

# **Beauty and the Immortal: It started with a dig**

## **Chapter 19 - No way out**

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17

More dead people from the graves, Mallory thought to herself while she stood behind the wall, staring at the servants. When one of the servants glanced up in her direction, she instinctively hid behind the wall.

"Do we have another meal option in the castle, Lord Hadeon?" The servant politely asked.

15

"Hm?" Hadeon hummed, not bothering to turn around, as he had already heard the light footsteps. With a dark smirk, he replied, "Ah, that one is specially reserved for my dining only."

19

Just as she had suspected, Hadeon had kept her on the kitchen shelf!

8

Mallory silently walked back to her assigned room and locked it, contemplating on what to do. She entertained the idea of escaping down from the window using bed sheets, but Hadeon was cunning. Knowing her luck, she knew the moment she made her way down, he'd probably be waiting at the bottom, sipping tea, and have her climb back up to the room the same way she came.

27

Mallory muttered, "There should be a way for it, though..."

The library! Every manor or castle had its own library. She stayed in her room until past midnight before tiptoeing out of there. Her footsteps were soft as she padded across the deserted, carpeted path.

9

Picking up a nearby candle stand with a candle burning on it, Mallory made her way to the castle's library. As she entered the wide room, the scent of old books welcomed her.

Walking through the racks, she looked through the books one by one, hoping she would find something of value.

1

Instead, Mallory's sight fell on an old cigar case in one of the racks. She whispered to herself, "I didn't expect to find you here, but, oh well." Pulling out a cigar, she lit one of its ends with the candle's flame, taking a long drag that seemed to ease the tension in her troubled mind.

9

Continuing to look at the stack of books, a white book caught her eye. Pulling it out, she read the title—Making of Purebloods.

8

Flipping it open, Mallory started to read softly.

"It was a time when God and the Devil were having supper, and while discussing the weather and the current behaviour of mankind, one of them decided to add another variable to the equation of life. But while doing so, one of them found garlic in a dish, and the Devil said he loved garlic as it grew below the ground where he resided. He desired for humans to cultivate fields of garlic, envisioning a world where they could savour exquisite garlic-infused delicacies."

12

But as Mallory took another drag from the cigar, she couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. Flipping to the last page of the book, she read the last paragraph: "And God said he was Hadeon, and everyone should bow to him as he is a kind and generous soul..."

30

"It's a sin to flip through pages like a wild squirrel and land straight at the book's end," Hadeon remarked next to her, which made Mallory stagger backwards.

17

"When did you arrive?" Mallory asked, as she hadn't heard him enter the room.

"Hmm, let me think." Hadeon put on a thoughtful expression before he answered, "At the same time as you. You disappoint me by skipping over the finest lines of my literary masterpiece. Tell me. How do you find my storytelling skills?"

16

"No matter what I say... it will never be enough praise, Master Hades," Mallory was baffled that he had written a story about himself.

13

Hadeon chuckled, a mischievous glint dancing in his eyes. "Ah, my loyal servant, always ready with a compliment," he remarked, his voice smooth as velvet. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you were tempted to hurl that book at me," he continued, his golden gaze locking onto hers. "Hm?" He hummed teasingly.

10

Mallory forced a tight smile. "I immensely enjoyed the book and find it hard to part ways with it," she said, her voice laced with forced politeness.

6

"You have excellent taste. This is a special edition, and I will personally sign it for you as a gift," Hadeon remarked with a bright smile, effortlessly taking the book from her and pulling out a pen from his pocket. "Also," he drawled, plucking the cigar from her hand, "smoking is not considered appropriate for a lady. Not only does it diminish one's lifespan, but it also takes away one's gracefulness."

11

"A cigar isn't going to lessen my gracefulness," Mallory tried to reach for the cigar, but he held the cigar out of her reach with a smirk.

"Technically, this is mine," Hadeon stated. "And when did women begin to smoke?" he inquired, shaking his head in feigned disappointment as he casually extinguished the cigar under his shoe.

"Since society began to get on their nerves," Mallory replied as she dropped her hand.

8

"The last time I remember, women didn't touch a cigar. In fact, they didn't know how to read or write their own names. It looks like you are an evolved monkey, considering you can at least read," Hadeon said in a dismissive tone.

16

"Women know more than to read, Master Hades. Some of us know how to write too," Mallory retorted with sass.

1

"That's not possible," Hadeon said in disbelief, waving his hand, and Mallory glared at him. "Alright, why don't you show it to me then?" She saw him pull out a random book, before he tore one of the pages from it. Folding it, he placed it on the table.

12

Mallory rolled her eyes at Hadeon as she took the pen from his hand and scribbled her name on it. She then huffed, "Don't look down at women. Things have undergone a transformation, and this process of change will persist."

17

She noticed how Hadeon looked impressed as he stared at her whole name. But after two seconds, she noticed a hint of a wicked smile on his lips. Dubiously, she asked, "What?"

14

"Oh, just admiring your beautiful signature on the employee contract," Hadeon said, picking up the folded page and unfolding it to show something that was already written on the folded side of the paper.

33

Mallory snatched it and quickly began to read,

"This is a servant contract where the named person won't try to harm her master by putting him in the coffin unless specifically instructed to do so. Furthermore, the servant agrees to provide unwavering support to her master, refraining from speaking ill of him. If not followed, her actions will take a toll on her body, making it hard to breathe and live. After death, her soul will belong to her master."

16

Below was Mallory's signature, as if she had willingly agreed to the contract. This trickster! He knew women were more than capable! Turning angry, she tore the page into little pieces that fell to the ground. She stated, "It is not valid anymore."

"Tsk, foolish monkey," Hadeon smiled at her. "That was not any ink. You sealed yourself with your blood," he pointed, raising the pen in his hand.

6

Mallory's eyebrows furrowed, "I never gave you my blood." Her gaze then followed his, which stopped at her wounded elbow, and she stared at it. Earlier in the forest, when she believed he was helping her, he must have collected it then. "You conniving ba—" Before she could curse him, her knees turned weak. W—What was happening?

12

Hadeon's finger gently lifted her chin, raising her face to look into her fierce blue eyes, and he remarked, "It is time to leave the old life and embrace the new one, unruly monkey. Your master will make sure to take good care of you," his words echoing in the quiet library.

8

How could she have dropped her guard? With one signature done with her blood, Hadeon had put an end to her plans.

"What are you?" Mallory inquired, sensing his icy finger still supporting her chin.

4

"A creature of the night, handcrafted by the Devil himself. One who relishes in the pleasure of killing," Hadeon's finger trailed down her neck, sensing her pulse, and his eyes turned red, "and drinks blood. A pureblooded vampire."

18

A shiver of dread crept down Mallory's spine, and she stepped backwards while Hadeon's smile only widened, revealing the depth of his sinister amusement at her reaction.

It wasn't that Mallory hadn't heard about vampires, the creatures of the night who strolled through the dark seeking death. But she had denied their existence when she met Hadeon. They had simply been myths, stories made up for Hallow and told to keep children at home. Though she had never heard of pureblooded vampires.

Mallory realized, with a sinking feeling, that thinking she was in a nightmare was wrong. Hadeon was the nightmare.

2

"I should go to sleep..." Mallory suggested, taking another step backwards.

3

"It is rather late," Hadeon agreed with a nod, his smile etched on his lips. "Would you like me to read you some bedtime stories, monkey?"