

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 4 - Husband?

Chapter 4: Husband?

Eve~

I was washed thoroughly; there wasn't a part of me that wasn't scrubbed clean. I was made to gargle mouthwash six times. By the time they were done, my skin was raw and slightly stung, but it was nothing compared to the beatings I had endured over the years. I noticed they had all worn gloves so that they would not come into direct contact with my skin.

They sat me down in front of a vanity, and I looked back at the girl I had become, but I couldn't bear it, so I looked away. Within minutes, I was dressed up, yet the lump in my throat remained.

I was led down the familiar corridors of my childhood home, each step echoing in the hollow silence. Memories clawed at me from the corners of my mind, but I kept my head down, unwilling to let them overwhelm me. The scent of lavender and aged wood brought a twisted sense of nostalgia, but the knot in my stomach tightened.

Soon, we reached the parlor—the place where guests were always received. It had been restored to its former grandeur, a room I had once been proud to show off to friends. Now, it only felt like a trap. They guided me to a velvet chair, the kind I remembered being too afraid to sit in as a child.

I sat stiffly, folding my hands in my lap, my knuckles white against my gown. My heart beat wildly in my chest, but I couldn't bring myself to look up. Not at the grand chandelier casting its cold light over me, not at the portraits lining the walls, and certainly not at the faces of the people who now surrounded me. My family—or what had been my family before it all fell to shambles.

I could feel their eyes on me—watching, judging. My skin crawled beneath their gaze, and my throat tightened even further. I swallowed hard, but the lump refused to go away.

My father's voice cut through the tense silence. "This is my lovely daughter," he introduced me to the guests, and I fought to keep my eyes from widening. *Lovely?*

I reluctantly raised my eyes, my skin prickling with unease. My heart lurched when my gaze fell on the stranger, the guest.

I found myself locking eyes with a man whose presence seemed to command the entire room, even without uttering a single word. His eyes, cold and gray, gleamed a menacing silver, sharp and cutting like the edge of a blade. The moment they landed on me, I felt as if my very soul had been exposed, laid bare before him. His gaze was

piercing, yet disturbingly uninterested, as though he could see everything yet cared for nothing.

His dark, midnight hair framed his face, swallowing the light around him, accentuating the sharp lines of his jaw and the ridge of his brow. His features were rigid and taut, sculpted as though from stone—beautiful in a way that felt unnatural, almost otherworldly. The harshness of his expression left no room for softness or warmth, only an icy detachment that chilled me to the bone.

And yet, there was something painfully familiar about him, a sense of déjà vu that made the anvil in my gut even heavier. He exuded danger—an air so thick with menace that I instinctively recoiled, though my body remained frozen in place. He didn't need to speak for me to know what he was capable of. The shadows clung to him like old friends.

My father's voice droned on in the background, but I barely heard it. I was too focused on the man before me—the stranger who felt anything but. The knot in my throat tightened, choking me, and it took every ounce of strength I had left not to let my terror show.

Who was he? And why did he feel like the beginning of something terrible?

"Dear? Dear?"

I snapped out of my trance, turning to face my father, only to find that every eye in the room was on me. I swallowed thickly, realizing that they had been trying to get my attention.

My cheeks flushed in embarrassment, and I quickly lowered my head again. I felt so strange in my own skin. The Eve that always engaged with guests was gone. I wanted to go back to my cell. I felt like a lost sheep among these people.

My father chuckled a bit. "My darling daughter is shy, as you can see."

Darling? His endearing words made bile rise in my throat.

The man, if I could call him that, didn't even deem his words worthy of a reply.

"Dear?" It was my mother's voice that made me raise my head. "Won't you apologize to our guest? You might have hurt his feelings." Her voice was warm, but I could hear the threat beneath it, her eyes narrowed.

I rose and turned to the man, unable to look at him again. I bowed, "I apologize."

Again, he said nothing.

"See? Hades," my father filled the silence. "She is a bit bashful. It's normal anyway, especially when meeting your future husband."

It took a minute before the words sank in, and my head turned abruptly to my father, but he pretended not to see my shock. He went on.

"I have faith that our alliance will bring a new dawn for werewolves and Lycans alike."

Alliance? Lycans? My head was whirling. Husband? I was going to be sick.

I bit my tongue, fighting every instinct to flee, but I felt pulled down by a force.

Rhea? I foolishly called.

Nothing.

My heart was hammering, and my vision swam. This was a trap.

"A new dawn indeed, if you stick to our agreement, Darius." Hades' voice cut through the suffocating silence. It was deep, rugged, and filled with an authority that seemed to resonate with the very walls of the room.

His silver eyes pinned me in place, stripping away the feeble mask I wore. It was as if he could see the tremors beneath my skin, the fear clawing its way up my throat, threatening to choke me. And yet, he said nothing to acknowledge it. Instead, he stared at me with a predator's patience, waiting for me to crumble under the weight of his gaze.

"I do not require her apology," Hades continued, his voice low and lethal, sending a shiver down my spine. "What I need from her... is compliance." His last word hung in the air, a subtle warning hidden beneath the calmness of his tone.

My knees felt weak, but I forced myself to remain standing, the tension in the room growing thick enough to choke on. Compliance? The word echoed in my mind, wrapping around my already fragile sense of self like a chain. He didn't just mean obedience; he meant submission—complete and utter surrender to his will. The will of a Lycan.

My father nodded, oblivious to the storm raging inside me. "Of course, of course! She will do whatever is required for the good of the alliance. Isn't that right, Ellen?"

2

I could not speak. Had he just called me by my sister's name?

My mother laughed awkwardly. "And who would not comply with you, the mighty Lycan king."

My eyes widened as the realization hit me like a bullet to the chest. This was not just any Lycan. The man I was being handed to was Hades Stavros, the hand of death himself.