

39 Taste in the carriage 11

He wouldn't dare... Mallory quietly glared at him. Seeing him lean forward, her eyes widened. He definitely would! 1

As she slipped off her shoe, she questioned him, "Don't you come from a time when men didn't frivolously touch women?" 8

"Out of all the things I just said, when did you hear me say I want to touch you frivolously?" Hadeon arched an eyebrow, his voice rich with teasing undertones. "Rest assured, I will handle it with the utmost care," he added, his grin broadening mischievously. 14

Mallory felt a flush of heat race up her neck, frustrated by his twisting of her words. Bringing her foot forward, she said, "Here." 5

"Monkey," Hadeon murmured, his eyes narrowing slightly. "I meant your other foot—the one that's bleeding. What are you afraid of? I'm not going to devour you." 16

Damn his vampire senses, Mallory cursed him. She then replied, "Master Hades, you are a vampire." 2

"Pureblooded vampire," Hadeon corrected with a smirk. 10

"My apologies. I don't think it is a good idea to mix pureblooded vampires and blood together," Mallory shook her head.

"Mal—o—ry," Hadeon chided, clicking his tongue. "If I had desired your blood, I would have already claimed it. Now, be a good girl and present your foot." 12

Reluctantly acknowledging his logic, Mallory gingerly lifted her injured foot, still in its shoe, suspecting the thorn was lodged both in the shoe and her foot. As Hadeon's fingers wrapped around her ankle, pulling her foot closer to him, her heart skipped a beat. 12

"Just to get a better look," Hadeon assured her earnestly, though the mischievous sparkle in his eyes suggested otherwise. Being a vampire, the dim light was no hindrance for him. He inspected her foot closely and hummed, "Aren't we in luck. It's not a thorn." 2

"A nail?" Mallory asked, her eyebrows furrowing.

"No, not a nail," Hadeon replied casually, as if dismissing any cause for alarm. "It's a corrupted vampire's fang. Probably one of the ones I broke

off during a fight." 21

Mallory blinked in surprise, murmuring, "Oh," as the realisation sank in. She hesitated, then added, "It should be fine?" 7

"Mm," Hadeon nodded before he said, "except that the corrupted vampire's fang is venomous and needs to be removed. Otherwise, the affected area will become infected." 11

"What?!" 2

"I know. I thought you were being sarcastic, but you really are short of luck. Good for you that I am here with you. I have plenty of luck," Hadeon responded with a bright smile as Mallory's face drained of colour. 3

As he spoke, Hadeon's slender fingers reached for the heel of Mallory's shoe, seemingly checking it. Without warning, his fingers slid to the top, and in one swift motion, he tore the shoe in two. 9

"Why did you do that?!" Mallory exclaimed alarmed. It was the only pair of shoes she had with her. She watched as Hadeon held the remnants of the shoe, and then abruptly, he yanked the shoe away from her foot, causing her to grip the seat tighter.



"Removing the shoe in the usual way might have driven the fang deeper into your foot. I certainly could have allowed that to happen," Hadeon commented, his voice smooth with a hint of mischief. "But I did say I would be careful, didn't I?" 4

As the pain in her foot intensified, Mallory's voice wavered with urgency. "How long does it take for the venom to spread?"

"Just a couple of minutes," Hadeon answered.

"You might have a few left. If only you had let me examine it before we left Ghoulsville, we'd have more time. I was about to—"

"You have permission to remove it," Mallory interrupted, noting his pointed stare. 9

"Are you certain? We could explore other options, perhaps visit a physician," Hadeon offered, his tone casual yet probing. 11

"You seem to be enjoying this far too much," Mallory observed through gritted teeth, catching the wicked smile that danced across Hadeon's lips. "Please, just do it, Master Hades."

With a contemplative hum, Hadeon carefully tore Mallory's stockings, exposing her skin. He then firmly grasped her foot, turning the sole

towards him. With precise movements, he pinched the barely protruding fang, preparing to extract it. 2

When Hadeon touched the fang that was stuck in her foot, Mallory took a sharp breath. Once he pulled it out, she felt the hollow pain and the blood beginning to trickle down.

