

The Duke 601

Chapter 601 - The Previous And Current Lover

One week before Lilou and Samael's wedding...

It was the night Rufus, Klaus, and Dominique hunted down the evasive Fabian to teach him a lesson for once. The three of them split for a larger search. Whoever finds him first could challenge Fabian in a duel. A real duel, not just a friendly one. They were pissed.

But while Rufus was searching for Fabian, he caught a figure standing on the roof. Rufus would check everywhere, so when he looked up, he narrowed his eyes and recognized Yulis. Why was he there? He wondered, despite already getting the gist of the reason.

Was he concerned about Yul? Or did Rufus have some words to tell him? Rufus was unsure of what forced him to approach Yulis. But he did. Jumping from the ground, Rufus hopped and clung onto the balcony. There, Tilly and Charlotte were engaged in a conversation.

The two of them turned their heads at Rufus. He simply sported a kind smile and apologized. After saying his apology, he jumped again and reached an open window, clinging onto the windowsill. This time, Samael was also there while holding some portrait he was working on.

"Uh... Rufus." Samael furrowed his brows, watching Rufus lift his weight until he was crouching on the windowsill.

"It's good to you see, my lord. I was looking for Fabian to settle some scores with him. I'll see you later."

"If you're looking for Fabian..." Samael couldn't finish his sentence as Rufus stood up, looking up. In a blink, Rufus jumped and clung to wherever he could. A shallow breath slipped past Samael's lips and glanced at the person standing near the window.

"Fabian, what did you do? Rufus looks a bit pissed."

Fabian just smiled, putting down the finger that was in front of his lips. "I have no idea."

"I doubt, but whatever. Not my problem." Samael shook his head and resumed cleaning up his workshop to assist Lilou and greet their guests.

Meanwhile, as soon as Rufus climbed to the roof, Yulis already had his eyes in his direction. He had been watching Rufus climb, but he didn't plan on ignoring this man, as he had a few words he must tell him.

"Your Majesty." Yulis greeted with his palm across his chest, tilting his head down slightly. "It's been a while."

"It had been Lord Yulis." Rufus nodded, marching to him until he was at Yulis's arm's length. They stayed quiet for a while, letting the rustle of the leaves fill in the silence. They both stood while facing the same direction, eyes on the dark forest surrounding this mansion.

"You came here because of Silvia?" Yulis broke the ice, casting Rufus a side-eye.

"Well." Rufus let out a deep exhale, glancing at Yulis. "I don't know. I was looking for Fabian, but when I caught your figure, I just thought of approaching you. For whatever reason? Frankly, I don't know."

"You know, Your Majesty."

"I am always unsure about the matters of the heart, Yulis." Rufus smiled subtly, keeping his eye ahead. "I only loved one woman and yet I couldn't take care of her."

"For as long as you are alive, you can still cherish her."

Rufus rocked his head. "In a way, I can."

"Your Majesty." Yulis took a deep breath as if that would add courage to him. "As you've heard, I don't have a long life to live. When I came to this land, Lady Tilly told me I was dying. If I was late for a week, I would've died already. I am not Hell who stole too many lives from people during his frenzy days to offer to his wife.

Vampires are almost immortal, but we also follow a strict rule in our blood and way of living. Blood for blood. Life for life. Giving almost my time to Silvia is something I don't ever regret. My only regret is... not being able to live a longer life without Lady Tilly's help. She is the person keeping me alive for the past three years. I'm not sure when I will be fine or if the damages in my life core can be healed."

Rufus listened to him in silence. This was not the first time they both talked privately, but this was the first they talked about something that wasn't related to politics. He didn't expect this from Yulis because Rufus' mind already assumed it would be him who would do the talking.

"So, please, take care of her." Yulis took another deep breath before facing Rufus. "If I have an option, I wouldn't speak about all this. But I know you love her until this second, and I cannot trust anyone else but you. She's yours, to begin with. So..."

"Yulis, have your senses grown dull after facing death?" Rufus quirked a brow as he glanced at Yulis. "I am quite disappointed. I expected more from you."

"I'm sorry to disappoint, but I'm quite desperate." Yulis laughed bitterly, peeling his eyes away from Rufus to the dark forest. "You know her. She is stubborn."

