



115 Vampiress in making ¹⁴

**Music Recommendation: The Mockingjay -
James Newton Howard ¹**

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"Vampire blood?" Rose echoed unbelievably, her brow furrowed in disbelief. "But she's a—"

"Human," Hadeon murmured, confusion creasing his own expression. The last time he saw her, she had been unquestionably human. "There are only two possibilities here: either she unknowingly possesses vampire lineage, or she has somehow been infused with vampire blood. I'd bet on the latter." ¹¹

Hadeon observed her closely, noting how her body's temperature seemed to plummet as if succumbing to death's embrace, while the vampire blood coursed through her veins, overwhelming the human blood that once defined her. She was transforming. ²

"But how did vampire blood end up inside her?" Rose asked, the weight of the question lingering heavily in the room. ²

"Perhaps she didn't drink it voluntarily," came the



words from Wallace, who stood at the doorway. 6

The butler's words quickly seized Hadeon's attention, prompting him to rewind his memories to the moment he had seen Mallory fidgeting just a few steps from the ballroom door.

He had found her standing below the chandelier. Standing there with her blonde hair cascading down her shoulders and muttering something to herself. She looked utterly breathtaking. The front had not many guests, as most of them had been eager to spend their time inside the ballroom, leaving him stand behind, watching her.

Her hand reached out for a glass from the tray that had been left unattended on the side, as if waiting to be picked up by the guests.

"There was a tray of wine that had blood drops on it," Hadeon murmured. He hadn't given it much thought at the time, as his focus had drifted back to Mallory, distracted by her presence. 10

"Oh..." Rose said, and Hadeon's gaze snapped to his friend as she glanced down at her bandaged hand. She slowly revealed it, showing that the



wound beneath had healed. "It's going to take a while," she murmured softly, her eyes on Mallory as she underwent the intricate process of becoming one of them. 16

Hours slipped by like whispers in the night. Eventually, Rose and Wallace quietly left the room, leaving Hadeon alone with Mallory. He watched over her as the wound on the back of her head slowly knit itself closed. During this time, Hadeon remained by her side, tenderly caring for her. He gently wiped away the blood that had dried on her skin and changed her clothes. 10

Time seemed to stretch and pause in the quiet room, several more hours passed, and guests began to depart from Delcrov's Mansion in Valeria. 3

At last, the moment arrived. Her transformation was complete and she awoke with a gasp, sitting up right on the bed. 8

"Good morning, Princess," Hadeon's voice gently intruded upon the haze Mallory found herself in. She sluggishly turned her head to meet his gaze, which stared at her before asking, "How are you feeling?"



"My head feels like it's being squeezed from both sides," Mallory replied, touching her temple. The feeling of her head colliding with the staircase's edge lingered vividly in her memory. "What happened?" she asked noticing the serious expression on his face. 5

"Reagan pushed you down the stairs out of spite and envy," Hadeon explained, his attention keenly fixed on her vitals. With vampire blood now coursing through her, her heart remained eerily silent. "Why didn't you apparate?" 1

Mallory closed her eyes, trying to fend off the throbbing pain, then shook her head. "My mind was preoccupied... I can't believe she would do that." Women were capable of going to any means sometimes, she thought to herself. The birds were chirping a little too loudly and she wondered if there were carriages leaving the mansion now as she heard the sound of wheels and horses hooves. She then asked, "Did the ball end?" 2

"Mm," Hadeon responded. As Mallory shifted to leave the bed, he stood by her side, offering assistance. "Your head is hurting because you need to feed," he calmly informed her.

Mallory couldn't help but nod in agreement.



"You're probably right. I barely ate lunch and only had wine afterwards. Not the best combination." Catching the intensity of his gaze, she asked, "What happened?"

Hadeon's lips twisted slightly before he delivered the startling revelation. "You died two days ago." 15

A chuckle escaped Mallory's lips. "You died too," she replied, hearing the normal bustle of carriages and people through the window.

"I've always been dead," Hadeon responded, extending his hand and slicing his wrist so blood began to flow.

The scent of blood quickly enveloped Mallory, igniting an unexpected surge of hunger that set her senses alight. Her canines elongated instinctively, startling her as her tongue brushed against a sharp fang. Hands flying to her mouth, she stumbled backward.

