

The Duke 471

Chapter 471 - Fabian's Request

Sam and Law's conversation made me realize why our son talked like that to his father. I already found it strange when I heard them converse the first time. But now it was clear.

Sam raised his son to be unconsciously aware of where to stand and how to carry himself. Maybe Sam wasn't unaware about this and Law simply picked up this habit by watching his father. Either way, it wasn't a terrible trait to have.

In the end, Sam agreed to let Adam stay only until the young earl recovered. I've seen Adam's body and the bruises on it. I don't blame my son for sympathizing with Adam. The young earl was already ten going eleven this year, but he was too small.

He was almost skin and bones on top of the traces of abuse Jaime inflicted on this child. It was better for him to stay in a more peaceful environment to relieve his stress. Fortunately, Law and I had a powerful backer who had Jaime Malum on a tight leash.

"You seemed happy, Madam," I snapped back to the current lapse when Fabian's voice came from my side. I raised my head at him, smiling.

"I'm just thinking it feels nice to have a strong backer," I explained briefly, peeling my eyes away from Fabian and back to Law and Adam. We were currently in the garden to enjoy some morning air. I sat on the bench while Adam and Law were plucking some flowers not far away from me.

"I feel sorry for Adam, Fabi. If only I can take away all the bad memories he experienced until now, I will do it," came out in a soft voice while staring at the two innocent boys. "Jaime Malum is a terrible person, but I know that those types of people will always exist. It's just sad. Especially now that I have a son, my sympathy for those children increased a hundredfold."

"But with your reign, imagine how many children will avoid such tragedy?" Fabian's tone remained kind. "That is just how this world, madam. We can't save everyone."

A deep exhale escaped my nose as I glanced up at him. "Is there anything you need?"

"His Majesty told me to send you the invitations from the noble houses and said you will be in charge of the young master's birthday," Fabian didn't beat around the bush while I nodded my head in understanding. "If you plan to send out an invitation to faraway lands, I advise Madam shall do it today so it will arrive on time."

"You really know me, Fabi." I chuckled, thinking that Fabian guessed who was the guest I had in mind. But my brows knitted at Fabian's next words.

"Madam, please do not invite Rufus."

"Why not? Did you fight with him?" I asked in surprise as I didn't expect such a request. I've always known that the Barrett Brothers had this complicated relationship, but this was still a shock.

"I might kill him," Fabian answered without looking at me, making my nose scrunch up.

"Just what sort of issue did you two have for you to say such scary things?"

"Just to prove I am stronger than him in front of the young master."

"..."

I couldn't react to Fabian's simple explanation. Even though I didn't know the details, I already know my son looked up to strong individuals. With Rufus's popularity that even the people in the south knew his name, my son would surely see him as a hero. Meanwhile, Fabian was a butler.

I looked at Fabian apologetically, shaking my head. "I'm sorry, Fabi. But I still want to send Sir Knight a letter out of courtesy. I know he is a busy man, but I don't want him to think we are not thinking of him."

"It's alright, Madam. I understand... completely."

A sense of dread instantly crept up my spine, making me gaze at Fabian. The way the corner of his eyes squinted as they glinted made me swallow a mouthful of saliva. Now, even I had to consider sending two letters to Rufus. One was an invitation and the second one was a personal request that he should refuse the first letter.

Our dear butler was, after all, jealous. He would drop his gloves to challenge Rufus for sure.

"Fabian, my heart is torn," I mumbled before I raised my brows as I watched my son and Adam run back to me.

"Mother!" called Law with a bright smile on his face. He and Adam were carrying flowers with them.

"Mother, we got you some flowers!" Law lifted his hands that were carrying the variety of flowers they pluck out from the garden. "I pluck them out while Adam arranged it! Do you like them?"

I stared at the flowers, and my smile relaxed. "They're beautiful. I love it," I said as I accepted the flowers, sniffing at the fresh aroma before casting the two of them a look.

"Thank you, my baby," I expressed, taking one daisy out and placing it above Law's ear. His brows rose, but his cheek was colored with pink.

"Adam, my child, come here." I tilted my head down, waiting for Adam to stand next to Law. Just like what I did, I took out one stem and placed it above his ear.

"Thank you, Adam. The arrangement is really pretty." My smile remained while seeing the innocence in their eyes. I was unsure how my time together with them would affect their lives, but I hoped they would grow up well.

"You two make me happy," I said while bending down to sniff the flowers. The two boys only stared at me before they smiled brightly.

After some time, Fabian spoke. "Madam, we should head in so you can write the invitations for the young master's birthday. Also, it is about time that the young master's tutor will arrive."

I gazed up at him and nodded. My eyes then shifted to the two innocent boys.

"Let's go?"

"Yes, mother!"

"Yes, Auntie!"

Adam and Law answered in unison while I giggled. With that being said, the three of us headed inside. Since I wanted to spend more time with them, Fabian arranged that Law would be tutored in the library with Adam and me.. While they were being taught, I started writing the invitations to the people I missed so much.

Chapter 472 - The Duke Of Grimsbanne

[To the Duke of Grimsbanne,

How are you faring, Your Grace? How was the weather in Grimsbanne? The weather in the South had been humid, which made us enjoy cold teas and desserts. I also enjoyed reading a book under the tree while the midday breeze blew past me. At some point, the thought of you crosses my mind.

I heard a lot about you and your achievements. The reformed, advanced education system Your Grace had founded is remarkable! Even I was amazed to read the books I had procured from the west. They are amazing.

The teachers in the south were slowly following the teachings in Grimsbanne. I am happy. No wonder Grimsbanne had produced elite scholars.

Despite that, I still can't help but think about your welfare, Your Grace. I was wondering if you enjoy the weather back in Grimsbanne as well. Have you been well? Have you been resting and taking care of yourself? All those petty worries I'm sure you'd find bothersome.

Your Grace is a hard worker, after all. And even if I know you are capable, this anxiety will remain in my heart. I wish you do not take this as an insult. It was simply a worry of a lady for her brother.

It had been five years, and I genuinely missed spending an afternoon tea with you, Your Grace. I was hopeful to see you on my son's 6th birthday a month after you receive this letter.

I missed you, Yulis. I sent you some tea I made myself for you to enjoy. It alleviates one's mood and fatigue. I hope this will help even the slightest.

I'll be looking forward to your response.

From your (lover) sister,

Lilou Roux]

Yulis's eyes were smiling gently as he read the letter he received this morning until he read the last part. His face instantly distorted as Lilou's humor was totally something he disliked. Either way, his heart warmed up after receiving such a letter, hand-written by Lilou.

"Sister..." he whispered with eyes full of gentleness, placing his thumb to cover the word lover. That joke ruined the entire letter for him.

"You finally woke up, huh?" he chuckled, rereading the letter. Just reading it, Yul could hear her soft voice in his head.

