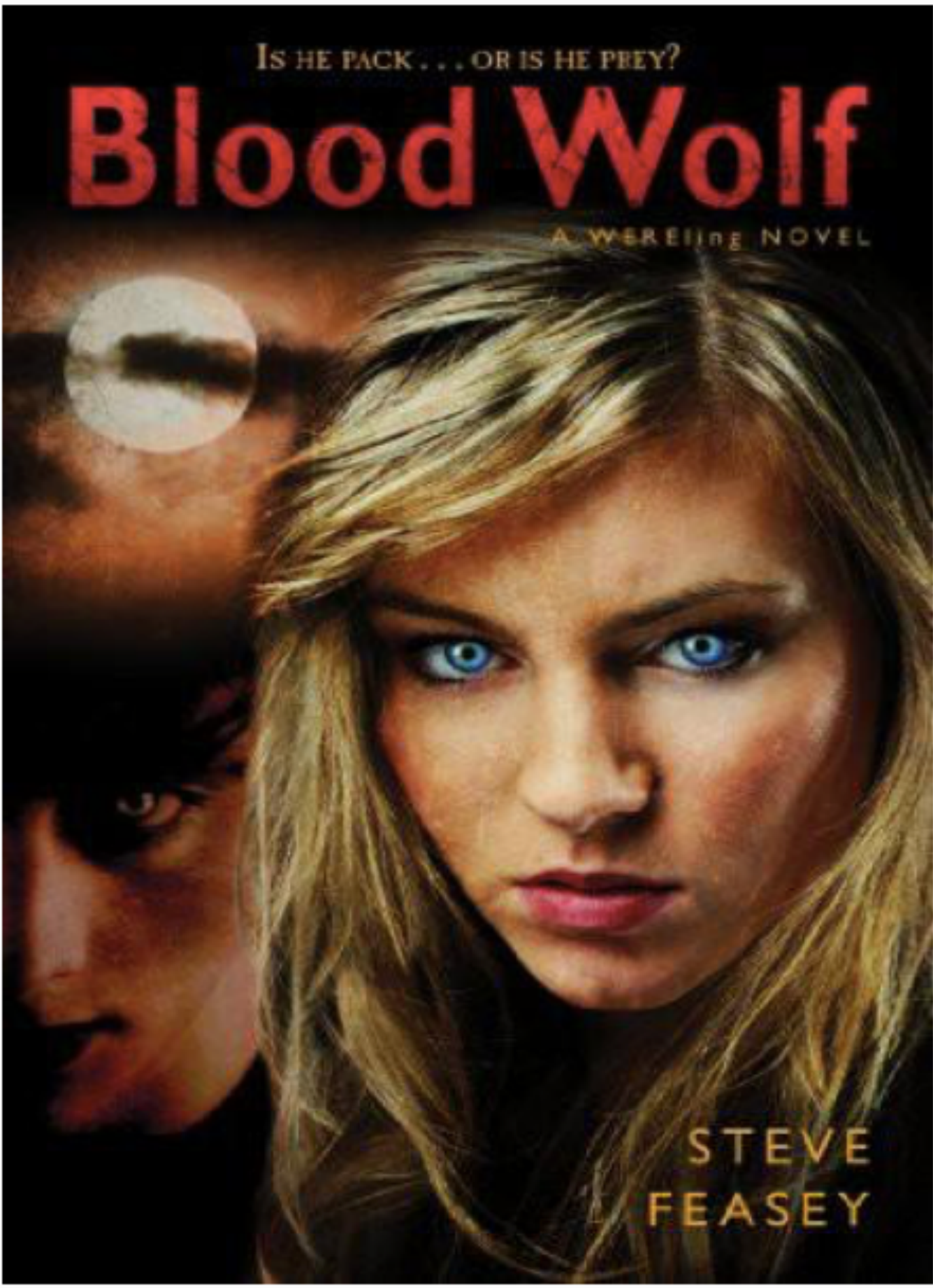


IS HE PACK . . . OR IS HE PREY?

Blood Wolf

A WEREWOLF NOVEL



STEVE
FEASEY

CHANGELING

B L O O D W O L F

"Az első szabály az alvilági erők elleni csatában: abban a pillanatban, amikor egy pillanatra úgy gondolja, hogy biztonságban van, akkor kell elkezdni aggódni ..."

A jó fiúk:

Trey Laporte

- tizenöt éves. Árva. Az utolsó örökletes vérfarkas

Alexa Charron

- vámpír lány; képzett boszorkány Tom O'Callahan - ember, kemény fickó. Megmérkőzik bármely alsóbb lényel

Az alsó-lények:

Az Incubus

- alakváltoztató, kiválóan alkalmas a csapdába került óvatlan emberekkel szemben

Az Ashnon

- rendkívül ritka és értékes démon; tökéletesen lemásol bármilyen élőlényt

A Necrotroph

- nehezen elpusztítható parazita démon. Beköltözik a testbe, és irányítja az áldozat gondolatait.

Akkor hagyja el az áldozatát, amikor az már halott, vagy megőrült

Az LG78

- bizalmaskodó. További információ nem áll rendelkezésre

A küldetés:

Amikor megtörték a gonosz vámpír, Caliban hatalmi bázisát, azt hitték, hogy ennyi volt az egész. Ebben óriásit tévedtek ... "

Vérszomjas könyvek Steve Feasey-től

Alakváltó

Alakváltó: Dark Moon

Keresse a következő hátborzongató Alakváltó kalandot, mely hamarosan érkezik"

STEVE FEASEY
CHANGELING
BLOOD WOLF

MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS



First published 2010 by Macmillan Children's Books

This electronic edition published 2010 by Macmillan Children's Books
a division of Macmillan Publishers Limited
Pan Macmillan, 20 New Wharf Road, London N1 9RR
Basingstoke and Oxford
Associated companies throughout the world
www.panmacmillan.com

ISBN 978-0-330-52119-2 in Adobe Reader format
ISBN 978-0-330-52118-5 in Adobe Digital Editions format
ISBN 978-0-330-52120-8 in Mobipocket format

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"Az én három nagyszerű testvéremnek: Nettie-nek, Les-nek és Debs-nek,
akik bezártak a cipőszekrénybe,
de nekem annyi szeretetet adtak.
És Shanders-nek, aki egyszerűen annyit mondott, "Gyerünk, hajrá!".

Az első alkalom, amikor a lány felébredt, az volt a legrosszabb.

Kibújt a feledés sötét ködéből az orvosi berendezések hangján át, amelybe be volt kötve különböző csöveken és érzékelőkön keresztül. Úgy érezte szédül és zavarodott, és lassan nyitotta ki a szemeit körbenézve egy italért, hogy könnyítsen a a torkában lévő fájdalom. Egy vámpír ült az ágya mellett s nézett rá kifejezéstelen arccal. A lány rábólintott, s mintha egy pillanatig egy szomorú mosoly villant volna át a vonásain mielőtt újra eltűnt. Elakadt a lélegzete a torkában és megdermedt; képtelen volt bármit is tenni, a fürtelem csak ült az ágya mellett és őt bámulta.

Az, hogy egy vámpír volt, semmi kétség. Nem voltak agyarái és karmai, leszámítva az elbővülő arany és okker fényt a szemeiben. Nem volt semmiben más, mint bármelyik magas, jóképű középkorú férfi. De egy pillantás mindent elmondott róla, amiből megtudta az igazi természetét, mintha mindig azokat a dolgokat nézné ezeken a szemeken keresztül melyek nem az övék; egy démon él benne. Összeráncolta homokát erre az utolsó gondolatra, elhessegetve, hogy ezek az érzések ne nőjenek nagyobbra benne.

- Hogy vagy, Philippa? - kérdezte Lucien Charron.

Növekvő rémület let úrrá rajta, ezt minden sejtjében szinte robbanásszerűen érezte, s ez teljesen felőrölte. Egy magas, síró hang töltötte be a kis szobát, s rájött, hogy ez a hang a saját sikolya. Pánikba esett. Halálra rémült ettől a hangzavartól, ami addig tartott, míg volt valamennyi levegő a tüdejében. Remegve vett egy újabb nagy levegőt, a másodperc töredéke alatt lehunyta a szemét, és amikor kinyitotta, a vámpír eltűnt.

Kétségbeesett rémülettel bámult körbe, szemével végigsíklott a szobán, hogy hol lehet a lény. Kételkedve rázta meg a fejét, zihálva vette a levegőt, a szíve eszeveszetten kalapált a mellkasában. Nem volt semmi nyoma, eltűnt. Lenézett oda, ahol ült a lény, és megjegyezte, hogy az enyhe bemélyedés a szék ülészárnáján lassan kitöltődik, visszatérve abba az állapotba, ami azt sugallja, hogy soha semmi nem ült ott, és senki nem volt akkor ott a szobában. Újra megrázta a fejét és hagyta, hogy potyogjanak a könnyei.

Talán elment az esze. Tudta, hogy nem örült meg egészen. Mégis mi mással lehetne magyarázni azt a hiedelmét, hogy őt megszállta egy démon, felhasználva őt, és gyilkosság, az apja előtt az ő nagyon szemeit.

