

Chapter 7: Angel

Current Day

I've lost track of how many years I have been in this hell. The feeding room, aptly named on my first night, is where I am taken every night. Every night the humans are brought in to feed on. Every missing person that is never found, every runaway child, even many of the individuals that are trafficked are captured and killed by vampires.

The night after I arrived, Sebastian chose his feeder. Surprisingly, he didn't kill her. She has been here as long as I have. Unfortunately for her, he has no problem raping her while he's feeding. She stopped crying a long time ago. Most of the humans don't survive the first night. If they do, they never survive the second. I've been forced to watch every day as men, women, children, elderly, it doesn't matter, they are brought in, used, fed on and in some instances when the vampires become overcome with bloodlust, ripped apart.

The sounds of screaming, crying, pleading, and dying have become the music that I am forced to listen to day after endless day. There was only one time when I was given a reprieve from being fed on. When another vampire coven came to visit, Prince Keenan thought to share me with the royalty of the visiting coven. I nearly died from the loss of blood. Prince Keenan had to kill the other vampire in order to get him off me, ripping him away from my neck, barely missing my carotid artery.

I was given three days to rest. The only three days of rest I've had since I arrived here so many years ago. Sometimes when I'm being fed on, I wonder what it is that I've done to deserve this. My life has been anything but easy. Alessia is rarely in my head anymore. In the beginning, she was strong and able to heal me quickly. Over time, my bite marks have started to scar, and she is only able to heal the worst of



my puncture wounds. The marks are everywhere on my body, wherever Prince Keenan chooses to feed on me. They are on my arms, my legs, my breasts, my inner thighs, my backside. Anywhere and everywhere he has wanted to feed on me he has.

I learned early on not to fight it. If I fight him, he kills someone. He won't hurt me, he won't kill me. In some ways he's become addicted to my blood. So, he won't do anything to me. But he makes sure I know that whatever he does to someone else is because I defied him. So, I learned not to defy him.

It doesn't mean he doesn't kill. He does, almost every night. I just know that there is nothing that I can do to prevent it.

The massive orgies that take place nightly are disgusting to watch. Vampires really do love to have sex with whoever they are feeding on. They don't care how much they hurt them. Most seem to prefer it if their food is in pain. The crying and screaming seems to only incite them in their blood lust.

Sebastian's girl is the only one that is different. She and I have created a bond. After the second night, I realized that Sebastian wasn't going to kill her. He didn't mind hurting her, he raped her nightly as he fed on her, but he never injured her so badly that it killed her. She eventually ended up in a room similar to mine. I've seen her as we are being escorted to the feeding room at night.

She had been there several months before we made eye contact. Maybe it was because I needed a distraction, maybe because she was the only one to have survived so long. Maybe we were both curious about the only other person in the room that was left alive night after night. She had given up crying and pleading. She, like me, learned to take it and get through it.



On this night, Prince Keenan was between my legs, feeding on my inner thigh, his disgusting tongue licking me. He had someone bent over and was raping them as he fed on me, one hand holding them down, the other holding my thigh to his mouth. I could hear the sounds of their pain and suffering as he continued his relentless pounding, grunting his pleasure as he fed on me.

I was searching for an escape from the madness, when my eyes locked with hers. Sebastian had her up against the wall, feeding on her while he pounded into her. We stared at each other, holding onto the others' gaze like a lifeline. As she looked at me, she silently said, "I'm here." My heart fluttered and I returned her words with my own silent words, "You're not alone."

It became our nightly routine. We'd lock eyes and when our vampires were busy, we'd mouth those words to each other. I think that may have been the only thing that kept me alive, kept me going. Especially once I could no longer hear Alessia. I felt so alone until that moment.

"Guardian." Prince Keenan purrs in his vulgar way. "I require more blood tonight, take off your top." While the prince did not ever rape me, and he did not let any of the other vampires touch me, he did find repulsive ways to make his feeding sexual. Tonight would be no different. He had an insatiable appetite, some nights taking three or more humans, usually killing all of them as he fed.

I do as he asks, removing the ridiculous excuse of a top. It barely covers me and is see through. When I take it off, he grabs me, pulling me to him, sinking his fangs into my breast so that his foul tongue can lick my nipple while he feeds. He grabs another female and forces himself inside her mouth. I know how this will go. I saw it the first night I was here. And it's something he seems to get off on. Strangling a woman by suffocating



her during his orgasm. When his eyes close in his lust, I look for my friend, my only lifeline in this hellhole.

