

The Duke 461

Chapter 461 - [Bonus] Spit It Out***

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PROCEED WITH CAUTION]

"Then, I'll happily oblige."

I licked the tip of Sam's erection while staring at him. He had his teeth clenched, sucking air through it while stroking my hair. Seeing his expression, my tongue licked its head in a circular motion. This broke his gritted teeth as his jaw fell down.

"Lilou," he moaned, brushing my hair back with trembling hands. "I want... yo --"

Sam couldn't finish his sentence as I suddenly opened my mouth and shoved it in. I felt his thigh flexed again, caressing it to soothe it. I heard him moan once again when I started sucking him, moving upward and downward slowly. His hand rested on the back of my head, guiding or wanting to stop me; he was unsure himself.

I glanced up and noticed his eyes glinting. His chest moved in and out heavily, panting for air. I loved how his face was painted red with his brows creasing.

'This won't do,' I told myself, wanting to see more from him. So I tightened my lips — although it was already massive, filling my mouth — I still did. My instincts weren't wrong. Sam gasped and grunted, holding the side of my head while he eased and moved his hips. I let him.

"You're good." He breathed out, stroking my hair weakly. "Really... really good, Lilou."

It was rare to see my husband so out of breath and so desperate. The more I looked at him, the more aroused I was. The junction of my thigh could not help but clench as love juices dripped down from it.

Goodness... I felt like I would take this massive mast in a heartbeat, but I wasn't done with him yet.

I continued to suck and lick him, tightening and loosening my lips in between. Sam covered his lips with the back of his fist, holding his breath.

I wanted more. How could he be so cute and seductive at the same time? It made me want to stimulate him more.

Without thinking, I followed my instincts. While sucking him, I wrapped my fingers around his girth, stroking it along with the pace of my mouth. Sam instinctively flinched, and I smirked momentarily.

"Ah, Lil..." his voice sounded distant when I massaged his testicles. My hand switched from stroking his phallus and massaging his testicles, picking up with my pace as it aroused me as well.

"Wife, wait..." Sam lurched his body forth, holding my shoulder in panic. I paused and looked up at him cluelessly, biting his girth without force.

"Hmm?"

Sam opened and closed his mouth while staring at me closely. "I... I'm close."

There was a moment of silence between us. I blinked twice, and my nonchalant expression rendered Sam speechless. Did he think I would have to stop just because he was about to climax? What was the purpose of this if he didn't?

Oh, my Sam. I had always wondered how satisfying it was to lick you all clean. You had always enjoyed devouring me, so why did he look so surprised now that I wanted to experience it?

"You want me to orgasm? In your mouth?" he inquired despite how obvious it was. I narrowed my eyes and raised my hand, pushing his shoulder lightly.

'Should I leave you hanging then...?' I asked internally and he immediately froze. Seeing his reaction urged me to leave him hanging; that would be fun. However, I also wanted to make him orgasm. Well, it was not like this was the only time we would do it.

I teased my husband enough. It wouldn't be good for me once playtime was over. I would tease him next time.

Sam didn't speak anymore after the inquiry in my head. So we moved on and I continued. However, it took some time once again because his interruption slightly distracted us. I wanted to smack his head for worrying too much.

I glared at him while Sam looked away, ears and cheeks still burning in red. Now, I had to work even harder. This frustrated me a little, so I pinched his thigh slightly as a punishment.

"Ah — sorry," Sam apologized while biting his lower lips. But the corner of his mouth could not hide the playful grin that was tempting to resurface. He did it purposely.

"I didn't! I swear!" he raised both his hands while letting out a chuckle. I rolled my eyes and focused on him again. My jaw felt numb, but I still pressed my tongue against his length.

"I was really wor — ah... damn...!"

Hisses and grunts replaced his chuckles. He should be thankful I didn't plan to leave him hanging despite his mischief, but I wouldn't forget this for sure. My frustration gradually subsided the more I listened to his moan, and how my name sounded from his lips.

"Lilou," he moaned along with his deep breaths. I didn't look at him, so he stroked my hair lovingly. His fingers that were running through my hair and his moving hips made my pool of moisture overflow. I knew he was close when he tugged my hair lightly.

"I'm... Lilou... love... ahh..!"

I hastened my pace until his erection throbbed, filling my mouth with his love nectar. He twitched while I slowed down, letting him jerk off inside my mouth before sucking everything as I drew my head away. My mouth felt hot, keeping his semen for a while.

"Lilou," Sam called under his breath as he reclined while I stood on my knees. He rested his arm on his forehead, keeping his eyes in contact with me.

"Spit it out," he ordered weakly, but I defied him and swallowed it right in front of him.

"Goodness... this sight will forever etch in my mind."

Sam watched me wipe the corner of my lips with my fingers, licking it clean. He tasted good, that was for sure. No wonder he enjoyed doing it to me. Now that I thought about it, he never told me about this. Did he want to keep all the good stuff for himself?

"It should, my husband. Think about this all day and night," I humored as I bent over, finding my comfort on top of him. "So, you have to be a good boy at all times. Her Majesty will reward you for sure."

Sam chuckled while I traced his neck with the apex of his nose. Although I wanted to mount him right in this instance, I wanted to give him a break first. Also, I was a bit exhausted myself.

"Sam," I whispered when I felt his hand creep down on my buttocks. "Aren't you tired? I'm trying to give you a break."

"I did nothing, wife. How can I be tired? Also..." Sam lifted my chin up, only to see him smirking evilly. "... don't you want me to serve you?"

Chapter 462 - Many Things To Learn***

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

"... don't you want me to serve you?"

Before I could speak, Sam already smashed his lips against mine. I could only let out a moan, eyes shut. His tongue slipped in between my lips, feeling his hand slide under my skirt. I felt an instant chill on my thigh when the inbound breeze caressed it, but his heated palm warmed it up.

"Mhmm," I moaned in his mouth, massaging his firm shoulders. I only realized my hands were going south when he suddenly grabbed my wrist.

Sam grinned against my lips while I frowned. "Na ah, my wife. Allow me to please you this time."

"But I want to stroke it," I blurted out weakly, making him chortle.

"You will... later. The power structure changes over time. One second, you're on top of everything and then..." Sam suddenly wrapped his muscular arms around my waist. I couldn't even react as he flipped our position. I only realized it when my back felt the soft surface of the settee, with a pair of crimson eyes hovering over me.

"... then, the next second, you're underneath."

A devilish grin appeared on his face, and I gulped at the sight of it. What he said was accurate. Just moments ago, I felt so powerful. But now that I was underneath him, all I could do was bite my lips and feel my lower region clench in need.

"See, wife?" Sam withdrew his other hand from my rear as he reached for the unfinished bodice he failed to take off previously. "There are so many things to learn more once you get the title of His Majesty. You have to keep looking out on those people who can pose a threat to that position."

His tone lowered while ripping my clothes off with his sharp nail. I shivered when I felt that my breast was now fully out in the open. Sam glanced up with eyes sharp. It made me think of the person I was teasing previously was just a figment of my imagination.

Sam bent down, pushing his weight on me, but he still watched it so as not to suffocate me. He leaned on my side and whispered in my ear.

"Because if you're not careful, this will happen. They will bare their fangs the second you drop your guard, and it'll be too late to retaliate. They will fuck you up, real hard." He licked my earlobe gently, positioning his knee in between my legs. "My wife, are you following this life lesson?"

My mouth opened and closed like a fish, but my throat felt dry. I couldn't speak even more when he cupped my breast and fondled it.

"Hmm?" he hummed, trailing slow kisses down my neck. "Yes? or No?"

"Sa --"

"Yes? Or no?" this time, Sam pulled his knee up against my core. "Oh? It's dripping down there. But you see, love, I use everything at my disposal. I need you to stay level-headed during this lecture."

"Ye — yes." A part of me knew what he meant by that. I knew he would do everything, touch me everywhere but down there. I felt his breath on my neck as he chuckled, nodding in satisfaction.

"Good. You're always quick, love. And that always leaves me in awe," he crooned, planting a kiss on my collarbone as a reward. My mouth fell open as he clipped my nipple in between his thumb and index. He pinched and elongate it lightly, causing my entire body to quiver.

"Anyway, I loved how you paid so much attention to me. The way you exercise your power... ahh, I can only think of 'revenge' that can triple it. "

"Sam." I tried to reach for his head to guide it to my nipple so he could suck it, but he pinned both my wrist over my head with only his one hand.

"Tsk tsk tsk. My love, I'm sure you hadn't forgotten what is an eye for an eye means? What you do to others, they will do it unto you." A smug grin resurfaced on his face while I frowned and averted my eyes. Sam chuckled, seeing me sulk, but he didn't break his defenses.

"Your lips... kiss my breast," I murmured with a pout, taking a peek at him.

To my dismay, my charm didn't work on him, as his grin stretched broader. I knew I was being unfair and impatient after all that I did to him. But... the frustration I held in while teasing him and now had accumulated to a certain degree.

"My wifey, I just lectured you but it seemed you didn't understand."

Suddenly, Sam bit my shoulder lightly, but I still gasped. There was a slight pain that sent a signal down to my flower.

"You just lost your power. Your orders are nothing but empty whines. Don't be so pathetic." His remarks were a bit harsh, but strangely, I found it... arousing. I must be really crazy!

"Just stay still and behave. Rewards will be given once you did," Sam whispered as he planted a kiss on where he bit. "Do you understand now?"

I nodded, closed-lipped. I knew it was futile to resist. My answer pleased him as he nodded, placing a peck on my forehead.

"Good girl," his voice strangely sounded deeper and... dangerously charming. Modulating his voice was enough to get this sensational pricking under my skin, firing up my body.

Sam let out a low hum as he nibbled on my collarbones. I bit my lower lip as hard as I could, twitching at the marks he left. Aside from his lips and tongue trailing down the top of my bosom, his other hand let go of my nipple and switched to my leg. My husband swiftly lifted it up, squeezing my thigh as much as he pleased.

My head buzzed, and I felt light. I didn't know where to focus; his hand and lips were at a tug of war, snatching my focus. I was frustrated as he teased me by kissing my breast but avoided my erected nipple. He left marks around it and then shifted to the other.

"Sam," came out a muffled voice, holding my breath. "Please..."

He snapped his eyes up to me, studying my helpless countenance. Sam looked as if he wasn't himself, like a drunk person whose mind was elsewhere. But I knew he was mentally present, taking notice of how I tremble in his every kiss, how my body reacted to his touches, and even my frustration and anticipation.

"I didn't hear you," he said while tilting his head to the side. "What did you say?"

I pressed my lips in a thin line, on the verge of crying. "Please take me." His expression remained the same, fluttering his eyelashes ever so slowly. He looked dangerous than ever.

"Sure, since you asked nicely." Sam moved up and planted a gentle kiss on the corner of my eyes. "It will break my heart if you cry after all that begging, after all."

Despite the gentleness of his lips, his words sent a sense of dread down my spine.. It was obvious. He wanted the opposite of his claims! He wanted me in tears!

Chapter 463 - Touch Yourself***

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

Sam leaned his lips closer to my nipple, keeping his eyes on me. My lower lip trembled as the corner of his eyes squinted devilishly.

"I think... we've both unlocked something we are both unaware about," he muttered while brushing his lips against my nipples, giving me goosebumps. "I never want to see you cry, but somehow, the thought of it right now makes me feel... a bit bad. It's tempting."

My breath instantly hitched as my gut feeling was correct. Yet, I didn't hate it, nor did I abhor my husband for it. If anything, I was slowly loving his dominance. It felt great when he was being submissive, but there was just something in this change of power that immediately occupied a special place in my heart.

"Then, let's be bad together," I blurted out under my breath.

If I was being a hundred percent honest, even if he went rough, I would love it. I must have truly lost my mind somewhere, but I didn't want to pick it up where I dropped my rationality. This didn't feel like we're sinning or being abusive, but rather, it was spicing things up after all.

His eyes dropped as he licked my nipple slowly. He just did it once, but my toes curled as I gasped. I watched how my breast moved up and down heavily, getting aroused seeing him behind those pairs of mountains.

"I will let one of your hands go, but you have to promise not to touch me unless I say so," he intoned as his eyes lit up with a sudden idea that crossed his head. "I might not control myself if you touch me, after all."

I pressed my lips into a thin line, curious about what he was planning. Sam studied the puzzlement in my eyes and raised his brows.

"Do you promise?" he inquired and I took a few seconds before I nodded. "I'll punish you if you do."

'Should I get punished?' I wondered almost immediately but tossed that thought away when he narrowed his eyes at me.

"Lilou, you might get hurt," he warned, making me gulp a mouthful of saliva.

"I'll be good," I reassured softly. He stared at me for a little longer before carefully releasing my hand. I stretched my wrist in a circular motion, staring at him in silence.

"I said I'll be good. You don't have to look at me like that." I pouted, as his eyes were full of doubt. I understood and respected the level of self-control he was exercising. So, I wanted to behave... as much as possible.

"Come here," he uttered, biting my finger to my bosom. He let it go and raised his head back to me, cocking his head slightly.

"I want to see you touch yourself."

My breath instantly hitched as my eyes dilated. I blinked twice, only to see that his solemn expression remained the same. He wanted me to fondle my own breast while he watch? I pressed my lips into a thin line, hesitant to do as he wanted. But thinking about it, Sam and I were technically married for seven years now. We hadn't explored more in this area since our problems kept us busy.

