

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 13 - Her Defiance

Chapter 13: Her Defiance

Hades~

I nodded at Rook and Ryder. They didn't hesitate. Each of them grabbed one of her arms and hauled her up, dragging her toward the largest monitor in the room. She resisted at first, her feet trying to plant themselves in the ground, but she was no match for their strength. They placed her directly in front of the screen, a massive display filled with moving images of a busy marketplace.

The footage was crisp, high-definition. Children laughing as they played by a fountain, old couples chatting over coffee, vendors selling fresh produce, and families going about their daily lives. It was peaceful—Silverpine, as it always looked on the surface.

I walked up behind her, my presence looming over her small frame, and leaned in close enough for her to feel the cold menace in my voice.

"Look at them," I whispered, my breath brushing her ear. "Your people. They don't know what's coming, do they?"

She stiffened, her shoulders trembling slightly. I could hear her breathing quicken, though she was trying to hide it. I stepped forward, my chest almost pressing against her back, and pointed to a group of children playing with a ball near the fountain. The camera zoomed in automatically as I gestured.

"You see those children?" I asked, my voice cold. "They have no idea they're living their last moments. That is, unless you do something about it."

Her head snapped toward me, wide eyes full of confusion and growing dread. "What are you talking about?" Her voice was shaky, despite her attempts to sound strong.

I stepped around her and held out a small black device with a single red button in the center. Her eyes fell to it, and I saw her breath hitch.

"This," I said, turning the device in my hand slowly, "is the trigger. There's a bomb, princess. Planted right in the heart of Silverpine's beloved marketplace." I paused, letting the weight of the words sink in, enjoying the way the color drained from her face. "And all it takes is one push of this button to set it off."

Her chest rose and fell faster now, panic flooding her features despite her best efforts to conceal it. "No," she whispered, shaking her head. "You can't."

I smiled, slow and deliberate, my eyes boring into hers. "Oh, I would. And I will. But I'm not the one who's going to push it."

Her pupils dilated, and she stumbled back, trying to pull away from me, but Rook and Ryder held her firmly in place. I reached out, grabbing her wrist and forcing the small device into her hand, wrapping her trembling fingers around it.

"If you want to prove your loyalty to me," I continued, my voice silky smooth, "if you truly want to show me that you're sorry for what you did... then push the button."

She stared at the device in her hand, horrified, her entire body shaking now. "I won't," she breathed, her voice barely audible. "I can't."

I stepped closer, my face inches from hers, my eyes sharp and unrelenting. "Oh, you will. Because if you don't, I'll make sure that bomb goes off anyway—and I'll personally see to it that every person in that market knows it was you who could have stopped it."

Tears welled in her eyes, her composure crumbling. I could see the battle raging within her—between her loyalty to her people and the terror of what I might do if she disobeyed. She looked back at the screen, at the innocent faces, and then down at the device in her hand. Her breath came in shallow gasps now, her knuckles white from how hard she was gripping the detonator.

"I can't..." she repeated, her voice cracking. "The children..."

So my darling princess had empathy. "Then those people will die, and their blood will be on your hands. Either way, princess, the outcome is the same. The only question is whether you choose to act or be a fucking coward."

She choked on a sob, her shoulders shaking with the weight of the dilemma on her. Her eyes flickered back and forth between the screen and the device, her breaths ragged and uneven. She was drowning in terror, and I reveled in it.

"Push it," I demanded, my voice low and commanding.

She shook her head, tears streaming down her cheeks now, her defiance breaking under the crushing pressure of the moment. "Please... I can't do this," she begged, her voice barely above a whisper. "Have mercy, please. I am begging you. They don't deserve this. They are innocent people."

I grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at me. "You tried to kill me, remember? This is your chance to make it right. Push the button, or I'll be your personal hell."

Her lip quivered, and I saw the moment her resolve shattered. Her hand hovered over the button, trembling violently. Every part of her was screaming not to do it, but she knew the consequences if she didn't.

With a final, shaky breath, she looked at me. "No one sent me. I was to marry the man I loved back home. I would have been happy. But you came along and took everything from me." Her eyes turned fiery, her soft features hardening with an emotion that I knew all too well. "I loathe you, Hades Stavros, and I will kill you one day if it is the last thing I do."

Silence.

Then I laughed, partly in frustration and utter disbelief. "You want me to believe that you weren't sent? That you weren't given a mission to end me by your father?"

She didn't answer, her body shaking with rage that didn't look like an act. She got up, using her bound hands to lift her skirt. On her thigh was a gaping wound that still looked raw. "This is where I hid the vial so my father wouldn't see what I planned to do." Then she smirked, her eyes hardened with determination. "Give me some credit, won't you? Just admit that your ego can't accept the fact that I actually dared to try."

I stared at her for a moment, my amusement fading as her words sank in. There was something different in her voice now—something far more dangerous than fear. She was telling the truth, or at least she believed she was. The raw emotion in her eyes, the pain, the hatred—it wasn't the act of someone playing a role.

I stepped closer, towering over her as she knelt on the ground, her hands still gripping the hem of her skirt, exposing the raw wound on her thigh. Her defiance was palpable, almost electrifying, but I could feel the cracks beneath her surface.

"You expect me to believe that you acted alone?" I asked, my voice low and menacing. "That you did this because of a broken heart? Out of some misguided sense of vengeance? How touching."

She glared up at me, her chest heaving with the force of her emotions. "I don't care what you believe," she spat. "But I'll make sure you regret every moment of this twisted game you're playing. I will be your downfall."

She was hilarious, I had to admit. I crouched down, my hand cupping her chin in a bruising grip. "You think you know pain, princess? You think you've suffered?" I leaned in closer, my lips brushing against her ear as I whispered, "You have no idea what I'm capable of."

Her breath hitched, but she didn't pull away. Her eyes stayed locked on mine, burning with that same fiery defiance that I had come to expect. It was admirable, in a way. Foolish, but admirable.

"You think I took everything from you?" I continued, releasing her chin and standing to my full height. "You've lost nothing yet."

"I hate you," she spat.

"You hate me?" I asked, my voice soft but laced with steel. "Good. Hold onto that hatred, princess. Let it consume you. Because it's the only thing that will keep you alive long enough to be of use to me."

She would break, they all did.