

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 16 - The Heartless Princess

Chapter 16: The Heartless Princess

Eve~

"Say it again, I dare you." I recognized the woman who stood, her eyes blazing—eyes like mine. Red hair flowing down her back. Ellen. Her voice would forever be etched into my memory like a brand.

I froze when I saw what she held in her hand. A gun.

"Your highness, please..." The maid, who did not look a day over eighteen, pleaded, rubbing her hands together.

"You bloody liar!" Ellen spat. "You dare spread obscene rumors about my fiancé? The Beta of this pack?"

"Please..."

"Tell the truth, you impoverished bitch! Tell this whole room the truth."

"But I did not... lie," the maid cried.

Ellen slapped the girl across the face hard, the force making her fall. "Tell the truth."

"My dear, just tell the princess the truth," an older woman dressed as a maid in the video said.

The girl turned to the older maid. "But mother... he did rape me."

I gasped, my hand clamping over my mouth.

A shot rang out, scaring me out of my skin. The maid screamed, blood oozing from the wound on her leg.

My heart stopped. Ellen had shot her. My sister ran a hand through her hair, vibrating with anger. "Let's try again, shall we? Tell me the truth, and I will spare you."

The maid nodded, the horror and fear in her eyes gutting me. "I lied, I lied. The Beta never did it. I lied—"

She was silenced as another shot rang out. The girl's mouth stopped moving; she fell back, a bloody hole in her forehead.

I screamed, and so did the girl's mother. She ran to her daughter, cradling her limp form, screaming her name. "Ruth, Ruth, please... no..." But it was far too late. She was gone. Tears fell down my cheeks.

"You said you would spare her," the woman yelled.

But my sister smiled, the action chilling me to my bones. "She lied, so it's only fair I do the same."

I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think. My entire body trembled as I sat frozen in the chair, the horror of what I'd just witnessed sinking into my bones like poison. I wanted to scream, to rage, to cry, but all I could do was sit there—paralyzed by guilt and grief.

This was my sister. My blood. My family.

The video cut off, leaving a ringing silence that felt more suffocating than the white room itself. My chest heaved, my breath shallow and ragged. I could taste the salt of my tears as they slid down my cheeks.

Hades' voice slithered into my ears again. "Don't worry, Ellen. There is more."

I flinched at the sound of her name. My name, to him. The lie that now stained every inch of my being. My body ached with the weight of the truth I couldn't speak, the truth that could save me but damn me in ways far worse.

The screen flickered back to life, and another video began.

This time, it wasn't a single woman being brutalized. It was my sister standing in a square, addressing a crowd. Her posture was regal, her face filled with a twisted sense of pride as she spoke. The crowd below was filled with ordinary people—men, women, even children—but all their eyes were on her, on the raised platform where Gammas stood beside her, holding rifles.

Behind them, I saw other men and women, their clothes tattered, their faces gaunt. Their hands were bound, their bodies trembling as they were forced to their knees. A few of them dared to meet Ellen's gaze, but most kept their heads bowed, as if knowing their fate.

"The enemies of the crown have shown their true colors!" Ellen's voice spoke into a microphone. "They seek to dismantle our way of life, to challenge my authority, your authority! They wish to rob us of power, to turn you all into slaves!"

The crowd was silent, too afraid to speak, too afraid to move.

"So let this be a lesson to any who dare challenge the monarchy." Ellen's lips curled into a smirk as she raised her hand. "Let this be a reminder that defiance will not be tolerated. You will pay for your treachery with your life."

She dropped her hand, and as if on cue, the soldiers fired.

I screamed as I watched the bodies fall in unison. The sickening thud of their lifeless forms hitting the ground echoed in my ears. I wanted to turn away, to close my eyes, but I couldn't. I was forced to watch, to bear witness to this senseless cruelty. They had been rebels. I had heard stories of rebels in the pack from the mouth of some Gammas, but I had thought it preposterous.

Tears streamed down my face uncontrollably now, my body shaking with sobs that I couldn't contain. My sister had ordered these executions—these murders—and she had done so without a hint of remorse. Seeing the poverty outside the pack central, I understood them. They were not wrong. They wanted change, but they were killed for it.

Hades was standing close to me, watching my every reaction, but I couldn't look at him. I couldn't face him or the twisted satisfaction I knew would be in his gaze.

"You enjoyed this, didn't you?" His voice was low, almost amused. "Public executions. A display of power for the people to fear. You are quite the tyrant, aren't you?" That was why he had been so cruel about me trying to help the child. He had believed that I was heartless. Like him. He found it funny.

My heart clenched painfully in my chest.

This was Ellen's doing. But he thought it was mine. He thought I had committed these atrocities, and I had no way to prove otherwise. No way to show him that I wasn't her, that I wasn't a monster.

I had to stop it. I had to make him stop.

"Hades..." My voice cracked, barely a whisper. "Please, stop this. I can't—"

"You can't?" His voice cut through the air like a blade, cold and unforgiving. "We're just getting started, princess."