

58 Truth Or Lie

Eve~ 1

I blinked up at him, confused for a second.

"What?"

"Who is she?" he echoed.

I looked back at the sketch of the unknown woman. "It's just a sketch. I don't know who she is," I mumbled.

His hold on my chin tightened before he finally loosened his grip. Judging by the strain in his features, he wasn't satisfied with my answer.

"Don't lie to me," he drawled.

"What is this about? How would I know her? She doesn't exist."

His eyes darkened at my last statement, and I realized it was more than it seemed.

"You've never seen her?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "Never."

"Not even once?"

"No, Hades," I replied, trying to calm my racing heart. What was this about? For the first time



"No, Hades," I replied, trying to calm my racing heart. What was this about? For the first time since I'd known him, he looked a bit rough around the edges. His hair was tousled like he'd been running his hand through it repeatedly. His tie was loosened, and his pupils had shrunk. He was the embodiment of agitation.

"What happened?" I asked tentatively.

His eyes shifted to me, making me feel small.

"Are you willing to take a polygraph test?" he asked. 1

My heart lodged in my throat at the question, my mind racing. Did he suspect me? Had I not been convincing enough about my identity? But I swallowed my mounting dread and nodded.

"Why not?" I replied, a slight tremor in my voice.

"I am willing."

His eyes narrowed. "Are you sure, Red? You don't have anything to confess?"

I raised a brow. "What could I have to confess?" I asked pointedly.

"If I find out you're deceiving me..."

A hard lump formed in my throat. I did have many things to confess. So many lies had been told from the very beginning. But if I confessed to

A hard lump formed in my throat. I did have many things to confess. So many lies had been told from the very beginning. But if I confessed to deceiving the hand of death, I'd be dooming not just myself but the innocents of Silverpine as well. I bit my tongue until it bled. "You'll torture me? It wouldn't be the first time." Time to be a smart mouth.

The strain in his face eased, but his features contorted into something far more deadly. "You have not yet known torture by my hands. That was child's play."

My breath caught in my throat, but I refused to show how shaken I was. "I am willing to take the polygraph test."

The next day, Hades stared at me, his eyes cold and calculating. The tension in the room was unbearable, and I felt every second stretch into an eternity. Without another word, he gestured for one of his men to enter the room. The man carried a briefcase and swiftly set up the polygraph machine on the table between us.

I tried to control my breathing as the wires were attached to my body. The steady beeping of the machine filled the silence, amplifying my already



"Are you comfortable?" he asked, though the question felt more like a threat than a courtesy.

"As comfortable as I can be, considering," I replied, my voice steadier than I felt.

He leaned forward, his jaw tight, eyes still dark with suspicion. "Let's begin."

The man operating the machine nodded, and Hades stepped closer, towering over me. His presence was suffocating, each second dragging the tension tighter around us.

"Do you know the woman in the sketch?" he asked, his voice low, dangerously calm.

I glanced at the sketch on the table, the unfamiliar woman staring back at me from the page. My hands clenched in my lap, but I forced myself to look Hades in the eye. "No," I said firmly. "I've never seen her before."

The machine beeped softly, its rhythm unchanged. Hades' expression didn't shift, but I saw the flicker of doubt in his eyes.

"Have you ever heard her name?" he pressed.

"No," I answered again, my voice steady.

Another soft beep. The machine wasn't detecting any lies, but Hades still wasn't convinced. His



Another soft beep. The machine wasn't detecting any lies, but Hades still wasn't convinced. His agitation was clear in the way his hands flexed, his body tensed like a predator about to strike.

"Think carefully," he warned, his voice a low growl. "Are you certain you have never seen her before?"

"I'm certain," I whispered, my throat dry. The machine beeped again, unwavering.

Hades stared at the results, his eyes narrowing, lips pressed into a thin line. "What about in dreams?" he asked suddenly, his gaze sharp. "Have you ever dreamed of her?"

