

The Duke 121

Chapter 121 - The Gentleness Of The Devil**

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PROCEED WITH CAUTION.]

"Why did you stop, silly? I'm looking forward to it."

This time, I completely froze. Like a statue who couldn't move a muscle. He's awake?

"Even though I adjusted to sleeping at night, I'm a light sleeper. You don't know how many nights I spent just staring at you." Sam explained.

His breath caressing my upper lip. With such close distance, I should draw away, right? However, I couldn't.

It was as if he caught me red-handed. A criminal caught in the act.

My heart raced violently, as if it sought to be released from my chest. This was embarrassing, even though we had already done it.

It still felt embarrassing to be caught like this. I bit my lower lip, closing my eyes briefly in regret.

"I — I'm just..." The rest of my words drifted into his mouth.

Sam tilted his head to the side, pushing back my words with his deep whisper.

"Don't tease me like that, Lilove."

And then he took my breath away. His lips felt soft and sweet as ever.

It put the usual fear I felt whenever he came close for intimacy at rest. I slowly closed my eyes, succumbing to the soothing movements of his lips against mine.

For the past three months, I've avoided him at all costs. Not him entirely, but having a sexual tension between us.

Whenever he tried, I looked away. I always used the excuse of being tired. However, I knew he knew it was nothing but a lie.

Yet Sam never pointed it out. Instead, he'd smile and nod in understanding.

Tonight felt different. Even the whistle of the wind reached my heart.

Before I knew it, he slid his tongue inside my mouth, my tongue granted his warm welcome; like dolphins dancing gracefully between our lips. Kissing passionately like we used to.

His firm arms circled around my waist as he perked up to feel more of me.

I was happy to oblige.

Without breaking our kiss, I crawled my way on top of him. I missed him. I longed for him. I craved for him. It was driving me insane.

"Lilou." He whispered into my mouth, desperate to be heard.

His other hand cupped my jaw, biting my bottom lip. His bite was gentle, pulling it back ever so slowly.

My body shivered at the burning sensation trickling down my spine. Even with just this much, my back broke out with sweats as it set my body ablaze.

Ironic how his icy touch brought heat straight to my core.

Our kiss lasted for a long time, enough for us to pant for air, but not suffocate. Sam ran his hand through my hair, placing it on my waist once it reached the end of my chestnut strand.

I drew away, creating a palm-length distance between us. Sam looked up, meeting my gaze. Crimson met Olive.

I half-expected him to be aggressive. However, he did nothing but stare at me. I idly wondered what he was thinking, but his eyes revealed nothing. Except for the ease of a man with his beloved.

"Silly." was the first word that slipped past his lips after a long time.

Sam carefully traced my jaw with the tip of his long, slender fingers. His thumb grazed my lower lip. His eyes glinted lovingly.

The gentleness of the devil. This had been what I've known, and what I'd die for.

No doubt. This was Sam — no one else. No other man would make me feel he'd want nothing but love. So, love should what I give — not lust.

Even though I haven't recovered my entire memory that night, part of me knew I had done a grave sin. Sin to the extent I would hate myself.

I already abhor these vague feelings even without clarification. Thus, I'm afraid once my memories returned, I wouldn't be able to face him.

Now that I had these thought clearly, I realized it was not the trauma why I avoided him. It was my shame at fault.

"It's not your fault, I told you." He uttered, taking notice of my silence and thoughts revealing in my eyes.

Instinctively, I pursed my lips in a thin line. I lifted my hand and held on to his hand that was cupping my chin.

For reasons my subconscious mind knew, my grip on his hand trembled. I'm still that coward, naive, and weak Lilou. No amount of training was enough for that to change.

I've known that all along. So why... why did I feel like this now?

"Come here." Amidst my silence, Sam cupped my cheek with both his hands.

Inching close, leaving soft pecks on my face. He kissed my forehead, my eyes, the apex of my nose, my cheek, and my lips.

His kisses bore nothing but gentleness. Every time his lips touched me, it washed all the worry and doubt in my heart.

"Whatever happened that night, or whatever you've done that night, it doesn't matter to me." He whispered as he pecked on my chin. "It will never happen again."

He added. His tone was low, sounding more like a whisper. However, I felt his conviction.

Once he kissed every area of my face, I rested my forehead against his. Inhaling his breaths, brushing the tip of my nose against his nose.

Slowly, I closed my eyes as I calmed my racing heart. I cupped his jaw with both my palms. The heat within me didn't make me excited, but it felt serene.

His touches made everything felt right.

Not rush, but perfect. Not lust, but love. A story of two individuals falling for each other; not just a mere story between a vampire and a human.

"I love you, Sam." Before I knew it, words that had been stuck in my throat broke free.

I never regretted taunting him like this. Suddenly, Sam flipped me, and I found myself pinned down under him.

His gentle crimson eyes darkened dangerously. Yet there was no fear creeping in my heart. I didn't even flinch.

"I love you, Sam. Only you." I repeated, courageously. I would never mistake others as him — never again.

"You're driving me insane, Lilove." Sam let out a low growl, gritting his teeth, sucking air through it as he bent down.

Chapter 122 - The Aggressiveness Of The Angel**

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PROCEED WITH CAUTION.]

Once our lips touched once again, everything didn't matter. His lips told me he wanted me; not just my body, but my heart and my soul.

I wanted the same. To love and be loved by him. Nothing else.

Sam carefully traced my waist down to my hip, squeezing my thigh once it reached the ends of my nightdress. I gasped at his faint grip, breaking away from his lips.

He didn't stop, leaving a trail of kisses on my jaw, down to the side of my neck. He savored every bit of me, drowning me with affection.

I didn't retort, offering myself willingly. Devoting my heart and soul solely to him.

I felt his hand slip under my dress, making me arch my back. He took my reaction in his advantage as he encircled his other arm around my slender waist.

My eyes rolled back as he nibbled on my upper chest. Unconsciously, I ran my fingers through his tousled, soft argent hair.

As my hand nestled on his back, I clipped my fingers on it, attempting to pull his shirt off. He chuckled at my sly action, making me blush in embarrassment.

"So adorable." He muttered as he temporarily drew away. On his knees, Sam took off his upper garment, his burning eyes fixed on me.

I could feel my cheek burning at the sight of those dangerous crimson orbs. As soon as he tossed his shirt out of the bed, my mouth fell open.

The timing of the moon shining through the window was perfect. It highlighted his argent hair, defining facial features, sensual collarbones, firm chest, and muscles.

Just the slightest movement exuded masculinity, flexing his elegance. The side of his lips hooked into a teasing smirk as he bent over.