"I'm a vampire!" Mallory exclaimed in shock. "Oh my God! I really have fangs. Why didn't you tell me?" She quickly came to the mirror, to be greeted by a pair of red eyes and fangs and it felt surreal. 16

A bright smile illuminated Hadeon's face, a rare



sight since the last time he had heard her heart beating. "I was trying to ease you into it," he replied, the playful glint returning in his eyes. "This seemed the simplest way to break the news with minimal explanation. You drank the glass of wine which had Rose's blood in it. If it weren't for it, you would be in a coffin, and I would be very mad. But all is good. No much damage was done while you were asleep." 15

Reagan, Mallory thought to herself as she stared back at Hadeon. She hesitantly said, "I don't think I am ready to drink blood..." 2

"I'll teach you how to hunt later. Animals, darling," Hadeon reassured her with a hint of amusement. "Humans might be a bit much for your first day," he added, gently guiding his wrist to her lips. "As an original pureblooded vampire, you'll find it much tastier than the rest. Drink now, so we can keep the humans at bay for the time being." 11

Mallory swallowed hard, her eyes fixating on the enticing sight of Hadeon's bloody wrist. In an instinctive blur of motion, her fangs pierced his skin, and she felt the rich, warm blood flood into her mouth. She had tasted blood before, but this time, it carried an intoxicating allure that was



impossible to resist.

"Drink as much as you want," Hadeon murmured with a faint smile, as he placed a gentle hand on the back of her head, stroking her hair reassuringly. 7

Mallory didn't know what was happening as she lost herself in the intoxicating taste of Hadeon's blood, drinking deeply as if quenching a long-standing thirst. Minutes slipped by in a haze, blissfully unaware of everything around her. When she finally pulled away, her lips were smeared with crimson, and her eyes glimmered darkly, reflecting the depths of Hadeon's gaze. 4

"Before any hunting skill, your first lesson is to never waste blood," he murmured, leaning closer to her. In a slow, deliberate motion, he traced his tongue across her lips, savouring the taste of his own essence as it lingered there. 17

An involuntary shiver ran down Mallory's spine, a heavy breath escaping her lips. "But preferably, don't share blood like this with anyone but me," he added, his tone possessive yet alluring. 3

As Mallory's new body continued adjusting to the changes, she remained inside the room with the windows closed and the curtains drawn shut.



Despite Hadeon's help, she couldn't shake the thirst gripping her, possibly a result of her recent transformation. 2

"How long do I stay inside?" Mallory asked, her eyebrows furrowing slightly at the sudden screech of a carriage's wheels.

"I think we have spent enough time inside," Hadeon replied. "You have to learn to control your vampire instincts." With that, he unfurled his wings, the air swirling as they flapped. "Let's see where you stand with the dead." 2

By the time Mallory realised what Hadeon had done, a ghoul materialised in the room within seconds. She felt the icy chill behind her. The ghoul wasted no time, its bony fingers tangling in her blonde hair. Determined not to repeat her mistake from the encounter with Reagan, she attempted to use her ability to apparate across the room. However, the ghoul apparated alongside her. 2

"What the hell?!" Mallory cursed and picked up the nearby vase, before breaking it on the ghoul which had little to no effect. "You could have given me a heads up!" she complained to Hadeon. 3

"It would remove the element of surprise," Hadeon remarked, observing Mallory's movements.

Mallory moved quicker than ever, dodging and striking at the ghoul with punches and kicks. But the creature glided like a ghost, its fingers almost reaching for her heart with unsettling precision. Quickly, she apparated beside the bed, grabbed a handful of salt, and hurled it at the ghoul. 5

"Did you know it's attacking me because of you? Because the devil cursed anyone who would try to change you. Like fall in—" Her words faltered, catching Hadeon's attention.

"Fall in love?" Hadeon inquired, a mischievous twinkle lighting up his eyes. He smoothly drew a gun from behind his back and fired at the ghoul, reducing it to vapours and making it vanish from the room. 5

Mallory caught her breath and sighed. "What do you think?" She heard him question.

"I don't think the ghoul is going to let me off the hook anytime soon. Is there a way to offer the ghouls a truce?" she asked him. "Like bring some bad people's souls and offer it to them." 4



"Mallory."

"Yes?" She turned to face him.

Locking eyes with her, Hadeon remarked, "Let us find you a soul." 13

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