

Beauty and the Immortal: It started with a dig

Chapter 23 - Another Pureblood

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19

Sitting inside the moving carriage, Mallory couldn't help but notice the change in weather since they had left the castle. One minute, there were sun rays dancing through the clouds, and the next, the fluffy puffs had turned dark.

1

Her gaze shifted from the darkening skies to Hadeon's reflection on the window, noting the stark difference in his demeanour from when they left the castle. It reminded her of the first time she had seen him from above the scaffold. He looked eerily calm, with the breeze swaying the locks of his hair, which were softer than hers! Was it the blood?

12

Mallory had heard of vampires being deceptive creatures, with words sweeter than honey that were a feathery caress to the mind. But Hadeon? His words were like the person was being brushed with a cactus.

18

And the man wanted to be grateful that they were being brushed by thorns! As if, if one didn't follow him, he would make them swallow it. Mallory shot daggers at his reflection.

1

"I know I'm irresistible, but staring at me like that is going to give you permanent squint lines," Hadeon remarked, his voice dripping with sarcasm as he leaned back in his seat.

14

Mallory quickly averted her gaze from the window, pretending to be absorbed in her surroundings. She replied, "I was just admiring the view."

"Ah, calling me a view, are we?" Hadeon chuckled darkly, his eyes gleaming with amusement. "Well, I am indeed quite a spectacle—a window to your bright future and your ticket to staying alive. With me, you'll become the greatest servant history has ever seen, or at least until you're too old and wrinkled to be of any use."

17

Did he annoy her ancestors like this too? Grandmother, you lucky woman! To have died without having to deal with Hadeon, Mallory silently thought to herself. She then asked in suspicion,

"How do you even know I was looking your way?" she was certain that his gaze had been fixed outside the carriage.

A smirk played at the corner of Hadeon's lips as he replied, "Because I have my eyes on you. Though I must say, you are worrying me, monkey. First, trying to touch me when I was sleeping and now staring at me," he shook his head with feigned disapproval.

12

Mallory's eyes subtly narrowed as she countered, "Are you sure you weren't just hallucinating, Master Hades?"

With a smirk playing on his lips, Hadeon sidestepped her question, saying, "Had it been someone else, they would have seized the opportunity and manipulated it to their liking. Aren't I just a beacon of goodwill? Also," his voice drawled, "You know what humans call your behaviour?"

3

You are a beacon of cunningness, Mallory said in her mind. Barely able to contain her sarcasm, she asked, "Being wary of their necks being snapped?"

"So close," Hadeon clicked his tongue, an evil glint in his eyes. He then answered, "They are called stalkers."

13

The audacity of this person to name her things she was far from and he was close to... Mallory continued to stare at him, until she heard him say,

"There's no need to be shy about your admiration for me, monkey," Hadeon purred. "After all, it's only natural to worship greatness." He flashed a self-satisfied smile, as if granting Mallory permission to bask in his glory. Meanwhile, Mallory fought the urge to roll her eyes and instead chose to take a deep, calming breath.

9

After a minute, Mallory asked him, "Who is Lady Chevalier?"

"A woman," Hadeon answered, before cracking a grin at Mallory's expression, who looked like she was going to catch up to his age soon. "Lady Chevalier, is one of the original pureblooded vampires. An old acquaintance of mine."

"How many pureblooded vampires exist?" Mallory asked him.

A thoughtful expression fell on Hadeon's face, and he said, "A handful of them. Around thirty to forty, maybe?" Mallory couldn't help but feel a shiver of dread at the realisation that so many of these creatures lurked in the shadows, thirsty for blood. He added, "There is no need to think about them, they are mostly useless and fit to be thrown into garbage cans." He then glanced outside the window and murmured, "What a lovely colour."

9

As Mallory glanced out the window alongside Hadeon, she spotted the dull grey walls of the manor, indicating they had arrived at Chevalier's. As the carriage halted at the entrance, the sound of Barnby jumping down alerted her, and at the same time, Hadeon called upon her attention.

"Now, monkey, I hope you don't do any monkey business while you are in there," Hadeon cautioned, his eyes narrowing slightly. "It's in your best interest to stick close to me at all times for your own safety. Clear?"

15

"Crystal clear," Mallory responded.

4

Climbing out of the carriage, Mallory took in the sight of the manor, before she quickly followed Hadeon towards the entrance of the manor. And there her eyes fell on a slender woman with dirty blonde hair tied into a ponytail and lips as pink as a rose. Next to her stood a man with his brunette hair and his eyes red, unlike Hadeon and the woman's golden eyes but they weren't of the same shades.

"Look who is back from the grave," the man commented with a smile that was condescending. "And here I thought we had seen the last of you."

"Definitely not your self-esteem that still seems broken," Hadeon smiled as brightly as the thunder, which wiped the smugness off the man's lips. "I wasn't expecting you to welcome me, Royce. Did you weep and wail after I went to sleep?"

4

"You wish," the man named Royce replied with a smile that didn't reach his lips.

1

Mallory sensed tension in the air, and she then heard the woman, Lady Chevalier, speak in her velvety voice, "You haven't changed, Hades." She smiled, and she seemed friendlier.

4

"Change is for things that die, not for us. If it were so, we would have turned into saints," Hadeon remarked with a subtle hint of smirk on his lips. "It is good to see you, Rose."

4

"How about we step inside and sit somewhere more comfortable with blood tea?" Lady Chevalier proposed. At the same time, the pureblooded vampiress's eyes briefly moved to Mallory.

Royce intervened, his voice tinged with excitement. "Excuse me, Lady Chevalier, but the tea will need to wait. With Lord Hadeon now out of the coffin, he needs to go to the north to pledge his duties to the current king. Otherwise, he will be forced back to the coffin."

15

Hearing this, Hadeon chuckled as if he heard the vampire crack a joke.

14