



248 The Survivor Is The Perpetrator

Eve 1

My eyes snapped open to blinding light.

I gasped—air rushing into my lungs like fire. My limbs jerked, trying to move, to defend, to run—

But I couldn't.

Restraints.

Cold, metallic, and unyielding.

Panic surged.

I thrashed, the edges of the slab biting into my skin. My voice caught in my throat—raw, strained, half-formed.

"H-Hello?" I rasped. "Where—?"

A voice answered.

Cold. Familiar. Devastating.

"You're awake."



I froze.

Hades.

I couldn't see him—yet I felt him. His presence pressed against me from beyond the sterile light above, suffocating in its intensity.

"I need to speak to you," I choked out. "There's something you need to know. Please, just listen —"

His voice cut through me like a blade.

"Were you the one that did it?"

I blinked. "What—?"

"Are you the beast of the night?"

Each word was like iron sinking into my chest.

I turned my head, slowly, painfully. My eyes adjusted.

And I saw them.

All of them.

Kael.

The Montegues.



Lucinda's mouth pressed into a hard line.

Montegue's gaze—like a loaded gun.

Felicia—shaking. Eyes wide with triumph and something darker. 1

And Hades. Standing at the center. Cold.
Unreadable. A king.

A stranger.

My lips parted, trembling. "I... I—"

"Answer the question, Eve," Kael said quietly.

I looked at him. His face was blank. Closed off.

"I am the beast of the night," I confessed. "I was the one... responsible for the carnage of that night." I whispered. "But I didn't know who I was—I didn't know what I was. I didn't even know what I was capable of until—"

"So you admit it."

Felicia's voice rang out like a whip.

A beat of stunned silence followed.

Then she moved.





Faster than I could brace for, she surged forward, fury etched into every step.

"You monster!" she screamed. "You sick, lying monster! My sister! My family—!"

Her hand lifted, aiming for my face.

I flinched.

But the slap never landed.

A hand caught her wrist.

Hades.

His grip was like steel. His face unreadable. But the room stilled.

Everyone stared.

Even Felicia.

"Hades?" she whispered, confused.

"She doesn't answer to you," he said, voice like ice cracking beneath pressure. "She answers to me."

Felicia yanked her hand back as if burned.

I stared at him—heart pounding. Chest tight.



He wouldn't meet my eyes.

I swallowed the scream rising in my throat.

He'd stopped the slap.

But not the sentence.

And I didn't know which one hurt more.

The silence fractured like thin glass.

Montegue stepped forward, his voice cracking
with tightly wound grief.

"She was my daughter... ripped away from me.
Do you think this is justice, Your Majesty?
Letting her confess and still shielding her?"

Lucinda's breath hitched, but she didn't speak.
Her eyes shimmered with restrained tears.

Felicia, trembling, stood behind them, her hand
pressed to her chest like she needed to hold in
the scream still trapped in her throat.

"I know what I saw that night," Montegue went
on, his voice rising. "I saw what she did. I have
not been able to bury my daughter because I
wanted justice. This—" he gestured toward me
like I was filth, "this thing doesn't get protection."



Hades didn't even blink.

But when he spoke, the weight of his words suffocated the room.

"She was my wife," he said, the edge in his tone slicing the air. "It was my child. And I have not forgotten."

The pause that followed could have shattered bone.

"I can never forget," he snarled. "So don't you dare stand there and tell me what justice looks like."

Montegue stiffened.

"She is a traitor!" he barked. "A murderer! You saw it, you heard her! She confessed!"

"I heard her," Hades growled, turning to him now. "And yet she stands here alive, which is more than I can say for Danielle."

His voice cracked then—just slightly—but it was enough.

Enough to make Kael flinch.

Enough to shut everyone up.



"I let her speak because she still has a voice," he went on, softer but no less dangerous. "And I will decide when it's no longer worth listening to."

The Montegues looked like they wanted to scream, but no one dared move again.

I could barely breathe.

Because he hadn't denied the sentence.

He hadn't offered mercy.

Only silence.

And silence, I was learning, could be just as cruel as hate.

My throat burned as I whispered, "You have to listen to me."

His eyes flicked toward me.

Just for a second.

Then they flicked away again.

And the silence roared.

He'd stopped the slap. 1

But not the sentence.



And I didn't know which one hurt more.

My pulse thundered in my ears as the silence stretched—so sharp it could've sliced skin.

Then, finally, Hades said it.

"Speak," he ordered. "Tell me what you have to say."

I swallowed hard.

This was it.

I took a breath, but it caught halfway. My throat felt like it was closing.

"I am not absolving myself," I began, voice low and uneven. "I did it. I tore lives apart that night. I saw blood on my hands, and I felt bones crush beneath my claws. I can't undo that. I wouldn't even try to deny it." My voice trembled.

I looked around the room, at the eyes watching me with suspicion and disgust and silence. I didn't care. Not anymore.

"But the massacre—it wasn't just me."

The room tensed.



"There was a facilitator. Someone who made sure the attack would happen. Who cleared the way from inside. A traitor."

"You are the only traitor here, you bitch!" 1

Felicia's scream split through the air, venomous and unhinged. She lunged again, but this time Lucinda was faster—grabbing her, wrapping her arms around her daughter, hissing something in her ear. 5

Felicia thrashed, her eyes burning into me like she could set me aflame with just hatred alone—but her skin had gone pale.

But I didn't look away.

I turned toward Hades.

And I dropped it.

"It was Felicia that did it."

Everything stopped.

The lights seemed to flicker. The room tilted. Even the air shifted, as though the space itself couldn't quite comprehend what I'd just said.

No one moved.

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No one breathed.

Then—

Montegue let out a single, bitter laugh. He clapped once. Twice. The sound echoed with mockery.

"Well played," he said, striding forward, voice dripping with derision. "You butcher a girl, you admit to the murder of a royal family, and now—now—you point fingers at a grieving sister? That's your grand defense?"

He turned toward Hades.

"You see it now, don't you? She's just like every other traitor. No remorse. No shame. Just more lies."

Felicia shook with silent fury, her hand still clenched into a fist. Lucinda's face was a mask of controlled horror.

I looked at Hades.

He hadn't moved.

He hadn't spoken.

He just watched.

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< 248 The Survivor Is The Perpetrator




And for the first time... I couldn't tell what he was thinking.

Only that the walls were closing in.

And time was running out.

I waited for Hades to react.

He finally spoke—his voice level, cold enough to chill me to the bone.

"Tell me how," he said. "Tell me how the survivor was the perpetrator." 

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