



105 The Pouting King

Eve 1

I managed to block his attacks, but he adapted faster than I could think, forcing me to push past the limits I thought I had.

"Not bad," Hades said, a low hum of amusement in his voice as I deflected his elbow strike and narrowly dodged a jab to my ribs. "But predictable. You keep telegraphing your moves. Makes it almost boring."

"I'm fine," I snapped, my breath hitching as I threw a quick jab of my own.

His smirk widened, sharp and infuriating. "Fine? Sure you are, little wolf." He sidestepped me with ease, his movements as smooth as water. "But I can see that shoulder of yours is slowing you down. Care to tell me how long you plan to hide it before it gets you killed?"

"I'm not hiding anything." I aimed a kick at his side, but he caught my ankle mid-air, holding it with infuriating ease before letting me go. 1

"Liar," he said, circling me again, his gaze raking over me like he could see every crack in my

"Liar," he said, circling me again, his gaze raking over me like he could see every crack in my armor. "You think stubbornness will save you? It'll get you killed faster than hesitation."

"Thanks for the advice," I ground out, stepping forward with a flurry of strikes. For a moment, I almost had him, my knuckles grazing his side before he caught my wrist mid-swing.

"Better," he murmured, his voice dark and low, like a predator playing with its prey. "But still not good enough." He twisted my arm just enough to make me wince, but not enough to do real damage. His gaze locked onto mine, and for a moment, I forgot to breathe.

"Are you going to cry, Red?" he taunted, his lips curving into a mocking grin.

"Not a chance," I hissed, wrenching my arm free.

His laughter rumbled, deep and warm, as he stepped back. "That's more like it. Show me some teeth."

I lunged again, this time catching him off guard with a feint. My elbow connected with his ribs, not hard enough to do damage, but enough to wipe the smirk off his face.

"Interesting," he said, his tone still laced with



"Interesting," he said, his tone still laced with amusement, though his eyes gleamed with something sharper. "You might actually have some bite in you."

"Keep underestimating me," I said, breathing hard but refusing to back down. "See where it gets you."

His grin widened, his fangs flashing. "Oh, I don't underestimate you, Red. I just enjoy watching you struggle." He sounded genuine.

He moved faster than I could react, sweeping my legs out from under me. This time, I rolled with the impact, coming up onto my feet in one fluid motion.

"Better," he said, his smirk softening into something almost resembling approval. "But you're still too slow."

"Then stop talking and fight me," I shot back, raising my fists again.

His laugh was low and taunting as he stepped closer, his gaze pinning me in place. "Fight you? I thought that's what I was doing. Or are you getting distracted, little wolf?"

Heat flared in my cheeks, but I ignored it, refusing to let him get under my skin. I lunged

Heat flared in my cheeks, but I ignored it, refusing to let him get under my skin. I lunged again, aiming for his side, but he caught my arm and twisted me around so my back was pressed to his chest. A horrible shudder racked my body from the agony. White hot pain bloomed in my injured shoulder and bit back a scream. If he found out that I was hurt, and I lied, he would just go ahead and check those cameras. Jules would be implicated. I could not afford that. 3

"You're improving," he murmured against my ear, his breath warm and maddening. "But not fast enough."

"Let me go," I ground out through the horrible ache, struggling against him.

His chuckle was deep, vibrating through me. "If I wanted to hurt you, I would've already." He released me with a push, making me stumble forward. "But I'll admit—you're more fun than I expected."

I spun around to glare at him, my chest heaving. "You're insufferable." I fought back the urge to run my shoulders. 1

"And you're still standing," he said, his tone lighter now, almost teasing. "Barely. But I'll give you that much."

We paused the session, only when I dropped to my knees, my body screaming for rest. Hades stood over me, his gaze sharp and appraising. The vulnerable man that had held my hand to his face was gone. There was not a sliver of fragility in his hard, cunning gaze. I must have been hallucinating, yet I remembered the searing heat of his body. It had made it hard to sleep.

"You're not bad," he said finally, his voice losing some of its edge.

I would never be able to figure him out. Suddenly, I was struck by how much a constant contradiction Hades was. Like me...

That was because I had something that I was hiding, another face under the one I was wearing. I wondered what the Hand of Death had to hide.

