

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 2 - Dagger To My Heart

Chapter 2: Dagger To My Heart

Eve~

"Mercy?" My father scoffed, the sound of his voice echoing off the sleek marble floors of Lunar Heights, the Alpha's white house. "You don't deserve mercy."

"But Father—"

"Don't call me that!" He growled in my face, his breath hot against my skin. "You don't fucking have one."

"Not after what you did to our daughter," my mother joined in, her voice sharp as she stood by his side, draped in designer clothes stained with blood; my sister's blood, her heels clicking on the floor of the luxurious suite.

Her words shattered me. I was her daughter too.

"I did not hurt Ellen!" I tried to tell them, my voice trembling.

"No, you didn't try to hurt her," a familiar voice interrupted, calm but cold.

Hope surged in my heart as I recognized the voice. I raised my head to meet the brown eyes of my fiancé. "James..." I whispered. He was safe. He was not imprisoned. "Thank the goddess," I murmured under my breath, relief flooding my body for a moment.

He came up to me, his eyes filled with tears. It ached to see him fall apart because of me. It was unfair to him. He knelt in front of me, his hands trembling.

"Eve..." He cradled my face, the coolness of his touch contrasting the warmth of my tears.

"James, I am so sorry," I whispered, hoping against hope that he would understand.

"Just confess," he said softly, the tears glistening in his eyes. "Tell them the truth."

My blood ran cold, and my heart dropped. I hoped I was hearing him wrong. "What... what are you talking about?"

"You don't have to lie anymore. I understand. You were jealous and scared. But you have to come clean." His eyes were pleading, but his words were killing me.

He didn't believe me.

"I didn't do it!" I shouted, desperation lacing every word.

His expression shifted, his face growing cold as he rose to his feet. In one swift motion, he stepped back from me, as if my touch disgusted him. Then, like in a nightmare, he pointed an accusing finger at me.

"You did it, Eve. You told me you were planning something."

My world crashed down in that moment. I stared up at him, dumbfounded. "What are you talking about?" I whispered, my ears ringing from the shock.

James turned away from me and retrieved a small clear bag from his pocket. He dangled it in the air for everyone to see. "This was the poison that I found in Ellen's bedroom, Alpha," he announced, his voice steady and firm.

The room fell silent, the cold air of the house prickling my skin as all eyes locked on the pill bottle in his hand. It was one that I had never seen before. My stomach churned as dread filled me. What was happening?

"That is not mine," I said, my voice trembling. "I did not—"

"Shut up!" My father roared, his voice booming in the elegant room as he stepped forward, his eyes blazing with anger and hatred. "Don't lie to us. We are not fools. You were always jealous of your sister. I knew you were the cursed twin. You would kill the blessing on this pack because of the abomination you are!"

Each word felt like a stab to the heart, bleeding me dry. No one believed me.

"Please, you have to listen to me," I begged, rubbing my hands together, tears streaming down my face. "I didn't do this." I crawled toward James, but he recoiled from me as though I were a diseased animal.

"Don't come near me!" He growled, his voice filled with disgust.

"James, you know me." I was desperate. "I would never do this. After everything we've been through together, you know—"

"I thought that I knew you," he cut me off, his tone icy. "But you fooled me. I never knew you at all."

His eyes were no longer filled with the warmth I remembered. They were cold and distant, as if he were looking at a stranger. I couldn't lose him too.

"No!" I screamed, my voice breaking. "It's me, your Eve," I pleaded, raising my finger to him. "You asked me to marry you. I'm to be your wife." I tried to remind him, my voice trembling.

"I regret it," he spat.

I wanted to die.

"Ellen was right about you all along. I wish I had listened. Poor Ellen." His voice grew louder as he continued to rant. "You should be executed. You should be killed for your crimes and for the monster that you are."

His words cut deeper than any blade could. If our roles were reversed, I would have stood by him. How could he turn on me like this?

"But I didn't do it!" I yelled, but my father's anger flared, and the next thing I felt was his foot slamming into my side. The kick was so hard that the air was knocked out of me, and pain spread through my body, threatening to drown me.

1

"Take her away," my father ordered, his voice cold and authoritative, reverberating off the polished marble walls. "Take her to the cell until I can decide how we will be rid of her."

The guards picked me up without hesitation, roughly dragging me across the gleaming floors.

"Please..." I whispered, but no one looked back. Not even James.

"You should have listened, Eve," my wolf said as I was taken to the cells.

2

In the cell, rats scurried around my cell, the cold concrete walls closing in on me. All I could do was cry. In a single night, I had lost everything. On my eighteenth birthday—the day that should have been a new beginning—I had lost it all.

Why couldn't they realize that I would never do this to my own sister? I loved Ellen. She was my sister. I would have sacrificed myself for her if it came to it. I remembered the way she had whispered for me to run as she vomited blood.

What would happen to me now? Tonight, I should have found my wolf—not a Lycan. I recalled the prophecy that foretold this.

Under the full moon's silver gaze, twins shall be born. One brings blessing, hope, and light, the other a curse, shifting as a Lycan, destined to bring ruin and darkness to the pack.

2

Ellen and I had been born on the night of a full moon, making the first part of the prophecy true. And on the night of our eighteenth birthday, my sister had awakened a wolf, and I... I had awakened a Lycan. It didn't help that my sister had been poisoned as well. Every finger had been pointed at me, and I fled—only to be caught.

"You could have escaped," my wolf said, her voice laced with frustration. *"You shouldn't be here."*

I tried to ignore the Lycan that had awakened inside me, the one that had caused all of this.

"This is your destiny," it said.

"No, leave me alone!" I shouted into the darkness of the cell. I hated what I had become.

I remembered how my eyes had glowed red during my first shift, the distinctive feature of Lycans. I recalled the chaos that followed and how Ellen had spat blood right after. I was the only Lycan in the banquet. I became the suspect. I never had a chance.

Lycans were sworn enemies of werewolves. Any Lycan found in our territory was immediately executed, and it was the same in Lycan packs. To awaken a Lycan as a werewolf was the highest crime in the pack. The choices were either to become a fugitive or death.

2

"You have done nothing wrong," the voice in my mind was softer now, trying to console me.

The gentleness pulled me out of my spiraling thoughts.

"I didn't do it," I whispered into the darkness of my mind.

"I know, Eve," it replied, its voice soft. *"You are not a monster."*

As horrible as that thought was, at least I wasn't completely alone.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Rhea," she replied, her voice low, a soothing whisper at the back of my mind. The softness of her voice contrasted with the raw power I felt during my first shift. *"I am a part of you, and I will always be."*

The thought should have filled me with fear, but I was alone. I had no one. No family. No friends. No lover. Everyone had turned against me, and I was desperate.

"I am with you," Rhea whispered.

It felt like hours before someone came.

"Ellen," I gasped, my heart pounding in my chest. My sister had come to see me.

Her expression was filled with sadness, her complexion still pale from the poison.

"Ellen, I don't know what's going on. They all think I tried to hurt you. You know I didn't do it. I would never." I rushed to speak, afraid she would leave before I had a chance to explain. I went to my knees again. "Please, you have to believe me. I would never hurt you."

She came closer, holding my hand, her fingers trembling. "I know, I know," she whispered, her voice soft. "You don't have to tell me. I know you."

My heart swelled with hope. At least one person believed me. With her help, I knew I could be set free.

"I know the person who did it," she revealed.

I froze as I stared at her flabbergasted. "You do?" My voice was a whisper. "Who?"

A smile crept up her face. "I did."