

124 Loving you ⁴

Mallory's breath caught in her throat. She had spent years building walls, protecting herself from the very attention she never received. Now, faced with Hadeon's genuine desire, those walls began to crack. His fingers ghosted along her wrist, not gripping, but requesting. ¹

"I..." she started, her voice trailing off as his thumb traced circles on her palm. The touch was surprisingly gentle from a man she had first known to be pushy.

"Let me show you how I truly feel about you. How much I want you," Hadeon murmured, his words carrying a raw honesty that made Mallory's heart race. ³

She found herself nodding, and the smile that graced his features was unlike any she'd seen before. Not calculated, not seductive, but real. He cupped her face with both hands, studying her as if memorising every detail.

"Are you feeling cold?" he asked, his voice low and tender.

"No... I am plenty warm. I'm just not...used to this," Mallory admitted, forcing herself to

maintain eye contact despite the urge to look away.

Hadeon hummed, as he leaned forward and pressed his lips against her cheek. He murmured, "Humans are idiots. To not realise that there's a diamond and don't know how to take care of it. But their loss is my gain." 7

With deliberate slowness, Hadeon leaned down, his breath ghosting across Mallory's lips before finally claiming them with his own. What began as a gentle exploration quickly deepened into something more primal as his tongue sought entrance, sliding against hers in a sensual dance. One hand pressed firmly against the small of her back, drawing her closer, while the other tangled in her hair.

Mallory felt lightheaded as Hadeon dominated the kiss, his expertise evident in every movement. He deepened the kiss further, claiming her more thoroughly than she had ever been claimed before.

When he finally pulled back, Mallory's vision swam, her lips feeling deliciously swollen. Hadeon traced them with his thumb, his touch reverent despite the darkness of desire in his eyes. The only sounds in the room were the

steady drumming of rain against the windows and their ragged breathing. His fingers trailed down her spine admitting his growing devotion.

His hands found themselves unbuttoning her dress and he then slid the fabric away to reveal her pale skin underneath. Mallory's breath caught in her throat as the dress pooled at her feet, leaving her nearly bare before him. A shiver ran through her body as his lips found her shoulder blade, pressing tender kisses along the curve. 10

Though the night stretched endless before them, Hadeon's legendary control was clearly fraying. His nose traced the elegant line of her neck, inhaling deeply. Mallory's cheeks burned as his gaze roamed her face, but surprisingly, his eyes didn't wander lower. Instead, they locked with hers, intense and searching, as he captured both her hands in his.

"Beautiful," Hadeon murmured after dropping tender kisses on her wrists. 2

He drew her into another kiss, this one deeper, more demanding, yet still somehow tender. Mallory felt herself being guided backward until her legs hit the bed. She sank down onto it as Hadeon followed, his body hovering over hers,



one hand steady on her waist. His lips pulled and sucked at hers expertly, occasionally nipping gently, each touch sending sparks of pleasure through her body.

Mallory felt him trace her bottom lip with one finger, then slowly drew it down the column of her throat, between her breasts, watching in fascination as her breathing grew more erratic.

For a brief moment, he paused while she laid on the bed, watching him. With one swift movement, he removed his shirt and threw it on the floor. 2

Mallory couldn't help but stare at his bare chest, admiring the perfectly sculpted muscles. As her gaze travelled lower, her heart began to race even faster in her chest. Her breath hitched sharply as his exploring hands began its journey back up her body and settled right below one of her breast. He caught her gasp with his lips, claiming her mouth once more. 5

When his palm cupped her breast, squeezing gently, a moan escaped her lips before she could stop it. Blood rushed up her neck and to her face at the sound she made.

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about,"

Hadeon assured her. "If anything, a woman's moan, gasps and sighs only fuels a man." 8

His hot breath ghosted over her breast before his tongue flicked against her nipple. Her gasp echoed in the quiet room, her back arching involuntarily off the bed. A satisfied smile played across his lips before he returned his attention to her flesh, his tongue circling the sensitive peak with deliberate, teasing strokes. 2

The warm wetness of his mouth as it closed around her tip drew a whimper from her throat. He suckled gently at first, then with increasing pressure as he felt it harden against his tongue. His free hand found her other breast, fingers expertly rolling and teasing the other tip until both peaks stood at attention.

Mallory's fingers threaded through his hair, holding him close.

"Hadeon," she breathed his name as he grazed his teeth ever so lightly across her sensitive flesh before soothing the spot with his tongue. Each touch was calculated to drive her mad with need, and she could feel herself surrendering to sensations she had never experienced before.

His mouth blazed a trail of open-mouthed kisses

down her stomach. When he reached the edge of her final piece of clothing, he looked up, meeting her gaze. The sight of him between her thighs, his usual arrogance replaced by raw devotion, stole her breath away. 1

"You've bewitched me," he confessed softly, pressing a reverent kiss to her inner thigh. "I never stood a chance against you. Not since you first opened my coffin." 17

Mallory watched, entranced, as Hadeon reverently kissed his way up her leg. Each brush of his lips sent tingles of pleasure through her, before she let out a sharp gasp when he nipped lightly at the sensitive skin of her inner thigh.

"Hadeon!" she cried out, her back arching off the bed. He soothed the slight sting with his tongue, his heated gaze drinking in her responses.

