



Caddo Norse Novel 0.5

Fated Future

PHETRA H. NOVAK

Fated Future

A Caddo Norse Novelette

by

Phetra H. Novak

Fated Future: A Caddo Norse Novelette
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Hush, Hush Vojin

Fifty years prior to Haven's Revenge

“Prescott is going to be Alpha!?” Vojin all but yelled, eyes huge as he stared across the porch swing at his friend.

“Yes, he is,” Gabriel confirmed, barely able to keep the grin from his face, knowing how his friend hated being taken by surprise although he’d had plenty of experience of it. “Coleman Prescott will eventually become the Alpha of Caddo Pack-”

“How...how do you know that this is the truth?” he narrowed his eyes to mere slits, expecting him to shout *got you* at any second. The news had come, as usual, out of the blue, and had been delivered with such alacrity that Vojin had been forced to stop his work and catch his breath, focusing all of his attention on Gabriel. He noticed that Gabriel had put down his sanding block, and he did the same. Wyanet’s porch swing might just have to wait for a few minutes.

“By the Spirits, my friend,” Gabriel assured him and Vojin nodded as if the word *spirit* itself was surety enough - usually it was.

“Why are you telling me this now?” Vojin asked.

“Because some things are going to happen, and we’re going to need your help.”

“What things?”

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“As I said before, Coleman will eventually become the Alpha of the Caddo pack; right now we are trying to get organized for him to take over...and he will need you to guide him.”

“What things? Why does it feel like you are avoiding telling me something, Gabriel? What is it we are getting organized for?”

Gabriel’s hard stare had erased every trace of humor from his face.

“We are preparing for war, Vojin.”

“Between who and why?” he asked immediately.

“That is a long story, but the main reason is because the Asa Gods need to catch the Fenrir Ulv and take him back to Asgard. You see; Coleman will become the Alpha, in about twenty years, give or take a few years. His youngest son will eventually become the King of Wolves...and the true vessel of our father’s spirit - the Fenrir Ulv-”

“Stop!”

Vojin reached out over the swing and placed his fingers across Gabriel’s lips. Gabriel’s calming tone did nothing to ease the rolling boil of thoughts, feelings, and emotions welling up in his stomach. After a moment, Vojin dropped his hand from Gabriel’s lips, now trusting himself to meet his friend’s gaze. It was time to find out why Gabriel was telling him this before asking more questions. They stood there for a long time just looking at each other; Gabriel appeared to be fully at ease with no cares in the world but Vojin knew that mask too well.

Once semi calm, Vojin asked, “What are you asking me to do?”

“Be a guide. And it will require you to know a lot of things about the people in your life, born and unborn, to whom you’ll never really be able to say anything of what you know about them or their *possible* fate.”

“*Possible* fate? What does that even mean?” demanded Vojin, suddenly aware that his voice was betraying his discomfort.

“It means that, until the carrier of the fate has made up his or her mind once and for all, everything is off the table.”

“So nothing is set in stone; it’s all just a bunch of maybes?”

“Yes...but if you tell them anything, you’ll seal their fate forever, Vojin, and then it can never change.”

Vojin frowned, tapping his chin, wrinkling his forehead as he tried to grasp the true meaning of Gabriel’s warning.

“Then why tell me at all?” It didn’t sound like an unreasonable question.

“Because, even though you may not tell them anything *specific*, you may guide them in the *right* direction.” And Gabriel smiled wide as if he’d just given Vojin a very generous gift of some kind.

“And you can’t do this instead of me because?” He had to ask, Gabriel obviously knew as much about this as anyone.

“Because, Vojin, I will not always be here. My fate, like everyone’s, is larger than just being a member of this tribe and being a shifter. I am the Shifter Council’s Representative, the communicator, if you will, between the Shifter Council and the shifter community here on Earth. I have my own work to do. I need you, Vojin; I need you to help me lead our people.”

Vojin wasn’t sure that he truly understood everything that Gabriel had told him. But he knew what friendship meant and if Gabriel said that he needed his help, then he was willing to give it.

“Is there more?”

“There is...” and for a brief moment, Gabriel hesitated, but that was more than enough to warn Vojin that what was to come wouldn’t be very welcome. “Are you ready for what I’m about to tell you?” Gabriel’s voice more gentle this time.

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“How would I know? I don’t know what you’re about to tell me,” Vojin queried, believing it to be a reasonable response despite Gabriel’s chuckles.

“Always the sensible one; this is why the Spirits chose you, *Vojin Naranjo*.”

“I never doubt the spirits. Now tell me, my friend...simply tell me all of it.”

There was another moment of silence before Gabriel said, “Your Wyanet is carrying a son.” Gabriel looked at Vojin as he spoke and smiled warmly. Hearing the name of his wife made Vojin smile too. “I know she carries a son.” He looked down at the swing that they were making, imagining the many nights he and Wyanet would sit together with their baby and rock to the sun going down.

“Your son has his own fate...”

Realizing that Gabriel had stopped talking, Vojin focus was once more on his friend; the look in his eyes was troubling and Vojin knew instinctively that, whatever *possible* fate was in store, he wasn’t going to like it.

“Just tell me, Gabriel. I need to know,” he demanded quickly, trying to swallow the lump that had suddenly appeared in his throat. It was hard to not think the worse when everything inside of him knew that his world was about to be shattered.

“Your...your son will die at a fairly young age, as will his wife; but not before giving birth to a beautiful son of their own...your grandson.”

Vojin gasped instinctively, clenching his eyes tight and clutching a hand over his heart as the sudden, crushing pain of loss gripped him like a vice.

No! That wasn’t fair; his son hadn’t even been born. He didn’t even have a name.

“Do you want me to stop?” Gabriel asked softly, taking a step closer to Vojin, reaching out.

Vojin took a deep breath, and then another, forcing himself to calm down. He shook his head, sending his tears rolling down his cheeks.

“No; go on. Please.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes; I need to know.” He did, he needed to know for what possible reason his son would be taken away from him.

“They will live good lives with you, Vojin. You will have many years together *and* you will have a beautiful grandson to cherish.”

He tried to smile through his tears; he had always loved children and wanted many of his own.

“Just one son and one grandson?”

