

The Duke 191

Chapter 191 - Sam As A Big Brother

It has been three weeks since I got married to Sam, and it's been three weeks since I've last seen my husband. Sam said nothing the last time we talked. He just stared at me cluelessly, as if he'd snap my neck or cut my tongue since I overstepped. He didn't do it, fortunately.

But after that, he left in a rush. We never saw each other, nor did he come back to our quarters. If only I've known I'd become a neglected wife...

"What will you do, then?" I snapped back to the current lapse upon hearing Yul's voice. My eyes searched for him. He perched on the seat on my side while Silvia was across from me.

For three weeks, Yul and I would often spend some time together over tea, only today that Silvia joined us in our usual spot in Avolire Garden.

A sigh slipped past my lips as I leaned back. "I don't know. Maybe, pressed his buttons to the point he wants to kill me?"

Yul's nose scrunched up, couldn't hide his dismay about my answer. "Are you, perhaps, a masochist?"

There's no fun in talking to this guy.

"What our little sister meant is, if she knew, she could've evoked more emotions from him, he'd rather stay with her than go." Silvia translated my words for someone like Yul to understand.

She offered me a kind smile, and I could not express how grateful I was for her presence today. Did she know how hard it was to keep a decent conversation with Yul?

If I had a choice, I would rather be alone than spend every tea time with him. However, Yul would always visit me to the point I gave up on sending him away.

"But that's still a silly thing to do since the only emotion you can evoke from the devil is anger," Yul asserted as he picked up his teacup and sipped elegantly.

"You haven't noticed it yet, but Hell is a little different from before, Yul." Silvia chuckled, covering her lips with the back of her hand. "If not, we wouldn't be sitting here enjoying the weather and catching up over a cup of tea."

I pursed my lips at Silvia's remarks. If Sam didn't have the slightest change, these two had already taken the lives of their siblings... or their siblings who supported the current king had taken their lives.

"Sivi, what was Sam like in the past?" I perked up as I thought everyone in here had a different image of Sam.

My question seemed to get both their attention as I noticed the brief hesitation in Silvia's eyes. So, to not pressure her, I added,

"It's alright, if you don't want to talk about it. But I will appreciate it if you tell me what kind of brother he is."

"Kind." Silvia answered after a moment of silent which took me by surprised. Did I hear her say Sam was kind? I narrowed my eyes suspiciously.

The obvious doubt in my eyes faded immediately when Yul uttered, "You quite have a bad image of your husband to be looking at Silvia with those doubts in your eyes."

"I just... didn't expect that," I reasoned out with an embarrassed tone. "He intimidated even you two, so I didn't expect that."

"I would've cut your tongue if you 're someone else." Yul's eyes darkened as the atmosphere dropped. I felt like shivering.

"But it is a fact, Yul." Silvia intervened as she put down the cup on the saucer. "Even though he is our king, Hell is someone who can take our lives if he pleased."

"Sivi, aren't you contradicting your claims previously?" I blurted out in dismay.

Silvia only chuckled and shook her head a little. "I'm not, baby sister. Hell is being lenient and kind for keeping us alive until now."

Oh... so, that's the meaning of kindness to her. Her answer rendered me speechless I could only smile in silence.

"But he used to have a warm side as well." I bat my eyes upon seeing the subtle smile that appeared on Silvia. "I don't think I'm in the position to speak more about his childhood, so what I am going to tell you is how he was as a brother to me."

Close-lipped, I clutched on my skirt. I had a vague idea that Sam didn't have the best childhood, but hearing it from Silvia sounded different. It was as if it'd break my heart once I came to know the details.

"As you've known, the palace is like hell itself. It looks marvelous from afar, but inside, it's like a battlefield. Especially, with the presence of other pureblooded clans, we ought to be the best among the best." Silvia turned her gaze to the lake, as her mind took her back in time.

"Pureblooded vampires are naturally strong, however, that didn't mean we are naturally smart. So, aside from honing our strength and abilities, we have to be perceptive as well if we don't want to lose our lives. For little girls like us, Cassara and I would've lost our lives multiple times if not for Hell."

I smiled as I listened to her pristine voice. So, Sam was like that.

"He would go beyond as to accompany us to sleep whenever things get chaotic and volunteer to receive punishments in our stead just so we could get away with it." Silvia's tone grew bitter, as if her mind saw awful memories she didn't want to recall.

Just seeing her reaction pricked my heart. Receive punishment just so his sister would be left unharmed?

"The rules within the palace back then were so strict and punishments even for minor mistakes could be life-threatening," Yul spoke upon noticing that Silvia couldn't continue anymore.

His tone was solemn as his jaw tightened. Life-threatening punishment even for the slightest mistake, he said... I gulped as I felt my chest tighten.

"But to prevent us from getting tortured, punished, Hell will step in. He'll be gone for several days or weeks, and come back with several broken bones or just had bruise all over." Yul paused as he cleared his throat. "And yet, he'd smile at us as if nothing bothers him."

I didn't know what to feel. To feel sorry for them? To get mad at the late king? Or just feel remorseful for judging all of them were naturally wicked?

To grow up in such an environment, no wonder they were all twisted in a way.

"As we grow older, we became stronger and smarter as a way to protect him from receiving punishments. However, it's not like we're the only ones whom he protects. We still had our younger brothers and sisters, and Hell did the same to protect them."

Yul's tone suddenly grew colder as his eyes sharpened. I furrowed my brows in complete puzzlement.

"He protected them, us, but at the same time, his kindness had angered our father. So his punishments increased to the point he fell unconscious, and during those times, our youngest brother... died."

Chapter 192 - Hmm... Tempting.

Sam was not originally a villainous character, nor was he cruel who treats people's lives as insects. He used to be warm and kind, shielding his younger siblings, knowing what hell awaits them if he didn't.

However, shielding his younger siblings also provoked the king's authority. As a result, the fair amount of punishments he was already receiving increased over time to the point it put his life in danger on several occasions.

According to Yul and Silvia, despite all that, Sam never told them about it and just smiled and pat their heads. Sam was a figure they looked up to. With his firm, reliable back facing them, they did their best to please their father so Sam wouldn't suffer anymore.

Even so, with a large family, as the late king had 20 children from different women, Sam's torturous years lasted for what seems to be an eternity. Some even treated him unkindly, just so he could stop, but he didn't.

Until one day, they punished... tortured him to the point he was on a brink of death. His injuries were so grave that he could barely move a finger and swallow his food down. As he recuperated back to his health, an unfortunate event happened.

The late king killed his youngest son in a fit of rage. Whatever the details, no one knew what crime did the youngest do to deserve such judgment. But Sam only heard about it after he recovered.

Years of protecting his younger siblings and yet, Sam blamed himself for being weak. If only he was strong enough, that innocent young boy wouldn't have to lose his life at the hands of their cruel father.

Lost in rage, Sam stormed into the throne room with the presence of every noble clan and challenged the king. For vampires to challenge a superior was akin to declaring whose authority takes precedence. With all the witnesses present, the late king accepted.

A decisive battle that would tell them whether they would welcome a new king, or hail the current king for defending his seat, took place. They said the duel lasted for nine days and ten nights.

On the tenth night, while everyone waits for who would return; was it the bold and stubborn third prince? Or the king they all feared? But reality far exceeded their expectations.

Came to the throne room were the two of them. One was being dragged to the floor and already at death's door, while the other... who was said to have hair as black as a coal, returned with dull silver hair signifying he had reached the peak.

His crimson orbs that glowed brighter than ever were said to appear as if the devil himself were staring at them. The new king had appeared... or so what they all thought.

They would proclaim Sam as the new king if he killed his father, but he didn't. May it be an act of mockery or mercy, the result was the same either way. Humiliation.

The late king's words drastically lost its authority while his son ran rampant whenever he pleased. The warm and kind-hearted third prince never had the same warmth, and he didn't intend to protect anyone anymore.

Instead, he sought destruction, indulging in nothing but violence and bloodshed. It came to the point a group of nobles and royalties had to come together just so they could stop the monster running wild in the Capital.

They failed and succeeded. They failed to seize him even though they outnumbered him, but they succeeded because Sam came with them in his own volition. After that, for reasons unknown, Sam had a slight change of tactic.

Instead of mass slaughter, he would openly and shamelessly disobey the late king, torturing him in ways without a need for bloodshed. Until a royal decree of the third prince's banishment was released, Sam fled after throwing a large banquet in the Capital.

The rest of the story was when he returned to the Capital which I already heard. How he refused the crown, and how Sam claimed Grimsbanne as his territory.

"Your Highness!" Lena's voice startled me back to the current lapse, as I've been lost in thought since the tea time ended. "What are you thinking so deeply you've been in a trance?"

Her expression was full of worry, frowning as she crouched down, with her fingers hooked on the rims of the bathtub. If I'd tell her I was merely thinking about Sam, she'd feel even more sorry for me. I couldn't blame her, as my husband hadn't returned for three weeks.

"It's nothing, Lena." I smiled and shook my head. "I'm just a little tired from my training."

"Your highness, you trained so much you might strain your body." Lena frowned, her tone laced with genuine concern.

"Well, I had to. My husband's request." I humored, putting on a much lighter tone to ease her worry. That was true, though. Sam asked me to train with Lakresha alone before he went missing for three weeks.

Since I had nothing else to do, I trained and tried to tame Lakresha. Perhaps it was because I was alone that Lakresha didn't act out. So it was easier to get used to it.

Lena pouted, huffing in disbelief. "His highness, the third prince, should treat your highness better! How can he just desert your highness the day after your wedding?!"

"Lena," I cajoled, chuckling as I appreciated she was getting angry in my stead. "I'm sure there's a reason..."

My words were abruptly cut off as I raised my gaze to Sam, who was leaning on the jamb as he said, "You're right. How can I, the third prince, and the Duke of Grimsbanne, desert my wife the day after our wedding?"

"Your Highness!" Lena sprung back on her feet, blanched at his sudden arrival. "I didn't mean it like that. Please forgive..."

"Go out," Sam commanded coldly, before he added, "before I change my mind and snap your neck in front of my neglected wife."

"Ye — yes, your highness." Her tone was muffled as she glanced at me apologetically before she scurried away. Poor Lena, I thought. But there's nothing else I could do.

I scooped a handful of water and rinsed my shoulders after Lena left, not paying attention to my husband. "I'll finish this quick, your highness. Please wait..." I trailed off when I sensed him perched on the tub's rim, looking up only to see how exhausted he appeared.

"I understand the cold treatment, I can ex...plain."

"Do you want to wash up?" I asked before he could continue. He didn't need to explain, because just by looking at him, I could tell he had a good reason.

Sam narrowed his eyes as his gaze fell on my collarbones and upper chest. "Hmm... tempting."

Chapter 193 - Blood Never Lies

"Hmm... interesting," He crooned, nodding as he crossed his arms, and his eyes closed into mere slits, "and very lovely."

Interesting? Lovely? Did he have to sound that disinterested? The expression on my face died down as I rolled my eyes in my head and continued rinsing my shoulder.

"It's fine if you don't want to, husband. But this will take a while."

"Not that I don't want to," he said, and I gazed back up at him. What did he mean, then? Sam only raised his hand to show me the dried blood and dirt left in between his fingers and palms.

He smacked his lips, and said, "I know you don't mind, but I do." He put his hand down on the rim, bending down as the other hovered in front of me. "Hand."

Hand? I furrowed my brows as I darted my eyes from his eyes to his wriggling fingers in front of me. Did he want to hold my hand? I wondered but still reached my hand to him.

Sam stared at the back of my hand, tilting his head before he turned it around to see my palm. What was he doing? I wondered, arching my brow as I watched him. I winced when he suddenly pricked the tip of my finger and shoved it inside his mouth.

"Sam?!" I gasped in disbelief as he sipped my blood. He only quirked a brow, flicking his tongue against the tip of my finger that sent a tingling sensation across my body.

"You're all red with a little teasing," he chuckled, keeping my finger in between his teeth. "I'm just checking what happened to you while I was gone."

"Check?" I frowned. He wouldn't need to do that if he returned, but he didn't. It was better if he told me before going off on his own. I'm his wife, after all.

He cocked his head to the side, a misplaced cluelessness flickering in his eyes. He said, "I need to know if Stefan did something to you."

"Are you saying I won't tell you if..." I trailed off as I let out a sharp exhale. How could I forget? These people could take away a certain memory at their will. "So you can see it even though I can't remember?" I asked in disbelief.

Sam rocked his head slightly before letting go of my finger. "Blood never lies, my wife."

Blood never lies, huh? I clicked my tongue and rubbed the finger he pricked against my thumb, asking, "So? Did he do something?" I raised my head, only to see him shrug nonchalantly.

Did that mean I'm clear? Well, he wouldn't be so nonchalant if he saw something amiss. Also, why am I the one who gets to be investigated first? Wasn't it supposed the other way around?

I clicked my tongue in annoyance before my entire body froze when he traced my shoulder with his finger. "Anyway, my wife, how have you been?" he asked. "You seem to have grown... corpulent."

