



## 227 The Savior

**Eve** 1

**The agony in her scream ripped through my skull, piercing and endless.**

**My vision blurred, flames morphing, the crackle of fire merging with the roaring buzz in my head.**

**Smoke filled my lungs.**

**I could feel myself there, watching it all unfold.**

**My mouth went bitter.**

**My spine prickled.**

**I staggered back a step, whimpering.**

**"Rhea," I gasped in my mind. But even she was silent, trembling with me.**

**The memories didn't stop.**

**That same scream.**

**The smell of burning flesh.**



**A hand pressed against glass, bloodied and slipping.**

**"You don't have to do this," the same woman pleaded.**

**A sob broke from my throat, sharp and helpless.**

**No. No, not now. Please, not now.**

**My head spun.**

**The whirl of helicopter blades cut through the chaos, loud, oppressive, like rotors slicing through bone.**

**I squeezed my eyes shut.**

**But then — rustling.**

**Not in my head.**

**Real.**

**Close.**

**My ears twitched.**

**I forced myself to focus, vision swimming, heart slamming into my ribs.**

**Rustling. To the left.**



**A breath.**

**A footstep.**

**I locked in.**

**My vision cleared just enough to see movement  
in the shadows.**

**The rustling grew louder — and then they  
emerged.**

**Massive wolves.**

**Not the sleek, disciplined soldiers of our packs.  
These were feral brutes. Larger than they should  
be, jaws hanging open with blood-slicked teeth,  
eyes burning a sickly red. Their breath came in  
ragged, snarling bursts, steam curling in the cold  
night air.**

**One.**

**Two.**

**Five.**

**Ten.**

**More.**



They spilled out of the trees like shadows given flesh, surrounding me in a slow, deliberate circle.

And Elliot...

Gone.

My heart cracked.

Before I could react, the first one lunged.

I twisted, claws slashing upward, catching it under the jaw and tearing through flesh and muscle. Hot blood sprayed against my muzzle, and the beast crumpled — but two more took its place.

I barely dodged the snapping jaws that went for my throat, spinning and ramming my shoulder into the nearest one, sending it flying into a tree with a sickening crack.

The others charged.

I fought like I had been doing this all my life.

My claws became extensions of fury. My fangs punctured fur and bone with terrifying ease. Each movement was primal, precise — muscle



memory born of instinct deeper than I understood. 1

But they kept coming.

I was overwhelmed.

They ripped into me — teeth sinking into my haunch, claws scoring across my ribs. Pain lanced through me, sharp and hot, but I refused to go down.

I slashed wildly, disemboweling one, leaping over another.

Blood — mine and theirs — matted my fur, dripping down my legs, but I kept moving.

And through it all —

The visions.

The scream.

"You don't have to do this."

Flames roared, heat suffocating, choking me.

A bloodied hand on glass, sliding down.

Helicopter blades slicing the night.



**My body convulsed, growing larger, muscles tearing and reforming. My spine arched painfully as my power expanded, stretching skin and bone until it felt like I would burst apart.**

**My fangs elongated, so long they nearly cut into my own jaw.**

**My growl rumbled out of me – deep, guttural, monstrous.**

**Even I flinched at the sound.**

**I lunged at the next wolf with newfound force, my jaws locking around its skull. Bone shattered between my teeth.**

**Two more pounced on me from behind, dragging me down, tearing into my shoulders.**

**Pain blinded me.**

**I kicked out, sending one flying, and rolled, crushing the other beneath me. My jaws closed around its throat and ripped.**

**More came.**

**I was drowning in them.**

**Blood. Teeth. Fire.**



I couldn't breathe.

"Felicia!"

The scream lanced through my mind, slicing through thought, through reality.

I stumbled.

One of the wolves took its chance, slamming into my ribs and sending me sprawling.

They swarmed.

I felt teeth sink into my neck, claws raking down my side, tearing me apart piece by piece.

This is how I die.

No.

Rhea's voice pierced through the haze — sharp, commanding, resolute.

"I want you to leash yourself. Don't lose yourself to their manipulation."

My breathing ragged, chest heaving, I closed my eyes — just for a moment.

And I found the leash.



Buried deep beneath the chaos, beneath the  
rage, beneath the hurt.

I seized it.

I pulled.

My eyes snapped open, glowing brighter than  
before, blinding white-gold.

I roared, and the sound shattered the night.

The wolves hesitated — just for a breath.

That was all I needed.

I surged forward, ripping through fur and flesh  
like paper, moving faster, stronger, untouchable. 1

I ducked under one lunge, spun on my paws, and  
ripped out its spine.

I dodged another, leaped onto its back, and tore  
off its ear and part of its face.

I was a hurricane of fang and fury, blood misting  
the air around me.

I was power incarnate — leashed, but on the  
edge of snapping.



And when the last wolf fell, choking on its own blood, I stood trembling in the carnage, panting, soaked in gore.

My muscles twitched, still wanting more.

"Stay with me," Rhea whispered softly. "We're not done yet."

I lifted my head, ears swiveling.

And I heard it.

A faint, muffled cry.

Elliot.

Rhea let me go and shifted back, cold and naked, but it made no difference as I ran through the blood, gore, and bodies to the sound.

I tore through the carnage, slipping on blood-slicked leaves, heart hammering so loud I could barely hear myself think.

I'm coming, baby. I'm coming.

The faint cry sounded again, this time weaker — a small, trembling sob from beyond a thicket.

I pushed through branches, thorns raking across



bare skin where my shift had retreated.

And then —

I saw him.

Elliot.

Tied to a tree, rope chafing into his tiny wrists, his body shaking with quiet, exhausted sobs. His face was smeared with dirt and tear tracks, his big green eyes glazed with terror... until they found me.

My knees buckled.

I fell to him, trembling fingers fumbling with the knots, clawed hands too rough, too big.

"I've got you," I choked out, tears streaming freely now. "I've got you, baby. I'm here."

The ropes gave way. He crumpled into my arms, his tiny body pressing against me, sobs wracking him.

He gasped.

I crushed him to my chest, cradling his head. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. You're safe now."



He clung to me like he'd never let go.

I lifted him, staggering to my feet, carrying his trembling weight against my chest. His fingers dug into my neck.

And then — a deep, rumbling growl behind me.

Hades.

His wolf burst through the tree line, massive, three-headed and dark as night, eyes wild until they found us. He shifted mid-stride, his body reforming, blood-soaked and naked, unbothered by either as he reached us.

His hand cupped Elliot's head, his other wrapped around the back of my neck. His forehead pressed to mine.

"You did it," he rasped, voice thick with emotion.

I couldn't even speak. My throat was raw.

Then — the thrumming blades of a helicopter overhead.

A blinding spotlight cut through the trees, centering on us.

I winced, shielding Elliot with my body.



**From the shadows, black-clad agents emerged from all sides, weapons raised, faces tense and ready for war.**

**Until they saw.**

**The scene they stumbled onto:**

**Me. Blood-soaked, shaking, holding Elliot against my bare chest.**

**The clearing littered with massive wolf corpses, torn apart.**

**Hades, naked and bloodied, standing protectively beside me.**

**And silence.**

**The men exchanged glances.**

**Kael was the first to move, stepping through the line of agents and authorities.**

**He carried a black cloak in his hands. He approached slowly, reverently, and draped it around my shoulders.**

**His voice was soft and a tad bit regretful as he looked around at the carnage. "I guess it's no longer a secret." 1**



Suddenly Felicia ran out into the clearing, straight toward me. I braced for impact but instead, she hugged me, and Elliot. She even carried me off my feet and twirled me.

I was the most confused person to exist, but that was before she screamed. "You saved my son!" Then her voice lowered to less than a whisper as she was still holding me, making sure no one heard. "Beast of the night." 🔴

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