

Beauty and the Immortal: It started with a dig

Chapter 20 - Change in status

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10

When morning arrived, Mallory heard the birds chirp. There are birds here. Maybe to peck at the dead, deceitful vampire who tricked her into signing the agreement, she thought to herself. Hadeon's words from last night rang in her head.

"Would you like me to read you some bedtime stories, monkey?"

"I swear he is a soci—" Mallory felt her body beginning to ache, before cursing the rest of the words in her mind. She then wondered, "So apparently I can do it in my mind, just not through my lips?"

26

When Mallory turned on her right side, ready to roll out of bed, she came to face someone crouched right next to her bed. It was one of the castle maids who had come out of the coffin. One of these days she was going to die out of shock, she thought to herself.

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"Good morning," the maid greeted and suddenly smiled wide, which only worried Mallory. The maid's black hair was parted from the centre and was tied into a bun with not a single strand out of place. She appeared to be as old as her.

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"Good morning... May I help you?" Mallory asked, and her mind sassed in response— Sure, a freshly squeezed glass of blood from your neck for my breakfast! She looked at the pale-looking maid warily.

2

"I wanted to welcome you. But you were sleeping so soundly since dawn that I decided not to wake you up and wait here." The maid then introduced herself, "I am Ivy, milady."

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So this person had been watching her sleep since then? "It is good to meet you, Ivy. I am Mallory," Mallory murmured, and she noticed the woman's smile looked familiar. She asked, "Did anyone tell you that you look like Hadeon's sister?"

Ivy began to cry, which concerned Mallory. Perhaps she was imprisoned! The maid said, "You are so kind to say that, milady. I strive to smile like the Lord, but he's flawless. I've been trying!" She wiped her tears with the apron tied around her waist. She then immediately stood up and stated, "We should get you ready before Lord Hadeon awakens. You are his personal maid, so he would expect you to be present when he wakes up."

19

"Say, Ivy, you didn't sign anything with your blood when you started to work for him, did you?" Mallory asked as she got out of bed.

The maid shook her head, explaining, "I and the others did not have to. Lord Hadeon transformed us from humans to his underling vampires."

11

Mallory didn't know why Hadeon hadn't turned one of his existing servants into his personal maid or found another willing human. It made her question if the man was simply twisted or if he was hiding something from her. Probably both, she thought to herself.

7

As they neared the kitchen, Mallory heard a loud scream, "AHHHHHHH!! What the fuck are you doing?!"

Not a second later, George came running out of the kitchen with a look of bewilderment. Upon seeing Mallory, there was a look of relief, yet panic heavily masked his face now.

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"What happened?" Ivy asked with a frown, while two male servants stepped out of the kitchen, one licking his lips. "Don't you know Lord Hadeon is resting?"

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"We were only having our breakfast," replied one of the servants.

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"Breakfast?! You are sucking my blood!" George looked like an angry bird that was ready to burst and turn into a meal right now. Turning to Mallory, he said in a whisper, "These people are not normal! I saw their eyes turn red, and I saw big canines in their mouths, drinking my blood!"

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Mallory stared at George before calmly replying, "I know. They are vampires."

"V—Vampires?" George stammered, who had apparently heard about their existence too. He then started to laugh, "That's not true. You are joking. There have been no vampires for years now. Tell me you are joking!" He was back to panicking.

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"Lord Hadeon was right in keeping him alive. He is hilarious, and his blood tastes good," said another servant before disappearing into the kitchen with the other two servants, leaving Mallory and George outside the kitchen.

"You are here because of your actions, George," Mallory said in a matter-of-fact tone. And she was here... because of her grandmother's story. She then continued, "You turned his picture into your own personal art. Got his name wrong. You reap what you sow," she bitterly muttered in the end.

7

"We should run!" George proposed the plan, as if Mallory was too dull to think about it. "Take the carriage, escape from here, and alert the others!"

5

Had Mallory not tried it before, she would have been excited about escaping from here. She encouraged him, "You can try it first. If it works, I will follow right after you."

11

If George was unsuccessful, which he would, then she would see him reaping for the trouble he had caused her until now, thought Mallory to herself.

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"Okay, here's the idea. Vampires cannot tolerate being exposed to sunlight. We first take out the major one, push him into sunlight, and he will explode right there," George muttered, quickly devising a strategy. "Then we go for his underlings, those damn leeches an—"

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"No," Mallory interjected, not wanting to be around George's ridiculous ideas. "You made sure to bring me in front of the public, accusing me of murder. I am confident you can carry out this plan on your own."

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George, desperate for aid with a broken nose, hand, and foot, nodded, "I know I made a mistake, but now is the time to work together, Mallory. I can help you regain your lost status."

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"Lost things cannot always be restored to their original state. This now includes your hair," Mallory pointed out the truth, looking at his slightly burned scalp.

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George's face dropped before twisting in anger. He took an intimidating step towards her and threatened, "I'm being friendly since we are in the same situation. I can put you on death row again and make things worse."

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Before Mallory could respond, Ivy, who had stepped out of the kitchen, warned him, "She is Lord Hadeon's personal maid. If you bring her harm, he will skin you alive and dry you in the hot sun like a raw fish."

4

"Personal maid?" George started laughing, mocking Mallory, who stared at him. "From Lady to Maid? How pitiful!" he spat.

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Mallory's eyes slightly narrowed. "Don't feel left out. You are a servant yourself," she replied.

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"Please," said George, rolling his eyes. "I wasn't born to mop floors."

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Ivy told the conceited human, "You are right. You'll be scrubbing the windows." Saying that she threw a rag at George. "Now start working on the windows in the front, and only when you are done, you will be provided with food."

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Looking at George's fallen face made things bearable, and Mallory remarked with a smile, "A count's son to a window cleaning boy. How the arrogant has fallen."

13

When Mallory entered the kitchen, she noticed everything seemed different. From the smell to the fire smouldering beneath the pot to the freshly cut vegetables and fruits. After she finished her breakfast, Ivy walked towards her with a glass of blood. The maid handed it to her and instructed,

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"Take this to Lord Hadeon's room."

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