

Review page

This is one of the best supernatural book dramas to date -- for werewolf, elves, elementals, and vampire – crazed fans. Owing nothing to true legend and antiquity, *The White Wolf Prophecy* is unique in that it engulfs them all, changes the commonly expected rules, and has just about everything in it, including sexual erotica, angst, dramatic tension, and plot solving.

The detailed, and well researched science behind Lycanthropy, is brought into the focus with four beautiful, and intelligent women, and their mates. An evil character seeks to take over and destroy the *White Wolf Prophecy*, and the women and their mates must stop this evil before it destroys them. A fascinating book where science, myth, magic, legend, and fact, all come together with a plot so brain - tingling creative and brilliant that it will have you enthralled from start of finish. I highly recommend this book for all readers.

Author Anita Meyer
In Search Of The Holy Language
And
Criminologist.
Religious Procurement Specialist.

Review Page

Other books

The White Wolf Prophecy: Book 2
The Hall of Records

~ *The White Wolf Prophecy* ~

~ *Mating* ~

Book One

LK Kelley

Published by
In Search Of The Universal Truth Publisher
ISOTUT Book
4340 E. Kentucky Ave Ste. 245
Glendale, CO. 80246

The White Wolf Prophecy: Mating: Book One

Copyright 2014 by LK Kelley

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced by any means or in any form whatsoever without written permission from the Author and Publisher, except for brief quotation embodied in literary articles or reviews.

Cover by

Cover posers

First Edition

First Printing February 2014

ISBN 13: 978-1-61500-050-0 Trade Paperback

Library of Congress Control Number: 2013954078



Visit our website

www.insearchoftheuniversaltruthpublisher.com

Published by

In Search Of The Universal Truth (ISOTUT) Publisher
ISOTUT Books

~ Prologue ~

In an ancient Hall, built so long ago no one remembers its true age, a prophecy was found written on a small scroll. Through the years, it was interpreted by many, but as usually happens, it became obscured through multiple interpretations as time progressed. Another scroll was also found. But, it was forged to deflect from the true scroll.

Of the five races of Earth, Wizards disappeared long ago leaving only four of the five races still to survive - Human, Werewolf, Vampire, and Elf. These remaining four races have lived with a curse gone wrong for thousands upon thousands of years. Because this curse was cast wrong using the forged scroll, the fates decreed that it can be broken, but only by the one in the Prophecy.

The One now seeks to recast the curse. If The One succeeds, the Human race will be doomed. The others will be gone forever.

Only The White Wolf of the Prophecy is able to break this curse, and set right what once was. If The White Wolf does not succeed, the Human race will be doomed. The others will be gone forever.

Thousands of years have passed, and few believe, now. The prophecy has become nothing more than a “fairy tale” to the supernatural races while the humans know nothing of its existence. But, the prophecy will come true - when it is time, and it appears that time has now arrived....

The White Wolf Prophecy
(Forged)

***When The White Wolf appears,
All that once was,
Will yet again be,
Beware that danger is not past.***

***Evil still present,
Will cause to suffer,
That which is,
To not last.***

***Find The One, who cursed our worlds,
Or succeed in task will he.
For if he wins, the second time,
Our fate, forever, will be cast.***

~ ~ ~ And, so, the Prophecy begins ~ ~ ~

~ 1 ~

Fathers and Daughters have a Special Bond. Enough Said.

“KAITLAN SENECA O'HARA! Get your butt in here right now!”

Kaitlan groaned, and rolled her eyes wondering what was wrong with her Dad this past week. Her Father's voice never needed an intercom. However, he had insisted that she have a direct line to him, and she was convinced that its very presence was to make her life a living hell.

Canaan O'Hara had steadily become more and more irritated with her lately. Well, that wasn't really fair. He had been a bastard to everyone in the entire building this week. What WAS his problem? Make no mistake; she loved her Dad, but sometimes - GRRRR! In addition, this whole week had been a GRRRR week for Kaitlan.

