Chapter 4

Sam POV

Fücking Silas sent me here to see Mason. I quickly slip behind a wall where the toilets are and peek out. I see him sitting in the booth with a beautiful woman. She has long, dark hair and a radiant smile that makes her face look even more beautiful. I can see her goodness and kindness shining out through her eyes as she laughs at something Mason had just said. Her laugh is infectious and musical. I see her rest her hand on top of Mason's and clench my fist tightly; I feel my nails dig into my palm as blood begins to drip onto the floor. So this is the woman that pulled him out of his vendetta and made him abandon our children. She looks familiar to me; I feel like I know her. I step out from the safety of the corridor so I can get a closer look. I can feel her name on the tip of my tongue like it's just within my reach, but not quite there.

My mind begins to flip through everyone I've ever met when I see her in my mind.

Katalina, Chloe's aunt. That's Mason's mate. The witch.

Mason's back goes ridge. I can see the muscles tense up through the top he has on, and his shoulders push back as his head snaps up sharply. I quickly duck back behind the wall as my heart threatens to burst out of my chest. I take a deep breath and look back to see he's no longer sitting with Katalina. She is looking in my direction with a questioning look on her face. I follow her gaze and see him walking toward me. My heart beats harder. Everything in the bar seems to move slower as I look at him walking toward me. His eyes seem like they have seen a lot of torment and misery but they still look breathtaking, his lips look just as juicy and delicious as I remember, his jaw is peppered with stubble making him look rugged and his hair has a few streaks of grey but it just adds to his beauty. His body looks bigger than I remember, more strapping and burly. He's just as handsome as ever. Time has been extremely kind to him.

A glass shattering on the floor snaps me from the hypnotic state staring at Mason put me in. I'm not ready to see him yet. It's too painful, and I'm sure Silas only wanted me to see him to be cruel. I look around, panicked. The exit sign flashes above a door, signaling my salvation. I quickly dart out. I can hear his footsteps behind me getting faster. He's speeding up. I shouldn't be surprised. He was always tenacious. I look around and see I'm in some back alley behind the bar. The building beside me has a fire escape. I leap up and land on the metal platform. I look down and see him below me, looking around. He holds his head in the air and takes a deep breath. I feel the stab of betrayal and rejection in my heart. Even after all those years apart, I still love him. I take one last glance at Mason before quickly making my way up the ladder and onto the roof. I use the rooftops to get back to the campsite. It's not worth running into Mason and his mate, Katalina. Her name leaves a bitter taste on my tongue. I mean, I couldn't really be mad at him. He thought I was dead.

“Did you see your friend?” Silas asks as I walk back through the camp.

I can hear the smile in his voice and wish I could wipe it off his face. I don't talk to him. I feel my heart breaking all over again. I know Silas is mad with me, but to send me there to see my mate with his new mate was like being stabbed through the heart a thousand times over. All the pain I have felt these last 22 years was nothing compared to the pain of seeing Mason again with another woman. That is a pain I never wish to feel again. I would rather be dead than feel this way. I crawl into the tent I was given and let the tears silently flow. I should be happy that Mason was able to move on, and maybe I would be if he hadn't abandoned our children.

I toss and turn, unable to sleep. It's not because I'm laying on the uneven ground with stones digging into my spine. I learned to sleep anywhere I could back at Eris's lair. It's because every time I close my eyes I see his stupidly handsome face, I picture him running his large strong hands through her thick luscious hair, I see him holding her in his bulky arms the way he used to hold me, I see him looking into her eyes with such love and adoration that it feels like someone has ripped my heart out of my chest and torn it into a million pieces and then left me with the shattered remains to put back together, it still beats but not properly, not anymore. It's broken.

Unable to take the fight going on inside my own mind I unzip the tent and make my way back toward the river, I'm hoping some fresh air will help clear my mind and make me feel better but I know that is me just being delusional, no amount of fresh air will ever make me feel better, I don't know what will. The camp is quiet, but not everyone is asleep. There are still some people sitting around a campfire. The smell of cheap booze oozes from that direction. It's all wolves, but they look wild and untamed. I can tell instantly they're rogues. They stop talking as I walk past. I can feel their eyes watching me, and hear the snide comments they whisper to each other. I hold my head high and keep walking, not letting their stares or cruel words bother me. I have thick skin now, I had to or I wouldn't have survived. I sit beside the river and look up at the beautiful stars twinkling above me. It's killing me knowing that Zak, Milo, and Amelia are so close by. Since I was taken from the underworld I haven't been able to see them, if I had known Eris was going to be taking me that day I would have made sure I had the conjure glass somewhere safe but I left it back in my room in the underworld. Mind you, she would have taken it from me, anyway. She took all my belongings that day back in the cave. I have a look around and wonder if I would be able to slip out just for a moment so I could see them.

