

45 Snap of fingers 12

Mallory couldn't help but be suspicious that Hadeon had done something to George. When Barnby arrived, the pureblooded vampire ordered the things they had bought so far to be taken to the carriage. 1

"Georgie, go with Barnby. Some of the things need to be picked up from the shops," Hadeon waved his hand dismissively. 2

"R—Right now? But you might need someone to carry things," George looked terrified to leave the pureblooded vampire's side now. After all, he needed protection from his father's men until he figured out what was going on. 9

"Oh, Georgie, you sound like a clingy child. I would have called it adorable, but you are a grown man. But don't worry, you can be of my use once you are done with those errands," Hadeon remarked. 11

Mallory watched George being dragged by Barnby from there. She then turned to ask Hadeon, "What did you do?" 4

"I drank some blood earlier. Did you want to have some?" Hadeon's casual offer was met with

Mallory's narrowed gaze. "Keep looking at that, you are going to look like someone blew chilli powder into your eyes. You won't be able to see Prince Charming even if he stands before you." 16

"It is going to be hard to find Prince Charming with you next to me," Mallory muttered, wondering who would dare to rescue her from this overbearing vampire. 14

"You don't need Prince Charming, monkey. What you need is good sex to release the tension," Hadeon said in a nonchalant tone, and Mallory's face turned red. 36

"Can you not speak to me in such a crude manner!" Mallory couldn't believe he just said that.

"Oh, pardon me." Hadeon gave her an apologetic look and then said, "What I meant is you need to roll with a man under the moon with no things apart from the way you were born. Actually, on a second thought, it depends." 24

"I need church..." Mallory had goosebumps all over her skin, and she quickened her pace to walk ahead of Hadeon. 8

"Where are you going, monkey? The shop is on the other side of the street," Hadeon grinned,

noticing her body waddling like a duck, before she quickly tried to cross the street. But the moment she tried to do it, a carriage suddenly turned at the corner and almost ran her over if it weren't for the pureblooded vampire who pulled her back from the back of her dress. "If you are planning to go to hell, that's not how you do it." 8

"You have suggestions for that too," Mallory muttered before they finally crossed the street. 2

"Plenty of them. But I don't understand why you want to commit suicide when you are young. Tell me your grievances," Hadeon said with a bright smile.

"You." 11

"Me, yes, that's what I am talking about, silly woman. Who else will you tell? I am an excellent secret keeper," Hadeon lowered his voice.

"Anytime someone has found the secrets, I have taken care of them too," he hummed in satisfaction. "Forever silenced. Because dead men tell no tales." 3

"Master Hades, I think I am feeling much better after talking to you," Mallory said, giving him a tight smile.

Hadeon's lips twisted into a wicked grin, "You

sure? I want you to know that your employer will always support you!" 1

"Thank you for the encouragement..." Mallory murmured, and soon they stepped into a building where dresses and gowns were sold.

Mannequins stood at the front in different poses, wearing different gowns and dresses that caught Mallory's eyes. She looked around before walking near one of the dresses, which was lilac in colour and had a white inner skirt and details.

"These dresses are stunning," Mallory praised, running her hand on the sleeve. She had often travelled to different towns to get her dresses or gowns to wear with her aunt and cousin, but these dresses were on a different level. 1

"Of course they are. They are being worn by the dead waxed people," Hadeon responded in a casual tone. Mallory's eyes widened at his words, and she quickly stepped away from the mannequin with a wary look and then looked at him. "I am joking." 12

What kind of morbid joke was that?! Mallory glared at Hadeon before suspiciously glancing at the mannequins. 4

"Lord Hadeon," one woman appeared before

them and offered him a deep bow. "River has been waiting for your return. Please follow me this way," she smiled before turning and walking.

Mistress? Mallory asked and wondered if it was someone romantically close to Hadeon. They walked through a bunch more mannequins before taking the stairs that led them to the floor below. The temperature there was cold, and she noticed that there were no windows, but there were plenty of lanterns hanging.

The woman pushed the double doors before stepping away. But when they entered the room, Mallory was greeted by the sight of a man and not a woman. The man had needles stuck on the sides of one of his ears, which brought her pain at the sight of them. His hair was tied into a short, lower ponytail. 3

"Welcome back to the living, Hades," the man smiled, his expression so kind that Mallory would have mistaken him to be a human if he didn't give a vibe like Hadeon. "There have been rumours that you picked up a stray human. I didn't expect it to be true," his eyes shifting to look at Mallory. 2

One corner of Hadeon's lips curled and he remarked, "Did people die of shock? I wouldn't

mind attending the funerals, it is always a good time to mingle." 2

"Unfortunately, not. But I am sure you can kill them later if it interests you," the man responded and then said, "It is good to have you back. The living world got boring without you." 6

"If you were that bored, you should have hopped into the coffin. If you need the coffin reference, mine is an excellent one," Hadeon stated, and took a seat on the couch with his legs crossing one over the other. 4

"I should probably check it in the future," replied the man coyly and he walked to where Mallory stood.

When the man approached her, Mallory stared at the person, while Hadeon threw his head back as if he were tired from strolling down the streets. The man smiled at her and introduced himself,

"I am River Atticus." 5

"Mallory Winchester," Mallory carefully said her name and was slightly relieved that the man didn't know who she was. Or, more precisely, that he was unaware of her infamous name. 6

"How lovely to meet you, milady," the man named River said, picking up her hand while leaning down to kiss the back of her hand. "I wonder how long you are going to survive. The last ones lasted two weeks, was it?" 11

"Sixteen days," Hadeon replied with his eyes closed.

"..." Mallory wasn't excited to be part of their morbid conversation and she pulled her hand away from the vampire, who continued to smile at her.

"We should get your measurements," River said, rubbing his chin. When Mallory opened her mouth to speak, the man said, "I am very good at what I do. Besides, I know Hadeon's style like the back of my hands." 3

"Thirty-four, twenty-eight, and thirty-four," Hadeon stated nonchalantly. 10

"Looks like he's already measured her," River muttered and Mallory turned pink, before protesting in haste,

"No, he didn't." 1

"Oh, don't fret, dear. I know he's not measured you with a tape, but he's observed you," River

hummed with his eyebrows raised while Hadeon continued to stay in the same position without bothering to look at them. "But let us make sure. Just in case." 7

When did he even do that?! This was violation! Violation of the contract! Mallory shouted in her mind, while the pureblooded vampire looked like he had fallen asleep but his ears were sharp enough to pay attention to what they were saying in the room. 6

Mallory, who was standing before the mirror, noticed River snap his fingers and a tape appeared out of nowhere to measure her. At the same time, a parchment of paper appeared in thin air along with a quill and she looked at it in surprise. He then began to say, while looking at her, 3

"I am thinking short sleeve with delicate arms, and a little sheer. Maybe light tones..." and the same moment, the quill started to write down the points he made as if someone were writing it, when there was no one. 8

After a while, a bell was heard and River sent Sienna to see what it was about. The woman returned after five minutes with envelopes. The tailor asked, "Who is it from?"

