



228 Truths We Wish To Deny

Eve **1**

"Good evening, Obsidian. Tonight, history has been made. What began as a nightmare ended in a moment none of us will ever forget," the male news anchor reported, his smile so wide I could see his gums.

"That's right, Lucien. In a stunning display of courage and raw power, Princess Ellen — yes, the werewolf princess — risked everything to save Prince Elliot from a feral ambush just outside Blackthorn Forest," added the reporter I had met at the Lunar Gala, the one who had been less than friendly. She tucked her blonde hair behind her ear.

Lucien grinned. "And when we say 'risked everything' — the footage and reports coming in are nothing short of staggering. A reported forty-six ferals, all torn apart. Alone. Bloodied. And absolutely groundbreaking."

Maris chimed in. "And then... carrying the young prince in her arms, shielding him even as our



forces arrived. Lucien, I don't think anyone expected her to be the one standing victorious tonight."

"Not after centuries of tension. Not after all the whispers. But there she was — standing beside His Royal Majesty, soaked in blood not her own, with Prince Elliot safe in her arms."

"A werewolf princess... saving a member of the Lycan royal line."

"Maris, I think it's safe to say — tonight, she's not just a princess."

Maris nodded enthusiastically. "No. Tonight, she's our princess."

"Who would have thought? Could this be the beginning of a new era between our kinds?"

"And perhaps, Lucien... the beginning of something more."

"We'll be watching closely. But for now — on behalf of the entire Lycan Nation — Princess Eve, we thank you." 3

"We know it's late, but we would all like to officially welcome you," Lucien's voice lowered



reverently. "Let's roll the clip from our ground team's footage at the scene."

The screen shifted, and I watched — heart hammering — as the broadcast showed aerial footage.

Maris narrated softly, her voice filled with awe. "Here, moments after the feral pack was neutralized. Princess Eve, bloodied but unbroken, carrying young Prince Elliot through the wreckage." ¹

The camera zoomed in. My form — disheveled, streaked in gore, eyes still faintly glowing, cloak slipping from my shoulders as I cradled Elliot, his tiny arms wrapped around my neck.

Lucien spoke again, his tone almost reverent. "Her strength was not only physical. Watch how she shields the prince from the chaos, unbothered by her own injuries."

The footage cut to soldiers parting for me as I staggered forward, then Hades stepping into frame, his expression raw and proud, his hand resting on my back.

Maris exhaled softly. "And His Majesty himself..."



not only standing beside her but looking at her as though she's always belonged."

Lucien nodded. "Forty-six ferals. Alone. In defense of our prince."

The feed returned to the studio.

Maris turned back to the camera. "Princess Eve, we know you're watching. On behalf of mothers who now sleep easier tonight... fathers who will hold their children tighter... and a nation that will never forget..." 3

Lucien finished, his voice steady and full. "You have proven yourself a protector of more than one kingdom. The Lycan Nation salutes you."

Maris smiled. "Stay with us after the break, as royal historian Dr. Ansel Redwick joins us to discuss the monumental implications of Princess Eve's actions — and what this could mean for the long-divided Werewolf and Lycan packs."

Lucien added with a chuckle, "And later — exclusive council reactions and the question on everyone's mind: is this the dawn of unity... or the calm before a different storm?"



The screen faded to the royal crest, and I sat frozen, my heart in my throat.

Rhea had been completely quiet since we returned, as though she were lost in a world of her own. I waited, too afraid to reach out — because I knew. Deep down, I knew those visions didn't fill me with dread for nothing.

The puzzles were coming together now. The visions were fragments of a poignant memory — one my gut told me I would rather forget.

The name 'Leon' still resonated in my head. The late Alpha. Hades' brother. The agonizingly haunting voice of the woman with green eyes. Her baby. All these clues pointed toward a conclusion I was terrified to face.

I exhaled shakily, my hands trembling as I reached for the glass of water on the table — only to find it empty.

Rhea finally stirred beside me. Her voice was soft, almost hesitant. *"You felt it too, didn't you?"*

I swallowed. *"The visions... they aren't warnings. They're memories. Someone else's memories... but also mine."* 1



Rhea's eyes, normally bright and teasing, were dark with worry. *"Leon. The woman. The child. The blood. That scene, my dear... we've been there before. The same woods, the burning wreckage of a car, the bodies..."*

"No!" I screamed, blurring the word before I could stop it.

James' words crept into my mind. *"Who you took from him..."*

My breath came in shallow gasps. My chest tightened, invisible chains colling around my ribs, squeezing.

"I've done this before," I whispered. The words tasted like ash on my tongue.

Rhea's silence was confirmation enough.

The visions weren't dreams. They were recollections — fragments of a past life or perhaps a part of me long buried beneath layers of lies, drugs, and trauma. I had always known. But it had never felt real. Until now.

I could still feel it — the way my claws sank into flesh, the resistance of bone splintering under

force, the warmth of blood spraying my face. The ferals' howls hadn't frightened me that night. They'd felt... familiar. Almost welcome.

And I hadn't hesitated. Not once.

The scent of blood hadn't even stopped me.

The same ferocity that had saved Elliot had once annihilated others. But not monsters. Not all of them.

People.

I shot to my feet, heart racing, panic curling in my stomach. "What did I do, Rhea? Who did I kill?" My voice cracked on the last word. But I already knew. I felt it in my bones. The truth vibrated in my marrow.

I had been happy.

Things had slowly become perfect...

"Beast of the night." Felicia's mocking tone, and the weight of those words, drowned me.

Rhea spoke slowly, her expression pained. *"You weren't yourself then. You were... lost. Consumed."*



"But I did it!" I choked out. "I — I felt it. That night. The same hunger. The same fury."

She reached for me in my psyche, but I recoiled, disgusted by myself. "It wasn't the first time I bathed in blood. The woods... the burning car... the bodies... It was me." 1

Rhea's voice was barely a whisper. "*You were used.*" Her voice trembled with guilt. "*I was used... against you.*"

"No..."

Footsteps made me whip around, claws drawn in a heartbeat — only to be met with light green eyes and raised hands in surrender.

An easy smile touched his lips. "The hero herself. Please don't rip my head off..." But his words trailed off as he really looked at me. "Eve... you're pale. You're bleeding..."

It was happening again.

He tried to take a step toward me. "Hades wanted to ask how you like the TV. He's in a meeting... is there something I can—" 4

"Stop!" My voice was louder than I intended. I



withdrew my claw.

He froze, his worry deepening. "What happened?"

"Tell me it's not true. Tell me now," I blurted, mindless with panic.

He blinked, caught off guard by the raw desperation in my voice. "Tell you... what?"

"Tell me what, Your Highness?" 1

My eyes flew to the doorway, where Felicia stood, Elliot by her side.

The moment his eyes met mine, Elliot ran toward me and stopped awkwardly at my side, as if waiting for permission to engage.

"I think it's time we finally spoke," Felicia said, her voice steady. "Woman to woman. You saved my son, after all."