

236 Double Agent

Hades 1

"Tell me!" she demanded, voice breaking completely.

"Will you kill Elliot too?"

"What?"

"Will you kill Elliot too?" she demanded again.

"He is in your arms, isn't he? This is why you pretended to care for him."

"Stop this. Stop this now!" I yelled, my voice suddenly hoarse as I turned to Felicia.

The footage stopped.

And for a moment, the world ceased to turn.

The silence that followed was suffocating.

I could hear the blood rushing in my ears, the pounding of my heart like war drums in an empty field.

Kael was pale, frozen, unable to look me in the eye.



Montegue — still as stone, his face unreadable, but his fists clenched at his sides betrayed the storm he struggled to hold back.

And Felicia...

Felicia was smiling.

That smug, cold, victorious smile.

"You..."

"I told you I didn't lay a finger on her." She deadpanned.

"You triggered her," I hissed, "you tried manipulating her guilt against her, planting false memories in her mind because she is vulnerable..."

Felicia clapped her hands, no longer smug but her mouth twisted in disdain. "You really don't get it, do you? She's that much of a blind spot that you couldn't even see it."

I took a step toward her, every muscle straining against the urge to let another person join Morrison.

"You accused my wife... you called her a—"



"Murderer!" she spat, her lips quivering.

"Because that is what she is. She killed Danielle!"

Before I could react, Montegue — the ever-stoic Montegue — moved.

A sharp crack split the air as his palm connected with Felicia's cheek.

The sound echoed like thunder.

She staggered back, eyes wide, hand flying to her face. Her breath hitched — and then her chest heaved with angry, broken sobs.

Tears welled in her eyes, but they weren't soft.

They were bitter. Furious.

"So that girl has you too?" she spat between gasps, her voice jagged and raw.

She laughed — high and sharp, on the verge of madness.

"The Beast of the Night was in front of you this whole time and you didn't know."

Her shoulders shook as she wiped her face, her gaze turning wild.



"But I don't blame you," she whispered, her voice trembling.

"I was the one there."

Her breath caught, her eyes distant.

"I was the survivor."

And then her voice shattered entirely.

"I saw her with my own eyes!"

She pointed a trembling finger at the paused footage on the screen.

"I recognize my sister's killer!"

I took a step forward, every muscle screaming with restraint.

"Be very careful, Felicia," I warned, my voice low and dark. "Making unfounded accusations against my mate — against my queen — will get you killed."

But she only broke into another bitter, manic laugh.

"You still don't get it, do you?"



Her pupils were blown wide with fury and pain.

"It's in her eyes!" she shrieked. "In her strength!
The way her power bends reality around her!
The way she rips things apart like they're paper!
That's not just some curse or accident, Hades."

She took a staggering step toward me, her eyes
glassy, feverish.

"The only reason you don't see it is because you
let her bewitch you!"

Her voice cracked, rising higher.

"How much do you really know her, huh,
Hades?!"

I clenched my fists until my claws broke skin.

"Enough!" I roared, power crackling through the
room like lightning.

But Felicia's hysteria only deepened.

"She is death in silk!" she sobbed. "She is the
beast! You all think she's broken and fragile —
but it's a mask! It's always been a mask!"

She gasped for air.



"She killed my sister... and she will ruin this pack."

Her final whisper chilled the room.

"And the worst part?"

She gave a twisted smile through her tears.

"You'll let her."

My rage boiled over, searing through my veins like molten metal.

I stepped forward, the floor beneath my feet cracking from the pressure of my aura. My vision darkened at the edges, shadows curling and writhing like serpents around my legs.

"You think I would let anything threaten this pack?" I growled, my voice barely human. "You think I would let anyone — even her — harm what is mine?"

But even as I said it... part of me knew.

I would.

Gods help me, I would.

And Felicia saw it.



Her smile broke into a bitter, hollow laugh.

"You would."

My chest heaved, fury roaring through me. But I refused to let the accusation stand unchallenged.

"Enough of this madness! You spit poison because you're drowning in grief, but I will not allow you to slander her!"

She wiped her tears with a trembling hand and looked up at me with broken hatred.

"Then explain this, Hades! She tried to kill you once before — don't you wonder what else she hides?"

I froze.

The shadows rippled, responding to the storm inside me. My hand morphed, the fingers elongating, darkening into an inky, clawed tendril pulsing with deadly intent.

I took another step, arm raised, aimed for her throat.

But before I could strike —

She pulled out something.



An airtight sealed bag.

Inside — a small memory card. ²

She held it up between trembling fingers. Her face pale, but her eyes burned with triumph.

"Did she tell you about this?"

I froze, heart thundering in my chest.

The room fell silent.

"What is that?" I demanded.

"Take a guess, Hades."

"Talk, Felicia," Montegue finally spoke, his voice breathless from shock and anticipation. "Enough with these games."

"Isn't it obvious?" Felicia's lips curled into a shaky smile, her breath ragged with fury and triumph.

"It's for information exchange," she rasped.

"SHE'S a double agent for Obsidian. You think I've just been lounging in this gilded cage? No. I've been gathering every secret, every whisper — and this..." She shook the sealed bag gently, the memory card glinting under the lights. "...this



is proof. I even have reason to believe she was behind my son's kidnapping, yet you look at me as though I'm the villain?" 1

Her eyes glittered.

"Proof that you married the monster who tore apart your world."

My jaw clenched so tightly I heard something crack.

But as much as I wanted to dismiss her as mad... I saw it.

The fear in her eyes.

The dread in her gaze.

The tension in her shoulders.

This wasn't all just manipulation.

She believed it.

I snatched the bag from her hand, my fingers curling around it, trembling with restraint.

Before I could eviscerate her with my glare, Montegue's voice cut through the thick silence.

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"Enough," he said.

His composure had returned, his tone clipped and cold, like a razor's edge.

"It is unlikely," he admitted, "but to ensure all bases are covered..."

His eyes met mine — his expression composed, unreadable.

"The princess's blood will be tested against that found at the scene?"

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