

360 Explosive Revelation

Eve 1

A flurry of gasps, startled scribbling, and camera flashes burst through the room like static. Montegue's hand twitched at his side, a subtle signal to the guards to remain still—no intervention unless needed.

The silence that followed wasn't calm. It was brimming. No further explanation was needed. If they started down the road of lineage and spiritual inheritance, they'd be here all day and still not touch the heart of the matter.

"Next question," I said into the microphone.

Hands shot up like arrows. I pointed to the closest one—dark suit, press badge gleaming.

The man stood. "Do you know the whereabouts of Ellen Valmont?"

The room froze.

I didn't.

Something sharp twisted in my stomach—her



name was a blade I hadn't learned to sheath yet. I opened my mouth, then closed it. My fingers curled around the edge of the podium as I inhaled.

"No," I said, the word scraping my throat. "I don't know where she is."

There was a shift in the room—not distrust, but curiosity... pity, maybe.

"The thought of her," I added, voice gentler now, "brings up emotions I'm not ready to explore here. Not in this setting. I... I ask that questions be kept to matters concerning Obsidian for now."

I glanced at the rows of reporters. One of them—a young woman with a crescent tattoo by her ear—quietly crossed something off her notepad. So did a few others.

"Next question," I said, regaining my composure.

A plump woman stood next. Her voice was clear, unwavering, but not unkind.

"There are rumors surrounding the death of your maid, Jules Volkov," she began. "Some say she tried to kill you. Others claim it was suicide."



The circumstances remain unclear. Can you clarify what happened that day?"

My breath hitched.

Jules.

Her red hair. The freckles across her nose. The way she used to hum under her breath when brushing my hair. I felt my throat tighten, my vision blur around the edges—but I did not cry. I would not cry for the press.

"She died," I said, "because my mental health was spiraling. Because she was... not well. And she couldn't see what was real and what wasn't."

There was a pause as I gripped the podium harder, grounding myself in truth.

"Jules was my friend. My sister, in every way that mattered."

The room stilled.

"I only know I pray the gods grant her the eternal rest she deserves."

Silence again—this time laced with reverence.

Then, a tall man rose. He spoke slowly, with the



deliberation of someone who wanted no misunderstanding.

"Why did a Silverpine helicopter cross Obsidian airspace on February 6th, three months ago, at midnight?"

The weight of that question settled hard.

I knew it was coming.

I steadied myself before speaking, choosing each word as if it might be used in trial.

"They came to take me back."

A rustle swept the hall.

"I was told they received information about my deteriorating condition—my mental health, specifically. That it was a rescue. But I believe that was only the front."

I looked directly at the man.

"Because I had found my wolf again. Rhea had returned to me."

Another wave of murmurs.

"And Alpha Darius of Silverpine... had ordered



the Hollowing. To keep me tame. To keep me wolfless. So when word reached them that I was whole again—rebonded to my Lycan—they came under the guise of care."

I held the reporter's eyes. "But it wasn't to save me. It was to strip me. Again."

A heavy silence stretched as the implication sank in. Obsidian knew the cruelty of Hollowing. But to hear it confirmed like this—to learn that Silverpine had orchestrated it—was something else entirely.

I looked down for a breath. Then back up.

"Next question," I said.

The next reporter didn't wait for me to call on them. A man in a storm-grey jacket stood abruptly, his voice sharp with urgency.

"Lady Eve," he began, "can you comment on the recent series of bombings within the Tower—one involving yourself, and one involving Elliot Stravos, child of the late King Leonard?"

My heart stuttered.

Elliot.



The name alone set my blood roaring in my ears. My throat constricted. My fingers twitched at my sides. My legs were steady, but only just.

I opened my mouth to speak—to say I couldn't, not yet—but a warm weight settled on my hand.

Hades.

He stepped forward, his towering frame casting a long shadow over the podium. His hand gripped mine—firm, grounding.

"I'll answer that," he said.

The entire room fell still. Even the flick of pens halted.

His voice was low but steady. "Elliot is not just the child of Leonard Stravos. He is my son."

The silence shattered into stunned murmurs. A few shouted, "What?"

Hades didn't flinch.

"After the massacre that took Leonard's life and Lucas Stravos, and my child was presumed dead. But he wasn't." His eyes swept over the stunned press. "He was stolen. Hidden. Raised under



false names, false bloodlines, and used as leverage by the very person responsible for orchestrating the tragedy."

"Who?" someone shouted.

He didn't hesitate.

"Felicia Montegue."

Gasps. A tidal wave of them. One reporter dropped their pad entirely.

"She wasn't a victim," Hades continued, voice darkening. "She aided Silverpine. She opened the gates. She poisoned our systems from within. And when the dust settled, she pretended that Elliot was hers."

He paused, letting that sink in.

"For weeks, I believed Eve—my Luna—was the monster that night. But the truth is far uglier."

I couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. The rage in his voice wasn't directed at me—but the guilt inside me pulsed anyway. For all the lies we had lived through.

Hades turned toward me briefly, his eyes



searching mine.

