



Werewolf Magazine Reborn
Presents

W.O.L.F

World Operation Lycan Force

Episode 2
The Fallout

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Presents

AL J. Vermette's

W. O .L. F.

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Episode 2 The Fallout

As the team loaded into the chopper but before lifted off Reaper saw two dark objects burst out of the rooftop door.

“Shit we have incoming!

The others all turned to see the creatures heading right for them and turned their weapons on the beast through the still open door. Reapers fire stopped one of the creatures in its tracks but the other although taking multiple hits was determined to reach the black machine and before the chopper is get fully airborne the beast launched itself upward and took hold of one of the skid pads. Reaper slid the door closed as the monster tried to reach up into the chopper.

The weight of the creature tilted the WASP to the right as the pilot desperately maintained control of his machine.

“Get that thing off my bird! The pilot screamed as Reaper ripped opened the door and pointed his assault Ak-47 at the beast.

“Open wide doggie!” he yelled as Reaper blasted the creature in the face with his AK-47 on full auto dropping the creature instantly.

He watched as it fell away to the ground below as the chopper leveled off and gained height. Sliding the door closed once again Reaper settled in his seat and fastened his belt. He looked over at his commander who gave him a nod of approval.

“We never should have left Cyclops and Hex there,” Ghost said shaking his head.

“Yeah I know, I’m not happy with that decision either,” Carnage replied.

“I’m not thrilled with it either guys but we had little choice,” T-Rex said lowering his voice in a grim manner. “Let’s reflect for a moment for the brothers we just lost.

As the moment of silence washed over the chopper interior only the roar of machines rotating blades could be heard until Ghost broke the moment.

“Well at least we didn’t lose the rookie,” Ghost said looking directly at Jason. “At least you made it out with your skin intact right Bunny?”

His off handed comment didn’t sit well with the young man who just witnessed two of his fellow teammates slaughtered before his eyes. He tried not to show his emotions or the fact that he was shaking in his seat although he was extremely grateful that the rumble of the moving chopper hid his insecurity.

“Ah lay off the kid Ghost he’s doing his best,” Reaper said nodding to the young man who was now starting to feel a little queasy. “The kids new, he’ll find his footing in time.”

“What now Commander, I mean with that location?” Carnage asked tucking his rifle between his knees with the barrel pointed up with the safety security switch engaged.

“Now that’s it been confirmed that the location is a furry hotspot it will be targeted by a drone to be destroyed,” T-Rex answered as he removed his helmet and ran his fingers through his thinning brown hair.

“I still can’t believe the world has come to this,” Reaper called out. “A world where dogs are trying to take over.”

“Yeah no shit,” Carnage replied before turning his gaze to Jason. “You okay there Bunny?” he asked as Jason looked up at him. “You’re looking a little green over there kid.”

“I’m good thanks for asking,” Jason replied a bit annoyed to have been called out.

“Come on now the rookie did good today...at least he didn’t become a fucking chew toy like our dear friend Cyclops,” Ghost commended in a snarky tone before then adding. “Not yet anyway!”

Jason felt embarrassed as the group erupted in laughter at his expense making him want to counter but he didn’t know how to respond without making himself look even more foolish so he just lowered his head in silence and tried to tune out their laughter.

“Hey kid!”

Jason looked up hesitantly and saw his commanding officer looking in his direction.

“Pay no mind to them, you did good kid, you followed my orders and you stayed alive.”

Although the commanders words projected a reassuring tone, Jason knew that his presence there today had no real value or bearing on the operation. His contribution to the building assault was for him just being there a fly on a wall while chaos and death swarmed all around. As the roar of the choppers engine filled the passenger cabin Jason closed his eyes and wished he was somewhere else. He dreamed of being home with his wife Katie and their two dogs Hercules and Perseus. Her words begging him not to join the W.O.L.F. taskforce division of the Special Forces echoed in his mind for their low rate of survival or worse becoming one of the very creatures the taskforce was meant to stop. She knew that if he died in combat or was turned into a beast that she would lose her beloved either way. But the young man felt the need and duty to protect others from the growing lupine threat that was starting to consume not only his home nation but the entire world.

His small town Kentucky upbringing and values compelled the young man to not only join the armed forces but to enlist in their newest endeavor the W.O.L.F. program to control the werewolf uprising that the world feared would one day overrun the planet. He could still hear Katie’s pleads for him not to sign up with the taskforce but although he loved her with all his heart his calling to do something truly special overrode anything that she could ask. Now he questioned that decision as the roar of the choppers engine lulled him into a false sense of security despite the horrors he just witnessed only minutes ago.

