

Wolf's Necklace

A young dark-furred pup with shaggy light blue hair and two blue stripes on them and blue eyes rose up from inside her mother's den. Her name is Mon. Mon, the younger pup, threw a dirt ball at her brother, Vauquelin.

"Hey, quit that!" he yowled.

"No, I won't! Try and stop me! Here!"

Another dirt ball was flung at the older pup, Vauquelin. A young almost pitch black-furred pup with small white markings and small orange markings and orange eyes arose from the den.

"Quit it now! Please!" he yowled.

"Okay, okay. Fine. I'll stop," she barked. "I was just warming up."

"Catch me if you can!" She raced across the clearing and refused to stop.

"I can't!" He was panting trying to chase his sister.

Across the clearing of the mothers' den with vines overhanging the entrance, a new wolf pup was emerging from the belly of a new mother. She was screaming in so much pain that she yowled and howled a couple of times before her mate came through from behind the vines. This male wolf was rather muscular but able to move with ease. The she-wolf was a light gray with white on her snout, underbelly, and tail—more or less resembling that of a common gray wolf. Her eyes were dark blue. Her mate was a common gray wolf, as well, but with blue ocean waves as markings across all four of his paws and a single blue streak in his tail. His hair was a short shag with a mix between white and light gray streaking throughout. You could tell he had a bit of age in his face but not much. His eyes were dark blue.

The howling continued and the two wolf siblings opened up a spot from out the vines and wanted to enter the mothers' den. A she-wolf was dealing with lots of potent dark green herbs and some light green. She shooed them away from the den and told them to go play somewhere else while she had her first patient for the day. They weren't even close enough to ten months when the pup was being born. They wanted to know who their new packmate was. So much eagerness and so much energy, but it was enough to bar them both from seeing what was going on.

With the mother present, the wolf pup was suckling on one of her underbelly's nipples. The father didn't know what to say to the older pups that attempted to huddle around his mate to spy on the new pup. Their healer didn't notice them at first but didn't worry when she did since the birthing part was over.

Some wolf was outside the den sneezing and coughing but refused to enter the den. With herbs at a paw's reach, medicine was pushed out to the sick wolf, and what was said to the wolf was,

"The new mother will get sick. Please, don't enter or get near me."

A loud howl was heard out in the distance of the pack's territory. It was one of the border watchers along with two fighters or *guardians* close behind.

The male wolf with the mate who had just given birth had stepped out of the den to check what was going on. His markings on his paws seemed to look like they were moving as he ran—along

with his other markings like that on his tail had disappeared and reappeared. What seemed to have triggered the reactions was that his light blue wings had a flash of light, sourced from fire, radiating from around them as they appeared.

A Cherubim appeared before the wolf when his wings appeared.

A Valkyrie appeared before the Cherubim to scare away Abba's, or *the God of Abraham*, creation.

The angel seemed to fight with the Valkyrie for a couple of moments and yelled out with the most soothing mature voice in his language, "I need to deliver a message here. *Yahweh* sent me."

There was a sword that clashed with the spear as white feathers fluttered around hastily.

In her language that was similar to his, she began with, "Odin watches this land for his wolves. Leave."

"You don't know that *Amber Hill* is *Yahweh's* wolves, do you? They spiritually transformed and transferred their livelihoods to worship Odin and those related to his myths. *Amber Hill* still knew *Yahweh*, you winged pitches of water."

"I am an angel like you are! Just because you guys ended up all men with wings!"

A lower messenger angel appeared before the Cherubim almost silently but slipped past the duel.

This was who the Cherubim was talking about when he had a message from *Yahweh*.

All the Cherubim could say through his wings when his back was turned the other way during the fighting was, "It's for the wolves to know that *Lucifer* is going to use that mixed blood as if he wasn't already confused as to who *Fenrir* was. He can control all of those wolves of the *Other Side*. There will be a son born of very heavily mixed blood that will lead them to ruin. It's the other half of *Ragnarok* that doesn't relate to *Fenrir* since he doesn't belong to the planet, but they do."

She scoffed and cleared her throat to answer back, "You think we're here scared of *Lucifer*? Your best was Archangel *Michael* last time I heard. Why don't the higher ups fight him instead?

You're scared of dying or something?"

"*Michael* doesn't fight Valkyries. We do. Thrones are supposed to keep *Lucifer* away from *Yahweh*. They can't fight but keep holy to their Lord in Heaven. The other ones have important jobs that all of you don't even know about. There's more than enough of us compared to all of you to Odin and his underlings there in *Valhalla*."

Light coming from the holy sword of the angel stopped glowing when the angel wanted peace with the Valkyrie.

"You guys always want treaties of peace. It's our land. We defend it from the likes of you. Who slipped by me? They're dead if one catches him."

The messenger angel said not a word but heard most of what was being said. He tried to ignore the Valkyrie's harsh stance as he continued flying towards the wolves. A *guardian* was in front of him and was following with some howls in response to the further away guardian. With the scroll still rolled up, the angel darted even further away from his traveling companion and the mutual enemy. The wolf noticed the lightest flutter of feathers awkwardly floating around and barked.

With messages at hand, he wasn't sure if the wolf would understand him. The message was written out in both the language of angels and language of canines or more specifically the language of the wolves. When the scroll was in his hands, the message was rolled out and given to the old, grizzled guardian onto the ground below.

In an instant, a flash was met with the inquisitive look of the male wolf.

Valkyrie was no longer fighting just a single angel as he, too, disappeared but without another word before vanishing into thin air. Her sisters looked out at her dumbfounded when the angels left.