"Alright," came out a whispering, but I instinctively raised a thumb in front of him. His brows rose at my action, but I swallowed down the nervousness in my throat and spoke.

"Lick it. I think if you do, I will feel your lips on me." There was hesitation in my voice, but I still spoke my mind. If I was going to touch myself, I'd rather do it while feeling his heat at the same time. The side of his lips twisted into a smirk, satisfied at my suggestion.

"Very well."

Sam leaned closer and licked my thumb before sucking it. I held my breath as his tongue swirled around my thumb, making it harder to control myself. But this had only urged me to touch myself since he kept teasing me.

He didn't lick my thumb clean, leaving more secretion that stretched to his lips when he drew away. Goodness... I felt sinful in wanting him to just look and watch me. I wanted those eyes to only stay fixed on me.

Before I knew it, I pressed my thumb on my nipple, gasping at the touch. I smeared the liquid around it, panting as I did. I was aware I was touching myself, but I never would've imagined that touching myself would feel good.

My husband watched me with eyes drooping, biting his fist. His eyes never left me while I just stared at him, imagining how those fingers felt when they explored my body, that lips and teeth that would bite and kiss me, and just how those eyes leer at me.

I should be embarrassed in the state I was, but I didn't — not even the slightest. If anything, I wanted to use my other hand to massage my core.

"Oh, Lilou," Sam called helplessly, pushing himself away until he stood on his knees. I didn't even wonder what he was up to now, as I was drunk on the pleasure I was giving myself.

"You're driving me insane," he whispered, reaching for the rest of my dress before ripping it off without restraint. The dress that the maids prepared delicately was now torn, that even the best seamstress couldn't repair. I didn't care about that, though. It was a hindrance.

Now, I laid in all my glory... if there was anything that was left.

Sam wiped the side of his lips with his thumb, still watching me. I could see the impatience in his eyes as he stretched his neck in distress.

"Lilou," he called, licking his thumb before sliding it on my slit. His brow arched as he batted his pair of menacing eyes at me.

"You've been a good girl." Sam bent over and I instantly felt his comforting weight on me. Since we're both naked, I felt his erection on my thigh.

"I wanted you so badly... but you have to wait for a bit," he whispered in my ear while sliding his fingers through my slit and then massaging my clit in a circular motion. "Keep touching yourself."

I couldn't process his words anymore, but my body followed his instructions. Sam carefully massaged the heart of my femininity while taking my nipple in between his lips.. I instantly gasped, nearly going insane when he flicked his tongue against my teat while thrusting one of his fingers in.

Chapter 464 - [Bonus] Won't Pull Out***

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PROCEED WITH CAUTION]

"Sam...!"

A loud gasp escaped my mouth with my back arching and my toes curling at the wave of sensation coursing through my nerves. All the pent-up frustration was now being soothed, yet I felt like losing my mind. I turned my head to Sam on instinct and, as if he knew what I wanted, he claimed my lips.

I moaned in his mouth, clutching his shoulder and digging my nails into it. Sam slowly moved until his body covered me. His knee brushed my thigh open, spreading my legs to give him easier access. And yet, instead of pulling his finger away, he only did momentarily before thrusting two at the same time.

"Mhmm!"

A protesting moan escaped my mouth, quivering as I instinctively tried to close my legs. However, Sam stopped it with his knee. His thumb massaged my folds, playing with my clitoris in a circular motion. I was catching my breath as it hitched constantly, feeling myself stretched until I found comfort in those two fingers.

"Ah..." Sam hissed through his gritted teeth, making me glance at him. He seemed impatient, which made me wonder why he was controlling himself.

"Sammy... why... aren't you...?" my voice sounded distant, blinking weakly as my knees wobbled. His finger was hitting a spot deep within and each time, it made me want more.

Sam averted his eyes on me, breathing through his slightly gaped mouth. "I am stretching you, silly. I will go in later."

Although it was clear he wanted to take me right now, he still managed to smile devilishly. I couldn't even think or feel about seeing that smirk anymore. All I knew was Sam planted a kiss on my lips, then on my cheek, going down to my jaw, neck, collarbone, and then on my chest.

He stopped and pulled his fingers away, making me frown in frustration, but also sighed in relief. I would totally lose my mind if he continued. Sam sat in between my spread legs, staring down at me while licking his fingers delightfully.

"This is the only sweet that I would never get tired of," he remarked. My eyes helplessly focused on his tongue twirling around his fingers. I bit my lip, knowing those two were what he used to stretch me.

"My sweet Lilou had become an animal." After licking his fingers, he traced my body from the top of my breast going down my navel. He crawled on top of me once again, snogging the invisible line he had drawn across my body. I shuddered when he reached my hip and bit it lightly.

He held me down, planting his palms on my hips as he nibbled on my navel. What he was doing... was what I had done to him. The thought that he had felt this exhilarating sensation, leaving this scorching heat in my body, stimulated me. Sam idled and kissed the area I focused on previously, groping me freely until his lips reached my inner thigh.

My mouth fell open while my vulva pulsated as if it knew he was close. As if to tease me, Sam planted a kiss on both my inner thighs, lifting my leg over his shoulder. I bit my lip, clasp my hand in frustration as he was kissing me everywhere but there. His eyes glinted devilishly when he glanced up, and I felt a little shy, so I looked away.

"Ah!" I winced and looked back at him when he bit my thigh once again.

"Don't look away," he ordered in a deep tone, making me gulp.

"Sorry," came out a weak reply, covering my lips with the back of my fist.

We exchanged long stares before he leaned down. My lips parted as I shuddered, my back arching when I felt his tongue against my clitoris. It was hot and smooth, making me feel all tingling from scalp to my sole. And when he kissed it as if they were my lips, a loud moan escaped my throat.

"Gosh...!" I cried out, clasp his hair and tugging it lightly. Without thinking, I wrapped my legs around him as heat leaked from my core. His tongue playfully licked my entrance before dipping it in.

At this point, I couldn't think anymore. I was too intoxicated by this euphoria, making me feel greedy and craved for more. Taking notice of this greediness, Sam withdrew his tongue from my entrance and focused on my nub. Just when I thought he simply wanted to focus on that area, what he did next proved me wrong.

Sam carefully massaged my entrance with his thumb, dipping it in for a moment before pulling it away. I was dripping wet that penetration went too easy. The next second, three fingers hovered over my entrance. He massaged it tenderly.

'He wouldn't put those three in, right?' my subconscious mind wondered, thinking that I nearly lost my mind with two. My inner questions were quickly answered when those three pressed against my entrance.

"Sa — Sam, wa — wait...!" I panicked. Not that I planned to stop him, but he did and gazed up at me.

"What?" he asked with a tilted head. His expression that was clearly saying 'don't waste my time, I'm busy,' rendered me speechless.