Canaan Marshall O'Hara was a highly sought after publisher who owned the Seneca Publishing House in St. Louis, Missouri. He owned the entire building, too. His reputation among the people in the city, and around the world, was unparalleled. He was generous to a fault, did business with a good, old-fashioned handshake, and everyone knew he was a man of his word. Neither client, nor friend, ever questioned, or doubted him.

Canaan had given the middle name of Seneca to Kaitlan, because it had been her Mother's maiden name. And the company, of course, was named after her Mom who had died giving birth to Kaitlan. Her Mother, Tara, had no family when her parents had met, and her Dad had fallen hard and fast for her. Kaitlan was very proud of her middle name, and her signature was well known to all in the publishing world

just by her initials - KSO.

Every writer on Earth seemed to flock to Seneca Publishing House hoping that Canaan would publish their book, but few were chosen. Kaitlan was her Dad's chief proofreader and editor as well as helping him to choose which books were the right ones for the company. She had an innate sense about writers.

Kaitlan's entire life had been about books. She had started working for her Dad when she was only ten years old, because she had an almost perfect recall of anything she read. All through college, she had her own office several floors down from his, and she was still in that same office. Kaitlan graduated with highest honors in her major of English and Literature. She had several languages under her belt, as well, but most of her editing was primarily for writers who wrote in English. Her prowess for editing was unmatched in the world of Publishing.

"KAITLAN!" Yelled her Father, again. Sighing, Kaitlan had realized she was still in her office staring out the window. She pressed the button.

"Coming, Dad. You do know I could have been in the bathroom, right?" No answer. Surprise? Not!

She shut the lid to her laptop choosing a good editing stopping point of the current book she was reviewing, and walked calmly out of her office to the elevator. Just pushing the button to the tenth floor caused her to sigh as it rose to her Father's floor at the top of the building. She was long used to his need for everyone to do what he said. Whenever Canaan yelled, "Froggie!", everyone jumped to his command. Not Kaitlan. Not on her life! She wouldn't give him the satisfaction!

The elevator opened. Kaitlan walked out, and down the hallway to her Dad's office. She looked at his secretary who was a woman about Kaitlan's same age of twenty-six.

Lynne Rogers was very pretty, but always a bit shy. She had never married, but she was Canaan O'Hara's right hand, and extremely efficient. Lynne didn't even look up at her as she waved to Kaitlan to go into her Dad's office - all without missing a beat on what she was working. Yep! Lynne knew her Dad well, but Kaitlan admired her for not ever being intimidated by his moodiness.

Kaitlan opened his office door, and stopped. It never ceased to amaze her that her Father had actually done his own decorating for his office. He had such amazing taste in everything. It was a huge, corner office - sleek, modern, and minimal. He detested knick-knacks, which was another difference between them. Kaitlan loved them, and her office and apartment were loaded with lots of knick-knacks from her world travels. It was the colors he had chosen for his office which surprised most people when seeing it for the first time. The carpeting was looped, and was the color of white sand. While the rest of the room was modern, his desk was an antique that his own Father had made as a young man. It was a rich, solid mahogany, extremely ornate, and so large, it should have swamped the entire room, but somehow, it worked perfectly in an eclectic way. It would probably be worth a lot of money by today's standards, but he would never part with it for any amount. She had already been warned it was to stay in the family. The rest of the room was designed in chrome and glass, which was pretty typical of almost all successful men these days. The walls, in contrast, were painted in the color of a tropical sunset, because the corner two walls of glass, looking out on the city's skyline, faced away from the afternoon sun and its heat.

Canaan was on the phone, and waved at her to sit down. She walked over slowly to one of the two chairs in front of his desk. She was used to her Father's outbursts and gestures, but on one, rare occasion when he was being

Daddy-ish, he had told her how much she was like her Mother. But, only once. Of all the things he had said to her in her life, it is what she cherished most. Her Mother had been beautiful, and Kaitlan had always had her photo on her nightstand. She would blow a kiss to her Mom every night before she went to bed. How she wished she had known her! Tomorrow marked Kaitlan's twenty-seventh birthday, and it was always marked with happiness and sadness.

Canaan O'Hara had never gotten over his wife's death, and still missed her. Nevertheless, his love for his daughter was unquestionable, even if he didn't gush about it all the time. In Truth, Father and Daughter were a lot more alike than even they realized.