It had been five long years. The longest five years in his long existence, but after hearing from Lilou, it was as though a thorn in his heart was taken out. He was beyond happy — too happy that he already read the letter five times.

After reading the letter five more times, Yul glanced at the little present that came along with it.

"She made this herself?" Yul wondered in a gentle tone, smiling at the thought of it. "Since when did she learn how to make tea?"

The letter brought Yul back to all the happy times in the past. Yul, Silvia, and Lilou would mostly spend an afternoon tea together. They would talk about just anything. He recalled the time Silvia offered to teach Lilou on how to make teas, but the latter wasn't the person to show interest in a lady's hobby.

Lilou would rather pick up a sword and train than socialize in high society. She would rather go to war than accept a noble tea party. She was the person who would rather wear a knight's uniform than wear a luxurious dress. But this letter... it was easy for him to detect that she had become more ladylike.

"She has a wonderful son now, after all." Yul smiled as he caressed the letter gently. "Just like Hell, I'm sure she is trying to change. How time passed."

KNOCK KNOCK!

Yul snapped his eyes at the door and caught the old butler entering his office. He was carrying another letter and didn't talk until he stood in front of the duke's desk.

"Your Grace, a letter from the capital came today," said the butler, making Yul's gentle expression die. Yulis stretched his neck up to see the crest on the letter.

"Throw it away," he ordered after just glancing at the crest. "I told you. Throw away all letters from the Capital."

"But Your Grace, how can that be? The messenger said it is important and must be read by Your Grace," the Old Butler argued, suppressing himself from wiping the sweats on his forehead.

A sigh slipped past Yul's lips as he crooked a finger. "Give it to me."

Just as he ordered, the butler handed the letter to him carefully. Yulis glanced at him before opening the letter.

[To the Duke of Grimsbanne,

How are you, my love? The capital had been peaceful to the point it was so boring. It makes me yearn for --]

Yulis just skim through the content of the letter before tearing it in half.? To take out his frustration, Yulis shred the letter into many, many pieces with a poker face. The butler nearly gasped, thinking the messenger duped him.

"You," he called coldly, making the butler freeze. "Unless it has the crest of the Military General, don't give me any letters from the capital from now on. Especially from the damn woman."

"Ye — yes, Your Grace. My apologies."

Yulis rolled his eyes as the butler bowed to express his sincerity. How could he blame this old butler?

"It's not your fault. You are simply doing your job. Anyway, prepare this tea my sister made for me," he ordered as he jerked his chin towards the tea Lilou sent.

"Yes, Your Grace," the butler carefully picked up the containers before he noticed the strange designs on them. "Are these the new products from the east, Your Grace?"

"They are not from Silvia. Those teas are from the south." Yulis chuckled as he leaned back, holding Lilou's letter to read again. "I will set off to the south in a few days. Prepare everything I need and summon all merchants. I need to prepare a gift for my sister and my nephew."

The butler studied Yulis's gentle expression as he stared at the letter in his hand. The Duke of Grimsbanne was known for showing almost no emotion. He was known to be a genius with large wisdom to share. To see him smiling like this would make anyone who knew Yulis wonder if they were hallucinating.

"Yes, Your Grace." Even so, the butler still bowed and left to execute the order. As the door shut closed, Yulis turned his head to the window.

"I'll see you in a month, Lilou."

Chapter 473 - [Bonus]Marchioness Of The La Lona March

Meanwhile, the east border of the Great Heart Empire called La Lona March. Silvia's long lashes fluttered ever so slowly as she stared at the man in front of her. Just a while ago, she was enjoying her cup of tea until a visitor requested to see her for business purposes.

"You are telling me you want my hand in exchange for this trade?" she inquired, to clarify the point of the dashing nobleman in front of him.

"The route that our territory will make the trades of the east and the north even more convenient, my lady. Since the biggest consumer of the east are the northerners, it will lessen the travel cost and time. From the profit itself, I'm sure this request is fair." The man explained, watching her rock her head in understanding.

Silvia slowly rested her leg over the other, leaning her jaw against her knuckles, eyes on him. "A fair trade? I guess the Count sees my value as low as that."

"My lady, it is not low for long-term if --"

"The north is, indeed, one of our biggest consumers next to the capital, but it seemed you are not aware, Count. Since the Earl of Monarey and I had a close tie, the profit in our transaction isn't that huge. To make up for that, the north exchange the wheats and corns we send them with weapons. This had been common knowledge, Count." Silvia let out a sigh, as if she couldn't believe she had to explain the obvious to this man.

"The March is the major source of agriculture of the empire and I do not plan on hoarding it. We sell our harvest at a price enough for our dear farmers to live a comfortable life and to lower the poverty of the empire. Just in case you're wondering how come the March flourished despite that, it is because as I've said, we also trade weapons, furs, and all sorts of goods we receive in exchange for our goods," She paused for a moment as her eyes sharpened, watching how the Count's confidence decrease by the second.

"Count, I cannot believe I had to waste my precious tea time to lecture you about the March's trade. Surely, the County still thinks that this little road you're so proud of can coax a woman like me. Do you, perhaps, take me as a fool?" The corner of her lips curled up into a smirk. "My hand in marriage? Count, do you see those piles of letters over there?"

Silvia perked her chin up at the basket right beside her desk. The count instinctively glance in the direction she pointed at, seeing piles of unopened and opened letters.

"Those are marriage proposals from across the empire and even from the neighboring ones," she breathed out while shaking her head. "Some even offered me a country, and another is an island they had discovered. How can you say that road you're offering me is a fair trade for my hand in marriage?"

This time, the emotions in her stunning visage disappeared. It was now replaced with sharpness and coldness as if a goddess looking down at a foolish being.

"Count, I am very disappointed that you came in here without the slightest idea of me or my land. But I will let it slide." Silvia paused once again, acting generously before she smirked.

"About the road, we can still talk about it with proper and just conditions." She offered in a dead tone, staring at the now sweating nobleman fiercely. "Or would you rather talk to the Earl of Monarey about this? I'm sure some rascal in the north is tired of the cold temperature. Visiting the county will be a breath of fresh air to them for sure."

The young Count instantly turned pale when Silvia mentioned 'that' rascal in the north. Although the capital's military strength was fearsome, the knights from the north weren't less terrifying. They were known as savages with the genius young Earl and the support of his monstrous chief knight, Klaus.

Unlike Rufus's name that instantly gave off the idea of a war hero, a knight in shining black armor one could rely on, Klaus was the opposite. When one mentioned Klaus' name, the initial reaction was fear. Someone a person should avoid in this lifetime.

The north's rule was no mercy. And the only person the northerners truly respected was the emperor.

Some had tried to coax the Earl of Monarey to fight for the throne in the past. The result? All those people were hanged in the borders of the north. The reason the emperor had become more untouchable.

