Chapter 1

I always thought a perfect life was just something you would see in the movies or pictures in magazines. But I know that's not true. My life used to be perfect. I was so happy I would think that I had to be dreaming. That

surely no one could ever feel this fullled or content with life, but I truly was. I had found my mate and fell madly and deeply in love. He was so handsome and caring,

but so strong and erce. He was the other half of my heart, my soul mate, and my one true love. I didn't have to tell him if I was upset or unwell. He knew before he entered the room, and he always knew what to do to make me feel better as well. He was perfection. He would have walked through the res of hell to save me, if only he knew that was exactly where I was. Not only did I have the perfect mate, but he had given me three wonderful and beautiful children who I loved more than life itself. They were perfect in every way, and they were

mine. I would sacrice everything if it meant they were happy and safe. My best friend was happy and seeing that made me happy. We had an amazing group of friends who had become family to me.

I was happy. But it all changed that fateful day when he walked into the small bakery on the pack's territory and I couldn't do anything apart from watch as my world slipped away. The love of

my life was lost, and my children ripped from me. My life would never be the same again

and I hated him more than anything else on this earth for what he had done to me.

Everyone thought I was dead, that he had killed me, but as he held me in the air, his fangs deep in my throat he sliced his arm that was around my neck, dripping some of his vile blood from his forearm into my mouth, and now I'm like him.

22 years earlier... I open my eyes, feeling extremely groggy. My head is buzzing and my ears are ringing.

It's dark.

Too dark.

I try to sit up but hit my head hard and fall back down. I reach my hands up above myself

I try to calm my breathing, but it's dicult. I can feel the panic rising inside of me. My

breathing becomes shallow as tears slip from my eyes. I reach up, pushing as hard as I can, but it's dicult. I have no room, and it feels like it's getting smaller and smaller with

faces of Mason, Zak, Milo, and Amelia. I see them smiling and laughing and feel my heart rate slow. Calmness washes over me and I can nally think straight. They're my lifeline, my reason for living. I can do this, because for them, I can do anything.

each breath I take. I close my eyes and take a deep breath, and picture their faces. The

"HELP!" I scream again whilst banging on the wooden tomb I'm encased in. This time, I can't control the panic that is creeping back into my mind. I frantically try to push the lid up, but it feels like something extremely heavy is on top of me. I suppose that I literally have the weight of the world crushing me, keeping me trapped deep inside of it. I close my eyes as the tears start to trickle down my face. "My phone."

I pat my body down, hoping I will be able to call for help, but my hope dwindles when I

realize I've got a dress on with no pockets or bag. They really thought I was dead.

I hear a crack and something falls into the box with me. I can smell the freshly turned earth. My worst fear comes true. I was only suspecting it before, but now I know it to be

"FÜCK!" I scream, punching the lid.

true. I had been buried alive.

beginning to creak, so I keep punching over and over with as much force as I can. The lid caves in and dirt starts to II the box. I quickly kick it down to the bottom of the con whilst ripping the hole open more. The dirt starts to rush in. I take a deep breath and

I dig at the dirt, pulling it down as I pull my body up toward the fresh air. It's like I'm

that want to drag me down into the deep abyss.

kissing my ngers and push up with my other hand.

swimming against the strongest current in the ocean, ghting against the strong waves

I can feel the dirt getting easier and easier to move through, I am nally able to stand

extremely dicult to breathe, I feel like a boa constrictor is wrapped around my lungs,

suffocating me. I keep pulling up when I nally feel my freedom. I feel the fresh breeze

upright, the wood is solid beneath my feet and the loose dirt is surrounding me making it

slowly sit up through the hole I just made, moving my arms so I don't get stuck. As I sit up,

My head burst through the mud and I take in a deep breath, pulling the piece of material wrapped around my mouth off and lling my lungs. I can see grass surrounding me, so I wriggle my arms out more and grab ahold of it, pulling as hard as I can to free my body from the earth. The grass pulls off in my hands, so I dig my nails into the earth as I pull with all my strength to get the rest of my body out of the hole. Once my shoulders are free, the rest of my body pulls out easier. My shoulders made the hole wider and my body slipped out without much resistance. When I'm nally free, I op onto the grass beneath me, taking in as much air as I can.