Gabriel seemed to ignore the question, which wasn't like him but Vojin didn't stop him instead he stifled another sob and more words of anger that was pattering in the pit of his stomach.

“They will not pass on to the life beyond until they have conceived and brought into this world a son of their own; a son who will be the next tribe leader, a spiritual priest, you might say. He will be powerful - but broken - he will have to meet many challenges and pass through many crossroads. You will need to guide him down the right path.”

“But-” Vojin began but Gabriel cut him off.

“Without you, I fear he'll be forever lost or maybe worse, chose the wrong path. His anger will be feral and deeply rooted. It is not going to be easy; not easy at all.”

“Sorry, Gabriel, but why? Why does my son have to die? Why does the Spirit need him? This isn't fair!” Vojin exclaimed.

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“I understand; I really do...but sometimes there are things that are bigger than us. You know why this is, Vojin,” Gabriel said softly and Vojin did know. “If your son were to remain on this Earth, he would not be able to take his place at the Shifter Council’s table and work for the future of the King of Wolves and his Protector, the eagle.”

“The Shifter Council are all spirits?” Vojin questioned.

“Yes, Vojin, they all are. I will tell you the story, the whole story, about the Caddo Cubs and the Fenrir Ulv, but I think we’ll save that for another time. Remember; it is important that you do not tell a single soul anything about what you know, not even Wyanet. If you did, it would be as if you had opened Pandora’s Box and the Earth would become the new battleground for the Asa Gods.”

“The Asa Gods again! What do they have to do with us? They are the Scandinavians’ headache, not ours, Gabriel.”

“No; I’m afraid not, my dearest friend. We’re *all* Europeans. When they fled Europe, they brought their history and fates with them. The Prescott’s have been chosen since the beginning of time, through their heritage line going back on Coleman Prescott’s side of the family tree. There is both Viking blood and Asa blood alike but mostly there is the blood of the Fenrir Ulv.”

“How? To have Viking blood isn’t that strange; the northern European countries were full of them at one point...but Asa and Fenrir Ulv blood? How would Viking and Fenrir blood even get mixed; it seems too...too farfetched?”

Gabriel shrugged. “We simply don’t know.”

Vojin paused, thinking and processing rapidly, then voiced his chief question, “So my grandson will be linked to the Asa Gods too?”

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“No; he will be the carrier of the spirit of the Eagle, the tribal leader, and he will be the link to his father at council’s table. He will be the one to communicate with the dead, the one to save the living by reliving the battle of the past. When the King of Wolves is born within Coleman Prescott’s youngest son, he will be...”

“...the Protector of the King,” Vojin whispered. He couldn’t say how he knew; he just did.

“Yes...and a reluctant one at that. He will watch his parents die by the hand of a crazed shifter; he will hate them all, wishing all of them dead. That’s where you’ll come in. You will have to help guide him - and his true mate - to not give up on each other. It is your job to make sure that all roads always lead them back to each other.”

“Wait! What are you saying?” Vojin shook his head. No more, he wouldn’t lose them all, fate was destined to take his son and his wife. That had to be enough.

Gabriel’s heavy hand landed on Vojin’s shoulder and he gripped tightly. “Vojin; I understand that this demands much from you. But if it helps you, all of your work will be rewarded. You will see your son again in the afterlife. He may not be here in this life for long but he will be watching over you.”

“It should be me watching over him, Gabriel.”

“You know that is not how things always work.”

A few more unshed tears dropped from Vojin’s eyes when he nodded his understanding.

“What about my grandson? Will he accept his fate?”

“With your guidance, he will thrive. It will be up to him to decide what path to walk and, depending on his choices, the outcome could be very different. It will be for you to guide him and love him unconditionally when no one else can.”

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“What about his *mate*?” It was a strange word to use, especially as he had never used it before. Bitterly trying to accept that his only son would die, he tried to concentrate his mind on his grandson, but it was really no easier to grasp.

“His mate will be his soul, his fate, one that will be very hard for him to resist. Not impossible *but* they are the reason why I am here; their union will not only be the best weapon against the Asa and in saving the shifter race but the human race too.”

“How? And that sounds like a burden way too big for two young men to shoulder...two young men who have not yet been born.”

“They are not alone; they will have you, the tribe and their Prescott family to support them. In their union, the youngest Prescott boy will become the King of Wolves, the ruler of all paranormal beings.”

“All paranormal beings?” Vojin snorted but wondering why anything Gabriel now said should shock him at all.

“You were destined to be their guide, Vojin Naranjo. A new race of humankind should be nothing to bother a man with a fate such as yours.”

“A fate like mine...” he picked up the sanding block again, and began to rub the wood; it felt like the task of guiding everyone would not be so very different. “Can you promise me that there are good things in there too?”

“Yes, my dear friend; your fate holds a lot of joy too and you have many wonderful memories yet to create. This I promise you.” Gabriel gave him a warm smile and it eased his mind just a little.

“Then hurry up, *shifter*,” he teased gently, “you have a promise to keep.”

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Gabriel gave him a crooked grin. “That I do. More than one, I’d say.”

They worked in silence after that. Vojin knew that Gabriel understood that it would take time, maybe years, to fully comprehend and accept everything that was expected of him. He predicted many more conversations with Gabriel before his heart and mind had quietened.

For now, he would spend his time loving his bride and their unborn baby boy...and if his friend did not renege on his promise, then he had the prospect of seeing him shift into a grand wolf before the day was finally over.

Prepare for Battle

Twenty-three years prior to Haven's Revenge

The Colonel, also known as *Gustav*, didn't bother with any other name anymore. After centuries, he'd found that he didn't need it. To everyone, he was the *Colonel* and those very, very few and far between who got to call him by his given name knew when to do so and when not to.

Immortal. He wasn't immortal yet, but if he did his work well, which he believed that he always had, the gift would soon be his. It was a *pleasure* to serve the Asa Gods, the God of War, Odin, especially. Odin was the reason he had devoted his life to helping the Gods. Aging slowly, very slowly, was his reward for agreeing to turn on his own race.

"Well worth it...and there is so much more to come..."

