



THE
Hybrid

VENUS MORALES

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By Venus Morales

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DEDICATION

To my three angels, let this be a reminder that anything is possible, spread your wings and fly...

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Prologue

Most nights I stare down from the rooftops, watching the mortals go about their lives, without them ever knowing what creeps and crawls in the shadows around them. Life here in the French Quarter is like no other city.

The darkness around this place draws you in like a drug. The longer you stay the harder it is for you to leave. The battle between evil versus good has been brewing for centuries. A fight that neither side has ever won. New Orleans is the capital for immortals and the unknown.

The natives believe in everything that others would consider fun bedtime stories because they know them to be true. Then you have the tourists who come for fun and thrills, not heeding the warnings given by the natives. Every night it's the same thing, someone goes missing then a body is found a few days later in an alley, drained of blood with the throat ripped open. Sometimes they never resurface.

Drunk and reckless mortals out for a good time find more than just that, they find the darkness. Mortals don't believe in angels, deamonons, gods, or any other immortal beings. To the mortals they are the stories they hear around campfires. Lucky for them they are so oblivious to the truth.

Deamonons are our biggest problem to the immortal race. They spill out of the underworld like lava from a volcano. Deamonons blend in with

the mortals like most immortals do. They walk around dressed like mortals do, with blonde hair and blue or brown eyes. Each deamonon is different, the only thing they all have in common is that they're the most evil thing created by Lilith. Deamonons are pure demonic creatures with no souls, reeking of pure sulfur. Only another immortal can sense their sulfur scent, thus making it hard for them to hide.

Deamonons' blood runs black as midnight and they have rows of razor sharp teeth. Their blades are forged from sulfur, making an injury to another immortal painful or life-threatening, compared to an ordinary blade. Deamonons have the ability to heal at a rapid rate.

Blessed blades are the best way to inflict pain or death upon a deamonon. Striking a deamonon straight through their heart incinerates them to ash. Blessed blades only come straight from the archangels or the Deity himself. Decapitating one with an ordinary blade works too, except that usually leaves behind a body. Blessed blades were best as they left no traces.

Every immortal has their kryptonite. It all depends on what you are up against. New Orleans is full of random species of immortals. You have your average vampires that avoid daylight and silver—except for the Original Vampires. They are the elders of the vampire race. They are pure, the original blooded vampires. They are stronger and faster in every way, and

not so easy to kill. Holy water is nothing but water to them. They could walk in the daylight just as any other mortal. Beheading or removing their heart is the only method of killing them. Once an Original Vampire makes their first prodigy, that prodigy has the same strengths as their maker; anything after that, the bloodline becomes diluted, making just your average vampire.

Then you have the phoenacians, a mixed bloodline of phoenixes and vampires. That's what I am, except I'm part something else too. My father is the almighty god of war, Ares. Making me a demi-goddess phoenacian hybrid—the first of my kind. I was born not like most hybrid children, with some traits of each parent no, I was born with an entire array of abilities—an anomaly I would call myself. We phoenacians (a half phoenix-half vampire) carry mixed traits of both the vampire and phoenix race. We have fangs like the vampires with the need to feed off of blood for survival. From the phoenix trait we have an internal fire we use as our ability. The downside to being a phoenacian is the dark essence we all carry within us. Your dark essence is an exact twin of yourself, except it's darker and more twisted. Some cope well, others are consumed by it. It's a daily gamble. You just learn to fight your darkness and pray you don't let it consume you. If your phoenacian darkness consumes you, your phoenacian coven will banish you to the underworld, making you into what's known as a phoenacian deamonon. I live a more complicated life than just a regular phoenacian or goddess.

Ares felt it was safer to raise me in isolation away from everyone after my mother died at childbirth. She was a phoenacian princess for her coven and passed the tittle down to me. Hera created an island off the coast of Greece and cloaked it with her powers so that it couldn't be detected by anyone.

Ares is a very large man with auburn hair, like his mother Hera, with dark brown eyes. He could make any immortal tremble where they stand. Except when it came to me. I was the only person who could make him soften; daddy's little girl. Hera is beautiful and tall with long auburn hair, brown eyes, and long legs. She wears all white like most of the gods did except she was into fashion and shoes. She and Ily are two runway queens.

Whoever said immortality was the best gift ever? It's a curse for some.

CHAPTER 1

“You're starting to become too predictable.”

I laughed at the all too familiar voice coming from my best friend Ilariya.

“Are you stalking me?” I shot back over my shoulder with a smile. She blew out an agitated breath as she leaned against the rooftop door with her arms crossed over her chest.

