Preview WHISKEY DOGS Now!



NICOLAS HORNYAK
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*I'm told that there's only **70 DAYS** until my next book releases on Amazon.*

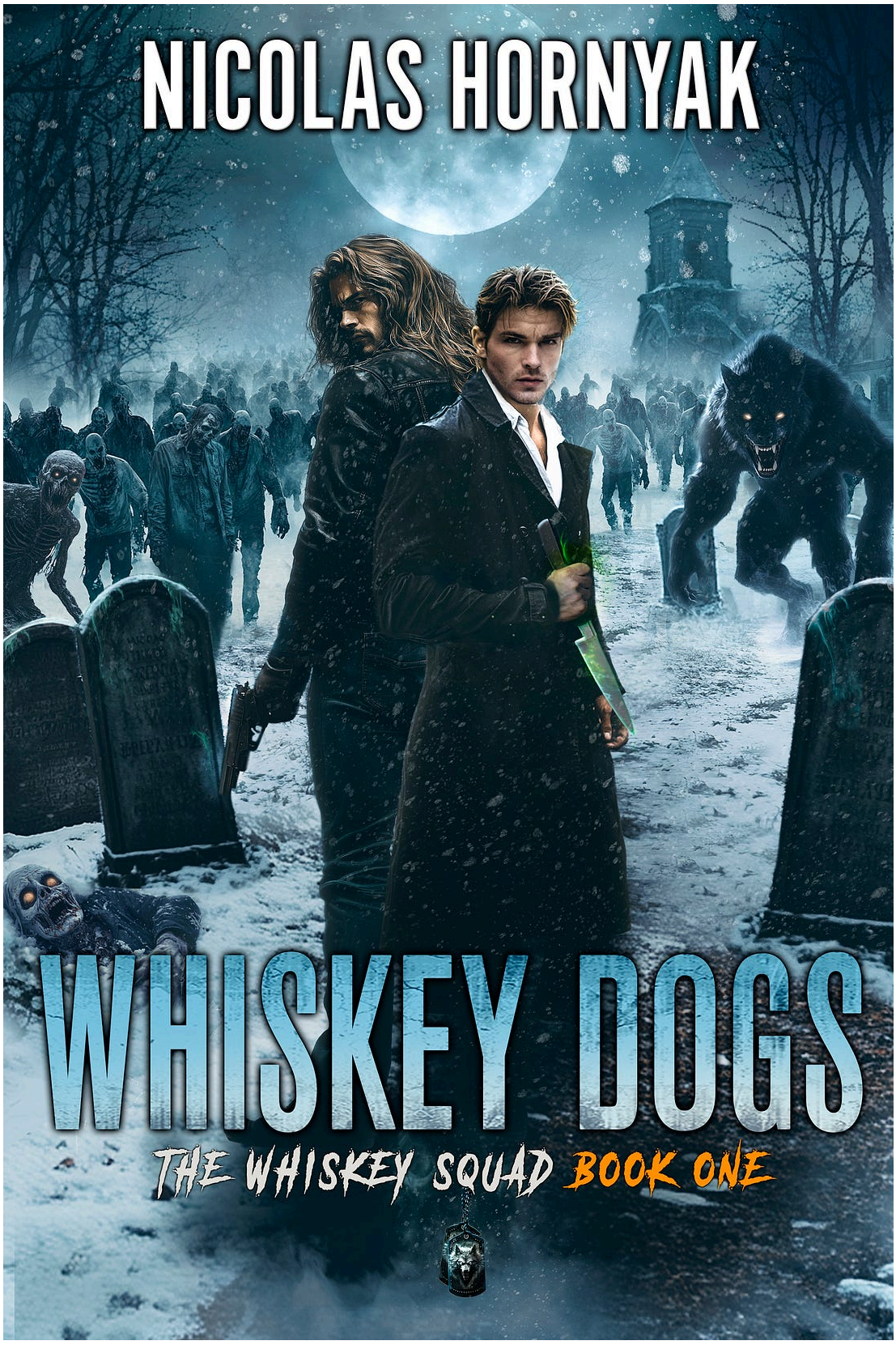
Changes allowed for the next 70 days, 0 hours, 1 minutes, and 24 seconds.

