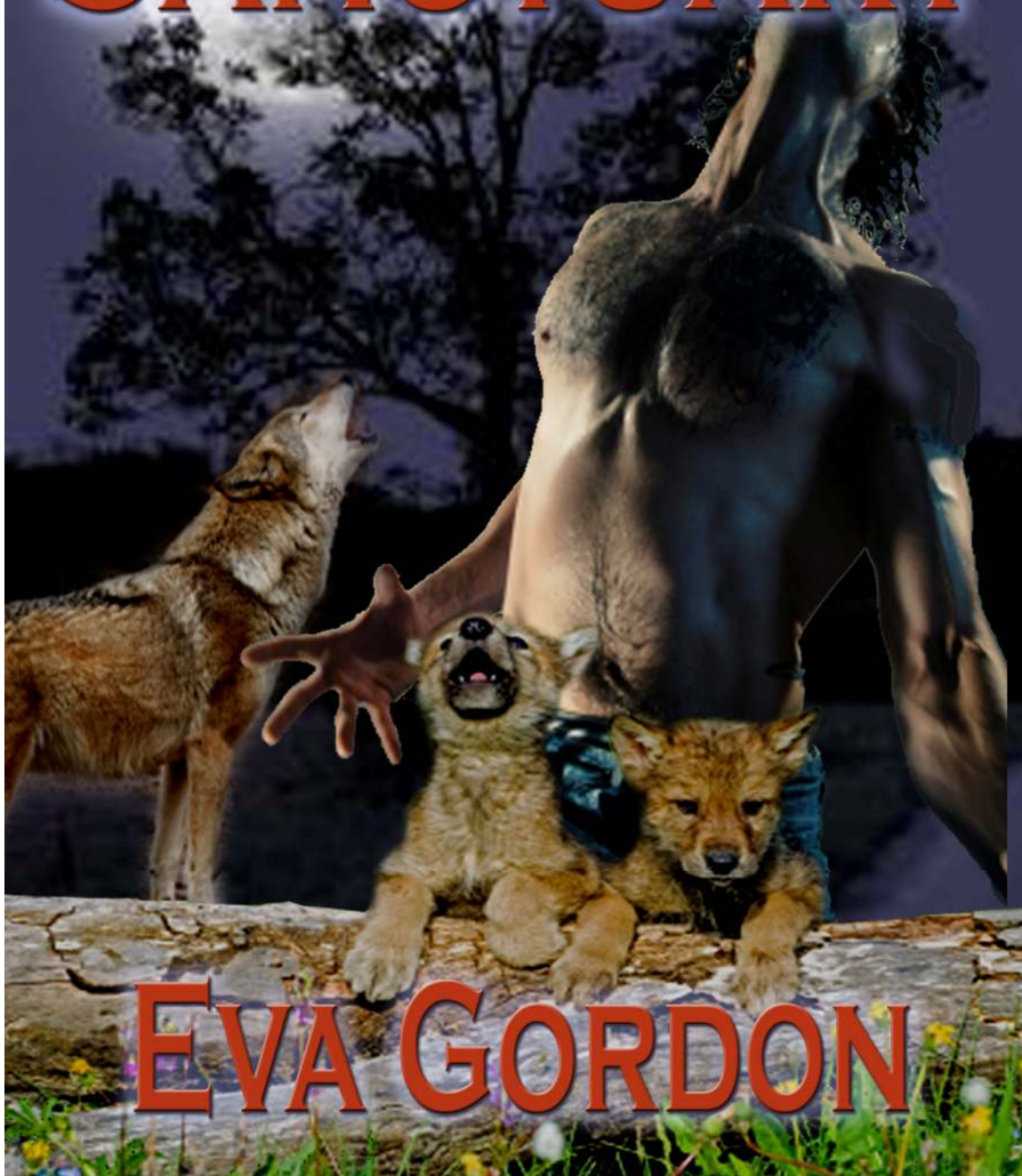


# WEREWOLF SANCTUARY



EVA GORDON

# Acclaim for Werewolf Sanctuary

Werewolf Sanctuary ... paranormal romantic suspense... fevered lust for alpha males with jealous and warrior streaks. Ms. Gordon combines animal biology with a fictional legend of werewolf Lupercii lasting for hundreds of years... hot erotic scenes where the animal thoughts and urges come out within the alpha male werewolf hero, Wyatt Weylin...your typical Bay Area prototype, Dr. Madeline Styles, living in Marin, overcoming her cheating fiancé breaking up with her, a vegetarian, and doing runs and riding bikes for pleasure...

Nona Sebastian

This was an amazing story! Ms. Gordon creates an enthralling spin on the legend of the werewolf, complete with her own version of the mythology surrounding them. The characters are very well written, and the reader instantly empathizes with the plight of the lycans. The chemistry between Wyatt and Madeline is very believable, and really will make you wish for a lycan of your own! The secondary characters are also very well written, and Ms. Gordon manages to create the perfect balance of personalities. Even the villains were very well done! All in all, this was an excellent start to what I am sure will be an amazing series. I look forward to reading more from this author!

Elizabeth Foster

4 stars

I typically tend to be more passionate about reading vampire novels when it comes to the supernatural fiction collection. But I could not help but become intrigued with this shifter book! It had all the elements that grab your attention. I found it an exhilarating page turner from the beginning to end.

