



Werewolf Magazine Reborn
Presents

W.O.L.F

World

Operation

Lycan

Force

Episode 1
The Confrontation

Free novella series for the
Werewolf Magazine Reborn
Facebook Group

Werewolf Magazine Reborn

Presents

AL J. Vermette's

W. O. L. F.

World Operation Lycan Force

Episode 1 The Confrontation

In the year 2055 the world learned that the mythological creature know as the lycanthrope, AKA werewolves were indeed real when they came out to the public after centuries of hiding. They would have remained in the shadows forever if not for a strange illness running throughout their race that started wiping out 30 percent of their population. Desperate for their species survival and nowhere else to turn they made their existence known to the world in hopes that we could help save their race from the brink of extinction. Once fully revealed men of science found them a cure and slowly their numbers grew again. Without fear of expose or suppression their kind multiplied rapidly and soon within 9 years we the human race...the lords of the planet became insignificant to the new powerful dominate nation who would soon seek dominion over our populace.

The very notion that these subhuman creatures hid among us for so long and one day would outnumbered us drew fear in the hearts of the human race. Some wanted their kind to join us but others saw them and their way of life as a threat. Humanity feared that since werewolves we no longer hidden that soon it was only a matter of time before we would become their prey. Eventually a worldwide ban on Lycanthrope transformations was issued by law but they saw this as a violation of their rights.

Protests on Washington raged on for years as riots waged in the cities and a new emerging suppression group began a nationwide witch hunt for anyone with the power to become wolf. When a worldwide Marshal Law was passed war exploded in the cities, first in the U.S. before moving outward upon the world. Then in the fallout of this fight for werewolf rights one man, the most powerful of the lycanthropes united his race and declared himself as their king. Taking up refuge in an old English castle stronghold where he waged their war on humanity. In the year 2064 to combat the enemy a new strike force was created to keep the creatures in check.

.....And so W. O. L. F. World Operation Lycan Force was formed.

“Team Two... Go.... Go” the voice called over the team headsets as three heavily armed men busted in the door to the old run down factory set on the outskirts of long a dead town. “We’ve in....Team Two is a go!” called out Hex the leader of his squad as his men moved in with fully automatic AK-47s unlocked and burning for action. The teams moved into an open midway as they slowly moved apart from each other as they felt eyes upon them with each step.

Jason sat motionless, his heart pounding as he watched his commander give the call “Team One Deploy” As two warriors Jumped from the open sliding door of the chopper sliding down the zip lines to the roof below Jason knew that now it was his turn. Although he had performed this action many times to the point he could do it in his sleep however now was the moment of truth as this was no longer a war game but a full out attack on the enemy, his first as part of the assault team. His eyes locked with that of his commander and knew what was expected of him but his body froze before he could execute his departure from the hovering black machine. He knew his commanding officer was about to order his deployment and to his fear the older seasoned commando burst forth his orders that vibrated throughout his soul.

“Go Bunny go!” the elder man roared as the young man collected his nerves and made his way to the exit. Being careful not to catch his back mounted ninja sword on the door as he attached the drop cord to his body harness. Then with a deep breath he launched himself out of the opening with only the trust in his training and god to keep him from smashing into the roof below. A moment later the unit commander followed Jason and repelled from the hovering chopper.

Jason could still feel the influence from the rotary blades from the WASP above when his feet came in contact with the decaying rooftop. A moment later his commander tapped in right behind him and without delay called to his ground unit.

“This is T-Rex, Cyclops what’s your twenty?”

“Cyclops here...all clear, we are on the stairwell working our way up to the 2nd floor.”

“Copy that we are about to make our entrance from the top and work our way down.”

“See you in the middle Commander,” Cyclops replied as he closed communications.

Jason detached himself from the zip line and took his place beside the other two team members Reaper and Ghost who deployed already from the WASP before him as they stood awaiting orders.

“T-Rex here, what’s your status Hex and Carnage?”

“Hex here...Carnage and me are working our way to the lower levels of the plant, nothing yet Commander...no sign of furries anywhere.” Hex reported as he and his team mate with drawn weapons worked their way into the depths of the old decaying hulk of what was once candy manufacturing establishment long ago.

“Our Intel said that a small pack set up a new den in this location so stay alert I don’t want you and Carnage to get ambushed just because it’s all quiet for now.”

“I gotcha Commander Carnage has my six and I’m on point.”