Corpulent? I cringed as I shot him a deadly glare. "I was doing great, honestly," I replied sarcastically, "despite that my husband left me the day after our wedding and didn't return for three weeks!" The nerve of this guy to tell me I've grown fat? And whose fault was it I was stress-eating?

'Yours, of course!' My mind replied, 'Did your husband tell you to eat?' How frustrating even my mind was not on my side.

I looked away, huffing and puffing. I heard him asked, "Are you angry?"

What a dense man. "For calling me fat? I am offended... a little." I snickered, facing him squarely. "But I'm disappointed that you left for three weeks without telling me a word. Do you have any idea how it feels to wait? Not knowing whether you come back or..." I choked and looked away.

My heart was pounding against my chest as if all my emotions just erupted after his insult. I already learned to hold everything in, but somehow, I always find my emotions all over the place in front of him. Even when I decided not to talk about it tonight, my mouth just ran off on its own with the sheer thought of receiving the news he had died somewhere.

Silence dawned on us for what seemed to be an eternity. The water in the tub was growing colder, but I couldn't get up, nor did I want to. I just want to drown my entire body to clear my mind.

After a long silence, his weary and coarse voice finally put an end to it. "I'm sorry."

I gazed up at him, wide-eyed. Did he just apologize? And was that sincerity in his voice? Did my Sam come back? My hope got instantly crushed when he rolled his eyes.

"Close your eyes," he instructed, clicking his tongue as a glint of discomfort and annoyance lingered in his tone.

"Why? So that I won't get disappointed?" He only sounded sincere, but I'm not blind to see the reluctance written all over his face. How disappointing.

He clicked his tongue and raised his hand, blocking my eyes that can't hide my disappointment. "Something came up, and I didn't have the chance to come back and tell you. That damn Rufus will kill me," he explained with the same sincerity and exhaustion in his voice.

I pursed my lips, holding his wrist down ever so slowly. "Say it again," I demanded. "I want to see how you say it."

He frowned, his eyes glinting menacingly. "Why? So I can see the disappointment in your eyes because I'm the one who returned and not your dear Sam?"

"No one enjoys feeling disappointed," I rebutted with a frown. "I wouldn't ask that without considering the person I married is you, and it just hit me. So, I want to see how my husband apologizes."

That's right, the man I married was Hell. How could I forget that and still unconsciously expected him to do things like Sam? Although they were the same, I promised him to love both sides of him.

His lips parted before it closed and then opened again as he spoke. "Sorry for worrying you. I'll do better."

A smile turned up my lips, as it didn't seem that bad now. "Forgiven." I nodded, pleased.

"Forgiven, huh?" Sam mumbled as he clicked his tongue, "not that I actually care if you.." he trailed off when I splashed him some water. His eyes narrowed as his deep crimson eyes glinted, but it didn't faze me.

"Can you stop being childish?" I sassed, annoyed, as he just redeemed himself, and then sabotage himself the next second. "Your wife forgives you, just accept it. Now go, I'll finish up..." I couldn't finish my sentence as he suddenly dipped his hands and washed his hands, dirtying the waters in the tub.

"Childish, huh?" he said, as he retrieved his hand, gazing at the water before shifting them to me with a pleased smile. "I'll apologize for that later." A devious chuckle escaped his lips before he turned around and walked away.

I ground my teeth, splashing water in his direction, shouting, "What a jerk!"

Chapter 194 - Your Toe? Or Your Neck?

"Goodness, your highness!" Lena cried as she dried my hair while I sat in front of the vanity mirror. "How can his highness do that? You might catch a cold!"

A faint sigh escaped my nose as I glanced up at her reflection. Despite that Sam overheard her talking behind his back, she still spouts comments that could put her in trouble.

"Lena, you have to be careful," I said, turning around to face her, "what will happen if his highness or anyone hears you?" She should know the rules in this palace more than I do, and receiving mercy was a miracle. Even I needed to tread on thin ice so as not to lose my life.

Lena hung her head low, dejected. "It's because your highness is very kind and tries to accept everything. So, I want to get angry in your stead."

I smiled at her answer. "Lena," I whispered, reaching for her hand and squeezed it lightly. "I appreciate it, but I don't know if I can help you if something happened to you because of me."

"Your highness..."

"You're one of the very few people I can rely on in this place. So, take care of yourself." I nodded encouragingly. "His highness... my husband, he is just like that, but there's always a reason behind his actions."

I held back on telling her that didn't necessarily mean they were all big things, as Sam's reasoning could be trivial. But that didn't matter, as I needed Lena to listen to me.

"If you say so, your highness." Lena nodded as she sported a smile before I turned around so she could dry my hair properly.

"By the way, where did my husband say he'll go?" I asked because Lena only told me Sam asked her to assist me.

"His Highness said he'll have some business to attend to."

'He didn't even say he will come back.' My eyes softened and said nothing further. That was what Sam told me, and he was gone for three weeks. Lena glanced at me through the mirror, checking if I was alright, so I sported a subtle smile.

When she finished drying my hair, I turned around to see her walking back while bowing. Lena, although a little carefree, still sometimes sticks to etiquette.

"Lena, you may go," I ordered, and she only bowed before I added, "and tell Lady Soulton to see me. I heard she came back from vacation."

"Yes, your highness." Lena only bowed and left the room.

Minutes later, my lady-in-waiting, Mildred, came in while I sat on the divan. She greeted me politely before saying, "You asked for me, your highness?"

My eyes studied her from head to toe. After my wedding night, Mildred went on vacation leave and only came back today.

"I did," I replied languidly, propping my temple against my knuckle, my eyes still on her. "If I didn't ask for you, will you not report your return?"

"Forgive me, your highness. I ought to report to you about my return, but I didn't want to bother you because it's time for you to rest," Mildred explained in her same low and polite tone.

I would believe her if not for what happened on my wedding night, but her actions that night were proof I couldn't trust her. She only stood there, emotionless, when Yul and I fought. I couldn't recall everything, but that etched in my mind.

I didn't speak, letting the anxiousness silence caused engulfed her curiosity. What should I do with her? Not that I could just dismiss her without proper reason.

'How about the reason she just stood there when Yul and you fought?' My mind suggested, and I mentally shrug my head. Mildred would just come up with an excuse she's merely following my orders not to interfere.

For now, I should keep a close eye on her and let her know the person she's serving.

"Mildred, that time during my wedding night, why did you stop me?" I asked, fluttering my eyelashes as I noticed her shoulder stiffen.

