



144 Savior And Slave

Hades 1

I turned to face the members of the round table council. "You do know why I made a deal with Darius Valmont?" I asked. We all had to be on the same page. I had been partially withholding information and plans for five years now, mostly because they had all been enemies at some point.

"To secure the blessed twin of the prophecy," Ambassador Morrison spoke up. "Operation Eclipse."

"Under the full moon's silver gaze, twins shall be born. One brings blessing, hope, and light, the other a curse, shifting as a Lycan, destined to bring ruin and darkness to the pack," Ambassador Montegue read out. He turned, his gaze finally shifting to me. 2

I let the weight of Montegue's words hang in the air, meeting each gaze around the table with cold certainty.

"The Prophecy of Fenrir's Divide," I finished for him, fingers tracing the edge of the polished table. "It's not just some relic of ancient



superstition."

I exchanged glances with Kael, who had been quiet during this whole meeting. He was here to observe and back me up when needed. He knew of my plans. He was the only one who knew the full extent, but today was for the other members of the council who needed to be brought up to speed.

I stepped forward, folding my hands behind my back. "I understand the skepticism—many of you don't believe in prophecies. Neither did I," my voice lowered, drawing their attention closer. "But belief isn't necessary when the facts align too cleanly to dismiss."

Ambassador Morrison shifted on his feet, brows knitting. "With all due respect, prophecies are vague by design. Coincidences can—"

But I saw this coming.

"Coincidence?" I cut him off, eyes narrowing. "The twins were born under a full moon. Exactly as the prophecy foretold. Not just any full moon, but the rare lunar convergence that last occurred over three centuries ago—the same lunar cycle referenced in the Codex of Eldrin." I glanced around, letting that sink in.

Montegue frowned, leaning back in his chair. "Birth records can be doctored. Circumstantial at best."

I stepped forward, placing both hands on the table as I leveled my gaze at him. "Then explain this—Eve shifted into a Lycan on her 18th birthday, under yet another full moon. Her sister, Ellen, did not. Eve's wolf bears markings described in ancient Lycan texts—black veins during the shift, crimson irises during combat. Traits seen in us. Lycans. As the prophecy foretold, the impossible happened that night. A werewolf shifted as a Lycan." 🔍

Silence.

My father had always been more traditional and believed more in our ancestral lore. Even before the twins were born, he prepared, and when they were, I knew that meant his fears and suspicions were justified. The day would come when Lycankind would need a weapon and its handler to fight what was to come. He had been right.

"We live in a modern world," I continued, my voice lowering with intent. "But our roots are steeped in blood, claw, and fate. Prophecies aren't the ramblings of old wolves—they are

warnings passed down by those who survived long enough to see them unfold." I straightened. "I made the deal with Darius Valmont to ensure Ellen remains under our control. I will not risk her being taken by another who sees her value the same way I do." 7

I looked around the table once more, letting my final words settle like the calm before a storm.

"Call it superstition if you want. But if history has taught us anything, it's that prophecies ignored become graves dug too late."

"And you kept this from us," Montegue said, but his voice lacked bite. "We called acquiring the young lady, Operation Eclipse, yet we were only privy to the outline and not the details. We knew she would be the weapon but remained ominous on all this." 1

I could not help but smile, though I felt no joy.

I let Montegue's words linger, the accusation hanging in the air like smoke after a fire. "You say I kept this from you, but you all made sure I had reason to." My gaze swept across the council, landing briefly on each face. "In those days, I wasn't your ally. I was an executioner drenched in the blood of my brother's enemies."



Even after I took the throne, none of you trusted me to lead. You wanted a ruler you could control. Someone bound by the will of this council."

I leaned back slightly, watching their expressions shift under the weight of their own memories.

"I let you believe that. I let you think I was only concerned with holding the throne, with stabilizing Obsidian's borders and putting down insurrections. You all thought I was satisfied dealing with the scraps of power left after my brother's death. But while I stood by your side, dealing with those immediate threats, I was preparing for something larger."

Morrison shifted uncomfortably. "The Obsidian pack needed stability. You gained power through blood, Hades. The council had no choice but to keep you in check."

I smiled thinly. "And yet, here we stand. The borders are secured. The uprisings crushed. The last of the dissenters either dead or bound by oath. The immediate threats are gone. But the prophecy doesn't concern the Obsidian pack alone. It's far greater than territorial disputes or power struggles between Lycans and werewolves."

I stepped around the table, slow and deliberate. "Now that the deadline is upon us, we are left staring at a canvas I can no longer sketch alone. What happens next will define the future of our kind. How we paint it will determine whether it's drenched in the blood of Obsidian's citizens, or if we shape it into something far stronger—something that can survive the war to come."