"Love, you see." Sam cleared his throat calmly while resuming his careful intrusion. "Compared to these three, the one who had been impatient for its turn is, well..."

He sat down, keeping his hand on the junction between my legs. "... is nothing, compare to this," he said in a whisper but made it heard clearly.

I instinctively gazed down at his mast, making me gulp. Even with just the dim light of the moon filtering through the window, I could see the raging veins protruding around his girth.

"If I don't do this, you'll get hurt," I hissed, feeling his fingers enter halfway. Thanks to all the overflowing love juices and his careful penetration, it didn't hurt. Rather, I felt full.

"Don't worry, love. I will enter soon." He smiled reassuringly, but then brief mischief flickered across his eyes. "You will have to be ready for that, Lilou. Because I don't think I will.... pull out all night."

Chapter 465 - It Will Take Longer For The Second, Third, Fourth, And Fifth***

[WARNING: MATURE CONTENT AHEAD. PROCEED WITH CAUTION]

I squirmed in pleasure, screaming my husband's name without caring if anyone would hear us anymore. I glimpsed at Sam. He was staring down at me with eyes full of lust. His mouth fell open while watching me bask in the pleasure of his fingers stretching me wide.

"Sa --" I gasped as my back arched, toes curling as he hastened his pace. It didn't take long when I screamed, "oh Sam," before a river of love juices burst out without restraint.

My mind was in haywire, chest moving in and out heavily, with my throat parched. I felt my knees wobble as my hands trembled and my body twitched every beat. I just laid there, but I was breaking out in sweats.

"Lovely." I popped my eyes open when he spoke. I shifted my eyes on him, catching him lick his finger delightfully.

Normally, I would sleep or rest upon orgasm. But now, even though my arms and hand trembled, I raised them at him. Spreading it as an invitation for a hug.

"Sam, come here, my love," came out a soft voice, smiling weakly at him. My husband didn't speak as he crawled down. There was something I couldn't explain whenever I feel his weight on me, but I loved it.

"Did you like it?" he asked, planting a peck on my forehead.

I nodded, closed-lipped. "I love it."

"I'm pleased," he whispered, trailing kisses on my cheek before nibbling my earlobe. Sam's other hand groped the outline of my body, squeezing my thigh once he reached south and fondling my breast once up north.

I let out a muffled moan while clutching his shoulder, eyes rolling back over my head. The sweats and the high temperature of our body didn't seem it would go down despite that we already orgasmed. I wouldn't dare say I wasn't satisfied, but more like I felt greedy for wanting more.

"Sam..." my voice sounded distant when I suddenly felt something hard in front of my entrance. I pressed my lips together, anticipating his entry while he coaxed me with kisses.

"Husband," I called, sliding my arms over his shoulder. I ran my fingers through his hair, tugging it slightly.

"I love you, Sam."

His back stiffened as he paused, making me raise my brows. He slowly drew his head back, revealing his burning eyes. He looked dangerous; like a hungry beast deprived of food for a long time. Still, his appearance didn't intimidate me. Instead, I smiled subtly, lifting my head as I planted a kiss on his lips.

"I love you," I repeated in a low tone, but this time, it sounded more firm. "Just you."

"Lilou..." Sam called under his breath, grinding his teeth as he responded to my kisses. "I'm crazy over you."

I naturally tightened my grip around him as I felt him thrust his erection against my entrance. A muffled moan slipped past my lips, but he kept it busy with his tongue sliding in between my lips. My nails dug into his back as I stretched around his massive girth.

Goodness... he would wreck me if he didn't prepare me for it. It was colossal!

"Ah...!" I twitched as he entered halfway, still feeling my flesh get ripped by him. How could this be? It was as though it was my first time once again.

"Is it painful?" he paused when he noticed my entire body tensing up. He looked at me with worry in his eyes, as if he would stop if I answer yes.

"It's tolerable," came out an honest voice, kissing the tip of his nose. "Please don't stop. I also want you, Sam."

A shallow breath escaped his mouth, resting his forehead against mine. He thrust his erection in slow motion, making me feel him and how it ripped me. It was a little painful, twinned with pleasure. It left my heart torn, not knowing which of the two dominated my senses. But what I was certain of was that I didn't want him to stop.

Sam called my name under his breath, but all I could do was arch my back, feeling full once he was completely inside. He didn't move for a second and even when he started moving his hips, it was slow. I could feel him in my stomach, making my jaw fall open.

It didn't take long when the pain receded, and only pleasure remained. I soon found my comfort in accommodating his girth, looking at him with eyes drooping.

"My husband," I whispered, and he bent down, smashing his lips against mine while thrusting faster. Sam circled his arms around my waist as he rammed into my insides. I bit his lip unconsciously hard until the taste of iron mixed in our mouth.

To my surprise, the taste of his blood increased my body heat. I popped my eyes open, hissing in satisfaction. I didn't know what got into me, but his blood gave me enough strength to push him.

That push wasn't enough to make him fly away, but Sam suddenly lifted my waist. Before I knew it, he was sitting down with me, saddling him.

My eyes popped in surprise, seeing my husband leaning back against the backrest. "Your turn."

I gulped. How did he know I wanted to take the lead? I shook my head, as that didn't matter now. Instead, I bent down and claimed his lips.

"Thank you," I whispered, feeling his hands squeeze my buttock as I started moving it.

My back arched, holding the backrest of the settee as I picked up my pace. I could feel his entirety in this position and it was driving me insane. I didn't want to stop moving faster and rougher. I tossed my head back, moaning loudly.

I shivered when he suddenly let go of my waist and cupped both my breast. I pulled my head back only to see him leaning forward, putting one of my nipples inside his mouth. His other didn't forget to caress the other. He switched every once in a while, giving them fair attention.

"Sam..." I called with an open mouth, knowing that I would soon reach another orgasm. As if he had noticed it, Sam looked up, letting go of my breast and he held my hip.

With sweats dripping, skin slapping, and lack of breath, I squirmed while looking up at the ceiling. Sparks flew as I convulsed. My essence contracted around his girth while he ran his arms up to my spine, holding me so I wouldn't fall.

God... that was... extremely good.

"Good?" he asked while leaving kisses on my collarbones. I weakly nodded, reaching for his shoulder as I looked down.

I felt really, really weak, but Sam was still growing bigger inside of me. He didn't say a word and only left kisses on my shoulder when I collapsed on his body.

"Sam," I called airily, brushing the tip of my nose against his neck. "You're still hard. Aren't you satisfied?"

"I am very much," he crooned while still kissing my neck and shoulder. His hands still stroke my body, embracing me tightly.

"But I already orgasmed in your mouth, remember? It will take longer than that for the second, third, fourth, and fifth."

I stiffened as I slightly withdrew my head to look at him in horror. Second, third, fourth, and fifth? A smug smirk appeared on my husband's face as he kissed my lips for a second.

