

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 18 - Punishment

Chapter 18: Punishment

Eve~

I held my breath as I waited for him to speak, to react, to do something.

"So truly you planned to kill me all on your own?" He raised a brow in question.

I tried to slow my heartbeat and channel Ellen. Coldness and smugness, that was her way. So I shrugged, "Do you still have to ask?"

A muscle in his jaw ticked.

I was hitting a nerve. Good, I thought, Ellen had that effect. I would too, if I wanted to sell this.

I tucked a strand of hair behind my ear, attempting to seem unbothered. "My father might want to submit to this foolish alliance but I beg to differ."

Hades' eyes darkened, the muscle in his jaw tightening even more as he took a step closer. His towering presence was suffocating, but I held my ground, refusing to let the fear that crept up my spine show. Ellen wouldn't back down. I couldn't afford to.

"Oh?" he murmured, his voice dangerously soft. "And what makes you think you have any say in this, princess?"

I forced a smirk, shrugging as if the weight of the world didn't rest on my shoulders. "Because I do. My father may cower before you, but I don't. I don't need his permission to act. I'm not some fragile little girl bound by his will."

"You do seem to be a law unto yourself,"

To that I only smirked, feeling sick to my stomach. Playing this role, playing Ellen would be the end of me. I only now realized that how deep my sister's vileness went and now I had to embrace her actions as though they were mine. I had to ensure that his wrath was deflected away from the Silverpine but to me.

"So tell me, husband..." I said, bile rising in my throat as I wrapped my hand around his tie pulling him to me. "What will you do to your cunning wife?"

His eyes flickering with an emotion that I could not read. His smile returned, slow and predatory. "I make no exceptions for my wife. I am a fair king after all." He clasped my

hand pulled it away from his tie. Moving back a few yards, he turned to the blond man still waiting in the corner. "Strap her," he ordered.

Within a blink of an eye, the man pressed a button and the chair that was on stretched out into a bed and before I could react, cold metal shackles snapped around my wrists and ankles, forcing me down as the chair transformed beneath me. The suddenness of it sent my heart racing, panic surging through my veins. I tried to pull free, but the straps were too tight, biting into my skin, holding me completely immobilized. *Fuck*. My heart thundered in my chest, threatening to break through my ribs.

"Wait!" I gasped, struggling to keep my voice calm, to maintain the facade. But the growing panic clawed at my chest, threatening to shatter the mask I had worked so hard to keep in place. I needed to play Ellen—cold, unyielding—but trapped like this, it felt impossible. "Hades—"

He turned to face me, rolling his sleeves up to his elbows with slow, deliberate movements. The muscles in his forearms flexed, and for a moment, I couldn't look away. His calmness unnerved me, the casual way he prepared himself for whatever came next. A tray of instruments sat nearby, gleaming under the bright light of the unnervingly white room.

My stomach dropped as he picked up a syringe, its long, sharp needle catching the light. He filled it with a violet liquid from a small vial, the thick, viscous substance swirling in the glass. My throat went dry.

He approached, his face a mask of cold determination, not a hint of hesitation in his eyes. I forced myself to take slow, deep breaths, trying to maintain some control, but the sight of that syringe sent terror coursing through me.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, keeping my voice steady, though the tremor in my chest betrayed me.

Hades smirked, the predatory look in his eyes deepening as he stood over me. "Oh, you'll see soon enough, *wife*." His voice was a low, menacing murmur, filled with the promise of suffering. He slowly, deliberately, brought the needle to my skin, pressing it just above my collarbone.

I squeezed my eyes shut, my breath caught in my throat as the needle pierced my skin. The sensation was sharp and cold, the liquid burning as it entered my bloodstream. My body tensed involuntarily, my muscles straining against the metal restraints.

"You want to play games with me?" Hades whispered, leaning close to my ear. "Well, princess, this is how I play."

I forced my eyes open, staring up at him, my heart pounding in my chest. "I'm not afraid of you."

He chuckled softly, pulling back to look at me, his silver eyes gleaming. "You will be. Soon, you'll be afraid of everything."

"What have you done?" I asked, my voice faltering.

Hades stepped back, watching me with cold amusement. "You've heard of it, I'm sure. A little concoction we've perfected over the centuries. This will break you from the inside out. Soon, you'll be nothing but a shell, too afraid to even look at your own shadow."

The room began to spin as the drug made its way through my veins. My body felt heavy, like I was sinking deeper into the chair. My vision blurred, the walls closing in on me, and the fear I'd fought so hard to suppress started to creep in.

I tried to move, tried to scream, but I couldn't. I was trapped, my body no longer obeying me. Panic surged again, but all I could do was stare up at Hades, helpless, while he watched with cruel satisfaction.

"You won't die, don't worry," he said, his voice distant, like it was echoing through a tunnel. "But you'll wish you had."

The edges of my vision darkened, and the last thing I saw before everything went black was Hades' eyes of menacing silver.