“You wish. You’re too boring. Same... boring routine every... single... day. Blah!”

I rolled my eyes at her.

Ilariyia and I became friends by accident. One evening we both were chasing after the same group of deamonons. I happened to have them trapped like rats just as she appeared. They were the same group that murdered some coven members of hers. Ily is known for taking vengeance into her own hands when wronged. That’s why I liked her. Besides, she had a wicked sense of humor that mirrored mine. Ever since then, we’ve been best friends.

Ilariyia is an original Queen Vampire of the New Orleans region. Ily is super model beautiful, with alabaster skin, beautiful hazel eyes, and long brown curly hair that dangles down her back. She is tall with killer legs and high heels to go with them. She is of Italian decent. When she gets angry, her accent pours out as does a flood of curse words in Italian.

Compared to Ily who is breath taking, always turning heads wherever she went, I was plain with auburn hair, only five-five in height with sun-kissed skin. I was lucky to have the sun kissed skin and that was because of my

father. Other than that I was average in every way, except for the anomaly of my violet eyes that I didn't inherit from either parent. It was something that just occurred due to being this unique hybrid, half goddess and half phoenacian princess.

I wore plain black pants and boots with black T-shirts every day. I wore anything that was comfortable as long as it was black. I could never understand how Ily could fight and run in her stilettos, but she did as if she were born in them. She always said, "It is an art." That's my crazy bestie for you.

"Are you disappointed I didn't send you an invite? I'm sorry, bestie. I thought you were busy getting your nails polished. You know how you vampires love to keep your claws up to par." We both burst out laughing. She strolled toward me.

"What's new? I haven't seen you in a few days," she said.

I shook my head. "Nothing really. Still trying to piece together these disappearances. It's like there's a whole new group of smarter deamonons." I sighed. "Usually they're so careless and dumb, leaving something behind. Now, nothing!" I threw my hands up in frustration.

"Maybe they're not so dumb after all. Come on, you've been at this for days. Let's go by the club and have a few drinks and—"

“Wait!” I jerked my head to the left. “Did you hear that?” I asked.

“Hear what?”

I rolled my eyes at her again. She was the queen of her coven, and a great one at that, but she could slack off at times. Even though I loved my best friend dearly, I often told her how much of a slacker she was. All I ever got in return was the finger.

So ladylike.

“That sound there and that awful sulfur smell,” I said, crinkling my nose. Ilariya’s eyes widened as she snapped her fangs out. I knew right then she’d heard and smelled what I did. She was as ready as I was.

We sprinted toward the cries of help. Ilariya trailed closely behind me as we moved like blurs at full speed. The cries became more and more profound the closer we got. We leaped from rooftop to rooftop, following the odor of sulfur as it grew stronger. I dropped down between two buildings into the alley below. Ilariya landed next to me, silent and deadly as a panther.

The scent of sulfur was overwhelming. The girls’ cries were all too clear now as we rounded the corner. “Ready, Ily?” I whispered. She smiled back, flashing her fangs.

We came to a sudden stop, several feet ahead of us stood three

daemonons with their backs to us. The girls were holding on to one another on the ground. They were trembling and crying as one shielded the other's face from the three monsters standing before them.

Smart, brave girl.

The older girl was trying to soothe the younger girl beneath her, even though she was crying herself. These daemonons were going to damage these girls even if they both kept their eyes closed. These images would haunt them forever. There would be no amount of therapy that would be able to fix the damage they were about to receive.

Their shirts were half torn off, with scratches and bruises already starting to form over their faces and arms. Make-up streaked down their puffy faces. They were lucky to still be alive and in one piece.

A smile crossed my lips. It's playtime!

"Hey, assholes! That's no way to treat ladies!" I hissed from behind.

The three daemonons spun to face us head-on, growling and baring their venomous sharp teeth. I arched one brow. Ily looked down at her nails as if bored.

The older girl on the ground stopped weeping and opened her eyes wide as her chin quivered. A flicker of relief entered her eyes. I winked at her. Ilariyia stood to the left of me with her arms crossed.

“Is that all you got? You’ve got to be kidding me, right?” Ily taunted. I bit down on my lip, holding back my laughter and settled for a grin.

One deamonon charged straight for Ily. She smiled back wickedly, side stepping him in a blur and swinging out her arm, catching him straight across the throat, knocking him flat onto the hard concrete.

“Ouch!” I said. He lay on the ground choking as he grabbed at his throat. Ily stood over him with bared fangs, hissing. She was a savage when she wanted to be.

