

Paranormal Romance- Werewolf

Excerpt 1

I walk out of the ornate courtyard and make my way to the thick, concrete wall that encloses the castle. The guard nods in my direction as I make my exit. I walk down the street and let my hand slip into my pocket, where a small bag of coins safely rests. I had just collected it from King Federick in exchange for my assistance transporting his daughter. It's a large sum of money, of course, but I won't be needing it.

I walk along the cobblestone streets of Ellylon Haven, which are lined with quaint houses made of stone. Each one features a thatched roof and tiny windows. The smell of freshly baked bread wafts out of a nearby bakery and mixes with the stench of chamberpot waste in the streets. Without having to look too hard, I notice a man sitting on the cold ground. I don't look him in the eye as I drop the bag of coins in his lap.

I hurry past the village square, where a large oak tree in the center provides shade for villagers going about their day. Children play hopscotch on the cobblestones, while their parents chat and catch up on the latest news.

Finally, I make it out of town. Before me are rolling fields of green grass that seem to go on for miles. The bright sunlight lights up each blade, creating the illusion that the meadow is sparkling. White and yellow dandelions dot the field in a beautiful arrangement.

I crouch down behind a bush that has been planted at the entrance of Ellylon Haven. I swiftly remove my clothes and hide them in a neat pile under the shrub. I kneel down onto the warm soil and bow my head forward. Slowly, I close my eyes to imagine the perfectly round shape of the moon in the night sky. Instantly and all at once, every bone in my body breaks and expands.

I feel a burning sensation in the palms of my hands and the soles of my feet. A tearing feeling courses throughout my entire body. It's painful enough to make someone howl in pain,

but I am so used to it by now that I control the urge. I can feel my body becoming stronger and more muscular.

When I open my eyes again, my eyesight is sharper, my sense of smell and hearing are more acute. My skin feels hot and flushed. I look down at my hands, which are now covered in dark fur and have elongated claws instead of nails.

I take a breath in before I sprint out into the open fields. I move so quickly that the world around me becomes a blur. The wind whooshes past me, forcing my fur to press back against my muscular body. The feeling of the soft, cool grass brushing against my arms is invigorating, and the bright colors of the dandelions seem to pop with intensity as I race by them. It's a pure, unbridled joy that makes me feel like you can conquer anything.

The sound of my footsteps pounding against the earth dies down as I slow my pace. I approach the treeline, and make my way through the forest. I move at a slower pace to avoid drawing attention as I approach our den. I weave my way through trees, bushes, and rocks until I approach a clearing.

The open field is surrounded by trees on all sides but one, which is blocked off by the mountainside. In the center of the clearing is a small pond, which I eagerly race to. I feel an incredible thirst from the metamorphosis combined with the sprint here. I lean over to lap at the water, but pause when I see my reflection.

I am always stunned by the way I look in my wolf form. I am much more comfortable with my human form. I've just always identified more with the version of myself that has a strong, chiseled jawline, high cheekbones, and curly brown hair. That same brown hair has now turned to fur, and it covers my entire body. My face has been stretched out so that I have a long snout and a wide mouth that reveals sharp fangs when I bare my teeth. My piercing green eyes are the only feature that remains consistent between both forms.

Excerpt 2

I start to pace around the clearing. I rack my brain for the next steps. Should I go searching for Lowell, and risk getting lost again? Should I take off on my own, and hope to manage the weight of the carriage through the rugged forest terrain? I decide the best option is to go back into the carriage and wait until daylight breaks before making any rash decisions.

I turn back to the carriage but stop in my tracks.

Before me is a large beast with very light colored fur and rippling muscles. Its sharp teeth are bared, and there is a look of pure hatred in its eyes. Something about those eyes is familiar to me, but I can't quite place it. My jaw drops open, and my hands begin to shake. I want to run, but something glued me to the ground.

In an instant, another werewolf creeps out from the darkness. This one has a coat as dark as a starless night sky, appearing almost obsidian in the dark clearing. His fur is thick and bristly, standing on end like the hackles of a dog. The muscles underneath ripple and bulge with every movement, giving the impression of immense strength and power.

Before I can react, another enters the clearing. And another. Before I know it, I am surrounded by wolves. My body is rigid and frozen in place. Then, all of the wolves move in synchrony to create an opening in their barricade.

