

Summary: : Experienced soldier Harry Wells leads his soldiers on a NATO training exercise in a remote part of Scotland, where they are attacked by a pack of werewolves. The sergeant ends up facing the battle of his life. The enemy lurks outside, but also within...

Categories: [Dog Soldiers](#) Characters: 'Spoon' Witherspoon, Ensemble, Pvt. Cooper, Sgt Harry G. Wells, Werewolf

Genres: Gen, Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Anal Sex, AU, Bestiality, Brain-Insane, Complete, Dark Themes, Non- Con, Rape

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Disclaimer: These fine young soldiers, and especially Harry Wells, are none of my business and definitely not my property. I simply had to borrow them for a little while, playing with grossing out the horror-genre. \*begs for forgiveness\*

Authors notes: I wish to thank Keely Kylan and CBC, the two darlings who's helped me launch this lil' ficcie into orbit. Without you I'd never dare post this story here in the first place, so thank you so very, very, very, very, very, very, VERY (you get the picture ;) MUCH! ;D

Hugs,  
Restina

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Chapter 1 by Restina Lovebug

Author's Notes:

What if Sergeant Wells was attacked in another way back in the forest, what if he was raped instead of maimed. How would the tale have evolved then? I tried to put a different spin to the story, and what you see before you is the result...

Ab Igne Ignem

Frantic breathing, the sound of a rapid heartbeat, staggering pain and a non-human laughter ringing in his ears. Fleeting images, woven tightly together in a nightmare or a memory, he didn't know. The pain... the agony of discovering what'd been done to him, somebody lulling him into what should have been a releasing slumber. But the images and the sensations followed him in here. He was not allowed to forget and rest. He was chased in this dimension as well. He awoke, face bathed in sweat, sat up in bed as panic filled his mind. It had been no dream. The numb pain told him that much.

"COOPER!"

He was too afraid to leave the bed, shaking with fear. They left the... things back there in the forest, didn't they? Then he remembered the attack made on the abandoned house where they'd sought refuge. They had followed them here, they had followed him.

"Sergeant Wells!" Cooper came stomping into the room, machinegun at the ready.

He wore the same stench of fear as Wells did. Apparently his lads hadn't gotten rid of the foul things while he'd sleeping.

"Are you all right, Sarge?" he asked, a little calmer-looking after checking the bedroom for intruders.

"I'm sorry, Coop. I panicked," Wells confessed. He slowly lay down on the bed again, his brain throbbing against his forehead. Cooper sat down by the side of the bed, kind eyes resting on the man on the bed. Wells was staring back with poorly hidden fear behind his stern exterior.

"You have every right to," he said calmly.

"What about those... things? Did you get any of them?" Wells asked, a tiny spark of hope in his gruff voice.

Cooper shook his head:

"Afraid not. Either they can dodge bullets with the speed of fuckin' Superman or else they're wearing body armour."

Wells dried a soaked forehead with the back of his shaky hand.

"I'm afraid I'm leaning towards your first guess at the moment. Those things aren't fucking human!" he coughed, a grimace flying over his face as he tried to hide what was obvious to both men. "One of those things bloody... raped me." The staggering confession came with a rattle and the Sergeant struggled to hold back the tears threatening to overwhelm him.

"Yeah, we figured as much...", Cooper sighed and ran trembling fingers through his hair.

"I promise you I'll chop the devil that did it into pieces!" he added, with passion.

But Sergeant Wells didn't answer. A new kind of look appeared on his face before he sat up in bed again, hands clasping his stomach. A muffled groan came out his throat as he buckled over; clearly in pain.

"Wells! What's wrong? Where does it hurt?" Cooper asked in alarm. The machinegun was carelessly tossed to the floor as he tried to pry the Sergeant down on his back again.

"Belly... hurts...", Wells moaned, squirming in Cooper's grip. "I don't know what's causing... OH FUCKIN' HELL!!" he added with a scream and his body arched helplessly against the forces working against it.

"WELLS! Let me have a look at your stomach!" Cooper ordered, but the Sergeant wasn't able to hear him any more. His face, throat and what were visible of skin down his half unbuttoned shirt was glistening in the faint light.

"ARGH... Like... knives...", Wells grunted, still not able to remove his arms from the spot where the pain was located.

"SPOON!!! Come up here, NOW you tosser!" Cooper yelled, figuring he wasn't able to examine Wells on his own. Spoon came charging up the stairs, same rush evident on his face as it had been on Cooper's minutes later.

"What's wrong with the Sarge, Coop?" he squealed as he looked down on the man squirming in discomfort on the bed.

"I don't know. I need you to hold his arms while I give his belly a look." Maybe those fucking beasts had hurt him more than what was already painfully obvious for the whole squad? Raped by a gang of fucking dogs. No wonder he'd been screaming in his sleep!

"Hold him down, Spoon!" Cooper barked, struggling to get a clear view to the Sergeant's torso

due to his tossing about.

"I'M TRYING!!!" Spoon screamed in answer. Wells seemed beyond anyone's reach at the moment.

Finally he seemed to calm down a tad and Spoon was able to get a hold of his arms.

"Relax, Sarge, we're only trying to help you, mate!" he begged as Wells still was panting in unease. Cooper ripped open his shirt, disposing a seemingly unhurt stomach.

"Does it hurt when I touch you here, Sarge?" he asked, pushing down the spot of his abdomen that might indicate a ruptured appendix.

"It fuckin' hurts everywhere, Coop!" Wells replied faintly: "But I think it's pass...." A new fit seemed to hit Wells as he jerked free of Spoon's hold and curled into a ball again. "ARRGH! Here we... go AGAIN...!"

"Fuck it, Spoon I told you to hold him DOWN!" Cooper barked as the woman they'd met two hours earlier entered the room.

Chased by doglike creatures, they were starting to believe they were beyond rescue; then her car showed up from nowhere. Redemption. The Sarge had to be hauled screaming and kicking into the car, as he wouldn't leave Bruce behind. Bruce. Speared like a wild boar, not even left with a fighting chance.

"What's wrong with him?" she asked, face showing a weird mix of curiosity and anxiety as she moved closer to the bed.

"Don't know. Help Spoon hold him down, will you?" Once more Cooper tried to get a proper look on the Sergeant's stomach. Once again he found nothing wrong, on the outside. With a gesture he told the others to release Wells, who instantly curled back into a foetal position, face wrenched in agony.

"What do you think it is causing that?" Spoon whispered as the three of them were reduced to mere spectators watching Wells as he rode out the pain by himself.

