

Eve 1

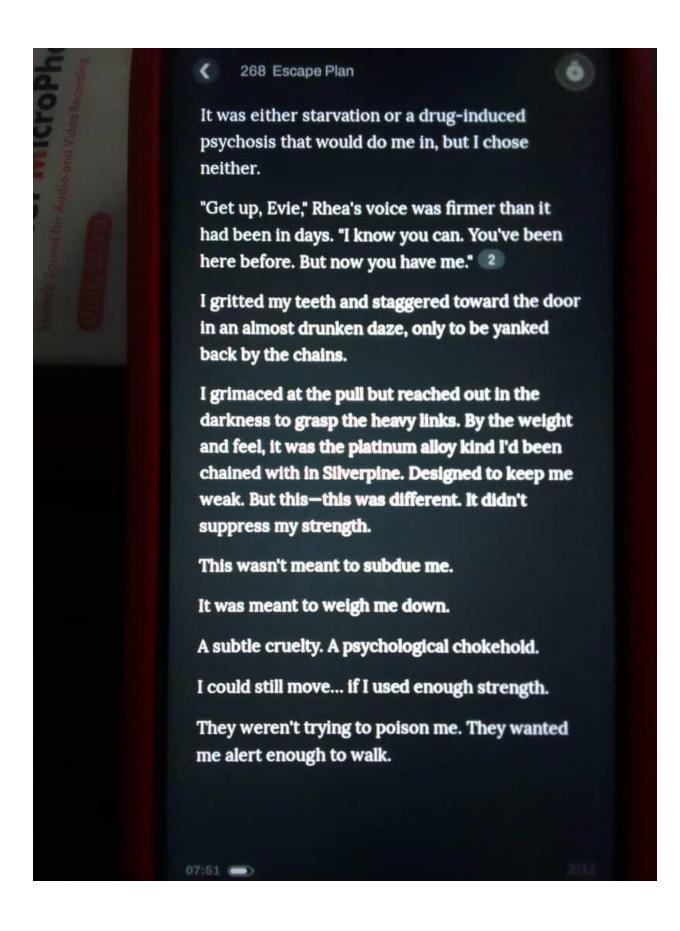
Rhea was becoming stronger with each day. I could feel her growling in my mind each time the thought of Hades crossed it.

"You are going to escape," she told me, bristling.
"I promise."

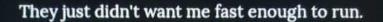
Weakness wrecked my body. My mouth was so dry I could barely speak—because I realized it was being laced. They were drugging me to keep me weak, to make me sluggish, too slow to think of escaping.

I opened my eyes, dry from dehydration, staring into the void of darkness. I had to get up. I had to do something. People would die. I had foolishly fallen in love with a genocidal tyrant. That was my fault. But I had to get up—for the innocents who would suffer if I didn't act.

I rose from the hard bed, feeling my joints creak like they needed oil. My stomach felt like it was eating itself as I braced against the bed, using it as an anchor.







The chains were anchored to the bed. I could feel the tension stretch every time I moved—the weight dragging behind me like a corpse I was shackled to. But if I could pull the bed...

If I could drag it-

> "Then you can move," Rhea said sharply, catching on. "You can move with it. Use it. Let it clank and scream all it wants—we only need one shot."

One shot

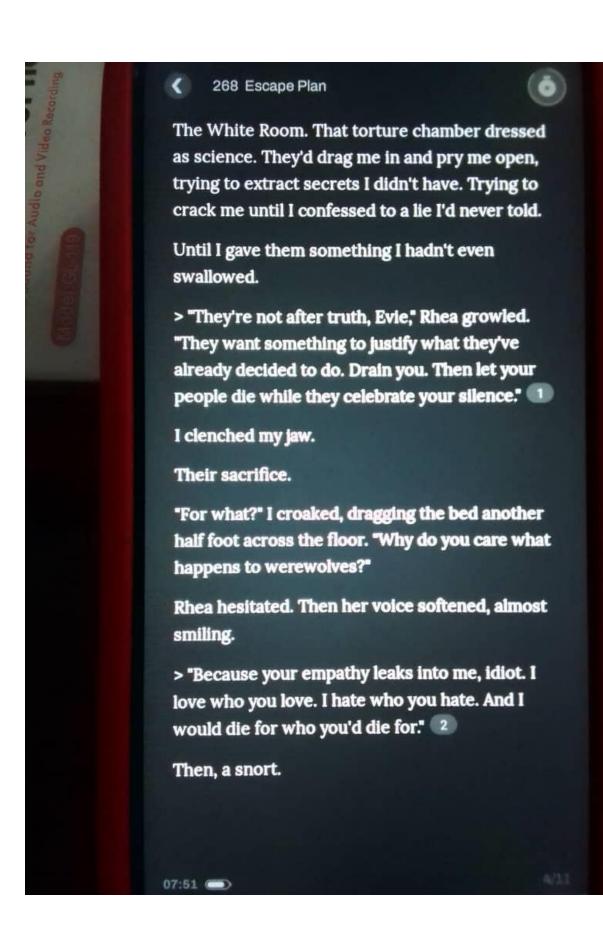
I turned toward the wall where the bed groaned against the cold floor and gripped the frame. My palms burned, muscles protesting. But it moved. Just an inch. Then another.

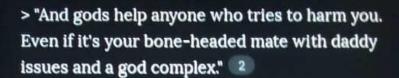
"Fuck," I muttered—the sound foreign in my dry throat.

> "They'll come soon," Rhea said. "To take you to the White Room."

I stiffened.

Of course.





I huffed a laugh. A broken one-but real.

My hands were shaking. My body screamed. But I kept pulling the bed. Inch by inch, toward the door.

"Alright," I whispered, my breath shallow. "We make them pay for underestimating us."

> "At least your self-defense lessons will be of some use," Rhea added. "At least that man was good for something."

She was trying to cheer me up like a long-time girlfriend by shitting on an ex—but underneath the sarcasm, I felt her heartache like it was mine.

Because it was mine.

She loved Cerberus, like I loved Hades.

Three-headed and all.

I shifted the frame until it was just beside the door, the chain slack enough to let me crouch and press my back against the cold wall, hidden by the angle. The next person who stepped in