One more wolf, even larger than the rest, blocks off my last point of escape. He is more than double the size of the other wolves. The sight of his large and muscular legs alone can strike fear into my heart. They seem as though they could effortlessly crush a person just by stepping on them. I look up and see his fur, a brilliant, but menacing hue of orange, almost glowing in the darkness. But it's the darker red patch forming a mask around his eyes that truly makes my blood run cold. It gives him a frightening aura that sends shivers down my spine. I sense that this one is in charge. It holds its head up high and looks down at me with small, hate-filled eyes.

Then, the largest wolf opens its mouth and howls. The sound is thunderous and seems

to shake the trees. I notice that the ears of the other wolves perk up as if they, too, are startled by the sound. I use this as my cue. Without thinking, I dart toward the wolf closest to me and slide on my stomach through a gap in its paws. The dirt is slightly moist, which helps me glide through quickly before any of the creatures can react. When my arms brush against rough fur, my skin prickles with fear.

Unbelievably, I come out untouched. I scramble to my feet in an instant and take off as fast as I can toward the treeline. I crash through bushes and trample through piles of sticks and leaves. I hear *one, two, three* wolves crash through the bushes right behind me. I pump my legs as fast as I can, gasping for air with every stride. My silk dress catches on a branch and there's an audible *rip* as I keep running.

I can feel the cool night air on my legs, and small branches begin to scratch at my bare skin. Without breaking my pace, I reach down to feel the new hemline of the dress, right below my upper thigh. I can imagine that the outfit is now extremely revealing. *What would mother say?*

The erratic thought causes me to let out an insane laugh. I'm delirious with fear and adrenaline. I sprit as fast as I can, crashing and thrashing through the underbrush. I can hear smaller animals scurrying away from my loud ruckus. I try to move as fast as I can, but I can hear the wolves' snarls and growls getting closer and closer as they chase me.

Suddenly, I feel a sharp pain in my leg. I cry out before tumbling into the ground. My face hits a small rock, and I instantly feel wet blood dripping down my cheek. I turn to see that a wolf has grabbed my ankle. Its claws dig in deeper, and I scream even louder. Pure adrenaline gives me the strength to lift my other leg and kick the beast right in its eye. The creature whimpers and relaxes its grip, giving me just enough time to escape.

When I stand, a wave of dizziness washes over me. I see small silver dots move across my vision. I feel the blood running down my face and leg, but I force myself to take a step forward. I sprint in the direction of the trees, but my foot catches on a tree root and I fall into the

dirt. I try to get up, but I'm not fast enough.

Another wolf bursts out of the clearing and towers above the one I had kicked on the ground. It's the one with blonde fur and strangely familiar eyes. My heart does a backflip.

This werewolf leaps into the air, its powerful legs propelling it effortlessly. An unexpected scream escapes my throat. I know that I should get off the ground and run, but I feel paralyzed with fear. I tell my legs to *move*, but I just can't. I watch from the dirt as the creature's fur ripples in the wind. It sails through the air, the moonlight reflecting off its sharp claws and teeth. The werewolf lets out a deep growl that echoes through the surrounding trees. Its eyes lock onto mine, and I can see that it's filled with a primal hunger that can't be sated. Helpless, I brace myself for what's to come.

Goodbye, Mother. Goodbye, Father. I think. A tear runs down my cheek at my final thought, *Goodbye, Eric.*

Just as I thought it was all over, there is a rush of motion. A brown blur barrels into the wolf mid air. Their bodies crash with a loud *thud*, and they both tumble into the dirt beside me. Shocked, I finally find the will to scramble to my feet. I take tentative steps backward as I watch to wolves wrestle. I stare in amazement as the two wolves clash, the sounds of snarling and yelping filling the air.

The new wolf finds an opportunity to raise to his feet and backs away from the other. I squat to get a better look at it. It is massive and muscular, its fur bristling with anger and defiance. When it locks eyes with me, I see that they are a brilliant green hue. Just like with the blonde wolf, I feel a sense of familiarity. Only this time, I don't feel afraid. I somehow feel comforted, even safe, with this new beast.

Suddenly, the blonde wolf gets up on all fours. I stand frozen in terror as both werewolves circle each other with bared teeth and raised hackles. I realize that the brown one is clearly trying to protect me because its eyes keep darting between me and the other werewolf. It emits a low growl as it takes a step forward, positioning itself between me and the blonde wolf.

Its claws scrape against the ground, leaving deep gouges in the dirt.

