



## 165 You Are The Cursed Twin

Eve 1

*"Now,"*

I startled, every hair on my body standing up right at what I was seeing and hearing.

My eyes shone, brighter and brighter, so hot that it was almost unbearable. I blinked.

Rhea?! 5

*"Now,"* The voice came again, distant yet so near that it felt like a person spoke right by my ear.

My heart was no longer beating, it was pulsing; a deep, resonant pulse that reverberated through my entire being, thrumming in sync with the force stirring inside me. My grip tightened on the gun, my strength surging beyond anything I had ever known. Jules struggled, her lips parting in a gasp, but I was no longer afraid.

*Rhea.*

The name echoed through my bones, a whisper of something ancient, something that had always been a part of me, lying dormant beneath my skin, waiting.



*"Rhea?"* I screamed in my head, hoping for an answer that I used to get but there was none. My heart dropped. *"Rhea?"*

Nothing.

Yet, despite the lack of reply, the strength that I suddenly had did not wane. It remained a steady thrum that had intertwined with my throbbing muscles and aching bones.

*"Now,"* the voice urged again, and this time, I obeyed without hesitation.

With a swift, fluid motion, I twisted the gun from Jules' trembling hands, the metal slipping free with a sharp click. Her eyes widened in shock, her body staggering back as if the mere loss of the weapon stripped her of all power.

*"No,"* she whispered, shaking her head in disbelief. *"No, this isn't—"*

But I didn't give her time to recover. I lunged forward, pressing the barrel to her temple with a steadiness that surprised even me. The weight of it felt right in my hands, like it belonged there, like it always had. I felt my fear fizzle away, yet I could not seem to pull the trigger.

Jules fell to get knees, her wide eyes filled with



horror never straying from me. "You-you are a--lycan?" She sputtered.

Her pounding heart launched against my ribs. "No---" I tried to say but the realization in her gaze stopped me in my tracks. 1

"You--you--you are not Ellen. You are Eve," 2

"No---"

"You died," she rambled. "I saw you die. No Lycan could survive--that--"

I swallowed hard, my pulse thrumming louder, drowning out Jules' frantic words. The gun trembled in my grip—not from fear, but from the sheer force building within me, something I couldn't understand, something that felt as old as the bones beneath my skin.

"I said no," I snapped, voice harsher than I intended, but Jules didn't back down. Her eyes, wide with disbelief, raked over me like she was searching for the cracks in reality, for proof that I wasn't standing in front of her.

"You died, Eve. I saw you. I saw—" Her voice wavered, but she refused to look away. "Those bullets tore you apart. No one could survive that. You were nothing but pulp and blood. You bones

were shattered, your flesh was nothing but mush." Her lip trembled, tremors taking over her body. "That can't be put together."

"No, no----" I growled, my voice not entirely my own. "You don't know anything." I screamed.

"...the other shall shift as a Lycan,\* I murmured, reciting a part of the prophecy. "You are not the blessed twin. You are the cursed one." Her words dropped like an anvil. 1

The weight of Jules' words crashed over me like a tidal wave, dragging me down into an abyss I couldn't claw my way out of. My breath hitched, as my grip on the gun faltered. The world seemed to tilt beneath me, spinning out of control, and all I could hear was the relentless pounding of my own heart. 1

"His Majesty must never know, Eve." 1

My name on her lips felt like a curse, a whispered condemnation that sent icy tendrils curling around my spine. Jules—steady, calculating Jules—wasn't pleading. No, there was something far worse in her trembling voice.

Fear.

Real, gut-wrenching fear. She suddenly



resembled the Jules I used to know.

"This level of deception... will never be forgiven," she continued, inching closer, as if speaking the words any louder would summon something far worse than the monster I was beginning to suspect I had become. "This treachery, Eve. He will ruin you." 6

I swallowed hard, my throat raw, my hands cold. "You're lying," I said, but my voice lacked conviction, crumbling under the weight of the truth I was too afraid to acknowledge. 1

Jules shook her head slowly, a bitter smile curling on her lips. "Your father tricked him," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "Not just his own pack, but Obsidian as well. He made a fool of His Majesty, and now..." Her eyes burned into mine, haunted. "You are the final insult."

