

Chapter 3: Unforeseen Developments

“Rise and shine, Rovers! Breakfast time!” The Master’s voice announced over the intercom, which could be heard through the whole base. It is loud enough to rouse even the sleepest of canines that resided at HQ.

Inside of Blitz’s room, the Doberman Rover groaned as the voice on the intercom woke him from one of the most wonderful dreams he ever had. Not fully awake, Blitz sat up in his bed, letting out a long yawn as he stretched his powerful arms, feeling a few of his joints pop in the process. He sat up for a bit longer as the rest of his body started to wake up fully, his dream still fresh on his mind.

“Wow...that was one of the best dreams I ever had,” the Doberman smiled lewdly himself, thinking back to the dream of Colleen and himself finally mating in the shower. Being the first one to take the beautiful Collie’s virginity was something that made everything better...and yet for a dream it felt so real. Either way he hoped that it could happen more often, as he would look forward to sleeping from that point on. Seeing the Collie’s naked body, and himself pleasuring her.

“What in the-?” Blitz then noticed that his blanket is tenting right over where his groin is, and rather vividly too. Once his senses were finally fully up to speed it’s then he realized that he’s completely naked in bed. This revelation is odd even for the Doberman as he doesn’t remember ever going to bed like this, not even once. “Why am I naked? I don’t usually sleep like this...”

This is true because normally when Blitz sleeps at HQ he always sleeps in boxer shorts and nothing else. Mainly since it felt less restricting, plus it allowed his whole body to be shown without crossing any lines. So this was a surprise upon itself as he tried to recall why this happened.

“Unless...what happened with Colleen...actually happened,” Blitz’s eyes widen at the realization of the thought. Actually mating with Colleen for real brought a sense of joy to the Doberman. Only for realization to kick in. “Nein...there’s nein way she would actually do that...würde sie?” He kept on thinking, trying to call back to last night. He remembered saying he wanted to go take a shower when Colleen announced she was going to herself, but then all became blank after that. This is really confusing him big time, yet it didn’t concern him as much; especially with something else on his mind to deal with.

“Träume oder nicht, I have something that needs taking care of,” the Doberman spoke to himself, looking right at his morning wood which is still covered by the blanket like a tent. A grin then slowly crept onto his face as he realized that he could at least make the dream he had more enjoyable. “Ja, maybe I can’t have her in real life...aber meine träume sind grenzenlos.”

Lying back down on his side, Blitz then pulled the covers up more as he took his erect cock in his hand and started to stroke. A pleased moan escaped his mouth as both eyes closed tightly and he let his memory of the shower dream replay in his mind, except he added something more.

The Doberman envisioned himself and the Collie back in the shower, kissing passionately with Blitz's back pressed against the tiled wall. He took a moment to remember the feel of Colleen's wonderful body in his hands; her wet fur, luscious curves...her plump breasts. The phantom feeling making him shudder and also making his cock throb more in need as the hardness grew. Breaking the kiss, the Doberman imagined the Collie giving him a smile, a hand running down his muscled front, "Ok, stud; just lean back and enjoy."

"Enjoy what?" Blitz heard himself ask, even though he knew what it was.

"You'll see," the Collie lewdly responded back, another shudder running through the Doberman as he felt her hand caress his erect cock out of view.

One of the biggest smiles graced Blitz's face as he watched Colleen kneel down, leveling herself with his cock. A much louder moan escaped the Doberman as he felt her lick his member. She licked it all the way from the base to the tip, causing him to shiver uncontrollably. More moans of pleasure escaped his mouth as she kept on licking it like sweet ice cream. Blitz couldn't help but squirm a bit as this happened, prompting Colleen to place her strong hands on his hips, firmly pinning them against the wall. One more long lick was given before she parted her lips.

Both eyes of the Doberman's eyes then widened as he then felt her take his large cock into his mouth, all the way to the root. His legs started to feel weak as she bobbed her head up and down, swirling her tongue over the length of his cock. Blitz's head leaned back as he groaned once more, feeling her hands grabbing his balls, those soft, yet deadly hands, rolling the sensitive orbs in her palms.

"Ja...Ja...just like that! Es ist wunderbar!" Blitz cried out as both eyes rolled in the back of his head. His body slumped against the wall as he rested a hand on the female's head. This only increased her speed and suction much more as it seemed to fuel her to do so, sucking him like a vacuum.

