

Beauty and the Immortal: It started with a dig

Chapter 18 - Old and new addition to the castle

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As gentle as Hadeon's finger was on Mallory's nose, mixed with her intense defiance of not wanting to be touched, she ended up falling backwards and right into the coffin behind her. She heard him remark, while standing above her,

"It looks like the third time is the charm." When she glared at him, he clicked his tongue in amusement and said, "Now now. There's no reason to look angry when it is your own fault. It isn't like I pushed you."

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"One day, I will make sure you are in the coffin," Mallory retorted, gritting her teeth. In the back of her mind, she couldn't help but note that the cushion inside the coffin was quite nice and comfortable.

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"Naughty, monkey," Hadeon responded, the corners of his lips twitching upwards in mirth. "Are you inviting me into your coffin? How sly, not to mention even scandalous!"

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Mallory felt fortunate that she hadn't hit her head on the ground, unlike what had happened with George. "It's not my coffin," she muttered under her breath, her frustration rising, "I didn't think I would meet someone who could vex me as you do."

1

"Aw, don't be like that, monkey. I know deep down you care for me," Hadeon stated in confidence.

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"I don't think so," came the quick reply from Mallory.

"You aren't looking deep enough. That's alright. You can do that on the way back to the castle," Hadeon waved his hand before sitting on his heels next to the grave she was in.

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As Mallory continued to glare daggers at him, Hadeon calmly extended his hand towards her. She accused him, "You cheated."

"Don't be a sore loser now," Hadeon chided, which only made her clench her fists. "Everything is fair in love, war, and games. Silly monkey. Now take my hand, or you can spend the rest of the night trying to climb out."

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Mallory sat up on the coffin bed and grabbed his hand, finally climbing out of the grave. But when she tried to pull her hand back to her side, he didn't let it go and stared at her. Wait, what was going on?

"Master Hades, wha—Ah!!" She cried in pain when his thumb pressed right on the back of her hand.

"Just as I thought, you have sprained your hand," Hadeon murmured with a frown.

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"Why did you press it if you knew it was sprained??" Mallory could feel her hand throb in pain. "You could have asked," she said, giving him a bewildered look.

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"Would you have been willing to admit the truth?" Hadeon's eyes gleamed.

2

"I need to go to church," Mallory whispered to herself.

2

"Church? If you want to rinse your sins, I will help you with it. And if it is confessions, I am an excellent listener and secret keeper," Hadeon made a miming action of locking his mouth with his hand.

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"I don't think it would be right to confess about wanting to strangle someone with you," Mallory muttered under her breath and let out a tired sigh. Besides, she had an inkling that this man would only increase her sins.

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Hadeon grinned at her words, "I am an excellent person! Strangling people, ripping their heads or hearts out. Torturing people. You say it." With a change of tone, he then added, "Back in the castle, there should be some medicine for your hand that should still work, unless they have caught fungus."

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"I have a headache..." Mallory couldn't keep up with Hadeon and to think that they had only spent a day together.

"There should be a medicine for that too," Hadeon replied, and he saw her wince.

2

Mallory wondered why her elbow was burning, and she raised it to take a look when she saw it bleeding. She murmured with a frown, "It must have happened because of the fall." She joked, "At this rate, my blood is going to drain..." but her voice trailed when she caught Hadeon staring at her elbow.

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Blood... a faint realisation sunk in Mallory's mind. Blood was a meal for him and she gulped.

"Master Hades?" she called to get his attention.

Hadeon shifted his gaze to meet hers. "You should be careful. Every single drop of blood is precious and is not to be wasted," he remarked in a low voice, which was as much as a whisper that came from the nearby leaves.

When he caught her elbow at the bottom, Mallory's already bruised hand turned into a fist, ready to swing her hand if he tried to sink his teeth into her. But something told her that she would miss her aim and he wouldn't miss the bite, which was why her heart shuddered. Yet, that didn't stop her from tightening her fist.

But then Hadeon surprised her when his free hand pulled out a handkerchief from his pocket, and she loosened the tightness in her fist. Straightening her hand, he wrapped it around the wound and said,

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"Let us avoid your scent drifting to the predators. We don't want you in trouble."

Mallory didn't have to know that he was talking about himself, and she pulled her hand back, muttering, "Thank you."

After returning to the castle, Mallory washed the wound and cleaned it with the towel that was placed next to the sink in her room. She then washed her face with cold water. She had questions to ask Hadeon, but the way back had been silent, with him walking a couple of steps ahead of her.

Mallory couldn't help but feel that Hadeon Van Doren was a man full of secrets, and being dead and alive at the same time was only the surface of it.

When she walked back towards the hall, she heard voices, and upon arriving there, her eyes fell on seven people before Hadeon. They were kneeling in front of him.

"Welcome back, Lord Hadeon," one of them greeted.

Mallory noted that out of the seven people, only six stood up, and that was only because the seventh person was George. They wore clothes similar to Barnby's when she first met him yesterday. They were the people from the coffins in the forest!

"We found this person sleeping in the coffin. What would you like me to do with him, milord?" asked one of the men, gesturing to the unconscious George beside him.

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Hadeon remarked in a casual tone, "Keep him alive for now. He might prove useful for castle chores and also an addition to your dining option."

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