

Note: These are just the vital parts of the story. More subplots and narratives will be added during the main story writing.

The expected number of words for this book is 80,000-100,000 words or more.

1. BLURB/SYNOPSIS

Zachary Hamilton is a young man in his prime with big dreams which he works hard to fulfill. He resides in the city of Washington DC and works as a detective with the police force.

Zachary's life is one based on a set routine. But all that is about to change as Zachary is set on a journey to find out hidden secrets about himself and his family which will change everything about his old life.

One day after work, Zachary and his friends go out to have a drink. They end up having too many drinks that it gets into their head. So, they decide to walk home in the dead of the night together as they realize that there is safety in numbers.

As Zachary and his friends are about to pass before a shaman's house, they make the mistake of stopping by. Zachary's meeting with the shaman triggers something that has long been buried inside him.

INCITING INCIDENT

Zachary is living a normal life like every other person in Washington DC until one night when he has an encounter with a shaman that touches something inside of him that has remained untouched for a long time: magic! Dark ancient magic!

The arousal of the magic in him triggers his werewolf instincts which until that moment, he never even knew he had.

The following day, Zachary receives mail from his ancient hometown in Boston from a woman claiming to be his grandmother. She insists that she is living in her last days and that Zachary should come to Boston urgently because there's some information she needs to pass on to him. The information promises to explain a lot of things going on in his life.

Zachary had been told the whole time that his grandparents were late. Reading a mail supposedly written to him by his grandmother sent shivers down his spine.

However, Zachary is bent on going to Boston and finding out who this woman is and what she needs to tell him. He's met with the greatest surprise of his life when he arrives in Boston.

RISING ACTION

Zachary arrives at the Hamilton family house in Boston only to be met with the greatest terror of his life. He finds a very old woman whom he presumes is the grandmother he came to see lying on her bed murdered in cold blood.

He calls the attention of the mayor of the city to this at once and investigations begin. Some eyebrows are raised and lots of questions are asked as this is not a regular occurrence in the city.

In the midst of all the madness going on, Zachary makes a decision that changes the course of his life. His parents are not too pleased with the decision.

He decides to move permanently to Boston and practice his career there. His father is strongly against this decision but it doesn't change his mind.

Zachary begins to work as a detective in Boston while he remains in his family house. He learns from his neighbors that his family is one of the oldest families in Boston and that his late grandfather, Tom Hamilton was a hero around here. Shortly

after his death which was also a gruesome murder case that was never solved, his father moved to Washington DC and married some white girl. But his grandmother remained until her death.

Zachary is curious to know the message his grandmother left for him, why his parents lied that neither of his grandparents was alive, why his grandmother was murdered on the day he arrived, and what secrets lay in his family.

Meanwhile, his body continues to change especially when his emotions are heightened. He embarks on a journey of self-discovery as he tries to find out what he can do with the magic he has.

He finds out that there's a birthmark on his neck with the shape of a star. It got bigger and more obvious as he realizes he has magic in him. When he touches the spot with his hand and waves the hand in the air like a magician, he's able to create whatever he pictures in his mind. However, he is yet to master his magic tricks.

One night, Zachary goes hunting in the woods which is a form of recreation for him. He finds someone strange in the bush, a werewolf, just like him. His name is **Luis Johnson**. They become friends and Zachary begins to learn a lot about his kind from him.

Luis introduces him to a secret werewolf pack in Boston which the mayor heads (none of the members of the pack knows this except a select few because he's always using a mask. The readers do not know that the mayor is a werewolf too.)

Dracula's Circle as the werewolf pack is called welcomes Zachary with open arms. During the ritual to bring him into their circle, The master who is called **The Don** sees a birthmark on Zachary's neck. He recognizes it at once and an evil thought begins to burn in his heart.

CLIMAX

At work, Zachary gets a new partner, **Yolanda Perez** who is also a high-ranking detective in the city. They get close to each other because Yolanda sympathizes with him over his grandmother's death and they begin to get along pretty well.

One day, Yolanda sees the birthmark on Zachary's neck and the way it shines in the sun. She is forced to ask him what it means.

Zachary sees her as a friend, so he explains everything to her while Yolanda listens like she's about to go insane. Unknown to Zachary, Yolanda is an enemy too. She's a member of **The Sisters of Light**, a secret sect in Boston who are more enlightened than others and are aware of the existence of magic and the harm it could cause. So, they hunt down whoever they suspect is a witch or wizard before they reach their full potential.

