

99 Eyes Of Crimson

Hades 1

I lifted her until her pulsing cunt hovered above my erect cock. Then I felt her squirm as if in a panic.

"I am a virgin!" She blurted. There was a tremor in her voice. The bravado was gone, replaced by someone who could not even look me in the eye. 4

"Red," I muttered, my voice still hard with lust.

She hesitantly raised her head, her eyes meeting mine.

I stilled, my blood turning to ice. I loosened my grip on her, my eyes widening. In the depths of blue-green of her eyes, I caught a tingle of red, receding. 5

I blinked at it was gone as if it had never been there.

Her eyes glistened with tears and I snapped out it as her shoulders began to quake. "I...am sorry," She mumbled. "I don't know... what came...over me." She stuttered. 2

I found my thumb coming to wipe her tears. She suddenly seemed so small and out of place. Ellen

I found my thumb coming to wipe her tears. She suddenly seemed so small and out of place. Ellen trembled in my arms, her body small and fragile against mine. The intimacy we'd shared had been anything but tender—spontaneous, raw, born of lust that had been building between us. There was no love or care in what had transpired, and I was not the type of husband to pretend otherwise.

I set her down gently, her knees buckling beneath her weight. She seemed so small, her head lowered in what looked like shame. A pang of something unfamiliar twisted in my chest, but I pushed it aside. She wasn't mine to protect, not truly. She stumbled. 1

"Easy," I murmured, catching her before she could fall. But she continued to tremble, her shoulders quaking beneath my touch.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, her voice breaking, her head still bowed.

"For what?" I asked, my voice cool, detached, even as my gaze lingered on the tears glistening in her downcast eyes.

"For... being this way." Her voice cracked, her words barely audible over the sound of the running water. "For wanting you one moment and

"For... being this way." Her voice cracked, her words barely audible over the sound of the running water. "For wanting you one moment and then—then freezing up. I don't know what's wrong with me." She seemed genuinely confused as was I. 1

I stilled, my hands frozen mid-motion as I finished drying her. Her confession shouldn't have mattered. Her feelings shouldn't have mattered. Yet here I was, listening, unable to tear my eyes from her.

"Ellen," I said, my voice low. "You have nothing to apologize for. What happened wasn't planned, and it doesn't have to mean anything more than what it was."

Her head snapped up at my words, and I saw it again—just for an instant. A flicker of red in her tear-filled gaze. 2

I froze, my blood running cold. It was impossible. Only wolves of Lycan descent bore red eyes, a distinction that set us apart from the weaker werewolves. Ellen wasn't Lycan; she was a werewolf, which made what I saw... 1

No. My mind had to be playing tricks on me. The intensity of the moment, the lingering haze of lust—it had to be that. 2

Her shoulders sagged, her trembling intensifying as if my words had broken her further. "I'll leave," she mumbled, her voice trembling. "I shouldn't have—" 1

I cut her off, my thumb brushing away the tear sliding down her cheek. The gesture wasn't born of affection but instinct, a response to the vulnerable creature before me.

"You're not going anywhere," I said, my tone firm. "Not until you're steady on your feet."

She didn't argue, didn't meet my gaze, simply stood there as I finished drying her. Her silence was heavier than it should have been, each passing moment thickening the tension in the air.

The flicker of red still haunted me, though I said nothing. Whatever it was, it wasn't something I could confront her with—not yet. For now, I would let it lie, let her regain her composure. There was a huge chance that what I saw was just my mind playing games. 1

But I couldn't shake the unease coiling in my chest. Something had changed tonight, something more profound than the fleeting passion we'd shared. I didn't know what it was, but I knew it wouldn't stay hidden for long. 4

Ellen stayed quiet as I helped her dress, her silence unsettling in its weight. The fire that had once sparked in her eyes was extinguished, leaving behind only a dim shadow of the woman she usually was. She didn't resist as I pulled the soft cotton shirt over her head and helped her into loose pants. Her hands barely moved to assist me, hanging limply at her sides like she didn't know what to do with them.

Her compliance unnerved me. This wasn't the Ellen I knew—the one who always carried a spark of defiance even in her vulnerability.

I guided her to the bed, tucking the blanket around her as she sank into the mattress without a word. Her head rested on the pillow, her eyes staring blankly at the ceiling.