"I'm merely concerned about your highness' safety," she answered, barely giving anyone any means to read her action and tone. "I know I overstepped. I deserved to be punished, your highness."

"Punished?" My brow arched, pursing my lips as I nodded. "I think you're right." I studied her reaction and noticed her slight flinch with my answer. Did she think I'd tell her 'there's no need'?

"What kind of punishment do you think suits your misconduct?" I wondered, sporting a fake frown as I sighed, "Is losing a finger will suffice?"

"I accept any punishment your highness sees fit," Mildred answered without losing her composure. She's still my lady-in-waiting. She was aware I wouldn't do that to her.

Alas... that's the problem with being complacent. I've been there, and look at what happened to me.

"A toe..." I trailed off as the corner of my lips curled up. Did she think I wouldn't dare touch her?

"Mildred, since I need your hands, I think a toe will suffice," I ordered with an air of nonchalance.

Mildred slowly raised her head, wide-eyed. "Your highness...?"

I raised my brows, blinking cluelessly. "Did you not hear me?" I tilted my head to the side, "Break... no, severe your toe. I will watch."

A dreading silence enveloped the entire room, it was deafening. Her expression blanched, staring at my cold exterior as if analyzing if she could persuade me to change my decision. I wouldn't, and any attempt would be futile.

I told myself to survive this hellhole and my enemies were not just the king, but the majority in this place. If I wouldn't use my authority now, my future would be bleak. I didn't want to burden my husband and worry him — even though he wouldn't.

"Do you want me to do it for you?" I quirked my brow, pushing myself to sit upright as I held on to Lakresha. "I just washed up, but I don't mind." My eyes glinted coldly as a scythe appeared in my hand.

"I'm still a little... clumsy. So, I might take one or two..." I trailed off, walking towards her as Lakresha grew larger. "... or, maybe more." And in one swift half-swing, Mildred was on her knees, shaking.

"Your Highness, please forgive me! I didn't — I just..."

"Mildred, I said a toe, not your neck," I muttered as the tip of Lakresha stopped centimeters away from her neck. "You claim to be concerned about my well-being, but sneered and stood motionlessly when the ninth prince and I fought to death."

She froze, looking up at me. When our eyes met, she shuddered as I saw my unbending expression reflecting in her eyes.

"You made a decision that night, and so, you must accept the consequences," I affirmed, not planning on going back on my words. "Now, I'll give you three seconds to decided, your toe? Or your neck?"

Chapter 195 - Do You Like Children?

"Your neck it is." I snickered, eyes glinting with murderous intent as I'm prepared for this. I must not falter and show them that this side was not one to mess with, but before I could strike her neck, the knock on the door before it creaked open halted me. It was Lena.

"Your highness." Lena bowed and glanced at Mildred, assessing the situation. "Please forgive my interruption, your highness. But if her highness will grant me permission, let this humble one punish Lady Soulton."

"And why would I do that?" I raised my chin up, tilting my head as I kept my cold exterior intact. I wouldn't mind passing the burden to Lena honestly, but I had to show mere words were not enough to persuade me. The trust was broken, and I had to show the consequences.

Lena raised her head and faced me with determination. "You already bathe twice in a row, your highness. Getting tainted again, I'm afraid you will catch a cold," she explained sincerely.

I clicked my tongue in annoyance, swinging Lakresha as it rested on my shoulder. "Make sense," I said, nodding as I walked back to the divan, "Do it here, Lena. Lady Soulton broke my trust and it will take a while to blindly trust again."

"Yes, your highness."

I plopped down on the divan, resting my leg over the other while crossing my arms, watching Lena approach Mildred. Mildred's body was shaking as she looked up at Lena. I wondered what Mildred was thinking for a maid to look down on her. Well, I'm a lowborn peasant, so it wouldn't probably change his abhorrence.

"Lady Soulton, please take off your loafers," Lena said politely, but her tone was cold. It was my first time hearing her sound so dangerous, but not surprised as I've grown accustomed to the other sides of vampires. Lena threatened Mildred for the last time, using the excuse I need to retire to bed.

When Mildred caved in, Lena severed Mildred's pinky toe with a small knife. I arched my brow when I saw it, but held back on saying anything. Does Lena often bring weapons with her? And for what reason? I need to be wary of her, more than I already was.

"Lady Soulton, I hope this serves as a reminder of who is your master," I said as I briefly glanced at the severed toe before meeting her distraught gaze, showing no emotion. "The moment you introduced yourself as my lady-in-waiting, you should've etched in your mind whose orders you must follow, but you failed, Lady Soulton."

Mildred's lower lips trembled as her mouth opened, but no words came out. So, I continued, "Although it is such a disappointment, I still wished you learn from this mistake and try to redeem yourself by your unbending loyalty."

"Your highness..." came a meek and tiny voice from Mildred. Did she think I could forgive her easily? I wanted to see her try.

"Mildred, there won't be next time. Your head will roll even before you can say a word, and I can't guarantee the House Soulton's safety," I warned sternly, not looking away for her to see my sinister resolution. I had gone this far and survived, there's no way I'd always live as a damsel in distress.

Her expression told me she understood clearly. So, I dismissed them with a wave. Lena assisted her up, picking up the toe as they left. When they were by the door, Sam was entering and he whistled as if he had analyzed what happened with a glance.

Sam strutted his way in, smiling from ear to ear. "I see my wife had gone stark raving mad!" he said as he plopped down beside me, draping an arm over the seat and faced me. He looked rather proud, and it gave me mixed emotions whether I should be proud or chastise myself from going extreme.

"I'm merely trying to survive, my husband." I rolled my eyes as Lakresha transformed back to a necklace without reacting to Sam.

"You tamed it?" he asked, and I glanced at him, seeing his amusement flickering in his eyes. "Didn't you tell me to do so? You should've known since you... checked." The sarcasm in my voice didn't conceal itself, and I didn't plan to hide it. I couldn't still forget how I had to wash up twice in a row because of his whims.

"Hmm," he hummed, catching my attention with his stare. So I asked, "what?" but Sam pulled his shoulders up and cocked his head to the side.

"I don't have the same ability as yours, so I wouldn't know what you're thinking or what happened to you for the past three weeks if you don't tell me," I said after putting on my necklace around my neck before facing him. If he was pulling off his childish tricks, I'll happily oblige to play along with it.

A battle of pettiness.

"I was somewhere, dealing with annoying bastards," he explained. My expression grew even glummer. Did he think I didn't know that? What I wanted were details!

Sam leaned his back on the other end, pulling up his one leg on the divan to fill the space between us. What was he thinking now? His mysterious facade was starting to tick me off.

