

## **Beauty and the Immortal: It started with a dig Chapter 13 - Darkly Delicious**

### **Chapter 13: Darkly Delicious**

Mallory, who was holding the apple in her hand, shook with anger. Seized with a burst of annoyance, she threw the apple at Hadeon. It soared not into the carriage, but comically over it, landing with a dull thud on the ground.

"Aiming for the birds, are we?" Hadeon questioned, barely concealing his amusement. He then added, "You must be filled with self-loathing for that terrible aim."

She couldn't believe, out of all the times, her aim had missed this time. She said, "Master Hades, I need food."

"How ungrateful!" Hadeon sighed dramatically. "I gave you a perfectly good apple. Not any apple, but specially hand-plucked by me, and you decided to throw it away. The dead are weeping for wasting their apples."

Mallory muttered softly, "I suspect they weep more for the hospitality you have provided them."

"That they are, without a doubt. Especially after my boundless generosity towards them," Hadeon remarked with a devilish grin as he waved a dismissive hand. "You would have liked some of them," and his lips pursed, "Pity that they had to die. But you know, some of them are better under the ground than on it."

"You don't say..." Mallory replied sarcastically.

Shifting focus, Hadeon recommended, "Come on. I know a place less appealing than my hand plucked shiny apples for you, you picky eater."

The journey to the intended town was nearly an hour long. Upon arrival, Hadeon and she stepped out while leaving Barnby to stock supplies for the castle. As they strolled down the streets of the town, Mallory noticed the passersby cast more than a second glance at Hadeon's compelling presence.

They eventually reached a tea house, a building that displayed sophistication with its clean white exterior and one part of the front made of transparent

glass. Hadeon stepped through the doorway, and Mallory walked right behind him.

A male attendant greeted Hadeon with a practiced smile, "Good morning, Sire. May I take your coat?" while ignoring Mallory, as she appeared to be a servant.

"No need," Hadeon responded.

"Then let me take you to your table," and he led them to a table meant for one, with a single chair. Before the man could utter the list of choices for breakfast, Hadeon questioned calmly,

"Blind, are we?"

The attendant stammered, "Uh—no?"

"Fascinating. Did your brain stop working, that it decided to turn the woman here invisible?" Hadeon's tone was as smooth as silk. "Or is there dust clouding it that needs urgent cleaning, which I would be more than willing to help?"

A troubled expression came to the attendant's face, and he clarified, "This area is only for the high class people, Sire. The servant's table is on the other side. We don't seat servants here."

"Well, then, problem solved," Hadeon declared, a smirk playing on his lips. "She is nobility herself. Lady Mallory Winchester."

"Mallory Winchester?" A customer nearby echoed, his voice a mix of horror and intrigue. "The infamous family murderer?" The air thickened with murmurs and disdainful glances aimed at Mallory. Preferring to dine among those with possibly more compassion, Mallory informed Hadeon, "I will go sit there."

But Hadeon's voice halted her, "I don't recall releasing you from my side. Sit."

Cornered by his commanding words, Mallory sank into the chair. The uproar escalated when the same customer bellowed, "A murderer breaks bread with us? Summon the guards!"

"Get the witch out of here!"

Mallory could feel her face turning red. The same moment, someone got up from their seat and made their way to her. Ready to drag her out, he was about to place his hand on her, when Hadeon intervened and caught the man's wrist in an iron-clad grip.

"Ahh! Ahh!"

"Lay a finger on her and I will break it into little pieces and feed it to the chipmunks. Very gourmet. Do you understand? Or would you like a little demonstration?" Hadeon gave the man a dazzling smile with his fangs, that scared people around him. "Now you either sit down and eat quietly. Or," he let out a feral growl.

The very next second, customers fled, leaving their dignity and half-eaten meals behind.

Dragging a chair to the table, Hadeon sat down with all the grace of a theatrical villain. "Ah, nothing quite like causing a scene to assure quick service. Fetch us your finest dishes," he waved a dismissive hand at the attendant, who ran off like a startled rabbit.

Mallory stayed quiet as her spirits had been pulled down, but she realised this was how people who would hear about her would react. She wished to run far away from this land, to start her life afresh, while not knowing if it was completely possible. Where are you, Hattie? She asked in her mind.

"What's gotten you down, monkey?" Hadeon asked in an unconcerned voice. That dreadful nickname...

Mallory pointed out, "You drew unneeded attention to yourself by doing that."

"I couldn't let you steal all the limelight and drama. Besides, I enjoy the sheer look of terror," Hadeon responded with a gleam of mischief in his brilliant golden eyes. "Just because you are my servant doesn't mean you are a servant to others. Only I get to torment you."

"Aren't you worried about people coming after you with pitchforks and fire?" Mallory couldn't resist asking, half expecting him to take offence.

Hadeon laughed, a whisper of darkness in it. "Oh, they have."

"Were they the ones to put you in the coffin?" Mallory leaned in with curiosity.

"They wish," Hadeon rolled his eyes. He continued in a nonchalant tone, "It was a quiet night, and innocent me was sleeping in bed after a modest supper of killing a few people. I was suddenly woken up by the commotion outside the castle, with torches ablaze. Honestly, the nerve. So I had to put them to rest so I could go back to my sleep."

Mallory briefly shielded her eyes with her hands. To think he believed he was innocent in all of this...

"Aw, how touching," Hadeon commented dramatically. "My very own servant, moved to tears by my tragic story."