# Chapter 9

Sam POV

“Let’s see how you do against me, sweetheart!”

I feel my body hit the ground. I try to stand up, but my legs feel like they are made from lead. They’re heavy and refuse to move no matter how much I will them to. I try to turn my head, but even that is a struggle. It feels like my body has been paralyzed. No matter how much I try to force myself to move, my body is just not willing to cooperate with me. The world above me blurs and pulses, noises around me sound like a loud droning bellowing in my ears, but my hands are glued to the ground so I can’t cover my ears to stop the painful racket. A face looms above me, with eyes as dead as Silas' soul. The face swirls as the hateful eyes glow. I try to focus, but the man’s face pulses and twists into unusual shapes. The droning in my ears begins to clear and I can hear the crowd chanting his name over and over.

“JAMES! JAMES! JAMES! JAMES!”

I feel myself being flung across the floor. Pain shoots up my side, but I am still unable to move. The face gets close to mine. His eyes have a wicked glint in them as his hands begin to pull at my pants with the cheers of the crowd getting louder. This son of a bítch is going to rapè me and I can’t do anything to stop him. I try to push myself up off the floor, forcing my body to cooperate, but it feels like I have metal rods running through my body, making it rigid and stiff and a large magnet is beneath me, pulling me down, stopping me from moving to save myself. A brown blur flies above me and the beady-eyed man is no longer crouching over me, touching me with his filthy hands. The sounds of snarls and growls make the ground vibrate beside me. I force my head to turn, my bones feel as if they have fused together and each small movement is agonizing and seems to take forever. I'm not sure if I'm hallucinating from the drugs pumping through my system or if I really do see a large brown wolf pinning the mother fücker to the ground. His drool drips from his mouth, glistening like it's been dipped in glitter. The wolf and the man begin to swirl around and morph into one as sparks of bright colors begin to swirl around them.

“If anyone touches her, I will kill you all myself!” A deep voice snarls.

I feel my body lift up off the ground and arms cradling me against a warm, firm body. I can feel my eyes getting heavier with each second that passes by and watch as the stars above me slowly slip away into nothingness.

I bolt upright as I open my eyes, remembering what was about to happen to me.

“I won’t hurt you, Samantha. We are here against our will, just like you.” A tall man says.

I look around the unfamiliar place, trying to get my bearings. It looks like an old mining shaft. Wooden beams hold the roof up, and the walls are rough like they have been chiseled with tools. A thick wire runs across the beams that run across the roof with a single light hanging down in the center of the shaft, giving off a low glow.

“What do you mean we? Who are you?”

He holds out a bag of blood, but I shake my head. He drops it into a cooler and closes the lid and sits on a large rock. The way he looks at me is in disbelief as if I’m not real and will disappear at any moment.

“I am Nathaniel beta of The Blood Howlers and we have been forcèd to help Noah fight or we would have been killed along with the rest of the pack.”

“Noah, as in Violet and Max’s son?”

Nathaniel nodded his head. His light brown hair seems to be getting in his way and he pushes his back off his forehead.

“What makes you think I am being forcèd into helping? He’s my father!”

“Because he has made it clear he doesn’t care about you. He was about to let the wolves have their way with you. I’ve also heard him threaten Zak, Milo, Amelia, and baby Samantha.”

My head snaps up.

“Baby Samantha?” I asked, confused.

“I mean, I think that’s what she’s called. I’m not sure though I was in the pit when she was born, but I’ve heard the others talking about her.”

My heart began to beat fast in my chest, it pounded against my body hard and fast.

“And who is baby Samantha?”

Nathaniel looked at me like a deer caught in headlights, his eyes went wide as his hand reached up and began to rub the back of his neck, his eyebrows went up high and he opened his mouth but furrowed his eyebrows as he closed it again, he let out a small sigh as his lips pinched together into a small pout. It felt like an eternity before he spoke again, but when he did, I listened as if my life depended on it.

“I’m sorry. I thought you knew. Milo and his mate Nina had a baby girl and named her Samantha after you.”