The headstone has my name on it. I drop my sts to my side and look at the man sitting on top, confused. "My darling daughter. You're dead now."

He waves his two ngers in a come here motion, and I'm grabbed by two large men. "Let go of me." I scream as I thrash around, trying to free myself. "Just like your mother. I must admit I'm looking forward to getting to know you. She thought she could keep you away from me, so I took you from her." His face shifts from normal to pale, large black veins II his face. Large fangs protrude

I've nished my training with him now, because he's sick to death of killing his ghters because of his fück up of a daughter, as he called me. I curl my body around and hug the at pillow as I think of my own family. I don't know how my children or mate are. Silas refuses to tell me anything. I just hope that they are happy.

My life is an endless circle of the same thing. Every single day I'm dragged out of this

room and made to ght or train as Silas calls it, I call it him showing his dominance over

me by kicking me black and blue. Silas has made it his mission to make me stronger and

faster than his other child, my brother Randall. He has a real distaste for him. The one time

like I used to be connected to my pack. I refuse to be like them. I keep my mind blocked

wasn't for Silas wanting to keep me around, I probably would be by now. I have no problem

from them and refuse to acknowledge them in any way. I would rather die. I think if it

starting ghts with the cold-blooded shitbags, but every now and then I pick a ght with

the wrong one and get my ass kicked. That's why Silas makes me come back here after

days. He seems to be in a particularly foul mood today and I ended up taking the wrath of that mood. I slowly stretch out on the small metal cot he gave me as a bed and close my eyes, trying to picture what Mason and the children are doing right now. Wondering if they think of me as much as I think of them? If they miss me? I look up at the dingy-looking ceiling as I silently cry. "He's going after the girl. He said he is going to turn her so that when she comes of age, she will already be willing to do it." I sit up fast after hearing what the guard outside my room just said. The room spins from moving too quickly and also from the words I hear slipping through the gaps in the door.

"I can take a piss on my own," I growl. Even though Silas killed me and my wolf, I still managed to keep some of her traits, like the ability to growl. He folds his arms over his chest and stands beside the door, leaning against the wall and muttering under his breath about me being a lthy mutt. I close the paint-peeled piss-colored door, making sure I lock it and turn the tap on to mue the

sound. It takes me two strides to walk to the window. I push on the glass pane but it's

locked, which means I'm going to have to smash it open and run for my life. If I could just

get this stupid anklet off, then I could try the shimmer thing I've seen Silas do. He had his

sorceress enchant an anklet that has been magically fused to my body. It stops me from

shimmering and diminishes any chance of escape. I walk over to the door and place my

I used to walk down this road most days to get to school. I head toward the Nightwalker's pack territory but stop. I can feel something pulling me in a different direction. It's strong, like a rope is connected to my stomach pulling me. I go with the pull.

at night and come here and try to scare each other.

know my baby is here. I can feel it in my heart.

"I'm over here." her sweet voice shouts back.

"Amelia." I cry out.

"Amelia."

the grave.

sinking into the dirt.

standing above an open grave. "He's coming run Amelia!" I scream. I watch in horror as he grabs her and throws her into the gaping hole in the ground, jumping in with her. I can hear her panicked screams, I feel the sting of a bitter cold running through my veins, chilling my body to the core. I will die before I let him have her. I have nothing left to lose now. I run to the grave and see her little face twisted and afraid. She's trying desperately to

climb from the hole. The wet mud is making her slip back down, though. Silas nds it

She feels so small and fragile, but I savor the few seconds that I get to hold her in my

arms. I feel my lips twitch at the corners. I pull away and look into her beautiful blue eyes.