“Okay be careful T-Rex out,” he said turning off his helmet communicator before turning to his crew before him. “Ok then let’s go, Ghost and Reaper you two head to the north side and work your way down. Bunny you come with me and stay close we will do the south end,” he said as he made his way to the rooftop doorway.

“Yeah Bunny stay close.....we don’t want to lose you on your first deployment with us,” Ghost said with a snicker as he raised his weapon and made his way into the doorway followed by Reaper who smiled as he made the comment

“Ah ...rookies you gotta fucking love um.”

Deeper down in the bowls of the decaying structure Hex and Carnage patrolled together with weapons at the ready

“Hey Hex.”

“Yeah man.”

“I don’t think any furriers are in this place. I think we’ve on a wild goose chase, someone’s yanking our chains.”

“I don’t know but stay awake I don’t want one of them furry bastard sneaking up on my ass. I got a date with Carmen tonight.”

“Carmen isn’t she the bar tender one with the big.....”

“Oh yeah she’s the one!”

“Oh shit Hex how the hell did you score that one?”

“With a little fast talk and a whole lot of bullshit my man.”

“Yeah that must have been a lot of bullshit to nail down that chick.”

“Well you know my dear friend Carnage..... Gary when you got it...you got it.”

“Yeah man you got it.”

“Tonight when you ass holes are wiping down your guns Carmen will be shining my rifle.”

“Hey a little less about your pecker and I little more looking for monsters ok boys.” Came T. Rex’s voice over the radio headset.

“You got it Commander, Hex replied looking back at his friend two steps behind him.

“Busted again talking shit over an open mic.”

“Yeah thanks Carnage no shit,” Hex replied as he walked forward.

“Cyclops here, yo Commander are you sure we have furries in this place. I don’t see shit yet. I want something to shoot at.”

“Hang on Cyclops, our Intel spotted this den two days ago from a surveillance drone doing a fly by.”

“Yeah well I still see nothing, not even rats in this hell hole.”

Jason did as he was told as he stuck close to his commander for not only safety but also for guidance on this his very first assignment since coming up the ranks to join W. O. L. F. the darkest of all black ops. It was their sole mission to seek and destroy any and all uprising of Lycanthropic activity.

“Bunny is your safety off?” T-Rex asked the young soldier as he briefly glanced back.

“Yes sir it’s off, ready for action sir.” Jason spoke up double checking his rifles safety switch nervously.

“Good you better be, I smell wet dog here somewhere.” T- Rex said as he led the way.

The young man could feel his heart beating frantically and numbness in his legs as he walked behind his commander. Although he was well trained and knew his job even better then he thought his mind raced with fear at the thought of his very first real confrontation with the enemy.

“Commander”

“Go ahead Reaper.”

“Ghost and I hear something down the hall.”

“What is it?”

“I don’t know....it’s too faint to really hear but it’s coming from a room just ahead of us.

“What’s your twenty?”

“Lower level, sub basement.”

“Check it out...keep me posted.”

“Copy that Reaper out.”

“Shit man do you hear that.” Ghost said as the two men moved on to an old rotted door at the end of a long hallway.

“Teams One and Two head for the lower levels meet up with Ghost and Reaper. We may have made contact with the enemy,” T-Rex relayed over his radio as the others complied.

With his finger near the trigger ready to squeeze Ghost used the barrel of his weapon to push open the door before him. Reaper behind him at the ready if something was to rush them from out of the dark.

“You hear that man..... you hear that.”

“Yeah....sounds like a child’s cry.”

“Yeah it dose Reaper don’t it.”

As the two slowly entered the room something could be seen ducking in the far corner of the empty room.

“Holy shit you see that?” Ghost asked as his team mate before getting on the mic.

“Go ahead report,” T- Rex questioned.

“Commander we found a young child maybe 7 or 8 years of age held up in one of the rooms. It looks like she may have been intended to be food for the beasts.”

“Okay Ghost stay with the child I’m on my way.” T-Rex said as he looked Jason’s way and nodded his head to follow.

The man before him may have been a good twenty years older than he but T-Rex made running with all his heavy gear look easy. Under his black molded body armor Jason was wet with both fear and the action of running with so much protection covering his body. He knew that he should have strapped his back sword belt better as the thing seemed to move about on her shoulder but with gun in hand and at the pace they were moving he could not stop to play with his blade sheath.

