

# Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 10 - Kiss Of Death

## Chapter 10: Kiss Of Death

Eve~

"This way, miss," Agnes said, her tone neutral. She had returned to take me to the venue. I nodded, making sure not to speak as my thigh throbbed with every step. It was a painful hassle to walk now with the open wound on my leg, but I kept my posture straight and my stride elegant. I could not draw suspicion. I tried not to think at all of what would happen to me once the job was done, consoling myself with the fact that I would rid the world of at least one bloodthirsty killer before I faced my fate, whatever that might turn out to be.

As we walked down the sleek, minimalist hallway of the mansion, I forced myself to take in the surroundings. The place was modern, the walls smooth concrete and steel, softened only by the occasional abstract art piece or carefully placed lighting. A place of power, but it lacked warmth. I supposed that was fitting, considering who lived here.

The floor beneath my feet was smooth marble, and the cool air inside the palace had a slight chill that seeped into my bones. I held back a shiver. I could feel eyes on me. Whether it was just the security cameras stationed at each corner or hidden observers, I wasn't sure. But I knew I was being watched. They were all waiting for me to make a mistake.

The sound of my heels clicking against the polished floor echoed through the halls, accompanied by the soft hum of distant conversations behind closed doors. It was a far cry from the grandeur of the Silverpine Pack's estate, but this... this was the heart of the pack, where every deal, every action was calculated. It felt sterile, a place where decisions that changed lives were made over coffee or beer and casual conversation.

"Almost there," Agnes murmured as we approached an elevator. Pressing a button, the doors slid open for us and we entered. I was thankful for the air conditioning that gave a bit of respite from the torture. We ascended. I made sure not to glance at my reflection in the mirrored walls.

Soon we came to a stop, and I stepped out ahead of Agnes. The doors had slid open to reveal a grand ballroom-like space, but with modern decor—floor-to-ceiling windows overlooked the sparkling city lights, casting a cold glow over everything. People milled about, some lounging on sleek couches, others standing in small groups, laughing over glasses of champagne.

I could feel their eyes on me as Agnes led me through the gathering. All of them were Lycans, that much was obvious from the glinting of fangs as they conversed. Their sharp eyes followed my every move, and I felt like prey paraded before predators. They all donned tailored suits and lovely formal dresses, but I could see the carnivores

beneath the mask. They were predators dressed as pack elites and court officials. But I kept my face straight and my chin high as I made my way through them.

My eyes trained on my target, who stood at the far end of the room. It was impossible not to spot him, even among his own kind. He drew attention like sugar drew ants. He stood tall and broad-shouldered amongst his kin, clad in a black luxury tailored suit. If I didn't hate his existence, I would have said that he put every other man in the room to shame. His eyes locked on mine as he took a slow sip of wine.

I kept the stare, unwilling to show weakness or fear, not in a room filled with my kind's worst enemies. Soon we stood close, his hand taking mine. My skin crawled at the contact, but I kept a pleasant expression. This was an alliance, after all, we had to be polite.

"The woman of the hour," he murmured, his gaze piercing.

"Don't flatter me," I replied pleasantly, my cheeks threatening to split open with the fake smile I had on my face.

He chuckled, a low rumble that reverberated in my stomach. "Shall we begin?"

"Of course." I could taste the bitterness of the poison on my lips. I would finish this, even if it was the last thing I did.

6

He led me toward the center of the room, where the eyes of every Lycan in attendance followed us. The tension was so thick that one could cut it with a butter knife.

We stopped under the harsh lights that hung from the ceiling, illuminating the room in a cold glow. The grandeur of the space was undeniable—luxury wrapped in an urban, modern façade—but it only served to remind me of the darkness hidden beneath all this wealth and power. Darkness that needed to be purged.

He still held my hand, his firm grip unnervingly gentle. His thumb brushed my knuckles lightly, and it took everything in me not to recoil. He was testing me again. He was close now, close enough that I could feel the heat radiating off him, smell the faint, intoxicating scent of cedarwood and smoke.

The gathered Lycans' attention was now fully fixed on us. This was the moment they'd been waiting for.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Hades announced, his deep voice carrying easily through the room. "Tonight, we honor the union between two great packs, a bond that promises strength, security, and prosperity for all." His eyes never left mine. "A partnership that will mark a new era for both our kinds."

The crowd responded with polite applause, though I could sense the underlying tension in the room. The smiles on their lips did not reach their eyes, did not dampen the coldness in them.

The crowd hushed, waiting for the next move, the ceremonial gesture that would seal this alliance. One kiss, one touch, and it would all be over.

"Shall we seal this with a kiss, my queen?" Hades asked, his voice a low purr meant for my ears alone.

I nodded slowly, not trusting myself to speak without betraying the storm raging inside me. The room seemed to fade away as he stepped closer, his face inches from mine now. I could feel his breath on my skin, warm and steady, while my heart pounded in my chest.

His hands slid up to my neck and cradled my face, the action jolting me.

Before I could react, his lips met mine. The world seemed to freeze for an instant, the moment stretching out painfully long. My entire body tensed, waiting for the poison to take effect, for him to falter and fall. My heart sang when he froze, his hand coming to my shoulder as if to steady himself. It was working.

I expected the next step—he would pull away and fall, his face rapidly decaying. He did pull away, but only slightly.

"Did you really think this would work on me?" he murmured, his voice amused. My stomach sunk.

And then he kissed me harder, his other hand coming up to tilt my head back to give him full access. His tongue slid past my lips, his kiss deepening as he invaded my mouth.