Her blonde hair is sticking to her face as her tears mingle with the rain. I place my hand

against her cheek and stroke her soft skin. She is even more beautiful than I imagined.

I hear the panicked voice of my mum and Silas's eyes go wide in surprise. He goes to run

after my daughter, but I pull him back by grabbing his shoulder and throwing him back into

"Run, my love," I whisper as I push her toward the entrance of the cemetery.

"Samantha, I'm warning you." He hisses as he stands back up.

her and pull her up fast, wrapping my arms around her.

amusing. He has a sick smile slapped across his face as he watches her struggle. I grab

"Stay away from my daughter," I snarl, feeling my rage bursting to get out. "You have asked for this." He shimmers, leaving a trail of black smoke in his wake, and I know he will appear behind me. I turn around only to be hit in the stomach and sent hurtling into the hole I just pulled my daughter from. I stand up, but my feet slip in the wet dirt as the rain beats against me.

Black smoke Ils the hole and I'm pushed up against the wet walls. I can feel myself

Silas's face is twisted as he squeezes my throat tightly in his pasty hand. His face is a

ghastly chalky color and the dark black veins run from his eyes to the ends of his face.

They go beneath his hairline and I can only imagine they cover his skull. They look thick

and protrude from his skin. Everything starts to turn black. I use the last bit of strength I

have and kick Silas in his groin with my knee. As he doubles over, I leap into his back and

sink my fangs into his neck. He slams me back against the wall, making me pull a chunk

water. I never thought I would ever get to smell that mouthwatering scent that makes my

of his neck off as I lose my grip.

insides turn to mush again, or see his handsome face. This is it. I'm nally going to be free of the monster that calls himself my father and I can be with my family. I knew Mason wouldn't give up on me. I knew he would nd me and take me home so we can be happy once again. Silas's eyes widen as he grabs my hair in his st. "Fûcking hunter!" ***A/N***

and that's when I feel it. I'm in a box.

"HELP!" I scream, hoping someone will hear me. I try to push up again, but it's no use. I can feel the heavy weight above me and fear I'm buried deep within the earth.

My head starts to feel fuzzy from the lack of oxygen. But I won't give up, I have to get back to my family. They all need me. I have to be strong for them. I rip the fabric at the bottom of my dress, tearing a piece off and wrapping it around my face so that when the dirt starts to fall in, I don't swallow it and choke. I feel the lid of my wooden tomb and gure the center must be the weakest point because basic science says it will be holding the most weight with little support. I pull my legs up toward my top half as much as possible, giving me some room at the bottom of the con to push the dirt down and punch the wood as hard as I can. Nothing happens, so I do it again and again. I hear the wood

"You didn't take as long as I thought. I'm impressed." I recognize his voice from before. He was the one trying to take my babies. I jump up, ready to ght my way out of here, when I notice him sitting on a gravestone. Usually, I'm not bothered by graves. I never really felt creeped out in cemeteries, but this one has my blood turning cold. 'Samantha Harris'

I'm kept locked up in a small room and made to feed on bags of blood. The walls are bare and the oor has no carpet or rug, just the oorboards. It feels empty in here, but I love it. This is the place I get to be alone, away from all the blood-sucking fückers out there. Silas forced me to join his coven and now I'm connected to all of these undead monsters, just

from his mouth and I nd myself hissing at him like a frightened little kitten.

6 years later ...

I asked to meet him, he beat me half to death. I woke up 4 days later with pain crushing me from the inside out. I never asked again. I felt like my whole life has been a lie though. My mother made me believe that Henry

Jensen was my father, but he wasn't. I'm the child of a monster who has killed far too

many innocent people. I felt sick when he told me the truth, but now I'm just biding my

make sure I ram a stake straight through his black heart.

time and waiting. I will let him continue to train me because as soon as I get away, I will

I nished today's training with him a few hours ago and every inch of my body still hurts.

