

## 194 Hades' Submission

Eve 1

**They collided in a flurry of fur and bared teeth.**

**I gasped as Hades resumed thrusting, muscles bunching as I witnessed in flashes the battle between our wolves.**

**A rush of power and fire erupted in my veins, pleasure and possession colliding in a violent, uncontrollable wave.**

**And at the same time—**

**Rhea and Cerberus clashed.**

**Their bodies were flashes of gold and shadow, a collision of grace and ferocity, cunning and ruin.**

**Rhea was fire, untouchable and precise, her movements sharper than a blade. She was agile as though she had not just returned**

**Cerberus was unstoppable, each of his three heads snapping in unison, his monstrous form ripping through the void, hunting her.**

**She was faster.**

**He was relentless.**



**They moved like gods in battle, like fate itself unfolding.**

**Rhea dodged, twisted, turned—**

**But Cerberus was not just brawn.**

**He studied her. Learned her. Matched her.**

**A single mistake—a single second too slow—**

**And he struck.**

**His massive form slammed into her, caging her beneath him, his three heads surrounding her, his claws pinning her down.**

**Rhea snarled, claws raking into his flesh, golden fire curling from her lips.**

**But he did not back down.**

**His breath was hot against her ear, his growl vibrating through her bones.**

**"Submit," he rumbled.**

**Rhea panted, her fire flickering, her muscles taut.**

**Not out of weakness.**

**But because she had found him worthy.**

**With a slow, deliberate movement—a choice, a**

declaration, a surrender of power that was not defeat—

She lowered herself.

And Cerberus claimed her.

His fangs sank into her throat, a deep, reverent growl breaking from his chest as his darkness fused into her fire.

At the same time—

Hades' knot locked inside me, his body shuddering, his mark sealing into my skin.

I cried out, shaking, unravelling, fusing with him.

But it wasn't over.

Because just as Cerberus had claimed Rhea—

He offered himself in return.

He lowered his head.

And bared his throat to her.

Rhea stilled, stunned.

Submission was one thing. But this?

This was a god yielding to her.

"Take me," Cerberus rumbled. "Mark me. Make me yours."



Rhea's golden eyes flashed.

And she bit down.

His three heads threw back, a roar splitting the air, a mixture of pain, pleasure, and surrender. 1

At the same time—

Hades flipped us.

I gasped as I was suddenly on top of him, my legs straddling his waist, my body still impaled on his thick length. 4

He was panting beneath me, wrecked, golden eyes blown wide.

But what stunned me—

Was when he tilted his head back, exposing his throat to me.

A wolf's most vulnerable spot.

His voice was hoarse, cracked with need.

"I want your mark on my skin."

My lips parted, shock rippling through me.

Males did not offer their throats. They claimed. They took.

But Hades was giving himself to me. 1



"I am yours," he whispered, his hands trembling against my thighs, his pupils dilated with devotion, with madness, with love. "Burn your name into me. Tie me to you. Ruin me." 3

My heart slammed against my ribs.

I had never seen him like this. Unraveled. Vulnerable. Completely mine.

I swallowed hard.

"Hades—"

"Please," he rasped.

His hands slid up my body, fingertips ghosting over my skin as if I were something sacred. His voice dropped, raw, thick with something deeper than need.

"Let them know I belong to you."

"Let them see your mark on my skin and know that I am yours, that I would burn the world to keep you, that there is nothing, no one, no force in existence that could take me from you."

My breath caught. Tears blurred my vision.

This unorthodox, impossible, beautiful man—

Hades. My mate.



A sob clawed at my throat, but it wasn't sadness.

It was completion.

I lowered my lips to his pulse, feeling it race for me, hearing his breath hitch.

"Take me," he whispered. "Please, Red."

I opened my mouth, fangs elongating, my wolf howling in triumph.

And I bit down.

Hades arched violently, a deep, wrecked moan tearing from his throat, his grip on me tightening as his body convulsed beneath mine.

A second release shuddered through him, hard, deep, uncontrollable.

