



370 Powerless

Eve 1

The chamber was loud. Too loud.

Voices clashed like weapons, bouncing off the iron walls of the Obsidian Council Room in sharp, overlapping fragments—accusations, demands, orders, panic. No unity. No leadership. Just noise.

And still... they wouldn't let me speak.

I sat at the far end of the crescent table, out of the circle of power, holding Elliot in my arms as his little body curled tighter against mine. He was finally asleep—barely. His face damp with tears, his lashes trembling with every shuddered breath. He'd cried himself into exhaustion after refusing to let go of my dress, whispering the same thing over and over:

"Kael saved me." 1

They'd almost taken him. My son. Ripped from his chamber in the middle of the night during the explosion. If Kael hadn't been there—if Hades



hadn't locked the east wing down—

But Kael wasn't here now.

Neither was Hades.

And with Cain gone too, I was alone in a room full of enemies.

The Governors had stayed behind to manage the aftermath of the bombing, their faces still smeared with soot and fury. The Ambassadors hadn't even bothered hiding their contempt tonight. Gallinti slammed the the marble desk in rhythm with his disdain. Silas barely looked at me. And when he did, it was only to sneer.

"She should not be here," Silas snapped. "There is no Alpha present. No Luna bond ratified. No legal authority. Why is she even seated?"

"She is bonded by prophecy," Montegue said weakly, but his voice cracked midway. His phone buzzed on the table beside him, and he glanced at it again, fingers twitching like he wanted to leave. Escape. Hide.

He looked... lost.

Gallinti slammed a folder on the table. "Prophecy



doesn't issue council mandates. The compound has been attacked. A member of the high guard is missing. Civilians are rioting. And what do we have? A boy-king vanished, his second in command abducted, and this—" he gestured to me like I was rot on his sleeve "—sitting here in silence while the rest of us do damage control."

"I have something to say," I said, softly.

They didn't hear me. Or they didn't care to.

"We need order!" Silas barked. "This is exactly why Obsidian never should've bent to a foreign-blooded mate claim. Look what she's brought us—chaos, prophecy, and corpses."

I clenched my jaw. Elliot stirred in my arms and whimpered softly, his fingers digging into my skin. I pressed my lips to his forehead and rocked gently, grounding myself in the smell of his hair, the fragile heartbeat I could feel through his spine.

I wasn't allowed to stand.

Wasn't allowed to vote.

And I wasn't allowed to speak.



Not here. Not without a title they refused to recognize. Not without Hades beside me. Not without Kael's voice echoing my own in defense. Or Cain as my support.

Who was I without them.

Hades had been wrong, I was the one the pack needed not when I did not have a say even with my borrowed seat.

The seat was mine, but the power wasn't.

They made that very clear tonight.

I was still shaking with how close we were to losing Elliot...

And how Kael had traded himself for my child. 1

He hadn't hesitated.

And now he was gone.

Taken.

"We should have known better," Silas said, rising with that self-important air that made my teeth grind. "You let prophecy in, and prophecy will always demand blood. I warned you—she is a disruption. A weapon forged under the wrong



moon."

Gallinti added, "And now she sits here like some war widow, expecting our sympathy. But what has she done, truly? Nothing but bring ruin."

Elliot stirred again.

I squeezed my eyes shut. Just for a moment. Just to anchor myself.

I wanted to scream.

To lunge across the table and make them choke on their arrogance, their fear masquerading as righteousness.

But before I could move, Gallinti's voice sliced through the chamber again, colder than ever.

"Let's not forget who lit the match," he spat.

"Valmont blood stains this room long before any prophecy. No matter whose bed she warms, she's still the daughter of Darius. She carries that rot in her veins."

Silas nodded, smug. "You can't outrun your origin, girl. You're not Obsidian. You're a Valmont—through and through. This mess? This war? It started in your cradle."



The words hit like iron to the gut.

And they were right.