He shut the door to his office and bolted the door good and tight. He didn't want anything or anyone to disturb him when he met the great Asa King, the future ruler of the Earth, the *paranormal* Earth anyway. In the realm of things, no one on his staff would dare to open a shut door but, considering what he was about to do, he couldn't be too careful.

With his back against the locked door, the Colonel took a deep breath to prepare himself before stepping confidently towards the large double doors that lead out onto the backyard. The room before him was dark, every room was; there was no point in turning the light on when you were blind as a bat.

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Gustav had been born blind; but instead of the defect holding him back, he had used it to his advantage and, the Asa God, the God of the Sky and the father of them all, Odin, saw his cunning mind as a beautiful thing. At least, that was how the Colonel had always seen it.

When Odin had asked Gustav what he wanted in exchange for his service, Gustav had said that he wished to be able to see. The mighty Asa God's cold, hard laughter had rung out so loudly it had been deafening to his human ears. But Odin had granted his wish, at least, partly.

Your body is meant for a greater purpose than to see all that is human foolishness. To see human things would make your mind spoiled with human stupidity. You are now only blind to what you have no use for.

And in that instant, he'd been able to see; able to see all of those things which Odin did not call *human foolishness*, of which there wasn't very much. What Gustav saw, he prospered by; the patterns of heat emanating from the bodies around him, the aura of the Viking King; in battle, he could predict hits from his enemies, also combat moves, and weapons that would appear before his eyes. He knew that he saw only what Odin wished him to see. It was enough, and he prospered greatly from it.

The mighty God had explained to him, on the occasion of that first fateful meeting, that if he did what he asked of him, then he would grant him immortality and a place at his side as his advisor. In that very same moment, it had been as if Odin himself had possessed his body, moving through him with an irresistible if ungraceful power, removing everything to then put it back a little shinier and in better condition than it had been before.

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Before his first encounter with Odin, he hadn't seen himself as anyone of *real* importance, even if they said that his presence in a room did make people turn their heads. A brief glance and they usually went back to their business, discounting the tall and lanky fellow with the cloudy gray eyes, pitying him.

After Odin's touch, he'd become a force to be reckoned with; so strong that no human could beat him, and shifters had a hard time of it too. In the center of his rainy day gray eyes, there was now a tiny bright light, almost as if there was a lightning storm going inside his head. The silverish fog in those eyes endowed him with an alien quality, and not a few were genuinely scared of him.

His attitude, according to those around him before the magical touch of Odin, had been described as generally rotten and unfriendly; after the change, he became arrogant and evil. He loved the fact that when he entered a room, everyone went stiff from fear, and that was before they'd seen him. If they laid their eyes upon him, they became rigid, frozen in shock.

He pressed the little button on the watch on his wrist; it spoke out loud, letting him know it was time. Moving with confidence, he took another few steps forward. Knowing every nook and corner of this room and of his house, he never walked into anything even if someone had been stupid enough to move something. It angered him when someone was incapable of following simple directions, like returning everything to its rightful place. If it were one of his staff, they'd be out permanently; if one of his lieutenants, they'd be whipped.

Without warning, the patio doors flew open and banged loudly against the walls. There was no mistaking the presence that had entered the room; he'd know that spirit anywhere.

He stopped moving, took a deep breath, letting it back out slowly to help still his racing heart and to open his mind

to the Asa King. Keeping himself still, Gustav let his arms hang loosely down by his sides; he was not frightened. No, he wasn't in the least bit concerned that Odin would hurt him. The mighty God knew Gustav was his faithful servant. With both feet planted firmly on the floor, slightly parted to keep his balance, he focused on his breathing and turned his palms outward to display his submission. The only time he ever relinquished control was when Odin was with him; not so much recognizing his own inferiority, but rather Odin's superiority.

A sudden rush of wind entered the room through the open doors. It swirled around him, never quite touching him; the temperature fell rapidly. The swirling vortex slowed down, and suddenly it was there, wrapping around him with the sensation of being clothed in dry, harsh leaves. Gustav frowned, feeling uncertain. Something wasn't right; the spirit of Odin was angry and upset. Odin was never gentle but the feeling in the room was uncommonly stormy and brutal.

"My Lord, if I have offended—" his words were cut short as his body was jerked back and forth with considerable force. It was as if a giant fist had wrapped itself around his torso and was now squeezing and shaking him violently. Gustav's eyes flew open; the treatment was shocking.

"My Lord, please!" he wheezed, his breaths shallow. He felt dizzy; his brain was being starved of oxygen. He convulsed as nerves fought to overcome the asphyxia. The invisible bonds did not relax their hold. If this was punishment for some failure on his part, then he judged it would be a worthy way to die, as agonizing as it was. His lungs were starting to burn, the red mist filled his mind's eye and he knew that, very soon, he would slip into unconsciousness.

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As suddenly as it had started, the vice-like grip around his chest eased. His desperate intake of breath sounded loud even to his own ears. He stumbled forward gripping the first thing that his hands found, being the back of the couch. Gustav took a moment, to breathe and get his bearings; but only a moment. Odin was not a patient God. The second that the cotton wool feeling in his ears had lifted and the pain in his lungs had turned into a dull ache, he pushed himself back up, turning once more in the direction of the patio doors.

There was no other noise but the rustle of the wind as Odin charged further into the room. Goosebumps broke out all over Gustav's body; not from any kind of pleasure but cold, cold with fear. He knew he had to be patient and speak only when necessary. Until then it was a waiting game.

The flicker of light, which always came before his eyes when Odin was readying himself to talk, made him jerk and take a step backward. No matter how many times it happened, he was always taken off-guard.

"Servant." The dark rumbling voice was like the echo of thunder.

"Yes, My Lord." He spoke out loud even though he knew from experience that Odin could read his mind, rendering words unnecessary.

"The Fenrir's true vessel has been born. I need you to kill it."

He frowned and, in keeping silent for longer than was *polite*, caused a rush of wind to slap him across the cheek, making his head jerk to the side, hard enough that his neck cracked.

"Is there a problem, Servant?" The words were spoken next to his ear, and the air around his flesh turned icy cold. Swallowing hard, Gustav managed, "No, no; of course not, My Lord." His voice trembled; hell; he was shaking from pure and utter fear.

