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Eve <sup>1</sup>

I blinked as it stared right at me, through me, my pulse spiking.

A growl pulled me out of the haze of astonishment, but it was not from the wolf. It was from Hades himself.

I seemed to return fully to my body, to the present, to him.

Hades was breaking.

I could feel it—his body trembling above me, muscles locked tight with strain, breath ragged against my skin. He was losing the fight. Against himself. It was no normal. He was fighting against the monstrous, all-consuming hunger that had gripped him.

I could see the changes in his eyes; they had grown fully red-black.

It had returned.

But he was still holding on. For me.

His forehead pressed against mine, his hips rolling deep, slow—controlled, but barely.

Desperate. His pleasure was a punishment, a plea, a worshipful torment.

A sound tore from his throat, wrecked and raw. A growl—no, a prayer.

"Please... don't... be afraid of me."

The words barely made it past his lips, his voice guttural, strained as if he were physically fighting the darkness unfurling beneath his skin. Black veins pulsed along his arms, creeping over his chest, glowing with eerie shadow-light.

He was unravelling.

But I wasn't afraid.

His thrusts deepened, dragging against every nerve ending inside me, lighting up my body with molten heat. I gasped, my back arching, the pleasure sending me into a spiral.

Gods—it was too much.

Not just the way he was inside me—stretching, claiming, possessing—but the weight of him. The desperation in his grip. The way his lips crushed into mine, not just kissing but taking. Devouring.

My nails raked down his back, and he jerked, a groan ripping from him. His hands found my



wrists, pinning them above my head, pressing me deeper into the sheets, holding me in place as his swelling cock drove into me harder. Each time I believed I was filled, it only enlarged, reaching deeper into spots that were yet to be explored.

My walls responded, strangling his cock, every rigde and vein drawing out every drop of pleasure.

"Red," he gritted out, his forehead pressing to mine. "Fuck—you're so perfect."

A shudder racked through him.

I felt it the moment he slipped.

His body locked up, his thrusts faltering, his grip turning almost bruising. The black veins pulsed—thicker, darker—spreading like cracks in his skin.

A snarl broke from his lips, this time deeper. Not just Hades.

Something else.

Something darker.

A howl ripped through the room, vibrating through the air like a shockwave. It wasn't from Hades.





It came from within him.

The moment the sound crashed into me, I felt it.

A shift.

A pull.

Like the fabric of reality itself had warped between us, twisting, colling. Like something ancient had just woken up.

Cerberus.

I knew its name. Hades' wolf.

A deep, three-toned snarl echoed through my mind, rattling my bones, thrumming through every cell in my body. A calling. A demand.

He was looking for something.

For Rhea. **1**

The moment his name surged through my mind, a pulse of unbearable heat exploded inside me.

I cried out, my body arching violently, pleasure detonating in sharp, uncontrollable waves. My skin burned. My veins sizzled with fire.

Hades growled, his fingers digging into my hips, slamming me down onto him, to the hilt, pleasure exploding in me. The knot at the base



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of his cock swelled, locking us together.

Gods—it was too much.

I gasped, my mind blanking, every nerve alight with sensation. The thick, heated stretch of his knot sent a delicious ache spiralling through me, a wave of pulsing, relentless pleasure that made my vision blur.

But beneath the carnal intoxication, something deeper stirred.

My nails dug into his shoulders, my body tightening around him, my pleasure colliding with his in a fevered, uncontrollable storm.

Hades snapped.

His hands wrenched my thighs apart wider, forcing me to take him deeper, fuller, his thrusts turning frantic, brutal, wrecked. He was no longer himself. No longer controlled.

"Mine," he growled against my throat, his voice layered—his, but not his. Hades, but something more.

The knot throbbed inside me, and I felt my body respond.

Something aching familiar, Something



powerful.

Something returning. 4

The heat inside me transformed, twisting into something wild, something untamed. My body trembled, every muscle clenching as my mind split—torn between reality and something else entirely.

And then—the howl.

A second one.

Not Cerberus.

Me. 1

Hades stiffened, his eyes snapping to mine—black and gold, blown wide with shock.

I barely understood what had happened, but I felt it.

The moment my orgasm hit me, the moment my body fully surrendered to him, to the knot, to everything—

Something inside me answered back.

The pressure in my chest burst, a rush of energy crackling through my veins like lightning, like fire. My vision blurred, shifting, overlaying—two





realities colliding.

And standing inside that fracture=

My wolf.

Crimson eyes gleaming, standing tall with a predatory grace. 3

I gasped, my nails biting into Hades' shoulders, pleasure, and something otherworldly tearing through me at the same time. My body shook, my nerves frying, the sheer intensity shattering every last thought in my head.

Hades crushed his lips to mine, his body rigid, his own pleasure overtaking him violently. A shudder wracked through him as he spilt inside me, coating my walls with his hot release, his knot locking us completely, keeping his seed inside.

But his gaze stayed fixed on me.

Wide. Stunned.

His breathing ragged as he murmured, "Red... what the fuck just happened to you?"

I couldn't answer.

I could barely think.



But in the reflection of his blown pupils, I saw—

My own eyes.

Glowing. Amber, but burning brighter, specks of red slowly showing and spreading.

Not human.

Wolf. **1**

This time, it was not just a glimpse or a flash of her presence. It was her, truly and surely, almost tangible, I could feel her fur brush against my mind, soothing and reassuring.

Tears welled in my eyes as it dawned fully on me. She was coming back to me. Like she promised.

*"You will survive, Eve,"* I recalled her last words to me. *"I will make sure you do. We will meet again."* Her past words resonated in my mind as the present clashed. **3**

Hades wiped my tears, kissing me gently. "Do you feel her?"

I could not speak, I could only nod.

He kissed me then, slow, longingly. whispering promises unto my lips.

Then a voice—my voice—whispered through my





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mind, laced with something eternal.

"Close your eyes, my dear," Motherly, knowing, like I remembered. I could never have forgotten.

"Do not let him see what we are just yet. It's my turn." 1

I felt Hades bury his fangs into the tender flesh of neck, pain stoking the flames of pleasure anew as Rhea pounced at the same time that Cerberus did. It was time for the marking. 8

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