He could still see the fear in the eyes of the big man as Cyclops faced down the barrel of Reaper’s sidearm. He knew that had his friend not taken the shot he would have become the very thing he hated and potentially become a danger to everyone around him. Still Jason couldn’t shake the image of Cyclops’s eyes as the turned from a deep blue to a pale yellow as his body and mind started the undergo metamorphosis into the beast. Had he fully transformed Jason and the others knew that everything that made Cyclops who he was would have been gone. Not only would his body undergo the change from man to monster but also his entire personality and be no longer be the man they knew.

Jason opened his eyes and looked over at Reaper sitting across from him in the choppers passenger cabin. The man hung his head low as he held his rifle across his chest like a child clutching a teddy bear. Jason knew the man was hurting having to put down his friend and bother in arms and it showed on his face even though the strong stoic soldier would never admit to it.

“It’s okay you know,” Jason called over to the veteran warrior.

“What?” Reaper replied as he was drawn out of his self induced trance.

“You did what you had to do,”

“What the heavenly fuck are you talking about Bunny?” Reaper replied with a puzzled look on his face.

“I’m talking about Cyclops.”

“What about him?”

“You know,” Jason heisted for a moment. “having to,” choosing his words carefully. “Sacrifice Cyclops.”

“What the bloody hell do you even know about the man?”

“I know his was a good soldier.”

“A far better soldier than you’ll ever be Bunny.”

“I’m just saying don’t feel bad....you did the right thing,” Jason responded with a dry mouth.

“I did what I had to do..... he would have done the same for me.”

“I know, had he turned his individuality would have been lost to the hive mind of the beasts and he wouldn’t be who he was any longer.”

“No Bunny I put down my brother because had I let him turn he would have become a danger to us all and he of all people knew that. I put a bullet into his face not because of saving his dignity or his humanity but because had he completed the transformation he would have killed us all. And so I ended him like I would have ended anyone of us who were on the verge of turning. I would pump a slug into your face too Bunny given the chance.”

His words cold and direct scared the young soldier as he tried not to show it on his face but his farm boy good nature looks gave his feeling away and the others all took note.

“Stop Reaper before the boy wets himself,” Ghost said with a chuckle before the cabin erupted with another round of laughter easing the tension for everyone on board the chopper except Jason.

“Reaper is right,” T-Rex joined the fray as his eyes locked in on the young man. “Cyclops would have become a danger to us all had he turned, even in his human form his mind would have belonged to them. And that’s why we take care of our own rookie because if one of us becomes bitten all of us suffer.”

“I understand,” responded Jason as his eyes drew over to Reaper

“Don’t get bit kid,” Ghost said in a cold harsh tone. “Because I’ll be more than happy to put you down like a rabbit dog.”

“I’ll try to remember that,” Jason replied trying to lower his voice and sound assertive and confident despite his inner feelings of inadequacy.

As the WASP came in for a landing atop the rooftop heliport of their base of operations inside a converted community center in the heart of Washington DC the team disembarked from the black machine and made their through the rooftop building entrance. After something to eat and a little rest each man tried their best to decompress from the events of the night before. As Reaper and Ghost shot pool in the rec room T-Rex was debriefed and Carnage drank the pain away as Jason sat at the computer terminal at the far end of the rec room.

His disposition took a sudden turn as the face of his young bride come into view upon the computer screen and he smiled.

“What’s the matter” she questioned reading right through his forced grin as a look of concern washed over her face.

“Nothing my love everything is fine.”

“I know you better than that Jason.....talk to me.”

“It’s nothing just a hard mission that’s all.”

“Tell me about it,” she asked as Jason tried to make his voice low as to not give away his feelings to Ghost and Reaper just across the room at the pool table.

“I can’t really say right now,” he said with minimally spoken tone just as T-Rex entered the room.

“Gear up we have an uprising in Time Square and the NYDP is overwhelmed,” T-Rex called out. “We have orders to engage.”

“I have to go my love, I’ll call you when I can,” Jason said as he saw his lovely bride frown before closing out the call.

“What’s going on Commander?” Reaper questioned. “We’ve down two men you know!”

“I know but we have no choice, we have our orders, they came straight from the Pentagon,” T-Rex said as he looked over to Jason. “Let’s go Bunny this means you too.”

“Don’t bother Bunny Commander he’s talking with his sweetheart,” Ghost called out arrogantly.

“I’m coming Commander,” Jason replied out loud as he powered down the computer console as he mumbled a few others words under his breath.

“I know we are down two men,” T-Rex addressed his team. “But New York needs us right now and the local police can’t handle the creatures on their own,” he said as he made his way back to the door. “I need everyone at the heliport in no more than five.”