Yolanda shares the information about what Zachary is capable of doing with her sect and he becomes a target for them. But something unexpected happens. She falls in love with him and that becomes a problem. Yolanda begins to save Zachary's life by always making sure he eluded the plans of the sect to get rid of him.

Meanwhile, the mayor of the city, **Mayor Lucas Riles** knows who Zachary is and is involved in a mad search on how to harness his powers. He finds out that Zachary is not only an Alpha werewolf but a wizard too. So, he searches relentlessly for ways to harness his powers for himself and become the only wizard in Boston. (He has plans to terrorize Boston with his powers if he eventually has it, banish all humans and turn everyone into werewolves.)

DENOUEMENT

Weeks later, Zachary stumbles on a letter written to him by his late grandmother containing secrets which marvels him.

In the letter, he finds out that his grandfather was a werewolf and so is his father. When his grandfather was young, he had stumbled upon a door in the woods, **The Red Door**. Behind that door was another dimension that was different from the world.

His grandfather had gone to that door every day until he noticed that it opened once during the full moon every month. One day, he summoned enough courage to enter inside but he never returned the same. He became filled with magic and at first, he felt good about it, but then, it began to corrupt his soul, so he spent the rest of his life looking for a way to get rid of the magic inside of him but it would not work.

When their son, Richard Hamilton was born, they found out that he was born with magic too and werewolf blood. His grandfather tried everything to get rid of the magic in his son but it was of no use. He blamed himself for the mistake he made that had now cost him a lot.

His grandfather never went back into **The Red Door** but he spent his whole life making sure no one found it. Soon, the magic continued to corrupt him until there was not enough good left in him, so he showed his wife where **The Red Door** was located in the woods and charged her with the responsibility to protect it against outsiders.

Then, he killed himself to stop himself from becoming a demon. But his grandmother announced it as a murder case because she could not bear to report that her husband killed herself.

When Zachary was born, he inherited the magical blood as well as the werewolf blood from his father. That was why he never brought him back to Boston or told

him about his living grandmother because he was scared that coming back to Boston would cause the magic to corrupt Zachary just like it had begun to corrupt him before he fled away from Boston.

In the letter, Zachary's grandmother also stated that she tried to contact his father, Richard Hamilton to come back and protect **The Red Door** from trespassers just like she had been doing as she knew she was going to die soon because she saw something she wasn't supposed to see. But he had not responded and that was why she'd reached out to Zachary to come to protect **The Red Door**.

She stated also that it was her husband's last wish that the drake magic that had leaked into the world should end with his family and that was what she was trying to do.

With almost half of his questions answered, Zachary followed his grandmother's direction in the letter and found **The Red Door** in the woods. The magical facade that had been put over it by his grandfather according to his grandmother was beginning to wane. So, he set to work by creating another facade, a lasting one that would shield the door from mortal eyes.

And just like that, Zachary became **The Protector of The Red Door**.

Meanwhile, he's still bent on finding out what his grandmother saw which led to her murder and who murdered her.

His answer comes shortly. When Zachary confronts Luis for some recent murders in the city due to the fact that he was always found in compromising positions and places, some shocking revelations come to light.

Luis tells him some secrets that shake him to the core including the fact that the mayor is a werewolf and is probably the one behind the murders of some people who have discovered him just like he murdered Zachary's grandmother. (Luis found

this out because he was a witness when it happened even though the mayor never saw him.)

Another shocking revelation comes to light as Zachary finds out who Yolanda really is. He confronts her and she spills the truth to him and how she has helped him severally.

In the end, Yolanda confesses that she has always loved him for real and Zachary does the same. He tells her the truth about himself and what his mission there is.

Meanwhile, the mayor openly tries to attack Zachary but Zachary fights him to the death. He buries him without a trace.

The whole city searches for the mayor for weeks until the case becomes forgotten.

Zachary becomes the only remaining Alpha werewolf in **Dracula's Circle** and he is made The master. As the new master, he makes a rule that no one should turn others into werewolves anymore. The only werewolves who are permitted in the pack are those who were born werewolves.

He marries Yolanda and together, they decide not to have any kids so that the dark magic ends with Zachary. Zachary continues to master how to control his magic. **The Sisters of Light** finally let him be as they are made to understand his true purpose in the city.

The city of Boston regains the peace and quiet it once had before all the chaos began.