Philippa Tipsbury zokogva nagyot üvöltött, mikor visszajöttek az emlékek, ahogy a démon beléköltözött és szétáradt a testében. Egy nővér jelent meg az ajtóban. Egy középkorú nő loholt

mellette, s beadott a lánynak egy tiszta folyadékot a csövön keresztül, mely kilógott Philippa karjából. Dúdolt a fiatal lánynak az ágyban, ahogy adagolta be a gyógyszert, s amikor befejezte, gyengéden végighúzta a kezét a lány homlokán és várta, hogy a gyógyszer elkezdjen hatni.

Philippa felt the coldness creep into her again, and she welcomed the calm that it brought with it. She tried to speak, but the drug was working so quickly that nothing came out but an indistinct mumble before the darkness crowded in again at the edges of her vision and then consumed her completely."

„That was two days ago.

And now they were back.

She tried to open her eyes gradually to the thinnest of slits and peer out at the person sitting in the chair next to her. The room was quite dark, the only light coming in through the glass window set into the door, and it was difficult to make out the features of whoever it was looking down at a book in their lap, but she was sure that it was not the vampire again. It struck her as slightly odd that the person was able to make out any words on the pages with so little light. She opened her eyes fully and took in the girl who was sitting with her legs crossed to support the book, the fingers of her left hand tapping out a tune on the plastic armrest."

„How are you?’ the girl asked without looking up.

Philippa instantly shut her eyes.

‘We were all so very worried about you that we’ve been taking it in turns to come and sit by your side. After your last encounter with my father we decided that it might be better if he didn’t come any more. We didn’t want to freak you out again.’

Philippa knew there was little point in pretending to be asleep any longer. She opened her eyes and studied her visitor.

Alexa Charron closed the book, placing a bookmark – which appeared to be made of brown, coarse hair that had been woven and plaited together – between the pages. She smiled across at Philippa, who frowned back as she tried to make out who she was and what she was doing here. The visitor had bright, intelligent eyes set into a face that was extremely attractive. Her black hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and she wore a white T-shirt and jeans. ‘Hi. I’m Alexa,’ she said, holding out her hand in greeting."

„The girl in the bed ignored the hand, shaking her head as tears welled up in the corners of her eyes. ‘I’ve gone insane,’ she said."

„Alexa looked down at the girl in the bed, a sad look on her face. She reached out and gently touched the girl’s forearm with the tip of her fingers, letting them rest there.”

„No, Philippa. You haven’t lost your mind. But what you’ve been through would be enough to make a lesser person do just that.’ She smiled a sad smile. ‘We want to help you get over what happened to you.”

„We? Who’s we?’

Alexa’s eyes stayed locked on those of the girl in the bed. ‘We have your best interests at heart, Philippa.’

‘My father’s dead, isn’t he? That ... thing crawled inside him, forced itself into him, and he ...’

‘Shh. You mustn’t upset yourself again.’

Alexa turned towards the small nightstand at the side of the bed. Pouring water from a jug, she helped Philippa to lean forward on her pillows and drink from the glass.

The patient nodded her appreciation, but stared back at the other girl with a look of distrust.

‘You look like you want to ask me something,’ Alexa said.

‘You said that that ... man ... the one I saw two days ago. You said that he was your father.’

Alexa nodded.

‘Except he’s not a man, is he?’ Her voice was becoming louder and higher in pitch, and she recognized the hysteria in it. ‘He’s not ... he’s ...’ She sucked in a deep breath, willing herself to say the words. ‘He’s a—’

‘A vampire?’ Alexa frowned, lips pursed as though considering how best to continue. ‘Yes, he is.’ She glanced at the door, as if expecting someone. ‘You are not insane, Philippa. I know that right now you must believe that you are, but you are not. Lucien is as real as the Necrotroph demon that inhabited your body when you were in the Seychelles with your father.’ The young sorceress looked at her with pity. ‘Everything that you remember was real. And yes, I’m afraid your father is dead.”

Philippa nodded, unable to speak. Hearing someone else say those words caused a wave of sadness and grief to break inside her. Everything was too much for her: her father was dead, a vampire had been in this very room with her, and a demon had been living inside her body. She looked away and let the tears soak into the pillow, filling the room with the sound of her muffled sobbing.

Alexa stayed by the girl’s side, her hand still resting on Philippa’s arm, allowing her to grieve and let out some of the emotions that had built up inside her.

Eventually Philippa looked back at her visitor. ‘That thing was really inside me, wasn’t it? I didn’t imagine it all.’

