

98 His Slipping Control(18+)

Hades 1

Her sudden touch still lingered on on my throbbing length. It made it hard to think. The abstinence that I had undergone since Danielle's death had taken its toll on me. But I did not spend months in a cold dungeon for weeks on end to falter because I could not release. It did not matter how essential sex was to Lycans. But ever since she entered my life, my restraints had been slipping. Sinfully indulging in her blood and seeing her with Kael had broken the chains that I had used to hold my urges. Every nerve screamed at me to claim her. Cerberus' claws were out, snarling and poised for capture.

Her touch was my undoing. The brief contact of her hand on me had set my blood on fire, melting the iron will I'd built over years of restraint. My control that I had honed through decades of discipline and loss, splintered like fragile glass. I was losing my mind. I knew that my abstinence was not logical and it would come at a cost. Fate was a cold-hearted bitch.

I glared down at her, my breath heaving, my body trembling with the effort to hold back. Her

I glared down at her, my breath heaving, my body trembling with the effort to hold back. Her turquoise eyes, bright and fierce, stared back at me, challenging me, daring me. They shimmered like storm-lit oceans, pulling me under even as I fought to stay afloat. Her crimson hair clung to her wet skin, cascading down her shoulders and framing her flushed face. She looked like temptation incarnate, a flame dancing in the wind, beautiful, wild, and utterly unattainable.

"Do you know what you're doing to me?" I growled, the words rough and low, barely recognizable as my own. My hands slammed against the wall on either side of her, trapping her in a cage of my strength, though it was a thinly veiled effort to keep myself from devouring her.

She flinched but then her eyes narrowed, her lips curving into a smirk that sent a fresh wave of need surging through me. "You are holding back," she said, her voice breathy but steady, like she was taunting the beast clawing to be free within me.

"Red," I snarled, my lips curling back to reveal the tips of my fangs. I leaned in, close enough that the warmth of her breath mingled with mine, close enough to smell the intoxicating mix of her

"Red," I snarled, my lips curling back to reveal the tips of my fangs. I leaned in, close enough that the warmth of her breath mingled with mine, close enough to smell the intoxicating mix of her scent—lavender, wild honey mingled with the maddening heat of arousal.

My claws dug into the tile, cracks spidering out beneath my fingers as I fought to rein in the primal instincts roaring to life. She had no idea how thin the line was. How close I was to losing the last shred of restraint I clung to.

"You want me," she whispered, her voice soft yet laced with steel. Her stubbornness was maddening, her bravery intoxicating. I knew her will as well as I knew my own wrath but this was not her. It was something entirely different. She would never do this. Ellen could taunt me unto ending her life, she could stand toe-to-toe with me but this version of her was unprecedented. How many masks did she wear? "Show me," she whispered, her voice slithering into my ears.

"Show me how much you want me." 1

I stared at her, my chest heaving as her words echoed in my mind. *Show me*. The beast inside me howled at the challenge, demanding I claim her, mark her, make her mine in every way.

Her words sliced through the thin thread of control I had left. "How does it feel," she murmured, her voice soft yet dripping with challenge, "to be on the receiving end and be unable to do anything?"

She raised her hand, her palm brushing against my cheek, her touch gentle, soothing, and maddening all at once. My eyes closed involuntarily as I leaned into her hand, betraying myself. I couldn't stop the low growl rumbling in my chest, part warning, part plea. Her touch was tender, yet it burned, igniting every nerve and unraveling every restraint I had meticulously built over decades.

Cerberus roared within me, his claws scraping at the fragile wall separating us. Take her. Claim her. Make her ours. His voice was deafening, filled with a need that mirrored my own but was infinitely more primal. The beast didn't care about restraint or honor. It only cared about possession, about marking what it wanted and eliminating anything that dared to stand in the way. 3

Her thumb traced the line of my jaw, her eyes locked on mine, fearless despite the storm brewing in them. That turquoise gaze held me

Her thumb traced the line of my jaw, her eyes locked on mine, fearless despite the storm brewing in them. That turquoise gaze held me captive, seeing past the monster clawing to the surface, daring to see the man beneath.

"Red," I growled, my voice barely human, thick with the duality of the man and beast warring within me. "Don't."

Her lips curved into the faintest of smiles, not mockery but understanding, as though she knew exactly what she was doing to me. And that was the final straw.

The control I had clung to shattered like glass, shards piercing through me as Cerberus pounced, his hunger and mine merging into one overwhelming force.

A snarl tore from my throat as I seized her wrists, pinning them above her head against the wall. My body pressed against hers, every inch of me trembling with barely contained power. "You don't know what you've done," I growled, my voice a menacing mix of man and beast.

Her breath hitched, her chest rising and falling against mine, but she didn't look away. "Then show me," she whispered, the words like gasoline on the fire raging inside me. 2

I bent my head, my nose brushing against her temple as I inhaled her scent deeply, greedily. My teeth clenched, fangs elongating as my lips ghosted over her ear. "You're playing with a beast, Ellen," I rasped, my voice raw with need and warning. "And beasts don't play fair." If only she knew.

