

44 Run, Little Wolf

Eve~ 1

Every inch of my body tensed as Cain's lips brushed over my knuckles, his touch lingering like poison. I wanted to pull away, to snap at him, but I couldn't afford to show anything. Not here, not with all their eyes on me. The name "blessed twin" felt like a blade twisting in my chest. If only they knew how wrong that was. My anxiety only deepened.

I kept my face as blank as possible, though inside, my pulse raced. Cain was dangerous—maybe even more dangerous than Hades, in a way that made my stomach twist. As if I couldn't feel any more vulnerable than I already did.

"It's an honor to meet you," I managed to say, my voice flat, detached. I withdrew my hand from his grasp, careful not to look at Hades just yet. I could feel his gaze burning into me, and every second felt like a countdown to an explosion.

Cain smirked, clearly enjoying himself as he sauntered to the table. "I see why you're keeping her so close, brother," he said, his tone dripping with amusement and something darker. "She certainly is... intriguing."

Hades didn't respond right away, but I could feel

the shift in him, like a beast just beneath the surface, ready to tear through. I risked a glance at him, but his face was unreadable, though his hand gripped the silverware a little too tightly, his knuckles white.

"You didn't come here just to meet my wife, did you?" Hades' voice was calm, but there was a warning laced with every word. I knew that tone too well by now.

Cain chuckled as if this was all some kind of joke to him. "Oh, come now, Hades. Must we be so formal? I'm here for family, after all."

But the tension in the hall told a completely different story. They looked like they were on the verge of pulling out their guns.

Felicia's soft scoff broke the tension for a moment, though it was hardly enough to stop the storm brewing at this table. She looked between Hades and Cain. "Who doesn't like a little family reunion?"

"Hades, maybe," Cain murmured lightly. But then Cain's gaze slid back to me, and I had to steel myself not to flinch. His eyes were dark, as though he was seeing more than what was on the surface, peeling away at whatever mask I had managed to put on. Why was he looking at me like that?

"You always did have a knack for making an entrance, Cain," Felicia said, though there was an edge to her voice.

Cain's smile widened, clearly amused. "I like to think I keep things interesting," he said, his voice lighter now, but it didn't fool me. There was something dangerous in the way he was speaking. He looked like a man who thrived on and invited chaos.

Then, with a casualness that seemed to contradict the tension in the room, Cain turned his attention back to Hades. "Speaking of interesting, brother, how are the preparations for your... grand plans?"

The air in the room seemed to freeze. Everyone reacted at once, as though his simple question had dire implications, and I was the only one who didn't know what they were. It just made me feel more exposed. What did he mean to make them react that way?

Hades' voice was low, dangerously so, as he replied, "I have everything under control."

Cain's smile didn't falter, but there was a gleam in his eyes that made my skin crawl. He was doing it on purpose, even if I didn't know exactly what it was. "Good to know. After all, it would be a shame if anything... got in the way." His gaze slid back to me, and my blood ran cold. This was

about me. I felt the realization settle deep in my bones. 1

He knew. He knew something. He was watching me like a hawk watching a chick.

Silence fell over the table again, but this time it was heavier, more dangerous. I could barely breathe, the tension so thick I felt like I might choke on it. Cain had stirred something ugly here, and I had no idea how long it would take for everything to unravel.

And then, as casually as he'd come, Cain stood from his seat, brushing his hands off like this had all been a harmless little chat. "Well, this has been delightful," he said with that same, infuriating smirk. "But I think I'll take my leave. I'll be around, of course, should you need me."

He took a step toward the door but stopped just as he reached my chair. Leaning down, he whispered, just loud enough for me to hear, "Be careful, little wolf. This war you're in the middle of... it's far from over."

His words sent a jolt of fear down my spine. I felt frozen, unable to respond as he straightened, giving one last glance to Hades before walking out of the room.

Long after he left, the tension remained.

"Are you alright, Red?" Hades finally murmured,

cutting through the silence.

"It's fine," I replied, and then something caught my eye. I looked closer at my lap, and indeed, I had not been seeing things. There was a white folded paper on my lap. Confusion whirled through me before it dawned on me what could have happened.

Cain.

I forced a smile, excusing myself with a quiet, "I'm not feeling well. If you'll excuse me." My heart raced, and I avoided Hades' piercing gaze as I pushed my chair back and stood. The note in my lap felt like it weighed a ton.

"I will come to see you later, Red," Hades' voice cut through the silence.

I nodded, not daring to look back, and quickly left the room. My steps were measured until I reached the hallway. Once out of sight, I hurried to my quarters, my hands shaking as I closed the door behind me.

Locking it with trembling fingers, I unfolded the note in my lap. Three words, written in sharp, unmistakable script:

Run, little wolf.