My heart beat hard and fast against my chest. It felt like my soul had just felt the first ray of sunshine on a beautiful summer morning. It felt warm and light and flooded my body, wrapping me in a blanket of love. I could feel my eyes burning with tears, but I couldn’t show weakness. Even though Nathaniel helped me, I still don’t know if he was trying to earn my trust so Silas can manipulate me more. I take a deep breath and push the thought of having a granddaughter to the back of my mind and the fact that she was named after me. That meant they still thought about me, and that gave me hope. Hope that after all of this is over and I’ve stopped Silas and Eris, I can go back to my family. It would be hard to see Mason, but I would live with the pain if it meant I could see my children and grandchildren.

“And how exactly have you been forcèd into fighting Silas’s war?” I asked.

My voice was flat, void of all emotion now. I wasn’t just doing this for my children, but also for my granddaughter. Nathaniel took a deep breath and looked into my eyes. I will admit he was a handsome man, his light brown eyes looked kind and caring and he looked like he was in good shape, I could see the muscles trying to break free from his shirt, maybe in different circumstances I could see myself having some fun with him, it has been such a long time since I’ve felt the intimate touch of a man. My mind begins to drift to Mason, but I shake it clear of him. He’s no longer mine.

“Noah was plotting against Hayden and Amelia the whole time. He made them think he was helping them, but he was sabotaging them from within their own ranks. Two rogues were spotted close to our territory, so I went to find them, but I found Noah and his army of rogue wolves. He threw me into a pit and when I was pulled out, it was to the massàcre of The Blood Howlers. I didn’t want to follow him, but I could see the fear in the eyes of the pack members he hadn’t killed and knew I had to stay for them. They needed me, and I wasn’t going to let my pack down again. Everyone was forced to either fight this war or die at the hands of his sorceress.”

“His sorceress is here?” I asked.

That bítch had made my life hell, and I had made a promise to myself a long time ago that I was going to repay her for her cruelty.

“No, she was captured by Nolan and his Aunt Katalina.”

I feel jealousy rearing its ugly head at the mention of Katalina. She gets to be held in Mason’s strong arms instead of me. She gets to feel what it’s like to be loved fiercely and unconditionally whilst I’m left here alone.

“I don’t know how Noah was dragged into all of this, but he has more than just your father inside his head.”

“He’s not my father!” I growled.

Nathaniel smiled and looked down at the ground. I could hear his heart rate increase.

“Why did you save me?” I asked, stepping closer to him.

“Because you're the queen of wolves, Mom. I think if she found out I let them fück you and beat you, she and the king would kill me.”

He stepped back, making me smile. He was afraid of me.

“And what makes you think they will care? I'm a vampire now, helping Silas kill the moon goddess and fighting against them. Plus, they think I’m dead.”

“But I know that’s not true. You're not here of your free will and if that was true, you wouldn’t have saved all of the children at the trailer park. You must have known Silas would punish you for that.”

I gave a small nod of my head and watched as a pretty she-wolf walked through the entrance of the mining shaft. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was blowing softly in the breeze. Her eyes clouded over and Nathaniel turned to face her.

“We can trust her, Ella.”

I looked at the she-wolf as she suspiciously eyed me. Her eyes narrowed as they ran up and down my body.

“If I was going to hurt you, I would have done it already. Are you a member of The Blood Howlers, too?”

She pushed her shoulders back and held her head high in the air, but I could see her chest raising rapidly and the vein in her neck throbbing with fear.

“Yes.”

She didn’t say anything else. She stood by the entrance watching me. She was a clever she-wolf. If I were to attack, she would at least stand a chance of escaping.

“I’ve not seen Violet and Max here. Are they with The Dark Moon pack?”

Nathaniel looked down at the cave floor, and Ella held her breath as liquid filled her eyes.

“He killed them?” I asked in disbelief.

Neither one would look at me and I felt a stab of pain in my heart. Violet and Max were dear friends to me in my past life, and the world had definitely become a darker place in their absence.

“How many wolves from The Blood Howlers are here against their will?”

“113,” Nathaniel answered.

“And how many rogue wolves are a part of this? I’ve heard some talking of other camps scattered around.”

“He did have a large army, but Hayden and Amelia killed a lot of them. That’s why he is going after innocent humans and turning them into vampires. He needs more numbers for the war. The ones at another camp are recruiting other rogue wolves from what I’ve heard. If the rogue wolf refuses to join, they kill them, but he technically accepted all the rogue wolves into The Blood Howlers, so they are now part of the pack, giving all the rogues that join a home.”

