



245 My Damnation In His Eye

Eve 1

Her hand released me.

I stumbled backward, chest heaving, my palm smacking the wall behind me for support.

"Amelia..."

Her pupils were dilating fast. She fell to her knees, clutching the side of the bed to hold herself up.

She was still conscious—but shaking.

I reached for her, instinct overriding reason. "I didn't mean to—oh Goddess—what did I—"

She grabbed my wrist with what little strength she had left. Her breath shallow. Her lips barely moved.

"Run." 1

Then her eyes rolled back.

Her body convulsed.

"AMELIA!" I screamed, trying to steady her,



trying to grab anything—my phone, her wrist,
anything—anything.

The door flew open behind me.

Men. Armed. Weapons drawn.

I froze.

The scene was wrong—terribly, tragically wrong.
I was holding her. She was twitching. There was
a syringe in her leg.

I knew what they saw.

They saw me.

They saw a threat. A monster. A beast that had
harmed their precious therapist.

"No," I breathed. "No—you don't understand—she
tried to—she attacked me!"

They didn't lower their weapons.

They stepped in.

Closer. Trapping me.

The memories surged.

The chains.



The screams.

The accusations.

You are cursed.

You are evil.

You are not ours.

Not again.

No.

I couldn't survive it again.

My wolf was already at the surface.

Rhea's voice growled in my mind. "They won't listen. Not now. Survive."

And I let go.

I screamed—louder than I ever had—and shifted.

The beast tore out of me like fire through dry leaves.

And this time...

I didn't run.

I fought.



The scream that ripped from my throat
shattered everything.

It wasn't just sound—it was grief. Rage. Survival.

And it echoed down the corridors like a war cry.

I shifted mid-air.

Bones snapped. Skin tore. Fur bloomed across
my limbs like flame across parchment.

Rhea took the reins.

And we did not run.

We lunged.

The first guard tried to pin me against the wall. I
grabbed him by the front of his vest and hurled
him across the room. He slammed into a
bookshelf, crumpling like paper.

A second one darted forward. I dodged his taser
and struck his legs out from under him. I didn't
kill. I didn't bite. But I was not delicate.

Three more rushed in.

They weren't using silver. I could feel it—the
platinum didn't bite deep enough. It stung, but it



didn't slow me down. They didn't know what I was. Not yet.

I barreled through, slamming into one of them with my shoulder, knocking the breath out of him. One fired—missed. Another reloaded—too slow. I tore past him, clearing the door and—

Down the stairs.

The long, spiraling stairs of the tower felt endless. Boots thundered behind me. Shouts. Curses. Footfalls in pursuit.

"She's headed for the exit!"

"Block the lower levels!"

Bullets whizzed by my ears, and I ducked. One grazed my shoulder. The searing pain made me stumble, but I kept moving.

A wolf tackled me on the landing.

We crashed through the railing, tumbling two floors below, slamming into the edge of the stairwell. I grunted, kicked hard, and launched him off me.

Then I heard it.



"Her eyes! Look at her eyes!"

A beat of silence. Then—

"She's not a werewolf! She shifted into a lycan!
Get silver rounds—platinum won't work!"

Panic surged.

My blood turned to ice.

They knew now.

And they were preparing for real damage.

The alarm blared through the facility, echoing
through the stairwell like thunder.

"Beast on rampage. Evacuate immediately.
Lockdown in effect."

Doors slammed shut. Lights flickered red. More
agents poured out from hallways, some
half-shifted, others already in wolf form. A
swarm of fur and teeth and weapons.

I tried not to kill.

I ducked. Slashed. Pushed. Punched.

Another bullet tore into my side—silver. I



shrieked as it burned, the pain unlike anything else, dragging heat into my bones. I staggered, vision dimming for a breath.

But I had to move.

I had to.

Another corridor. Two more wolves lunged.

I leapt. Over them. Crashed through a row of chairs. Skidded around a corner.

Lycans scurried around in a panic, shifting and escaping, others running into their rooms.

Dodging them would further waste what little time I had left.

Then I saw it.

The wall of glass at the end of the hall.

The outside.

The only way out.

No time to think.

I charged.

Bullets sliced past me. One nicked my thigh.



Another embedded in my back. I screamed as my feet left the floor—

And the window shattered.

Glass exploded around me in a rain of sparkling daggers.

And then—

Impact.

The ground hit me like a truck.

Pain screamed up my leg. Something cracked—definitely a bone. Maybe more. I couldn't tell.

I rolled. Groaned. Pushed to my feet with shaking limbs.

Blood dripped down my fur, but I ran.

Past honking cars. Screaming civilians. Lycans shifting in terror to flee my path.

I limped, half-hopping, barely keeping balance.

But then—

I stopped.

A car. Sleek. Familiar.



The scent inside it unmistakable.

Hades.

My breath hitched.

He stepped out.

Calm. Cold.

I froze, mid-step.

My wolf withdrew just enough for me to shift back, shaking and bloody and breathless.

"Hades," I whispered. "I didn't—she tried to—"

He crossed the space in three steps and pulled me into his arms.

And I crumbled.

Collapsed into him, every muscle falling, every breath hitching.

"I didn't..." I tried again. "Please..."

But he didn't say a word.

His grip around me tightened.

And then—



The sting.

A small prick.

My eyes widened.

My breath froze.

I looked up into his face.

His beautiful, beloved face.

There was no grief in it.

Only rage so potent I felt ice spread through my veins—my damnation reflected in the depths of his eyes.

In his hand...

A syringe.

And the liquid inside?

Vivid purple.

Nerexylin.

"No," I choked, horror crashing into me like a tidal wave.

He didn't blink.



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"You should have kept running," Hades drawled, his voice laced with venom that made my heart sink. 15

And then—

Everything went still.

The paralysis took me instantly.

And all I could do...

Was fall. 1

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