

25 Templing Him

Hades~ 1

Felicia's expression shifted immediately, her jaw dropping in shock and disgust as Ellen casually plopped herself into my lap. The room, already tense, became thick with incredulity as Ellen's arms wrapped around my neck, her lips pressing a quick kiss to my cheek.

For a moment, I couldn't move. The absurdity of the situation gripped me like a vice.

Honeymuffin? 1

I felt Felicia's burning gaze, but before I could react, Ellen's next words hit me like a brick.

"I missed you all day, babe. Do I have to wear Veronica's Secret lingerie before you spend time with me?"

My body went rigid, and I felt the flood of heat rise to my face, not from embarrassment but from sheer, burning frustration. The infuriating woman knew exactly what she was doing. I could practically feel Felicia's horrified disbelief slicing through the air, and Ellen, always so damn clever, was playing her part to perfection.

I gripped Ellen's waist, trying to shove her off, but she was quicker than I expected. Her legs wrapped around my waist in one swift motion,

her body pressing against mine as she rested her head in the crook of my neck. The warmth of her breath against my skin sent a confusing mix of anger and something else rippling through me.

"Get off me," I growled under my breath, standing abruptly, but Ellen clung tighter, her body light but impossible to ignore.

She murmured softly into my ear, her voice dripping with exaggerated sweetness. "I'm not leaving, Hades. I want you to carry me to our bedroom."

My fists clenched, trying to restrain the surge of rage that threatened to spill over. Ellen's legs remained locked around me, her defiance as suffocating as the hold she had on me now.

Felicia's voice cut through the tension, sharp and venomous. "I can't believe you'd allow this—this childish display in front of me, Hades. Is this what you've been reduced to? Entertaining her ridiculous behavior?"

I turned, shooting a hard look at Felicia. Her disgust was glaring as her red lipstick, her lips curled in disdain. Ellen, still clinging to me, was the peak of smug satisfaction, and I knew she was revelling in Felicia's discomfort.

"This isn't the time, Ellen," I growled low, more

for Felicia's benefit than hers, my fingers itching to pry her off me.

But Ellen just tightened her grip, her lips brushing my ear as she whispered, "What's the matter? You are too proud to give your Honeymuffin what she wants?"

I could feel my blood boiling, my composure fraying as Felicia's sharp green eyes took in the scene with undisguised horror.

"Hades, you can't possibly—" Felicia started, but I silenced her with a glare, my frustration at the entire situation bubbling to the surface.

This wasn't a game I was willing to lose, but somehow, this maddening woman in my arms was winning.

I leaned closer to Ellen's ear, my voice deadly calm. "If you don't let go, I swear I will make you regret this."

But instead of fear, I felt her smile against my neck, the soft vibration of her laugh echoing through me as she whispered, "Maybe I like the consequences." 2

I bit back a snarl, torn between throwing her off me and tearing the entire situation apart. But in the corner of my eye.

So, with a breath I hadn't realized I was holding, I adjusted Ellen slightly, keeping my grip firm on

her waist. "We'll discuss this later," I muttered, venom in every syllable, more for Ellen than for Felicia.

And with that, I turned, walking out of the office with Ellen still clinging to me, her legs locked around my waist.

She held on to me all the way. My blood was simmering and boiling by the time I reached her room. I barely made it to the bed before I tossed her unceremoniously onto it.

I ran my hand through my hair, glowering. "What the hell were you thinking?" I snarled.

She smiled coyly. "You," she purred.

I glared at her, my anger pulsing like a live wire. I stalked over to her, grabbing her wrist and pulling her up. "You think this is funny."

She pouted again, "Are you mad, honeybun?"

I growled, grabbing her by the shoulders. "You don't know who you are messing with." I gritted out.

"My husband?" She asked as though she was clueless. "Who else?" She grinned, yet again the action did not reach her eyes. The blue-green of her eyes were muted and dull despite her amusement. I knew was game she was playing yet it seemed I was falling for it.

I pushed her back onto the bed, and started towards the door.

"The Hand of Death indeed," she murmured loud enough for me to hear.

I froze, my hand itching for my pistol. I turned to her, her eyes gleaming yet the flicker of amusement in them was still hollow. "You carry that title like some badge of honor. Yet here you are storming out like a coward because you can't tame me."

"Don't push me,"

"And if I do?" She asked, slipping off the bed and making her way to me in languid, slow steps.

When she was close enough she wrapped her arms around my neck. "Your visitor stared at me like she was going to pop a blood vessel when I sat in your lap. Are werewolves that disgusting? Are you disgusted by me, Hades?" My name of her tongue sounded like a sin.

She pulled away, looking to my eyes, searching for something unknown. "Tell me Hades, do I disgust you?" She muttered, tilting her head.

My jaw clenched but I did not pull away. Where was she going with this?

"I must. But then why are you not putting a mutt like me down? Or..." She rose to her tip toes, tilting her head as she came even closer. "...do I

need to push you futher," Her lips brushed mine, her fingers tangling in my hair.

Before I could stop myself, I slammed her back against the wall, pinning her wrists beside her head. Her breath hitched, but her eyes... those infuriating, unreadable eyes... stayed locked on mine, daring me to go further.

"I could end you right now," I hissed, my voice low, dangerous. "I could snap your neck, and no one would even question it."

"And yet," she breathed, her chest rising and falling rapidly, "you haven't. Why, Hades? Why haven't you? If I'm such a disgusting mutt, why haven't you ended me?"

Her words were a challenge, and every muscle in my body screamed for release. Which kind? I could not be sure. I tightened my grip on her wrists, my nails digging into her skin. "Don't tempt me."

She leaned in, her lips brushing against my ear as she whispered, "Maybe I want to. But you are just too much of a coward, dear husband."