Montegue's gaze narrowed. "And what exactly do you see, Hades? If you believe the prophecy is unfolding, then what are we facing? What war do you think lies ahead?"

I stopped behind my chair, gripping its high back, and for the first time, I let the truth slip through the cracks of my guarded façade. "There will be death and causality. That is not just a possibility. We should have perfected the shield for the citizens by the deadline, but just like in every war, especially one of this magnitude, resources will spread thin and will not reach some parts of the Obsidian populace. But if we lose the war, there will be no one left to mourn those lost."

A heavy silence filled the room before I cut through it.

"The key to our survival is Ellen Valmont, the

blessed twin."

"The second verse of the prophecy," Montegue muttered.

"Yet when the blood moon bathes the earth in crimson fire, neither shall fall. One shall wield the moon's fury as their shield, unbroken by its curse. The other shall walk within the shadow's heart, where no light nor affliction may reach," Governor Gallinti uttered.

They were beginning to see what I had to spell out from the very beginning. I watched as realization dawned on them, piece by piece, like fragments of a shattered mirror slowly aligning to reveal the full reflection.

"But since the prophecy did not specify, the question is—will Ellen be able to wield the electromagnetic forces of the Bloodmoon, or will she simply be immune to its effect? Either way, she will be our weapon to wield."

"If she is immune, we can harvest her antibodies to save our gammas, and she can still shift when no one else can. But if she can utilize the Bloodmoon for power, she will be the most valuable asset our kind has ever seen," I finished, letting the gravity of my words sink in. 8



Montegue's eyes narrowed, his knuckles tightening around the arm of his chair.

"And if she can't harness it at all? If she's neither shield nor sword?"

"Then we've already lost," I replied bluntly. "But standing still and allowing doubt to dictate our actions will only hasten that loss."

Gallinti tapped his fingers against the table, brows furrowed in thought.

"Harvesting antibodies from her and making her fight? That could kill her." 7

A bitter taste spread in my mouth.

"She will die at the end of the war anyway. It makes no difference." 2

Either she died an unwilling savior or as a scorned slave.

"With Eve Valmont, the cursed twin, executed, the blessed twin will bring light—but not for Silverpine. For Obsidian. But there is an obstacle."

All eyes snapped to me.

"She has been hollowed, but there is more."

I nodded to Kael, who switched on the monitor.

The screen flickered to life, and the dimly lit training room appeared. The council members leaned forward as Kael adjusted the volume. The camera focused on Ellen, blindfolded and barefoot, standing across from me in the center of the mat.

The silence in the room was only broken by the steady, controlled breaths coming from the speakers. I could feel the council's gaze fixate on her slender frame, but the ease in which she held her stance revealed something they hadn't expected—confidence.

Kael spoke over the footage.

"This was recorded last week during her first blindfolded session. No prior warning, no pretense. Hades instructed her to react purely on instinct."

The video continued. I circled Ellen slowly, calculating, testing her awareness. The council saw the faint tension in her muscles, how she listened to the smallest shifts in my movement.

Then I struck.

In the blink of an eye, Ellen parried. Her arm shot up, deflecting the blow as she pivoted on her heel. The speed of her counter made

Montegue's eyes widen.

"She can't see," Morrison muttered, leaning closer.

"She doesn't need to," I answered without turning from the screen.

The video progressed, showing a flurry of strikes exchanged between us. Ellen was relentless, matching each of my movements with calculated precision. She anticipated, reading me as if the blindfold had no purpose at all.

Gallinti's chair creaked as he shifted.

"Her reflexes are sharp—too sharp for someone who hasn't shifted into her wolf form. You must have been using an inhibitor."

I smiled—a genuine one this time.

"That was the lie I told her." 2

Montegue's eyes narrowed.

"What do you mean?"

"I was supposed to have let her inject me with Nerexylin."

They all stilled.

"But the Nerexylin was a decoy, and it was not

effective. It was just a colored saline solution," I finished, watching their stunned expressions shift to disbelief. 2

Montegue's eyes almost bulged out of his sockets.

"You fought her without inhibitors? And she won?" 5

Just then, in the video, she pinned me to the ground and stood victorious.

I heard breaths catch.

"Her wolf is not as gone as we thought it was. She will find it again. We just have to draw it out."

"How?"

Kael spoke up now, looking pointedly at me.

"Her mate. Her bond with her mate will be the key. A primal connection like that can awaken what lies dormant. It should happen during knotting." 9