"Felicia let the world believe Eve was to blame," he said, quieter now. "All while raising my son in secret."

The room erupted.

Questions barked over one another. Reporters rose from their chairs. Shutters snapped like gunfire.

But all I could hear was that single word echoing in my mind—

Son.

Elliot.

Was Hades'.

Was ours.

Montegue raised his arms, shouting over the noise. "Order! We will restore order now—security, hold the perimeter!"

Reporters were losing their minds, some pacing, others arguing with each other in whispers, unsure if they were witnessing a royal scandal, a coup, or the first crack in the foundation of the



world as they knew it.

Hades stepped back beside me, his voice barely a whisper now, meant for me alone.

"I'm sorry it took me so long to believe you."

I looked up at him, blinking tears that burned like acid.

"It's not over," I whispered. "Not even close."

Hades sat back, his voice leaving a hush in its wake.

And yet, nothing he said was new. Not to me. He told them the truth.

The transplants.

The lies.

The memory chip.

The framing.

He was just explaining the parts of the story I had already lived through—over and over in my own mind. Like a wound I kept stitching shut only for it to split open again.



Still, hearing him say it aloud, before all of Obsidian... that mattered.

Because sometimes, the truth doesn't change things.

But it changes people.

And for the first time, I saw him try.

Montegue's voice rang again, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"We move now to matters of national security, foreign interference, and the question of the king intent toward Obsidian and its people."

I stepped forward again. My voice steady. My mask back on.

"Next question."

A bespectacled man near the center rose next, his tablet already open with highlighted text glowing faintly on the screen.

He didn't waste time.

"My question concerns the Flux," he said, his voice grave. "The substance known in Obsidian reports as the essence of decay. Is it true that



experimentation on this compound cost hundreds of lives over several decades? And more importantly, is it true that His Majesty was injected with it... for power?"

Gasps swept across the room like a sudden breeze through dry leaves.

I felt Hades tense beside me.

His jaw ticked.

His hand twitched.

He stepped forward slowly, and for the first time, the confidence in his stance faltered.

"...Yes," he said, voice quiet but deliberate. "The experiments are real."

A hush fell, heavy and expectant.

"Dozens died trying to create a vessel strong enough to endure the Flux. Hundreds more suffered to produce it in the first place. Obsidian's darkest chapter isn't written in stone. It's written in bone."

The room didn't stir.

And then—



"It was started by..." He paused, lips parting but no sound following.

I saw it—the tremor in his throat, the unbearable weight in that unspoken truth.

He couldn't say it.

So I stepped forward beside him, clearing my throat gently.

"Lucas Stravos," I said.

Murmurs broke out immediately. Some reporters leaned forward as if trying to catch the word again.

"It was the late King," I continued. "Hades' father. He began the experiments decades ago, desperate to create something that could eclipse the natural order of power. Something immortal. Something monstrous."

I forced my voice to stay steady—diplomatic, respectful—but not protective of the legacy that deserved none.

"Hades was eight," I said quietly. "The same night my sister and I were born."

Eyes turned toward him. Toward me. A few pens trembled.

"He was chosen—not asked. Groomed, conditioned, and trained to become the perfect vessel for the Flux. Not because he wanted power. But because he was a child trying to survive the very man who raised him."

I didn't look at Hades. I didn't need to.

I knew his silence was no longer guilt. It was memory. Pain.

"And it worked," I said finally. "But at what cost?"

No one answered. No one dared.

Because everyone knew the answer.

A younger journalist stood next, barely older than twenty, her voice a little shaky.

"If the Flux is as volatile as you say, is there any risk to the public now? Is His Majesty still... infected?"

Hades didn't bristle.

"I was the only one who survived full exposure," he said evenly. "But I'm no longer infected."



He looked toward me, as if grounding his truth in mine.

"During the Fenrir Rite, the Flux was purged. What remains in me is residue. Not corruption. Not danger. And not contagious."

He paused, then added with quiet weight, "The danger ended with the one who created it."

Another reporter cut in.

"So you're saying you were cured? By a spiritual rite?"

I stepped forward. "By a cleansing, yes. A hybrid of science and sanctum. My Fenrir marker allowed for it."

"You say this with such certainty, Lady Eve," an older woman near the back said. "But if this bond between you and the king can cleanse Flux... can it also control him?"

A few gasps. I noticed Montegue stiffen.

I didn't flinch.

"I'm not here to control him," I said calmly. "I'm here to guide what remains."



Hades gave a dry smile. "She's being diplomatic. She does control me. Just not in the way you're hoping to write in tomorrow's headlines."

The room chuckled, tension releasing slightly. I glanced sideways at him, brow raised.

A man in military garb—not press—lifted his hand slightly. Montegue gave a reluctant nod.

"Lieutenant Major Cesare. Obsidian Front Command. Do you intend to weaponize what remains of the Flux... or the Fenrir marker?"

The room froze again. A national security question.

We were delving into the serum that would save them during the bloodmoon. The tension was there, this was the true fear of the people.



I am sorry, I will update soon