"Indeed. Silvia is stubborn, especially to things or people she was emotionally attached to. But because I know her all too well, I also know she is not someone you shouldn't protect from heartache, Yulis. She is not that fragile. Ignoring and avoiding her will not help you or Silvia or this situation between the two of you." His eyes softened as a subtle smile dominated his face. "I won't deny my feelings to her; she is my first love. But I am not her last."

This time, Rufus turned his head to his right, where Yulis stood. "Yulis, you and I loved the same woman. But unlike me, who failed her over and over, resulting in a tragic end. You can still correct your actions. Silvia loved me even after hundreds of years. She's like that. Faithful. She is persistent, so she doesn't give up easily.. Even if she gets hurt and makes a ridiculous decision for this so-called love, she would."

Rufus paused and let the momentary silence take charge. He finally realized why he wanted to approach Yulis now that they were talking. One way or another, he could relate to Yulis and understood where he was coming from. Rufus had been in Yulis's shoes. He didn't want Yulis to do the same mistake he did in the past.

"Don't repeat the history, Yulis. You know our story from beginning to the end since you've been observing. I decided in the past, thinking it was for the best for the both of us," he continued, smacking his lips as he gazed ahead. "The young and coward me was wrong. I decided back then in the guise of thinking it was for the both of us. But honestly, it was simply a selfish decision of a boy. A thoughtless decision of a young boy who cannot handle her light and is rather intimidated by it.

I had a thousand regrets. One of them was succumbing to fear that led my relationship with her to an end. If I can turn back time, I would've made a wiser decision.

My point here is, don't make the same mistake and regret it later. I care about you as my vassal, but about your personal affairs, I frankly couldn't care less. Not that I have a say in it since it is your life. But I truly care for her. It took her a lot of courage to let us go and give her heart another chance. Don't fail this love."

"I already did." Yulis's eyes lowered, bitterness flickering across his eyes. "Three years ago, when I left, I already failed her."

"Once. Don't make it twice or thrice... because she will continue to forgive and accept you. Hence, making her an easy target for abuse." This time, Rufus's voice was solemn. "You know her, Yulis. Even if you deny it, you know Silvia more than anyone. If you show yourself and ask for her forgiveness, she will forgive you. And even if you failed her multiple more times, she will forgive you. It will be a routine, a pattern that terrified me in the past."

"You know the dread. It scared you once, so you should know better." Yulis's reply was quiet, but his voice still reached Rufus's ears. "Silvia wasn't a saint, but she tends to get blinded to the person she loves. And it scares me that I

might abuse her love without realizing it. I appreciate you are imparting your wisdom to the person who stole your woman, Your Majesty."

Rufus chuckled. "You didn't steal her. I simply lost her."

"Even so, I had decided. Once is enough for me — never again." Rufus glanced at Yulis's side profile upon hearing the man's remarks. "She is stubborn, but so am I. I love her, I really do. But I don't want to see her look at me with pity once she sees me grow weaker by the day. I don't want her to put her through a hell of life just to satisfy myself before I die; that is just wicked, selfish, and also a form of abuse. It was better if she just hates me."

"Well." Rufus chuckled as he shrugged. "You better tell that to her face. If you do, I might actually try to serenade her and ask for her hand. Don't cry yourself to sleep and chew your handkerchief in envy once you saw us together again."

Rufus smirked when Yulis glanced at him. He meant what he said, but he also knew Yulis wouldn't have the heart to say that to Silvia right in front of her face. Wasn't Yulis here on top of the roof in the first place to avoid Silvia?

"May you get enlightened after..." he trailed off, eyes glinting as soon as he caught a familiar figure below. "... Yulis, may you find enlightenment before she set off to the capital. If you two didn't reconcile, I'll make her the empress."

Before Yulis could react, Rufus already jumped from the roof to catch Fabian. A shallow breath slipped from his lips, watching Rufus actually pin Fabian down with his bare hand.

"Tell that to her face..." came out a whisper, looking up at the gloomy night sky. "... as if you don't know the reason I was hiding from her. I can't even face her, knowing I will throw all reasons out of the window and beg her to take me back."

Another sigh escaped his nostrils. "That scared you too, Your Majesty. That you might throw away all reasons and beg on your knees for her to take that young boy back."