“Hey little girl are you ok? We are here to help you.” Reaper asked the child who lay shaking and looking up at the two men standing over her.

They could hear T-Rex call to the others to join them as they waited for back up. The child with soft eyes still looking up at them spoke in a said little voice.

“Are you’re here to save me?” The child asked as Ghost reached out his hand to the girl.

“Yes dear you are safe now.” He said as a sweet little smile graced her lips.

Ghost drew up a smile from his dry chapped lips to match hers as he reached for the child to help her to her feet. Her smile was so soft and inviting until the young man then saw as her smile suddenly change into something fearsome. His eyes grew wide as her smile bore the sharpened fangs of a beast and her once soft blue eyes turned yellow and fowl. Little dark hairs sprang from her face and upper body and her little girl hands became curled sharp claws.

“Oh shit!” Ghost screamed as he tried to pull away his arm but the creature quickly latched onto it with her jaws clamping down hard on his wrist gauntlet.

He could feel the pressure of the powerful bite pressing on his forearm gauntlet but before she could penetrate the Kevlar armor Ghost turned to Reaper and shouted.

“Shit man get this thing off of me!”

Reaper pointed his weapon at the young beast but hesitated to squeeze the trigger because of the creature’s young age.

“Kill this thing……. she’s starting to bite through my armor.” Ghost screamed as she took his arm in both claws

Instinctively Reaper tugged back on the trigger and fired off a single shot instantly killing the creature. As her young body fell to the floor he got a nod from his partner.

“Thanks man,” Ghost said as Reaper lowered his rifle.

“I didn’t know they could make one so young,” Reaper said in a low dismal tone. “She was just a child,”

“I know but don’t feel bad, that child nearly tore my arm off.” Ghost told him as he opened a channel to his squad. “This is Ghost we have made contact with the enemy. The girl.... was a furry repeat the girl was a furry!”

“Copy that back up is on the way,” T-Rex responded turning back to Jason. “Come on Bunny now you’re going to see some real action!”

“I can’t believe I had to kill a child.”

“That child was a monster, how do you think these creatures have repopulated their numbers so quickly in just a few years. And now that their kind is out in the open they have nothing to keep their population in check.”

“I know but she was still so young,” Reaper said to Ghost just as they heard something big rushing their way.

Before they could react a dark hulking beast burst into the room with snaring teeth and eyes burning with rage. They were about to take aim when Cyclops appeared sword drawn and cut the creature down with just his brute force. The beast screamed a horrendous bellow as he drew up his blade to go in for another deep cut. The slash was deeper this time as the creature’s neck sprouted blood like a fountain turning its dark mane crimson. The monster’s dying roar could be heard echoing off the hard stone walls as Ghost and Reaper covered their ears. Then the beast dropped silent and Cyclops withdrew his sword from its fur.

“Now that’s how you kill a werewolf!” The big man said with excitement as he entered the room stepping over the beast. “Looks like you had a little furry action for yourselves I see.”

Reaper just lowered his head as Ghost responded.

“I wouldn’t go there just yet,” he said looking over to Reaper just as the rest of the team converged on their location.

As the team entered the room the slain creature and the girl started return to their human forms as T- Rex gave the child a closer look.

“Don’t feel bad about this one,” he said turning the girl’s face and looking at her neck. “See this girl was not turned but born a werewolf, she holds the mark upon her,” he added referring to the dark crescent moon behind her left ear. “Only blood born werewolves bore this symbol, it’s branded on them shortly after birth.”

“I Know Commander but she’s still just a child,” Reaper muttered in a low tone.

“A child that no doubt would have torn your head from your shoulders had given the chance.”

“I’ll attest for that Commander,” Ghost cut in as he examined the bite wounds she left in his forearm gauntlet.

“Did she bite through Ghost?”

“No Commander but its bruised pretty good.”

“You should have that looked at,” Jason said as he and the others walked in. “You may now be one of them.”

“Hey Bunny, remember your biological studies in your training about these creatures,” Cyclops spoke out harshly. “One can only be turned from a bite.... it’s something in the creature’s saliva that transmits the virus

that causes the body to undergo the transformation.” He added shaking his head at the young recruit. “If it didn’t bite through his armor then he’s fine.”

“What now Commander?” asked Hex as he and the unit looked to their field leader for instructions.

“Do a perimeter sweep of the complex now that it’s confirmed that there are furries here, so watch your backs boys.”