I find her, her eyes had already found me. We mouth our words back and forth to each other. Our eyes locked on each other, our only sanity.

Just as the prince is about to finish, there is a loud bang at the front of the castle. The doors fly open and gas canisters are thrown into the room.

The vampires are immediately up and running to counteract the intrusion. Wooden darts and bullets go flying across the room. Vampires start dropping, aging and turning to dust in front of my face. I'm too shocked to move. I stay where I am waiting for death to come. I'm surprised when someone throws a jacket over my shoulders. "You're okay now. We're here to rescue you. You can come with me. You're safe." 1

The man says this even though there is still screaming all around the room. I see others gathering up the humans and helping to get them out, the vampires running, trying to escape the bullets that are still whizzing around the room.

I'm taken outside and it's the first time I've been outside in all the years I've been here. I was able to open the window in my room, but it had silver bars and I wasn't able to escape. Tears well up in my eyes, as I realize that I've been released from my hellish prison. The man that has escorted me out of the building helps me into a truck. I'm given some oxygen and laid on a stretcher. "The medics will be here to check on you in a minute. Just stay here, you are safe now."

"Wait." I say, wanting to know who these people are that have saved me. "Who are you?"

He smiles kindly at me. "We're from a guild of hunters. We hunt the



supernatural and kill them. You don't have to worry, we're very good at what we do." He pats my hand before stepping out of the truck.

Hunters? I've gone from one hell to another. If they find out what I am, they will kill me, or worse, imprison me and keep me as their lab rat. I need to get out of here.

I go to stand and see another person on a stretcher next to me. She reaches out her hand and clasps mine. She pulls her oxygen mask away from her face. It's my friend. "Go, I don't know what you are, but I know you're not human. I'll cover for you. Go."

"What's your name?" I ask her.

"Sarah. Now go, your secret is safe with me, Guardian." She stresses the word. Guardian is the only thing that anyone called me here, so that is what she knows me as.

I thank her before checking to see if anyone is around. It's chaos and everyone is running, either hunting vampires or bringing people out to the trucks. I hop out of the truck and skirt around several others, keeping to the shadows until I get to a forest line. Once I hit the forest, I run.

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I've been running for days. I've found water easily, rinsing off the smell of the vampires and the left over blood from my last night with the vampires. Food, however, has been impossible for me to find. Without Alessia to hunt for me, and in my weakened state, I haven't been able to catch anything. I've found some berries and some other plants that I can eat to keep me alive, but nothing substantial enough to keep up the pace that I need in order to get far away from my past.



At night, I find caves or trees to climb trying to keep myself safe from large predators or vampires that may be out running from the hunters as well.

Based on the direction of the sun rising and setting, I'm heading south. I remember all those years ago, that my family had been heading north and that is what brought us into vampire territory. I don't know where the coven was in relation to where we were found, but south seemed as good an option as any, and I've kept to that direction. Eventually, I'll get to the ocean, if I survive that long.

I've been walking today. It's been a day since I had water and too many days to count since I've had a real meal. I'm ready to sit down and rest when I hear the sound that I haven't heard in years. The howl of a wolf. It's not just any howl, it's the sound of a wolf on the hunt.

I don't know if it is hunting me, or if I'm just in the vicinity of where it is hunting, but when I hear others taking up the hunt, I begin to run. I know I can't outrun them, but maybe, maybe if I can find a lake or river, I can swim to safety.

How do I keep getting into these situations? First vampires, then hunters, now werewolves. I'm so tired, maybe it's not worth the fight anymore. I could be with my parents again. There would be no more pain, no more suffering.

I hear the pounding of paws closing in on me. I'm running as fast as I can, darting around trees and bushes until I run right into a clearing. I only get a couple of steps when three wolves come out of the woods from the other side. I stop dead in my tracks. I'm about to turn and run in a different direction when I hear another two come up behind me.

"Please." I beg. I don't even know what I'm begging for, I just know that



I don't want to be caught and imprisoned again. "Please, no." I say before exhaustion takes over and the darkness sinks in.



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