

28 Don't Cross The Line

Eve~ 1

I tried not to run to the door when I heard the knock. I took a deep breath before I opened it, but my stomach sank when I saw another woman on the other side. Sharp green eyes, clad in designer clothes, and every bit of her dripping with hostility. I recognized her instantly—the woman from Hades' office and the former queen of Obsidian Pack, Felicia Stavros.

"Your high...ness," I greeted, but she cut me off with a hand. She pushed past me, stepping on me as she did, her pointed heel making me grimace in pain.

She crossed her arms over her chest, analyzing the room before her eyes slowly and eventually fell on me. They narrowed, scrutinizing.

Her lips curled into a smug smirk, as if she'd already decided I wasn't worth her time. "So, you're the one who's been causing all the fuss," she said, her voice as sharp as her gaze. She looked me up and down, her eyes lingering on my clothes with thinly veiled disgust. "I expected more. Much more."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I replied, a bit unsteady, my foot still throbbing from her assault.

"The little scene you caused in the office?" she reminded me. "Or have you forgotten already?" Her tone was filled with vitriol. "It seems mutts like you are used to ending up in the laps of men."

My throat tightened at her insult, but I attempted to keep my wits about me. "How may I help you, Your Highness?"

She strutted towards me, her posture poised and her movement elegant. I felt my legs turn to liquid—she was everything that intimidated me, personified. Power, confidence, and the absolute certainty that she belonged in any room she entered. Her eyes burned into mine as she came to a stop just inches away, towering over me. I could feel her hostility radiating off her in waves, each second of silence a calculated move to make me feel small, insignificant.

She tilted her head slightly, her lips curling into a slow, almost predatory smile. "How can you help me?" she mused, her voice dripping with condescension. "That's adorable, really. But I don't need help from a thing like you. I'm here to

ensure you don't get too comfortable playing house."

Her words stung, but it was the underlying threat that sent a chill down my spine. "I don't want anything to do with this—"

"Save it," she snapped, her eyes flashing. "You're here, aren't you? Living under our roof, basking in the glory of his power and protection. Don't act like you're above it all."

Protection and power? I couldn't stop the flare of anger that bubbled up. "I didn't ask for any of this."

"Oh, but you're here nonetheless," she countered, her voice low and dangerous. "And whether you like it or not, you're in my territory now. You're in my world, and if you think for one second that I'm going to let some little girl like you disrupt what I've built, you're sorely mistaken."

Her proximity was suffocating, and though every instinct told me to back down, to let her win this confrontation, I couldn't. I couldn't show weakness. "I'm not here to disrupt anything," I managed, my voice steady, though my heart pounded in my chest. "I am just trying to

survive." But my voice came out weak and pathetic.

She leaned in even closer. "Survival in our world comes at a price," she whispered, her tone soft but filled with malice. "And trust me, darling, you won't survive long enough to pay it."

"You resemble your father," she pointed out, her voice hardening further. "You have his eyes."

My pulse quickened, but I kept my face neutral, unwilling to give her the satisfaction of seeing just how much she had shaken me.

"You have his eyes," she repeated, her voice dripping with disdain. "The same pathetic defiance. It's almost amusing, really, how you think you can stand here, in this house, with that worthless blood running through your veins, and believe you have a place. Hades might be reigning in his anger for now, keeping you around for whatever reason, but don't get comfortable."

She leaned in so close I could feel her breath on my skin, her eyes blazing with cruel intensity. "Because I won't hesitate to wipe you off the face of this earth like the stain you are. And trust me, mutt, you'll end up right where you belong—"

discarded like trash, buried deep in some landfill, forgotten in a city dumpster. And that's not a threat. It's a promise."

I swallowed hard, my throat dry as her words pressed down on me, suffocating in their certainty. This woman—this former queen—wasn't just posturing. She meant every word. There wasn't a shred of hesitation in her tone, not a flicker of doubt in her eyes.

"I strongly suggest you stay in your place," she continued, her voice now eerily calm, almost conversational, as though we were discussing the weather. "Don't mistake Hades' restraint for mercy. He's a king, and kings use pawns until they no longer serve their purpose. And when that day comes, I will be there to make sure you're nothing more than a bad memory."

Her smile was slow and satisfied, as if she'd already envisioned my downfall a hundred times over. "So, enjoy what little time you have left, dear. Because the moment you overstep... the moment you think you're more than the tool he's using... you'll wish you had never crossed paths with this world."

With one last lingering look, she stepped back, straightening and dusting off her designer coat



as though just speaking to me had tainted her.

"I'll be watching," she said over her shoulder as she headed for the door, her heels clicking with each deliberate step. "And I won't be as forgiving as Hades."

The door clicked shut behind her, the echo of her words hanging heavy in the air. I stood frozen in place, my breath coming in shallow gasps. Her presence left a suffocating weight in the room.

Another knock pulled me out of my haze, and my heart skipped a beat. The knocking continued, but I stayed put, afraid to answer.

"Princess?" The voice on the other side was one that I recognized. "It's Lia."

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