



Werewolf Magazine Reborn
Presents

W.O.L.F

World Operation Lycan Force

Episode 3
Retribution

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Presents

AL J. Vermette's

W. O .L. F.

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Episode 3 Retribution

“So would anyone like to say something?” T-Rex asked as he stood center between two caskets.

“No Commander I think you should do the honors,” called out Reaper as he and the others stood in a light rain within Arlington cemetery.

“Very well then,” the commander said clearing his throat. “I hate this, I hate when one of my men are lost let alone two form the same mission. Hex and Cyclops were two of the finest warriors I have ever known. Their combined skill as soldiers went unmatched throughout the United States Special Forces and their loss will be greatly missed,” the commander said before pausing for a moment.

For just a single moment the strong usually stoic warrior broke his cold professional demeanor and showed his human side if only for an instant. His colleagues may have not noticed but Jason caught the distressing downturn in his tone before moving on.

“As we lay our friends to rest I grieve for their loved ones and pray their souls find peace,” T-Rex concluded before silently walking to the side so that the families of the fallen could pay their respects.

“Well said Commander.”

“Thanks Carnage I hate having to do this.”

“I know but it was well said,” Carnage told him as the two men turned to watch the grieving families lay flowers upon the caskets.

“It bothers me that the families don’t know that there are no bodies in them coffins,” the commander said keeping his voice low.

“The bodies were never retrieved after the drone strike on the factory?” Carnage asked.

“The cleanup crew tried but nothing was found, no human or werewolf remains were recovered.”

“The blast was that intense?”

“They hit the place with eight Hellfire missiles fired from a Reaper drone to take the place down.”

“Damn, I guess there really was nothing left to sort through after that kind of devastation.”

“No my friend I wouldn’t think there would be,” T-Rex said as the two broke off and stood separately watching the families follow through with the rest of the funeral service.

Jason stood in silence across the grass from where the families were saying their sad goodbyes. His demeanor went unnoticed by the mournful family and his own unit as he stood alone pondering the thought that it could have been him lying in one of those U.S. draped flagged caskets. His own mind fighting against his decision to join this special task force was now weighing heavily upon him. Although he felt the honor of fulfilling his duty to protect the innocent in a war with a new species, his fear of being killed in the line of action was seeing a whole new reality after seeing two of his team slaughtered before his very eyes. The unit was already down two men and he knew that if he were to leave that they would be at a loss even more. He knew that although he was the blunt of everyone joke being the new guy, he also knew that despite all that they still needed his cover fire to help bring them all home. One less gunman was not going to make a full component and he knew that even if they didn’t.

Jason wanted desperately to talk to someone about how he felt but he knew he couldn’t do that with his wife for he would be letting her know just how dangerous his job was and he didn’t want to make her afraid for him. Also his fear of opening up to the other team members was also not an option. He felt that they would never understand and laugh and think of him as being weak or if they felt the same way would never admit to it for fear of looking weak among their peers. No he would have to hold his true feelings to himself and even though it was eating him from the inside out he would have to look strong for the sake of all others.

Once the team was back at home base the mood remained dismal for the remainder of the day. Each team member stayed to themselves not connecting with anyone trying to decompress from the day’s events. Jason knew that the team had lost members before, after all for him to be called to join the squad meant that others had died in the line of duty before him. Each man hurt in their own little way by not wishing to associate and conceal their feelings to themselves. It was their way of dealing with the death of a team members the only way they knew how.

Jason was resting in his bunk after talking to his wife who knew something was eating at her love but was in fear of pressing him on what was wrong. She knew him all too well and knew when he was ready he would let her in on what was bothering him. He laid thinking about their last two missions and what went right and all the things that went down extremely bad. He could still see the faces of the two men just before each perished and wondered what was running through their minds at the moment of each of their deaths. He thought what would be his last reflection upon life just as his was about to end when the time came. Would he have only the vision his wife flash before him of maybe their wedding, their time together or would it be some other reflective memory of his past life. What runs though one's mind at the moment of death he thought as his eyes were fixed upon the ceiling above. At some point if he remained on the team he would eventually find out when it was his turn to join the afterlife he figured.

His moment of reflection was abruptly interrupted when a voice called to him snapping him out of his self-induced trance and his eyes turned to Reaper standing across the room.