"Not yet, daughter. I don't trust you."

I look behind me to see Silas walking toward me. He drops down to the ground beside me and looks up at the stars as if we're old friends catching up. I look at him in disbelief, but he doesn't seem to notice, or he just doesn't care that I don't want to be this close to him. He still makes my skin crawl.

"So why are you in a different body?" I ask.

As much as I despise him, I want to gain his trust so I can find out what his plans are and make sure I can stop him. If Moros saw Silas and Eris winning this war, then I want to make sure I do everything in my power to make sure that doesn't happen.

"The moon goddess made sure I couldn't come back in my true form, so this is what I had to resort to. It has its advantages, though. Along with the disadvantages." He says whilst slapping his head.

It's uncanny how much he looks like Max. Max was a good man, though. If the man in front of me is Violet and Max's son, then the world has become a very dark place indeed.

"Why do you need me, Silas? Why did you turn me into a vampire?"

I had asked this question a long time ago, but he never answered me. He always said it was to make his army great, but I never bought that. It's not me that he needs, it's Amelia, the only reason he took me was to make Amelia do as he said when the time came he was going to dangle me in front of her like a shiny prize to be won at the fair and then threaten to rip me away from her once again if she didn't cooperate. He turns his head, so he's facing me, and looks directly into my eyes, and I swear I see love swimming in his dead orbs. It was only for a split second, but it was unmistakable.

"I loved your mother more than I have ever loved anyone else before. She loved me at first, but she couldn't live with the monster I became. I knew I had to help the goddess. That was my destiny, and I knew I had to have a child with the chosen Nyx gypsy, but falling in love with your mother took me by surprise. She captivated me in every way possible. I hated myself for what I did to her, but I hated seeing the look of repugnance in her eyes. She became colder toward me and I did the most terrible thing I could ever do to her. When she ran away, I was heartbroken, and I made sure the world around me felt my rage. I would have burned it all to the ground if not for you. I found out she had given birth to my daughter. Randall was weak and such a disappointment. When I found out Amelia had killed him, I didn’t feel any sadness.”

“Wait. What? Amelia killed Randall?”

“Yes. He wanted to mate with her the sick fück. He kidnapped her mate and tortured him.”

“Amelia has a mate now?”

I couldn’t believe all the things I had missed over the past four years. Silas looked at me curiously.

“I take it no one thought to catch you up with everything that has happened since your transformation?”

I shook my head and found myself eagerly waiting for Silas to continue talking. I wanted to know everything about my children. I achingly missed them.

“Amelia is the Luna of The Dark Moon Pack and the queen of all wolves. Your daughter is extremely powerful, Samantha.”

I could feel the pride swelling inside me. Amelia was the Luna of my old pack. She was the queen of all wolves. I always knew she was destined to be Hayden’s mate. He couldn’t bear to be away from her when she was a baby. It was the most adorable thing I had ever seen.

“Anyway, your original question. I knew where you were at all times. I had my men keeping an eye on you to make sure you were safe. And then you met him, The Hunter! Randall thought he was so smug when he found out about you, so I turned you not only to punish your mother for running away and taking you with her, but him. I wanted him to see what a proud father looked like, what it was like to be loved and valued by your creator, and see how much of a failure he truly was. I was always immensely proud of you. That’s why I trained you so hard. I wanted you to rule by my side.”

“If that’s the case, why did you beat the shít out of me?” I snarl.

I can see the fire growing in his eyes.

“Watch your mouth!” He hisses.

I don’t say anything, but I don’t look away. I stare into the bástards eyes, neither of us wanting to show weakness by looking away first.

“Silas, we need to go now!” A wolf interrupts.

Silas looks píssed, he looks at the wolf and you can see the annoyance rolling off him.

“Get ready, you're coming too!” He snarls.

He stands up and walks away and I can’t help but pull a face and mock him by repeating what he said in a mocking tone. I stand up and see the camp is now a hive of activity, wolves are shifting and vampires are preparing for a hunt, I run back to my tent, grabbing my swords, daggers, and coat, making sure I have them all strapped to my body properly.

“I want everyone alive. My kin, you know what I need. You are the only ones who may shed any blood tonight. I need an army and every single soul counts.”

The remaining wolves still in human form, shift and take off into the trees. I look at Silas, confused. Dread has now made its home in the pit of my stomach, and I know something terrible is going to happen. Whatever Silas is planning is going to be bad.

“Are you ready to shimmer?”

I look up at him, surprised. I never learned how to shimmer, and his question took me by surprise. He is acting cordial towards me, even caring at times, and it's confusing to me. He was never kind or compassionate before and it only rouses my suspicion.

“Yeah.”

I answer cautiously. I don't understand why he is being nice to me, but I won't be letting my guard down, especially not around him.

