



249 The Final Nail In Her Coffin

Eve ¹

I swallowed audibly, trying to blur out the other people in the room who seemed to be looking into me.

Now that I was given the chance to speak—which was farther than I thought I'd get—working such a well-thought-out web of lies and deception seemed daunting. Wording it would be as complex as the conspiracy itself.

"I did not remember before, until I got Rhea back. I am not trying to absolve myself of blame by telling you that I was not in complete control..."

Felicia scoffed. "But you were still in control," she snapped, her voice sharp enough to draw blood. "That's what matters. You knew you were guilty, so you chose to stay silent. You chose to lie."

I ignored her—but she did not lie, not wholly.

If I acknowledged her, I'd drown.



I focused on him.

Hades.

He hadn't moved. Hadn't blinked. Just stood there, staring at me with the stillness of a man deciding whether to crush a flame or let it flicker one last time.

I kept my eyes on him. My voice trembled, but I pushed forward, trying not to struggle against my binds.

Maybe if I could just submit...

"I didn't know what I was. Not truly. I knew something was wrong—felt it. Like I was watching from the inside out. Detached. Like glass between me and the world. But I was fractured. And that night... it was orchestrated."

Another pause.

Another breath I had to force down.

"Your family's blood sample was made available..."

I could feel the moment my words sunk in. The room seemed to hold its breath—all except for



Hades.

Hades didn't move.

Didn't breathe.

Not visibly.

But something shifted in his aura—so subtle, so controlled, that only someone who had spent enough nights memorizing the rhythm of his breath would have noticed. 2

I did.

Kael's brows furrowed.

Lucinda's lips parted slightly, horror beginning to bloom across her features.

I could see Felicia's eyes darting, her face turning sallow.

But it was Montegue who stepped forward, his voice ragged, trembling. "What are you saying?"

I looked at him, then at Hades again. "...I'm saying someone gave them access. Someone from inside Obsidian. Someone who wanted your family tracked in those dense woods. Even with the coordinates, there would be no way to



pinpoint their location in time."

Another ripple of silence passed through the room. This time colder. Tighter. As though every breath that followed might crack the walls themselves.

Felicia's eyes widened. "That's absurd," she said quickly. "There's no way—"

"I haven't said a name," I cut her off, eyes locked on Hades. "But you're already panicking." 1

"Lies!" she hissed. "You'll say anything to shift the blame—"

"Enough," Hades' voice sliced through the chaos. Even I flinched.

He still hadn't moved, but the room bowed under his presence. His voice wasn't raised. It didn't need to be.

"Let her speak."

Felicia clenched her jaw, trembling with fury. Lucinda gently placed a hand on her daughter's arm—but her own face had gone ghost-pale.

I inhaled slowly. Then exhaled.

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"This wasn't just a massacre," I continued. "It was a setup. You were too many. Too powerful. Too prepared. But they knew exactly where you'd be—who would be where. How to strike. Because someone made it possible."

My gaze didn't waver.

"I fought through that night drugged. Triggered. Blooded. I remember the scent—familiar, royal blood laced in the air before I even transformed. Before I lost control. How would a foreign group get that kind of access?" Was the Obsidian pack so careless? The thought slithered into my mind.

No answer.

No one dared make a sound.

My voice dropped, steady. "Your family's blood was used to track your movements. The only way to do that... was if someone gave it to them. Someone that wanted them gone."

I looked at Felicia, slow and deliberate.

"Someone who had it. Someone who was trusted. Someone close enough to the royal family." Someone in the royal family.



Felicia's nostrils flared. "You think that proves anything? You think this little story saves you?"

"I remember that she said she was not the target when I attacked her."

"What!" Lucinda exclaimed, coming forward. "Do you even hear yourself? Do you even know what you are saying?"

"Yes," I replied, looking straight at her. "There were targets that night—targets that your daughter wanted dead." Anger leaked into my voice.

"Don't you dare twist this..." Felicia shrieked.

"Like you have done for the past years?" I found myself yelling back. "You say you were there, but so was I. I remember now."

"How convenient," Montegue remarked bitterly.

"How convenient was it that she was the only one that survived." I countered.

Felicia's laughter was sharp and brittle. "So that's your big redemption arc?" she spat. "You killed them and now you're playing detective? You expect us to believe you over me?"



"I expect you to listen," I snapped back, even as my voice shook.

