

A British Werewolf in Ireland

It was drizzling. Again. And a certain black-furred werewolf was not happy about it.

“Y’know, sometimes I wonder if we’re being punished for our imperialistic past. I can’t see any other reason for why we’re one of the few countries in the world that has more inclement weather than decent.” the wolfman mutters in annoyance as he holds his MP5k over his head in a vain attempt to keep himself dry - or at least drier than he currently is.

“Oh, come off it, Alex, that’s just the way this part of the world works - I doubt anyone upstairs is doing this just because we’ve done some dodgy things in the past...anyway, I thought you weren’t religious?” his human companion replies softly as he keeps a watchful eye on their forested surroundings, the rain seeming to not bother him as much his squadmate.

“I’m not, but that doesn’t mean I don’t believe in deities...or that they’re vindictive little wankers.” he grumbles as he silently makes his way through the forest, effortlessly stepping lightly among fallen twigs and other detritus to avoid making as much noise as possible as had been repeatedly drilled into him during basic training and further refined by the SAS.

“At least it’s relatively cool here - not like Afghanistan.”

“Ugh... don’t remind me, Theo - I was threaders of that place five seconds after I stepped off the plane at the start of my tour. I swear I literally started melting before I made it halfway across the strip, and I never stopped being redders until my tour there was over.” Alex replies with a mock shudder, before abruptly changing topics. “Why are we even out here again? I know there’s been reports of a heavy IRA presence in this forest, but does Control really think we’re going to find anything in this mess?” He stops and looks around, even his enhanced vision being unable to see more than a few dozen feet through the mist hanging around the trees like a veil.

“You know what Command is like - tactical thinking isn’t their strong suit,” Theo says while toggling Night Vision mode on his goggles and attempting to peer through the fog, but having no greater luck than Alex. “At least the fog means no one can see us.”

“And we can’t see them either - at least I’ll be able to hear or smell anything before it gets too close,” Alex murmurs as the pair continue advancing through the woods like a pair of spectres, their surroundings silent aside from their muttered conversation and the pitter-patter of raindrops hitting the ground around them. “I’d better dig the GPS out - make sure we’re still

going the right way,” he adds as he stops to set his pack down, unzipping it and tugging the GPS out.

“Oh, woah, what’s this?” Theo replies with a teasing lilt to his voice. “The big bad apex predator relying on technology to find his prey?”

“Oh, get knotted, you bloody tosser! Even the best hunter couldn’t track through this.” The wolfman snips in annoyance, amber eyes glowering at his partner, before refocusing his attention on the device and activating it, then waiting for it to triangulate their current position relative to their target search area. “Okay, according to this, we need to angle a bit eastward, but we’re still going in the general direction we need to be...amazingly enough.”

“Well, you’re the Captain - lead on,” Theo says to Alex, who proceeds to do just that, the pair lapsing into silence as they near their destination, the rain letting up slightly as they trek along the forest floor along with some of the mist, improving visibility dramatically for the pair - as well as Alex’s mood, as he’s no longer getting soaked.

After a period of walking, the pair of SAS soldiers approach their target, Alex already having heard the sounds of people ambling about a camp for several minutes before his companion also becomes aware of them, the wolfman then signalling to Theo to switch to sign language from here on out. <“Okay, there they are - looks like a full active service unit of ten: two lookouts, seven volunteers and a captain leading; pretty high rank for an ASU. Weapon-wise, I see a mix of AK-47s, Beretta AR90s and a MAC-10 being carried by the captain - nothing too dangerous as long as we’re careful.”>

<“What’s the plan of attack, then?”> Theo signs to Alex after glancing over the IRA camp.

<“Hammer and anvil - keep it simple. You wait here and I’ll sneak around the other side - when you hear gunshots, that’ll be your signal to huck a baseball and come out shooting. Between that and the flanking, we should be able to clean these reppies up no fuss”> Alex replies to Theo before moving away and cautiously making his way through the woods to the opposite side of the camp.

