



## 86 Mallory's blunder 7

Mallory gripped Hadeon's neck tightly, her heart racing as they soared high into the sky at a speed far greater than any carriage. The wind rushed past them, as he effortlessly navigated the air, carrying her with ease. 1

"Are you planning to reach the north in an hour??" Mallory shouted while her eyes were tightly closed with her head ducked and pressed against Hadeon's shoulder.

A chuckle escaped from Hadeon's lips and he replied, "It is going to take more hours than that to arrive. But it would do us good to cover as much distance as we can before my thirst rises." 8

Despite his strength and resilience, Mallory realised that even Hadeon had his limitations. As a pureblooded vampire, he needed to replenish his energy by drinking blood. With nothing around to satisfy his hunger, she knew there was only one option if she wanted to keep him at full strength—offering herself as a full course meal. 13

Mallory couldn't help but look at Hadeon, his eyes focused ahead. His black hair ruffled in the wind, subtle concentration etched in his



features. After an hour, as the sky began to blend pink and orange into its blue canvas, she spotted a building with carriages parked beside it. It must be the inn, she thought to herself, as there were no other buildings near it.

"Let's take a stop there," Mallory proposed.

"You sure?" Hadeon asked her as they approached it. 2

"Yes," Mallory responded, missing the subtle tone in his voice. She didn't want to tire the vampire more than he already was. "We should stay the night here and continue the journey tomorrow morning," she suggested. Her stomach grumbled as she was hungry. 3

"As you say, princess," Hadeon replied, amusement filling his eyes. He couldn't wait to see her reaction to this place. He had been here when it was first built, and it had caused quite a stir, especially in the circles of high society and vampires. 20

Hadeon landed on the ground with Mallory, letting her feet touch the ground and smoothing her ruffled hair. His wings disappeared from his back.

As they got closer, Mallory's eyes fell on the men



and women stepping out of their carriages, all dressed in fanciful gowns. It seemed like a rich man's boarding house, she thought. The man at the entrance bowed, though his eyes lingered on their dishevelled hair with a hint of suspicion, as if he thought they had been up to no good. 5

Hadeon looked up at the front entrance, where the board was missing and he inquired, "Did you change the placement of the board?"

The man shook his head before responding, "It has been sent for polishing. What room would you like to choose?"

Wanting to make the most of his entertainment, Hadeon pulled out ten gold coins and offered them to the man. This time, the man's demeanour shifted. With a smile, he said, "Let me lead you to your room, please." 2

As they walked, Mallory leaned towards Hadeon and whispered, "Why didn't I get a room of my own?"

"So that you don't get mauled by the vampires here," Hadeon replied calmly as he walked. "It seems you haven't learned that it is better that you stick to me." 6

Mallory couldn't even argue, considering what





had just happened. Wait, did he just say vampires? She quickly took a look around and noticed the red eyes she had missed earlier. Oh, they had music too! How lovely, she thought.

On the way, a couple of women eyed Hadeon with evident interest, while a few others cast curious glances at the blue-eyed beauty walking beside him. Mallory could feel their gazes, but she was oblivious to them, her eyes focused on the intricate details of the inn. 2

"Here it is," the man said, opening a wooden carved door for them. Hadeon was the first to step inside, while Mallory turned to the man and asked, "Is dinner prepared?"

"Dinner?" the man echoed, slightly taken aback by her question. 4

Hadeon came to the rescue, saying, "Get us what you have on the menu. All of it, and also a bottle of fresh blood," and he tipped the person with another gold coin.

The man nodded, composing himself, and replied, "Of course, right away!"

When Mallory entered the room, it didn't quite feel like a room, considering how small it was for the price of ten gold coins. Was it because the



cost of living with vampires was higher? Or maybe this was the dining area, she thought, noticing the two plush seats. 3

Seeing Hadeon unbothered as he took the seat on the right, Mallory followed suit and sat on the left. Soft murmurs floated around them, creating a gentle hum that reassured her they weren't alone. Other patrons must have been waiting to eat too, she thought, taking in the atmosphere. The room's, or maybe the balcony's ambiance, with its dim lighting and elegant decor, hinted at a place of refined taste despite its size. 4

The man returned with a maid who carried the food and placed it on the side table for them to eat. Before leaving, he said,

"I would like to request that you not let the human wander by herself. We aren't responsible for what happens. Regardless, I hope you enjoy your *time* with us." 3

Was it because this place was likely filled with vampires? She watched as the man leaned forward and pulled a rope. She expected to see a window, but instead, the curtains parted to reveal a grand theatre, bustling with elegantly dressed patrons. Her mouth fell open at the sight of the grand stage, the soft glow of



chandeliers illuminating the velvet seats. 9

Some patrons were seated below, while the wealthier ones had chosen the loge for a more private view. The man left, closing the door behind him. 4

"This is a theatre..." Mallory murmured in disbelief, realising she had mistaken it for an inn.

"Not just a theatre," Hadeon hummed, picking up the glass of blood and remarking, "but we are here for a night theatre." 4