The door opened and I breathed a relieved sigh when familiar, warm green eyes met mine from across the room. "Good morning, Beta Kael," I greeted as he came forward with a smile. He glanced at Hades.

Hades face instantly hardened, he gave a pointed look. I shrugged. "My condition," I reminded him.

With the way his jaw locked, he did not like the sound of that. "I would do it on my time."

"You did not give me that option," I said.

He opened his mouth but I cut him off.

"And don't tell me that is different."

His mouth snapped shut, his shoulders bunching. As Kael entered the ring, Hades ran his hand through his hair. He swallowed, his jaw working. Was it an apology that had him so agitated? He had little problem apologizing to me.

"Good morning, your majesty," Kael's voice was light but his gaze was intense.

"Morning," Hades all but growled.

Kael's lips quivered in the shadow of a smile.

The silence that followed was as heavy as lead. I tried to be patient with the proud Lycan king but after a few moments, I could no longer take the uneasy quiet.

"Hades," I said softly.

His head snapped to me, his icy glare flickering to me. "What?"

"My condition."

He sighed deeply before turning to Kael. "I am sorry," he murmured but it came out as more of

He sighed deeply before turning to Kael. "I am sorry," he murmured but it came out as more of a whisper.

Kael stiffened, his eyes widening. His brows disappeared into his hairline. "Hades...your majesty..." For the first time, Kael was stunned into silence.

"I am sorry for losing my anger with you." Hades voice was louder now, rough and jagged like it hurt him to utter the words. "I am sorry for hurting you."

Kael let out a shaky breath. "Guess there is truly a first time for everything," the amusement in his voice had faded, melting into something soft and unreadable. His green eyes searched Hades' face, his earlier composure giving way to a flicker of vulnerability I hadn't seen before. 2

"Don't get used to it," Hades countered but his tone lacked bite.

Kael's shoulders shook as he laughed, all at once, he stiffened. The color drained from his face, leaving him pale and stricken. His gaze locked onto Hades' face as if he'd just seen something he couldn't comprehend.

"Kael?" I asked, my voice sharp with concern. I

Kael's lips parted, but no sound came out. His throat bobbed as he swallowed hard, his eyes scanning Hades' features as if searching for something.

"What?" Hades snapped, his frustration breaking through. He stepped closer, his towering frame looming over Kael. "Speak, damn it."

Kael blinked, his gaze flicking to me briefly before returning to Hades. Whatever he saw there made his expression crumple for the briefest moment before he masked it with a forced smile. "It's nothing," he said, but his voice trembled ever so slightly. "Just... unexpected, I guess." 2

Hades' scowl deepened, and his sharp gaze narrowed. "Unexpected?" there was a genuine question in his voice.

Kael hesitated, his fingers twitching at his sides. "I—it doesn't matter," he said quickly, his smile tightening. "I think I'm just tired. Long night, you know." he took a breath. "Let's hug it out and make up." He said.

"Hug it out?" Hades' voice was laced with horror.

But Kael was already moving forward, his arms outstretched. Before I could comprehend what

But Kael was already moving forward, his arms outstretched. Before I could comprehend what he had just said, he wrapped his arms around Hades who stilled. Their hug was drawn on until I heard Kael whisper. I caught the word 'seven'. Then he pulled away.

"See you at the dining table." He said quickly.

He turned away too fast, his movements almost frantic as he busied himself with adjusting the cuffs of his shirt as he walked out, leaving us alone.

"What was that about?" I asked Hades.

"None of your business," He snarled.

The harshness caught me off guard.

"I didn't mean to pry,"

But he cut me off. "Let's continue." He ordered, cracking his neck. He turned to him, and immediately detected tension in his face but I minded my own business..

Still, I was so deep in my thoughts that I did not see him coming. Almost. I attempted to protect my face but I was too slow and too late. His closed fist connected with my shoulder instead.

This time, I could not endure the pain that

This time, I could not endure the pain that exploded in my shoulder. I let out a horrible scream, stumbling back as I clutched my injured shoulder. The pain was white-hot, shooting down my arm and making my knees buckle. I tried to recover quickly, but my body betrayed me, trembling under the strain.

Hades froze mid-step, his expression darkening as he took in my reaction. "You're injured," he said, his voice sharp and accusing. "Who hurt you?" 5

Comment

View All >



Post your first comment!



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift