

## 507 Save HER

### Command Centre 1

#### Hades

My life flashed before my eyes when the explosion rang out. There was no sound but it rang out in my head, shaking me to my very core. My body moved miles before my mind and I didn't wait for the outcome of the explosion. I \*couldn't\* wait to see if my life had ended. Too much of a coward to even dare.

But even as I raced to the exit of the command centre, the ground underneath me turned to quicksand and I found myself drowning even as I began to move. No matter how fast I ran, I was still too slow. I felt like a snail, moving along, dragged back by my own mucous.

At the same time, my mind had long begun to flip through all the memories of her. Of us.

The pain, the hate, the anger, the slow blossom of something more than enmity. My chest was close to bursting open, the pulse no longer a distant thrum, it was a deafening pounding against my skull.

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A crackling cleaved through the cacophony that my mind had become, and for a moment I was not sure where I was, even as the wind hit me in the face, officers moving about with ammunition and supplies. The camp felt like a figment of my imagination. In my reality, the world had exploded the moment that bomb detonated with my wife just inches away from it.

The crackling persisted, until I snapped out of my suffocating panic, and clicked on the comm.

"—repeat, Luna is down! Luna is down! We need —"

My blood turned to ice.

"Status." My voice didn't sound like mine. Too flat. Too cold. "Give me status. \*Now\*."

A pause. Static. Then Victoriana's voice—strained, barely controlled.

"Morrison's dead. Explosion successful. But—" Her voice cracked. "Eve and Gallinti were caught in the blast. They're both critical. Deltas are—"

"Critical." The word felt foreign in my mouth. Wrong. "Define critical."

"Massive trauma. Blood loss. Eve's—" Victoriana's breath hitched. "Her back, Hades. The wound is

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—it's bad. Really bad. The Deltas are working on her now but—"

"I'm coming."

"Hades, you can't—the fronts need—"

"I'm. Coming."

I didn't wait for a response.

I shifted mid-stride—bones cracking, wings erupting from my back, the vampire form tearing through me with a violence that should have hurt but didn't. Nothing hurt except the \*screaming\* in my chest where the bond was.

I launched myself into the air.

The wind was brutal, tearing at my face, my wings beating hard enough that my shoulders burned. But it wasn't fast enough.

\*Nothing was fast enough.\*

The gnawing that had plagued me for hours had become a \*howl\*—raw and agonized, like something vital was being carved out of me with a dull blade.

The bond.

I could still feel it. Thin. Frayed.

Barely there.

But **\*there\***.

She was alive.

**\*She had to stay alive.\***

Below me, Dawnstrike came into view—a  
scarred wasteland lit red by the Bloodmoon.  
Smoke still rose from the center of  
no-man's-land, green-tinged and toxic. Bodies  
littered the ground. Soldiers moved like ghosts  
through the carnage.

And at the edge of the field, the Delta tent  
glowed with healing light.

I didn't bother landing gently.

I dropped from the sky, wings folding, shifting  
back to lycan form before my boots hit the  
ground. The impact sent shockwaves through  
my legs but I was already running.

"HADES!" Someone shouted—one of the gammas,  
trying to intercept me.

I shoved past him.

Another soldier stepped in front of me. "Alpha,  
the Deltas said—"

**"\*Move.\*"**

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Something in my voice made him flinch. He moved.

I reached the tent and tore the entrance flap aside.

The scene inside stopped me cold.

Eve lay on a cot—still in wolf form, too injured to shift back. Her massive black body was streaked with blood and sap and ash. Deltas swarmed around her, hands glowing, voices urgent and overlapping.

But it was her **\*back\*** that made my vision narrow.

A gaping wound stretched from her shoulders to her spine—deep enough that I could see **\*bone\***. Ribs. The edge of a lung moving beneath torn muscle.

**"—blood pressure dropping—"**

**"—need more hands here, she's not stabilizing—"**

**"—keep the healing focused on the major vessels, if she bleeds out—"**

One of the Deltas—Kerra, I recognized dimly—looked up and saw me.

Her face went pale.

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"Alpha—"

"How bad." My voice was a rasp.

Kerra hesitated. "Bad. The wound is—one of the worst I've seen. We're doing everything we can but—" She stopped, eyes darting back to Eve. "We've been healing soldiers for hours. Our energy reserves are low. More Deltas are coming from other fronts, but—"

"But what."

Kerra's jaw tightened. "Time isn't on our side."

My legs nearly gave out.

I moved forward, past the Deltas, and dropped to my knees beside Eve's head.

Carefully—so carefully—I lifted her massive wolf skull and eased it into my lap. Her fur was matted with blood. Her breathing was shallow, labored.

"Keep working," I said to the Deltas, my voice rough. "I'm not in your way."