A rogue wolf would find the lure of a pack hard to resist. It was hard being a rogue wolf, and lonely. I had to stop Silas. He couldn’t take innocent humans and turn them into vampires to win a stupid fücking war for Eris. Why wasn’t she doing any of this herself when she had more than enough fücking monsters to fight for her? Why did she need Silas so much? She has gone to a lot of effort to make sure he is a part of this.

“I will talk to you later. I need to find Silas.”

I stood up, but my legs still felt strange. I pushed through the weirdness and walked to the entrance of the mining shaft.

“Wait,” Nathaniel shouted.

I felt his hand on my arm, stopping me from leaving. I looked down at his hand, making him let go and hold his hands up to show me he meant no harm. He backed away but had a cheeky smile on his face.

“He doesn’t know about this place and we would appreciate it if he didn’t find out.”

“I won’t tell anyone, Nathaniel. Don’t worry.”

I closed my eyes to shimmer back to camp, but when I opened them up, I was still standing in front of Nathaniel and Ella.

“Shit!” I growled as I looked down at my wrist and saw the fücking anklet Silas used on me last time, but instead of being around my ankle, it was around my wrist.

“What is it?” Nathaniel asked.

“I can’t shimmer, he’s put an enchanted chain on my wrist which stops me from shimmering anywhere. It also increases the amount of pain I feel, so thank you for stopping them last night.”

“You don’t have to thank me. I might be helping a monster, but it doesn’t make me one.”

“I know. I will see you later.”

I quickly turned around and made my way down the mountainside, using the treetops to stay hidden. I had learned a long time ago how to blend in with the shadows and remain unseen. I could hear the sound of the warriors in the camp getting rowdy and dropped down in front of the man, who was very excited to punish me last night. I grab him and flip him over my shoulder, making him flop face-first into the dirt.

“Fücking bítch!” he hisses as he pushes himself up off the ground.

I grab his arm beneath his armpit and help him get up, throwing him back so he hits a tree hard. The sound of the bark cracking is loud and the sound of growls begin to get louder.

“Samantha enough!” Silas shouts.

I fly through the air, landing in front of the príck that thought he would take advantage of me whilst drugged by my own father. I grab his shirt and pull him closer to my face.

“If I find out you have touched anyone without their consent, I will cut your díck off and make you eat it,” I growl.

I feel my fangs growing and show them to the shít stain. I can see the fear in his eyes and feel better. I let go, dropping him to the floor and kicking him in the face. I hear his nose break and smell his blood as some of the vampires standing around begin to hiss as the scent hit them. As I turn around, I’m met with the píssed off face of Silas and a bunch of wolves shaking in anger, growling at the hissing vampires who want to suck the blood from the waste of space on the floor behind me.

“We need to talk!” I snarled, pushing past Silas and heading toward the river.

“Everyone, get back to what you’re supposed to be doing. If I hear one snarl, I will kill you!” Silas shouted.

The sound of the water running would make it difficult for nosey wolves or vampires to hear what I was saying. I could hear his thunderous footsteps behind me and felt proud that I had píssed him off. I stopped, looking across the bank.

“Why did you kill Violet and Max?” I say through gritted teeth.

“They would have tried to stop me.”

The anger spikes inside of me and I turn and grab Silas by his throat, squeezing. His lips twitch at the corner as he smirks at me. He grabs my fingers that are wrapped around his throat and pulls them back. The sound of the bones snapping is loud in my ears and I drop him, gripping my hand, hoping to stop the pain.

“Don’t let this body fool you, Samantha. I’m stronger than I ever was. Step out of line one more time and you know the punishment. I will kill everyone you ever loved after I let the men have their way with them, and I will make you watch it all.”

My eyes snapped to his and I could see he was telling me the truth. Coldness seeped into my bones as his eyes sparkled with delight. He truly was a monster.

“I will help you, but I can’t let you kill innocent people, Silas. I can’t be a part of that!”

“What would you have me do? I need soldiers for my army. Do you know how many wolves will follow Hayden now he has Amelia by his side? She has a way with people. She already rules the gypsies and the water iele will follow her.”

I felt pride filling my heart at hearing how loved by everyone Amelia was.

“How about we come to a compromise? People who deserve to die like murderers and rapists or people who want this kind of life. Those people you took last night didn’t want this life, and it’s too late for them now. Those children will grow up with no one now and I can’t stand by and let that happen to anyone else.”

He let out a deep sigh and rubbed the temple of his head with his forefinger and middle finger in small circles.

