



Moonlight Origins: The Making of a Werewolf Detective

One Bite. One Night. Everything Changes.

Welcome to ***Moonlight Origins: The Making of a Werewolf Detective***.

Before Ethan Reeves became Daybridge's supernatural guardian, he was just a detective chasing suspects through the night. Then came the attack. The transformation. The horrifying realization that monsters weren't just in case files—they were real, and now he was one of them.

This is where it all began.

One forced bite violates ancient laws. One full moon changes everything. And one detective must learn to master the wolf within before the rogue who turned him unleashes chaos on Daybridge.

Discover how Ethan Reeves became the werewolf detective—and why someone wanted him turned badly enough to break the supernatural world's most sacred rules.

Turn the page. The first howl is just the beginning.

— **Rae Stonehouse- Author**

THE ETHAN REEVES WEREWOLF DETECTIVE SERIES

Detective Ethan Reeves hides a supernatural secret: he's a werewolf. His heightened senses help him solve cases others can't—but his dual nature may be his greatest liability.

Visit ethanreeveswerewolfdetective.com or Scan to explore the series.



Free Sample:

Moonlight Origins: The Making of a Werewolf Detective

Book Four in the Ethan Reeves Werewolf Detective Series

Prologue: Night of the First Change

The full moon hung like a spotlight in the October sky as Detective Ethan Reeves chased the suspect down Harper Street. His lungs burned, but something else burned deeper - an unfamiliar fire in his blood that had been building all day. Sweat drenched his shirt despite the fall chill.

“Police! Stop!” His voice came out as more growl than command, startling even him.

The suspect darted into Oakwood Cemetery, weaving between weathered headstones. Ethan followed, but his vision kept blurring, shifting between crystal clarity and strange colors he’d never seen before. The world seemed to pulse with new smells - wet earth, rotting leaves, old stone, and something metallic that made his stomach turn.

His bones ached as if they were trying to reshape themselves. This wasn’t normal exhaustion. This was something else, something that traced back to that bizarre attack three weeks ago. The doctors had found no infection and said the wounds healed unusually fast. Too fast.

The suspect scaled the cemetery’s back wall. Ethan moved to follow, but a shaft of moonlight hit him directly. The burning erupted into white-hot agony. He dropped to his knees, watching in horror as his fingers began to elongate.

His jaw cracked and extended, teeth sharpening into points as fur erupted across his skin. The pain was excruciating, but worse was the hunger - a primal, ravening thing clawing its way up from deep inside. His senses exploded with information: the rapid heartbeat of a rabbit hiding in the bushes fifty yards away, the lingering scent of cigarette smoke from a groundskeeper’s break hours ago, the whisper of cars on the highway two miles distant.

Through the haze of transformation, he saw movement at the top of the cemetery wall. The suspect - no, not suspect, he realized as his enhanced vision cut through the darkness. Hunter. The figure perched there watching him, lips curled in a predatory smile that revealed gleaming fangs.

“Welcome to the pack, Detective Reeves,” the hunter said, voice carrying easily to Ethan’s newly sensitive ears. We’ve been waiting for you.”

Then the hunter was gone, leaving Ethan alone with the moon, the night, and the terrifying knowledge that everything he thought he knew about his city’s dark underbelly was just the surface of a much deeper, more dangerous reality.

His police radio crackled with his partner’s voice, searching for him. But he couldn’t answer anymore. Not like this. Never again as just a normal detective.

The change took him completely then, and Detective Ethan Reeves vanished into the shadows of Oakwood Cemetery, replaced by something that howled at the moon and ran on four legs instead of two.

The hunt was on, but he wasn't sure anymore who was the hunter and who was the prey.

Chapter 1: The Change

Detective Ethan Reeves crouched beside the body in Daybridge's industrial district, the acrid smell of rust and river water mixing with something darker - something his enhanced senses now recognized as supernatural violence. Three parallel gashes carved across the victim's torso told a story his old self would have dismissed as impossible. His hands trembled as he documented the scene, each camera flash threatening to trigger the transformation building under his skin.

The midnight air hummed with unseen energies, every shadow concealing potential threats his newfound instincts screamed to confront. The moon, three-quarters full, pulled at his bones like an invisible tide. Even the gentle October breeze carried information his human mind struggled to process - territorial markers, supernatural signatures, the lingering traces of violence beyond mortal understanding.

"You should have come to us sooner," a voice spoke softly behind him. Dana Walker emerged from the darkness with fluid grace, her movements betraying inhuman precision. Her official title - "Supernatural Community Liaison" - appeared on city paperwork, but Ethan now knew it masked a much older role. She was a bridge between worlds, maintaining ancient balances while navigating modern bureaucracy.

