

The Duke 451

Chapter 451 - Feels Strange

"Boy, it's not your fault. My son will choose his own path of his own accord." Sam planted his palm on Adam's head and offered a kind smile. "And I will protect you both. Jaime will not harm you anymore, I won't let him."

Adam gazed at Sam blankly. I could not help but smile at seeing the young Lord's expression.

"I can't adopt you, but I will always be behind you, my lord. I know you will become a great Earl." Sam affirmed that touched my heart and Adam's. The corner of the young earl's eyes welled up as he bit his lower lip.

"Sir Roux...."

'Goodness, Sam... you truly had changed and I can't help but be mesmerized by you even more.' I shook my head lightly, proud of what my husband had become.

Sam used to address Claude, little crumb or a lot of names and even teased the young royalty like a child. To see him reassuring a child in such a gentle manner made him appear more like a father figure.

"Thank you, Sir Roux," Adam expressed, and I smiled while staring at them.

Soon, the carriage reached the Roux Estate. As soon as the door opened, my eyes brighten up seeing the person standing outside.

"Fabian?" I gasped in relief, smiling brightly as soon as I saw his signature eerily polite smile.

"My lady." Fabian placed his palm across his chest and bowed. "It's so good to see you again."

"I will say the same, Fabian. I'm so relieved to see you well."

His smile remained as his eyes fell on the boy sleeping on my lap. "I will carry the young master to his room and..." Fabian trailed off as his eyes veered towards Adam sitting beside Sam.

"Welcome to the humble Roux Estate, my Lord."

"Uh..." Adam smiled and panicked a bit.

"Is this your first time to enter our estate, my lord?" I queried, out of plain curiosity.

"Uh, yes, Madam Roux," he answered while clutching his hands in his lap.

"Please feel free at home, my Lord. I will assist you and..."

"Mhm..." Suddenly, Law grunted while opening his eyes. "Mother..."

Law pushed himself up with my help. His eyes still squinting while rubbing it adorably.

"Mister Fabian?" he called and Fabian smiled. "You're back?"

"It's good to see you again, young master. Yes, I had returned."

Law ignored Fabian and darted his eyes from me to Sam and then to Adam. My husband cleared his throat and spoke.

"Fabian, take Law and his lordship to rest or in the garden to play." Sam ordered, which Fabian answered with a polite 'yes, master', and then proceeded to assist the boys inside the mansion.

After that, Sam hitched outside. He offered me his hand like a gentleman when I was about to get out of the carriage.

"I can't let a lady get down on her own, can I?" the side of his lips curled up into a charming smile. I rolled my eyes as my husband didn't cease to charm me today.

"Thank you, husband," I said before taking his hand.

Sam didn't let go of my hand even when I stepped out of the carriage. Instead, he held it, slowly slipping his fingers in between mine.

"My husband is the sweetest," I humored, treading carefully while we took the step up to the front door of the mansion.

"I'm sure I am." He shrugged confidently as the side of his lips stretched even wider. Sam then raised our hands to his lips, planting a soft yet sensual peck.

His eyes glinted as he looked at me. "Later," he whispered and my back instantly froze.

'Later?' I looked at him, wide-eyed, but he just smirked. I swallowed down a mouthful of saliva as the thumb that was brushing the back of my hand was like giving me a signal.

"How naughty," I murmured and bit my lower lip, blushing at the thought.

My thoughts were cut short as soon as we stood by the entrance of the mansion. Maids and butlers were lined up on the side while bowing, making a pathway for us.

"Welcome back, Master, my Lady," they greeted in unison.

I scanned them momentarily, then gazed up at Sam. These people weren't the people back in Grimsbanne. It was the first time I saw their faces. He only shrugged in response to my silent inquiry.

'So, he only kept a few people and hired new ones, huh?' I nodded at this conclusion, as that made more sense. If Sam wanted to start over, he had to replace everyone. But since he was still an emperor, he had to keep a few people who knew about it.

"We had prepared a meal for Master and Milady. Shall we prepare the table for you?" A middle-aged butler approached Sam's side to announce their preparation. He glanced at me but averted his eyes away. His gaze looked weird, but considering they knew I was in a coma for a long time, it was a normal reaction.

"Are you hungry, wife?" Sam turned his head to me and I pondered for a moment.

"I will go wash up first and see the kids."

He nodded in understanding. "Then, I will be in my study. Just drop by if you need anything."

"Alright." I smiled and watched him motion his hand to the maids to assist me.

As the maid promptly raised their head and approached my side, Sam bent over and whispered in my ear. "If you don't come to me, I will."

"I will clean myself in advance," I whispered back, teasing him while biting my lower lip as I drew my head back. Sam narrowed his eyes and licked his lip.

"Don't tease me like that." I chuckled when he warned.

"Go. I will come to your office once I checked in with Law."

Sam and I stared at each other for a while before he nodded. I watched his back as he walked away, with the old butler following his trails.

'This feels strange,' I thought, holding my hand in front of me.

"Madam, we will escort you to bathe." One maidservant snapped me out of my thoughts. I looked at her and smiled.

"Please, do," I said and followed them, taking the opposite direction from where my husband left. Right.... this truly felt strange.

Chapter 452 - [Bonus] The Reflection In My Eyes

As the head maid led the way with several more maidservants following behind, I stopped in the middle of the hallway. I slowly turned my head at the large painting on the wall.

"This..." came out a weak whisper, walking closer to the painting to touch its frame.

"Madam?" called the head maid while I stared at the portrait me.

My eyes softened while studying the portrait. In here, I looked beautiful with those almost realistic pair of emeralds, and my hair was drawn with perfect curls. It was almost like an exaggeration, as the woman in this painting looked so fancy, so stunning, and so... perfect.

I didn't remember posing for a painting, so I could only assume this creation was born during my slumber.

"It's pretty..." I admired under my breath, brushing the intricate frame lightly. "Did my husband paint this?"

"Yes, Madam. That painting is the master's work. He usually paints during his free time. He had several more works in his workshop, but this is the master and the young master's favorite."

"I see." It was then I noticed the little label under it. It was small, so I had to lean forward to read it.

[The reflection in my eyes]

"God..." came out a helpless exhale, almost in tears, reading those handwritten letters. "A romance to move even the most callous heart..." — it was more like a love that would move the most callous heart.

Sam was successful in doing that, for he had touched my heart and my soul. I looked up at the painting again and smiled subtly.

"So, this is how he sees me, huh?" I whispered, staring at that stunning woman in the painting. "There's really something wrong in his eyes."

"Madam, you are stunning. You looked exactly like the portrait." The head maid reassured me, but I didn't look in her direction. Instead, I kept staring at the portrait for a long, long time.

