



416 Glamour Eraced

Eve ¹

The manor loomed before me, its modern but vintage walls breathing with the kind of silence that devoured sound. Dread saturated every cell in my body, coiling tight as I adjusted Elliot on my hip. His weight was familiar, always a comfort, but it did little to steady the storm that beat inside my chest.

Montegue led us forward with that careful, deliberate stride of his, like he was not the same man I had watched crumple. Like his wife was not being dosed to keep her under control. As if his daughter had not escaped and brought so much misfortune.

I could see the wariness flicker in his eyes once in a while when he thought I wasn't watching. The way his brow would crease from the stress that should have weighed him into an early grave. Yet, here he was, with a cane I had insisted he take with him as we investigated the odd report from the surveillance team.

The hall stretched long and suffocating, its shadows heavy with unseen eyes. I could feel the



guards at my back—Obsidian Gammas that were always on my tail—their steps sharp and synchronized. Every move promised they would strike at the first sign of danger, and yet... my skin prickled with the sense that danger was already everywhere.

The air shifted as we neared Felicia's rooms.

And then I saw them.

New cameras.

They glared down from every corner, red lights blinking like watchful eyes, all angled toward the entrance as though daring me to step through. The weight of their lenses tracked me, a reminder that every second, every breath, was being recorded. The hallway itself bristled with guards—Obsidian Tower and Montegue's alike—layered like teeth around a wound that had never healed. Their hands hovered close, braced to shift the moment there was a disturbance.

Montegue paused at the door.

"This is where the trail began to blur," he said softly, his voice echoing off his home that now felt haunted. His gaze swept over me, then dipped to Elliot. "Strange energies ripple from this room. They warped the surveillance, fried



half the feeds I placed. But when my team investigated, there was no change."

His hand brushed the doorframe with unsettling familiarity, and his smile sharpened. "Inside, we may find the truth."

I tightened my grip on Elliot instinctively. He curled against me, his small fingers digging into the fabric of my sleeve, but his green eyes never wavered from Montegue's.

Behind me, I felt the subtle shift of my guards—ready, taut, like bowstrings pulled to breaking.

I lifted my chin, swallowing the dread, and let my voice slice through the heavy silence.

"Then open it."

They obeyed.

I stepped in, trepidation in every step, but I didn't let it stop me as my eyes grazed every surface for the probable source of what the team had recorded.

My gaze swept the room, the glamour still holding—untouched, pristine. The false perfection gnawed at me, making the frustration over my powerlessness on every other front burn hotter. I was strong, barely registered pain,



my healing speed could be called record breaking but was still blind to the methods of my father's ploys.

"Mommy?"

I stopped, his small voice rippling sharper through me than any whisper of danger ever could.

Elliot tilted his head up from my shoulder, green eyes wide but unwavering. His voice came softer this time, steady in a way that felt older than he was. "Knox is telling me something."

My breath caught. The name of his wolf was still so new, so fragile on his tongue, like a secret the world wasn't ready to hear.

"Can I shift?"

Every muscle in me seized. My instinct screamed no. Not here. Not now. His body was still young, his wolf still finding its bones. The thought of him bearing pain or weakening himself made my heart lurch. I opened my mouth to refuse—

But then I felt Montegue's gaze.

I turned. His expression wasn't one of fear or dismissal. Instead, his eyes glinted with



something I couldn't place—curiosity sharpened with calculation. His lips curved into a small, approving smile.

"Let him," Montegue said softly, almost warmly, though his voice carried the iron of command beneath it. His gaze flicked briefly to Elliot before settling on me. "If Knox speaks, you should listen. He is your son's compass. But—" His brows knit in faint admonition as he lifted a hand. "Careful, boy. You just ate. Don't push your body too hard. Indigestion will rob you of your strength, and we need all of it."

Elliot nodded solemnly, as though the warning had been branded into him. Then he wriggled, asking silently to be put down.

My arms resisted. My heart rebelled. But slowly, with fingers that trembled despite myself, I lowered him to the floor.

The guards stirred, uneasy at the sight of a child about to shift, their stares flicking between me and Montegue. His slight tilt of the cane stilled them.

Elliot stood in the center of the room, small chest rising and falling with deep breaths, like he was drawing the very night into his lungs. His



gaze met mine once more, and I forced my lips into a brave smile, nodding once.

And then he bent forward, his body shuddering, the shift rippling through his frame in waves of heat and snapping bone. 2

Where my son had stood moments ago, a wolf emerged—charcoal black across most of his body, white streaking his belly, muzzle, and paws. And down his back, bold as blood itself, blazed a brand of crimson, glowing faintly under the low lights like a scar etched by flame.

Gasps rippled through the guards. Montegue's smile only widened.

Elliot—Knox—lifted his head and looked at me. Not with fear, not with hesitation. But with a steady, unblinking certainty that made my heart quake.

Then he opened his mouth to release a loud howl that startled the entire room.

He was shaky on his legs but his howl was stable and cohesive. The echo of it struck the walls and I could see the waves rolling through the room.

First the mirror stood whole, untouched in its place. Then, in an instant, it caved in—shattered



pieces scattering across the ground.

My heart lurched as I watched on in horrified awe, the room collapsing into chaos.

The shelves dissolved into disorder, the neat lines of books and ornaments collapsing. Wood warped, metal bent, glass cracked like bones under strain. The pristine order—the illusion—crumbled in real time, as if Knox's howl had peeled the paint off reality.

The glamour burned away, and what was left behind turned my stomach.

The walls were no longer clean white but streaked with black residue, as though fire had licked them again and again but refused to consume. Claw marks raked across every surface—deep gouges, frantic, layered so thickly the plaster had nearly dissolved into ruin. The shelves weren't filled with books at all but scraps of paper, torn and shredded, symbols scrawled in blood and ash.

Elliot stopped and leapt back into my arms, shifting back to his usual form as I took in the carnage.

"This is what I saw," Elliot told me.



Montegue mused, both shocked and curious. "He peeled away the glamour..."

"Like he peeled away the mind control from Lucinda."

"Exactly."

I looked down at Elliot, who looked proud of himself. "I am useful. I am not a liability," he whispered in a gleeful tone, like doing this was healing him—even as his words cleaved through my chest. 2

"You were never one," I assured him. "But thank you, baby. What would we do without you?"

His grin grew wide, tilting his head higher to gaze into my eyes. "Mummy..." Then his smile dropped, fading so fast it was frightening.

Montegue stepped closer.

Elliot tilted his head up, higher and higher until he was staring at the ceiling. It was as though something had caught his eye. "That wasn't there before," he muttered.

My head snapped up along with Montegue's, my legs turning to jelly as our eyes fixed on the object stuck to the ceiling.



418 Glamour Erased



A red envelope. 2

Comment 6

View All >



Leave the first comment for this chapter.



Vote



Pandom



Send Gift

Swipe left to continue >