



## 80 Bearing a fate never asked 9

Thank you for reading the book everyone <3 1

—

The switcher let out a mocking laugh, seemingly unfazed by their current predicament. "What makes you think I am male?"

Hadeon arched an eyebrow, a smirk playing on his lips. "Well, isn't it obvious? Women can barely pass me without ogling. I'm simply too dazzling to be ignored." He circled the chair, his eyes never leaving the switcher. "So, back to the question—why do you want her dead?" 21

Mallory couldn't fathom why anyone would want her dead. She had never harmed anyone. Hattie had been innocent too, yet she was gone.

The switcher remained silent, provoking Hadeon to take action. With a swift movement, the rod in Hadeon's hand descended on the switcher's foot, specifically targeting the little toe. The agonised scream that followed echoed through the nearby corridors, "AHHHH!!" But Hadeon wasn't finished. He pulled the rod away and struck again, this time hitting the next toe.



"Ugh!" The switcher leaned forward in pain before slumping back. The switcher huffed in pain. He then explained, "I was told by a witch to keep an eye on her, to see if she holds the book of prophecy. But only at the cost that she didn't know who she was." 12

"And do you know what I am?" Mallory pressed him for an answer.

The switcher began to laugh again, but Hadeon poured the rest of the liquid onto Hattie's face. The skin began to melt and vaporise away, revealing golden slit eyes, like those of a snake, now glaring at them. 4

Unhappy with the switcher's behaviour, Hadeon grabbed the man's head from the back and leaned it back, ready to pour the liquid into the person's mouth.

"Fucker! I will tell it!" the switcher gasped in pain. He then said, "She is a prophecy bearer. I wasn't given the details, but I was told this much, that it was better she was dead than alive." 12

"And what is she going to do?" Hadeon inquired.

"Bring doom," the switcher answered. 15

Mallory's eyes widened upon hearing this. Was



this the reason why her grandmother had told her to burn it? Because there was something in there, that if people found out, it would put her life in danger?

"Whom are you working for?" Hadeon continued with his questions.

"It was a man named Ruben Griffin. But he wasn't the main person, because the orders came through him as a messenger," the switcher explained through the pain.

"I don't think I have heard this name. Why haven't I heard this name before?" Hadeon asked in a calm voice. "Unless he is a human."

"He is a human," the switcher responded. He then turned to look at Mallory and said, "You were meant to be dead. Years ago. The longer you live, the more deaths you bring." 4

"You killed her and you blame it on me now," Mallory's jaw clenched in anger. 1

"If you didn't exist, Hattie would be alive. Kill yourself," the switcher used Hattie's voice, which squeezed Mallory's heart. 12

Hadeon pulled out the gun from his back before blowing the switcher's brain out. He murmured,



"I don't like when people talk without permission." 7

Mallory watched as the switcher's body began to disintegrate into a heap of slippery mass, making her stomach churn. She whispered to Hadeon, "Do you think he had... some part of Hattie in him?" 2

Her eyes watered at the thought of losing Hattie, not being able to see her maid the same way again. It was worse than thinking Hattie had betrayed her. 4

"Though switchers consume the living, it's akin to how humans eat plants that get digested. They memorise facial and body structures along with the memories of those they consume. They were considered the second most dangerous beings in the living world," Hadeon explained. "I think it would be better to have an empty grave than bury her killer with her."

Mallory pursed her lips, closing her eyes to stop the tears from forming. 4

"Barnby," Hadeon summoned the castle's butler, who was standing in the corridor. "Clean this place and prepare a grave in remembrance of Hattie." 5



Mallory's eyes met Hadeon's, and she noticed him staring back at her.

"Right away, milord," Barnby entered the room with Ivy.

Mallory and Hadeon stepped away, making their way to the floor above.

"Don't beat yourself up for what happened to your maid. Neither she nor you expected something like this to happen," Hadeon remarked, noticing Mallory's silence. 2

"I know," Mallory replied in a lowered voice. But if Hattie wasn't close to her, she would have lived... or would have died—at Kaiser's hands. She felt angry. Angry that no matter which way one would go, when involved with her, the person would face consequences. Even her own mother.

Suddenly, Mallory felt Hadeon place his hand on top of her head. Slightly taken aback, her eyes met his and she heard him say, 8

"You should be glad then that I am a dead being. Everyone here are like that." 9

"Ivy was lucky," Mallory murmured. 3

"I am sure she feels the same and more. It isn't

every day one is blessed with an intelligent master," Hadeon remarked. 6

A small smile appeared on Mallory's lips and she asked, "Don't a lot of people come under the section of prophecy? Of what is going to happen and who will do it?"

"True, but that's only because they appear in a prophecy," Hadeon replied. He then continued, "Prophecy bearers are people who hold a significant role of a change or a disruption in the living realm. In a way, you have to believe that someone is scared of you." 7

"But I am just a little person," Mallory breathed it out in worry. She wondered if her grandmother had an inkling about it. "Besides, it didn't seem like they glanced at the book of prophecy to know what I am going to do. How were you able to make a clone of Ivy?" 3

A mischievous smile appeared on Hadeon's lips, before he leaned towards her and said, as if it was a secret, "Your ex-best friend, Sable, she had some very interesting scrolls that I picked from her house. She was perfecting on making a clone, which she seemed to have trouble as she had used a wrong variable. I had to use Ivy's blood, her hair, and my blood, before tapping

into the dark magic. Who said dead people can't come to be of use?" 8

Feeling down right now, Mallory let him know, "I need some time alone for myself," and she excused herself. She had trouble falling back asleep with her mind busy, but when she did fall asleep, she was greeted with a helpless Hattie, who called her for help.