"The Commander wants us all to assemble in the meeting room in ten minutes."

Jason only nodded his apply to Reaper before closing his eyes for a moment of deep personal consideration of his options. Should he give up his position as a W.O.L.F. soldier where he will most likely die, or brave the perils and play his part in saving humanity from the deadly creatures the world has given birth to?

As Jason crossed the threshold as the meeting room entrance the others all seated looked his way. The room was still until Ghost broke the silence with a condescending comment.

"Nice of you to join us Bunny!"

Without a response Jason walked in and took a seat at the far end of the long rectangular table in the center of the room. As he made himself comfortable in the large black leather chair he looked forward to find their commander T-Rex standing at the head of the table.

"I know we are down two men, two good men but our mission remains the same," T-Rex said in a calm and strong voice. Our battle with these creatures has not gained traction in all this time and so I have spoken with the President himself about an hour ago and a decision was made. We are going to take this war to the very source itself....we are going to attack Matt Hendrix."

"Is that a wise move Commander?" questioned Carnage sitting near the front of the table.

"At this point it is the most logical option we have," T-Rex responded. "It's time to cut the head off of this monster and maybe just maybe if the others see that their leader is dead their aggression will cease. Since declaring himself the werewolf king his followers like a hive mind have come out of the shadows and wreaked havoc ever since their species first revealed themselves to the world. As you know their kind were dying off from an unknown illness rampaging through their genus until they came out and asked for help from our scientists. A cure was discovered and once now in the open their kind grew without fear of discovery or

persecution. But once free to be what they were their self proclaimed king took it upon himself to have his kind rise up and try to seize power.”

“So what do you want to do Commander?” Ghost called out with enthusiasm.

“I say let’s bring this fight to the source, let’s take out the creatures leader and cut the head off this dragon for good.”

“I agree it’s time to take this fight to him,” Ghost said with force in his voice.

“So what’s the plan Commander?” Carnage asked.

“The President is going to secure for us a C-17 Globemaster cargo plane that can carry The W.A.S.P across the Atlantic. From there we will take the chopper to the old medieval castle that Hendrix is using as his stronghold home base.”

“This sounds like something we should have done a long time ago,” Ghost called out.

“Agreed..... however due to red tape bureaucracy bullshit our hands were tied to do so until now.”

“And why was that Commander?” questioned Reaper.

“To be honest Reaper.....I don’t know.” T-Rex said lowering his voice. “However now we have the clearance from the British government for the assault on Hendrix and so while this door is open, we are going to smash through and kill this monster for good. With his leadership as an antagonist the others may go back underground and not be such a threat.”

“So when do we leave Commander?” Ghost piped up and asked.

“We are to deploy at Zero Nine Hundred Hours, a land rover is to pick us up and bring us to Ronald Reagan National Airport where we are to meet the Globemaster, The W.A.S.P should be loaded by the time we arrive. The plan is to attack the fortress by nightfall.”

“What about this stronghold, what kind of defenses does it have.....what do we know?” asked Carnage.

“From the intel gathered from MI5 the castle is equipped with modern defensive gun turrets mounted on all sides of the structure.”

“What about personnel Commander, what can we expect in the way of a Furry resistance?

“As far as we know Ghost, maybe four dozen Furies are guarding the castle at any given time.”

“Shit we can do that with a mouth full of bubble gum and one hand tied behind our backs,” Ghost called out.

All while this exchange went on Jason remained quiet absorbing it all in like a fly on the wall careful not to throw his two cents in. His fear of the others razzing him since he had never once been out of the country before, let alone due so on a combat mission. His fear of flying was bad enough traveling within their chopper but the thought of sitting on a cargo plane for more than 8 hours truly terrified the young man. Still how he felt had to be hidden from the others as he took a deep breath and accepted his fate.

“What about the castle itself, what do we know about its layout?” Carnage asked as the others thought the same thing.

“Well very little actually,” T-Rex replied much to the dissatisfaction of the others. “The British government said that the castle was built in the Middle Ages and used around 1066 and was once used by a warlord from that time.”

“How fitting,” Ghost commented.

“The structure is built of stone with reinforced outer walls and a courtyard within its inner perimeter. It's set on the outer skirts of British isle and little is known about it. How Hendrix acquired it no one knows for sure only that he took possession of it sometime in early 2060 they believe.”