"That is also what I want to believe," I replied under my breath, peeling eyes away from it to the head maid. "Let's go."

"Yes, Madam."

With that being said, we resumed our steps. I don't see myself as pretty as that Lilou in the portrait, but seeing it made me want to be that person. Not to be as beautiful as her, but to have that same glow in her eyes.

'My husband... how can I love you more?'

Meanwhile, in Samael's office, he sat down behind the desk. He gazed at the mountains of documents and sighed. Just a day of absence, and all the paperwork had piled up, almost conquering the entire desk.

"I should stop some work behind since she's already awake," he muttered helplessly. The reason Samael had this much work was that he didn't want to rest. He needed more distractions to keep himself from going insane.

His eyes softened as he leaned back comfortably. His mind drifted to how their day turned out with Law and Adam, their shared laughter, and just everything.

It was perfect; their first family day out would be a memory that would be etched in his mind... forever.

"I want this life...." came out a whisper, thinking that he didn't want to be the emperor anymore.

Samael was aware that eventually, he had to return to the capital. The request for his return had been increasing because he hadn't shown his face to the public after he ascended the throne. Although he had taken part in huge matters, Rufus would mostly do other jobs that didn't need Samael's permission.

'I planned to go after Law's birthday,' he mumbled internally, tilting his head back.

That was why he planned to have a "heart to heart" talk with Jaime Malum since he planned on leaving his son and wife behind temporarily. It would just confuse Law if he took him to the capital and it would strain Lilou's body. But now that she awoke, he wondered whether to proceed to his original plan or change it.

The sound of his nails tapping against the armrest soon resonated across the office. Samael ruminated over it before he nodded as soon as he came to a conclusion.

"Maybe... it is better that she is now awake." He paused, letting out a deep exhale as he gazed at the documents. "She can protect Law while I'm away."

Yes. Samael wanted to leave them behind for a while. It was better, he thought. There was no way Samael would bring his wife back to the capital again — what more, his son.

KNOCK KNOCK!

His eyes looked up over the stack of documents, gazing at the door. When he gave permission to go in, the door creaked open.

"Where are they?" he inquired just when Fabian entered the office and closed the door behind him.

"Greetings to the emperor." Fabian naturally didn't forget to greet him with a polite bow before trudging forth. He stopped when he was in front of the desk.

"The young master and the young earl had requested to bathe. The maids were taking care of them. They will join you later for dinner."

"I see." He nodded in understanding. "By the way, I had invited this man named Glory for my son's birthday. Be sure to visit him tomorrow to give him the invitation."

Samael ordered, which Fabian accepted with a slight bow. There was a brief silence between the two before Samael raised a question.

"How was your trip to Spade?"

"Just as you suspected, the Spade Kingdom is preparing for a war to resist the empire. The numbers of undead had increased in numbers as well."

"We should've attacked them long ago."

"But Your Majesty, the empire just stabilized in recent years. If we go in a full-scale war back then, even if the empire will win, it will be a losing victory." Fabian argued calmly; although he was certain Samael already knew about this fact. "There is something that bothered me, though. It seems to me that the Spade was receiving help from troublesome people."

"Troublesome people?"

Fabian hesitated for a second but still answered. "I am not hundred percent certain, but I believed the Spade had been in contact with the vampire society from the mainland."

"Those fucking bastard..." Samael's eyes glinted, recalling the time when some people in the mainland visited him before his coronation. "I think those bastards know where Stefan is."

This time, Fabian furrowed his brows. He didn't raise a question, though. Instead, he just stared at Samael and waited for an explanation.

"Lilou said Stefan was still there the night of Alphonse's death." Samael leaned forward with a grave expression on his face, hands linked in front of him. "I had underestimated that guy in the past. Who would have thought he will be a much bigger problem than Alphonse and Alistair?"

"That's sounds trouble, indeed."

"Have you heard from Rufus?" he inquired, diverting the subject."

"No, but I received this just today." Fabian fished out a letter from his suit and placed it on the desk. Samael raised a brow as he gazed at the letter. He didn't idle as he opened it to read its content. After skimming through it, his eyes sharpened.

"Fabian, summon Charlotte and Ramin in here. Rufus and Heliot were almost done.. The south also needs to prepare."

Chapter 453 - [Bonus]I Don't Need To Control Myself, He Controls Me

The maidservants had taken great care of me; from bathing to dressing up and then to dolling me up. They did everything with great coordination and efficiency.

I looked at my hair that now had streaked of silvers strands I was not used to seeing in me. Although my husband and son shared the same hair color, this color looked strange and unnatural to me.

"My hair..." I said, making the maid who was putting an ornament on it stop. She gazed at me through the mirror, eyebrows raised.

"Is the arrangement of your hair not to your liking, Madam?" she inquired cautiously, but I smiled and shook my head.

"It's not that. I just noticed how my hair looks healthier than when I went into a coma."

A gentle smile appeared on her face as she explained. "The Master had personally taken care of Madam. He prefers doing it himself."

"I guessed he truly had taken care of me from head to toe because even my toenails are properly trimmed."

"Yes, Madam. Everyone in this estate admired the master's devotion to the Madam."

I raised a brow, staring into her reflection. "How was my husband while I was in a coma?"

She looked hesitant to talk, so I persuaded her to tell me. The maidservant cleared her throat and nodded before continuing to arrange my hair.

"The master might be aloof and rarely interact with the servants of the manor, but we all respected him. Aside from the high salary, he doesn't tolerate discrimination on the estate. Also, the master had treated us all with equal respect. I had worked in a different noble house before, but I've never worked in a very free and peaceful environment." I studied the maid's expression and witnessed how she smiled subtly. She looked relieved to work in here, which made me smile as well.

"That's why everyone is curious what is the Madam like."

"Pardon?"

The maid pressed her lips together and glanced at me through the mirror. "The master is very devoted to the madam and whenever he looked at you, the coldness in his eyes will always melt away. All of us in this manor had always wondered what is the Madam like."

"So far, do you think I am deserving of my husband's devotion?" came out a question because I didn't know the answer to this. I had dragged him to hell, even if he said it was another version of myself. That person was still me, though.

"I think... the Master had all the reason to love the Madam," she answered in a weak yet sweet voice. "Madam is not just pretty, but after a short period of serving you, I know Madam is kind."

My mouth parted, but no words came out. I thought of correcting her but found it unnecessary. So, I remained silent while she arranged my hair. The maid didn't talk anymore while my eyes drifted to the window. It was already dark.

'So peaceful,' I thought, slightly bored because of it. 'No, I should be thankful for the lack of action.'

