

Chapter One

Niel had to retrieve his mop and bucket before he could follow Shila's direction to where Wieland and Fedor were held. He wished the phone he'd taken off the guard had come with an earpiece so he could be in contact with her as he moved, knowing someone was coming would be good, instead of having to either quickly start watching a corner of the floor or risk being called out for not doing his job and continuing to push his bucket ever forward.

At least the factory was large, and most of the Nazis were still in the large room, undergoing or waiting to undergo the change. Those he encountered were either hurrying or had been changed and headed somewhere to relax.

Once she told him where they were, Niel was embarrassed he hadn't considered that first. Of course, a basement made perfect sense to hold prisoners. Even someone as strong as Wieland couldn't punch his way out through the ground, so he'd have to come up and be intercepted. He comforted himself with the knowledge he'd have found it, eventually, but that was why being about to communicate with Shila would be nice.

He didn't think the Nazis would look kindly on their janitor being on the phone with someone, especially not if he spoke English.

A sheepdog in the Nazi uniform looked out of a doorway as Niel approached. He'd given up on sneaking close to anyone the instant he'd started pushing that mop bucket. The wheels had been designed to announce his arrival three towns over. He kept his head down and readied something resembling an explanation in broken German if he was stopped.

The guard said something insulting about Niel to someone inside the room, but moved out of the way as he approached.

Niel didn't know what the long room had been used for before being converted into cells, but the walls were concrete, just like the floor and ceiling. The doors were metal bars and looked to have been there a while.

Even before he started mopping the floor and had that as an excuse to look in the cells, Niel knew his job had been complicated beyond anything he could imagine. There were a lot of voices whimpering in Italian in those cells.

Niel had expected to free Wieland and Fedor, then somehow make it out of the factory. Wieland's strength would be a large part of that succeeding and getting lost in the countryside while waiting for someone to nuke this place. Nazis deserved nothing less. Then, and only then, would he call for a rescue.

Being able to live off sex had its advantage.

But he couldn't feed a bunch of other people that way.

It would have been really nice of Shila to tell him that little detail.

Glancing into the two first cells, as he 'cleaned' the floor, showed him only canines, and men. This would be why the town seemed to have so many women in it, and it could account for the apparent joy and compliance. If the men here were the women's husbands, sons, or relatives, they would be on their best behaviors. They all looked borderline undernourished.

He didn't doubt every cell would be the same. A dozen doors, there were what twenty packed in the cells? How was he getting around two hundred and fifty people out of here? Because as pragmatic as he tried to be, Niel couldn't see himself being able to stand the thought of leaving them behind.

Now he wished Grant had told Shila to call in the cavalry already.

The other guard, a chihuahua, shuffled a deck of cards and they started playing or continued. Niel was surprised to see them playing cards instead of on their phone. This was too much like any of the historical war drama for his liking since the intrepid rescuer in those always ended up getting caught.

Niel found Wieland chained at the back of a cell, by himself, and he looked unconscious, as a wolf entered the hall with the cells and instructed the two guards to report upstairs for their blessings. There was a discussion, which as far as Niel could make out, centered on the schedule being changed because of intruders, and that he'd watch over the riffraff until they were back.

Niel wasn't sure, but it sounded like they were using the staff and turning everyone into wolves as a way to flush out Grant and him. Which was clever.

The wolf didn't even glance in his direction as he came to stand before Wieland's. When he spoke, the tone dripped with derision. Something about Wieland no longer being the big one.

"What are you talking about, Isamu?" Wieland replied in English.

"English?" the wolf replied.

Isamu? Niel thought, and why was Wieland talking in English?

"You aren't worthy of the proper tongue," the German shepherd replied. Where had that superior attitude come from?

Niel glanced at Wieland, who caught his eyes and gave a small smile.

"Worthy?" the wolf snapped? "Look at me. I have been chosen, made perfect. I'm done being the small one, the butt of every bully's joke. Now you're going to be my play thing."

"You think looking like that means anything? I know people smaller than you were who stood up to those taller than you are. Whatever your problem was, being big and appearing tough isn't going to change it."

"No!" Isamu slammed a hand against the bar. "People like you don't get to tell me what to do,

what I am anymore. I am part of the superior species now, not you. You're going to do what I tell you. The world will be at our feet, licking our boots so we'll give them our crumbs, or in your case, my cock."

Wieland snorted, and the derision was heavy. "Like I'm worthy of whatever's in there."

"No, you're dirt, but your kind of people forced themselves on me for long enough. It's time you found out what it's like."

"What are you talking about, Isamu?" Wieland asked, sounding tired now.

"You think that just because I need sex to live, I liked being used by anyone bigger than me?" the wolf unlocked the bars. "I'm going to show you what it's like to be fucked when you don't want it."

"I didn't treat you like that, Isamu," Wieland protested. "Fuck, I only met you a few days ago at this point, and you seemed pretty eager anytime we fucked."

"Because you'd have let me saying: no, stop, please, stop you? You and that raccoon? Big men, pushing everyone smaller into doing what you want? Using everyone who can't measure up to you. Well, that's done now. I'm going to do the using, you, then, when the coon's caught, him too. You're both going to be my toys, and I am going to enjoy putting you through everything I was put through." He pulled the door open.

"Isamu!" Niel yelled, rushing the wolf.

Isamu sidestepped, but the move was clumsy, and Niel zagged with him, planting a shoulder in his chest and shoving him away from the door. The wolf didn't stagger as long as Niel had hoped, but the simple fact he'd caught him was plenty to rejoice on. He'd seen the Kishu fight, and it had been quick, precise, and definitely in his favor.

The wolf put a hand on the table to steady himself and the snarl turned into a smile as he lifted it, holding two playing cards. Niel wondered what Isamu expected to accomplish with those, then remembered watching a show online about card throwers, and that the ex-kishu's family power was precision. What would happen if one of those hit Niel?

The wolf moved faster than he saw and Niel readied himself to push through the coming pain, but the card didn't hit him. It careened randomly, as if thrown by someone who had no idea what they were doing.

Niel got over the surprise first and rushed the wolf. Maybe the change had taken away his power. The wolf flicked the other card and Niel felt the deep cut to his arm. The triumph on Isamu's face didn't last as they collided, Niel lifting the larger wolf until they hit the wall, then backpedaling as Isamu shoved him away.

Well, the muscles weren't only for show.

The wolf stepped forward and swung quickly, and missed each time, even if Niel had trouble tracking the movements. He wasn't a fighter, he was a football player. The way Isamu looked at his hands while Niel worked things out gave him the answer, and the cut on his arm told him he didn't have much time to end this.

He rushed again, and this time the wolf crouched in preparation to receive him. The move was almost perfect and if a direct impact had been Niel's plan, it would have failed outright. Instead, he zipped at the last moment, a classic move to avoid an incoming intercept. Isamu moved with him, and it would have worked, as the wolf reached to grab the raccoon, except for one thing.

Isamu tripped on his own foot.

Niel stopped, turned, and, before the wolf could regain his balance, grabbed his head and brought it down hard on his rising knee.

Isamu fell to the side and didn't move, except to breathe.

Niel wanted to celebrate brains winning over brawn, with a good dose of brawn added to the mix, but if the wolf woke up now, Niel was fucked in all the ways he could imagine and a few more, he expected. That had been his one surprise move, and there was no way he could pull it off a second time.

He hurried to take Isamu's jacket off, then the shirt, which he ripped into strips and used to tie the wolf's hand behind his back. Boy Scout knot tying badge and action movie watching made him turn his arms into something that would make a mummy envious, and hopefully would keep him from ripping them off if he woke up before Niel had everyone out of here.

He ran into Wieland's cell and the german shepherd couldn't hide his surprise. "How did you win? It is impossible to best a Suzuki in anything physical."

"He wasn't used to his new body. It threw off his first attempts. And I've had to take down guys bigger than me on the field before." Wieland looked at him in confusion while Niel searched for a way to undo the manacle. "I did mention I play football in college, right? I might be big for a raccoon, but on the field, I'm still among the smaller players, and our coach isn't kind to anyone he doesn't see do everything they can to win. It makes for a very competitive atmosphere. Damn it! Those things are bolted shut."

"I will not be able to break them before someone comes to check on the prisoners."

"Didn't Fedor know a healing phrase?" Niel headed for the cell's door.

"No. Isamu and I are the only ones who know one."

"Fuck! Why wasn't that what Olavo taught me?"

"I will show you."

Niel stared at the german shepherd. "Isn't that like really dangerous?"

"I will show you simply healing sigil." He nodded to the dirty floor. "I will describe it, and you draw."

The next five minutes were spent tracing a symbol over and over until Wieland was satisfied. Then Niel jerked off and after the german shepherd nodded again, used the cum to trace the symbol on his chest.

"Well?" Niel asked.

"It is a simple healing. It is not so fast." He tensed, and his chains whined. He stopped and panted.

"Should I do it again?"

"More will not help. Go look for Fedor. I will break the chains."

Niel nodded and stepped out, wiping his hands clean on his coveralls. Three cells over, he found the pallas cat and did his best not to smile. "Do you want me to come back later?"

"Funny," Fedor replied. There weren't many men in his cell, only seven, but they were mid-teens at best and they had latched onto the pallas cat for comfort. Some seemed to have fallen asleep in the thick fur, but not one of them looked to be in a hurry to let him go.

"I'm going to have to look for the keys," Niel said, but before he stepped away from the door, metal snapped apart in Wieland's cells. "Or we use the all-purpose door breaker."

The german shepherd stepped to the door of his cell, leaning on the wall for support and chains trailing on the floor.

“Fedor’s in this cell, I need you to break the door.”

“I will need more help first. I need more healing.”

“I thought you said more healing sigils wouldn’t help.”

Wieland let himself slide to the floor before Niel reached him.

“I know the healing phrase. But I need cum to write it.”

Neal jerked off again, and Wieland quickly wrote on his fur. Then he snapped the chains off the manacles and stood. He had every door off the walls and the prisoners started milling out.

“Now what?” Wieland asked. “They aren’t letting anyone who isn’t a pure breed wolf out of the building.”

“Got that covered.” Niel pulled the phone out of a pocket and flipped it to the list of outgoing calls. It was empty. He cursed. “I lost her number. This is the phone I used to call her before, but the list of call’s gone.”

“You really think I was going to leave my number on some stranger’s phone?” Shila replied before Niel started cursing his bad luck again. “What if you’d lost the phone in this so impressive rescue?”

“Okay, good.” Niel wasn’t addressing the tone she’d said that in. He wasn’t a professional rescuer, and if she could get them out of here, she could mock him all she wanted. “Tell me you have a way to get over to two hundred canines who aren’t wolves past a bunch of Nazis looking for anyone who isn’t a wolf-like them.”

“You don’t ask for much, do you?”

“Hey, you knew I’d be finding all these people here when you told me where Wieland was and never mentioned it. Did you think I was going to abandon them here?”

“No, I didn’t. In fact, I didn’t mention them because I knew you’d make that decision, while you might hesitate to go on the search if you knew there were more than two people involved.”

“I wouldn’t—never mind. Do you have a plan?”

She sighed, and Niel worried.

“I do. The only problem is that I need you to go rescue him.”

* * *