His pleasure crashed through him, through me, through our bond, sealing us together with something greater than fate. 1

A silence unlike any other descended between us, heavy with finality, with power, with something eternal.

I could feel his heartbeat beneath my lips. Slowing. Deepening. Syncing with mine.

His body lay wrecked beneath me, golden eyes

glazed, dazed, locked onto me like I was the only thing anchoring him to reality.

His fingers trembled against my hips, gripping me like he was afraid—not of losing control - but of losing me.

But he had me.

I lifted my mouth from his throat, lapping at the fresh wound, sealing my mark into his skin just as his burned into mine.

The sight of it—my claim on him, stark, irrefutable—made something inside me snap.

I had never understood before.

Never fully grasped what it meant to belong to someone so completely.

But now, I did.

I could feel him in me. In my blood, in my bones, in my very soul.

And Hades—my Hades—was shaking.

His chest heaved beneath mine, his hands splaying wide over my thighs, my waist, my back, as if he couldn't decide where to touch where to hold.



Like he was afraid I would disappear.

I cupped his face, wiping the damp strands of black hair from his forehead.

"Hades," I whispered.

His silver eyes found mine, but they weren't steady.

They were haunted. Fractured.

His throat bobbed as he swallowed hard. "You marked me."

I nodded, throat tight with emotion.

His hands tightened around me, dragging me down until our foreheads touched.

His next words were a breath, a vow, a plea.

"Say it."

My fingers traced over my mark on his throat, my voice steady, unshaken, absolute.

"You're mine."

A sharp, wrecked inhale.

A groan so deep it rumbled through me, vibrating through every inch of my skin.

His grip turned bruising, desperate, his hips



shifting beneath me.

I gasped as I felt him still hard, still thick, still buried deep inside me, throbbing with every beat of his heart.

"Again," he rasped. "Say it again."

I swallowed, pressing my lips to his jaw, letting my teeth graze the fresh wound I had given him.

"You're mine."

His entire body jerked. His hands swept down my back, grabbing my ass, holding me still as his hips surged upward, pressing deeper.

I gasped, pleasure sparking sharp and sudden.

But he didn't move.

Didn't thrust. Didn't take.

Just held me there, filling me, wrecking me, letting me feel exactly what I had done to him.

"Yours," he whispered, voice hoarse, reverent.

Then, his expression shifted.

Something darker flashed in his gaze.

A hesitation. A wound.

And then—so softly I almost missed it—



"Even like this?"

I froze.

His eyes searched mine, something raw bleeding through the silver.

A vulnerability so deep it nearly destroyed me.

I knew what he was asking.

Not about our bond.

Not about the mark.

About him.

About Cerberus.

About the three-headed beast inside him, the monster fused to his soul, the part of him he still feared was unworthy of love.

I had told him before.

That I loved him.

That I chose him.

But still—he doubted.

Still—he needed to hear it.

A lump rose in my throat, but I didn't hesitate.

I lifted his hand, pressing it against my chest,



against my racing heart.

"Yes. Even like this."

His fingers curled against my skin.

I kissed the mark I had given him.

"Even with Cerberus."

His breath hitched.

I kissed his jaw, his cheek, his temple.

"Even if you had a hundred heads, Hades. Even if you were ruin itself."

His eyes slammed shut, his throat working through a thick swallow.

I tilted his face back toward me, forcing him to see the truth in my eyes.

"I love you."

A choked sound tore from his throat.

He grabbed my face, crushed his lips to mine, devouring the words, the confession, the truth.

It was not a kiss of passion.

It was a kiss of desperation.

A kiss of relief. Of surrender.



A kiss that whispered, 'I believe you. I believe you. I believe you.' 1

I felt his body soften beneath me, the last of his tension melting away.

And when he pulled back, his gaze burned.

And then—he smirked.

And flipped us again.

I yelped, gasping as he pinned me beneath him once more, his hands sliding down my body with slow, teasing reverence.

"She is as beautiful as you," he whispered against my temple. "Rhea." He whispered as if tasting the name.

A heavy pause as he kissed me again.

"Red, could you tell why she has red eyes like a lycan." 2

My stomach dropped, blood running cold.