Odin demanded his total obedience; he had to be ready to kill, slaughter anything or anyone that Odin named. If the Fenrir was still roaming the Earth, free as a bird, that meant that they hadn't been able to catch him yet.

"Is that the cause of his anger?" Gustav did not even think the words out loud for fear of riling his God.

It had been Gustav himself who had advised the Asa God that keeping the beast alive was a mistake, but he wouldn't hear of it. Every man and every God had his weakness; Odin's was Loki. He loved Loki like a brother, and his children were like his own. The Fenrir Ulv was Loki's first born son and had therefore not been harmed as a consequence of it.

While the Fenrir Ulv was still at large, slipping into all kinds of different disguises on Earth, a place where the gods were not used to maneuvering, it gave the God endless cause to be angry. So what could have pushed him over the edge?

"I'm sorry for offending you, My Lord. It was not my intention. I just want to make sure I understand you correctly since you told me decades ago that humans were not to be harmed."

Gustav tentatively lowered his hands from his ears, clasping one hand in the other; something warm and wet made his hands slide over each other. Was that blood? His body went rigid. Reaching up, he touched his ears again and found the same warm fluid there. Bringing his hands to his face, he smelled and licked at one of his fingers. When the metallic taste of blood hit his tongue, his suspicions were confirmed. Odin's outburst had not only caused him pain but had made his ears bleed.

"Don't question me, Servant. Just do as you are told!"

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Gustav threw his hands up to cover his ears again when Odin's voice thundered between the four walls of his library. The pain was knife sharp and pushed deeper than before.

"Yes, My Lord. Please, tell me how I can serve you."

"You were always the bright one, Gustav. That is why you have been chosen to lead the Asa Guard, but do not let it go to your head, Human. You are nothing without me and you will obey me."

"Yes, My Lord. I'm sorry for failing you. I will bend to your will," Gustav bowed his head.

"Don't fret, Human." Odin hissed. "Just kill the vessel. I don't care how or who else dies alongside him, as long as the vessel dies and we capture the Fenrir Ulv. He must not become one with his vessel. If he does, you will have failed me and you will pay the price for the consequences."

"Yes, My Lord." Gustav dared to smile. "I will kill the vessel for you and make sure that we trap the Fenrir Ulv. I will not fail you. My Lord," Gustav promised with growing determination that made him forget the blood dripping from his ears.

"Good. That is what I want to hear, Servant. Make me proud, and I'll reward you greatly. Remember this, though, don't trust anyone, not even the other God's. Obey my words and my words only."

"Do we know who the vessel is, My Lord?"

"No. That is your job to find out. All that is known is that he was born in September in the Earth year 1992, and he is connected to the Native Americans. The damn wolf has procreated, trying to fool us by hiding. The race he has created is human but they can shift into wolves. He growled menacingly, and the wind ripped through the room, slamming the doors shut in another fit of rage. I may be the God of the Sky and the father of all other's but the other Gods are not without skill or power. Don't underestimate them or think they are on your side."

"I won't, My Lord. Thank you. How long has this been going on for, My Lord?"

"Do you dare to suggest that I have let matters get out of hand?"

"No, My Lord. Have not all previous attempts to breed failed?"

"A few centuries."

Forgetting his place, Gustav yelled out in shock. "A few centuries!"

The room fell silent and the air stilled. For a moment, Gustav thought Odin might have left. Then the wind began to swirl around him, caressing his body as if he were being cradled and rocked in someone's arms.

"Servant."

Gustav's heart was drumming hard in his chest. "Yes, My Lord?"

There was no time to react before he was knocked down. In falling to his hands and knees on the hardwood floor, his protest died on his lips. A rush of wind was forced down his throat, choking him. He brought one hand up to his throat, clawing at his skin while the other snatched at the empty air. An observer would have thought him crazed.

"What use am I to you dead?" He screamed in his mind.

The pressure in his body was building fast. He was sure he was going to die for his outburst. But when the same force that had entered his body, suddenly left him, he fell into a groveling heap on the floor, gasping for air.

"Your doubt, Servant, is disappointing. I could so easily wring your neck. But I really can't blame you for displaying the weaknesses of humankind. From now on, your human soul will start to die. Before the next full moon, you'll become a reincarnation of me."

"What do you mean, My Lord? I thought I was already you."

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Odin roared with callous laughter; laughter that was almost as painful as his yelling. The pain in his ears made Gustav grimace.

“Don’t flatter yourself, Servant. You will never be me, merely an image of me, but at least you’ll be better than a mere human. Don’t disappoint me again, Servant.”

With that, he was gone.

Unable to move, Gustav pressed himself into the floor, his body hurting from the inside out. But nothing was as great as the honor bestowed. He had been touched by Odin *and* he had been given free rein to deal with the petty human shifters. His outburst had been a rare lapse on his part, and it sought to make him promise to himself that he would remove any shred of doubt that he was worthy of Odin’s gift.

Smiling to himself despite the pain, he could now say, “No longer just *Gustav*, the mere human. Now warrior for Odin the Asa God of the Sky, Colonel of the Asa Guards, Odin’s right hand.” Getting up slowly, he added, “It is time for you, my Guard, to serve me, and to make sure that the God of the Sky is pleased.”

He nodded to himself; the Asa Guard he had been training for the past few decades would finally serve its purpose. The Gods were not used to a human’s ways or thinking. This was his advantage.

Gustav sat down gingerly in the large leather chair behind his desk, placing his arms on the armrests, allowing his body to sink into the soft leather.

“Find the vessel, kill him, and then Odin will be the King of them all. Pity those who don’t fall into line... There are always casualties in war; anyone weak enough to fall was wasting good air...”

First Kiss

Five years prior to Haven's Revenge

Haven stood next to Reid's truck with his arms crossed over his chest and his Stetson pulled way down over his forehead to shield his eyes. He was not going inside, he refused; it was his goddamn birthday so they couldn't force him. Reid was a jackass and he was going to have to pay dearly for pulling this prank on him.

"Come on, *Birthday Boy*, time to go have a couple cold ones," Reid said, coming up to stand next to him, bumping his shoulder. Haven let out a sound deep from his chest, a sound much like a growl, and he hoped it would warn Reid off, but the fucker just started to laugh.

