



232 The Obsidian Royals' Assassin

Eve ¹

I moved closer, inhaling the only familiar scent in the chaos of my environment. I raised my head as she ran her hand through the fur on my head.

"I missed you," she murmured, her voice strange and strained. "It will all be over soon."

I let out a purr, part of my agitation simmering away as the helicopter lowered into the dense woods below, the moon nowhere to be seen in the sky.

Over the sound of the blades of the helicopter, I could hear something in the distance — the whirling of car tires and the unmistakable scent of forbidden creatures.

Lycans.

I ground my teeth, letting out a growl.

Her hands brushed through my fur again, soft and deceptively soothing, but underneath her



touch, I felt tension — something coiled and dark. My breath shuddered in and out, the muzzle biting into me each time. I closed my eyes for a moment, trying to remember warmth, peace... but all that came was the storm inside me.

Then — a sharp click broke through the heavy hum of the helicopter blades.

My head twisted instinctively toward the sound, and Ellen's hand gently stroked between my ears. "Shh..." she whispered. "I have something for you."

She reached down to a hidden compartment beneath her seat and pulled out a small silver briefcase. The air around it was cold — unnaturally so. Frost clung to the edges as she unlocked the seals with a hiss.

Inside... rows of vials rested in neat order, each one filled with thick, glistening blood.

The moment the scent hit me, my vision darkened at the edges. My body convulsed with a sudden, violent hunger that I couldn't control. My fangs ached, gnashing against the muzzle. I whimpered, frantic, my body trembling with



want.

Ellen picked up one vial and twisted it open, the metallic tang saturating the air between us. She pressed the open vial to my muzzle and tipped it forward. The blood dribbled over the iron, slipping between the seams. I couldn't stop myself. My tongue darted out, lapping, desperate, greedy.

The taste was pure ecstasy. Warm, thick, electric. It flooded through me like fire and ice, fueling the storm and quieting it all at once. My claws flexed and retracted involuntarily, as if my body didn't know whether to relax or attack.

Ellen smiled faintly, her eyes glassy. "There's more where that came from, sister."

But before I could process her words, her hand shifted from gentle to firm — and she shoved me backward. 2

The door behind me swung open, the rush of cold night air slamming into my face — and then I was falling.

Down.



I twisted mid-air, instincts taking over, and landed hard on my feet in the dense underbrush. The impact jarred my bones, but I didn't falter. My snout immediately lifted.

And I smelled it.

Blood.

More blood. Fresh, hot, alive.

The muzzle strained under the pressure of my gnashing teeth until it finally snapped, metal shards falling to the ground. My jaws opened wide, and a savage snarl ripped from my throat, echoing into the night.

I didn't think.

I ran.

The scent was everything — a call, a lure, a promise.

Trees shattered beneath my charge, trunks splintering like twigs as I tore through the forest with reckless abandon. My paws dug into the earth, propelling me faster than I'd ever run.

The sound of car tires screeched in the distance.



My ears swiveled, locking onto it.

Blood.

Lycans. 1

I roared, the sound shaking the ground beneath me, and launched forward, slamming into trees without slowing, sending them toppling behind me like dominoes. My breath came in snarls and growls, my body drunk on the blood I'd tasted and the blood I could almost feel waiting for me.

Nothing else mattered.

Except for the blood.

Nothing but blood.

When I was close enough, I lunged through the trees and foliage, propelled by a force beyond instinct — pure hunger, pure rage.

My body crashed onto the top of the armored vehicle with a deafening clang, the metal groaning beneath my weight. My claws sank in, shredding through the reinforced plating like wet paper. The scent of blood and fear spilled out in waves, feeding the madness burning in my veins.



I didn't hesitate. I tore into the roof, ripping it open with a snarl that rattled the night itself.

But before I could sink my fangs into flesh — movement.

Two shadows leapt from the vehicle in perfect unison, landing with heavy thuds a few feet away. In the blink of an eye, they shifted mid-air, fur erupting from skin, muscle expanding with unnatural speed.

Two wolves.

But not ordinary wolves.

I could see it from the insignia on their royal vests.

They were Lycan royals.

One was slate-gray, with massive shoulders and eyes like steel tinged with murky red. The other, a towering fawn-colored beast, its fur bristling with raw power, golden-crimson eyes locked onto me.

For the briefest second, we held still, three predators sizing each other up in the dark.



Then they came at me. Together.

The gray one struck first, ramming into my side with crushing force, sending me tumbling across the forest floor. The fawn wolf followed, teeth sinking into my flank before I could recover. Pain flared hot and electric, but it only fed the frenzy inside me.

I roared, twisting violently, jaws snapping shut around the fawn wolf's leg. I tasted blood — hot, rich, powerful — and it sent another surge of strength through me.

But the gray wolf was relentless, slamming into my shoulder and dragging me down into the dirt. His massive paw pinned me, and for a moment, I struggled beneath their combined weight.

They were bigger. Stronger.

But I was hungrier.

I let out a furious, blood-curdling snarl, twisting my body beneath them. My claws slashed out, catching the gray wolf's underbelly. He yelped, staggering back just enough.

I surged up, jaws snapping toward the fawn



232 The Obsidian Royals' Assassin



wolf's throat, but he danced back, quick and precise. They circled me now, two giants, muscles rippling beneath thick fur, their breaths low and focused.

I panted, my chest heaving, blood dripping from the remnants of my muzzle.

I was outmatched. 1

Comment 12

View All >



Post your first comment!



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift

