kissing him and holding him close.

"I thought I was never going to see you again my love, I thought I was going to die there in that old British castle."

"But you didn't and you Jason were part of history stopping the leader of those monsters."

“Yeah I guess so, I never really had the chance to think of it like that.”

“And you saved a soldier friend and made sure that he too came home to his family.”

“Well I wouldn’t call him a friend.....but yeah I guess I did good.”

“More than good my love you are a hero!” she said looking deep into his eyes. “I’ve never been more proud of you.”

That night once everyone had left and only the members of W.O. L. F. remained in the large rec room did Jason truly reflect on the events of that night.

“You okay kid?” a voice called off to his right.

Jason turned to see Ghost standing next to him with his leg in a cast and getting around with a pair of crutches.

“Jason.....I never got to thank you for staying with me and fighting those monsters off.”

“You have done the same for me.”

“Oh shit I probably wouldn’t.....oh okay maybe I would but if I did it would have been done only because it’s my job to see everyone go home. What you did for me was not out of a military commitment but out of a true care for your fellow human being. If you didn’t do what you did for me.....my children would be fatherless and I would have been nothing more than dog food for them beasts. Thank you my friend!”

Just as the two men embraced as brothers in arms the rest of the group joined them with Reaper holding a bottle of champagne. “I think it’s high time we give praise to our new Private First Class!”

“Well hell yeah!” Carnage called out as the group all stood in a circle as Reaper passed out plastic cups and poured in each one a generous amount of the golden liquid.

“Here’s to our new Private First Class!” T-Rex shouted as he took a deep swig of his drink as the others did the same. “He came to us as a boy and now he is a man!”

“Here, here the group cheered as they all pounded the champagne down. “Here’s to Bunny our new official W.O.L.F. member!” Reaper called out.

“Thank you one and all I appreciate this,” Jason said feeling for the first time since joining the task force that he was finally fully part of the team. “Thank you, thank.....you can call me Snake!”

