



## 287 A Werewolf On Obsidian Streets

Eve <sup>1</sup>

I would never bow. I would never submit. I told myself, repeating the words like a mantra as I continued down the unfamiliar streets of a city that had only been seen through the window of Hades car. <sup>1</sup>

I twisted my neck, the snapping of my neck relieving some tension.

I continued my aimless trek through the asphalt path. It was not quiet, quite the opposite, actually as I bumped into people, lycans as they went about their night. It was strange that a few months ago, I would have been hyperventilating mess on the sidewalk if I found myself in this situation.

But now... I felt nothing as the frigid night air chilled me through my bones, I didn't even notice they were different as I occasionally stared up, staring at the city night lights, skyscrapers ...and the flickering neon signs that



painted the buildings in hues of red and gold and green. Everything shimmered like a world I didn't belong to. A world that pulsed with life and colour and purpose.

And I...

I was just passing through.

I pulled the hood of the worn jacket higher over my head, fingers numb. Not from the cold—but from something deeper. Something hollower. Like my blood had been replaced with smoke and salt. I could still feel the phantom burn of the cuffs around my wrists. The ache in my limbs from where they had dragged me. The bile in my throat from the way Hades had looked at me—like I was something to be put down. Contained.

I crossed the street. Someone brushed past my shoulder. Another bumped my arm. They didn't even look twice.

That used to bother me. That I could disappear and no one would notice.

Now?

Now I crave it. 1



Let them pass. Let them not see me. Because if they did, they might recognize the monster beneath the borrowed clothes and blank face. 1

A bus screeched to a stop nearby. Its engine roared, releasing a gust of warm air tainted with exhaust. I didn't get on. I didn't even pause.

I kept walking.

One foot. Then another.

There was no destination. No plan. Just... away.

Away from Obsidian Tower.

Away from the ghosts.

Away from him.

> "Don't you want to see what is in it?," Kael had said.

Knowing that it was my sister who wanted me to see this 'truth', the last thing I wanted to see was another evidence of my sins. 4

I could still hear Danielle's screams. Still taste blood when I closed my eyes. Still feel the beast curled beneath my skin like a second heart.





Everything I knew was a lie. I just found out the world was ending in 18 months, and Silverpine civilians were none the wiser. They would be canon fodder in a war they had no was coming. 2

Hades had known, and even before all the allegations were levelled against me, he had kept me in the dark.

I could not trust my family.

I could not trust him.

I could only trust myself.

I could no longer afford to bow and submit for loyalty and protection... or love. I had to take my life by the reins. 2

I passed a storefront. Paused.

Where could start?

There was a mirror in the display. Cracked.

I caught a glimpse of myself in it. Pale.  
Hollow-eyed. Hair tangled beneath my hood.  
Lips chapped from the cold.

But it was the eyes that made me still.



There was no rage there.

No grief.

Only... exhaustion.

A monster.

At least I could now stare for longer than a second.

I didn't recognize myself anymore. And I wasn't sure I wanted to.

I turned away from the glass.

The wind picked up again, slicing through my coat.

I pressed my arms tighter to my body and...

I kept walking.

I walked towards the large city's outskirts towards the woods. It was instinct. In a way, I wanted nature to cleanse what people had taunted. 1

I walked past the rusted signs. Past the crowded sidewalks where no one made eye contact. Past the laughter spilling from the bars and neon-lit



lounges. The world moved on like it hadn't shattered beneath my feet. Like it didn't reek of betrayal and ash.

But I noticed everything now.

The tremble of my hands inside my coat sleeves. The ache in my legs from too many nights without sleep. The tight coil in my stomach, not from hunger—at least not the kind food could cure—but from something that felt like loneliness stretched too thin.

Kael had given me money. Just enough. A stack of crumpled bills shoved into my palm like a silent apology he hadn't dared to speak aloud.

I used some of it earlier—forced myself to buy a burger at a corner stall. I'd choked it down mechanically. Barely tasted it. My body needed it, but my soul rejected everything.

And still, somehow... I was hungry again.

Always hungry.

For what?

For justice?





For a home?

For the years I lost?

For a face that didn't flinch when it saw mine in the mirror?

I had no allies. Not here in Obsidian. Not anywhere.

The few names I'd once whispered in prayer were gone—or had been masks all along. My pack. My fiancé. My sister. My mother.

And Hades...

No.

I shook my head hard, pressing my fingers to my temples as I walked. I could not afford to think about him.

Not now. Not after everything.

The sidewalk narrowed. The city lights blurred behind a high steel fence as I passed a row of old, shuttered shops. I was getting closer after walking for almost an entire day.

Then I heard it.



A soft scuff behind me.

I didn't turn around. At first.

Obsidian was loud. Busy. Crowded.

I told myself I was being paranoid.

But something in my bones stiffened. My wolf stirred in the hollow of my chest, still sluggish from injury, but wary.

Too quiet, she whispered.

The neon buzz faded as I passed a dark alleyway between two buildings. My pace quickened.

And then—

A hand clamped down around my upper arm.

Hard.

Yanked.

I was pulled backwards, boot soles dragging against the concrete, breath knocked clean from my lungs as I was slammed into the cold brick wall of the alley.

"Hey, hey," a voice sneered against my ear.





"Where you rushing to, little stray?"

My instinct flared, but before I could wrench away, two more shapes closed in around me.

Three.

Three Lycans.

Not fully shifted—but on the edge. Their irises glowed faint red in the dark. Their scent hit me immediately—unfamiliar, acrid, reeking of old blood and alcohol.

Then one of them paused for a long dreadful moment, his snout raised.

"Doesn't smell like Obsidian," he muttered, sniffing the air.

Another grabbed my jaw, twisting my head to his. "Open your mouth, let's see if you have fangs or..."

All of them laughed as I struggled. "We might have mutt on our hands. Finally."

A chill snaked through my skin.

