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Mallory's eyes widened slightly, taking in the gruesome scene. The force with which Hadeon had slammed the man's head was evident in the blood that continued to drip down the wall. Previously, she had seen him kill many people in different ways, but this time, it felt harsher and personal. 1

Hearing the commotion, the man who had earlier led them to the balcony box appeared in the corridor, his face paling at the sight of one of the patrons lying unconscious on the ground.

"W—What happened here?!" The man asked in a hushed voice, clearly alarmed.

Hadeon casually shrugged, responding, "No clue. He started acting crazy, banging his head against the wall. You let a rogue vampire into the reputed theatre," he clicked his tongue in disapproval. 9

The man turned troubled, realising the severity of the situation and the potential cost to his job. Hadeon offered a solution, "You should take him away from here and stake him. We don't need a rogue running around." The pureblooded



vampire's calm and convincing voice prompted the man to quickly nod and begin dragging the vampire out of the room. 5

As they disappeared around the corner, Mallory said, "You set him up for death."

Hadeon hummed with a smile, "Can you imagine his surprise when he wakes up in hell? Serves him right for not understanding the importance of consent." 18

"You heard..." Mallory murmured, realising how powerful his ears were to segregate her conversation from the sounds on the stage.

Hadeon's eyes fell on Mallory, and he stated, "I thought you would be using your ability to return. Clearly, you are far from skilled when it comes to it," his eyes subtly narrowed at her. 2

"I did use it, but it wasn't successful. Twice, but it was as if it wasn't working," Mallory replied with a frown while staring right back at him. 9

Hadeon's eyes narrowed further before he said, "Let us take a look outside." 3

Mallory followed Hadeon outside the theatre, where he crouched and placed his hand on the ground. After a few seconds, he hummed



thoughtfully.

"What is it?" she asked. 1

"The ground has spilled magic, which is why you aren't able to use your ability well. There's a probability that the magic isn't evenly spilled, which is why you can use it in some spots, while it hinders you in others," Hadeon explained, standing up with ease and dusting his hands against his trousers. Upon receiving a questioning look from her, he continued, "It is the residue of the witches. There are various reasons for spilled magic, but one of them is when the witches die, it leaves a residue. Very troublesome when some of us end up running paths with it." 8

Hadeon pulled out his cigar as if out of habit, placing it between his lips and lighting the other end, before flicking the lighter closed and slipping it into his pocket.

So the ability had limitations, Mallory thought to herself. She then asked, "What troubles do you experience when that happens?" 4

"What trouble?" Hadeon asked, the cigar bobbing slightly between his teeth as he spoke. "Ah, you mean spilled magic and me? Oh, you



sweet child. I am unaffected by it. You should know there's nothing that affects Hadeon Van Doren," he replied, his voice dripping with confidence as he took a drag from his cigar. 10

He spoke as if his destiny and luck were bulletproof, Mallory thought. But with what she had heard so far, he didn't seem to have a solid shield around him with his mind and abilities. No being could be perfect, and she was sure there was a flaw that made him more relatable as a being of the living or the dead. 7

"So..." Hadeon's voice drawled, his eyes lazily looking at her before saying, "You didn't tell me how you found the show." Mallory froze at the question, the tips of her ears turning pink. "A pity that we missed the climax," he clicked his tongue and shook his head. 20

"It was different." Mallory tried to keep a stoic expression but she was ready to burst into different shades of red if Hadeon was going to continue questioning her. 2

Knowing Hadeon, she could tell that he would try to tease and poke her until she was flustered. It's how he got his kicks, which was why she decided that she would behave as if she was unfazed by what had happened. Surprisingly, the



pureblooded vampire didn't utter another word on the subject. It seemed that she didn't know him that well, she thought to herself. 2

"What now?" Mallory asked him. The inn she thought had turned out to be a theatre, and it didn't look like there was any nearby place they could stay the night.

Hadeon turned to her with a casual expression. "Now we go collect our coats of course, unless you are waiting for the main course to be served inside as you didn't finish the meal," there was a sly smile on his lips. 4

After taking their coats and after twenty minutes, Mallory found herself before a building next to Hadeon, where the doors were locked. The building was large as a mansion, and she asked,

"Whose house is this place?" and a yawn escaped her lips.

"It is a library that was built many years ago. When I arrived in the living realm," Hadeon replied, while Mallory looked around the place where the lanterns had grown cold. 1

Mallory looked at the locked doors and windows, she closed her eyes but when nothing happened,



she murmured, "It feels like most of these places have spilled magic." 2

A soft crash echoed through the quiet night as Mallory turned to see Hadeon pushing open the library doors with his foot. Once inside, they placed the doors back on their hinges and walked further in. The spacious library, though dark in most parts, was partially illuminated by moonlight streaming through the windows, casting silvery beams on some of the shelves. 3

"We aren't here to sleep or for shelter, are we?" Mallory asked, her curiosity piqued as she walked between two rows of towering racks filled with books.

"Though this is a library, people haven't come here for years because it contains books no one reads or wants. They are unwanted books, poor things," Hadeon sighed with feigned pity. "Which only makes you question why there's a need to lock the place." 9

"You think we might find the book of prophecy in here?" Mallory's eyes sparkled with intrigue. There was nothing she wanted more than to discover what the prophecy said about her. 3

Hadeon's lips curved into a mischievous smile as



he spread his hands wide, as if presenting a grand surprise. "It's a possibility. We'll need to start looking for it somewhere." 3

Mallory thought it was a good idea, but there was one glaring problem. The library probably contained hundreds of books. How were they supposed to cover them all? "So how does this book look?" she asked.

"It's never been described how the book of prophecy looks. That would be too easy for someone to find," Hadeon hummed, already pulling books from the shelves and skimming through them at an astonishing speed. Within a minute, he had finished reading six books. 7

"So we're looking for a needle in a haystack," Mallory said with a frown, amazed by Hadeon's skill. 3

When an hour passed, neither of them found the said book and both of them were on different sides of the library. Mallory had taken the liberty of lighting up the lantern because the moonlight was making her feel dizzy.

Minutes passed in tense silence, suddenly interrupted by the arrival of two guards. "How did the door break? Did someone break in?" one

of them said. 3

"You look that way! I'll check over here!" the second guard responded, splitting up to search the library.

Mallory's heart raced as she heard the voices. She tried to move away but ended up backing into Hadeon. Without a word, he swiftly pulled her into an extreme corner between two rows of books. The speed of their movement was so fast that it extinguished the light of the lantern, leaving only a wisp of smoke. One of his wings unfurled, hiding them in its shadow. 11

Though the outside of the place looked rundown, Hadeon's confidence in their mission filled Mallory with hope. As she gazed up at him, about to voice her thoughts, he gently placed a finger on her lips, silencing her with a tender touch. 5

With them standing next to the window, the moonlight illuminated part of their faces. Mallory's blue eyes locked with Hadeon's. As the place grew quiet, she was about to step away when he pressed his finger on her lips and leaned in closer, whispering, 6

"Shh. They are still around," his voice soft, almost

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like a caress, sending a shiver down her spine. 26

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