

54 Middle of the rain 9

Though Mallory heard what Hadeon said, her eyebrows furrowed deeply at his and Father Shane's words. She laughed nervously, shaking her head. "Why would anyone want to rearrange the words? It must be a coincidence that his name, when rearranged, spells mine." 1

Mallory hoped this was one of those times when Hadeon was joking, but the serious look on his face made it hard to believe. 4

"I found it rather strange at the time and thought maybe, due to her old age, the woman had forgotten where her husband was buried," Father Shane said gently. He then asked, "Do you remember your grandfather's name?" 6

"We always called him Grandpa. His name didn't seem important when I was young—just the relationship," Mallory whispered. Her heart pounded as she dared to ask, "Whose body is in there?" 7

Father Shane replied, "A human. One that was probably a week old." 6

"Maybe it was my grandmother's joke. She was a strange one. If not... if that is Mallory, who am I?"

Mallory asked, her voice trembling. She had no relatives or family left to ask about it. When her gaze shifted to Hadeon, he appeared calm. 3

"You knew?" 6

"I had my doubts and sent Barnby to investigate your family background," Hadeon said, his golden eyes fixed on her. "Your grandmother, or the woman you knew as your grandmother, was never a serphant. She was a witch, and neither are you a serphant." 15

Thank God she wasn't a snake, was Mallory's first thought. But then another realisation hit her. 16

"Does that make me a witch, then?"

"No, you aren't a witch, but that would also mean you are not related to her by blood. A witch's blood tastes rotten and is far from vintage," Hadeon explained. "If it helps, you might be Mallory the second." 13

"There has been no Mallory the first," Mallory whispered, feeling a little dizzy. All this while she was not related to the family she believed she had been part of. 6

Mallory wondered why her grandmother had

never mentioned it, but then again, she was too young at the time. Even though they were not related, she was the only grandmother she knew, and it didn't change anything. When the townsfolk insinuated that the old woman was a witch because of her crazy hair, she didn't know it would come true. 2

"I need a moment. Excuse me," Mallory whispered before stepping away from the church through the back door, which led to the graveyard where her parents were buried.

Several minutes later, she heard footsteps approaching. "I don't know who I am anymore."

"Even though there has been a Mallory whom you replaced, you are the only Mallory Winchester that the world knows," Hadeon remarked, standing behind her. "The one famous for her slaps and punches, the so-called murderer. You just have to continue living the way you have without being lost." 13

"But it feels maddening. Not knowing who my family is," Mallory whispered, her hands clenched into fists resting on the ground. She had come here looking for answers about the weapon, not knowing she would uncover her background. She asked him, "What do you think

happened?" 5

"You want my theory?" Hadeon asked as it began to drizzle. 8

"I think so," Mallory replied, staring at the Winchester couple's grave.

"Witches have a reputation for stealing children and using them as their own. Sometimes for potions, sometimes... like what might have happened," Hadeon's words were calm and collected. "It is possible that the actual Mallory didn't survive, and you were taken to replace her." 11

As Mallory took a minute to comprehend what was just told to her, the rain began to fall more steadily, droplets of water inking the ground. 3

"It is going to rain soon. We should get back to the castle," Hadeon informed her before making his way to his carriage. Mallory didn't get up right away to follow him. 3

The coachman noticed Hadeon returning alone and inquired, "Where is Lady Mallory, milord?"

"She needs a moment alone. She will be here soon. Bring the carriage around," Hadeon responded, turning to look in the direction of

the graveyard as the rain began to intensify.

A minute later, Mallory appeared in view, and she made her way to where Hadeon was standing outside the carriage. Upon arriving there, she said, "You should have stayed inside the carriage."

"True, but it would have been troublesome knowing your reputation of digging out graves when it's raining," Hadeon tried to lighten the atmosphere. He then climbed inside the carriage and Mallory soon followed him. 11

The carriage door was soon closed and it began to leave Reavermoure. She then said to him, "I thought you were sure that I was a serphant, who came from the servant line. You ended up being wrong," she muttered the last words. 3

Hadeon's eyes subtly narrowed, "That's all thanks to your blood and my necklace hanging around your neck that led me astray. I didn't expect to be hoodwinked for the right reasons." 1

"Explain it to me," Mallory said, as if wanting to occupy her mind with other things before it would jump back to the feeling of being lost. 5

Hadeon crossed his legs, leaning back in his seat and he said, "For instance, not everyone can



wear that cross that you have on your neck. Serphants were created for us pureblooded vampires, to balance us. We cannot drink from them."

"But you drank from me..."

"Curiosity killed the cat. But curiosity cannot kill Hadeon," the pureblooded vampire replied in a nonchalant tone. "And that cross can be worn only by my serphant and no one else. Anyone else will die in twenty four hours, and to think you were planning to give it to a poor soul. How heartless! Now you do not have serphant's blood, and I doubt you are purely human." 13

"I think for today... let me be human," Mallory whispered, because there were too many things for her to deal with. She wiped her forehead as she had gotten drenched in the rain, just like Hadeon.

"Being a monkey doesn't sound that bad anymore, does it?" Hadeon cracked a smile and Mallory scowled at him. "It isn't so bad. You might be something better than a mere human." 5

"What would you do if I said you weren't a pureblooded vampire?" Mallory questioned him with her lips setting themselves in a thin line.



"I would say, woman, please. That's not something that's going to change," Hadeon remarked with a chuckle. "Hadeon Van Doren has and will always be a pureblooded vampire." 10

Mallory shook her head, and she had just let the side of her head rest against the side of the carriage, when suddenly the wheel seem to have met itself with a big puddle as there was a sudden jolt and jerk by the vehicle, before it abruptly lowered on the right side and stopped.

"What happened?!" Mallory asked with slightly wide eyes. She turned to the little window and pushed it open to speak to the coachman.

"Lord Hadeon, the carriage wheels broke," Barnby informed him, and suddenly lightning flashed in the sky. 1

"Isn't that annoyingly timely," Hadeon clicked his tongue, not too pleased that the ride had been interrupted. "How did it break?" 3

The pureblooded vampire got down from the carriage to inspect the wheels, and Mallory, who was already drenched, took a peek before following him like a cat. She saw him touch the wheels, which had broken into two pieces each. He then turned to look at the puddle and said,

"Well, looks like we will be walking back to the castle, monkey," Hadeon said, and he turned to Barnby, "Have this one fixed and pick us up if you are done by then. Maybe we will take a shortcut."

"You must be joking," Mallory laughed, because she could tell that the downpour was only going to increase and it wasn't feasible to walk. 2

"Weren't you the one who walked all the way to the church?" Hadeon raised his eyebrows, which Mallory couldn't see. "The church and the castle are equal distance." 2

"Don't you have wings?" Mallory asked with a baffled expression, because she knew this person could fly. 2

"Oh that! I gave them for ironing as they had creases, you see," Hadeon replied sarcastically. "Besides, it isn't that I can't fly in the air right now. Because I do like the tickle when the lightning strikes me, but I am not sure if you will survive it." 15

Silence fell between them, except for the rain, the thunder and Barnby, who had pulled out the tools to see how to fix the wheels and bring them to the castle. Mallory had a sinking feeling

that a new wheel would be needed from the castle to fix the problem.

Suddenly, something softly smacked Mallory's face and she was about to scold Hadeon, until she noticed that he had thrown his coat at her. He remarked, 3

"Use that," and he began to walk without another word, and she quickly followed him before she lost him. 6

Comment 280

View All >



Post your first comment



2

Vote



Send Gift

Swipe left to continue >