



## 264 Vassir And Rhea

Eve **1**

My eyes widened—but it didn't last.

His hand shot out, seizing me by the throat.

The chains clanged violently as my body was yanked forward, his grip so tight it cut the air from my lungs.

Rhea roared in my head but she was weak, she needed a recharge.

He lifted me from the bed as if I weighed nothing, pressing me into the cold wall. My feet dangled. The pressure around my throat grew unbearable.

And then...

A voice.

But it wasn't his.

It wasn't Hades.

It wasn't Lucien.



It was something else. Something deeper, older, crueler—booming through him like a possession.

"I don't love you." The voice was guttural, twisted with venom. "I own you."

My vision blurred.

"I will break you. Watch the hope bleed from your eyes. I will rot you down to your bones, and when your body is cold and withered, I'll cradle what's left and whisper lullabies into your corpse."

His grip tightened.

"You werewolves will pay for the sins of Malrik... and you, my unfortunate mate—" he sneered, "you will be the first of many. I claim. I own. I destroy." 6

My fingers clawed at his arm, panic finally overtaking me as my airway collapsed. My legs kicked. My lungs screamed.

And still... he didn't let go.

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Rhea was howling now—no longer words, just anguish, fury, desperation. She tore through the tendrils of exhaustion as Hades hand was swallowed I'm shadows, the black veins spreading and searing my skin, ripping the breath from me 1

The moment his grip began to burn—really burn—my vision swam. His hand was no longer flesh. It was shadow, black and jagged, splitting through his skin like obsidian shards.

And it was killing me.

Rhea shrieked in my mind, tearing through the weight of her fatigue.

"I'm here!" she roared. "I'm here!"

Then she moved—not into control, but into the space between. Her presence surged forward like a shield around my soul, intercepting the searing grip of the flux. It wasn't seamless. It was violent.

Like two speeding cars crashing headlong.

The moment they collided, I felt it. A rending in my chest, my mind, like static scraping bone.



The flux reeled back—caught off guard by her force. By her fury.

But so was Rhea.

Because something shifted.

In that split second of impact, the aggression drained from her—and in its place, something colder seeped in.

Recognition.

Shock.

Her voice turned brittle in my mind, a shiver of breathless disbelief.

"Vassir..." she gasped.

Everything stopped.

Even the shadows stalled.

Hades—no, the flux—froze mid-snarl, my feet still dangling as I wheezed against the wall, unable to scream, unable to breathe.

But his head tilted. Just a bit.

Curiosity.





And then he spoke.

Not in Hades' voice.

In the distorted monster's tone.

But in something ancient.

Something familiar to Rhea.

"Rhea," the flux purred through his mouth, low and haunting.

His grip tightened.

"Little Light-wielder," he whispered. "Still alive after all this time. But weaker. Smaller. You were fire once. Now look at you—burnt out." 2

Rhea didn't respond.

She was trembling.

So was I.

But that wasn't the worst part.

The worst part came when Hades' body jerked—his back arching like something inside him was being peeled away.

He gasped, staggering back from me as if he'd



been punched in the gut. His eyes flickered—grey, then red, then grey again.

He dropped to his knees, panting, clutching his head as the horn on his skull lengthened—a black crown splitting flesh. It twisted, sharp and curved, like a weapon molded by wrath.

I hit the floor hard, coughing, gasping for air as my back scraped stone.

When I looked up—he was still on the ground, palms splayed, shoulders trembling.

He was fighting.

Fighting it.

He didn't speak. He couldn't.

But I saw it.

The Hades I remembered—splintered and bloodied—was clawing his way back.

My mouth parted, chest heaving.

And then I heard her again.

Rhea's voice. Not full of rage or defiance.



But reverent.

Broken.

A whisper laced with awe and fear.

And something tethering on something softer,  
almost loving.

"Vassir..." she breathed, like it wasn't just a name  
but a wound long buried.

"He lives."

And all I could do was stare as Hades' body—my  
mate's body—writhed under the weight of a god  
neither of us understood.

My skin still crawled with the memory of the  
beast that took over Hades that night. The one  
he did not speak about.

>"They preserved him," Rhea's shocked voice cut  
through my thoughts.

>"Who?"

>"The Vampire prince," she replied, just as Hades  
seemed to snap out of it. He rose easily, too  
easily.



Almost mechanical.

Looked down at me and when he spoke, he was Hades but unfeeling. "You will give me that password, mutt."

I tried not to flinch at the slur but failed. I bit my lip from the overwhelming dread and pain.

"You will give me that password, mutt."

His voice was ice.

Detached. Controlled. Too calm.

But the weight behind the words hit like a thunderclap.

I flinched—couldn't help it—and shame curled in my stomach like something venomous.

He stared down at me, expression unreadable, the jagged horn now gleaming under the dim cell light like some dark crown. There was no flicker of remorse. No conflict in his tone.

Only cold inevitability.

My lips parted to speak, but the words caught in my throat when he crouched.





Not to meet me at eye level.

But to look down on me.

The way a scientist might examine a failed experiment.

"The truth will come out, one way or another," he said. "I'm done waiting for it to be given freely."

I stiffened.

Torture.

He would torture me for information I knew nothing about.

Something in his voice changed—not in pitch, but in weight. The edges softened almost... kindly. Almost.

"You won't need to speak, Eve. Not after the next phase begins."

My blood chilled.

"What... what phase?" I whispered.

He tilted his head again, the way he always did before dropping a blade disguised as a sentence.



"The first extraction happens in forty-eight hours."

My heart dropped.

"No," I breathed.

"I wanted to give you time," he cut in. "Time has passed."

He stood smoothly, brushing dust from his sleeve as if the conversation had bored him.

"You don't want to be awake for it, Eve," he said without looking at me. "Trust me on that."

My chest constricted so violently I had to clutch it, my fingers curling into the torn fabric of my shift like that would stop the ache—like it would hold something together before it cracked completely.

I couldn't speak.

I couldn't even scream.

Because I knew what he was saying.

This wasn't a warning.

It was a promise.



He turned to leave.

The cell door hissed open.

Then paused.

Without turning around, he added:

"You have until then to remember. Every hour you stay silent makes what comes next... less merciful."

And then he was gone.

The door slammed shut behind him.

And in the silence he left, I curled inward—  
shaking, gasping, drowning. 1

Not because I was afraid of pain.

But because I knew Hades.

And the man who just walked out that door—

Wasn't him anymore.

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I know ya'll are losing it but a resolution is coming guys. Wait for Elliot. He's just a little kid, he will figure something out. 5