"You know, I can out growl you in any growling contest, so let's not go there, shall we?"

"This is my birthday; I should get to decide what to do with it." Haven pouted, sticking his chin out.

"Yes, and you will, at least some of it. But first you're coming inside."

"What the hell is the matter with you? I said no," Haven spat out through clenched teeth, hands already balled into fists at his sides. Stupid, stubborn asshole!

"You can make this easy or you can make this hard; either way, you are going inside, sitting down at a damn table, having

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a few beers and a meal. The guys have planned this for months; they deserve it and, believe it or not, so do you.”

Haven glared at Reid from underneath his hat before turning away, giving him the cold shoulder.

“So how’s it gonna be? Are you going to walk in on your own two feet or am I gonna have to carry you?” Reid sounded so smug that Haven wanted to punch his lights out. But he couldn’t; it was Reid. If it had been any of the others, who weren’t family, he would have done it without blinking, but Reid was, after all, a *Prescott* and the Prescott’s were more or less like family to him.

Haven narrowed his eyes. “You wouldn’t dare. I’ll kick your ass if you try, asshole.”

“Tsk, tsk,” Reid chided, waved a finger right in front of his face, “name calling, Haven, isn’t very nice, and no offense, buddy, but I could break you like a toothpick, so there’s no match there. But if you insist.” Reid went to grab him but Haven was quick on his feet and jumped out of the way, giving Reid an evil look. Fucking bastard!

“How about if you take his arms, I’ll take his feet and together we’ll get him through the door without hurting anyone.” Eddie’s voice sounded right next to him, making him jump,

“What the fuck! Stop sneaking up on me,” Haven hissed, backing away from Eddie, eyes darting between both men.

“Oh, come on, Haven. Be still now; this won’t hurt a bit,” Eddie crooned, grinning.

“Don’t touch me,” Haven huffed, disappointed in Eddie for betraying him. The man was usually the one who he could always count on to leave him alone, or chat about the weather and other stupid shit if he wanted to talk but he never tried to make him change like everyone else. That was why he liked

working with him, unlike Alden - that guy hated his guts, but that kept him quiet too which suited Haven just fine.

“And to think we gave you that pretty horse. Maybe we should just take Bullet back and give him to someone who appreciates him more,” Andreas chipped in.

Haven tried not to react but the mention of the brown mottled horse that was back at the ranch made it hard not to. He had really loved the horse from the moment he had seen him. Horses were the one living creature he understood; he loved breaking them in. It was his thing. Now he'd been given a young stallion; his very own horse to break in. He'd never had his own horse before, and receiving the beautiful horse for his twenty-first birthday had been the best thing he could have asked for.

“Oh, but look at those gushy eyes, not so cold -hearted and dead inside as you would like us all to think, huh?” Andreas asked, smacking his lips.

“I hate you,” Haven hissed, “all of you.” He looked around, glaring at each and every one of them. The entire crew was here except for Coleman, Gabriella, and Alexander, who were still underage and couldn't drink.

“One beer, that's it! Then I'm going home,” he growled, before stomping off towards Tom's bar, pushing the door open with a brutal kick.

“Awww...the things you say, Haven; it really makes one feel loved!” Reid yelled out after him, making kissing noises, which in return made the rest of them roar with laughter. With his fists clenched at his sides, he entered the bar, ready to punch the first person who uttered a single word. All he wanted was to be left alone; was that too much to fucking ask for? Apparently it was.

FATED FUTURE

Stopping dead in his tracks, Haven's mouth fell open. It wasn't often he was shocked but over the bar hung a large banner surrounded by colorful balloons. On the banner, in large swirly letters, was spelled out, *Happy 21st Birthday Haven!*

Hell no! It was nice and all but FUCK was he going to be the bar clown on this one. Looking around, with what he could only assume was like a deer caught in the headlights look, he tried to find a quick escape, but before he could find one, someone put a hand on his shoulder.

Eddie came up behind him, pushing him gently but firmly towards one of the larger tables that could seat everybody. He didn't have much of a choice but being maneuvered but Eddie must have felt the resistance, because he chuckled and said, "Just sit down and I'll get you a beer or two. No need to get your shorts in a twist over a few balloons. Just breathe and go with it. It will be a hell of a lot less painful that way."

Haven was about to run when Tom, the bar owner, came out and walked over. "Aaaaah! Now look who it ain't; the birthday kid has arrived. Happy twenty-first. Haven!"

Tom's hand came down on his back, smacking him a few times making him clench. "How do you like your neighing present?" But at the mention of Bullet, Haven relaxed some, grudgingly sparing Tom a glance and a quick quirk of his lips. That was about as close to a smile as anyone ever got.

"He's named Bullet; no complaints. It's this bullshit right here I am opposing."

Tom was used to his foul mouth and laughed.

"Aah! He has a name already; must have been a real treat when you knew he was going to be yours. Good for you, Haven. A man your age deserves a horse of his own - and you're really great with them, you know that?"

It surprised him every time that someone was nice to him; like Tom, who, no matter how rude he got, still had his back.

“So, what’ll be, Haven? It’s on the house today-”

Someone blurted out, “What?! You *never* have an open bar, and you *never* allow more than one free birthday drink. What the hell makes Haven so special that he gets drinks and dinner?”

“Because I’m much better looking than you, dickwad,” Haven muttered to himself, making Eddie snort. He had to smirk because it was sort of hard not to, especially when the person buzzing was the cheapest bastard in town.

“My bar, my rules, Richards! Now go sit down or get out, but not before you settle your tab.” Tom pointed a big, fat finger at the man, who gave Haven a dirty look before puttering away with his tail between his legs.

“Sam Adams,” Haven said.

“Thank you!” Tom corrected, pointing out Haven’s bad manners.

“You’re welcome!” He shot back.

“Smartass.”

“Always. Now give me my birthday beer.”

“Watch it boy; I have fifty pounds on you and can easily put you over my knee.”

“It’s more like a hundred and fifty, Tom.” Haven smacked his lips, grinning wide; now he was having fun.

Tom leaned in, one hand on the table and the other on Haven’s chair. “I’d be offended but considering the huge grin you have on your face; I’d say we’re even.”