"Why are you making such a face, love?" He breathed, as if barely holding on to his sanity.

"Goodness. You look at me with such intensity, what do I do?"

He whispered in my ear. His tongue flicked my earlobe, teasing me purposely.

This time, I bit my lower lip as hard as I could. His action tickled me. I suppressed the urge to giggle.

"S — sam..." I squirmed a little, titling my head to where it tickles.

"Haha." He chuckled, his hot breaths caressing my ears. How charming, I thought.

The way his chuckles sounded so perfect and alluring. But he didn't stop. Instead, he slowed down, devoting his time, kissing, biting softly, and teasing me.

Squeezing my thigh up to as the tension between us increased. Setting my body more sensitive, straining me to pay attention to every brief touch, every emotion, and every unspoken whisper of love.

I loved every bit of it.

Unconsciously, I placed my hand on his shoulder, tracing his torso down to his arm. However, as soon as I touched the bandage on his arm, my eyes snapped open.

It was as if someone poured me a cold water, forcing me to realize something.

"Sam!" I yelled, pushing him in the chest. But he didn't listen, or rather, he couldn't hear me.

Instead, Sam cradled my body tighter, squeezing my waist lightly. He had lost all his reasons to stop.

My breath hitched, biting my bottom lip. I placed my palm on his chest, breathing in and out, wrapping my leg around him, pushing him.

My action caught him off guard. For pushing and flipping him under me. I wouldn't pull it off if not for my training.

I could see his stunned expression as he looked at me, amazed. I carefully sat down on his member, protruding underneath his trouser.

"Your arm..." I said after pursing my lips, glancing at his arm.

Sam shifted his gaze to his injured arm, lifting it up, and frowned. "Oh. This is nothing."

His countenance told me about his disappointments. Obviously, he didn't want this arm to be a hindrance to what we had started.

The side of my lips curled up, chuckling. Upon hearing my light chuckle, Sam raised a brow as he faced me.

Slowly, I bent down, slipping my fingers on his chest. My hair flowed down to my side. For the first time, I witnessed his breath hitched because of me.

This brought a bubble of excitement and courage to tease him more.

"Your arm will reopen if you strain yourself, Your Grace." I whispered, brushing the tip of my nose against his.

"So, allow me."

As if the spirit of seduction manifested in me, I placed a soft and light smack on his lips. And then trailed kisses to his cheek, jaw, down to his neck.

I merely mimicked him, but when I heard his light gasp, I was just as satisfied. The corner of my lips hooked into a subtle smile, continuing on, kissing his delectable collarbones.

I didn't think. Or rather, even if I wanted to, I couldn't. All I could hear was his expecting gasp as I bite into his chest.

"Lil..." He called out through his gritted teeth.

Sam constantly squeezed my thighs. I felt him every time he flexed his legs as if his toes were curling. No wonder he enjoyed teasing me. It brought this inexplicable satisfaction bubbling in my heart.

Since he didn't have a top on, I could freely roam around his body. Although his body was firm and refine, his skin was supple. He felt vulnerable and delicate, like someone I wanted to protect.

I could not help but devote my time to kissing it. Soothing all the pain of his body, hoping it'll reach his heart.

Unconsciously, my thumb and middle finger clipped his cute nipple, circling my forefinger on it — just like what he usually did. This time, he froze as he suddenly grabbed my wrist to stop me.

Only then I realized how red his face was. It's the first time I've seen so vulnerable and exposed.

"Where did you..." He trailed off, panting for air as if he could barely gather his thoughts. "... how —"

I frowned, but leaned in, placating him with a kiss. "Who else taught me but you."

"Goodness, Lilou. You've become nau —" Before he could finish what he was trying to say, my lips crashed against him. His words drifted inside my mouth as I savored even his moan that came along.

Chapter 123 - Eat You (**)

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PLEASE PROCEED WITH CAUTION.]

Sam eased as his hand that was holding my wrist rested on the soft mattress. Tonight, I'll take charge. It'll be I who would dominate him.

That oath somehow manifested in my heart. Not thinking, but just acting out of instinct.

I felt his shoulder relaxed as I traveled down. His hand ran through my tousled hair, resting on the back of my head.

His chest moved in and out heavily. Just by kissing, sweats formed underhand, making it easier to glide my palms around him. Yet I made sure that he'd feel the heat from my touch.

From his chest down to his firm, center abdomen, I felt him melting each time as my lips and tongue approach. A hiss of satisfaction leaving his lips and traveling just to caress my ears.

Each milestone going south. His body shivered. I liked it. Being in control for once, feeling his every light tremor, and anticipation for what was ahead.

Unconsciously, I glanced up. Sam was shading his eyes with his arm. His mouth slightly opened. From this angle, it urged me to do something more.

Biting my lower lip, my gaze fell upon his groin, bulging underneath his trouser. Out of instinct and curiosity, I ran my fingers over it.

As soon as I did, Sam jolted up in panic. With his palm propping him to sit, his eyes went wide.

I looked up, blinking in confusion. "Did it hurt?"

Sam's expression was a little strange. A mixed of shock and awareness pooled in his eyes. His lean cheek painted in red as he blinked. His mouth fell open, while his lower lips trembling, but words left unspoken.

"Sam?"

"N — no." He stuttered. Gazing down and then back up. "What are you... trying to do?"

I pursed my lips, furrowing my brows in confusion. For a moment, I remained silent, pondering on the right words. When I remembered his words back then, my eyes brightened up.

"Eat you!" I announced, brimming with pride.

That's how he said it before. 'Eat you,' but it only gave me nothing but pleasure. Hence, I thought if I did it to him, he'll be happy.

"Uh..." Sam rocked his head back and forth lightly.

He scratched the back of his head, avoiding my gaze. He seemed reluctant, but at the same time, intrigued.

'Conflicted?' I wondered.

Seeing him like this brought forth a smug grin on my lips. I was merely curious, but it seemed it'd be interesting. Also, it was a rare sight that there was something in this world he'd be shy about doing.

Sam was the type of person who would tear down his enemy's flesh with bare hands. He wouldn't even bat an eye; it'd also not be a surprise if he smiled while doing so.

However, to see him avoid my gaze, flustered. It was worth the try. Not that I didn't enjoy myself feasting on his delectable body.

"Just calm down." I patted his chest lightly.

I didn't know why I didn't push him down. Maybe I wanted him to watch up close.

"Uh... are you sure?" He asked, cocking his head to the side.

My eyes glazed over his stance. I'm sitting between his legs, spreading enough space with his sole on the bed. His other hand propping him to sit, his heavenly muscles flexing.