"I told you, didn't I? I won't pull it out all night." As soon as Sam said that, he carried me, and before I knew it, I felt my back against the cold wall. I instantly shivered at the coldness on my back and the scorching heat on my front.

"Law will snatch you in the morning, but tonight, you are mine." His voice was deep and menacing, with eyes glinting sharply. "And I will make the most of our time together."

I gasped when he started moving his hips again. All I could do was wrap my arms around him as pleasure soon took over me once again.

Chapter 466 - Time Is Fleeting

Sam didn't kid me when he said he wouldn't pull out. It was amazing that he didn't even get smaller even after reaching his third orgasm. But considering the five years of longing, it wasn't a surprise for him to have such stamina.

I was more surprised how I managed to take him all night. It was as though I was exhausted, but not at the same time. When I was pinned on the wall, on the desk, and in every corner of his office, I orgasmed. I didn't even get dry even after multiple orgasms.

It was wild... very wild.

Now, Sam sat upon the chair behind his desk while I was on his lap. My feet dangled over the armrest while I rested the side of my head on his firm chest. I looked around the office and it was a disaster. Documents were scattered on the floor, the shallow holes on the wall, one painting that fell down, and some books along with our clothes.

"It's dawn," I whispered, breaking the silence as I peeled my eyes away from the disaster and focused on his beauty. Sam was caressing my back; his little habit that I missed.

"Mhm. How sad."

"Don't be sad. It's not like this is our last night," I giggled as he truly seemed disheartened about this. "Time is fleeting. So fast that I didn't even notice it's almost eight years since the first time we met. We also now have a five-year-old son who is wonderful and cute. We have a lot of time, love."

My eyes softened tracing back to the time I first met my husband. Back then, I never thought I would fall in love with him so hard, but I did. Things went upside down from that moment on, having to experience happy times, life and death situations, schemes after schemes, pain and agony, and a lot more.

It was crazy. Our story was one hell of a ride, but here we are now.

Almost eight years later, we're still together. Making love like it was the first time, loving each other more passionately than ever, and just together again. Words weren't enough to justify how grateful I was to be alive.

"Mhm... who would have thought?" he murmured in a soft tone. I glanced at him and caught the subtle smile on his face.

"You and I, we've been through a lot. I'm lucky that you love me."

My brows raised as I reclined so I could see him clearly. "My husband, you sound like you don't expect me to love you."

"Because I don't?" Sam cocked his head to the side, giving me a knowing look. "I knew you will be the woman I will marry the first time I laid my eyes on you. But the first time you saw me, your eyes are filled with... terror."

"Of course! How can I not feel terrified when a stranger is inside my home?" my nose scrunched up, giving justice to my reaction at that time. "Did you forget how you toy me? I just wanted to light up the lamp, but you kept switching them from place to place! I almost thought there's a ghost!"

"You thought I was a ghost?"

"Of course! But when I realized it's a vampire, it was worse!"

Sam frowned. "A ghost is worse than a vampire, dear."

"Ghost can't hurt me, but vampires can," I argued as a matter of fact, seeing him nod in understanding. "Also, who won't get scared when that intruder suddenly asks for my hand? I still remember the sense of dread that crept down my spine when you asked, 'why are you running, silly? I haven't proposed yet. Will you marry me?' I don't even know your name!"

"Haha! You remember?" I glared at him while he chortled.

"How can I not? If only you see that look on your face. It was as if you will kill me if I refused."

"But you still refused. Now I'm certain you are suicidal at that time and just in denial." Sam exclaimed as if surprised at this new discovery. My mouth opened and closed, but I ended up biting my tongue.

To be truthfully honest, I wanted to survive back then. I really do. However, there was also a part of me that I wanted to kill. I was unsure what it was, but at the back of my head, dying wasn't really terrible. I meant, if I died at the hands of a vampire, of course, I wouldn't feel shame to face my father. How could I fight a vampire, right? It would give me enough reason.

"Now that I think about it, I think I was unconsciously aware I had this dark side of me," I murmured after our brief silence. "That is why, although I feared death, I didn't think it was that really bad."

"We all had our dark side, Lilou." Sam smiled and caressed my cheek. "A friend of mine said, the more kind, loving, and bright a person was, their other side is just as extreme."

"Since when did you have friends?" I inquired, finding it a bit strange that Sam was calling someone a friend. I only knew one person who Sam called a friend, and that was Noah's grandfather, Alfie.

"Is it Alfie? Noah's grandfather?"

"No." He shook his head and snapped his eyes away. "It's someone else who lives in my head."

My brows furrowed while staring at his side profile. Someone who lived in his head? What did he mean by that? There was a moment of silence between us. I waited for him to explain, but he didn't. So, I was about to ask but he suddenly spoke.

"Lilou, the core... it's not inside you anymore," I froze momentarily, blinking twice while processing his words. "I stole it from you. The voices... the people you met when you were in slumber were now inside my head."

"What... how is that possible?" I gasped in surprise, puzzled at this didn't make sense. Sam gazed down at me again and sighed faintly.

"My ability is actually stealing things. Stealing lives, memories, abilities, and something like that. Actually, it's not stealing, but more like absorbing," Sam explained calmly while brushing my arms with his knuckles. "Although it sounds convenient, it had its downsides. The reason I didn't offer absorbing the core is I might kill you. Not the type of death you think, but I might end up sucking your soul."

"What..." I trailed off as I listened to his explanation more.

Based on Sam's explanation, the reason he had a lot of ability instead of just one or two was that he absorbed a lot of people, including the power of the previous king before Stefan. The only reason that the late king, Sam's father, survived was that he was too powerful that Sam couldn't absorb him completely.

Still, because of this, the late king slowly withered until he passed away. It was safe to say Sam killed his father slowly and painfully.

That was the reason Sam didn't even consider absorbing the core inside me. It was risky, and he didn't want to risk that. He was just left with no choice and put his heart into it. Luckily, he was successful.

But now, he had those voices inside his head. Although he said they were great company, as if having a built-in political advisor, it was still... shocking.

"So, Law didn't inherit the core?" I asked aggressively, sitting up while looking at him straight in the eye. "Our son, I mean, will not have to suffer from that Bloodfang's will?"

"My dear, you worry about Law and not me?"

"You just said they aren't a bad company as they helped you decide on some important decision as the emperor!" I slapped his shoulder, glaring at him. And yet, he chortled.

"Yes. None of our children will inherit them." Sam nodded with a gentle smile on his face. My face relaxed, heaving a sigh of relief as I rested my forehead against his chest. I was so relieved to hear this news that it brought me into tears.

"Lilou," he hummed while brushing my trembling back, comforting me.

"I'm so... happy, Sam," came out a muffled confession. "This may sound unfair to you, but... I don't know what I will do if Law inherited the core."