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After that conversation with Rufus, Yulis prepared himself for the day he would face her. He was certain he prepared enough for months — ever since the night Lilou came to him and broke the news of their plan — but he was wrong. Things were surely easier said than done.

He wasn't ready. Even until now that he was standing right in front of Silvia, he wasn't ready. His heart was pounding against his ribcage to the point it was painful.

Yulis missed her, and that only heightened now that he was staring at her. Those stunning sharp eyes, her lips that had a shape of a heart, and that ebony hair he would constantly stroke. Although her hair was shorter, Silvia was still the most stunning woman he had ever laid his eyes on.

"What excuse will you say now?" she inquired, breaking the silence between them. "Why didn't you tell me, Yulis? Why didn't you tell me you were dying?"

Her fingers slowly curved into a fist, staring at him dead in the eye. "I need an explanation to understand Yulis Kieran Bloodfang. What did I do to deserve this? To be tossed like I worth nothing? Why does everyone know? And I don't?" a chuckled suddenly slipped past her lips, shaking her head.

"No, that's not true. I also had guesses, but I want to hear it directly from you. I was hoping that... you will tell me because I deserve it and I'm someone important."

"Silvia..." A faint sigh slipped past his lips, studying her eyes, full of bitterness.

"I'm sorry."

"For?"

For everything, was what he almost uttered. However, Yulis ended up lowering his gaze while keeping his silence. Where would he start? All the arguments he memorized for the past week he was avoiding her were lost. He couldn't remember a single word now that she was in front of him.

"Did you miss me?" Silvia bit her inner lip as the space between her brows wrinkled. His silence felt like a hand gripping her heart.

"Yulis, do you really wish to not see me? Did you really want to end things just when they started?" she took a deep breath and loosened her tight fist. "You're not the first man who will break my heart. So... just be honest. Forget about the explanation.. Just tell me you don't want anything to do with me and I... will let you go."

Chapter 603 - What Do You Know?

"... I will let you go."

Silvia tried to hide away the pain that had been slowly and painfully eating her from the inside but failed miserably. She couldn't understand men. Be it Rufus or Yulis. Why did the two of them toss her so easily when things were hard? Just what was wrong with her?

"Three years, Yul. Not a word from you for three years. And yet, I waited for you every single day and even sacrifice sleep, thinking you might come." She took a deep breath, clasping her hands until they trembled. "I missed you, you don't have any idea. But... why? Why are you choosing to hurt me? Was my worth that little to you?"

That question was not entirely correct or wrong, she thought. Yulis's terse letter to her when he left the empire was clear. He already ended it with her. But she was the one who held onto him. She was the one who didn't want to give up. In other words, Silvia's pain... she believed it was her fault entirely.

Yulis took a deep breath and released it carefully through his mouth. "Let me go... that is what I had been practicing on saying." But those words brought more pain to his heart.

"The only reason I am standing before you is because of Lady Tilly. I am dying, Silvia, and I'd rather spend these uncertain years alone," he continued, gazing down as he laughed bitterly. "Let me go. You have a great life ahead of you. Don't hold on to a dying man who caused you pain already."

He finally said it. The words he practiced repeatedly for months. Although it wasn't complete, he made his point across.

"I'm sorry, Silvia." Yulis raised his head only for the fleeting peace within him to end as soon as he caught the tear that rolled down her cheek. Silvia was trying too hard not to cry, but her eyes still betrayed her. He balled his hands into a fist, clenching his teeth to stop himself from wiping her tears.

"You are a selfish bastard," came out a shaking yet bitter voice.

His lips quivered, but no words came out. If he watched her tears, even more, his defenses would break. He turned around while clearing his throat.

"Anyway, it was good to see you again. I cannot escort you back." He took a step away but froze when Silvia spoke.

"I love you." She stared at his back, standing still on her spot. "Did you hear me? I love you that I don't care if you only have a day to live. I want to spend even just another minute with you, even if it will kill me. Were you ending this because you think it's the best for me? What do you know?"

The side of her lips curled up bitterly, shaking her head. "Men surely think they can always decide what's best for women. When, in fact, men are a bunch of simpletons. How disappointing, disgusting, and upsetting."

Yulis closed his eyes and heaved a sigh of relief. *That was better. For her to hate him, he thought.* He repeated that in his head like a broken record as he took another step away from her. But when he took his fifth step, he stopped once again.