Theo signals his acknowledgement of the plan and watches Alex move off before grabbing an M68 frag grenade from his belt and tugging the safety pin out, his gloved hand firmly gripping the safety lever as he gazes over the various reptilian soldiers below while mentally calculating the best location to try and land the grenade to deal the maximum amount of damage possible based on likely enemy movements once the shooting starts.

Meanwhile, Alex arrives at a spot roughly opposite the point he started from, with good tree cover to shield him once reprisal shots start flying, takes careful aim down the iron sights of his MP5k and carefully squeezes the trigger, the near-silence of the air suddenly shattered by the weapon opening up on the camp below, several rounds tearing into one of the IRA sentries and sending him to the ground with a pained grunt as the rest of the camp is thrown into chaos, shouts and expletives in both Irish and English being uttered as the rest quickly duck for cover - but not quick enough for three of them as Theo's thrown grenade suddenly lands near them and explodes on impact, sending jagged bits of white-hot shrapnel tearing through their hides, sending them crashing to the ground as well, blood gushing from their shredded bodies and pooling around their still forms, turning the forest floor around them crimson and filling the air with the metallic scent of freshly-spilt blood.

After having tossed his grenade, Theo quickly grabs his own MP5k and opens up on the rest of the soldiers scrambling for cover, though he, unfortunately, fails to hit any and has to scramble for cover himself as one of them managed to catch sight of the flash from his rifle and fires a retaliatory burst, bullets screaming past him as he ducks behind a tree, followed by several more impacting his cover, Theo waiting for a break in the firing before leaning out and firing another burst, catching one who had just popped out from behind his own cover to fire another burst in the shoulder, causing him to jerk away screaming in pain and quickly get behind cover again.

Alex, on hearing the scream, quickly pokes his head out from behind cover to take stock of the situation, quickly filing away the current casualty count of *'four confirmed kills, one wounded'* before ducking back as one of the remaining soldiers opens up on him with their AK-47, sending a dozen or so rounds thudding and pinging into the tree he's hiding behind and blasting small bits of bark from its surface, the wolf about to pop back out when he hears something land in the leaves and dirt near his position, quickly glancing around to see what it was and catching sight of a flashbang laying several feet off to his right, his eyes widening and his entire frame suddenly jerking away aided by a massive adrenaline surge, but a split second too late as the grenade explodes, the entire world suddenly going quiet after a single brief moment of unbearable, shrill screeching that ruptures his eardrums instantly, followed by his right eye experiencing a flash of white-hot agony before going dark, the sudden loss of his hearing and partial loss of vision combined with the disruption of fluid in his inner ear causes him to fall to the ground amid a wave of intense dizziness and disorientation, his own pained screaming completely inaudible to him alongside everything else.

Theo's head jerks up quickly on hearing an agonized roar coming from the other side of the camp, quickly peering out from behind cover to be met with the sight of his partner on the ground, ears folded back and clutching his right eye as he continues screaming, the human

yelling Alex's name and dashing out from behind cover to try and get to him, but is forced back behind it as the remaining IRA, now no longer having to deal with being flanked, are free to focus solely on him - realizing how quickly the operation has turned sour, Theo grits his teeth while mentally preparing himself to make an extremely difficult decision. "Hang in there, Alex - I'll not leave you to these rebel wankers, and that's a bloody promise: No man left behind - I'll be back with reinforcements and I'll get you out, wherever they take you," he whispers before launching himself away from the tree and zigzagging through the woods away from the camp, occasionally looking back and taking potshots at the two pursuers who went after him.

Meanwhile, the three remaining soldiers, including the captain, cautiously approach the downed werewolf who is currently dragging himself along the ground, desperately trying to find the rifle he dropped when he collapsed through his one functioning eye before giving up on it and drawing his Glock 19 as he catches sight of the approaching soldiers, barely taking aim before he starts rapidly squeezing the trigger and sending a barrage of suppressing fire in their direction, causing them to scatter long enough for him to force himself to his feet, still incredibly dizzy and unsteady, but not going to go down easily as he staggers back behind cover just as a volley rips through the air where he just was, popping out and taking several more shots before hearing the familiar *click-click-click* of an empty cartridge.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" he swears, far louder than intended as he's still deaf from the flashbang, though the pure silence has now become a very loud ringing in his ears, signifying they're starting to heal, as is his eye, though even if it weren't currently watering so badly he wouldn't be able to see clearly through it, the eye itself is still too damaged to be of any use to him.

After popping the empty cartridge from his pistol, he grabs for a new one and quickly jams it into the Glock, bringing it up just as one of the dinos comes around the left side of the tree, only to catch several shots to the chest, the soldier gurgling as his lungs and esophagus fill with blood and overflow from his maw before falling to the ground amid a very wet death rattle, Alex quickly turning back knowing he's very likely to have been flanked, only to catch sight of a rifle butt coming at him a split second before it smashes into his skull, a brief burst of agony exploding like a firecracker in his brain before he blacks out, slumping unconscious to the ground with a pained groan.

"Damn, that fucker was one tough little shite." one of the soldiers says with a strong Irish inflection to their voice after making sure the wolf is properly out. "He and his friend made a right bags of our camp."

“Stow it, Walsh.” The orange-scaled IRA captain interjects. “And get his weapons and gear - we’re taking this one back to headquarters.”

“What on earth for? He’s just a common British army dog - let’s put him down like the mutt he is and be done with it! It’ll be cold comfort to Doyle, O’Connor and the Murphy boys, but at least it’ll be something.” the soldier with the wounded shoulder interjects angrily.

“Watch your tone, boy! This is no British regular and neither was that other one - they don’t fight like these two fought; he’s special forces, and that makes him valuable - either as a source of intelligence or just something we can ransom off, so strip him down and let’s haul arse out of here before his friend comes back with reinforcements.” the captain snaps to the sergeant, who grumbles but does as he’s told, hunkering down and divesting Alex of whatever weapons still remain on his person, along with any gear or equipment they can find, leaving just his uniform and body armor as he and his companion then tie a cloth soaked in chloroform around the wolf’s muzzle to keep him unconscious before hauling him up and dragging him off after their captain grabs everything of value from their ruined camp, the three setting off for their main base with their unconscious captive in tow.

Chapter 2

Sometimes, you really regret having gotten out of bed that morning.

That was Alex’s thought as he slowly came to, still feeling a slight bit of pain and disorientation, the latter probably explaining why he can’t recall the reasoning for the former as he lets out a groan and goes to get up - only to be confused at his inability to do so, the wolf cracking his eyes open and glancing around, coming to three realizations simultaneously - he is not laying down but is in fact leaned up against a tree, he’s tied rather tightly to said tree and there’s something stuffed in his muzzle, which is being kept in place by a rope held against it and tied firmly around his head while another is wrapped around his snout. He then comes to another realization as he catches sight of the IRA captain from their failed op, the memory of which suddenly comes rushing back to him. ‘*Well, that explains the headache.*’ He thinks to himself while outwardly growling at the orange dinosaur, which is pretty much all he can do.

“Well, look who’s finally back among the living.” the captain says in a jovial tone that doesn’t quite reach his bespectacled eyes. “You look like you’ve come fresh off a night on the tear, but I suppose being flashbanged and bashed in the head will do that.” he then adds as he walks up and cups his left fist under Alex’s lower jaw while brushing his thumb over the snarling

wolf's lower lip, having no fear of being bitten thanks to the rope wound tightly around his captive's snout.

Said wolf currently has his ears folded completely back and is glaring at the masked IRA rebel, amber eyes blazing with defiance that speaks volumes in a way he currently can't - though, if he weren't currently gagged right now, the sheer amount of profanity-laced vitriol that he'd be hurling at the rebel captain would probably get him gagged very quickly - or at least a firm backhand across the muzzle, his entire body tense as he squirms and struggles against the ropes keeping him leashed to the tree, a small part of him wondering why they aren't snapping as no ordinary rope should be able to hold up to his enhanced strength.

