

Chapter 4: Broken Pack

“Ok, here’s the swamp water,” Hunter announced as he knelt down by the large body of water and scoop some into a large vial. After splitting off from Colleen and Exile, as well as from the Cloud Rover, the remaining three Rovers went to the nearby swamp to collect the water first. They needed to get the cure made first before they could attempt to help their teammates or anyone else. “Now we just need the Wolfsbane.”

“Well, didn’t that poem say that it’s somewhere around the swamp?” Blitz reminded his friends.

Just then Shag barked a few times, getting their attention and pointing to a patch of the said flowers nearby. “Good work,” Hunter responded as he and Blitz went over and started to pick some. After collecting the necessary amount, they stood back up. “Now we just need the werewolf saliva, and then we will have the cure.”

“How are we going to do that?” Blitz asked.

“Haven’t thought that far yet...but we at least know where we can find some,” The Retriever responded confidently as they walked back up to the Sky Rover. “We can track the Cloud Rover and see where they are now...that is if they haven’t crashed it.”

“Wait, you actually want to go where they are going so quickly?” Blitz asked, in shock, stopping in his tracks.

“We have to save Colleen and Exile before the night is up,” Hunter responded, looking back at his friend. “You know they would do the same for us.”

“Well...maybe not all of us,” Blitz murmured silently to himself as they got back in the Sky Rover to access the GPS to pinpoint the Cloud Rover’s current location.

.....

Meanwhile, at the famous location of Stonehenge in the rural part of the UK, there seems to be a gathering of sorts. Many werewolves, who were once human, gathered around a large mount in the center of the stone. Not too far off, the Cloud Rover sat parked; but no one is inside it. Exile and Colleen, who were now full-fledged werewolves, stood on the large mount; both snarling and growling as they watched all the others gathered around them.

All of the pack staying where they were or doing nothing as they looked up upon their Queen and the one she had chosen as her King. All eyes looking upon Exile’s large and powerful form, which proved to be intimidating to them all. Any thoughts of challenging him for his title were thrown out the window as they would surely die at his hands.

Unknown to many, this happens to be an important part of the werewolves' culture. When the King and Queen would be selected to lead the whole pack to a new golden age; and so far, Colleen was chosen to be the Queen all along. Now she must be paired with her King and lifemate, the one who will give her strong pups and legitimately secure their reign.

Right now, the pack is more than a little put off that their Queen has broken tradition and chose a mate for herself; when tradition dictates that the pack seeked out a worthy king themselves to present to her. Many who stuck to tradition wanted to object, but most of said protesters knew they stood no chance against the one their Queen brought/chosen.

So far, Exile stood with his soon-to-be Queen; nuzzling her lovingly as he accepted her as his Queen. Taking a deep breath; he could smell her building arousal, causing him to pant hard, yet refrained from doing anything about it. Once things are done and settled with the pack the two will mate in front of everyone, which then he'll unleash his own pent up arousal. Another key point of this ceremony was to hopefully have the King impregnate his new Queen in order to secure their new reign.

Little did any of the pack there know that something would come and interfere with their plans even further...well, two different things to be exact.

Unbeknownst to the whole pack, the Sky Rover quietly approached and landed right next to the Cloud Rover. The three remaining Rovers exited silently and looked upon the scene before them. Being as careful as possible they moved in closer for a better view. They all were confused at the huge gathering of werewolves, yet a bit daunted at the sheer number of them. They were then perplexed when they looked at the center and saw two larger and bipedal werewolves above, looking down at the rest of them. Neither one of them had any clue as to what is going on. If only Exile was normal he could tell them what was happening since he's the expert on werewolf mythology. Well, at least more of an expert on the subject than anyone else on the team.

"Well, as you can see...there's plenty of saliva here," Hunter told his teammates, keeping his eyes front. Trying to be safe, they were staying back a safe distance.

"But how do we get it without being torn to shreds?" Blitz asked, eyeing the werewolves warily as his fur stood on all ends. He didn't want to know the answer to that as getting up close to those wolven beasts would prove deadly.

"That's what I'm trying to think," Hunter responded back, tapping a finger to his chin in contemplation. Getting saliva would require getting close to just one of the pack. Yet with how close the werewolves are with one another there was no way at surprising one without alerting the others. There's no way they would stand a chance with that many of them, especially the bigger ones.

Just then, Shag muttered something and pointed to the center of the gathered werewolves. They all looked over and saw a small group of the more feral werewolves making their way towards Colleen and Exile. Said group didn't look too happy as there was barking and snarling between them and the larger bipedal werewolves.

Another loud snarl came, causing the angry group of feral werewolves to stop and part to make a path. Following behind the group, an equally large and muscular anthro/bipedal male werewolf approached. This one locking eyes on Exile, and vice versa, as the two started measuring and studying one another yet showing no aggression towards each other. The tension in the air seemed to get pretty thick as the other werewolves seem to back off as the two Alpha-class males stared at one another.