I staggered back a step, the gun slipping from my grip and clattering to the ground. The sound echoed through the silence like a death knell. "I didn't— I didn't want to," I choked out, my chest heaving, but Jules didn't let me escape the truth.

"He has already taken his wife and his unborn child, Eve," she pressed, relentless. "You cannot take his pride and survive."



A shiver wracked my body, the reality of it slicing through me with razor-sharp precision. He—Hades—wasn't just powerful. He was merciless. I knew. How could I forget but along the way, I wanted to believe that everything we had shared would mean something. 3

He would never forgive me. Silverpine would be in danger. Despite everything I had done to keep this lie going.

*"You know exactly what I'm capable of. All the blood, all the deaths—civilians, Gammas, children—it will all be on your hands. Every scream, every life lost, every ounce of chaos... all because you decided to keep secrets."* His words resounded in my head.

My hands flew to my chest, clutching at the fabric of my shirt like it could somehow hold me together. "No," I whispered, shaking my head, trying to push back the tidal wave of despair. "He—he cares me." The words felt desperate, hollow. "He—"

"Care?" Jules' laugh was sharp and humorless, a dagger of reality that sliced me open. "His care won't save you, Eve. His love will destroy you. Do you really think he'll let you walk away after this? He will stop the manipulations and the mind



games, but what comes next?" Her eyes darkened with something almost like pity. "What comes next will be hell." 2

I staggered back, my legs barely holding me upright. "But I... I didn't choose this," I whispered, pleading, my vision swimming.

"It doesn't matter," Jules said, her voice like a death sentence. "You were bought for a reason. A reason you don't even know yet. Do you think he was just going to let you slip through his fingers? Do you think it was coincidence? You think it was for a foolish alliance that would never last? No, Hades Stravos would never chose to avenge the death of Danielle for something so trivial. It was something far more than you could ever comprehend and you were right there at the centre." 2

My mind was in knots with each new syllable out of her mouth. I couldn't breathe. My chest felt too tight, my ribs caging something monstrous inside of me. "Why was I bought?" I demanded, the words tasting like acid on my tongue. Dread washed over me like a ice cold water. We were both keeping monumental secrets, it would seem. What the hell were his? What would a man like Hades have to hide? 1



Jules' expression twisted with something I couldn't place—anger? Pity? Resignation? "You have no idea, do you?" she murmured, stepping closer, her hand brushing against my arm. "You have no idea what he is capable of." Her grip tightened, her voice dropping into a whisper. "And you have no idea what your fate is at his hands." 1

Tears burned at the corners of my eyes, but I refused to let them fall. "Tell me," I demanded, my voice trembling. "What is he going to do?" I screamed.

Jules exhaled shakily, her lips parting, but before she could speak, something shifted in her eyes—desperation, calculation. 2

In a blur of movement, she lunged for the gun. 1

I reacted before I even had time to think. My body moved on instinct, something primal taking over. With blinding speed, my hand shot out, fingers curling around the grip before she could reach it. The gun was in my grasp in an instant, my other arm swinging forward with a force that felt like it could shatter stone.

Jules barely had time to let out a strangled gasp before she was slammed against the cold,





unforgiving wall. The impact reverberated through my bones, and for a split second, I thought I had broken her. Her breath left her lungs in a ragged wheeze, her eyes blown wide in sheer terror. 1

I pressed the barrel against her chest, right over her pounding heart.

"Don't," I growled, my voice like gravel, my breath ragged. The force of my grip against her was unrelenting, a reminder of the strength surging through me—strength that wasn't mine, but felt like it had always belonged. 2

Jules' hands trembled at her sides, her eyes darting to the gun pressed against her, then back to my face. "Eve," she gasped, her voice barely a whisper. "Listen to me. Listen." She touched the hand that I was using to grip the gun. "He must never know." She squeezed my hand gently her eyes pleading. "You have to kill me." She closed her eyes, and let out a shuddering breath. "But I know you won't do it." She whispered. She opened her eyes, they were bright and bright as the first day we had met. A smile touching her chapped lips, right before she helped me pull the trigger. 4