Werewolf Sanctuary begins with a burst of action that kept me hooked! The author keeps the reader engrossed by explaining the main character's (Wyatt Weylyn) origin which was highly fascinating. At Wyatt's wolf sanctuary, the wolf cubs have been succumbing to various ailments including death. Wyatt is on a mission to hopefully cure and resolve this issue.

Maddie is a doctor in the biology of wolves and has a specialty in their diseases as well. She was a wonderful character. I felt deeply connected to her since she went through what many single women go through before they find their soul mates. I particularly was attracted to Maddie's down to earth personality and courage handling sudden new changes to her life in ways she never expected to happen.

How do their lives intertwine? You MUST read it to find out. This is a guaranteed enjoyable read! There is a generous amount of romance, action, intrigue and paranormal that will keep you energized and wanting more!

Reviewed by Monica from the *Bookaholics Romance Book Club*

# Werewolf Sanctuary

by

Eva Gordon

Vanilla Heart Publishing  
USA

# Werewolf Sanctuary

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This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to places, events, or persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

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I wish to dedicate this book to all those who help in wolf causes. This includes all those in the trenches of a wolf sanctuary, or doing field research on wild wolves or in enacting government policy to save these magnificent keystone predators from needless killings and extinction.

## Author's Note

This is a story of paranormal fantasy. Any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental. The fictional narrative is written from the depths of my imagination purely for entertainment.

# Chapter 1

The Chinook helicopter took off at sunset leaving Wyatt Weylyn and his six-man team in the most remote, dangerous rugged terrain of the Hindu Kush mountain range of Afghanistan's Kunar region. He sniffed the chilled air and took in the aroma of timber and the distant scent of gunpowder as he scanned the surroundings with shrewd predatory eyes. The jagged mountains were covered with thick forests and a narrow valley, making it an excellent cover for insurgents. An extensive network of caves along perilous crevices made it impossible to locate the enemy. An unconquerable area that had spit on the faces of both the Russian and American military might.

Operation Druid Pack was a mercenary mission and hopefully the last Wyatt and his men would have to go on. They took only missions that were deemed impossible and without any chance of success by American or British military factions. If they succeeded they would walk away with twenty million bucks in cash. Wyatt had already gotten filthy rich from other so-called hopeless missions. He had more than enough money for running his one thousand acre wolf sanctuary in Montana. Why the hell did he agree to this one? It was hard to say no to Romulus. Still it would not hurt to have more money in his account. It was time he hired a full time veterinarian to find out why most of the cubs were dying.

And he supposed he felt bad for Colin Taylor, the son of the billionaire industrialist, Randal Taylor. The well-meaning kid was flying on a good will mission with medicines when his copter was shot down. Wyatt and the entire on-line world watched as the surviving crew had their heads chopped off. Wise to who Colin Taylor's father was, the terrorists now demanded an array of missiles and weapons or else Randal Taylor's only child would be executed in the same brutal manner.

Wyatt took in the glow of the full moon. The rich scent of wood and earth reminded him of his true nature. The night was silent and dead cold. His men disrobed and crammed their black merc uniforms inside their harnessed packs. The gear was tailor made for the werewolf. Their clawed hands were just as dexterous in snapping the equipment as their human hands. He waited for them to shift first. As the alpha lycan or werewolf he had complete control over his shift. The lower ranked lycans were under the control of the full moon, the only time they underwent the change. Unlike Hollywood movies, their shift into the large bear sized werewolves did not include painful bone snapping, twisting, sinew ripping, skin tearing and or other agonizing effects. Their highly attuned nervous system safeguarded them from what could have been a painful transformation. Instead, the shift felt more like

falling into a void and when reaching the ground feeling a rush of pleasurable sensations. His fierce looking men fell on all fours, moaning in pleasure as they shimmered into their wolf forms. Though their wolf senses stayed with them while in human form, the even greater heightened senses, strength and power of the child of nature, could only be compared to the climatic release of semen. They howled their joy.

Wyatt grinned. He secured his transmitter inside his pack and slipped out of his clothes. He stretched his muscular arms toward the sky and willed himself to shift. The tingle of the prickling wolf guard hairs on his back and the feel of fangs erupting from his gums made him growl with satisfaction. The surge of the wolf's powers raced through him like a raging river. Release. He stood on two legs and howled. The echo thundered across the mountains. They had not caught the scent of humans nearby, but without a doubt their howls had to have been heard across the distant encampments. Afghanistan's wolf population had dwindled to less than a thousand. The local wolves were not protected and had been relentlessly hunted. He almost hoped they would come looking to hunt his kind.

Wyatt, the largest of the lycans, called his men to attention in the language of the wolf. His men had enough of their human minds to understand his spoken commands, though for now he would not risk the sound of human voices being heard by the enemy. They were all wolf. Wyatt retained his complete human intelligence, a characteristic of the alpha. They bowed their head to him, ready to obey the orders of their dominant leader. In reality they looked little like a real wolf. In addition to their bear sized bodies they had distinct elaborate tribal markings on their heads, legs and various parts of their lycan form. On his forehead Wyatt had a blue Celtic Moon with an abstract dragon on each side. The bright blue markings were dramatic on his black fur. His forelimbs had tribal spirals markings from shoulder to paws. He turned his attention to the steep climb up the craggy mountains to a guarded cave where Colin was held. The ice-cold wind brought a hint of snow. Their thick fur could withstand the harshest subzero temperatures. Any man would have had a tough time in such adverse conditions. For wolves this type of hunt through the forested terrain in blizzard weather was in their blood. His pack gathered around him, ready for action.

