

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 17 - I Am Ellen Valmont

Chapter 17: I Am Ellen Valmont

Eve~

The video changed again, shifting to a scene that made my stomach lurch. This time, it wasn't executions.

I saw Ellen standing over a group of cowering villagers—poor, hungry, desperate. She was flanked by soldiers, and in front of her was a man, bruised and bloody, pleading for mercy.

"Please," the man begged, his voice shaking. "We cannot afford the new taxes. We barely have enough to feed our children—"

"You should have thought of that before you chose to defy me," Ellen sneered. "The tax is not negotiable. Those who cannot pay will be... dealt with."

With a flick of her wrist, the soldiers dragged the man away, his cries fading into the distance as Ellen turned back to the crowd. "Let this be a lesson to all of you. Pay what you owe, or face the consequences."

I gripped the arms of the chair so hard my knuckles turned white. My heart was racing, my chest constricting with every breath I took. How could she be so heartless?

More and more videos—atrocities that left me spiraling. Had these been what she had been up to during all these years? She wasn't even the Alpha yet. What were my parents doing while she was ruining lives? Each clip, each horrific display of Ellen's twisted sense of justice, was worse than the last. And with every passing second, I felt myself breaking apart. I could feel Hades' gaze on me, dissecting me, waiting for my reaction.

Suddenly, I was yanked back to reality—literally.

A sharp tug at my hair made me gasp, my head snapping back as Hades gripped a fistful of it, pulling me to meet his eyes. My scalp stung, but the pain was nothing compared to the sheer intensity in his gaze. He leaned down, his breath ghosting over my face, so close I could see the storm brewing in his silver eyes, feel the heat radiating off his skin.

"You must be proud," he hissed, his voice a mix of mockery and venom. "And you refuse to put them out of their misery. The devil could take notes from you."

I trembled beneath his grasp, my heart pounding wildly against my ribs. His grip on my hair tightened, forcing me to keep eye contact, even though every instinct screamed at me to look away, to hide from the sheer force of his contempt.

"I'm not her..." The words barely escaped my throat, a broken whisper, a plea that I knew he wouldn't believe.

My damnation reflected in his eyes.

Hades chuckled darkly, the sound sending a shiver down my spine. He lowered his head until his lips were just inches from my ear, the heat of his breath brushing against my skin as he spoke, his voice laced with cruel amusement. "Oh, but you are her, princess. You've always been her. The difference now is you pretend."

I felt a tear slip down my cheek, my body trembling as I tried to suppress the sobs threatening to choke me. "Please..." I whispered, the word barely audible. I wasn't pleading for mercy—I knew there would be none. I was pleading for it to stop, for him to stop digging deeper into the wound he had already torn wide open.

But he wasn't done with me. Not yet.

His hand slid from my hair, fingers trailing down the side of my face in a mockery of tenderness. I froze, my breath catching in my throat as his thumb traced the line of my jaw, his touch deceptively gentle. It made my skin crawl, yet... something else stirred deep within me, something I didn't want to acknowledge. My heart lurched, the hairs on the back of my neck standing at attention. What was happening?

"Look at you," he murmured, his eyes narrowing as his thumb brushed over my lips. "So fragile, so weak now. But I wonder..." He leaned in even closer, his lips just brushing the edge of my ear. "Were you this weak when you ordered those people to die? When you watched them scream for mercy? Or did you enjoy it?"

I flinched, my stomach twisting painfully as his words hit me like a physical blow. He thought I had done this. He thought I was capable of this level of cruelty. And yet, despite the horror of it all, I could feel the heat of his proximity, the intensity of his gaze... something dark and dangerous pulling me toward him, even as he sought to destroy me.

"You must have loved the power it gave you," he continued, his voice dropping to a low, almost seductive whisper. "Watching them beg, knowing that with one word, one gesture, you could end it all. Does that thrill you, Ellen?"