Kerra nodded and turned back to the wound, her hands glowing brighter as she poured healing energy into the torn flesh.

I ran my hand over Eve's head, between her ears,

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feeling the heat radiating from her body. Fever.  
Shock. Her wolf was fighting, but—

Something \*shifted\* in my chest.

A pulling sensation. Like something was being  
slowly \*drained\* from me.

The Fenrir's Chain.

The bond that tied us together—life to life, soul  
to soul.

I'd felt it before, in moments of danger. A tug. A  
warning.

But this—

This was \*different\*.

It wasn't pulling. It was \*draining\*.

My strength. My vitality. Flowing out of me and  
into—

\*Her\*.

The bond was trying to keep her alive. Using  
\*me\* as a reservoir.

My vision blurred at the edges. My limbs felt  
heavier.

"Alpha?" One of the Deltas—a younger man I  
didn't recognize—was staring at me. "Are you—"

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"I'm fine," I said. "Focus on her."

But I wasn't fine.

I could \*feel\* it. The more she faded, the more the bond pulled from me. Trying to compensate. Trying to keep her tethered to this world. 1

If she died—

If she \*died\*—

The bond would take me with her.

I didn't care.

Let it take me. Let it drain me dry. As long as she lived.

"Alpha." Kerra's voice was tight. "There's something else."

I looked up.

Her expression was stricken.

"What," I said flatly.

Kerra glanced at the other Deltas, then back at me. "When we were scanning her vitals, we found—" She stopped. Started again. "She's pregnant." 2

The world stopped.

"What."

"Pregnant," Kerra repeated, her voice barely above a whisper. "Early. Maybe three, four weeks. But—" She hesitated. "It's not just one."

My breath caught.

"\*Twins\*," Kerra said. "She's carrying twins." 1

For a moment, I couldn't speak.

Couldn't \*think\*.

Eve was—

We were—

\*Twins.\*

"Alpha." Kerra's voice cut through the haze. "You need to understand. The trauma she's sustained—the blood loss, the Verdantin exposure, the shock—her body is trying to heal itself \*and\* sustain two developing pups. It's—" She stopped, her hands trembling. "It's too much."

"What are you saying?"

Kerra's eyes were glassy with unshed tears. "We're not strong enough. Not right now. We've been healing soldiers all night—our reserves are almost gone. More Deltas are on their way, but



they won't arrive for another thirty minutes.  
Maybe more."

"Then you wait," I said. "You stabilize her until  
they get here."

"We can't." Kerra's voice cracked. "She's fading  
too fast. If we wait, we'll lose all three of them."

The words hit me like a blade.

"We have to choose," Kerra whispered. "We can  
save her. Focus all our remaining energy on  
closing the wound, stabilizing her vitals. But—"  
She stopped, swallowing hard. "But the pups  
won't survive. The strain on her body—we'd have  
to prioritize *\*her\** healing over theirs."

Silence fell.

I stared at her.

"Or," Kerra continued, her voice shaking, "we try  
to save the pups. Keep them alive long enough  
for reinforcements to arrive. But that means—"

She stopped. "That means diverting energy away  
from her wound. And if the reinforcements don't  
get here in time—"

"She dies," I finished, my voice hollow.

Kerra nodded, tears spilling down her cheeks.

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"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Alpha. But you have to choose. Her—or them." 1

The tent was silent except for the ragged sound of Eve's breathing.

I looked down at her.

At my wife.

Her massive wolf form, broken and bleeding in my lap. Fighting so hard to stay alive.

Carrying our children.

\*Twins.\*

Two lives that didn't even know they existed yet.

Two lives I'd never met. Never held. Never \*known\*.

And her.

Eve.

The woman who'd fought beside me. Challenged me. \*Changed\* me.

The woman I—

I closed my eyes.

Opened them.

"Save my wife," I said.

Kerra's breath hitched. "Alpha—"

"\*Save my wife\*." My voice was steady. Final. "I don't care what it takes. You focus everything you have on \*her\*. Do you understand me?"

"The pups—"

"I know." My throat was tight. "I \*know\*. But if we lose her, we lose everything. The pups—" I stopped, my hand tightening in Eve's fur. "The pups don't have a chance without her. So you save \*her\*. And we hope—" My voice cracked. "We hope it's enough." 1

Kerra stared at me for a long moment.

Then she nodded.

"Everyone," she said, her voice shaking but firm. "Focus on the Luna. Major vessels first, then organ repair, then the wound. We stabilize \*her\*. Understood?"

The Deltas moved as one, their hands glowing brighter as they poured everything they had into Eve's broken body.

I sat there, Eve's head in my lap, feeling the bond drain me.

Feeling her life flickering like a candle in the wind.