In an instant, the fantasy broke as Blitz reared his head back and cried out in utter pleasure as the orgasm rocked his entire body; spewing himself all over the side of his bed. Just like that, it was all over and he experienced a wonderful afterglow. Thankfully he didn't cry out too loud as he didn't want to draw any unwanted attention to himself. Calming down from his orgasmic high, Blitz couldn't help but replay the fantasy in his mind once more as a satisfied smile slowly appeared on his face. "Wow...so intense...I never finished that fast before."

Which is true, because normally when the Doberman pleased himself (like how he did now) he would always take time to let the fantasy ride out much longer. Mainly because that would ensure the Doberman would have such a wonderful climax. Only this time the strength of this fantasy proved to be too much this time as he finished faster and stronger than normal.

Yet, to be honest, having the Collie suck him off is something that Blitz wanted to happen ever so much. How he dreamed to have those soft lips, and fur engulf him completely and suck his male pride.

'Hopefully one day that fantasy will become a reality', the Doberman told himself as he gave his trademark smirk. Getting up from his bed, still naked, he made sure to clean up his mess first. Once all evidence of his moment of self-pleasure is gone he went to get changed for the day.

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"Mother Russia...my head," Exile groaned as his massive furry hand came out from under the blankets to rub over his face. Trying to soothe the mysterious aching pain that radiated through his head, which came out of nowhere. He let out a strained yawn as he stretched his arms out, trying to get feeling back in.

The Husky Rover hissed as he sat up in his bed; the blanket sliding down his massive, bare frame as the cool AC hit his warm body. Ignoring the ache in his head long enough allowed his senses to return to normal. Allowing him to realize his current situation. Looking down at himself, both eyes rose in confusion as he saw he was completely naked. "What happened to my clothes-ski?" He asked out loud, fully knowing that when he went to bed he was fully clothed.

Gazing around his bed, Exile found his pants (no underwear, as he goes commando) on the floor and his shirt tattered to shreds all about, surprising and confusing him greatly. "Was I hot last night?" He asked himself, picking up one of the shredded fabrics. "I couldn't have...yet...no other explanation. Well...at least I have more," he sighed in both confusion and relief.

Getting out of bed, the Husky tried to stand on his legs; only to groan as soreness coursed through his body and, to his surprise, felt drained. He didn't feel as energized as he usually does, as it felt like he had been working in the gym non-stop all night long. This confused him greatly as he's always refreshed after a good night's rest, even during the times he is woken up early. Why does he feel so very tired right now? "I must be having off-day," he groaned as he got up and went to get changed; but once dressed in his armor he went to his door, only to gasp and back away at what he saw. "M-Mother Russia!"

Claw marks littered all over the door catching the Rover's undivided attention. Moving closer, Exile inspected the mark in the wood and could see that they were rather deep.

Something really vicious must have been responsible in making these marks, not to mention they look freshly made. Yet, he distinctly remembered the door being just fine when he went to bed last night. Also something clawing that deep into the wood would have caused such a racket for someone close to hear, but he didn't hear any of it. Yet how was that even possible? Only something as big as a-

"N-Nyet..." Both eyes widen as realization came to the Husky Rover's mind. He then instinctively looked down at the scratches that littered his body, finding the fur covering them. Almost like there was no trace that he had ever been hurt to begin with. "This couldn't mean anything...could it?" His mind tried to come up with a logical explanation for this, but nothing concrete came; yet the more he thought about it, the more sense it started to make. First him waking up completely naked with a bad headache as well as his night dress shirt ripped to shreds, and now his door all torn up on one side and his wounds from the previous day completely healed.

What is going on in the Road Rover HQ today? What had they brought home?
Or...more importantly, what had HE brought home?

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'Bloody Hell...what did I do last night?' Colleen thought to herself, yawning deeply as she stepped out of her room, all dressed for the day. Her gloved hand reaching up to rub her tired eyes. She couldn't remember any of what happened last night, all she knew was that she must have not gotten enough sleep as she feels rather sluggish at the moment (more than usual). Plus waking up, she found her nightgown all messed up; looking like she lazily threw it on for some reason. Yet the strangest thing is that she wasn't wearing any of her undergarments, bra or panties, which was quite strange to her. However, she didn't give it much mind; mainly because whatever she did last night must have worn her out big time.

The Collie then let out a groan as she then saw her teammate Blitz walking out of his own room. Knowing she would need to walk by him she prepared herself for his usual comments of him trying to win her affections, which she wasn't in the mood for at the moment. She's even disheartened that she doesn't even feel like knocking him away either.

The Doberman on the other hand, couldn't help but smile as he saw his female teammate. The memory of his dream and recent fantasy couldn't help but put him in a good mood. If only if it wasn't a dream, he would so totally ask her if he was as good as she dreamed; but he didn't want a kick to the face this early in the morning so he decided to hold his tongue. He only watched as she passed by and waited a few seconds before continuing on, which surprised the Collie big time; but she didn't feel like questioning it.

