



439 The Historian

Eve 1

Most had converged, waiting. The clock read two minutes to five as the council filled into the laboratory, that I learned from Montague was the place where Hades first exposed them to the intricacies of his plan concerning the blood war.

It had been hard for him to say some part of it but he had trusted me enough to give the details. And I couldn't lie; the scar tingled for a second. It was healed, felt like a lifetime ago.

His plan to use me, drain me, and force me to be a soldier in his army; saviour and slave.

"Back then he was in denial, even I could see through his charade. He was in love with you even then," he had said as he made plans for this pivotal meeting.

The bloodmoon was coming and so would the war. I knew how easily the seemingly inconsequential details could be simply glanced at and buried under the weight of larger schemes.

But not this time. Not when everything hung in



the balance. Darius had an ace up his sleeve and he had let us know it.

I watched the council members file in. Silas, Gallinti and some of the lesser Alphas. They took a place in the laboratory, the very same one where my fate had once been decided without my presence.

How different things were now.

Just as we exchanged greeting, there were more footsteps as the honey-skinned high Gamma walked in with her retinues flanking her on either side.

She greeted the room, her eyes meeting mine with a pleasant expression on her face, but still far from a smile. "I am honored that you invited me to an official council meeting."

I returned the pleasantries, "Don't humble yourself so much." My tone turned serious. "You are integral here as much as everyone else."

A curious look crossed her face before it faded. "So why are we here? You mentioned you wanted to fast track the preparations for the bloodmoon and the inevitable war that will come with it."



Silas spoke up, brows raised. "What prompted this decision, Luna? The Alpha is not yet returned."

Gallintl piped up. "Or do you perhaps believe that the Alpha might not..."

"My husband will return in one piece. We have bonded ourselves by the Fenrir's chain. I would know if anything befell him."

The silence that followed lingered, until it pulled taut and snapped.

"I apologise, Luna for my..."

"Don't," I cut him off, my voice firm but not unkind. "You have every right to ask questions." I swallowed hard, the words catching in my throat. There had not been any more reports from the search. The last report was just to show how impermeable Silverpine Pack was.

But now I had to focus on what my heart was telling me. To keep going. Even when Rhea, my wolf, had been ripped from me by wolfbane, I continued to move. And Rhea came back and met me in a better place, in a better space. The same would happen with Hades.

I kept all that to myself and addressed the



council. The lab was white and sterile, no one except us was around, so the echoes were eerie.

"We have noticed that Alpha Darius of Silverpine has always been a step ahead of us," I began, my voice carrying clearly in the stark space. "Even as I will concede that my father is the brilliant type of cunning, to be more potent, he always uses an edge, a tool to topple the balance in whatever game he plays—be it chess, poker, or an all-out war."

I paused, meeting each of their eyes in turn. "But time and time again, he drops a crumb for us to pick up."

Montague stepped forward, his expression grave. "We first noticed this pattern during the kidnapping of my grandchild, Elliot. An arcane, ornate 'M' etched into the wilting skin of the ferals—savage monsters with no thought or mind—yet somehow gave them a command: to abduct a child."

The screen flickered to life behind him, displaying the haunting image of the mysterious symbol burned into decaying flesh.

"You said you saw it on your sister in your memory during the Fenrir's Rite," Gallintl



snapped his fingers.

"Yes, the same mark." I affirmed. "It was the same mark that caused Lucinda Montague to assist in the attempted kidnapping of her own grandchild and assisted the abduction of the Beta."

The air was snuffed clean from the room. The weight of my words settled like lead in their chests. I could see the realization dawning on their faces—the horrible understanding of what we were truly dealing with.

Montague's jaw tightened, his hands clenching at his sides. The pain of his daughter's betrayal, and causing his wife to put under vampiric compulsion, was written clearly across his weathered features.

"Mind control," Silas breathed, his voice barely above a whisper. "He's been using mind control. This Changes things, this is too close to home."

"But that was not the only time,"

Every back straighted. Victoriana gracing me with a curious look. "There were other times?"

"Yes, when we investigated the paths Hades took for his search for Kael, we ended up at the last place he had been, Felicia's room in Montegue's



manor. There we found that there was an illusion over the room to conceal the mess left behind, or more clues we could find for our investigation."

Victoriana arched a brow. "If there was an illusion how did you know?"

Montegue answered, "Elliot, thr Prince, Hades' son was the only one who saw straight through the trick." 1

They gasped.

"How?" Victoriana asked. "How can a child see through an illusion like that and how are you sure what he was tell you was through. Children have wild imagination." She asked, not unkindly.

"This bizarre, convoluted situation has been centuries in the making. But as my knowledge about Vampires and their abilities are limited, we have invited a specialist."

As if summoned by my words, footsteps echoed from the corridor outside. The door opened and a man stepped inside, his presence immediately commanding attention.

He introduced himself with a slight bow. "Good evening, Council members. I am Dr. Jonathan



Blackwood." His voice had the same soft knowing lilt of his sister's. Their similarities did not stop at their hazel eyes.

I stepped forward to address the room. "Dr. Blackwood is Dr. Amelia's brother," I explained, watching as recognition flickered across some faces. "The therapist," I clarified.

She had become far more than just a therapist. Far more. 1

Recommending her brother was for Elliot. With his abilities, I wanted to understand all there was to him; what his abilities would be and how his partial vampirism would continue to affect him as he matured.

But after revealing all the strange occurrences with vampirism, she had an even better idea. We had puzzle pieces of events and he had the knowledge to arrange them in order so we could see the final, probably daunting, full picture.