Kaitlan sat, and waited quietly for her Father to finish his conversation. Her Father was an extremely hands - on publisher, and used a personal touch even if it meant sending his employees to the author - especially if it was one of their top authors - which is why the publishing house was in such demand.

"Yes, yes, of course! I will send someone right away." He turned with narrowing eyes, glaring at Kaitlan who flinched at the look.

"Uh-oh," she thought. "He's about to say something he knows I am not going to like!"

"Absolutely, Cordone. I have just the person to send to you." He had not looked away from Kaitlan, and was quiet for a minute. "I'll be sending Kaitlan today. She should arrive in your neck of the woods by this evening. Yes, um-hmm. Done. You as well. Bye, old friend. Keep her safe," he added quickly.

Oh, crap! He was talking to their biggest client, Cordone Valon! This is soooo not good! Kaitlan groaned. She and Cordone simply did not get along! She had never personally met him, but they had talked many times. He was

another GRRRR in her proverbial side!

Her Dad sat the phone down putting his hands together, and patted his chin with one finger. He buzzed Lynne to tell her to book a flight for DIA in Denver, Colorado. He would have sent her in the company jet, but it was picking up Anita Moore who was their Clan's doctor. She had gone to Italy for another of her research projects. Cordone lived in the mountains about four hours away from Denver. Way, way back in the backwoods of beyond. It didn't even have a zip code!

He was wary about sending Kaitlan due to their heated relationship, but he didn't have a choice. She was the best in the business, and Cordone deserved no less. More than that, it would keep her safe. Yes. She would definitely be safe with Cordone. He had full trust in him. After all, they had been best friends since day one. He looked back at Kaitlan, and moaned. This was going to be just a fun conversation.

"Kaitlan, I'm sending you to our biggest writer to work personally with him as he writes his next book. You will go home and pack, and fly out this afternoon at... Lynne what time is that flight?" He bellowed at her, tapping his fingers impatiently. "Thanks..." and then continued without a break, "...at 3 pm, to go to Denver, and then to Valon's home in the Rocky Mountains. Dan Wheeler is his personal assistant who will meet you at DIA. Once there, you will work with him on his next number one best seller until it is done."

Canaan tapped his chin as he waited patiently for Kaitlan to blow her stack. "Yep, here it comes!" Catching himself before he said it aloud. That would have been doubly worse.

He didn't have to wait long, of course. Kaitlan just glared at him. Had she heard him right? Seriously? Did he just tell her she was going to stay with a man she never had met - even if he was their top client - for an indefinite period? Oh,

no, she wouldn't! Not VALON! She shot to her feet, and in an instant, the cool and calm Kaitlan everyone else knew, was not.

“Are you out of your friggin’ mind, Dad? Seriously? How could you promise this without asking me first? Steven and I just got engaged!”

“Kaitlan, SIT THE HELL DOWN, and watch your language!”

Eyes wide in alarm, Kaitlan almost jumped back at the forcefulness of her Father’s reaction, but she obeyed him immediately, and sat down without another word. OK. That was a new one! Her Dad actually cussed at her? HER? In her entire life, NEVER had her Father ever cursed at her! She felt her anger grow exponentially. Canaan wrestled with his emotions trying to get a hold of himself, got up, turned around, and put his arms behind his back. Then, he spoke.

“I understand that this is really an unusual request, Kaitlan, but Cordone Valon has requested it - personally. You know he always works from home. Nothing is different. He sends me his manuscript, I have it edited, and it’s published.”

“OK, so, why does he need me to come to him, now?”

Whatever was bugging her Father, well, it was really starting to worry her. She knew something was really wrong, now.

Cordone Tristan Valon was one of the most secluded, and eligible bachelors in the world. He was a real hunk of a man. Buff and built like a tank, most women would jump at the chance to be around him in any capacity. Her best friend, Sarah Collins, had already told Kaitlan she would be happy to do whatever he wanted as long as it was on her back! Geez, Sarah! That was just so wrong. Kaitlan, grudgingly, had to admit he was gorgeous. Take all the most gorgeous male models ever laid on a cover of romance books, and roll them

all into one man, and they still wouldn't have the allure Cordone Valon had to the female sex! All, but Kaitlan, of course. She was in love with Steven Moss.