Wyatt sniffed the air. The breeze brought with it Colin's scent. At least he was still alive. The hostage's father had until tomorrow at midnight to deliver the goods in exchange for the life of his son.

The pack waited for his signal. They were hungry and anxious to feed. This was the most dangerous part. His men were strong and healed fast, but they were still vulnerable to gunfire. It would take a bear gun to bring one down, a likely event with the military grade rifles and machine guns. The last thing he wanted was to lose one of his men. His alpha blood protected him from bullets but he could be downed until his wounds healed. His other concern was that in their werewolf mindless state they could in the violent chaos kill the hostage. The only way to prevent an accidental killing was to mark Colin with his scent. This meant he had to enter the cave first. Please, let him be blindfolded. The plan was to shift, tranquilize him and call the Chinook to pick them up. The copter had to arrive after sunrise. It

would be impossible to explain his savage werewolf pack to anyone let alone someone who had gunners ready to fire at the enemy.

They had avoided the human path and stuck to the forest. Their paws silently patted the earth as they ran to their target. Fortunately, the enemy was well hidden; there had been no men to take down along the way. From their cave they could easily spot anyone walking up. Two of his wolf men were above the cave entrance. A guard dozed at his station with an AK-47 sitting on his lap. His hands were close to the mounted machine gun trigger. Another man, a much larger man slept at the cave's opening, wearing a grenadier belt over his shoulder. Wyatt moved closer with the stealth and quiet of a wolf stalking his prey. He sniffed the air and then listened to the breathing inside. Five inside and one restless hostage. His wolves lay in the thicket, the gray and dark coats blending with the night. Their yellow eyes were beacons of ancient hunger.

Wyatt stood not less than a foot from the man he now identified as an Al Qaida operative. He nodded at his wolves. They lowered their gaze at their target, ready for the kill. He hoped most of the others came out as soon as he caused the distraction. His job was to foam and look every bit the rabid wolf. On seeing his size, the gunner would immediately know he was no normal wolf. He growled, his teeth shiny daggers with drool foaming at his jaws. "Grrrr."

The man woke startled. He yelled for the others and aimed the mounted machine gun. In a flash Wyatt disappeared into the forest as a volley of bullets pierced the night stillness and shot through the trees. The others came out with their weapons. Their eyes searching for any sign of the wolf. Under the light of the moon they saw the yellow eyes of a few other wolves. Wyatt howled. The baffled men spoke to one another. The two werewolves above leapt onto the first gunner and the big man. From the left and right two more moved in. Shots were fired but too late. Blood sprayed from their ripped throats, heating the wolves' fur from the chilled air.

Wyatt entered the cave and found the tied up and blind-folded man covering behind a makeshift curtain. He smelled like fear and shit. He lifted his leg and marked a line in front of the hostage. He then moved out to join his men. The enemy men were being torn apart. Entrails, arms and hands littered the ground. One terrorist managed to hit a black wolf, Garrett, with several bullets from an AK-47. Enraged, Garrett charged at the firing man and ripped his head off. The blood soaked werewolf growled a whimper and fell. He transformed back to his human form as he laid still, his eyes opened as if to glance one more time at the moon. The others dropped from feeding and gathered around him. They howled in deep sorrow.

More human than the others, Wyatt shed tears. His role as the dominant wolf was to protect his pack. He felt a pang of guilt and rage at the loss of the youngest member of his mercenary team. This was it. No more. He shifted back to a man, and closed his friend's eyes forever. Though lost in grief, he knew they had to get ready, in a few hours the sun would rise and the wolves would once again become human. Riley, a big gray wolf, rested his head on Garrett's shoulder. Wyatt patted Riley on his back and walked off to don his uniform. "Riley,

stay with the boy. The rest of you, bury the bodies. I will bring in all the evidence into the cave before I blow it up.”

“Help me! I’m American,” was heard shouted from inside.

Wyatt took out the syringe and tranquilizer. First he had to find out what the hostage had heard. Keeping their lycan nature a secret was paramount. On other rescue missions the hostages believed they had a canine unit. The isolated mountains would certainly not help add credibility to his attack-trained dogs story. He gave his wolves a warning look and stepped in. They lay next to Garrett and kept quiet.

Wyatt pulled back the curtains. He removed the rag off his eyes. Colin stared up at him with terror stricken eyes and then drew in an indrawn breath of relief. Had he heard the wolves? He turned on his flashlight and knelt next to Colin. “Are you all right?”

“Yes. Thank god. Sweet Jesus in heaven thanks man.” He was on the verge of sobbing.

Wyatt untied him. “Listen, I need to brief you before we get moving.”

Colin rubbed the rope burns around his wrists. “All I know is we were ambushed after their surface to air missile brought our copter down. I’m sure I can identify most of those assholes.”

“You won’t need to. We bagged them all.”

