



85 Attempted murder 12

Author's note: 'Scarecrow of 1889' is now complete. A new book will start getting updated soon- Claimed by the Prince of Darkness. 1

When the carriage toppled, it didn't do it just once but continued to roll over. Mallory, who had moved from her corner to Hadeon's, felt him pull her close, protecting her front with his own body. One of his hands cradled the back of her head, and the other pressed firmly against her back, holding her securely as the carriage tumbled. 16

A second later, the door flew open as the carriage continued to hit the surface with every roll. Hadeon swiftly pulled Mallory out of the carriage and jumped upward, carrying her in his arms. In a heartbeat, they reached the top of the cliff, landing safely away from the tumbling carriage below. 11

Mallory took a few seconds to steady her vision, her surroundings gradually coming into focus. Amid the chaos, she heard a loud crash from below, followed by Hadeon muttering, "My lovely



fruit." 17

"How—What just happened?!" Mallory asked with her eyes wide. How did they end up on the cliff?? "Hadeon?" she turned to him for answers, who was staring at the area where the carriage had dismantled itself into many pieces now. 3

"Don't worry, damsel in distress," Hadeon teased.

"I am not in distress," Mallory retorted, sending a slight glare his way. She added, "Actually, we both are in distress. We have no carriage to ride." 1

Hadeon chuckled, "I would have been a pretty girl, but fortunate for you, I am a man. And distress I am in no way, darling. I only give people stress." 14

"Lord Hadeon," Barnby appeared from the edge of the cliff, who had climbed his way up with obvious injuries. 9

"Oh, good that you're alive, Barnby! I was worried there for a moment," Hadeon said, his tone light. Mallory stared at the pureblooded vampire's poor coachman. The first words that escaped Hadeon's lips were about the tree. "Any reason why you felt the horses and the carriage had sprouted wings today?" 11



Barnby, adept at understanding his lord's words, replied, "Forgive me, milord. I believed it was the same path I had previously driven. One moment we were in the forest, and the next moment we were falling." He glanced back at the carriage wreckage. 2

"Sounds like a delusional path was created to lead us to our death or," Hadeon's eyes narrowed while a twisted smile formed on his lips, "someone is trying to stop our dear Mallory from reaching the north and sending her to an early grave." He turned to Mallory, his gaze intense and amused. "Isn't that thrilling? Only a carriage ride can offer such entertainment." 9

"The person who sent the shifter," Mallory murmured as the thought dawned, worry etching lines on her face. But why? What kind of prophecy was she supposed to carry—that someone wanted her dead? 5

Hadeon waved his hand at his servant, and Barnby quickly stood in front of him. The pureblooded vampire bit into his own wrist, drawing blood, before offering it to his coachman. As Barnby drank the vampire's blood, Mallory noticed his wounds healing rapidly, his skin knitting back together until he looked



untouched by their recent ordeal. 9

A pureblooded vampire's blood was definitely fascinating, Mallory thought. As Hadeon turned to look at her, he offered, "You should take a sip too. Just for caution in case you injured yourself internally. Internal injuries can be deceptive." 4

Mallory hesitated, her eyes flickering from Hadeon's wrist to his eyes. "I'm fine, really. Just a little shaken," she assured him.

Hadeon licked his wrist, which instantly healed itself, and said, "I guess we should continue our journey, as there's no reason to stay here and cremate the carriage."

Mallory glanced at the wreckage, then back at Hadeon. "How do you propose we travel without a carriage?" 3

"Land wasn't that great but air sounds just right, doesn't it?" Hadeon's lips curled before turning to Barnby and saying, "Find a ride and travel to Woville." 15

"Yes, Lord Hadeon," Barnby offered a deep bow and began walking without a question or doubt. 2

Watching Barnby disappear from sight, Mallory saw Hadeon sit on the ground with a stick in his



hand. He started to write something with great concentration, drawing a circle and then a pentagram. Before she could ask what he was doing, he said, 1

"Give me your hand."

"What for?"

"I need a drop of your blood. Quick now," Hadeon urged, and Mallory hesitantly offered her hand. 2

The pureblooded vampire took her index finger and pricked the tip, letting the blood fall on the pentagram. He then added his own blood, muttering something she could barely understand. A moment later, her clone appeared on the ground, whose eyes were open. The clone sat up, and then stood to face them with a blank expression. 11

"If someone comes to check if you're dead, this will do the trick," Hadeon explained, a satisfied look on his face. But that wasn't all. He led the clone to the edge of the cliff and, with one single push, sent it plummeting to the ground below. The clone hit the ground with a splatter. 4

"Now, that's more like death," Hadeon remarked, a dark satisfaction evident in his voice. 9



Sometimes Hadeon's excitement over such things worried Mallory more than she cared to admit. Though it wasn't her, seeing the clone in such a mangled state sent a chill through her body. 1

When it was time to leave, Mallory prepared to walk behind Hadeon, expecting to ride from the back. However, the pureblooded vampire remarked, "I think you would find the front much better. Carried, of course." 3

"Because of the wings?" Mallory asked him with a frown. Maybe his wings needed space to flap and she would hinder their movements. 5

Hadeon stared at her for a second before replying, "That too." In one swift motion, he swept her off her feet and into his arms. Mallory instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck, feeling the strength and steadiness of his hold. He instructed her, "Hold tight," as his black wings sprouted from his back. With a powerful flap against the ground, they soared into the sky, leaving the scene behind them. 13