

# HINTER LANDS



THE WHITE WOLF TRILOGY, BOOK ONE.

FROM BEST SELLING AUTHOR

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# PREVIEW

## Chapter 7

“Danu sat silent for a moment, allowing Michael to process what he had just heard.”

“Okay, so there are now twelve vampires, who are faeries merged with humans. That’s... odd, but I don’t understand what any of this has to do with me?”

Danu smiled. “Oh don’t worry, that part is next and it’s very exciting. So shush and let me talk.”

“Yes ma’am.” He replied.

Michael thought she’s a goddess, apparently his grandmother, and makes delicious food. And at this point he was still convinced he was either hallucinating or dead, so what could it hurt to let her finish her story?

“Soon the thirteen began wreaking havoc across Ireland. Humanity had no defense against them, and the Tuatha Dé Danann turned a blind eye to the suffering of the people that worshipped them.”

“Eventually a powerful Druid Priestess named Aibreann decided to do something about it. She travelled deep into the oldest forest near Ballinskelligs and invoked my wildest daughter, Abnoba, the Wolf Goddess.”

“Together they hatched a plan to defend the people of Ireland. By combining the fiercest fighters the clans had to offer with the noble animal she had created, the wolf.”

“Under the light of the autumn moon, thirteen children would be brought before her to be joined with the wildest, most powerful wolves in Ireland. A werewolf for each master.”

“They would form a new clan, honor bound to the defense of the people, and the ending of the vampire threat. It was a perfect plan, in theory.”

“Alas, the hubris and greed of man reared its head once again. Aibreann travelled the length Ireland recruiting children that would take on this heavy burden.”

“Finally she came to your ancestor, High King Conn Cétchathach. His only son was to be the leader of this new clan. Abnoba had the gift of prophecy and saw that only through the leadership of a descendant of Conn Cétchathach could the threat be met and defeated.”

“To his credit, the High King agreed and swore a blood oath that his scion would lead this clan and stop the threat. Aibreann left assured of his son’s presence in the glen at the time of the next autumn moon.”

“Unfortunately fate has an unfortunate knack of twisting and turning in ways that even a goddess cannot foresee. As the time for the ceremony grew ever closer, Conn Cétchathach began to rethink his oath.”

“His son was his only heir. If he were to give him to Aibreann, his family line would end. The rule of Ireland would pass to another. His vanity was the only thing stronger than his valor unfortunately.”

“When the night arrived, the children gathered at the glen.

Goodbyes were said, tears were shed and the new clan began to form. As midnight drew ever closer, it became clear that something was amiss.”

“Conn Cétchathach’s son had not come. Eventually a herald from the High King arrived bearing the message that Conn had changed his mind and would not be sacrificing his son to the cause. Another way would need to be found.”

“With no other choice, one of the druids stepped in and offered his son in place of Conn Cétchathach. With the number now complete, the joining took place. Abnoba and Aibreann joined their souls together, creating a bridge between man and nature, between the children and the wolves.”

“One by one the wolves came and sat before the children, wild, dangerous and beautiful. It was the final test. A test of commitment and courage on the part of the children. They only needed to reach out and touch the wolves to begin the joining.”

Danu stopped for a moment, collecting her thoughts.

“Séamus was the first to step forward. A boy from a small village, the son of a farmer, of low birth and station, but within his breast was a heart fierce and true.”

“As he touched the wolf, their minds became one, and the battle for control began. Séamus had to subdue the wolf, gain its trust and obedience.”

“If Séamus wasn’t strong enough, the wolf would overwhelm him, creating a monster in place of a savior. But if he overcame the wolf without gaining its trust, the wolf would not be committed to him and the cause, thus creating a being without the strength to stand against the threat.”

“Thankfully Séamus was up to the task.”

“He found that he couldn’t form words in his mind to communicate with the wolf, the very concept was foreign to it. As he struggled to find a way through the harsh, wild emotions streaming from the wolf, a way forward occurred to him.”

“Emotion.”

“The wolf was a creature of passion, instinct and emotion. To communicate with it, he must be as well. Centering himself Séamus opened his mind to the wolf, letting his emotions flow outward towards it, creating a bridge that connected them.”

“His strong feeling of duty to his clan, his love for Ireland itself, and his hope for the future washed over the wolf, calming it and tying them together with unbreakable bonds.”

“As each moment passed the bridge was infused with the magic of the druid and the goddess, translating their raw emotions into language that they could both understand.”

“After what seemed like an eternity of raw emotions being passed back and forth, the storm calmed in their minds, and a single word rang out in the quiet of Séamus' mind. Anluan. The wolf had shared his secret name with Séamus, sealing their fates.”

“Where the boy and wolf connected, silver fire exploded, spreading from their point of contact to quickly envelop them both. For a moment the glen was illuminated by the brilliant silver flames.

When the light finally faded, Anluan and Séamus were gone.”

“Standing in their place was a new being. The first of the were's. Taller and leaner than before, with a fierceness that hinted at the wild wolf that now lived within.”

“Those gathered stood in stunned silence at what they had just witnessed. After a moment, Séamus spoke quietly into the night.”

“Anluan, come.” And he did.

“That same silver fire erupted into the night again, this time revealing the truth hidden inside. Séamus began to change. His arms elongated, and his hands became larger and more muscular. At the end of each finger grew wicked claws, long and razor sharp. Fur,

black as coal, speckled here and there with silver began to cover his body, the fur of his wolf Anluan.”

“Within moments, standing in front of the children, druids and goddess was the first werewolf. Séamus drew himself to his full height and let out a howl that shook the island.”

“Everywhere on the island the wild things responded. Howls, cries and roars filled the night air, consecrating the birth of Irelands hope, her saviors.”

“As the cacophony died into the night, stillness returned to the glen. Séamus surveyed the faces of the children around him, resting a moment on each face, taking their measure, feeling their fear, courage and resolve.”

“One by one the children stepped toward their wolf and embraced their destiny.”

“As the first rays of the dawn began to shine on the glen, the last of the children stepped forward reborn. In the absence of the son of the King, Séamus became the de facto leader.”

As she was talking Michael began to feel light headed, like he had stood up too fast and all the blood had rushed to his feet. As he sat there trying to steady himself a faint tugging began in the center of his chest. More insistent with each passing moment.

“Ah, it seems our time is up my child. Your betrothed is nearing, can't you feel it?”

“Your heart reaching out to hers, like magnets seeking each other? Love is a wondrous thing. It is the engine of time itself, but outside of it all the same. It's the only real magic that matters in this world.”

He could barely hear her. his ears were full of the sounds of fighting: Screams, grunts, death.

Suddenly Danu's voice pushed back the din one last time, "I'm sorry Michael, I can't hold your soul here any longer, the world you are returning to is going to be filled with unimaginable pain. I wish I could shield you from it, but that is not meant to be."

"My gift to you is this, in the coming days, when all hope is lost, and despair threatens to overwhelm you, invoke me in the ancient way, and I will lend you my power. Think of it as my wedding gift to you." It wasn't until weeks later that her words made sense.

"Be good, be brave, be kind my son. These are your most powerful weapons."

As her voice faded in his ears, the cacophony returned. Eventually the screaming became the only sound he could hear. It wasn't long before he realized the screaming was his own.