Colin made to stand up, but Wyatt pushed him back down. “I heard them being attacked by howling beasts, what the hell was that?” His eyes inspected Wyatt’s black uniform. “You guys are special forces right?”

“Actually, the mission was too dangerous for the Navy Seals. We are a black ops unit. Nobody knows we exist and we want to keep it that way. What you heard were our attack trained dogs.”

“No. Those were not dogs. My father shows Doberman Pinchers and believe me I’ve heard them in vicious attack mode. Those howls came from wolves. Only not normal wolves but massive fucking horror movie wolves.”

Wyatt had been given orders by Romulus not to ever compromise their existence. If he did not convince the boy of his story, he would have no choice but to kill him. His alpha instincts to protect his charge were in direct conflict to those orders. He looked at the bowl of gruel that lay next to Colin’s mattress. “Listen, your meal has been drugged with a hefty dose of a derivative of a strong local hallucinating powder.” He whipped out a small medical flashlight and shined it into his eye. “Hmm. Pupils are dilated.”

“My eyes feel okay.”

He gripped his shoulders and stared into Colin’s eyes with his deep baby blues. No man, no wolf could return such a stare. Only another alpha wolf would dare meet his eyes. “I’m going to make myself real clear,” he drawled.

Colin averted his eyes; he slowly nodded while looking down at his feet.

“Your rescue is the result of a highly secretive black ops unit. We work on strict commission from the U.S. and U.K. government. We don’t exist. Those dogs you heard are a genetically bred half Siberian Husky and half German Shepherd breed that are trained to kill in our operations. The howling comes from the husky side. Damn dogs love to howl like a baying wolf.”

Still looking at the ground Colin rubbed his face. “Shit, drugged.” He glanced up with a twisted smile. “Thanks for rescuing me. Don’t worry, your secret is safe. I take it dad will give you a mondo reward.”

“Enough so I can give up this night job,” he winked. He took a vial and stuck the needle in it.

“Hey, whoa. What are you doing?”

“Tranquilizer to keep you calm and get needed sleep.”

“I don’t need to... Ow!”

Wyatt jabbed him with the needle. “Sorry. We can’t have you identifying my team.”

Colin rolled his eyes back and fell into Wyatt’s waiting arms.

Wyatt carried him out and laid him on the ground. The others sniffed the air but did not move close. Early dawn was approaching. He radioed in. “This is Druid Pack. Bison is down. Pick up at these coordinates.”

He swallowed a gulp of deep regret at the loss of one of his own. The werewolves stood and glanced at the east where the sun began to peak above the horizon. As they shifted back he set the plastic explosive around the cave entrance to be detonated once they were up in the sky.

## Chapter 2

Maddie slammed her laptop shut. Her eyes blinked tears from pure weariness. She had not gotten any sleep since leaving Ethiopia. Now on the second flight from London to SFO she had actually tried to make another entry on the success of her vaccination program. Her small part in saving the rare Ethiopian Wolf population from the distemper outbreak would bring her a victorious home coming from her fellow wildlife veterinarians. She was to be the major presenter in a few weeks in San Francisco on distemper and parvo on world wild wolf populations.

She imagined how it was supposed to be. There she would be on the podium. Telling the gathered crowd how wonderful it was that her fiancé Mark Tellington allowed her to go off to the Afroalpine region of East Africa and waited patiently for three months for her return. Their tumultuous relationship over the last two years was not one to make the romance headlines. Their work had always come first. He was a hot shot Environmental lawyer. She was a specialist on wolf diseases, a specialty that kept her on the go from sanctuary to zoos throughout the globe. She promised him that this trip to Africa would be her last. She would settle and practice good old pet medicine which she also had a license for. Before her departure at the airport, he popped the question with a rather expensive diamond ring. No one wore such expensive jewelry to Africa. Still she cried like a fool and wore it. On arrival in Africa she kept it in a safe along with her passport and other important documents. She looked at the clouds through the window, wondering if someone had found it in the trash.

Three days prior to her leaving she got the Dear John letter or rather Dear Jane e-mail. Feeling tears well up she tried to forget the blunt and brief missive. She shook her head and sighed. Something about “don’t take this the wrong way; it’s not about you but about me”. Oh, yeah, “remember my legal assistant Brenda, the one that just got divorced?” Those last words haunted her all the long land rover bumpy drive across rugged desert and two airplane rides back. “We fell in love. Keep the ring.”

She kept it all right. Her roommate, a hominid fossil hunter lent her the hammer for the official smashing of the diamond ring broken engagement ritual. They got her drunk and all sang “Lucy in the ground with crushed diamonds” to the tune of “Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds”. The original Beatle song was a favorite among the anthropologists because it was

the song that played when the early hominid Lucy was discovered. The diamond finally cracked as she whacked it and whacked it. Too bad it wasn't Mark's head instead.

His next e-mail added another nail to her coffin. "Brenda was kind enough to box all your things from the houseboat and I sent them to your mom's place. I called and told her you might need a ride since I can't pick you up at the airport. I figure since she lives in Mill Valley she wouldn't mind."

"Are you all right dear?" asked the sweet British older lady who sat next to her.

Maddie wiped a tear. "I'm just tired." She fumbled through her small backpack and pulled out her MP3 player and set it to Nirvana. Nothing like Curt Cobain when in a dark mood. She adjusted the pillow. "I'll try to get some sleep."