"Silvia, don't follow me." He breathed out, hearing her footstep every time he took a step.

"How dare you order me?" she raised a brow, wiping her tears with grace. She sported a brave expression, eyes on his back. Her eyes glinted, and she leaped as soon as she noticed him turning around to face her.

"Sil — " Yulis backed away on instinct, but she held his button to keep him still. His eyes dilated, gazing at her eyes. There were still lingering tears in the corner of her eyes, but unlike moments ago, they now spoke with determination.

"Yulis, since you're doing whatever you like, I will also do what I want," she asserted, leaving no room for negotiation. "Have you forgotten who I was, Yulis? I don't have a title on this land I am standing on, but I was and will always be Silvia Ameria La Crox wherever I go. I am just as capable as you."

"Silvia, didn't you say you will let me go?"

"Is it my fault that you fell into such an obvious bluff?" she arched a brow, releasing the button of his suit. "Men think they should decide for women and their happiness. I am sick and tired of it. Shameless beings like men shall be exterminated."

Yulis scratched his temple in distress, rendered speechless by the sudden turn of events. But before he could argue with her, Silvia huffed as she expressed her heart.

"Don't misunderstand, Yulis. You made your decision, and so am I." She chuckled in ridiculing, sporting a vicious smirk. "I am not holding on to you like a hopeless little girl. I am doing this as the flames of revenge engulfed my heart."

She took a step, lifting her chin up to look at him squarely. "I will hold on to you and shower you with love. To the point, you will die without it and feel breathless with the sheer thought of me leaving you. It will keep you awake, worrying if I would still love you the same the next day or not. Once you are obsessed with this love, I will laugh at you on your deathbed. I will toss you aside and let you wallow in the same pain you had inflicted upon me." Her breathing suspended as she balled her hands into a fist, glaring daggers at him.

"You better prepare, Yulis. For I am set to hurt you as much as possible. You will wish you never met me."

Although she appeared to be extremely angry, Yulis couldn't seem to get angry at her. Instead, his dilated eyes gradually softened as a helpless smile resurfaced on his face. Surely, he had forgotten who Silvia was. On top of being a beauty, she was also smart and vicious.

But that revenge she was talking about... somehow sounded very reassuring. Instead of words of affection, her angry voice and vengeful remarks were better

for him. It gave him a reason why... he must be with her. That was to fulfill the revenge she was aiming for.

"Alright," came out a soft voice, raising his hand to cup her cheek. "Do that, Via.. Make me regret ever meeting you."

Chapter 604 - The Winner Of The Bet Is...

"So... did they reconcile or not?"

Klaus scrunched his nose up, listening to Yulis and Silvia's conversation. He turned his head to the rest who were eavesdropping with him. Who were they? Everyone. Even the bride and groom were present, Sam carrying Sunny to force his wife to follow.

"I think they did?" Claude replied in confusion, frowning as he was unsure himself.

"You're just saying that because that's what you bet on," Dominique muttered, shaking his head.

Just as they started to argue in a murmur, keeping it low to not catch the Yulis and Silvia's attention, both of them still noticed. Actually, they already felt their presence halfway through their talk, but they pretended not to notice. The two cast them a look, making Klaus clear his throat.

One after another, they straightened their back as there was no point in hiding. Fabian, who was observing the awkward air gradually enveloping the group, clapped. As usual, his signature smile was plastered on his face.

"Are we having another wedding ceremony? We can just do it here since it'll be tiresome," he suggested, darting his eyes from Silvia and Yulis to the rest. "Also, I won the bet."

"Congratulations." Tilly clapped lightly because Fabian did win the bet. Every one of them either placed their stake on Yulis and Silvia reconciling, or they won't. However, Fabian chose neither.

'They will reconcile, but not at the same time.' — Those were Fabian's exact same words.

Everyone's eyes were on Fabian, expressions all the same, dead. When Silvia and Yulis left, Ramin remembered Fabian hadn't placed his bet. So he asked him. But to think Fabian got it correct... just what kind of sorcery Fabian had kept a secret from them? Was it normal for someone to be right all the time?!

"How fun." Fabian kept his smile, pleased to see everyone's reaction before shifting his attention back to Yulis and Silvia. "I now pronounce you husband and wife and rivals."

