

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 20 - Nerexylin

Chapter 20: Nerexylin

Hades~

I watched as she writhed and murmured, her forehead crinkling like she was in pain. Her fingers and toes twitched as the Nerexylin worked its magic. Depending on the dosage, it could be fatal, but with the measly 10ml I injected her with, she would feel just a bit of discomfort.

I could have easily injected the deadly amount of 100ml, but I couldn't afford to fry her brain with the stress the drug would induce. I needed her alive, unfortunately. So she was lucky.

There was a tightness in my chest that made it slightly harder to breathe all of a sudden. I pulled on my tie, loosening it a bit, but it barely did anything. Cerberus prowled, uneasy in my consciousness. His low growl reverberated through me.

"Hades, is something wrong?" Kael asked, his voice laced with worry.

I shook my head.

I swallowed thickly, the air suddenly heating up despite the air conditioning.

Then she screamed—a raw, guttural sound that cut through the air like a knife.

Cerberus bristled at the sound. Then there was a knock on the door of the white room. I trudged over and opened the door.

"Your Majesty," my Thetas greeted, bowing. "The diplomats have arrived," they informed. "They are waiting in your office."

"Kael."

"Right behind you," he assured.

I turned back to the twins. "Watch her," I ordered them. With that, I walked out of the room with Kael right behind me. The further I walked from the room, the easier it became to breathe.

Kael glanced at me but said nothing, and I did not engage as we made our way to my office.

The tightness in my chest only seemed to ease the farther I distanced myself from the white room. Cerberus paced restlessly in the back of my consciousness, a low growl rumbling beneath the surface.

"Are you sure you're all right?" Kael asked quietly as we neared the doors to my office. His voice was calm, but I could hear the concern behind it.

I didn't answer him. I couldn't explain this unease—not without sounding like I had lost control. And I couldn't afford that right now, especially not with the diplomats waiting.

The doors opened smoothly, revealing the grand room within. At the long table, the diplomats sat quietly, waiting. Representatives from several packs, all here to finalize the terms of an alliance that had been hard-won after weeks of negotiations. Tension still simmered beneath the surface, a fragile peace barely holding after we'd been on the precipice of war.

"Your Majesty," the Silverpine Pack's diplomat greeted, his face a mask of cold neutrality. His eyes told a different story. They still didn't trust me—the feeling was mutual. If it had not been, I wouldn't have asked for Ellen.

"Let's proceed," I said, taking my seat at the head of the table. I kept my voice measured, not giving any hint as to what was happening to Ellen.

The discussions began smoothly enough, with polite but cautious exchanges about territory boundaries, trade agreements, and the fine details of mutual protection. It was obvious that our loyalty was fragile and dependent on this alliance holding—for now.

The diplomat from the Bloodwood Pack, one of the packs within the extended territory of Silverpine, spoke.

"Your Majesty, we appreciate the efforts that have gone into maintaining the peace. However, certain raids on our borders persist. While minor, they are concerning."

I could feel Cerberus stir at the underlying accusation, his growl vibrating through my chest. "And I trust those border issues have been resolved through the proper channels?" I asked coolly, my gaze locking onto the diplomat's. "My people do not act without orders. Perhaps the issue lies with your neighboring packs, not mine."

I could have rolled my eyes. Allied packs of Silverpine had a habit of stealing from one another and blaming the Lycans.

A pause. He swallowed, his gaze shifting slightly. "Of course, Your Majesty. We merely seek to ensure that... misunderstandings do not escalate into something worse."

I could feel the tension thickening in the room, but outwardly, I remained composed. The alliance was fragile, but necessary. Every one of them knew how close we had all

come to war, and yet, the peace we'd managed to secure still held by the thinnest of threads. They feared what would happen if those threads snapped. It would snap, but the Lycans would most definitely be ready.

Kael shifted beside me, clearing his throat just enough to gain my attention. I glanced at him, and he gave me a subtle nod. There was an urgency in his eyes that told me this meeting was about to be cut short.

I ignored the diplomats for a moment, lowering my voice to address Kael. "What is it?"

He leaned in just enough so only I could hear. "It's her. The twins sent word—she's not reacting well to the Nerexylin."

My hand tightened into a fist beneath the table. I could feel the tension returning in full force, Cerberus bristling within me. I kept my voice low and controlled. "How bad?"

"Her heart rate is spiking. The twins are losing control of the situation."

Damn it. I had been precise with the dosage. I had calculated the effects down to the milliliter—nothing should have gone wrong. Cerberus growled again, uneasy, and I felt that familiar tightness in my chest return.