No makeup and her curls in wild disarray under a smashed river hat, she must look like she was just shipwrecked. She shivered, her shorts and sandals were not exactly a good idea when landing in the cool San Francisco fog. She moved through customs mechanically and lugged her wheeled suitcases to the passenger pick up area.

A honk from the red hybrid coupe woke her up. Her mom rolled her window down.

"Maddie, over here!"

She felt like Tarzan stepping into the civilized world after living in the slow paced paradise of the mountainside village. The noise and hard concrete under her feet made her want to scream. The brief wishful thinking of seeing Mark running to her, begging for her forgiveness was a foolhardy fantasy. Her mom pulled up and parked. She wanted to run and hug her like she had as a child after skinning her knee. Only now a kiss and a well-placed band aid would not fix this hurt.

As if reading her mind, her mom left the trunk opened and ran to meet her half way, embracing her tightly as if trying to absorb her pain. "Oh, Maddie. I know how hurt you must feel."

Maddie grabbed one of many-crikkled tissues from her pocket and wiped her face. "I'll be all right."

Her mom draped a protective arm over her. "Let's go home."

Somehow she got through the rest of the day. Her mind was just as foggy as the city as they drove over the Golden Gate Bridge, through the light rain and the tailgating commuter traffic, finally reaching the seclusion of her parent's beautiful view home.

Her mom drew in a breath. "We're here."

"Thanks for picking me up on such short notice."

"Maddie, I'm your mother. If I had to drive all the way to Ethiopia to get my little girl, you know I would have."

"Still. Thank you."

"Why don't we wait till tomorrow to bring the rest of your stuff in? One of the boxes up in your room is marked clothing."

Maddie winced. Packed by Brenda the buxom blonde she had met at the last Christmas party at Mark's firm. She recalled how the seductive woman had never left his side; fawning all over him like he was the best lawyer in the world. That bitch had touched her clothes. She felt

violated, like her garments were tainted. "That's okay, I still have some jogging clothes and my old pajamas in my dresser."

"Of course, come let's go. Stanley will be happy to see you."

His bark on cue from the living room window made her smile. Her dad's charcoal gray standard poodle. The fond memory of her father sitting by the fireplace reading a history book with Stanley at his feet would always be ingrained in her mind.

As they opened the door Stanley jumped on her in pure joy. "Not bad for a ten year old."

"Well as you recommended I've had him on glucosamine. But the truth is he thinks he is a pup."

Maddie let him kiss her face with his big wet tongue, ignoring his not so pleasant breath. "Good boy, Stanley you rascal." She let him wipe away the salt from her tear stained face. She stood. "I can't believe it's been three years since dad has been gone." Stanley had been so depressed that Maddie put him on Prozac for six months after her father's death. Her father, a runner and health nut with a thriving cardiology practice suddenly, one day while checking a patient at his clinic, suffered an aneurysm.

Her mom twisted her mouth into a sad smile. "Louis and Stanley were inseparable. Stanley still checks the study for him before he settles for the night."

"Well after all those years of dad complaining about all my huskies shedding over the entire house I think my gift of a non-shedding dog was well deserved."

"Stanley's latest task is approving my dates."

"You're dating?"

Her mom waved her hand dismissively as Maddie sat at the kitchen table while her mom brewed tea. She caught the scent of her favorite-spiced chai. "Nothing serious. Casual dinner dates and occasional movies. Nothing more."

"That's great. I mean you're still young. A brilliant artist. Why not?"

"Really? You don't think it's too soon?"

"Mom, dad would want you to enjoy yourself."

"After your tea if you want I can start a bath."

"Sounds good. I'm so out of it. Especially after Mark's e-mail, I think that's exactly what I need."

"Good thing he had movers bring your stuff. I would have hosed him down. That's what you do with mad dogs, right?"

Stanley barked as if in agreement. Maddie scratched his chest. "I know you would have ripped his throat. We all know you are really a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Her mom poured her tea. "Well you deserve better."

She snickered. "You and dad got it right. Wolf mates to the end."

She smiled and changed the subject. "I can't wait to see your photos of Africa."

"I uploaded them on my computer. Speaking of, can I turn on the news? I honestly don't know what has been going on for the last few months."

Her mom turned on the small wall TV in the kitchen. She breathed in relief and turned up the volume. "Looks like they rescued Randal Taylor's son from the terrorists."

“Oh, I heard about their crash deep in enemy territory in Afghanistan.” She sipped her tea and watched a twenty something man named Colin Taylor being interviewed. His shaggy blond hair made him look like a surfer hippie type.

The reporter tried to fish for answers on the rescue. “So what’s the reason you can’t talk about how our special forces got you out?”

“Trust me these dudes were not Special Forces. They had killer wolf like dogs.”

Wolf like dogs? Maddie swallowed her tea. What the hell is he talking about?

The reporter continued. “Care to elaborate?”

“Sorry, no can do. For security reasons I’m not at liberty to say anymore.”

His lawyer intervened. “My client will not compromise our men and women serving in the region. He will only answer questions about his capture and treatment. Nothing else.”

“What about your dad’s twenty million reward?”

“That’s between Taylor Industries and my rescuers.”

“Why did you turn around and write a one million dollar check to fund more study on keeping wolves on the endangered species list?”