Now, Silvia was telling this man those same people who didn't fear using people's heads as their ball to kick around would visit the county? The Count held his breath as he felt like he was stuck in a spider's web. The smirk on her lips just heightened the fear that was slowly creeping into his heart.

"I'm sure, by now, the Earl of Monarey already gets the wind of this road." Silvia smiled as her shoulder relaxed. "It's better to send the Earl a letter that you were already in the talks with me, instead of accepting his request to meet you, don't you think?"

KNOCK KNOCK!

Silvia raised her brows as she snapped her eyes at the door. The smile on her face remained as she watched her lady-in-waiting enter.

"My lady, a letter came today." Mildred, Lilou's former lady-in-waiting, and now Silvia's lady-in-waiting bowed with a letter in her hand.

"Put it on my desk, Mildred. I am currently in a business transaction with the Count." Silvia cocked her head towards the desk but furrowed her brows when Mildred showed hesitation. "Is it important?"

Mildred didn't answer but glanced at the count. Since Silvia already knew how careful Mildred was, she waved.

"Count, as much as I hate to disrupt this discussion, I had an important business to settle. I will send you a letter of the contract. Please tell me if you find anything that displeases you, so we can discuss it," Silvia remarked before she stood from her seat. The Count's trembling hand held on the armrest of the chair and pushed himself up weakly.

"I wouldn't be able to send you off myself. Mildred."

"Yes, my Lady."

Mildred approached Silvia and handed the letter before assisting the count outside the Marchioness office. Silvia stared at the door until it shut closed before gazing down. As soon as she saw the crest of the Roux Family, she tilted her head to the side.

"Hell sent another letter?" she wondered, opening it without hesitation. The second she read the content of the letter, her eyes softened as the side of her lips curled up into a smile.

"Lilou.... my sister."

Chapter 474 - Rufus' Important Decision

Meanwhile, in the imperial palace, Rufus held two letters. One on his right and one on the left. He kept darting his eyes from the letters from Samael... or so what he believed.

"Captain, is there something wrong?"

Rufus raised his head at Kristina, who was leaning on the shelves, arms crossed. Her long beautiful hair was now cut short like a man, and yet she still looked stunning. Although there was a huge scar on the side of her neck up to her jaw. Just like her, Rufus also had a huge scar across his cheek, which didn't bother him.

These scars on them and all the scars underneath their uniform all came from the war. Rufus had been active in the war since Samael's reign with Kristina. They only get to rest in recent years when Samael's power stabilized.

"It's strange," he pointed at while staring at the letters. "Why would His Majesty send two letters at the same time?"

"Well, why don't you open it to know, Captain?" she arched a brow and tilted her head to the side. "I don't understand why you are idling."

"Because my gut feeling tells me I will have to make an important decision."

"Haha. That's understandable, then." Kristina chuckled as she shook her head lightly. She had been with Rufus almost at all times. Although her feelings towards her captain remained, Rufus was akin to an indestructible wall; immovable, dense, and just plain. Thus, their relationship stayed platonic.

The longer she stayed with him, the more Kristina realized he would never reciprocate her feelings. Not that she had her hopes up from the beginning. She was already aware of who held this man's heart. And that was... the beautiful lady in the east.

"Captain, now that I think about it, I heard Her Highness in the east had been receiving a lot of marriage proposals." Kristina broke the silence, waiting for him to raise his head.

"So? What's that got to do with me?"

Kristina smacked her lips as she already expected such a weak reaction. "Nothing, Captain. I just thought you might get jealous." She shrugged nonchalantly.

"Why would I get jealous? The Marchioness in the East is amazing. Of course, a lot of men will line up to get her attention. Not only does she hold a beauty of a goddess, but she is also smart and has political influence." Rufus explained with a tone of disinterest, darting his eyes on the letter once again.

"Captain, are you this calm because you know she rejects all of them? Or are you only that confident that you have a good hold on her heart?"

Rufus paused and blinked ever so slowly. "Neither."

Kristina frowned as she studied Rufus. He already picked which letter he should open and grabbed a paper-knife to open it.

"There's another option; are you calm because you simply accepted that she is someone you will never reach?" once again, she raised a question out of plain curiosity.

This time, Rufus raised his head once again and scanned Kristina. "You are always interested in the matters of my heart, Dame Monroe. I should be the one asking you. Why hadn't you gotten married yet? I heard you received a couple of marriage proposals in the past months."

"That's right. I think I did and burned them all."

"Why?"

Kristina scrunched her nose up as she looked at him in dismay. "My Captain, are you asking me because you don't know?"

"I don't." He shook his head, sporting a clueless, stoic look.

"It's because Captain had a good hold of my maiden heart as well." She peeled her eyes away and answered along with a deep exhale. Although she sounded joking, she wasn't.

Rufus nodded in understanding. "Is that so?"

She could only roll her eyes at his reaction. See? That was why she didn't find the need to keep her feelings a secret. Rufus wouldn't take it to the heart.

They kept quiet after that as Rufus opened the letter and then the other. Once the letters were in his hand, held both of them and read them. Kristina studied his expression and quirked a brow, seeing how Rufus's stiff expression relaxed, but then he frowned.

"Captain, that's a strange reaction. Is your gut feeling correct?" she asked, intrigued by what could make this man smile gently and frown a second later.

"My gut feeling never failed me, Dame." Rufus cast her a quick look. "I, indeed, need to make a critical decision where I had to put my life on the... line."

He trailed off when the door of the office suddenly busted open. Kristina and Rufus could only blink as they watch Beatrice pranced her way inside his office.

"The capital is so... boring~!" Beatrice exclaimed in distress, taking a seat on the settee inside Rufus' office. She raised her brows and darted her eyes from Kristina and Rufus, narrowing them suspiciously.

"Say, you two." She raised a hand and pointed it at the two of them. "Are you two in that kind of relationship? I mean, it would surprise no one. So, you don't have to keep it a secret."

"Your Highness, I will appreciate it if you do not put malice in my relationship with the Dame." Rufus's tone remained calm and unbothered. By now, he was already used at Beatrice barging into his office whenever she pleased. She was that bored.

Beatrice let out a sigh before shaking her head, arms crossed. "General, you are being heartless with Dame Kristina. How can you be so dense when it's obvious who her heart yearns?"

"Your Highness, my heart is now pulverized. You do not have to worry." Kristina humored, pressing her lips and faking a smile. She was also used to Beatrice's personality by now. Well, she somehow could understand this princess from another kingdom.

Beatrice had the palace all to herself, after all. Everyone was busy while she was here, withering away in the luxury of the imperial palace alone. She was slowly losing her mind at this strange peace in the empire.

"You seemed to be in a good mood, Your Highness." Rufus pointed out, making Beatrice's face brighten up.

"I sent Yulis a letter and I'm sure by now, he had received it already."