I mentally nodded my head while convincing myself this peace was what we all needed. I just woke up from a five-year slumber, and I should focus on making up with my husband and our son. Moreover, Law's birthday was in two months. Time was fleeting, so I knew that day would come even before I knew it. I had to prepare something for Law, but I have no idea what he likes.

Amidst my thoughts, a knock came from outside the door. Just as I glanced up, staring at the opening door through the mirror, Sam came to my sight.

"My wife, you said you will drop by in my office, but I ended up dying of waiting," Sam complained which made me giggle. He then turned to the maid and motioned her to leave.

"I need to talk to my wife."

The latter bowed her head and glanced at me before leaving. "Yes, master."

"It wasn't that long yet since we parted," I said, turning around from my chair before the maid leave the room. "My husband, how do I look?"

At this point, the maid was still by the door. I saw her flinch before closing it with what she had heard next.

"The dress looks fancy... although I'd rather see how my wife takes it off." Sam nodded while gazing at me from head to toe. I bit my lip and waited until I heard the click of the door.

"Sam... the maid heard you." A shallow sigh slipped past my lips while Sam already marched towards me. "How can you..."

I trailed off when Sam reached for my chin and lifted it up. There was this indifference in his eyes while bending over.

"So, what?" he whispered to my lips. "Even if they see us creating another child, they wouldn't speak a word about it."

My eyes were shut as he planted brief kisses on my lips. He didn't deepen it, but these teasing pecks made me crave for more.

"Sam..." I called under my breath, clipping my fingers on his cravat. "I just finished dolling up."

"I know," Sam replied and this time, his lips lingered on my mine longer. I wrapped my arms around his neck while his arm circled around my waist.

Eyes shut, I felt my body being lifted up while indulging in the sweetness of his mouth. I ran my fingers through his soft hair, walking on my toes to wherever he was leading me. Before I knew it, my back felt the softness of the mattress.

His lips slowly parted from me, resting his forehead against mine. We both panted, inhaling each other's deep breaths.

"Sam," came out a chuckle while staring into those blazing crimson eyes. "Why did I even doll up when you'll mess with it even before dinner?"

"You should've known better wife." The back of his hand brushed my cheek until his thumb grazed my lip. "Ah... how can I control myself?"

Just when Sam leaned down while I was giggling, waiting for his lips, a knock came from outside the room.

"Mother, can I come in?" Sam and I froze the second we heard Law's voice.

"Damn... I don't need to control myself, he controls me.." Sam winced while I bit my bit, suppressing myself from bursting out into laughter.

Chapter 454 - [Bonus] Time To Sleep

Law's interruption was proof that Sam and I wouldn't be that free in sharing passionate time together at any time. So, after fixing myself, Law and Adam intruded into my room, and we headed to the dining hall.

Our first dinner together as a family was peaceful and warm. The young Earl's addition to the table only gave more joy and was even more memorable.

After dinner, Sam and I, as good parents, spent more time with the children. We read them stories until they fell asleep.

"They are so cute and so innocent," I muttered while fixing the quilt to cover Law's shoulder. Looking at him brought a subtle smile to my face. Who wouldn't? My son was so smart and so sweet. It's only been a day since we met, but I already love him more than my own life.

It was strange, but that was what I felt. I knew I would go above and beyond for this child.

"Wife."

My brows rose when Sam massaged my shoulders, standing behind my seat. I looked back at him and saw him cocking his head in the door's direction.

"What?" I inquired, feigning innocence at what was obvious.

"Time to sleep," he said in a knowing tone. "My wife, I know what you are doing. Please don't tease me like this. I had held back for the sake of our son."

"But I'm not teasing you, husband."

Sam narrowed his eyes as he squeezed my shoulder lightly. "Really?" his tone dropped, sending a chill down my spine.

"Really!" Yet that only urged me to tease him more. I cleared my throat and turned around in my seat, holding his hand.

"Sam, I'm not teasing you, really. I just want to make sure Law and Adam will have a good night's sleep." I held his hand close to my cheek and smiled sweetly. "Why don't you bathe first? I will be in our room once you're done."

"Why don't you accompany me?"

"I told you, I want to make sure our son and the young earl have a good rest."

Sam remained silent as he stared at me suspiciously. But that didn't faze me as I kept my sweet smile.

"I don't feel good about this, Lilou. What are you planning?" he asked coldly, narrowing his sharp eyes. I bit my lower lip to stop myself from grinning.

"You'll like it. That's all I can say." I winked at him mischievously. The idea just actually crossed me when he told me it was time to sleep. Playing a little would increase our anticipation.

"I already don't like it."

"Tsk. Sam." This time, I stood from my seat and turned him around by his shoulder. "You should wash up first and come back to fetch me."

I spoke while pushing him out of the room. Sam lazily let himself get chased away by me, cocking his head to reveal his frown.

"If you do anything funny, I will not be that merciful, my wife," he warned half-heartedly, a bit dejected that I wanted us to separate again.

"Yes, yes~" I chuckled, retrieving my hands when we were by the door. Sam was outside the room, while I stayed inside, leaving this thin line between us.

"Bye~" I waved while he looked at me dead in the eye.

"Wife, stay there." Sam raised a finger, but I knew he already had an idea that I wouldn't listen to him. "If you sneak outside again, I might end up locking you up."

"Gosh! Have you become a sadistic husband now?"

"Yes. I will lock you up so you don't think of leaving again." He nodded his head, finding zero faults in his warnings. I pouted, but I knew Sam was only extreme in his words.

"I won't do that," I said, still pouting. "I only left yesterday because I thought you already have a new wife and a son. Turns out I was wrong, but I swear it's different this time!"

Sam didn't respond anymore and just examined me with narrowed eyes. I raised my brows, waiting for his response. When his chest heaved, the side of my lips stretched into a grin.

"Then I'll come back," he said in defeat, scratching his temple with his finger. "I'll be quick."

"Alright, bye~" I waved once again. Sam stared at me momentarily before he shook his head and marched away. I stared at his departing back, seeing him constantly looking back at me. So I smiled and waved more.

As soon as my husband turned into the corridor of the hall, my smile disappeared. It was not that I didn't want to spend a night with him, but I wanted to take it slowly. Also, I wasn't lying when I said I wanted to make sure these boys will have a good night's sleep.

I returned to the room and checked the windows if they were locked properly. There was one that wasn't, so I closed it and locked it. Since it was spring, it wasn't that cold, and keeping one window slightly open for ventilation was normal.

"Should I open it again?" I wondered glancing at the two boys on the bed. "But what if someone intruded?"

I ruminated about it for as long as I could. In the end, I still opened it slightly so it wouldn't be too hot later. Still, I hesitated and kept glancing at it. But well, I would just trust Sam and the people guarding this estate. I'm very sure Sam wouldn't let anyone intrude on the estate, knowing his son and wife were in here.

