

Supplemental 0.5 - Prologue

"Is this really how he lives?" Cal asks, approaching the window with not a single un-cracked pane.

"Hard to believe isn't it? Look at that chair, it's held together with duct tape." Alek tuts, looking around the room through the window with his companion. "Come on, we'd better get downwind. It's getting dark and he'll be wanting to come home from work soon."

"He doesn't seem the dangerous type" Cal says, stepping over a half-chopped log. "He just looks ... sad."

"You make it sound like you can't be both. Don't forget why we're here."

Alek walks alongside, pulling his coat up, and glad of the dry dirt. It's hard enough to mask his scent, but with wet soil, it's harder still. They distance themselves by nearly a hundred metres but keep the cabin in their sights, sitting on a cluster of boulders in the shadows. An hour goes by and their target comes home, almost dragging a shopping bag as he lumbers towards the cabin. The door opens, a light comes on and they wait, for the sixth night to come.

As the sun sets, the light of the cabin illuminates more of the trees around it, and a smoggy glow is visible atop the chimney stack. Cal is busy munching on a sandwich when he spots the door open again and a more bulky creature steps through the frame. The amber light of the bulbs indoors reflect off its dark, black fur and glints in its eyes. It shuts the door and looks around, sniffing the floor and the air around it. Its back is arched and it walks in a heavy gait, feral and hungry.

Alek gets out his night-vision binoculars and watches the dark shape stalk and skulk around its house in circles, trying to find something to prey on. It wanders off into the wood making it impossible to see from this distance so he climbs off the boulder and looks at Cal.

"Alright, third time this week. Can you smell him?"

"Hard not to." Cal chuckles and puts the half-eaten sandwich away in Alek's backpack. "Same as before?"

"Yes, follow at a distance, and I'll track you."

Cal nods and wanders off into the woods, following his nose. He treads through the thick forest, getting strong whiffs of the unfamiliar beast in the distance as it tries to find some prey. He checks behind him occasionally to make sure he is still being followed by his partner.

The trees get a bit more sparse as they get closer to the lake, allowing Cal to keep a bigger distance between him and the beast while keeping in range of one of his senses. He catches a glimpse of movement close to the water and sees a human stand up with a fishing pole. Even while being this far away, he should be able to smell the human; but strangely, he can't. Dread creeps up into his throat as he spots a pair of orange eyes flash in the bushes behind the human. He has to hide himself on the other side of a tree to avoid being spotted. He knows it would have been too late to have saved them anyway, when a werewolf is that close to you with intent to kill, you can't stop it.

Cal waits for the tumult to die with the human and chances a peek around the tree. On the floor in a crumpled bloody heap is the human, but no beast. He quickly glances around the other side and sees it bounding cabin-ward as fast as its legs will take it. Waiting a moment to be sure the scent proves he's far enough away, he signals for Alek to come over and walks along the waters edge to the lifeless body.

"Well, there's our proof" Alek says, stepping around the shredded corpse and kneeling beside it. A dark red pool quickly forming underfoot, making the earth shimmer under the moon as it seeps into the lake like smoky trails from a smouldering fire.

"He didn't eat any of it. Just a kill and run."

"Strange behaviour isn't it?" Alek tilts his head to be parallel with the dead human's, studying the face.

"He's got bloodlust now. He'll be dangerous to capture tonight."

"Good thing I have you with me then" Alek smirks, standing up and taking off his backpack.
"Load up."

"We should just tranq him."

"No, I don't want to have to haul him back, not now this has happened." Alek commands, starting to following the beast's footsteps back into the woods.

"You could get yourself killed, I can't allow that."

"I'll be alright." Alek stops and turns to face the other. "Plus, I need to get a sense of him and I can't do that when he's out cold." He says, pulling out a long, thick collar from inside the pack.
"You'll be right there in the background, sights locked."

Cal resigns himself, knowing he can't argue the matter and pulls out the rifle. "Alright ... but I don't like it. If he gets too close, I fire."

Alek kisses his ally and saunters off toward the cabin. Cal smiles weakly and shakes his head, following along with the tranquilliser gun in hand and the pack in the other.