The question caught me off guard. I swallowed hard, the familiar fear clawing at my chest. My mind raced, trying to find an answer, trying to remember every dream I'd ever had. "No," I said, more quietly this time. "I don't dream of her."

The beeping of the machine remained steady, but I felt Hades' eyes boring into me, searching for any crack in my facade.

"Not once? Not even a passing glance in your subconscious?" His voice was softer now, more dangerous. I felt the weight of his suspicion pressing down on me.



"No," I repeated, though doubt was creeping into my voice. What if I had seen her in a dream and just didn't remember? What if Hades knew something I didn't?

He straightened, watching the machine closely. The silence stretched on, broken only by the steady beeps of the polygraph. The tension was suffocating, and I could feel beads of sweat forming on my brow.

"Do you know her name?" Hades asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"No," I breathed, feeling the weight of his gaze on me, waiting for the machine to betray me. But it didn't. The beeping continued, unbroken.

Hades leaned down, his face inches from mine now, eyes burning with barely restrained fury.

"You're telling me you have *no* connection to this woman?" he asked, his voice like ice.

I swallowed hard, forcing myself to hold his gaze.

"None."

The machine beeped. The answer was true. But it didn't seem to matter. Hades stared at me for a long, agonizing moment before finally pulling back, his eyes dark with something I couldn't place—doubt, anger, maybe even fear.



He turned away abruptly, running a hand through his disheveled hair. "We're done here," he muttered, signaling the man to remove the wires. I exhaled slowly as the tension in the room lifted slightly, but I knew this was far from over.

As I stood to leave, Hades' voice stopped me cold. "If I find out you've lied to me, Red," he said quietly, "there won't be a machine in the world that can save you."

I glanced back at him, his figure silhouetted in the dim light. His eyes locked onto mine, filled with a storm of emotions I couldn't read. I nodded, my heart still racing, before turning and walking out of the room, every nerve in my body on edge.

I had passed the test, but for some reason, I still felt like I had failed. But I was relieved at the same time because he hadn't asked the questions that would have blown everything wide open.

I looked around. Kael, his beta, wasn't there. He was usually nearby, standing in a corner or walking with him.

"Where's Kael?"

I watched as Hades' expression darkened.



I watched as Hades' expression darkened.
"Wouldn't you love to know?" he sneered as he stalked towards me again.

What was wrong with him? This seemed more than his usual issues.

"I was just..."

"Asking?" He raised a brow. "When you couldn't get some coddling from me, you already set your sights on someone else? Attention seeker much?"

It stung. Hard. But I wasn't used to backing down. He had disparaged me in every way he could. It seemed he reveled in putting me down for no reason. "If your goals have changed again and you want to punish me for my father's misdeeds, then go right ahead. But I am *fucking* sick and tired of this hot-and-cold front you put up. It's exhausting."

"But having fun with my beta isn't exhausting?" he asked. "Maybe I should let him satisfy you next time you're in heat." 6

My face heated at the memory, but I pushed the embarrassment aside. "You won't touch a wolfless bitch like me, so why not go for the next best thing?" I taunted, smirking. 3



His expression shifted so fast I would have missed it if I'd blinked. He was in front of me in an instant, grabbing my wrist with a bruising grip. "You think this is a game?" His voice was a dangerous whisper, his breath hot against my skin. "Do you think you can provoke me like this and walk away unscathed?" 2

I met his gaze, heart racing but refusing to show my fear. "Isn't that what you do, Hades? Push people, test their limits until they break? Maybe I'm just giving you a taste of your own medicine." 2

His eyes flared with anger, and for a moment, I thought he might actually snap. "If you let another male touch you, I will kill him," he growled. 6

Surprise coursed through me at his response, a strange sensation spreading through the apex of my thighs. I pulled my arm back, and he let me go. "You won't touch me either. Next time I'm in heat, I'll use a fucking vibrator." 6