"I don't know," Cooper replied with a whisper: "I only hope his not bleedin' internally. That won't leave him many hours..."

"Would any of you wankers... be so kind as to dig up some whisky for your old Sarge?" He spat sarcastically from the bed. It seemed like the Sergeant was feeling a little better again.

"You go and see if you can find some, Miss," Cooper ordered the young woman who gave him a snide look before she complied. Spoon followed after tossing a last look on Wells who was now arching himself up on his elbows.

"What the hell was that, Sarge?" Cooper asked as he sat down by the bedside again.

"Don't ask me, mate" Wells replied wearily.

"Do you remember if you were hit in the stomach when they were attacking you?"

He shook his head with faint movements.

"You're absolutely sure?" Cooper nagged, still casting worried glances on the disposed abdomen of Wells.

"I'd think I'd remember that much, Coop." Wells mumbled. His eyes were fixed on a spot on the wallpaper on the opposite wall.

"God, I remembered what else they did to me, didn't I?!" he slumped down on his back again, obviously fighting with the emotions raging inside him. He was tired, he was hurting and he didn't know why. Why was his stomach aching?

The woman with the pouting lips and the curly hair returned with the whisky a moment later, and Wells put the bottle greedily to his lips. Maybe he would be able to dull the pain and even better; the memories...

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He was feeling bloody fantastic! When his belly didn't twist and turn as if it was about to explode that was. Neither Cooper nor Megan, as the nice young lady was called, seemed to be any closer to finding out what was the matter with him than he was, but he didn't really care any more. He laughed daftly as Megan told Cooper about her werewolf theory. So he'd been raped by a pack of werewolves had he? Somehow he found it oddly amusing.

"Fuckin' bitches the lot of them!" he barked, spilling whisky over himself in a blessed good mood. Whisky always raised his spirits, no matter how grave the outcome seemed to be. For all he cared those so called werewolves could have a go at him now, and he'd show them whose boss! He would shred them to pieces, they'd just see! Finally he drifted into sleep again though, drunk, and in peace - for the moment.

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"SARGE! WAKE UP, YOU FUCK!" Wasn't that the voice of Cooper? Why was he bothering him when he was sleeping?! A sharp shattering noise followed, nicely underlining the panic in Cooper's voice. "SARGE, WAKE UP!"

He awoke with a jerk, whisky still floating through his veins. The room was completely dark now, and around him a chaos of sound was unfolding. Slowly his eyes adjusted to the dark, and then he spotted them, huge and wolf-like; standing by the window. One of them was lunging forwards towards Private Cooper who was lying on the floor screaming. Without flinching Wells grabbed the machinegun and his HP Browning and flung round towards the intruders with a roar. The room exploded in the sound as the machinegun started spitting bullets, accompanied with the sharp noise of a handgun emptying its chamber. Blood splattered all over the room, and at least one of the beasts whined before it threw itself out the window closely followed by his buddy.

"Thanks." Cooper panted as he staggered to his feet: "I heard a noise up on the attic. Reckoned I'd better check it out."

"Any time!" Wells grinned, dropping the emptied gun to the floor as he dropped back towards the pillows again.

"I... feel funny," he then added, a hand moving towards his abdomen, and before he knew it he was puking his guts out on the floor.

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"Some time to get the flu, eh?" he chuckled daftly twenty minutes later, while Megan was wiping his forehead. In the background Cooper was lurking, sending him worried glares. Most regrettably the whisky was starting to wear off now that he'd emptied his stomach, and the horrors that were creeping outside started to work their way into his mind again.

"A shower would've been nice," he mumbled, the sour taste of bile still lingering in his mouth. What kind of pussy was he, getting sick on a bottle of whisky?! What's next, he'd bloody start sobbing like a child when watching the Lion King!

"How're you feeling, Sarge?" Cooper asked as he walked over to the bed. The smile in Wells' face was a mixture of delight and sorrow.

"I'm getting soft, Coop. Can't even hold down me booze anymore, mate." What looked like a relieved grin dawned on Cooper's face as he sat down by the bed.

"Yeah, it's pathetic, Sarge! Maybe I'll go find you some liqueur. I'm sure I saw some lying around, raspberry flavoured."

Wells made a gagging sound that made Megan roll her eyes.

"How's that stomach of yours holding up then?" Cooper asked, watching Megan as she left the room.

"Bloody marvellous!" Wells snorted: "Except from the fact that I feel constipated, on an empty stomach. Think I'll have a try at the khazi later," he added as an afterthought. Blimey, he felt odd!

Some Sergeant he was, not even able to distract all of his boys from some cursed forest. Bruce's body had been left behind to those... animals. As Cooper rose to his feet to join the rest of the baton again Wells held him back.

"They're yours, Coop. The squad is yours." He couldn't read the look on Cooper's face as he nodded and left him there once more to lie in his own misery.

His stomach still hurt, although not as bad as it had been. Maybe he'd been hit after all, maybe one of the bastards had kicked him while he lay down. He slowly sat up, the nausea slowly lifting, and threw a stolen glance down on his own abdomen, that was once again hidden behind his shirt. He poked at it carefully, as if he was afraid a nudge might set off another "fit", and was surprised to find the area stranger to him. By all means he should know his own belly by now, but that didn't feel like it. In an odd way it didn't feel the way it was supposed to. With trembling fingers he unbuttoned what was left of buttons on his shirt only to let a yelp of surprise escape his throat. If he hadn't lost his marbles yet, something that sure was debatable after what he'd encountered the last hours, he'd gained twenty pounds the latest hour! The nausea returned with renewed force, the room started spinning. What the hell was going on?!

"They're on the move!"

The scream descended from the kitchen and Sergeant Harry Wells was in no doubt what his mission was. He could stay here and feel sorry for himself while his lads were fighting for life and death in the floor below, but that was never an alternative. He ran downstairs, machinegun at the ready, disturbing discoveries shoved to the back of his head. What's the need of worries when there's a pack of werewolves knocking on the door. Maybe he'd be lucky enough never to have to face what reasons that was causing his bloated abdomen...

The attack lasted for two minutes. Shouting, screaming and the crackling noise of machineguns and handguns going off, Ryan sitting in a corner by the fire looking appalled, the stale cold smell of fear...

"I missed the footy for this?!" Joe roared towards a window where a werewolf was trying to snatch the hammer the private was currently using on the beast's hand.

"Shut up, Joe!" Spoon screamed in reply, currently swinging a sword towards one of the doors that were being attacked. A horrible scream reached Wells' ears while he was helping Cooper move a bookcase in front of a broken window.

"Don't even try about it!" somebody shouted from the hallway and the screams stopped.

