

## Chapter 6: Everything I Need

MYRA

The revelation came like a punch to the gut, leaving behind a hollow ache in my chest.

I sucked in a breath, trying to keep back the tears. Instead, I ended up panting several times, gasping for air.

Putting the file aside, a deep moan escaping my lip as I gripped my stomach. Then it happened. The tears fell at first in silent drops, then they came in sobs that turned into deep groans. I pulled my legs back in and laid on the edge like a fetus.

Images of my parents' mutilated bodies replayed in my mind, their eyes forever open and unseeing. They were the nicest, kindest people and the neighbours proved it when the entire neighbourhood mourned them for weeks.

Why they were killed will forever be beyond me but when I come for their murderers, I will surely get answers.

Once I was okay, I grabbed the file and went through the names.

Every other name was just as powerful, namely - Elder Kaldrick, Elder Burgess and Simon Balakin but the Helsings were at the top for a reason. That meant that they were the primary culprits, and I wondered why.

Why did they kill my parents? Was it because my mother was a full blooded witch? Was their death simply a mission goal or did the reasons run deeper?

Closing the file, I stared up at the full moon.

My mother once told me that when someone dies, their soul joins the stars to watch over their loved ones and intercede for them to the Moon Goddess.

I really hope she was right.

"Mom? Dad?" My voice came out raw and hoarse. "I hope you're up there." I sniffled. "Please tell the Goddess to give me strength. Strength to avenge you both, then I'll join you in the afterlife."

Two days later, the air was thick with tension and excitement as I found my seat in the far corner of a stone-built arena. It was the Helsing's Anniversary and I had heard through the grapevine that Locke would be 'putting on a show' for them.

It was my first time attending one of these so-called "shows" which was a grotesque blend of entertainment and dominance. Still, I had to see it with my own eyes. I needed to see who I was dealing with.

I'd heard of them growing up. The horror stories passed down in whispers among our kind. Hybrids paraded like animals. Witches tortured for spectacle. Rebels executed in elaborate fashion. This was no celebration—it was a message and a warning that the Helsings show no mercy to their enemies.

The arena filled up fast with men and women excited to get entertained and the more the seats were filled, the more suffocating the entire atmosphere became.

Then I saw them.

Up in the VIP section, seated high above the rest of us, the Helsing family sat in silver-trimmed chairs like gods on a cloud. The Alpha King lounged at the center, massive and still, like a lion watching prey. Beside him, the Luna Supreme wore a regal cloak, her white-blond hair curled into a crown-like style.

Her smile was cold.

And between them, an empty seat.

An announcer's voice boomed through the arena.

"Ladies and gentlemen of Nightmoon," he bellowed, his voice enhanced by a microphone, "we welcome you to this most noble celebration of power and legacy! Let us honor the rulers of our great kingdom—Alpha King Alaric Helsing and his Luna, the fierce and beautiful Queen Estelle Helsing!"

Everyone rose.

Even me.

My muscles burned as I bowed low, my hands clenched at my sides. Hatred festered in my chest, but I forced my knees to bend. I couldn't afford to draw attention.

After bowing, the crowd erupted into a frenzy of applause, cheers echoing off the stone walls. Fireworks shot into the sky from behind the arena, showering golden sparks over the gathering.

"And now..." the announcer continued, his tone dripping with pride, "the man of the hour. The Crown Prince. The future Alpha Supreme. A warrior forged in war and shadow, heir to the throne of blood—Prince Hemlock Helsing!"

A drumbeat started, heavy and rhythmic.

Then the doors at the end of the arena swung open.

And my breath caught.

He walked in shirtless, every line of his torso sculpted and smeared with battle paint. His outfit was of dark warrior gear with black leathers strapped across his thighs and forearms.

A sword was sheathed at his back. His presence, commanding every inch of the silence that followed.

The crowd screamed his name but I couldn't scream.

In fact, I couldn't breathe.

Hemlock Helsing wasn't just a prince. He was a predator—and the whole arena knew it.