Maddie gripped her cup. Wolf dogs and now a rich man is funding wolf studies.

Her mom turned to her. “Sounds like someone you know.”

Colin looked at his lawyer for support. He clearly did not want to discuss his gift. “My client was planning this donation on his return. He also plans to send a check to Doctors Without Borders.”

The conversation continued with how the man was treated by his captors.

“That’s really weird.” She glanced at her mother. “Am I awake? Did he really say he was donating to wolf causes?”

Her mom nodded. “Talk about coincidence. It’s as though wolves had something to do with his rescue.”

“Mom, now you sound like you have jet lag.” Maddie stood and stretched. “I’m going to take your advice and take a nice hot bath and then hit the sack for maybe a week.”

“What about dinner?”

Maddie suppressed a yawn. “Tomorrow.” She shot one more look at the news interview as they showed the terrain where the man had been rescued - deep mountainous forest with severe alpine conditions. Pure timber wolf territory.

## Chapter 3

“Wyatt, Romulus is waiting for you downstairs,” said Cody, a member of his staff.

He frowned. The grizzled old one-legged veteran of many Wolf merc operations rarely showed up these days. When he did, it was not good. Wyatt hurried; he did not dare keep Romulus waiting.

The older lycan was helping himself to a shot of whiskey from the bar. “Ah, Wyatt. I took the liberty of telling everyone to clear out. It’s just you and me.”

Wyatt bowed his head at the senior alpha. Though he could easily beat the crippled old man in a fight, he still treated him with respect. The Lupercal Council of wise female alphas governed their kind. However, if there were a supreme alpha male leader Romulus would fill that position. He was in his mid-nineties. He lost his right leg fighting the Nazis in occupied France. His prosthetic leg had improved in the last couple years. He moved with the grace of an athletic man in his fifties. Alpha blood. It was a shame. His intended mate along with his alpha twin sons had been killed during the war. A loss so great he never sought out other possible mates.

Wyatt eyed the locket with his wife’s photo, which Romulus wore on his lapel. He kept it on him at all times. He never shared it with anyone. It had been by chance that Wyatt at age twelve had found it on the ground after he was taken on his first hunt. He shifted and took a quick peak. Seconds later the big alpha threw him to the ground and sank his teeth in a non-lethal hold around his throat. Romulus had glared at the scared boy, grabbed it and hooked it back around his neck that he wore when a wolf. He grunted thanks.

Would he ever find a human mate that meant that much? Not that it was easy finding mates. They were called wolf maidens or in a non-flattering term breeders. These were the only women who could mate with an alpha and produce alpha offspring. These human women bore a wolf paw print on their

skin on the left side of their hipbone. Wyatt poured himself a drink. "Sir, I know why you are here."

Romulus raked back his thick white mane. "Oh?"

"The kid blurting out on national TV about the so called wolf dogs. I thought he bought the story about our genetically bred killer dogs. I couldn't bring myself to..."

Romulus whiffed the aroma of the whiskey. "Not that I'm getting soft in my old age, but you made the right decision. I talked to the news station. Story is over. You know the 'homeland security keep your mouth shut or else deal'. And anyway, the kid is helping save the wolf. I'm here about the cubs. Are they still dying?"

"While I was gone two died. The others are not showing any symptoms, at least not yet."

Romulus drained the glass and sighed. "How are the parents taking it?"

"Not well. I told my pack no more pregnancies until we figure out why this is happening."

"Blessed Feronia. I heard Tundra and Rodolf had a child who has remained human."

"That's after having one that became a cub two months after it was born and then died of the mysterious ailment." Normally, Lycan children had their first shift at age twelve. The cubs that survived the disease remained in their wolf forms with an intelligent understanding of human speech but a wolf nonetheless. Never to shift into their human form.

Romulus poured himself another shot. "I take it our own doctors don't know anything."

"That's right. They found the disease has touched all the packs. Dr. Accalia thinks we need to get help outside of our community."

Romulus shook his head. "I was afraid of that." He sighed. "Our packs are dwindling. And worse we alphas have the impossible task of finding our life mates."

Non-alpha werewolves never took humans as mates. It was their most sacred law to only allow the alpha males to mate with human females deemed wolf maidens. He was one of the privileged few. "Not exactly romantic to go around looking for the mark of the wolf on human females," said Wyatt.

"You're what, thirty three this year?"

"I know. It's time I settle."

"I really thought you and Irina would hit it off. She really did like you."

"From what I've heard she and Dmitri are quite happy and with a healthy daughter." He knew Romulus was still miffed that he had not felt anything for Irina. After date number two he had found the tall Croatian red haired beauty too flaky and materialistic. She was a bombshell though; a model

that had dated rock stars. Her scent did not do anything for him. There was no chemistry. Maybe he was too picky. Dmitri on the other hand swept her off her feet and she, him.

“She could have been your child and not that Russian nationalist’s. You know it wouldn’t hurt if you at least tried.”

“Don’t get me wrong. It’s not that I haven’t searched. I certainly can’t go on those online dating services and advertise. Looking for a wolf loving hot chick with a birthmark in the shape of wolf paw. Palm side with five toes.”

Romulus set his glass down. His mood darkened. “Your Bayou rival Bisclavaret has placed such an ad. He’s even promising big money for women bearing the mark to sell their ova. That damn disobedient idiot!”

