

442 Hybrid Primus

Eve 1

Dr. Blackwood set the file down carefully, his voice dropping to barely above a whisper. "And because it's Vassir's horn—his chalyx—that's powering these illusions and mind control, having a part of Vassir in him through inheritance..." He paused, meeting my eyes with profound understanding. "Elliot might have partial dominion over the chalyx itself."

Victoriana leaned forward sharply. "You're saying the child could counter Darius's vampiric abilities?"

"More than counter them," Dr. Blackwood replied, his scholarly excitement barely contained. "If Elliot carries Vassir's essence through his father's bloodline, and if that essence recognizes the chalyx as belonging to its original host..." He gestured to the documentation. "The evidence is already there. The boy sees through illusions that fool everyone else. His howl commanded obedience from someone under vampiric compulsion. These aren't random abilities—they're manifestations of inherited dominion."

"So what are you saying?" I asked.

"I am saying if a child with his vampire gene more dormant than ours, can show much powers. It would mean that his father, the original inheritor of Vassir's essence could be the key," He loosened his tie, before running his hand through his hair. "If a child can have such power over the Chalyx's vamparic influence, an Alpha that survived the corruption and can wield the residual power will level the playing field substantially. He will be a prime hybrid or what they call 'Hybrid Primus'." 3

He hurriedly retrieved a large leather bound tome that instant saturated the air with a old musky odour.

He flipped through it, his eyes darting about the pages while simultaneously tracing the words until he stopped, then flipped to another page and his chest expanded as he took a deep breath and raised the page up to reveal a anatomically detailed illustration of what I had only seem its tamer depiction in stories.

The creature depicted was monstrous beyond imagination. Its skin was a crimson membrane that spread taut across its massive frame, leathery and pulsing with visible veins. Bat-like

wings of incredible span stretched from its shoulders, their span easily twenty feet across. Black talons curved from its fingertips like scythes, and burning red eyes stared out from a face that was both terrifyingly alien and hauntingly familiar. Its ears were deeply canaled and ribbed like a bat's.

The laboratory fell into stunned silence as we all stared at the illustration.

"This," Dr. Blackwood said, his voice barely above a whisper, "is what Vassir can become as the bloodmoon approaches. Not just a vampire lord, but something far more primal and powerful. A Hybrid Primus—the perfect fusion of vampire and primal beast. It is like Vassir himself has been reborn. The vampire lord will rise again." His voice was full of awe.

If only he knew... but I preferred to keep that for now.

But it had all come full circle. Hades was Vassir but now he would truly be Vassir.

Victoriana's face had gone ashen. "And you think Hades could achieve this transformation? A fully shifted Vampire?" 3

"With Vassir's essence already in his bloodline



and the corruption he survived?" Dr. Blackwood nodded grimly. "During the bloodmoon, the conditions would be perfect. He would most definitely suffer from bloodlust but if the second horn is found, he can reclaim it and its power in his shifted form as a Hybrid Primus."

He looked straight at the High Gamma as he spoke. "This changes every single thing," he muttered. "He will be a tank, one that can fly and turn Alpha Darius's army to nothing but dust." 2

The weight of his words hung in the air like a blade. Everyone exchanged glances, the mixture of hope and terror written clearly across their faces. But beneath it all was the unspoken truth—Hades had not returned. There had been no news, no reports, nothing but silence from the search teams. 1

The laboratory's sterile atmosphere seemed to thicken with unspoken fears. Victoriana's honey-toned features were etched with worry. Silas kept glancing toward the door as if willing good news to walk through it. Montague's weathered hands remained clenched on the table's edge.

Just as the silence threatened to become unbearable, rapid footsteps echoed from the

corridor. A Gamma burst through the laboratory doors, breathing heavily, clutching a phone in his trembling hands. 2

Everyone held their breath. The air itself seemed to pause.

My heart began leaping from my chest as he approached me with the device. The Gamma's expression was unreadable—neither relief nor despair, but something else entirely. Something that made my blood run cold.

With shaking hands, I took the phone. Every pair of eyes in the room turned toward me, expectant, terrified. I could feel the weight of their collective hope and dread pressing down on me as I put the call on speaker.

The voice that crackled through was that of our squad leader—the one we'd sent to search for Hades. But he sounded different. Panicked. Breathless.

"Luna," his voice came through, strained and urgent. "Right by the border... something has occurred. Not thirty minutes ago." 2

My worst fears began clawing their way up my throat. Silverpine Pack had attacked. Or worse—Hades was dead.

But then the squad leader said something that made my world tilt on its axis.

"Something fell from the sky. I've seen a lot in my career, Luna, but this... this is nothing like that. It's big and monstrous, a thing of nightmares. It just... fell from the sky." His voice cracked with a mixture of awe and terror. "You're going to have to come see this immediately." 4

The urgency in the squad leader's voice shattered any remaining composure in the room. Without hesitation, everyone began filing out of the laboratory, the weight of Dr. Blackwood's revelation still heavy in the air.

I found myself sandwiched between Victoriana and Montague in the back seat of a black SUV as we sped through the early morning darkness. The High Gamma had taken the passenger seat, her usual composure cracked by the gravity of what we'd just learned and what we were racing toward.

The vehicle cut through the pre-dawn cold, headlights carving through the gray mist that clung to the landscape. My mind was spiraling, caught between hope and terror. The timing couldn't be coincidental—just as Dr. Blackwood had described the Hybrid Primus

transformation, something had literally fallen from the sky near our border.

Was it Hades? Had he somehow achieved the transformation Dr. Blackwood described? The image of that monstrous crimson creature with leathery wings and burning red eyes flashed through my mind. Or was this something else entirely—perhaps one of Darius's new weapons, some horror he'd conjured with the chalyx's power?

The Fenrir's chain around my heart remained steady, neither pulling taut with loss nor singing with reunion. Whatever had crashed near our border, my bond with Hades was still intact. That knowledge was the only thing keeping me from complete panic as we raced through the cold morning air.

Montague's weathered hand briefly touched my shoulder, a gesture of reassurance, but I could see the worry etched deep in the lines of his face. Victoriana stared out the window, her honey-toned features set in grim determination.

The landscape blurred past us as we sped toward whatever nightmare—or miracle—awaited us at the border. My heart hammered against my ribs with each mile that brought us

closer to answers I wasn't sure I was ready to face.

Reference: chapter 367: In sync

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