The second deamonon came fast, he swung his claws at my face. I jumped backwards as he nearly missed my face. Spinning out of his reach, grabbed his wrist and twisted his arm back, as I jerked his body forward, tossing him head first into the dumpster.

“Oops!” I said. “Sorry about that,” I chuckled.

“Good job, hybrid,” Ily said.

I winked back at her.

I didn’t see the deamonon sprint toward me with his dagger palmed. He thrust his dagger into my right shoulder. I cried out as fire coursed through my shoulder, down into my arm. I punched him in the jaw with my left hand, knocking him stumbling backwards. I yanked out the sulfur forged dagger and dropped it on the ground. Blood streamed down my arm.

The deamonon was up back on his feet recovering from my blow. I was furious and pained as I pulled out my Sai from its sheath on my back, wielding it like Poseidon's trident. The deamonon swung his fist as I pivoted to the side making him miss. A painful fire continued to burn through my shoulder and down my arm as I grinded my teeth together.

I grabbed his arm and twisted it up and back hearing his bones breaking in several places. Holding his broken arm behind him and my Sai pressed against his back he knew death was near. He stopped fighting and stood frozen. I leaned close to his ear "Tell me who you work for?"

He turned his head slightly and smiled, "I'll see you in hell."

"Wrong answer." I plunged my three pronged Sai straight through his back directly into his heart. I pulled my Sai back out, letting his body drop to the ground with a thud, as I watched his body disintegrate to ash and evaporate into the air. I wiped the tip of my blade on my sleeve.

One down and two more to go.

The first two were back on their feet with their demonic speed. They stood opposite of Ily and me, growling and baring their teeth.

Bring it on!

I twirled my Sai around in my hands. Ily's nails are long, razor sharp blades by her sides. Her precious nails are her most lethal weapons besides

her fangs. I grit my teeth as pain coursed through my arm and blood continued to trickle down. An injury by a sulfur forged blade brought my healing process down to a crawl. It was more painful than a weapon not forged by sulfur.

“All right boys, let’s play a game. It’s called operation. I’ll ask a question and if you get it wrong, I operate. If you’re right, you walk free.” My eyes scan back and forth as they continued to circle Ily and I like lions.

“Forget your stupid game, bitch! You’re both going to die, that’s how we play,” said one deamonon.

Brave, stupid deamonon.

I curled my lip up in a sneer. “You guys are no fun.”

Ily had her lips pulled back, flashing her fangs. She ran forward and jumped into the air, kicking her foot out. She struck the deamonon flat across his chest, knocking him back to the ground. She landed on him, pinning him down with her knees, clawing at his face like a maniac as she chuckled under her breath.

Only Ilariyia!

The third deamonon threw his dagger at me, grazing my cheek just as I was flashing out and reappeared behind him as I plunged my Sai deep into his shoulder blade. He roared out. I yanked out my blade, only to see steam

with black blood gushing from his wound.

Payback bitch!

I kicked the deamonon's legs out from beneath him, bringing him to his knees, yanking his hair back, while my lips curved up into a smile of satisfaction. My inner phoenacian purred with pleasure.

"You bitch!" he roared.

Ilariyia held her limp deamonon at her feet. "This one is fresh out of words."

"I wonder why, Ily?" I rolled my eyes at her.

"Oops!" she shrugged. The deamonon's face looked as if it had been through a meat grinder. It would only be a matter of time before he healed. They always healed.

My eyes glowed as they bore into the deamonon's face. His eyes widened, he now knew exactly who I was.

"I told you, either play nice or I operate. What's going on with these missing mortals?" I demanded.

He didn't respond, only glared back at me with eyes that promised death. How stupid and brave. "Are you sure you want to remain silent? It won't end so well for you," I said, flashing my fangs.

“You don’t scare me, hybrid,” said the deamonon.

I smiled.

Exactly, stupid and brave deamonon.

“It speaks. Now tell me, why are you hunting mortals? What do you want with them? Better yet, who are you hunting them for?” I demanded.

He spat rancid acid sulfur saliva into my face. I winced and it took all my strength not to let go of him. The pain burned across my face. My anger rose five different levels in a split second. I was grateful that none of the acid sulfur saliva had gotten into my eyes. I wiped my face with my coat sleeve. I glanced up at Ily whose eyes were wide. My face slowly started to heal.

“BIG mistake, buddy!” Ily said, shaking her head.

I bared my fangs. A deep feral growl roared up from my throat. I stabbed my Sai deep into his thigh and twisted it back and forth. He screamed until his voice became hoarse.

“No more! No more,” he begged.

“Tell me what I want to know!” I yelled into his face.

“His name is Alaris, the dark prince of the underworld. But I-I don’t know why he wants the mortals.”

“Liar! You know more, tell me, or by the gods, this will be nothing compared to what I will do to you!”

The deamonon at Ilariyia’s feet suddenly jerked out of her hold quicker than she anticipated. Taking his dagger out from his waist, he plunged it deep into his own heart. Ily reached out for the deamonon, but she was a nanosecond too late, he fell over dead. Black blood flowed out of his chest as his body started to disintegrate to ash on the ground inches away from her.

“Son of a bitch!” Ily shouted. “Coward!” She kicked at his ashes.

“I guess this leaves you, deamonon,” I murmured.

He swallowed hard, staring down at the pile of ash on the ground that started to evaporate into the air.

“He’ll know,” said the deamonon. “I’m already late! Just kill me. Please!”

Late? What in the gods is going on?

“Late for what? Tell me something useful your moron!” I demanded.

“He makes you seem like a child, hybrid,” he chuckled like a mad man. “I’d rather die by your hands than by his. I was supposed to deliver those two mortals, but you already ruined that!” he spat. He was trying to hide the fear that was clearly visible in his eyes.

“Stop playing with him,” said Ily. “This is boring me, just kill him already.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know this was for your entertainment!” I said.

She stuck her tongue out at me.

Returning my attention back to the deamonon at my feet, I hissed, “You better tell me something, or I swear by the god’s I will torture you until the brink of death then let you heal. I will repeat the process over and over until you wish for death, but I will not let death take you.”

He glared at me, I let my eyes grow brighter. I pulled my lips back, letting my long sharp fangs shimmer under the moonlight. I wanted to remind him that he was helpless.

“An army, I-I think,” the deamonon stammered.

“Was that so hard?” I said.

He paled, looking past me to something or someone behind me. Ily followed his gaze as I spun on my heel to face the intruder. He was extremely tall and elegantly dressed in a black tailored suit. His black hair was pulled back in a ponytail, with pitch black eyes that were very eerie. He had broad shoulders and muscular arms. I must say he was handsome, if you were into dangerous, bad boys.

The power that crackled off him told me he was not your average deamonon, but something else altogether. He still reeked of sulfur with a hint of something I couldn't quite make out. He was different. He must be yours truly, Alaris!

Ilariya bared her fangs and extended her razor sharp blades out by her sides.

“You must be Alaris, I presume,” I said.

He grinned smugly. His cold eerie eyes darted to the deamonon I held firmly on the ground.

“I-I am sorry master!” The deamonon started to say before being cut off by Alaris.

“You have no reason to be sorry. It's not your fault that you're weak! At least the other two died with honor, more than I can say for you! You were given one task, to bring back the mortal girls... And you let them escape, you incompetent moron!” Alaris spoke each word with a smooth, calm, venomous bite. A talent he mastered well.

I watched him intently, knowing nothing about him, except that he was the dark prince everyone whispered about. I wanted to know more than just these whispers and rumors. Why was I just standing here mesmerized by him? I was intrigued, hypnotized by his fluid movements, his elegance, his

calm voice. I couldn't move, I only just stared at him. The air around him swirled with his every movement. What are you? I thought.

“But—master!” the deamonon on the ground pleaded.

“ENOUGH!” Alaris growled.

As the words escaped Alaris lips, a ball of flame seared past me and engulfed the deamonon at my feet into flames. I let go of him instantly, watching his body turn into a pile of ash before my eyes.

“Was that necessary? A little warning would've been nice,” I snarled.

Alaris' brows shot up. He smirked with amusement. He adjusted his blazer as he brushed off imaginary lint on his arms.

“I don't take betrayal lightly. Never mind that—” Alaris said, waving his hand dismissively in the air. “I've heard so much about you. Arielis Abrasax the Hybrid. Your reputation precedes you.” He raked me with his eyes as if he were undressing me with his eyes. He then glanced over at Ily with a smirk. Ily narrowed her eyes at him.

I crossed my arms over my chest, feeling a bit violated. He knew who I was, and yet I knew nothing about him except his name. My inner darkness Rheain growled.

“You know nothing about me,” I said.

“Oh! I know plenty about you, princess. Just like I know how you're

good friends with Queen Ilariya here. It's a pleasure to finally meet you both in the flesh." He smiled. "It's you who does not know me... Yet! Soon enough you will. I promise you soon will." And with that he was gone. Vanished into thin air.