"And I'm also certain he had torn it before reading everything." He guessed in the same nonchalant tone, but Beatrice chuckled loudly. Her laughter echoed across the four corners of the office, sounding more evil by the second.

"I know!" she exclaimed, heaving a deep breath while biting her index finger. "It makes me wonder how many times he tore my letter. Oh, Yulis..."

Kristina cringed, feeling sorry for Yulis for catching this woman's eyes. 'What a pervert.' she thought, shifting her eyes to Rufus.. The latter also shook his head lightly before diverting his focus on the letters.

Chapter 475 - Earl Of Monarey

Up in the North of the Earldom of Monarey. A place where it was cold all year round. However, the climate didn't bother the Earl's knightage as they trained with their tops off. Considering the freezing cold during winter, they considered the climate now much tolerable.

From the Earl's office, a young man stood in front of the window. He was watching the knights do their extensive physical training led by the knighthood captain, Klaus. The latter's shouting was so loud the young man could even hear it from there.

"Is he planning to kill all the knights? They never had a break since this morning," he murmured, clicking his tongue as the knights looked exhausted now. "But well, if they died, that only means they are weak."

Just then, Klaus from the training grounds raised his head and caught the young man watching them. The side of his lips stretched until his eyes squinted, making him appear very evil.

"This is why people keep comparing our knightage with the military general." The young man let out a sigh, shaking his head while Klaus finally gave the knights a break. Everyone was exhausted that they just collapse on the cold ground, making the young man sigh once again before walking back to his desk.

As soon as he plopped down on the seat behind his desk, he picked up the opened letter he just read earlier.

"Auntie Lilove," he whispered gently, replacing the coldness in his eyes with warmth. The once young prince who was kept in the royal palace back in the capital now had grown into a fine young man. How time flew so fast.

"My lord!" Claude raised his eyes towards the door. His gaze instantly fell on Klaus, who barged inside his office and shamelessly strutted his way in with a towel over his head.

"Uncle, I mean, Captain Knight, are you planning to kill all our people?"

"My lord, don't exaggerate! I'm simply strengthening their body. Their skin should be as thick as metal so they don't die so easily!" Klaus shamelessly argued as he walked towards the chair around the round table inside the office and sat down comfortably. He raised his feet up and tilted his head back. Using the cloth he used to wipe his sweats, he covered his face.

Claude fixed his eyes on his uncle's figure, sighing faintly. "A letter came from the south."

"Fucking Hell," Klaus snorted indifferently, holding his hand behind his head. "What does he want this time?"

"Uncle, I advise you to refrain from cursing the Emperor. Even if he is not here, people might misunderstand our loyalty."

"Fucking Hell."

Claude's lips opened, but he decided not to speak and simply shook his head. "I will travel across the empire. The sooner the better, since the north is so far away from the south."

This time, Klaus frowned as he lifted the cloth from his face. He cocked his head in the Earl's direction, batting his eyes lazily.

"Did Hell tell you to go to the south? Did he finally lose his mind this time?" asked Klaus in dismay, obviously displeased by this. "For what reason does he need the Earl's help?"

"Uncle, do you still think I am someone who can't protect myself?"

"Oh, no, my liege! Don't misunderstand. The south is so far and marching to the south with a large troop is a hassle." Klaus shrugged and looked away. Obviously, he wasn't underestimating Claude because Klaus trained this young man himself. However, there was a reason Klaus didn't want to go to the south.

"Uncle, do you still blame the emperor for what happened to Auntie Lilove?" the young Earl inquired after some time.

The crackling sound of woods in the fireplace slowly filled the room, along with silence. Claude was aware of how Klaus also grew fond of Lilou. She was the first person who believed in Klaus' capabilities, after all. His uncle respected and swore his life to Lilou. Even Claude was unsure who would Klaus choose between him or Lilou.

"What's the point?" Klaus finally spoke, breaking the silence in the room. "Until now, she is still sleeping. Her son will be a year older this year again, but she will miss another year of that child's life. Before we know it, her son will be married already."

Klaus paused momentarily as his eyes softened while staring at the ceiling. "It will shock her to death if she wakes up with a grandchild."

"Uncle, I thought you were slow, but it seems your training made not only your heart race and blood run but also your thinking." Claude humored with a nod, letting out a faint chuckle. "My cousin is still five and you are already thinking about his children. You aren't even married yet."

"No, thank you."

Claude let out another wave of dry chuckles as he glanced at the letter. "Even Uncle Yulis and Auntie Silvia don't want to get married. Are you that afraid to have children and do them wrong, just like the late king?"

"My nephew, my Lord." Klaus lazily set his eyes towards the dashing young man sitting behind the desk. "I heard you are considering marriage. Just in case, you don't have to marry for political reasons."

"I will not marry. I'm letting them talk about marriage so they get it out of their chest. The only woman I will marry is Auntie Lilove since I promised her marriage, after all."

"Wow..." Klaus withdrew his feet away from the table and gazed at Claude in disbelief. "My lord, just get married to strengthen the Earldom."

"But you just said I don't need to."

"I changed my mind after knowing the dangerous fantasy you have in your head. Are you planning us to get killed?!" Klaus clicked his tongue continuously while Claude chuckled. He raised a brow when his nephew's eyes softened at the letter he had been holding since he came in.

"Who sent that letter? Is that a love letter for you to smile like that?" he asked, out of plain curiosity.

"You can say that." Claude raise his head and offered Klaus to read it. "I'm going to the south because I received a love letter."

Klaus knitted his brows as he sauntered towards the desk. He didn't idle and snatched the letter, gazing at Claude suspiciously.

[To my little Earl in Monarey,

How have you been, my Lord...]

His eyes slowly dilated upon recognizing this handwriting and the content of the letter. Klaus gazed down at Claude, only to notice some torn parliament on the side of the desk.

"Right. I accidentally tore the letter for you.." Claude smiled, feigning innocence at the separate letter for Klaus.

Chapter 476 - Matching Clothes

"Lilou."

I raised my hand, stopping the maid that was decorating my hair with an ornament. A smile appeared on my face before turning in my seat. There stood my husband, who just entered my room, crossing his arms with his eyes on me.

"The goods you procured the last time arrived," he said as he walked towards me. As if on cue, the maidservant bowed her head wordlessly and left us alone.

Sam squatted down in front of me, looking up for me to see his perfect facial features. I would never get enough of this man's beauty.

"We're you mad about my spending?" I asked while cupping his jaw.

"Why would I?" Sam planted a kiss on the back of my hand with his eyes on me. "I just missed you."

I chuckled at his claims. How could he say he miss me when we just had breakfast an hour ago? We had spent more time together during the past month since I awoke. Compared to our time in the palace back then, there won't be a day that we wouldn't be together despite our busy schedule.

