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Though the shopkeeper had been rude, Mallory didn't believe he deserved death. She found it rather extreme. On the other hand, Hadeon was still stunned, captivated by the warmth of her hand holding his. 1

"I—I am sorry," the shopkeeper apologised with great difficulty. "I will give you a bowl of soup and bread for free. Why one? Take two bowls. One for the lady and one for the sire," he nervously smiled, ready to get rid of them.

"Unfortunate or fortunately, I prefer nice warm blood to a bowl of soup," Hadeon replied, dissatisfied with the man's apology and he revealed his fangs as he smiled. The shopkeeper turned too nervous to the point of fainting on the ground, and the pureblooded vampire sighed. He murmured, "That wasn't fun at all." 9

Mallory was glad that it was over because they had attracted a fair amount of attention. With no money on their hands, it would mean they would have to scout for food in the forest, not that it was a bad thing.

With death or disrespect no longer hanging in

the air, Mallory tried to pull her hand back to her side, but Hadeon held it tightly. 12

"Hadeon... my hand," Mallory said, looking at him. Hadeon, seemingly unfazed, took a peek inside the shop and poured a bowl of soup. He handed it to her, saying, "Hold it."

"How am I supposed to eat it?" Mallory asked, her expression deadpan.

"Why worry when Hadeon is here," he replied, picking up a spoon and scooping some soup. He brought it to her lips and said, "Say AHHH." 23

"..." You must be kidding me, Mallory thought to herself. 6

"Now now, don't look at me with such tantalising expression. You don't know what affect it has on me," Hadeon gently reprimanded her, with the spoon still hanging before her lips. "I was minding my business when you decided to hold my hand. What a brazen thing to do," Hadeon clicked his tongue playfully. 2

"People are looking," Mallory murmured in embarrassment, noticing the curious glances as they walked past. 5

Hadeon turned to the onlookers, his eyes

narrowing with an intimidating glare. The people quickly hastened their steps to get away. He turned back to Mallory with a smile, "Not anymore. Besides, it's not like you or I know them. Don't pay attention to them—focus on the soup." 6

The switch in Hadeon's mood was unsettling to Mallory, like the sudden shift from winter to spring. Seeing his unwillingness to let go of her hand, she decided it was better to play along and finish eating rather than cause a scene. She took a bite of the soup and gulped it down. "Since when did you start feeding people?" she asked. 1

"Never did, today is the first. Like yesterday was your first," Hadeon replied, offering her a saint-like smile that only made Mallory stare at him with concern. 13

"It feels like you have caught a fever," Mallory muttered under her breath. She then asked, "How much more time is it going to take before we arrive at Woville?" 4

"Should not be more than a day," Hadeon hummed and picked up the bread before offering it to her, "You should relax a little. Take a bite."

A carriage came to a stop not far from them and a man stepped out of it, making his way towards them. 2

"Lord Hadeon Van Doren. Didn't know you were dropping by here." 4

Mallory turned and caught sight of a dark haired man, whose hair was as long as Hadeon's previous hairstyle. The man wore a grey suit and his eyes were dark red with a serious expression on his face.

"Salvador," Hadeon greeted the vampire. "Word had it that you moved to the west."

Salvador gave a slight nod. "The east didn't suit me. Too much rain, and I preferred some quiet compared to the loud people there. Isn't that why you moved to the south?" 3

"The south is blissfully unaware of our kind, and I find it rather entertaining to give them a scare every now and then," Hadeon chuckled, mirth dancing in his eyes. "It is good that we met here, as I was thinking of contacting you." 3

Mallory noticed how this vampire named Salvador seemed utterly unfazed by Hadeon holding her hand and a piece of bread in his other. It was as if he didn't care about it like the

other nosy people.

"How about you come to Delcrov's mansion? I'm sure we can discuss things better there, away from prying eyes and ears," Salvador suggested. "It will give me an opportunity to show you some hospitality." 41

"That would be lovely indeed. But first, we need to get our clothes sorted," Hadeon replied, glancing at their dishevelled state.

"There is a fine tailor in my town. It might suit your taste," Salvador said, offering them a ride in his carriage.

As they travelled, Salvador glanced at the woman sitting next to the original pureblooded vampire. Sensing his gaze, Mallory turned and offered him a small bow. A little too late for greetings, she thought. Thankfully, Hadeon had let go of her hand when they entered the carriage.

"This is Lady Mallory Winchester. She's from Reavermoure," Hadeon introduced her. 5

Salvador offered a slight bow in return.

"Unfortunately, I haven't heard of it. My interests in humans aren't much except for when the thirst kicks in." Like many others, he had heard about the original vampire travelling with a

woman. He dully noted that, like rumours had reached him, it seemed that she was not his blood bag.

He then introduced himself, "I am Lord Salvador Delcrov. Some people call me Vlad." 31

"A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Lord Salvador," Mallory replied politely.

When they finally arrived in another town, they disembarked from the carriage. Salvador spoke to the tailor, ensuring his guests would be well served and covering the payment as well. He turned to Hadeon and informed him, "I will have another carriage sent to bring you to the mansion. I have a little work left, so I won't be here, though I doubt you will need me. I will see you there then."

Offering a polite bow, Salvador left in his carriage. Hadeon and Mallory were ushered into a fancy room and seated on a comfortable couch. Though the shop didn't look like much from the outside, it was filled with beautiful clothes hanging on racks.

"How do you know Salvador?" Mallory asked out of curiosity.

"He is a pureblooded vampire, created by the



devil after the originals," Hadeon hummed, crossing his legs and leaning back against the couch. "One of the few tolerable ones, though a bit too serious if you ask me." 17

"You took all the fun. Can't blame them," Mallory muttered under her breath, but Hadeon heard it clearly and grinned.

"I like it when our thoughts align, Mal doll. It's exactly as you say," Hadeon remarked. 10

The tailor soon arrived and presented an array of clothes. "These are some of our best selections. Finest material."

"Hm," Hadeon murmured, his eyes lazily glancing over the garments the tailor had brought. "Show me the black one. The light ones are a little too contrasty for the work I do. Don't need glaring blood stains," he said in a casual voice.

While Hadeon was choosing and trying on his clothes, Mallory was taken to the adjust room, who was attended by the tailor's male assistant, who seemed particularly enthusiastic about helping her. 22

