



## 367 In Sync

### Hades 1

The rogues did the same and we formed a united front as we collided with the tidal wave of monsters.

Claws shredded the sterile silence. Flesh met fang, steel clashed with bone. The halfway erupted into chaos—beautiful, primal, blood-soaked chaos.

My left head snapped toward the closest Feral, jaws clamping down on its throat with enough force to snap its spine. The right head ripped another from limb to limb while the center kept its eyes on the horde ahead. Always forward. Always hunting.

Cain's beast was leaner, a jagged black blur that moved like liquid rage—tearing through Ferals with practiced violence. One of his rogues was dragged down by three creatures, but Cain lunged, grabbed all of them in a single sweep, and crushed them into the wall until the tiles cracked.



"Keep formation!" I snarled through the bond, voice guttural in my Lycan form. "Don't give them an opening—move forward!"

"Roger that," came one Gamma's mind-link response, fanged and strained but focused.

More Ferals poured from the open walls, their bodies twitching with inhuman spasms. Some crawled like spiders. Others ran on two legs, snarling like they remembered once being men. They didn't bleed red. They bled black—and it smoked.

The barrier behind us sealed.

We were locked in.

A trap.

Or a test.

And still...

Kael's blood ran forward.

Past the horde. Past the carnage. Past the madness.

My mind split in three—one part fighting, one part calculating, one part tracking.

He's still bleeding,

He's still close,

He's still alive.

But for how long?

I crushed another Feral, pinning its jaw beneath my paw as I slammed my body into it, splattering black blood across the walls. It hissed as it hit the light, sizzling like acid.

"They're not made to survive sunlight," Cain growled beside me, panting, his beast form streaked with cuts. "We need UV. We need silver."

"We need to end this," I snarled.

More poured in.

From the walls. From the ceilings. From the floor.

The hall screamed with them.

Twisting bodies. Shattered mouths. Pupil-less eyes glinting with nothing but hunger.

They came in waves, and the waves did not stop.

I didn't either.

I lunged, blurred, tore. My claws shredded through bone like parchment. One blink—I was behind a cluster, jaws ripping out a spine. Next blink—I was in front of them, slamming three skulls together like glass bulbs.

Something cold and hot all at once—sliding under my skin, crawling into my chest, flowering out through my limbs like smoke laced with starlight.

The Flux.

It had always taken.

It had always consumed.

But this time, it offered.

No whispering words of venom, no claiming muscles to yield.

Just power—raw and waiting.

And I took it.

I gripped it like a blade forged for my hand alone. And when I moved again, I didn't just shift—I fractured space.





The world blurred.

My body split in motion, trailing afterimages of myself as if time itself was struggling to keep up.

Claws became lightning.

Jaws became thunder.

I tore through fifteen Ferals in one pass, the hallway filling with black ash and bone-shard screams. Cain flinched back to back with me, panting.

"What the hell are you?" he rasped, voice barely audible over the bloodrush.

"I don't know," I said.

But I did.

Not Hades.

Not just Lycan.

Not just cursed.

I was the weapon the Flux could never control.

And now it was mine.

But even as the horde thinned—dozens



becoming puddles, screams becoming silence—I  
could feel it.

The frustration.

Burning behind my ribs.

Kael's blood was fresher here. That meant he  
was ahead. But he was slowing down. His trail  
dragged like he was crawling—or dying.

And still these things kept coming.

Why?

Why this many? Why this room?

Why here?

Was it to keep us back—

—or to keep Kael in?

Another screech tore down the corridor.

Another door slammed open.

Another army.

Rage detonated in my chest.

I unleashed it.



But it was not a roar, it was an explosion that should have turned my throat to mush.

The kind that cracked planets. The kind that made gods shudder.

The Flux didn't fight me.

It followed.

Silver fire exploded from my limbs, trailing down my claws like oil set ablaze. Ferals burst apart on contact, screaming as the light consumed them.

But still...

Still...

Kael.

His heartbeat was vanishing.

I could feel it in the ground.

Thinning. Fading.

No.

I tore through another dozen with a scream that shook the walls.

"We need to move!" I roared to the others. "Cut



them down and break through! I'll clear the path—now!"

Cain nodded, bloodied fangs bared. "Then go."

Cain growled as he tore his claws through another Feral's throat, black blood splattering his chest. He staggered back, breath ragged, then looked at me with a grit I recognized—rage wrapped in purpose.

"I'll hold them," he snapped, slamming his shoulder into a crawling abomination and stomping its skull. "Me and my men—we'll keep the path clear."

