



## 68 Coincidental chance <sup>11</sup>

Mallory couldn't believe that her grandmother had served Hadeon in the past. To think she was just thinking how they would get along if they had met each other! <sup>1</sup>

"Selia. A twistful name," Hadeon remarked and when Mallory gave him a questioning look, he said, "She must have changed her name after I went to sleep, because I knew her as Elisa the witch." <sup>11</sup>

"So serphants are witches," Mallory murmured.

"Not really. Serphants don't have to be all witch. Sometimes they are vampires, sometimes another kind. The witches are usually ones who have a conflict of interest within themselves," Hadeon stated, before taking a closer look at the book in his hand that belonged to Mallory's grandmother. "At least it removes the mystery on who moved my coffin from the original place." <sup>8</sup>

That only meant that her grandmother had intended for her to wake the pureblooded vampire, knowing he would extend his protection to her because of the cross she had



gifted her on her birthday. It was all planned, Mallory thought to herself. 12

"And you are right, we did share some very similar hobbies," Hadeon grinned, before a pensive expression fell on his face and he asked, "Were you a welcome drink? It would be funny if it were true." His tone then turned serious and he said, "Let us see what she's saved in here," and stretched his hand towards Mallory. 1

It seemed that the serphant had not created any children of her own, and had lived among the humans while posing to have children by possibly picking up orphaned children, Hadeon thought in his mind.

On the other hand, all those times Mallory had spent with her grandmother, not once did the woman mention Hadeon or mention anything about pureblooded vampires. As she took the book from him, she asked,

"Does this have a password too?"

"No. All you have to do is search for the words and you will be taken in," Hadeon replied to her, watching her apprehensive look. He added, "I will be right behind you." 2

Mallory gave him a nod and opened the book.

She went to the beginning page before flipping through and ending up on the last page, when she saw something glimmer. The next moment she noticed her body turning into sand before being sucked into the book along with Hadeon. 8

For a moment, darkness enveloped them. Then, as if a veil was lifted from their eyes, they heard a commotion from a nearby house.

"You just need to push! You can do it!" Mallory heard her grandmother's encouraging voice.

"AHHH!" came a louder cry, followed by sudden silence.

Mallory and Hadeon walked towards the house that belonged to her grandmother. As they neared, Mallory saw the older woman holding a newborn baby. On the bed lay her mother, the woman who had raised her until she no longer wanted her.

"How is my baby, Mother?" her mother asked weakly. But Mallory's grandmother just stared at the infant in her arms, then looked at her daughter in silence. Her mother's smile faltered, confusion washing over her face. "Why isn't my baby crying?"

"She's dead, Nevaeh. I'm sorry," the older woman





said, her expression melancholic. 4

"No... that can't be true!" Nevaeh cried from her bed, blood staining the sheets that covered her lower half. "No!!" Her anguished screams filled the room, and Mallory turned her eyes away from the heart-wrenching scene.

"I will make you some herbal tea," Mallory heard her grandmother say, handing the lifeless baby to her daughter and whispering something. 4

Mallory then noticed her grandmother put the grieving woman to sleep. As the memories shifted, the scene changed to the witch picking herbs from a mountain area.

As they stood there, a rustling sound echoed from the forest ahead, drawing everyone's attention, including the witch's. The older woman quickly pocketed the herbs she had been gathering. Mallory then noticed her grandmother discreetly retrieving a dagger from within her dress.

Suddenly, a woman burst through the underbrush, her face slick with sweat and her hands stained with blood. There was also a trace of blood near the corner of her lips. She had silvery blonde hair and striking blue eyes. As she

stumbled and rolled on the ground, the older woman swiftly hid the dagger back in her clothes. 6

"Are you alright?" the older woman asked, rushing to the fallen woman's aid. The woman clutched something close to her chest, which at first appeared to be a bundle of blankets. Upon closer inspection, she revealed a newborn baby.

Mallory couldn't tear her eyes away from the woman. She instinctively knew this was her real mother, a woman she had never known until now.

"Take her... please," the woman pleaded in a tired, desperate voice. "She must be kept alive! She cannot die! Take her!" 8

"Let me help you," Mallory's grandmother offered, but the woman shook her head vehemently.

With a pained expression, the woman pulled her hand away from her abdomen, revealing a deep, bleeding wound. "I don't have time... You need to take her away from here. No one can know!" Mallory heard her mother say. 3

"Who is trying to harm you?" the older woman asked urgently.





Mallory's biological mother, her face twisted in agony, spoke through gritted teeth. "The royals... they are looking for her. Please don't... abandon her..." Tears welled in her eyes, freezing in place as she breathed her last words and fell silent. 14

"Mother," Mallory whispered, feeling a pang in her chest. Her feet moved of their own accord, and she knelt before her mother. Her mother's eyes stared blankly in the direction of her grandmother, her lips parted in a silent plea.

As Mallory reached out to touch her mother, the figure vanished, and the scene shifted back to the house. Her fingers curled around the empty space, slowly forming a fist in frustration.

Her grandmother was busy preparing a concoction, which she then fed to the sleeping woman on the bed. Leaning close, she whispered something again into her ear. A knock was heard on the main door, and the witch pursed her lips. She quickly swapped the dead baby with the one she had brought home, hiding the dead one in a heap of blankets.

When she opened the door, Mallory saw her 'father' at the front of the house and he wore a worried expression. He apologised, "I am sorry, I am late! I didn't know it was today!"

"You aren't late," the older woman replied with a grave voice. "She is resting inside. I have to go get some things, you will be here, won't you?"

"Of course!" The man quickly entered the house and picked up his child and the woman woke up. "We have a baby girl!"

"Already?" the woman's mind was distorted and she said in a perplexed noise, "So strange. I can barely remember giving birth..." 6

"They say some women pass out right after giving birth. Look at her!"

The scene dissolved with a breeze, transporting them to a graveyard where Mallory's grandmother stood before a small grave, built for the deceased child. From there, they moved through the church, where the grandmother met a pureblooded vampire who was posing as a priest.

When Mallory and Hadeon returned to the present, Mallory found herself staring blankly at the wall in front of her. She heard Hadeon say, "Let me see that," as he took the book from her hands.

"Was Father Shane not familiar with Grandma?" Mallory asked, frowning. If the pureblooded





vampire knew Hadeon, then he should have recognised his serphant too.

"When Elisa served me, she was a young woman. Shane must have remembered her that way, without expecting her to age," Hadeon explained. "You see, witches don't like to age, which is why they consume people to stay young. For Elisa to stop doing that and accept old age, she must have grown tired and wanted to live like a... human." 6

"I see," she murmured.

Mallory couldn't shake the feeling that the baby who had died had somehow sacrificed its life to keep her alive. It was purely coincidental that the Winchesters lost their actual child. If her grandmother had never left the house, she would have perished along with her mother.

"Why would the royal family want me dead?" Mallory whispered, a frown creasing her forehead. "I was only a baby... They hurt my mother... someone did..."

"Royal families tend to be like that. Pitiful creatures," Hadeon replied in a casual tone.

As Mallory tried to piece together the fragments of her grandmother's memories, Hadeon's mind



was occupied with different thoughts. His eyes narrowed as he murmured, "Maybe it's hidden in you." 11

"What?" Mallory asked, her voice tinged with perplexity.

"The weapon that everyone is looking for," Hadeon's eyes glowed with excitement, his lips curling into a subtle smile. He hummed thoughtfully, "But so far, you haven't exhibited any traits beyond those of a mere human. Perhaps I should put you in near-death situations to see if something extraordinary emerges." 50

