



Believe

Sara Doe has lived most of her life in Foster Care and as a result, she's a hardened sixteen year-old who doesn't trust anyone. After the murders of her foster parents' places, Sara is in the spotlight, and on the radar of some very dangerous people, she realizes she must trust someone.

Child Psychologist, Dr. Tyrell Rogers spent years searching for his daughter, becoming an advocate for the lost and abandoned child of the city. A late night request for his services from the police, after a highly publicized murder, leads Tyrell to believe he's finally found his child.

But with an imminent threat from the ISBI and a clan of werewolves out to kill her, Tyrell might not have a chance to tell her the truth.

SAC Clyde Barton lost her once; he doesn't plan on doing it again. He's spent a decade searching, using the vast resources of the ISBI at his disposal. Now that he's found Sara Doe, she won't get away from him again, alive.

Can Sara trust a father she doubts in order to survive the night or will she trust a man from her past that she shouldn't?

Rookie Mistake

Prologue:

“Woohoo!” An excited Texan's voice pierced the earpiece in FBI agent David Manx's ear. “Time to lasso us a Werewolf!” He flinched at the sudden sound while staring over the truck at his Boss.

Special Agent in Charge Clyde Barton showed no emotion to the loud outburst; his brown eyes captivated by the green door of room 236.

The hotel was neither the best nor the worst of them that catered to truckers that Agent Manx has seen in his years with the FBI. It's different, because there's just one huge rig occupied the large parking lot at this late hour.

The ISBI had other trucks in the area positioned to monitor the activity at the hotel. But Barton directed him to parked the black Explorer downwind and away from the huge truck.

The night was silent, when a cat shrieked before its telling hiss. Then someone, somewhere slammed a door. “Cats don't like Werewolves,” the same voice told Manx as Barton led the way to the green door. “It's that whole dog, cat thing.”

Barton flushed his long, lean frame against the wall. Those eyes waited until Manx took his position on the other side. He signaled ready with a nod and his hand on the knob. Manx nodded back. Barton gave it a twist and the door opened without protest. He frowned before stepping across the threshold.

A man had to trust if he's going through a door with you, but Manx knew this wasn't the case with Barton. He knew this was his chance to redeem himself after the New Mexico job, perhaps his only chance.

Six years as an agent, before joining ISBI, Barton and his team were schooling Manx in areas that they hadn't taught him in the academy. It's as if he's going through boot-camp again.

And no seasoned officer went through a door blind with a rookie at his back. Barton's reputation for fearlessness preceded him.

Manx didn't hesitate before following his lead through the door.

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There's nothing out of the ordinary about the narrow hallway that Barton took with a brisk pace. Unless you counted the long smears of fresh blood against the white walls or the thick, red clots on the already stained carpet. Manx kept pace, not wanting to be trapped with a werewolf in a confined space.

The door had opened without a sound, but closed with a final click. *Why didn't you catch the door,* Manx chastised himself, *that's a rookie mistake.* But he knew why, in his self-conscious.

Barton turned. Even through the gas mask, Manx saw his stern scowl. Messages sent, he spun back to proceed down the hall.

The overpowering smell of decaying flesh seemed to seep into his mask and flooded Manx senses. He gagged at the imaged stench, but held it down, staring at the amount of blood loss making him sick.

Barton stopped halfway down the hall, to point to show which way he wanted Manx to go once things started.

Manx nodded, watching as the ASAC raised his hand to begin the countdown. The sound of a squeaky floorboard broke the stillness and accounted for the frantic throbbing of his heart in his ears.

On three, Barton mouthed. Manx braced himself. The sound of shattering glass followed by a hard thud greeted him with the telltale hiss from a leaking canister. The room filled fast with a thick blue cloud of Wolf's bane.

"Fuck!" someone coughed.

In a mad dash flee those intoxicating fumes, the werewolf showed himself in the doorway, soaked in blood.

"He's up!" Barton yelled.

The amount of Wolf's bane spewing from that can should've put the Pauli Keys on his back, but he was up looking at them with hate flaming in his dark eyes.

"Feds." The word disgorged from his mouth along with blood and bits of flesh.

The plan had gone awry.

"Going hot!" the texan chirped in Manx's earpiece.

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The creature had surprised Manx in New Mexico, after the buildup about the frightening and vicious Werewolves. It was anticlimactic to see a disheveled, skinny man, who's far shorter than Manx and much less intimidating than Barton had led him to believe. That's why he'd underestimated the creature, not this time.

"Damn Feds," he growled.

"You're done Pauli," Barton words muffled behind the mask.

Manx kept his weapon drawn on the man that looked like an addict.

"I ain't." He went low.

"Don't do it, don't!" Barton yelled.

The mad man rushed them. They fired, but Pauli moved with the speed of his distant ancestor, their rounds whizzed by him missing him by inches.

But fear kept Pauli coming; he leveled through the agents as if a running-back, heading to the goal line. They were down, but Barton managed to fire again just as Pauli exited the door striking him in the arm.

"Eyes on?" He got to his feet, yanking off the mask, to give chase. Manx at his side.

"He's heading for the rig Boss!" the Texan told them.

"On it!" They were out of the room in minutes, running through the lot after the creature.

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Pauli, coughing from Wolf's bane in his lungs, still managed to dart around trying to avoid getting hit again while racing to his rig.

"Stop Pauli!" Barton fired a .45 caliber rounds laced with small amounts of quicksilver. It's just enough to slow down a werewolf, but not kill.