Sam had made sure to dine with us during breakfast and dinner — lunch was a little tricky since we all had things to do during the day. Aside from that, Sam would sometimes spend his afternoon tea with me and Law and Adam. Yes, the Young Earl had stayed with us until now.

"Did you have a problem in the fort?" I asked, curious why he was extra clingy today.

"A bit, but it's resolved now."

"I see. So you just came here to get a breather?" I chuckled while petting his hair as he rested his head on my lap. No wonder my son also liked to rest his head on my lap; he took after his father.

"Yes. You're my calm, after all." My heart warmed up at his answer. "Is Baroness Fletcher's tea party today?"

"Yes. She invited me so she can introduce me to the other noble ladies." I smiled, thinking that this would be my first tea party with a noble lady after my slumber. "Law wants to come. Should I bring the young Earl?"

"Mhmm." Sam raised his head and straightened his back, staring at me. "You want to bring Adam?"

"Well, only a few people know the face of the Earl. He will be very sad if we leave him alone in here."

"Lilou, the love of my life, the Earl will soon return to his estate since he had recovered well. He will soon have to fulfill his duties as the Earl of Minowa," Sam reminded me, making me frown as my shoulders relaxed. "My baby wife..."

Sam held my hips as he let out a sigh. "I know you are worried about Adam, but he can do it. Just like Claude in the north, he will be a great Earl."

"I know that, but... I think of Adam as my own. He is so adorable, kind, and just... I don't want him to go back to the place that will remind him of those dark days in his life." My frown grew worse, thinking of how Adam looked when we first met. The more I thought about it, the more my heart ached for him.

Although Adam started smiling more and gained a bit of weight, I didn't have the heart to send him back. Even the thought of Sam backing him up still made my heart feel restless.

"What am I going to do with you, wife?" Sam held my hand and kissed it gently. "I feel like I'm sinning if I press on this matter more. I'll give you more time, then."

"Thank you, my love." I smiled, closed-lipped. "I want to spend more time with our sons. If Adam wants to return, then I will support him. I just can't force him now or even think about it."

"Mhm. I understand." He hummed while trailing kisses on my arm.

"Sam, I have a tea party to attend to."

"I know. I'm just kissing you."

I rolled my eyes as his kisses incited something else, but I let him. After he kissed me to his heart's content, Sam slowly stood up. Before he straighten his back, he planted a soft kiss on my lips while cupping my cheek.

"Sam..." I whispered in his mouth, clutching his chest.

"I'm just kissing you," he muttered, but then slipped his tongue in between my lips. I instinctively wrapped my arms around him, kissing him back passionately.

Sam and I had been busy every single night, but it seemed this only made him crave for more. It was like Sam was always in heat... just like I was.

KNOCK KNOCK!

"Mother, can I come in?"

Sam clicked his tongue as he parted his lips from me and rested his forehead against mine. I couldn't help but chuckle, as this had happened multiple times. It was as if Law was keeping watch of his father, timing him on how long Sam could spend time with me alone.

"Why is he so possessive?" he complained through his gritted teeth, drawing his head back and setting them on the door.? "He really takes after you, my wife. Come in."

I chuckled and shook my head. Arguing with him about this was pointless. Sam already believed my son got his personality from me, but the more I was with them, the more I realized how Law and Sam were alike.

"My son only got my good traits, but he got most of his mother's scary traits," Sam mumbled and sigh. This time, I couldn't help but cast him a look of disbelief.

'Shameless,' I thought, but before I could call him out, Law and Adam already entered. My eyes instantly shone as soon as my gaze landed on those two young cuties.

My fingers curled, covering my lips. "My angels... so cute...!"

The matching clothes I bought for them had different colors but of the same design. Law looked great in black and red while the Adam in white and blue. Of course, since I was the one who bought their clothes for today, mine also coordinated with their clothes.

"And.... I'm the outsider here?" Sam grumbled as he darted his eyes from the two boys, then to me. "Fabian!! Get me a seamstress this instance!"

Chapter 477 - This Is Painful To Watch

Sam made a huge fuss about wearing clothes that didn't match ours. Since we had time to spare, Law, Adam, and I sat on the divan inside the room. We were currently watching the master of the house get measured.

"He is hopeless," Law whispered while shaking his head. "It's not like they can get the clothes done today."

"Law." I widened my eyes at Law. "You shouldn't call your father hopeless."

"Sorry, Mother." I patted Law's head. I've been trying to educate him to talk to his father with a little more... respect. Although I knew my son loved his father deep in his heart, it would be better if our son talk to Sam a little gentler.

"Adam, are you alright?" I shifted my focus to Adam and noticed the weak smile on his face. He peeled his eyes away from Sam and to me.

"Yes, Mother. I just feel sorry for Father," he admitted, tugging my conscience. It was my fault, after all. I went crazy adoring my little angels that I forgot about my husband while we were shopping. Hence, I forgot to get Sam a pair.

"It's alright. Your father is now getting measured." I patted Adam's hair and buried my guilt deep in my heart. I was just happy that Adam now called us mother and father naturally.

The story about this was a little bizarre. I didn't want Adam to call us Mother and Father just because I didn't want him to think we were trying to erase the existence of his real parents. However, during Adam's second week in the mansion, Sam suddenly knocked his knuckles on the dining table while we were having a peaceful dinner.

I could still remember how Sam pointed at Adam telling him, "call me Father."

Not only Law and Adam were surprised, but I was also mind-boggled. Sam didn't explain to me why he suddenly had this impulse, but Adam got used to it now. It also wasn't that bad since he felt more at home and belong in the mansion. I was glad that Sam trained everyone in this mansion to be fair. Thus, they treated Adam the same way they treated Law.

"I want this done in an hour!" Sam's sudden order made me flinch. The three of us gazed back at him, seeing the seamstress look at him blankly.

"Si — Sir Roux???" the Seamstress gasped as if she couldn't believe my husband's request.

"I can't believe I am being forced to watch this," Law mumbled, letting out a deep sigh. I stroked his back, and he cast me a gloomy look. "Mother, this is so painful to watch."

"My baby, your father might hear --"

"My son, blame your mother for forgetting to get me a pair." I winced when Sam suddenly chimed in. "I can't believe my wife will forget about me! How cruel!"

"Father, Mother had been busy and has a lot of things in mind. You are already old enough for Mother to take care of."

"My son." Sam crossed his arm and faced us with his chin up. "I will give you ten little sisters and ten little brothers so I can say the same in the future."

I nearly choked at the argument my husband used. That wouldn't affect my son; there was no way. I gazed at Law and I was wrong. He was on fire!

"Heh. Just see." Sam smirked wickedly while wiggling his brows as if to taunt our son. "Don't cry if that happens."

Law was glaring daggers at Sam before he faced me. I nearly jumped at seeing how his eyes could kill, but then smiled sweetly. This... reminded me of how Fabian's smile could send a chill down my spine!

"Mother, I've been having nightmares lately. Can you stay sleep in my room tonight?" he batted his eyes innocently, attacking me with his cuteness.

Oh, no... I knew he was just trying to aggravate his father, but how could I refuse him? My son knew my weakness, and I felt like crying.

"I had been keeping Adam awake too. Right? Adam?" Law tilted his body to look at the innocent Adam. I glanced at the latter and he pressed his lips into a thin line. Adam nodded but averted his eyes as if he was feeling guilty for lying.

"Hah...! My son, aren't you ashamed for dragging Adam to your lie?" Sam gasped in dismay, looking at Law as if he was his archenemy.

My goodness. My husband and my son's competition had become fiercer by the day. If only they could share. A helpless sigh slipped past my lip, darting my eyes at Law and then to Sam.

"Whatever. I somehow could imagine that the four of us would end up sleeping in the same room tonight. My husband will never concede and neither my son. There was no point in arguing."

Thanks to Fabian, the terrified seamstress wasn't pressured to finish Sam's clothes in an hour. That was impossible, even if she was gifted with super speed. To appease Sam, Law, Adam, and I also got measured for a new pair to match my husband's.

Law and Sam would argue at every chance they got, but I tried to ignore it. I believed this was just their way of showing affection. After that, Sam offered to send us off to the tea party we would attend.

"Take care," Sam waved, standing outside the carriage while we're already inside. "I will miss you."

"Tch." Law clicked his tongue while crossing his arm, still annoyed at his father.

"I'll see you later." I smiled at him. "We will return before it gets late."

"Love, you really don't want to bring Fabian with you?"

This time, I clicked my tongue and glared at him. "Charlie is with us."

"Well, Charlie, you know what to do." Sam peeked inside and cast Charlotte a look. "Please take care of my wife and my sons."

"Yes, Your — Master." I glanced at Charlotte, who was sitting across from me with Adam. Law was on my side.

"Don't worry about us." I looked back at Sam and smiled. "We'll be fine."

"Of course you will." My brows furrowed when I saw the smug grin on his face, but I ignored it. With that being said, I waved at him as the carriage moved. Sam stood on his spot while staring at us, waving until we left the mansion.

Once the carriage exited the gates, Fabian approached Samael. He stood a palm length away from him, gazing at the husband of the year.

"Your Majesty, did you really have to mobilize your shadow guards to follow Her Majesty and the young masters?" asked Fabian in a low tone, sighing deeply as this looked as if they would cross the border.

"For my peace of mind, Fabian." Samael shrugged and pivoted on his heel to face him. "Tell the seamstress I want ten more pairs for each of us. Our family will start wearing matching clothes from now on."

Fabian watched Samael jog his way inside the mansion. "He looks extremely happy. If anyone sees the emperor wearing matching clothes with his wife and sons... they will question his power.." Shaking his head before following the delighted emperor.

Chapter 478 - [Bonus]Tea Party

For the past month, I had been busy tending to my son and preparing for his birthday celebration. I even sent invitations to the people I longed to see. Sam told me that Law's birthday had always been simple, so I initially wanted it to be simple. However, since Sam and Law finally agreed on something and wanted a grand banquet, I had no option but to do that.

Now that I finished the first phase of the preparation, I had to socialize to invite local guests. I couldn't just invite those people from outside the south, right? Our family also needed some friends in the place we now lived in.

Thus, I accepted Baroness Fletcher's invitation among all other invitations our house received for the past month. With Fabian's help, I got the information I needed from each noble house in Minowa. And the House Fletcher was the best to start with.

Although the Baroness had a humble title, she was quite close with the high-ranking noble ladies in Minowa. Jaime Malum's daughter even invited her to some of the tea parties she hosted; the queen in the tea parties and banquet in the south. I was hopeful of gaining one or two friends at this tea party.

"Mother." I snapped my eyes and gazed down at Law. "You are smirking."

"I'm just excited since this is my first tea party." I patted his head gently, glancing at Charlotte out of instinct. The latter let out a sigh as if she had read my mind.

Soon, we reached the Baroness Estate. It wasn't that far from our house, so Sam was exaggerating. As we entered the gates of the Fletcher's estate, I caught a figure from the corner of my eyes. I looked outside the window, but there was no one.

'Was it just my imagination?' I wondered before mentally shaking my head. 'Maybe it was a servant in this estate.'

I ignored the feeling of being watched until the carriage stopped. The head butler greeted us and lead me to the tea party. Since the children had their own place to play, I asked Charlotte to look after Adam and Law.

"Madam Fletcher is inside, Madam Roux." The butler bowed, gesturing for me to enter the greenhouse where the party was being held in. I offered him a smile and nodded before he opened the door for me.

As soon as I stepped in, the harmonious waves of laughter of the ladies and the fresh atmosphere the greenhouse offered welcomed me. My smile remained as I followed the butler. We soon reached a group of ladies around the table, laughing and enjoying their time leisurely.

"Madam, Madam Roux had arrived." The butler announced politely, catching the women's attention. They slowly turned their head in my direction as their laughter receded.

"Good day, Madam Fletcher. Thank you for inviting me to your tea party." I smiled modestly, scanning the table. It seemed they started early.

"Madam Roux!" The host of the tea party, Baroness Fletcher, clapped before she motioned her hand. "Please, join us! We were excited to meet Madam Roux that we started early!"

"Thank you," I replied as I took a seat near Baroness Fletcher. I naturally glanced at everyone and smiled. There were six ladies around the table, all wives of prominent figures in the south.

"Baroness Fletcher, I bought gifts and tea to express my gratitude for inviting me to your tea party." I set my focus on Baroness Fletcher and smiled, wanting to leave a good impression on them.

"Oh, Madam Roux. That is so sweet of you!" she exclaimed as she glanced at the gifts the butler showed her. "Thank you."

I just smiled politely, already bored at sucking up. The only tea time I enjoyed was when I was with Yul and Silvia. But socializing was the duty of the lady in the house. I had to show a little more interest.

There was a moment of silence after Baroness Fletcher asked the butler to take the gifts. I could feel the other ladies gaze on me, but I kept my smile and composure.

"As we were talking, the Roux Family had moved in the south five years ago. We heard that Madam Roux was gravely ill, so she couldn't attend social gatherings. We're truly glad to hear that Madam Roux had recovered." Baroness Fletcher broke the silence as she smiled at me kindly. "Now that I see Madam Roux, no wonder Sir Roux is so devoted to you. You are stunning."

I ignored how she sounded a little... bitter. "You flatter me, Baroness. But thank you."

There was a long exchange of flatteries to the extent it was uncomfortable. The other ladies also joined in the conversation as they relaxed with the presence of the outsider. It felt... enervating to keep smiling and laughing along with their shallow conversation.

