

454 Release ³

Hades ¹

She gasped into my mouth, that sweet sound shattering the last thread of my sanity. My hand tangled in her hair, tugging her head back so I could deepen the kiss—claim every inch of her, drink every drop of defiance until it melted into hunger as wild as mine.

Her nails raked across my chest, tearing through my shirt. Instead of pushing me away, she pulled me closer, as if she wanted me branded into her skin. The world outside dissolved; nothing existed beyond her.

The beast in me howled, exulting in the way her body arched against mine, the way she met my hunger with her own. Her lips bruised under mine, her breath ragged, and I swallowed it all, savoring surrender laced with fire.

I tore my mouth from hers to trail down the delicate line of her jaw, tasting the frantic pulse beating at her throat. She shuddered, and I felt her resolve collapse in the sharp hitch of her breath.

My tongue traced the erratic flutter of her pulse,



down to the slope of her collarbone. Salt slicked my lips, maddeningly delectable. I tangled my fingers in her hair and wrenched her head back, just to hear her gasp as my fangs sank into the fragile flesh above the bone.

Warmth flooded my mouth, my mind going blank.

The taste was ruin—pure, exquisite ruin. Her blood slid down my tongue in a molten rush, scorching through my veins, stripping away the last threads of reason. For a heartbeat—longer—I wanted to drain her, to feel her pulse falter, to hold her limp body as her life bled into me.

The image seared me: her throat torn, her soul mine in a way no vow could rival. The thought sent a brutal ache through me, my body hardening with the savage hunger to consume, to end.

I groaned, feral, torn between ecstasy and horror. My fangs pressed deeper, daring myself not to break her. The beast inside reveled, howling for her last breath. 1

Gods—I almost gave in.

But the flicker of her shudder snapped the chain taut. Her pulse fluttered wildly beneath my lips—



alive, fragile, hers. Not mine. Not yet.

I ripped my mouth from her throat with a ragged snarl and crushed my lips back to hers, brutal, punishing, as though the violence could cauterize the hunger inside me. Her blood still coated my tongue, metallic and hot, mingling with the taste of her fire.

Even as I kissed her hard enough to bruise, I knew I had only barely escaped the abyss.

I craved her blood. More than I had hungered for anything. Lust and bloodlust tangled into a dangerous knot I could never unravel.

But my love for her was stronger than any vampiric hunger.

When her hand cupped me, I tore my mouth from hers with a feral hiss. A cruel chuckle slipped past my lips. "You want it, Red?" I growled. "Take it out."

She obeyed. 1

My cock sprang free, and I had no time to brace before her breath ghosted over the throbbing flesh. My restraint snapped like a rope, and I howled, seizing her hips, reveling in their lushness as I positioned myself between her



thighs.

I needed another taste—something not blood, something I could devour without destroying her. Something I could gorge myself on.

Her sharp breath mingled with the sound of her thighs parting beneath my grip.

The scent hit me like a sledgehammer. Lust and bloodlust knotted too tightly to separate. Her slick heat drenched the air, damning me to insanity. My mouth watered, my head spun.

She whimpered, but I could not stop. I dove down, dragging a hot, long lick between her folds.

The taste was an inferno.

Her slickness coated my tongue, her scent invaded every sense, her soft cries like music. I buried deeper, tongue rioting inside her.

With each buck of her hips, I drowned in her intoxicating wetness. My grip turned bruising, delirium consuming me.

My hips jerked forward as if already inside her. My cock throbbed painfully, my balls heavy, begging for release.



She ground against my mouth, riding my thrusting tongue.

"Fuck, Hades," she cried, her body shuddering.

I thrust against the seat beneath me, white-hot pain lancing through my cock. I hissed, fangs grazing her clit.

She arched so hard I thought I heard something crack.

Panic shot through me—I tried to lift my head, but her legs locked around me, smothering me in her.

Her heat wrapped tight around my tongue, slick and unrelenting. Her body was a marvel, and it was mine.

I wanted her to feel everything—my passion, my hunger, my love.

I sucked and lapped greedily, the sound of her wetness filling the silence, until she trembled on the edge.

She was close.

And then it came in a gush. She cried out, trembling, convulsing as pleasure ripped through her. Her juices flooded my mouth, my



eyes rolling back as I drank her down like a man starved, desperate for reprieve from bloodlust in the sweetness of her release.

I groaned against her cunt, body floating in delirium—only to be caught off guard when Eve unlocked her legs and hauled me up as though I weighed nothing, dragging me back into the car seat. 1

Astonished, I could only watch her. Chest heaving, sweat beading her flushed face, and my cock slick with precum sliding down the shaft.

"Red..." was all I managed before she straddled me, slamming herself down onto my cock, still pulsing from her climax. 1

I bit my lip hard to keep from howling. Her fingers grazed my cheeks, cupping my face as she tilted my gaze to hers. Her hips rolled, grinding, her voice a husky whisper. "I want to look into your eyes..." She rose high, until only the crown of me remained inside her, then plunged back down with a gasp. "...while I fuck you."

My breath caught. She lifted again, slow, deliberate, leaving me aching. "I will take it," she muttered through clenched teeth. "All of you."

Then she drove down to the hilt, impaling herself fully. 1

We both shuddered. Instinct made me grab for her waist, but she hissed, stopping me cold.

"Don't touch me," she whispered, her eyes blazing. "Let me feel you. Let me watch you unravel." She clenched tight around me, and stars burst behind my eyes.

I bit my lip until my fangs broke skin, blood spilling.

Her gaze flared at the sight. She leaned forward, licking the crimson from my mouth, her hips hammering harder from above, riding me with a force that stole my breath.

I followed her rhythm, slamming into her from below unable to help myself. Her eyes never strayed from me. "Your eyes have colour," she whispered. "Blue," she muttered just as her head snapped back, bearing her neck, her pussy rippling around my cock.

She was close again.

She suddenly went limp, her rolling to the back of her head. 1

The orgasm was too intense.



I slammed into her, a snarl escaping, and she screamed.

The sound was a match to dry wood.

Rage and lust boiled over, and I roared, throwing her down on the seat and pounding into her. My vision went red, and all I could think was mine. Mine, godsdamnit, no one else can have you.

I fucked her like a beast, a madman, an animal, her moans and cries fueling the flames, burning me alive. 1

It wasn't long before we came together. 1

We lay panting, our bodies a mess of fluids and drenched clothes. My cock finally softened enough that I could pull out, it would be hard for a while.