“So what do we do Commander?”

“What we always do Reaper, storm in and kill every god damn furry thing we find.”

“Sounds like a plan to me!” Ghost shouted with enthusiasm.

Later that night after talking to Katie and lying in his bunk Jason went over his conversation with her trying desperately not to give away the fear he held in his heart for this new mission to his young bride. She usually could pick up on any subtle hints of distress in his voice or demeanor but on this night Jason was able to deceive her of his true feeling better than most nights. It bothered him to deceive her and although he would have preferred to spill all his misgivings for the new mission to her and have her loving feedback quench his anxiety he knew by not telling her spared her own emotional mindset. Looking up at the ceiling above Jason could almost envision the battle that was to come only hours from now.

He could see in the shadows casting from the dimly lit single bulb across the room the battle that was going to come forth with his team of warriors fighting the beasts on their own home turf. They knew the landscape and the layout of the stronghold. They had the advantage of knowing just where to hide and when to strike. It was man-made bullets and weapons versus biological teeth and claws with each combatant sharing the same intellect. Werewolves were fast

and strong in their beast form but unlike traditional animals they possessed the same cunning intelligence as any human since at their core they really were.

Jason knew the weapons they carried were the most powerful assault rifles ever designed with enough concentrated firepower to kill even these great beasts but they didn't go down easy and if they attacked in a large cluster he and his comrades could run out of ammo before the last of the creatures fell. While lying in his bed he imagined in the shadows this team storming the castle and firing everything they have at the monsters until either they were victorious or fall in defeat to the powerful creatures.

He knew he had to get some sleep but his thoughts were racing in his mind. He again questioned his enlisting into the service and joining this unique task force. But as the world grew ever more dangerous since the emergence of the werewolves he felt that if he and Katie were to bring a child into this world he felt that he had to play a part in making it safe for their child to grow up in. He thought about the many reasons for joining the W.O.L.F. task force and concluded that whether or not he survived this mission or the next, his being part of the team to make the world save again was greater than himself.

As he drifted off to sleep he knew that in his heart no matter what this mission or the future brought him that his participation was the single one thing he could give back to the world. despite how the others treated him or whether or not he lived to a ripe old age of 90 or died at the claws of a beast the next day that what he stood for and regardless of how his feelings of fear drove him that he was going to make a difference no matter what. Images of large bipedal wolf men filled his dreams but when Jason awoke the next morning a sense courage he never knew before filled his soul. He only prayed that this new feeling of renewed strength would last.

As the team stepped from the land rover and looked upon their chopper being loaded into the back of the large cargo plane. T-Rex with a facial expression that said how annoyed he was walked sternly up to the man in charge of the transport and address him harshly making his team see him in a light that normally don't see.

"This was supposed to have been done already before we arrived."

"Sorry commander we had an issue with the plane last night but it will not be a problem on your flight to the UK."

"I should hope not," T-Rex said as he returned to his men just as a long black limousine pulled up next to their rover.

"It's just amazing how that looks like its swallowing our chopper," Reaper said to Ghost who poked him in the ribs to get his attention to the figure stepping from the back of the limo.

"Talk about swallowing," Ghost said crudely. "So what do we have here?"

Reaper matched his gaze and watched as a tall blonde haired woman slid from the car dressed in a white business suit jacket and matching skirt. Her windswept long locks blew back framing her slender facial features with only her eyes hidden behind a pair of black Ray Ban Way-fair sunglasses. The men watched her approach them and head right for the commander.

“Commander Richardson I assume,” she asked stopping before the commander as he heels paused their clicking across the hard airport tarmac.

“Yes but please call me T-Rex,” he said in a slight friendly manner followed by a smile.

“Very well,” she replied as the others listened in detecting a hint of a Russian accent.

“Our bird is nearly loaded, we will be disembarking soon,” the commander told her as the two turned to face the chopper settling into its holding place on board the huge cargo plane.

“Because this mission is going to be a joint effort between our two countries I was asked to join your group to act as your emissary once we enter enemy territory and join forces with the Russian equivalent of your American W.O.L.F. squad.”

“Yeah about that, I told my superiors already when this mission was hatched that we appreciate the help but it’s not necessary,” T-Rex said lowering his voice. “My team can handle anything these monsters can dish out.”