"Yes, that's right. I'll trust him in that area." I shook my head to throw away every little worry clouding in my head.

After that, I checked the quilt again, the pillow, the mattress to verify if it was soft enough, even under the bed. I checked every corner of the room just to make sure that no one would visit my son's room!

I knew I was being paranoid, but it wouldn't hurt, right? Although this wasn't the palace anymore — where the royalty treated the third prince's quarters as a public place they could come and go — this was for my peace of mind.

"Yes, there's no one here." I heaved a sigh of relief, patting my chest. I glanced at the boys on the bed and smiled, trudging towards the side of it.

"Goodnight, son." I planted my hand on Law's head, bending over to kiss his forehead. Law moved a little and smiled as if he was having a beautiful dream. I hoped it was indeed a wonderful one.

Once I straightened my back, my eyes fell on the young earl. My heart ached for this child as he went through a lot. He truly reminded me of the La Crox children.

I walked around the bed and stood on the side of Adam. Just like what I did to Law, I planted a soft peck on the young earl's forehead.

"You've been strong, my Lord. I hope we can build more wonderful memories together." The young earl's grip on the quilt loosened and my heart warmed up seeing how his tensed sleeping face relaxed.

"Goodnight."

I stayed there for a minute, just watching them sleep peacefully. When I left the room, I gazed at the corridor and smiled.

"Now... he is almost done with his bath." I bit my lower lip as I waltzed through the hallway.. "He will surely get mad."

Chapter 455 - [Bonus] Hide And Seek

I didn't know the structure of the estate just yet, as I didn't get the chance for a house tour. But that was alright since I enjoyed taking walks. I walked around aimlessly until I reached the kitchen — I only knew it was the kitchen when I peeked inside the door.

Everyone inside were busy peeling, cooking, and just about everything that could be done in the kitchen. I wanted to go inside and see what they were preparing, but I figured my presence would only bring discomfort to them.

"So, what is the Madam look like?"

Just when I was about to leave and continue this house tour alone, a maid suddenly inquired. She sounded excited, asking the other maids who were stationed in the kitchen.

"Is she as beautiful as the painting? Did she like the food in their first family dinner?" the same maid inquired.

The rest of the maids looked at each other before they gathered around the table inside the kitchen. Seeing this urged me to listen more. I wanted to hear what they thought about me since I already knew they respected Sam.

"I only caught a glimpse of the Madam, but she is more gorgeous than the portrait hanging in the west wing! Also, the young master is smiling more than usual — the master too!"

"Awww... I'm so happy for Master. After all those years, he stayed beside Madam..."

"Is she kind?" one curious maid queried, catching everyone's attention. Well, I was also curious, so I focused on eavesdropping.

Everyone in this estate considered Sam as a devoted husband who took care of his wife while she was in a coma. With his looks, he could easily take in any woman he desired, but he didn't. Sam stayed faithful and raised his son wonderfully.

So, it was safe to say I wouldn't blame them if these people would expect more from me. Not that I planned to please anyone, but knowing what they thought of me would give me an idea of how to build my reputation peacefully.

'That sounds contradicting,' I thought but shrugged off whatever was in my head and listened carefully.

"Well, I didn't know since the servants who served under madam were still busy preparing her boudoir. I only got a glimpse of her when she was with Master and the Young Master." One maid explained, but the curiosity of the other maids just increased.

"How about the first impression? What do you think of the Madam? Will she be kind to us, just like the master?"

"Well, in some estate, even if the master doesn't concern himself in the matters of the household, the other madams are abusive. I wouldn't be surprised if the Madam is the opposite of the master and the young master."

"The Madam will be the one in charge of the estate from now on. I'm a little anxious about what she is like and I agree. It wouldn't be surprising if she is different."

'Huh?? Why did this conversation had taken such a turn? How could they assume immediately?' my nose scrunched up, but I couldn't blame them. 'Instead of expecting more, they were actually expecting less or nothing at all to avoid disappointments.'

"Well, honestly, the Madam looks like someone who is hard to approach."

"Really? Can you tell us?"

The maids all had their eyes on the other maid, as she was the only one who had a glimpse of me. I also focused my eyes on her back through this small gap. I felt like a pervert peeking, but well, they would stop gossiping if I enter now.

"The Madam looks very beautiful and elegant, but you know... she is like a born noble. Someone like her must like only pretty things and perfection."

I froze at this ridiculous conclusion! I winced and stopped myself from barging in to defend myself.

"Right! I heard the Madam came from a prominent noble family in the capital!" One maid clapped as if she had remembered something. "It's said that the reason Master is working day and night to build his wealth, even more, is because he wanted to keep the Madam's lifestyle!"

"Really? I think I heard about this rumor before..."

"Yes. It is said that, although the master is without noble status, he fell in love with the Madam at first sight. It just so happened that Madam's family had some financial issue, so they offered marriage to the Master. But instead of adopting the master to the noble family, the opposite happened. The Madam lost her noble status by marrying a man without one."

My brows twitched as my face distorted the most I listened to this twisted love story. Love at first sight? Well, maybe that was correct, but everything else was wrong! I ground my teeth, calming myself from correcting this distorted love story.

"They said the Madam was very depressed about it, so the Master had to work harder to keep her happy. I think the madam started opening up to the master after two years of marriage, but then her health deteriorated. The pregnancy just worsened it and she nearly died of childbirth..."

They continued to gossip, and it made me wonder how they all believed this version. It was full of holes and some details just didn't make sense!

"These people..." came out a helpless voice, shaking my head. "I think I heard enough..."

My brow raised when I sensed someone's hurried footsteps from a distance. I knew who it was.

"So he came looking for me? That was quick." I murmured before suddenly barging into the kitchen. As soon as I did, the heat from the kitchen embraced me, but that didn't stop me. The maids flinched and slowly turned their heads in my direction.

Their eyes slowly dilated as soon as they met my eyes, but I just smiled. I placed a finger in front of my lips and looked around.

"Pretend you didn't see me," I said as I walked towards the blind spot of the kitchen. As I hid, the maids were still staring at me blankly.

SLAM!

Just a minute later, I heard the door open abruptly. I pressed my lips together as the surprised maids turned their heads to the door.

"Have you seen the Madam?" I heard Sam's deep and menacing voice, but what came after him was silence.

"Uh..." one maid glanced at me, but I shook my head and placed my finger in front of my lips.

'Hide me,' I mouthed.

"Have you seen my wife?" he repeated, but this time, his tone could make everyone's hair raise.

"N — no, master." I smiled when the maid answered.

'Good job,'

Chapter 456 - Caught You... Finally.

There was a long, stifling silence inside the kitchen. The maids were already shocked at my sudden intrusion, and now at my enrage husband. I felt sorry for them, but I would surely treat them right after this.

