THE IMMORTAL

EXCLUSIVE EPILOGUE

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Erebus ghosted through the harpy palace, going from room to room, observing. A celebration raged, multiple females spraying champagne from chandeliers, raining the droplets all over friends and furniture. Others threw clothing at Astra warriors while shouting lewd suggestions.

No one noticed Erebus. No one sensed him. They couldn't. He traversed a plane beyond their comprehension. A realm between past, present, and future, one stacked upon the other, each playing together at once. Making sense of the chaos always proved challenging, and today was no different. Though he required great focus to keep the celebration in his sights and cull the rest, his mind whirled.

He had lost the battle against Halo, as he'd known he would. The Blade of Destiny—the key to the doorway that led to his land—had offered many versions of the task, born from a multitude of fates and altering decisions. Few had led to Halo's defeat. In the end, Erebus had followed the most painful path for the Astra. And what fun it had been.

A slow smile bloomed. He rubbed the bite marks still healing along his collarbone. Oh yes. *Worth it.*

The next blessing task loomed, and he knew the identity of the

Astra soon to step up to the plate. Unlike Halo, most pathways led to this warrior's defeat.

The most sublime satisfaction filled Erebus.

He entered the throne room, his final destination for the day.

The reason for his visit perched on the largest chandelier, alone, no other harpy willing to go near her. He took a moment to admire her finer qualities. Ice-blue eyes. Jet-black hair. Delicate bone structure. A devoted mother. A royal harpy-phantom hybrid.

His eldest daughter, Blythe.

Unlike everyone else, she noticed him. But then, she wielded abilities unlike any other harpy or phantom.

Her eyes narrowed and she vanished, only to appear at his side. They stood in silence for a long while, peering through the mists of time.

Finally, she spoke. "You came back from the dead sooner than usual."

Erebus clasped his hands behind his back. "I grow stronger."

This was not their first conversation, and it would not be their last. Like his other daughter, she despised him for the things he'd done to her family. But unlike Taliyah, Blythe hated the Astra far more. They had killed her consort. The warlock husband she'd loved and adored. The father of her only child, and the sole male in existence able to soothe the worst of her temper. Now she would be forever worked into a cold rage bent on revenge, just the way Erebus needed her to be.

"Roux is next, isn't he?" she asked.

"He is. Erebus clasped his hands behind his back. He will be tasked with the conquering of a planet. Ation." A prison realm filled with harpies, Amazons, and many other predatory females of myth.

"He will lose his task because of me?"

"He will indeed. You have your pick of methods."

From the mist, he watched as her daughter entered the throne room. Little Isla Skyhawk. A miniature of her mother. Extremely powerful. Untapped potential. A shame Isla was going to die, too. He might have liked having a granddaughter. Instead, she was to be a sacrifice for the greater good—the downfall of the remaining Astra.

They deserved everything they had coming.

Blythe watched the party a bit longer. She stiffened when Roux entered the room. Hatred radiated from her, and Erebus smiled again.

"Will you kill him or let him live with his loss?" he asked. The futures he'd beheld promised either outcome would result in his victory.

"What do you think?"

He chuckled. "I think you wish him to suffer." Which made her a daughter after his own heart. If he'd had a heart. "You understand you will destroy your sister's consort in the process, yes?"

"Roc will survive with Taliyah's help. But more importantly, you'll be unable to harm the couple. Once Roux is dealt with, I'll turn my attention to you. You won't live long enough to cause them any more problems."

He snorted. "You think I haven't foreseen your moves against me? You fail like the Astra, I promise you. I take you down."

"You think that will stop me? I know the part you played in my husband's death. You planned for him to die. You wanted me consumed with this hatred so you could use me to do your dirty work."

All true. However. "I am not the one to blame. You are. Had you not been capable of this, I would have chosen someone else."

Erebus knew she wasn't setting him up, intending to turn on him as soon as the next task began, because he knew the ins and outs of the coming fates and fortunes. Everything leading to the death of his victims—everything but the reasons for each decision.

Curiosity got the better of him. "Why do it? Why aid me while plotting my end?"

Slowly she turned her face toward his and focused those icy blues on him with such pure, undiluted malice, he felt ice spread over him. "Because I am everything my name promises. I am the Undoing."