



199 The Fear In Her Eyes

Eve **1**

The deafening silence that followed was louder than anything else I had ever heard. My knees threatened to give way beneath me, but I clenched my fists to ground myself and not falter.

Her eyes were like lasers—wholly focused on me, burning my skin with the intensity in their depths.

The moment was broken when she took a menacing step forward, the clicking of her heels permeating the tense air.

"You want power, girl?" She hissed the question, smirking, her fang glinting in the light.

I felt my stomach clench painfully at the obvious intimidation.

"Fear and uncertainty are what she wants to incite. Your biggest mistake is letting her succeed." Rhea's words blew through my mind like a calming but grounding breeze. **1**

I let the silence stretch until she narrowed her



eyes into slits.

"You are afraid."

She blinked before her face contorted into an expression of anger. "Of you?"

I smiled, Rhea watching through my eyes, alert and assessing.

"Of course not. You are afraid of what happens when you no longer matter." 2

Her eye twitched, irises glinting red as her wolf surfaced. "Watch it, mutt!" she growled.

"All you ever do is growl," I murmured.

Felicia stiffened. Her breath hitched—just barely—but I caught it.

The silence stretched, thick and suffocating, as her wolf pulsed beneath her skin, desperate to lash out. I could feel it—the barely restrained violence thrumming in the air between us, coiling around her like a storm waiting to break.

Her nostrils flared. "Careful," she warned, voice taut. "You forget who you're speaking to."

I tilted my head, watching her, unblinking. "Do I?" 2



Her fingers twitched—a tell. She wanted me to flinch, to fold beneath the weight of her authority, but I stood my ground.

She wasn't used to that.

Felicia's lips curled. "You think you're something special?" she sneered. "That just because he claims you as his, you belong here?" 1

I didn't answer.

"He would have never chosen you," she spat. "He would have never looked your way if your father's beast had not killed my sister, his fucking pregnant wife." 3

Another fear—another reason for guilt and despair—was dragged to the forefront with her words. I fought a shudder. 1

"Felicia..." Hades snarled, suddenly stepping between me and her. "Don't you—"

Her expression fell before she let out a mirthless chuckle. "Tell me, Hades, if you could bring back Danielle by killing the mutt, what would you choose?" 4

I expected him to go still and contemplate. But Hades simply... laughed.



Not a soft chuckle. Not a scoff. A deep, rich, almost amused sound that sent a slow chill down my spine.

Felicia faltered—just for a second.

Hades tilted his head, silver eyes gleaming with something unreadable. "Felicia," he murmured, his voice a velvet caress over a blade. "You're making the mistake of assuming I still entertain 'ifs.'" 1

His amusement vanished in an instant, replaced by something darker—something final.

Felicia took a small step back but caught herself, schooling her face into a mask of indifference. "You didn't answer the question," she pressed, voice almost too steady. 1

Hades exhaled slowly, his fingers flexing at his sides before he turned to me.

I braced myself for hesitation, for the smallest sign that her words had cut him.

But he didn't hesitate.

Instead, he lifted a hand, his knuckles brushing against my jaw—soft, reverent.

When he spoke, it wasn't to Felicia.



It was to me.

"There is no choice to make." His voice was steady. Certain. Unshakable.

Felicia's breath hitched. The silence that followed was heavy, suffocating.

Then—she laughed again. Short. Bitter.

But there was something in her eyes now. Something raw.

"Liar," she whispered the word like a curse. "Her body is not even cold yet. She is still as warm as the day your child was ripped out of her." 2

My eyes shot up in confusion as I felt Hades stiffen. "What?"

I looked up to see that Hades' expression had morphed into that of a tortured man.

I barely had time to process what I was hearing before Felicia rubbed salt into the bleeding wound, taunting.

"Oh, she was not supposed to know? My fault, then. I don't know if I will be able to forgive myself if our murderous little mutt finds Danielle and finishes the job—like she did with her bestie, Jules."



Suddenly, there was a roaring.

Not from Hades.

Not from Felicia.

From me.

It tore from my chest, raw and guttural, shaking the walls with its force. My vision darkened at the edges, and a pulse of something primal—something violent—rushed through my veins.

Rhea howled in my mind, a sound of rage and devastation so strong that it splintered through me like glass.

Felicia barely had time to smirk before I moved.

I didn't think. Didn't hesitate.

One second, I was standing beside Hades—the next, I was on her.

We crashed into the marble floor, the impact shaking through my bones, but I barely felt it. My claws weren't bared, but I didn't need them.

Felicia snarled beneath me, her wolf almost fully unleashed as she thrashed, but I was stronger. Faster. Angrier.

"You don't get to say her name!" I screamed, my



claws pressing into her throat, just shy of tearing through. "You don't get to say her name. You don't get to—" 1

Her laughter—that fucking laughter—cut me off. Even pinned beneath me, even with my claws at her throat, she smiled.

"Look at you," she whispered, voice hoarse from the pressure I was applying. "Feral. Just like your father's beast."

A fresh wave of fury slammed into me. My vision blurred.

I pressed down harder—too hard.

Felicia gagged but laughed still.

Then—

A force ripped through me. My skull burned, my muscles rippled as Rhea pushed forward, her eyes glowing through mine.

I saw the reflection in Felicia's eyes.

Burning amber—slowly shifting to crimson.

Her laughter stopped instantly.

Her eyes widened. Her face drained of color. 3

I felt Hades effortlessly pull me off her. 3



To my surprise, the moment I was pulled away, Felicia scrambled back. Her movements were jerky, petrified, but her eyes remained on me.

It was the oddest scene—watching her like that.

She trembled as she stared at me, lips quivering, every cell of her body saturated in fear. 1

Not anger.

Not hatred.

Fear.

Felicia, who thrived on cruelty, who bathed in venom, who had spent every breath trying to make me cower was trembling before me.

Then—soft footsteps.

I raised my head.

A small, familiar figure entered the room; green eyes, tousled brown hair.

Elliot. 1

Suddenly, a ringing vibrated through my skull. I grimaced at the pain lancing through my brain.

An image flashed.

A woman—the same soft emerald green eyes



now wide with terror, brown hair tainted with blood—screaming.

"My baby! Please, not my baby!"

It was the same woman. 2

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I am so sorry for the break in updates, I finally changed my junk of a phone that has been causing a lot of problems with pasting content and dealt with some ...

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Lilac_Everglade

Creator's Thoughts