“Close your eyes and think of me. We are connected not only by blood but also by the sire bond. Let your body take over and do what is natural and you will shimmer right to me.”

He doesn't wait to see if I can do it; he disappears in a cloud of black smoke.

“Fück it.” I sigh and close my eyes.

I do what Silas told me and close my eyes. I can feel the tether to him pulling me, so I let go of my self-control and allow my mind to open up to the bond. I slowly open my eyes, unsure if it worked. I didn't feel anything happening whilst I tried to shimmer, no motion or sickness, just stillness. I can see a cloud of blue smoke surrounding me. It slowly disappears in the wind and I look around, confused.

I'm not on the mountainside anymore, but somewhere else that I recognize, somewhere I used to call home. I was standing beside the pack house of The Dark Moon pack, a place I never thought I would see again. I must have been thinking of Zak, Milo, and Amelia as I tried to shimmer. I must have opened myself up to the bond only a mother has with her children and shimmered to here where my heart truly belongs. I can hear the sound of paws hitting the ground and quickly run into the trees so no one sees me. I close my eyes, hoping to get it right this time, when I open my eyes again, Silas is standing in front of me, his eyes furrowed.

“What?” I snarl.

Seeing the place I once called home stirred up some feelings that I can't process at the moment. Right now, I have to focus on what Silas is going to do and how I'm going to stop him.

“Nothing. Are you ready?”

He looks down, so I follow his gaze. Red and black puffs of smoke fill the air around a small trailer park. The moon is high in the sky, but a thick fog begins to roll into the park with the wolves moving, hidden within the smog. The forest surrounds three sides of the trailer park and the exit is a quiet dirt road. I watch in bewilderment as one of the vampires crawls beneath one of the larger trailers on the lot. I can hear him running his claws along the metal under the home and the sound of its occupants' heart rate increasing. My head snaps to Silas as I realize what he's about to do. He's about to slaughter everyone here and turn them into vampires, so they join his army. He said every soul counts.

A child's scrèam rips through the night air like a fog horn sounding to warn others of the danger that lurks in the mist. I close my eyes and shimmer. One of the bloodsuckers from Silas' coven is kneeling down, holding a child in front of them. One hand is placed against the child's head, pushing it to the side, revealing his neck and the large vein pulsing with blood. Blood is smeared across the vampire's face and her fangs are stained red. The child looks only 5 or 6 years old, his auburn hair and beautiful blue eyes remind me of Zak and Milo, the tiny boy looks at me with wide eyes and all I can see is fear in his once bright eyes, all rational thinking disappears I can feel my anger thrumming through my veins, I know I have to stop Eris and Silas at all cost but not at the cost of a small child, not an innocent life. The vampire pulls the boy toward her mouth. I grab a dagger that was strapped to my leg and throw it at the vampire. She moves fast, but I still hit her on her shoulder. She drops the child and hisses at me like some fücking cat in a street fight.

“He's mine bítch!” She hisses again.

I don't waste a second. I quickly pull my Katana out. I can hear the sound of my blade as it cuts through the air and the sound of her head as it thuds against the floor. I grab the small boy and shimmer away with him. His was the only heartbeat I could hear inside the home.

“Stay here until I get back. Don’t let anyone see you.”

The boy nods and wipes his eyes on the sleeve of his pajama top. I look around, making sure it’s safe, then shimmer back to the trailer park. It’s complete chaos now. People are running from their homes screaming in fear as vampires and wolves hunt them down like prey, leaping on them as they try to flee. I spot a young girl running for her life. She keeps glancing back as she runs. She stumbles to the ground but quickly gets back up. She doesn’t stand a chance. Three wolves are chasing her, pushing her into a corner. I shimmer again, ending up behind the wolves. They stop and spin around. I snap the neck of the wolf closest to me and the other two wolves snarl and lunge at me. I slice the fastest wolf under his belly with my Katana. His guts spill onto the floor, leaving a foul stench that lingers. The last wolf charges. I leap up into the air to avoid his claws. The wolf skids and digs his claws into the dirt, spinning around. He snarls and snaps his teeth as he lunges again. I stand with my Katana ready and when he gets close enough, I swing it around, cutting the wolf's head off. I look at the teenage girl and see she is covered in the wolf's blood. A howl rings out in the air, signaling the death of a pack mate. I grab the girl and shimmer away, leaving her with the boy.

“Stay here until I get back and don’t let anyone see you.”

“Thank you.” I hear her say as I shimmer away again.

“Samantha, if you kill one more person I will kill you myself!” Silas screams.

“Leave the children alone Silas and I won’t kill anyone else.”

The screams are now dying down.

“Fine!”

He lifts his hand in the air and beckons to someone behind me, the sound of sniffles and feet dragging comes from behind me, I glance over my shoulder not wanting to turn my back on Silas, and see a group of 13 children being led out of the forest. Each one looks petrified.

