

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 6 - Silverpine Pack?

Chapter 6: Silverpine Pack?

Eve~

"I will miss you so much, my darling Ellen," my mother's feigned despair echoed as she held me, fake tears streaming down her cheeks. "Don't mess this up," she whispered harshly into my ear.

My body still throbbed from what the deltas had done to erase the scars. The last thing I needed was someone touching me, but I sucked it up.

I just wanted to be done with this. I sighed deeply, readying myself for the journey I was about to take while my sister stayed in a castle. Sheltered.

"Come on, Miss Valmont," the chauffeur said, bowing slightly.

I made my way to the limousine, entering without taking a final look at Lunar Heights.

The moment I stepped inside, my skin prickled. My eyes went down immediately. There was a finality in the way the car door slammed closed.

There was no one else in the car except for him. The moment I stepped inside, I felt it—the suffocating weight of his presence. The car door slammed shut behind me with a finality that sent a shiver down my spine. I kept my eyes down, trying to steady my breathing, my pulse hammering in my ears.

The silence between us was thick, oppressive. I didn't dare lift my gaze. I straightened my spine, forcing myself to channel Ellen—cold, unfeeling, and untouchable. I couldn't show weakness, not in front of him.

Hades Stavros, the Lycan King, was the living embodiment of death. The air itself seemed to grow heavier with each passing second, thick with tension that bordered on unbearable.

"You look different," he finally spoke, his voice like ice "Not as I imagined the daughter of Darius Valmont would."

There was no inflection, no curiosity—just a flat, indifferent observation.

"I don't know what you expected," I replied, my voice hollow, devoid of any warmth. Ellen wouldn't care. Ellen wouldn't flinch. I had to be *her*.

He didn't respond immediately, but I felt his eyes on me, felt him dissecting every word, every breath I took. He shifted, the movement so subtle it barely made a sound, but I felt it like a ripple of energy.

"I expected a woman worthy of the Valmont name," he finally said, his tone colder than before, dripping with disdain like I had wronged him. "Instead, I find... this."

I clenched my fists, nails digging into my palms, drawing blood. But I refused to react, refused to give him what he wanted. He was testing me. He had to be.

"I don't care about your expectations," I said quietly, the words barely louder than a whisper, but they cut through the air nonetheless.

His lips curled, not into a smile, but into something far more dangerous—a sneer. "Good. Because they're low."

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Fangs. I noticed his elongated canines as he flashed his pristine teeth. Lycans were hybrids after all; half werewolf, half vampire. My heart threatened to lodge in my throat, yet I didn't respond. I couldn't. My body screamed at me to react, to lash out, but I forced myself to remain still, to remain composed.

Hades shifted again, this time leaning forward, "You can pretend all you want, Ellen," he whispered, his breath cold against my skin, "but I can smell your fear. You reek of it."

My heart pounded in my ears, my pulse quickening despite my attempts to calm it. He knew. He had to know.

"You're trembling," he observed. He was toying with me, asserting his dominance without lifting a finger.

"I'm not," I lied, forcing the words out despite the tightness in my throat. But my tremors betrayed me.

The silence that followed was worse than his words. It dragged on, endless and unbearable, until finally, he leaned back, satisfied with whatever game he was playing.

The rest of the drive was silent as we passed through the pack that used to be home. My body still ached with the aftermath of what the deltas had put me through, and I wanted nothing more than to sleep for a millennium, but I couldn't close my eyes. Not when he sat just across from me.

I kept my gaze fixed on the window as the limousine rolled away from the pack center, through the territories I thought I knew so well. Silverpine had always been a gleaming pack filled with tall, imposing buildings, clean streets.

But as we moved further way from the central city, the landscape shifted. I frowned as I took in the dilapidated houses and crumbling infrastructure. I leaned closer to the glass, my chest tightening. This couldn't be right.

Where I expected to see more cities, I found ruin. Rows of ramshackle shacks lined the streets, barely standing. The roads were cracked, littered with debris, and the people—there were so many of them—looked hollow and clad in clothed akin to rags. Children ran barefoot, while others lingered on street corners, staring listlessly at the passing cars.

A knot formed in my stomach, tightening with every mile. This couldn't be Silverpine. This couldn't be the same pack I had lived in.

We passed by bars where woman barely clads called on men, winking and flirting. There were fights in broad daylight. It didn't make sense, did my father know of this? The people paid taxes I was sure.

A boy, no older than ten, ran to the window, his face smeared with dirt. He knocked on the glass, his mouth forming silent words. "Please," he mouthed. "Please, food."

Bile rose in my throat, the necklace around my neck weighing more than it had just a second ago. It would help. I took it off.

I was still unable to make sense of it, but I swallowed my fear and attempted to lower the window. But it wouldn't lower.

A cold laugh made my stomach lurch, and I tentatively turned to look at Hades. I had not just imagined the sound. "You pity them now?" He raised a brow.

"I—"

I turned back. The boy was already out of view, just a small speck now. "I wanted to help."

"Help?" he repeated, his voice dripping with mockery. "Do you think a handful of pity will change anything here?"

"I..." My voice faltered, my throat tightening as I struggled to form words. "I wanted to—"

"Don't," he cut me off sharply. "Don't awaken some misguided sense of righteousness now. It doesn't suit you."

I bit my lip.

"And anyway, what did you think would happen if you gave a child a gold necklace in these streets?"

That, I could answer. "He could buy food. He could share with his siblings, or his parents."

"He would be killed for it," Hades continued, his voice a flat, emotionless declaration of fact. "And the adults would rip your necklace out of his cold, lifeless hands."

My blood ran cold. Would people really do that? To a child?

Thud.

The car jerked suddenly, hitting something with enough force to throw me forward slightly. I braced myself, my pulse spiking with a new kind of dread.

"We have company," The chauffeur informed Hades.

My eyes darted toward the front. The hairs on the back of my neck rising.

I leaned slightly to the side to catch a glimpse out the front windshield—and my blood turned to ice.

There were huge men, their eyes filled with murder and hunger surrounding the car. Each one was armed and they intended to draw blood.

They proceeded towards us, eyeing the limousine as if it were a meal they had been waiting for.

I couldn't move, my entire body frozen as the realization of what was happening crashed into me like a wave.

"They're surrounding the car," I whispered, my voice barely audible, fear tightening its grip around my throat.

Hades didn't respond immediately. His eyes regarding men closing in around us, his expression unreadable, as though this kind of threat was as ordinary to him as breathing. He was the king—kings didn't fight. But this king looked poised for a battle.

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"Stay still," he commanded, his voice a low growl, sending a shiver down my spine. His hand reached toward the door handle.

"Hades—" I began, but he cut me off.

"Stay." His tone left no room for argument, the raw authority in his voice rooting me to the seat.

The men outside started moving faster, closing the circle around the limousine. One of them raised a massive club, his eyes gleaming.

I swallowed hard, my palms clammy. My mind screamed at me to do something, to fight or flee.

Suddenly, Hades' eyes flickered toward me. "Don't even think of running, unless you want to be hunted down."

Without another word, Hades opened the car door.