

MICROFICTION

Between Fang and Moon

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Amara awakened beneath the full moon with blood running down her palm.

Lucien crouched beside her.

His beautiful face had become monstrous.

Fangs extended beneath bloodstained lips.

Across from him stood Kael.

Shirt torn away. Golden eyes glowing. Claws extending from his hands.

Amara scrambled backward.

"Stay away from me."

Neither moved.

Then something growled behind her.

Not Kael.

Something much larger.

Lucien's expression changed.

"Behind me."

Kael stepped forward simultaneously.

"No. Behind me."

Amara stared at them.

For three weeks she'd believed the vampire and werewolf wanted to kill each other because they both wanted her. She finally understood. They weren't fighting over her. They were fighting around her. Protecting her. The creature emerged from the forest. Lucien bared his fangs. Kael's bones began changing. Amara's blood struck the ground. Every wolf in the forest howled. Every vampire inside the distant castle screamed. And both men slowly turned toward her. Lucien whispered:

 "Impossible."

Kael lowered himself instinctively. Not submission. Recognition. Amara's wound suddenly healed.

Moonlight turned her eyes silver.

"What am I?"

Neither answered.

Because for the first time in centuries...

a vampire and a werewolf were afraid of the same thing.

Her.

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