"Are you in a hurry?" Silvia clicked her tongue, as this already abrupt wedding was getting even more abrupt with every passing second.

"Yes. I will be busy collecting my winnings." She rolled her eyes and sighed. What did she expect from Fabian? "You may now kiss the bride."

Silvia let out a shallow breath, watching Fabian wave. But she didn't dwell on him for long, as it was pointless. Instead, she faced Yulis, who was averting his eyes away from their insensitive audience. Once their eyes met, he raised his brows and shrugged.

"This is so chaotic," he said, scratching his temple.

"Aren't you used to it yet?" she rolled her eyes. The word normal would never exist in this family. The two of them went silent momentarily, staring into each other's eyes.

"Is this wedding the start of your revenge?" he asked, and she shrugged.

"Yes. Seal it now."

Yulis cleared his throat before letting out a deep exhale. He raised his hand to cup her cheek, bending over to seal this chaotic and ten-second wedding ceremony facilitated by the one-of-a-kind all-rounder Fabian.

EXTRA:

Back at the greenhouse, they resumed the banquet by drinking some wine and snacks. Silvia and Yulis returned an hour later, but none of them asked what

they did. They were already too annoyed at Fabian as this man bet his life. So since he won, their lives were in the palm of his hands.

Moreover, Lilou and Samael left to put Law and Sunny to sleep for an afternoon nap. Obviously, they didn't expect those two to return.

Silvia cleared her throat as she set her eyes on Tilly. "Lady Tilly, by the way, are you and Fabian lovers?" her sudden inquiry instantly garnered everyone's attention.

They had been in the mansion for a week now. So, everyone already knew Tilly. No one asked her yet since they were busy and this wasn't important. But now that Silvia asked, everyone was intrigued. Tilly and Fabian somehow get along well because of their strange personality. But somehow, even with that fact laid on the table, none around this table could picture them being lovers.

"Lovers?" Tilly tilted her head and glanced at Fabian. "We were experimenting."

"Experimenting?" Kristina furrowed her brows, glancing at Charlotte and Ramin, who gave her a shrug.

"Did he extract your fangs? Don't make him open you up because he will add another unnecessary organ inside." Klaus looked at Tilly apologetically, knowing what sort of devil the butler was. Meanwhile, Fabian chuckled as he shrugged.

"We usually spend time together, drinking tea, exchanging love letters we stole from Samael to Lilou, take a walk around the mainland, and sit under the tree. We also tried a bit of kinship like holding hands and embracing each other," Tilly explained in her usual tone as if it wasn't a big deal. But the reaction on everyone's faces was... incomprehensible.

"Wasn't that called... courtship?" this time, Rufus spoke while tilting his head.

"Have you finally become human, Ian?"

"It is courtship, brother, and I am human," Fabian replied with the usual smile on his face.

"Apparently, Fabian is in distress because he cannot understand the reason he was reminded of me when he was at death's door," Tilly added.

"So...?" Silvia, who was obviously interested to hear more, probed. "Did he find an answer?"

"Well, of course, yes." Pleased, Fabian's eyes gloss over at everyone before setting it to Tilly. "In conclusion, I was reminded of Lady Tilly because I was thinking about which place I can go if I go all out. My mind just simply offered a suggestion."

"..."

"Mister Fabian, Lady Tilly, aside from that." Claude, who was listening to them, spoke. "While you are experimenting, didn't you feel anything in particular?"

"It's not as fun as I thought it was," Tilly replied without thinking twice. At the same time, Fabian also answered.

"Inconvenient."

"..."

"I was wrong to think Fabian can finally understand the concept of love." Silvia sighed, disappointed that her gut feeling was correct. Fabian and Tilly get along well, but not in that kind of way.

"You two will make a weird couple." Klaus just shrugged as he didn't expect too much — actually, he just didn't expect anything from Fabian anymore.

"Anyway, since Yulis and Silvia got married now, will Yulis leave with you?" asked Tilly after several seconds, diverting the subject. Silvia glanced at Yulis and the latter shrugged.

"Well, she can't fulfill her revenge plan if I am here." Yulis smiled subtly. "Lady Tilly, thank you for your help all this time. I might die a little early, but thank you."

