The two lugs dragged me down the alleyways, constantly looking over their shoulders. The big wolf had my left arm pinned in an awkward position behind my back and his paw over my muzzle to make sure that I didn’t make a sound, which I found pointless, being as that I had made it very clear that I was on their side. Eventually, we ended up in front of a small cottage. It appeared as how a low-class cottage would appear; rather small, bits of damage here and there, a bit of a musty smell, the works. The otter knocked on the door. A little slot at eye level on the door slid open almost immediately, and a pair of wild-looking eyed was peering at us through the slot.

“Who’s there? What do you want?” said a woman’s voice with a twinge of paranoia.

The otter and the wolf both lifted up the sleeves of their left arms, exposing their shoulders.

The slot snapped shut, and there was a series of clicks that sounded like several locks being undone. The door slowly creaked open. An elderly mouse peered out of the doorway and looked at the otter, then the wolf, then at me. She seemed to be putting two and two together.

“Why did you bring him here? Does he know something?”

“We need to take him to Gully. Is he here, Alys?” asked the otter.

“He’s in the hideout. Hurry down.” said Alys.

The otter nodded and entered the house. The wolf less-than-gracefully ushered me inside, which in turn caused a sharp pain to shoot through my shoulder. I yipped under his paw.

“Shut up!” he snarled.

The otter was lifting up a hatch in the floor. It was hidden under an old, dusty rug. The door creaked noisily. There was a staircase that led into a tunnel. The wolf pushed me towards the hatch and started to lead me down the stairwell.

The tunnel was a lot longer than I expected. How in the hell have they been concealing this under that rickety old shack? Eh, who knows? One thing I can tell you, I was rather sick of this wolf’s paw over my muzzle. I decided to take matters into my own paws.

I unceremoniously stomped on the wolf’s rather large foot paw. He yipped in pain and finally released me and hopped around a bit on his good foot.

“I am very capable of walking on my own, thank you,” I say to him.

“You little bitch!” he snarled, “I’m gonna-“

What he was “gonna,” I didn’t get to find out. The otter had held him back.

“I’m sure you will,” I said sarcastically, “Just take me to this Gully fellow.”

“I’ll take you to him…in pieces!” said the wolf, the otter still holding him back.

Before I could retort, an arm wrapped itself around my throat. My arms flew up to whatever was trying to strangle me. A deep, threatening voice spoke.

“What the hell is going on?”

“Gully, this guy is from the palace,” said the otter, finally satiating the wolf.

“Why did you bring him here? Are you trying to get us killed?” said the voice named Gully angrily.

“Because I think he could help us!”

The room was silent for a bit. I hear a growl behind me, and then felt myself being dragged away. I tried to free myself from the grip.\*

“Hey! As I told your friend here, I can walk just fine on my own!”

I felt something hit me over the head.

“Ow!”

“Shut your mouth, or I’ll shut it for ya!” said my captor.

“Relax, I come in peace!”

“We’ll see about that.”

I was ushered into a dimly lit room. It was fairly decent in size. There was a table in the dead center with papers strewn all over it. There were various sorts of weapons hanging on the walls, bows, blades, and the like. I was finally released from the vise grip around my neck. I took a couple deep breaths and took a look at who had been holding me.

He was a weasel. Not much taller than me, I’d say about five-foot-seven. He was brown in color, for the most part. He had a tuft of white fur on his head. But there were patches of white fur elsewhere as well. His entire front was a cream color, from his muzzle down I’d imagine. He wasn’t nude at the time, so I couldn’t tell for sure. His entire left arm was white, and his right arm was white from just above his elbow down. His right leg was entirely white as well, but only his left foot paw was white. From what I could see from his shorts, there was an odd white stripe on his left leg.

Hold on, I’ve seen his face before! But where? This is right at the tip of my tongue! Wait a second…

“Hey, I know you!” I said a bit too excitedly.

“Do you now?” he said gruffly.

“Yeah! Your reward poster is all over the city and up in the castle! ‘Wanted. Five thousand shillings. Gulliver Grey.”

Before my eyes even had time to blink, there was a large dagger pointed at my throat. If anything were to shut me up, that was an effective way to do so.

“If you ever call me ‘Gulliver’ again, you aren’t gonna like where this ends up. The name’s Gully.’