

80 I Am The King's Wife

Eve~ 1

I instinctively leaned back, my heart pounding as he crossed a line, his smirk deepening at my discomfort. Before I could react further, Jules was suddenly between us, her stance defensive, her gaze fixed on him with a sharpness I hadn't seen before. It was as if she had morphed into another person entirely.

"Keep your hands to yourself," Jules said, her tone low and controlled.

My eyes widened. If she was a runt, speaking like that to the family of the king's second-in-command was brazen.

The young man laughed, his expression twisting in mock disbelief. "And who's going to make me? You, the wolfless runt?" He spat out the insult, eyes narrowing as he took a menacing step forward. "You think you can talk to me like that?"

My heart lurched as I watched his fingers lengthen, dark claws extending with a sickening crack, aiming straight for Jules' neck. Then, faster than I could blink, she sidestepped, fluid and graceful, redirecting his momentum with a

My heart lurched as I watched his fingers lengthen, dark claws extending with a sickening crack, aiming straight for Jules' neck. Then, faster than I could blink, she sidestepped, fluid and graceful, redirecting his momentum with a subtle shift. Before he realized what had happened, he was stumbling forward, his footing lost. Jules didn't hesitate—she twisted just enough that his own strength sent him sprawling onto the floor with an undignified thud.

Gasps echoed around us, the spectators' expressions shifting from smug satisfaction to shocked surprise. The golden-eyed woman's face flushed with rage as she took in her fallen relative, struggling to regain his composure on the ground.

"Kavriel!" The woman shrieked as the members of the family helped him up.

The guards who had refused to step in shifted uncomfortably.

The young man's face twisted with fury as he scrambled up, his gaze locking onto Jules with newfound hatred. "How dare you?" he hissed, seething as he brushed off the dust from his clothes. He looked to the onlookers, rallying them to his anger. "This wolfless nobody thinks

Jules held her ground, her expression calm, though I noticed the faintest hint of satisfaction in her eyes. She inclined her head slightly, her voice steady. "Apologies," she said with an air of politeness that somehow only sharpened her defiance. "It's simply my job to protect the princess, as instructed."

At that, a murmur rippled through the crowd, some of the sneers and mocking looks turning thoughtful, though the hostility remained thick in the air. The young man clenched his fists, his eyes burning with renewed contempt as he glared at both of us.

"I will not touch your filthy skin, but you will so fucking pay." His face was contorted into disgust and hatred so visceral that I could taste it on my tongue. "Guards!" He yelled.

The guards finally moved, running toward the scene.

He turned blazing eyes to them. "Take her to the cell. I want her shocked so bad she forgets her own name!" He ordered.

Still, Jules remained unmoved, like a rock, while I stood there, my head spinning and my heart trying to escape from my chest.



My blood ran cold when I saw one of them retrieve a pair of handcuffs. I shook my head. This could not be happening. She would be punished because she offered to give a tour. She would be electrocuted because she dared make a werewolf laugh and guide her through the hallways of a tower she was meant to call home.

She had defended me, a werewolf, and she was going to pay the price for that. If my own sister had not done that... I could not let her go down for this.

Jules put out her hand, but the guards still yanked her arms painfully behind her, a smirk on their lips. Jules grimaced at their roughness. They were enjoying this.

I took a steadying breath, anger filling my veins. "And what do you think you are doing?" My voice was sharper than it had ever been.

The guards froze, suddenly every eye was on me. My face burned, and I fought the chill that ran down my spine. "Let her go this instant," I ordered.

Their scowls deepened, but the guards made no move to unhand her.

I ignored the other eyes and faced the guards

I ignored the other eyes and faced the guards squarely. "You heard me," I reiterated through gritted teeth.

The taller guard regarded me with a clenched jaw and eyes filled with loathing. Neither of us would let up.

"Don't let me repeat myself," I growled. My voice was so deep it scared me.

"What right does a mutt have..." the woman with golden eyes asked snidely before I cut her off.

"I am the king's wife," I replied.

The woman blinked before her jaw set. She moved closer to me, her perfume wafting through the air, strong and spicy like her attitude. "You are not the Luna of Obsidian, mutt."

"Fact remains, I am the wife of the king."

"Your father killed the king," she ground out.

The truth left more than a bitter taste in my mouth, but I did not back down. If I did, before I could get Hades to have Jules pardoned and released, she would already have been hurt. All because of me. Hades has listened before with our strained relationship, but there was more of a possibility that he would not be as



I took a slow, calculated step toward the woman towering over me. A gasp tore through the crowd. I raised my head higher and stared right into the depths of her eyes that threatened to burn to ashes. "And I am sure you don't want to be next," I replied, my voice steady and filled with a steel I hadn't known I possessed. The woman's eyes widened slightly, a flicker of fear crossing her face before she quickly masked it with disdain.

"You think your title protects you?" she sneered, though there was an edge of uncertainty now. "You're nothing more than a placeholder. When the eclipse comes, you and your wretched kind will be nothing but ashes." 1

Eclipse?

I ignored her jab, shifting my gaze to the guards still holding Jules. "If you wish to keep your positions, release her. Now."

They exchanged glances, torn between following orders and Hades. I could see the hesitation in their eyes, the fine line they were walking.

After a tense moment, the taller guard released his grip on Jules, stepping back reluctantly. Jules straightened, rubbing her wrists, but her face



After a tense moment, the taller guard released his grip on Jules, stepping back reluctantly. Jules straightened, rubbing her wrists, but her face remained calm, even defiant, as she stood by my side.

The golden-eyed woman's face flushed with anger. "This isn't over," she hissed. "The king will hear of this."

"Then let him hear," I replied coldly. 3

Comment 5

View All >

😊 Post your first comment!



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift