

29 Hadeon's type of punishment ¹²

Mallory knew dodging her punishment with Hadeon was like trying to avoid chores on laundry day. ¹

It seemed like Hadeon carried a diary on whom to torment next for his amusement. Maybe she should find him a new hobby to keep him busy! Not gardening though, considering his choice of fertiliser. But with him, even something as gentle as bird watching could escalate dramatically before it would turn into dinner. ¹⁵

She found herself being studied under Hadeon's intense gaze while he brought the cigar to his lips, drawing in the smoke, and then exhaling a perfect swirl of smoke into the air. ⁶

"Wear comfortable clothes and come down," Hadeon instructed her, his wrist relaxing gracefully as he lowered the cigar. "You'll want to be able to move freely," he added, the corner of his mouth curling up. ²³

Mallory's eyes widened before narrowing in suspicion. "What for?" she demanded, her voice tinged with alarm. "I—If you are thinking of making me do something scandalous, I—" ⁴

"Oh, innocent me!" Hadeon gasped, moving his hand in front of him as if to shield himself from her non-existent lecherous gaze. "How ambitious, you ravenous monkey! To think you would suggest such sinful endeavours with poor, defenceless little me!" 27

"Why did you suggest it then?" Mallory tried to keep her scowl from showing up on her face.

Hadeon arched an eyebrow, and he remarked, "I merely suggested comfortable attire, yet here you are, dreaming up illicit activities," he tutted, a sly grin spreading across his face. "Looks like someone's mind is dancing in the gutter. Maybe a quick spanking will jog it back to decency?" 26

Mallory's cheeks flamed at his cheekiness, and before he could dwell on that thought, she quickly retorted, "Master Hades, I don't have clothes except for the ones that belong to the dead women." 4

"And look how good they look!" Hadeon smiled with his eyes crinkling before he hummed. "I would suggest you buy new ones, but then you don't have money on you. What you dug out was given away in Reavermoure." 1

What Hadeon said was true.

Hadeon was speaking to Barnby, who had only arrived in Reavermoure, which was when Mallory pulled out the pouch of money from her pocket and handed it to Mr. Muriel. 2

"Lady Mallory?" The old man had questioned. "I cannot accept it, milady! It is too much!" He looked troubled at the weight in his hands.

"This is for you, Mr. Muriel. With this, you won't have to feel pressured by the demands of the rotten people of this town. I am sure your leg needs to heal and Otto needs to be taken care of," Mallory stated, handing the pouch into the man's hand. 8

"Your benevolence made me cry that night. I was dehydrated and had to drink an extra glass of blood," Hadeon declared with a heavy heart before his expression brightened into a sly smile. "But it does make me wonder—was that heartfelt display just a clever ruse to convince me you're sticking around? Or maybe you've hidden some more money somewhere else too?" 10

Of course I have, but you will never know about it! Mallory thought to herself. Money was useless right now because souls couldn't be brought back with it, and she was bound to Hadeon. 6

As Hadeon scrutinised her like a hawk eyeing a nervous rabbit, Mallory felt sweat bead on her forehead. She fought to keep her expression neutral under his unyielding gaze, her internal panic rising. 3

"It is good that you are working for me, monkey. Here's a deal. I'll start your Christmas bonus early—a nickel for every good work. By Christmas, you might just be able to afford a dress, or perhaps a gift for your beloved employer?" Hadeon asked teasingly, making Mallory gape at him. He then commanded, "Come down in no more than ten minutes," before walking towards the door and exiting the room. 1

How bad could this punishment really be? Mallory pondered nervously. Last time she'd tried to outrun him, he'd merely raised an eyebrow. Perhaps today was just another bluff? She tried to reassure herself, but her nerves weren't buying it. 8

"Let us get this over with," Mallory muttered under her breath. Because standing here was only increasing her worry.

She made her way down the stairs with her heart thudding, her eyes cautious as if a ghost

was going to jump in front of her. Her palms felt clammy, and she wiped them against her skirt. When she finally made it to the bottom, one of the male servants popped up, announcing,

"Lord Hadeon is waiting for you in the back garden." 1

Back garden? Don't tell me he wants me to dig or bury someone, Mallory thought to herself.

The servant led her through the corridors and then the heavy double doors, which opened to a cobblestone path. Mallory followed, her imagination already running wild with visions of shovels.

When they arrived at the secluded back garden, Mallory's eyes fell on Hadeon, who was now seated in a plush, high-backed chair, legs crossed with regal indifference. Her eyes darted around for any signs of a freshly dug grave or a lurking shovel. Seeing neither, she almost sighed in relief—until she spotted George approaching with a tray. 3

"Ah, what splendid gloom we have today! Perfect for outdoor activities," Hadeon remarked with a grin that unnerved her.

George snickered at Hadeon's words,

anticipating Mallory's discomfort during her punishment. Despite being reduced to a mere servant, far from the kingly life he felt entitled to, he found a sadistic sprinkle of joy in witnessing Mallory's potential misery. 10

At the same time, Mallory quietly glared at the arrogant ass, who still hadn't been humbled after a haircut and status change. When George set the tray down, revealing an assortment of knives, her eyebrows furrowed. 8

"Georgie, hang the board on the tree," Hadeon ordered the arrogant elite-turned-servant with a dismissive flick of his hand. He then turned his attention to Mallory and said, "Considering how bad your aim is, I thought we could improve on it. Am I the best employer or what?" 10

"Is that it?" Mallory wondered silently, her suspicion brewing. This was the reason he talked about free movements? Out loud, she ventured cautiously, "And there are no... consequences if I miss?" 12

Mallory couldn't shake the feeling that something fishy was going on—like Hadeon had a trick or two up his sleeve, just waiting to spring them like a magician with an evil rabbit. 3

"Absolutely none! But you need to aim the knives at the board and on getting the centre. I'll be watching to see if any miss is... intentional," Hadeon's smile widened. As George hung the sizeable board and started to move away, Hadeon called him back with a casual yet commanding tone. "Georgie, shuffle two steps to your right. A tad more, now step forward. Perfect!" 23

"..." Mallory knew Hadeon was up to something!

Now, George stood directly in front of the board. A wave of realisation washed over him, draining the colour from his face, and he asked in an uncertain voice, "Why, why am I exactly standing here?" 6

"Who said you could talk or even breathe loudly, you glorified coat rack," Hadeon snapped, silencing George with a glare. "Now, Mallory, make sure your aim is true, unless you fancy redecorating Georgie's outfit with a bit more...red because he looks dull." 17

"I can't aim with him there..." Mallory replied, torn between wanting to enjoy scaring arrogant George and grimacing at the thought of blood dripping from multiple wounds.

Hadeon gleamed with mischief, remarking, "Oh, don't worry about him disturbing you. He knows better than to wiggle—even a twitch might inspire me to join the game with a knife of my own. Don't you, Georgie?" 31

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Oh I love Haedon . Sometimes irritating but Cant help feel impressed with him.....



Oh lord!!! Hadeon is really a handful. His mischievous ways are unpredictable. Poor Mallory. H...



This chapter is burning hot with discussion!



2

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