And just like that, the grin he’d been sporting disappeared. He narrowed his eyes only to glare at Tom. Not only had he caught him smiling but had called him out on the act too. Haven hated it when people saw him with his defenses down.

FATED FUTURE

He scowled while the others started to laugh, and he had to watch that smug grin on Tom's face saying, '*Got you, kid*'. Asshole!

"Now let me get you boys those beers before Haven shocks us by smiling twice on the same day."

"Asshole," Haven said out loud this time.

"Always..."

A couple of minutes later, Tom came back with their drinks.

"I thought you didn't drink," Haven said, nodding towards Eddie's beer bottle.

"I don't unless it's a special occasion. Happy Birthday, Haven." Eddie gave him a soft smile, winking his eye, before taking a sip of his beer. Haven lifted his own beer and tipped it in Eddie's direction.

The beer was ice cold; just the way he liked it. It cooled him off as it ran down his throat. This was his first legal beer. He was glad now that he'd gone inside, not that he'd tell any of *them* that.

"You must be Haven, the birthday boy." A smooth, female voice sounded next to him and forced him to look round. Haven groaned. Turning to pick up his beer gave him an excuse to look away. Meeting Reid's eyes over the table, the man mouthed, "*Be nice.*"

He mouthed right back, "*Bite me.*" Reid chuckled, shaking his head, tipping his beer bottle in salute.

"Excuse me; I'm talking to you." Haven turned and against his better judgment focused his dark brown eyes on her.

The woman standing there was looking at him as if she wanted to eat him for dinner. Haven took in the petite brunette; the curves, the soft, long, brown locks that framed her face, the bright red lipstick, the tight sweater and the short skirt all screamed, "fuck me!"

“Are you Haven?” she asked again, a little more impatiently this time, her red fingernails tapping her hips.

“Looks like it.” He knew he was acting god-awful rude but he had no fucking idea who the tramp was and he sure as hell wasn’t interested in finding out. She gave him what he assumed was meant to be a sly and sexy smile, but it just made her look like a hyena.

“How about I buy you a drink at the bar...”

Placing a hand on the side of his chair, she leaned in only to run one of those long red fingernails down his arm. Haven cringed, shuddering with disgust and he pushed his seat back like he’d been stung by a bee.

“Hey, Mrs. Harris; I don’t think Haven’s interested. He’s out with us to celebrate his birthday. But thank you,” Reid said, and the undertone was very clearly ‘Lay off him.’

“Oh; but you could let me borrow him for fifteen minutes, Reid, just for one drink.”

“I have a drink,” Haven chimed in.

“There you go, Mrs. Harris; he has a drink already,” Reid said.

“I think Haven here is a big boy and can decide for himself what he wants. Right, darling?” and she moved in closer.

“He sure can, and I’m not interested, Mrs. Harris, in anything you got to offer...”

“You ungrateful little shit-”

“Mrs. Harris, what Haven meant to say was thank you for the nice compliment,” Reid interrupted. “Say thank you, Haven,” Reid prompted.

Haven looked across the table at Reid. Was the guy fucking kidding him?

FATED FUTURE

“You say thank you when someone pays you a compliment.” Reid raised an eyebrow, nudging his head in the way of saying ‘Get on with it.’

Haven stared him down.

Reid growled, “Say thank you.”

This was getting fucking ridiculous. Grabbing his beer in one hand, he pushed out of his seat, the chair scraping on the wooden floor.

“Fuck all of you!” He made a huge deal of slinking by Mrs. Harris without touching her and headed for the door. He was done, so damn done. To hell with all of them.

Alexander watched Bullet trotting around the pen, the stallion was a little skittish and out of sorts. Despite being broken in by the previous owners, he didn’t take too kindly to being told what to do. He would need a firm hand. Alexander chuckled because the man who now owned him was the exact same way.

“Horse and master; what a pair you’ll make,” Alexander suggested, and Bullet whinnied as if to say, ‘You dare talk to me?!’

Alexander allowed his thoughts to roam over the drop dead gorgeous Caddo man who was proving to be the most difficult man to learn to love.

“The most difficult man to love but mine all the same. Did you know he is my mate, Bullet?” The horse huffed. “He’s my mate but he doesn’t know it yet; I’m leaving only to come back and claim him when I’m ready. I need to become the man who’s worthy of him...What if I never will be what then Bullet, what then?” Alexander explained, a little worried that

his biggest fear of never being enough for his mate would turn out to be real.

Bullet's ears twitched; he quit his antics and trotted over.

"Will you take care of him for me while I'm gone? Make sure he's happy and safe?"

He was sure that Bullet nodded.

"Okay. You got yourself a deal. Two large carrots a day, that's your payment. I'll take it up with the boss man." Alexander chuckled; Bullet was the boss.

Having grown up together, Alexander was one of the very few people who knew Haven's true self; and he loved him, but it was a tough gig. Even since they were knee-high, Haven had always wanted his own way, always insisting that Alexander played the cowboy to his Indian. Whenever he thought that he'd offended Haven, he'd plead for forgiveness and give him a tight hug. He'd always get a hug back, but Haven never let him be the Indian.

After the dreadful events of those few years back when Haven's parents had been killed, the spectre of the differences between them grew in Alexander's heart, and he knew that once Haven learned that he was a shifter, just like the killer had been, Haven would doubtless hate him. Alexander thought he could handle most things...but being hated by Haven wasn't one of them.

Bullet gave out a loud snort, his head started to bob wildly, his nostrils flaring. A second later, Alexander heard the noise of a truck, and not just any truck, but Haven's truck.

Yes; there he was, his mate. That heavy male scent that was uniquely Haven filled his head. "Mine..."

A few moments later, Haven came walking around the corner of the barn. He came to a dead stop when their eyes met. For a second they just stood there, looking at each other.

FATED FUTURE

Even before his mother and father, together with Reid, had explained what was going to happen in the future, he knew that his and Haven's fates were always going to be tightly bound. After that, and he couldn't remember exactly when it had happened, he had known that Haven was more than just his best friend; what exactly, he couldn't say. He couldn't tell anyone; didn't know how, but when Vojin had patted his shoulder and looked him in the eye like he could see straight through into his soul, he felt better about it.