With him with nothing to shield his upper body, silver hair in disarray as he cocked his head to the side, and face so perfect, my throat parched up.

It was I who was seducing him. However, just the way he stared at me, confused, bewitched me. Sam was just sitting, but it already made him desirable.

He's too precious.

"Lilove?" He furrowed his brows as I only stared at him.

Without thinking twice, I crawled forward and kissed him. I felt him stiffen before I drew away ever so slowly. I didn't want to deepen our kiss and let him be in control again.

Hence, before he could wrap his arm around my waist, I drew back. As I did, Sam licked his lip as if reading what I had in mind.

"If that's what you want." He whispered, nodding lightly.

A subtle smile turned up on my lips. With his permission, I raised my hand, touching his shoulders barely. Sam didn't lie down. He kept his stance, watching my curiosity unravel before my eyes.

I bit my inner lip as I caressed the territory I had dominated previously. Constantly leaving a light kiss as it trailed to the south.

He drew back slightly — barely sitting or lying down — to give me more room and comfort.

Before I knew it, my palm rubbed his groin as I licked his belly button.

"Lil..." He whispered helplessly, reaching for my hair as he tidied it to the side.

I heard him, but my mind took it as a challenge. A challenge to hear my name slipping past those lips, with the same tone and same affection.

After savoring what was already exposed, I sat up and looked at him. He was watching me, paying attention to everything. With crimson eyes flaming, demanding for more. My eyes spoke the same with equal fervor.

The way he looked at me urged me to do my best to satisfy him. I knew he was already satisfied, but I desired for more.

Slowly, I reached for the button of his waistband, undoing it while keeping eye contact from time to time. I noticed him clutch the sheet tightly, gritting his teeth in anticipation.

I smiled faintly. Biting my lip at the bubbling, euphoric sense of freedom in my heart.

Soon, I've undone everything, revealing his huge arousal. My mouth fell open as my throat dried up instantly.

It was huge... how did it even fit me? For a moment, my mind buzzed, dumbfounded at the sight of it.

I gulped, slowly reaching out. My fingers carefully curled around his girth. It was hot to the touch, pulsating against my palm.

"Damn..." He breathed out helplessly.

Chapter 124 - Eat You II (**)

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PLEASE PROCEED WITH CAUTION.]

"Damn..."

Upon hearing his whisper, I instinctively glanced up to see if it hurt him. However, Sam's cheek was burning in red. His mouth fell open, staring at my hand around him and then slowly up to me.

'He likes it?' I wondered in surprise.

My breath instantly hitched upon meeting his crimson eyes. He gritted his teeth tightly. Yet he wasn't stopping me. Instead, his gaze was asking me, 'what would I do next?'

I didn't know what to do...

I gaze down. I could feel his slight beating underhand. I should let go of it, but I couldn't.

There should be something I could do, right?

"Tighten your grip." Suddenly, Sam instructed airily.

My brows instantly raised, along with my gaze.

"Just hold it tight but light, just like how you hold my hand." He added in the same tone. I couldn't tell if he was having difficulty breathing. It didn't seem he was hurting, though.

As instructed, I tightened my grip, but not tight enough to suffocate it. Still, I didn't know what to do. Thus, I instinctively gaze up to him, waiting for his next instruction.

"Haha." Upon meeting my gaze, Sam let out a low chuckle as he shook his head. "Ah... I'm melting at your innocence."

I pursed my lips, a bit dejected. Before I realized it, I was pouting.

Well, I didn't know what to do and what I should do with it. I've only done it with him, after all.

"You shouldn't make fun of me." I muttered in a faint huff.

"Yes, yes." Sam raised his hand in surrender; his elbows propping against the mattress.

"Stroke it, then. Carefully."

'Stroke it... carefully.' I diverted my attention back to the primary subject. I stroked it carefully, just like what he said.

I moved my grip up, slowly but surely, up to his tip. And then, down. It baffled and amazed me how my hand stroked him smoothly. His skin was so tender and hot.

I found my pleasure watching and feeling how his member responded in euphoric. A subtle smile resurfaced on my lips as I unconsciously glanced at him.

Sam was gritting his teeth. Slowly, his fangs slowly grew. However, he gritted his teeth and pushed his fangs back.

He's breathtakingly beautiful. Especially now with how his cheek burn in red, resisting and wanting simultaneously.

There was something about his expression that urged me to do better. Hence, I picked up my pace, moving my hand upward and downward, taking occasional slow downs in between.

I didn't know that as I picked up my pace, it would affect him that much. Sam tossed his head back, his legs quivering lightly, as he indulged himself in the sensation.

I gazed down. What if I...?

Out of curiosity, I slowly leaned down. Without a second hesitation, I licked his tip, causing him to bolt up.

His abrupt reaction also made me jolt up. But I didn't let go of him.

"Lilove, what did you...?"

"Did — did it hurt?" I asked in panic. "I, I'm sorry. I just — just want — I thought..."

My mind was suddenly buzzing. I didn't know it would hurt! I just wanted to explore and see if he'd feel good, just like when he did it to me.

"Shh... it's alright." Sam chuckled lightly, catching my attention while shaking his head.

"Hmm?"

"It... it feels good." Sam cleared his throat as he wiped his lips with the back of his fist. "I'm just shock because I didn't expect you'd do it to me."

Sam blushed as his gaze shied away. I bit my lower lip, suppressing myself from grinning like a fool.

"Then, can I?" I hesitatingly asked.

His mouth fell open slightly as the flames in his eyes blazed. "Yes."

Unlike his timid demeanor moments ago, his tone sounded determined. Since I received his permission, I gulped down.

My eyes set on his erection as I breathed in and out faintly. A bubble of euphoria sparked in my heart upon having it fully in my grasp.

Again, I stroked him carefully, treating it fragile despite the power it exuded. This time, a drop of liquid came out from his tip.

'What was that?' I wondered internally.

Out of curiosity, I placed my thumb over his tip, pressing it. It was sticky. Its texture gave me a sudden idea.

Hence, using my thumb, I pressed it lightly, doing circular motion around his head. It twitched and twitched. Sam suddenly let out a low grunt, causing me to take a glimpse at it.

'So... cute.' I suppressed the urge to kiss him.

Just staring at him made me feel hot — hotter than ever. His pleased countenance also satisfied me. It was strange that I was the one touching him, but I'm also slowly getting aroused.

I looked down once again. Seeing how the nectar appeared between my thumb and the tip of his member, I pursed my lips.

Without a second hesitation, I leaned down and did what he said, felt good. I licked his tip, surprising me.

'It tastes sweet!' I exclaimed internally, making myself lick again to make sure.

It tasted sweet, indeed. Before I knew it, I was licking him like a cat. The tip of my tongue traced around him, causing him to run his fingers through my hair.

"Lilove..." He moaned. I nearly lost it upon hearing how my name sounded so lovely from his lips.

When I looked up to him to peek, Sam was already sitting upright. He was gazing down, looking a little weary, but wanting for more.

"Open your mouth." He instructed under his breath. He then ran his fingers on either side of my face, combing my hair along, and held it on the back of my head.

With this, my hair was less of a distraction. Freeing my face from the stray hair that kept falling down on my side.

"Careful with your teeth." Without shying away, he notified, almost out of breath.

Even though he didn't specify what he was referring, part of me already guessed it. He wanted it inside my mouth.

I'm happy to oblige. Offering a subtle smile, licking my lips as I bent down.

Licking its tip for the last time, I opened my mouth. My lips delicately glided down around him, making his grip on my hair gradually tighten.

Chapter 125 - In His Embrace, I Am Safe. With My Love, He Was Home. (**)

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PLEASE PROCEED WITH CAUTION.]

I didn't know if I've gone too far doing this. However, I'm in a position of no return. Be it in my current situation or my entire relationship with him.

There's no turning back.

All I could do was to move forward. Whether I stopped for a moment to breathe and reconsider, I had to continue on moving forth.

No matter how many truths there were; no matter what kind of devil I'm marrying, no matter how dangerous the path I had chosen, I could only fall deeper... and deeper.

I swallowed him whole, hearing his inaudible gasp caress my ears. Just hearing his pleased grunts and moans brought satisfaction to my heart. Like the way he filled my mouth, I felt my heart exploding.

My pulse began pounding in my ear. My name, "Lilou," hung in the air, suspending any other tension looming in it.

Tonight was different, indeed. I explored him. My hand freely stroked his thigh as his hand rested on the back of my head.

Moving upward and downward, following his instruction not to graze him with my teeth. Surprisingly, I found joy in doing this to him.

"Lil..."

That. That's my consolation. My name slipping past his lips, sounding so lovely in my ears. Despite how his voice seemed to struggle to stay even.

The more he called my name, the more I got aggressive. Seeking more rewards as I felt him grow in me. Sam then suddenly reached for my bottom, grabbing one cheek, squeezing it tightly.

His action made me pause for a moment. My breath hitched before my stiff back eased. And then, I resumed.

From licking to sucking, I went deeper until I gagged. As soon as I did, Sam grabbed my shoulders and pulled me up.

"Love, are you alright?" He asked, worried. His eyes roamed around my face, panting as if he had already regretted it.

This sight of him made me smile. I shook my head lightly, swallowing down to soothe my throat.

"I'm fine." I cupped his cheek, a bit surprised at how hot they were. Sam had never reached this body temperature.

His cheek was still painted with red — a little lighter shade from his deep crimson orbs. Unknowingly, my thumb brushed his lower lip.

As if noticing my sudden desire to kiss him, Sam showed initiative. He leaned in, smashing my lips against his lovingly. It wasn't long, nor was it brief.

"How was it?" He asked, drawing his lips away as he kissed my cheek and jaw.

I giggled faintly. "It felt good."

"And?" He added, continue on leaving pecks on my neck, igniting the fire within.

For a moment, I couldn't reply as I stretched my neck. My heart pounded against my chest, feeling his desire that he left from his kisses.

"It tastes good." I breathed. His hand wrapped around my waist, lifting me so I could sit on his lap.

"Did you enjoy it?" While he threw me a series of question, Sam slid his hand inside my chemise, squeezing my thigh.

"I, I did." I struggled to answer as his hands brushed my spine gently.

I had nothing underneath this dress. Hence, his hands could wander around me freely. Every stop he touched made me quiver.

Instinctively, I rested my arms over his shoulder, letting him devour my neck and what was currently exposed. Soon, as he took off my dress, I complied willingly.

Raising both my hands up, my dress easily left me, revealing what's there to expose. Sam tossed the chemise out of the bed.

His crimson eyes fastened with passion as they darkened. I gulped, pursing my lips as I avoided his gaze. I felt a little abash to face him after what I've done.

"Your eyes," He said, reaching for my chin as he guided me to face him. "Should only look this way, my way."

He leaned in as he placed a delicate kiss on my lips.

"Don't look away, Lilove." His voice was low but intimidating, placing another kiss on my lips.

"Is that a threat?" I blurted out as he inched away.

Sam chuckled as he set his eyes full of interest in me. "What do you think?"

I pouted, putting my fist on his chest as I glared at him. "I don't appreciate threats right now."

"Haha!" Amused, Sam brushed the tip of his nose against mine. "Danger follows a threat. I'm simply expressing my selfish desires for your attention."

He then lifted me up, pinning me down on the bed. My back against the sheet, staring at the crimson eyes hovering over me.

"I will hurt anyone that blocks my path, but never you. Except you." He bent down, inhaling my faint breaths.

"Even if you hurt me, I won't retort." He kissed my cheek. "I won't get mad." Continuing on as he kissed my ear. "I will never hurt you."

"Sam..."

"Choosing me once is enough for a lifetime gratitude, Lilou. I love you, only you." Sam whispered as his lips returned to my lips.

My heart melted upon his last remarks. I welcomed his lips home.

Usually, his lips would fight for dominance. But tonight was different. What he sought was union, a share of sweet passion that ignites. A million loving thoughts that condensed into a promise.

A promise of love for a lifetime.

With his fingers slipping through the gaps between my fingers, he pinned it against the sheet. Kissing passionately tonight, we became one.

One in heart, one in mind, one in soul.

Pain and lust were out of the question. Everything was nothing but love and pleasure.

"I love you, Sam." I whispered as we both reached our limits.

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Lying on his side, his knuckled propped his temple. He stared at her with loving eyes and a gentle smile.

After their long, passionate lovemaking, Lilou immediately fell asleep. Samael pulled the quilt over her shoulders.

I love you, Sam.

Her words of love repeated in his head a thousand more times. Just the thought of it made him feel good as he chuckled.

"I love you more... more than you and I can imagine." He muttered, kissing her hair that was around his finger.

Chapter 126 - A Breakfast By Yours Truly

I had a good sleep that night. For the past three months, I could say I haven't had such a peaceful and satisfying sleep. I would always wake up from terrible dreams.

But tonight, there's nothing. Even my fatigue magically disappeared. Ironic. Our last activity last night was intense than ever. It was as if we made love like there's no tomorrow.

Yet, it didn't tire me.

Slowly, I opened my eyes. The chirping of the birds sang in chorus with the whistle of the morning wind. A ray of light peek through the window, hitting half of my face.