“Why me? I mean, we have tons of other editors around here. Send one of them.” She jumped to her feet. “I am not going! I am staying right here!” Her Dad was not going to bully her into doing things his way this time! Kaitlan was just as stubborn as her Father was.

Canaan slammed his fists down on his desk, making Kaitlan jump back five feet. Her Dad had never done that before, and she found she was scared of him for the very first time in her life.

Canaan groaned as he saw her jump five feet behind her. Was it possible that she would change after all? She hadn't even noticed what she had done as mad as she was, thank the Creator!

“No. You. Are. Not. Kaitlan! Cordone wants our best, and that is you!” He waved his hand at her as he saw her mouth open in protest. “And, do not argue with me any more, because it will get you nowhere!” He looked at his watch. “It's 10 am, now. Get your ass home, pack, and I'll have Sam pick you up around noon to take you to the airport.”

He held up his hand, again, for silence when he saw her mouth open. It was a move he had done to her, and others, many times before, and she knew better than to back talk him when he did this.

“There is no argument you can come up with to make me send someone else, Kaitlan. I have no choice, and therefore, neither do you. This discussion is over.”

“Wait for it,” Kaitlan said to herself. It was coming! She knew it was! And, yes! There it was. “The Look” her Father always used when his mind was made up, and nothing

could sway him at all. Kaitlan doubted that if she were dying her Father would never have changed his mind! She also knew better than to argue with him when he was in this mood.

Slowly, Kaitlan stomped out of his office shaking with rage. Back in her office, she gathered up her computer along with anything else she would need, muttering every cuss word in the book at her Father. Forget “Neverland”. This was a trip into Nowhereland. She hated the mountains! She continued to stomp out of the building in a huff. Why in the hell did she do what her Father told her to do when he told her to do something she didn’t want to do? That was a tongue twister. It was almost a “pull” that forced her to obey him no matter what she wanted. Her feet moved without volition when her Father exercised his will toward her. No matter what, she just had no chance when he was like this. Only this was worse. She had been unable to speak!

“What is he? A friggin’ vampire, or something!” She grumbled as she walked the short distance to her apartment.

Yes, unfortunately like other young women, she saw those movies, and read those stupid books, where the dull, boring, average, human girl got the really, hot vampire guy! So, where was HER hot vampire? She huffed. Right. Sure. Her Dad was a vampire working his mind mojo on her! She almost laughed aloud at the silliness of the thought.

~ 2 ~

**Never, EVER Tell a Person Who is Scared of Heights
They have to Fly!**

Kaitlan, unwillingly, found herself packing for the trip to “Nowheresville”. She looked around her apartment that she loved, which was decorated in greens, reds, and blues. It was loaded with all types of knick-knacks she had picked up during her many fun travels. This was her refuge from the world. She sighed, and then headed for her bedroom.

Kaitlan was an expert at packing light and fast when necessary. Checking to make sure everything was off and secured, she discovered that she was ready fifteen minutes early. So, she decided to give Steven a call to tell him she was leaving for a while, before Sam arrived to escort her to the airport. Steven was just so dreamy! Blonde hair, brown eyes, tall and muscular, he still wasn’t a hot vampire guy, but he was hers nonetheless!

“You can't do this, Kaitlan! You just said yes to me last night! What about our plans for tonight? Your first time? What was he thinking sending you away, now? Does he hate me THAT much? Please, Kaitlan...don't go?” He begged.

As expected, Steven didn't like it much. Truth was her Dad didn't just hate Steven. He despised the ground he walked on! If she hadn't known better, she would have thought her Dad would have had him hog-tied, and put somewhere no one would ever find him! Part of her wondered if this was not her Dad's idea to get her away from Steven altogether.

“I’m sorry, Steven, but I just don’t have a choice. Of all people, you should know this! This is our biggest client, and I have to go. It won’t be for that long. You know I’m the fastest editor in the west!” She laughed.

