

91 Vampires And Werewolves

Eve 1

I am sorry but please, don't move, Jules," I said, my charcoal poised over the sketchbook balanced on my knee. Jules sat on the stool across from me, her arms crossed over her uniform and her copper hair tumbling loose over her shoulders. The sunlight streaming through the tall windows caught every fiery strand, making it impossible not to marvel at how alive she looked. She was vibrant both inside and out.

"I'm not moving, Princess," she replied, her tone teasing. Her eyes sparkled, and her lips curved in a smirk. She always seemed to have that look—mischievous, like she knew something I didn't. A secret that I was not privy to. 1

"You are," I insisted, biting my lip as I dragged the pencil down the page. "Just there. You shifted."

"I had to breathe," she shot back, raising an eyebrow. "Is that crime now?"

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I huffed, though I couldn't help but smile. "It's only a crime when I'm trying to draw you. Your nose keeps... changing." I wanted to get every freckle right. They covered her nose. This was my first time doing a live art with a model in a long time. I waited to make sure it was the splitting image of Jules. 1

Her laugh rang out, warm and unrestrained, and for a moment, I paused to soak it in. Jules didn't laugh like the rest—polished and condescending. Hers was wild and full of life, like everything about her. Over the weeks after me and Hades thousandth fall out, she had began infiltrate my heart. Even after her work was done with me, she stuck around, selflessly keeping me company. 4

"Maybe it's your eyes that are changing, Princess," she teased, leaning forward slightly.

I narrowed my gaze at her, pretending to be stern. "Hold still, Jules, or I'll make you wear a mask next time."

She grinned, her freckles bunching on her cheeks. "Oh, how tragic for you to lose this masterpiece of a face." Her remark reminded me of Kael. At least it was not all bad, I had friends now. Even if they were obligated to attend to me,

I bit back a laugh, my hand relaxing as I started sketching again. Her profile came to life on the page—the stubborn tilt of her chin, the smattering of freckles that danced across her nose, and the defiant spark in her eyes. Every line felt familiar, yet somehow elusive, like capturing the wind.

"Why do you keep doing this?" she asked after a moment, her voice quieter now. "Drawing me, I mean."

I glanced at the rumpled up discarded papers on the ground. This was my fifth attempt..

I didn't answer right away. How could I explain it? How could I tell her that her face was the only one I wanted to draw because it was real?

Because it wasn't polished or masked by duty and decorum? 1

"Because I like it," I said simply, my voice soft. "And because... you're my friend." I said almost shyly, ducking my head a bit. 1

Her eyes widened slightly, and for the first time since we'd met, she seemed at a loss for words. It lasted only a moment before she smiled, softer this time. "I am your friend?" She asked.

I swallowed, a lump forming in my throat.

I swallowed, a lump forming in my throat. Something unknown gnawed at me and for a moment my tongue was too heavy to move, before finally said it. "I am if you are." I said hopefully. I was not going to rope her into something she didn't want. Friendship had to be freely given, not taken or assumed because of circumstance.

Her smile deepened, reaching her eyes, and she leaned back against the stool, letting her hands rest in her lap. "Then I guess you are, your highness. It's not every day someone calls me a friend instead of just 'the help.'"

The words stung, not because she said them, but because I knew they were true. Jules had probably spent her life being overlooked, treated as part of the background, like the furniture or the walls. A hated runt. And here I was, using her as my subject, while she quietly brightened my days without asking for anything in return. Her heroic actions defending me flashed in my mind, yet some uneasiness lingered. I hoped I was not making another mistake. 6

I set the charcoal down, ignoring the smudge it left on my fingers, and met her gaze. "You're not 'just the help,' Jules. Not to me. You make this place feel less empty" 1

Her teasing smirk softened into something else—something vulnerable. She looked away briefly, as if the intensity of my words made her uncomfortable. "You don't have to say that, you know. I've been here long enough to know my place."

"Your place does not matter to me," I said fiercely. I had been a prisoner before so I knew exactly what she was talking about. "Not all all. Come on over and see yourself."

Jules paused for a moment, her brow furrowing as if she wasn't sure whether to believe me. But then, slowly, she slid off the stool and walked over to where I was sitting, the soft click of her boots against the stone floor the only sound in the otherwise quiet room. She peered over my shoulder at the page, her breath catching as she studied the lines.

"Wow," she whispered, her voice tinged with awe. "You really captured me."

"I tried," I said softly, my fingers lightly brushing against the sketchbook, as if afraid to smudge it. "I wanted it to be special because of what I plan to do with it. It's a surprise."

After a long pause, Jules took a step back, looking me over with a curious expression. "I

After a long pause, Jules took a step back, looking me over with a curious expression. "I never noticed before," she said, her eyes moving down to my arms. "But you've been training, haven't you?"