A cold shudder went down Wells' spine. They were fighting a losing battle. Then the attack ceased just as suddenly as it had begun. He slumped down on a chair, totally drained, half wondering if he'd find the Loch Ness Monster in the bathtub if he went looking. He might have given up his command, that didn't mean he still didn't feel responsible. And right now he felt responsible for the lost lives of two of his men. He'd just learned that Terry had been killed shortly after he himself had been busy decorating the floor with half-digested food.

"We're starting to run out of ammo," Joe pointed out, planting his big feet on the kitchen table. Megan pushed his legs down with an irritated look on her face.

"You don't have to make a mess out of EVERYTHING, you know!" she pointed out.

"There isn't any way out of this stinkin' hellhole?" Spoon muttered, tending the fire on the stove.

Megan shook her head. Wells closed his eyes, not wanting to let the grave reality sink in. All they could do now was to wait for sunrise. And sunrise was still five hours away.

"Cuppa, Sarge?" Spoon offered and held forth a cup of coffee.

He shook his head in reply, barely knowing what he had been asked. The pain was starting to build in his stomach again, slowly like a piece of charcoal on the barbecue.

"Are you all right, Sarge?" Joe asked.

"Fine, just peachy...", he replied flatly. The lie was so daft it smelled bad, and the cramped look on his face didn't exactly assure the people around the table that he was speaking the truth.

"Is there... any more of that whisky... Coop?" he managed to stutter before he fell to the floor, oblivious of everything and anything happening around him.

"Support his head, don't let him swallow his tongue! Spoon, that's not funny!" the orders from Cooper flung through the room as everybody not on guard duty scattered around the Sergeant who was squirming on the floor.

"Give him some air, for God's sake!"

They were lurking in the shadows. Taunting him, wanting him to do something stupid; to step into their nicely set trap. It had enjoyed raping him, and he could do nothing more than to scream curses towards the one pinning him down, and reach hopelessly towards the nearest spectators. When his squad had come for his rescue a minute later it'd already been too late. The only thing they could do was to mop him up and usher him away from the beasts.

"Oh, fuck. What's happening to his belly?!"

He was screaming in agony, couldn't help it. Better let out than kept in his mother always said. But his screams were accompanied by the unmistakable creepy sound of howling wolves on the outside. They knew he was in pain. And they knew why.

"Shouldn't we get him back to bed, Coop?"

"Not while he's like this. We need to wait it out. I'll give him some whisky and painkillers to ease the pain and when he seems to calm down we'll bring him back up."

"Whisky!" Wells moaned, barely capable of speaking at all by the moment.

He was pretty sure he felt his skin expand, that something inside him was growing with rapid speed. Tablets were shoved down his throat, and he half choked on the whisky brought to his lips to swallow them down with. The room was spinning, his guts were on fire and outside the howling continued like some sick backup-choir. Gasps erupted around the room.

"Ah, man, that's sick!" Joe barked.

"What's wrong with his stomach?!" Spoon cried.

Tears of fear and pain ran down Wells' cheeks as Cooper once more had him pinned down to have a look on his abdomen.

"I think he's bleedin' in his belly!" he stuttered, not even daring to touch the distended flesh.

If it was just blood filling his insides, then why did it feel like he was being ripped apart internally?

"I don't think he's haemorrhaging." Megan's voice, hushed and toned down so that Wells wasn't supposed to hear her.

"No," Wells' agreed; "it's like... something... AAARGH... it's like... claws.... On the... inside..."

Finally the combined effect of whisky and strong painkillers shot in. Wells fainted with a gasp.

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"You're not serious?!"

Hushed voices. Dark room. He had to be back up on the loft.

"They DO reproduce, Cooper."

"Amongst themselves maybe. But what you're suggesting is ludicrous!"

"Look at his belly. Do you really believe that it's blood causing that?!"

It was Cooper and Megan arguing. He could tell as much. Arguing about what?

"Hush! He's stirring, I think he's waking up."

And indeed he did. Wells awoke, feeling numb in his entire body, probably due to the painkillers and the whisky. Blinking confusedly he finally recognised the dark outlines of Cooper and Megan standing by the bed. The shivering flicker of a lone candlelight was the only source of light. Apparently they hadn't taken the chance to get the generator up and running again.

"How are you feeling, mate?" Cooper asked and moved into the light. Wells stirred, feeling like a stranded whale he gave up on the try to sit up.

"Fuckin' top notch, mate," he replied, eyes searching for that bottle of whisky. He had a feeling he didn't want to know what Cooper and Megan had been whispering about moments earlier, and besides he was still sleepy and sleep was good. It was an escape. Fumbling helplessly for a moment he finally was able to unbutton the right chest pocket on his shirt where he kept his most

priced possession. A picture of his wife. As his heavy gaze rested on the face of the one he'd vowed to spend his entire life with, he managed to relax again; and moments later he was sleeping with a soft smile on his lips. It was a narrow escape.

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He was starting to get fed up with this... Spoon was shouting, Cooper was barking, and there were weird flashes of light now and then that teased his closed eyelids. A sudden movement, as if the bed was jerked away from his back made him wake up with a start. Struggling to sit up it dawned to him that the bed had indeed been jerked away from his back, although he had followed it. It was now standing by one of the windows, where Cooper was crammed between the bed and the wall, and on the outside a werewolf was trying to get in.

"What the hell's goin' on?!" he barked, feverishly trying to find his machinegun in the blind. He suddenly remembered that it probably was left down in the kitchen. Spoon was frantically trying to cut a rope tied to one of the bed's legs, while Megan was keeping the werewolf at bay with the blitz on her camera. With a last grunt of despair Spoon cut the last remaining bit of the rope and the werewolf was sent flying. Cooper and Megan shoved a bookcase in front of the open gap in the wall, while Spoon ran downstairs. Staring perplexedly for a moment he finally regained control of his tongue and was about to ask Cooper once more, what was going on. Instead he made the mistake to look down on his gut. He'd realised he was still feeling constipated and that he met forceful resistance from his own body as he tried to sit up. Naturally he had a look to see what was going on...

"JESUS CHRIST!" he yelped as he looked down on his stomach. It seemed like he'd gained a few more pounds while he'd been sleeping.

he thought as he glared down on an abdomen he didn't recognize any more. He'd heard about bloating, but this was ridiculous! Even old Seamus with the beer belly down at Molly's was more skinny than he was at the moment. The last button in his shirt seemed to be in danger of shooting off any second. Dangerously close to hyperventilating his panicked glare went up, meeting Cooper's worried eyes.

