



441 We Are Screwed 4

Eve 1

He spoke like it was not the most bizarre thing.

"Which is?" A Lesser Alpha asks.

His tone was serious as he delivered his prognosis. "We are screwed."

The room went deathly silent, even breath was held.

Silas broke the silence first. "What are you saying?" His face pale.

"The truth." Jonathan replied. "A tyrant with a vamparic relic, his an army all on his own. There was a reason the vampires used to be at the top of the creature hierarchy. With no sun in sight, under the gaze of a bloodmoon, that chalyx, that horns power will be amplified. The bloodmoon was a time the vampires waited centuries for, it was 72 hours without sun, there greatest weakness. They would hunt and feast to their content. Their bloodlust and powers heighthened to unfathomable levels. With Alpha Darius having the chalyx, he might has well be the Vampire lord himself."



Horried gasps rippled through the tension.

"We have an army," Victoriana said, her voice leveled, though I look see the clenched fist at her side. "A great one."

"He has one too," Jonathan replied respectfully.

"Werewolves maybe less powerful compared to us but their population is overwhelming and that is why we have been on a checkmate for centuries. This Changes everything."

"If he could do that, why has this power of his not been used to wipe us out during all this time." A lesser Alpha asked.

"Simple, he waited," he replied. "For the right auspicious time, when his power would be at its absolute peak and when we would be most vulnerable." Jonathan's hazel eyes swept across the room, taking in each horried face. "The bloodmoon isn't just about darkness—it's about the alignment of celestial forces that amplify vampiric abilities exponentially, while twisting our wolves from the inside out. He's been biding his time, probably building his army, perfecting his control over the chalyx for this exact moment."

The silence was suffocating, as it slowly settled

deep in my bones. I had an inkling but this... this was much much more

Gallinti's voice cracked as he spoke. "You're saying he's orchestrated everything leading up to this? This was the end game. This is not just about the Bloodmoon's mutation effects on us, we are dealing with a mastermind with powers beyond our imaginations."

"Yes," I replied. "And his plans were set in motion, the moment I turned eighteen and shifted into a lycan. Which meant the bloodmoon was coming as the prophecy had indicated. This had been his plan." He had wanted to catch us off guard. We would have barely stood a chance. If not that I had grown suspicious of the hold he seemed to hold over all the incidents. He already did seem like some god.

But that was until recently; when Ellen escaped and he had grown desperate.

This was why after months of no contact, James had set such a impassioned letter. They had been so sure, they had plotted it all to perfection that when the time came, we would stand no chance until... Ellen slipped out.

Her role in his plan was integral.

They needed to have.

And though I could not fully tell what her role was, the bigger picture to Darius convoluted was becoming clearer.

I let out a breath, though heavy dread weighed on me.

No one spoke, still letting it all sink in.

Vassir had been right, to the highest degree. Though his words had rang ominous as he bid me farewell, he had been clear we would not win, if we didn't get the horn, there had been so much conviction."

I still remembered his words perfectly:

"It was ripped from me before my fall. Lost. Hidden. It was never found, but it remains—buried beneath blood, waiting. When it surfaces, it will sing. Not to you. Not to him. But to the ones who must rise."

He stared into me, like trying to etch the warning into my marrow.

"That horn is the call. A rallying cry. Without it, your army will be dust. With it..."

He trailed off, smiling like a man watching a

match burn all the way down.

> *"With it, the forgotten will remember."*

The heat deepened. A fissure split across the void, and through it I glimpsed flame. Not fire. Flame—white-hot, divine, pure.

> *"I don't know what you mean?," I admitted, voice breaking.*

Vassir stepped closer until we were nearly touching. The ruined horn above his brow glinted in a light that didn't exist. And when he spoke again, it was with something resembling grace.

> *"It will all become clear soon. Follow the symbol of Malrik. You will find my gift, my horn. What is left of me."*

His riddles made more sense now.

But we were the ones that would rise? Who were the forgotten? Who would answer the call of the horn?

I had some answers but still some questions.

I glanced at Victoriana who looked sick.

I couldn't blame her.

We all had a pit in our stomachs.



I looked over at Jonathan who was scribbling something down on the borders of a text as everyone look on, too shocked to speak.

I knew what they were thinking; suddenly all we had done, all I had said and planned fell flat to the probability of our imminent extinction.

Montegue handed over to him a file which he quickly looked through, his eyes widening every page he flippd through the pages. His gaze sprang back to me, alight with wonder. "This... is extraordinary.

They were detailed documentation of the events –the mark on the ferals that kidnapped Elliot, the mark on Lucinda, the room with the illusions.

By the way he was reading it, I could tell that to him; it was a gold mine.

His fingers traced over the pages as he read.

It detailed how both times Elliot could see through the illusions. How he shifted at his young age and subdued Lucinda using his howl, making her bend temporarily to his will to stop her attack."

He looked up, his hazel eyes wide with

realization. "It also details how Alpha Hades had Vassir's remains injected into him, making him an unstable hybrid, and it was in this state that he procreated to have Elliot—a stable vampire-lycan hybrid."

The room was dead silent as the implications settled over us like a shroud.

We were revealing what felt like too much. But it had to be done.

The first part of this meeting was test his knowledge but now unto the main course. 1

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