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When Mallory reached the floor below, she noticed the decorations for Hallow had been returned to their original state. Walking alongside Hadeon, she suddenly caught the scent of a human, and her gums ached as her fangs threatened to emerge. She stiffened, startled by her body's reaction. 1

"It's going to be alright," Hadeon whispered reassuringly in her ear, placing a gentle hand on her back to guide her forward. 3

"Will you make sure I don't hurt anyone innocent?" Mallory asked, turning to meet his gaze with concern. 5

"You're still new to this, which is why everything feels so amplified. The scents, the sights..." Hadeon smiled as they walked past the oblivious guest. "In time, you'll learn to control those urges."

"How did you manage it?" Mallory inquired cautiously as they navigated the corridor.

Hadeon's lips curled into an almost mischievous smile. "I didn't. I fed and killed until the thrill wore off—though that took over a century." 6



That approach wasn't something Mallory could accept, she thought quietly. She was in a new league now, like Kaiser, and she longed for the day she could avenge her uncle's murder. Although the tragic evening haunted her, Hadeon's presence provided comfort against the remnants of terror and loss. **4**

"It's good to see you up and well, Lady Mallory." Lord Salvador greeted her, standing beside his son. "I would welcome you to our side of the world, but you've been in the shadows for quite some time now." **3**

"I apologise if I caused any disturbance during Hallow," Mallory said, bowing slightly.

"What's a Hallow celebration without a death or two? In fact, your performance with Hadeon was so spectacular that people will talk about it until next winter." Lord Salvador replied with a faint smile. **4**

Mallory's cheeks flushed at his words, remembering the dance with a bashful curl of her toes. The memory of Hadeon waltzing her to the music hadn't left the way she had felt. She laughed lightly to mask her embarrassment. **7**

Gratefully, they didn't linger inside and stepped



out of the mansion. Mallory followed Hadeon in silence, occasionally casting sidelong glances at him. When they reached a forest, curiosity got the better of her.

"Are we here to summon the reaper?" she asked, recalling Hadeon's earlier mention of attaching a soul to hers. Truthfully, she was unsure about the decision, but Hadeon had insisted it was necessary.

"No. We're here to teach you how to hunt," Hadeon replied, scanning the forest for their intended target. "Before we attach a soul, it's important to ensure your vampire self is stable and free from any corruption. Giving your instincts time to settle is for the best." 1

"I see..." Mallory murmured, realizing they were ensuring her body would be strong enough to accept the soul. "What happened to your eyes?" she asked curiously.

"Just a little corruption, no biggie," Hadeon replied in a nonchalant tone and her eyes widened in concern. 21

"What?" her face turning paler than it already was.

"What you should be worried about is the choice



of your prey," Hadeon brushed it away as if it was nothing and then continued to speak, "There's a hare, a deer and a squirrel nearby. I would opt out of squirrel considering how small they are."

She was really going to hunt, the thought sank into Mallory's mind. She mentally began to prepare her mind, because it was either this or humans. She said, "A deer is too big. Maybe a hare."

"Wise choice. Deers are faster and we don't want to waste food," Hadeon approved with a dramatic nod, before looking at her, "What are you waiting for?"

Taking it as her cue, Mallory took a deep breath and apparated from where she stood, to reappear right behind the hare, startling it. With a swift motion, she reached down and grabbed it, her fingers closing securely around its soft fur.

Yet, despite the successful capture, Mallory hesitated, her instincts clashing with her unwillingness to harm the creature. Her fangs throbbed with hunger, yet she couldn't bring herself to bite into the squirming animal in her grasp. The hare seized the moment of her hesitation and wriggled free, slipping from her



hands and darting back into the underbrush with a flick of its white tail. 3

"Want to give it another try?" Hadeon asked. 2

"I don't think I can," Mallory replied, shaking her head with uncertainty.

Hadeon regarded her with patient eyes. "What if I were to be corrupted in the middle of the forest? Where I needed blood. Would you find it hard to kill the hare for me?" he asked, emphasizing the gravity of the situation. 6

Mallory paused, considering his words. It came to a faint realisation that Hadeon was perfectly find before she had died and turned into a vampire. She couldn't help but stare at him. She then replied, "I will offer you my blood. All of it." 7

Hadeon began to walk towards her, and it didn't take long before his long legs came to stand right before her. He murmured to himself, "It is a pity that I can no longer hear it beat." His red eyes inked with blackness stared at her with a calm expression. He then asked her with a grin, "Offering your blood with a self sacrifice, is that a confession?" 8

Mallory was glad that her heart wasn't beating anymore, for it would surely be racing right now.



She managed to say, "It's a thank you."

"Mm," Hadeon murmured with a chuckle. His eyes shifted, spotting another hare nibbling on grass. "When complete corruption hits someone, it's best to keep your distance—being nearby is like suicide. Let me show you how to make it quick and painless for the animal."

Mallory's eyes widened as Hadeon calmly captured the hare, his movements swift and sure. Alarmed, she exclaimed, "Wait! Let us hunt the bad people!" **5**

But before she could say more, Hadeon had already snapped the hare's neck, handling the creature with practiced simplicity. "You won't always find bad people conveniently nearby." **11**

