

75 Candle Wax ⁹

Mallory sat with the book in her hand, staring at it, before she opened it and returned to watch the memories once again. She couldn't help but repeat where she met her mother and though she tried to stay behind with her mother, the scene changed without giving her the opportunity to see what happened further. ¹

"I wonder if there was a way to extract memories," she murmured to herself. "And then store them." ⁸

And while she ran through the pages, she ended up on the blank ones. When she mindlessly ran her fingers across the page, she felt a coarseness under her fingertips.

Smelling the tips of her fingers, she quickly grabbed the nearby candle stand and placed the page above the flame without letting it burn. Soon she saw writing appear on the blank page, one that belonged to her grandmother. She remarked,

"Expect grandma to leave things hidden in plain sight." ¹⁵

Mallory did the same with the next four pages,

as the fifth page was blank. Bringing the book before her, she read what was written—

"Dear Mal,

If you are reading this, it means you have discovered the truth. I am deeply sorry that I never told you myself; I had hoped it would never come to this. However, I knew I had to give you Van Doren's cross, as my time is near and you will need his help. Hadeon can be overbearing and has sadistic tendencies. Despite the devil's intention to use him to bring souls from the living world, I realised there is something in him that might not have been placed there by the devil. Perhaps something was dropped into the vessel by mistake. If there are ninety-nine things wrong, there is one thing right, and I trust that will bring him to your side. 20

I tried looking for your birth mother, but I have been unsuccessful, Mal. You are too young, which is why I cannot use your blood to trace her. But this is not the reason I wrote to you.

I introduced Brielle to the Winchester for a reason. Long ago, it was rumoured that one of the humans got hold of the prophecy book that fell from heaven. Some even believed it was in the Winchesters house, but I didn't find it. 14

You must be wondering what you have to do with the book. I need you to find it and when you do, burn it so that no one finds it." 17

Mallory stared at the words written by her grandmother and wanting to see if she had gotten all the information, she ran the pages above the flame.

At that moment, she heard a creak behind her. Turning, she saw that the door she had closed was now ajar. As she registered this, the paper in her hand moved closer to the fire, and before she could react, the entire book caught fire as if it were a delicate piece of hay. 11

Startled by the book turning into a heap of ash and the open door, Mallory stood up and made her way towards the door. Pushing it fully open, she peeked into the corridor but saw no one. She descended the stairs and headed to the living room, where she encountered Barnby.

"Would you like me to set up the dining table for you, milady?" Barnby inquired.

"Is Hadeon back?" Mallory asked, only to see the man shake his head.

"Not yet, milady. The Lord must have gone hunting. He should return before dawn," Barnby



replied solemnly. "Is something the matter?" he asked, noticing the concern on her face. 5

Mallory shook her head and then asked, "Isn't there blood stored in the castle's cellar?"

"There is, milady. It's being turned into some of the finest wine. Some were stored before Lord Hadeon went to sleep," Barnby replied with a pleased glimmer, as if he had been the one fermenting it himself. "But fresh blood is always the best for Lord Hadeon's appetite. As a pureblooded vampire, he requires more sustenance than the average vampire."

A frown came to form on Mallory's face and she asked, "If I may ask, you were once a human before turning into a vampire. And knowing it is important for a vampire to drink blood from humans, was it never odd for you?" There was always a thought that lingered in her mind, how she was taking the help of a vampire who killed humans and drank their blood. 6

Barnby gave it some thought before he answered, "Not really." 6

"..." Barnby and the other underlings of Hadeon were similar to him in thought then, thought Mallory in her mind. 1



The man was not done speaking though and he said, "Lord Hadeon usually likes to drink blood until the very last drop in the person, he enjoys it, saying there is concentrated taste in those last moments. So he finds the right ones." 7

"Right ones?" she asked.

Barnby nodded. He then took a long look in the corridors that they stood in, before saying, "Lord Hadeon believes in giving to people." 9

Growing intrigued, Mallory said, "Tell me more..."

Far from Van Doren Castle, four men halted a passing carriage in the forest, strategically placing wooden logs to block its path. They held weapons in their hands to terrorise and one of them demanded, 4

"GET OUT OF CARRIAGE! QUICK! You too!" The man shouted at the coachman. "Hurry!"

The coachman saw the daggers in the goons' hands and nervously climbed down from his seat. Following him, a middle-aged couple stepped out, their faces etched with worry. The woman cried out, "Don't harm us! Let us go!"

"After we get your money," laughed a goon.



"Hand over your watch, necklace, bracelet, and pendant. Everything valuable."

"What you're doing is not right!" said the man indignantly. "You will be punished!"

"Oh, fuck off! You steal from the poor. There's no reason why you can't share," sneered the first goon.

Once all the valuables were handed over, the couple looked distraught. The man cursed them, "You are going to hell for robbing us!" only to be met with mocking laughter.

"I just noticed that I need good clothes. I guess I'm your size," the leader smirked before ordering, "Strip the man!" 2

"No, you cannot do that!" The man protested, stepping back, while his wife pleaded, "Please let us go. We've given you everything!"

But the goons ignored their pleas and approached the man. His shirt was the first to come off, and just as they were about to loosen his breeches, a voice came from the tree next to the carriage, 4

"I doubt that shirt is going to fit. If you need a new wardrobe, I know an excellent tailor. And if



you need entertainment, I have a ticket that'll knock your socks off." 11

"Who speaks?!" one of the goons demanded, looking left and right as they tried to spot the source of the voice.

"The messenger who brought you the invitation of death. But if you're feeling generous, you can call me God," came the cheeky reply. Hadeon then dropped down from the tree, landing lightly on the ground. 6

"If you are here to stop us, you should leave now. We are four of us and you are just one," one of the goons warned him. 1

"Poor me," Hadeon remarked in a dramatic voice. "I am always the poor one, so how about you hand me all those valuable things?" Pausing for a second, he turned to the middle-aged couple and asked, "Staying back for the show?"

The couple quickly scrambled on cue climbed inside the carriage and the coachman followed suit. Hadeon then offered them a wide smile, his golden eyes brightening like a wolf's in the dark. He asked, "Now, who has a healthy diet here?" 24

