

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 11 - His Treasonous Wife

Chapter 11: His Treasonous Wife

Eve~

I froze, my mind reeling in disbelief. The poison was supposed to incapacitate him, not... this. My heart raced in my chest as Hades kissed me with an intensity that shattered my expectations. His grip tightened on my neck, not in a way that threatened, but in a way that dominated. Every instinct screamed at me to fight back, to push him away, but my body betrayed me, stiff and unresponsive under his touch.

His lips pressed harder against mine, and my knees trembled with the effort to stay upright. I could feel the heat of his body now, the raw power radiating off him, and it was intoxicating in a way that sent shivers down my spine. I hated it. I hated him.

But the poison... it should have worked.

With every passing second, panic began to well up inside me. He knew. He must have known all along, and now I was trapped, at his mercy, in a room full of his people. My mind raced for an escape, but there was nowhere to go, nowhere to run.

Finally, he pulled away, his lips brushing against my ear as he whispered, "You should know better than to underestimate me, Ellen." His breath was warm against my skin, and my pulse quickened.

I swallowed hard, forcing myself to breathe as I met his gaze, fury and dread battling for dominance within me.

Hades smiled, a slow, dangerous smile that made my blood run cold. But his jaw was clenched, his features made harsher. *Fuck*. I was doomed.

He stepped back, releasing me entirely, and addressed the crowd. "Tonight, the alliance is sealed!" His voice boomed across the room, and the attendees erupted into applause, though it was the sound of polite approval rather than genuine enthusiasm.

As the clapping died down, Hades returned his gaze to me. "Enjoy the rest of the evening, Ellen," he said softly, though there was an undeniable command beneath his words. "While it lasts."

Without waiting for a reply, he turned and disappeared into the crowd, leaving me standing alone under the cold, harsh lights. My heart was still pounding in my chest, the remnants of our kiss burning on my lips like a brand. I itched to scrub my mouth clean.

The room buzzed around me, but I was numb to it all. My plan had failed. What now?

As I stood there, the reality of my situation settled like a weight in my chest. Hades knew what I had tried to do, and he had turned it against me with ease. I wasn't his equal. I was his prisoner.

But this wasn't over. Not by a long shot.

I had to leave to restrategize before I lost my mind. Without another word, I left for my room.

When I opened the door to my room, to my horror, I found that I had company.

Two men, identical in a way that sent a chill down my spine. They were clad in matching tailored suits, their sandy, cropped hair and sharp features giving them an unsettling symmetry. Their eyes, cold and calculating, locked onto me as soon as I stepped inside. The atmosphere shifted, and the air grew thick with tension. They didn't need to say anything to exude power and intimidation. They looked like modern henchmen.

For a moment, I stood frozen in the doorway, my mind scrambling to figure out why they were here. My hand instinctively hovered near the door handle, ready to bolt if necessary. But I knew there was no running from this—not in Hades' domain.

"Miss Valmont," one of them finally spoke, his voice smooth but laced with something darker. He didn't bow, didn't offer any semblance of respect. It wasn't a greeting, but an acknowledgment of my presence, like one would address a tool rather than a person.

I stepped further into the room, forcing my body to remain calm. "Who are you?" I asked, though I had a sinking feeling that I already knew.

The second man smirked, taking a step forward. He raised a clear bag to my eye level. My heart lurched, my mouth going suddenly dry. In the bag was a familiar silver capsule that had contained the Argenic.

"We came to collect evidence for the attempted assassination of His Majesty."

His partner came forward, handcuffs in hand. "And it seems that we did not only find evidence—we found the poison itself."

The room seemed to close in on me as I realized what was going to happen. Why was I so surprised? I should have expected this. I had tried to kill King Hades, for goodness' sake, yet despite that, I found myself taking steps back and away from the men sent to arrest me.

A deadly glint lit up their eyes as though they were watching their prey struggle. They were here to arrest me, but something told me that these men had more in mind.

"Run," one murmured, his wolfish grin widening. "We'll be happy to chase you down. And I promise I won't use my gun."

A shiver ran down my spine when I watched his nails elongate into claws, his eyes gleaming red. He would tear me apart.

My airways tightened, the edges of my vision darkening as I continued to create more space between me and them, then I hit a dead end—a wall.

Hands came up to clasp my shoulders. I trembled, my head raising to see what I had hit. The breath was knocked out of me when I realized that it was not a wall at all.

It was Hades Stavros.

His grip on my shoulders tightened until it became unbearable. I could feel the silent storm brewing despite his calm exterior. I went rigid under his touch. "I have been waiting for you to fuck up." His voice was level as he spoke, making it even more eerie. "Princess, you fired the first shot, and now..." He lowered his face to my ear, whispering, "I will show you how this game is played."

His words were like ice, cutting through the haze of panic that clouded my mind. I couldn't breathe, couldn't think. My back pressed against his chest, trapping me between him and the two men who were watching the scene unfold.

"Take her," Hades commanded, his voice no longer holding the pretense of civility. It was cold and final.

Before I could even blink, the two identical men moved, stepping forward with terrifying speed and precision. They didn't hesitate, grabbing my arms and twisting them behind my back. The silver cuffs clicked into place, biting into my wrists with a sharp sting.

When I looked at Hades as I was being taken away, something had shifted, darkened. The coldness in his eyes remained, but the mask he had been wearing slipped. What I saw now wasn't amusement—it was something far more sinister, an evil that had been lying dormant and was now rising because of my actions. His gaze bore into me, unblinking, filled with a dark promise of what was to come. He didn't need to say anything; the look alone was enough to make my blood run cold.

I fucked up