No matter who I protected. No matter who I loved. No matter what I'd sacrificed—Danielle, the beast, the bloodshed, the betrayal—my blood was still Valmont.

And the war had started with my family.

My father's ambition.

My mother's silence.

My sister's crown.

And me.

I felt the shame flood my chest like ice water. I bowed my head, my voice shriveling before it ever left my lips.

They're right, I thought. Maybe I don't belong here. Maybe they'll never see me as anything but a threat, a symbol of the collapse they fear.

I was still Eve when they were gone.

But without Kael, without Cain... without Hades...



Was I still enough?

And then,

A whisper.

No..

A breath of wind inside my mind.

"Then borrow me. Just this once." 1

Rhea's voice wasn't loud.

But it vibrated in my spine. Ancient. It wasn't like a usual motherly playfulness. She sounded old, like she has seen a thousand life times.

"You are the bridge between the broken. Daughter of two kingdoms. Blood of dusk and bone of moonlight. They cannot silence what you were born to become. You were not forged in peace. You were shaped in ruin. And still, you stand. Still, you hold the child. Still, you breathe. That is power." 1

"Let them speak of blood. Let them snarl your lineage like a curse. But you— you —are not a mistake. You are a reckoning. Your birth did not split fate. It rewrote it."



"You are the child they buried. The flame they tried to drown. You were never meant to be a footnote in his kingdom. You were meant to break it."

"So stand, daughter of silver and ash. Not as their Luna. Not as his mate. Not even as their queen."

"Stand as yourself. And they will bow eventually."

My pulse stilled.

Everything in the room stilled.

And then—Rhea roared.

Not aloud. Not from my throat.

But from within me.

The sound hit the chamber like a shockwave—feral, ancient, loud enough to shake dust from the high arches above. Council members flinched back in their chairs, hands flying to weapons, to ears, to instinct. One ambassador fell backward. Another dropped his glass.

Elliot stirred but did not wake.

The sound hadn't touched him.



Only them.

The enemies.

The doubters.

The ones who never wanted me to speak.

I stood.

For the first time all night, the room fell into silence.

A few backed away.

Even Silas.

Even Gallinti.

Eyes glowing faintly now, I looked around the circle—slowly, deliberately.

"My name," I said, voice steady, voice not entirely mine, "is Eve Rielle Valmont. I was born under prophecy, shaped by war, and reforged in imprisonment."

I stepped closer to the table. Not around it. Into it. Into their space. Into their fear.

"I am the daughter of your enemy—and your only



shield against what's coming. I carry his blood, yes. But I also carry the weight of what that blood has cost. And I will not let you use it as a leash to chain me silent." 2

No one interrupted now.

Not a whisper.

Not a breath.

"I didn't ask for this seat. I earned it. Through fire. Through betrayal. Through the kind of loss none of you could stomach."

Rhea stirred again—just once, pulsing through me like a second heartbeat.

"I am not Obsidian by tradition. I am not yours by rite. But I am your Luna."

I lifted my chin, voice crackling with layered power. Mine and hers.

"And I will sit at this table until my mate returns. Until Kael is freed. Until my son is safe in his bed without the scent of blood in his hair."

"And if that makes me a disruption—then so be it. We have far bigger fish to fry. The pack is



bleeding. Your people are terrified. And you're too busy protecting your egos to notice the sky is already falling."

Silas flinched, just barely. Gallinti's knuckles tightened.

I didn't stop.

"While you argue about legacy and bloodlines, your soldiers are dying. Your labs are compromised. Your cities are whispering rebellion. The people don't care whose name I bear—they care who shows up when the bombs fall."

I turned slightly, letting the room see Elliot cradled against me. His small fingers still clutched my dress like a lifeline. His cheek was smudged with ash.

"They almost took him tonight," I said, voice tightening. "The heir. The future. And if Kael hadn't been there—if he had acted..." My voice cracked before I could dare complete it. "If he could be taken, who the hell do you think you are? We have a common enemy but here you acting like children." 3