"Tell me if she came in here," Sam finally spoke and I heard his footsteps grow distant until the door closed with a bang.

I didn't leave my hiding spot until I couldn't hear Sam's footsteps anymore. The maids looked at me blankly, making me chuckle.

"Ma -- madam..."

Once realization struck them, all the maids gasped and hastily bowed. I shook my head and let out a sigh. These people were enthusiastically talking about my love story, but now trembling in fear and shock.

"Please raise your head. Hiding me from my husband is already too much for you." I waved along with a chuckle, watching them lift their heads. Their eyes still couldn't hide the surprise of why I was here, standing in front of them.

"Hmm..." I pressed my lips while the corner of my lips hooked up. "Have a good night."

I wanted to correct the distorted story they were gossiping about, but it was pointless. So I just offered them a bright smile and winked before skipping my steps outside the kitchen. I felt their gaze on my spine as I left, but I didn't stop and left them flabbergasted.

As soon as I closed the door, I glanced back and chuckled. "A story of a noblewoman and a commoner, huh?"

Although those maids were different from ones we had in Grimsbanne and those in the palace, I sort of liked them. They were like a breath of fresh air.

"How cute... although I wonder who started that twisted love story," I mumbled, skipping through the hallway with my hands behind me.

"I wonder what else this mansion has?" I wondered and soon arrived in the dining hall. I didn't go in here purposely, but that path led me in here. I stood at the opposite of the hall where we took earlier before dinner.

The few maids who were inside slowly turned their heads to me. I witnessed how their eyes dilated as soon as they landed on me.

"Did my husband come here looking for me?" I asked with a bright smile. They all nodded in unison, unable to speak due to shock.

"Then, if you see him again, please tell him he needs to use his eyes, not his mouth." I giggled and skipped my way out of the dining hall. But just when I was about to take the opposite hallway, I turned my head back.

"By the way, do we have a library on the estate?" my inquiry snapped them back from their trace.

One maid raised her hand and pointed in a certain direction. "The — There, Madam. I can take you there."

"No need." I shook my head and pivoted on my heel, marching towards the direction she was pointing at. "I'm hiding from my husband."

I hummed a lullaby as my steps grew into skips. The maids didn't insist and only stared at my back until I was out of their sight. I encountered a few maids on the way to the library, but not all of them were shocked to see me. They probably didn't know that the master of the house was about to turn this place upside down.

"Hehe..." The thought of it made me giggle, thinking that Sam was terrible in this game of hide and seek. I already idled in the library, but he didn't even come. So, I decided to change to another hiding spot.

Walking through the empty corridor, I took a right turn and stopped. There, Ramin stood several steps away, wide-eyed.

"Your Majesty," he blurted out in shock. It seemed Ramin was also looking for me, but before he could speak more, I raised a finger in front of my lips.

"Don't tell Sam," I said with a mischievous grin. "I'm hiding from him."

"Your — my lady, you are giving his majesty a heart attack!" Ramin gasped, but my giggle grew louder. Instead of answering, I approached him.

I planted my palm on his shoulder once I was beside him. "We're just playing Ramin. Don't worry. If you see Sam, you can give him the clue of where I went."

After patting Ramin's shoulder, I continued to hum and skip my steps. I heard him call me once again, but I just grinned without looking back. I knew my husband had the idea of what I was up to. So, he only sent out Ramin, maybe Charlotte, and Fabian as well. Although I doubted Fabian would even bother looking for me, as I had passed by him twice.

I didn't have any particular destination and let my feet lead me just anywhere. I've been into places like the library, the sitting room, even went back and forth from the mansion's entrance hallway. This was the third time I was crossing the foyer.

Fabian was still here, dusting off some vases. If it was someone else, I would walk back. But it was Fabian, so I didn't stop and crossed the foyer.

"Hello, my lady," Fabian greeted me for the first time after two times passing by him.

I stopped and looked at him, smiling.? "Hello."

"The Master is looking all over for you," he said, bearing his polite smile.

"Sam is terrible at playing hide and seek." I let out a sigh, feeling a little tired already. I crossed this place three times! But Sam hadn't caught me yet.

"My lady, it will be more natural if the master is the one who will get lost in this estate," Fabian explained and I raised my head to him. "The master's only destination in this estate is your room, his office, the young master's room, and the garden. So, he might get lost in his own house."

My brows twitched in dismay. "Did I just become IT now?" I gasped and Fabian just smiled at me brightly.

"Have a good night, my lady." Fabian placed his palm across his chest and bowed. He didn't wait for me to react as he walked away.

"Gosh... no wonder he can't find me," I murmured, clicking my tongue as I looked around. "Now I'll be the one looking for him."

I winced at the bitter truth that Fabian slapped me with. If only I knew Sam wasn't familiar with his own house, I would've surrendered back when I was in the kitchen!

"My gosh..." I ran my fingers through my hair. "Whatever. What done is done."

My eyes scanned all the hallways that I could take. I've been on the left side of the estate and that I should search for him in the right-wing. Just as I took a step, I noticed how this place was. I narrowed my eyes, recalling how the mansion's structure was like.

"Now that I think about it, this mansion is like a maze... the more I look around, the more it looks like it," I mumbled with furrowed brows. "Is it Ramin's doing?"

It was not something like the ways are confusing, but it felt like... I was simply running in a circle. I shook my head to shrug off my thoughts. Maybe I was wrong.

"The house tour was over, so I could focus on searching for Sam," I announced with determination flickering across my eyes.

I started with enthusiasm when I searched for Sam. But the more I looked for him, the more I couldn't find him! After an hour of searching, I stood in the middle of the hallway and gasped in disbelief.

"What the hell is wrong with this house?!" I harrumphed in distress, thinking that I was trapped in a labyrinth. It was as if the house was hiding people on its own! It was then I realized this game was a terrible idea.

"Oh... my god..."

I breathed out as I looked at the hallway I came from and then ahead. This time, my skipping turned into dragging my feet.

'I give... up --'

My thoughts were suddenly cut off when the door I was passing by opened and a hand grabbed my wrist. I couldn't react quickly as I was pulled inside, hearing the door slam closed next.

"Caught you... finally." Sam panted, keeping me in between his hand that was on either side of me. I blinked twice as his pair of crimson eyes glowed menacingly. This was not good. My god, Lilou! This was not the plan.

"Should I tie you up next time to teach you a lesson?"

Chapter 457 - You Really Know My Weakness***

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

"Should I tie you up next time to teach you a lesson?"

I swallowed down a mouthful of saliva, noticing how his eyes blazed with fury. I knew I was wrong, but I didn't know this house was crazy!