I'm still able to heal like I did when I was a wolf, especially when I drink blood, but he

doesn't allow me to feed if I disappoint him in my lessons and today was one of those

He's going after the girl! "Amelia," I whisper to myself. He's going after my baby. I wipe away the tears from my eyes with the palm of my hand and take a deep breath. "Hey, I need the loo," I shout. I hear the guard grumble, but he's been ordered to look after me and do as I say. As long as I don't misbehave and piss them off, they will do it. He opens the door and holds it open for me. As I walk past him, he grabs my arm, pulling me back. He leans into me and I have

to close my eyes. His breath smells like something has crawled into his mouth and died.

He might have been ordered by Silas to do what I ask, but not to be kind. If I annoy him, he

behind me. I glance over my shoulder and see him intently watching me. He puts his hand

He doesn't say anything, but he moves his hand. I walk into the already cramped room and

feel him behind me still. I turn and glare at him, letting the disgust I feel having him this

has no problem making me feel his rage. I walk toward the bathroom, with him trailing

"No funny business." He hisses as he pushes me into the hallway.

across the doorway, stopping me from going inside.

"What?" I sneer.

and agile.

these last few years.

close to me leak onto my face.

ear against it and listen. I can hear the guard's heart beating just outside. I reckon I have 10 seconds after I've smashed the window before he kicks the door down to follow me. "You can do this, Sam," I whisper to myself. I have to do this. My daughter's life depends on it. I would rather die than let him get his Ithy hands on her. I place my face against the cold glass and try to look out. The breath from my nose fogs the glass up, but I can see it's quite a drop to the ground. There's also

what looks like woods surrounding the building we're in. I take a deep breath, punch the

glass and leap through. I'm falling toward the ground and I can hear the guard above me

shouting, but I refuse to let them get me. Not until I know she is safe. I roll as I land and

quickly stand up. One thing becoming a monster has given me is the ability to be spritely

I make a dash for the trees, not stopping even as I get hit in the face by the low branches

I'm running for my daughter and her freedom. I would never wish her a life like I have had

I stop for a second just so I can try to get my bearings. I'm surrounded by trees, which is

good. It will make it harder for Silas' guards to nd me. I can hear them behind me in the

onto a road and realizing I'm in England, close to my old pack territory. I'm home.

distance, but they sound like they're moving the other way. I push myself harder, stumbling

Running through the town I remember so fondly feels different now, it has an ominous feel,

all the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end as I look up at the familiar large metal

gates with the word 'cemetery' written above and feel a shudder run down my spine. The

last time I was at a cemetery, I had to dig myself out of my own grave. This place isn't new

to me. I've been here many times, when we were children, me and Alisa used to sneak out

A small giggle makes my head snap toward the gloomy cemetery. It sounds so sweet and

innocent. The sound makes my heart utter, but it also makes the ball of dread inside my

stomach twist painfully. I climb over the wall so I don't make any sound opening the gate

and move toward the laughing child. I can smell the rain in the air and look up to see the

sky turning black. As I'm looking up, the rst raindrop lands on my cheek before another

and another. The top I'm wearing sticks to my skin and my hair is getting in my eyes, but I

and leaves. The pain only lasts for a moment and it reminds me of what I'm running for.

My heart drops into my stomach. She is here, and so is Silas. I can feel him close by. "Amelia," I call again, louder this time. I have to get to her before he does. I run in the direction her voice came from and see her

"I tried to teach you, but you have left me no choice." He seethes. He steps toward me as an arrow ies into the hole, missing him by millimeters. The smell of peppermint and sandalwood drifts toward me. It hits me hard and makes my mouth

In honour of my mum's birthday and also Evelyn's here is chapter 1. I hope you all enjoy it. I will release chapter 2 on October 20th, because the man who inspires me for Mason's character will celebrate his birthday then. XOXO