Ethan straightened, fighting another wave of pre-transformation pain. "Didn't exactly know who to trust," he managed, his voice rough with suppressed change. "Hard to find werewolves in the phone book."

Dana's expression softened with centuries of accumulated wisdom. "You're not the first detective to walk this path. During the Great Depression, Detective James Morrison faced the same challenge. He was turned during the Harbor District riots - officially labeled as labor disputes, but actually a supernatural territorial war."

She moved closer, her presence somehow steadying the chaos in his shifting body. "Morrison helped establish the first formal agreement between Daybridge law enforcement and our world. The Morrison Accords of 1934 created structure where there was only shadow, gave rules to ancient powers that had operated unchecked."

Ethan's world tilted as another transformation wave hit. Dana caught his arm, her supernatural strength keeping him upright. The crime scene lights blurred and sharpened rhythmically as his vision fluctuated between human and wolf.

"The Accords weren't just about law enforcement," Dana continued, her voice anchoring him to reality. "After the Blood Wars of 1897, when the Crimson Court tried to claim Daybridge as vampire territory, Morrison's pack established a new balance. Every supernatural faction gained representation, but werewolves became the city's protectors - guardians of both human law and supernatural order."

Memories from three weeks ago crashed through Ethan's mind: following a lead to the abandoned warehouse. The door creaking open. Movement too fast to track. Pain. A voice filled with dark amusement: "Welcome to the pack, detective. Time to learn what really happens in your city."

"That attack wasn't sanctioned," Dana said grimly. "There's a rogue element breaking our oldest laws. Forced turning is forbidden under the Accords. But now that you're one of us, you need to understand what you've joined."

She gestured to the victim's wounds. "These marks are deliberate - a message in a supernatural language. Similar marks appeared during the Territorial Disputes of 1923, when Sarah Blackwood united vampires, werewolves, and fae against a common threat. Now history's repeating itself, but with modern complications."

The moon climbed higher, its pull becoming irresistible. Ethan's bones began to creak with impending change. Dana checked her watch with practiced calm.

"There's a safe house in the old manufacturing district. I'll tell you about the Blackwood Coalition while you change - how Sarah united traditional enemies against a threat to both the supernatural and human worlds. It might help you understand why someone wanted a detective in their pack badly enough to break our most sacred laws."

Pain lanced through Ethan's body, but understanding bloomed alongside it. This wasn't just about becoming a werewolf - he was joining a centuries-old legacy of supernatural peacekeepers, inheriting a history that ran beneath Daybridge's surface like hidden ley lines.

As his bones began their terrible reformation, Dana's voice continued steady and clear, weaving together threads of personal transformation and ancient history. He was becoming part of something larger than himself, a guardian tradition that had shaped Daybridge for generations. The night belonged to both detective and wolf, and somehow, he would learn to be both.

His last human thought, before the change took him completely, was a quiet revelation: He wasn't just solving crimes anymore - he was protecting the delicate balance between worlds, joining a line of guardians stretching back through Daybridge's hidden history. The question was whether he could master both roles before whatever force had turned him unleashed its full plan on the city.

[Continue the story in Moonlight Origins: The Making of a Werewolf Detective](#)

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About the Author

Rae Stonehouse crafts dark supernatural mysteries where noir meets the paranormal. Drawing on over 40 years in psychology and mental health, he brings emotional depth and psychological complexity to urban fantasy. The Ethan Reeves series explores the shadows lurking in Daybridge—where every case uncovers secrets better left buried.

Connect: ethanreeveswerewolfdetective.com | daybridgeparanormal.substack.com

Want to Know What Happens Next?

The Transformation Has Begun. The Mystery Has Just Started.

You've witnessed Ethan's first agonizing change under the full moon. You've learned about the Morrison Accords and the centuries-old balance between supernatural factions. You've met Dana Walker and discovered that Ethan's forced turning violated laws older than the city itself.

But the questions are just beginning.

Who wanted a detective in their pack badly enough to break sacred laws?

What's the message carved into the victim's body in supernatural language?

And why is history repeating itself—with Ethan at the center of a conspiracy that echoes the Blood Wars of 1897?

The origin story continues in *Moonlight Origins: The Making of a Werewolf Detective*

Ethan must master his wolf before the next full moon. Navigate supernatural politics without losing his badge. And uncover the rogue faction that turned him—before they complete whatever plan required a detective in their ranks.

Some transformations can't be reversed. Some secrets run deeper than blood. And becoming a werewolf detective means protecting two worlds—even when they're at war with each other.

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Published by Live For Excellence Productions

ISBN:

Ebook: 978-1-998591-43-5

Paperback: 978-1-998591-44-2

Audiobook: 978-1-998591-45-9