“I understand your faith in your team but let’s face it Commander you are down two men and could use the extra firepower.”

“Lady I can’t argue that,” he said smiling. “Okay but this was our idea, we are spearheading this operation.”

“Agreed, the other group will serve as your backup and backup only, W.O.L.F. will call the shots as you Americans like to say,” she said grinning.

T-Rex nodded his approval before turning to his men standing nearby. “So for any of you not eavesdropping on our conversation,” he called out. “This is Lady Nightingale.....she’s our contact on this mission and emissary between the British government, us and the three,” he said before pausing for a moment glancing her way as she nodded. “Yes three Russian soldiers who will be joining us on this mission once we hit the UK.”

“Jason was secretly relieved to learn that there would be a little more firepower added to the conflict but Ghost spoke up with his concerns.

“Why do we need extra troops on this assignment Commander?”

“Because we are down two men and more is better Ghost.”

“We don’t know what to expect from these new guys, it’s bad enough we have to carry Bunny let alone three new people we can’t rely on.”

“I can carry my own shit just fine thank you,” Jason said boldly.

“Can you Bunny....can you really,” Ghost said harshly not caring how derogatory he sounded.

Jason was about to respond when the commander cut him off with his own response to Ghost.

“We all were once the new guy....the rookie, give the kid a break he’s one of us now and he’s doing the best he can.”

“Yeah well Commander he better be because all of our lives depend on each other and I don’t want to get my ass killed because of a scared little bunny and now we have three more cottontails to worry about.”

“These men are highly trained professionals so they can handle anything that comes your way,” the woman called out aggressively.

“Okay, Okay lady!” Ghost replied before turning to Reaper beside him. “And this chick is coming with us....oh man!” he mumbled to his friend.

The rear hatch of the plane closed locking the WASP within its cargo area, as the team looked on.

“Okay men that’s our clue, let’s get on this thing and once we are in the UK and unload The WASP we will attack the enemy and bring this conflict of humanity and beast to an end,” T-Rex said with enthusiasm. “At the least cut the head off their leader and the source of this war.”

As the team entered the plane each man pulled on the fold down jumper seats sat and put on their belts. They in unison noticed upon her entry that the woman didn’t seem very enthusiastic about her traveling accommodations. As she entered removing her dark glasses to adjust her vision to the low light within the air craft she made a face of dissatisfaction that told the others who she was in an instant.

“Little miss prissy doesn’t look too happy about her flying conditions,” Ghost commented on as Reaper replied.

“I guess she was expecting something in the way of First Class combinations not the cargo bay of this old Globemaster.”

As the emissary walked over to an available set at the far end cabin away from the others she seemed to have trouble disengaging the fold down seat from the inner cabin wall.

“Jesus Christ she’s more of a newbie than Bunny,” Ghost said rudely. “I hope her team of Russian mercenaries are better equipped to handle easy shit then she is.”

Reaper chuckled but before he could add to Ghost’s comment he watched Jason unfasten his belt and go over to aid the woman.

“There you are Ms,” Jason said with a warm smile as he pulled down her jump seat. “I’m afraid this will not be too comfortable for you.”

“No I don’t suppose it will be,” she said matching Jason’s smile, “But thank you young man.”

As Jason returned to his seat the 37 year old smoothed down the back of her skirt and very gingerly seated herself upon the hard plastic structure before reaching for her seatbelt and drawing it across herself. As Lady Nightingale tried to make herself as comfortable as she could she took note of the smell of fuel coming from the helicopter positioned just feet away.

“Way to go Boy Scout!” Ghost said as Jason retook his seat and strapped in.

“She seemed to need help, you would have done the same if given the chance.”

“No Bunny I would have just sat here and laughed at her ignorance for knowing nothing about a military plane.”

“I’m sure she had never flown on a C-17 Globemaster before let alone sit in the cargo bay next to our chopper.”

“No Bunny, I’m sure this girl only flies corporate Learjet’s by the look of that Versace suit she’s sporting,”

“You know it’s kinda strange Commander.”

“What’s that Carnage,” T-Rex asked as the large jet soon took into the air.

“Seeing The WASP in flight and yet not under her own power.”

“I was thinking the same thing how we should be all seated within our machine and not having it riding piggyback inside this thing.”

