

Beauty and the Immortal: It started with a dig Chapter 15 - Artist's revelation

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"Who is this?" Mallory asked in an innocent voice, unable to resist the urge to comment. "It feels like I have seen him somewhere," she added, biting the inside of her cheek to keep herself from laughing upon noticing how the extra effort of adding yellow on the poster's eyes was made.

Hadeon's eyes, still glued to the poster, responded without missing a beat, "Must be one of your long-lost relatives, given that uncanny hair resemblance."

Mallory's smile instantly vanished, replaced by a scowl. "That's you," she pointed out, flatly.

"You must have banged your head somewhere to forget how to read, monkey. It says Gideon Vand here," Hadeon calmly retorted in a dry tone. "And the person looks nothing like me."

"What about the long hair and yellow eyes?" Mallory poked, only to be silenced by Hadeon's icy stare. For a moment, she had forgotten how evil this man could be.

Without another word, Hadeon ripped the poster from the wall, crumpling it as he began to walk away. He said, "Seems like the humans have butchered my name again. I believe you know where the fortunate artist lives?"

Mallory saw Hadeon throw the crumpled poster behind, which perfectly fell into a nearby trash bin. She quickly followed him while hiding her face. Her voice wavered, "Why do you want to meet him?"

"Ah, I have suddenly become a fan of him, and I'm dying to know what inspired such a masterpiece. Curiosity is quite the killer, isn't it?" Hadeon remarked as he continued to walk in the streets of Reavermoure like a phantom.

"You aren't planning to kill him, are you?" Mallory's eyes widened, and it was because she cared about the man.

"You need some holy water sprinkled on you, you sinful child. Always talking about murder," Hadeon clicked his tongue before letting out a low hum. "I realised I haven't had my evening tea yet. I do hope there's some pepper around in the artist's house. My throat's been feeling quite scratchy tonight, and nothing soothes like warm blood with crushed pepper."

"Master Hades... you are on the wall for a reason," Mallory reminded him. She had seen him kill men with little to no remorse. Yet, the thought of someone giving her company on the wanted list made it bearable.

"I am well aware of my greatness, monkey. No need for the praise," he chuckled, the sound dark yet smooth.

Though the night had fallen upon the land, there were still a few people on the streets and carriages heading back to their homes. Mallory had to hide behind Hadeon. Even though he stated he didn't know where the artist's house was, she noticed how he was walking in the direction of the artist's house, which made her give him a suspicious look.

They finally arrived in front of the artist's house, which was a rather small house, and Hadeon gently knocked on the door as if not wanting to disturb.

"Mr. Muriel is a good soul. Please," Mallory pleaded in a hushed voice.

"You are being biased because he drew you better," Hadeon tutted with a disapproving look. Their banter was cut short as the door swung open, revealing a curious young boy's face.

"Good evening," Hadeon offered with a charming yet kind smile. "I am Hadeon Van Doren and this is the murderer on the loose," he said, turning to look at Mallory. "I heard that the renowned artist Mr. Muriel lives here."

"Who is it, Otto?" A man's voice came from inside the house. Soon, a man in his early sixties appeared, limping to the door. "Lady Mallory...! What are you doing here? Come in before someone sees you!" he urgently said, moving away from the door.

Hadeon's eyebrows raised in surprise, and Mallory, upon seeing this, whispered, "He isn't like others."

"Hardly. It's not every day someone sketches their muse onto a wanted poster," Hadeon responded with dry sarcasm as his eyes caught sight of Mallory and his sketch on a chair.

"You shouldn't be here, Lady Mallory. Reavermoure is no longer safe for you," Mr. Muriel expressed his concern right after closing the door, and he hopped to the side with one leg as the other leg was wrapped in bandages. The older looking man briefly glanced at the stranger who had come with her, feeling intimidated by the man's presence.

"I know. I had left something behind in the manor and had come to retrieve it," Mallory replied, noticing the older man frown.

"I heard about you being taken to the scaffold," Mr. Muriel said, shaking his head. "I am sorry about your uncle and aunt. My sincere condolences to you. I wish I could have attended the funeral, but I broke my leg two weeks ago and haven't left home since then."

Mallory only nodded, because every time she thought about her uncle and aunt, she remembered their slit throats and the blood around their bodies.

"Sorry to cut in on the wonderful chitchat," Hadeon intervened as he picked up his poster from the chair. "I was going to blame your eyesight, but it seems you were missing from yesterday's scene. May I inquire which blessed soul gave you the description for this?"

Mr. Muriel took less than two seconds to connect the man standing in the room with the poster in the person's hand. He turned pale when the man took a step towards him, making his heart sink. He could sense a foreboding aura that exuded from this person.

Mallory, who was standing in the room, couldn't help but feel a flicker of fear in her, noticing Mr. Muriel looked like a mouse in front of the towering Hadeon.

"That... That yes, it didn't come in my dreams and was ordered by someone," Mr. Muriel tried to frame words.

Hadeon softly chuckled with his eyes gleaming, and he said, "That would be a whole different level of devotion to dream about me. So which future antique was the one who gave you the description?"

"Kingsley," came the almost inaudible reply from Mr. Muriel.

"George Kingsley," Mallory murmured, her lips setting themselves in a thin line. She should have guessed that he would be behind this, wanting to retaliate against her. When Hadeon's eyes moved to look at her, she reminded him, "He's the count's son. You broke his hand last night."

"How strange that I cannot remember him. He must be useless," Hadeon drawled, an air of indifference in his voice.

"I told them I wouldn't do it, Lady Mallory. But then he threatened to throw Otto and me out of this house and call upon the town's head to ensure we wouldn't find any shelter. Forgive me..." The older man confessed with regret in his voice. He then turned to Hadeon and said, "The young Mr. Kingsley was the one who described you, Sire. I only followed what was ordered to me."

Hadeon's lips twisted into a sinister smile, "Then, it seems we must pay a visit to dear little Georgie."