



191 The King's Surrender

Eve **1**

My heart was beating like war drums in my chest, all other thoughts disintegrating as if to make the most space for his confession.

I blinked up at him, letting it settle before I found my tongue. "Hades..."

"I mean every damning word," he whispered, wiping away tears that I had not even realized I had begun to shed. "Every single word and I will show you until there is not a doubt in that beautiful mind of yours."

"Hades," I spoke his name but it came out as a need whimpers. **2**

It was instantaneous, a shadow fell over his eyes, his gaze darkening, his scent enveloping me. I felt him harden. "I will show you like this," His lips crashed into mine against raw, and ravenous as if he was trying to claim every morsel of my being with his hot mouth.

Heat flared through me, snaking up my spine and spreading like wildfire. His hand cupped the back of my neck, his fingers threading into my



hair, pulling my head back and claiming my mouth utterly.

Every cell and nerve was set ablaze by the intensity of it all and responded, bunching the front of his shirt pulling him impossibly closer to me. Our tongue wrestled in primal dance that turned my thoughts to mush. Everything clashed in a deadly symphony between us; teeth, tongue, lips and wills.

He pressed against me, hot and insistent in his pants. His grip on my hips was punishing as he ground me against his erection, bucking and groaning. In-between kisses, he moaned into my mouth, greedily I swallowed in the sounds.

He pulled his mouth away from me, his head descending on my throat, his mouth moving down to my neck, trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses along my skin, sending shivers down my spine. I groaned against him, wrapping my arms around his neck.

"You taste like ambrosia," I groaned against my neck. "The sweetest tasting wine." He raised his mouth and whispered in my my ear before taking shell between his teeth and biting. 1

I buckled against him, arching and let out a

whimper and felt him stiffen against me, his breathing laboured.

It was all the warning I got before I heard a startling rip and the cold air kissed my bare skin. He has ripped my gown off me.

"Hades..." But his name came out as a needy groan.

A growl tore from my throat, before he cradled my face with rough hands and stole the air from my lungs once more. 2

I was lifted again and I held on to dear life as he continued his devastating assault on my lips. He kissed me like a starved man and even as he laid me down on the bed, there was no hesitantly. 1

We tore at each other's clothes, our minds a haze of lust and unrestrained longing, driven by a hunger so feral it consumed every thing but the ache to devour each other.

In feverish motions, he traced every inch of my skin, mapping and memorizing like he had never done so before. His mouth descended of my erect nipple, sucking and pulling.

A sharp gasp tore from my lips as his tongue flicked over my hardened peak, teasing and



tormenting with slow, deliberate licks. Heat coiled low in my belly, twisting into something unbearable, something that demanded more. His teeth grazed over the sensitive bud, pulling it into his mouth with a rough suck that sent a shudder down my spine.

"Hades..." My voice broke, my fingers threading into his hair, pulling him closer, needing him closer.

His hands roamed my body like a man possessed, rough palms mapping every inch of my skin as if he feared I would disappear beneath him. He was relentless, tracing every dip, every curve, branding his touch into my very soul. His lips left scorching kisses down my torso, his tongue tracing a path lower, his breath hot and ragged against my skin.

"You are mine," he growled against my stomach, his voice husky, vibrating through me. "Every inch of you belongs to me, Red."

His words sent a shiver down my spine, a dangerous thrill curling in my gut. He parted my thighs, his fingers digging into my skin, spreading me open for him. I trembled beneath his touch, anticipation coiling tighter with every

breath.

His mouth descended, pressing a lingering kiss just above where I ached for him most. "And I will prove it to you," he whispered against my skin before his tongue flicked out, teasing, testing, tasting my soaked cunt.

A strangled cry tore from my lips, my back arching off the bed as pleasure exploded through me. His grip tightened, holding me in place as he devoured me with an unholy hunger, his tongue stroking in slow, torturous circles that had me gasping, begging. 1

"Please," I whimpered, my hands fisting the sheets, unable to do anything but surrender to the fire raging through me.

His deep, satisfied groan sent vibrations through my core, pushing me further to the edge. He licked, sucked, and nipped at the engorged clit, coaxing me higher, unraveling me with wicked precision.

