



110 Hallow in Valeria 9

As Mallory stepped into the corridor, an unnameable thrill coursed through the air, quickening her pulse with every breath. With one hand gracefully lifting the front of her gown, she made her way towards the ballroom, where laughter and merriment echoed. 1

Along her path, she paused to admire the flickering candles nestled within carved pumpkins, each face expressing its own quirky personality. In the corners, skeletal figures lounged in exaggerated poses, draped against the railings. Dark red and black roses adorned her route, their intoxicating fragrance mingling in the air—a sweet scent that filled the hall. 9

Her footsteps faltered as she neared the entrance to the ballroom. Guests brushed past, their curious glances lingering a moment too long, igniting a nervous flutter in her chest. Spying a tray of drinks nearby, she seized it as if it were a lifeline. Raising the glass to her lips, she gulped down the contents in one swift motion, the cool liquid a soothing balm for her racing heart. 9

"Why are you nervous, Mal?" She murmured to



herself, bewildered, as it wasn't her first ball. She had attended countless gatherings in the past. 5

"Why are you nervous?" A deep, captivating voice drifted next to her ear, causing her to jump and spin around. There, standing mere inches away, was a devilishly handsome man—the personification of charm and mischief. 9

He wore a sleek dark grey suit that hugged his frame perfectly, complemented by a crisp white shirt with the top two buttons undone. His hair, usually tousled and wild, was neatly combed back today, accentuating the sharp angles of his face and adding an air of sophistication that made him all the more striking.

"Anything that you like?" Hadeon asked, pulling her from the trance that had gripped her. 10

"What?" Mallory stammered, her heart skipping a beat as her blue eyes locked onto his gaze. He looked every bit the distinguished gentleman of vampire society, exuding an irresistible charm. A playful grin spread across Hadeon's lips as his eyes fell to the empty glass in her hand. 3

"Oh," she finally realised, a flush creeping to her cheeks. "Ah, yeah—I mean no. It wasn't to my



taste."

"So confused," Hadeon hummed thoughtfully, his gaze lingering on her face, leaving Mallory acutely aware of the intensity of his scrutiny. 5

"You're wearing grey..." Mallory remarked, her gaze trailing over his attire as the pureblooded vampire looked down in acknowledgement. 9

"Indeed, I am," he replied with a hint of playfulness. "Black suits have grown rather dull. I wanted to avoid blending in with the other men here. You know how I enjoy standing out." He paused for a moment, a teasing glint in his eyes, before adding, "And I don't mind sharing the attention with you. Milady?" 15

Hadeon had raised his hand before her and asked, "Shall we?" 3

Mallory stared at him, who patiently waited for her to take it and she finally slipped her hand into his.

Together, they stepped into the ballroom, instantly drawing the attention of every guest in the room. Their entrance was impossible to ignore as their combined radiance lit up the space. The music continued with a woman singing an opera song. 2



"It is good to see that you finally made it, Lord Hadeon and Lady Mallory," Lord Salvador greeted them warmly. 3

"Thank you for having us, Lord Salvador," Mallory bowed at the man.

Mallory noticed how the guests in here, including the host, had a slight twist in their dress, as if their clothes were telling a story of being something else, dressing up but less direct than the people on the streets of Valeria.

"Where's Zachary?" Hadeon asked with one glance around the ballroom.

"Not in the mansion," Lord Salvador said with a straight face. "He made friends outside, not in town but further away, it seems." 7

"Not worried about him getting lost in the forest?" Hadeon inquired with one of his eyebrows raised.

"He's dressed as a witch. He'll blend in there for the day," Lord Salvador replied unbothered. "Everyone's dressed as something. It should be alright." 9

When the Lord of Valeria departed to converse with another guest, Mallory turned to Hadeon



and said, "Everything here is wonderful—the music, the enchanting Hallow atmosphere, and the way everyone's attire tells a story with its accessories. Reavermoure doesn't have this," she thought, and it was a shame to miss such an experience. 1

"That's because the south has a higher population of humans who have dominated since I left," Hadeon replied in a casual tone. "Perhaps once we wrap up our business, we can return to Valeria."

"Like for a vacation?" Mallory asked, hopeful. 4

"No, like moving here for good," Hadeon said, casually plucking two glasses of wine from a passing servant's tray. He offered one to her, and she murmured a grateful "thank you." 8

As Mallory took a sip from the glass, she was pleasantly surprised by the rich flavour of the wine, far superior to the last glass she had drunk. She could easily envision finishing an entire bottle of this delightful wine! But she reminded her it was not a time to get drunk. 7

She noticed some of the guests looking their way. When she smiled, some of them turned stunned and offered her a bow. Believing

Hadeon was the one who bought it, she asked him, "So what am I today?"

"An angel, who is visiting the living realm by chance," came the quick response from Hadeon without missing a beat. 12

Mallory couldn't help but smile. The gown was definitely heavenly in appearance and it softly shimmered even though the ballroom was slightly dimmed out for the Hallow effect. She then asked him in curiosity, "So what are you then?"

Hadeon turned to look at Mallory, looking right into her eyes which left her vulnerable at this hour. He answered, "I am playing a human. One who is a fool." 13

"A fool?" Mallory asked him.

"Mm," Hadeon gave a nod, his gaze ready to consume her. "A fool in love." 71