"Sam, hehe..." I smiled sweetly, sliding my arms around his neck. "I'm sorry, love. I didn't know I'd get lost in this house."

I ran my finger through his hair, avoiding any punishment by coaxing him. His eyes glinted as they narrowed, but I ignored it while pouting coquettishly. Although I knew Sam was angry, he had already caught me. Now, we can do whatever we please, right?

"Please don't be mad," I cajoled, standing on my toes and planting a peck on his jaw. My kisses didn't stop there as I showered him with brief pecks down to his neck.

"I won't go away. I just felt like... playing. It was frustrating that this house is like a labyrinth, but you found me... again." I spoke in between of kissing him before drawing away. Sam didn't look pleased, keeping his stern expression while gazing down at me.

"Sam..." I pouted as my husband also had gotten hard to coax. It was a little frustrating, but I couldn't blame him. I just needed to be patient.

"Do you hate me?" I inquired while my eyelashes fluttered ever so slowly.

"Lilou, you've slept for five long years. I don't like the game you're playing." His tone was deep, sending a chill down my spine. "Are you trying to drive me to madness?"

I pressed my lips together, feeling a little guilty. "That's not... what I meant."

This should be an innocent game between the two of us. Who would have thought that this house would turn out like this? Now, instead of us sharing a passionate kiss while undressing, he was scolding me.

"I wouldn't be able to find you if you..." My brows rose as he trailed off, exhaling heavily through his mouth. "Really... I don't know what to do with you."

"Sam, I won't go away, I promise. I was simply lost in this house." A frown dominated my face while seeing him in distress. I truly felt guilty, especially now that I was seeing how worried he was.

"Lilou..." Sam rested his forehead against mine, giving me the liberty to inhale his deep breaths. I closed my eyes, chest moving in and out heavily.

"Sorry," came out a weak voice while my eyes slowly opened. "Really. If I know, I'd rather tease you while bathing."

Sam remained silent as I stood on my toes once again. I tilted my head and placed a brief kiss on his lips. He didn't react in one kiss, so I placed another one. If one or two wasn't enough to placate him, I would kiss him more until he calmed down.

"Tsk. You really know my weakness," he grumbled under his breath, withdrawing one of his palms from the door and wrapping his arm around my waist.

"Oh!" I giggled as he pulled me against his body.

"Say, Lilou, why did you want to play so much?" Sam inquired, bending over with eyes glowering. It was as though he would devour me if I said something wrong.

I gnawed my lip and thought about it carefully. "Well... I want to be pampered. To feel reassured, loved, and needed."

"Did I not reassure you, loved, and made you feel validated enough?" he inquired under his breath while I averted my eyes briefly.

Sam didn't lack in reassuring me, in making me feel he loved me, and that he needed me. But deep down, I felt like I needed more. I felt like I was being too needy, which I didn't recognize feeling before, but this need just grew stronger by the minute.

"It's just that..." I trailed off while playing with his hair. "... I don't know?" — that was my full honesty.

Was it fear? Was it just as simple as 'one of those days?' Sometimes, I couldn't understand myself. But then again, I wasn't myself for the past five years. Although accepting the existence of our son came easy, there were more things I hadn't come to terms with other than that.

"You should have told me." Sam let out a sigh and tilted his head. His lips crashed against mine briefly before it traveled to my cheek and the side of my neck.

"But I am flattered that my wife... wanted more from me," he whispered as he traced my neck with the apex of his nose, making me shiver instantly. "You never want more from me before."

Sam hissed before he nibbled my earlobe, caressing it with his hot and deep breaths. My knees felt weak as my arms around his neck loosened, but I would cling to him whenever I would notice.

"Sam," I moaned while my back arched, pressing it against his firm body. "I --"

The rest of my words drifted back to my throat as Sam already smashed his lips against mine. All that came out was a protesting moan when he bit my lower lips. The taste of iron instantly filled my mouth, but that only increased the longing in my lower region.

His tongue carefully explored my mouth as if it was his first. So my tongue showed him around, keeping up in his pace. Sam let out a grunt and suddenly grabbed my thigh up, pressing his body against mine until my back was almost fusing with the door.

"Sam," I moaned in his mouth, feeling a little frustrated at the clothes that were covering us. "Let's..."

I panted as his mouth parted away from mine. Sam didn't stop as he nibbled on my neck while I stretched it for easier access. His other hand slipped under my skirt, squeezing my thigh.

Goodness... I closed my eyes and indulged in the sensation of his lips against my skin. I felt something sharp graze my skin lightly, and I knew it was his fangs. For reasons unknown, there was this lingering feeling his fangs left on my skin that felt more... sensual.

This arousal was something I never felt before. My body, my heart, my blood, and my soul lusted for those fangs. I felt lightheaded at my increasing body heat, but my mind could only think of his fangs sinking into my skin.

"Sam, have me," I requested under my breath, offering my neck to him. "I... want your fangs into my skin."

Chapter 458 - [Bonus] Commanding His Majesty***

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PROCEED WITH CAUTION]

"I... want your fangs into my skin."

Sam stiffened at my request. He momentarily paused while I felt him breathe near my neck. I didn't feel that he was hesitating, but rather, just a bit surprised... or excited. I ran my fingers through his soft argent hair, letting my fingertip massage his scalp.

"Drink," I commanded, pressing the back of his head close to my neck. "I want it."

I knew what sort of request I was asking him, but I couldn't control this need. I truly, passionately, and ardently wanted him to sink his fang into me. Although this wasn't the first, it was the first I thought of it as something for my pleasure, not something I should give him because he needed it.

"Lilou," he whispered, sounding utterly menacing. "I'll happily oblige."

Sam licked my neck carefully like a cat, preparing my skin before sinking his fangs into it. I gasped as I wrapped my arms around him tightly.

I was right. This feeling was different — a feeling I've never felt before. My chest heaved heavily, listening to the soft sound of his gulping. I wanted to give him more, for him to have me more, and to... have him as well.

"Sam...!" I gripped his hair, gasping as I pressed him more into my neck. I felt his grip around my waist tighten and the hand that was holding my thigh squeeze it even more.

This... was driving me insane.

I only felt frustration when he pulled his fangs away and licked my skin clean. Sam drew his head back and looked at my helpless countenance. He licked his fangs as his eyes glinted, appearing so devilishly handsome.

"Love... how can you look at me with such desire?" he questioned under his breath, scanning me momentarily before lifting his gaze back to me. He released my waist, raising his finger while his nails grew longer.

"This dress... will look more lovely if I rip it off of you,"

Sam clipped the tip of his claw-like nail on the dress's neckline. The sound of clothes being ripped apart soon reached my ear, but all I could do was stare at him. His eyes were glinting with anticipation, watching how he slice through my dress.

