



235 It All Goes To Hell

Hades 1

Eve had been injected with a sedative to help her relax. I should have been with her now — she needed me again. But first, I had to rid us of a presence that had been a constant thorn in her side. The last thing my wife needed was another disturbance in her life.

My arms were crossed as I looked at both of them, Felicia's mouth moving, her denials smooth as silk, her tone sweet as honey laced with venom. But I could smell the lies.

The air thickened with tension, my arms crossed tight over my chest as I stared her down.

"You expect me to believe that?" My voice was low, dangerous. "You take me for a fool, Felicia?"

Her lips pressed into a thin line.

I stepped forward, power crackling beneath my skin. "You play games with me — with her — and I promise you, there will be hell to pay."



Montegue, her father, stood stoic at her side, his face carved from stone. He didn't interrupt. He didn't defend her. He simply inclined his head.

"If that's what you want, Your Majesty," he said quietly, "I have no qualms."

Kael, standing to the side, cleared his throat and lifted the remote.

"I think it's time you both see the truth."

The screen flickered to life.

And then the footage played.

Eve stood in the room — tense, eyes darting nervously as Felicia circled her like a shark in bloody waters.

"Did you traumatize your child on purpose for the sake of this?" Eve's voice cut through, sharp and bitter. She clutched Elliot tighter to her chest.

Felicia only smirked, tucking her dark hair behind her ear. *"Whatever do you mean?"*

"Cut it out," Eve growled.

Felicia's expression sharpened. *"Oh, don't*



pretend this is about my child. We both know why you're sweating, little princess."

The footage showed her circling, slow and deliberate, her predator's gaze fixed on Eve.

"You... when you first arrived, pale, trembling, pretending to be strong... a stray cub thrown to wolves."

I clenched my jaw.

"And yet, you thrived," Felicia hissed on screen. "You stole his heart. His loyalty. My son's affection. My pack's admiration. How did you do it?"

Eve's answer was quiet but steady. *"I didn't take anything that wasn't freely given."*

Felicia laughed bitterly. *"You think you're different from me? You're not. You're younger. Hungrier. Still clinging to the illusion that loyalty exists."*

My fists tightened.

Their back and forth continued, and each time Felicia pushed her luck in the footage, I would glance at her — only to find a smile creeping



onto her lips. The further we got into the footage, the wider her smile grew, like we were getting closer to one big, devastating surprise.

Then the words dropped like a bomb.

"You killed his love. You killed Danielle."

My heart lurched straight into my ribs, my breath catching.

I blinked, finding myself yelling. "Stop!"

But when I raised my head to meet Kael's eyes, he had turned as white as a ghost.

When his eyes finally met mine, they were blown wide with debilitating shock that mirrored my own.

Montegue was as still as a statue, carved from cold, ancient stone — but his eyes told me all I needed to know. The way his skin had gone the color of marble spoke volumes; even he was caught off guard by the incredulous accusation, standing as though waiting for a guillotine to fall.

And the air — gods, the air — tasted flammable. Heavy. Tense. One spark away from turning this entire room into an inferno.



My heartbeat roared in my ears, louder than the footage, louder than the silence that followed.

"Kael," I rasped, my voice hoarse, barely human.
"Stop the tape."

But Kael just stood there, his eyes wide, mouth parted as though words had caught in his throat. His hand trembled around the remote.

I turned slowly to Felicia.

She was smiling.

A slow, satisfied, venom-dripping smile. Like a serpent that had finally cornered her prey. 1

"You..." My voice broke before I could leash it.
"What the fuck was that?" I demanded through clenched teeth. "You accused her..."

"Watch the tape, Hades," she cut me off, her voice no longer pleading — only sharp and smug, a blade pressed to an open wound. She had wanted this. "Don't you want to see what else I said? Who knows how much more we could all find out together? Isn't it fitting that it wound out happening like this?"

Long gone was the mask of civility. It has all



been an act to pull me into this almost inevitable situation.

Felicia stood tall, victorious, her chin tilted up just enough to be defiant.

I wanted to tear the entire room apart.

My hands clenched at my sides, claws threatening to break through skin.

Kael swallowed hard, his throat bobbing visibly as he pressed play again.

The footage resumed.

Felicia's voice continued, slow and deliberate:

"You are not the ditzy little princess, captive of the Hand of Death. You are the beast, the monster, the assassin that ripped his heart out of his chest. You slit Danielle's throat. You carved his child from her."

Eve's breath hitched in the footage; her arms trembled around Elliot.

I waited for her to laugh, to deny it. It was impossible — but why did I see guilt in her gaze?

"I..." Her voice was shaky.

"I was there!" Felicia's voice dropped into something colder.

"You tore my husband and father-in-law to shreds," Felicia's voice choked, dragging me deeper.

"I watched her beg," Felicia whispered hoarsely, "beg you to spare her. Spare her baby."

I could see it in my head — the memory that I was never a witness to, but it haunted me all the same.

My claws glistened red. I could feel the wildness in me. No control. No mercy.

"And yet now," Felicia's voice cracked, anger and sorrow strangling her words, "you cling to her husband like a leech. Do you feel good? Knowing that you took the place of the woman whose blood you spilled?" 1