“You got it Commander,” Reaper replied as he turned to the others in the room. “You heard the man let’s get going, we have furies to take down.”

“Reaper may we have a word out in the hall?” T-Rex called over.

“Sure Commander” Reaper replied as he laid his pool cue on the table. What’s up” he asked once they were out of ear shot of the others.

“Since we lost Hex I want you to take his place as my Sub-Commander.”

“Thank you sir, I will do his memory justice and serve the unit to the best of my ability.”

“I know you will,”

As the exchange took place in the hall Jason steadied his nerves once again still physically and mentally exhausted from the early morning exploit they had just come home from only hours before. Although that was the first mission where they lost two members of the team together and was devastating for all however it was particularly mentally catastrophic for it being the young recruit’s first deployment into the field. He took a deep breath, looked at the computer screen where he last saw his loving wife and pulled himself up and went to retrieve his gear.

Once everyone was geared up, the crew met T-Rex on the rooftop heliport as the WASP was just firing up its rotors. The blaring noise was deafening as each man climbed aboard and took their respective seat. As they made themselves comfortable each one silently glanced over to where their fallen comrades would have been seated. Each man privately said a prayer to themselves as the jet black machine lifted into the air.

The shine of the setting sun peeked its last moments into the choppers cockpit windscreen as it turned northward. Each man still tired and decompressing from their earlier mission couldn’t shake the feeling of the events they endured just hours ago. Now tired and shaken they had to go into another combat zone of unknown peril. Jason was trying to hide his feelings from the others but as he looked around the chopper cabin he could see the anxiety written upon their faces as well. He guessed T-Rex saw the same defeated expression and spoke up to terminate their melancholy.

“I just wanted to let you all know that as of today Reaper has been bumped up to be my Sub-Commander.”

“Congratulations man, I’m happy for you,” Ghost said as the others smiled and nodded their approval.

“Thanks everyone, I’ll try and do my best.”

“Hex was a good leader and so will you Reaper,” T-Rex said with a smile.

“Thanks,” Reaper replied as he and the others then remained silent for the rest of the 90 minute flight to New York City.

As the city lights came into view Ghost spoke up and called over to their commander.

“So like how Commander are we going to get to Time Square?” Ghost asked as the chopper flew directly toward the city limits. “Are we landing at LaGuardia and then transport into the city?”

“Well....no not exactly,” T-Rex replied with a wicked grin on his face.

“Oh shit you’re kidding me right?”

“That’s a no Ghost.....I’m not kidding, the pilot has his orders.”

“Oh Christ no!”

“Why what are we doing?” Carnage questioned as T-Rex remained smiling.

“We are going to fly straight in aren’t we Commander?”

“That’s right the pilot as his orders and clearance to bring us right to the source of the conflict.”

“Oh my god!” Ghost said leaning back in his seat. “We’re going to die before we even get into this fight!”

“Don’t worry, the pilot can handle this,” T-Rex said as the chopper broke the outer boundaries of the city limits. As it started to fly over the metropolis below each of the men’s anxiety grew as Jason could feel a queasy feeling developing in his stomach.

As the WASP started to make its decent the bright lights of the billboards and other intense illumination lit up this portion of Manhattan brighter than the sun. The choppers pilot had to be careful not to be blinded as he brought the machine in flying it between the buildings as it lowered to the street. As the Chopper settled into a hover just 50 feet above the surface the blast from the powerful rotor blew papers and other loose debris around the street. The pilot faced the machine straight toward the source of the conflict on the street below.

“Commander it looks like a world of shit ahead do you want to continue with this action?” the pilot asked as T-Rex walked forward and looked out the choppers windscreen.

“We have to being order to this confrontation no matter what.”

“Copy that Commander,” The pilot replied. “You can start your deployment anytime we are lower enough.”

T-Rex slid the side door open on the chopper and released a single fast rope line that dropped to the street below. Clipping the d-rings to the attachment on the outer side of the fuselage to anchor them securely he gave the rope a yank to make sure it was firmly in place before turning to his team.

“Okay who’s first?”

“I’ll go Commander,” Reaper called out as he stood just as the others slipped on their thick gloves as they made ready to repel from the WASP.

This was above all the thing that Jason feared the most. Never being a fan of high places to begin with the thought of dropping out of a hovering helicopter and sliding down a line gave the young man a rotting feeling in his gut. While the others seem to just commit to the action with little care, Jason’s mind was full of anxiety even before it was his turn to make of drop.

“Okay let’s do this!” T-Rex called out as he stood beside the open door. “Okay Sub-Commander you go first,” he added as he handed the line to his next in command.