‘No, you didn’t imagine it. The Necrotroph left your body and inhabited your father in order to find out what he knew about a mission that some of my colleagues and I were on. The demon

used you to get to your dad. Your father leaped from the boat that you were on and drowned himself in an effort to try and kill the creature. It was an incredibly brave thing to do.'

Philippa Tipsbury stared down at the white sheets that covered her."

Alexa studied the girl, trying to gauge how much more she should reveal to her, and knowing that it must already be too much for the teenager to take in.

'You still haven't told me who you are,' Philippa said in a small voice. 'Who you are and what you want.'

'Your father worked for my father. He was part of a worldwide organization that seeks to keep creatures like the demon you encountered from entering this realm from the Netherworld. We're the good guys, Philippa. Your dad was one of the good guys.'

She studied the girl's face as fresh rivulets of tears tracked down her cheeks. Philippa continued to stare at the white bedclothes."

'Your encounter with a Necrotroph is quite ... unique,' she said, choosing her words with care. 'The demon usually kills the former host upon transfer. Before you, any hosts that were unlucky enough to survive were left completely insane. But you have survived. And as I've said, you are not mad.' She nodded at her as if to emphasize this last point.

Philippa remained silent.

'We need your help. We think that the Necrotroph somehow survived your father's attempt to kill it. It--'

'No. It's dead. You said yourself that my father jumped over the side of that boat. He killed it at the bottom of that ocean. It's dead, I know it is.'

Alexa continued, trying to ignore the feral, frightened look on the other girl's face. 'We don't know how it escaped, but we think that you might be able to help us find it.'

Philippa turned her head and stared at Alexa, her features set in a wide-eyed look of disbelief.

'There is a special bond between you and that creature, Philippa. The dark magic that it used to control your mind and body is still a part of you. The Necrotroph left a part of itself behind - in you.' She looked back at the girl, their eyes locked and unblinking. 'You've felt it, haven't you? You know that it's still alive.'

'I have no idea what you are talking about,' Philippa said, but her eyes wouldn't meet Alexa's.

'There was a knock on the door and a nurse put her head around the opening. Upon seeing her patient sitting up in bed, she smiled at Philippa with such warmth that the girl could do little but respond in kind. The hospital worker turned to Alexa. 'Your father is here and he wonders if it would be OK for him to come in and talk to you both?'

'Thank you, Greta. Please tell him that I'll be out in a moment.'

Alexa waited until the nurse had left the room before turning to look at Philippa again. 'It's up to you. You don't have to see him if you don't want to. But you need to know that my father is

not the only nether-creature living among us in the human realm – far from it. And unlike my father, the majority of them are dedicated to bringing death and destruction to this world.’ She paused, pursing her lips before continuing. ‘I think the Necrotroph has irrevocably changed something in your make-up, Philippa. And I think you already know that.’ She waited until the girl looked at her. ‘You can see them, can’t you? See the nether-creatures through their disguises? How else would you have known that my father was not what he appears to be?’ She let that sink in with the girl before adding, ‘We want to help you, Philippa.’

‘What does your father want?’

‘We think that you may have also acquired a skill that is unique to the Necrotrophs: the ability to locate their own kind wherever they are. Now you may not be able to use this ability yet, but given some help we think that you could. The bad news is that if we’re right, the demon will also be able to sense you: it will know that you are alive, and that is a situation it will want to do something about.’ She smiled kindly at the other girl. ‘You might be our only hope of locating and destroying it.’

Philippa closed her eyes, wishing that all of this would simply stop. She wanted nothing more than for the nurse to come in again and inject something into the tube in her arm that would allow her to sink back into unconsciousness – maybe forever.

Alexa waited, knowing that she had to give the girl as much time as she needed.

‘What makes you so sure that I have these ... powers?’

‘We’re not. Right now it is just a guess. But you can see nether-creatures.’

‘I don’t think I can,’ the girl said, frowning. ‘At least not in the way that you suggest. It’s more a ... feeling.’

Philippa thought back to the moment that she’d woken up with the vampire next to her. Nothing about the creature’s outward appearance – except his freaky eyes – would suggest that he was anything but human, but she’d known. She concentrated her attention on the wall opposite her, relishing the blandness of it. ‘And if I can locate this ... Necrotroph for you, your father is going to destroy it?’ she said eventually.

‘Yes, you have my word on that.’

Philippa took a deep, shuddery breath, unable to believe what she was about to say. ‘OK,’ she nodded. ‘If you promise to stay with me, I’ll talk to your father.’

She watched as Alexa left the room and went to fetch the vampire.

