

DOROTHY'S FORBIDDEN GRIMOIRE

Chapter 8: Ambush

Hearing Elena's words, Gregor let out a long sigh, leaning back in his chair as he spoke.

"Phew... Let's just hope her convoy runs into some delays on the road and is held back for two days. Otherwise, if she arrives in Igwynt and doesn't see me, she's going to hate me to death..."

Gregor rubbed his temples with some exasperation, and after pondering for a moment, Elena responded.

"It seems like you and your sister have a good relationship."

"Pretty much... Our parents passed away when we were very young, so she's my only family. Now that I've managed to make a little name for myself in the city, I want to bring her here to enjoy a better life. Most importantly, I want her

to go to school and get an education. Staying in the village for her whole life would lead nowhere..."

Leaning in his chair with a hint of reminiscence in his expression, Gregor spoke.

Elena then added.

"Making a little name for yourself,' you say? Captain, you're the youngest squad leader in the history of Igwynt's Hunters Division and the youngest at the apprentice rank. Even the bureau chief says you have a promising future. How could that be considered just 'a little name'?"

"Oh, Elena, cut it out. Sure, I've done well in the bureau, but this profession of ours can't be made public. To most people, I'm just an ordinary person..."

Still leaning back, Gregor crossed his legs and reached into the police chief's desk drawer to pull out a cigarette. He lit it with a match from the desk and began exhaling puffs of smoke moments later.

"Hey, hey, smoking in front of a lady is quite rude, you know..." Elena said with some annoyance as she looked at Gregor. He glanced at her and retorted.

“Yes, yes... I’m just smoking a little because I’m in a bad mood. Besides, didn’t you say you’d consider yourself one of the guys when you’re in the squad?”

“Hah... I just hope this case is nothing more than those officers losing their minds. Hopefully, we can go back tomorrow...”

Exhaling a cloud of smoke, Gregor muttered. Just then, a series of hurried footsteps echoed outside. A Hunter squad member dressed in black pushed open the door and entered the office.

“Captain, we found this on the body!”

The Hunter quickly stepped to the desk and handed an envelope to Gregor. Seeing this, Gregor frowned slightly. He immediately stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray, took the envelope, and opened it. Elena moved behind Gregor to read the letter over his shoulder.

As Gregor read, his frown deepened, and his expression grew increasingly solemn. Meanwhile, Elena’s gaze, sharp even through her mask, locked onto the last two lines of the letter.

“Blood Chalice...” Gregor murmured as he read the contents. Elena, after a brief smile, calmly spoke.

“Looks like we won’t be heading back tomorrow.”

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The night faded, and daylight arrived. Time flowed on, day giving way to night once more. Vulcan, after a bustling day, was again enveloped in the silence of evening.

To the west of Vulcan lay a sparse woodland. Once part of a larger forest, it had been significantly reduced due to the growing demand for timber caused by urban expansion. Now it was little more than a shrub-filled grove with scattered trees.

Though the woods were not dense or deep, rumors claimed it was a secret burial ground for Vulcan’s gangs, deterring most townsfolk from venturing near.

At this moment, deep within the grove, a small clearing held three or four figures standing in silence, seemingly waiting for something.

These individuals were dressed in varying styles—some looked like workers, others like gentlemen. Their numbers were small, fewer than five. Despite their disparate appearances, they formed a loose circle, standing apart and gazing in different directions as though keeping watch.

At the center of the group stood a middle-aged man in a trench coat, wearing a bowler hat and glasses, with a small mustache. He held a briefcase in one hand and raised the other to check his watch. His eyes were fixed intently on the watch's face, where the hands had just aligned at twelve.

Seeing the appointed time had arrived, the man lifted his head and scanned his surroundings as if searching for something. But after looking around, he saw nothing, causing his brows to furrow in frustration.

“Sir, there’s still no sign of those guys. Were we stood up?”

A burly man dressed as a worker approached the man’s side and muttered in a low, angry tone. The bespectacled man responded slowly.

"A local thug, nothing more. He shouldn't have the guts. Something must have gone wrong. Withdraw immediately; there's no need to wait any longer..."

"Understood..."

Just as this group was preparing to retreat, several pairs of eyes hidden in the dense shrubs around them were fixed intently on their every move.

"They're leaving. Don't wait for the other group—act now."

From within the thick underbrush, a low voice issued a command. A hand tightened around the stock of a rifle, and the trigger was pulled. Fiery muzzle flashes burst forth.

Bang!

A bullet shot out from the concealed shrubs, aiming straight for the bespectacled man's head from behind. At the critical moment, as if sensing danger, the man narrowly dodged, avoiding a direct headshot. Instead, the

bullet grazed a piece of his skull, shattering it and sending his hat flying high into the air.

"An ambush!!"

Blood streaming from his forehead, the man shouted with bloodshot eyes and a wide-open mouth. But before his subordinates could react, several masked figures rose from the surrounding shrubs, rifles in hand, targeting the stunned group in the clearing.

Gunfire erupted in the woods, and the men in the clearing were shot down one after another. Within moments, only the bespectacled man remained standing in the clearing.

The man, in addition to the graze on his head, had also taken a bullet to his abdomen, yet he showed no sign of falling.

"Those damned dogs from the Serenity Bureau!"

Blood dripped from the corners of his mouth as the man roared, his eyes wide with fury. He threw the briefcase in his hand aside and freed his arms before

sprinting with incredible speed toward one of the attackers. His injuries seemed to have no effect on his movements.

Seeing that the target was still on his feet and now charging at him, the Hunter being attacked chose not to reload. Instead, he discarded his rifle and drew a revolver from his waist, firing rapidly at the oncoming man. Two more bullets struck the man, but he still didn't collapse, closing the distance and reaching the Hunter.

"Feed my hunger!"

At that moment, the man's mouth opened unnaturally wide, like a ravenous beast ready to bite off half the Hunter's neck in a single chomp.

The man lunged at the Hunter, baring his bloodthirsty maw. But instead of flesh, his teeth sank into cold steel.

"Ugh... No matter how many times I see it, it's still disgusting. 'Craver' from Blood Chalice..."

Unbeknownst to anyone, Gregor, clad in his uniform and wearing an iron mask, appeared at the man's side. The blade in Gregor's hand had been thrust vertically into the man's mouth. The man's teeth scraped against the blade, spilling fresh blood.

The man glared sideways at Gregor, his expression one of utter shock. It was clear he hadn't noticed Gregor's approach or presence until now.

"Sha...der..."

Blood poured from his mouth as he mumbled the word, struggling to speak with the blade lodged inside.

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While Gregor confronted the grotesque man, drawing everyone's attention, a shadow darted out from the underbrush into the clearing unnoticed.

It was a large black dog.

The dog moved with agility, yet its lifelessness was unmistakable. Its body bore clear signs of fatal wounds.

Ignoring the chaos and tension on the scene, the undead hound seized the briefcase the man had discarded earlier and darted back into the shrubs without hesitation.