"We have to move, Sarge. Joe hotwired a car that was standing in the old shed, he's waiting outside with the motor running."

Wait a minute... Didn't Megan say there was no way out of here an hour ago? Wells was about to protest, but one look on Cooper's determined features told him to wait.

"Are you able to walk?"

"Yeah, think so," Wells answered heavily. He knew his questions had to wait. His mutant belly was painfully obvious to the lot of them and there would be plenty of chances to worry about what the hell was happening to him later.

Running down the stairs proved to be quite a challenge when his guts felt as if they were to explode any minute. Every now and then painful twinges of what he could swear felt like movements from the inside of his stomach had him staggering for a few steps. But he was stubborn enough to toss the thoughts away with a grunt. Later.

Down in the hallway Spoon and Ryan was waiting, together with the family dog that had been the only inhabitant to be found when they had arrived earlier that night.

"Alright, everybody ready?" Cooper barked, and signalled for Spoon to open the door.

The sight meeting them was devastating as well as terrifying. Joe had backed the Landrover all



the way up to the door for them to enter the car from the back. The battle that had been fought in the back of the pickup left little mercy on the private. Blood was splattered everywhere and on top of Joe's lifeless body a sneering werewolf had been interrupted in his supper. Some of them screamed in surprise and horror, and towards yellow eyes Megan emptied the handgun Cooper had given her earlier that night towards yellow eyes. Wells threw himself against the door with all his weight, slamming the door shut right in front of the howling creature's foul snout, still not believing his own eyes. He'd lost three of his lads now, half the squad.

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Chapter 2 by Restina Lovebug

Carpe Nox Noctis

He sat by the kitchen table, almost apathetic. Loosing Joe as well was almost too much to bear for the experienced soldier, and it had such a devastating impact he suppressed his own advancing condition for the moment. Cooper was interrogating Ryan who looked both calm and unaffected by the whole circus.

"It's time you start spilling your guts, Ryan! What's your role in all of this?!"

Annie. Wonder if he'd ever see her again. Probably not. Wells knew he was considered a side dish at the moment. They had no chance but to try and wait it out, hope there would be no more attacks before dawn. But Wells had stopped believing in Santa Claus and Peter Pan a long time ago. Unless Cooper was able to shake some valid information from Captain Ryan things were starting to look very grave indeed. Rummaging around in his chest pocket, looking for Annie's portrait again Wells' fingers touched something hard and cold. The bug Bruce had found in the radio. Slowly the pieces started to fall into place, and Wells knew before asking that his platoon had been used as bait. Armed with toy-guns spitting blanks they were lambs for the slaughter, and although Ryan wasn't the one thinking about doing the actual slaughtering, he was a slaughterer no less.

Trembling with anger he woke to reality again, silently hoping Coop would use the knife he pressed towards Ryan's throat. He had just admitted Wells' worst fears, and Cooper wasn't one tad more pleased than his Sergeant.

"Monkey see, monkey do," Ryan growled when Cooper finally released him. Wells got to his feet, anger raging in his mind as he thought of the men he'd lost due to this bastard's way of fending people off as expendable targets. He wasn't even aware of what he was screaming on the top of his lungs as both he and Cooper lunged towards the Captain. All he knew was that he wanted to kick the living daylights out of this filth. Ryan snarled, his eyes widened, teeth was gritted in a sneer.

"Fuck!" Cooper yelled as something in Ryan's eyes shifted. They tossed him over the table, maybe because it was because of the feeling of their compadres' blood on this man's hands, or maybe they simply got spooked. Wells jumped back as Ryan reappeared over the table's edge. Yellow eyes, huge, wolf like teeth and... long, sharp claws. Disappearing behind the table once more Wells felt a stone sink down in his stomach. Ryan had been hurt by a werewolf. HE had been raped by one.

The second time Ryan appeared above the table the transformation was complete. A sneering werewolf was glaring back at them, teeth bared. A short, but intense fight followed. Cooper, Spoon and Wells attacked the roaring beast charging towards them with all they could find. Finally Ryan jumped out a window, chased by angry bullets on the courtesy of Spoon's machinegun.

"Bollocks!" Cooper glared out the window.

"That shifty bastard!"

Wells staggered back to his chair, adrenaline rushing through his veins, mind screaming. He'd just witnessed what had happened to Ryan. What the hell would happen to him? Breathing heavily he looked up, and discovered the same fear in the eyes of his men. They were wondering what would happen to him, whether he would turn werewolf right in front of their eyes and rip them apart.

Cooper patted his back with a heavy palm.

"Don't," he simply said. "You're with us."

Wells drew a shaky sigh. Maybe they were willing to take a bet on his loyalty towards them, but was he?

"I'm dangerous, Coop. You know it." He moved uneasily on the seat of the chair, finding it difficult to look his mate in the eye.

"Just because Ryan turned into a werewolf doesn't automatically say that you'll turn into one to. Ryan was attacked, while you were..."

"Raped," Wells finished flatly.

"This werewolf-thing probably infects through blood, like some perverted HIV-virus or something. That should leave you off the hook!" Cooper told him eagerly.

"Should it?" A heavy gaze slowly rose towards the private.

"You weren't bleeding, Sarge. We looked you over while you were sleeping."

"Well, maybe I was bleeding somewhere you didn't look then, mate. Or did you shove a light up my arse as well, Coop? Or maybe it infects through all kinds of ... fluids?" Wells asked him tiredly. He was too tired to cling to just any hope of survival right now, and he wasn't too sure he would take any chances on being infected or not. "It's a full moon. Look at what happened to Ryan. It only took a few hours. The next time you turn your back on me I might very well turn into the big bad wolf!" He let go of a soft groan as the pressure in his stomach was starting to build again. "I don't want to take that chance, Coop. I don't want to wake up in a few hours, digesting the lot of you!"

Megan had kept quiet during Cooper's and Well's discussion, but now she spoke up.

"Cooper.. I think we should tell him what I..."

"NO, Megan." Cooper told her firmly, a warning glare in his eyes.

"Tell me what?!" Wells barked. He suddenly remembered the discussion he'd awoken to earlier.

"Nothing. It's absolutely nothing!" Cooper told him sternly, but there was a look of unease on his face, and Megan gave him a glare of disapproval. His discomfort rose with every breath now, maybe this was how it felt like, before transformation. Wells got to his feet, face shining with the moist promise of pain to come.

"Let me take care of myself, Coop."

In his hand he held his handgun, cocked and ready.

"No," Cooper answered calmly: "we need you."

"I don't think I'll be in any condition to help much longer," Wells panted, insides twisting and turning.

"Then you'll help us as long as you manage to!" Spoon replied; "Just because you've grown a beer-belly doesn't say we let you off the hook that easy!"

Wells had no choice but to return the crooked smile.

"Alright then, Spooney," he grunted. "What you want me to do?"

"What if we roast the bastards?" Spoon asked: "Let's dodge this penalty shoot out, and skip right ahead to First Goal! One shot to roast the lot of them!"

"You know, you're starting to sound like Joe," Cooper smirked: "But I would like to know how you're going to take them all out in one shot. We don't even know where their hiding place is located, or if they even have one."

"Maybe we do," Megan answered him silently.

Sitting down again Wells was twinning his thumbs, giving her an impatient look. He didn't know how much longer he would allow himself to stick around.

Apparently the werewolves were behaving like a pack of wolves, lead by an Alfa leader. They would seek refuge someplace dry and warm, close to their food-supply. This house was the most suited place, but on second place came... the shed. Or at least that was Megan's, the zoologist, theory. Both Spoon's and Cooper's spirits seemed to rise by this new hope, but Wells, with years of experience on his back, wasn't convinced.

"Well, as I see it we have two choices," Cooper pointed out; "either we barbeque the bastards, or we sit tight hoping they will give up and leave."

"Ever stopped to wonder why the family that lives here went walkabout?" Wells asked, drying his chin.

Cooper looked at him for a moment, then picked down a family portrait placed on the shelf next to him.

"Werewolves spend most of their time in human shape, right?" he studied the picture with dawning realisation: "And the only house within fifty miles' distance is... right here..." He tossed the picture on the table looking annoyed by himself.

"They're not goin' to give up and leave for home then," Spoon replied.

"They ARE home." Wells sighed; "And it makes perfect sense doesn't it? I mean, we broke into their house, ate all their porridge and slept in their fuckin' beds. No wonder they're pissed!"

"That leaves us with alternative one then." Cooper decided.

"But they're good people!" Megan interjected, eyes now filling with emotions.

"Just more the pity," Cooper answered: "Because we have to kill them all."

"Damn right we are!" Wells agreed passionately.

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His lads were working in frenzy, preparing the great barbecue. The plan was as simple as it was stupid - they would hotwire the old car Joe had sacrificed his life to park outside the main door, make sure it would piss petrol like there was no tomorrow and then run the damn thing straight into the werewolves' nest, hopefully blasting shed and possible inhabitants to pieces.

Wells' reiterating condition left him with preparing a Molotov cocktail that would work as a back up plan if Spoon failed with his matches. Cooper would deal with the dangerous part, driving the thing...

He had a bad feeling about this. It couldn't be that easy. Those filthy rats sure had put up a fight until now, and the possibility of them going up in smoke in one big blast seemed too farfetched.

"How're you doing Sarge?" Cooper entered the kitchen where Wells was standing by the window, a worried frown on his brow.

"What if she's wrong?!" the Sergeant argued. From here the shed looked deserted. "What if they're not all in there?!"

"Then we'll have some of them, and that's bloody well better than none of them, and a marked improvement on all of us!" Cooper replied calmly. Wells grabbed Cooper's collar, desperation building in his eyes.

"You leave now, mate. I'll stay behind, I'll keep them occupied. Take the car, drive it as far as it goes, get the hell away from here now, before it's too late!"

"No." Cooper slowly jerked free from the Sergeant's grip. A shadow of helplessness ran over Wells' face looking at his best mate.

"It's alright, Coop. It's alright. I just didn't make it out this time. Comes with the job, mate. When I signed that dotted line I bloody meant it, I'M a professional soldier!" he snarled with a mixture of indignation and pride painting his voice.

"So stop with this hara-kiri-shit then," Cooper answered, looking out the window.

Closing his eyes, Wells finally gave in.

"Alright, then. What you want me do?"

"Roast their bollocks off!" Cooper replied.

\*\_\*

He was standing by the window, waiting for Cooper to start the car and let the final kick-off begin, holding the Molotov cocktail in his left hand, ready to light it at a moments notice. Suddenly he noticed the flicker of a movement in the corner of his eye and noticed Megan lurking in the hallway, fidgeting with what he recognised as Cooper's keychain. The lad had actually brought a lucky rabbit's foot to the training mission, claiming he would need all the luck he could get. Overwhelmed by a gut feeling, Wells didn't want to leave Megan alone with the chain that held the keys to the house.

"Megan!" he shouted, just as she was about to slip out of his view. She turned towards him, a surprised look on her face.

"What?" she asked, an innocent tone in her voice that suddenly made Wells' skin crawl.

"Hand me the keys!" he ordered, reaching out his arm.

"Why?" she asked, almost in a childish, disappointed kind of way.

"I need them!" Wells answered briskly. Outside the motor of the old Landrover woke to life with a roar. His stomach turned painfully as he took one step towards her.

"Give them to me." It was an order, not a request. He could have sworn an angry scowl formed on her face, but the hallway was too dark to tell.

"Cooper trusted me with them," she tried, but handed the chain over when she noticed the look on Wells' face.

Something was wrong here, he knew it. If there only was a way for him to point out why...

"SAARGE!" Spoon was yelling from the outside.

Apparently he hadn't succeeded with lighting the trail of petrol. Wells turned his back on Megan and walked to the main door as fast as he managed. The painful twinges in his stomach increased by every step he took. Lighting the transformed bottle of whisky he stomped outside, determination plastered on his face. The rest of his lads were going to survive this!

"SARGE!"

He stepped out of the house, eyes focused on the trail of petrol showing the course of the Landrover. There was Cooper, running at full speed towards the house. Wells tossed the bottle to the ground with a soldier's precision, hate towards the murderers of his men burning in his heart.

"COOPER! GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE!" he roared as the petrol caught fire and whooshed towards its target. No werewolves were in sight, maybe Megan had been right all along after all...? He looked down for a moment, on the rabbit's foot he was holding in his hand. Fuck it, he wasn't about to start judging his instincts just yet!

Running like a champion Cooper jumped over the trail of fire and ran inside, Spoon slamming the door shut behind him. A deafening blast reached their ears as they headed towards the kitchen window to see. A huge fireball reached for the sky, the shed was gone; and hopefully a pack of werewolves as well. Triumphant grins found their way to the soldiers. No werewolves were in sight.

"Well done, lads!" Wells grinned, clutching his stomach. He had to sit down, coughing hoarsely. Wouldn't it just be his rotten luck if he transformed into a werewolf right now... when victory actually seemed within their grasp...?

"I'm sorry..."

He looked up. Megan was standing above Cooper a kind of sad look in her eyes. She took a few steps back, seemingly fighting with a stomach-ache herself. Wells stared blankly down at the rabbit's foot, looked at the key hanging on it that didn't belong to Cooper. The keys to this house. Holy, fuckin' shit.

She looked his way and smiled.

"Don't worry, Sarge. You caught me in time. The pack's still outside, and I bet they're pretty pissed with me right now."

Cooper and Spoon gasped simultaneously.

"There never was a house fifty miles away," Cooper said slowly.

"No." Megan shook her head.

"And the reason you're not on any of these pictures around here is because you took them..."

"That's why I carry the thing with me everywhere," Megan replied, and shrugged her shoulders. She gave her camera an almost loving look.

"You women. Always the same shite!" Cooper rolled his eyes.

Wells had to let out a new groan of unease. He regretted using the last bit of whisky on that Molotov cocktail. Megan turned towards him, a peculiar smile growing on her face as she eyed him up and down.

"I guess a congratulation is in order, Sarge," she snickered, as she watched Wells' distended gut twist and turn.

"It's the cub of the Alfa-leader you're carrying there. Nice and nested, in the bowls above your rectum I'd guess, growing, getting ready to come out- shredding you to pieces as it does so." She toppled forwards, whining. "It's that time of the month," she snarled, eyes turning yellow.

Wells stood up from the chair, raised his gun and pulled the trigger. The bullet hit her straight between the eyes.

"Somebody had to... put her out of her misery," he growled, as he staggered backwards, her last words finally penetrating his defences. "So that was what you didn't want me to know..." He wasn't even able to gather the strength to look at Cooper.

"Listen, Sarge," Cooper said, grabbing his shoulder as he said so: "I didn't want you to know, because I didn't believe her. I still don't."

Slumping down on the chair Wells looked up, hope no longer evident on his face.

"She was right, and you know it." Cooper didn't say anything more, finally he was lost for words.

"No wonder I've been feeling constipated, I have a six pound crap to shite," Wells chuckled hollowly, his mind as dark as his joke. Cooper and Spoon exchanged looks. Looking down on his own distended gut, the Sergeant was filled with self-loathing and fury. "Comfortable in there?" he snarled, addressing the impostor beyond his skin: "Nice and warm, ey? Close to the food supply? FUCKIN' WANKER!" he yelled and started to hit his own stomach. "GET OUT OF ME, YOU HEAR?! GET. OUT!!" Screaming with rage and despair he hit tender skin over and over again until Cooper and Spoon finally managed to restrain him, only to have him gulping up bile. "Let me go!" Wells panted, struggling to break free: "I want out!"

"Calm down, Sarge. Don't give them the pleasure." Cooper held firm arms over the Sergeant's chest to force him to relax.

"I can't help it," Wells' breathed head swinging weakly from side to side. He was at the end of the road.

"They're on the move!" Spoon shouted, noticing movement outside the windows.

"Keep your head down, Sarge," Cooper told Wells and shoved him to the floor.

Standing over him, hesitating for a moment he finally left to join Spoon who was already spilling precious rounds of ammo through the windows. Wells lay petrified for a few seconds, struggling to take the final choice. By his side lay the gun he'd shot the bitch with, there was one bullet left in the chamber. Either he used it in the fight to save what little was left of his precious squad, otherwise he put himself out of his own misery. One bullet. It could be the difference between life and death for Cooper and Spoony, already running out of bullets, or it could spare him to experience the "miracle of life" unfolding in his own intestines.

He chose the lads.

Staggering to his feet he put the gun in his pocket, grabbing a knife and fork to join the battle.

"I told you to keep your head down, Sarge!" Cooper barked as he discovered the swaying Sergeant approaching.

"We're on the same team, son," Wells grunted, stabbing a werewolf arm that was grasping through the window. "Go away you FUCKIN' PUSSIES, or else I stab JUNIOR HERE!" he bellowed, aiming a kitchen knife to his belly.

Evidently, it worked. The attack ceased and the three remaining werewolves retreated to the outskirts of the forest eyes never leaving the Sergeant.

"Seems we have a hostage," Wells croaked in bitter irony, his legs caving in on him.

"Spoon, you stand on point here. I'll help Sarge upstairs and watch the second floor!" Cooper grabbed the Sergeant before he went crashing to the floor.

So... this 'thing' he was carrying was precious to them, ay? Barely keeping up with Cooper Wells dragged his feet up the stairs. They might be able to keep the dogs at bay then, as long as they were convinced he was willing to run a knife through his flesh. And he bloody well was willing! Maybe, if he could hold on until daybreak...

"Feel like takin' a trip to the khazi, mate?" Cooper asked as they passed the last step of stairs.

"No. This pup ain't going nowhere!" Wells' coughed, poking painfully stretched skin as he said so, just to taunt the little beast squirming around in there. "This... is our ticket out."

"There's three more hours to dawn, mate."

Slowly they were working their way into the bedroom.

"I can make it," Wells panted: "I'll stick a cork in it. Fuck, I'll jam my fist up there if necessary!" He crawled into bed with less dignity than a whore, needing Cooper's help to lie down on his back. "It's just.. three hours.. Peace of cake, Coop." He parked the kitchen knife on the top of his chest, ready to strike at a moments notice. "Don't worry, son."

Cooper's face was bathing in shadows, but his trembling hands told it all.

"I can't let you do that, Sarge. If you have to, you have to. Spoon and I'll keep them at bay."

Closing his eyes Wells denied a sudden urge to push, letting out snarling grunts as he did so.

"I'm. Not. Letting. It!" he groaned, pushing the side of his stomach with his left hand. "It's staying... right.. there! Fuckin'... unbelievable..." he added with a groan.

Cooper went over to the one window that wasn't barricaded to have a sweeping glare over the

area, tossing one look over his shoulder at the Sergeant as his face bore down towards his chest.

"You just.. worry about keeping yourself and Spooney alive, son." Wells panted: "And be damn sure to place.. a bullet.. between my.. eyes if I start.. turning into one.. of them."

\*\_\*

Half an hour later Wells was beyond agony, squirming in pain as what was inside of him made desperate attempts of escape. The walls sent his screams echoing through the house, accompanied by the howls of the remaining werewolves on the outside. Cooper had gone down to help Spoon keep lookout downstairs, after Wells had promised him he could take care of him self.

"Just let them come," he panted: "I'll make sure Junior... meets the same sticky faith as Bruce, Terry and Joe!" Copper, seemingly in doubt still, hesitated.

