

30 Letter by Yours Truly 11

Mallory found herself staring down at the one person she'd rather wrestle a rabid raccoon than deal with George Kingsley. Deep down, she wanted to wring his neck, but she wasn't keen on diving into a pool of blood and knives to do it. So when fate, aka Hadeon, dropped this punishment on her, it felt like a vampire's very own twisted joke. 1

"Master Hades?" Mallory hesitated, eyeing Hadeon casually sipping on his tea in the open garden and under the darkened clouds of the day.

"What's up, monkey? Need some pointers on where to aim?" Hadeon asked, his eyes glinting mischievously. 10

"I don't know how to hit the board with him blocking most of it," Mallory stated, watching George dominate the target area. 8

"That's a problem," Hadeon hummed with a thoughtful expression, and he said, not so quietly with a serious expression, "Perhaps we need to make a hole in little Georgie's chest." 19

George began to sweat profusely, feeling like

he'd suddenly become the sacrificial lamb. He wanted to protest, but this bloodsucking vampire had threatened him not to utter a word! 8

"Just kidding," Hadeon sang with a chuckle, placing his tea cup aside. His slender fingers hovered ominously above the tray of knives, as if selecting the sharpest one. "But it seems we're in need of a demonstration. Let me show how it is done." 12

Picking up a knife, Hadeon didn't bother to rise from his seat, instead leaning back with a wicked grin as he watched George. The human looked like he was about to faint just from the way the vampire was staring at him. With a flick of his wrist, Hadeon sent the knife sailing through the air. It whizzed past George's left ear, causing him to flinch, before embedding itself into the dartboard with a satisfying thud. 8

Hadeon tilted his head before ordering, "Georgie, raise your hands." The human looked like he was auditioning to be a scarecrow at the upcoming Hallow. The pureblooded vampire then turned to Mallory and commented, "Now you have more space." 15

As Mallory took a deep breath and reached for one of the knives, determination etched across

her face. She turned to face George, whose eyes bulged with fear. She had punched his nose with precision before, so how bad could her aim really be. Right? 8

But alas, when she let the knife fly, it soared through the air, completely missing both George and the dartboard. Instead, it struck a nearby tree, startling a flock of birds into a frenzy of feathers and squawks. 16

George couldn't help but let out a snicker, trying to mask his amusement behind a cough. Meanwhile, Mallory's face froze in embarrassment, feeling the weight of Hadeon's intense gaze boring into her. 15

"I see you have decided to hunt for dinner before aiming the dartboard. Or perhaps you've misplaced your spectacles and mistook the board for a bird's nest?" Hadeon questioned with one of his eyebrows raised while biting in the smirk. He knew this was going to happen, considering how she had thrown the apple over the carriage. 5

Could she aim the knife at Hadeon? Mallory asked herself. Feeling his gaze continue on her, she whispered, "No..." She definitely couldn't.

"Stop contemplating the direction of the knife and focus on the target," Hadeon's voice drawled, his grin as sharp as the knives. "And if you need some motivation, just think about the lovely times you spent with Georgie. You know how he tarnished your reputation and practically escorted you to the scaffold. There's no need to worry about damaging something that is already damaged. Isn't that right, Georgie?" 17

"I—" George tried to interject, only to be silenced with a wave of Hadeon's hand, who remarked,

"Hush now. We both know you're in agreement with me. Especially after the intimate bond we forged last night," Hadeon smiled at George.

"Now," he said, turning his gaze back at Mallory.

"Now, for every miss, like the one that just took flight and landed three meters away, you'll face a penalty." 13

"A penalty?" Mallory echoed, her scowl deepening. "That's downright unfair! I—"

"Oh, monkey, monkey, monkey," Hadeon tutted, shaking his head with a theatrical sigh. "When have punishments ever played fair?"

One of Mallory's eyes twitched as she silently regretted not sealing Hadeon's coffin with an

extra heap of mud the last time she had the chance. How could she even be punished when undergoing a punishment?! Only in Hadeon's rulebook could such absurdity pass for logic! 2

"But what about me?" George asked with disbelief because he had been doing everything he had been told to, even though not willingly. 3

"A little birdy told me that you were threatening Mallory this morning. Who told you that you could do that?" Hadeon's hand reached out for another knife, which was enough to send George into an incoherent mumbling mess.

"I—I think there's been a misunderstanding. I didn't threaten her, not at all," the human stammered, his nervous smile betraying his words. "We were just having a conversation, right?" he turned to Mallory, as if they were both on the same team. 8

"No," Mallory's response was as flat, showing about as much interest in saving George's neck from Hadeon's wrath as a sloth did in running a race. 3

George flinched and quickly began, "Mallory, you —" 4

Suddenly, a knife came flying at George to

haphazardly cut one side of his remaining hair, which left the human frozen. Had he moved to the side, he was sure the knife would have shaved his skull, and he trembled in his place. 7

"What Mallory? Lady Mallory Winchester," Hadeon scolded, his tone dripping with disapproval as he shot George a stern look. "It looks like someone forgot to teach you manners, or you must have forgotten to pick it up. But fear not, Georgie. Van Doren Castle is just the place for such errands. How great is that?" He flashed a bright smile. 11

George nodded vigorously, his head bobbing like a bobblehead. He should find a way to call for help! Either he should be able to escape from this castle or inform his father in some way! His father was the count and would then attack this stupid, pureblooded vampire and close the chapter forever! But before he could contemplate an entire plan, Mallory hurled a knife in his direction. 10

As the blade flew dangerously close to George and the dartboard, each successive throw heightened his anxiety. He realised Mallory was throwing the knives on a whim. They seemed to be homing in on him like guided slings, and just

when he thought it couldn't get any worse, one of the blades sliced through his sleeve. 6

Mallory's relentless assault continued, her focus unwavering as she directed the knives towards George rather than the board. With each throw, the blades closed in until one finally tore through George's sleeve. Amidst this, she found twisted satisfaction in George's fear, watching him squirm as payback for the trouble he'd caused her. 7

And while Hadeon enjoyed himself in the garden with the entertainment being provided, far from the Van Doren Castle, Count Kingsley looked for his son with an annoyed expression.

"Where is George?!" he snapped at the servants around him. He had explicitly instructed his son about the crucial meeting, yet here he was, squandering time—who knows where! 7

"Master George hasn't returned since he left last night, sire," one of the servants replied before the butler entered the room, holding a letter. With a stern expression, the butler approached, presenting the letter to Count Kingsley. 2

"This was found at your desk this morning, Sire."

Count Kingsley accepted the letter, recognising

it as being from his son, and proceeded to open it and read its contents.

Dearest father,

I pen this letter because I won't be able to say it to you directly. Father... I am madly in love with our trusty coachman, Gary. It was fate that made us spend so much time together that we fell in love. True love, father, and he loves me for who I am. He loves bald heads, and I have decided to shave them off for him. And frankly, I couldn't be happier. It will be easier during the summer heat. 44

So father, please don't look for us, as Gary and I have embarked on a new chapter together, one filled with love and sex. 37

Yours truly, Georgie 11

"Guards!" Count Kingsley's voice thundered with fury, echoing through the halls. He shook as he clutched the letter. Only his son dared to enter his study room, while the butler entered only on instruction. The shame his son had brought him made him shake with anger.

"I want George and Gary hunted down and dealt with!" 8