Chapter One

A Visit to The Shaman.

Detective Zachary Hamilton was in an elated mood tonight. The most anticipated victory of the past month had just been secured and now, he was just one step closer to becoming a lieutenant. Could there be any better news than this?

His eyes began to feel dizzy as he drowned another shot of the whiskey in his throat. It caused a burning sensation as it made its way into his stomach, then the lingering feeling of satisfaction followed.

He belched out in another moment and a satisfied grin crossed his face. From his vision which was now beginning to dull, he could make out the faces of three of his colleagues who had joined him in his drinking spree.

Kevin Owens, the nerdy officer with glasses was seated on his far left trying to coax the barman into fixing him another shot even though it was obvious that he'd had enough.

Tyler Hartman, who was perhaps the most experienced one amongst them having been in the force for almost fifteen years was seated by his right. He was the oldest amongst them and the most well-behaved. So far, Zachary thought he still looked very sober even after all the shots he'd had. A person could only achieve such a feat through experience.

Then, the officer seated next to him was Charles Hilary, his closest companion, and friend. All along, Charles had watched the whole drama unfolding before him without having even as much as two shots. He was the perfect gentleman among them.

Zachary tried to focus his eyes on the barman who seemed determined to make him crawl home with his hands. Even though his memory was hazy, he could still remember when he'd first stepped foot into the bar and how skeptical the barman had been about entertaining them as he was just about to lock up.

The waving of crisp dollar bills in his face had changed his mind instantly and now, he was getting them drunk with reckless abandon.

Zachary drank the last shot and stretched his hand toward the barman for a refill which he obliged to after a moment.

As he lifted the shot to his mouth, his hand began to tremble and the glassware fell to the ground, shattering into many pieces.

The rest of his companions were instantly attracted to the unwelcome sound they had just heard. Their stares followed the scattered glassware on the floor and refocused back on Zachary who had a blank look on his face.

"What?" He blurted out sharply. "The damned thing had it coming anyway."

Charles observed him for a moment, unable to put his thoughts quickly into words. Rather, what came out was, "Zach, I think we should leave. You've had enough. Plus its almost midnight. We need to get home in time to get to work early tomorrow."

Zachary gave him a lingering look and burst into a fit of laughter. "What? You think I'm drunk?" Another sarcastic laughter followed. "Would a drunk person do this?"

In an instant, Zachary struggled to his feet and began to stagger.

His friend had an understanding smile on his face. "That's it, Zachary. I owe it to you as your friend to get you off the street in one piece. Off you go."

He rose to his feet and waved a 'goodbye' to the other officers on the bench. Then, he put his arm around Zachary's shoulders and led him out of the bar. All his protests fell on deaf ears.

Outside, the air was chilly and smelled of dead leaves in autumn. Zachary could barely see the road that lay ahead of him. Thankfully, his friend was strong enough

to cling to his frame and hold him up while they took drudgery steps to the parking lot.

The parking lot was deserted leaving only two police vans parked askew. Charles pulled Zachary to one of them. He made him lean on the car while he tried to open the door. The car made a beeping sound and clicked open.

With an enormous surge of strength, he pulled Zachary to the other side of the car and dumped his body inside. He was barely awake now and was constantly mumbling words to himself.

Charles heaved a sigh of relief as he turned over to take his seat on the other side. He turned on the ignition as soon as he was comfortable and the car revved to life.

He drove out into the city. Zachary was still mumbling words to himself and every now and now, Charles looked over him with concern. There was not much to do. He could see that his friend was spent. But it was nothing that a good night and sleep could not fix.

He drove in silence for almost fifteen minutes, tearing his way past the obscure part of town where they were and making his way to the suburbs. Then, he came to an abrupt stop before a roadblock. Charles looked with utter disbelief at what lay before him, then his gaze returned to Zachary who seemed suddenly sober.

"What is it?" He asked, wide-eyed.

Charles gulped hard, going over his next course of action in his mind. "There's a roadblock. We have to go through the other side of town."

By that, he meant the side lined with woods and God-knows-what.

For some reason, Zachary did not seem bothered even one bit.

"Well then, go through with it." He said matter-of-factly. "What are you waiting for?"

Charles opened his mouth to respond but thought better and closed his mouth again. Then, he stepped on the pedal and reversed the car. It looked like it was going to be a long night

Ten minutes later, he was driving past the thick woods with a drunk man seated beside him. He turned on the volume on the car stereo to drown the mimics of the forest creatures. It was giving him the creeps. Sia's Chandelier was blaring loudly from the car stereo. It gave him some sort of soothing effect.

Suddenly, he felt a small tap on his shoulder. He turned to find Zachary staring wide-eyed at him. He shot him a questioning look at once.

"Stop the car, now!" Zachary ordered.

Charles gave him an adamant glare. "What's going on, Zach?"

But he was barely listening. He was staring at a glowing building just across from them. Charles squinted his eyes, trying to read the sign on the door.

It said: We could all die tomorrow. Want to read your palms and tell the future? Stop by the Shaman's house to find out.

He turned to look at Zachary, a puzzled look on his face.

"What do you want to do in there?"

Zachary gave a faint smile. "You wouldn't understand but you're welcome to come with me if you want."

Before Charles could stop him, he'd jumped out of the car and had begun to walk into the glowing house.

Chapter Two

The Shaman's Favor

For a moment, Officer Charles Hilary was back in the robbery scene at Greenfield. There was the spontaneous flashing of lights and the horrified screaming of people as they scampered away from the chaos. The officers from NYPD were scattered around the scene like grains of sand in the seashore, trying to catch the bad guys. But everyone was careful. No one wanted to be martyred tonight.

While others hid in the shadows, waiting for who was going to make the first move before their fear of the unknown would not allow them to follow their instincts, Detective Zachary Hamilton had evaded the barricade they had set up and had smuggled himself into the bank which was being robbed.

He was quick, like a fox in the woods. An operation that had lasted for almost a full hour was busted in seconds and the bad guys were caught and brought to books. The following day, the boss had asked to see Detective Hamilton, and that had been the beginning of his journey to fame.

Officer Charles was not sure why he was having that memory now. The glowing house, now more visible than the way it was when he was still inside the car messed with his mind, turning him in circles. He wondered if this was part of the voodoo that the shaman had in store for their guests.

Before his daydream or night dream was over, Detective Hamilton had reached the door. Surprisingly, the door opened without any resistance and officer Charles watched as he walked in slowly, like an expected visitor.

He began to run to his friend at once, eager to save him from whatever was drawing him inside. He doubted this was going to end well for either of them.

Once inside, he was met with some eerie ominous music which sounded very odd to his ears. Officer Hilary looked around for the source of the ominous music but he could not find a visible record player.

All he could find were various colors of candles arranged in a semi-circle around a graven image that looked like something cut out from one of Michelangelo's works. He was not sure which one exactly it was. Michelangelo's works were not exactly his favorite. Da Vinci's was.

The predominant color of the candles was red and as the flames swayed with the steady flow of the air in the atmosphere, the reddish hue in the room continued to deepen. Officer Hilary was gripped with fear as he realized that he was alone. There was no sign of his friends, yet.

He pushed further from the anteroom and opened the next door which also did not resist. He stood still by the door and watched the man seated on the floor gazing at a much older man before him. Officer Hilary swallowed hard. This must be the Shaman, he thought.

His attention once again drifted to Detective Hamilton who was seated on the floor like a faithful scholar at his master's feet. The Shaman was in some sort of meditation as he walked in. His eyes were closed and his wrinkled lips were muttering silently to a mantra Charles could not make out easily. *Is this some kind of cult?* He wondered.

His eyes flashed brightly as he looked up and found that the Shaman had opened his eyes while he was standing at the spot wondering what the hell he was looking at. Zachary was barely aware of his presence. It was as if he had been hypnotized. Otherwise, why was he seated there so calmly like he had nowhere else to go?

"Come here, my son," He heard the Shaman's voice say. "Come have a seat with us."

His voice was small, barely a whisper. But it was filled with strength and authority. Officer Charles had not realized when he'd begun to walk toward him.

He took a seat beside his friend and returned his gaze to the Shaman, questioning him with his eyes.

Without another word, the Shaman lifted a bowl that contained amongst other things, a human skull with a droplet of blood on it, a string of beads, and a silver bracelet. He lifted the bowl over his head and began to turn it, mumbling some words along with every spin.

Officer Hilary was taking a careful look at him. His face and entire body were a mass of wrinkles. This man could easily be over a hundred years. But who was he and what was he doing here?

