

Snow Blood: Episode 1

Carol McKibben



Book Blurb:

When Brogio must *turn* Snow, a beautiful white husky, in order to save the dog, a series of events are unleashed that reveal a sinister plot against the father of all vampires. As life and true death experiences bond the two together, they unravel a conspiracy that when resolved may return Selene, the love of Brogio's life, back to him and set him free from the lonely existence that has plagued him for thousands of years!

About the Author:

Carol McKibben was a magazine publisher for 20+ years. She has published *Luke's Tale*, *Riding Through It* and *Snow Blood Season 1*. *Luke's Tale* and *Snow Blood* are targeted to a YA market. *Luke's Tale* was included in the Summer Solstice Top 12 Book Pick List. Carol writes from the heart of a dog's eyes. Her books help support her dog rescue efforts and focus on unconditional love. Carol and her Labradoodle Neo and Labrador Retriever Binks are currently working on *Snow Blood Season 2*. Go to <http://www.carolmckibben.com> or email carol@mckibben.com.

5 Fun Facts You Didn't Know About Me:

1. Carol trains and competes with her horse, Aramis, in Classical Dressage.
2. Carol's rescue Binks was born with a bad heart. The cardio-vascular vet said he wouldn't live to be 4 years old. Binks is now 7 ½ and going strong. It's amazing what love can do.
3. Carol's father told her she should be a writer when she was 14, and she took him seriously.
4. Carol got a Corvette as a high school graduation present from her parents.
5. Carol's hobby in high school was archery.

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Book Excerpt

The pain sliced into my ribs like steel on bone. Then, nothingness.

Searing pain, and the sight of two snarling, rabid beasts locked in battle, interrupted the safety of my void. The scent of their blood-filled rage made my nose twitch. My brain screamed "move" but my legs disobeyed. Paralyzed on the ground, I watched as two giant beasts circled each other, lumbering dangerously close. One, an unknown, unnatural brother who could stand on hind legs. The other ... a demon, perhaps? That was the best way I could describe this otherworldly creature.

My eyes began to focus. I could see blood-covered fangs and claws, a demon strangely glowing in the lunar light. It looked "moon-kissed". Light from the night-time sun caressed this deformed creature. Perhaps I'm imagining this? Maybe it's my love of the moon. I've always felt its protection at night on my forays into the woods near my home.

Jaws snapping. The upright wolf-being lunged. The demon creature moved faster, almost a blur. It hastily side-stepped the wolf's bite as easily as a mongoose avoids a cobra. The wolf snarled its frustration. It circled the moon-kissed demon that appeared to be taunting its opponent. I tried to move to observe better, but pain savagely raked through me. A dark circle of wetness surrounded me. The air reeked with the smell of ... blood. My blood.

Why had I recklessly left the comfort of my home? The fireplace in the den warmed us against the outside of fall's cold weather. Perhaps I needed adventure. Prey lurked in the outside darkness, and instinctively, I had wanted to give chase. My little human tried to tackle me just as I dashed to the kitchen and nosed aside the flap from the back door to the freedom of the night that beckoned me.

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"Snow! Don't go out there. It's dark!" He squirmed, trying to hold me. He weighed less than any little subaltern laying his body across my shaggy mass. Embarrassing, I thought, since I outranked him in the pack. But, I never snapped at him. My little human needed my protection.

"Let him go, Tommy. He's just doing his job; keeping the coyotes away." Tommy's father, our Alpha, had spoken, and we must all obey.

The little human stood upright and slowly released his grip on my back. Moments later, I was chasing coyotes across the front lawn and out into the street, doing what I did best – protecting my pack. Now, as the sound of gnashing teeth brought me back into the present, I wished for the chance to better safeguard them. Who would warn my humans of this danger if I didn't make it home?

The two creatures battled on. The wolf leaped over its combatant's head, narrowly avoiding a crushing blow to its leg. The glowing demon blurred, quickly avoiding an attack from the rear. It spun just in time to avoid its throat from being taken. Suddenly, fall leaves were flying into the air. They hit the grass under the trees that lined the abandoned road and tumbled, arms and heads over legs.

My paws quivered as the fight drew closer to me. Inexplicitly, I remained unable to move from where I had landed after the pain hit me. My energy had already seeped from my body. Running away appeared no longer an option.

I watched as the fierce beasts arose quickly from their tumble. The wolf gained an advantage, lunging forward and extending its claws as the demon stumbled over a broken tree trunk. Its opportune fall to the ground enabled the demon to duck the razor-sharp claws. Just missing the demon, the wolf landed and rolled behind its enemy. Quickly, it spun up to go after its prey now sprawled out on the grass.

Just as the wolf leaped, BOOM. A loud explosion ... and then the wolf crumpled to the ground with a pained yelp and a heavy thud. His lifeless body sprawled awkwardly on the dirt.

A strange voice pierced through my head. "Silver bullets work well on panweres, too." A malicious chuckle followed.

Was that the demon's voice? I wondered. Surely I did not see his lips moving.

The demon creature knelt over its victim and poked the wolf's body. No sign of life. Triumphant, it threw back its head and let out a victory scream that made the hairs on my neck bristle. It then rose to cast its appraising gaze in my direction. I struggled to get my feet under me, fearing that if I didn't, the demon would kill me on this spot, just as he had taken the life of the wolf. As it approached me, I felt my life slowly drain away; the darkness enveloped me again. The sadness of never seeing my family again lingered ...

Darkness closed over me ... drifting into ... an overwhelming itchy sensation? My nerve endings were on fire, consuming me with a new-found rush. The thin line of life spread throughout me. Every fiber of my body stood on end as the blood-filled eyes of the demon pierced mine. A thin drop of blood clung to one of its fangs before descending onto my face in slow motion. I tried to move but the creature held me in place with one giant claw-covered hand. Other than the weight of its massive body, I felt no trace of the initial pain that had sent me into darkness.

I watched transfixed as the creature transformed into a human. First claws became large hands. It shrunk only slightly. Its deformed body took the shape of a strong, muscular athlete. Its distorted visage

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faded into a handsome face with a strong nose, cheek bones and jaw. It was only seconds until it became a naked man. It spoke. "Hold still, dog. Let your body absorb my venom and heal."

Venom? Heal me? Fire streaked through my veins, forcing every part of me to come alive. An unfamiliar strength enveloped me. I had been crippled only moments ago. Now, every part of me sprang to life. My eyes never left the demon/man.

Blonde and fair, a pale face framed large violet-colored eyes that transitioned back to red and again to violet. He towered over me; his long, muscular frame stretched over what must have been almost a half-head taller than James, my master. I once heard my master brag, "I'm six-foot-one in my stocking feet." I guess that was his way of stating how tall he is.

The demon/man wiped the blood from his face onto his hand. My blood, or his? I wasn't sure.

"All right," he commanded, "try to get up now."

I sprang to all fours, shook my heavy white coat and sat back on my haunches. How did I get on this deserted road in the middle of the woods? Prey. That's it. Chasing prey. The large black car with Oregon plates sitting sideways in the road next to us, lights on, motor running, looked as though it had swerved to avoid something. Had it collided with me?

The man knelt down and patted my head. "Confused are you? That's right, I hit you."

I cocked my head at him, feeling better than before. How could he have hit me? I got a whiff of his odor. A layer of perfume concealed the smell of death and something rotten that had emanated from the demon during its battle with the wolf. I stood and shook my whole body again, as if to expel the experience and the smell. Then I turned away to go back home.

"Wait!" He placed a firm grip on my back with his strong, human hands.

I whipped my head around, baring teeth in warning. Let me go! I had to go home to my loving family and the warm fire that awaited me.

He stared at me. "No, that's an insane thought."

Was he speaking to me? Was he reading my mind?

He paused for a long moment, staring at me as if he could see through me. I shivered from the menacing touch of his hand on my back.

He released his grip. His shoulders slumped, and he ran a bloody hand through his blonde hair. He took a long, deep breath, then shook his head. "Come with me."

I watched him move toward the car. I had to go home. My people must be worried.

He turned to me, and I felt drawn to him. No, I must go home.

"There is no choice, dog. Come with me."

No! The hackles on my back stood on end in warning. I will go home! I backed away, growling in defiance. I turned to run, but he blocked my path to freedom and caught me in a heartbeat.

He stopped me in my tracks. How could this human outrun me?

He grabbed my head with his bloody hands and twisted my face to meet his blood-red eyes. "You will come with me now! It is for your survival and that of your people." He let go and stood tall again. He took two long strides to the car. Over his shoulder he commanded, "Come!"

I resisted with everything that I had.

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He opened a door to the large sedan and motioned for me to take the passenger seat. I tried to resist again but my legs disobeyed me, and I covered the short space and jumped in. He slammed the door behind me.

I growled as I watched him cross in front of the car and open the driver's door. A black turtleneck sweater and black pants hung on the back of the driver's seat. Black loafers and socks sat on the floor in front of the seat. He reached inside for them and hurriedly put them on, never taking his eyes from me. His gaze was creeping me out. Intense.

Sliding behind the wheel, he looked at me for a long minute. "You're my responsibility now. Let's go find you something to eat. You will need your strength."

I didn't like his toothy grin. What wasn't he telling me? I found it odd that my ravenous cravings for something ... something very bloody outweighed all other reason.

Reviews

[Excellent series](#)

By [ChristophFischerBooks "Chris"TOP 500 REVIEWER](#) on March 27, 2014

"Snow Blood: Episode 1" by Carol McKibben was a real surprise find for me. Being a dog person I was tempted but I only reluctantly ventured out to read this book about a white husky who becomes vampire but to my relief and joy the concept really worked.

Snow, the husky, tells in his own words how he comes in contact with Brogio, his saviour and master, and how his new life pans out.

Telling a vampire dog story adds a great twist, one that is long overdue since we have shapeshifters and werewolf stories everywhere. Telling the story from the dog's perspective worked for me since it is a welcome break from just 'cute' dog stories and stories told by dogs.

Episode 1 sets the scene and focuses on the transformation and the main characters, but it is ultimately a short novel that leaves a lot for the next instalments.

The drama, the suspense and the perspective are excellent and I no doubt will make my way through this canine paranormal series.

Well done.

[Snow Blood Season 1 Carol McKibben](#)

By [Robin Potter](#) on March 21, 2014

Carol McKibben has outdone herself. She "writes from the heart" as she once again weaves her magic by sharing her unique way of seeing life through the eyes of another animal. The moment I saw Snow's beautiful white fur and piercing blue eyes, I wanted to protect her right away. Then "Brogio, the first vampire!" must turn Snow, if he doesn't snow will die. Carol's fluent writing is a page turner and this book is full of twists, turns and surprises. I won't give too much away but believe me you won't want to miss the series!