



## 63 Memories That Cannot be Recalled

Eve~ 1

The light was bright enough to blind me, my head fuzzy, a perpetual haze over my eyes. But I heard murmuring and whistling in the background. I squirmed, only for my heart to drop when I realized I was bound. I couldn't move a muscle.

The whistling and murmuring continued as I took in my environment with what little senses I had. It felt oddly familiar—I had been here before. My blood ran cold as I recognized the smell of a scientist I knew all too well: antiseptics and cigarettes. But this wasn't Facility 13. I would know. This was a different place, one I couldn't remember, yet it felt oddly familiar.

"You're going on your third mission," a man said, his voice filled with an excitement that made my stomach drop. "Isn't it amazing?"

I couldn't open my mouth to speak; I felt numb. I had been tranquilized—so why was I bound? I tried to move my mouth again, only to feel something large strapped to it. I was gagged.



I couldn't open my mouth to speak; I felt numb. I had been tranquilized—so why was I bound? I tried to move my mouth again, only to feel something large strapped to it. I was gagged. Alarm bells went off, louder this time. Where was I? This wasn't like any experiment I had been put through before.

"Your father has been so glad that we found a use for that accursed Lycan inside you," he continued.

*Rhea.*

"You should be proud of yourself," he said, as if I could converse with him. "You have the blood of scum on your hands," he chuckled lightly to himself.

A horrible chill ran down my spine. Blood on my hands?

"Those bloody rebels didn't see it coming. You ripped them apart beautifully. I could have sworn I heard their screams from here." He laughed again.

Cold sweat coated my brow, my heart racing. What was he talking about? What did I do? I struggled against my bonds and the effect of the drugs he must have injected me with. It was like swimming against waves; pointless.



"Maybe the prophecy was wrong, at least tangentially. Dear princess, you will not be the ruin of Silverpine; you can be its salvation." He finally came into view, a sly smile making its way to his thin lips. "With this..."

My gaze shifted to what he held in his hand, my eyes widening. In his grip was the largest injection I had ever seen.

My breath hitched, a tremor running through my body as I lay there, bound and helpless. Every nerve in me screamed to run, but I was trapped, completely at this man's mercy. He leaned in close, his shadow swallowing me, his smirk twisting into something dark and menacing.

"I'm doing you a favor," he murmured, holding up the massive syringe, its sickly green liquid glowing as if alive, swirling in thick currents. "A creature like you, a thing with mixed blood—werewolf tainted by Lycan—shouldn't even exist, much less be unbridled. But we've found a way to harness that... defect of yours."

The cold metal of the needle grazed over my arm, and even through the haze, I felt a jolt, my senses stirring to life. "Your powers are remarkable, dear Eve," he continued, his voice thick with glee. "The strength, the transformation... you could be



The cold metal of the needle grazed over my arm, and even through the haze, I felt a jolt, my senses stirring to life. "Your powers are remarkable, dear Eve," he continued, his voice thick with glee. "The strength, the transformation... you could be magnificent if you let us. But no, you struggle, resist—fight against your destiny."

My gaze darted around the sterile room, searching for anything, something familiar to ground me, to help me. But the walls seemed to close in on me, my surroundings foreign and claustrophobic. The man noticed my searching, and his dark chuckle made my blood run cold.

"Don't worry, princess. Once this serum fuses with your blood, you'll remember exactly who you are—what you are. A weapon. A tool for Silverpine's salvation." He sneered as he pressed the needle closer to my skin. "I'm only guiding you toward the fate your father intended. The reason the lie was told to begin with."

My heart slammed against my ribs. My father? What else has my father done? But the word sent slivers of images, painful memories flickering in the fog. Something buried, wrapped in both terror and longing, rose inside me, catching in my throat.

The needle plunged into my arm, and as the freezing liquid surged into my veins, darkness edged into my vision. My heart stuttered, and a raw, primal anger started to churn inside me, scraping against the drugs. Jagged memories, too blurred to hold onto, flashed through my mind—blood, screaming, claws ripping through flesh.

My vision began to blur, and I clung to consciousness, my mind warring with the foreign rage bubbling within me. A growl slipped from my throat, low and feral. It felt foreign... yet deeply, undeniably mine.

The man's face split into a grin, triumphant. "There it is, Princess. Embrace it. Be what you were always meant to be."

My body convulsed as I fought to hold onto myself, half of me screaming to resist, the other beginning to crave freedom. A wild, monstrous hunger rose to the surface, dragging me into a dark war of blood and identity.

"Today you will go after bigger prey. Far bigger prey." He sounded delighted, but only horror filled my every thought. "Take a guess what it is—or rather, what they are."



Muscles twisted painfully, blinding pain held me captive, every nerve on fire. Each time I let out a growl, my body fought against my mind and soul.

He clapped. "Let me tell you." He came closer. "Today you will kill Lycans."

Bile rose in my throat at his words, as I continued to struggle against whatever was attempting to take over me.

"The Beast of Night will neutralize the Lycan royal family. Isn't it exciting?" he squealed. "Oh..." He suddenly said. "Don't let me forget your fourth dose of tranquilizer."

*Me? Kill the Lycan royal family?* My thoughts spiraled.

He moved away, and soon I felt another prick of a needle.

Relieve came not long after, my consciousness slipping through my fingers like sand; the more I tried to hold onto it, the harder it became to keep my eyes open.

The edges of my vision began to darken just as he moved closer to my ear. "You won't ever remember this, but I'll let you in on another secret: The prophecy is a lie. A fucking lie." 6