"Don't mention it. I am strong." Tilly nodded and frowned, gazing down while holding a cup of tea. "This mansion was never this lively ever since its establishment. Thank you all for coming."

When Tilly raised her eyes, all she saw were these people she just met a week ago smiling warmly at her. With the light that was shining through the greenhouse, the sight she was seeing was the most beautiful thing she had laid upon. A faint sigh of relief slipped past her lips.

'I think I finally had more friends, Soran.' She thought, listening to their warm reply. When her eyes landed on Yulis and Silvia once again, she was reminded of something.

"Yulis, you're not dying anymore, by the way," she said, causing silence around the table.

"Pardon?" Yulis raised his brows, thinking his ears were deceiving him. Not just him, but everyone looked confused.

"You've been cured two years ago," Tilly repeated in her same soft tone. "I just didn't tell you because it seems getting healed will devastate you even more."

"..."

Chapter 605 - Crazy

"Cheer up, Your Grace. Here's a bitter drink to wash away the bitterness in your heart."

Fabian smiled, offering Yulis a glass of wine. After Tilly broke the *'good'* news, it had a rather opposite effect on Yulis and Silvia. Why would they celebrate? Yulis was stuck in this mansion for two years, thinking he was still dying. Silvia had been crying herself to sleep because of her longing. And yet... Tilly didn't even lose a wink of sleep while keeping this information to herself.

"You've known all along, did you?" Yulis glared at the smiling Fabian.

"Lady Tilly only kept it since she knows you won't know what to do. Especially after leaving that letter to the Marchioness. She simply gave you a reason to stay until you muster enough courage to face Lady Silvia."

"I'll kill you." Yulis was stopped from standing up as Klaus placed a palm on his shoulder. "Don't stop me, Klaus. I'll really kill him today."

"That's pointless, Yul. Why are you even surprised by Fabian until now? Aren't you used to his evilness yet?" Klaus sighed, feeling a bit sorry for Yulis and Silvia. "Just enjoy the drink."

"Uncle Klaus is right, Uncle Yulis. Mister Fabian had been like this since the beginning. I'm more surprised that you lot are not used to him yet." Claude giggled, holding the other side of Yulis's shoulder to keep the latter still.

"It feels nice to be protected. I feel like a damsel in distress who is being saved by my knights in shining armor. It feels like a fairytale," Fabian commented, making Yulis tremble as he tried to stand once again, but then Klaus and Claude held him down.

"Calm down, calm down. Don't let him get through you, Yulis. He is doing that on purpose." Klaus, who was already numb at Fabian's shenanigans, sighed. Claude just chuckled while he was stopping Yulis just because he liked Fabian.

While Fabian was standing near the table, smiling from ear to ear. Rufus and Dominique shook their heads, enjoying their drinks as the night was began to fall. These two wanted nothing to do with these, honestly. They just wanted to enjoy their chaotic break because they planned to leave in two days.

Meanwhile, Kristina and Charlotte were comforting Silvia with Tilly. They ignored the different conversations around the table as they felt bad for her.

"Did I do something wrong?" asked Tilly, tilting her head to the side. "If I only know that Yulis will be this angry, I shouldn't have told him."

Silvia sighed, glancing up at Tilly. She couldn't seem to get angry at Tilly, knowing her intention. She knew Yulis and knowing he broke up with her, he surely didn't have the heart to return as if nothing happened. If anything, Yulis actually just wished to die or not get cured since he already believed he wouldn't get cured.

"It's alright, Lady Tilly." Silvia breathed out, glancing at Charlotte and Kristina. "I'm relieved that he is not in harm's way anymore."

"Lady Tilly, how did you cure His Grace?" Kristina inquired after several seconds of silence in their small group.

"The Grimsbanne clan is one of the original vampires on the mainland and are believed to be direct descendants of the devil," Tilly explained like it was nothing. "Vampires and demons are related one way or another, and also witchcraft. So, I am quite adept at these things. Yulis's condition was a bit tricky, though. So it took me quite some time to recall what right course of action I had to take to heal him."

"Direct descendants of the devil?" Kristina furrowed her brows. She heard about little details of the said clan from Lilou, but these were new for her. Not just for Kristina, but also new to Silvia. Charlotte already knew this since she had been spending more time with Tilly.

