



234 Disastrous Implications

Eve 1

The pregnant woman barely had time to scream before I slammed into her, knocking her back against the vehicle with a metallic crunch. My jaws hovered inches from her throat, breath hot and ragged.

She fought against me, but my weight was not one she could withstand. Her hands shifted to claws, her fangs and nose elongating into the snout of a brown wolf — but she was still no match.

"This wasn't part of the deal!" she screamed at me in frustration, her words filtering through snarls. "I am not the fucking target! Don't you dare touch me!" 8

But then —

Another heartbeat.

Faint. Flickering.

Not hers.



I froze.

Slowly, trembling, I lowered my head and pressed my ear to her belly. My breath hitched, my nose brushing against her skin, searching... hoping... desperate to feel that tiny pulse, that fragile flutter of life. 1

Nothing. 4

My brow furrowed. Confusion swirled with frustration, hunger clashing against instinct. I let out a soft, strangled whine.

Where was the pup?

A muffled sound caught my ear — a whimper, faint and broken. 1

From inside the car.

I jerked my head up, nostrils flaring. I leapt onto the ruined vehicle, claws gouging deep into twisted steel. Peering down into the crushed cabin, I saw her.

Another woman.

Pinned beneath bent metal, trembling, her face streaked with blood and tears.



"Please..." she sobbed, her voice barely more than a whisper. "My baby. Please, don't hurt my baby."

Her scent hit me like lightning — fear, pain, and something pure.

I pressed my ear to her belly.

There.

A heartbeat.

Small. Strong. Alive.

My breath shuddered out of me, and something ancient, something instinctive and wild stirred in my chest.

My paw raised slowly, claws gleaming in the moonlight — and came down in a decisive arc onto the pregnant woman... 2

My eyes snapped open, the remnants of the nightmare clinging to me like chains. The vision of the dream vanished, leaving behind only sweat-drenched skin, trembling limbs, and the deafening echo of screams that weren't real — but had been.

My breath came in ragged gasps. The taste of blood still coated my tongue. Metallic. Thick. Real.

I looked down.

My hands shook violently. Fingers trembling. Nails caked in something dark and crusty. Blood. Everywhere. Beneath my nails, smeared up my arms, staining my skin.

My stomach lurched. I barely made it to the bathroom before I retched, heaving until there was nothing left but dry sobs. My knees buckled, and I crumpled onto the marble floor, the world spinning around me.

Pieces. All the pieces fell into place — and with them came the crushing weight of truth.

The bodies. The wolves. Men. Not just enemies. Lives.

And Danielle.

I had smelled her. Heard her voice. Heard the heartbeat.

I had not just remembered — I had fully seen it play before me like footage I now had access to.



My vision blurred again, hot tears scalding my cheeks as I buried my face in my bloodstained hands.

"I'm a monster," I choked, the words breaking from me like shattered glass. My voice was foreign — raw and hoarse, not my own.

"I took lives," I whispered. My chest caved in on itself, suffocating under the weight of guilt. "I took..."

The thought slammed into me, ripping the breath from my lungs.

"I took Danielle from him."

My shoulders shook violently, a sob tearing from my throat so broken it didn't sound human.

"Her child... his child..."

The truth hollowed me out, left me raw and empty.

I had done this.

I had taken her from him.

From Hades.



Just like they had said.

"It wasn't your fault, Eve," Rhea's voice weaved through my thoughts, attempting to calm me.

"You were not yourself..."

"But it was my claws... my fangs... my teeth that tore her apart."

My voice cracked into nothing. My body convulsed with sobs I couldn't control. I pressed my forehead to the cold marble, wishing it could swallow me whole.

"I felt her blood on my tongue," I whispered hoarsely. "I tasted her life... and I ended it."

Rhea's presence swirled in my mind — steady, calm — but I could feel her pain too, bleeding into mine. Her despair and heartache were as acute as my agony.

"You didn't choose this," she murmured softly.

"They forced your lycanthropic nature, manipulated your actions. They weaponized me... and through me, they weaponized you."

"But that doesn't change the blood on my hands."

I raised them again, staring at them through



blurry vision. The blood wouldn't come off. I'd scrubbed until my skin was raw and burning, but it clung to me. Ingrained.

I crawled to the mirror.

My reflection looked back at me — wild, broken, bloodstained. My eyes — once warm amber — now flickered with something darker. Something monstrous.

The memories surged, clearer now than they'd ever been. Every scream. Every bone I'd shattered. Her final cry... the gurgle of blood as she fought to breathe.

I had ended her.

I had taken Hades' mate.

His child.

The one thing he had left.

A shuddering breath left me, and I choked on it.

"They said I'd ruin him," I whispered. "That I'd bring death wherever I went."

And I had.



I had fulfilled the prophecy.

I stumbled to my feet, clutching the sink, breath shattering in my chest. My head bowed, forehead resting against the mirror.

I was going to have to face him.

I would have to look Hades in the eye... and tell him I'd slaughtered the woman he loved.

The mother of his child.

My knees buckled again, but I caught myself.

"I can't do this," I whispered.

"You have to," Rhea's voice softened, like a mother cradling a child. "He deserves to know the truth. No matter how much it hurts. He knows us. He knows you. He knows what they did to us."

My stomach twisted. I wanted to scream. Run. Hide. But I couldn't.

He deserved more than a coward.

He deserved my confession.

I drew in a shaking breath and lifted my head.



My reflection stared back at me — and for the first time, I saw what I truly was.

Not a warrior.

Not a protector.

Not a victim.

A monster. 2

And monsters... they pay for their sins.

I turned away from the mirror.

It was time to find him.

It was time to destroy whatever hope he still had in us. 1

