

## Reviews

This is one of the best supernatural book dramas to date -- for werewolf, elves, elementals, and vampire – crazed fans. Owing nothing to true legend and antiquity, *The White Wolf Prophecy* is unique in that it engulfs them all, changes the commonly expected rules, and has just about everything in it, including sexual erotica, angst, dramatic tension, and plot solving.

The detailed, and well researched science behind Lycanthropy, is brought into the focus with four beautiful, and intelligent women, and their mates. An evil character seeks to take over and destroy the *White Wolf Prophecy*, and the women and their mates must stop this evil before it destroys them. A fascinating book where science, myth, magic, legend, and fact, all come together with a plot so brain - tingling creative and brilliant that it will have you enthralled from start of finish. I highly recommend this book for all readers.

Author Anita Meyer  
In Search Of The Holy Language  
And  
Criminologist.  
Religious Procurement Specialist.

## Reviews

“I am only 1/3 of the way through White Wolf Prophecy, Mating and I am already hooked! It is the perfect combination of sensuality and supernatural. Kelley has you absolutely captivated with Kaitlan and Cordone, letting you see and feel every erotic moment between the two. The settings in every chapter make you feel like you are there. I was captivated by Cordone’s Unique Estate and I longed to warm myself by the fire of the Main Room. So far every aspect of this book has me howling at the moon!”

Jennifer Lamb

Coldwell Banker Fleming Lau



I have read the book "The White Wolf Prophecy by LK Kelley. It is a well written engaging book. I was reading as quickly as I could to see what happens next. It was very riveting and exciting to read. If the reader is a supernatural fan, they will love this book. I cannot wait until I get the other 2 to read and continue on with the trilogy. LK Kelley has a real ability to make the pages come alive in very vivid pictures. I will be recommending to all my friends who like to read about supernatural things.

Martha Cochenour

Administrative Assistant to the Superintendent of schools at Mountainburg

Other books

The White Wolf Prophecy: Book 2  
The Hall of Records



~ *The White Wolf Prophecy* ~

~ *Mating* ~

*Book One*

**LK Kelley**

DragonEye Publishing

# **The White Wolf Prophecy: Mating: Book One**

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## Dedication

To my Husband & Daughter who encouraged me to write

"Thanks:

I want to thank all of the best people in the world who have been so gracious to help me with my book. I have had the best group of people in the industry!"

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<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/in-search-of-the-holy-language-anita-meyer/1113641675?ean=9781615000364>

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## ~ Prologue ~

In an ancient Hall, built so long ago no one remembers its true age, a prophecy was found written on a small scroll. Through the years, it was interpreted by many, but as usually happens, it became obscured through multiple interpretations as time progressed. Another scroll was also found. But, it was forged to deflect from the true scroll.

Of the five races of Earth, Wizards disappeared long ago leaving only four of the five races still to survive - Human, Werewolf, Vampire, and Elf. These remaining four races have lived with a curse gone wrong for thousands upon thousands of years. Because this curse was cast wrong using the forged scroll, the fates decreed that it can be broken, but only by the one in the Prophecy.

The One, now, seeks to recast the curse. If The One succeeds, the Human race will be doomed. The others will be gone forever.

Only The White Wolf of the Prophecy is able to break this curse, and set right what once was. If The White Wolf does not succeed, the Human race will be doomed. The others will be gone forever.

Thousands of years have passed, and few believe, now. The prophecy has become nothing more than a “fairy tale” to the supernatural races while the humans know nothing of its existence. But, the prophecy will come true - when it is time, and it appears that time has now arrived....

**The White Wolf Prophecy**  
(Forged)

*When The White Wolf appears,  
All that once was,  
Will yet again be,  
Beware that danger is not past.*

*Evil still present,  
Will cause to suffer,  
That which is,  
To not last.*

*Find The One, who cursed our worlds,  
Or succeed in task will he.  
For if he wins, the second time,  
Our fate, forever, will be cast.*

~ ~ ~ And, so, the Prophecy begins ~ ~ ~

## **Fathers and Daughters have a Special Bond. Enough Said.**

“KAITLAN SENECA O'HARA! Get your butt in here right now!”

Kaitlan groaned, and rolled her eyes wondering what was wrong with her Dad this past week. Her Father's voice never needed an intercom. However, he had insisted that she have a direct line to him, and she was convinced that its very presence was to make her life a living hell.

Canaan O'Hara had steadily become more and more irritated with her lately. Well, that wasn't really fair. He had been a bastard to everyone in the entire building this week. What WAS his problem? Make no mistake; she loved her Dad, but sometimes - GRRRR! In addition, this whole week had been a GRRRR week for Kaitlan.

Canaan Marshall O'Hara was a highly sought after publisher who owned the Seneca Publishing House in St. Louis, Missouri. He owned the entire building, too. His reputation among the people in the city, and around the world, was unparalleled. He was generous to a fault, did business with a good, old-fashioned handshake, and everyone knew he was a man of his word. Neither client, nor friend, ever questioned, or doubted him.

Canaan had given the middle name of Seneca to Kaitlan, because it had been her Mother's maiden name. And the company, of course, was named after her Mom who had died giving birth to Kaitlan. Her Mother, Tara, had no family when her parents had met, and her Dad had fallen hard and fast for her. Kaitlan was very proud of her middle name, and her signature was well known to all in the publishing world

just by her initials - KSO.

Every writer on Earth seemed to flock to Seneca Publishing House hoping that Canaan would publish their book, but few were chosen. Kaitlan was her Dad's chief proofreader and editor as well as helping him to choose which books were the right ones for the company. She had an innate sense about writers.

Kaitlan's entire life had been about books. She had started working for her Dad when she was only ten years old, because she had an almost perfect recall of anything she read. All through college, she had her own office several floors down from his, and she was still in that same office. Kaitlan graduated with highest honors in her major of English and Literature. She had several languages under her belt, as well, but most of her editing was primarily for writers who wrote in English. Her prowess for editing was unmatched in the world of Publishing.

"KAITLAN!" Yelled her Father, again. Sighing, Kaitlan had realized she was still in her office staring out the window. She pressed the button.

"Coming, Dad. You do know I could have been in the bathroom, right?" No answer. Surprise? Not!

She shut the lid to her laptop choosing a good editing stopping point of the current book she was reviewing, and walked calmly out of her office to the elevator. Just pushing the button to the tenth floor caused her to sigh as it rose to her Father's floor at the top of the building. She was long used to his need for everyone to do what he said. Whenever Canaan yelled, "Froggie!", everyone jumped to his command. Not Kaitlan. Not on her life! She wouldn't give him the satisfaction!

The elevator opened. Kaitlan walked out, and down the hallway to her Dad's office. She looked at his secretary who was a woman about Kaitlan's same age of twenty-six.

Lynne Rogers was very pretty, but always a bit shy. She had never married, but she was Canaan O'Hara's right hand, and extremely efficient. Lynne didn't even look up at her as she waved to Kaitlan to go into her Dad's office - all without missing a beat on what she was working. Yep! Lynne knew her Dad well, but Kaitlan admired her for not ever being intimidated by his moodiness.

Kaitlan opened his office door, and stopped. It never ceased to amaze her that her Father had actually done his own decorating for his office. He had such amazing taste in everything. It was a huge, corner office - sleek, modern, and minimal. He detested knick-knacks, which was another difference between them. Kaitlan loved them, and her office and apartment were loaded with lots of knick-knacks from her world travels. It was the colors he had chosen for his office which surprised most people when seeing it for the first time. The carpeting was looped, and was the color of white sand. While the rest of the room was modern, his desk was an antique that his own Father had made as a young man. It was a rich, solid mahogany, extremely ornate, and so large, it should have swamped the entire room, but somehow, it worked perfectly in an eclectic way. It would probably be worth a lot of money by today's standards, but he would never part with it for any amount. She had already been warned it was to stay in the family. The rest of the room was designed in chrome and glass, which was pretty typical of almost all successful men these days. The walls, in contrast, were painted in the color of a tropical sunset, because the corner two walls of glass, looking out on the city's skyline, faced away from the afternoon sun and its heat.