“You got it Commander,” Reaper replied as he effortlessly took hold of the drop line with both hands. With his rifle slung to his side he pushed off and gripping the rope with his specialized gloves slid down to the street below soon followed by the next man.

“Let’s go Bunny your next,” T-Rex said as Jason’s heart dropped and he could feel his hands shaking. “Come on you’ve done this before rookie,”

“I got this Commander,” Jason said with confidence in his voice trying to sound brave but inside his stomach wanted to expel what little contents he consumed earlier.

Grasping the line with both hands he tried not to look down at the street below but it was hard not to. Knowing full well that his grip on the cord was the only thing keeping him from crashing onto the pavement beneath was nearly paralyzing but he took a deep breath and let god take it from there. As he slid down the rope he could see off in the distance the riot that consumed the famous commercial and tourist hub of the city. Once Jason’s feet touch down the young man stood beside his fellow soldiers just as T-Rex made his descent.

“Jesus Christ this looks bad Commander,” Ghost said as they watched as just down the street the police and civilians both fell to the teeth and claws of the feral beasts.

“Okay so let’s make this right,” T-Rex shouted as he and his squad advanced toward the conflict.

“So what was this a friendly protest gone bad?” Carnage asked turning to T-Rex walking beside him.

“That’s what it was supposed to be, but you know how these things go.”

“Yeah I know Commander..... they always seem to go to shit!”

“Let’s just make this right and all of us go home.”

“I copy that Commander!”

As the group neared the incident they saw four dozen creatures ripping apart what was left of the civilian population as the local NYPD trying to stop the massacre were desperately overwhelmed. The police unable to stop the carnage all around them gladly consented to the arrival of the task force for help. As an individual creature took note of the advancing defense force coming its way the beast drew off the bloody body it was feeding on and gave a warning roar to alert its lupine brethren.

Then in a defiant cry in unison the pack broke out in a howl that amplified off the building walls and echoed throughout the air rumbling in the bellies of each of the advancing men. Jason could feel his heart pounding in his chest and wondered if the others felt the same way.

As the WASP hovered behind them each man now switching off their safety release on their weapons ready to engage the enemy.

“Now it’s time for payback!” Reaper called out as each man stood in a line facing the opposition ready to fire.

“Hell yeah!” Ghost screamed out as his finger gripped the trigger eager to pull back.

The creatures stood their ground glaring at the men as though they didn’t care. Each one still with human blood and flesh dripping from their fangs as their stance of defiance remained vigilant.

“Enough of this,” T-Rex yelled. “Light these bastards up!”

Upon his order each man tugged back on the trigger of their automatic assault rifles laying down a blast of heavy firepower. The short burst volley hit the first line of werewolves with such force that it tore flesh and fur from their bodies. The scream from the beasts was unimaginable and most of the team reveled in the abstract suffering of the creatures. Although Jason pulled his trigger too his delight in the creature’s pain didn’t consume him with the same enjoyment as the others. As the bullets ripped through each from the creature’s in front the other werewolves took notice and scattered immediately.

Before each member of W.O.L.F. could exhaust their magazine they were reaching for a fresh mag to clip into place and resume firing before the monsters could take cover. Once the first shower of fire ended the men assessed the carnage of human bodies before them as they walked through the casually of civilian victims.

“My god there has to be more than a hundred people here or more they killed,” Ghost cried out.

“This was supposed to be a nonviolent protest but this became nothing more than a blood bath,” T-Rex said as he snapped a fresh cartage into his weapons magazine well.

Before the team could emotionally recover from the horrendous scene before them a small group of werewolves ambushed them from behind of a cargo truck parked on the street. They were taken by surprise just as they pasted the vehicle distracted by the body’s lining the street. Without a single word the squad turned to face the enemy and opened fire. Although the beasts were hit by a barrage of overwhelming firepower because of their thick hides and adrenaline pumping through their blood vessels it took nearly a full magazine to put the creatures down.

Each team member struck with their weapons on full automatic blazing the entire area in a hot yellowish glow. As the weapon muzzles grew dim seven creatures lay neutralized before the group before Ghost cried out,

“In coming!”

The group turned to face five more black shaggy creatures trying to rush them from the opposite side of the street. With their current magazines nearly exhausted most had to switch out for a fresh cartridge before they could return fire. The werewolves took as much fire as their bodies could absorb before dropping but their overall assault was depleting the team of their ammunition faster than they would have liked.

“Commander!”

“I know Carnage,” T-Rex responded. “We are going to run out of ammo before we take down these bastards!”