I straightened and addressed the room, my voice steady but final. "It seems I must attend to urgent matters. The details of our arrangement will be reviewed by my second-in-command. Kael will ensure everything proceeds as planned."

There were murmurs of uncertainty from the diplomats, but no one dared question my abrupt departure. They knew better than to press me.

Without another word, I rose from the table and strode out of the room, Kael close on my heels. As soon as we were clear of the diplomats, my calm demeanor shattered, the urgency clawing at my insides.

"What's happening now?" I demanded, my tone sharp.

Kael quickened his pace beside me. "She's convulsing. Her vitals are unstable. They can't sedate her without risking her heart stopping."

I cursed under my breath, Cerberus snarling with frustration. "That shouldn't even be possible," I muttered, my mind racing. "I measured it perfectly. She should've been in discomfort, not fucking dying."

We moved swiftly through the hallways, the sterile white walls of the medical wing closing in as we approached the door to the white room. The second I entered, her screams tore through me. The sound sent a jolt down my spine, and I could feel

Cerberus pushing at the edges of my consciousness. He wanted to claw his bloody way out.

She was thrashing on the table, her eyes squeezed shut, her body trembling under the stress of the drug. Her skin was pale and clammy, her breathing ragged and labored.

The twins stood nearby, their faces pale with fear and only whitening further when they saw me. One of them turned to me, stammering, "We've done everything we can, Your Majesty. But her body... it's rejecting the drug."

Cerberus snarled again, his frustration mirroring my own. I strode forward, then my eye caught something, something that should never be. I picked up the syringe and analyzed it. The purple line signifying the level of the Nerexylin was not at 20ml—it was at 50ml.

I turned slowly back to my Thetas. "You injected her again," I snarled.

It was not a question.

The twins looked between each other. Cerberus was clawing harder, like a tiger in an enclosure. He craved blood.

"Please..." she choked, snapping me out of my haze of rage.

Her body was drenched in sweat, her lips parted in silent gasps as she fought against the effects of the drug. Her fingers twitched. A single tear slipped past her closed lid. I injected her with a stabilizer.

Just then, her hand shot out, breaking the titanium clamps like plastic. She clasped my arm in an iron grip, her eyes still closed.

"Your Majesty..." Kael said.

But before he could continue, the princess tore through the rest of her restraints in the blink of an eye. She was on top of me, clawing at my face—or at least trying to. I had her hands in my grasp as she thrashed against me, growling and snarling.

"Don't come closer," I ordered all of them, as I saw Kael approach with another injection.

For a woman her build, she was strong. Far too strong...

I turned her over—now she was beneath me. There was no time, so I bared my fangs and drove down to her neck, sinking my teeth into her throat. The bitter taste of the Nerexylin hit my tongue. I drew it out.

Her heartbeat slowed but remained erratic, still fighting the effects of the overdose. I could feel her pulse weakening as I continued drawing the poison from her body, careful not to take too much blood. My vision blurred momentarily, and I blinked it away, focusing on the task. It was taking every ounce of control not to indulge myself. This was the disadvantage of the Lycan's blood-purging ability—the loss of control.

But it was not the Nerexylin making my vision blur; it was her blood. Fuck, it was intoxicating. Her scent filled my nose, mingling with the dangerous sweetness of her blood. The blood should have tasted vile, laced with the poison I was drawing from her veins. But instead, it was dangerously sweet. Too sweet. A warmth slid through my body, and for a split second, I considered taking more—just a little more. My eyes nearly rolled back from the pleasure that coursed through me. What the hell was she doing to me?

Kael stood nearby, tense but waiting for my signal. "Your Majesty?" His voice was cautious, as if sensing the near loss of balance in my control.

I pulled back from her neck, blood trickling down my chin as I wiped it away with the back of my hand. Her grip on my arm loosened, her body going slack beneath me, but her breathing had stabilized. Her eyes snapped open, steadying on me. Tears welled in her eyes.

"Make it stop... please," she murmured before closing her eyes again.

For a moment, I stood frozen, her whispered plea reverberating in my mind.

"Get her to her room," I commanded Kael, my voice colder than before. "Restrain her."

Kael nodded, immediately setting to work as I turned my gaze back to the princess. She lay still now, her breathing more even, but her body bore the unmistakable signs of strain. The Nerexylin overdose had pushed her to the brink, and I had pulled her back—barely.

Cerberus, still pacing at the edges of my consciousness, remained restless, unsatisfied. I clenched my fists, fighting the urge to give in to his primal desires.

I left the room, the taste of her blood lingered on my tongue—sweet, intoxicating, and entirely too fucking dangerous.