"Ellen," I murmured, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Rest." 2

Her lips pressed into a thin line, but she didn't respond. Instead, she rolled onto her side, curling into herself as if trying to shrink away from the world.

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Something twisted in my chest again—an unwelcome sensation I couldn't name. My hand moved on its own, brushing her hair back from her face before settling on her shoulder. I rubbed slow circles on her back, my palm moving over the curve of her spine in a steady, soothing rhythm.

At first, she stiffened under my touch, but gradually, her body relaxed. Her breathing evened out, her tense muscles softening as the weight of exhaustion finally claimed her.

When her soft snores filled the room, I stilled, my hand resting briefly on her shoulder before pulling away. The sight of her sleeping should have brought me relief, but it didn't.

I stood, my gaze lingering on her peaceful form. She looked so small, so vulnerable in sleep. The Ellen I'd held earlier—passionate, wild, and full of contradictions—was gone, replaced by someone fragile and untouchable. 1

But it wasn't just her silence that haunted me. It was the flicker of red I'd seen in her eyes—the impossibility of it. No matter how much I tried to dismiss it as a trick of the light or a product of my own lust-clouded mind, I couldn't shake the image. 2

I turned away from the bed, moving toward the window. The cool night air drifted in, but it did little to soothe the unease gnawing at me. I gripped the windowsill, my knuckles turning white as I stared out into the darkness.

There was something about her—something I hadn't seen before. And whatever it was, it was bound to come to light.

For now, I would let her rest. But this wasn't over. Not by a long shot. 1

Her soft, even breaths the only sound breaking the stillness of the room. My steps were quiet, measured, as I made my way to the large oak dresser on the opposite side of the room. With practiced ease, I slid open the top drawer, revealing its hidden compartment. Inside were the tools I needed: a sterile needle, a syringe, and an empty vial. 1

The urge gnawed at me, sharp and insistent, to confirm what my eyes had seen, to put this growing unease to rest. The flicker of red in her gaze—it defied everything I knew about her. Something was not right, a lot of things were not right. 1

I glanced back at Ellen. She lay still, her chest rising and falling steadily, her expression calm in

Steeling myself, I returned to her side and carefully rolled up her sleeve. The smooth skin of her forearm glinted in the faint light. I traced a vein with my thumb, ensuring precision, before sliding the needle in with the kind of expertise one only gained through necessity.

Her body didn't stir, her breathing never faltered. I drew the plunger back slowly, watching as the dark crimson liquid filled the syringe. It looked no different from any other blood I'd seen, yet the sight of it sent a shiver through me. 1

I pulled the needle out, pressing a small piece of gauze to the puncture site before rolling her sleeve back down. She shifted slightly, murmuring something incoherent in her sleep, but didn't wake.

The syringe in my hand felt heavier than it should have. The scent of her blood hit me, rich and potent, stirring something primal deep inside me. My teeth ached, my gums tightening as the wolf within me growled low and hungry.

The urge to taste it—to let the crimson warmth slide across my tongue—was almost overpowering. My grip on the syringe tightened as I fought the instinct, a bead of sweat sliding

The urge to taste it—to let the crimson warmth slide across my tongue—was almost overpowering. My grip on the syringe tightened as I fought the instinct, a bead of sweat sliding down my temple.

Focus.

I was still as hard as a brick but when was I not ever hard? 1

I forced myself to move, carrying the vial to the small, temperature-controlled storage container hidden in the back of the dresser. I carefully dispensed the blood, sealing it away. 3

This wasn't just curiosity. If Ellen's blood held traces of Lycan DNA, it would explain the flicker of red, the impossible spark of power I thought I'd seen. But it would also raise far more questions but it would a start. Jules still had to report to me after the two week period was over and combined with this, I would get some answers. 2

I closed the drawer with a quiet click and turned back toward her. She was still asleep, her breathing steady, her face serene.

Whatever her blood revealed, it wouldn't change the fact that something was different about her.

I sat back in the chair near the window, watching over her as the night wore on. For now, I would let her rest. But tomorrow, I would begin to uncover the truth.

I looked down at my painfully hard cock and sighed. I was not getting any sleep tonight. 3

“

Rhea? ☹️☹️

Lilac_Everglade

Creator's Thought

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