

38 Types of Hadeon's relationships ¹³

Mallory's eyes bulged like a startled owl as she witnessed Hadeon's fingers dive into the vampire's chest. Hastily, she averted her gaze, not keen on witnessing the gore that the pureblooded vampire relished. Suddenly, a rustling broke the silence, and she peeked back to witness Hadeon rising, clutching one of the vampire's legs. ¹

With a casual tone, Hadeon remarked, "The villagers could use a bit of warmth. A bonfire made of vampire limbs ought to do the trick." ¹²

Hadeon began to walk back, dragging the vampire by his foot, who now mopped the forest floor. Mallory trailed closely, afraid of getting lost in the dark. Curious, she asked, ²

"Master Hades, do you know who this person Erebus is?" ³

"I might have heard his name," Hadeon replied nonchalantly as he reached for his cigar case with his free hand. ⁶

Mallory eyed the cigar, knowing she could use

one to lower the stress he had put on her by turning her into a bait. This man was cruel! He had the audacity to call her a faithful servant and then use her for such dangerous tasks. There lingered a nagging suspicion that, when push came to shove, he'd toss her aside without batting an eye. 13

Noticing her stare at his hand, Hadeon remarked, "Do you want one, monkey?" But before she could respond, he added, "Perhaps not. I am sure you don't want to die because of this, especially when you have yet to meet the garbage man." 4

Mallory snatched one of the cigars from the cigar case and replied, "I don't think I mind dying early." 14

Hadeon clicked his tongue, tutting her. "What's gotten you so down, monkey? Tell your master. He will teach you some tricks," he grinned. "The lighter is in my pocket." 11

With cautious fingers, she retrieved the cold lighter and ignited the cigar's tip before lighting her own. Dropping the lighter back into his pocket, she exhaled a cloud of smoke, feeling the tension begin to dissipate.



Shifting to her earlier question, Mallory asked, "Don't you know all the pureblooded vampires?" 2

Hadeon responded with a nonchalant hum. "Why would I bother?"

"Because they were all made by the same creator as you," Mallory raised her eyebrows.

"No," came the blunt response from Hadeon.

"Their names are about as relevant to me as a spoon in a sword fight, especially when they're just feeble imitations." 7

"What do you mean?" Mallory was intrigued.

One corner of Hadeon's lips curled into a smirk, his eyes gleaming like a predator in the darkness. He elaborated,

"It's simple," he began. "When the original pureblooded vampires were in the making, the Devil fancied himself a tailor. He tried his hand at stitching more of them to his liking, but alas, most turned out to be of low quality. There is a reason why they aren't the originals. As for the rest of the vampires, well, they're useless playthings." 2

Mallory absorbed his words, then changed the subject. "Earlier... you called yourself a monster.

"Is it because it is what people called you in the past?" 3

Hadeon took another puff from the cigar, the smoke swirling around him like a sinister halo, before he casually turned to look at her. 2

"Are you asking if it hurts me, monkey? How adorable," and he chuckled with his lips spreading wide. "I love it when they call me a monster, for it leaves a delectable fragrance of fear when they mention it." 5

"..."

The longer she spent time with Hadeon, the more she realised how he wasn't like anyone she knew. This person didn't care about what people thought about him or what they said, and if he followed, it was only to toy with them. 8

"What about you? Do you enjoy being called a witch?" Hadeon asked, which made her eyes move to look at him. It shouldn't have surprised her, considering how nosy this pureblooded vampire could be. 4

"I don't. Neither do I like the monkey name," Mallory voiced out her thoughts. She refrained from questioning how he would feel if she called him a name, knowing it would likely backfire,

leading to some twisted response. 7

"I am appalled that you reject my personally handpicked name for you, Mal-o-ry," remarked Hadeon with an exaggerated huff. "Anyways, I have decided to bestow upon you a treat!" 6

Mallory sent him a suspicious look. She hoped it wasn't the not-so-fun joke he had mentioned to the vampire about getting her a collar. She waited for him to say what wild thing he had conjured up in his mind, but he left her in suspense. 2

When they reached the edge of the forest, Mallory dropped her cigar and extinguished it while Hadeon had finished his before her. They took the vampire's corpse to the bonfire, where the other vampires were burning in a pile, and threw the person.

"Thank you once more, Lord Hadeon, for ridding us of that bloodsucking menace! We're eternally grateful to you," the village head expressed, his tone heavy with appreciation.