Canaan was on the phone, and waved at her to sit down. She walked over slowly to one of the two chairs in front of his desk. She was used to her Father's outbursts and gestures, but on one, rare occasion when he was being

Daddy-ish, he had told her how much she was like her Mother. But, only once. Of all the things he had said to her in her life, it is what she cherished most. Her Mother had been beautiful, and Kaitlan had always had her photo on her nightstand. She would blow a kiss to her Mom every night before she went to bed. How she wished she had known her! Tomorrow marked Kaitlan's twenty-seventh birthday, and it was always marked with happiness and sadness.

Canaan O'Hara had never gotten over his wife's death, and still missed her. Nevertheless, his love for his daughter was unquestionable, even if he didn't gush about it all the time. In Truth, Father and Daughter were a lot more alike than even they realized.

Kaitlan sat, and waited quietly for her Father to finish his conversation. Her Father was an extremely hands - on publisher, and used a personal touch even if it meant sending his employees to the author - especially if it was one of their top authors - which is why the publishing house was in such demand.

"Yes, yes, of course! I will send someone right away." He turned with narrowing eyes, glaring at Kaitlan who flinched at the look.

"Uh-oh," she thought. "He's about to say something he knows I am not going to like!"

"Absolutely, Cordone. I have just the person to send to you." He had not looked away from Kaitlan, and was quiet for a minute. "I'll be sending Kaitlan today. She should arrive in your neck of the woods by this evening. Yes, um-hmm. Done. You as well. Bye, old friend. Keep her safe," he added quickly.

Oh, crap! He was talking to their biggest client, Cordone Valon! This is soooo not good! Kaitlan groaned. She and Cordone simply did not get along! She had never personally met him, but they had talked many times. He was

another GRRRR in her proverbial side!

Her Dad sat the phone down putting his hands together, and patted his chin with one finger. He buzzed Lynne to tell her to book a flight for DIA in Denver, Colorado. He would have sent her in the company jet, but it was picking up Anita Moore who was their Clan's doctor. She had gone to Italy for another of her research projects. Cordone lived in the mountains about four hours away from Denver. Way, way back in the backwoods of beyond. It didn't even have a zip code!

He was wary about sending Kaitlan due to their heated relationship, but he didn't have a choice. She was the best in the business, and Cordone deserved no less. More than that, it would keep her safe. Yes. She would definitely be safe with Cordone. He had full trust in him. After all, they had been best friends since day one. He looked back at Kaitlan, and moaned. This was going to be just a fun conversation.

"Kaitlan, I'm sending you to our biggest writer to work personally with him as he writes his next book. You will go home and pack, and fly out this afternoon at... Lynne what time is that flight?" He bellowed at her, tapping his fingers impatiently. "Thanks..." and then continued without a break, "...at 3 pm, to go to Denver, and then to Valon's home in the Rocky Mountains. Dan Wheeler is his personal assistant who will meet you at DIA. Once there, you will work with him on his next number one best seller until it is done."

Canaan tapped his chin as he waited patiently for Kaitlan to blow her stack. "Yep, here it comes!" Catching himself before he said it aloud. That would have been doubly worse.

He didn't have to wait long, of course. Kaitlan just glared at him. Had she heard him right? Seriously? Did he just tell her she was going to stay with a man she never had met - even if he was their top client - for an indefinite period? Oh,

no, she wouldn't! Not VALON! She shot to her feet, and in an instant, the cool and calm Kaitlan everyone else knew, was not.

“Are you out of your friggin’ mind, Dad? Seriously? How could you promise this without asking me first? Steven and I just got engaged!”