She tilted her head, her lips mere inches from mine, her breath warm and sweet. "Then stop holding back," she said, her voice barely more than a whisper but carrying the weight of a command.

The last shred of reason snapped. My mouth crashed against hers, claiming her in a kiss that was anything but gentle. It was desperate, hungry, filled with all the longing and pain and need I'd suppressed for far too long. Her lips parted under mine, and I didn't hesitate, delving deeper, taking more, tasting her like she was the only thing keeping me alive.

Cerberus howled, his presence fully entwined with mine as my hands roamed over her body, exploring every curve, every inch of skin I had denied myself. She was fire and tenacity and everything I should never want, yet here she was, melting into me, matching my hunger with her own

"You're mine," I growled against her lips, the words more a vow than a claim. My hands tightened on her waist, pulling her closer as though I could fuse us together and keep her there forever.

Her turquoise eyes, half-lidded with desire, met mine, and for a moment, everything else faded—the past, the pain, the guilt. It was just her, just us, locked in a battle neither of us could win or wanted to end.

But even in the haze of need, a small part of me clung to reason, to the fear that I would lose her completely if I gave in fully. *You'll hurt her. You'll ruin her. She's not ready for this.*

I pulled back, my chest heaving, my forehead resting against hers. "Ellen," I murmured, my voice hoarse, raw with restraint. "Tell me to stop. Tell me now, before I can't." Fuck, no.

Her fingers tangled in my hair, her touch electrifying. Her lips brushed against mine, featherlight, as she whispered, "I'll never tell you to stop." Her voice was too sultry to be real. It was almost like she was possessed.

But just like that, the beast and I became one. I grabbed her thighs and wrapped her legs around my waist, my mouth descended on the spot

But just like that, the beast and I became one. I grabbed her thighs and wrapped her legs around my waist, my mouth descended on the spot where her pulse thrummed. My fangs sank into the delicate flesh, my eyes rolling back. Her blood hit my tongue, invaded my mouth as though it were a drug designed solely for me. It wasn't just the taste—it was the essence of her, pure and wild, that flooded my senses. Her blood was fire and light, a perfect contradiction that burned and healed all at once. Cerberus roared in ecstasy, his triumph echoing through my veins as her pulse thudded against my fangs.

Ellen gasped, her nails digging into my shoulders, her body trembled, every muscle taut like a bowstring drawn to its limit. Her reactions were a symphony, every sound and movement fueling the primal hunger that surged through me. My hands gripped her thighs, holding her tightly against me, anchoring her even as I devoured her. The bloodwine paled in comparison to this feast.

Her legs latched around my waist as my feverish hands trailed their way to her ass, I grabbed them, losing myself in their delectable softness. I groaned against her neck, her moans pushing me to a point of no return. I ground her warm, slick,

Her legs latched around my waist as my feverish hands trailed their way to her ass, I grabbed them, losing myself in their delectable softness. I groaned against her neck, her moans pushing me to a point of no return. I ground her warm, slick, soft folds against my hardness. She thrust her hips forward and my grip tightened, earning a needy whimper from her. I slid her up and down my length, a forbidden dance that turned my logic to sawdust.

"Tell me, Red," I growled. "Tell me whose cock are you grinding on?"

"Please," She hissed. "I..."

I suddenly, held her elevated, teasing her weeping core with the crown of my cock. "Tell me, Red," I demanded through gritted teeth, wanting nothing more than into bury myself inside her.

She moved against me as though drawn by some primal force, her every motion like a wave crashing against the shore. "Yours," she moaned.

I teased her swollen clit with my tip and her breath hitched, turning into a broken moan that seemed to echo in my head.

"Whose?" I ground out, the leash on my control

"Ellen," I swore softly under my breath, her name caught somewhere between a prayer and a curse. I gritted my teeth, my body straining against the dark urges that threatened to rip out of me.

"Hades, please..." Her voice cracked on a plea, her need palpable in every syllable.

I swallowed thickly, my throat working but I refused to give her what she wanted even though her hungry cunt demanded it. I continued teasing her folds with my length, letting her grind against it, craving more contact. Each stroke of my cock against her wet core filled my veins with lava.

Her pussy gushed with each motion of our quivering bodies, the scent of her wetness, strangled me and filled me with air at the same time. I sunk my teeth back into her neck, she gasped, her chest heaving as though she couldn't draw in enough air.

"Hades...please, I..."

I pulled my fangs free and licked the wound I had inflicted on her. "Oh, baby, I know," I whispered against her temple and with that I quickened my pace, her moans and my grunts filling the space. I felt her core clench and quiver, calling for me "Come on my cock, Red." I whispered. "Come on your husband's cock."

"Hades!" She cried out as she shattered, her toes curling, her nails biting into my shoulders. A shudder rolled through her, her limbs going slack as if she could no longer hold herself upright.

She was left quivering against me, her chest heaving in the aftermath of her second climax. Her satiated expression only heightening my arousal. 2

“

Please rate the scene

If it was cringe, please let me know

Lilac_Everglade

Creator's Thought