My ears flapped when I heard him say, "Methinks everything makes you all... fretful." He bats his eyes every so slowly before his eyes lowered to my stomach, humming.

When he raised his eyes and met mine, I furrowed my brows. "Your gaze makes me all tingly, husband," I humored, "care to share why you're staring at me like that?" for reasons unknown, my heart pounded against my chest as I felt a minor discomfort with the subtle movements of his eyes.

"Nothing." He shrugged as he crooked a finger. I instinctively went closer to him, watching him positioned himself before pulling my bicep and I landed on his chest with a faint shriek.

I gazed up when he asked out of the blue, "Do you like children?"

Chapter 196 - I Speak No Jest, My Wife.

"Do you like children?"

I froze as soon as that question tickled my ears. Did he ask me if I like children? Wasn't it obvious? But I found my tongue rolling back, unable to answer his sudden and out of the topic question.

"My wife," he whispered, stroking my hair, and my spine shuddered. I couldn't make anything out of the dullness in his eyes.

"Are you pregnant?"

His abrupt question made me instinctively punch him in the gut, and he hunched over with a light grunt. How dare he ask me such a question in a light approach? We didn't even consummate on our

marriage yet and he didn't return for three weeks! For hell's sake! We haven't shared a night for over a month. So, how could he ask me that?

All this frustration came rushing down on me, it was quite stifling. "Don't ask such questions!" I grumbled, glaring daggers at him. "I like children, but apparently, I am not pregnant. How can I even get pregnant if my husband doesn't go home?" I pushed myself up against his chest but failed as he wrapped his arms around me.

"Oh no, wife. You stay with me," he crooned. "Although it baffles me how you never considered it might be impossible."

For a moment, I froze as I never realized that until now. I never thought that a human and a vampire having a child could be impossible; I never heard a story of half-human and half-vampire. A sigh slipped past my lips when I recovered.

"Please, let me go or I'll punch you," I cautioned with a frown, but that didn't faze him as he replied, "Go on since it tickles." I ground my teeth and clicked my tongue in annoyance.

This was so frustrating, I thought, as I attempted to get away from his grip but failed miserably. So I gave up and leaned my body against his muscular physique. To be honest, as I succumbed to submission, I heaved a sigh of relief.

I missed him, melting into his embrace. I've never felt so at ease for the past month since I arrived in this palace. In his embrace, all the tension in body, mind, heart, and soul seemed to face momentarily.

"Why didn't you return?" I whispered, clutching his chest as I bit my lips. "Can you tell me so I can understand?" I almost pleaded and wept, as all my pretenses suddenly crumbled down before me. Even the mask I wore since the time I came to know I was sired to Stefan was taken off.

His deep and husky voice broke the brief silence between us. "I went to Mithava, a city in the far east, after getting an urgent report about the Undead. I came to check myself since everything is too slow for my temper."

"A city in the far east?" I raised my head, furrowing my brows. "Isn't that a little... too far?" I nearly gasped after my last question. Never in my mind, I fathomed he was that far, especially carrying out an order.

"Well, the journey will take at least a month and two weeks back and forth for a normal carriage."

I knew that. I've been studying not just here, but even back in Grimsbanne because Fabian dreaded how I considered this kingdom as the entire world.

"I wanted to tell you before we set off, but Rufus advised me it'd be best if I didn't." I frowned, as I didn't expect Rufus was the reason. So, I asked, "And why did he think it'd be best?" my expression was solemn and quizzical.

Sam rolled his eyes, habitually stroking my back. "Because he said I will work more efficiently without delay." He clicked his tongue, annoyed, but this made me have a good grasp of the situation.

How could I blame Rufus now after hearing the reason? Knowing Sam, he would do things that were uncalled for and would delay everything on a whim or hasten things entirely in his mood. And they returned in three weeks — faster than the journey itself.

"So, you'd do better from now on?" I asked as I narrowed my eyes, observing every movement of his face. It didn't take him even three seconds when he nodded and answered with a low yet firm, "Yes. I speak no jest, my wife."

"But the way you speak makes me think you are," I muttered, shaking my head before I rested my head on his chest. I had noticed Sam's manner of speaking, and he kept going back and forth from speaking like usual to a little... sophisticated way of speaking?

"Pray, before you, before Grimsbanne, I was a prince," he chortled. "Have you, perhaps, forgotten you've married a millennium-year-old vampire?"

I raised my gaze just to see his smirk. "Well, you're right," I said, "but why are you saying this now?" I cocked my head, blinking cluelessly. What made him recall he was a prince before everything?

"I..." He trailed off, leaving his lips open. I raised my brows, why did he stop? To build up the suspense? "Sam?" I called, snapping him back as he blinked.

Sam closed his lips and stretched it wider, but not enough to reach his ear. "I was reminded of my dear brother," he said, and I blurted out, "Which one?" I instantly pursed my lips, as I didn't plan to sound rude.

But my query made him burst out in laughter, ruffling my hair until I winced in annoyance. What's so funny about that? They have a big family, so I wouldn't know which brother he meant.

"The second prince," he answered in between his chuckles, making me frown and furrow my brows. "He and I never got along. While I was in Mithaya, I somehow thought of him. Back then, we used to fight with words only, so, I thought of sharpening my tongue."

"Oh." I nodded my head in understanding, imagining what he meant by that. But I immediately shook my head, as it was of no importance. I stiffened when he suddenly tightened his grip around me and pulled me closer.

"Anyway, I'm glad you tamed Lakresha on your own." He seemed pleased as he moved me up, without straining himself as if I was a doll. "Now, we can spend more time together."

"Really?!" I cheered in my head, only to realize I spoke my thoughts aloud. But that pleased him as he explained, "I will recruit you." Recruit me? For? He seemed to understand my genuine confusion, so he added, "To hunt down the Undead, obviously."

Chapter 197 - Terrible Aim

"Hunt down the undead?" I mumbled under my breath as my mouth fell open, blinking. But wasn't that an important matter for the palace and this kingdom? This matter drove the king to entrust this to Sam, and he was telling me he'd like me to take part?

"Why do you look so surprised, my wife?" Sam let out a brief chuckle, amused at the sight of me. "His Majesty wouldn't let me have a moment to breathe, so I had to bring the oxygen with me," he added with a sly smile. "Would that be fine with you?"

"Of course! I would love to!" I didn't take a moment to hesitate to accept his proposal with delight. Without him, I don't see the purpose why I was in here in the first place. I'd rather be in danger than anxiously wait for his return, wondering if he'd return in one piece or just his head.

Sam smiled, pleased. "That's settled then." He pulled me up, and I instinctively hooked my hands on his shoulder, a little surprised by his action. "So, where are we again?" he asked, rendering me confused.

