



35 Chaos in Ghoulsville 9

When Mallory turned her head, her breath escaped from her lips upon making contact with his light red eyes. Before she could react, a piercing scream shattered the air, plunging Ghoulsville into chaos. 1

"VAMPIRES IN THE VILLAGE! RUN!!!" one of the village men shouted in panic. 6

The next second, people were running and screaming, scrambling out of there to safety. They were trying to sieve through the lot to find the killer, not realising that there were at least a dozen here. 11

"AHH—!" One woman was cut off from screaming as a vampire bit right into her neck, drinking her blood. 6

Mallory's eyes widened in horror as the vampire charged toward her, his mouth wide open and showing his fangs. She quickly deflected sideways as adrenaline surged through her, narrowly avoiding the vampire's bite. 6

"Why are there so many?!" Mallory exclaimed. It felt as if they had stirred a hornet's nest. 9



The vampire that had tried to attack her looked stubborn, as he persistently came at her. His laughter rang out, mocking her as he spoke, "Pathetic human, you are going to serve yourself to be useful now." 13

How was she supposed to fight a vampire? Bare hands?! Mallory questioned herself while standing before the vampire. She blurted, 2

"If you really want to do that, you should speak to the one I am serving now. He's just over there," Mallory pointed in the direction of where Hadeon stood. "I will be right here while you go talk to him. He's very understanding." 26

But the vampire had no interest in looking around, but to take a bite from the food that was before him. 1

Mallory quickly picked up a stick from the ground and pointed at the vampire. She broke the stick in two halves. When the vampire lunged at her again this time, she ran the sharp edge through the person's palm to hear a growl erupt. 2

Turning around, she sprinted in the direction of one of the houses whose door was still open. But before she could reach there, the door closed,

and it was locked in fear of a vampire entering the house. This was the case with many other houses, while the screams of panic continued to pour in.

The vampire chasing Mallory dashed after her as she vanished behind a house. But just as he reached the back, a flower pot swung out of nowhere and clocked him square in the face. He stumbled backward and momentarily fell to the ground. 6

Meanwhile, a few villagers attempted to muster bravery with their pitchforks, but some of the vampires belonged to their village. Hadeon faced off against a vampire who mistook him for an easy target. With a cigar dangling from his lips and wisps of smoke curling around his face, Hadeon observed the vampire's eyes flickering from red to black with seething rage as it charged towards him. 6

"Holding a feast for us in the night, you humans are pathetic!" mocked the vampire, who believed he had cornered the man with long hair. 2

"I guess it takes one to know one," Hadeon remarked calmly. He stepped backward and then stepped aside while he danced around the vampire's clumsy attacks. "It's not every night



one gets invited to a feast in honour of their own funeral, after all." 10

Just as the vampire lunged at Hadeon, the latter smoothly extracted a silver gun from his coat, aiming with deadly precision. With a casual flick of his wrist, he pulled the trigger, the bullet finding its mark dead centre on the assailant's forehead. As the silver bullet struck, the vampire's body began to ashen, crumbling to the ground in a heap. 12

Before another vampire could seize the opportunity, another gunshot echoed through the night, swiftly dispatching the second assailant. Hadeon muttered, "A pity that I cannot turn the scene gory." 7

"Ahhhh!!" There were more screams with the vampires coming into light one after another, their lips bloody red.

"Why are there so many vampires?" the villagers implored, seeking answers in the face of impending danger. Fear and confusion were etched on their faces, uncertainty lingering in the air.

With a wry smile, Hadeon replied, "Let me go and ask them. I'm sure they'll be dying to tell

me." 10

"Milord, you are so brave!" one of the village men praised with eyes shining as Hadeon's reputation. "Kill the vampires! Stake their hearts!" 2

If only things were as easy as they said.

As Mallory rushed to guide the vulnerable villagers to safety, her path intersected with yet another vampire. This one stood out, sporting eyes as black as the void and eerie root-like markings branching out from the corners of his eyes. 9

"Blood!" the vampire growled, and Mallory struck the person with a stone that she had picked up. She had damaged her hand thanks to George, and she didn't want to ruin it permanently by punching these creatures. 1

But even though the vampire bled from the eyebrow, it didn't stop the person from moving towards Mallory, and the next moment, blood splattered on her face because of a gunshot. The vampire dropped dead by turning into ash and drifting in the wind. 4

"Catch this, monkey," Hadeon's words cut through the thick air, and Mallory saw a gun fly



towards her. "There is one left. Use—" 2

In panic, Mallory pulled the trigger before Hadeon finished his words, and the bullet hit another vampire's arm.

"Did she just close her eyes?" Hadeon clicked his tongue with his eyes narrowed, but at least she got the shot right as the vampire turned into ash. 18

Mallory noticed how some vampires dropped lifeless to the ground, while others disintegrated into dust under the force of the gunshots. Her gaze lingered on the weapon in her hand, curiosity gnawing at her as she pondered its mysterious composition.

"GRR!" Two vampires suddenly appeared before Hadeon.

"They look different than the ones from before. What's going on?!" The villagers with pitchforks had begun to panic.

"They are corrupted vampires. Unable to handle the transition, their bodies have started to crumble," Hadeon explained, his golden eyes watching the vampires circle him. "Unfortunate that they are beyond the point for a chit chat." He had wanted to know who had turned these

villagers into dummy vampires to create chaos. Because someone was being naughty and was creating an imbalance. 8

"Lord Hadeon!" one of the villagers called, throwing a stake at him. When the corrupted vampire came at Hadeon, the latter ran the stake through the person's heart to see the body turn ashen.

The final deranged vampire displayed unexpected cunningness, bypassing Hadeon and targeting Mallory directly.

"Oh, crap...!" Mallory's breath caught in her throat, her pulse quickening as she braced herself for the impending attack.

In a swift motion, Hadeon moved at a speed that the villagers failed to notice as he appeared next to Mallory with a bottle and pulled away the cigar from his lips. 1

Hadeon clicked his tongue in mock sympathy and addressed the corrupted vampire with a sardonic tone, "My, my, you seem rather peeved. Perhaps you are in need of a little refreshment."

Just as the corrupted vampire lunged forward, Hadeon threw the bottle on the lowly vampire before throwing his burning cigar in the same

direction for the vampire to engulf in flames.

Mallory's knees buckled under the weight of the turmoil, and she collapsed to the ground. She heard Hadeon's voice. "Now this," he murmured, a twisted grin tugging at his lips, "is what I call a celebration. People up in flames just warms up my heart." 18

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