“And what exactly are you going to do with all these children?” He asks sarcastically.

Some of the people standing around us chuckle, but I don’t take my eyes off him.

“I’m going to keep them safe. I will be back, I promise.”

And I meant it. I would be back because if I wanted to make sure no innocent children got killed and if I wanted to make sure Silas and Eris lost this war, I had to stay close to him.

“Can I take them all together?” I asked.

I could see Silas smirk and nod his head.

“Ok everyone, I want you all to grab hold of me. Make sure you are touching me.”

I bent down and scooped the smallest child into my arms and had a look around to make sure everyone was holding on to me. I did a quick head count and closed my eyes. I opened them back up to see the first two children looking at me in amazement. I put the child in my arms down onto the floor and counted to make sure I had everyone.

“Ok, I need you all to listen very carefully. Do you see that large gate? I want you all to knock on that gate and tell them Silas has taken everyone you know and that a friend brought you here. Do you understand?” The teenage girl I brought the second time nodded her head.

“I will tell them. Thank you, miss.”

I smiled at the kind girl as sorrow filled my heart. All these children lost their families and homes tonight and if I hadn’t been there, they would all become slaves for Silas and his army.

“You don’t have to thank me. Just remember what I said. Go now, all of you.”

I slipped back into the trees and watched as the children all walked to the gate and knocked on it. I saw it open up and one of the guards walked out looking over the children. I could hear him asking what they were doing here and closed my eyes, ready to leave, knowing they were now safe when his words stopped me in my tracks.

“Get Zak now!” The guard shouted.

My eyes snapped open and my heart began to race hearing his name. They were getting my boy, my Zak. I was out in the open here, but I wanted so desperately to see him. I scanned the area, but there was only one place to hide. I climbed up the large tree beside me, so I was hidden, but also so I could get a better look at him. I knew that if Zak saw me, Silas would stick to his promise that he made all those years ago when he killed me and turned me into the monster I am today. He didn’t want anyone to know of my existence until he was ready to take Amelia. I was the bait to get my daughter to come with him willingly. It didn’t take him long to appear. He walked out of the gate and looked at all the children. He was so handsome, just like his father, and I could see the kindness shining in his eyes as he looked over each of the innocent faces in front of him. Immense joy filled my heart as the tears silently trickled down my face.

“How did you all get here?” His voice was like music to my ears.

“The pretty lady brought us.” One of the children answered.

Zak looks around just as Mason stepped out of the gate, holding his nose in the air.

“What is it?” Zak asks his father.

I thought Mason had abandoned our children. That is what Moros had told me, but I was wrong. He hadn’t abandoned them. He was here, living in the pack with them.

“Nothing. I thought I recognized the scent in the air.”

Shít. I duck down as both of them now scan the tree line. I see Zak step closer, so I close my eyes and think of Silas.

“You are lucky you’re my daughter. If you pull any shít like that again, I won’t hesitate in sending some of Eris' children to go and get Zak, Milo, Amelia, and Samantha and let them take all four to her liar.” Silas says from behind.

I spin around, confused as to why Silas is referring to me in the third person. He grabs my face, squeezing it tightly. I try to push him off, but feel his claws digging into my cheek.

“Do you understand me?” He says through clenched teeth.

I try to nod my head, but I can’t move it. He lets me go. Grabbing my arm fast, he pulls my leather glove off as something cold wraps around my wrist. I look down and feel my rage spark.

“This is your punishment. Be a good girl and I will take it off.”

It’s the anklet he used to keep on me the first time I was his captive. Instead of putting it on my ankle, he’s put it on my wrist.

“I will do everything you say, but I can’t stand by and let innocent children die, Silas. That’s not who I am.”

He looked down at the ground and when he looked back up, his eyes seemed different.

“Please tell Hayden I’m sorry. I never meant for any of this. I lost control.. shut up you fool!”

I lean back, confused but curious.

“It’s the one whose body I’m using. I have to share, but he’s growing weaker and will soon be gone for good.”

“You're sharing the body?”

“For now. Where was I.. oh yes, I will spare the children, but only because it was how I lost your mother, and despite what you think Samantha, I care about you. So to show you I am trying to make amends for my past, I will make sure no children get hurt. How’s that?”

I could hear his heart beating its steady pace still and knew he was telling me the truth.

“Thank you.”

“As for the wolves, they want blood for what you did to their pack. I have to give them something.” I felt a sharp pain in my neck as the world around me began to turn hazy.

“I can’t appear weak, I’m afraid, so I have to let the wolves have some justice for the ones you killed.”

“Y..you..drug..drugged..me.” I slur as I fall down to the ground.

I feel a pair of hands grabbing me and lifting me into the air as I’m tossed onto the floor. I can hear footsteps coming closer and a face looms above me.

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