



303 Her Wish

Eve 1

It was as though the whole room held its breath.
So did I...

I waited as the colour drained from their faces,
as they seemed to freeze in time, their gazes
slowly falling on Cain beside me.

Surprisingly, it was Kael who spoke up first. He
sounded like the air had been pushed out of his
lungs.

"What did you fucking do?"

The aggression was there but diluted by
astonishment.

"What did you fucking tell her?"

"Kael..." I stood, trying to shut down the
confrontation, but he didn't even glance in my
direction.

"What the hell is your game?" he growled.

"You're trying to manipulate her? Because she's



vulnerable..." His voice rose, but I'd had enough.

"Enough," I snapped, my voice echoing.

Kael finally looked in my direction.

"But Eve... you don't know what you're saying," he said. 2

"I'm touched by your concern, but it's unwarranted. I know what I want. I know what I have to do if I want to see this fiasco through."

His mouth opened, then closed, like he wasn't sure what he wanted to say. His face fell, and my heart ached. He was still sweet. But telling him what had happened would destroy whatever loyalty he had left in Hades. 2

Hades' actions had wrecked me—but they weren't his alone. He would need someone by his side, and that could only be Kael. I doubted anyone else was as loyal as the green-eyed, witty Beta.

"I doubt you know what you're invoking," Silas finally found his tongue, his groomed brows disappearing into his hairline.

"This is no political stunt," he finished, his voice



sharp but laced with disbelief.

"This is ancient blood magic, Lady Eve. Not some bargaining chip you toss on the table to look formidable."

I tilted my head slightly. "Is that what you think I'm doing?"

His eyes narrowed. "That Rite was buried for a reason. It doesn't blind wolves—it chains them."

Cain chuckled lowly beside me—dry, humorless.

"And yet, it's the only thing that ever worked."

Gallinti stood now, arms stiff at his sides.

"This is insanity. You want to curse us all into a pact of fear? Tie our fate to traitors? To each other? We barely trust our own shadows, and you want us to swear our bloodlines into damnation? You forget that only one Alpha of the four who partook in the ritual survived. Only Theron Stravos survived. Or have you not caught up on our history as you claim?"

I swallowed. Only one out of four Alphas survived.



"Lycans still won against the Valmonts back then only because of that same Rite. Instead of tearing each other apart, they tore through the enemy," Cain finished coolly, eyes like chips of winter steel. 1

"Theron Stravos didn't survive because he was lucky. He survived because he understood one truth: loyalty enforced by consequence is still loyalty. And of course, because Valen Gravemont was enough of a greedy dick to try and get rid of his only competition—only to wind up a mass of bloody pulp on Obsidian stone and curse three of his generations in the process. Whose bloody fault was that?" 1

Silence engulfed the room.

I glanced around the table. The tension only thickened with the stillness.

Kael was as pale as paper, tugging at his tie, trying to get a gulp of air.

Silas and Gallinti looked about ready to rip out their own hair.

Montegue had his hands steeped in front of him, deep in thought.



Finally, my gaze fell on Hades.

My chest constricted as my eyes met his from across the round table. His intense stare turned my insides to mush. His arched, dark brows were slashed upward in a furious line.

One eye—the stormy grey—didn't instill fear in me. But the other, blackened and corrupted just the night before, twitched wildly now, the iris dilating and constricting within its confines.

A gasp tore from me at the sight, and instantly, the rogue eye stilled—as if something within had realized it was being watched.

The room snapped to Hades, startled by the horror on my face. But he slapped one hand over the defiant eye, shielding the rest from the room as though to spare us the nightmare behind it.

Montegue finally spoke, just as Kael rose to see what was happening to his Alpha.

"Your Majesty, what is your thought on her... decision?" he asked.

The air thinned.

Hades rose slowly—too slowly.



A sickening crack sounded somewhere in his spine, and the scent of rot bled into the chamber like fog curling in from a battlefield. Decay. Ash. Blood-soaked regret.

His hand never left the corrupted eye, fingers white-knuckled against it like he was holding something in—or keeping something out.

"I have..." his voice rasped, as if dragged from the bottom of his lungs, "...utterly... lost your trust."

It didn't sound like him. Not entirely. His tone vibrated with unnatural dissonance, as though another voice echoed beneath his own—older, broken, and snarling through a hundred invisible teeth.

"You fear... I will lose myself... to my vices," he continued, his voice trembling with restraint.

"That I'll stand in your way... because I am capable... of what I did yesterday." 1

He still didn't look at anyone else.

Only me.

His words curled around my ribs like barbed wire, each one sharper than the last. But I didn't



flinch. I couldn't.

I had to stay level.

Even if everything in me begged to run to him.
To fix it. To believe it wasn't too late.

His jaw tightened, blood trailing from beneath
his palm, sliding over his cheekbone in slow,
viscous lines.

"What is your wish," he asked, breath catching
like glass in his throat, "if we are to go through
this bond unscathed?"

My breath caught.

My gaze jerked to Cain, panic flickering in my
eyes. He was utterly calm.

He shrugged, unapologetic.

"I might've skipped that little detail. You must
divulge your wish before the others... and your
partner... agree to the Rite. Just in case you plan
to wish for something too... well, you know.
Inconvenient."

My heart slammed against my ribs like it wanted
to escape.



I turned back to Hades.

He was twitching now. Barely. But it was enough. Just a tremble beneath the skin, a tremor in his breath. The Flux clawing through him inch by inch.

Blood spilled from his covered eye in a slow, steady drip, splattering in a small crimson pool at his feet. 4

"So," came the voice.

Deeper now.

Darker.

"What will it be, Eve?"

I took a step forward.

Then another.

My voice did not shake even though everything else within me quaked. I was tired—of being bent, broken, and carved to fit the stories others wrote for me. He chose vengeance over love, control over truth. And I still remembered the needle, how hatred lived in his eyes long before the Flux did. He had made choices, and I had to



make mine before I would never get the chance.

>"I am with you, dear," Rhea whispered, though the pain in her voice was palpable. She would lose Cerberus if we had not already lost him completely to the flux.

"I want a divorce," I said. 12

"I want our marriage dissolved."

I assure you they will have an happy ending but this becoming too toxic. Sorry for the spoiler tho 5

We are going into action soon, it's time to end Darius and unravel this secrets. 3