“Kaitlan, SIT THE HELL DOWN, and watch your language!”

Eyes wide in alarm, Kaitlan almost jumped back at the forcefulness of her Father’s reaction, but she obeyed him immediately, and sat down without another word. OK. That was a new one! Her Dad actually cussed at her? HER? In her entire life, NEVER had her Father ever cursed at her! She felt her anger grow exponentially. Canaan wrestled with his emotions trying to get a hold of himself, got up, turned around, and put his arms behind his back. Then, he spoke.

“I understand that this is really an unusual request, Kaitlan, but Cordone Valon has requested it - personally. You know he always works from home. Nothing is different. He sends me his manuscript, I have it edited, and it’s published.”

“OK, so, why does he need me to come to him, now?”

Whatever was bugging her Father, well, it was really starting to worry her. She knew something was really wrong, now.

Cordone Tristan Valon was one of the most secluded, and eligible bachelors in the world. He was a real hunk of a man. Buff and built like a tank, most women would jump at the chance to be around him in any capacity. Her best friend, Sarah Collins, had already told Kaitlan she would be happy to do whatever he wanted as long as it was on her back! Geez, Sarah! That was just so wrong. Kaitlan, grudgingly, had to admit he was gorgeous. Take all the most gorgeous male models ever laid on a cover of romance books, and roll them all into one man, and they still wouldn't have the allure

Cordone Valon had to the female sex! All, but Kaitlan, of course. She was in love with Steven Moss.

“Why me? I mean, we have tons of other editors around here. Send one of them.” She jumped to her feet. “I am not going! I am staying right here!” Her Dad was not going to bully her into doing things his way this time! Kaitlan was just as stubborn as her Father was.

Canaan slammed his fists down on his desk, making Kaitlan jump back five feet. Her Dad had never done that before, and she found she was scared of him for the very first time in her life.

Canaan groaned as he saw her jump five feet behind her. Was it possible that she would change after all? She hadn't even noticed what she had done as mad as she was, thank the Creator!

“No. You. Are. Not. Kaitlan! Cordone wants our best, and that is you!” He waved his hand at her as he saw her mouth open in protest. “And, do not argue with me any more, because it will get you nowhere!” He looked at his watch. “It's 10 am, now. Get your ass home, pack, and I'll have Sam pick you up around noon to take you to the airport.”

He held up his hand, again, for silence when he saw her mouth open. It was a move he had done to her, and others, many times before, and she knew better than to back talk him when he did this.

“There is no argument you can come up with to make me send someone else, Kaitlan. I have no choice, and therefore, neither do you. This discussion is over.”

“Wait for it,” Kaitlan said to herself. It was coming! She knew it was! And, yes! There it was. “The Look” her Father always used when his mind was made up, and nothing could sway him at all. Kaitlan doubted that if she were dying her Father would never have changed his mind! She also knew better than to argue with him when he was in this mood.

Slowly, Kaitlan stomped out of his office shaking with rage. Back in her office, she gathered up her computer along with anything else she would need, muttering every cuss word in the book at her Father. Forget “Neverland”. This was a trip into Nowhereland. She hated the mountains! She continued to stomp out of the building in a huff. Why in the hell did she do what her Father told her to do when he told her to do something she didn’t want to do? That was a tongue twister. It was almost a “pull” that forced her to obey him no matter what she wanted. Her feet moved without volition when her Father exercised his will toward her. No matter what, she just had no chance when he was like this. Only this was worse. She had been unable to speak!

“What is he? A friggin’ vampire, or something!” She grumbled as she walked the short distance to her apartment.

Yes, unfortunately like other young women, she saw those movies, and read those stupid books, where the dull, boring, average, human girl got the really, hot vampire guy! So, where was HER hot vampire? She huffed. Right. Sure. Her Dad was a vampire working his mind mojo on her! She almost laughed aloud at the silliness of the thought.