“I take it you talked to him.”

“Of course. He grows more defiant every day. We had to cover up four more horrific murders by his boys.”

Wyatt tensed his jaw and poured them both another drink. “I’m afraid this might lead to war.”

“A repeat of the second world war. Trust me, we don’t want to end up that way.”

“I take it Tilda has not bothered to help him find a mate?” The British female lycan was the closest thing to a real matchmaker they had. She combed the globe looking for women with the mark. All lycanthropes traced their ancestry to three lines, Celtic, Roman, and Nordic. He was from the direct descendant of King Arthur’s knight, Sir Bledig. The wolf maidens, however, had no real line. They often cropped up randomly and then passed on the trait to future wolf maidens on a yet unidentified gene. All the migration and intermarriage throughout Europe spread their line all over the world. Not an easy task to find wolf maidens, especially since these special ladies were nearly wiped out as witches during medieval times. The paw print was deemed the mark of the devil.

“He is not worthy! I told him Tilda would not lift a finger to help him.”

“Last I heard he tried to mate with non-breeders.”

Romulus flushed red. “None survived. And I’m not just talking about the deformed fetuses. Two women died in child birth and the third disappeared after delivering a hybrid of sorts.”

Wyatt made a fist. “He can’t marry human women and get away with it.”

“He never married them. It was just a gross experiment. After the Lupercal Council threatened to eliminate his pack, he acquiesced and vowed to never seek out human non-breeder women.”

“Not to mention his messy murders.” Wyatt had wanted to get rid of Bisclavaret but permission had been denied. The two had been sworn enemies for years. “Allow me to challenge him!”

“Believe me I want nothing more, but the Lupercal Council do not wish to destroy such a strong alpha. If he had left his pack then we could have had him snuffed but for now we hope he continues to follow the rules.”

Wyatt paced to the window and gazed at the half moon. “I would hate to see him find a breeder.”

Romulus glared at him. “You know that is not your concern. Just find one for yourself first.” He joined Wyatt and watched the stars. “Tilda has located a woman in Wales who might be a breeder. I’ll let you know if the rumors are true.”

“Has she shown an interest in wolves?”

“Not exactly but she does raise Scottish Deerhounds.”

Wyatt had become tired of dating women who had been drawn to dogs or wolves. All nice ladies in their own right but not wolf maidens and most importantly none had stirred his heart the way his mother had his father. His mother Brooke had been a biologist for the Fish and Game Department up in Alaska studying the relationship between ravens and wolves when she met his father Wayne, a wolf biologist. Turns out she had the mark and they fell madly in love within a few hours of meeting. This year they celebrated their thirty-fifth anniversary. He was their only child. “Look, now that I’ve retired from fixing other people’s problems I promise I’ll get around to finding a mate.” He suppressed a smile. “I’ll ask Tilda to send me a photo.”

Romulus opened his mouth to speak and hesitated. “From... what I heard this potential breeder is a bit stout with short brown hair and is living with another woman, but they could be just roommates.”

Wyatt laughed. “You know, wolf maidens do have to like men.”

“I’m old fashioned, but from what I’ve heard lesbians like having children as much as heterosexual women.”

Wyatt shot Romulus a doubtful glance. “Tell you what, keep on asking around. I’m taking Dr. Accalia’s recommendation and will be looking for a decent canine veterinarian we can pay to keep quiet.”

“Any ideas where to look.”

“Monday I head off to San Francisco for the World-Wide Wolf Population summit. The eminent Dr. Madeline B. Styles is one of the keynote speakers on the Ethiopian Wolf Distemper Outbreak.”

Romulus raised an eyebrow. He pulled on his thick gray beard. “I’ve read about this veterinarian from the Bay Area. In the last few years she has become an authority on wolf diseases. As I recall she was also part of the team that mapped out the dog genome.”

“I figure if I pay her a good sum she might want to practice here for a while. She lives in Sausalito with a boyfriend but is otherwise not married or settled down with kids.”

“As long as you pay her enough for silence. And most certainly, have her sign the life blood contract.”

Wyatt sighed. He never felt comfortable having humans sign their life away if they exposed their lycan society. Would she risk her life and those of her boyfriend’s to expose the truth? He didn’t know what she looked like, but thought it was amazing to find a woman so passionate about wolves. He turned to Romulus. “You don’t think she’s a wolf maiden?”

“I suppose it’s possible, but as far as our records show we have never found any in California. Not everyone who seeks the wolf is guaranteed to be a breeder.” He shrugged. Still, you might want to contact Tilda. Send her a photo when you get one and she can put it through our data bank to see if she matches the profile of past wolf maidens.”

“Our women can skip generations. You know, no daughters only sons.”

“Most true. My own mother had inherited the mark from her paternal grandmother and not her mother,” noted Romulus. He gave him a shrewd look. “You should have no problem looking for the mark.”

Wyatt gave him a crooked grin. “She’s probably not my type. Someone who devotes that much time to microbes and taking rectal temperature readings from drooling dogs is probably as attractive as the potential wolf maiden, Welsh dog lover. At this point all that matters is finding a damn cure.”

Romulus snickered and wiped his mouth with a fine tailored handkerchief from his coat pocket. “The transaction to your bank account is complete. Give her as much as you want if you wish to hire her.” He stood. “You know what to do if she can’t keep quiet.”