I clenched my eyes shut, trying to block out his voice, his presence, but it was impossible. He was everywhere, surrounding me, suffocating me. And the worst part was, I could feel that pull. That twisted, undeniable pull between us, like a string that

tightened every time he looked at me, touched me, spoke to me. I shook my head, trying to dispel the haze.

"Tell me, princess," Hades whispered, his lips grazing my earlobe. "Do you think I will believe your lies now? After I have seen everything?" His fingers tightened around my chin, forcing me to open my eyes, to meet his gaze. His face was so close, his breath mingling with mine. I could feel the heat of his body, the raw power that radiated off him in waves.

I swallowed hard, my heart thudding painfully in my chest. His eyes bored into mine, and for a moment, I forgot how to breathe. There was something in the way he looked at me—something more than just hatred, more than just cruelty. There was hunger. And it terrified me.

But even as I trembled beneath his touch, even as I teetered on the edge of breaking completely, I could feel the air wrought with electrifying tension. It thrummed in the air, a dangerous, twisted connection that made it hard to breathe. What power was the Lycan king using on me? Why did my skin tingle?

Hades smirked, his thumb pressing against my lower lip, forcing it to part slightly. His voice dropped to a soft murmur, dripping with mockery. "You play the innocent so well. But I wonder... how long can you keep pretending?"

I hated him. I loathed him with every fiber of my being. But the heat of his breath, the press of his thumb against my lip, the way his body crowded mine—it all sent a sickening jolt of awareness through me.

"Tell me, Ellen..." His voice was a dark, seductive whisper. "Does it excite you? Knowing that every life you've taken, every scream, every tear... it's all your doing. You want to be the only one who has the fun? Why don't you want war on them?"

I was shaking now, tears streaming down my face, and still, I couldn't look away. Couldn't escape the prison of his gaze.

I wanted to scream it, that I was not the woman in the videos. To tell him, he was wrong and that I was nothing like him. But what would happen after that? He would realize that he had been double-crossed and destroy the 'alliance', the only thing in place ceasing the war. How many more people will die because of the Vermont Monarchy?

I had seen the aftermath of this man's bloodlust when he was just the king's enforcer, his beta. It had been carnage. Our spies and werewolves that had been caught in Obsidan pack had been dealt horrible fates. His ways were filled with violence and sickening depravity. There was no mercy where he was involved.

For my egoistic father to have submitted to an alliance would have meant that there had been no option, no other way out. I could not imagine what the man that had become

my husband had planned for Silverpine. He would be relentless and utterly brutal. He would flatten Silverpine even it mean that he would lose a percentage of his own pack to the war.

And now, we had double crossed him. I was not who he thought I was, I was an imposter posing as the daughter he wanted to ruin. I was not the "blessed twin" that he asked for.

1

It meant that the alliance was void, not even worth the paper that it was printed on. And if he ever found out, there would be no stopping him. There would be no chance for negotiation before he declared a full scale war. No one would be spared. It would be more chaos than it is now.

My family were wealthy, squandering the citizens taxes, they had three jets, five boats and an underground bunker that only the core members of the royal family knew about. They could escape a war. They would lose a pack but they would survive, even dare to strive. But not the people. They would be collateral damage. It chilled me to the bone, when it really sunk in, what was really at stake.

I swallowed, deciding. I was Ellen that he wanted. I would be Elle, for now. I had to ensure the alliance stood. Or else...

I was Ellen Vermont, a cruel bitch, so I smiled up at him and wiped my tears, steeling myself for the words that would come out of my mouth. "I guess we are not different after all. A match made in hell indeed. A wicked princess and a bloodthirsty King. I guess tears don't work on you." I grabbed the front of his shirt and used it to wipe the rest of my tears.

I heard the blond man gasp.

"It was getting tiring, acting anyway."

For the first time, Hades Stavros could say nothing but stare at me, his stormy eyes trying to penetrate my skin to see what truly dwelt inside; the tyrannical princess or the helpless girl.