"I'm not leaving you, Sarge." He told him stubbornly: "I can't leave you here by your self in this state."

"Listen mate; I'm already dead... you hear me? Dead." His back arched, and a roar left his lips together with staggered cursing. "FU-U- UCKIN' HELL! BO-OLLO-CKS!" Cramps easing just a notch he continued: "I'm staying... alive until... sunrise. That's a promise... mate. I'm not letting `em have you... and Spoon too."

Cooper stared at him with a helpless look on his face. He seemed lost for words again.

"Hang on, you hear me Sarge? We're making it out of here all three of us!" he told the Sergeant with a passionate voice that still shoved traces of the same fear running through Well's veins at the moment.

Two and a half more hours... His body was already working frantically trying to rid itself with the impostor that was ripping his innards asunder. Wells didn't need to have a look down his undies to know that he was bleeding. As long as he didn't die of the blood loss too soon... On the outside the howling was continuous, only adding to the anger Wells already was harvesting for these filthy creatures. Every now and then it felt like the fucker inside him tried to claw itself to freedom, giving Wells hell as long as the fits lasted. Finally he bit down on the shaft of the kitchen knife, clenching his teeth with all his might every time another cramp soared through his body. They wouldn't have the pleasure of hearing him screaming anymore.

Naturally Cooper came charging up to the bedroom after a minute's silence from Wells' part, apparently convinced the Sergeant had been ripped to shreds. He stopped dead in a row of curses cast towards phantom werewolves, and almost dropped the rifle he was carrying.

*Wells thought, oddly amused by the thought of it; but he couldn't help his wild eyes, the sweat running down his face or stop the blood from poring out from his sprawled out body.*

*"Inngh finhh...," he quaffed against the gag in his mouth, but as a new fit sent him falling towards the abyss he lost all contact with the rest of the world, almost biting the shaft to pieces with his bare teeth in the process.*

*"Fuck, Sarge. Don't do this to yourself!"*

*He barely heard Cooper and his prayers, quavering like in a fever towards wet bed sheets. He was NOT quitting just yet!*

*Head falling heavily towards the pillow he was granted a few seconds worth of frantic panting as*



Cooper removed the knife from Well's mouth.

"Issh... it... dawn... yeth..?" Wells' chuckled daftly, head turning slowly from side to side with a pathetic smile plastered on his lips.

Cooper looked at him with a fearful frown on his forehead and a face bathing in pity.

"Almost there, mate." His voice tried for the optimistic approach, but his face betrayed him: "Anything I can do for you before I head downstairs again?"

"Annie." Wells' mumbled, faintly patting his chest pocket.

Cooper unbuttoned the pocket for him with trembling fingers.

"Here mate." He placed her picture in the Sergeant's meekly outstretched palm.

"Thanks... son," he whispered hoarsely and put the shaft back between his teeth.

Watching Cooper leave he remembered he had to have Cooper promise him to tell Annie that he loved her. Not that she didn't know... but he wouldn't leave this world without giving her some sort of goodbye.

\*\_\*

He was starting to consider that fist up his arse now. He had no idea how long he'd been squirming in bed, cursing the sun to arise, intestines being slowly grinded into mincemeat. Every now and then there was shouting from the floor below, reports of werewolves approaching, and Wells would put the knife between his hands, aiming the blade towards the centre of his belly, roaring for the dirty bastards to come closer. Every now and then the blade cut a little deeper than intended; Wells didn't feel the blade cutting his skin anymore.

"COME ON THEN, GIVE IT SOME BOLLOCKS! LET ME TURN THIS FUCKER INTO SHISH KEBAB!!!"

The werewolves answered by folding back, seemingly still not too desperate. But the time would come when they had nothing to loose. If Wells really managed to hold on until sunrise they would have to make one last desperate attack before they would turn back into human shape again. Their hope was that Wells died before that would be necessary, but Wells had every intention of proving them wrong.

The picture of Annie was his only relief as he lay there alone, riding out the cramps as best he could. Her kind features and the good-natured spirit that was shining through her skin gave him the strength he needed to continue fighting. It was a bloody shame he wouldn't be able to hold her in his arms again. Never would he smell her soft skin, kiss her lips or make love to her on that old creaky bed up on the attic. He would end his life here, on this godforsaken place, without the soothing aid of anything else than an old picture and a burning wish to avenge his fallen soldiers. He spat the knife away from his lips, no longer afraid to scream his lungs off. With every scream he kept the impostor inside just a little bit longer, body begging for relief, but his spirit still fighting. Outside the night was slowly dying, daybreak creeping closer as the blood-red stains on the bed greedily grew bigger. There would be a last and final attack any minute now, the wolves weren't howling anymore.

"COOH...PER, SPHo...ney..."

His voice was getting hoarse and was barely audible anymore. He wanted Cooper and Spoon to join him in the bedroom. They would be safe as long as he was alive and kicking, and in the

same room.

"We're comin'!" Spoon shouted up the stairs, but his reassuring reply was followed by Cooper screaming:

"INCOMING!"

Sounds of battle reached Wells in the bedroom, making him toss helplessly in bed.

"Spooney! Cooh...per!!! Wells cried, eyes wide with fear. Downstairs the sound of a shotgun shook the walls of the entire house, he could hear Spoon cursing and Cooper yelling. Determination lighting in his eyes he arched out of bed, legs barely managing to carry his weight. "LE...eave me LADS... be!" he panted as he staggered towards the door, knife pointed towards the centre of his belly. Gritting his teeth to hold back the urge to scream he managed to get as far as to the doorstep before his knees gave in and sent him crashing towards the floor. "NNGHAAH!" Falling heavily, on his stomach, sent flames of white, burning fire up his spine, and for a moment Wells was sure he would pass out. The knife had left a deep gash to his side, but missed its target on the way down.

"SAAARGE!"

He barely recognised Cooper's voice, and stared blankly at the green blot running up the stairs towards him. He shook his head, queasy by this feeling of slow motion, desperate to clear his mind. A fierce howling sound did the job for him, though. Slowly his vision cleared, and after hauling himself into a sitting position, leaning heavily towards the doorframe, he once more picked up the knife and pointed it to his abdomen.

"Leave... him...beh...," he told a grey shadow, reaching for Cooper as he backed slowly down the hallway towards Wells. "Leave... him... or else... your pup... has it..."