"You taste sinful," he murmured between strokes, his voice like molten honey dripping over my skin. "Like you were made just for me."

My body tensed, the pleasure mounting into



something unbearable, something consuming. The heat coiled tighter and tighter until it was too much, until it snapped.

I shattered beneath him, a cry ripping from my throat as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through me, stealing the breath from my lungs. He held me through it, his grip firm, grounding me as I trembled beneath him. 1

Before I could catch my breath, he was over me again, his mouth capturing mine in a searing kiss, letting me taste myself on his lips. His body pressed against mine, his arousal thick and insistent against my thigh, a silent promise of what was to come.

I met his gaze, my chest heaving, my limbs trembling in the aftermath. His eyes were dark, burning with unspoken desire, with possession.

"I am yours, Red," he whispered against my lips. He took my hand. "That is all that I am." He used my hand to traced his chest, I felt the healed welts of scars. The hunger in his eyes suddenly dissipated, leaving behind a vulnerability and make me ache. "Touch me, Red." 1

I swallowed hard as I felt the ridges of his scars beneath my fingers, tracing over them with a

reverence I hadn't even realized was brimming inside me. He was fire and fury, a being carved from the depths of power itself—but here, beneath my touch, he trembled.

Hades, my Hades, who ravaged me like a storm, now lay beneath me, baring himself like a man on the precipice of surrender.

"Touch me, Red," he whispered again, his voice raw, pleading.

And so, I did.

My fingers trailed down his chest, ghosting over the welts and lines, memorizing them like sacred scripture. I kissed each one, soft and slow, tasting the remnants of old battles, the history carved into his flesh. His breath hitched, and I felt the way his muscles tensed beneath my lips, as if my touch was unraveling something tightly wound inside him.

His hands fisted in the sheets when I licked a long, deliberate path over a jagged scar that cut across his ribs. A guttural sound, something between a growl and a moan, rumbled from his throat, and it sent a wicked thrill through me.

He had worshiped me, devoured me with



abandon—and now, I wanted to do the same to him.

I moved lower, pressing open-mouthed kisses down his torso, tracing the lines of his muscles with my tongue. His stomach clenched under my touch, his breathing growing more uneven, more labored.

"Red..." My name was a groan, thick and heavy with restraint.

I flicked my gaze up at him, drinking in the sight of him—Hades, the untouchable, now trembling beneath me, his dark eyes blown wide with unfiltered need.

"You like that?" I murmured, my lips brushing over the dip of his hip bone.

A growl ripped from his throat, his hands twitching like he wanted to grab me, but he forced himself to stay still. His control, his ironclad restraint—it made me want to break him.

I dragged my tongue lower, tasting the heat of his skin, nipping and soothing in equal measure. His thighs tensed beneath my palms, a deep, shuddering breath escaping him when I scraped



my teeth against his hip.

"Red..." His voice was hoarse, his chest rising and falling in erratic waves. "You keep doing that, and I won't be able to stop myself."

"Then don't," I challenged, my nails raking lightly down his torso, watching the way his body responded, the way he strained toward me, fighting himself.

I pressed my mouth lower, kissing, teasing, taking my time, dragging out his agony. His fingers tangled in my hair, a strangled groan leaving his lips when I licked the sensitive skin just above where he ached for me most.

Hades was coming undone beneath me, his body a taut bowstring on the verge of snapping.

I smirked against his skin, savoring this moment, this power.

And then, just as he had done to me, I took him into my mouth.

A harsh curse fell from his lips, his head snapping back against the pillows, his grip tightening in my hair. His hips bucked instinctively, but I pinned him down with my hands, forcing him to take it the way I wanted to



give it.

His moans were deep, guttural, shaking through his entire body. His control cracked, and I reveled in every second of it, taking his hardened cock deeper and faster, memorizing every ridge and vein.

"Be the death of me," he panted, his voice wrecked. "Please..." His plea coming out jagged.

I hummed in response, letting the vibrations send another shudder through his stiff girth.

Hades had owned me, consumed me like I was his last breath of air.

But now, he was the one unraveling, and I was going to burn my name into his skin just as he had done to me. 1