"Morning, Exile," Colleen greeted her friend as the Husky walked out of his room, eyes closed and hand rubbing his head. "Blimey, what's wrong with you?"

“Not so loud, comrade. I’m feeling not so goodski today,” Exile then rubbed both eyes with his hands. “My head is hurting.”

“Huh? That’s weird; because I had a wunderbar night,” Blitz smiled. *‘Especially since pretty dog girl was a part of my dream,’* he thought to himself in pleasure.

“Hmm...we may have some aspirin or something for you,” Colleen suggested as the three of them walked along, but then stopped as they saw the state of the floor before them. “What in the world?!”

“Was ist-whoa,” Blitz gasped as Exile was silent while they saw claw marks on the floor. Getting closer he kneeled down and ran his gloved hand through them. “Wow, they sure are deep...”

‘Just like in my room,’ Exile thought to himself in shock. Noticing that the scratches match up with the ones on his door.

One thing the three could make out from the claw-marks was that they seemed canine in nature. Judging from the formations and intensity of the damage, though the shape/layout of the marks felt somewhat...humanoid. The Collie narrowed her eyes as she looked back at her Doberman teammate, “Oi, did you go crazy with your claws last night?” Her arms folded, not looking amused.

“Wha...?! Nein, this wasn’t me!” The Doberman protested, waving his hands about in defense. “Why would I do something like this anyway?!”

“Who else could it be then?” Colleen murmured as she walked off, clearly not amused. Blitz followed her, still protesting that it wasn’t him. Exile remained in the hall, looking down at the claws as they still captivated him. “This is strange...not a coincidence...” He told himself as he walked away to follow the others.

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“Wolf?” All the Rovers said at the same time, confused and surprised. They were all currently inside of Professor Hubert’s lab as he finally completed his testing, and shared with them all he found.

“Yes,” the Bloodhound responded as he sat and typed away at his computer. “Although it appears to come from a wolf, closer analysis proves that it originates from...a werewolf.” He then showed them his computer screen, as an image of the werewolf is displayed.

The Rovers all gasp as they see the contents on screen, caught off guard as they would have never suspected to have encountered something like this. “I would not have predicted this,” Hunter muttered.

“So we were actually fighting werewolves last night?” Blitz asked, looking at his teammates for confirmation.

Out of everyone Exile was the only quiet one, as his heart raced fast. The memory of being scratched by the big wolves and his door all scratched up returned to him and made him think dreadfully. *‘It...It couldn’t be...nyet, it couldn’t be me...but...it would answer why I was naked when waking up.....but it can’t be...’* He argued to himself.

“Wait...in the hallway in the dorm...Blitz, Exile and I saw some claw marks on the floor,” Colleen brought up, Exile going stiff as pieces are slowly being connected.

“Claw marks?” Hunter questioned with a raised eye. “I didn’t see any of that at all...although I didn’t go back to my room last night.”

“They weren’t there last night, I would know,” Colleen responded back assuredly.

“Huh, really?” The professor started to think as he turned back to his computer and typed away. They all looked and saw him access the security feed of the dorm hallway. He rewound it back to last night, and found the hallway footage from a few different angles. He then started to fast forward it; but then slowly all the camera feeds except one remained on as the rest turned off at once.

“What happened there?” Blitz asked curiously.

“It seemed like the cameras were all powering down for some reason...but only one was left on,” the professor mused as he fast forward more on the lone camera.

However, the Rovers all gasped as they saw a hulking, bipedal, wolf creature appear on the screen before them. They all watched in silence as the footage played out, then gasped when they saw it near Exile’s room and then entered. By then the camera feed ended. The professor fast forward, hoping one of the cameras turned back on, but (much to their disappointment) there was no more footage.

“It...It went into Exile’s room!” Blitz pointed out as they all then looked towards the Husky, only to find him gone.

The next few hours went by fast, well...for Exile for this instance. After seeing all the evidence he was convinced that he was the werewolf on screen.

The others followed the Husky and tried to comfort him, but he saw there was no use in it. He didn’t want to hurt his friends at all, and explained to them everything he knew about werewolves from his homeland. It was then discovered that on the coming night there would be another full moon, which only made the Husky panic more.

Afterwards, with Exile's help, Hubert would ecstatically declare that he has found the answer to help cure the curse. They were all back in the lab, watching the Bloodhound type away at his computer. "After careful research and cross-referencing all kinds of lore from wherever it, or anything even remotely close to it, existed and also examining a myth or two...I have FINALLY come up with a cure for our friend and the other victims." He proclaimed.

