

114 Perhaps...? ¹³

"I—I didn't do anything!" Reagan gasped, struggling futilely against Hadeon's ironclad grip. His hold was unyielding, a potential threat that emanated a chilling promise. ¹

Hadeon's blackened irises bore into her, cold and merciless, as if he could drain her very soul and leave behind nothing but an empty shell. In a low, gravelly voice, he said, "We've been done for centuries, yet you harboured enough jealousy to kill the one person I have come to care for. Someone I chose to care for." ¹⁹

Reagan attempted to shake her head, but the action felt difficult, her body trembling with nervousness. His words struck deep, inflicting a raw pain that flickered in her eyes. This was the first time in years he was finally acknowledging her presence, and she seized the moment. "What was wrong with me? I was just like her. I stayed by your side. You once cared for me, and I—" ¹⁴

A dark chuckle echoed through the room, sending a chill down Reagan's spine. Though Hadeon smiled, it was a smile devoid of warmth, filled instead with mockery. "I don't tolerate foolishness, Reagan. But you have difficulty

understanding it. I made it abundantly clear not to expect anything out of it because there was nothing between us. To forget that—well, you must be quite dim." 9

Tears threatened to spill from Reagan's eyes as she blinked, fighting for composure. "How can you be so cold towards me? I offered you my blood."

"Because I am hollow, and it is Hallow," he replied, his voice a whisper dripping with disdain. 5

"Then you shouldn't feel anything for her!" Reagan cried out, frustration spilling over. "I was the one meant to be—" 8

Her words were cut short as Hadeon's fingernails dug into her neck, a warning to reconsider her defiance. He wanted to see her in pain, to watch her writhe in pain for the sins she had committed.

"You think you could earn my affection? Then let's see what that looks like," Hadeon murmured, his grip tightening. As he pressed deeper, blood began to trickle down her neck, the stark reality of her situation dawning upon Reagan.

"Stop it! Let me g—go!" she pleaded, desperation creeping into her voice as she tried to pry his fingers away. Each attempt only intensified the pain, leaving her gasping. 5

Lady Rose, standing silently in the corner, observed the unfolding scene with growing concern. She noticed how Hadeon's demeanour remained electric, his eyes dark and frigid as he hovered on the brink of fury. An original pureblooded vampire acting with such volatility was a sight rarely witnessed, and it filled her with unease.

"P—please! I can't bre—athe, I—I can't!" Reagan gasped, her movements slowing as her hands started to lose their strength. 8

"Killing her won't turn things around, Hades," Lady Rose said softly, not wanting Hadeon to step into a place he wouldn't be able to return. "We need to see if we can bring Mallory back. We need to safeguard her soul if we are going to get her back from the reaper."

"It won't work. Her soul is void. It doesn't exist in the afterlife." Hadeon's response was curt. Lady Rose turned confused at this. How could the human not have a soul to pass through? 7

"There are some things that need to be verified though," Hadeon remarked, and he loosened his fingers around Reagan's neck. He pulled out his nails, which were covered in blood. Death was too easy for someone who had killed the only woman he had felt for. 8

Reagan coughed, blood spilling from her lips as she clutched her bleeding neck, fear for her life coursing through her veins.

"Tell me, Rose, do you know how to summon the reapers without a crossroads?" Hadeon asked, his tone steady yet filled with an undercurrent of urgency. Lady Rose met his gaze and gave a quick nod.

In an instant, she knelt down, using the blood that stained the floor to draw a complex diagram. The pureblooded vampiress moved with eerie precision, completing the intricate design in mere seconds as Hadeon strode to the table to pick up a knife.

"It is done," Rose announced, her voice calm. "We now need a sacrifice." 7

Hadeon's eyes gleamed as they snapped to Reagan, who trembled in fear. In the blink of an eye, he was before her, his movements swift and



merciless. Gripping her wrist, he struck with brutal precision, the blade slicing through her fingers as flesh parted beneath its edge. Blood sprayed into the air, as her severed fingers fell into the carefully drawn circle on the floor. 22

"There's nothing quite like the pain of severed fingers, especially when they're not your own," Hadeon taunted, his voice chillingly calm. With a swift motion, he sliced the knife through the air again, neatly severing the remaining four fingers from her other hand. 5

Reagan gasped, eyes widening in horror, and the scream erupted from her lips. "AHHH!! M—My fingers!" 11

Rose began to whisper the spells that connected the living realm to the dead realm, summoning the death reaper who was available. After a few minutes, a death reaper appeared at the centre of the circle.

"We are looking for Mallory Winchester's death mark," Rose said, coming straight to the point.

The reaper tilted his head, the scythe resting against his shoulder. "And I thought there was a soul to collect," he murmured, a hint of curiosity in his tone. 3



"Let me help you with that," Hadeon replied coolly. In the next heartbeat, his fingers plunged deep into Reagan's chest, squeezing the heart tightly as her body convulsed in agony. With a brutal yank, he pulled her still-beating heart from within her, the warmth quickly fading as she struggled against her impending fate. "Now, shall we continue?" he asked the reaper. 9

The reaper unfurled a scroll, scanning its contents with a practiced ease. He hummed thoughtfully. "It appears her soul isn't in the realm of the dead... but it should still mark her death in the records. Soul void or not. Perhaps..." he turned to look at Mallory lying on the bed. 8

Hadeon's eyebrows furrowed. Without hesitation, he rushed back to the bed, and gently touched Mallory's hand, feeling its coldness. Uncertainty gripped him, but instinct urged him forward. He lifted the same hand to his mouth and sank his fangs into her wrist, allowing the blood to seep into his mouth. 6

His eyes subtly widened. He pulled back, his fangs glistening crimson as he murmured, "Vampire blood." 64