Exile seemed to snarl back at the ring of lower werewolves surrounding him as his Queen and the newcomer seemed not to be fazed by the sight. The Rovers couldn't understand what was being said, but from the way the new Alpha werewolf then looked at Colleen it seemed as if he desired her.

The ring of feral werewolves seemed to be motioning towards the other male anthro werewolf before them, implying that they wanted Colleen to get with the newcomer. So did that mean this 'council' of sorts wanted their 'candidate' to be Colleen's king instead of Exile? Either way, it seems like both sides had disagreements; not good!

"Hey, look," Blitz pointed out, causing everyone to look in his direction. A single feral werewolf seemed to be backing up in their direction, further away from the rest of the pack. In just a few more steps it would be in range of them to snatch it without alerting the others.

"This may be our only chance. Guys, when I give the signal, grab the werewolf and hold it down; we need its saliva. Be careful too, we can't let it howl and warn the others," Hunter instructed them. Shag and Blitz nervously nodded, as they were still unsure about getting up close to those wild beasts. Still, they did what they were told and waited for the werewolf to close in. "Now!"

With that, Blitz and Shag leapt out and tackled the werewolf to the ground, eliciting a small yelp as they pinned it down. The Doberman grabbed at the werewolf's mouth, keeping its muzzle closed so it couldn't howl. Trying to be extra careful, they continued to drag it further away so they will have an even less chance of being seen.

"Hunter, hurry up!" Blitz called out as he carefully pried the beast's mouth open slightly.

The Retriever came over with the vial, uncorking it. "Tilt the head to the side," Hunter said as he started to see a stream of saliva. Moving the vial he started to collect it and watched as it mixed in with the swamp water. "Just a bit more."

"Hurry up!" Blitz grunted as he and Shag are struggling to keep the lupine beast pinned, feeling it fighting back quite ferociously.

“Got it,” Hunter proclaimed as he pulled the vial away and capped it, shaking it so the contents would mix properly. Grabbing a case he then opened it, and inside is a dart gun with several darts in it. He hastily assembled the weapon together and finished by connecting the vial to the gun and loading the darts into it.

“Was in der-?” Blitz said as he caught the attention of the others. They all looked back at the circle of werewolves and saw Exile and the other male anthro werewolf circling one another, growling at one another as if they were about to pounce. They were staring each other down, adding snarlings as they were looking for an opening to strike. By the way their muscles tense, plus their claws and fangs unsheathed in preparation...it didn't take a genius to know that both were out for blood, meaning their fight will be lethal.

The Doberman then cried out in pain. Looking over at the two males proved to be distracting as it caused the restrained beast to partially break free of the Rover's hold. It's front paw flew out, claws unsheathed and slashed at the Doberman's unprotected neck. This caught Hunter and Shag's attention as they tackled the wolven beast once again to keep it pinned. Acting quickly, Hunter pressed the barrel of the gun at the furry neck and pulled the trigger. The lupine beast they held down yelped, but stopped all its struggling. In a matter of seconds they all watched as the fur started to retract and muscles shrink.

“It's working,” Hunter exclaimed as the lupine beast slowly turned back into a human...a female who happened to be completely naked. Once it fully registered in their minds, Hunter and Blitz both blushed and looked away bashfully. “Uh...S-Shag?!” Hunter called out.

The large dog nodded as he reached into his fur, searching around and then pulled out a large blanket to cover the now unconscious human. They were relieved to know that the cure worked, and now they can cure the others. Shag then muttered something and motioned to their Doberman teammate as he took the female into his large arms.

Hunter nodded as he turned to Blitz, seeing his friend clutching the right side of his neck. Apparently the claw slash was a good one as blood could be seen oozing out. Obviously they knew what this meant, “You were scratched.”

“Ja, ich kenne,” the Doberman panted as he felt blood from the wound. Just then he saw what his friend was about to do and held a hand up just as Hunter was about to inject him with the cure. “Nein, Hunter. Save it for the others, leave me last.”

“But Blitz, you could turn just like them,” Hunter responded back in concern, and also confused as to Blitz's insistence. It's bad enough there is a whole pack of werewolves nearby, and two larger males going at it for the Queen of the pack. The last thing they need is just one more, and from their own pack to boot.

"Don't worry, it might take a lot longer for that to happen. Just hurry up," the Doberman kept on insisting. "Bitte, we're wasting time."

"Alright," Hunter nodded after hesitating for a moment. Standing up he looked back at Shag, "I need you to carry back everyone that gets cured back to the Sky Rover; make sure they are safe." The big dog nodded, even though he was scared, as he set about taking the first cured human back to the ship.