I stiffened, not expecting her to notice, let alone comment. My arms, once soft from lack of exercise, had slowly gained muscle over the past week. The training sessions with Kael had been grueling, but effective. But I didn't want to draw attention to it, not now, not with Jules watching. I did not want her better implicated for being aware of the plan.

I pulled my sleeves down self-consciously, a faint blush coloring my cheeks. "It's nothing," I muttered, a bit too quickly. "Just... keeping busy, I guess."

"I see bruising," she pointed out. "It must be some heavy lifting," she wiggled her brows conspiratorially at me. "It's a shame honestly. You would not have does bruising if you were a Lycan."

We delving to uncomfortable territory but I did not wait to make things awkward. "Yeah.." I mused.

She sat down by me. "You know why Lycan's heal

She sat down by me. "You know why Lycan's heal faster than werewolves, don't you?" She asked, causally.

I knew the basics about Lycans but I had no idea they could even produce fire at will until, I saw Hades light a cigarette with his finger. So, as it would turn out there were somethings that I did not know. I shook my head. "No, why?"

"Vampires," she replied.

A chill ran down my spine and I straightened instantly.

If she noticed my change, she did not show it. "We took a lot from them. Our fangs, our affinity for blood and their healing." She continued to say. "It's a shame that we are alike yet worlds apart. All because of a bloody history." She muttered. "Werewolf and Lycans," she mused as she startled me by clasping my hand. I looked at her dumbfounded. The gesture was so warm, it was the most foreign thing. I did not know whether to lean into it or recoil.

"Do you know about the True Luna, Elysia?" she asked softly, her voice carrying a weight that made it feel like a secret.

I nodded slightly, but I didn't speak. To

I nodded slightly, but I didn't speak. To werewolves, Elysia's name was synonymous with treachery. Her story was a cautionary tale of betrayal and weakness—a Luna who had forsaken her kind for the enemy. Yet as Jules gazed at me with that curious light in her eyes, I chose to hold my tongue. I wanted to hear her version.

Jules leaned back against the stool, her grip on my hand tightening as she began. "Elysia was more than just a Luna," she said, her voice reverent. "She was the Luna, chosen by the moon herself. Her bloodline was pure, her bond with the pack unshakable—or so they believed. But fate... fate had other plans." 1

I swallowed, my mouth dry, as Jules continued.

"She fell in love with someone she shouldn't have," Jules said, her voice dipping lower, as though speaking the words aloud could summon ghosts. "A vampire prince. Not just any vampire—one who walked in sunlight, whose blood held fire. They say their love was forged under a red moon, burning too brightly for this world."

My heart raced as Jules spoke. I'd heard this story countless times, but never like this. To werewolves, Elysia's love was her sin, her weakness. But the way Jules described it, it

"But love like that," Jules said with a bitter edge to her voice, "it threatens the powerful. Her uncle, a Beta who hungered for the throne, saw it as an opportunity. He framed her. Twisted her love into treachery. He claimed she'd betrayed the pack to the vampires, that she'd conspired to have them destroyed."

"She was killed for it," Jules continued, her tone sharper now. "Her own pack turned on her, tore her apart under the moon she'd once served. And her children... her children were exiled, cast out into the wilderness to die."

I stayed silent, though my nails dug into my palms. I knew this part too—how the werewolves had seen it as a necessary punishment, a cleansing of tainted blood. But to Jules, it seemed different.

"They thought the children wouldn't survive," she said, her voice quieter now. "But they did. They were stronger than anyone expected. They had Elysia's resilience—and their father's fire."

"Lycans," I murmured before I could stop myself.

Jules's eyes flicked to mine, a spark of surprise lighting her gaze. "Yes. That's how Lycans came to be. They built a new life, a civilization, far

Jules's eyes flicked to mine, a spark of surprise lighting her gaze. "Yes. That's how Lycans came to be. They built a new life, a civilization, far from the werewolves who cast them out. But it didn't end there." Her grip tightened, and I could feel the anger simmering beneath her calm facade.

"The werewolves couldn't let them be," she said bitterly. "They saw the Lycans thriving, stronger than before, and it terrified them. So they struck again, this time under the banner of peace. They offered to unite, to bring the exiled children back into the fold—but it was a lie. They tried to wipe them out."

I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from speaking. It wasn't the version I'd been taught. But we were on different sides of the wall.

"The Lycans fought back," Jules continued. "And they've been fighting ever since. That's why we heal faster, why we're stronger. We were forged in fire and betrayal, born of a Luna who dared to love someone beyond the limits of her pack."

Her eyes found mine again and she intertwined her fingers with mine. "But between us, those things will not matter. Because a werewolf once loved a vampire and on this day a werewolf and Lycan will forge a friendship." 7