



410 Blocked

Eve 1

I couldn't shift. 1

The realization dropped like a bomb, leaving my ears ringing, and my vision darkening at the edges. Sweats dripped hot down from my temples, the heat closing in around me until it felt like I was boiling alive.

I glanced at the little bed that Elliot slept on. He was sleep peacefully, his little snoring filling me instinctively with more dread. He was defenseless and I was... useless. I was alone in this and I could shift to protect him from harm.

I looked down at my hands that refused to shift to claws that could save us if things went even more side ways that they already were.

The lights of the training room were bright but the future I saw before us had ever been more dark. I bit back back the tears, and the sob clawing it's way up my throat. If I broke down now, I would never recover.

Hades' absence was already a weight on my chest; breathing had never been so hard without



him. But this...

This was worse.

That horrible creeping feeling of helplessness that had been my perpetual company for five years had returned with a vengeance.

Why now? Why fucking now? I wanted scream, yell until all the gods in patheon will have no choice but to answer to my cries.

>"Eve, listen..."

But even her calming voice was drowned out by my panic and the chaos churning within. 1

The council had turned their backs, Montague almost died, Lincinda had been compromised and nothing was working to permanently to bring her back.

Kael had been maimed and taken, Hades had not returned from the rescue even after three days.

"The hell am I suppose to do?" The words poured out of me in a growl that was a half sob, too raw to recognise as my voice.

Guilt tampered the encroaching madness as Elliot flinched in his sleep.

Would he have to flinch his whole life, would he



never have a moment of peace?

I got back on my feet, my squaring shoulders as took stance. My muscles coiled with tension as I stared down the faceless dummy. Even now, I saw grey eyes staring back at me, that fanged smile, dark hair and a presence bigger than anything in my life. My husband.

And then the features I saw morphed into the the face of the bastard responsible. Dark low brows above cruel eyes that wanted nothing but to witness utter agony of innocent people for reasons I, to this fucking day could not wrap my mind around.

I gritted my teeth as I recalled my training and swung, my legs swiping hard at the its fade. He tilted back lower that it had ever done before become bouncing back to take its original positin.

Like I had done for maybe two hours straight, I proceeded to dump all my nervous energy and frustration on it.

I had the strength, I felt no pain, it all came like instinct. My anxiety rose slowly and steady like a crescendo.

One hit, two hit, three hits.



And then it erupted as I swung harder letting all the chaos fill my veins, I felt my muscles, manipulate my motion, my fist swiped across the dummy's face with a crack that fragmented the silence in the air.

The dummy lose its head, and it went flying in one direction I didn't bother following.

I didn't stop, I swung my leg at the long sturdy cylindrical body with an arch and that too went flying.

Yet, I felt nothing. My heart was a pounding drum in my chest. Breathing was painful.

It was not until I fell over and heard Elliot.

"Mummy?"

I whipped my head in his direction, my heart lurching when I saw him in the arms of...

"Montague..." I whispered, my voice so hoarse it was like shrapnel through my throat. Relief filled me as I tried to move towards him, only to find that I couldn't.

His skin was still colourless, like death, the skin of his face was pulled taut over his bones. "Eve, don't move." His voice came in a weak horrified with mutter.



Elliot's eyes filled with tears. "Mummy, your leg and... hand."

It was only then that I looked down; my ankle was twisted so far back, my foot had flipped, the bone of my arm was poking out of my elbow, dripping blood from the open wound. 1

Absentmindedly, I rotated my foot to its normal position and pushed the bones back place without so much as a wince. Wiping my blood on my garments I rose and limped to them, knowing the wounds would be closing by now. Theses were not my first injuries since I started trying to get myself prepared for what ever would come.

"Mummy is okay, darling," I whispered, wiping his tears away and kissing him. "I am okay."

His lips trembled, green eyed holding mine hoping I was not lying. "You promise."

"Always," I whispered, rubbing my nose against his. "I will always be okay for you."

I turned to Montegue, a smile tugging at my lips at the sight of him.

"You look like hell, my lady," he said like he didn't look worse.



"Could say the same for you," I murmured as I pulled him for my a gentle embrace.

He chuckled, only to hack a cough.

I reached out and rubbed his back, worry coming anew. "It's much too early to be walking about,"

He beat his chest, "My heart is had strong as a bull's," then coughed again. "Dion is keeping me up right now."

Though he tried to keep bright expression, I could see the worry and dread flickering behind his eyes. The fear that he tried to hide from me. "I am sorry for letting you down like that. Being another problem you had to solve."

I smiled for his sake even though that faded just as fast as my hope. "Never and I mean never even think that. I am just glad you are alright but need to be on bed rest."

I tried to angle him towards the exit but he resisted, his eyes never leaving. In them was a question that I didn't want to answer. "You looked extremely frustrated there." His eyes darting to what remained of the poor dummy. They narrowed and refused to meet his gaze. "Eve... can't you shift?"



My eyes snapped to him because of how quickly he figured it out. "How..."

"It's because of Hades," he said, expression falling.

"I miss him, more than you know. I am worried, extremely. But this feels worse than that. I can't even start the process, it like I am completely blocked out of shifting. But I can heal myself and I can communicate with Rhea."

He shook his head, his face etched with dread. "It's not just Hades. It's the bond of the Fenrir's chain, you have with him."

I blinked.

"Both of you have been separated for too long. The chain is blocking you from shifting unless you two are in the same vicinity." 2

The information dropped like a boulder, the ringing in ears amplifying. "Can he shift?"

There was no uncertainty in his voice as he spoke. "He can't" 2

The wind of knocked out of me, and felt myself go faint. "How will he get back home?"