“I know, darling, but I just can’t imagine you not being here! I had really GREAT plans for tonight, you know?”

Oh, yes. She did know what he had planned! A night of pure lust was what he had planned for them! He’d told her often enough what he would do to her when they had talked about her first time! The thought just made her even angrier that her Dad had ruined it!

“Damn! Sam’s here. I love you, Steven. I’ll call you when I arrive, OK? Gotta go, handsome!”

She shut her phone before Steven could answer. She didn’t have time to argue with him any more. Kaitlan grabbed her suitcase, purse, locked her door, and ran down to hop into the car.

The door to the black SUV was open. Kaitlan threw her luggage in the back seat, then jumped into the front seat with Sam Knight who was not only her Father’s driver, but also his very great friend. He looked over at her, and grinned.

“I see the big boss pulled rank on you, again,” said Sam pulling away from the curb into traffic.

“Yeah. He did. But, it was strange, Sam. I don’t ever remember him as ... well ... as violent as he was. It was almost as if he wanted me out of the way more than working with our largest client. I just don’t get it.” She turned to look at Sam. “Has he ever acted like that with you?”

Without turning his head, Sam didn’t really give her an answer, but he did tell her what he thought.

“Kaitlan, he’s your Dad, and even his own employees know better than to question his decisions. You know, more than anyone, he didn’t get where he is today without making

the right ones. No one questions him on those decisions. Not them, not me.” He turned to look at her seriously. “Not even you.”

Kaitlan nodded in knowing agreement. Sam was right. No one EVER questioned her Father’s decisions. However, well, she had never asked why...until now.

Crap! She hated to fly. She hated heights. Always had. She never knew why, though. She wanted to be down, on the ground where a person was supposed to be touching good old Mother Earth. The entire flight kept her so wound up, she almost found herself hyperventilating. Thank goodness, the flight attendant had come just at the right time. She ordered a tomato juice with lots of ice in it. It always seemed to calm her down while flying, and settled her upset stomach. She really wished she could drink booze like other passengers, but that just upset her stomach even more.

“Please prepare for landing,” the Captain announced.

“Just a few more minutes. Just a few more minutes.”

Kaitlan kept repeating to herself.

She gripped her seat's arms as the plane’s landing gear touched the pavement with just a slight jolt, then as the brakes were applied, she was pushed forward along with the rest of the people. That was another thing she hated. If it wasn’t taking off, or heavy turbulence while in the air, landing always gave her the jitters. The plane landed at DIA almost thirty minutes early. Tail wind, or something. She didn’t know the specifics of planes. Just stop already, and let her off! Finally, pulling to the gate, the door opened, and she waited for those ahead of her to deplane as fast as possible. They were way to slow for her!

With a sigh of relief that she was on the ground, and had exited the plane, well, it calmed her nerves better than

anything. She took the train to the main terminal, then made her way to the luggage carousel to pick up her luggage. She grabbed the one piece of luggage she had checked, and started walking to the East exit planning to visit the facilities before she met this Dan who was supposed to pick her up, and whisk her away to who knew where for who knew how long. Before she even walked two feet into the main terminal, a man approached her, holding out his hand. Kaitlan automatically took it.

“Ms. O’Hara?” He asked shaking her hand in introduction. “I am Dan Wheeler, Mr. Valon’s personal assistant. Are you ready to go? It will be quite a drive - about four hours.”

“Ye gods!” Quoting to herself from her favorite musical, “The Music Man”. This Dan was ready to drive her so far back in the mountains, she could be killed, and she would never be found!

“OK. Seriously, Kaitlan. You are really letting your imagination run away with you!” She admonished herself.

“It’s very nice to meet you, Dan. If you will give me just a few minutes, Mr. Wheeler, to attend to some personal things, I’ll be ready.”

Dan Wheeler nodded without a word, and took charge of her luggage while she made a beeline for the ladies room. It’s always hard to tell a guy you have to go - especially one you don’t even know, so, she opted for the more formal information.

She just hated to use the restrooms in planes. They bounced all over the place, and trying to concentrate just to go was a pain in the backside! She also would never forget an incident related to her by a friend. The friend’s Mother had been in a plane bathroom, and had flushed while still sitting on it. The problem? The suction had “stuck” her to the toilet, and they had to bring in something to pry her off of it! Since

that time, if she had to go in a plane, she made absolutely sure she was up, washed her hands, and dressed before she flushed!

Her personal needs met, she let Mr. Wheeler lead her to a black SUV Honda CR-V, and then loaded her luggage. She waited in the backseat preparing for a very long drive. She was not happy, and she hated people who sulked and pouted.

Kaitlan sat back, sulking and pouting, while she pulled out her phone to call Steven as she had promised. Waiting for him to answer, she thought what was it with the black SUV's anyway? Almost everyone in the company had one. Just to be different, she had demanded a red one - against her Dad's wishes. She came back to the present as Steven answered the phone. She forestalled him by speaking first.

"Hi, Sweetie! I just landed," she said to him.

"Hello?" Drawled a sleepy, seductive female voice.

Kaitlan's stomach and chest became tight with fear, and feeling her stomach roll, she said the first thing that came to her mind.

"May I speak with Steven, please?" She asked, her voice slightly shaky. Please, she prayed, let me have dialed the wrong number, or at least let the wires have crossed!

To her chagrin, Steven's voice came on the line.

"Hello?" Muttered Steven with a sleepy voice.

"Do you normally have sleepovers when I have to leave, Steven?" Kaitlan was madder than hell!

"Kaitlan? Are you all right, love? You made it?"

It was obvious that Steven had been asleep - and he was definitely not alone! That BASTARD! She could hear his nervousness even over the phone.

"Kaitlan? Darling, are you OK?"

As if she did not know that he had a girl in his bed? Was he seriously asking her that? Her best friend, Sarah

Collins, had warned her hadn't she? But, no! She just couldn't listen, could she? She shook her head at her own stupidity, and it was the end of their relationship right then and there for her.

"When the cat's away, the jerk of a mouse will play it would seem! We are done!"

As she snapped her phone shut, she heard him say, "Kaitlan! I'm sorry! Let me explain...!"

Explain? What was he going to tell her? That he had invited an overnight guest to play tonsil hockey along with his very own form of "male plug into the female plug" as a bonus?

In seconds, Steven rang her back. She ignored the first two rings, and finally turned her phone off. Settling back in her seat, she felt a very dark mood invade her mind. How could he have done this to her? She really had believed that he loved her. She felt depressed, but she wouldn't let the tears come. Being confronted with the truth usually does that to a person. She wasn't going to cry over a cheater. Tears spilled down her cheeks in silence. Damn it!! Sarah HAD been right! She had warned her that Steven was a womanizer. Kaitlan just hadn't believed it, but believed Steven had changed just for her. Women always dream that they can change the worst of womanizers if they knew their perfect mate was them, but the truth is, they don't. Leopards truly cannot change their spots any more than a man can change his craving for women.

Sarah had told her that Steven only proposed so he could "get in your pants", as she had so colorfully put it. Kaitlan just didn't believe it, but then, she had to admit to herself that she had planned to let him "get in her pants" that very night before her Dad interfered. She shook her head as quiet tears streamed down her face at how stupid she had been. She looked up, and noticed Dan Wheeler looking at her through his sunglasses with understanding. She quickly looked down, taking her sunglasses out, and pushing them

onto her nose.

“Ms. O’Hara. I am going to raise the divider between us so you can have some privacy.”

Kaitlan nodded gratefully, and the divider rose between them. She picked up her phone, turned it on again, and dialed Sarah's number, but only got her voice mail. She checked her watch, and remembered that Sarah and Tom Foster, her fiancé, had a date. Tears fell, as she wanted so badly to have someone love her the way that Tom loved Sarah. So, she just left her a message.

“You were right, Sarah,” and shut the phone off knowing that Sarah would understand. What was worse? Her Father had also been right.

Kaitlan opened her carry on, and retrieved some pain medicine, the bottle of water she had carried onto the plane, and swallowed the pills, then leaned her head against the seat back closing her eyes, and allowing the pain to consume her.