Once the jet was in flight the team remained mostly silent drifting into their own heads with most going over the mission. Jason as always before an assignment envisioned his wife, the only anchor that centered his shaken nerves. He thought of their first meeting at a local singles dance and their first date. He thought of the night when he proposed marriage and the two days she made him sweat it out before she gave him an answer. The flight was longer in their heads than it was in reality as the large cargo jet was loud with the outside fuselage creaking as though it wanted to break apart at any moment.

“I hate this thing!” Ghost cried out as he shifted his position within his little hard plastic seat. “I wish we could have just flown The WASP to England.”

“Now you know The WASP doesn’t have the flight range to do that,” Reaper said with a chuckle.

“Yeah I know, but it would have at least been more comfortable to fly this far in. I can’t feel my legs or ass anymore.”

“I agree it’s not exactly a cross Atlantic airline cruiser.” Reaper replied repositioning in his seat. “Just think of the mission and everything we went over.”

“What do you think about having three more newbie’s like Bunny joining us?”

“Let’s face it we can use the help, New York shown us that being down two men was a handicap in a fire fight with the creatures.”

“Yeah but we don’t know these guys, I don’t like entrusting my life to more weak links... it’s bad enough to have Bunny on our side we don’t need more Cottontails.”

I’m sitting right here Ghost!” Jason spoke up.

“Sorry Bunny I forgot you were still here,” Ghost said laughing as Reaper just smiled.

“Where did you think I was?”

“I don’t know maybe counting your eggs in your Easter Basket or something.”

Once the jet landed at the Royal Air Force base the team disembarked and each stood before their commander as their own aircraft was unloaded out of the back of the giant transatlantic transport. The Russian woman stood by T-Rex and said something to him just out of ear shot of the others. Then a black rover pulled up and three soldiers got out. Two were large men clean shaven and a nearly equal in stature woman with long dark hair pulled back in a single French braid. They walked with extreme confidence over to the W.O.L.F. team.

“Gee Bunny that chick looks tougher than you,” Ghost remarked with a chuckle.

“You know Ghost for once I have to agree,” Jason said looking at the woman’s powerful muscular bare arms. “I wouldn’t want to arm wrestle her that’s for sure.”

“Nor would I rookie nor would I,” Ghost said patting Jason on the back in an almost friendly gesture.

“Please let me introduce to you Vladimir, Sergey and Katya,” Lady Nightingale said as the trio stopped before the W.O.L.F. team.

“We welcome your help for this mission, T-Rex said as Vladimir the largest of the three reached out his hand.

“Thank you, we offer our service,” Vladimir said as the two shook hands. “The wolf threat is not as pronounced in our home land but we have trained extensively to take down these beasts whenever they become an issue.”

“Let me introduce you to my team,” T-Rex said proudly. “This is Reaper my sub-commander, Ghost, Carnage, and Bunny.”

“Such colorful names indeed,” Vladimir said in an amused tone.

“So what do you think?” asked Ghost as he and Reaper looked over their help.

“I don’t know about the guys but the chick looks pretty deadly,” Reaper replied.

“So is that our transport?” Vladimir asked seeing The WASP now removed from the plane.

“Yes, it’s not very big but there are enough seats for all,” T-Rex told him as the two looked on as the choppers rotors were infolded and fixed into their natural position for their function for flight.

“Very good we can go over the mission plans while we are in flight,” Vladimir said with a smile as he and T-Rex walked toward the flying machine followed by the others.

“This is where I take my leave,” Lady Nightingale said to T-Rex once they all reached the helicopter. “I will monitor you progress from a mobile base we have waiting,” she told him before wishing him and the team good luck.

“It figures that woman was not going all the way with us.” Ghost said in a derogatory tone.

“Yeah I guess she’s not exactly dressed for combat is she,” Reaper replied as he and Ghost climbed into the chopper and took their usual seats. Now this is better,” Reaper said as he settled into his WASP jump seat. “Ah.....like being at home!”

The pilot of The WASP who flew in the cockpit of the Globemaster was the last to enter his machine. “So Commander we ready to do this?”

“You bet!” T-Rex said as he took his seat. “Let’s get this wolf bastard!”

**To Be Continued
In Episode 4: Dominion
Coming in June**

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