



88 Red apple 5

This was not what Mallory was expecting when she thought about getting a new story! Her face was set aflame and she didn't dare to turn or move. "AHHH!!!" OHMYGOD! Mallory screamed in her mind. 1

As if daring herself, she turned to look at where Hadeon was sitting and noticed him wearing a passive expression while he continued to enjoy the blood in his glass. She quickly looked forward. Calm, Mallory. Maybe this was all that was going to happen on the stage—a little tease and the story would move along. But if only she knew that *this was* the story. 12

And it wasn't like this... wasn't a natural thing, Mallory tried to reason with herself. This was how life was born, except that it was usually done behind closed doors and not out like this in front of so many people!

"We aren't supposed to do this, Marcus!" the woman on the stage moaned.

Yes, don't do it! Mallory exclaimed in her mind as the actor's hand moved from the breast down to the woman's bottom. Another moan escaped



from the woman's lips, but it was obvious that the woman didn't want him to stop considering how she pressed her body against the man's on the stage.

"I assume you are interested in it then?"

Hadeon's words echoed in the back of Mallory's mind, and she couldn't believe how confidently she had said she did. Maybe it was better to sit through it and behave as if she wasn't fazed. She didn't need much concentration to focus on the stage, considering how the man and woman's voices were loud enough to fill and reverberate against the walls. 6

She noticed the man lower himself while letting the woman's naked body arch for the audience to witness the perked breasts. But as if unsatisfied with it, he leaned down and captured them in his mouth.

"AHHH!!!"

Mallory's cheeks burned as the sounds of pleasure filled the room, amplifying her embarrassment. With the way the man moved his tongue, she could feel her own heart race. Feeling her throat dry, she drank from her glass in one go not paying attention that it was wine which she finished. 13



With minutes passing by, Mallory started to feel hot. As if to occupy the non existent silence, she picked up the cut fruit next to her.

Though the scene continued on stage, Hadeon seemed uninterested in the performance. Instead, his eyes were fixed on the woman sitting next to him. As he sipped his blood, he watched her intently, noting how she unconsciously parted her lips. 13

Just as Mallory brought the fruit to her lips, the man on stage dragged the woman to a couch, resuming his passionate kisses before moving lower. Mallory, caught in the story's spell, felt every note and action reverberate through her. A sigh escaped her lips, her toes curling at the sight. The powerful scent of lovemaking emanated from the stage, enveloping her senses. 5

She wondered how much further the scene would go. But when the actor pushed the woman onto the couch and climbed on top of her, the piece of apple nearly lodged in her throat. And this is how Mallory Winchester dies, she thought to herself. 20

Suddenly, a hand patted her upper back. It was Hadeon, who had leaned in close, his face near her ear. "Already choking?" he asked in a sly



tone. 12

Goosebumps formed on Mallory's arms as she dislodged the apple, swallowing it down. He murmured, "You should always take it slow." 15

Mallory jumped from her seat, looking utterly flustered. Though there was no candlelight in the box they were seated in, the pureblooded vampire could clearly see her cheeks reddened like an apple ready to be bitten.

"I need to use the powder room," Mallory murmured, unable to sit through the rest of the scene or story with a straight face. 8

Without waiting for Hadeon, she quickly waltzed out of there like a whirlwind, finding the powder room after asking a worker on the way. The room was empty, much like the corridors she had walked through, and she was glad. She noticed six large mirrors hanging on the walls and walked to one of them.

Turning the faucet, Mallory leaned forward, wetting her hands before placing them on her warmed cheeks.

"How long is the show before it ends?" Mallory asked herself. She couldn't even face Hadeon right now. 4



No matter how much water touched her face, it wasn't enough to cool down the arousal she had felt after watching the scenes. She stared at herself and then moved her fingers, saying, "Poker face on!" 2

But when Mallory turned around to leave, she noticed the man from across the balcony standing at the door. His hand was at the back, turning the doorknob, and she heard the door click. 8

"Leaving so soon?" the dirty grey haired man asked with a smirk, taking a step forward.

For a moment, Mallory worried she had entered the wrong room. But seeing the man's demeanour, she quickly realised her mistake. "I wasn't aware that you were a woman. This is the powder room," she said, trying to keep her tone even.

"I am no woman, and I'll show you how much of a man I am," the man replied, stepping closer. "My name is Emerson." 7

"Firstly, I'm not interested in the name. Secondly, I request you to keep your distance. I don't think you would like to be harmed, so it would be wise to leave while you have the chance," Mallory said,



maintaining her composure and offering a fake smile. 7

Emerson seemed unfazed by her words, taking them as empty threats as he stared at her with his red eyes. "You'll need my name when you scream it." 10

"For bloody murder?" Mallory asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm. 3

"I love when a woman acts coy. It's not like anyone's going to come save you. Everyone's eyes are on the stage, including that weird man. Don't think he wants anything to do with you, or he would be doing you," Emerson sneered, closing the distance between them. 4

Mallory, caught off guard, suddenly remembered her ability to apparate. With her eyes set on the door and her mind on the balcony, she tapped into her power. In a blink of an eye, she disappeared from the man's vision, but not going too far as she only ended up right outside the door. 3

"Get to the balcony!" Mallory muttered to herself, but nothing happened. Her ability to apparate failed her. "What's going on?" 4

Without waiting, Mallory quickly walked toward



the door, but Emerson caught up to her, blocking her path. "How did you do that? We have a black witch here!" he demanded. 3

Before he could lay a hand on her, Mallory's hand curled into a tight fist, ready to strike with all her strength. But before she could land the blow, Hadeon's hand intercepted, catching Emerson's wrist mid-air. 7

Hadeon's grip tightened, his golden eyes darkening with menace.

Before the stranger could even try to free himself, the pureblooded vampire twisted the man's arm behind his back. With his other hand, he gripped the man's head and mercilessly rammed it against the clean white walls with a punctuated action. Each impact left a trace of blood, the cracking sound of bone reverberating in the corridor until the man fell unconscious, slumping to the floor. 25

