

WRAITHSONG

By

E. J. SQUIRES

This is a work of fiction. All the characters, organizations and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

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Reviews

Fans of the writings of Cassandra Clare, Claudia Gray, Kami Garcia, and Margaret Stohl have a new author to take notice of, E.J. Squires. Squires joins the ranks of these paranormal-romance greats head on with her thrilling new novel, *Wraithsong*. She perfectly weaves the old world and the new in her novel, so that readers never know what new creature they will be facing next. The action scenes the author has written are well thought out and exciting. The farther I read, the harder it was to put down, and I wasn't ready for it to end when I turned the last page.

~ Tania Staley—Goodreads User

As much as this story is about mythology and paranormal concepts it is also a coming of age story that young adults will recognize as the same changes that occur within everyone as they enter that frightening realm of adult life a time when anything can happen to alter the step into the new world. This is a well-written book that will appeal to a large audience of young adults, especially those who have followed such successes as the Twilight Series. Squires appears to have a bright career ahead.

~ Grady Harp—Hall of Fame Amazon Reviewer

At this point in time, I feel more than comfortable in saying that if I walked into a bookstore and saw this author's name on a book, I wouldn't even have to read the covers, I would buy it straight up. I have read enough to know that I will be pleased with what she writes. Anyone who is looking for a good romance, some Norse mythology and fantasy all mixed together, this is your book. Young and old alike, I even feel more than comfortable allowing my teenage daughter to read this book.

~ Michelle Lynn Randall—Professional Reviewer Reader's Choice

Wraithsong by E.J. Squires is an amazing story about a girl who, on top of being at a fragile age as a teenager, has to deal with secret powers that mess with her emotions and can either be her salvation or undoing. E.J. Squires' writing style and skill sets a tone and mood that perfectly fits the plot and the characters, each in their different way, bring this incredible story to life. The manner in which the story bounces between the contemporary setting and the fantasy world is done in such way that is very distinct and flawless, and adds to the excitement to give a thrilling reading experience. I totally enjoyed this page-turner and I cannot wait to pick up book II and see where the story goes from here. Faridah Nassozi—Professional Reviewer Reader's Choice

I have read E.J. Squires debut novel Winter Solstice Winter before, and I immensely enjoyed it. When I learned about her new book, I had to make sure that I get a copy of this. Once again, I fell in love with her new book, Wraithsong - Desirable Creatures.
~ Arienne—a Bookworm Loose Blogspot

I'm not sure how to explain what I'm feeling at the moment without sounding like a young adult madly in love with a book, but I love everything about this! "Wraithsong", book 1 of Desirable Creatures is an action-packed YA fantasy book laced with humor; it's safe to say this is one of the best YA books this year. Characterization is very spot on, the plot itself is very interesting and I'd love to see it play on the big screen!
~Ella Larena—Goodreads User

Other books Available by E. J. Squires:

Blufire

Desirable Creatures Series, Book II

Winter Solstice Winter

A Viking Blood Saga, Book I

Summer Solstice Summer

A Viking Blood Saga, Book II

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If you enjoyed my novel, or even if you didn't, I would love it if you left a review on amazon.com or [goodreads](http://goodreads.com). I read all my reviews and learn something new from each and every one of them. If you would like to connect, please feel free to friend me on [goodreads](http://goodreads.com), follow me on [twitter](http://twitter.com) or [facebook](http://facebook.com) or email me (Go to my website). And again, thank you so much for reading!

Eve, mother of all living, labored and toiled long days and nights. One day, God came down and visited her. Embarrassed that she only had enough time to clean seven of her thirteen children, she hid the six soiled ones from him. God found them, and reprimanded Eve for having been ashamed of her own flesh and blood. "Those you have hidden from me..." God said, "...they will stand out from the rest of mankind. I will clean them for you so that all men and women will aspire to be that which you have cast aside. From this day forward, they will be known as the Huldra, meaning secret desire."

Chapter 1

The day is sunny and ridiculously humid, even for Florida. We get into the SUV and my mom secures her seat belt, turns the engine on, lowers the volume of Mr. Tchaikovsky—her favorite—and faces me. She looks to be in her mid-twenties. ‘Scandinavian genes’, she says when people ask her about her age. Her blonde hair reflects the sun, and her bright red lipstick, though faded since this morning, is still striking.