I had been avoiding asking about this important stuff. Although Sam and I didn't have time until now, it scared me. That was why I had been mentally preparing myself before asking this question. But now that he said this, it was like a thorn was plucked out from my throat.

Sam embraced me securely. "I told you, I will protect you and our son. I was hesitant before, that was why you had to suffer so much. This time, I will not let that happen, Lilou. I will not let our son and daughters, and the future generation suffer from the problems of the past."

My heart warmed up hearing his voice. The arms that were cradling me felt so reassuring. It felt like no one could hurt me as long as I was in his embrace.

"When I ascended the throne, I had taken an oath. That this empire... will secure the future of the children. I will create a place where our children can run freely and choose their own path," he continued in a low voice but made sure that I clearly heard his point. "A place where our children didn't have to kill each other to achieve their dreams."

"Sam..." I slowly raised my head and saw the bitterness in his eyes. He brushed my cheek with the back of his fingers while sporting a weak smile.

"Our children, and the children in this empire, will not experience the pain the La Crox went through or what that peasant girl had to go through to survive." Sam rocked his head lightly, keeping his silence for a moment. "Let the older ones, us, carry that burden of the past, Lilou. It is a

lot of weight to carry and it was exhausting, but we cannot give up because if we do, history will repeat itself."

I pressed my lips and nodded, agreeing with him a hundred percent. "Let's break the chain, then. I will support you through and through, Sam."

"Mhm." Sam pulled me closer and rested his head on my shoulder.

Among every one of us, I knew Sam had been in the most pain. No matter how aggravating his brothers and sisters were, they always occupied this special place in his heart. To think that the villains of this story were those people. That piece of his heart must've broken.

But we couldn't do anything about it.

The La Crox was born and raised to be savages. The late king wanted his children to be each other's competition, and that was what they had become. It was hard to change when all their lives they stood above others. Even if the change came clear to them, it was already too late.

They had hurt each other already, and the scars in their heart were far too deep. It was sad the more I thought about it. That was why my heart ached for Adam. Although the situation was different, Jaime Malum was unconsciously creating a monster.

I was glad that it wasn't too late for that young Earl. I wished... with our reign, there were no more homes that would break because of greed. And even though poverty would always be a problem, peasants and commoners wouldn't be too scared at night.

My walk last night proved to me that people weren't scared of the dark anymore. Although there were still people like Jaime Malum, I knew Sam would put them all under control.

"Thank you, Sam," I whispered while playing with his hair. "Thank you for thinking about our son's future."

Suddenly, I smiled as I recalled what Yul told me a long time ago. That Sam was amazing for he did things that would always result in many people benefiting. Just like right now, he wanted a place where our children could have the freedom the La Crox didn't have.

As a result, the entire empire was benefiting. To attain that, he had to clean the empire and put people in their place, after all.

"I'm so proud of you," I added softly. "Does Alphonse's and Alistair's death hurt?"

"Mhm. They wanted to kill and revive us and settle in another place," he explained under his breath, sounding sad recalling them. "The intention is good, but the methods are twisted. Moreover, it is impossible. We are already monsters. That superficial life is bound to break, anyway."

I felt a hand clench my heart, grasping what happened after losing my consciousness. "But it still hurt, right?"

"Yes... like hell," he confessed while tightening his embrace. "The weight of the crown... is heavy, Lilou. No wonder Stefan had lost his mind. It wouldn't ruin that bastard if I didn't pass it to him in the first place. It was my fault and I don't want to make the same mistake again."

My mouth opened and closed, but I decided not to speak anymore. Instead, I rubbed his back and just be there for him.

"I will always be here for you, Sam," I reassured softly, but with conviction. "I will never leave you again."

"Please don't. You and Law... are the sole reason I am keeping it together."

We remained silent for a long long time. This sadness... we could only entertain it with the two of us because we didn't want Law to see these ugly scars. I was glad, though.. That we had time to indulge in these painful memories because this would remind us why we shouldn't drag our son to the drama of the past.

Chapter 468 - Do Not Worry About That

I didn't sleep throughout the night. But Sam did. We were still in the chair behind his desk, facing the window. I let my husband take a rest, as it seemed he barely had any in these past years. Meanwhile, I watched the sun slowly engulf the sky and devour the darkness of the world.

My eyes softened as a subtle smile appeared on my face. "What a beautiful day."

KNOCK KNOCK!

A light knock came from outside the door before it slowly creaked open. I peek over the high-back chair, seeing Fabian enter. He looked around and his brows creased in irritation.

"Your --" Just as he raised his head, I shushed him by placing my lip in front of my lips. Fortunately, Sam turned the chair around so Fabian wouldn't see us naked. But Fabian was quick to read the situation.

"I'll come back with a robe," he said in a low tone, bowing before leaving the office.

I smiled as I looked at the shut door. Fabian didn't change a bit. He was still that person who would get totally annoyed when things were disorganized and messy. That was why he rarely enter Sam's workshop in Grimsbanne; that part of the mansion was a total mess.

Shortly, Fabian returned with a robe for me and for Sam. He handed it over to the desk while I reached out for it. Since Sam was holding me in his arms and I didn't want to leave him like this, I used his robe as a blanket instead.

"Is my son awake?" I asked, raising my head at him while Fabian stood in front of the desk.

"The young master is still asleep. He normally wakes up an hour from now."

"How about the young Lord?"

"The young Lord is still asleep, Your Majesty."

I nodded, closed-lipped. I looked at Sam lovingly, brushing his lean cheek. "Sam fell asleep last night. I don't want to interrupt his rest since it seemed he barely got any for the past five years."

"Is that alright, Fabian?" I lifted my head back and set my eyes on Fabian once again. "His Majesty had been working day and night. This sleep is what he deserved. Although it pains me he is sleeping on a chair instead of resting somewhere more comfortable."

"I understand, Your Majesty. I will let everyone know not to go in here."

"Thank you, Fabian." I smiled and Fabian sported a polite smile. When he was about to take a leave, I called him once again. I waited for him to turn his head back, seeing his eyebrows raised.

"I'm really glad that you stayed beside Sam and my son, Fabi."

Fabian's brows and shoulder relaxed, shaking his head. "I am glad that His Majesty kept me by his side. Also, I'm relieved that you finally returned to us, my lady. Not just me, but everyone had been praying for your return."

My smile stretched wider as I knew who was that "everyone" he was talking about. Fabian let out a sharp exhale.

"I will return with a cup of hot chocolate and some bread while His Majesty is asleep," he said before bowing for the nth time and left.

Just as Fabian said, he returned with a hot chocolate and bread to enjoy the morning. I sniffed the hot chocolate, licking my lips before taking my first sip. My brows furrowed, as the taste was a little strange.

"I added a bit of ingredient so you can still enjoy it," Fabian explained as he didn't leave immediately, as if he saw this coming.

"You added something?"

