

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 12 - His Wrath

Chapter 12: His Wrath

Hades~

Kael came at me fast—too fast for someone who wasn't aiming to impress. His fists flew with precision, a blur of movement as his right hook aimed for my jaw. I leaned back, letting it graze past me, feeling the rush of air near my face. "Why are you looking at me like that?" I asked.

I shifted my weight and countered, a sharp jab aimed straight for his ribs. Kael twisted just in time, blocking with his forearm, but I could feel the impact reverberate through his guard. He winced, barely noticeable, but I caught it. "She actually tried to kill you," he panted in awe. "On her second day here too. Damn!"

His footwork was clean, I had to give him that. He circled me, eyes narrowed, calculating his next move. I could see the gears turning in his head, the way he shifted his stance to prepare for the next strike. Another jab, then a feint to the left. Darius' daughter definitely had balls, but that didn't take away from the fact that she was brazenly foolish. "It's to be expected," I replied. I needed this session to pour my wrath into something—or someone—else. The moment I tasted the Argenic, my other hand had instinctively come up. I craved the feeling of her neck giving way as I snapped it and ended her. But I had taken her for a reason. She would have to fulfill her use before I rid myself of her.

Before Kael could commit to his move, I stepped in, cutting his angle, and landed a quick uppercut to his midsection. The thud of impact was satisfying, and Kael staggered back, his breath catching. He recovered quickly, of course—always the determined one. But this wasn't just about skill.

It was about control. I needed to control myself if she was going to survive long enough to be of any use to me.

He wiped the sweat from his brow, his eyes darkened with focus. He came at me again, this time more careful, less reckless. Good. He was learning.

I let him think he had an opening, dropping my guard slightly. He took the bait, throwing a flurry of punches aimed at my torso. I blocked most of them, letting a few land to test his strength. It stung, but I barely flinched. His power was growing, but he wasn't there yet.

With a swift motion, I stepped into his reach and delivered a crushing hook to his ribs, followed by a sharp cross to his jaw. He grunted, stumbling back, barely staying on his feet.

"Getting better," I muttered, watching him catch his breath, "but not enough."

Kael wiped blood from the corner of his mouth, a grin splitting his face. "I was going easy on you. You need a punching bag, or else you would've twisted her neck."

I scoffed, but he was tangentially correct. The door to the boxing ring opened, and in stepped Rook and Ryder.

"Your Majesty," they echoed, bowing low. "You called?"

"Bring the princess to the surveillance room. I will be there waiting."

Without another word, they left to follow my orders.

"What are you planning?" Kael asked, tossing me a towel.

He knew me well enough to know.

I gave him a sideways glance before turning away and exiting the ring. He followed me.

The doors of the room slid open, revealing the twins, and between them was the princess in handcuffs. Her face was a mask of calm, but I could see her fear reflected in the way her pupils had shrunk. I got up from the leather chair positioned right in front of the tens of screens.

"Princess."

She raised her head to look at me, her turquoise eyes looking like ice. She had her father's eyes. That fact stoked the flames of the rage that I kept concealed.

She did not reply, a silent battle warring within her.

I nodded to my men, and they kicked her knees, making her kneel before me. She did not make a sound and kept her gaze on the ground. Again, the heat of ire threatened to consume me. My prideful princess was not begging for her life. Maybe she intended to go out in dignity and grace. The thought threatened to make a laugh escape. I used to strip people of dignity for a living, and old habits die hard.

"Do you know where you are?" I asked her, my voice low but carrying the weight of command. She didn't answer, her silence a defiance I was growing tired of.

I grabbed her chin, making her whine slightly.

Slowly, she lifted her head, her eyes locking onto mine, hard and unyielding despite the situation. I could almost admire her resolve if it didn't irritate me so much. Her turquoise eyes—the same ones her father had—burned with something I couldn't quite place. Fear? Resentment? Or maybe both.

"This is the surveillance room," I continued, gesturing to the screens behind me. "Every single one of these monitors shows a live feed from different parts of my pack. Cameras, bugs, hidden devices—you name it. Eyes and ears everywhere."

Her gaze flickered briefly to the screens, but she quickly returned her focus to me, refusing to show any weakness. Brave, but foolish.

"You see, princess," I began, walking a slow circle around her, "there's nothing that happens here that I don't know about. No secret whispered that I can't hear. No move made that escapes me."

I stopped directly in front of her, crouching slightly to bring my face level with hers. "And that includes Silverpine pack."

I watched her mask fall, her eyes widening. "What are you—?"

"Your father never wanted peace, did he?" I murmured.

Her mouth was moving, but no words fell out.

"Else he would not have sent his daughter to kill me. So it seems that Silverpine wants war after all."

"No..." she tried to move. "That is not it."

"That is exactly it, princess. So you are not completely at fault." I placed a hand on my chest. "And I am a fair man. So I won't punish you. You were just following orders, after all. You are my wife and a wolf of my pack, so I will have mercy on you."

She blinked, uncertain.

"But since Silverpine does not want peace, they will have war," my voice lowered a few octaves.