

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 9 - The Walls Have Eyes

Chapter 9: The Walls Have Eyes

Hades~

I didn't need to look at Kael's face to know that his mouth was agape.

"What the hell is she doing?" he thought aloud. "Why is she sleeping on the floor?"

I shrugged. "How would I know?" I replied, my eyes flickering to the image on the screen. The princess was odd indeed. I've had my share of strange instances in my existence, but this was... new. The princess of the mighty Silverpine pack had laid linens on the floor to sleep.

This was certainly interesting. "Maybe she deems our mattress not up to her standard," I murmured. I wouldn't put it past a royal of her kind. Still, my mind begged the question: Why the floor? There were velvet seats she could have made do with.

My beta and I continued to watch her in silence. I expected she would toss and turn before she slept, uncomfortable, but within a few seconds, the sound of her soft breathing reached the speaker. Certainly interesting.

"How can she sleep so soundly?" Kael wondered aloud. "Even I can't do that."

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Probably because he had never been apart from his double foam mattress before.

"Of course, you can't. And it's probably a gesture of defiance. She knows she is being watched, and she wants to show us that she isn't afraid, that she has control over her circumstances, no matter how bleak they seem," I said, my eyes narrowing at the image on the screen. There was something unnerving about her calmness.

Kael snorted. "You think this is some kind of power play? Sleeping on the floor to prove a point?"

I remained silent, considering his words. Power play or not, it was clear she wasn't going to conform to our expectations. Perhaps that was the point. My instincts told me there was more to this woman than her title as a royal.

"She's either very clever or very foolish," I muttered.

Cerberus stirred restlessly within me, sensing something off. Normally, we were in sync, but since I first laid eyes on Darius Valmont's daughter, that had changed. I couldn't blame him. She made me agitated as well.

"Maybe both," Kael replied, scratching the back of his neck. "But you have to admit, it's impressive."

I leaned forward, eyes fixed on her form as she lay there, peaceful, almost serene.

"Let's see how long she can keep this up," I said, more to myself than to him.

Kael tilted his head at me, an annoyingly smug expression on his face. "You're intrigued."

I didn't answer. Maybe I was.

Eve~

I awoke the moment I felt the gentle rays of light on my skin. I got up from the floor and, for a moment, stared at my sleeping space. After a night of tossing and turning, I had been unable to sleep in the lush bed. It had left me panicked and panting. I felt like I was drowning, and the mattress would swallow me up. I knew well that it had all been in my head, but I could not convince my body otherwise.

After five years, I had adapted to sleeping as I was allowed to—on the floor. It scared me even more when I had been knocked out instantly the moment I laid down.

I glanced at the velvet-clad seats one last time, the luxurious furniture standing as a symbol of everything I no longer belonged to. It reminded me of the opulence that once defined my life, now replaced by a harsh reality I couldn't escape. The floor was my refuge, and in some twisted way, it gave me the comfort I needed.

I knew they were watching me—that much was certain. I knew what the prickly feeling on my neck meant. But I had done nothing, at least not yet.

A knock on the door startled me. Quickly, I picked up the linens and put them back where they belonged. I made my way to the door and opened it.

"Good morning, miss," a woman greeted me. She was holding a trolley filled with food.

"Good morning," I replied, my voice a bit shaky. She had fangs. She was a Lycan. But apart from the fangs and the fact that she was almost a head taller than most women I had ever seen, she seemed ordinary. Lycans had more physical prowess compared to werewolves and were known for being both taller and stronger.

"I was sent by His Majesty. I am to be your personal servant," she told me, her expression neutral. Almost too neutral, as though it had been practiced.

I gave a shaky smile, which she did not return, and let her in.

"You seem to have not showered, miss," she commented.

"Y-yes."

"Why don't you shower and freshen up so that I can get you prepared for the occasion?"

Today, I was meeting Hades' royal court. I nodded and left for the bathroom. I came out, and she sat me down in front of the vanity, placing some dishes on the polished mahogany. I stared at the food, my stomach filled with heavy unease. The last time I had been fed lasagna was the day I was forced to accept my fate—to marry a bloodthirsty king.

"Eat your breakfast, miss. You will need your strength."

At her words, I was drawn back to a different time. This time, it was my mother with me.

"Eat your breakfast, dear. You will need your strength for school."

I shook the feelings away and took a bite of food. It was good—really good. Soon, I found myself taking bite after bite as the woman began to comb through my hair. I glanced up at her reflection in the mirror, and I could have sworn her lip curled slightly.

She was efficient, and soon, she was done. I still couldn't look straight at my reflection, but I knew she had done a good job. Too bad that today would end in tragedy.

"What can I call you?" I asked.

I saw surprise fill her eyes. "I am... Agnes."

"What does this event entail, Agnes?" I asked delicately.

Hesitantly, she told me.

So it was like a wedding, a bit more formal and less celebratory, I swallowed, letting her believe I was nervous. "Will we have to kiss?" I asked.

"Yes, a perfunctory one, but it is tradition."

That was good news. I knew what I would do now. I didn't finish the food. I would need the fork.

Soon, she left, and I got to work. I picked up the knife stylishly and made my way to the bathroom. I was well aware that my room would have cameras, but maybe the bathroom would not.

Once inside, I pulled up my skirt and began to tear at my skin. It hurt, and I clenched my teeth as pain and blood welled from the wound. After an agonizing amount of time, I got it out.

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A capsule containing the Argenic. I opened it up and coated my lips with poison.

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