

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

EJ SAMUWEL



THE KNIGHTS OF BETHA: VOLUME 1

THE
BEASTMASTER

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Foreword

If you love JK Rowling's #HarryPotter movie series or George R.R. Martin's Game of Thrones #GoT episodic book series produced by #HBO then you will love the latest New York bestsellers series from the mind of EJ Samuwel entitled "the Knights of Betha."

This romantic, sci-fi action saga is set in a medieval world where war is common and survival is a daily struggle. Betha must persevere to overcome beasts, barbarians, ice Vikings, mythical creatures, elves and savages throughout the kingdom who all want her head.

In order to bring peace to the region of men the greatest war known to mankind must be won. A prophecy foretells the rise of the "chosen one" from the region. Kings are embroiled in a battle for land and zones against bears, sabertooth tigers, arctic mammoths, sea serpents, werewolves and winged creatures of ancient myth as well as each other. There are many imposing beings which dwell in the Kingdom. The Knights of Betha is a fast paced, heart-throbbing adventure with her love interest Tolbert the Bright at her side which will carry her far and wide to ultimately overcome all these challenges if she is to fulfill the prophecy of the book of Shalom.

A FREE map of the kingdom is included with the purchase of every ebook - DOWNLOAD NOW!

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~ The Map of the KINGDOM ~



~ Chapter 1: The Legend of the book of Shalom ~

War is never ceasing in the kingdom. As legend would have it, the one who lives the words of the prophecy of the book of Shalom shall rule the kingdom. The evil of men's hearts grows perpetually darker. It is written in the book, that the "chosen one" shall rise from among the region of men and usher in the age of peace and prosperity throughout all the kingdom. However, no man knows where the book is hidden. Kings rise and kings fall in the never-ending saga of power, glory, wealth and most importantly dominance over the kingdom of flesh and blood.

The realm contains forces both good and evil, spiritual and unseen, but influential all the same. Evil poisons the hearts of men with lust, fear and hatred. Apollyon is its lord, and he rules Carpathia in the netherworld. When he whispers his evil intentions, his influence sparks the fire of men's ambitions. Dark magic and black arts have infected the region of men filling it with violence and chaos. Due to the Apollyon's hatred of the Lord of hosts he will stop at nothing in his attempt to destroy mankind and His purpose for them. Men lack knowledge and therefore are in a never-ending pursuit of wisdom and understanding of the realm. That conflict within men

extends far beyond what is seen with the naked eye or perceived by the natural senses.

For centuries men have fought as the legend of the book of Shalom was passed down from one generation to the next. The legend continued until it became myth and men battled until they forgot why they were fighting. After generations of conflict they remembered only their malice against the men of their neighboring zones. The constant bloodshed and warfare must eventually come to an end. The Lord of Hosts, also known as the Everlasting Father dwells in the realm outside of time, space, and matter. The Lord of hosts grew exceedingly weary with man's folly and their dark hearts grieved him deeply. Out of his great love he decided to send mankind the "chosen one." This is where our tale begins ...

~ Chapter 2: I am with child ~

Do you desire to please me, slave?" asked Darius the nobleman advisor to king Ivan, as he stared lustfully at the twenty-two-year-old lass. "Ay, milord," she replied in a soft voice, feigning authenticity. She stood topless in the middle of his bedchambers with only a small linen wrapped around her frail waist. This was the fifth man she had been forced to lay with in the past three days. She had learned that in return for meeting her lord's intimate desires she could remain safe in the protection of his walls. It was not much but she had a roof over her head and barely enough food to keep from starving. She had also learned the art of communicating affection with her tone of voice, yet isolating her true emotions during these moments.

In that day, it was a common practice for the lord of the house to lay with his slaves regardless of gender. The world was a cruel place and she had been forced to learn her position in it. She had none.

What is your name, child?" asked the fifty-two-year-old nobleman as he beckoned her to come closer with his right index finger. Her heart skipped a beat. "My name is Cristyn, milord," she responded. She was a fair woman all things considered. Shoulder length brunette hair hung about her shoulders like the mane of a stallion horse. She had just come from the baths per the request of her

lord and the flower perfumed scent of her hair was his delight. She knew what came next and exactly what he wanted.

This experience had become all too familiar but at least he started gently this time. The scent of ale wafted from his breath as he drew her close and removed her loin wrap. The silhouette of their forms locked in embrace danced in the flickering candlelight. After he had removed what was left of her clothing, he forced her to the bed. His eyes became wide with lust. The drink was taking hold. She screamed more out of shock than fear as he mounted her. Her mind flashed back to the first time she was forced to lay with a man. She had been only thirteen.

No matter how many men she was forced to lay with her mind always went back to the first man who took advantage of her. Now, it was happening all over again. She did not have words to describe how she felt but she knew that after each encounter of this sort she felt somehow less than she was before. Each one of them had taken away a piece of her.

She always thought about the child that she wanted to have. She desired to be a mother more than anything else in the world and she just wanted to love her child and protect them. She vowed not to allow anything like this to happen to her son or daughter if the Lord of hosts ever blessed her with a child. Within a few moments the encounter was over. Panting and out of breath, Darius gestured

towards the door and said, "Get dressed and get out! Bring back some wine, lassy."

She did as she was instructed and brought the pitcher of black berry wine back into the nobleman's quarters. She sat the pitcher down on the table and glanced over at him but he was already sound asleep. The thought crossed her mind ever so briefly to grab his dagger from the table and use it to slice his throat in the middle of the night as he slept. However, she knew that if she did so all of the slaves of the house would be hanged from the gallows before noonday. A slave raising a hand against their master was an offense punishable by death in the region of men. It was one of the few things that all the kings of the region of men ruling each zone agreed upon. Slavery builds empires.

Within less than ten days, Cristyn had missed her month and was experiencing morning sickness. She had already thrown up twice that morning and the sun was not even at its highest point in the sky. She was not certain yet but she felt in her body that she was with child. The problem was she had no idea who the father was.

Her countenance showed her discomfort and her skin was flush of color. "Are you well, child?" asked Beatrice the midwife, wet nurse and fellow servant of her lords home. She was a heavysset black woman. She had seen many young girls give birth to mongrel children in the homes of many lords and she knew what signs to look for. Their

eyes locked as Cristyn glanced up sheepishly. "Blessed be the Lord of hosts," Beatrice shouted. "You are with child, Cristyn" she bellowed with no regard for who would hear her. "Not so loud!" Cristyn snorted, more embarrassed than angry. "This is a blessing, child," Beatrice resounded, unable to contain her joy. "You will be a wonderful mother, young Cristyn" Beatrice continued. "Rejoice child for the Lord of hosts has heard your prayers," Beatrice concluded.

Tears began to well up in the young woman's eyes as the weight of being an expectant mother hit her all at once. "Don't cry, child, I have helped raise children in this house for more than thirty years and I will be there for you as well be it the Lord's will."