A war suddenly started inside of me.

One half of me wanted to claw my way out of that arena, to remind myself of the Helsing name, of what they stood for which was death, ruin and oppression.

But the other half of me...was distracted by the man now standing in the center of the arena, his paint-streaked torso flexing with every breath he took.

Locke Helsing was too much. His dominance. His composure. The way he owned every cheer, every whispered gasp.

Women swooned around me, sighing dreamily, some even clasping their chests like they'd faint.

Suddenly, the announcer's voice sliced through the air again.

"From the dark depths of Ember Vault—where only the most vicious creatures of our world are caged—five prisoners have been released for

tonight's challenge."

A loud mechanical groan filled the air as a tall gate opened at the side of the arena. Out came five figures, all unbound, their clothes torn and eyes glinting like feral dogs in the dark.

Ember Vault. The name alone carried weight. It was where the worst of the worst were locked away.

The prisoners were offered weapons—everything from axes and spears to iron chains and blunt-edged daggers.

Locke stood still, his sword already in hand, as the bell rang.

What followed wasn't a fight.

It was art. Violent, bloody art.

Locke moved with the grace of a panther, evading blows with inches to spare, striking cleanly, swiftly, and without hesitation. One after another, the prisoners fell. Bones cracked. Blood splashed.

The crowd went wild.

By the time he beheaded the fourth one with a clean upward slice, only one man remained. A tall, heavysset brute who looked like he could crush metal with his hands.

He raised his axe... then dropped it.

A ripple of confusion at first, passed through the arena.

Then gasps.

The man fell forward on all fours—and transformed into a massive brown bear.

My heart skipped a beat and the crowd roared, pounding on the rails as the bear let out a guttural growl.

But Locke...

He dropped his sword. Slowly. A heartbeat passed. Then two, before he too transformed.

A beast exploded from him.

Fur as dark as a moonless night, fangs the length of fingers, and two long, curled horns that split from his skull like a nightmare.

Locke didn't just look terrifying—he looked unholy.

The bear charged first, but Locke met him halfway with a feral roar that shook the very floor. They clashed—beast versus beast, strength against brute force. Fur flew. Blood spilled. And in the end, Locke sank his jaws into the bear's neck and twisted.

A sickening crack echoed across the arena.

The bear collapsed, dead.

The announcer screamed over the cheers. "VICTORY TO THE CROWN PRINCE!"

The crowd roared from their seats, hailing the beast. Then it bowed once to his beaming parents and just when I thought it would leave, it slowly turned around and looked directly at me.

My heart sputtered so hard I almost collapsed, but I forced myself to remain still and match its gaze before it ran out of the arena.

Afterwards, I stayed long enough to feel the applause melt into background noise. Then I slipped out through one of the side exits.

It was already sundown and I shouldn't have followed him.

But I did.

By scent.

I trailed it past the walls of the arena, through the high-security Helsing compound, and into the woods that bordered the rear of the estate.

A lake waited at the end, still and glassy with moonlight dancing on the surface.

But he wasn't in the lake.

Suddenly, a low menacing growl occurred behind me, raising every inch of hair on my skin.

Slowly, I turned around and there he was—his red eyes glowing in the dark.

My breath caught and I froze in panic.

"What are you doing here?" His beast stepped forward from the shadows, his voice low and guttural—even in beast form.

I stared in surprise. He could talk like that? Even transformed?

"I..." I took a step back, heart pounding. "I came to accept your proposal."

Locke stopped walking.

Then, with one slow movement, his beast form shimmered away.

And a man took its place.

Naked. Blood-smeared. Fucking Glorious.

He stalked forward, eyes glowing green now. My gaze stayed locked on his face, refusing to drop lower.

He stopped just in front of me, so close I could smell the metallic tang of blood on his skin.

He searched my eyes, then asked, "Why now? Why the change.... of... heeaaaaarrrrt?"

I didn't blink neither did I look away.

I thought of my mission. My parents and my vow to revenge.

Then I whispered, "Because you're everything I need."



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