'Calm down, Lilou. You have to do this so Adam will have more supporters,' I told myself while chuckling at the conversation I wasn't following. 'That's right. These women have the power to whisper in their husband's ears and influence them with their opinions. Just think of this as a mission. A mission!'

"Oh, right! Madam Roux, did you receive the gift I sent you and Sir Roux?" I snapped my eyes back at the Baroness, at her sudden inquiry. "When Sir Roux told me about your full recovery, I sent a flower and told him it was to express that I am glad you have recovered."

'Huh?' A huge question mark hovered over my head.

"Oh, my! Madam Roux, please do not misunderstand." Another lady spoke, making me look at her in confusion. "Baroness Fletcher and Sir Roux were simply friends and business partners."

"Right. Even when Sir Roux visits Baroness' boutique, it is really nothing."

Honestly, I wouldn't misunderstand because I knew my husband. However, they sounded like they wanted me to misunderstand...???

'Ahh...' I smiled and rocked my head lightly. 'It seems Fabian failed to tell me one thing. Is it because he didn't think it was necessary? Well, he was right, but this was a little shocking. Baroness Fletcher seemed to bear feelings for my husband, and it was totally understandable. Sam was gorgeous and even without a noble title, he was richer than lower nobles.'

"Haha. What's there to misunderstand?" I said sweetly, staring at Baroness Fletcher with large a smile. "My husband is a gentleman and Baroness is a virtuous woman. How can I bear malicious thoughts, such as the Baroness wanting to covet another woman's husband? That is ridiculous, don't you think?"

A soft laugh slipped past my lips as I picked up the teacup. I studied their expression discreetly while sipping, pleased at the change in their expression. Now, this was interesting.. My desire to befriend Baroness Fletcher just increased by several levels.

Chapter 479 - Tea Party II

There was a reason Sam, despite his beautiful appearance, was the least desired for marriage back in the Capital. Beneath his out of this world's beauty, Sam... my husband was... crazy. And everyone in the capital knew that fact. Beside me, the last person who seduced my husband left with a broken heart; if only she wasn't his sister, he will break it, literally.

I could still remember how my husband nearly destroyed Cassara's jaw the first time. May her soul rest in peace.

Still, with Sam's new identity as a family man, these ladies didn't know how terrifying he could be. A gentleman? My gosh. Even if Sam was my husband, my hair raised with the thought. In my husband's eyes, everyone was the same as ants and he would crush them with his bare hands if they pissed him enough.

Either way, this Baroness Fletcher... did she think her sneaky remarks were enough? I was simply pissed, but not that I believed a single word they said.

Baroness Fletcher sported a kind smile. "I am glad that Madam Roux doesn't think like that." She extended her arm and held my hand, patting it gently.

"Of course, Baroness." My smile remained as I glanced down, noticing the bracelet around her wrist. It looked familiar, I thought. That was because I had one.

"Madam Roux is more understanding than we thought!" Another lady exclaimed, followed by a chuckle. "I'm very sure Madam Roux will understand that Sir Roux simply gifts Lady Talia because she was a great help in the Roux Family business."

'Sam sends her gifts?'

"Madam Roux doesn't know, but when you first arrived in the South, Sir Roux had some discrepancy in his business." Baroness Talia Fletcher chuckled, reminiscing about the time in the past with such gentleness in her eyes. If I didn't know she was thinking about my husband, I would've believed she was thinking of her husband.

"I simply helped him get through those rough days. So, Sir Roux would occasionally help me whenever I needed help. Our House and the Roux Family had been great friends since." She reassured with a kind smile.

Honestly, I would think she was truly sincere if they stopped insinuating. But the more she talked, the more she sounded like explaining. I already told them I didn't misunderstand, but this was getting annoying. Were they waiting for me to get angry?

"Lady Talia," I cajoled as I held her hand. "As I've said, I understand. I'm sure my husband is simply expressing his sincerity with your help. After all, I couldn't do that since I was ill."

I tilted my head, smiling kindly. Did she understand my point? That my husband didn't need to do such menial things himself since I had recovered? It seemed she got it, as her eyes glinted for a second.

"Yes, Madam Roux. I'm glad that you are now back to your full health to help Sir Roux with the matters of your estate."

"I appreciate your help until now, Lady Talia. I hope with my recovery, the burden my husband had caused you will lessen. "

"Oh no, don't mention it." She chuckled and so did I. This was the reason I hated socializing in high society. They battle with words when I can stop them by silencing them... forever.

'Good thing I didn't take Fabian with me. Or else, he would surely have to clean this place.'

After that, the ladies seemed they gave up on getting on my nerves. Hence, they changed the subject once again. I smiled and listened to these shallow conversations once again until the subject returned to me like a roulette.

"Madam Roux, isn't your son's birthday coming up?" one noble lady glanced at Lady Talia before she set her eyes on me. "Lady Talia always helps Sir Roux on the young master's birthday."

"Is that so?" I glanced at Lady Talia.

She smiled at me and nodded. "If Madam Roux needs anything, you can always go to me. I can help you with the Young Master Roux's preferences."

"I will appreciate that, Lady Talia. Thank you very much." I held her hand, squeezing it lightly. This time, my eyes glinted while staring at her straight in the eye. Her hand slightly trembled under my grip before I loosened it.

Scaring her wasn't my intention, but they were getting on my nerves. If only I didn't want Minowa to be like in the capital, I would've done what I pleased. But all I could do was pull an aura on her.

Lady Talia seemed to ignore the sense of dread she felt as the conversation continued. Good for her. We still needed to be friends, after all.

When the tea party was coming to a close, I invited everyone to my son's birthday since that was the goal from the beginning. They all agreed with a bright smile, but I wasn't particularly thrilled about it.

"Then, I will send you all an invitation," I said, still bearing the smile I wore throughout the tea party. "It will be a great honor if you will be there, Lady Talia. My husband and I will be very glad."

Meanwhile, back in the Roux Estate, Samael suddenly felt a chill down his spine. Fabian, who was placing a document on his desk, raised his brows.

"That's strange, Your Majesty. It is not cold for you to shiver." Fabian pointed out while Samael raised his head. The latter was rubbing his shoulders.

"My gut feeling tells me I am in trouble, Fabian." Samael voiced out, clicking his tongue as he pondered if he failed to settle an important business.

"Then, you should prepare, Your Majesty. Your gut feeling never failed you, after all."

"You think so?" Samael raised his head in dismay, displeased how Fabian never told him 'he was simply overthinking.' This level of support from Fabian was something Samael would make him wonder if it was a good thing or the opposite.

"Whatever. It doesn't feel like that kind of trouble." He waved before leaning back.

"My lord," Fabian called and waited for Samael to cast him a look. "I really think you should prepare. Her Majesty had a tea party with Baroness Fletcher."

