The Lycan Prince

By : Atton Brown

Adrian Bennidict is an ordinary teenager with an extraordinary destiny, to be the most powerful Lycan ever. But will he fight for the side of evil, or the side of good?

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Table of Contents

The Lycan Prince Chapter 1

The Lycan Prince : Chapter 1

Even now I can feel it, buried somewhere deep inside, watching me, waiting... But you know what scares me the most? When I can't fight it anymore, when it takes over, when I totally lose control... I like it.

The Lycan Prince

The moonï¿½called for blood.ï¿½It reined master of its servantsï¿½in the skyï¿½and ground alike. Aï¿½bloodthirsty beast of the night walked heavily through shrubs,ï¿½gradually making its way to a nearly definite one-on-one showdown. Everything aboutï¿½it was heavy; its stance, its walk, its breathing, even things unseen. It seemed to carry an invisible weight that held it down tremendously. His name wasï¿½Gervase and he was the leader of a pack of werewolves that called themselves Tilbury.

Tilburies were fairly nonviolent and nonaggressive, fighting mostly in times of defense. They were half-human andï¿½were locked in war with the Arcadians. Instead of seeing the human world as a plague, the Tilburies saw the good in humans; or at least, they tried to. Gervase slowly traversed the field of tall grasses, makingï¿½his way towardsï¿½an Arcadian.ï¿½The Arcadians were sworn enemiesï¿½of Tilbury. Arcadians considered themselves the pure breed because theyï¿½were born werewolves; they were forced into human form each morning and returned to werewolves every night. The full moon did not call them as it did to the Tilbury; the night called them. Theï¿½Arcadians were bloodthirsty and hated the entire human culture. Arcadians believed in protecting their own and only stuck up for the pack.

Gervase finally made it to the middle of the field and he stood face to face with the leader of the Arcadians, Alaric.

Alaric was not taller than Gervase. He was born with fierce black fur and hollow yellow eyes. He kept his claws out ready to attack. He had a small capacity for human emotions. Alaric still maintained some sense of honor. He would not attack Gervase in the middle of the tame field in which they now stood. Alaric believed that Gervase was weaker and they both agreed not to fight unless in the company of their packs.

Gervase stood at just over seven feet. His hair was a soft grey and his eyes held the care of a human. He kept his claws retracted and stood upward, as bipeds do. Tonight, there were tears wetting his fur. The two spoke in Esperanto, the language of their fathers.

"Ju fojo 'stas venado," Alaric whispered. "Ju tago 'stas apud." His voice was aged and smooth. The time is coming. The day is nearing.

"Scii," Gervase replied in a younger, gruffer tone. "Sed vi aro diev ne malhelpi." I know. But you are not to interfere.

Alaric released a fang driven smile, "Ne supoza farenda multe da farcxi." I'm not supposed to do a lot of things.

"Ne," Gervase snapped. "Cxiu kvieto pakto ni farita vi rompita. Gardi via vorto Alaric.... justa uni fojo." No. Every peace pact we have made, you have broken. Keep this one Alaric...just this one.

"Vi havi mia vorto," he promised. You have my word. Gervase wondered how much his word was really worth. "Kial vi voli deziri al kunveni kun mi?" Why did you need to meet with me?

"Vi iri en urbo denove," Gervase told him. "Oni estis mortigi." You went into town again. People were killed.

"Logxi en urbo," he shrugged. I live in town.

"Ne, Alaric. Vi fari ne. Via homo figuro havi a hejmo tie," Gervase told him. No Alaric. You do not. Your human form has a home there.

"Kial devi vi fari tio?" Why must you do that?They dropped on all fours and began circling each other. "Kial fari vi kredi ni 'stas ju malbeni? Ju homos mortigi ilia afabla. Ni protekti cxiu alia. Kiel 'stas ni malbona?" Why you think we are the curse? Those humans kill their kind. We protect each other. How are we evil?"

"Vi promesi al resti for de Airosfield," he snapped.You promised to stay out of Airosfield."Ni doni vi a sezono al cxasi ili ankoraux vi ankoraux rompi ju regi. 'Stas gxi tiel malmola al atendi a kelka monatos?" We gave you a season to hunt them, yet you break the rules anyway. Is it so hard to wait a few months?

"Gxi 'stas por a pura bredi," Alaric barked. It is for a pure breed. "Ni bezoni karno. Vi fari ne kompreni. Vi 'stas ne pura," he scoffed. We need flesh. You don't understand. You aren't pure.

"Kiu decidi kio 'stas pura kaj kio 'stas nepura?" he snapped. Who decides what's pure and what isn't?

"Ju sxatata regxo Lycaon!" he screamed. The great King Lycaon!

"Ju regxo 'stas mortinta," the Tilbury reminded him. The king is dead.

"Sed ju heredanto," he chillingly began, "ju regxido 'stas vivanta." But the heir, the prince is alive.

After that intone, Alaric fell silent. He wanted to attack Gervase, words were useless to him. Expression through words was something Alaric detested. When the wolf possessed him he preferred action. Gervase grew bored with the circling and intimidation. He stood back up on two legs.

"Justa honori via vorto," Gervase demanded. Just honor your word.

The moon was sinking and they were both weakening. Gervase couldn't do much to stop Alaric. He was bound by the rules of the moon, Alaric wasn't. Gervase had used his transformation just to talk to him. As he turned away from Alaric something caught his ear.

"Vi neniam diri dankon," Alaric called. You never did say thank you.

Gervase dropped back on all fours, mostly because he'd lost the strength to stand. His breathing was still heavy and evident in a small cloud escaping from his mouth. He cocked his head halfway sideways as if he was going to speak, but he didn't. Instead, he endured Alaric's laughter as he slowly made his way back to Airosfield.

A/N Italiciszed words are esperanto translations

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