Being careful and cautious, Hunter tried to sneak closer to the large pack. Thankfully, the attention was still off of them as apparently the two males are already going at it. The two large Alphas were wrestling about, trying to harm or even maim the other. This fight seemed to have captivated them all, proving to be a good distraction for him to cure them. Yet, he found many more of them in his path, so he would need to shoot his way through to them. Even though the cure worked, the range on the dart gun was rather poor.

As the Retriever got closer to the lone lupine beast he fired another dart, but unfortunately, on impact the beast yelped quite loudly as it was stung. The rest of the pack, beside the Queen and the two fighting males, all turned and saw the Retriever. Realizing they had an intruder, they all got defensive and started to growl threateningly.

Hunter froze momentarily, but then snapped out of it as the others started to charge him instantly. It was a blessing that the Retriever had the power of speed on his side as, one by one, he dodged each incoming attack and shot at the lupine beasts. Multiple yelps were heard as they each went down. He couldn't afford to check and see them change back as he had to constantly dodge the incoming pounces from the wolven beasts. Thankfully Exile, Colleen and the other large male weren't paying any attention to them at all; that was either bad or good. Still, it was less they had to deal with.

As this was happening, Shag moved in and started to pick up the now changing/reverting wolven beasts. Being as strong as he was, the Sheepdog was able to carry a bunch of them at once. Plus, it was good that he wasn't drawing any attention at all.

After an entire minute, Hunter had got the last one and stopped for a moment to collect himself. Looking back, he saw Shag picking them up. "Shag, take them all back to the ship and get them out of here; I'll take care of Colleen and Exile as well as the other with them." Shag then barked something back.

"Yeah, I'll be sure to get Blitz as well," the Retriever added in response. Then heard the Sheepdog mutter something else in worry, which only made the Retriever shake his head. "Don't worry about us, we'll be fine; you need to take care of the others." Shag stood there for a moment as he soon nodded and then carried the humans away from the scene as fast as he could.

Watching his teammate walk off, Hunter then turned his attention to the final three werewolves present; the two males were still fighting while Colleen was only watching on. This was good because, as he remembered, the mating ceremony would have to have been done while the full moon was at its apex in order for the curse to become fully permanent. If the two continued their fight then there would be a chance they wouldn't notice. Yet judging by the viciousness the two were fighting, Hunter had to break them up fast before one of them gets seriously maimed or dies. He had to act quickly yet carefully as well.

Moving in closer, the Retriever then tried to aim the weapon at the two fighting males. He would have gone for Colleen first, but he felt he would rather take out the two fighting males first before they cause any trouble. Taking careful aim at the two, he had trouble trying to lock on with either because of all the movement they were doing in their duel. Hell, Hunter couldn't even tell which werewolf was which, as they looked nearly the same...well, except for their respectful builds that is.

Both of Hunter's ears twitched as heavy footsteps were heard from behind along with a deep growl. Turning around, both eyes widen as a new figure approached, a very familiar one. "B-Blitz?!"

The Doberman teammate is indeed behind...but not the same one Retriever knew. The same brown eyes were glowing white now, and the upper part of his Rover armor is torn; revealing his bulging muscles underneath...all of which seemed to be bulkier than before.

Both of the Retriever's eyes widen as he took in the sight before him, but this moment of hesitation was enough for the still transforming Doberman to reach out with his massive claws drawn and slice at the dart gun. The weapon flew out of Hunter's hand and smashed to pieces upon hitting the ground. The vial that was connected shattered as the liquid seeped onto the ground.

"No!" Hunter cried out as the only cure was now destroyed. Luckily, he had enough time to react as he saw another slash heading his way and ran out of the way. Yet sadly, he wasn't expecting Blitz to have heightened reflexes due to the curse. Because, before he knew it, the changing Doberman is in front of him; head surging forth and massive teeth trying to bite at him.

The Retriever kept on dodging and managed to keep up with his teammate's new reflexes, but unfortunately his back bumped into something. Turning around, both eyes widen in shock as he accidentally hit one of the two fighting werewolves, both of whom immediately stopped their actions and turned their attention to him. This caught the Queen's attention as well. Apparently, he moved too far towards them without even knowing it.

"I would not have predicted this!" Hunter murmured, finding himself frozen in place; but this moment of truly not paying attention wound up costing the Retriever dearly.

“GYAH!!!” He shouted out as a searing pain is felt in his shoulder. The still changing Blitz had bit right into his teammate’s shoulder, his massive and sharper teeth shredding their way right through the armor and biting down into the flesh beneath.

Reaching up, Hunter now gripped the bleeding flesh as Blitz unhooked his wolverine fangs while still snarling. The three werewolves looking down at their second newest pack member as they watched him writhe around in pain. With the cure destroyed, Hunter and Blitz both infected, the two remaining Rovers were now going to change...what were they going to do now?