As the team exited the room and passed the now fully retransformed body of the nude man on the floor Jason looked upon him with a question on his mind.

“What’s the matter Bunny, never seen a dead werewolf before?” Cyclops asked.

“Well no actually, I mean not in their human form anyway,” he said glancing down as he walked past the body near the doorway. “You know it makes me wonder who he was and was he born this or turned against his will just to build their numbers?”

“I would say he was the girl’s father perhaps.” Carnage said joining in on the conversation.

“It could go either way young soldier,” T-Rex added. “Their self proclaimed king has their kind attacking random people now just to make more of their kind. And once turned there is this sort of hive mind that takes over them that he can bend to his will.”

“This this is all to make their numbers grow so rapidly?” Jason asked.

“That’s exactly right, to raise their numbers anyway they could and once turned willingly or not they follow his orders to the letter,” T-Rex added. “And his orders are to raise hell and force his kind to be on a destructive path and force humanity to its knees.”

“And that’s why we’re here kid,” Carnage piped in patting Jason on the back. “To fight this evil and turn the odds back to our favor.”

“If not these creatures would soon overrun the human race and make us nothing more than dog food,” T-Rex added. “It’s a war we must win or the planet would fall to the wolves.”

As the team reentered the hallway something caught their eye moving in the dimly lit corridor as T-Rex turned to his squad member.

“Cyclops!”

“Got it Commander,” the big man replied as he unhooked from his belt a cylinder the size and shape of a Coke can and after pulling the safety pin tossed it down the passageway.

A moment later the flash grenade detonated with a blaze illuminating the hall revealing a dozen tall bipedal figures in silhouette. The beasts rushed in attempting to overwhelm the team but they drew fire as each man unleashed a barrage of hell fire upon the creatures. Before the grenade could flame out most of the monsters dropped but the squad kept up their ongoing assault until nothing moved. Once they let up and the last of the automatic assault rifles went silent T-Rex once again called upon his team mate.

“Cyclops.”

“You got it Commander,” the soldier called out as he tossed another flash bomb down the hall as its detonation revealed all creatures to be neutralized and laying still.

“Come on let’s go,” T-Rex ordered as he started to lead his men through a path of the fallen monsters. The wolves started to revert back to their human form as the men walked through the bodies. “Stay alert boys there may be more furies to deal with.

“What the hell is this place?” Jason called out.

“It looks like a breeding den to me,” Hex replied.

“A what?” the young commando questioned.

“It’s a place where people are taken to against their will to be turned,” T-Rex added. “And once turned they are brought into their fold and become just another member in their never ending army of werewolves.”

“Like I said before kid.....and that’s why we are here,” Carnage told the young recruit who stared down at the fallen as he walked as they slowly turned back human.

“I never understood how when they are dead they can still change?”

“Because Bunny,” Carnage started to say “And you should have learned this in boot camp....but when they turn they do so consciously and willingly. It’s something about when they die it’s like their bodies kinda snap back to the original design. It’s almost like God is reclaiming their souls and their souls were once human by default, even if they were born a furry.”

“Well said Carnage, so now what’s the meaning of life?” Cyclops asked followed by laughter.

“Shut up ass hole,” Carnage replied as they walked past the fallen.

“God they look like people I may have known,” Jason said. They look just like normal people,” Jason added.

“They once were,” T-Rex added. “They could have been people you and I once knew like the mailman, the butcher, the girl in the coffee shop behind the counter.”

“But now they are nothing more than harry monsters that we have to eradicate before they overrun humanity and lower us on the food chain,” Carnage added as the group moved past the dead and into another hallway where the overhead fluorescent lights flickered in a disturbing glow like some haunted attraction.

“Watch our backs Hex I don’t want something sneaking up on us.”

“I got it Commander,” Hex replied as the team moved cautiously down the new passageway guns at the ready and nerves at an all time high.

Jason could feel the sweat running down his back as the heat from his armor combined with his internal fears made him feel incredibly uncomfortable as the wetness caused his skin to itch under this uniform. His heart rate elevated and pounding under his chest plate made it all the more distracting when in his mind needed to remain focused and be at the ready if anything was to ambush his team from out of the dark.

