

Prologue

My grandparents always spoke of two ancient races. One race is known as Night Children and the other is known as Keepers of the Wolves. Both races live for much longer than humans, often for eternity if they played their cards right.

I was constantly warned about being confronted by a Night Child, since they could kill me in an instant, without remorse. However, since I was a Keeper of the Wolves, they would think twice about attacking me.

I was young when they told me this and not much older when they passed. I didn't understand it then and I'm not entirely sure I understand it now, even after all that I had gone through. My brother shared my view, since we both thought our grandparents were a little off their rocker. Neither of us knew what to make of it, and more often than not, we ignored what they said.

Many years had passed since then and I had unwittingly befriended and possibly even fallen for one of the dreaded Night Children, though at the time, I hadn't known it. In fact, he was my best friend from the moment we met in kindergarten until he disappeared right after we graduated from high school.

I didn't realize how much he meant to me until he was gone. Yes, I know the saying "*you never know what you have until it's gone*," but it wasn't because I had fallen for him. Heck, I hadn't even come to that realization yet. He had been my study-buddy and I struggled through my six years of college, graduating with my Master's in Mythology and Literature.

Finding a job in Dekon, or the surrounding towns, was hard. Instead, I found myself applying at the local bookstore. I fell in love with the job since it let me read when there wasn't a customer in the store. And I was often lucky, being a small town, the bookstore was often empty.

Sometimes I would come across books with werewolves and Vampires and my mind would wander back to my grandparents warning, but I quickly forgot their warnings and ancient chants. This was the twenty-first century and things like that didn't exist in this time period or world. I could never be one of these "Keepers of the Wolves," right?

Little did I know just how wrong I was, and it all began with the reappearance of the friend I had thought had lost forever.