Jason could feel his right hand starting to cramp as he gripped his weapon tightly and held his index finger on the trigger with more intensity than he should have. It seemed to him that the creatures were coming out of every nook and cranny and that they were going to run out of ammo and be over run by an endless horde of ferocious werewolves. As he reached for his belt to retrieve the second to last magazine cartridge he carried a sick feeling overcame him. He knew once he and the others ran dry of ammo they would be overran and torn apart.

“Shorter controlled bursts,” T-Rex called out in a desperate attempt to conserve their ammo resource but he knew it took a lot just to bring down one raging beast. “T-Rex to the WASP,” he roared over his helmet com.

“Go ahead Commander,” the pilot responded as the chopper hovered overhead.

“We need a little help here we have nearly exhausted our ammo!”

“I understand,” the pilot acknowledged as he turned to his partner beside him. “Looks like we’ve joining this fight,” he said changing the pitch of the choppers main rotor while simultaneously arming the onboard weapons system.

As the WASP descended the wind from the powerful turbo blades kicked up debris causing a mini hurricane effect beneath the craft. As the chopper lowered the werewolves feeling the gust stopped their assault for a moment and gazed up as the machine just as the pilot aimed the nose mounted 50 Caliber Gatling Gun their way. As the pilot depressed the trigger mechanism a violent vibration ripped through the fuselage of the WASP as its rotating barrel lit up the night.

“Now eat shit you furry mother-fuckers,” T-Rex screamed as a white blaze of light erupted from the guns muzzle like a demon screaming in the night.

Within an instant creature bodies were torn to shreds as the monsters screamed in agony trying to flee the explosion of the hailstorm upon them. As the WASP unleashed hellfire upon the ground just ahead of the squad the men with their remaining armament fired cutting down any werewolves seeking cover or escape. Within less than a minute the street was clear of all rampaging beasts as the team now low on ammo used what was left in their reserve to assess the situation and to now carry out a rescue mission for anyone still left alive after the massacre.

“Oh my god!” Jason cried out as the creatures were slaughtered along the open street. Although he knew how violent the creatures could be in beast form once turned back human he still could not help but feel a little sorry for them since they all were once innocent people long before they fell upon the hive mind of the beast that grew within them.

“Let’s go,” T-Rex called out once the choppers gun went silent. “Search for any survivors.”

Jason’s ears were still ringing as the explosive eruption from the massive chopper mounted gun still lingered in the air impairing everyone’s immediate hearing. If not for his helmets internal head phones he would not have even heard the commander’s last order.

The street was as far as they could see devoid of any life as the fallen bodies of the enemy started reverting back to their human forms.

“Christ what a mess,” Carnage said as the unit walked down the length of Time Square as their air support hovered overhead. “I don’t think we’ve going to find anyone here Commander.”

“Just keep an eye out, maybe someone made it through this bloodbath,” T-Rex replied to Carnage as the team walked the street watching for any movement from either friend or foe.

Keeping a watchful eye from above The WASP was ready to inform the team of any potential threat that was unseen from street level. The pilot held the chopper low just above the pavement at about 20 feet so that if any creatures were to ambush them again he was low enough to spot the danger coming before the team could be attacked.

With each soldier having only one or two bullet magazines left on their belts they all knew that if they encountered more resistance that they would have to be more conservative with how they dispense their armament.

“We need to conserve the ammo we have, so only fire short controlled bursts and aim primarily for the head,” T-Rex told his group as they walked slowly and cautiously through the sea of fallen bodies.

Then among the bodies of civilians and fallen beasts a small group of survivors could be seen huddled in a corner of one of the storefronts lining the street.

“Please help us,” a frightened older woman cried as she saw the men approaching her and her family.

“We are here to help,” T-Rex told her as he opened communications again with the chopper above. “Let the NYPD know we have found survivors and that the enemy has been neutralized.

“Copy that Commander,” the pilot replied.

“Do a sweep of the area, maybe there are more like them we need to find,” T-Rex addressed his team.

“Copy that Commander,” the men responded nearly in unison as the group broke off into two search parties looking for other civilian casualties caught in the middle of the war between humanity and the rising werewolf populous.

“You know Commander this is never going to stop until we cut off the head of the dragon running this show.”

“Yeah I know,” T-Rex turned to Reaper walking alongside him. “It’s not going to end until we go after the source of this uprising. We have to go after the werewolf leader himself.”

“Is that even possible Commander?”

“Yes, this unit is ready, it’s time we take this fight to him, it’s time to face Hendrix and take him out once and for all.”

**To Be Continued
In Episode 3: Retribution
Coming in April**

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