"Fantastic, Professor," Hunter responded with a smile. "What is it?"

"That's the tricky part," the Bloodhound responded, turning the screen so the Rovers all could see. "The answer lies within a particular ancient poem from medieval times I came across."

"I don't think any of us understands that kind of language," Blitz said out loud as they couldn't read the text on screen...which happens to be in Latin.

"Well I do, let me explain," The professor responded back as he started to translate.

***"The struggles of the wild strays will turn tame,
Once thou hath found the flower of the beast's bane.
Nourished by water from the English Moore,
Anointed with essence from the cursed at the core.
Beware of failure by dawn of third day,
Or forever werewolves all shalt stay."***

"Is it some kind of riddle or something?" Hunter scratched at his head

"I can't make it out either," Blitz seconded with a shake of his head.

"Well thankfully, while you all were talking to Exile, I managed to decipher the text more. Basically, it means that a cure would need to be made from the Wolfsbane flower, which grows by the water from the English Moore. Collect some of said plant and mix it together with the swamp water there and some of the werewolves' bodily fluids...blood or saliva, either will do...from the werewolves themselves will anoint the flower and properly create the mixture needed to lift the curse." Hubert explained in detail.

"Sounds simple enough," Colleen smiled, as did everyone else. Especially Exile as he felt a glimmer of hope. Unfortunately that single bit of light was quickly extinguished.

"It's not that simple," the professor interjected, catching everyone's attention again. "Also, according to the text, if the cure isn't administered by sunrise...meaning after the third full moon after the first transformation...then the curse will be permanent. In other words, all those cursed will be locked in wolvern form forever."

Nothing but silence filled the room as everyone seemed to be robbed of words. All hope left Exile as he covered his eyes and let out a depressing sigh, "It's hopeless."

"Don't say that, buddy. It'll be ok," Hunter comforted his friend, patting him on the back.

"Yeah, we're not going to let you be a werewolf forever," Colleen tried to help as well. "But it's no use in standing around, we should hurry up and gather the ingredients needed."

"Colleen's right! Let's hit the road, Rovers!" Hunter announced to everyone.

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Unfortunately, the effort and info search took much more time than originally anticipated as the sun would be setting soon. They didn't have much time until the moon came out and Exile would transform.

They were nearing the vehicles in the hangar when Exile stopped in his tracks, feeling really unsure about this, "Uh...comrades, you should go on without me."

The comment stopped everyone as they turned and saw their Husky teammate standing back and looking at the floor. "What are you talking about?" Hunter asked as he moved towards his friend.

"We took much timeski to find answer; and the sun be setting any minute now. I cannot afford to change while near you all," Exile looked up to explain what was on his mind. "I know of the carnage that werewolves can do, as tales were passed down from my ancestors...and I do not wish to inflict any of that upon you all."

"Come on, Exile; we're a team, there's no way we're just going to leave here without you," Hunter reassured his friend, who still wasn't moving at all.

Colleen came over to join the others, "Huntie is right, luv; we're all in this together and we'll see this through together."

Exile was silent for a moment still unsure, but then jumped as he felt two strong furry hands rest on his shoulders. Looking up he saw Shag smiling at him. The Sheepdog then started to mutter out some words in his own language. "You sure, comrade? You are not even the least bit afraid?" Shag opened his mouth to respond, then took a moment to think, but nodded at last. Even though he was rather nervous about the whole thing in general, he didn't show it to his friend. That helped the Husky somewhat, but not too convinced.

"Come on, Exile; even when the moon comes out we'll have precautions in place," Hunter encouraged more.

“Umm...like what?” Both of Exile’s ears perked as his eyes rose in confusion. For some reason he didn’t like the way it was said. Still, if it kept him from hurting the others maybe it wouldn’t hurt at all.

A few minutes later...

“And done,” Hunter smiled in accomplishment, backing away from Exile, as did everyone else. All of them looking down and admiring their work.

“Uhh...you sure this will work, comrade?” Exile asked with uncertainty, seated on one of the seats from inside the Cloud Rover, covered head to toe in chains. The Husky is effectively bound in iron so tight that even he was having trouble moving a bit. Still, at least if he couldn’t move then it could mean it could work. Plus, the seat is bolted down to the ship so that added to the security.

“Of course, those chains are made of heavy duty material and aren’t so easy to break,” Hunter smiled as he patted his friend on the shoulder, showing how reliable he is on the advanced restraints.

