

## **Beauty and the Immortal: It started with a dig Chapter 7 - Fear in Reavermoure**

### **Music Recommendation: Knives out! - Nathan Johnson**

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Mallory stared at the man whom she and Hattie had seen in the coffin, from the same grave they had dug out. Did she not close the coffin's lid properly? Maybe she was already dead, and she was now imagining things. That was the only possible explanation here!

When her blue eyes met the man's gold ones, the colour of her face further fell while a trickle of fear ran down her spine.

D—Dead person... staring at me. Grandmother, I have been cursed! Mallory screamed in her mind.

The townsfolk stared at the stranger, whom they had never seen before. Hattie, who finally realised why the man looked familiar, quickly hid behind people with her eyes wide. She turned to look at her ladyship and shared a look of distress. On the other hand, George, who wanted to take the initiative to show he was a hotshot, stepped forward with his crooked and bruised nose. He demanded,

"How dare you halt an important execution?! Who do you think you are?"

"God," deadpanned the man. "Now kneel down and pray."

George's mouth fell open at the response before he fixed his face and questioned, "Do you know who I am? If my father—"

"What happened to manners? Probably committed suicide. What happened to your nose?" The man emphasised this by pointing his finger to his nose.

The son of the count blushed, partly due to embarrassment and partly due to anger. Because the townsfolks' eyes turned to look at him. He said, "Don't change the subject! You killed the executioner and you will be subjected to punishment—"

"Who, poor old me? I wouldn't hurt a fly," the mysterious man proclaimed with an oblivious look before a grin spread on his lips.

George looked mad at being interrupted and talked over. With heavy steps, he made his way towards the man, extending his fist and swung at him. The man simply took a step back, and George missed his shot. When he was attempting to recover, the man used only one hand to twist the count's son's wrist with his fingers. He then crushed the bone with one quick movement.

"AHHH!" George yelled in pain.

Mallory, who was on the scaffold, had a clearer view of what was going on, and she could tell George Kingsley was attempting to keep his composure, but his lips trembled, wanting to scream with anguish.

If she had been concerned before, she was now terrified of what this man from the coffin could do. Maybe she should take this opportunity to run while everyone was busy staring at this person. As if testing the waters, she went to adjust herself while standing on her knees. But as soon as she did, the intimidating man's gaze flickered to her. She gulped. She would have to wait for the appropriate moment.

In pain, George ordered, "Guards! Take this man to the cell!"

This didn't sit well with the man before him, whose eyes languidly moved in the directions where the guards were making their way towards him. He raised the pebble that was between his fingers, and with one flick, one of the guards fell backwards and onto the ground.

Gasps of shock escaped from the people's lips, and the guards paused their feet, without daring to take another step.

"You don't have to praise me for that. It wasn't even my best hit," the man rolled his eyes, before sending an annoyed glare at George. "You know," his voice drawled. "I woke up in a bad mood. I had to find a tailor of my *taste* and finally found decent clothes that were ironed crisp. And you trying to crinkle it up makes me very upset now," he frowned.

The town's head took a couple of steps forward, while still maintaining distance and reminded the stranger, "You do know it is against the law to kill a person. A sin! Mur—"

"It seems you are unhappy with my previous demonstrations, but no worries," the man sighed, slipping his hand into the pocket of his coat, and the people

around him stiffened. But he only pulled out an old pocket watch to glance at it.

"W—what do you want?" a middle aged woman dared to ask, while hiding behind her husband.

A wicked smile spread on the man's lips, and he remarked, "I crave violence. Shall we play with pebbles and see what hits and what doesn't? Who. Should. It. Be? Hm?"

"Ahhhh!" a young woman shrieked, terrified for her life.

"Gee relax. I was joking. People have lost their sense of humour here," the man murmured, pushing George aside as if he were a piece of trash. He eventually introduced himself, slipping the pocket watch back into his coat, "I am Hadeon Van Doren, and I am here to collect my servant."

Servant? The people around him blinked. Did they hear this man right?

The bravery that George had shown earlier had plummeted to the ground. His mouth was open, and he was breathing with difficulty as the pain didn't seem to cease. The town's head was torn between keeping himself alive and keeping his dignity in front of the townsfolk. It was obvious that they were dealing with some crazy person here, and his voice quivered when he questioned,

"S—Servant? If you need to locate your servant, we can have the report prepared right away. Or maybe for you, we can just—"

"That won't be needed," Hadeon said in a bored tone, waving his hand, the look in his eyes relaxed yet bright. "I have found the person. She..." His gaze shifted to the scaffold, narrowing at where the woman had sat before.

Mallory, who had sneaked out of the scaffold when the man had looked down to see something in his hand, right now held the front of her dress and ran as fast as her feet could carry her before entering the woods.