Wyatt’s lip twitched. The damn blood contract. “I don’t kill innocent humans.” Not only had it been a code that all alphas promised to uphold but one that he had promised his human mother.

Romulus sighed. “Well, if she talks you will have to move with your entire pack out of the country.”

“Then we will move. Christ we have the money for it.”

Romulus patted his shoulder. “Be careful. But if you need my assistance let me know.”

“I will.”

The two embraced and Romulus trudged out of the cedar sided lodge inn and stepped into his black hummer while a man wearing a dark suit held his door open. The driver sped off with the fog lights shining through the forest along the hidden driveway back to civilization.

Wyatt closed the door and rang a bell to let his pack know they were free to come out. The large lodge housed at least fifteen lycans and could accommodate at least one hundred more. Some of them lived and worked in small towns, coming on to the private property to spend the full moon days in

the safety of the compound. The sanctuary had been his mother's idea and sure beat going to the deep national parks or wilderness with so many people. Only five packs existed in North America, one in Canada and four in the United States. His parents wished to retire in peace, left the pack to Wyatt and moved to British Columbia. He had a smaller lodge built for himself a mile away from the major inn. Though he graciously took over his father's responsibility he still enjoyed privacy. Over the years his second in command and beta Jon Riley had taken over management of the Shadow of the Moon Wolf Sanctuary.

Inside his own cabin he packed and then stepped in the shower. The near scalding water felt good on his skin, as if cleaning all the blood from the last mission. A visit to warmer California would take his mind off of his recent loss. It had been ages since he last visited California. He was a graduate of Stanford, however he never returned after completing his major in Anthropology with a minor in European History. One perk of being an alpha was that the Lupercal Council paid for his education. His mother wanted him to continue with grad school but instead he was recruited by Romulus. Because of his responsibility, his kind could not exactly mingle in regular society. The alpha male kept his pack from going on killing sprees during the full moon. When he did spend full moon nights away from the pack, either a lone alpha like Romulus could keep watch or they would remain locked in the underground cage facility.

He toweled off and combed his black hair. He stared at his image. Behind his human face was the shadow of his wolf head. As a wolf his fur was raven black. He shaved his recent growth. Just because he didn't have his mate didn't mean he should not enjoy the wonderful city women he might meet. Hell, he may never find his mate, why not at least have short-term relationships? There were also very attractive she-lycans outside his pack. He nicked himself and swore. Last time he dated a lycan it ended in disaster. His eyes moved down his torso near his ribs where the angered she-werewolf dug her claws in trying to rip him apart. A silvery slither of a scar remained as a reminder that the female of his kind would never stand for a brief affair.

He laid back on his king sized bed. If he took a non-breeder human wife he would have to leave the pack and be on his own. Would it be worth leaving his blood pledged responsibility to his kind? Not to mention that a lone wolf or rogue was hunted and killed by other werewolves allowed to get rid of a traitor that would abandon his pack. Romulus and his father of course would not, could not, kill him. Bisclavaret and his pack would certainly enjoy the game. What human woman would want to lead a life of running and hiding? No. Better he stick to one night flings.

## Paranormal Romance

# WEREWOLF SANCTUARY

by **Eva Gordon**

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*Werewolf Sanctuary* mixes readers who feel politically incorrect (or alpha males with red-hot and warty) romance. Eva combines animal biology with a fictional legend of werewolf legend (although hundreds of years). And read up on lesser-known (or science) where the central characters and long the book out within the alpha male werewolf pack, Wyatt Weylin. — **Book Obsession**

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The story begins with the Lupercal society in peril due to an unknown disease infecting their young offspring. The children who do survive the pestilence shift too early into wolf cubs, lose their distinct markings, and end up becoming normal wolves, devoid of their human consciousness. Normally immune to most known diseases, the Lupercal has few of their own doctors and must seek the help of a human outsider to find the cure.

Since ancient times, the Lupercal Council has kept their people's werewolf identity a well-guarded secret. Lycans can only breed with their kind. The exception are the alpha males, which can only mate with human women known as wolf maidens, who bear the five-toed paw print or mark of the wolf on their left hip.

Wyatt Weylin, alpha male of the Mortalis pack, and leader of a team of mercenary lycans, flies to a World Wolf Conference in San Francisco, where he hopes to convince leading authority on wolf diseases, veterinarian Dr. Madeline Styles to come to his wolf sanctuary and find a cure. The minute he sees her he feels drawn to her striking good looks. The sensory chemistry is instant. He tries to suppress the feeling, knowing that he is forbidden to fall for a woman not marked as his with the five-toed paw print.

But Madeline isn't what she first appears. . .



Evie has a B.S. in Biology and graduate studies in Biology. She has taught high school Biology, Environmental Science, and Human Geography. Her background is centered on her passion for wolf biology and especially on her writings. A member of the *Writers of America*, Evie has one night sessions at local bookstores for writer groups. She has contributed to a wolf sanctuary and is involved in the biology department organization that is her hope to attract new, as a critical producer of content.

Evie is a wolf breeder and lives with the pack where her wolf's raise their. She lives in Northern California with her husband, two and one her young child together. She also shares her home with an almost human, abused guide.



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