Werewolf

Long has myth told of demons who could change their shape into that of an animal to deceive humanity, the werewolf is not one of these demons. It is instead a person, cursed by some malicious instance of demonic magic. Tales of werewolves have existed since before the Sovereign, and even today there are sightings and rumors. Whole villages reduced to ash in a night, disappearance's on the edge of deep forests, merchants travelling to close to the northern mountains and never returning.

The man cursed with the wolf may not initially know that he is cursed, and truly we have no knowledge of how long the curse may remain dormant. When it first begins to show itself, the cursed man will fall ill with fever this usually occurs a few days before a full moon. The day before the moon is fullest, he will be bedridden and unable to eat or drink, for his body will reject it. As the moon rises that night, the transformation occur. It is stars as a glow under the skin and behind the eyes, but within moments any flammable material around the man will ignite and be consumed as he immolates. The heat of this immolation is enough to set a house ablaze, should he still be inside.

From the fire emerges the wolf. Enormous, flames licking its fur, jaws filled with wicked teeth. Ravenous from the transformation the wolf will devour anything that it finds, unable to discern friends or family from its life. While it stands like a man, it can also run like a dog and no human alive can outrun it.

Despite the explosive transformation, werewolves often vanish shortly after, retreating to secluded and extreme locations. Generally werewolves are known to avoid each other and very rarely return to any location near dense populations (thank the sovereign) but there have been at least two past reports of a singular werewolf gathering others into a pack.

There is no known cure for the curse, and once someone has been transformed there remains very little of their former selves. Though reports on their intelligence vary it is widely believed they are still capable of complex thought and even speech occasionally. They are remarkably resilient creatures, shrugging off deadly blows and ignoring pain that would incapacitate even the strongest human; one report even detailing a werewolf killing twenty armed soldiers after having its head removed. The only surefire way of putting down one of these monsters is by piercing its heart with a blade of pure silver. This daunting task has caused some to attempt the same with a bullet of pure silver fired from a safe two hundred meters distance but the autopsy of these gunman confirmed this technique had little effectiveness.

While the curse remains rare, the superstition is alive and well in the general population and more than one person has lost their life the night before a full moon to the overactive imagination of a mob.

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