She whispered, "Forgive me, Hattie... I wish I could have helped you the way you have helped me." 4

Not far away from Mallory's room, Hadeon sat with a glass of wine, sipping it in the darkness of his room, while looking at the dagger that the switcher had used. 6

"Milord, the room has been cleaned and the body has been discarded," Barnby informed the pureblooded vampire. "This letter came for you earlier, Lord Hadeon. It was delivered by the eagle and holds the marking of the royal family. They are asking about a man named Royce and have invited you to the royal castle."

"Killing people does have its advantages, doesn't it, Barnby?" 5

"It does, milord," came the solemn reply from the

servant.

One corner of Hadeon's lips curled in satisfaction and he ordered, "Prepare the trunks and the carriage. It's time for a little trip."

When morning arrived, Mallory remained in bed, spending nearly two hours staring at the nearby wall. The weight of grief hung heavy in the air. Hearing a knock on the door, she turned to look in its direction and noticed Ivy enter the room with a tray of food and a glass of juice in her hands.

"Pardon me for intruding your sleep. I wasn't sure if you would like to have your breakfast and asked the cook to prepare something easy to eat," Ivy informed her.

Mallory pushed herself to sit upright and replied, "That's fine. I have been up for a few minutes now." And the look on the maid's face said that she knew it too. She instructed her, "You can keep it here at the side." 2

When the maid placed the food and stayed there, Mallory looked at her with questioning eyes. The maid offered her a deep bow and apologised, "Forgive me for what I said yesterday, it was out of line for me and I should know my place. I am

sorry about your loss." 3

Mallory's expression softened slightly, and she nodded. "Thank you, Ivy." She tried to muster a small smile, though the sadness still lingered in her eyes.

"I was in pain too, when I lost my sister," Ivy said, sharing her past. "She was kind and everything wonderful. Only that she wouldn't have survived if she met Lord Hadeon. Like some day, not all humans can handle being vampires. She was killed by the rogue vampires, her head torn from her body." 5

"I am sorry to hear that," Mallory murmured. "Was it the time you met Hadeon?"

"Yes. The rogue vampires almost got me, but I turned luckier than my sibling," Ivy mentioned with a blank expression on her face. "I was on the verge of death, but he brought me back to life. And I found the purpose of living: to serve him. That's why I said what I did yesterday. And I am truly sorry for it." 6

"Is that how you truly feel?" Mallory asked, studying the maid's expression. Ivy quietly nodded.

Mallory's gaze softened. "I am not hurt by your



words, Ivy. In truth, I appreciate your honesty. It's better to know what's in your heart." She paused, then added, "We all have our reasons for the things we do and you had Hadeon's best interest in your heart."

"I did!" Ivy affirmed with a smile. "Lord Hadeon has done so much for me and the others, by keeping our loved ones' graves safe here on the estate. I guess I was only expecting his companion to be as remarkable as him..." 9

Momentarily forgetting her anguish, Mallory smiled before clarifying, "As remarkable as he is, it's not what you think. Hadeon and I are a no-go." 8

Ivy slightly furrowed her eyebrows. "Are you saying he isn't good enough?"

Mallory shook her head. "That's not what I meant. I simply think that, we have different pat \_"

"You don't know that," Ivy interrupted, her voice lowering. "Lord Hadeon is a force to be reckoned with, a pureblooded vampire who can kill several people with ease. He has saved us, saved you because of his good heart even though he believes it not to be so. I hear he is memorable

in bed and women find it hard to forget him. He is tall, handsome, helpful. What more do you need?" the maid frowned. 34

Mallory blinked, taken aback.

"..."

Why did Ivy seem upset instead of relieved that she didn't want to do anything with Hadeon? Mallory asked herself. The lord and his servants were surely peculiar, she thought. 8

Ivy pursed her lips and informed, "Please have your breakfast. I will pack your clothes as the lord said you are to travel with him up north today."

Mallory finished her meal and dressed, then headed downstairs. On the way, she glanced out the window and saw the carriage being prepared for the journey. Barnby and another servant were busy with the preparations, but Hadeon was nowhere in sight.

As she continued through the corridors, she passed by the drawing room and finally spotted the pureblooded vampire. He was seated before an open book, golden threads seemingly flowing from him to the pages. 7



Mallory noticed how the book was open in the middle, suggesting it was old and well-used. She didn't peg him to be someone to maintain a book of memories. It made her wonder what he collected. 2

Hearing her footsteps halt, the golden threads ceased.

"Feeling better?" Hadeon inquired. He turned to look directly into her eyes. For a moment, Mallory felt like she had intruded on a private moment. 2

"Yes. I was wondering... if it was possible to appear at the royal castle with my ability," Mallory ventured, noticing him turn back to his book and close it. As he stood up, the book vanished from sight, and he walked towards her.

"Have you traveled to the north or the royal castle before?" Hadeon asked her.

Mallory shook her head. "No..."

"Like every ability, apparition has its limits. You cannot appear in a place you have never seen and felt; otherwise, you might end up in a place between. You are a beginner, and such a long distance will drain your body faster than you know it," Hadeon explained to her patiently

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before saying with a twinkle in his eyes,  
"Besides, a carriage ride has much to offer, don't  
you think?" 18

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