With a gentle nudge, he parted her legs, positioning himself between them. Mallory felt a flush of self-consciousness, unused to being so brazenly exposed.

"You're exquisite," he murmured, tracing gentle patterns on the sensitive skin of her thighs. "I want to know every inch of you." His lips found her core, eliciting a strangled gasp as his

talented tongue delved into her slick heat. 2

Mallory's hands fisted in the sheets, her body writhing as Hadeon lavished her with ardent attention. He explored her thoroughly, stroking and tasting until she was a trembling, mewling mess beneath him. Just when she felt her climax building, he withdrew, pressing a reverent kiss to her swollen nub. 1

"Not yet," Hadeon rasped, eyes dark with barely leashed control. "I want to feel you come apart around me." 8

Before she could protest the loss of contact, he was shifting, bracing himself over her as he positioned himself at her entrance. Mallory's breath caught in her throat, a flicker of apprehension in her eyes.

Hadeon bent to press a soft kiss to her forehead. "I've got you," he soothed, his voice a low rumble. "I'll take care of you." 2

Carefully, he slowly entered her, pausing at the first hint of discomfort.

Mallory's brow furrowed in concentration, her hands gripping his shoulders as she adjusted to the foreign sensation. Hadeon murmured words of encouragement, peppering her face with

tender kisses until the initial sting gave way to a building wave of pleasure.

Unable to find the words, Mallory simply pulled him down for a searing kiss, her legs wrapping around his lean hips. Hadeon groaned against her lips, all control slipping as he began to move. Each thrust was unhurried, measured, every drag of his body against hers calculated to draw out her pleasure.

Mallory had never known anything like this—the feeling of being so completely filled, so thoroughly possessed. Each time Hadeon withdrew, she ached for his return, her body crying out for more. Her fingers traced the ridges of his muscles, marvelling at his restrained power, before tangling in his hair to anchor herself against the onslaught of sensation. 1

"Hadeon..!" she cried his name as her body arched from the bed.

Hadeon followed soon after, his hips snapping erratically as he found his own release, burying his face in the crook of her neck with a groan.

Mallory's chest heaved, with her eyes closed as her body hummed from the pleasure that



Hadeon had given her.

He wrapped his arm around her waist, before pulling her snug to him. His fingers found her back, as it began to draw patterns on it. 2

Mallory finally opened her eyes, lifting her head to take in the sight of him in the soft, warm light. Reaching up, her fingers found his face, gently tracing the strong, familiar lines she had come to know so well. She lingered, her fingers moving over his cheekbones, along the line of his jaw, committing every angle and curve to memory as though she could hold this moment forever. 2

When her hand reached his lips, Hadeon's gaze softened even further, his eyes meeting hers with an intensity that made her heart skip.

"I love you, doll face," Hadeon confessed, gently pressing a tender kiss to her fingers, his lips warm and soft against her skin. 13

Mallory felt her heart squeeze and she smiled, her eyes growing heavy. She said softly, "And I love you, Hadeon." 8

When morning arrived, Mallory stirred in her sleep. She felt the warmth of Hadeon's arm draped over her waist, and as she slowly blinked her eyes open, she found herself nestled

comfortably against his chest. His arm tightened ever so slightly around her, pulling her closer as if even in his sleep, he knew she was there and wanted her near.

"You are awake," Mallory murmured with a faint smile tugging her lips.

"Good morning, my dear monkey," Hadeon's eyes fluttered open, and a slow smile spread across his face, his gaze falling instantly to her. 3

"Don't tell me we are back to that name," Mallory whispered back, her voice soft, caught between sleep and waking. 5

"I am just teasing," Hadeon's fingers moved gently up to trace along her jaw, his thumb grazing her cheek in a tender caress. "Did you sleep well?" he asked, his voice a low, soothing murmur.

"Better than I have in a long time," she admitted, before nuzzling her face against his hand. 2

"Good," he whispered, a spark of satisfaction in his eyes. "How are you feeling?" he inquired, even though he had tried to be gentle with her last night, he was worried about how much she could take.



"Absolutely, wonderful. Thank you for taking care of me, Hadeon," Mallory remarked staring into his eyes. She could definitely get used to mornings like this, she thought to herself. 3

"It shouldn't be something you should thank me for, silly. I want to take care of you, protect you," Hadeon stated, leaning forward and kissing her forehead.

Mallory cherished these moments, watching Hadeon stare back at her with softened eyes.

Her thoughts drifted to a time when things had been so different. Her uncle and aunt were alive, and things were complicated. She could almost hear the lively notes of the waltz, echoing through a grand hall. Dressed in a gown that had been her mother's—while hoping like any other young woman who hoped to meet a suitor.

"What an unlucky woman!"

"What is she even doing here? She should find a demon than spoil our time here," the whispers continued in the room, which were directed at her. None dared ask her to dance, while other women moved gracefully in the centre of the room, their laughter bright and carefree. 4

The loneliness of that time was something hard





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to shake away from. She was brought back to the present by Hadeon caressing her cheek.

"Where'd you go just now?" he asked, noticing the faraway look in her eyes.

Mallory smiled and replied, "Somewhere in the past. Not important." What mattered was the present she shared with Hadeon. Right now, her heart overflowed with a happiness she had once thought she'd never feel, and she closed her eyes.

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