"I added some blood in it since vampire's taste differed from normal humans." He clarified, furrowing his brows while seeing the conflicted look on my face. "My lady... His Majesty didn't tell you yet?"

"N — no." I shook my head and gazed down at the hot chocolate. "But I already had my suspicion. Charlotte told me I died during childbirth. Why I am still alive and breathing is obvious, but I didn't ask Sam, nor did he have a chance to tell me about it."

There was a moment of silence in the room as Fabian kept quiet. I glanced at him and chuckled. He looked as if he said something he shouldn't.

"Don't worry. It can't be helped, right? My husband loves me so much that he wouldn't accept my death and I'm glad he held onto me." I looked at Sam and smiled, resting my cheek against his head. "If he didn't turn me into a vampire, I will not meet our wonderful son. I'm glad to be alive, Fabian. Don't make that look as if you feel sorry for me."

"Apologies, Your Majesty."

"You shouldn't apologize too. I know you just know that I prefer being a human, and that is correct. If possible, I want to stay human. But as I've said, it can't be helped. Also, being a human and a vampire doesn't matter to me now. As long as I can be with my family, that's good enough for me." I glanced up and saw Fabian smile subtly. "Humor me for a while, Fabi. I know talking like this can be distracting, but I have a few questions."

"Don't worry, Your Majesty. You can ask me anything."

I nodded and sipped an ample amount of hot chocolate. It tasted strange still, but I could taste the chocolate. I thought if I kept drinking it, I would soon get used to it.

"About Law," I cleared my throat, keeping my voice down so Sam wouldn't wake up. "Is he human? Vampire? or Half?"

"The young master is a pureblood vampire, Your Majesty. Since you have the blood of the Bloodfang and Crawford, the young master had become a pureblood."

I nodded in understanding before throwing another question. "Does he know?"

"No." Fabian pressed his lips into a thin line and glanced at Sam's side, although he couldn't see him because of the high-back chair. "His Majesty wants to keep it a secret until he has come of age."

I frowned and gazed at Sam. "How did you keep it a secret? Doesn't my son crave for blood?"

"The Young Prince's meals and drinks always had a small amount of His Majesty's blood just like your meals, Your Majesty. His blood is enough to quench the young master's and her Majesty's thirst."

"Oh?"

"That is why Her Majesty doesn't find any blood enticing. His Majesty's blood is far more superior to others. It's the same with the young master. That is why he can stay as a normal child just like everyone."

"Is that so?" my eyes remained on Sam, sighing faintly.

"Don't worry, Your Majesty. The young prince is smart and I'm sure he will understand why His Majesty kept him in the dark." I raised my gaze to Fabian, catching the reassuring smile on his face.

"The Young Master took after his mother, after all."

"Fabian, you flatter me." I chuckled and shook my head.. "But I guess there's no need to worry about that for now."

Chapter 469 - I Kid. I Kid.

I conversed with Fabian a little longer until he had to excuse himself. After he left, I enjoyed the hot chocolate while in Sam's embrace. I thought the reason I didn't feel tired despite the exhausting exercise last night was that I had been in slumber.

I arched a brow when Sam moved after some time, watching his long eyelashes flutter. The side of my lips curled up as his eyes shifted to me.

"Good morning, my husband," I greeted softly while planting a kiss on his cheek. Sam grunted, tightening his embrace.

"So warm," he murmured while brushing the apex of his nose against my shoulder. "It feels good."

"Sam." My eyes softened as he looked like a clingy child at the moment. "Law is awake by now. We should hurry before he sees us like this."

Sam frowned as he let out a sigh. "I will lock the door."

"Sam."

"But I missed you so much," he argued in a quiet voice, hugging me even tighter. I could not help but chuckle. My husband had always been dashing and everything but adorable. So, seeing this side of him warmed up my heart.

"Sam, I'd like to help with our son's birthday preparation. Can I do that?"

"Mhm. Sure."

"But I still need your help." It did not surprise me how quickly he agreed, but I needed his guidance. It was the first time I would take part in a child's birthday party, so I didn't have any idea what to do.

"Sure." Sam planted a quick peck on my shoulder. "Fabian will also transfer the matters of the estate to you. Whenever you are ready, just tell him."

I pressed my lips into a thin line. Fabian had mentioned this earlier, but I told him to take it slowly.

"Are we inviting our family?" I inquired after a brief silence, keeping my focus on the original subject. He kept quiet for a while and turned his head to me with his cheek on my shoulder.

"I planned to."

I nodded with a smile. "Had they been attending Law's birthday in the past?"

"Silvia and Yul had visited the south before, so Law knows about them."

"That's great then."

"You look like you're relieved." Sam pointed out without taking his pair of lazy eyes away. "Those two will stop at nothing to meet their nephew. It's not like I can hide them if they suddenly show up in here."

A chuckle slipped past my lips, imagining that Yul and Silvia were those types of people. It was impossible that they would allow their existence to be a secret from our son.

"Goodness... I missed them," I blurted out, only to wince as he suddenly bit my shoulder. A frown instantly appeared on my face as I glared at him. Sam feigned innocent and kissed the area he bit.

"I'm jealous. You miss everyone, but you run away from me the moment you wake up," he mumbled dejectedly, making me let out a deep exhale.

"You know the reason."

"Even so, I'm thinking of changing my mind." Sam buried his face in my shoulder and embraced me securely. "I'll just keep you all for myself."

A sigh slipped past my lips as I leaned forward to kiss him. "There, there. I love you, my husband."

"You always do this to me." His frown grew worse, but he looked more accepting.

"My husband, I appreciate your affection but we have many things to do." I giggled as I kissed him for the fifth time. "Law will be displeased if we don't join in for breakfast."

Sam remained silent. He rested his forehead on my shoulder while brushing my shoulder with his knuckles. When he broke his silence, my brows rose.

"I'll have to return to the capital after Law's birthday," he said solemnly, lifting his head up and setting his eyes on me. "Is that alright with you?"

For a moment, I lost my voice to answer. He was going back to the capital? I shouldn't be surprised about this since he was the emperor. However, I felt a little... disheartened by the thought of separating from him.

"I was thinking of taking you and Law to the capital, but..."

"Alright." I didn't let him finish and sported a smile. "You worry that the people in the capital will mess with Law, right? I understand, Sam. Don't worry. I will wait for you."

Sam and I looked at each other for a moment before he sighed. He buried his face in my shoulder once again, tightening his embrace before loosening it a little.

"I don't want to go, though," he confessed in a quiet voice. "But the people in the capital are starting to annoy me with their request to see me prepare for the world summit."

"World summit?"

"It's a... well, a gathering between monarchs from across the world that happens every ten years. It's mostly to talk about peace and all none sense," Sam explained nonchalantly as if it wasn't as important as what it sounded like. "I don't want to go."