I froze mid-strike.

"What?"

Cain met my eyes, panting. "You heard me. Follow the blood. Find Kael."

My instinct recoiled. Leave him? In this?

The hallway was still crawling. The next wave was already building, shadows warping into movement behind the walls. Cain and I had clashed blades, tempers, and power more times than I could count—but leaving him now, here,





with the feral spawn of Darius' failed horrors? It felt like betrayal.

I looked down.

Kael's blood—still glistening, still warm—curved sharply to the left, disappearing into the yawning dark of another corridor. The smears were thicker. He was falling. Bleeding out.

Cain grunted, swinging hard and sending a Feral flying into the wall, cracking bone.

He turned back to me, and this time... he smiled. 1

"Don't care about me now," he said, voice rough. "Go get the Beta."

I looked up.

And saw it.

Not the grin. Not the fangs.

The eyes.

That same softness I hadn't seen since we were children. Before the wars. Before Vassir. Before I became everything he feared and hated.

The hallway vibrated beneath our feet.



The walls screamed.

But I only saw my brother.

For one breath, one flicker of time, we stood still.

And then I roared.

Not from rage.

But from something deeper. Older.

A call.

A command.

It wasn't heard by ears—it was felt by cells. It struck the Ferals like a detonation of will. Every beast within range froze mid-lunge—then collapsed. One by one. Bodies crashing to the floor like puppets with their strings severed. Claws scraped tile. Jaws snapped. Then silence.

The red lights flickering across the ceiling blinked.

Once.

Twice.





Then—

**"FREQUENCY RECOGNISED."**

**"LYCAN PRIMUS IDENTIFIED."**

**"INITIATING SUBMISSION PROTOCOL."**

Every emergency light dimmed. The blaring  
alarms dulled to a single, low tone.

Cain blinked. "What the actual—"

I didn't answer.

I was already moving.

Faster than thought.

Because now I knew.

This place wasn't just a lab.

It was a vault.

A vault that recognized only one master.

And it had just bowed to me.

But there was no time to figure out why.

The hallway beyond was silent now. Too silent.





No alarms.

No monsters.

Just the slick whisper of blood beneath our boots and the faint static hum of something ancient reawakening.

My breath came out in steam. The Flux inside me had quieted, but not left. It pulsed low beneath my skin like a second heartbeat, watching, waiting. My Lycan form still shimmered faintly with silver light, claws twitching as if ready to kill again.

Cain and the remaining rogues caught up, bloodied but standing.

We didn't speak.

There was no need.

Kael's trail was all we followed.

Down the corridor. Through two more empty passageways. Past what looked like incubation tanks, long drained and blackened with decay. The deeper we went, the colder it grew—unnaturally so. The walls here were thicker, curved with surgical precision. The air itself





hummed like it remembered screams.

Then we found it.

A seamless door—twice the height of any man, forged from a pale alloy that looked neither metal nor stone. There were no handles. No seams.

Only a single scanner beside the frame, blinking softly. Waiting.

One of Cain's men stepped forward, limping. "Let me try—"

"Don't." I held out a hand. "It's coded."

I stepped up.

And it didn't need instruction.

The scanner pulsed as it read my proximity, then cast a thin blue light across my face.

SCAN INITIATED.

RETINAL CONFIRMATION REQUIRED.

I lowered my head, letting the scanner read my eyes.

Nothing happened.

The scanner beeped once.

Then twice.

ERROR. RETINA UNMATCHED. ACCESS  
DENIED.

Cain swore under his breath. "They locked it  
down."

"No," I muttered, straightening.

I knew what it needed.

I shifted again—not into my full form, but  
something between. My bones cracked,  
reshaping. My skin paled to ash, and when I  
opened my eyes again, the world sharpened  
unnaturally. It was just a hunch but... if the roar  
had worked, maybe...

I leaned in.

The scanner pulsed—then halted.

A beat of silence.

A stutter in its glow.



Then:

...RECOGNIZED.

VAMPIRIC EYE DETECTED. ANOMALY CLASS:  
UNKNOWN.

ACCESS GRANTED TO SUBJECT: HYBRID  
PRIMUS. 1

The door hissed. A slow, heavy inhale, like the vault itself had just woken from centuries of sleep.

Then it opened.

Smooth.

Silent.

To an all new layer to this world we had just entered.

"How did you figure that out?" Cain asked as we stepped in.

"I have reason to believe that the flux in me can sync with this place. It finds it familiar, so it allows it to disarm it." 2