KDP has me shook with this countdown.

So much to do. So little time. It's even up in the air if we'll see a physical release by then. (Although one way or another, it'll come.)

Ahead of Amazon samples and organizing ARCs for this novel, here's a sneak peek at the upcoming **WHISKEY DOGS.**

No fooling this April Fools' Day! Enjoy!


NICOLAS HORNYAK
WHISKEY DOGS
THE WHISKEY SQUAD BOOK ONE

Midnight. *Shit.*

My ancient-as-fuck wristwatch is going off, that same old annoying *beep-beep, beep-beep, beep-beep* alarm that I keep forgetting to change the time for. I'm never asleep before midnight. In bed? Plenty.

I'm not in bed, though. That's asphalt digging into my back. Gotta be. It's also chilly. The wind's brisk. My nose is cold and slimy, and if I didn't know the taste of copper before tonight, I sure do now. Mucus didn't break the dams in my nostrils. This is *blood.*

I try to inhale. My chest doesn't cooperate. A jolt of adrenaline intermingles with split-second panic in my hazy head. But familiarity kicks in. I haven't lost the air. The wind's been knocked out of me.

My arms are weak. I can barely hear them, but there's a lot of people around. An uproar. Nobody's nearby. I don't recognize anyone.

Being alone. Ah, that's actually comforting. Only I can save myself.

I slam a fist into my chest. No good. I do it again—air darts into my lungs. I gasp loudly. Energy courses through me, jolting me upright, putting me back into the fight or the battle or *literally whatever is going on.*

People are everywhere. There's rage in the air, but no anger. All that's been replaced with jubilation, a sort of manic, delirious madness unto itself. My head hurts. I'll be fine, but right now, my head *aches*. I'm laying on the street between two parked sedans. The silver one on my left sports a windshield that resembles a spider web. A crimson stain hides the rear-view mirror underneath.

All at once, it clicks. Kind of. That's my blood on the glass. I didn't get hit by a parked car though. I think I got *thrown.*

Wherever my fight was, it's gone now. Crowds of people surge the streets, demanding space to move and shout and scream like a protest. No one's holding any signs, though. A woman wearing an orange beard of yarn jogs past. It matches her dark mittens and the puffy jacket, so I almost miss it. But everybody in this city knows who Gritty is.

This isn't a protest. It's a riot. I doubt I was at the Flyers game tonight—my memory's still shaky—but I know exactly why I came out to play now. I swing an arm onto the headlight of the unlucky car and slowly start to get up.

My nose isn't broken, but leaking like crazy. I'm a human fire hydrant, apparently. Ironic. I don't even bother to wipe my face clean. Hell, maybe I *was* at the hockey game tonight. Must've been one fucking game. Once I'm standing, I push off from the hood and hiss. My ankle's on the verge of a sprain and I'm barely keeping it together. I'm not walking, I'm half-hopping, half-skipping down the row of crowds, and the hunt is still on.

I have eyes on new prey at the intersection up ahead. The masses are thickening, worse than molasses. Nobody can stop me though. Every too-tall-wannabe-sports-star that trips into silly little me learns they can't knock me over. That odd surprise gives way to realization, then awe, then finally *fear*. They will not cross my path again.

Prey isn't some wounded human or lost child. It's the car on the corner, besieged by people who are caught up in passion and fury and laughter and rage, and tossing all of that into one collective effort to overturn this poor blue coupe. Job like that needs bodies though. Not the werewolf.

Indeed, center-mass, right against the door, is a werewolf, shape-shifted outside of a designated preserve. That alone would be a violation; a peaceful encounter with the man would be akin to writing up a speeding ticket. It's just disorderly conduct at the end of the day.

Flipping a car though? That's probably a felony. I'm in.

I shove my way through. I honestly wouldn't be surprised if this werewolf knocked me on a backhand, to send me flying over four cars down the street and back to where I woke up. I don't give a damn. My ears are full of hoots and hollers, and every single person within twenty feet has committed to the absolutely insane task of inverting a vehicle. *Damn. Who pissed them off?*

Don't know, don't care. My head hurts. My ankle's seen better days. Blood pours from my nose, and I can't remember a fucking thing except the heat of this very moment.