One caught Pauli in the right shoulder, taking him off stride. The force of Barton's Glock would've dropped a man, but the werewolf just howled in pain. He stumbled forward a few feet, taking him off stride, but he got his bearings and was off again.

The silver slowed his progress enough to allow them time to catch up.

"Stop!" Barton yelled. He aimed the powerful 9mm at the man's head. Pauli continued to stagger forward. "I said stop!"

He stopped short of the rig, holding his injured arm. "I ain't done nothing' wrong!" Pauli bellowed. He tilted to one side. "She was already dead, ain't a man got to eat."

“Tell it to someone who cares Pauli! Now turn around, time to go back.”

The man’s shoulders sagged.

“Slow Pauli; don’t make me shoot you again.”

To Manx, it looked as if Pauli would collapse from the silver and blood loss. The injured man bowed his head and nodded, his voice defeated. “Okay.”

Barton gestured to Manx. Holding his weapon at the ready Manx advanced on the werewolf slowly taking the thick silver handcuffs off his belt. He was a few feet away when suddenly Pauli turned.

“No!” He made the move so fast that either of them had time to react.

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Pauli ran straight at Barton. “I ain’t going back!”

The agent tried to fire, but his gun jammed. “Shit!” He hurried to chamber another round as the beast drew near. “Put him down!”

Manx froze.

He stared in horror as the man’s human face transformed into a long narrow maul. In one leap, the man Pauli jumped over Barton’s head. What landed was a large hairy ferocious beast that ran on all fours toward the undergrowth on the side of the hotel.

Barton chambered another round and fired but missed the fast moving creature. “Goddamnit, he's running!”

Manx snapped out of his daze. “Got’em Boss.” He took a shooter’s stance, firing twice at the animal before it disappeared in the shadows of the brush.

“Status!” Barton ran toward the vegetation, Manx flanked him.

The thicket grew darker the further they traveled. They were hindered by the dense group of bushes and trees which the creature ran through with ease. Manx noticed with great dread that they were losing ground with each passing footfall. *We’re going to lose him*, he thought.

“We got Pauli!” Another teammate’s voice spoke through the earpiece. “He’s heading straight for us.”

“Is he still lit in this form?” Barton voice was neutral.

“He’s bright as the morning jewel, Boss.” the Texan again.

They had managed to plant a tracker on the Werewolf in New Mexico despite Manx’s failure to capture the beast. They followed the beacon as it led them across the country to this hotel. Barton got local FBI agents to evacuate staff and residents without alerting their suspect. To capture beasts with senses

twenty times better than a wolf and much faster, Barton's agents had become proficient at capturing them.

"Be ready!" Barton told his team.

Manx matched his mentor's pace until they reached the other side of the small undergrowth. He was eager to make amends for his past mistakes, but as they emerged from the bushes he realized it was over.

The silvery glow of the full moon splashed against the night sky in a beautiful fusion of light and dark that glimmered off the two black vans with government plates. They were parked a few feet from where Pauli laid on the ground nude, ensnared, and bleeding.

Other ISBI agents stood over the shrill man laughing and taking pictures of their prize like hunters on a safari, Manx reasoned with a sense of pang to his ego.

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Barton pushed his way through the group of agents. "How is he?"

"He's unconscious, minor wounds that are already healing, he'll live." The Texan told him.

"The tracker worked even in wolf form?" Barton bent to check the half wolf man.

"Like a charm Boss. Those Mason's really know their gadgets."

Barton stared at Pauli with a dispassionate eye. "Good job."

Manx took a knee to catch his breath. Every FBI agent was fit, but he'd never had to chase after a werewolf before or any wolf for that matter.

He stared at Barton. It's evident, in his heightened awareness, intense brown eyes, flushed skin, and controlled breathing, that this man loves the thrill of the hunt.

"This was easy Boss." The Texan grinned.

"Like taking milk from a baby," added another.

"Alright, get him prepared for transport." Barton got to his feet. "Seal off the hotel, get a cleaner in that room; you know the drill."

"Yeah Boss." The agents rushed off to complete the tasks.

Barton turned to Manx. He got to his feet, fast.

The Special Agent approached him wearing his trademark firm expression. "Go, and let Medical take a look at you. They need to check for any scratches, bites, or cuts."

“Yeah Boss.”

Barton paused. Manx knew he’d messed up again. There wasn’t any excuse for not doing the job, but seeing a 90 pound man, change into a 250 pound beast was something his brain couldn’t handle.

“You froze back there, just when things got hot.” Barton added.

“Sorry Boss.”

“The job is dangerous enough without an agent freezing.”

Barton told him the first day, that he wanted to test how well he’d react in the midst of a real life situation. “It’s always best to see if a recruit can swim with the little fishes before putting him in the face of a shark.” Manx knew he’d drowned.

“Report to me after medical is finished with you.” Barton turned and walked away.

“We got another one Boss!” An agent yelled from the opened door of a van.

“Where?”

Manx watched Barton jog over to the van while his team worked on the Werewolf creature Pauli Keys. He sighed and walk over to the medic van, knowing that he’d washed out of this special unit of the FBI.

The ISBI just wasn’t for him.

This is a Free excerpt from my new YA Urban Fantasy Novel **Believe**. If you enjoyed this free look inside please come back this fall when I release **Believe** in its entirety and find out what happens next.

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