I stood still under his gaze, letting him gawk on my breast when they came into sight. I bit my lip lightly when he licked his lips, gazing back up at me with those sharp eyes. It looked like the devil himself was staring back at me, but fear wasn't what enveloped my heart. It was the anticipation of what he would do to me.

"Lilou, you wanted to feel pampered, reassured, loved, and needed, correct?" his sudden question send a shiver down my spine. I gulped when Sam smirked.

"Then tell me how to do that. Tell me..." he leaned over and whispered in my ear. "Where should I touch, what you want me to do, and how to please my mischievous wife?"

Sam licked my earlobe while I kept my knees from giving away. "The emperor hates it when others command him, but only you have that power, my love," he added before drawing back, smirking at me devilishly.

My mouth opened and closed, but my words were stuck in my throat. I pursed my lips, gazing at him in silence before my hands reached for the drawstrings of his blouse.

"First... I shouldn't be the only one who is half... naked." I gaze down and saw the upper half of my nipples out in the open. "Show me... your body, Sam."

My husband shrugged nonchalantly and let me loosen the drawstrings before he took off his blouse. My eyes scanned his bare top, planting my palm on his chest, and gazed up. I gazed over his shoulder, only to realize we were inside what seemed to be an office.

"We're in my office, my love," he explained, noticing my curiosity.

"You were looking for me in your office?" I blurted out before snapping my eyes back at him. Sam shrugged as he held on to my wrist.

"You can be curious of my work," he explained in a knowing tone before adding, "let's continue over there."

I let him drag me towards the set of settees inside the office. Sam planted his palm on my shoulders and sat me down, squatting in front of me like a knight with his one knee on the floor.

"So?" he tilted his head, waiting for my command.

Commanding him didn't feel strange at all. If anything, I truly pondered on what to order him to do.

"Hmm... here," I pressed my lips as I lifted my leg until my foot was right in front of him. Sam arched a brow as he gazed up, locking eyes with me.

How dangerous, I thought. Just one look from him would make one tremble in fear, but it gave the opposite effect on me. Behind those pairs of menacing crimson eyes glowed with desire.

"Remove my stockings, Your Majesty," I requested in a weak voice, biting my lips once again. "Slowly."

"I see..." Sam let out a low chuckle as he held my foot. My toes curled at the ticklish sensation.

My husband glided his palms from my toes up to my shin and then thighs, lifting my skirt up along. He massaged my thigh sensually, clipping his fingers at the end of my stocking, eyes still on me. I gulped as he carefully slid it down, clutching the soft settee unconsciously.

I held my breath when Sam suddenly bent over and bit my thigh before planting a kiss on it. He didn't stop as he trailed kisses all the way down, making me shiver when his lips kissed my knee, then my shin, and then the back of my foot. I was the one who told him to take it slowly, but I was the one getting impatient.

"Love, you're the one who said to take it slowly." Sam chuckled as he smirked teasingly at me. "So, what's with that look?"

I frowned, displeased seeing that mischievous grin on his face. "Make it faster."

"Oh no, my love. You shouldn't change your mind like that.." — he was enjoying it.

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PROCEED WITH CAUTION]

"Oh no, my love. You shouldn't change your mind like that."

Sam didn't listen to me as he proceeded to take off my other stocking. Just like what he did, Sam bit my thigh. This time, though, I winced. But then he soothed it with a lick, followed by a kiss. It wasn't that painful, honestly. More like that bite, followed by the heat of his tongue on my skin, and his soft, sweet lips sent a signal on my private region, making it sweat even more.

I was biting my lips as I felt my crevice clench in his touches. My face was also burning as my breathing grew slower. My husband's kisses were too passionate and how his fingers pressed across my skin had the perfect mix of gentleness and firmness.

Once he successfully removed my stocking, his eyelashes fluttered while he gazed up. He was absolutely gorgeous. I unconsciously bit my lip at the sight of this man, who only had me in his eyes. I blushed, thinking of how he would look if I... tied him up.

"My love, I didn't know you will ever think of tying me up," I instantly froze when he remarked, eyes dilating as my mouth fell open. Sam smirked while enjoying my shocked countenance.

"Should we... do that...?" he dawdled while running his fingers over my leg, making playful circles an inch above my knee. "Shall I let you tie me up?"

I pressed my lips into a thin line and shook my head profusely. That sounded so wrong! But the thought of it... my face turned redder and it wouldn't even surprise me if my nose bleed. I covered my lips with the back of my fist; a futile attempt to cover my flustered face.

"Let's... not do that," came out a weak, muffled voice. Sam nodded in understanding and shrugged. It seemed he would do everything with an open mind and willing heart.

How tempting, but...

Why in the world am I having such sinful thoughts? Why am I getting aroused by sheer the thought of tying him bare and seeing him with a helpless expression while I tease him?

"Then, what does her majesty wants now?" Sam inquired, bringing me back to the current lapse. He planted both his palms on my knees, resting his chin on it while looking up at me curiously.

Although he still looked as dangerous as a beast, the misplaced cluelessness in his eyes made me want to pet him. I hummed and carefully stroke his hair.

"Come up here," I said, tilting my head down as a signal for him to join me.

"Alright," he smirked.

As instructed, Sam stood up, placing his palm on my rear while bending over. He leaned forward for a kiss, only to stop when I raised a finger in front of his lips.

"I never said you can kiss me." His brows arched, and I cleared my throat. Even I was surprised at how I could stay composed despite that I badly wanted him right now.

"Then, why did you ask me to come up?" he inquired, before licking my finger lightly. My breath hitched at this action and I almost told him 'just take me!'

"Hmmm. Sit beside me." I tilted my head to the side. He glanced at it with arched brows but still followed. Sam plopped down beside me lazily, sliding his arm over the backrest. He cocked his head to me, staring at me in puzzlement while I turned my body to face him.

His position granted me the best view to appreciate his breathtaking beauty and his delectable, chiseled body. I caught the corner of his lips stretched into a smirk, proud to display this perfection.

"Like it?" he asked teasingly, and I glanced up at him.

To his surprise, I smiled sweetly and replied. "Very much."

"Honest, aren't we?" his smirk stretched even broader, raising a brow as he cast me a knowing look. "Will you just look, my wife?"

I bit my lips as I caressed his thigh, eyes fixed on those pairs of cunning eyes. I will change that look on his face from cunning to... something less taunting.

"Don't move," I said while feeling the muscles on his thigh going up. The corner of my lips curled up into a smirk when I caressed his bulge. It was hot at the touch and solid and huge — I thought it got larger than ever, probably because of his pent-up urges.

Sam flinched when I grabbed it so suddenly. My eyes drooped, seeing his cunning expression slightly changed.