Wells winced for a second when he recognised the werewolf that had raped him. White markings ran down its face, underlining yellow, hateful eyes. Its teeth were bared, and its nostrils were flaring, smelling the blood of his victim. Now it was snarling, eyes fixed on the heavy stomach of the general who had a kitchen knife pointed at his own abdomen. A tiny notch of madness in Wells' eyes would tell anyone he wasn't kidding. "Don't you... fuckin' try it!" he growled as the wolf took one step closer. Wells proved his point by letting the blade taste his flesh. One centimetre per step. Cooper continued backing until he was up on the Sergeant's side. "Where's... Spoo...ney?" Wells, panted, eyes never leaving his opponent, his hands calmly clasped round the knife's shaft. "He didn't make it, Sarge." Cooper told him quietly. No! Dawn was only minutes away! Why? WHY?! "You... fuck...in'... bash...tard!" he wheezed towards the grinning werewolf, who was now accompanied by another one. "The third... Where's... the third," Wells croaked, his insides bursting into fire as the intruder was having a last desperate attempt to fight its way out.

"Spooney offed it. Those are the two left standing" Cooper answered.

Wells suddenly noticed that the private was armed with a meat axe and a pan. Apparently they'd finally run out of ammo.

"Fuh... ck." Something was bursting inside of him. Blood was soaking his pants in a menacing pace, they were running out of time. "Take... the gun... My... pockh... et...," Wells moaned, starting to feel dizzy.

Cooper reached down and grabbed the gun, gaze locked on the two werewolves standing at the top of the stairs.

*"Point... it... on... meh."*

*Doing as he was told, Cooper ran the back of his hand hurriedly over his eyes.*

*"Hold on, Sarge," he mouthed, before he addressed the werewolves, calmly and sternly. "Don't fuckin' move a single muscle or else I WILL kill this rat, and after wards I WILL kill you! It won't matter how fast you run, you won't outrun a speeding bullet. It may glance off you lot, but I bet an unborn is a bit more fragile."*

*The leader growled towards him, hate obviated in his eyes. From the bedroom Wells faintly noticed light starting to creep in through the open window, dawn. A weary smile rose to his face as he ran the knife a notch deeper into his stomach, making the two by the stairs growl dangerously.*

*"Pissin'... inbreads... the... lot of.. yah," he coughed, a red line running down the side of his chin. A groan rattled through his chest, he was starting to loose. He could feel the contents of his stomach shift, feel something huge moving downwards, and he was suddenly overwhelmed with an urge to get to the nearest toilet. "I'm... neah...rly... shitting my... panths..." he whispered, panic rising along with his heart rate.*

*The werewolves took a few steps closer, fierce grins on their snouts. Once more he pressed the blade further into his flesh.*

*"GET BACK!" Cooper roared, poking Wells with the gun he was aiming towards his lower abdomen.*

*Daylight embraced the Sergeant's face as his head fell back to the doorframe, and the face of Annie flew by his inner eye for a brief moment. Opening his eyes again, his vision was no longer blurred or hazy, his face showed no traces of fear or defeat anymore.*

*"Guess... what," he barked, coughing violently and spitting blood all over himself: "The sun... is here! And... that... meaNNNGH... that... means... you... 're in serious... shite!" Finally he was allowed the pleasure of smelling his opponents' dawning fear and realisation that they were loosing.*

*With a furious howl both werewolves charged forwards in one last desperate attempt, but they both toppled over in the hallway, squirming in agony as the transformation back to human form started. The leader wolf, the one with the white stripes was slowly changing into a man, but still he kept creeping towards Cooper and Wells. The fur disappeared, human flesh appeared. But his teeth and eyes still bore the resemblance of a snarling wolf. The gun barrel pointing at Well's abdomen changed direction, aiming between human-growing eyes.*

*"This one's for Sarge!" The gun went off with a deafening crack, and a man looking to be in his mid-fifties fell stone dead to the floor after pinching off a pathetic whine. "Give me the knife, Sarge," Cooper told him quietly.*

*Wells' hands were shaking fiercely now and his breath was starting to get shallow. The grip around the knife was so firm Cooper had to pry it out of his hands. Wiping off the Sergeant's blood he went down the hallway, towards a naked woman, cowering on the floor, shaking with both fear and despair.*

*"Don't think I'll grant you any mercy just because you've turned human again," Cooper told her sternly, looking her deep into the eye before he ran the knife deep down her flesh without flinching.*

*The woman cried, a foul guttural scream that could make the skin crawl on anyone without balls*

*of steal. Cooper simply cut her throat, and made sure she stopped.*

*"Serves... you... righ...t!" Wells breathed, struggling to keep his head up, arms falling weakly to his sides.*

*Cooper helped him back in bed and was gracious not to mention the trail of blood Wells left behind as he was dragging the Sergeant over the floor.*

*"I... think... shit... pants...," Wells gruffed, feeling something starting to emerge between his legs. He was placed on his back, face distorted in a weary grimace as he once more was told by his body to push. This time he obeyed.*

*"WOW!" Cooper's eyes turned the size of dinner plates as he was staring at Wells' crotch, and he stood awestruck for a moment until he gathered his senses and leaned over to help the Sergeant off with his pants.*

*Blood was everywhere, and Wells' face gained a ghostlike shade of white as he bore down with what little strength he had left and pushed. With a last, desperate growl he forced the intruder out of his body, tears streaming down his face as he did so. But it wasn't tears of sadness, running down his cheeks.*

*Cooper. Cooper had survived. At least he could die with his conscience a litter lighter, knowing that at least one of his lads had made it out of this alive.*

*"Is it... still... a...live...?" he mumbled, indicating what had just emerged between his thighs. Cooper was oddly silent, glaring down on something he held in his arms. Concentrating hard Wells was able to focus his gaze on the lifeless shape, the lifeless shape of a baby. He inhaled sharply, perplexed by the sight. He was prepared to look at a hairy doglike creature and was completely taken aback by the sight of an apparently perfectly human baby boy. It dawned only now on his tired mind that the laws of werewolves would apply to unborn werewolves as well.*

*It was dead. Apparently a baby werewolf in human form doesn't take too well being trapped inside an anus, and Cooper lay it down somewhere out of the reach of Wells' gaze.*

*"How're you doin' Sarge?" A sad and crooked smile swept over Cooper's face as Wells lifted his heavy gaze with a huge effort.*

*"Just... peachy... mate." His daft attempt of a smile was evidence of his real condition.*

*And as his vision became blurry once more, and the pain was leaving his body to grant him a blessed moment of solitude, he whispered the words that had kept him fighting the last few hours.*

*"Tell Annie... that I love... her, mate." He then closed his eyes, the image of his wife swimming in his mind as his heart surrendered, leaving Cooper all alone in a brick house far inside the forest of the big bad wolf.*

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