"Oh, well," Hadeon murmured, the colour of his eyes shifting to a dark red that made Mallory forget about the pain she had been experiencing until now. "It would be such a waste, not to mention, we need to make sure there's no venom there." 18

Before Mallory could object, Hadeon leaned in, his lips sealing around the wound from which blood still dripped. She was very aware of his lips that grazed against her wound, which sent a shiver down her spine mixed with pain and something else. He sucked the area, bringing a current of pain with her toes curling. Her heart fluttered at the sensation, and her cheeks flamed to the colour of ripe tomatoes. She was awash in a torrent of emotions—from pain to embarrassment to the peculiar tickle of his lips. 12

Hadeon's eyes briefly closed as if savouring the taste of fresh, ripe blood. He eventually opened

them and his eyes met with her blue eyes. 2

"M—Master Hades...!" she stammered. Her chastity had been set up in flames! 10

Quickly gathering her wits, Mallory pulled her foot back to her side and declared, "I think that was helpful enough. Thank you for saving my life once again." She noted how his gaze lingered on her foot for a moment before meeting her eyes, his lips glossed with a trace of blood, and he licked them. 8

This vampire! 2

"Regarding your earlier comment about the time I come from, you'll quickly learn that I am not one to adhere to rules," Hadeon remarked, lifting his blood-stained fingers to his lips and tasting them one by one with a deliberate savor. 8

Mallory wanted to question his manners, but surely the Devil forgot to add them when he was creating Hadeon. His actions and words left her flustered and speechless. When she finally regained her composure, she questioned him,

"Master Hades, are you familiar with the proper relationship between a master and a servant?" 6

"Hm, considering it's my favourite dynamic, and



you are my loyal and faithful servant, shouldn't I prioritise saving you?" Hadeon asked with a serious expression, while Mallory blinked as his words went over her head. He then asked her, "How is your foot doing now?"

It must have turned anemic! Mallory thought before her eyebrows furrowed and she touched the sole of her foot. Stunned, she whispered, 5

"The wound is gone..." She saw Hadeon's lips curl into a satisfied smirk. Did he have magic? 8

"The original pureblooded vampires have the ability to heal wounds with our saliva. Fortunate for you, I will be there to lick your wounds," Hadeon purred, his lips twisting into a sly grin. The very notion made Mallory's heart skip a beat. Leaning back against his seat, Hadeon's gaze turned predatory, his eyes shimmering with a golden gleam. "But there's always a balance." 8

"Balance of what?" Mallory asked, gently setting her healed foot down.

"With the power to heal comes the power to kill. It's a balance of light and dark. Of course, it is another thing that the vampires fall into the dark side without doubt," Hadeon replied

nonchalantly, his gaze drifting out the window. "Consider the blood I just took as a repayment this time," he added.

"Thank you for healing it," Mallory said, offering him a slight bow. She realised that if he had chosen to be cruel, he could have easily prolonged her suffering by not healing the wound. She heard him hum in response, while he continued to enjoy the night breeze. 4

While Mallory's cheeks were still burning, she noticed Hadeon seemed unaffected by what he just did, as if it were nothing to ponder. As they returned to the castle, her walk was unsteady as she made her way toward the entrance, and Hadeon observed her intently.

"Lord Hadeon?" Barnby ventured, hesitating slightly before adding, "I thought pureblooded vampires weren't able to drink a serphant's blood." When Hadeon's gaze shifted to his servant, Barnby quickly bowed, adding, "Forgive me, milord, for eavesdropping." 16

Watching Mallory disappear inside the castle, Hadeon explained, "Technically, I shouldn't be able to digest her blood. Serphant's blood is considered poison in our hierarchy. But I wanted to test it out of curiosity, as I hadn't seized the

opportunity last time." His tongue ran across one of his fangs, as if remembering the taste of her blood. 13

Serphants were designed as friendly allies for pureblooded vampires, bound by a pact of mutual protection. This was why vampires, especially purebloods, were typically forbidden from feeding on them. 9

"So that leaves us with three choices. She is either an evolved serphant, or I suddenly am able to consume serphant blood. Or the last one..." Hadeon remarked in a casual tone, yet his eyes were filled with curiosity. "She isn't a serphant, but something else." 35