As if he could read the wolfman's mind, the captain speaks up. "Wondering why you can't snap those ropes, pup?" he asks, earning a loud snarl for the 'pup' remark. "That rope is made from carbon nanotubing - really strong stuff, even strong enough to hold against a werewolf's strength, so I'd not waste my energy if I were you.

'*Bugger.*' the wolf thinks to himself, knowing the rebel captain is right and reluctantly ceasing his struggles to conserve energy, resolving to keep a sharp eye out for other opportunities to escape, and in the meantime, steeling himself for what he's sure is an upcoming brutal interrogation/torture session, his train of thought interrupted by the rebel suddenly reaching up and playfully ruffling his ears.

"Good boy." the reptilian captain states as he scratches behind the wolf's ears, earning another loud snarl for his trouble. "Seems you can follow basic commands, so let's see if you can follow more complex ones," he adds as he goes to remove the ropes from Alex's snout and maw before tugging the wad of cloth that had been stuffed inside out. "How about we start with som-" he starts to ask before being interrupted by the wolfman.

"Greymane, Alexander Matthew, Captain, 93739653, 30/10/1980," he states in a neutral tone, though his desire to say much more than that is so strong, he has to actively concentrate to keep from running his mouth and getting gagged again.

"Of course, Name, Rank, Service Number and Date of Birth - you know your articles of war well, but those aren't really going to help you here - as a resistance movement, we're not legally obligated to follow them." the captain replies amid a derisive snort from Alex.

"**Terrorist** movement, not resistance." the wolfman spits. "Freedom fighters don't go around bombing innocent civvies to make their grievances known!"

“I say po-tay-to, you say po-tah-to, it doesn’t really matter - we can argue semantics till the cows come home and it won’t do either of us a bit of good. It was worth a try, but I know you’re no basic army dog.” the rebel counters, whatever expression may be on his scaly snout obscured by the bandanna tied around his muzzle. “The way you set up that flank attack, the controlled gunshot bursts, the weapon itself...MP5k, that’s not standard issue army - that’s special forces - Special Air Service, I’d reckon.” he pauses briefly and lets out a low chuckle as Alex’s eyes widen the barest fraction of an inch, but otherwise shows no outward sign of being stunned by his captor’s knowledge. “You’re probably expecting an interrogation, probably involving ‘enhanced’ techniques, and I could...and should, as payback for what you and your partner did to my men, but I’m going to subvert your expectations and do nothing but hold you here until we can move you to a more secure location - I could try to get information from you, but we both know with the training you’ve had, it would be useless, and truth be told, I don’t really need it - you’re worth just as much to us as a ransom; if my superiors decide otherwise, well, that’s their business,” he adds as he walks over to a table and grabs a folding army cup, which he fills with water from a nearby canteen, along with a hunk of bread before walking back over to Alex and offering the hunk of bread to him. “Now, I expect you’re probably in need of a bit of nourishment - your kind especially needs a lot of food, after all.”

Alex’s only response is a very loud scoff. “What sort of muppet do you take me for? You seem to think I’m spec-for, yet believe I’ll accept anything you offer me? You’re utterly bonkers. Now, why don’t you go and piss off?”

The captain merely shrugs at Alex’s diatribe and takes a bite from the hunk of bread. “Suit yourself...I was only offering you something, no strings - maybe you’ll feel differently in a few hours.” he then wanders off after re-gagging Alex - much to his extreme displeasure - and assigning a guard to watch over him, leaving the werewolf to ponder just how he’s going to get himself out of this situation - or at least hold out long enough for rescue, assuming Theo made it out - the rebel never mentioned one way or another if he’d been killed or not, leaving Alex with a faint glimmer of hope, as he knows his partner very well.

‘If anyone could get away, it would be him. Theo, if you’re out there, I hope you bring a rescue squad soon - I know I can hold out against anything they can throw at me, but I don’t fancy having to do so.’ the wolf thinks to himself as he settles in to wait - one way or another, the next few hours are sure to be interesting.

End