"My name is Omar," The Shaman suddenly said as if reading his thoughts. "But my clients prefer to call me 'Father'," He looked into their faces and continued. "What brings you here, Zachary Hamilton, and you too, Charles Hilary."

Officer Hillary opened his mouth to speak but his attention was immediately drawn to something else.

"How did you know our names?" He demanded. Then, he turned to look at his friend and asked, "Zach, did you tell him who we are?"

"He didn't have to," The Shaman responded. "I saw you both from the moment your car stopped on the road and I knew you were going to come in here."

Officer Hillary felt his head begin to spin.

"Look, I don't know what this is about but we're done here," He said sharply. "My friend is obviously drunk and out of his mind to bring us here and I sincerely apologize for wasting your time but now, we have to go."

He heard the Shaman give a light chuckle. This time, his voice sounded hard, like wax.

"Your friend is sober, for now. I made sure of that. Actually, I had to do that for you both to ensure that you consult me with a stable mind. Whatever happens afterwards ceases to be my concern."

"Wait, what?!" Officer Charles shot at him, his mind thrown into confusion.

"I did you both a favor. Tell me, Charles, don't you feel more sober than you were a moment ago?"

Instinctively, Officer Charles turned to look at his friend and their eyes met at once. Then, the truth hit them both like a bolt.

Chapter Three

The Mysteries of The Future

"Give me your hand," The Shaman said, staring directly at Zachary.

Detective Hamilton began to lift his hands, very slowly at first because he was not sure what he was getting himself into. And yet, he could not shake off the stubborn feeling that clung to his guts that he had to be here.

A hand halted him mid-way. He stopped, puzzled. It was his friend's hand. He looked into his eyes and read a thousand messages from it but in the end, he snatched his hand away and handed it over to the shaman. The ritual was about to begin.

Officer Charles watched skeptically as the shaman lifted his wrinkled hand over his friend's hands, reading through his palms like he was reading a book. His eyes widened as he traced through the lines on his palms and his brows knitted. Something was not right.

"Zachary," He called softly, his voice sounding normal for once. "You have a very interesting life."

Zachary swallowed hard, reading through his lips. "I would like to see my future."

The old man smiled slowly and his cheeks folded as he did so. He released his grip from his hand. "That does not come free you know. I'll charge you 50 bucks for that."

Officer Hillary grimaced his face. He'd been wondering the whole time what this old man was doing here instead of being at some home for old people but now, he knew why. It was for the money.

He watched helplessly as his friend shuffled through his pockets and removed a \$50 bill. He slipped it to the old man who put the crispy note safely away in a nearby drawer he kept for that purpose.

He looked over at Officer Hillary, sensing the troubled feeling in his guts.

"And you, Charles," He said. "Would you like to take a look at your future too?"

At that moment, his emotions heightened up and there were a thousand and one things he wanted to say to this con artist who deceived people into parting with their money but for some reason beyond his understanding, he could not put his thoughts into words.

So, instead of blurting out everything that was on his mind, he gave a dismissive nod.

"Nevermind."

Zachary turned to look at him, his eyes filled with despair. "Aren't you even bothered for a moment to know what the future holds for you?"

"No," He said simply.

"I mean, it must be worrisome to have to do everything we do every day and yet have no idea what it stands for and whether or not it will matter in the future. Aren't you curious to know what lies ahead for you?"

His voice had an appealing tone in it and for a moment, Officer Hillary thought he was about to break. But he stopped himself in time. If this voodoo man was messing with them, one of them had to stay on guard to make sure that they made the move to get out of there if things went south.

He shook his head again and this time, neither the old man nor Zachary had the patience to persuade him any further.

"You see," The old man began. He was sprinkling something that looked like dust into another bowl that contained incense burning before them. "Reading the future is an art. One needs to know the past in order to know accurately what the future holds. To know your future, I have to dive into your past and find out where every decision you've ever taken is going to lead you to."

Zachary was barely listening. His eyes were kindled with the desire to see what he was going to become in the coming years.

The old man gave a faint smile. He had seen that look before. These youngsters were always drunk with the desire to know everything and very often, it ended very badly for them. He hoped it was different for Zachary Hamilton.

"Let me have your hand again, Zachary."

Zachary handed it over obediently. And for a moment, time stood still and the only thing that seemed to be moving amongst them was the flames of fire from the glowing candles before them. He opened his mouth to say something but was hushed immediately by the old man. Something was wrong. He could tell from the look on his face.