“You *have* to be more careful, Sonia,” she says, teeth clenched, glaring eyes, head cocked to one side, right eyebrow raised. It’s a look I hate and will do almost anything to avoid.

We just left the principal’s office and it went a little something like this: I was blamed for the fight with Savannah even though she’s the one who’s been bullying me all year. Savannah didn’t receive any punishment at all—I think Principal Jenkins has a thing for her. I ended up with a bloody nose and the only thing I did was spit in her

face. And...I was sentenced to ten hours of weeding the school's premises with a guy named Anthony (probably some plant geek), starting Monday. Not looking forward to it.

"I've already spoken to you about not letting your saliva come in contact with anyone," she says with a sigh.

And she has. Just last week she told me that as I approach my eighteenth birthday, I will be going through some drastic changes. One of those changes, she said, is that my saliva will give me the ability to make humans do whatever I want them to. At first I thought she was joking, but when I laughed, she gave me a severe reprimand. She never does that.

Come to think of it, there are a few things I've never been able to explain, like the transparent silver markings on my back. I always thought they were just skin discolorations or stretch marks, but now I wonder if they aren't just some fluke birth defect.

Hell, maybe I'm just a freak of nature—an unnatural and potentially dangerous misfit. And lately, I find myself obsessing about how I can make others do what I want, even though I know deep inside that it's wrong. I wish someone would tell me what's going on and how to get rid of these strong urges.

"I know, but Savannah's been bullying me all year and I just couldn't take it anymore!" I say.

Savannah's attacks started off small, like the tacks she put on my chair and the garlic she smeared in my locker. It was a while ago, but my locker still smells, and I'm careful now to always check my seat before I sit down. I can't prove it was her, but every time I check my chair in algebra class, I see her smug little smile in the back of the room.

Lately, her attacks have escalated. Every night for a week, she called my house and left a message, saying she had seen my dad at the mall making out with another woman. My dad died eighteen months ago and she knows it. I can't fathom why anyone would be so cruel.

My best friend Ashley always encourages me to fight back, 'for the sake of bullied kids everywhere,' as she puts it. The reason she's so tough is that another girl bullied her mercilessly, and she quickly learned to stand up for herself—and others—almost a little too much.

Last time Savannah pulled my hair, Ashley snuck behind her in the lunch line and cut a chunk out of Savannah's hair. Ashley told her that if she ever touched my hair again, she'd follow her to her house and shave the rest of her hair and eyebrows off while she was sleeping. I laughed when I heard that, but then I almost got a little worried on Savannah's behalf, thinking that Ashley actually might do it.

"So I suppose tomorrow you'll have a new best friend?" My mom gets a look of pure amusement in her blue eyes.

"Is that what will happen?" I squeak, the amusement troubling.

She takes a deep breath. "Yes."

I groan. I don't want to be friends with or even associate with that crazy girl. I was just trying to get rid of her!

I'm convinced that Savannah's cruelty toward me has to do with her ex-boyfriend. Tyson has asked me out a few times, but I always decline. I don't want to date him, since he's made out with nearly half the girls in our school—girls just like Savannah. Status seems important to Savannah, and she certainly had that when she dated Tyson, the quarterback of our football team. She probably thought she could wrap him around her little finger and have him swear

fidelity to her, but he quickly lost interest and moved on, asking me—a complete nobody—out instead. Oh, the humiliation.

This morning Tyson approached me in the hallway and I think he was about to ask me to the prom. I fled before he had the chance because 1. I absolutely don't want to go with him and 2. I was afraid Savannah would see us talking. Unfortunately she saw us and started harassing me. That's when I lost it and spit in her face, hoping it would stop her once and for all. Needless to say, we ended up strangling each other on the floor.

My mom says, "Savannah will come to you tomorrow, at the very least, and apologize. She'll also feel compelled to make it up to you and will try to become your best friend by doing anything you ask of her for the rest of her life."

"What?" My stomach drops like I just swallowed three gallons of sand.

"She'll become obsessed with you, stalking you day and night," she says. "I've warned you to be careful, and this is why."

This sounds way worse than her bullying. "I just wanted her to leave me alone."

"Unfortunately, that's part of what's called your *flair*. If one isn't careful and hasn't been trained how to use it properly, it will backfire." She smiles like she's relishing in my pain.

"Flair?" I ask.

"I'll tell you about it when you turn eighteen," she says.

