

47 Dig Your Grave

Hades~ 1

"She is so fucking irritating," I drawled, my voice ice-cold. It wasn't enough that she dared to provoke me, but to insult my family—my nephew—so casually? Unforgivable. She had crossed a line, mocking what she didn't understand. I had been too lenient, far too patient, trying to keep her in line for the sake of my plan. But now? Now, she had earned my full, unfiltered wrath.

Ellen was a constant disruption, a wrench in every carefully laid plan. Every time I adjusted my strategy, she found a way to derail it. I loathed the fact that someone so infuriating could also hold my attention in a way I couldn't ignore.

Kael stood beside me, his expression set in stone, fury barely restrained. He adored Elliot, like anyone with a heart would. And this? This was an insult to him as much as it was to me.

"Alpha, Beta," the security official called, dragging my attention to the large screen. As I watched the caretaker scream at Elliot, something inside me snapped. When her hand lashed out, striking

him, a surge of cold fury gripped me. The blood roared in my ears, but my expression remained unreadable.

Kael's eyes met mine as the scene played out. Ellen emerged from her room. And then the truth became painfully clear—the caretaker had lied. Ellen had been the victim.

"Fuck," Kael muttered under his breath.

I didn't respond. My grip on the armrest tightened, but my face remained a mask of calm, though beneath the surface, I seethed. The audacity of that bitch. And Ellen, I had doubted her, and worse, I had believed she insulted my nephew. Fuck, indeed. 3

But there was more at stake than my personal grudges. Ellen was still a piece in this game I was playing. I needed her. Now, I had wronged her, and I needed to make amends if I wanted this act of mine to look convincing.

"Should I get the caretaker?" Kael asked. His knuckles had turned white.

When grand mistakes were made, grand gestures always did the trick. I turned to him. "No, get Ellen instead. Bring her to the white room."

Kael's expression was suddenly marred by confusion, but he obliged nonetheless.

Meanwhile, I returned to my office and pressed the intercom. Speaking into the microphone, I said, "Unit D20, bring me Mrs. Fuller."

Then I waited until the door of my office was knocked on and opened, and in walked the snake in the grass.

"Mrs. Fuller, I hope it's not too early for a little discussion," I said casually, as much as my anger allowed.

She deemed herself worthy of smiling at me. "Of course not, your majesty. What is the matter?"

"It's about the unfortunate incident yesterday. I want to assure you that the perpetrator will be punished severely."

She did not miss a beat, nor did she even contemplate, she just went with it, her tone turning slightly snide. "That would be preferred, your Majesty. I know she is your wife, but her type should know their place. It's bad enough she is a mutt," she said the last word carefully, her eyes flickering to me as if looking for permission to call my wife a slur. I wore a mask of neutrality.

"And ableist too?!" she gasped dramatically. "She is a deplorable character."

I leaned back in my chair, folding my hands casually in my lap. My face remained neutral, carefully masking the rage that simmered beneath the surface. Mrs. Fuller was predictable, at least. I allowed her to continue, playing the part I needed to for now.

"Yes," I said, my voice smooth as ice, "it's a shame, really. She should have known better."

Mrs. Fuller, emboldened by what she perceived as my agreement, leaned in, her face lighting up with smug satisfaction. "Exactly, Alpha. She is nothing but a mutt, pretending to be more than she is. These... outsiders, these weak-bloods, they have no place among us. The very fact that you've allowed her to stay for this long is a testament to your generosity, but she'll only drag you down." She shook her head in mock sympathy. "Her type never learns, do they?"

I nodded slowly, pretending to mull over her words. "I've been too lenient, haven't I?"

Mrs. Fuller jumped at the opportunity. "Far too lenient, your majesty. It's obvious she doesn't appreciate the privilege she's been granted by

staying here. Her behavior is disgraceful, and worse, she's allowed to run wild! If you ask me, someone like her should be put in her place before she causes even more trouble. It's bad enough she's a mutt, but to insult your family? Unforgivable!"

Her arrogance was almost amusing, but my mind was already moving three steps ahead. I could feel the cold fury simmering just beneath the surface, but I couldn't let it show—yet. Instead, I maintained my calm, letting her dig her own grave. It was always the satisfying part, to just give them the shovel and let them do the work themselves.

"You raise some good points," I said, my voice measured, "her behavior has been unacceptable. But tell me, Mrs. Fuller, what do you think should be done about it?"

She smiled, her eyes gleaming with vindictive glee that made my stomach turn with disgust. "Well, your majesty, someone like her needs to be taught a lesson. I heard..." she whispered, looking around, "about that room of yours. What was it called... the white room? I heard you disciplined her there once. It looks like she might need another visit."

I nodded again, feigning interest. "Hmm. That's certainly an option."

Mrs. Fuller's smile grew wider, her confidence brimming. "It would restore order, Alpha. Show them all that you're not to be trifled with."

"Perhaps you're right," I mused, my tone indifferent. "Her kind doesn't seem to learn otherwise."

Mrs. Fuller practically beamed, basking in what she thought was my approval. "Exactly, your majesty," she agreed.

"Perhaps I can give you a little compensation in that regard, that is, if you are interested."

She sat a little straighter. "Of course, I am interested," she said quickly.

"Would you like to see the perpetrator punished in my white room?" I asked her. "The victim could even punish the perpetrator."

"Truly?" she asked, her voice tinged with excitement.

"Of course."

Her smile widened. "I would be honored to punish her myself."

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I stood up. "Then why don't we go now?"

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