"In the bed?" I blurted out before biting my tongue. I could've sworn it was an honest mistake and I'm not being sarcastic, but he laughed and clarified, "I mean, what were we talking about before our previous subject.

I nodded but froze when his grip tightened and I bent down closer. The stench of blood wafted my nose but there's something mixed in it that made it smell strangely pleasant. His eyes glinting menacingly. I couldn't look away.

My mouth opened and closed, but no words came out because of how my heart was racing. His shoulders just felt so strong, I could feel his masculinity in this position. Strange, I thought, as I tightened my grip on his shoulder and my eyes fell on his lips. Why did I feel so... aroused?

He smirked as if reading my perverse thoughts. "My wife, I truly want to take you to bed this instant, but I can't."

"Why not?" My eyes dilated, and I pursed my lips. Did I have to sound so desperate to be touched?

"Because you will sleep afterward?" he answered in a knowing tone, catching my attention as I furrowed my brows. He added before I could ask, "You need to adjust your schedule, so you won't sleep until morning."

"Is this because you've recruited me in hunting down the undead?"

Sam nodded. "Yes, I am only pardoned tonight to rest since his majesty can't push his luck too far," he explained, almost rolling his eyes. I could guess what means he had to used to return to me tonight, and I smiled at the thought.

"I see." I nodded in understanding, "so, if you're not planning to touch me, do you have plans to fight against sleep?" I asked, tilting my head. We couldn't just stare at each other all night, right? Sam must have another plan.

"Oh, right..." His tone told me he didn't think about it, and he added much to my disappointment, "we can stare at each other or maybe, pray?"

"Pray?" I gasped, staring at him emotionally. Sam wasn't the person who wouldn't speak of church, but he's suggesting for us to pray? "Did you finally have a change of heart, my husband?" came out a muffled voice.

Sam sighed and clicked his tongue. "My wife, have you considered, that perhaps, your husband meant to he'd like to send our prayers to the devil?" His tone sounded dull, and so were his eyes.

My nose scrunched up seeing the utter dismay behind his dull facade.

"Then, should we take a night stroll?" I asked, almost suggesting it. I've adjusted to this place and followed a strict schedule, so it was hard to break that habit of sleeping on time, despite keeping my one eye open.

"A night stroll, huh?" he crooned, pondering about my suggestion.

He seemed tired. I bat my eyes and realized Sam must want to take a rest, so I snapped, "Oh! Let's just stare at each other the entire night! I'm sure just staring at you will surely keep me... awake."

I bit my lower lip as my eyes scrutinized and appreciated his languid allure. I must've lost my mind somewhere, as my mind was being clouded by the image of him while he's on top of me.

'Get a hold of yourself, Lilou!' My mind hollered. 'Your husband is tired and you need to understand that!'

That's right. He must've been so tired, restless for the past three weeks for him to be in such a calm state. Knowing Sam, or rather, this side of him, he wouldn't be here with me if not for that.

"Lilou," I flinched as my breath momentarily hitched, hearing the slight gentleness in his voice. "I've returned." We stared at each other for what seemed to be an eternity.

His pair of crimson eyes, although still glistening dangerously, looked at me with such gentleness, it sent butterflies in my stomach. A subtle smile turned up on my lips as I nodded, recalling I hadn't properly welcomed his return.

"Welcome home, Sam, " I said, inching closer as I placed a soft peck on his forehead and while I drew away, I whispered, "I'm the happiest for your return, I missed you."

Once my face was a palm length away from him, his hand rested on the back of my head. I furrowed when he sighed and shook his head.

"My wife, didn't you say you've been training?"

Huh? Why was he asking me this all of a sudden? "I am, my husband, " I replied, frowning as there was a part of me telling me he'd insult me. What would it be this time? My feeble body? If not, I supposed he'd give me an important order that would require strength?

"My, " I snapped back when he clicked his tongue, shaking his head lightly. "Did you? Really?"

Was this his new way of insulting? I scoffed and replied with an offended, "Of course!"

"Then why did you have such a terrible aim?" he asked, tossing me into a lake of confusion. I muttered his name when I saw him slowly leaned in before whispering, "I mean your lips, aimed at the wrong target." And my lips and heart were inflamed with the softness of his lips.

Chapter 198 - Don't Listen

His kiss was rough and clumsy, but there was a touch of caution, afraid of accidentally sinking his fangs into my lips. My eyes softened before I slowly closed them, melting in his lips and embrace. Sam... my lord, my prince, my husband. I never realized how much I missed him until now, and I could not help but tear up. I'm glad that he returned.

Sam hissed as I drew away, resting his forehead against mine. He seemed agitated as he grumbled through his gritted teeth, "my blood is boiling." Anger was what I heard in his voice.

"Are you afraid you will end up hurting me?" I asked, recalling how I had to persuade him during our first night together. I didn't feel like he didn't want me. Instead, there was this desperation of needing something he couldn't have.

He leaned in and left a quick peck on my lips. "No, I can and I'm capable of hurting you just to get what I want, Lilou," he whispered under his breath, "however, your damn Sam kept on interfering with me."

My brows furrowed and frowned. "You mean you're interfering with yourself?" I didn't truly understand his words since Sam and Hell were the same, especially in moments like this. It reminded me that they were truly just one.

Back then, Sam had the same worries. Although he was now saying he didn't mind hurting me, he still wasn't doing that. His words were aggravating, but that's just that.

"You don't understand, wife." Sam drew back, creating a distance between us so I could see his pair of crimson eyes glinting menacingly. His gaze traced down my collarbone as if his sharp gaze alone could rip my nightgown from its neckline down.

"The voices inside my head are ripping my brain apart, shredding it piece by piece, its..." He trailed off and narrowed his eyes when I covered his ear and offered a subtle smile.

"Don't listen," I requested, shaking my head. I knew this attempt was futile, but his anger sounded so real as if he was truly in pain. But this was all I could do.

"Can you still hear them?" I raised my brows, a little embarrassed to ask, despite knowing the answer.

Sam just stared at me in silence before his lips parted and a low voice tickled my ears. "I can, although, they're not as loud as before."

I smiled subtly. "Can you drink my blood?" I asked, tilting my head as a great idea suddenly came into my mind. But he answered with a quick and cold, "no," and I frowned.

Why won't he? I narrowed my eyes until they closed into slits, obviously displeased at his refusal.

"I refuse your refusal, my husband," I asserted after staring, glaring at him. "I'm not asking you to drink my blood, I'm ordering you as your agitated wife whom you left without a word."

"Didn't you forgive me for that already?"

"I had to bathe twice in a row. Are you saying you won't ask for my forgiveness for that second offense?" My voice was firm, unyielding to any refusal he would give.

Sam cocked his head, his eyes gaze at my neck. "Sinking my fangs is easy, but taking it out?" he snickered as he raised his gaze and met mine. "I won't stop until I drain the blood out of you," he stressed as his fangs slowly let themselves known.

"Are you underestimating me?" I clicked his tongue, annoyed. "I can stop you by force. Also, didn't you already drink my blood from my finger earlier?"

"That paltry amount —" I abruptly stopped him by leaning in and leaving a peck on his lips. Goodness, I never thought we'd truly go back from scratch, although he had become more stubborn.

"I want your fangs deep in my neck, now," I whispered in his head before slightly drawing away.

"I'll stop you, even if it means breaking your bone or two."

Sam hissed. "Let's see whose bones will break." He ground his teeth, sucking air through his gritted teeth. His deep exhale caressed my skin as he traced my shoulder with the apex of his nose. I heard

him whispered, "don't regret this," before my body shuddered just by the touch of his tongue on my shoulder.

I held my breath as I sensed him opened his mouth. The tip of his fang touched my shoulder, sinking through my skin, making me clutch his shoulders tightly. My back arched as I shuddered under his tight grip.

'Sam,' I whispered internally, but I could only hear his large gulps resonating in my ear. 'My husband, can you hear me?' but there was no response from him.

I didn't give up. I kept whispering in my mind, hoping my voice would reach him.

"Husband... I love you," I said in my mind, heart, and aloud. He froze on the spot as a sigh of relief escaped my lips. Sam slowly pulled his fangs away, licking my shoulder gently as he loosened his stifling grip.

"Can you still hear them?" I asked once he drew his head back, smiling from ear to ear. If I remember correctly, Sam would be able to hear my thoughts after drinking my blood.

Sam quirked a brow as he brushed my cheek with the back of his fingers. "So that's your plan?" he asked, letting out a low chuckle.

I nodded and excitedly spoke inside my head. "From now on, you will only listen to my voice, alright?" His expression was unreadable, but his gentle touch on my cheek made me want to believe he was relieved.

"Only if you speak nonstop," he said, "but it's oddly quiet now."

I grinned, satisfied. "Really?" I giggled, repeating my words inside my head. "So, will you give me a reward?"

"My wife, do you know I can hear your words two times if you keep speaking it from your lips and mind?" he cocked his head, and I giggled, wanting to tease him.

"Doesn't that make it more effective?"

He smacked his lips, shaking his head, and sighed. "What a foolish wife. So what reward would suffice to make you happy?"

I pursed my lips in a thin line. He quirked a brow, narrowing his eyes into mere slits as if trying to figure it out before me.

'Guess,' I teased in my head, and he hummed as a response. But disappointment soon resurfaced on my face when he remained silent for too long.

Was he really that dense? "Do you love me?" I inquired, clicking my tongue in annoyance. "No, did you miss me?"

"So?"

The expression on my face glum. "If you do, show..." the rest of my words flowed back in my mouth as he captured my lips, along with his words, "I was thinking, but then I realized I don't care anymore," and he deepened our kiss, already decided to conquer.

Chapter 199 - Where Should I Start? **

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

How could I resist? How could I not miss him? And how could I not yearn for him? My heart pounded, although not fast, I could hear it thumping in my ears. His faint warmth set my body ablaze, igniting my heart with a burning desire and highlighting my needs.

I wanted to feel his weight over me, with sweat dripping onto me, as he stared at me just as intense as how he goes further in me. I'm thinking too far ahead of me while our tongue and lips danced in the same rhythm. How silly.

Sam hissed as he reluctantly drew away. "This won't do." He clicked his tongue, annoyed as he held my shoulders. Sam slowly pushed me back until I sat upright, rendering me confused.

This won't do, what? That was what I'd like to ask him, but I could only stare at him in confusion. Sam ran his fingers through his hair as his eyes fell on me, glinting.

"Oh?" he intoned, "shall we take this to bed?" the corner of his lips hooked up into a bewitching smirk, handing his hand for me to grasp.

I bit my lower lip, staring at his hand. I felt like he was purposely testing my patience, or just wanted to see just how eager I was for him and how I yearned for him. I gulped, mentally shaking my head. I shouldn't think about this.

With a large exhale, I took his hand and raised my determined gaze. "Yes," I answered with a subtle smile before he guided me towards the bed. I couldn't hide that this felt a little awkward and embarrassing.

Normally, Sam and I just do things naturally, but now it felt different. He had a different plan, and whatever that plan was, it sent this unfamiliar tingling sensation throughout my body. I was unconsciously anticipating it.

"Stop there," he said just when I was about to sit on the edge, "just stand." I flinched and my shoulder stiffened when his hot breaths caressed my ears from behind.

Sam stood behind me while I faced the bed. "My wife," he whispered, his hands traced my shoulders carefully going down to my elbow and arms. "I can't let my guard down with you, can I? I won't let you sleep tonight."

His tone was deep and coarse. I shuddered as the aura behind me felt more intimidating than before. Time suddenly paused for a second when I felt his nose grazed my nape, his faint breaths claiming whatever it touched.

"You..." I tried to speak but ended up stammering. So I swallowed down the little saliva left in me to hydrate my parched throat.

"... want to do it while standing?" I finally succeeded to speak, albeit it sounded meek and tiny.

I heard his low chuckle. "Is there a problem with that?" he asked, brushing my hair over the other side of my shoulder and then rested his chin on the other. "Don't you like it?" he whispered, almost sounded like a tease.

"I do." I gazed down, biting my lower lip as my cheek felt hot. Perhaps it was because I couldn't see him I felt sensitive to his every touch. My breath hitched and my back stiffened as soon as his lips kissed my neck lightly.

Again, he chuckled. "My wife, I told you to talk nonstop if you want to keep me sane."

"Oh, right..." I answered thoughtlessly, forcing another wave of low chuckles from him. Sam wrapped his arms around my small waist, pulling me back as he trailed kisses on my shoulder and neck.

"So?" he asked, hinting me to keep talking.

"So..." I cleared my throat, shaking my head, and thought of something to think while he nibbled my neck. But I ended up grinding my teeth, tilting my head as it tickled.

"I can't think, love," I said internally, biting my lip as I resisted laughing. "It tickles!" that was true, also how was I supposed to keep my thoughts straight if he was doing all this to me? I tried to protest but suddenly froze when he suddenly cupped my breast.

"Do you hate it?" he asked, and I frowned. Of course, I didn't! But it tickles, and it frustrated me even more because his action just burned my patience. "Let's take it slow, shall we? I'm not patient as well, but this is our first, is it not?"

I pursed my lips and nodded. This was our first as husband and wife. I wondered if he would take me to hell or heaven?

'Don't tease too much!' I complained internally since my tongue kept rolling back. 'How frustrating.' I clicked my tongue, annoyed, which made him chuckle as well.

"Mhm," he hummed playfully. His other hand lifted my skirt and slipped under it, squeezing my thigh while planting soft and deep kisses on my neck.

My breathing grew heavy as my mouth fell open, stretching my neck for better access. "Sam." I breathed out. My hands itched to hold on to something as his hand underneath my nightgown groped my tummy. It slowly made it down, and I held my breath, my knees trembling while the heart of my femininity awaiting his arrival. But it stopped just before reaching my slit.

"Ugh!" I groaned in frustration and heard him chuckle on my shoulder. I wanted to turn around, but he held me still and said, "Patience is a virtue, my wife."

"I don't want to be virtuous!" I slipped up, and I immediately bit my tongue and frowned. "This is torture, so much for a first night," I added in a mumble.

"Hush now, forgive your husband for playing too much." He chuckled as he freed me from his grip. I was about to turn around and I heard a ripping sound and my nightgown before it fell on my feet. The soft blow of the wind coming from the window immediately welcomed my back. I shuddered.

Sam walked around and plopped down on the edge of the bed. His palm on the mattress, tilting his head to the side as he stared at me, who stood in between his spread knees.

"What a lovely sight to behold," he commented, pleased. His eyes glossed over me from head to toe, and he licked his lower lip. "Where should I start?"

Chapter 200 - Just A Little Pain... Can You Endure That? **

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

"Where should I start?"

I only stood there under his gaze for reasons unknown, letting him gaze at me with desire. Was it truly for reasons unknown? Deep down, I knew that wasn't the case. I wanted him to look at me like this way, to see how his eyes glint with his deepest desire.

"Do you..." I trailed off, taking a step forward, emboldened by his actions. My hand safely landed on his side, bending over as I inched close until our faces were only a palm length away.

"... have to worry about that? I'm all yours, after all. So it doesn't matter."

He smirked and nodded. "That's right," he said with a lustful tone, clipping his fingers on my chin, "you're getting bolder, I like it." Sam hissed as he planted a brief kiss on my lips. "Mine," he claimed under his breath.

'Only yours,' I replied telepathically, crawling my way up to him until I'm on his lap, my knees on either side of him. "Been and will always be yours," I added in between the brief break of our kiss.

My arms hooked over his shoulder, pulling him closer. I wanted more of him and this kiss heightened that desire with every passing second. I felt his palm massaged my thigh, forcing a moan out of me as my back arched.

"Sam," I whispered, feeling his lips planting kisses on my bosom. Goodness, I thought, and my breath hitched when his tongue flicked against my nipples. I unconsciously ran my fingers through his soft argent hair, tugging it back while biting my lower lip.

With a light squeeze on my rear, a pool of moisture overflowed from my core between my legs. I didn't think as my hand discreetly made its way to unfasten his shirt's drawstrings. As the two of us maneuvered to do as we pleased, he raised his head, placing his hand on the back of my head for a kiss.

His hand explored my bare body freely while I undressed him. We only broke away from our kiss when I took off his clothes. I nearly cheered in excitement as soon as I felt his muscular chest.

He smiled against my lips. "You excite me," he muttered, tightening his grip around my waist. I chuckled, "I'll take that as a compliment," and he replied with a vague, "so, you don't mind?"

Mind, what? It didn't take long to get my answer as he suddenly lifted me up, and before I knew it, I winced as my back hit the wall across the room. I clutched on his shoulder as I instinctively looked at my side.

His other hand landed against the wall, causing cracks on it, while his other arm still wrapped around my waist. For a moment, my mind buzzed before what happened registered in my head. I'd be the one who would get hurt if his hand didn't land on the wall first.

"My wife, are you surprised?" his voice startled me back to reality as I faced his pair of menacing red orbs. Danger, that was what came into my mind the second our gaze met. My heart unconsciously raced as I shuddered.

"My apologies, I'm too excited it's driving me crazy."

I gulped before I hooked my arms around his neck. "Be gentle a little," I whispered as I leaned in, catching a glimpse of his smirk before my lips crash against his.

"I'll try," he whispered into my mouth. "But no promises."

"Mhm," I hummed, feeling his body against mine, something on my abdomen poking. He held my leg up, but when he noticed my discomfort, he held both my legs up, and I wrapped them around his waist.

The wall against my back felt cold, in contrast to the heat in front of me. Sweats broke out all over my body as my chest moved in and out heavily, and yet, that didn't stop us. I felt him undo his pants, making me bite his lips as the anticipation had been killing and reviving me back to life.

I never felt this desperate and frustrated at the same time. "Sam," I said under my breath, couldn't conceal all the emotions I've been feeling.

"Oh my wife," he cajoled, gliding his hand up to my chest. His finger pinched my nipple, rubbing it lightly. Did he want me to beg? I ground my teeth as I stared at him. I didn't know how pitiful I appeared until I saw my reflection in his eyes.

Sam smiled as his other hand cupped my cheek. "Why are you giving me that face, my wife?" he sounded so concerned, but so amused at the same time. "Aww... what will I do with you?" he chuckled, dropping his hand as it snaked around my waist again before he took a step back.

Naturally, my body lowered. I gasped and flinched when I felt his tip against my entrance. I bit my lower lips and averted my eyes as if I felt so exposed.

The smirk on his lips grew more wicked as he commented, "You're sweating too much, wife. Ah, goodness..." he grunted, gritting his teeth as if in that slight contact, all rationale was thrown out of the window.

"Sa —" I gasped when he suddenly thrust it in, taking me by surprise. It felt rough, but I yearned for the ache. A sense of relief filled my heart as I stretched around his girth. I blinked as my eyes searched for his gaze, and caught it peering back at me, his mouth a little open.

He was panting, unmoving, before he clicked his tongue faintly. "Just a little pain..." he trailed off as his eyes darkened. "... can you endure that?" his tone sounded like a mix of self-restraint and ferocity.

My lips opened and closed like a fish. Honestly, I didn't feel the slightest hesitation to answer, but words wouldn't come out. I snapped when I realized I could speak in his head.

'I think... I'm a masochist,' as I was aroused just now.

He grinned, showing his fangs as his brows quirked. "A match made in hell, indeed."