I groan, and let my head fall to the headrest. "Why not now?"

She presses her lips firmly together for a moment and then she says, "In life, the test comes first, the lesson later."

I swear it's her favorite line. But she's not going to budge; my mom's as tight-lipped as they come. Clearly, I hadn't thought this Savannah thing through. "You knew what I was doing, didn't you?" I mumble.

My mom's eyebrows round upwards. "Of course I knew what you were doing. I've been playing this game since the days of Adam and Eve." She reaches her arm behind my seat, glances back, and gracefully backs out.

"Ha, ha," I laugh sarcastically.

She turns serious. "It will do you no good to disobey my rules, and I'm warning you, if you do, your disobedience will have dire consequences."

"If you would just tell me what's happening to me, and how to control myself, I'd be happy to obey," I say.

"I've already told you, all will be explained when you turn eighteen." Her voice is stern.

I drop my hands into my lap and puff.

"Don't worry, sweetie. You'll learn in time." She grows silent for a moment. "On a different note, I wanted to talk to you about this after graduation, but I think now is a better time." She pats me on the knee.

"Yes?" I say.

"It's about your graduation present."

"Yes...?" I sit up a little straighter.

She splashes the windshield with cleaner fluid and turns the wipers on, causing the splattered love-bugs to smear across the glass. Scoffing, she says, "Stupid little things. Anyway, we're going to Minnesota." Her eyes beam with excitement.

"Oh." I feel a huge scowl coming on. Somehow the thought of going there doesn't excite me. At all. "Why Minnesota?" I'd rather stay here and relax on the beach—

well, if she'd actually let me do that. That's something she forbids me to do along with a whole other list of rules. But the first and strictest rule is this: I'm not allowed to kiss a boy until I turn eighteen. That rule was laid down when I was eight. Ashley says my parents are a bit extreme, and I agree. Thankfully, I've never been attracted enough to a guy to want to kiss him.

"There are things I'd like you to see and people I'd like for you to meet," she says.

"Where—in—Minnesota—exactly?" I try not to sound too upset. Things have been very emotional since my dad's car accident, and the last thing my mom needs is spoiled brat daughter. I have enough sense to at least be sensitive to that, though the loss hasn't been any easier on me.

Still, I have a hard time hiding the fact that I feel cheated—way cheated. Seriously. What could be more boring than a graduation trip to Minnesota? Ashley is going to Australia, and even the girl across the street, who never has any fun, gets to spend her summer in Hawaii.

"A small town called Kensington." She turns on the blinker and takes a left at Bee Ridge Road.

I haven't even heard of Kensington, but immediately think that the name reeks of farm country where cows and goats outnumber the human population.

"There, you'll meet my sisters and you'll officially be accepted into the Dynasty." Excitement bounces inside the curve of her lips and the centers of her eyes.

I shouldn't say anything, but the words just come out all by themselves. "Accepted into the...*Dynasty*?" That's another new word I haven't heard before. "Sounds—weird, like there are a lot of religious rituals or something." But it

makes me wonder if being accepted into the Dynasty has anything to do with our unusual abilities.

“There, you’ll learn how to appropriate what you want from humans,” she says.

“What do you mean by appropriate from humans?” A mild panic attack looms inside, winding my emotions into a bundle of nervous energy.

“Let’s change the subject. I’m not supposed to talk to you about it yet, sweetie—sorry.”

“Yeah, I know, until I turn eighteen,” I mutter. I squeeze my lips together. Is there something magical about turning eighteen? It’s not like I’m going to be a different person a few weeks from now. “Can you at least tell me how many sisters you have?”

“I suppose that can’t hurt. Three.”

I have often wondered why I never met them. It’s as though my mom has kept them from me, or me from them. “Cool.”

“We’ll be staying with them in Minnesota, and after we’ve been there for four weeks—” she says.

“Four weeks! What could we possibly be doing there for four weeks?” My summer is officially ruined.

“Shh...just listen, please. After four weeks, we’ll be traveling to an invisible island just off the New Hampshire coast.” She pulls into our double garage and turns the engine off. “It’s called Wraithsong Island.”

“Seriously? Invisible?” I say sarcastically and laugh, but stop when her expression hardens. “Why didn’t you tell me before?”

“I’m telling you now.” She glides out of the SUV and crosses our lawn to the mailbox.

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