The blonde wolf's eyes blaze with a fierce determination as it lunges forward, intent on reaching me. But the other wolf blocks him. Once again, they clash in a ferocious battle. I can hardly believe what I'm seeing. I'm caught between fear and awe as the creatures unleash their primal fury, their growls and snarls filling the air. I can feel the ground shake beneath my feet as they slam into each other, their claws tearing at flesh and fur.

Through it all, the brown werewolf never wavers. It keeps its focus on me, using its formidable strength and skill to fend off the other werewolf's attacks. My mouth opens in shock as I realize that this wolf would do anything to keep me safe. It is risking its own life.

Suddenly, the other wolves burst out from the trees. They are growling and snarling with pure hatred. At the sound of their approach, the brown werewolf tears away from the blonde one. It runs toward me, nuzzles my hand, and then crouches down. I take the cue and then clamber onto its broad, powerful back.

My heart is racing with excitement and fear as I put all of my trust into this terrifying best. The creature's fur is thick and coarse against my skin, and its muscles ripple beneath me as it rises to its full height. It turns its head and briefly locks eyes with me. Those intense, bright green eyes seem to look into my soul. I can feel a familiar intelligence and understanding behind them.

Excerpt 3

As we soar through the trees, I can feel the world falling away around us. I look behind me and I am shocked to see that the other wolves are nowhere to be seen. All of my fears seem to vanish, replaced by a sense of wild freedom and abandon. An image of myself from the week before, idly practicing boring dance moves in the palace studio, flashes into my mind. That girl would have never guessed that she would be riding on a werewolf only a few days later. The

thought makes me feel truly alive.

We run through trees, through bushes, over thin creeks and through small forest clearings. The sun is beginning to rise, casting an amber glow over the world around us. Birds begin to sing a morning song, and the forest slowly comes to life.

After what seems like an eternity, the werewolf slows its pace, and I can hear the sound of waves crashing against the shore in the distance. As we crest the top of a hill, the view before me takes my breath away.

Below, stretching out as far as the eye can see, is the vast expanse of the ocean. Its waves roll and roil, glinting with the colors of the rising sun. The cliff we are standing on is high and jagged. The wind blows through my hair as I take in the incredible sight.

For a moment, the two of us simply stand there, taking in the beauty and power of the world around us. Then, with a contented growl, the werewolf crouches to the ground. I slide off its back and stand on the rocky cliffside. I smooth down my dress, which is covered in mud and so badly torn that it just barely covers my private areas. My cheeks flush with embarrassment when I notice the wolf looking at me. Even though it is an animal, I can see a flicker of amusement in its eyes.

Excerpt 4

As the haze of fury begins to dissipate, a wave of conflicted emotions crashes upon my conscience. The realization of the depths to which I have succumbed momentarily overwhelms me. Regret, intertwined with a profound sense of satisfaction and relief, tugs at my heart.

With a trembling breath, I turn my attention back to Caroline, gently cradling her in my arms. The juxtaposition of her delicate form against the backdrop of the chaos I wrought serves as a haunting reminder of the dual nature that resides within me. As I press my muzzle against her forehead, seeking solace in her warmth, I silently pray that she will wake up.

Caroline, please. I murmur. I love you.

My heart flips when I see her long eyelashes begin to flutter, revealing her beautiful bright eyes. A small grin forms on her rosy lips, which slowly grows to a huge smile when she recognizes my wolf form.

"Eric!" She breathes. She hugs me and intertwines her small hands in my fur. "You came back!"

I nuzzle her, breathing in her beautiful scent. I am overwhelmed by relief that she is okay. There are so many things I want to say to her, but for now, I want to just enjoy her presence.

"Eric, I am sorry for getting upset with you. I understand now why you did what you did."

I shake my head back and forth. She should not be apologizing. Yet, as she looks at me with those fierce, yet tender eyes, my heart races out of my chest.

When Caroline finally speaks again, her voice is quivering with vulnerability. "Eric, spending all off this time away from you made me realize something. I *love* you, too."

The words hit me hard, and a surge of emotion flows through me.

"Honestly," She continues, "I can not deny the depth of my love for you, no matter how unconventional it is." She presses her forehead against mine, and then gently kisses my snout. "Your strength, your loyalty, and the way you protect those you care for has touched my soul." With one delicate hand, she strokes my cheek. "With every beat of my heart, I am certain that it belongs to you. I love you."

Tears well up in my eyes. I nuzzle closer to her, and she wrapped her arms around me even tighter. We stay in that embrace for the longest time, allowing the world around us to fade away.