The old man looked into his palms keenly for another full minute, his eyes widening like they were about to pop right out of their sockets.

Zachary and Charles had exchanged puzzled looks a thousand times over, trying to figure out what was happening.

Suddenly, the old man began to mumble words that made no sense to the two young men seated before him.

"I can see very dark spirits inside of you. I can see a__wolf," He paused and looked closer. "There's a woman obscuring my view of your future. She's standing before a red door. It looks like she is trying to keep it closed."

The eerie music they'd both heard at the anteroom returned, this time, with very peculiar rhythms that seemed to be beating inside their hearts. Zachary felt his heart slowing. Something was happening to him.

The old man was shaking too. His grip on his hand was loosening. Officer Hillary was watching them, his heart gripped with fear. Then, he did something unexpected at the spur of the moment. He lifted his hand and hit it on their arms, separating the old man from his friend.

Then, he waited for what was coming. The old man lifted his eyes at once, they were like boiling lava.

"You have to leave at once!" He ordered. "I cannot help you anymore."

Zachary looked at him in surprise. "But you were not done with telling me what you saw."

The old man heaved a slow breath. It seemed whatever had transpired a few moments ago had drained him of his strength.

"Well, I'm done, Zachary. There are some very strange spirits at work in your life which I don't want to mess with. If you really want to help yourself, find the woman at the red door. She holds the answers you seek."

Zachary shook his head in confusion. "What woman are you talking about? I__"

"Leave, Zachary!" The old man roared. He seemed less friendly this time.

Chapter Four

A Strange Mail

Zachary Hamilton was an attractive looking man in his thirties. He had black, unruly hair, dark eyes, an athletic build, and a warm smile. With looks from Hollywood, the ladies were constantly roaming all over him like fleas. Perhaps the only thing that put some of them at bay was the fact that he was an officer of the law who could easily have them locked up for assault.

Growing up as an only child had made Zachary rather defensive and this played out in his interactions with people. He was the kind of man who stood his ground even if it meant fighting alone.

Today, Zachary had come to work disturbed. The events of the past night still replayed in his mind, although now, it seemed more of a dream than reality. He sat before the computer screen in his booth staring blankly at it for almost an hour before he suddenly came to himself as he felt a presence around him.

"Hey, Zach. What's up?" A familiar voice said.

Zachary lifted his face and met the gaze of Officer Hillary, his friend. Suddenly, the events of the previous night came crashing back into his memory and his face became washed with embarrassment.

"You look really hung over," Officer Hillary was saying. "Are you sure you don't need a day off?"

Zachary shook his head. "Last night was crazy," He said lamely. "I can't believe we actually went to see a Shaman. But it was so surreal."

Officer Hillary gave a light chuckle. "You needed to have seen how drunk you looked yesterday."

"You mean before or after we saw the Shaman?"

Officer Hillary's eyes widened in amusement at his question. "Both times. We really should never do that again. I was so scared for you."

Zachary smiled slowly. He was touched by his concern. But there was something else he was touched with. Officer Hillary had taken the hint from the look on his face and had asked what this was about before he said a word.

"You're worried about the Shaman, aren't you?"

Zachary's eyes flashed at once in fear. "Lower your voice, man," He warned. "Someone might hear us. I have no intention of explaining what I was doing at a Shaman's house last night to anybody."

Officer Hillary apologized at once. "I didn't mean to be loud. But seriously, Zach, don't tell me you're taking what that old man said seriously. It's probably nothing."

Zachary gave him a pointed stare. "Or it could be something, Charles. Did you see the look in that man's eyes? It didn't look like he was joking to me!"

"Yet, he got money from us."

"I don't get it," Zachary snapped. "Were we not supposed to pay him for the job? What's your point exactly?"

Officer Hillary drew a deep breath. "My point is that whatever that man is doing there, he's doing it for the money. He had to tell you something__anything to convince you that you didn't waste your money consulting him."

Zachary looked at him for a moment, processing the words he'd just heard. "So you're saying that there's a possibility that none of these is true."

"Yes!" Officer Hillary barked. There was a small spark in his eyes. "I mean, we paid the man for his services and he just had to tell us anything to get us satisfied for giving him any money in the first place."

Zachary thought for a moment. "Your logic would make a lot of sense if I had not seen the fear in that man's eyes. It was like I'm some kind of devil he's trying to avoid. Is that something I should ignore?"

"And are you certain that was what you saw?" Officer Hillary asked a curious look on his face. "You were drunk, Zach. You could have misread or misheard something."

"That's very unlikely," Zachary retorted. "Come on, man. You were there with me!"

There was a long silence. Zachary tapped his finger against the side of his chin, as he always did when he was plotting or scheming.

"You know what?" He said after a long pause. "Maybe you're right. We're probably just making a mountain out of a molehill. I should focus on work and put all of these behind me for now."

Officer Hillary's eyes began to glow. He had waited a very long time to hear those exact words.

"That's my man!" He beamed. "To be honest, I was beginning to think I'd have to recommend you to my therapist."

Zachary frowned. He detested the suggestion at once.

"What's new in the genocide case?" He asked, changing the topic. "Any witnesses yet?"

Officer Hillary heaved a sigh. "Looks like we need to push a little harder on the suspect."

"That's fine," Zachary said. "I'll come to talk to him myself."

"Great."

Officer Hillary turned to walk away.

"Grab me some lunch when you go for your lunch break, will you?" Zachary called after him.

He did not receive a response immediately but he knew better than anyone else that he wasn't going to have to remind Charles to bring his lunch when it was time.

Zachary forced his mind to work at once. He was punching on the keys of the keyboard, going through the details of the case he was handling when a lanky police officer approached his booth.

"Is there a problem?" Zachary asked without looking up.

"There's a mail here for you," The officer said. "The mailman brought it and left almost immediately. He insisted that the mail be read by you at once. He sounded pretty urgent if you ask me."

Zachary looked up, a puzzled expression on his face. He reached out and collected the mail from the police officer. "Thank you."

Alone once again, Zachary cut through the seal of the mail, opening it. He stared at the first few lines in horror, wondering what the hell it meant. He felt a chilly sensation in his spine as he picked up his cellphone.

Chapter Five

A Call From Home

The email had just five lines.

Five lines that completely changed Zachary Hamilton's life from that moment.

"I have to see you, Zachary before I die.

My name is Gracie Hamilton, your grandmother.

Something is about to happen. You have to come home quickly.

I've attached my address to the mail.

Please, come home, Zachary. Whatever you do, you must not open The Red Door."

Zachary swallowed hard. Something was not right. His hands trembled as he took the phone. He dialed the first number that came to his mind and listened to it ring.

There was no response for the first three times the phone rang. His adrenaline shot up. There was no way this was true. If this was true, then he'd been lied to his whole life.

Zachary slammed the phone on his table after the fourth ring and held his head with both hands. His head was spinning in circles. He tried to lift his body but felt no strength in his limbs. The sick feeling that something bad was about to happen returned to his guts. No! It cannot be, he kept saying to himself.

The sharp ringing of his cellphone on the table made him jolt up at once, bringing him back to himself. Zachary looked at the caller ID. It was his father. He had finally returned his calls.

Zachary took the phone to his ears at once and answered the call.

"Zach," His father's baritone voice called. "What's going on? You almost killed my battery. I was in class when you called."

Of course he was, Zachary thought. His father was a professor of symbology at a community college in the city. Mr. Richard Hamilton was married to his job and sometimes, Zachary could not help but wonder whether his father's strong devotion to his job was the reason he did not have any other siblings.

"Dad, I need to talk to you. I'm afraid I can't do that over the phone. Can we meet?"
He waited for an answer.

"Are you okay?" His father asked, sounding concerned.

Zachary tried to steady his voice. "We have to talk dad. It's urgent."

There was a brief pause on the line. Then, he heard his father's voice come on again.

"I have a free period between 3 pm. If you can stop by my office before 3 pm, then we can talk."

"Thank you," Zachary said quickly and hung off the call.

He took his coat at once and shuffled through the stairs. In a moment, he was outside on the terrace of the police station. He strode across the street and boarded a taxi to downtown Washington DC. Five minutes later, Zachary was outside the community college where his father lectured the students on ancient symbology.

He jumped down from the taxi, paid his fare, and began to hurry down to his office.

Once Zachary arrived at the office, he stopped by the front door, realizing for the first time that he had not thought about what he was here to say. His mind was clouded with too many questions that he was not sure where to begin from.

The email that had incited this visit was carefully tucked away behind his coat. If there was even the slightest chance that whoever had sent that email was real, Zachary was bent on finding that out today.