"Maybe different kinds of meals for different hours," Hadeon replied with a straight face, and the villagers laughed.

"You have a good sense of humour, milord.

"Please have a safe trip back to the castle," the village head said, before Hadeon and Mallory walked away from the bonfire, heading towards the waiting carriage. 3

"The villagers have placed their hopes on you, Master Hades," Mallory stated, gaining Hadeon's attention. 2

"Watch them give me the red carpet treatment of picking up stakes once they know who I am," Hadeon chuckled, a wicked glint in his eyes as if relishing the thought of the chaos he could cause. 10

"Have you ever wondered what it is to have humans on your side? They believe in you now as their saviour," Mallory asked him.

"Are you on my side?" Hadeon suddenly asked, taking her aback. 4

"Me?"

"Mhm. Is my monkey on my side?" His striking golden eyes met her blue eyes. 2

"Yes?" Mallory asked in doubt, and Hadeon rolled his eyes. She then asked him, "Master Hades, have you ever cared for anything?" 6

"Let me think about it," Hadeon mused, wearing



a contemplative expression as they paused midway. "I do care about my oral hygiene, you know. Concerns about the apple trees in the castle, the quality of blood—" 12

This is a self-absorbed vampire, Mallory thought to herself. She interrupted him, "Did you ever love anyone in the past, Master Hades?" 9

Hadeon chuckled before replying, "I might be bored, but I haven't reached that level of boredom just yet, darling. As for my relationships, there's the hunting ship—those I've hunted. Then there's the acquaintanceship. But the master-servant dynamic? Now, that's a classic. It's my top pick, hands down." He paused, humming thoughtfully. "Why does it feel like you're trying to 'fix' me, monkey?" 14

"They were only simple questions," Mallory stated, and she started to walk towards the carriage.

"Silly monkey. If you're feeling bored, I've got a myriad of ways to keep you entertained," Hadeon stated, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "On second thought, watching you attempt to climb a tree could be quite amusing. After all, monkeys do love to hang around in branches," Hadeon stated. 13

"So do bats." 10

"Quite the idea! We shall both hang from the branches," Hadeon proposed with a chuckle, while Mallory quickened her pace until she abruptly stamped something on the ground and let out a curse. 8

"Fucking hell!"

"We must cleanse that mouth of yours with holy water. Such colourful language!" Hadeon remarked, his tone dripping with mock disapproval, before catching a whiff of fresh blood from her foot and tutting, "Tch, it seems you've stepped on something sharp, troublemaker. Here, let me take a look at it," Hadeon offered and approached her. 4

But Mallory only swirled around and stumbled back to fall right to the ground. She winced, "Ow!" 2

Hadeon rolled his eyes dismissively. "There was no need to be dramatic about it. Unless you want to keep whatever you stepped on as a souvenir for life. I usually collect souvenirs from my prey, but I won't judge your taste." 7

"Your jokes are always morbid, Master Hades," Mallory grumbled, her body tense from the pain.

"Why does everyone mistake my sincerity for jest? Even when I told people I would have to rip their heads off, they thought I was jesting," Hadeon mused, tilting his head. He then offered, "Want me to help?" 2

"No," came Mallory's quick response.

"Very well, then. I'll see you in the carriage," Hadeon replied, striding towards it and disappearing inside. 1

Barnby stood by the carriage door, observing as his master settled inside. The woman stood up and walked with a noticeable limp, making her way to the vehicle. He could tell that this one intrigued his master, given her defiance compared to others. Without a word, he waited for her to climb in before gently closing the door behind her. 2

As the carriage pulled away from Ghoulsville, Mallory clenched her jaw, suppressing the pain, while feeling Hadeon's penetrating gaze bore into her. Five minutes into their journey, the pureblooded vampire's voice sliced through the silence.

"That's it," Hadeon remarked, his eyes narrowing into slits. 2



38 Types of Hadeon's relationships

+5

"It's just a thorn. Nothing to worry about," Mallory insisted, trying to keep her voice steady.

"I wasn't aware you had developed an extra set of eyes in your feet," Hadeon's words dripped with sarcasm. "But even if you're trying to play tough, your heart's pounding like a scared rabbit, and it's starting to grate on my nerves. Give me your foot," he demanded, before a sinister grin spreading across his lips, "Or I'll just help myself." 16

Comment 290

View All >



Post your first comment!



2

Vote



Send Gift

Swipe left to continue >

08:47



10/10

Spotify

SPORTY

Close