As each man moved through passageway Jason felt a little more secure being dead center in the group as he walked cautiously with the others. Since the start of the operation this was the first time the whole team was together and although this was the rookie's first deployment into the field Jason knew that even through the group showed him little respect because he was the new recruit, he also knew that despite this his squad brothers had his back. Werewolves were strong and fast and everyone knew that one or more could ambush them at any moment so the group now moved as silently as they could with only the sound of their footsteps and breathing to give them away.

Jason wondered if the others felt the same anxiety as he as they all seemed so sure and confident like nothing would ever rattle them. Meanwhile inside Jason was screaming at his core desperate not to convey it in his facial expressions. It was their stoic appearance at all times that bothered him mostly and wondered was it just their training, experience, or they just didn't care about the situations and went with the flow of it all. The passageway was so dimly lit that Jason wondered if they could even see where they were going as he had a tremendous difficult time seeing anything 20 feet ahead of them.

Then a low pitched growl could be heard coming from just ahead. It's very sound unnerved Jason but seemed not the phase the others as their facial expressions didn't change. The 25 year old could feel his legs starting to buckle under his body weight as his hands felt numb but he remained his index finger at the ready beside the trigger leaver. T-Rex was on point so if anything were to happen it would be he to take the blunt of the creatures attack if a confrontation was to erupt.

It was not that the young recruit wanted to see harm come to his commanding officer but he secretly and selfishly wanted his own skin to get out of this conflict in one piece. As the corridor grew ever so darker the small lights mounted on the end of their assault rifles provided little in illumination as Jason could feel his heart pounding under his armor.

Again a low mournful sound came from just ahead of them as each man readied their weapons and fingers slipped onto their triggers. Jason steadied his nerves and put his finger on the trigger carefully as to not prematurely squeeze off a round into the man ahead of him.

Then just as their lights hit upon two yellow eyes off in the distance the attack came from behind. With the force of a bull charging Hex was caught without warning and lifted into the air high over the creatures head. He was taken with such force that his weapon fell to the floor without a single shot fired. As the others reacted to the commotion behind them they watched helplessly as Hex was broken in half over the monsters head as an agonizing cry escaped his lips followed by a flow of blood vomiting to the floor. The very sound of his spine cracking in half gave the others a nauseating feeling in the stomachs as they stood nearly paralyzed from the spectacle. Then like nothing more than a ragdoll his body was thrown at the others in a mocking gesture of superiority. His limb torso hit the floor in a distorted array of twisted limbs and exposed bone jetting out of his back. His eyes still open crying out for help from his friends as he watched their terrified expressions before his eyes glazed over with death and his vision faded away into darkness.

Stunned by what they witnessed but still maintaining a degree of professionalism the group opened up a barrage of fire upon the hulking beast until it screamed and fell where it stood. The 7 foot monster hit the floor but now the creature ahead of them made its assault shoving T-Rex out of the way and setting its violence upon Cyclops. Even though the creature sustained multiple close range bullet strikes it still managed to take the big man in its claws and drew a deep bite upon his left shoulder penetrating right through his reinforced Kevlar vest. The excruciating scream from the muscular soldier rattled Jason to his core as the beast tore into the flesh of Cyclops so deep that the creature's teeth bore into bone.

Still the warrior remained firing into the creature's abdomen until the beast could absorb no more and fell back releasing its grasp on the wounded man. Cyclops dropped to his knees fearing what was about to happen to him. Reaper turned and catching sight of the scene turned his weapon upon his friend and made ready to tug back the trigger.

"Commander how long?" Reaper cried.

"Just do it, it's okay." Cyclops said looking up at his buddy.

"Commander how long until he turns?"

"I don't know maybe a few minutes!" T-Rex called out

"Just do it please.....I can feel it swelling in me."

"I don't want to man!"

"I know....but you have to," Cyclops said looking up into his friends eyes. "Please do it for me, I don't want to be one of these things."

"I'm so sorry."

"I know but I want it to be you....now please I can feel the beast taking over..... do it before I become a danger to you all"

"I'm so sorry." Reaper said with a tear in his eye.

"Just do it please," Cyclops told him just as he closed his eyes and lowered his head.

"Please forgive me," Reaper said before closing his eyes and squeezing the trigger.

As soon as the squad breached the rooftop door and into the early morning light T-Rex opened communications with the pilot of the chopper

"This is T-Rex...we need an E-vac immediately!"

**To Be Continued
In Episode 2: The Fallout
Coming in March**

Written by & copyright AL J. Vermette 2026

13th Ave Publications



A13thAvePublications@aol.com