"Sam." I looked at him solemnly. "You're the emperor now. You have to do as much as this, don't you think?"

"But once it started, I'll be away for months."

"And we will wait for you." I smiled as I wrapped my arms around him. "You've worked hard to bring peace in this empire. Hence, you don't have to worry."

"Can't help it."

"Come on, love. It won't be that bad, right?" I shook him lightly, making the both of us sway. "I'll become very busy and work hard to manage the estate."

Sam cast me a dead look. "You won't be busy managing the estate, Lilou."

"Fabian told me about the invitations you've been receiving from the noble houses. Although the Roux Family didn't have a noble status, we still need friendly relations in the high society, don't you think?" my brow arched as the side of my lips curled into a smirk. Sam narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"You don't... socialize, Lilou," he stated a fact and I let out a dry cough. "The only time you socialized has all ended in a massacre."

"My husband, you change... at least, trying. How can you be so judgemental?" I gasped in disbelief while he chortled in response. "I can always learn, alright? It's not like this is the capital."

"Alright, alright. If that is what you say. Just take Fabian so he can clean up the bodies — ack!"

I didn't let him finish his joke as I bit his shoulder like an angry dog before slapping it. "How could you?"

"I kid. I kid."

"Just you watch Samael. Our son will not feel ashamed not having a noble status," I asserted with a determined heart, glaring daggers at him.

Sam chuckled as he rocked his head, still looking unconvinced, which only fueled my determination.. We spent an hour just us talking about random things without knowing our little one was already busy digging his father's grave in the back garden.

Chapter 470 - [Bonus] My Baby

When Sam finally let me go, I instantly covered myself with the negligee Fabian brought me, while Sam also did the same. I looked around at my husband's office, cringing at the mess we made.

"Sam, how are you going to work with this mess now?" I looked back at Sam, who was tying the robe around him, standing beside his desk while I stood in front of it. "You should rest more today, though."

"It's fine. I've done most work for today yesterday." Sam walked towards me and immediately snaked his arms around my waist. "How can I work so much when my wife just woke up? I'm trying to be a good husband here, my love."

"Mhm. I know." I chuckled, brushing my nose against the tip of his nose. Sam smirk as he planted a kiss on my lips.

"It breaks my heart that I have to restrain myself from pinning you down right now, my wife," He breathed out, biting my lip lightly. "Our son is surely waiting for us in the dining hall. He will kill me if we make him wait for so long."

"That sounds strange coming from you."

"I'm scared for my life, love. That's why I'd been stalling." I chuckled at this joke, but then I gazed up and saw the sweats breaking out from his forehead. "I'm not joking, Lilou. I'm terrified for my life."

"Oh, Sam..." I didn't know whether to feel sorry for him or doubt he was simply exaggerating.

Sam stalled some time before we headed to the dining hall. I held his hand and lead the way while he dragged his feet. Just before we approach our destination, both Sam and I halted. I looked back at him while he averted his eyes.

'I could feel something dark from there,' I thought, biting my lip as I gazed at the end of the hallway to the dining hall. 'I guess Sam isn't joking. My poor husband... I feel sorry for him.'

I heard Sam curse under his breath as we approached the dining hall. Out of instinct, Sam and I peeked only to see the dark shroud polluting the hall. I swallowed a mouthful of saliva, casting my husband an apologetic look.

"Am I safe?" I asked in a whisper, waiting for him to look at me.

"That's what you're concerned about? My wife, it sounds like you will be alright as long as you don't inflict our son's wrath." Sam snorted, but I didn't argue with him.

"I still need time with our son, Sam. Also, you're the one who stalled so much time. Now our son is angry because he had to eat with Adam without us," I explained, not planning to correct his previous argument. It was a fact, after all.

"My wife, I didn't know you are such a heartless being."

"Don't be a drama king. The longer he waits, the more he'll get furious." I slapped Sam's shoulder to release a bit of my nervousness. I didn't want to make a mistake in front of Law — at least, not for now. Sam let out a deep sigh as he nodded reluctantly.

I cleared my throat and sported a brave smile, entering the dining hall with Sam behind me. As soon as we entered, Law slowly lifted his head. My back instantly stiffened as I was frozen in place. I knew Sam also froze as I heard his light footsteps halt.

"Good morning, Mother," Law greeted me with an adorable smile, but I noticed how his eyes glinted when he shifted it to his father. "Father, good morning. I had been in the garden with Mister Fabian this morning."

I looked back at Sam while he scratched the back of his head. To save him from Law's wrath, the side of my lips stretched as I sauntered to the seat right next to our Law.

"Good morning, my baby," I greeted back and unhesitatingly placed a kiss on his head. "Did you have a good night's sleep?"

Law's eyes idled at his father's figure for a little longer before she turned his head to me. His mood instantly change when he faced me.

"Yes, mother~!" my son smiled brightly, melting my heart instantly at this cuteness. "Thanks to mother, I fell asleep peacefully."

"My son..." I patted his head, ignoring Sam even though I heard him click his tongue and murmur the unfair treatment. "What a good boy."

Law's face brightened up while mine relaxed. My eyes then shifted to Adam and offered a smile.

"Did his lordship also have a good sleep?" I asked, making Law turn his head toward him.

"Yes, thank you, Madam Roux." The young Earl smiled timidly. I could not help but let out a defeated sigh at how distant he addressed me.

"Adam, you should call my mother, mother, or auntie," Law suggested, and I gazed down at him. "Is that alright with you, Mother?"

"Of course, but only if there's no one around. He is still the Earl of Minowa, right? Adam?"

Adam pressed his lips together, but I could see how his eyes sparkled. My gosh... I wanted to adopt this boy. Law was already fond of him, so it wouldn't be a problem if not for our circumstances.

"Alright... auntie." Law and I looked at each other with a smile while Adam hung his head. Even though he looked down, I had noticed how his ears burned.

"Right! Mother, can Adam stay here a little longer?"

"My son, don't you think you should ask me for those types of questions?" My husband, who was shunned by his son, finally chimed in while stabbing the bacon on his plate. "You know your mother will refuse none of your requests."

The bright smile on Law's face instantly disappeared as he shifted his eyes to Sam. "I want my friend to stay here a little longer until his bruises recover."

"My son, you don't sound like you are asking a request but ordering me."

"Father, how dare I order you? I am simply informing you since you are the owner of the house."

"Gosh... I named you Law, but my son, have you started thinking you are actually the law?"

Law nodded with absolute certainty. "That's right, Father. It's the law of attract — "

"Pfft—!" my son halted as I could not help but burst out in laughter while covering my lips with the back of my fist. I caught Adam dart his eyes from Law and Sam and a helpless smile resurfaced on the young earl's face.

This type of morning... my husband and son's argument... I couldn't help but think Sam was simply arguing with the little version of himself.. And that... made me appreciate such a peaceful morning.