

41 Hadeon's love interest 12

In the town of Marrowmere, Mallory trailed one step behind Hadeon, positioned to his right, while George, carrying an umbrella, walked on the pureblooded vampire's left side, shielding him from the sun, which was hidden behind dark clouds. 1

Maroonish-brown brick walls dominated the buildings, with cobblestones lining the streets underfoot. Men in tailored suits and women in elegant dresses strolled by, accompanied by servants carrying their belongings.

"I have never been to this place before," George murmured while moving his neck left and right. 7

Hadeon's remark was swift, "It is not a town exactly for the poor." 19

George scowled at the response and tried to assert his family status, "My family has four manors, and we have land—" 2

"Is that all?" Hadeon asked, unimpressed, his tone dripping with sarcasm as he regarded the human with a blank look, causing George to swallow nervously. "If I were you, I wouldn't brag about something so little. Especially when it's

something you didn't earn." 12

George couldn't help but feel a pang of inferiority at Hadeon's disdainful demeanour. With four manors under his family's name, he hardly expected to be treated as though he were penniless. 2

Hadeon stopped before an old shop with glass windows and entered it. Before Mallory could follow, she sensed someone looking at her, and upon turning, her eyes met a man's who smiled. It made her feel uneasy, and she hurried inside. 17

"Welcome to Sable Stitches," the man said with a bow.

Hadeon offered a coin that didn't look like the one Mallory was familiar with to the man, who looked down and then asked, "May I take your coat?" As the pureblooded vampire's coat was being removed, she observed the narrow passage between the wooden walls, lit by lamps despite the morning hour. "Let me lead the way," the man said before walking forward.

They were guided into a decently sized room, and then the man said, "Is there any particular style of clothing you are looking for?" 4

Hadeon exuded an air of sophistication as he

replied, "Something timeless, suitable for everyday wear." 2

The man nodded and turned to walk to one of the cupboards. Mallory noticed how there were no signs of clothes in here, nor was there a room divider to change clothes. Her ears slightly flushed as her thoughts wandered back to the moment she first saw Hadeon with his pants hanging low on his hips. Sinful thoughts! She wondered if there was a church nearby. 22

The man opened a drawer and pulled out a box. Returning with it, he placed it on the table, and unlocked the box.

Mallory's eyes widened at the contents inside, while George's face paled. It was a gun. This wasn't a clothing shop, but one where weapons were bought! Despite the way both Hadeon and the man had earlier spoken, she would have bet they were talking about clothes. The man explained, 14

"It is a fresh piece that came from the East. Nearly fifteen inches in length. The bullets are made of silver, with compressed Death Poke and Barbed Fieldcress. Because of their small size, it has an eight-barrel capacity." 4



Hadeon picked up the gun and then caressed it, his fingers tracing its sleek contours. "This must be what humans mean when they say love at first sight," he remarked. He noted the inscription on the gun, which read, 'To Dust.' Well, will you look at that? She even speaks my language." 20

Did he just... refer to the gun as 'she'? Mallory asked in her mind. 6

The man's satisfaction was evident as he observed Hadeon's pleased expression. With ease, the pureblooded extended the gun as if taking aim at the walls. "We have another one, an identical sibling, if you're interested. They're the only pair made here and fresh in town," he explained, producing another box containing an identical gun. 6

"Here, hold this, donkey," Hadeon commanded, gesturing the gun towards George. 20

Suppressing the glare bubbling on his face, George contemplated the idea of using the gun against the vampire. But as he reached for it, the weight nearly sent him toppling to the ground. 1

"Is this made of mountains?!" George exclaimed, struggling to lift it. How was he going to aim it at the vampire when it was this heavy! 8



"Weak," Hadeon clicked his tongue in disdain and warned, "Don't drop her unless you want your hands to be amputated." He picked up the twin gun and took a sniff. 3

The attendant stated, "Each of them is made of titanium nitride and weighs thirty-five pounds. It can handle the wear and tear from heat, and it is promised to have high endurance. You will be able to notice that the trigger is of perfect flexibility."

"I thought the world didn't move much, but I am liking what I am seeing so far. I'll take these beauties," Hadeon declared, relieving George of the weighty burden. The pureblooded vampire rose from his seat, slipping the guns discreetly behind his trousers. "No need to pack them," he added casually. "Send the bullets over to Van Doren's castle. I will take two boxes for now."

The person who was attending Hadeon raised his eyebrows subtly at the mention, and he bowed deeper than before, "Very well, sire."

As Hadeon left the room, the others followed suit. The attendant assisted him in putting his black coat back on before they exited the shop.

Didn't one have to pay for what was bought?



Mallory asked herself. And the guns that Hadeon bought, she could tell they cost a fortune, and as if to hide the price, it hadn't been mentioned. She wondered if it had anything to do with the coin that Hadeon showed the person earlier.

The attendee came to see them outside the shop, which was when Mallory noticed the man's eyes were light red in colour, something she had failed to notice before. 2

"I seem to have misplaced my case. Here, Georgie," Hadeon remarked, pulling out a silver coin from his coat and handing it to the human. "Go get me a cigar. Oh, and if there's any change, consider it your lucky day. Come, monkey." 16