“You are just like your mother. Wanting to save the world. I’ll tell you what, find me a group of people who want this, and I will consider your request.”

I thought about it for a moment and nodded my head. It was different if the people he turned wanted it.

“I have one more condition. I want this removed.”

I held my arm in the air, showing him the chain wrapped around my wrist.

“No!”

“How am I supposed to get in and out without being seen?”

He smiled, and it made my blood run cold. He really was the face of evil now, handsome but deadly.

“Fine. Find me what I need and I will remove it.”

He turned on his heel and walked away, leaving me alone with my thoughts. As much as I hated him turning anyone into a vampire, I didn’t really have much choice in helping him. For the last 20 years, I’ve had the threat of my children being killed if I didn’t behave hanging over me but I now had a granddaughter to think about, my baby had a baby of his own and even though I hadn’t met her, I would happily give my life for hers. I also had the chain back on me now and if I wanted to be able to shimmer as I pleased I needed this off, how could I stop this war if I couldn’t slip in and out of the camp undetected? I looked up at the sky, watching the clouds pass above me as I let my soul scrèam in turmoil at the moral dilemma I was facing.

“Let’s get this show on the road,” I said to myself and turned, heading toward the town.

Everything still looked the same, being back here stirred up a lot of emotions I forgot I had, nostalgia settled in my mind and I pictured myself walking through the streets with Alisa and Chloe laughing at something, not even remotely funny, date nights with Mason when I was the only one who occupied his thoughts and taking my three precious children for a stroll around the lake.

I stood outside the store I had come into town for and pushed the door open and walked inside. The bell above the door chimed, but no one came from the back. I walked further inside when the smell of molten lava surrounded me and I knew why the store was quiet.

“Hello, little wolf.”

I turned around to see Moros standing behind the glass counter.

“Moros, what are you doing here?”

I swiftly walked toward him and threw my hands around his large body. I felt my body quiver as all the pain I had experienced since I was taken from his care left my body. His strong arms wrapped around me as he lifted me into the air. As he put me back down on the floor, I uncoiled my arms and stood looking at my old friend, his thumb carefully wiped the tear away from my eye and I could see how deeply he cared for me in that small action, I can’t remember the last time I felt a tender touch and it feels strange but nice, I never realized how much I yearned for some affection from a man, no matter how small my body felt deprived of it. I quickly step back and wipe my face.

“I had to see that you were ok. And to let you know I am on your side. You did the right thing by refusing to help turn innocent humans. You have set the path for Eris' downfall. Now we have to stay on that path. You must make sure that when Silas takes Amelia that you are with her. With you by her side, she will not succumb to the curse placed on your bloodline many moons ago.”

“What curse? And what do you mean when he takes her?”

“He is going to take your daughter either way, but if you are there, then he won’t corrupt her with the curse of servility.”

I look at Moros, confused.

“Your bloodline was cursed by Eris after Selene broke her bonds with the Nyx gypsy bloodline. If he uses the curse, Amelia will help bring about the end of the world.”

“But if I stay, then I can stop him from using it and we will win?”

I shouldn’t be surprised that Eris had a backup plan. She was a sly bitch, and it explains why she was so desperate to have Silas by his side. His blood ran through Amelia as well as the Nyx, that must be how the curse works.

“I’m sorry little wolf, I saw your return to your home, and it was joyous but very short-lived. I am leaving the choice up to you. I can not make you choose between your freedom or the fate of mankind.”

He slipped something into my hand. I looked down and saw the conjure glass he had given me a long time ago. I looked back up to say thank you, but Moros was gone and the room was now alive with noise. A man stood looking at me from a doorway behind the counter. It was never going to be a choice for me. I would choose to save my children and granddaughter and the rest of mankind over my freedom. I might be a lifeless monster now, but I still had a soul. My life was but a drop in the ocean to everyone else.

“Can I help?” The man asked.

He wore his dark black hair up in a man bun, his skin was extremely pale and his eyes had white contact lenses in. He had a long black coat on with a red shirt beneath it and fancy black pants with some shiny black knee-length boots on. They looked like riding boots. I had to stop the urge to roll my eyes. Is this really what people think vampires look like?

“More like, can I help you?”

The man stepped forward as I revealed my fangs and my glowing eyes. His heart rate increased and the smell of his arousal filled the store.