

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 5 - My Father's Assassin

Chapter 5: My Father's Assassin

Eve~

"You will take Ellen's place and marry him," my father told me as though he were speaking of the weather.

I blinked, unable to fathom the words coming out of his mouth. "Wha—"

"Be useful for once in your life," my mother spat, her gaze hardened as though I was not her child. "You should be grateful that we gave you another chance to prove yourself."

"Prove myself?" I echoed incredulously, my eyes falling on my sister, who was checking the non-existent dirt between her nails as though she was not a part of this.

James was quick to stand between us, his eyes trained on me. "Keep your murderous tendencies in check around the princess," he snarled.

Something snapped in me. "Don't you fucking dare look at me like I'm some sort of monster!"

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Silence.

My words hung in the air before the silence was broken by weeping. Ellen's weeping. She looked at me, her eyes filled with tears. "I never wanted it to be like this," she sniffled.

I felt my body itch with rage that had stayed bottled up for years.

My mother and James were quick to come to her rescue, coddling her. I could not bear the sight when Ellen flashed me a smug grin through her crocodile tears. She had indeed won; there was no use trying to convince them of my innocence. I was the cursed twin after all.

"You want me to marry a monster of a man?"

"You two suit each other, don't you?" James mocked.

I grit my teeth, fighting back tears. I was not giving them the satisfaction of seeing how broken I was. I ignored him.

My father's eyes never left me. The warm turquoise that used to be filled with so much love was now as cold as a glacier. "I am your Alpha. You will do as I say and marry him."

"I would rather die," I whispered.

"Then you will die," my father replied without skipping a beat.

James was up in a heartbeat, pulling a gun from his holster and aiming it right between my eyes.

My heart lodged in my throat, fear gripping me. There was no hesitation. It was either I danced to their tune, or I would become a statistic.

"It doesn't have to be so complicated or bloody," James said, returning the gun to his holster. "Just marry him."

"He's a Lycan," I stated the obvious. "The Lycan King, for that matter. The king of monsters who hunted and killed our kind for sport. Do you hate me that much?"

"Oh please," my father brushed my words aside, rolling his eyes. "It's not as tragic as you make it out to be."

"Then why don't you give him Ellen?" Of course, they wouldn't. She was their only beloved daughter.

My father glowered at me. "Why do you think he wants her in the first place? He wants the blessed twin, not the cursed one."

"So you prefer to double-cross him instead?" I asked. The idea was insane. It was widely known that no one deceived him and lived, nor the next generation of such a person. "What if he finds out?"

"You will make sure he never does," my father replied coolly. "Because before he gets to us for betraying him, he'll have you first."

The meaning was clear, and my blood ran cold.

"He's a killer!" I protested.

My father raised a brow. "The pot calling the kettle black."

I was going to lose my mind. I eyed James' gun. Could I attempt to escape? A foolish voice in my head wondered, but I banished the thought immediately.

I swallowed, bile rising in my throat. My gaze flicked to Ellen again. She was still pretending to cry, dabbing at her eyes with her sleeve, but that smirk... that damn smirk.

"How long have you been planning this?" I demanded, my voice breaking slightly, but I held onto the small shred of defiance still burning inside me. "How long have you been setting me up for this?" After five years of torture and hell, I was released for this?

My father crossed his arms, the slightest hint of irritation finally cracking through his icy demeanor. "Long enough," he replied bluntly. "This isn't about you, Eve. It never was. This is about what's best for the pack. He will call for war if we don't have this alliance."

"The pack?" I let out a harsh laugh, my voice dripping with disbelief. "You're sacrificing me for power. For survival. That's what this is."

His silence was answer enough.

Ellen's crocodile tears had dried by now. She stepped forward, standing between James and me, her gaze shimmering with false pity. "Eve, if you just go through with this, you could have a place in our pack again. You'll have purpose. You won't be... alone."

The word hit me like a knife to the chest. Alone. I had been alone for so long, cast out, abandoned, treated like a curse no one wanted to touch. And now, they had found the perfect way to rid themselves of me completely. To make me someone else's problem. Or make him my hell.

I wanted to hate them all, but I just felt drained.

"I would rather burn in hell than be part of this pack," I hissed, my voice laced with venom.

James' jaw tightened, his hand twitching toward his holster again, but my father raised a hand to stop him. "Enough," he said sharply. "She'll marry him. She doesn't have a choice."

I clenched my fists, the anger threatening to boil over, but I knew that if I showed any more resistance, they would end me without hesitation. Not that they would care if I died. I was a means to an end. That's all I had ever been.

Suddenly, Ellen smiled again, stepping closer, her voice lowering to a whisper. "Just think, Eve. A king for a husband. You'll be his queen."

I gritted my teeth. "I'll be dead."

"Maybe," she agreed lightly, "but at least you'll die knowing you served the pack."

I lunged at her, my vision turning red with fury, but James caught me by the arm before I could reach her. He spun me around, forcing me to face my father again.

"You'll do it," my father said with chilling finality. "Or James will pull the trigger right now, and we'll send Ellen in your place anyway."

"Father!" Ellen yelled.

I stared at him, my heart pounding against my ribs. This was it. My choice was already made for me. Whether I walked willingly or was dragged, I was going to face the Lycan King. I would be his wife. His property.

And I knew... deep down, I knew, that he would be the end of me.

But maybe... just maybe... I could survive. By some miracle from the goddess, maybe I could escape. I would rather be a rogue.

"I will do it," I said, sealing my fate.

"That is splendid," my father said, steepling his hands in front of him. "Now for the next part. I will have to make sure you look exactly like Ellen."

We were twins.

As though reading my mind, Ellen spoke. "Yes, we are twins, but I don't have the horrid scars that you do."

I gritted my teeth at the jab.

"I will have the deltas do something about that."

As though on cue, two deltas entered in uniform. This was going to hurt.

"Tie her down and stuff her mouth," James ordered. "And make it quick. The king awaits his queen." He sneered.

Before I could even react, they grabbed me and started leading me out of my father's chamber.

"Stop," my father commanded.

They obeyed and faced my father once again.

"But if you want a place back in this pack, you must do what I tell you, or everything you do will mean nothing."

I swallowed. "What?"

"You must kill Hades Stavros."