The thought of that spurred him to action. He laid a firm grip on the handle of the door and pushed it open. Mr. Richard Hamilton was seated behind a long mahogany table, grading some students' scripts. Like his son, he was attractive with an erudite face and thick black hair which was turning grey with age. He looked up as his son entered and adjusted the thick-rimmed glasses that rested on his nose.

"Have a seat, Zach," He said shuffling the scripts onto one side of his table. "What's going on?"

Zachary took a seat wordlessly. He looked into his father's brown eyes and felt the betrayal in them cut through his throat like a blade.

"Do you know a 'Gracie Hamilton', dad?"

The words stunned her father. He watched the color drain from his face as he tried to find the right words to say.

"How__Who told you her name?"

Zachary's eyes hardened. "So, you do know her."

Richard Hamilton's tone softened. "You don't understand, Zach. This is not what you think it is. I can explain what's happening but first, you have to tell me how you came about the name."

"This!" Zachary said flinging the email he'd received before him. "This is proof that you lied to myself and mum that your parents are dead. How could you, dad? You denied me the love of my grandparents for what? Some selfish reason you cannot get off your chest?"

Richard Hamilton began to rise to his feet. He looked more terrified than remorseful. It only confused Zachary the more.

"Zach, I promise you, this is not what you think it is. You have to allow me to see what the mail says. It's the only way I can be able to tell you what's going on."

"What's The Red Door, dad? And what does it have to do with me?" Zachary asked sharply. "I am not going to be led to believe that that too does not exist. Why is this woman who claims to be my grandmother warning me about The Red Door and why haven't you mentioned it to me before?"

His father stopped, a lost look on his face. "Whatever she asked of you, Zachary, you must not answer. I can assure you that there is more to this than you know. So, please, just give me the mail she sent."

Zachary was quiet for the next couple of moments, deeply immersed in thoughts. The more he tried to ignore the gut feeling he had, the more it taunted him. His father was concealing a secret from him, that was an established fact. There was only one way to know what that secret was.

With a force that surprised even himself, Zachary rose to his feet and gave his father a deadened stare.

"I'm catching the next flight to Boston. Don't try to stop me."

Main characters:

Zachary Hamilton: Son of Mr. Richard Stevens and Mrs. Olivia Stevens. He has black hair and blue eyes. He's a very attractive young man but a bit of an introvert. He's also a werewolf and a wizard as he later finds out.

Abilities: Strong-willed, Heightened senses, stronger than most werewolves, Superhuman strength and speed.

Weakness: Being irrational with his decisions. Fear of losing the people he loves

Olivia Hamilton: Mother of Zachary Stevens. Very smart and always ready to listen to the needs of others. A very beautiful woman in her early fifties. Zachary is a carbon copy of her.

Abilities: None

Weakness: Being overly emotional with her decisions.

Richard Hamilton: Father of Zachary Stevens. An erudite-looking man in his late fifties. A professor of symbology at The national university. A man given to much solitude and who keeps lots of secrets, secrets that bear bad news once they are revealed.

Abilities: Highly intuitive. The ability to study people from afar and learn what they are capable of doing. Recognizing magic when he sees it.

Weaknesses: Anger especially when questioned about the tough decisions he makes.

Yolanda Perez: A detective in Boston. Young, elegant, and very beautiful. Fully human. A member of the sect The Sisters of Light.

Abilities: Very sensitive to any information given to her. Strong-willed and courageous.

Weaknesses: None.

Luis Johnson: Tall and handsome. A werewolf that was turned. Zachary's friend and a member of the werewolf pack, Dracula's Circle.

Abilities: Strong-willed, Heightened senses, Superhuman strength, and speed.

Weaknesses: Silver bullets, High pitched sounds.

Mayor Lucas Riles: A villain who disguises himself as a saint and the lowliest person in the city. Has the tendency to always manipulate people's minds in his favor. He's in his late fifties, around 59. He's an Alpha werewolf and The master of Dracula's Circle at the time Zachary arrives in Boston.

Abilities: Shapeshifting, heightened senses. Manipulation of people.

Weaknesses: Silver bullets. People who argue with him.

Elizabeth Vetra: Member of The Sisters of Light.

Tyler Jefferson: Member of Dracula's Circle.

Lisa Jenson: Member of The Sisters of Light.

Settings: Boston. (Modern-day).

Tags: Alpha, Werewolf, Revenge, True Love, Magic, Protector, Betrayal, Secrets.