

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 21 - A Father's Sin

Chapter 21: A Father's Sin

Eve~

I thrashed against the restraints, my skin turning raw from the friction. My mind was a horrible cacophony—voices, images, screams, and growls filled it to the brim. It was tearing me apart from the inside out.

The darkness wrapped around me like a suffocating blanket, pulling me deeper into the abyss of memories I fought so hard to bury. I could feel the cold metal of the needles, the burn of the chemicals coursing through my veins. Every nerve felt like it was being torn apart, every breath a struggle as I tried to remember where I was—but the past kept swallowing me whole. I just wanted to forget.

I wasn't in that lab. I wasn't their experiment anymore. But my mind didn't care.

My vision blurred, my senses overwhelmed by the ghost of pain. The restraints only worsened the sensation, making me feel trapped, caged, like a lab rat.

"Please, no more..."

The words never left my lips, stuck in my throat as screams echoed in my mind. I was drowning in the agony of the past, lost in the endless cycle of terror and helplessness.

I fought. I thrashed harder. The images were so real. Every time I blinked, I saw them—those faceless figures in white coats, cold and indifferent, treating me like an object, something to be dissected, experimented on. The sound of machinery buzzed in my ears, the sharp sting of scalpels piercing my skin.

The heat built inside me again—fire that burned through my veins, searing through every nerve. They were burning me from the inside out, just like before. I wanted to scream, to make it stop, but the sound caught in my throat.

And then, suddenly, there was a voice.

"Princess," he murmured.

I knew what it was even before I set eyes on him.

He sauntered over to where I lay, unable to escape. He had his hair pulled back and tied. The light reflected on the silver jewelry that adorned his ears. I had no chance from the get-go—he wore silver. A Lycan that wore silver should not have been possible.

I frantically looked for something, anything that could break my binds.

"Can't break through these?" he asked, his eyes raking over my quivering form.

My mouth was dry, and speaking was almost painful. "Please..." I croaked.

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"Please what?" he asked.

"Let me go."

"You know as well as I do that I am not doing that."

"I am scared," the words choked out. I held back the urge to cry. This had been a nightmare since I got here. I would endanger the people of Silverpine and go insane. But before that happened, I would do something about it first.

Hades' gaze stayed impassive, like he was a rock with no feelings whatsoever. His eyes darkened, and my heart skipped a horrifying beat. Something monstrous reflected in his eyes as he closed the distance between us. The sight chilled me to my marrow.

When he was close enough, he gripped my face by my cheeks. His touch was a stark contrast to the coldness of his expression. He was hot.

"You are afraid, princess?" His voice was low, mocking. His fingers tightened on my cheeks, forcing me to look up at those cold, relentless eyes. "Already?"

I swallowed, even my own spit stung the inside of my throat.

"But we've only just begun."

My stomach dropped.

"This alliance will be your demise. You will live the rest of your miserable days as I see fit. You cannot run, nor hide from me. Escape is pointless. I will be your fate."

The disdain in his voice went beyond anything I could have done. I could see it in the deadly glint in his eyes. His face was no longer impassive as he spoke, it had contorted into something much darker—raw hatred that seemed to reverberate in the air around us.

"Why?" I uttered. "Why do you hate me so much?"

Hades' lips twisted into a cruel smile, one that sent chills down my spine. He leaned closer, his breath hot against my skin as he whispered, "This isn't about you, princess. It never was. It's about your father."

My heart lurched in my chest. "My father?" My voice came out weak, barely a whisper, as dread coiled tighter inside me.

His grip on my face tightened just enough to make me wince, but not enough to bruise. "Oh yes," he said, his voice dripping with venom. "Your beloved father, the great Alpha of Silverpine. He's the reason for all of this. Every drop of pain you're enduring? It's because of him."

I tried to shake my head, tried to deny the truth of his words, but I could feel the weight of them crushing down on me. I gasped, struggling for air, my mind racing. What could my father have done to the Lycan king to cause this level of intense hatred and yet still make him concede to an alliance? There was so much I did not know. Something was not adding up.

Hades' eyes narrowed, dark and calculating. "He made a choice, a long time ago. And now... you're paying the price." His lips hovered just inches from mine, and his voice lowered to a dangerous murmur. "He thought he could hide from the past. But the past always catches up, doesn't it?"

I swallowed, my throat dry and tight. "What did he do?" I managed to choke out.

"Why don't I keep you guessing?" he sneered. "So lose your mind, princess, wondering what exactly happened. I want to see you break. And I will enjoy every second of it."

I squeezed my eyes shut, willing myself to disappear, to wake up from this nightmare. But deep down, I knew there was no waking up. This was my reality now. A reality shaped by the darkness of my father's past and Hades' unrelenting thirst for vengeance.

"This was why you wanted me," I said, my bottom lip quivering. "I was the exchange for you not waging the war."

He smirked, but it was all fangs and sharp edges. "And he handed you right over."

What was left of my fragile heart shattered in that moment. This marriage wasn't like the others—built to forge alliances, strengthen ties. I wasn't a bride. I was a sacrifice, sent to slaughter in exchange for peace. I was a simple exchange. My father could not give up his darling daughter to be tortured because of his own crimes against the Lycan king, so they sent me.

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Tears brimmed in my eyes, threatening to spill over, but I refused to let him see me break. Not yet. I swallowed the lump in my throat, forcing the words out even though every syllable burned like acid.

"He gave me up... for you to torture," I whispered, the realization so heavy it crushed the last ounce of strength I had left. "He sacrificed me... because of something he did. And you—" my voice faltered, "you're punishing me for his sins."

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Hades' smirk only widened, a wicked glint flashing in his eyes. "Precisely," he hissed, his voice dripping with malice. "Your father is a coward, hiding behind his power and his lies. But no one escapes their debts forever." His fingers traced my jaw, a sickening contrast between the gentleness of his touch and the cruelty in his words. "And now, you get to pay for his mistakes. Every. Single. One."

The hatred radiating from him was palpable, suffocating me as he continued. "Your father has been the object of my wrath for five long fucking years."

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His hand slid down to my throat, squeezing just enough to make me gasp for air, my pulse racing beneath his fingertips. "I've waited for this moment, Ellen. Waited for the day when I would have his child in my grasp." He leaned in, his breath hot against my ear as he whispered, "So I could crush her."

A sob tore from my throat before I could stop it, my body shaking with the force of it. I wanted to fight, to scream, but I had no strength left. The truth crushed me like a vice, squeezing the life out of me. There had never been a chance that I would taken back in Silverpine, my father never planned for me to come back. The mission of sending me to kill Hades, the poison; it had all just been a sick joke because he knew I would fail. They were probably laughing at my stupidity. Did they despise me that much?

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I gasped, the air thick and painful in my lungs. The despair wrapped around me like chains, pulling me down into a bottomless pit. I could feel it—the cracks forming inside me, spreading like fractures in glass. I was breaking, and I couldn't stop it.

Hades' grip tightened just slightly, a warning, before he finally released me. His eyes were cold, unfeeling, as if the hatred inside him had burned away every trace of humanity. What had my father done?

"Don't cry now," he said, his voice low, almost a growl. "Save them for when you will truly need them."

I bit my lip to keep from sobbing, the pain tearing through me as I realized there was no escape, no salvation. I was trapped in this nightmare, and no one was coming to save me. Not my family. Not anyone.

I was alone.

And as Hades turned and left me there, broken and trembling in the darkness that my world has become, the hopelessness swallowed me whole.