



## 78 The attack <sup>10</sup>

Hadeon stared at the maid with cool, calculating eyes, a subtle smile playing on his lips. "A little birdie told me that something happened during my absence. Why don't you share with me what you shared with Mallory?" <sup>1</sup>

The maid, though staring at the ground, spoke with surprising confidence, "Lord Hadeon, I feel she doesn't belong next to you. She's not even a serphant. She doesn't fit as a human." <sup>24</sup>

Hadeon's fingers tapped rhythmically on the desk, the sound echoing ominously. "Remind me when I gave you the power to decide for me," he said, his voice dangerously smooth. "Perhaps your brain rusted during your recent time in the coffin. Looking to go back inside for good?" <sup>4</sup>

Ivy's confidence wavered, her eyebrows furrowing. "But, milord—" <sup>6</sup>

In an instant, a quill flew across the room, its edge grazing Ivy's cheek and drawing a thin line of blood. She stood in shock, her hand instinctively reaching for the wound.

"Don't speak unless I ask you to," Hadeon chuckled softly, his calm demeanour underscored by an eerie menace. "It seems you've developed some new character traits and

forgotten the basics." 11

The maid went silent, not daring to utter another word or even move. Though as a lowly vampiress she didn't feel the physical pain, she could feel the pureblooded vampire's anger radiating through his actions, a stark reminder of her place. 6

Silence fell back in the study, broken only by the crackling fire. Hadeon picked up another quill resting on the edge of the table and began to play with it. "I trust I don't need to remind you of what is already known. Do not interfere in my business or with the people I am involved with. Treat Mallory Winchester with respect. I am the only one allowed to vex her, and I won't take kindly to anyone else taking that joy from me. Understood?" 14

Ivy looked up at Hadeon, her response was immediate as she nodded.

"Also, the oil spill," Hadeon continued, his voice drawling with a dangerous edge, "Try that again, and I will personally oil you up and set you on fire. Hell is waiting, but it would be a prequel." 17

The maid pursed her lips, gathering courage to speak, "Milord, I didn't spill the oil on purpose. I was very careful with it.." 22

Hadeon stared at her, tilting his head

thoughtfully. "There are times when we make errors. Which is why you need to always double-check. You can leave now."

"Yes, milord..." Ivy offered a deep bow before leaving the study, leaving Hadeon alone.

On the other side of the castle, in Mallory's room, she diligently practiced her ability. The longer she tried, the more difficult it became to apparate, as if it only worked when her mind was on high alert—a state that had now worn out.

"This is energy-consuming," Mallory whispered to herself as fatigue began to kick in. She walked towards the side table, pouring herself a glass of water and taking a sip.

She wondered if Hadeon had returned to his room or had gone out again to find some fresh drinks. With the amount of time he spent out, she worried if that many crimes were being committed every day. 9

She didn't forget Ivy being upset, and she sighed. Deciding to find Hattie for a little aimless chat, she stepped out of her room. Her bare feet padded against the carpeted floor as she made her way towards the servants' quarters. In the deserted corridor, she encountered Ivy.

Before Mallory could turn in another direction, the maid called out, "Lady Mallory."

Pausing, she turned to the woman, who offered a deep bow and then an apology. "I would like to apologise for my earlier words. It wasn't my place." 11

Mallory's eyebrows subtly rose, but she accepted the apology with a simple, "That's fine. No damage done." As Ivy raised her face, she noticed the red line across the maid's cheek. She asked, "What happened to your face?"

Ivy smiled at Mallory's question before dismissing it, "It was a mishap. Nothing much. Is there something you would like me to fetch?"

Mallory frowned but didn't press further. She replied, "No, that is fine. I was just taking a stroll down the corridors."

The maid nodded, "Goodnight then, milady."

"Goodnight, Ivy," Mallory replied, and they parted ways.

Mallory doubted Ivy was careless enough to have any mishap... unless it was caused by someone she couldn't avoid. Hadeon. When she arrived at the servants' quarters, she headed towards Hattie's room and ran into George. 7

"If you are looking for your maid, she is out on an errand. Said she was going to light the candles," George let her know.

Without standing around, Mallory turned and left the place. As she walked past the dining room, she heard something crash. Wondering if the servant in there needed help, she stepped inside to be greeted by mostly darkness. At the same time, she heard a rustle outside the window.

Turning curious, Mallory walked towards the window, only to turn back with a gasp escaping her lips. A body lay on the ground. Though she had seen enough bodies in her lifetime, the sight still daunted her.

When she got closer, her mouth went dry upon realising the body belonged to none other than Ivy. Her hands went cold, and she stumbled backwards. "I just spoke to her..." What the hell happened in that gap?! Not knowing if the vampiress had any hope, she tried to wake her up. "Ivy??" But the maid's hand crumbled into dust, making her retrieve her hand immediately. 14

The doors of the dining room opened, and in came Hattie upon hearing Mallory's voice. Mallory quickly turned and urged, "Hattie, go find Hadeon right away!" 1

"Yes, milady!" Hattie replied with a look of shock on her face.

As Mallory wondered if the killer had already escaped from the Van Doren estate, a shadow

moved closer to her without her knowledge, dagger in hand, ready to strike. 2

"A little too much in haste, aren't we?" came Hadeon's voice, who held the assailant's hand before throwing the person across the room. 11

Mallory turned in time and caught Hadeon standing behind her. When she looked across the room, her eyebrows furrowed in confusion at seeing Hattie on the ground. 53

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**Author's note: 'Scarecrow of 1889' is now complete. A new book will start getting updated soon- Claimed by the Prince of Darkness. 6**