Brushing alongside the fur on this lycanthrope, I kneel down. I *lift.*

I mean, sure, I had help at first. But once it's clear that I could do this all by myself, human forms start backing off, darting left and right, warning other rioters to get clear. Only the werewolf sticks by me. He knows.

Metal creaks. Oil and grease pierces the blood clogging up my sense of smell. I hear the mirror crunch and fold and shatter. What a noise all those parts makes as the engine tilts sideways. One final push, and the blue car rolls onto its roof, sinking a little as windows shatter from the weight.

We waste no time. The werewolf hops up first, on springy legs and high on triumph, and howls into the night. It echoes down the street, off buildings–and the people follow. Humans from all walks of life, werewolves among them for forty years, raise up a mighty roar that seizes Philly by the shoulders and shakes through the souls of our city.

I crawl atop, tripping on the undercarriage as the howling dims, and start screaming. "Refs, you suck! Refs, you suck! Refs, you suck!"

Yeah, you bet it got louder.

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Good shit never lasts. That's all the truth you need in the world. So as much as I'd like to say that the two of us animals got off scot-free, the paddy wagon was less than a minute out. You ever try sprinting from the cops through a crowd of people? How about a riot? Yeah, they snatched everyone. Wolfie too.

Now take it from me: a werewolf transformation is about the most inconvenient act of pride and defiance you can commit to. The sudden growth rips apart clothes. Even elastic gets pushed to the limit with the size difference between a person and their wolf form. Anyway, that's why the werewolf and I, under arrest, get squeezed in next to each other, and I'm breathing in fur and musk. Nobody needs to be naked in a police van when they've got a hide.

I'm counting charges in my head. The car's a felony, but the kind where the prosecutor throws the book at you so that your defense attorney is inclined to plead you out on a lesser charge. So probably criminal mischief. My new buddy's got a violation on top of that, and possibly a second one if he shifts back. Not that I'd complain if he did. But yeah. Werewolves always get it worse.

My head's spinning from the motion of the van, the copious amount of people shoved in with me, plus the heat that's clinging to the mass of fur stuck next to me. Also, the headache's getting worse. I definitely have a concussion. I'm trying to blink it away.

I must've sagged a little, maybe even passed out, but suddenly, there's a very large hand on my back. Paw? No, werewolves have hands. But they're massive. The dark brown thumb is holding my left shoulder, and the oversized index is draped over the other, the claw brushing between my torso and arm. What the fuck, I'm actually a little turned on, I think.

“You’re hurt,” he says with a deep voice. He speaks low; werewolves don’t do soft whispers, but he makes do.

“Your fault,” I murmur. It’s probably true.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t. Shut the fuck up.”

“I didn’t mean—”

“You’re in the back of a van surrounded by people you don’t know, on the way to a police station that presumes you’re guilty and will use your own words against you. So *shut the fuck up.*"

He gets it now. We good. Doesn’t stop him from staring at me. So I peer right back at him through my bangs. They’re overdue for a trim.

Wolfie has very dark fur. It’s definitely brown this close in, but at night, in the dark and all the world’s shadows, it might as well be black. He’s got a helix piercing in the right ear—one of the few things that will pass through the transformation unaffected.

“No load?”

“*Dude,*” I growl. I’m not mad at the question, I’m mad that he’s *talking*. It’s an answer though. Obvious, maybe. But if you’ve never seen a werewolf straighten up in his seat like a good boy who’s been told to mind his posture, you’re missing out.

Not sure how much time passed before he talks again. “Manolo.”

Fine. That’s fine. Not like the police won’t be taking our names, looking us up, running checks, scanning fingerprints and identification. Fuck, this is going to be a long night. “Winston.”

He nods that big, stupid head with the maw and the ears and doesn't speak again. He just steadies me upright.

I lose track. Track of time, space, fur, flesh—just one small blackout after another. My mugshot is being taken, and the flash hurts. Someone says I'm drunk. I'm in a holding cell with way too many people. Humans, not werewolves.

If they only knew.

Thank you for reading. Thank you for caring.

The above is still subject to changes before release, of course. But if you liked it...

Preorder WHISKEY DOGS on Amazon here.