Lucinda stepped forward, voice cold and trembling. "She's deflecting. She's drowning in her own guilt and clawing at anything to drag us down with her."

"I lost my daughter," Montague growled, pointing a trembling finger at me. "I don't care what tricks you conjure, what stories you spin. You're not the victim here, Princess. You are the monster we should have put down years ago."

Kael remained silent, but the tension in his jaw said everything. Even he wasn't ready to defend me.

Felicia was livid now, nearly shaking. "You remember a sentence and suddenly it's a confession? You attacked me, you! You almost killed me, Princess! And now you're claiming I let it happen? You are insane!"

"She's not insane," Hades said quietly, but there was no defense in his tone—only calculation.

His voice carried, cutting through the mounting hysteria like frostbite. But he still hadn't taken a



side.

Not yet.

Montegue advanced a step. "What proof do you have? Do you think we'll just take your word for it? After what you did?"

"I don't need you to believe me," I said, my voice cracking under the weight of their condemnation. "I only need you to listen."

Felicia laughed again, unhinged. "We've listened to enough of your lies. The only thing that's clear now is that you'll say anything to crawl out of your grave."

Their words bit into me—scathing, relentless, deserved.

But I forced myself to meet every stare. I had expected this. The resistance. The fury. The desperation to make me the only villain.

I had expected the loneliness too.

But what I didn't expect—

Was how much it still hurt.

I turned back to Hades.



And I said the one thing I hadn't meant to.

Montegue's voice sliced through the air like a whip. "Then where is it?" he growled. "Where's this proof you so conveniently forgot until now?"

Lucinda folded her arms tightly across her chest. "All you've done is talk. Twist every word to paint yourself as something other than what you are. If you want to be believed, Princess, then give us something. Show us." 1

Felicia sneered. "That's right. Enough with the dramatics. You're not the only one who knows how to put on a performance." 2

I swallowed back the burn in my throat, my gaze fixed on Hades. He still hadn't spoken. Still hadn't moved. But I could feel the weight of his silence pressing into me harder than any accusation.

"Do you have evidence?" Kael asked at last, his tone careful—but not kind. "Anything beyond a memory and a name?"

I hesitated—just for a heartbeat. I swallowed, ready to set fire to it all, just one test.

Then I spoke. "You think Felicia had no motive, is



that why it is so hard to believe?"

"There is no motive!" Felicia cried. "Danielle was my sister. Leon was my husband—the father of my child."

"There was no child!" I countered. "You were not pregnant."

The air turned flammable. Gasps rippled through the room like a shockwave. The very air trembled.

Felicia went deathly still.

Lucinda's hand shot to her mouth, her eyes bulging.

Montegue's jaw dropped open, stunned into silence.

Even Kael's expression shifted—sharp, alert, stunned.

But Hades... Hades didn't move.

Not a twitch. Not a blink. But something behind his eyes turned to stone.

Felicia's voice broke first—ragged and shrill. "You're insane."



I stared at her, my voice quiet but cutting. "There was no child. You lied. Only Danielle was pregnant—and you know it."

"That is a lie!"

Hades' voice came at last—measured, low, and laced with something sharp.

"A false accusation against a grieving woman is a grave thing, Princess."

His eyes finally shifted to me. Cold. Cutting. But beneath it... a flicker of something volatile. Something wounded.

The kind of rage that simmers before it explodes.

"If you're lying—"

"I'm not," I said quickly, my voice cracking against the weight of his gaze. "And I can prove it. I just need one thing."

His jaw tightened. "What?"

I didn't blink. "Elliot's paternity test. Elliot is the answer. It's Elliot."

The silence was a blade.





And then—

Hades laughed.

But it wasn't amused.

It wasn't surprised.

It was cruel.

It was the laugh of a man who'd bled too long to believe in hope and heard too many lies to hear the truth when it was handed to him. 3

It echoed off the sterile walls, ricocheting like shrapnel.

"Hades..."

"What else do you want to know about my nephew," he ground out. "Haven't you divulged enough to our foes? Traumatized him enough?"

"He is your son..." I whispered, almost breathless under the weight of his ire. 1

The only reaction I got was his smile widening—bitterly. But it didn't touch his eyes.

My heart clenched painfully.



To him, my words were ash. Inconsequential.
Too little, too late.

"How poetic," Hades said, voice like glass
underfoot. "You murder my kin, desecrate my
trust, and now you play the final card—my "son".
More lies, more deception. Your words mean
nothing, mutt." 11

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