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Silence enveloped Mallory the moment she spoke those words, her own disbelief echoing in her mind—that she had actually considered it as an option. But perhaps it was the only decent choice available to her. 1

"Are you sure to switch teams?" Hadeon broke the silence, his voice steady, as he reignited the flickering flames of the candles on the bedside. As the warm light danced around them, Mallory couldn't help but notice the bright smile on Hadeon's lips. He appeared more eager about the idea than she felt and they both sat upright on the bed. 10

Mallory nodded in affirmation. "Do you think my ability to apparate will be affected if I turn into a vampire?" 2

"Not at all," Hadeon replied, an air of confidence infusing his tone. "In fact, a human's abilities are magnified after they become a vampire. If anything, it will only sharpen your skills." He ran his tongue across one of his sharp fangs and hummed, a playful glint in his eye. "I suppose the responsibility falls on me then. All the humans I've turned, even those on the brink of death,



have become excellent vampires. So are you ready, princess?" 21

Mallory's heart began to pound as she caught a glimpse of Hadeon's fangs. She watched him move closer before he unbuttoned the top two buttons of the shirt she wore. When he pushed her hair away from her shoulder, she asked him, 2

"Why didn't you propose this idea to me?" Her voice wavered when his fingertips brushed against her neck. She hadn't forgotten the case of Lady Reagan. 7

"Because you previously expressed how you didn't want to turn," Hadeon replied with a serious expression.

"Even if it would help me avoid danger?" Mallory's eyes searched his face for answers, but Hadeon's gaze was still fixated on her neck.

Hadeon's gaze then moved to meet Mallory's eyes and he replied, "As much as I enjoy pushing and cornering people," he said thoughtfully, "there's something strangely compelling about allowing someone to choose their own path. If you decide to remain human, I will continue to protect you." 15

And that was all the confidence, strength, and



support Mallory needed from him. She nodded to herself, as if readying herself and felt Hadeon press his thumb against her skin where he could feel her heartbeats.

As Hadeon leaned towards her, his fangs poised and ready to sink into her skin, Mallory squeezed her eyes shut. This is it, she thought, a mix of fear and exhilaration surging within her. Once she was turned, there would be no going back. But when she felt his warm breath against her neck, a jolt of instinct compelled her to jump back, her eyes flying open. 4

"Wait! I think I need to know the positives and negatives of being a vampire first. You know, just so I'm prepared and don't jump into an empty pool of water!" She blurted out, her words tumbling from her lips in a rush. 11

Hadeon's lips curled into a quick smile as he leaned back against the edge of the bed, his hands pressed flat on the surface as he regarded her.

"You will become a vampire," he declared, his voice low and enticing. "A creature capable of terrifying humans and dominating the weak. You'll be powerful, far above those who once looked down on you. The transition might take



some time—anywhere from a day to a week of deep slumber. And for the first few hours after your transformation, you won't be able to step into the sun. Extreme hunger will accompany your new existence, but don't worry—I'll be here to feed you," he added, a twinkle of mischief dancing in his eyes. 7

"Okay," Mallory replied, preparing her mind once again, as this was a life-altering decision. She murmured with a frown, "I wonder if I will miss something when I am not human."

"Immediate death, perhaps, or severe pain," Hadeon said in a thoughtful voice. 3

It wasn't like she could stay human with her current circumstances, thought Mallory to herself. She took a deep breath. "I am ready. I am ready. I am ready! Okay!" She repeated to herself more than telling Hadeon and she closed her eyes once again. 8

When Hadeon's hand curled gently around the back of Mallory's neck, he felt her heartbeat quicken beneath his fingertips. It had a melodic rhythm, almost like a little bird singing its morning song—soft, lively, and full of life. It would be a pity, that her heartbeat would cease, forever lost to the stillness of her new existence,



as she was no pureblooded vampire. 7

He stared at her while she waited for the prick from his fangs. She slightly shivered now as if it was the hardest decision.

Turning into something you didn't like wasn't about losing principles, but being brave to live with the conflicting principles, he thought to himself. She would be a lowly vampire, an exception to the rule. 10

Mallory was startled as Hadeon's forehead gently pressed against her own, a tender connection that sent a shiver down her spine. Her eyes flew open, only to find his closed. 14

"Hadeon?" Mallory called out his name, not knowing what happened. "Did so—"

"Shh," Hadeon hushed her. She then heard him say, "How about this, Mallory Winchester. Live another day of being human and tomorrow, sharp at midnight after the ball, I will fulfil your wish of turning you into a vampire. Deal?" 12

Mallory felt Hadeon's words reverberate against her lips, making them quiver. "Deal.." 4

Hadeon's hand left her neck and he reached for the buttons, buttoning them up and saying, "Shall



we go to sleep then?" 7

Mallory didn't know if she was supposed to be relieved or not as she slipped back inside the blanket. She couldn't help but notice how considerate the pureblooded vampire had turned. She said,

"Don't be so kind that I will misunderstand your intentions."

"Do I appear that much of a trickster to you?" Hadeon asked her with a chuckle, while he lay on the bed next to her. His tone then turned serious and he said, "What if I want you to?" 13

Mallory's heart trembled with a tickle in her stomach at his words. Before another word could be spoken, he said, "Sleep now. You will need all the energy for tomorrow."

Far away from the room Mallory and Hadeon were in, two women stood in a room, and one of them said,

"It is agreed upon then?"

"Yes," said another one, who was none other than Lady Reagan. "Mallory Winchester will die tomorrow before midnight." Since she had seen the human walking around with Hadeon, it had



been twisting her stomach with agony and envy. And she would put an end to it. 16

While the world of the living was engulfed in conflict, a different kind of turmoil stirred in the realm of the dead. Wrath, the grim reaper, sifted through ancient scrolls stored deep within a locked chamber, he ended up with information that detailed the devil's creations among the pureblooded vampires.

"So, it was someone from the living realm after all..." he murmured, his eyes scanning the faded text. One line there read— "The devil decided to steal every soul from the living to be brought to Hell. When he created the first pureblooded vampire, he made sure anyone who disrupted his destiny would die at the hands of the ghouls!" 25