"Haven, you're back early; couldn't stay away from Bullet, huh?" Alexander teased, giving out a smile. Bullet neighed, moving restlessly in the pen, apparently trying to catch Haven's attention. He succeeded because Haven's eyes turned to him and Bullet quietened down. The look in Haven's eyes was one of pure love.

"God! Why doesn't he ever look at me that way? Patience, grasshopper, patience."

Alexander attempted to calm himself but the wolf inside was desperately pawing, trying to get to him to rub its scent all over his mate. *"Quiet!"*

"Hey..." Haven walked up to stand next to him, but his eyes were fixed on Bullet.

"Look at me!" he pleaded with Haven in his head. Out loud, he asked, "You didn't have fun at Tom's?" Alexander knew that he wouldn't, and he'd told Reid not to waste his time. Only two more days before school started to spend with Haven and he wanted nothing to get in the way.

"You know I didn't," Haven replied, finally turned those deep brown eyes on him, making him shiver. "You cold? How can you be cold in this weather?"

"No, no; I'm not cold." His voice didn't sound like his own.

"What's the matter with you all of a sudden?"

“*You* is what’s the matter with me,” He shot back instantly, not looking away but holding Haven’s gaze. It amazed him that he dared to, but he did and his wolf was relishing the challenge and was pacing, urging him on to the declaration.

“What did I do? I just got here.”

“Don’t act like you don’t know. I know you know. I know you can feel it.”

God! Yes; he was finally going to do it; he was going to tell Haven how he felt. No; he was going to *show* Haven how he felt.

He took the few steps forward to force Haven back until he was pushed up against the barn wall. Alexander’s heart was beating hard in his chest, his wolf excited, his nostrils flaring at the sudden tension that he had created between them. He was not going away to school for four years without doing this, without leaving with *this* memory.

Haven’s eyes grew huge. “What the hell are you doing?” His voice was filled with uncertainty. Alexander could count on one hand the number of times he’d gotten inside the man’s defenses. He wasn’t going to waste it.

“I want you...I’ve always wanted you and I am going to take something from you that I’ve only dreamed about-”

“What the fuck-” Haven’s protest was cut off by Alexander’s lips crushing his own. Instantly, he felt Alexander pushing harder against him, and his hands locked in a feral grip.

Stunned that Haven hadn’t fought back, Alexander pulled back and demanded, “Kiss me, Haven. Just give me this; give *us* this. I love-” And then it was his turn to be crushed and dominated, but tasting the need on Haven’s lips, he relaxed into the embrace, but no less hungry for the warmth and firmness of those amazing lips that he had dreamed of so often. All that mattered was the here and the now.

FATED FUTURE

A gasp escaped from his lips when Haven's hand slipped around him and pulled in hard. With their bodies rubbing together, the only thing keeping the groans from echoing in the night was the kiss. Sliding his hand between them, Alexander ran a flat palm over Haven's slim, fit chest, and across his abs until his fingers found and cupped the bulge in Haven's jeans. Behind them, Bullet neighed loudly, startling them both, making enough of a ruckus for them to pull apart.

The screen door squeaked. "Alexander?" Coleman's voice sounded from the porch. "You out there, son? Something is up with Bullet; can you check on him?"

With his eyes still on Haven, Alexander called back, "Yes; pops. I'm here. Don't worry." But he sensed that Haven was pulling back and withdrawing into himself.

"Haven." He reached out his hand and touched Haven's arm.

"No!" Haven snapped, his voice ice cold. "Get away from me." Haven pushed by him, stumbling backward when Alexander made a grab for him. "Don't touch me!"

"Haven, please." He instinctively reached for him again; how could he not?

"Don't touch me!" Spinning around on his heel, Haven all but ran to his truck, getting in and, before Alexander had the time to react, he was gunning it down the driveway.

And just like that, the most perfect moment in Alexander's life had come and gone.

"Haven," Alexander watched the tail lights of Haven's truck as they disappeared down the driveway, "You won't run from me next time..."

About Phetra H. Novak

Phetra often refers to herself as the odd man out, the dorky book nerd. She'd rather spend time with a good book or making up fantastic stories with even more fantastic characters, than live in the real world, dealing with real people.

The real world is strange, in a very non-humorous way, and people in it complicate it to the point of wearing you out. In the written word world, whether it's someone else's words or her own, things might get busy, complicated, and even downright painful, but somewhere along the line, a hero's always on the horizon. He's probably not a prim and proper, church-going pretty-boy since the author prefers rebellious men and women who don't follow the protocols of society.

One of her favorite sayings is that "Only dead fish follow the stream," and well she ain't no dead fish.

Phetra lives with her family—two children, a domestic partner, and their two cats in Gothenburg, Sweden. When reading her books, you'll notice she always finds a way to bring her own culture into her stories.

The joy of reading and writing comes from her childhood and is something she has always loved, and been passionate to share with others. Phetra loves hearing from her readers, even with ideas of what they'd like to come next.

If you are looking for her, the best place to start looking is at home in the quietest corner of the house, where she'll be curled up with either her Kindle, reading or with her laptop typing away.

You can contact Phetra on: <http://www.phetranovak.com/>

Also by Phetra H. Novak

Out Now – If you enjoyed this story, look out for the Caddo Norse series.

Haven's Revenge

*Available now
A Caddo Norse Novel: Book One*

Haven Naranjo is a proud Caddo Indian, with a frightening past. He was a mere fifteen-year-old boy when he found his parents, part of his tribe, and his high school sweetheart slaughtered by a wereman gone mad. Falling victim to a system that is not always prepared to deal with a shattered young mind, Haven finally gives up on himself. He grows up to be bitter and hateful toward the creatures he hates. Werewolves.

Alexander Prescott is the younger of the two Prescott boys and comes from a large werewolf clan. But things are bigger than that. Alexander, is the true vessel of the Fenrir Ulv and is to become the leader of all supernatural beings, the King of Wolves. On top of that, he's in love with Haven. He's known since he hit puberty that Haven is his true mate. But there's one problem, Haven hates what he can become. However, Alexander has a plan on how he is to charm his, and his wolf's way into the grumpy Caddo Indian man's heart.

But fate has other plans for them. The Asa Guard enters their calm country living, determined to use their own kind against them and kill the true vessel—Alexander Prescott.

When war between the Asa Gods and the Fenrir Ulv starts knocking on their door, what side will the damaged Haven choose? Will he find a way of trusting those, especially Alexander, who he feels has betrayed him and let his animal, the eagle, lead him straight to his fate by his mate's side? Or will he trust the words of strangers, who come to make his quest of seeing all shifters dead a reality?

Haven's Revenge is a story of an emotional journey for a whole community. It's about finding acceptance, not just from others but in yourself.

Fated Future

A Caddo Norse Novelette: 0.5

1964. Vojin Naranjo is a young Caddo man in his small workshop, together with his best friend, Gabriel, working. What he doesn't know is that the man whom he's known all his life isn't who he's said he is. Gabriel carries a secret, one that no one knows about, but that Vojin now is about to become a part of. There's only one catch: no matter what, Vojin can't share it with anyone. If he does, he will seal a deadly fate for everyone involved. The question is, how will Vojin Naranjo react to the news of what fate has already decided for his unborn son and grandson? How will he prepare himself to save those he loves?

1992. Years later, in another part of the country, the Asa Guards are preparing for war, with their Gods leading the way. The cunning Asa are using the little-more-than-human Guards as their willing-to-die soldiers in the war against the Fenrir Ulv and his newborn children: the shifters. The man leading the Guard, Colonel Gustav, sells his soul to the god of the sky, Odin, in a hope of spending eternity next to the mighty god. Will the Guard follow him or desert him?

2009. Haven is having his twenty-first birthday. Reid and the other ranch hands have taken him to Tom's bar in town. There, to his dismay, he is propositioned by the town skank, Mrs. Harris. Subjected to the woman's touchy-feely ways, he finally

gives her a piece of his mind, leaving her with her mouth hanging open.

Back at the ranch, he goes to see Bullet, a white-and-brown mottled horse—his birthday present from his friends. Looking for peace, he's instead confronted by the eighteen-year-old Alexander. Already riled up and riding his emotion, Haven lets himself get carried away in a heated moment with the boy of his heart's desire.

What will Alexander and Haven do when the moment is gone and reality comes crashing down?

Finding Home

Luca is a first-year med student at the University of Gothenburg. He is following in his father's footsteps—something he'd been programmed to do all his life. He lives a sheltered and still life, with no real friends. Luca would love to change that but doesn't know how, since he always feels so odd around other people, like he doesn't quite fit in. There's so much inside him that wants out, like wanting to become a veterinarian more than a doctor. And the fact that he likes boys and not girls. But he doesn't tell anyone about that—not even himself.

In comes Kai, an American cowboy in Gothenburg. He's doing his thesis overseas to broaden his horizons before he does what he has always wanted to do: go back home and run the family ranch. He just happens to see Luca one day, leaving class, and can't stop watching the shy guy as he wades through the crowd with quick, silent steps and his head down to avoid eye contact with anyone. For weeks, Kai watches him from a distance, trying to figure out how to approach him.

Had he known that spilled coffee and slippery, awkward book bags would have gotten him close to the guy, he might have physically bumped into him a long time ago.

Finding Home is a book with star-crossed lovers meeting and the evil of the wicked witch in the west threatening to crush young love's every dream!

Coming Soon

Love of the Game

The Love of Series: Book One

Johannes is starting his new life as a rookie in the best hockey league in the world, the NHL. His new home for the next four years is Montreal, Canada, and he's excited to get to his destination, when a storm arrives, stranding him in Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris, France.

In the hotel lounge, he tries to amuse himself the best he can. He's nursing a lukewarm beer and about to head back to his hotel room for the night, when the most gorgeous man he's ever seen, with piercing green eyes, buys him a drink. He swears he has never been so instantly turned on as he is in that moment. The man flirts openly with him, making no secret of what he wants from Johannes as he invites him to meet in his room. Not being out only makes Johannes hesitate for a moment before accepting the beautiful stranger's come-on.

Charlie, a cocky and opinionated, ex-submissive and reporter is leaving Paris after being on vacation when the studly jock just happens to appear out of nowhere—served on a silver platter. Charlie sees no reason to deny himself a last rendezvous before he gets on his plane back to Canada.

What he doesn't expect is this stranger to see the real him. Charlie's normal plan of attack is to take charge. But when it backfires, and the studly stranger not only takes control but makes him want more, Charlie does the only thing he feel comfortable doing. He runs!

Silent Terrorism

Terrorism Series: Book One

Ebbe Skoog, a Swedish correspondent cameraman, is stationed in Saudi Arabia with his colleague and best friend, sometimes fuck buddy, Mattis Andersson. He is out early one morning, shooting for an upcoming piece he and Mattis are working on, when he stumbles on something he shouldn't see. On a building site, right outside the city of Riyadh, four men looking awfully like the Mutawa, the religious police, are on their way to sending a bound man to a certain death by stoning.

With his camera still rolling, Ebbe gets it all on film and is just about to retreat when a new man enters the scene. Throwing himself on top of the now dying man to save him, he sobs for his lover not to leave him. Being a gay man himself, Ebbe reacts before his logic can stop him, and in a whirlwind of emotions, he steps out of his hiding place. With his camera in one hand, he more or less carries the screaming lover out of the oncoming rain of stones.

They manage to flee the scene, but they're only out of immediate danger. It won't stay that way for long.

Ebbe flees across the Middle Eastern desert to save himself, his companion Aasim El-Batal, and the chip containing the horrible footage that will make Saudi Arabia burn in the eyes of human rights activist all over the world. Ebbe's partner, Mattis Andersson, the wild card and the rebel of the two, is

the only man left standing, fighting to get his friend and the death-sentenced man out.

They are now wanted men. The Saudi government wants to see the shameful, sick animals taken out, and the Swedish government also wants them out of the country and silenced. They can't jeopardize years of working relationships and weapons deals with the Saudis for some petty gay love affair. As for the Swedish Prime Minister—he's more concerned with the aching need between his legs than the aching need of his countrymen for a fierce and righteous leader.