

Hades' Cursed Luna Chapter 7 - My Wife, My Weapon

Chapter 7: My Wife, My Weapon

Eve~

In a flurry of broken bones and pained groans, he finished with the goons. Before my eyes, I watched as one man incapacitated all of them while unarmed.

He didn't need the weapon.

He *was* the weapon.

A lump formed in my throat at the sheer power he possessed. There was no running from him. None at all. Within minutes, he was making his way back to the car.

He opened the door, and his scent wafted through the air. Seductive and deadly, but laced with something that made my stomach turn.

Blood.

My throat tightened, my head suddenly throbbing. I blinked, my world shifting only to be assaulted by an image that made my heart stop.

Unseeing eyes of a man, screaming as I heard the tearing of flesh. I blinked again, only to be hit with another flash of people running. Blood. There was blood everywhere—on the walls and on the unmoving people scattered across the floor.

No... no... no.

This couldn't be happening here. The visions were back. The images that haunted my sleep. I tried to snap out of it, but to no avail.

Screaming.

Blood.

Death.

I felt like I was being pulled under. I was suffocating, and I couldn't break the surface. Tears filled my eyes as flash after flash haunted me.

The beast that I couldn't see growled, and suddenly, I was pulled to a chest. Arms surrounded me, giving me warmth, and I blacked out.

Hades~

She fell limp against me, her head lulling to one side.

"Anything the matter?" Hannes asked from the driver's side.

"Theatrics," I replied. "Our delicate princess cannot stomach violence."

Hannes chuckled. "Then she might not survive as your wife."

A little over an hour away from her beloved castle, and she had already fainted. But it was to be expected of the sheltered daughter of Darius Valmont.

I adjusted her slightly in my arms, her body unnervingly light. Her breaths were shallow, her skin pale like she'd seen more than just the scene we left behind. I glanced down at her peaceful yet troubled face, then turned my gaze out the window.

Her warmth seeped into me as we rode back to the Obsidian Pack.

A Lycan king marrying a werewolf princess was not just unconventional; it was downright taboo. Our kinds' rivalry spanned centuries, but it was time, and just as Darius had put it, it was a new dawn—but not the type that he would like.

And the key to the prophecy was snuggled up against me now, in my grasp, to control and manipulate. It was almost too perfect.

For centuries, we had warred and fought for power against the werewolves, and now the dominance would be returned to the hands of the Lycans as it had been.

Every death, every tragedy, and every loss would be avenged—and of course, in cold blood. My personal preferred way of retribution.

I knew well that Darius thought he was playing a careful game, weaving politics and alliances like a master manipulator. But the truth was, he had already lost. His precious daughter was the perfect pawn, and she didn't even know it yet. She had been sheltered for too long, hidden from the harsher realities of life outside her father's pristine world.

I glanced down at her again, her face still etched with the remnants of whatever haunted her. Her soft breaths stirred something within me, but I pushed it aside. Compassion wasn't a luxury I could afford—not now. Not ever. Lucas would not be pleased even in the hell that he now inhabited.

The prophecy was clear, even if her father had twisted it to suit his narrative. She wasn't just any werewolf princess; she was the one who would tip the scales. She would either save her kind—but in my hands, she would destroy them. And as far as I was concerned, her destruction would serve a far greater purpose. A new era where Lycans were no longer objectified and dehumanized. No longer in fear of what a new year would bring. I had vowed to them that their deaths would not be in vain.

Hannes drove in silence, sensing the shift in my mood. The quiet between us was heavy, filled with unspoken thoughts. A few hours passed.

"We're approaching the border," Hannes said, his voice breaking the stillness.

I nodded, feeling the familiar surge of power as we neared Obsidian Pack territory. The air was thicker here, charged with the energy of my kind, the Lycans. Our pack was fierce, feared, and loyal only to me. This was where I would cement my rule, and Ellen—whether she knew it or not, was the final piece.

"We'll take her straight to the chambers," I commanded. "She'll need time to adjust."

Hannes smirked but said nothing. He knew what I truly meant. Time to adjust to her new reality, her new place in my world, and time to come to terms with the fact that she was no longer the princess of her father's kingdom. She was my prisoner.

I leaned back, still holding her limp form against me, and allowed a small, calculated smile to cross my lips.

The prophecy would unfold as it should. And I would be there, shaping every step of the way.

She was mine now.

"Please..." she murmured, her brows crinkling, her eyes not opening. "Don't..." She was still asleep.

Dark amusement filled me. It was as though she knew what awaited her was worse than whatever demons she was fighting. Excitement rushed through me; she was not as bland as I thought. I did like puzzles.

I ran my thumb over her fiery red hair, brushing it away from her face. I had to admit, she was an alluring woman. With cheekbones sharp enough to cut, and a certain softness to her that drew the eye. Perhaps this marriage, this prophecy, wouldn't be such a tedious game after all. Breaking her for the fun of it filled me with a thrill.

I traced the curve of her cheek with a finger, watching her stir slightly, still deep in whatever nightmare haunted her dreams. Her murmured plea had stirred something in me, something dark and dangerous that I couldn't quite suppress.

