

40 Not enough clothes 10

In the night, while Mallory changed into the borrowed clothes, courtesy of the dead woman now, she was rubbing lotion on her feet when her hands paused. She ran her fingers across the sole, where the fang had pierced. 1

"Pureblooded vampires are truly superior creatures," Mallory murmured, impressed. But she would never accept it in front of hideous Hadeon! Her cheeks turned pink at the memory of him sucking the venom out of her sole. 12

She was grateful to him for saving her life, but why did he have to make eye contact with her! She hadn't forgotten the gaze, which looked intimidating, but there was something else with it. 13

"If he hadn't dragged me to Ghoulsville and killed the vampires without breaking their fangs, I would have never stamped it!" Mallory pointed it out loud, with no one to hear. "I should stop thinking about him! I don't want him coming in my dreams," she muttered to herself. Else, even in dreams, he would go, 'I am God. Aren't you lucky for my existence?' 22



With a sigh, Mallory extinguished the flickering candle flame and nestled beneath the covers, her head sinking into the softness of the pillow. As she drifted into slumber, the night whispered gently through the shifting clouds, its subtle tremors lulling her into dreams. 2

In the depths of her sleep, she found herself once again pulled by a memory that had haunted her dreams countless times before.

"I am here, Mal!" Her mother's voice called her out, but she wasn't able to see her mother clearly.

There was hope and relief in the little girl's voice as she tried to move forward. But at the same moment, the shadow in front of her moved closer and appeared bigger, and for a second, it didn't resemble her father or mother.

"Mama?" Her hand reached out forward.

"Come here, Mallory..." The voice changed, and before the person on the other end could grab her, fire raged through the corridor, burning the person who was standing in the corridor, and the flames moved towards the little girl, enveloping her in a blue circle before the entire house blew up with the glasses of the windows

shattering out. 11

When the little girl woke up, she found not two but three bodies, before one of them crumbled into dust as if it were never there. 9

"Mama...!" Mallory called out to her mother in sleep while on the bed, her forehead covered in sweat and her heartbeat racing loud enough for the pureblooded vampire to pick up.

"Looks like someone is having a bad dream," Hadeon's voice, smooth as midnight silk, floated through the room as he stood by her bedside, his dark gaze fixed upon her. 5

Hadeon placed his finger on Mallory's forehead, and as seconds passed, her heart rate slowly calmed down. As he stared at her, he noticed how she looked peaceful in her sleep. His gaze drifted to the necklace adorning her neck, one that belonged to him. 15

"To be compatible with someone as incompatible as me," Hadeon murmured, his words barely a whisper in the stillness of the room. "You are special, aren't you, Mallory Winchester? Almost silvery hair and sterling blue eyes. I know I have seen it before. I know it." 46

When Hadeon's lips moved next time, the words were an inaudible whisper that even went unheard by the air. His fingers delicately brushed aside a stray lock of hair that danced near Mallory's cheek, the gentle touch stirring her from her sleep. 4

But by the time Mallory's eyes pried open, she was the only one in her room. She noticed the curtains ruffle because of the window that was open. 8

In the morning, when Mallory woke up, she was put on duty to bring breakfast to Hadeon. When she arrived at his room, the pureblooded vampire was already dressed in a white shirt and black trousers. He had a red knotted cravat stuffed in his black vest, over which he wore a coat. She looked surprised. 8

"Never seen a man as handsome as me, monkey? There is no need to answer that. Seeing Georgie is enough of an answer," Hadeon remarked in a dismissive tone. 10

"Are you going somewhere, Master Hades?" Mallory inquired, while stepping closer and offering the glass of blood to him.

"Mm," Hadeon hummed, his gaze lingering on his

reflection in the long mirror as he adjusted his hair to perfection before turning towards Mallory. "I noticed my wardrobe looks rather empty," he said, turning to look at the cupboard, where Mallory's eyes fell on the stack of clothes. "Hence, I decided it was time to shop. I will need someone to carry my bags." 17

"Okay...?" Mallory replied, knowing exactly where this sadistic vampire was going. 1

"You will carry my bags."

"I think George is much more suitable for it, in terms of strength. You can shop for more things," Mallory suggested, wanting some time off from the pureblooded vampire's possible adventure of the day. "After last night's loss of blood, I feel very weak, Master Hades. My hands were trembling earlier," she lied. 2

"You poor thing," Hadeon clicked his tongue as if worried. "I have asked Barnby to pack you some snacks on the way to town: Beetroot. It has been said that it will replenish your blood in a jiffy," he snapped his fingers. 12

"..."

Mallory knew resistance was futile, but she didn't grow up with the thought of being a doll

and nod to everything that was said to her. If that were so, she would have been married and had children! Hadeon was the stain in her favourite dress, which she couldn't wash or get rid of. She couldn't throw the dress, hence, she would need to keep it. Such was the situation. 2

"You must be thinking what an amazing employer you have. You can thank me on our way," Hadeon replied with a sly smile, noticing Mallory grit her teeth. "Why don't you go and get ready? We'll be departing in ten minutes." 3

And in ten minutes, outside the castle and before the vehicle, the coachman, the pureblooded vampire and his 'loyal servant' stood. But then came George, carrying an umbrella and a lunchbox. 5

George internally grumbled, not knowing why he was being made to carry everything. 1

"Wonderful! Everyone is here," Hadeon turned and climbed inside the carriage.

When George was going to climb inside the carriage, one of Hadeon's legs moved forward to block the human's way and the pureblooded vampire stated,

"Georgie, your seat is in the front with Barnby." 2

Sitting next to the coachman?! George looked appalled at the very thought. All these years, he had been sitting inside the carriage like a king, and now... father! Maybe this was a good opportunity for him, he thought to himself. When no one was looking, he would sneak out of there and get help. People would stake this vampire right then and there! He couldn't help but evilly smile at the thought of it. 10

But before he could climb next to Barnby, he decided to give the things to Mallory, who was most of the reason why he was in this position. 4

"Ah ah ah, what do you think you are doing?" Hadeon tutted, one of his eyebrows raised. "Mallory needs to munch on some beetroot sticks and is going to be busy. What are you dawdling around for?" His golden eyes narrowed. 1

George didn't want to anger the vampire and without protest, he climbed next to the coachman.

Mallory finally climbed inside the carriage and closed the door behind her. She wondered if Hadeon was planning to buy shops and if he needed three people to carry things.

As the carriage travelled towards the town where Hadeon intended to shop, one of the men, tasked with finding the count's son, caught sight of a figure bearing a striking resemblance to George Kingsley, seated beside the coachman. 4

The informer quickly took his horse and went to Reavermoure to report about what he saw to the count. The count snapped,

"What do you mean, you aren't sure if it is George or not?"

"Sire, this man had no hair. His head was shaven. But he looked very much like him," the informer stated before adding, "He was sitting in the front in a fancy carriage." 2

Count Kinglsey clenched his jaw. "Next to the coachman?" 5

"Yes, sire," the man replied, and this was enough to get a rise out of the count. "But he wasn't driving it."

The count couldn't believe that his son was romancing a coachman in public, and he snapped, "What are you doing here? Take some of my men and go hunt him right away!" 13

Back in the carriage, Mallory munched on the



beetroot, which she thought was a joke. Hadeon was right. His jokes were often not jokes, and she was forced to finish an entire box that was diced while the pureblooded vampire looked happy that she was eating it. 2

After half an hour ride, the carriage finally arrived in town and everyone except Barnby got down from the carriage. Mallory caught the town name hanging on a pole which read 'Marrowmere.' 2