

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 15 - The White Room

Chapter 15: The White Room

Eve~

I sat in the corner, knees folded in front of me, deep in thought. My eyes stung, and my head swam. Sleep had been scarce, and I had woken up again and again in a cold sweat. Sleep had eluded me, so I stuck to staying awake. My heart was doing cartwheels in my chest.

Then I heard the jingling of keys and raised my eyes to see a man dressed in a leather waistcoat. At his waist was a gun in its holster. On his head was a crown of blond hair. I had seen him before; he had been the one standing in the corner of the surveillance room.

He opened the cell door, his expression inscrutable. "You have been summoned by His Majesty," he said, his voice monotone but light.

I followed him out of the cell, limping, the cold bite of the handcuffs making my wrists ache. The sound of my footsteps echoed off the stone walls as we walked down a narrow, dimly lit corridor. My heart was still pounding, my thoughts racing as I tried to guess where I was being taken. What did Hades want now? My mind was too scattered to piece anything coherent together.

The man walked in silence, his expression impassive as if this were just another routine task for him. He didn't look at me, didn't say anything beyond that one simple command. He wasn't cruel like the twins, but there was something unsettling about his calm demeanor.

I couldn't help but glance at the gun at his waist. Did he really need it for me? I wasn't going to run. Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't get far.

We turned a corner, and the air seemed to shift—cooler, more sterile. The flickering torchlight of the corridor dimmed as we approached a large, heavy door at the end of the hall. The blond man pushed it open, revealing a room bathed in an unnatural, stark white light. It was so bright that it stung my eyes.

I hesitated at the threshold, instinctively pulling back, but he pushed me forward gently. "Inside," he murmured, still with that calm, almost detached tone.

I stepped inside, blinking against the brightness. The room was large but felt suffocatingly empty, the walls and ceiling an endless white, with no shadows, no texture—just nothingness. I couldn't even tell where the corners of the room began or

ended. In the center was a chair, bolted to the floor, and next to it, a table covered with instruments I didn't recognize. My stomach twisted.

"What is this place?" I muttered under my breath.

The man didn't answer. Instead, he walked over to the chair and gestured for me to sit. When I didn't move immediately, he grabbed my arm—not roughly, but firmly enough to make it clear that I had no choice.

I lowered myself into the chair, my pulse quickening. The cuffs bit into my skin as they locked me in place, and the room felt colder now. My heart thudded in my ears as I stared at the empty white walls, feeling more trapped than I had in the cell.

For the first time since I had been taken here, real fear crept into my chest. This wasn't like the surveillance room. This felt... different. More dangerous.

The man stepped back, taking a position by the door, and I realized that I was completely alone in the center of the room. The silence was unbearable, and the light burned into my skin, amplifying every anxious thought. My breath hitched, and my hands trembled in the cuffs.

Then, the door at the far end of the room opened, and in stepped Hades.

He was a shadow against the stark brightness, tall and powerful, his every movement deliberate. My heart skipped a beat, and I pressed my back into the chair as if trying to disappear into it. The faint smirk on his lips made my blood run cold.

"Welcome to my favorite room, princess," he said, his voice smooth, a cruel undertone hidden beneath it. He approached slowly, his eyes scanning over me like a predator sizing up his prey.

I swallowed hard, the words stuck in my throat. I didn't dare ask what he was planning. I didn't want to know.

His gaze never left me as he circled the chair, his presence suffocating in the brightness. "I find this room quite useful," he murmured, almost conversationally. "It strips away everything. No distractions, no illusions. Just truth."

I flinched as his fingers brushed the back of my neck, cold as ice.

"And I think it's time we got to the truth of who you really are." His voice lowered, dangerous, a threat hidden in every syllable.

I tried to meet his eyes, but his glinting gray eyes had darkened to something more stormy—so cold and merciless—that it made me look away.

"What do you want from me?" I whispered, hating how small my voice sounded. To punish me, of course, but I could not keep the question from falling out.

Hades leaned in, his breath brushing against my ear. "We are going to watch a documentary."

My forehead wrinkled with confusion. "What?" I asked, bewildered by the absurdity of his words.

"You heard me right the first time," he whispered, his voice sending a chill through me. The blond man, as if on cue, came forward with a tablet in hand and passed it over to Hades.

"Watch with me," he ordered softly, still entirely too close to me for comfort, though it wouldn't have mattered if he was on the other side of the room. His scent enveloped me like chains I couldn't break free from.

I obeyed, trying to fight the tremors that threatened to wreck my body. On the screen was a video that had been paused.

"Play it, princess."

I hesitated, my fingers trembling as I reached for the screen. My throat tightened with each second that passed, knowing whatever I was about to witness would be far worse than I could imagine.

The video began to play, and immediately, I was hit with the sound of screaming.