

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 8 - My Mission

Chapter 8: My Mission

Eve~

I awakened with a jolt—something was not right. The bed beneath me was soft, and my nose was not instantly filled with the odor of my cell. Just as confusion set in, it all came rushing back. I had been let out, and I was no longer in Silverpine. I was in Lycan territory—the Obsidian Pack.

I surveyed my surroundings, my skin prickling at the unfamiliarity of it all. The room was furnished elegantly, with velvet cushions, a vanity, and ornate yet modern wardrobes. A chandelier hung above everything, tying the room together. I didn't know exactly what I had expected, but this was not it. It seemed almost ordinary, like how any royal family might furnish their chamber. The fact struck me harder than it should have.

"Finally awake," a voice tore through my thoughts. I snapped my head forward just as Hades came into view. He was dressed in a white shirt, the sleeves rolled up to expose toned arms that looked capable of breaking a neck.

I swallowed thickly as he stalked toward me. "Welcome home," he said.

This was not my home; it was his domain, but I replied nonetheless. "Thank you."

"Hmm," he mused, pulling out a cigarette and lighting it—not with a lighter but with his finger, a flame flickering at the tip like a small torch.

I let out a soft gasp, but if he heard the sound, he didn't show it.

He took a slow drag before blowing the smoke into the air. His silver gaze fell on me again. "Now, onto the matter at hand—our marriage." His eyes flickered to the bedside table where a file and pen lay. "You'll have to sign this one as well."

We had already signed a marriage certificate back in Silverpine, but I didn't question it. I reached for the document, flipping through the pages to ensure I knew what I was getting myself into. It was the usual formalities, so I scribbled my signature where it was needed.

I handed it back to him, a smirk playing on his lips. Our fingers brushed, the contact sending a cold chill through me. His smirk widened as though he enjoyed my discomfort. "Good," he purred. "Get up, princess. I want to see you."

A tingle crawled up my spine at his tone and his words. Reluctantly, I rose from the bed.

He looked me over, his eyes calculating as though I was something to be analyzed.
"Strip."

It was as if someone had thrown cold water on me. "What?"

His eyes flickered to my face, narrowing. "Strip," he repeated. His voice was soft, but the command was clear.

"I can't... why... that is—" I stumbled over my words, utterly flabbergasted by his order. What was he thinking?

To my horror, he only stalked closer. "You can't or you won't?" he asked.

"I can't," I replied.

He raised a dark brow. "Why?"

"You're a stranger," I explained.

"I'm your husband," he countered.

"Then why in the goddess' name would you want me to strip?"

"Assurance."

My brows shot up in confusion. "Assurance?"

He blew another puff of smoke, flakes of ash falling. "Yes," he replied, looking me over. "What if your father asked you to kill me?"

My blood slowed to a crawl in my veins, breathing suddenly becoming harder. He suspects. He was not just a brute; he was an intelligent brute. I raised my chin. "That's preposterous," I said, my voice shaking only slightly. "My father wants peace. He wouldn't kill the king of a pack he's trying to make peace with."

"You're either that naive, or you take me for a fool." He stepped even closer. "I want to see you, all of you."

"This is wrong," I murmured.

"If I wanted to do something truly wrong, I would've stripped you while you slept."

My eyes widened. He could have, but he didn't. Why? Maybe to humiliate me?

"The same can be said for you," I blurted. "I might not be safe."

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"Oh really?"

In the blink of an eye, he was right in front of me, knocking the breath from my lungs with his proximity.

"You want me to strip as well?" he asked, his silver eyes glinting like a sword in the sun.

Heat rushed to my cheeks, and before I could react, his hand reached for his shirt button.

"Alright," I conceded, reaching for the button of my blouse, my hands trembling against the fabric as I began to unbutton it. He continued to smoke as he watched me. He didn't touch me, but his eyes felt like an intimate perusal, as though he saw every bit of me before I even unclothed myself.

I shrugged off my blouse, suddenly feeling completely exposed in my bra. I wanted to cover my breasts with my hands but instead reached down to unbutton my skirt.

"Stop," he halted me. "I've seen enough."

"But you—"

"I know what I said, and I've seen enough." He turned away from me as if I wasn't standing in just my bra. It dawned on me that he had been testing me, seeing if I would try to hide weapons on my person. The fact that I had conceded had proven to him that I had no such thing.

My face heated with embarrassment. I bit my lower lip, but he was wrong. I still had the poison in my possession, in a place he could never reach. I swallowed my ire and dressed myself again.

"There will be a ceremony tomorrow."

"A wedding?" The food in my stomach suddenly felt like lead. I would be surrounded by more Lycans. One Lycan was enough to drive me insane; I couldn't imagine more.

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"Call it what you want," he dismissed. With that, he turned on his heel, heading toward the exit. "Sleep tight, princess," he murmured before closing the door behind him.

I let out a breath the moment he left, releasing a bit of the tension, only for my father's words to echo in my head: *You must kill Hades Stavros.*

Bitterness filled me. It was inevitable. I had been framed, abandoned, isolated, and tortured for the past five years because they couldn't see beyond the prophecy. Now, they had given me over to the enemy to protect their perfect daughter, and they dared to leave me with a mission as well.

But killing Hades Stavros wasn't a bad thing. Ridding the world of his cruelty and bloodlust was necessary. Every year, innocents were conscripted and sent to fight in a war that never should have been because he was power-hungry enough to call for the deaths of thousands.

There were two races in the known world: Werewolves and Lycans, each confined to their own territory. Though we shared similarities in our bond and alliance to the Moon Goddess, that's where it ended. What remained was rivalry, barely tolerable, and a few minor wars in the past. Over the years, there had been moments of peace until Hades...

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When Hades rose as the Beta of the Obsidian Pack, he had headed every vile operation that caused so much tragedy in Silverpine—bombings, kidnappings, ruthless attacks on civilians. His rise to power had been drenched in blood, and now he was king of the Lycans, standing at the helm of their most powerful pack. The war between our people had escalated under his reign, with no end in sight, all because of his insatiable hunger for dominance.

And to make it all the more chilling, it was rumored that he had been the one who plotted the attack that killed his family, including his older brother, the former Alpha. All so that he could take the throne for himself.

I had lived a life of luxury while the people I had sworn to protect were being forced to be soldiers in a war that wasn't their fault. The war had ravaged Silverpine so much that there were more ruins than cities. I had been ignorant, and now I had to make amends.

Killing him wouldn't just be a mission—it would be justice. My hands itched to reach for the capsule of poison hidden beneath my skin. A deadly dose of Argenic, a potent form of silver to which Lycans were dangerously allergic. It was the only thing known to do any substantial damage to their kind.

But even as the desire to end his life burned inside me, a darker, frightening thought crept in. What if I failed? What if I didn't kill him, but he uncovered my plan? What would he do to me then? My skin prickled at the thought. Hades wasn't the kind of man to show mercy. His cold, calculating eyes, the way he had tested me with his commands—he would make me suffer before he killed me. And he would wage an even greater war on Silverpine. The image of the boy begging for food flashed through my mind. I had to act. I should have been the Alpha, and I felt responsible for the people. I had failed them before, but now I was ready to step up.

A phone binged snapping me out of my thoughts. Then it binged again and my eyes zeroed on the source. I made my way to the bedside table and pulled up a drawer to see a phone. I picked it up, only to see a note under it.

For the princess, it read.

Another bing, I checked the messages. My heart flipped in my chest when the words sank in.

You are in danger

He plans to murder you

Get out of there