



424 Lies Of A Tyrant

Hades 1

With a guttural but low growl, I flapped hard, muscles coiling as I dragged the tree upward, roots dangling like veins.

"Hold!" I barked. Kael was barely audible behind me as I rose again—fast, violent, like a storm ripping through the sky. The weight pulled at me, but I clenched harder, lifted higher.

Then I let go.

The tree plummeted.

It hit the edge of a patrol outpost with the force of a meteor. A burst of sound cracked the silence—wood against metal, concrete splintering, alarms blaring, and Gamma shouts echoing up from below.

From above, I watched chaos unravel.

Spotlights spun in confused spirals. Orders screamed through comms. Patrols broke formation and regrouped in threes, heading toward the impact zone. Searchlights redirected. Vehicles mobilized—most racing for the source of the sound.



"They think it's us," Kael muttered through the wind. "Perfect."

Like moths to a fire, the entire western flank drained into the crater we'd created.

We circled high above the city, unseen.

No one was left to watch. Now, on to the next.

"Hang on tight."

Kael's grip tightened. "You don't have to tell me twice."

I swooped low, the cold air harsh against the membrane of my shifted skin—but nowhere near enough to affect us. It didn't take long to get back above the alley where I had left the woman and the Gamma.

If I had been on land, I would have come to a screeching stop.

The plan hadn't worked completely. The Gamma was supposed to follow the rest of his team at the sound of the diversion we created.

But he was still there.

And now they had both shifted.

It wasn't hard to see who was who.



The large black hound towered over the small grey one—one hind leg missing.

She whimpered beneath the onslaught as he forcefully mounted her.

My blood turned to ice. Heat crept up my spine.

My claws clenched.

Kael didn't need instruction.

I dropped like a stone.

Wind screamed past my ears as the city blurred beneath us. I wasn't graceful—not yet—but I was fast. Terrifyingly so. Wings tucked just enough to cut drag without stalling. The ground pulled closer in dizzying rushes.

"Now," I growled.

We leveled out a few stories above them.

Kael let go.

He jumped, coat billowing, body turning midair.

His bones snapped mid-fall—wolf overtaking man in a brutal, seamless shift.

The moment his paws hit the concrete behind the Gamma, the air cracked like thunder.

The larger hound froze.



But only for a second.

Kael was already lunging—fangs bared, claws forward, fury unleashed.

He hit the Gamma like a wrecking ball, ripping him off the smaller wolf with a snarl that echoed through the alley.

Flesh tore.

Snapping jaws collided with bone.

They rolled, claws scraping, fur flying, as Kael drove him into the wall hard enough to leave cracks.

I banked mid-air, unleashing a thunderous roar that shook the windows—buying Kael the seconds he needed.

The grey she-wolf collapsed to the ground, trembling, panting, unable to move. But she was alive. No longer pinned.

Kael didn't give the Gamma a second chance.

He tore into him.

The fight wasn't fair.

It wasn't meant to be.

The Gamma twitched on the pavement, his neck



broken, face frozen in surprise.

His broken body shifted back slowly, human once more.

Kael panted as he raised his head to look at me hovering above.

The woman raised her gaze and screamed—but cut herself off when she saw my eyes. She darted her gaze between me and Kael, shaking.

Bright red eyes. Not werewolf.

Kael bent to pick up her prosthetic leg, then offered it to her.

"You're not—" she choked on the word as her quivering hands accepted it. "You're Obsidian."

I didn't answer.

She blinked. "You're a—"

"Lycan," Kael answered, shifting back. "Yes."

She didn't run. Just stared. Shaking, but standing.

"You were going to find your son," Kael said. "Still want to?"

She froze, probably wondering how I knew, but didn't ask. 1



She hesitated. Then nodded.

"Then climb on."

"I can't," she whispered. "I'm... an amputee."

I crouched without hesitation. "It's not a problem."

Her breath hitched, but she approached anyway. There was no trust in her eyes—just desperation. The kind that comes from knowing no one might ever see you again.

Kael helped her onto my back.

"I won't tell anyone," she muttered, gripping me tight.

I didn't answer.

I took off in a single motion. The ground shrank beneath us as ash spiraled into the air.

We rose again. Higher. Heavier.

The wind shrieked around us. Down below, another Gamma patrol swarmed the body. Orders shouted. Lights turned. But they wouldn't catch us.

"Go west," the woman said, arms locked tight around me. "He might be hiding in the school



basement. He's been running ever since my parents were conscripted. He's a good kid." She said it like she needed to convince us.

I didn't speak.

My wings burned from the cold. My ribs ached from the effort.

At least we were headed west. Tonight hadn't been a complete waste. We were still making ground.

Kael settled behind her, steadying her.

Even then, I could feel her quivering—whether from fear or cold, probably both.

Her grip on my membrane was desperate. She could've torn it.

"Steady. You're alright," Kael muttered as we glided due west, no longer off course.

His arm braced her middle, keeping her steady as my wings worked overtime, cutting through clouds like knives. Her breath hitched with every gust, but she didn't scream. Just gripped tighter.

"What is the name of this city?" Kael asked, voice firm but low near her ear.

There was a pause.



"Eldon," she said finally. "This is Eldon. Used to be peaceful before the drafts and lockdowns. Now... it's just checkpoints and silence." Her voice turned wistful. "It started with the strikes from..."

She trailed off.

"From where?" Kael asked.

She hesitated. "The reports say they're from the... Eclipse Rebellion."

Kael and I stilled.

"What else did the reports say, um..." he prompted.

"Daliah," she replied. "And according to investigations by Lunar Heights, the Alpha claims the Eclipse Rebellion is trying to make him submit by orchestrating public unrest," she said. "Civilian abductions. Bombings near key checkpoints. Disinformation campaigns. They're even stealing people before they can be transported to the camps."

That's what they're saying.

Kael met my eyes over her shoulder, jaw clenched.



They were already framing the rebellion for things we hadn't done.

The so-called abductions were rescues.

The so-called bombings—distractions to help save lives.

But now, it was being spun as a war against the people instead of the Alpha and his tyranny.

He was turning the only ones who could save them into villains.

And if the civilians believed it... the rebellion would fail before the Blood Moon even came. They would die ignorant and deceived.

"People are joining a new battalion to fight against them," she added quickly, like she thought it might spare her. "As if conscriptions wasn't already bleeding us dry."

I raised a brow.

Kael asked the question.

"Would you have joined if your leg was fine?"

This time her voice lost its tremor.

"I cut my foot so I wouldn't have to." 3