"Hmm?" I moaned and stretched my body, rolling to his side.

However, as I turned around, I frowned. Sam was not here. I supported myself up with my elbow, looking around to see if he was here.

"Sam?" I called out softly, but no response.

With a frown, I sat upright. The quilt covering my bare body flowed down to my lap. "Where did he go so early?"

A sigh slipped past my lips. I glanced at the window. For the past three months, during this time, I'm already training with Rufus.

But since Klaus arrived, Rufus told me to suspend our training. Fortunately, Rufus has a wonderful insight. After what Klaus did to Sam's arm last night, I would surely nurse him.

"So... where is the person I am planning to nurse?" I wondered, suppressing myself from getting irate at his absence.

"Goodness." I shook my head, picking up the quilt to cover my top. I bent my knees up, embracing them close to my chest.

My gaze fixed on the window. It's so bright. The sky looks exceptionally clear today too.

"I miss these kind of days." I murmured under my breath. "I want to go back to Grimsbanne."

My eyes drooped as it softened. Back in Grimsbanne, everything was so peaceful.

I would wake up next to him; admire how breathtaking Sam looked to my heart's content. We would then share breakfast together before Rufus would drag Sam away for work.

Sam had this separation anxiety. That's why it was harder to part with him, even for just a brief time. Good thing Rufus never bought those excuses, else Grimsbanne would fall.

Once Sam went to work, I would spend my days with Fabian. Some days, I would spend some tea with the servants. Even did activities with everyone.

We were happy and just carefree back in Grimsbanne. The duke's mansion, which was initially filled with gloom, had livened up — even during the night.

Laughs and giggles, smiles and serenity, was what the duke's mansion had become. So, how could I blame myself for longing for that kind of life?

You'll never be the same even if you leave the Capital.

Those were Rufus' words. Sam also said something almost similar. Even though I haven't been in the Capital, deep down, I knew something would change once I stepped my foot there.

Sam and Rufus, even Fabian, wouldn't be this wary about that place if it wasn't dangerous. After what I've witnessed in Whistlebird, and what happened in Cunningham. I could say I was not the same.

I had been bottling these worries, releasing them by training myself to the bones. I'm still terrified, but I had decided.

The old Lilou, the Lilou back in Grimsbanne... I would protect her. I'll keep her deep within me and only to show in front of Sam.

I rested my chin on my knees. "I wonder where he went off again. Leaving his bride, how dare he...?"

I murmured, pouting. I expected to have some time with Sam alone since I had nothing to do today. Also, before we leave for the Capital, I would want to enjoy some time together.

"How could he leave?" I made circles on the sheet with my finger, sulking.

Just then, I heard the door creak open. Out of instinct, I raised my head in its direction.

"Sa... m?" I tilted my head, blinking.

"Oh? You're up early?" Sam paused by the door. He was holding a tray with him.

When he received no response from me, he furrowed his brows. He then entered, kicking the door lightly behind him.

Without wasting a second, Sam trudged towards the bed. He placed the tray on the round table near the bed and rushed towards me.

"Lilove, are you alright?" He asked, checking on me worriedly.

The side of my lips hooked up faintly, relieved. "I am."

"Are you sure?" He queried almost immediately, holding my face as he stared straight into my eyes.

"I'm just sulking because I woke up and you're not beside me again." I complained, almost sounding like I'm teasing.

"Ohh..." He rocked his head back and forth lightly. "That. Sorry."

Before he explained, Sam leaned in and placed an affectionate kiss on my forehead. When he drew back, he explained.

"I thought of making you breakfast. Rufus told me you won't be training today. So, I want to do something for you since you're mine today."

A giggle instantly escaped my lips. How could I keep a poker face with such tender words? Also, he almost sounded like complaining about giving him a lack of attention.

"So you helped in preparing my meal?" I asked with a smile.

Sam avoided my gaze. I could see the tip of his hair reddened.

He cleared his throat, keeping his composure. "I didn't help. I prepared it myself! A breakfast by yours truly."

For a moment, I was taken aback at his claims. "You?"

"Hmm! Don't look at me with such doubt in your eyes!" He huffed, displeased at doubting him.

Well, who wouldn't? Not that I'm afraid of the taste. I'm concerned about how he even knew how to cook!

Slowly, I gazed down at his fingers. Vampires had regeneration abilities. However, it would take time for a wound to heal completely. Hence, the slight cuts in his fingers brought a smile to my face.

He seemed he struggled a bit. But those minor cuts were proof of his hard work.

"If you brought me breakfast, why are you pouting like that? We should eat before it goes cold, right?" I pinched his cheek, purposely not mentioning about the small cuts on his hands.

Sam arched his brow as he faced me. His entire face exactly told me 'don't eat it if you're that doubtful. I'll just vent my frustration to Cameron'.

"It's my first time so it might not be..."

"There, there." Before he could finish, I pinched his other cheek and giggled. "Let's eat together, shall we? And then spend the day together."

His ears perked up. "Just the two of us?"

"Just the two of us. Let's have a date!" I grinned excitedly.

Chapter 127 - Their First Proper Date

I happily ate the breakfast he made himself. The taste was alright. It was not as exquisite as what the servants usually served. However, as a peasant who had survived eating potatoes for a long time, everything that could fill my stomach was all blessings.

But as a biased bride, today's breakfast was the best meal I had ever eaten. Sam made it, after all. I would eat it any day.

After that, Sam and I had agreed to make preparations. I informed Fabian about our today's plans. I knew he would help, and he did.

Thus, with Fabian's influence, he summoned the servants in the castle to help me with everything. From the local dress I could wear so not to stand out too much, to my hair, and just everything.

"This jewelry is one of the finest jewelry in the country. Lord Cameron had sent it this morning, my lady." The maid servant informed me.

My gaze fell on the set of jewelries on the table. The corner of my lips curled subtly. They were pretty, but I'm not the person who liked shiny things.

"Send my regards to Lord Cameron. However, I'll use it some other time." I glanced up and offered a gentle smile.

"If you say so, my lady."

I nodded in satisfaction. To be honest, the preparation I've been through exhausted me. I got used to wearing men's clothes and just tying up my hair for the past three months. Thus, being treated as a lady once again felt like a hassle.

I stared at the mirror as they braid a part of my hair on the side. Sam liked it when I wear my hair down.

A smile turned up on my lips as I stared at myself in the mirror. "I feel bad for complaining inside my head. But I can't even recognize myself."

"You're still as dazzling as ever, my lady."

Only when the maid servant replied did I realize I spoke my thoughts aloud. Embarrassed, I bit my lower lip and glimpsed at her.

