

341 Mummy And Daddy

Eve 1

Montegue exhaled slowly, as if weighing the consequences of what he was about to allow. "Very well," he said. "But only for a moment. Just long enough to confirm what you feel is true."

"I don't need a moment," I murmured, brushing Elliot's curls from his forehead. "I need him."

They didn't argue again.

A wheelchair was brought in with quiet urgency, sleek and silver, far more elegant than the ones from mortal hospitals. Lucinda tried to guide me toward it, but I shook my head.

"Just give me a second," I said, legs trembling beneath me. "I want to try."

Elliot tightened his grip on me like he was afraid I would slip through his fingers again.

Lucinda held out her arms gently. "Let me carry him for now."

To my surprise, Elliot allowed it. His eyes never

left mine.

I took a slow, bracing step. Then another. My legs still felt foreign, like something borrowed from someone else, but I reached the chair, and I sat—less out of weakness now, and more because I had somewhere to go.

Montegue walked beside me as the aides began to push the chair forward.

The hallways outside the infirmary were quiet but humming—cold, sterile lights blinking overhead.

The hallway fell away into silence as the containment chamber loomed ahead. Everyone slowed.

I didn't wait.

Before they could stop me—before protocol could speak—I gripped the wheels of the chair myself and pushed forward.

The air in the chamber was colder, heavier. Hades lay at the center, motionless, a tangle of shadow and flesh laid bare on a reinforced slab. 1

He looked broken. But not defeated.



I rolled the chair beside him, the metal groaning softly under my urgency.

Everyone stood back—Montegue, Lucinda, the aides—watching.

But I saw only him.

My hand rose instinctively, trembling, reaching for the face I had memorized in dreams and memory and madness.

"Hades," I breathed, brushing my fingers over his cheek. His skin was warm. Not burning, not cold.

Alive.

"He hasn't moved," Kael behind me whispered, pulling himself away from the corner where he stood. "Not once in the two weeks since the purge. No eye flicker, no sound. Not even a breath too deep."

But just as he spoke—

A twitch.

So slight I thought I imagined it.

His fingers, resting limp beside him, shifted barely—like a muscle spasm or a phantom



response. My breath hitched, but I said nothing. Not yet.

Kael must've seen it too, because his voice faltered. "That... wasn't happening before."

I leaned closer, my hand still on Hades' cheek. The stubble along his jaw felt real. Familiar. My thumb traced over it slowly.

"Come on," I whispered. "I know you're in there."

No response.

Stillness again.

Then—another movement. His brow twitched. Like something far beneath the surface stirred. No grand awakening. No gasping inhale or sudden jolt.

Just... resistance. The kind that said a soul was crawling back uphill.

His eyelids fluttered—not opening, not fully—but reacting.

Like my voice reached a part of him buried deep, buried far.

"He hears you," Kael murmured, stepping closer,

but I barely noticed him.

I pressed my forehead gently against Hades'.
Closed my eyes. Let the silence stretch.

"I'm not leaving," I whispered. "Even if you don't
wake today. Even if you don't wake tomorrow."

Another breath—ragged, shallow, uneven.

Not like the still, artificial rhythm of someone
sedated.

This was voluntary.

His chest moved again. A muscle in his jaw
flexed. His lips parted like they wanted to form a
word but couldn't.

I stayed still, letting him find the pace.

Letting him return the only way he knew how—
one battered inch at a time.

The next breath he drew was deeper.

Unsteady. But real.

And then—faintly, barely—his fingers brushed
mine.

Not a grasp. Not a clutch.

A graze. Like he was reminding me he was still tethered. Still trying.

My heart squeezed so tightly I could hardly breathe.

I drew back just enough to see him. His brows were faintly drawn, like some dim echo of pain or confusion lingered just beneath the surface. His lips parted again—and this time, a low rasp escaped. Not a word. Not yet. But sound.

Lucinda made a sharp sound behind me. Kael moved. Montegue stepped forward.

But I lifted a hand.

"Don't," I said, not looking at them. "Give him this."

Give us this.

I placed both hands on either side of his face, gentle but firm, guiding him back to me.

"You're safe," I said, the words shaky but certain. "You're not alone. Not anymore."

His lashes lifted a fraction.



A sliver of storm-gray met mine.

Not fully focused. Not fully present.

But Hades was looking at me.

A sound cracked from Kael's throat. Montegue whispered something I couldn't hear. Lucinda made a choked sob I didn't expect—but I didn't turn.

I couldn't.

His lips moved. I leaned in, desperate to catch even the ghost of a word.

"...Eve..."

A whisper. Broken. Like wind through shattered glass.

Tears fell down my face, soft and unchecked.

"I'm here," I whispered. "I'm here, Hades."

And for the first time in what felt like forever—

He blinked.

Slow. Blurred.

But his gaze found mine again.



No fury. No Flux. No throne. No war.

Just him.

Just me.

A beat later, his fingers curled more surely
around mine.

And this time—

He didn't let go.

A sharp sound broke through the silence.

Small. Fragile.

But not meaningless.

"Daddy?"

The voice was high-pitched. Trembling. Filled
with too many emotions for such a tiny word.

I turned.

Elliot had wriggled out of Lucinda's arms—his
cheeks wet, his small hands clenched into fists at
his sides.

"Daddy," he said again, louder now. The word
cracked in the middle like it cost him everything.

My breath caught in my throat.

Hades blinked—slow, sluggish, stunned.

But that one word changed everything.

Elliot's feet hit the floor in rapid, uncertain steps, and before any of us could react, he ran forward, pushing between me and the chair.

"Daddy!" he cried again—this time not broken, but whole. Like it had finally burst from a dam long held back. His little hands reached for Hades' chest, for his arm, for anything.

And then—he turned to me.

"Mummy," he sobbed, eyes wide and red-rimmed.

I forgot how to breathe. 1

No one spoke.

But Elliot didn't stop.

He crawled up onto the bed in a flurry of limbs and sniffing breath, wedging himself between Hades and me like his little body could anchor us both.



Hades let out a sound—not a word. Not a breath.
A sound. Guttural and raw. A sob dressed in
gravel and stunned silence.

"Ellie," I choked, my arms already around him.

But Elliot wasn't clinging.

He was holding.

Like he was the one who needed to keep us from
breaking.

"Mummy... Daddy..." he said again, quieter now.
Like if he stopped saying it, he'd lose it all.

I looked down at him, cupping his face,
trembling.

"You spoke," I whispered, tears spilling freely.
"Baby... you spoke."

Elliot nodded, burying his face in Hades' chest.

And then—

Hades' hand lifted.

Barely.

Just enough to rest over Elliot's back.

And I swear—I saw something shatter in his eyes. Something too big to name. ²

But there it was.

Real.

Present.

Elliot's voice had pulled him the last mile back. ¹

We had him.

We had each other. ²

Comment ¹¹

View All >



You've arrived at the latest chapter!



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift