

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 1 - What Have I Become?

Eve~

I tore through the pack outskirts, my heart beating out of my chest. The glow of streetlights barely visible beyond the pack's borders. The foliage scratched at my body as I ran deeper into the trees, away from the concrete jungle, but I knew that if they caught me, I was as good as dead.

"Let me take over," my wolf urged. "They will kill you."

But I couldn't do it. I couldn't give my wolf complete control. Could I even call it a wolf? It was because of it that I was being hunted like an animal.

I tore recklessly at the red ball gown I was wearing, the expensive fabric catching on tree branches that belonged to a forest far beyond the city lights. But I got distracted and tripped on a tree root, flying forward and falling on my face. Pain tore through my already exhausted body.

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I forced myself up, glancing back at the dark outline of the pack skyline. But it was too late. They had already come too close, and my ankle twisted painfully during the fall. I couldn't run.

"The Alpha said we must find her. She couldn't have gone far," one of the Gammas tasked with capturing me said to his subordinates.

I pressed my back against a tree, hiding in the shadows cast by the moon filtering through the towering buildings in the distance, my heart pounding like a drum in my chest. I tried to hold my breath so they couldn't find me. They could use their wolves' senses to track me.

"Let me save you," my wolf insisted. "You can escape."

But no matter how tempting it was, I couldn't do it. My wolf was the enemy; it was the reason the Alpha wanted me dead. James's face flashed in my mind, his soft brown eyes filled with love. He would be worried. I only hoped that he would not be implicated in this. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if it happened.

Soon, silence fell over the forest, but I could hear the distant sounds of sirens from the pack behind me. I knew the Gammas were changing tactics.

"Eve?" The captain called for me. "The Alpha will be merciful if you just follow us back."

"Lies," my wolf growled, and I agreed with it. Even if the Alpha were the kindest man, my fate wouldn't change.

"Come with us now, Eve." The captain's voice grew harsher, his tone more authoritative.

If I proved too stubborn, he wouldn't hesitate to shot me down.

"Eve!" he growled now. "You should take the Alpha's mercy after what you did."

My heart shattered. They really believed that I had done that. I still remembered the way Ellen had vomited blood at the ball, the gleaming lights of the party blinding me. I couldn't get the memory out of my mind; I would never be able to.

"It seems you have made your choice," the captain said into the air, knowing I could hear.

"Oscar, turn," he ordered his subordinate. "The Alpha said we can bring the cursed one in dead or alive. So when you catch her scent, kill her."

My blood chilled, and fear gripped my heart.

My wolf grew more agitated. "*Run, Eve,*" it urged. "*Or I will kill them,*" it growled in my head, and I knew it would because today, on my eighteenth birthday, I found not an ordinary wolf but a Lycan. They were forbidden creatures. I was the cursed twin the prophecy had foretold, the one who would bring ruin to my pack.

My tears fell as I waited for my death. It was better than living in a world where I was the one thing that was an enemy to my own kind. But my wolf had another idea.

Suddenly, a surge of power tore through me, and I gasped as my body involuntarily responded to my wolf's call. My senses heightened; the air around me felt electric, even the distant hum of the pack beyond vibrating in my ears, and my muscles tensed as if preparing for battle.

"*Run!*" My Lycan's voice thundered in my mind, pushing me toward survival, not submission.

But I resisted again, my body shaking from the internal war I was fighting. My fingers dug into the dirt beneath me as I struggled to maintain control. If I let my Lycan take over, it would be a bloodbath. They would all die, and I would become exactly what they believed I was—a monster.

Footsteps approached, heavy and deliberate. I could hear the Gamma's heartbeat, smell the faint scent of gasoline from the pack streets on his clothing. He was close, too close.

My twisted ankle throbbed, but the adrenaline dulled the pain. I bit my lip hard, trying to focus, trying to think of something—anything—to escape without unleashing the darkness inside me.

Then, the captain's voice cut through the night. "I know you're there, Eve. You can't hide forever. You can't outrun what you are."

The words hit me like a punch to the gut. He wasn't wrong. I couldn't outrun it. My fate had already been sealed the moment my Lycan awakened.

I held my breath as he grew closer. I could hear the crunch of debris—distant discarded bottles or wrappers—under his boots as he stalked toward me, the slight growl in his throat. He was shifting, preparing to finish what he started.

Suddenly, a twig snapped under my foot as I tried to move, and his head snapped in my direction. There was no more hiding.

"Found you," he hissed, his eyes glowing as his wolf half began to emerge. He turned fully, my heart lurching.

Time seemed to slow down as sharp claws grabbed for me. My heart raced, but I was prepared to go this way. Yet, my wolf, my Lycan, roared inside, the beast's fury vibrating through every cell in my body.

"I warned you," my Lycan snarled. *"Now, it's my turn."*

Before I could protest, my vision blurred, and my skin burned as the transformation began. Claws ripped through my fingers, and I could feel my bones shifting, cracking. It was agonizing, but it was also power—raw, undeniable power.

The captain's eyes widened in shock as my Lycan form stood before him, towering and menacing. His wolf retreated, a whimper escaping his throat. He had underestimated the monster beneath my skin. They all had.

But it was too late for him now.

I lunged forward with speed I didn't know I had, grabbing him by the throat before he could react. His eyes bulged with terror as he clawed at my hand, but my grip only tightened. My Lycan growled, the sound vibrating through the trees and the distant hum of the pack, like a warning to the others.

Here's the rest of your scene, urbanized while maintaining the original werewolf elements and the transition to the pack's woods:

"End him," It commanded.

I hesitated, my human side fighting against the beast. I didn't want to kill him. Not like this. Not while I was barely in control. I would become the cursed twin more than I already was. I would become what they believed I was.

But as the captain's subordinates began to circle us, all transformed, I knew mercy was no longer an option. They would not stop until I was dead.

With a snarl, I threw the captain into the nearest tree, his body crumpling at the base. I prayed to the goddess and hoped against hope that I had not just killed a man. This had to stop. I couldn't let the darkness win, even if it meant I would have to die. I couldn't live with being a monster.

I stumbled back, my chest heaving as I tried to suppress the rage boiling within me. My Lycan thrashed inside, pushing to the surface, demanding I finish them all. But I couldn't. I wouldn't.

"*Stop,*" I begged, gripping my own arms as if holding myself together would somehow keep the monster at bay. "*Please, stop.*"

But the bloodlust was intoxicating. My Lycan wanted more, craved more, and my control was slipping with every second. I could feel its power crawling beneath my skin, urging me to tear through the rest of them, to prove that I was something to be feared.

"No," I whispered aloud, shaking my head violently. "I'm not like you."

"*You are exactly like me,*" my Lycan hissed, its voice thick with malice. "*You've already tasted what we can do. Why fight it?*"

My body trembled as the remaining Gammas circled, their eyes cautious. I could hear their growls, their wolves' instincts pushing them to finish me off before I became too dangerous.

But I was already too dangerous.

"*Run,*" my Lycan urged again. "*Or they will kill you.*"

"I can't," I whispered to myself. "I can't hurt them."

"*Then you'll die,*" it snapped back.

Before I could respond, one of the Gammas leaped forward, teeth bared, claws extended. I tried to move, to dodge him, but my injured ankle gave way beneath me, sending me crashing to the ground. Pain shot up my leg, but it was nothing compared to the sharp claws that tore into my shoulder as the Gamma pinned me down.

I cried out, the pressure unbearable as his teeth grazed my throat. My Lycan howled in fury, surging to the surface, but I fought it with every ounce of strength I had left. If I let it take over now, I would kill him. I would kill all of them.

"I... won't..." I gritted through clenched teeth, my body convulsing as I wrestled for control. But it was no use. I could feel the power slipping through my grasp like sand, my Lycan breaking free despite my efforts.

"*You can't stop this,*" it growled. "*Let me out!*"

"No!" I screamed, thrashing beneath the Gamma's weight. My hand shot up, claws extending against my will, but before I could strike, another figure slammed into me from behind, sending me sprawling across the ground.

The impact knocked the air from my lungs, and I struggled to regain focus, my vision swimming. I felt hands gripping my arms, my legs, pinning me to the ground. There were too many of them now, holding me down, forcing me into submission.

I thrashed, screamed, my wolf snarling inside me, but they were too strong. I was completely overpowered.

"Hold her!" the captain's voice barked somewhere behind me. "Do not let her shift again!"

Panic surged through me as one of them wrapped a heavy chain around my neck, its cold metal biting into my skin. I tried to pull free, but the weight of the chain and the sheer number of them pressing me down was too much.

"No," I gasped, struggling for air. "Please... don't..."

But they didn't listen. The chain tightened, and I felt something sharp press against the back of my neck—a tranquilizer. I could sense it, the needle hovering just above my skin, ready to plunge in and steal what little control I had left.

"Do it," the captain ordered.

"No!" I screamed again, but it was too late.

The needle pierced my flesh, and I felt the cold liquid flood my veins, spreading through my body like ice. My limbs grew heavy, my vision blurred, and the world around me began to fade.

"*No...*" my Lycan whimpered, its voice distant now, weaker than before. "*Fight...*"

But I couldn't. My body refused to move, and the darkness swallowed me whole, the last face I saw was James.

Cold water woke me up with a jolt, and I gasped for air. The familiar scent of pastries filled my nose and made my stomach turn. I opened my eyes to find myself on my knees, the cold tile floor of the Alpha's private quarters pressing against my skin. I raised my head to find the Alpha's piercing eyes on me. I was back in the Lunar Height, held by two Gammas at my sides.

The Alpha walked up to me, the Luna's eyes bore into me, hatred in their depths, the soft glow of city lights of the pack streaming through the large glass windows behind them.

"Princess Eve," the Alpha called me by my title in the pack, his voice filled with rage.

"Father," I replied. "Please, spare me."