How cute.

"My wife surely knows what she wants..." he dawdled under his breath, grinding his teeth as I stroked his manhood. I wasn't holding it bare, as he still had his trousers, but it was already throbbing under my grip.

"My husband," I whispered, switching position with my knees on the settee. I crawled towards him, leaning to his face, only to draw my head back so our lips wouldn't touch.

"Lilou," he hissed as his attempt to kiss me failed.

"What?" I feigned innocent while biting my lip, suppressing myself from smirking. I naturally didn't forget to stimulate his arousal.

"You've slept for five years... yet, you seemed to learn how to tease a man."

A short giggle escaped my mouth, as that was quite hilarious. I didn't even know myself, but I was simply following my instincts. I had no idea where I got the idea to build up the anticipation to spice things up. Although I was getting impatient myself, I was starting to enjoy it as well.

"My Sam, I think that other side of me had opened a part of me I didn't know of until now," I confessed while trailing my fingertips on his shoulder. "Do you hate it? Hmm?"

"No, I would never... but Love --" Sam flinched when I suddenly slipped my hand inside his pants.

"But?" I inquired while wrapping my fingers around his girth before stroking it carefully.

"Damn, Lilou," Sam cursed through his gritted teeth, tilting his head back before looking back at me. The confidence plastered on his face slowly broke, panting heavily as he tried to touch me but stop when I shook my head.

Instead, I repeated my previous inquiry with a mischievous smirk. "But?"

"Damn it..." he gasped while balling his hand into a fist. He avoided touching me as per my command.

Sam tossed his head back and let out a defeated grunt.

"No but. I... fucking love it."

Chapter 460 - Good Boy***

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PROCEED WITH CAUTION]

"No but. I... fucking love it."

I chuckled and nodded in satisfaction, pleased by his honesty. I placed my thumb on top of its tip, raising a brow upon touching something sticky. The side of my lips stretched even more as I pressed my thumb and massaged his head in a circular motion.

"Ahh... Lil --" Sam flinched several times, feeling his thigh flexed as he curled his toes. I watched how his cheek colored in red, opened mouth helplessly.

"Let me touch you, wife," he requested under his breath, but I shook my head. "Shit...!"

"You said I shouldn't change my mind just like that, right?" I coaxed and planted a kiss on his cheek. "Don't worry, I'm touching you, am I not?"

"Lilou, I want to touch you too," he complained helplessly.

"You will... later. Just obey now and you will get your reward later, hmm?" I glanced at him, sporting an innocent smile. Sam let out a deep sigh and ground his teeth.

"How can you smile so innocently while being so mischievous?"

This time, I suppressed my giggles. I felt evil for teasing him like this, but it was fun. There would be no fun if we straight up made love. We had to take our precious time, making up for those lost years we couldn't enjoy.

"Just... enjoy like how I enjoy myself having only me in your mind right now." My eyes glinted as I smirked, feeling a little too possessive of my husband. I loved the thought of how he could only think of touching me.

I nibbled on my husband's neck, feeling him tremble as I licked and bit it gently. Sam was always ferocious on the battlefield, but I loved this side of him. Or rather... I loved that I was the only one who knew this side of him.

The Great Samael La Crox could tremble and look so helpless in bed.

For some reason, Beatrice briefly crossed my head. Perhaps the reason she enjoyed sleeping around with royalties was that aside from it being fun, she could see this side of them. I didn't dwell on it, though. For me, my husband was already enough for me.

I kissed Sam's collarbones. His supple skin smelled so sweet but had a slight taste of saltiness with his sweats. It was a wonderful combination, though. Since my other hand was doing nothing while the other was busy working on his arousal, I pinched his erected nipple lightly.

"Li... love!" Sam grunted as he panted, but I ignored him while I clipped his other nipple in between my lips. I flicked my tongue against his teat, hearing him gasp as I did. His erection also throbbed, ejaculating from all the stimulation I did.

Once I let go of his nipple, I forgot to lick it clean. So the saliva from my lips stretched down to his nipple. But creating a little mess somehow spiced things up. Sam's eyes blazed with desire while staring at me. His chest heaved heavily, making me plant my palm on it to calm him down.

"I didn't know you liked being touched, Sam," I said in a soft voice, glancing at his bare top. I couldn't control myself and left red marks on his body, but I didn't regret the slightest.

The sight of him and that wonderfully sculpted body full of my marks... I licked my lips. I loved it. During our time together, Sam mostly did all the work. There were only a few times I would lead and all those times were dull — compare to now.

"I wonder what else to see..." I murmured, getting intoxicated by exploring him more and was excited about making new discoveries.

"Love, what else --" I cut him off by pinching his nipple a little. He grimaced, but it didn't seem he was in pain. Instead, he seemed overwhelmed by another wave of stimulation. Sam's nipples were sensitive; I mentally noted that down.

But what else? My eyes scanned him and momentarily stopped stroking his phallus.

"Right..." I nodded as I bent over, brushing my hair to the side. I whispered "Sam" in his ear and licked his earlobe.

"Go down a bit," I ordered under my breath and was pleased when he obeyed without questions asked. Now, he was comfortably reclining, giving me more room to venture his body.

Once again, I trailed kisses from his chest down to his firm navel. But instead of going directly into his bulge, I nibbled his hip and kissed him across the other side. My hand playfully caressed his waist, pulling the drawstring that kept his man's jewel hidden.

I gazed up on instinct, catching him watching me with anticipation. I smirked mischievously, taking my time on removing his pants. The space on his brows creased in frustration. But I loved this reaction. I knew he wanted to complain, but held it in.

What a good boy.

To reward His Majesty's obedience, I gazed down as I revealed his huge mast. I nearly gasped upon seeing it. Although I had been stroking it and was aware of how huge it was, I didn't have any idea how massive it had grown. I couldn't even laugh at the thought of comparing it to a growing plant, now a mature tree.

It was not that it was small before; actually, it was already huge for me. But this... it seemed its size doubled. I hid the fear that attempted to creep into my face. But deep down, I was in distress. How the hell would this fit?! I wouldn't be able to stand tomorrow, that was for sure.

I mentally shook my head and tossed all those thoughts away. Instead, I gazed up at him and smiled.

"You've been good, my husband. Good boys will be rewarded, right?" I didn't look away from him as I stuck my tongue out, licking the tip of his phallus, and watched his mouth fall open.

"Goodness..." this time, Sam didn't ask me as he sprawled his hand and stroked my hair. His eyes drooped helplessly, catching his breath.

"Suck it."

My brow raised. "Should I suck it?" I asked, watching his lower lip tremble.

"Yes... please."

I smiled, pleased at how polite my husband was.. "Then, I'll happily oblige."