

## 59 Admission

Eve~ 1

I could feel the air thickening between us, charged with unspoken words and simmering tensions. Hades' fury radiated off him, and I couldn't help but relish the way I'd pushed him to the edge. The way his anger flared made my heart race—not out of fear, but exhilaration. Yet, there was a line between our battles that I didn't want to cross, and I felt myself teetering on the brink.

"I can provoke you however I want," I taunted, leaning back in the chair, meeting his gaze with a defiance that burned in my chest. "You seem to love the game just as much as I do."

His jaw clenched, the muscles twitching in a way that hinted at his restraint. "This isn't a game, Red," he hissed, his voice low and dangerous. "You think you can flaunt yourself in front of my beta and expect me to sit back and watch? You're playing with fire." 3

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"You're not as indestructible as you pretend to be, Hades. You're just a king with a fragile ego, and I'm not afraid to remind you of that."

He stepped closer, towering over me, his presence overwhelming.

"Fragile?" he echoed, a dark chuckle escaping his lips. "There is absolutely nothing fragile about me."

I scoffed and looked away, refusing to let him see how deeply his words cut.

But before I could turn completely, he grabbed my cheeks, forcing me to look at him again.

"Don't look away from me," he commanded, his voice a low growl that sent shivers down my spine.

"Stop claiming me, Hades," I shot back, my voice steady despite the rush of adrenaline coursing through me. "You can't lay claim on me when you don't even want me. You want me to stay in your shadow while you push me away?"

His grip tightened, a flash of something darker igniting in his eyes. "And you think I'm going to let someone else take what's mine?"

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"Yours?" I spat, anger surging through me. "You don't get to call me yours when you treat me like a disease! If you don't want me, someone else will."

The moment the words left my lips, the tension shifted. Hades' eyes blazed with a mixture of rage and something more potent—desire. "Who said I didn't want you?" he snapped, his voice dropping dangerously low.

Before I could process his words, he had captured my lips. The kiss was hungry, fierce, igniting a fire that had long been smoldering between us. My body responded instinctively, pressing against him as if drawn by an invisible force.

He pulled me closer, his hands tangling in my hair, deepening the kiss as if trying to consume me whole. I fought against the urge to give in completely, the intoxicating taste of him awakening a yearning I had tried to bury.

When he finally broke the kiss, we were both breathless, staring into each other's eyes, our hearts racing as the air crackled around us.

"Hades," I murmured, the sound escaping my lips breathless and desperate, a plea and a challenge all at once.

His gaze darkened, and before I could fully grasp what was happening, he surged forward again, capturing my mouth with his. This kiss was different—fierce and demanding, as if he were trying to possess every part of me. His tongue swept against mine, bold and insistent, and I melted into him, craving more despite the anger simmering just beneath the surface.

The heat of our bodies pressed together, and I could feel his hands gripping my waist, pulling me closer until there was no space left between us. I clawed at his shirt, fingers digging into the fabric as a surge of desire coursed through me, fueled by the anger that had ignited our confrontation.

He kissed me as if I were the air he needed to breathe, a primal need overtaking him. My back arched against the chair as I responded in kind, my tongue sliding against his, our movements frantic and hungry. The taste of him was intoxicating, a mix of danger and desire that left me dizzy.

Hades' grip on my hair tightened, tilting my head back, exposing my throat, and I gasped into the kiss, feeling utterly vulnerable yet exhilarated. The heat between us was electric, a storm of emotions swirling just beneath the surface

The kiss grew more frantic, our bodies entwined in a battle of dominance and submission, passion and fury blending into something beautifully chaotic. I could feel his anger radiating from him, the way he clawed at me as if to remind me that I was his and he was mine, even if neither of us wanted to admit it.

But even as I surrendered to the moment, a part of me still fought against it. I pushed against him, wanting him to feel the conflict within me—the frustration of wanting someone who played with my heart and mind like a toy.

He pulled back slightly, his breath hot against my lips, eyes darkened with desire and something else, something raw and untamed. "You think you can provoke me without consequences?" he rasped, voice thick with need.

"I'm not afraid of you, Hades," I whispered, defiance bubbling beneath my desire.

But before I could finish, his mouth was on my throat. Biting and sucking, his mouth leaving sparks in its wake. I moaned, arching further into me. His large calloused hand came up and cupped my breast through my clothes. His thumb from my nipple and stroked it. It hardened against his touch. 3

His mouth went lower to my chest, not bothering to unbutton my shirt, he ripped it off. He pulled away from a moment and stared at me, his hard face flushed with a lust that mirrored my own. I was stunned with the eyes of his wolf began to glow behind his own, it was amber like the light of a torch.

"Red," he murmured, his voice rough, like silk over gravel. He unbuckled my bra with a single hand and his mouth was on me. Tasting and biting so hard that I knew he wanted to leave bruises.

He latched onto a pebbled nipple, swirling his tongue around it. I could have cried but when I felt his hand in the apex of my thighs my breath caught. It suddenly dawned on me and I found myself pulling away.

"Hades stop," I murmured. "Please."

He stopped instantly and pulled away from me. For a moment, all we did was stare at each other. I wrapped my destroyed shirt around myself and looked away. Ashamed... 1

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I didn't know what to say. But I knew where this was going and it would end with my heart being ripped out of me again because I dared to get too close. And he was the last person I should get to.

"I don't know..." I started, my voice wavering. "I don't know what this is between us. But I can't—" I broke off, struggling to find the words to express the storm of emotions swirling within me. "It scares me," I finally whispered, meeting his gaze, feeling raw and stripped bare. "Because it feels like...I'm on the edge of something dangerous. Like if I fall, I might not survive the fallout." 1

I swallowed hard, feeling the weight of my own admission. I had been hurt before, wounded so deeply that the scars still lingered, and the thought of allowing myself to care—truly care—for someone like Hades felt like stepping into a fire I couldn't put out.

"I've been broken before," I continued, my voice barely above a whisper. "And if it happens again, I won't survive it. I can't let myself fall for you, not when I know how this will end." 2

I stood, wrapping my arms around myself as I turned away, my heart aching. "This... whatever this is between us, it has to stop. For my sake,

I started to walk away, my mind still racing and my body still tingling from his touches. I had to protect myself before I lost any more pieces of my heart to a man who would only shatter it in the end. I had to leave before I became any more vulnerable to him, to the way he made me feel alive and exposed all at once.

But just as I reached the door, I felt a weight settle around my shoulders. I stopped, my breath catching as I realized what it was—his suit jacket, draped gently over me. I turned, eyes wide, and saw Hades standing behind me, his expression unreadable. 1

He didn't say a word, just watched me, the intensity of his gaze making it impossible for me to look away. In that silence, there was something unspoken—an understanding, perhaps, or maybe a quiet promise that he wouldn't push me any further.

With a slight nod, I turned back to the door, my fingers clutching the edges of his jacket as I walked away, feeling the weight of what could have been lingering behind me. 1