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Dr. Blackwood set down a worn leather case and began speaking, his voice carrying the weight of years of dedicated research. "My life's work has been consumed by a single, driving question. Since I was old enough to think rationally, I wondered: where did the vampires go after Malrik killed the Vampire Lord—or Prince, or whatever else you choose to call him?"

Dr. Blackwood's hazel eyes swept across the room, his expression both scholarly and haunted. "To understand what we're facing, you need to know the path that led me here." He opened his leather case, revealing yellowed documents and ancient texts. "I spent decades scouring museum archives, forgotten libraries, and private collections across three continents. Most scholars focus on the obvious—battle records, territorial disputes. I was looking for something else entirely."

He pulled out a map marked with red ink, locations scattered across continents. "The



vampires didn't just disappear after Malrik's victory. A race can vanish, but their ideas, their knowledge, their very essence—that endures. It transforms."

Montague leaned forward, his weathered face creased with interest. "And what did you discover in these records?"

"That we've been thinking about this all wrong," Dr. Blackwood said, his voice gaining intensity. "We lycans pride ourselves on our wolf heritage, on Elysia's legacy. But we conveniently forget the other half of what we are." He gestured toward the council members. "Look at yourselves—really look. Your fangs aren't just for show. Your wolves are larger than our ancestors ever recorded. That subtle craving for blood that every lycan feels but rarely speaks of..."

The room grew uncomfortably quiet. Victoriana shifted in her seat, her honey-skinned features tightening.

"All of this," Dr. Blackwood continued, "courtesy of Vassir himself. We are as much vampire as we are wolf, whether we acknowledge it or not."

Victoriana's skeptical expression sharpened. "With all due respect, Dr. Blackwood, why do we



need an academic rehashing our genealogy for a war council? How does this help us fight?"

I stepped forward before he could answer.

"Because we need to understand what we're up against. This isn't just about battle strategies—it's about recognizing the true scope of our enemy's power."

My voice grew more urgent. "We're approaching a bloodmoon that will bring seventy-two hours without sun. Three days of darkness where these ancient powers will be at their strongest. If we don't understand what Darius has accessed, we won't just lose the war—we'll lose our very souls."

Dr. Blackwood nodded gravely. "I'm here to put into perspective exactly what you're facing: an Alpha who has somehow acquired a vampire Lord's chalyx."

Victoriana frowned. "What exactly is a chalyx?" 2

Dr. Blackwood's expression grew grim. "A specialized term from the old lore—the horns of vampire. Not decorative appendages, but conduits of pure vampiric power. Sources of the abilities that once allowed them to dominate entire civilizations through mind control,



illusion, and dominion over the undead and death itself, in order to be immortal. Unshifted, no vampire had a physical chalyx, all except for the vampire lord but once shifted, they grew one.

The laboratory's sterile white walls seemed to pulse as we all took in the information. Silas's face had gone ashen. "You're saying Darius has access to that level of power?"

"During the bloodmoon," Dr. Blackwood confirmed, his voice dropping to barely above a whisper, "with a vampire Lord's chalyx, we're not just fighting Silverpine Pack. We're fighting the very essence of what made vampire Lords nearly unstoppable."

"If they were so unstoppable, how did Vassir lose to Malrik," Gallinti asked.

"Simple. The one weakness we inherited,"

"Silver," I said.

"That was exposed by Elysia, according to the archives, she had let it slip to her uncle, Malrik about her husbands only weakness during causal conversation, while other accounts say she was inebriated when she revealed it.



Being her reincarnation, guilt flooded my chest as I let him continue.

"But that was just one of the two factors that had Vassir defeated, the second facilitator was not unknowing like the first, his role is the demise of the vampire lord was intentional and born of malice and retaliation to what the few historians call a betrayal to the kin; vampires for loving, marrying and procreating with a werewolf."

"Who was that?" Silas asked, fascination colouring his tone. 1

Jonathan's gaze flickered to him, his expression growing darker. "A lesser known character in our arduous history, Vassir's younger brother, Orion. He revealed that his brother's chalyx—his horn—was a removable artifact. Not permanently fused to his being as most believed, but something that could be severed and retained its power even after separation from its host. While crippling thecl 2

The silence in the laboratory was deafening. I felt the blood drain from my face as the implications crashed over me like a tidal wave.

"Orion told Malrik exactly how to remove it," Dr. Blackwood continued, his voice heavy with the



weight of ancient betrayal. "More importantly, he revealed that the chalyx would continue to channel vampiric power for whoever possessed it, even centuries after the vampire lord's death. It was the ultimate act of vengeance—not just ensuring his brother's defeat, but guaranteeing that the very power Vassir had used to unite the supernatural world could one day be turned against his legacy."

I spoke up. "Vassir told me before his demise that I needed to find his horn to raise an army and that without it we would lose."

Montague's weathered hands gripped the edge of the table. "You're telling us that this artifact—this chalyx—has been out there all this time?"

"Exactly. Transferred from the first Valmont generation to this current one. Dr. Blackwood's hazel eyes met mine with grim certainty, "Alpha Darius has it. We are just lucky that after the execution, only then did the rebels led by Elysia and Vassir's first child stormed the site, Malrik and his forces momentarily distracted by the violent release of flux from Vassir's body after Elysia was executed. They managed to take the body, and the other horn still attached, else Darius would have had the two horns." He



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explained. His face turned grim, "I always suspected that Alpha Darius had the horn, but until now..." he gestured to me. "Until the Luna told me of her visions about Vassir and what he revealed to her, it solidified what I suspected all along." 2

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