"So?" Samael raised a brow, confused at the butler's advice.

"Baroness Fletcher had always admired Your Majesty. Knowing her social skills, it is not impossible to plant the idea that you and the Baroness are close."

There was dead silence after Fabian brought this up. Samael stared at him blankly, realizing this thing he deemed insignificant.

"Haha! That's impossible. My wife knows me best!" Samael exclaimed in confidence, but Fabian shrugged.

"I'll still prepare you a nice coffin, just in case."

Chapter 480 - Jealous

If Lady Talia and her lackeys didn't persist in insinuating about this nonexistent affair that the Baroness and my husband had, I would confidently say the tea party was a success. I met the goal. Even though their kindness to me was superficial, that had been the face of the high society ever since.

It was rare to find genuine friendship within nobles. What was important to me was, I would be in this circle to listen to gossips. I knew one day, this gossips would give me something important in the future.

Still, I was upset. I knew Sam would never cheat on me. But it seemed he had taken on this new persona too far that a lady like Lady Talia was assuming. How aggravating.

"Mother, are you alright?" Law's voice brought back from my thoughts. I gazed down at him and smiled.

"Did you have fun with the other young masters?" I asked.

Law frowned as he glanced at Adam. "I'd rather stay with mother than play with them."

"Aww. Me too, my son." My heart warmed up as the frustration that was eating me receded slightly.

"I don't like children since they are stupid and a bunch of crybabies. Someone even tried to pick on Adam, telling him he was Father's bastard."

"What?" I gasped and instinctively gazed at Charlotte. She only cast me an apologetic smile as she shrugged. I knew Charlotte couldn't do anything since it was a dispute between children. But still...

"It's upsetting that they only pick on him since they think he is weak." Law glared at Adam, and the latter hung his head low. "This is why they see you as an easy target. You always look down that makes you look pathetic."

"Law." My tone raised a little and firm, making Law stop as he gazed up at me. "Adam had been through a lot. You should understand that not everyone is the same."

"But Mother, if Adam keeps this up, what will happen if I'm not around? Father only agreed to let him stay once he fully recovered. So, Adam will be on his own in his own house with the Malum's." Law clutched his hand on his lap, staring at me with determination flickering across his eyes. "I don't understand why Adam and Father don't fight back. It's not like the bullying will stop if you ask nicely."

"So you are suggesting to use violence as a resolution?"

Law's jaw tightened as his chest moved in and out heavily. My baby truly seemed infuriated and worried. Gosh... he was like the big brother.

"Law, even if I try to fight back, I know I'm the only one who will get hurt." Adam finally spoke his opinion in a shaking voice, but still kept his head low. "I may be weak and a pushover, but I don't want to hurt others."

"So, you will let them hurt you instead?!" Law raised his voice, which even shocked me. "Adam, I am so disappointed in you! You don't even have the will to protect yourself. How can you expect that others will respect you? I hate you."

Adam slowly raised his head as he looked at Law blankly. "Law..."

"Son," I called softly, but Law looked away. I wanted to talk to him, but I knew I had to give him a bit of time to calm down first. Whatever happened seemed to truly upset my son. I could only cast Adam an apologetic look.

After Law's outburst, we traveled in silence. Even when we reached home, he ignored Adam and rushed inside.

"What the...?" Sam, who welcomed us home, watched his son, who sprinted inside the mansion after hopping down the carriage. "My wife, our son, seemed very upset. Just what happened to this tea party?"

I only cast him a disinterested look before turning to Adam. "Adam, it's alright. We'll let him calm down first, alright? I will talk to him later."

Adam had been biting his lip, suppressing the tears that had been tempting from the corner of his eyes. He only nodded without saying a word. A sigh slipped past my lips as I glanced at Charlotte.

"Please make something nice to eat for Adam and Law," I requested and Charlotte nodded while saying, "yes, madam," and then assisted Adam out of the carriage.

As Charlotte held Adam's hand while walking back home, Sam offered his hand to me. But I slapped it lightly, causing his eyes to dilate in shock.

"Thank you, but no," I said as I helped myself out of the carriage. I didn't idle as I walked towards our house, lifting my chin.

Sam walked beside me nervously. "My wife, why are you also upset? Did I do something wrong?"

"Wrong?" I stopped and turned my head to him. "Nothing in particular. Just someone got into my nerves."

"My wife, is this because of Baroness Fletcher? Wife, you know me. I only have you in my eyes." Sam reached his hands to me and held my shoulders. He lowered his head while his brows rose.

"I know."

"Right? I knew you will not misunderstand..."

"If you know I will not misunderstand, why are you acting defensively?" I raised a brow. I knew I shouldn't push my frustration toward him, but it irked me.

"You and Baroness Fletcher... you tell me not to misunderstand. However, it sounds to me like there's something to misunderstand."

"My wife, I'm just acting this way because I don't want to die!" Sam exclaimed while I only looked at him with a dead expression. I stared at him for a very long time before letting out a sharp exhale. Without speaking a word, I took a step forward and wrapped my arms around him.

"I trust you, Sam. And I knew you will not do that to me. But still..." I rested the side of my head on his chest, letting out another sigh. "I was jealous. I don't like it."

"My wife, my love." Sam stroked my back to soothe my frustration. "It's alright... although I was secretly happy that you are jealous. You rarely get jealous."

"Sam..." I frowned while he chortled while cradling me.

"Hehe. I love you and only you. If she upsets you, I will break her neck — I mean, I'd rather break my connection with the House Fletcher if you don't like it."

"There's no need." I shook my head lightly, tightening my grip around his waist. "I just hate it when someone is trying to snatch you away from me. You're mine."

I felt childish at the moment that I hid my flustered face in his chest. Meeting Lady Talia irked me. The way she spoke, as if my husband liked her, made me want to slap her a hundred times.

Sam remained silent momentarily as he rested his chin on top of my head. "I like it. I like it when you claim that I am yours."

"Yes, you're mine," I repeated, but this time, a little weak.

"Mhm. Samael La Crox and Samael Roux are Lilou's property. I feel like thanking Lady Fletcher for making me hear something so wonderful," He humored in a gentle tone while stroking my back. "I'm only yours, Lilou. My heart is yours from the very beginning until the day I rot."

I pressed my lips together. "You make me feel bad for being childish."

"Your childishness always has a special place in my heart — ack!" I slapped his back and raised my head to glare at him. Sam had this playful grin on his face as if he was extremely happy.

"We should head inside," I said. "Law is very upset and I know Adam too."

Sam let out a sigh as he reluctantly let me go. But this time, I held his hand, making him raise his brows as he gazed at me in surprise.

"You don't like it?" I asked while slipping my fingers in between his.

"You made my heart skip a bit. My wife, I hope you are always this needy." His fingers wrapped around mine.. "Let's go inside and be exemplary parents to our emotional sons."