“Well, gents; if you don’t mind, I think we should get moving,” Colleen responded as she headed for the front of the ship. “We already used enough time in tying Exile down as it is, so we best get going.”

“Colleen is right; let’s go now,” Hunter then went to the exit of the ship so he could go to the Sky Rover. “Shag, Blitz; you’re both with me.”

‘Oh danke, danke,’ Blitz mentally thought to himself, all the worry being washed away from him as he doesn’t have to be in the same ship as Exile. Not that he wasn’t trying to be mean or that he didn’t want to be in Colleen’s presence, just that he preferred not to get shredded up by the werewolf and knew Colleen could handle herself while not wanting to get in her way. *‘I get to be a safe distance away.’*

The others then headed out but Hunter stopped and looked back, “You sure you can handle things if Exile changes?”

“No problem, Huntie,” Colleen turned around to give a small wave as well as a look of confidence. “The least of us together the better; besides, no wolf mutt stands a chance against me.”

“Ok, Colleen; good luck,” Hunter gave a thumbs-up before leaving, and soon the two ships turned on and started to fly off.

An hour later, the two ships were still flying in the air, heading for their destination to get the ingredients for the werewolf cure. So far, nothing had happened, which was good for them all. Yet they still remained cautious, it served them well to leave nothing to chance.

However, as they feared, things were bound to get antsy in a bit as the sun was about to set and the full moon would come out. As this happened, Hunter kept on constant contact with Colleen, getting the status on Exile for the whole time.

“Ok...moment of truth,” Hunter spoke out to them all as the sun had set and now the full moon appeared on the horizon. The Retriever gave things a few seconds to pass before he got back on the comms, checking in with the cloud Rover. “Sky Rover to Cloud Rover, come in. How are things going over there?” At first there was nothing but static over the line; which was odd for them, as their communications were fine just a minute ago. Hunter tried to contact them again, but nothing other than static came through again.

“This doesn’t seem good at all,” Blitz commented from the co-pilot’s seat, getting some chills.

“It would seem like it,” Hunter responded back, Shag nodding and muttering in agreement.

Just then, the comm-line came back to life as a strained voice could be heard from the other side, “C-Comrades...it’s...is Colleen!”

“Exile?! What’s going on?!” Hunter responded with both shock and worry. Yet, it made him think, how did Exile get free from his restraints?

“She is...werewolf...as is I...” With that, the line went dead; leaving the remaining three in a state of shock.

Once again Hunter tried to get the Cloud Rover back on the line, but try as he may no one answered. A growl of frustration escaped him as he then turned to Blitz, “Try and get a camera feed from the Cloud Rover on the monitor.”

Nodding, Blitz then reached over to the monitor and accessed the feed from the other vehicle. There was a special feature in each vehicle which allowed them to access camera feed from the other ships, a manual override. This was only to be used in an emergency, and losing full contact with the Cloud Rover counted as one.

Soon the monitor came to life as they could see the inside of the ship, but all three of them gasped at what was found. They found their friends...or rather what used to be their friends. Both Rovers fully transformed into powerfully muscled and feral-acting (yet still bipedal) werewolves with wild eyes. One somewhat bigger than the other and both fully nude with their armor completely in shreds all over the ship floor along with the restraints from the chair.

“I would have never predicted this,” Hunter responded as they watched the two interact with one another. At first the bigger one, whom they assumed was Exile, snarled at the somewhat shorter one they believed was Colleen who then snarled back in turn.

Apparently the werewolves are speaking to one another in their own language, one which they couldn't understand (like that of feral canines). Soon they saw the smaller werewolf then take the controls of the ship, which shocked them a lot as they watched her fly. Did they still retain enough of their former selves in order to still use their motor functions?

"This isn't good," Hunter said as they saw the Cloud Rover deviate from their current course. "I have no idea where they could be going."

"Hey, if they aren't anywhere near us then I'm fine with that," Blitz commented as they looked at the screen, but then saw the larger werewolf must have noticed the camera on board. They recoiled as they saw one of the faces get up close on the screen. They watched as he swiped at it, disconnecting and losing feed from the other vehicle. Now they are blind to what is going on in the other ship. Blitz gulped from the sight. "Ja, definitely better being here."

"Either way, we have to keep on course and get the cure; even if it means losing contact with them for a while. It's the only way we can get our friends back and we can't stop now," Hunter responded as he kept on piloting on course towards the English Moore, where they could find the components for the cure.

One thing the remainder of the team knew for sure now was that time was running out, and without their expert on werewolf lore they had absolutely no idea of what to expect from this point onward. This was their only chance, midnight would be approaching soon and there was no time to waste.