"Everyone here is relieved that you'll be finally having a day of rest with His highness. You'd been busy training with Sir Rufus." She added as her eyes softened.

Why did she have to look at me with regret? As if she pitied me?

Well, thinking of how Rufus tortured me in the first month of my training, it made sense. Even I pity myself. It was a miracle I'm still alive today.

"My lady."

"Hmm?" My brows raised, chasing away the thoughts of those tormenting days of my early trainings.

"Please take care of yourself." She smiled, finishing up the braid before taking a step back.

Her voice was laced with worry. Why? I'm merely going out on a date with Sam. Did she have to make it sound like I'm joining a war?

"I will." Despite my thoughts, I nodded with a smile.

She smiled back. "His Highness is outside waiting for you. I will escort you, my lady."

Before I replied, I glanced at myself in the mirror for the last time. It was my first proper date with Sam. Our first date back in Grimsbanne was, well... it was a bit strange.

"Alright. Please lead the way." But now, I didn't care how this date would turn out. As long as I'm with Sam, unexpected things would occur.

Deep down, I was looking forward to it.

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As soon as we reached outside, Sam was standing in front of the carriage. He was pacing back and forth, looking restless.

I could not help but giggle, covering my lips to hide it. Sam had never cared about his appearance. Yet, even without brushing his hair or wearing a more fitting attire for a duke, his beauty still stood out.

That was why I called it unfair.

But today, his argent hair that was brushed neatly to his back, displaying all his charming features. His long curled eyelashes matched with crimson eyes; his thin pointy nose, his defined jaw, his lips that always appeared as if he was sneering.

Not to mention, wearing that local men's attire; a flock-coat with dark sleeves that were long and tight, the collar opened very deep in order to showcase the waist coat.

Such a fine man.

I felt like this wasn't Sam, whose hair and clothes often left unkempt. It made me giggle.

"Lilove!" Just then, Sam turned his head in my direction.

As soon as our eyes met, Sam's mouth fell open as he froze. I raised my brows in bafflement.

Didn't he like it? For some reason, I also froze under his intense gaze.

He peered at me from head to toe, then right back up. Sam looked conflicted.

I should've worn the jewels Lord Cameron sent me this morning. Well, compare to him, I had to make more efforts so I could stand by his side.

Unconsciously, I was fidgeting with my fingers. I looked away as I saw him approach.

'What is this feeling in my heart?' I wondered. Not pleased by how it slowly affected my mood.

When I sensed his presence before me, I bit my lower lip. Who wouldn't feel insecure standing beside this man? He was just so perfect and fine and handsome.

I would never run out of compliments for his looks alone. That's why it felt more nerve-racking.

As I sighed, my brows twitched. Slowly, I shifted my gaze to the hand in front of me.

"Your beauty never ceased to enchant me, my bride." He uttered solemnly.

My breath hitched. Even his tone changed! He sounded so noble!

"Shall we?"

"Uh..." Not knowing what to do, I automatically followed the common courtesy.

Slowly, I raised my hand and slid it into his hand. The side of his lips tilted up, almost looking like a mischievous smirk.

Instead of escorting me, Sam bent over and placed a kiss on my knuckles. As he did so, he kept his eyes on me.

"You're beautiful, Lilove. More than you think you are."

And with that reassurance, I really felt beautiful. I smiled, my heart racing as butterflies filled my stomach.

"You flatter me, Your Grace. I would say the same to you."

Chapter 128 - Fabian's Nature

Sam only let out a brief chuckle as he escorted me towards the carriage. On our way, I caught a familiar figure from the corner of my eyes.

Instinctively, I turned my head in its direction. It was Fabian.

Fabian was watering the...? Wasn't that the area where he dug a grave pit last night? He didn't bury someone last night, did he?

As if noticing my gaze, Fabian turned his head in my direction. As usual, he offered me a smile; his eyes squinting, his lips stretched from ear to ear.

I smiled back subtly as I treaded carefully.

Until suddenly, I froze, pausing in my steps. I felt Sam also halted as he gazed at me, confused.

"That..." My lower lips trembled, staring at the hand that suddenly came out from the ground. The same ground that Fabian was watering.

Did Fabian bury someone alive?

Fabian noticed the horrified expression that crept out on my face. Hence, he gazed down. Alas, instead of panicking, Fabian casually stepped on the hand and pressed it down.

I gasped, blinking my eyes in disbelief. I felt my heart suddenly dropping to my stomach.

What... what did I just witness?

"Don't worry about it." Suddenly, Sam whispered in my ear. "That person is alive."

Of course, he's alive! I just saw his hand come out from the ground!

Slowly, I turned my eyes full of disbelief at Sam. He chuckled as he pinched my cheek.

"He'll be fine. Fabian is just venting his frustration, but no one will die."

How ironic... how could he say no one would die if our kind butler was forced to bury someone alive? Perhaps he meant no one would die today because whoever they buried there would die tomorrow?

"Haha. You're so adorable." Pleased at my horrified expression, Sam pinched both my cheeks lightly. "Alright, I'll tell Fabian to stop."

After saying so, Sam raised his head and yelled. "Fabian, you're scaring Lilou."

When Fabian heard that, he backed away. He placed his hand across his chest and bowed. Without waiting for a second, he trudged away with the gardening tools.

"Happy now?" Sam grinned at me.

"Are we going to leave that person alone there?"

"Klaus will be fine, unfortunately." Sam clicked his tongue as if it was bad news.

"It's the fifth prince...?" Upon knowing the identity of who they buried there, I pursed my lips in a thin line.

I didn't want this for Klaus, even after what he had done to Sam. However, I still wanted him to pay for the consequences of his actions.

"Yes. Let's not mind him. He'll be fine." Sam cocked his head towards the carriage.

I glanced in the open garden for the last time. "Alright."

With that being said, Sam escorted me towards the carriage and we set off to the main town. If Sam said the fifth prince would be alright with such regret in his eyes, I guess he would.

*

On our way, my gaze landed on Sam. Even though I trusted Sam's reassurance, I'm still a little curious.

But before I could ask, Sam filled me in.

"After what happened last night, it caused chaos to the entire Crawford stronghold. Rufus had to seize everyone who couldn't stop their thirst with the scent of my blood — even Cameron struggled. My blood is quite special, you see?"

Sam said, bragging about his blood. But I ignored it.

"Oh..." I nodded in understanding. "No wonder Sir Knight rushed outside instead of going to you."

Did Rufus know Sam could handle any danger, though? As a servant, I thought it would be more reasonable to rush to your master in times of danger.

"Well, Rufus prioritizes the weak. Be it humans or weaker vampires, if he deemed them innocent, he would protect them. After all, vampires are somewhat victims of their own instinct." Sam shrugged, as if Rufus' action did not surprise him.

Honestly, the more I listened and got to know about Rufus, I admit I misjudged him. Rufus was not the person who put his best interest first. He prioritized what's best for the weak.

But that didn't mean he could change a lot of things. He wasn't the king, after all.

"As for Fabian, he would rush to me if he felt something amiss. I met him last night before you." Sam looked out at the window. "Since I know you'd come to me, I left Klaus in his hands. Rufus might be strong, but Fabian is in a different caliber."

"Huh?" I tilted my head to the side. "How different?"

Although I had saved the image of the kind Fabian despite his eerie demeanor last night, I knew he wasn't just a considerate butler. Still, it would be better to know more about Fabian.

Just in case. So I wouldn't get buried alive in the future.

Also, I heard a lot about Rufus and Sam. Fabian told me everything he could without restraint. But now that I thought about it, I knew little things about my teacher.

"I can beat Rufus even without using my abilities as a vampire." Sam shrugged nonchalantly.

"But, Mister Fabian told me you lost to him back then!"

"That's because I'm starving. It's my early years of resisting in drinking human blood." Sam explained in a knowing tone.

"Oh." I squinted my eyes, a little doubtful at his claims.

"I can beat Rufus, but I didn't say it'll be easy. I'm certain I'll still lose a limb if that happened." Seeing my doubtful gaze, Sam sighed as he shook his head.

"On the other hand, I can't win against Fabian without fighting him as a vampire."

"Huh?" Surprised, I furrowed my brows as I perked up. "But, Sir Rufus is the strongest human and knight in the kingdom, right? Not just the dukedom, but in the entire kingdom!"

"That's right." Sam nodded.

"So how come it sounds that Mister Fabian is stronger?" Confused, I queried almost immediately.

"Because Fabian never fought for that title." In a knowing tone, Sam explained, as if it was the obvious answer.

"Fabian. Even the royal family is wary of him. He is not like Rufus, who stands up for the weak. He butchers everyone who bothers him; be it a nobles, pure-blooded vampires, or even humans."

He... Fabian, he, what? A sudden chill ran down my spine. I didn't know such a scary person had always been beside me.

"Why did you even think I let Fabian come with us instead of Rufus?" Sam asked, arching his brow as if he didn't expect that I didn't know this.

"Ah. He he." I tried to smile, but I ended up making an awkward noise. "I thought he's there to give me lectures since you just extort kisses from me?"

Chapter 129 - Knotley, Cunningham.

"Tsk. How come you and Fabian think alike?" Sam clicked his tongue, as if that was also Fabian's reason.

That's because we know you too well, my lord.

But I ignored it. I focused my mind on the topic.

"So, why did Mister Fabian didn't become a knight? Even if it didn't interest him, why did he choose to be a butler?" I asked, intrigued.

I didn't expect to hear such revelation about our butler. With how Fabian smiled politely, it was hard to see him in a different light.

Well, now that I thought about it, it was already hard to read Mister Fabian's thoughts. His smile never changed; whether he was digging a grave pit, stomping on a hand back to the grave, or serving me tea.

Fabian's smile were all the same! A sudden chill ran down my spine.

Would he have the same smile if he slit my throat?

"You have such a wild imagination. I can even read your thoughts just by looking at you." Sam chuckled. He would've flicked my forehead if I were closer.

"Don't worry. Fabian is fond of you. Otherwise, he wouldn't intervene on our first night together."

Sam reassured in a knowing tone.

"About your question, hmm... it's less bothersome."

"Less bothersome...?" I asked.

"Fabian used to have a temper. So, I advised him to play as a butler for a while to practice self-control. He sort of liked it since he is still a butler until now." Sam explained as he looked at the window once again.

"Honestly, it turned out to be good because Fabian somehow learned how to be human. He knows how to care about others and already knows fear. Despite that, he enjoys his life now."

He added. I remained silent as Sam's words registered in my head.

"Was he that really terrifying before?"

"Well, he was a piece of work. He took out Klaus' fangs before, that's why until now, Klaus still wants to kill him."

"The fifth prince?"

"Mhmm."

Oh... that was the reason for their bad blood. No wonder Klaus' aura that time changed when he heard Fabian's name.

"Was it an insult if a vampire lost their fangs?" I blurted out, intrigued.

"Insult?" Sam arched his brow as he shot his eyes at me. "Come here, my lady."

He then cocked his head to his side. I bit my lower lip and carefully sat beside him.

"A vampire's fangs are our life and pride. Normally, it never grows back. But, since Klaus is still alive and his fangs grew back, there's only one answer."

Sam slowly faced me, leaning over, raising his finger up. He added; "The king."

"The king...?"

"Hmm!" Sam nodded, staring at me up close.

For reasons unknown, I drew away a little, creating distance. However, Sam instantly snaked his arms around my waist.

"Let's stay close, my bride." He smiled. His eyes squinting into a curved line. His smile stretching from ear to ear.

"Hehe." I instinctively placed my fist on his chest. "We're already too close, my lord."

"Are we?" Still bearing that smile, Sam pulled me closer, which made me look away.

"But I've tattled too much my throat hurts. Don't you think it's only proper to reward me for information?"

Why did he even got annoyed when Fabian and I thought alike? He just wouldn't tell me anything with nothing in return.

"My lord —"

Suddenly, Sam blew softly on my neck, making me all red in shock. Did he just...?

"Sam!" I gasped. My eyes widened.

"Haha. Tickles?" He chuckled, pleased to see me flustered.

I pressed my lips together, suppressing myself from erupting. He knew I'm sensitive, and how easily I give in to him.

"How about we go back and we just stay on the bed?" He offered, feigning innocence with that generous smile plastered on his face.

Since when did he learn to smile like Fabian? Although Sam gave it a more mischievous feeling.

"Sam..." I frowned and sighed. "I was looking forward to this."

"Me too."

"You just suggested in going back!" I argued almost immediately, my face scrunched up at his lame lie.

"I think you've misheard me."

Shameless.

And that was how our brief journey to the town went. Sam kept teasing me, snuggling and feigning ignorance. While I've suffered from being attacked by his beautiful face and subtle yet sensual gestures.

**

When we arrived in the main town of Cunningham, I'm already exhausted. With dark gloomy air surrounding me, I gazed at the man behind me.

Unlike the exhausted me, Sam seemed refreshed as he instructed the coachman of the carriage where to wait for us. Even the air around him also seemed to sparkle.

'Hah... I should've asked Fabian to come.' I muttered helplessly as I retrieved my eyes away.

I blinked, moving my gaze from left to right. The main town of Cunningham, Knotley, was not alike Grimsbanne and Whistlebird.

Grimsbanne had more fields, and the main towns were rather small and old. Whistlebird was more advanced with infrastructure and clothing. It was a rich land, after all.

Grimsbanne, although small, it had suffered for many years with Rufus having limited power over the land. Not to mention the constant pressure from the nobles. Whistlebird, although rich, the air was too thick and suffocating.

Meanwhile, Knotley, Cunningham, was a mixed of both. What was pleasant was what it gave off. One could breathe in peace as the people passing us by bore carefree smiles. Although, there were fewer people around.

"What a peaceful plaza." I whispered as the corner of my lips tilted into a smile.

"It's been a while since I've been here. This place surely changed." Pleased, Sam nodded in agreement. "Cameron did a good job."

I chuckled. "Lord Cameron might appear young, but he is really capable."

If I put aside their nature of being a cult. That was Cameron's only flaw. Still, I felt proud for some reason.

"Since the people around here only know your name, we will be fine." Sam smiled, offering his hand for me to grasp.

I read this type of scenario in the novels I've read. The scenario when both leading characters went to a date. I could not believe I'd be experiencing it as well.

Slowly, I reached for his hand and wrapped my fingers around him.

"Is this alright?" I wondered. "Holding hands in public?"

Sam smirked suggestively. "We can do it privately, if you want."

The smile on my face instantly died down. Yet my reaction made him chuckle as he straightened his back and looked somewhere else.

"Although this place surely changed, there are things that haven't. I know some good place." Again, he cocked his head to me and smiled, feigning innocence.

For some reason, I could not help but doubt the 'good' places he was talking about.

"Shall we?" He suggested, receiving no response from me.

"My lord, I don't feel good about this entire good place you're talking about." I murmured as he escorted me to a dark alley.

Chapter 130 - Is It Even Possible?

I half-expected him to bring me into a strange place. The route was a little dark and suspicious, after all.

However, what I didn't expect was, the good place he was talking about was actually real. After a long walk, we reached another plaza — a bigger one.

A market place full of people; stalls, customers, men and women, even children!

"Knotley is divided into two. The plaza we arrived at was its front. Since they were all devotees, they treated the main plaza as the holy land. That's why it had fewer people and a lot more organized." Sam explained.

I didn't even ask, yet he already informed me. I gazed up at him in awe.

Sam looked down and smiled. "In here, we can display our affection publicly. This side of Cunningham is a lot less reserved."

He then casually slipped his fingers through the gaps between mine.

As he did so, I bit my lower lip and looked around. Sam didn't seem lying.

There were also lovers walking around, hand intertwined. No one seemed to care. A subtle smile pulled up on my lips.

It seemed this place was freer than I had expected. The complete opposite of the square where we arrived.

Still, the thought of how this kingdom had been like suddenly crossed my mind. That there was always a face beneath the mask.

Just like Knotley, Cunningham, which first appeared to be a reserved place for tourist, had this kind of place behind it. A place where everyone was free from their duties in the cult.

If I only passed by in this place, my first impression would be how clean and peaceful it was. Not that I'm saying this other side wasn't peaceful; it was much livelier, even.

Sam escorted me in a direction I didn't know. As we walked, my eyes landed on the child standing near the jewelry stall across the road.

"You want a jewelry?" Suddenly, Sam whispered in my ear again.

I nearly jolted as he found a new way to startle me. I turned my head to him briefly and shook my head.

"I'm looking at that child over there. He's just standing. I think he's lost." I pointed at the little boy. The little guy was looking from left to right. He didn't seem restless, but the way his eyes drooped couldn't hide his worries.

"Oh?" Sam's gaze followed at the direction I pointed at. "So, what?"

Right... Sam was an apathetic fellow. I sighed and shook my head.

"What are you even going to do if we had a child?" I didn't think about what I said as I let out another sigh.

Without realizing the effects of my remarks, I looked from left to right before crossing the street. I hurriedly approached the little guy.

"Greetings." I greeted, placing my hands on my knees as I lowered my body to meet his eye level.

The little boy slowly gazed up at me, blinking in puzzlement. He looked more adorable up close with his chubby cheeks. He had dark hair, eyes that had the color of the sky, and a small cute nose.

"Are you perhaps lost?" I asked, not beating around the bush.

He stayed silent, staring at me. By the looks of it, he was trying to figure out my intentions of approaching him.

Still, I offered a smile. What a smart child not to give in immediately. It reminded me of how father taught me not to talk to strangers.

"I see. You're waiting for your mother?" Since he wasn't answering, I nodded and assumed.

I glanced at his clothes. It seemed he came from a well off family. If so, maybe I could bring him to his parents and receive a hefty reward?

'Hehe...'

When I realized my vile thoughts, I shook my head. Sam has influenced me! Pure thoughts, please!

"Do you want me to wait with you? There's many people around and someone with bad intention might approach you." I suggested.

I didn't want to tell him to come with me since he's obviously wary about me. Also, since it was a little crowded, I might lose him in the crowd as well.

It was better to wait in a place where he got separated from his parents, after all. So, I didn't mind waiting with him for a little bit. Sam wouldn't mind as well, I thought.

"Hmm?" I raised my brows, smiling upon seeing his lips parted.

"My mother is dead. My father was tortured to death, too. I'm not waiting for them to crawl out from hell."

A chill instantly ran down my spine as I gasped. How could such a child speak such words in his adorable voice? Not to mention, he should say heaven! His parents should be in heaven! Not crawl up from hell!

"Who — who told you that...?"

"My uncle."

Whoever his uncle was, this child was not in good hands. I could not help but look at him in pity. Even so, it seemed his uncle didn't seem he was maltreating him.

While Lilou conversed with a child, Samael's feet remained glued on the ground. His eyes fixed on her, stunned.

What are you even going to do if we had a child?

Her words repeated in his head like a broken record. A child with Lilou...?

Until now, Samael never thought that far. Yes, he planned to marry her, even if the entire world was against it. He planned to live with her forever.

But a child...

'You want a child with me?' He wondered as he watched Lilou act more adorable before that little boy.

'Right... she likes children.'

Samael watched her only from a distance. As he did, he unconsciously imagined a life with her, with a child.

A child that looked like Lilou. With the same bright smile as his or her mother, and had the same adorable gaze as her.

A subtle smile slowly turned up on his lips. But his eyes glinted with bitterness.

"Is it even possible?" He whispered. "Lilove?"