Tilly nodded. "It was a long history, but to keep it short, the reason the Grimsbanne's are powerful is that of a certain deal with the devil. I forgot about the details, though, because I didn't think I need to pass the knowledge to the future generation."

"You're really like Fabian." Silvia sighed. "How can you forget about something so important?"

"I am the last pureblooded Grimsbanne on this land." Tilly shrugged. "But now, Samael is also here. Although he had that mixed blood of the good-for-nothing son of the La Crox, the blood of Grimsbanne still runs in his veins." She then glanced at Claude, the son of Lucia and Dyrroth, and Amara's grandchild.

"That young man also had the blood of Grimsbanne. How great. I'm not the only Grimsbanne in here. Samael, Claude, Law, Sunny, and their yet-to-be-born siblings." She peeled her eyes away from Claude and smiled at the ladies around her, clapping in excitement. "Now, I will have reasons to recall the curse in the Grimsbanne blood since my grandchildren might become devils."

"..."

Didn't just Tilly say the curse that might befall those who had the blood of Grimsbanne was to become devils? Kristina, Charlotte, and Silvia could only look at Tilly helplessly. They didn't know if this information would alarm them or not, since Tilly was too relaxed about it.

While they look at her, Tilly raised her head and set her eyes on Fabian.

"Fabian, do you want to become a warlock? I am planning to refresh my memory and it will be fun if there's someone I can teach. It will help me remember easily since Yulis will be leaving soon."

"Sure, Lady Tilly."

"What?!" Klaus scrunched his nose up, gazing at Tilly with judgemental eyes.

"Lady Tilly! Stop giving ideas to this demon!"

Just as her lips parted to invite Klaus as their guinea pig, Samael's voice caressed their ears. But Yulis instantly spoke, instigating the groom.

"Hell! Are you also into this?" Yulis glared at Samael while the latter raised a brow, strutting carefully to join them.

"Into, what?"

"Did you also know that I was already cured two years ago?"

Samael cocked his head, dragging a chair next to Rufus. "Oh? Are you?" he raised his brows and shrugged, smiling at Rufus when the latter offered him a drink.

"Hah... so you also know? Does Lilou know as well?"

"Oh, please, Yulis. It's not that I know. I just absolutely don't care whether or not you drop dead. Matter of fact, I don't care if you all just die now." Samael sassed arrogantly as he looked at the grumpy Yulis with disdain in his eyes. "After all, you take a space in my wife's heart that should only be mine and my children alone. Now, I have to leave my wife and children just because my wife is worried about you bunch of wastes while she watches over our children in their sleep!"

"Do me a favor, will you? Just go on and die." Samael then raised his glass of wine. "Cheers!"

"Lilou is blind!" Yulis spat out.

"My lord, that hurt. How can you break my heart like that?" Rufus murmured, casting Samael, who was sitting beside him while drinking some wine, a look.

"God, I hate him," Klaus whispered. "Just what did Lilou see in this abomination?"

Silvia clicked her tongue. "I hope he chokes and dies."

"Is he stupid?" Dominique scrunched his nose in dismay. "How can you say all that to your guests who came all the way here?"

"Crazy..." Claude whistled and chuckled, his lips stretching from ear to ear.

"No wonder everyone in here came solely because Lilou asked, not because of Samael," Tilly commented, looking up when Fabian refilled her glass of juice..
"Thank you, discipline of evil."

Chapter 606 - Letters

[To my precious friend,

I am deeply disheartened I cannot attend and celebrate an auspicious occasion with you. Currently, our Karo Kingdom was undergoing a change. Although I am quite unsure if this will make me happy or sad or anything, in particular, I hope it will make me feel something.

While looking up outside the window, I noticed the moon was shining so brightly and beautifully. It makes me recall the brief trip I made in Grimsbanne.

For the past years, I had been in search of things that will make me feel alive. Your words had become a riddle I needed to crack. I am not blaming you for leaving this question in my head. If anything, I am looking forward to the answers to it.

I will keep this letter short, for my hands are full at the moment. However, remember that under the same sun, moon, and sky, there is someone who genuinely wishes for your happiness and well-being.

I am sincerely glad and relieved to know my precious friend is living a peaceful and content life. It feels reassuring to hear from you from time to time.

You have my gratitude for thinking of me. So do not worry, for I am still breathing.

Anyhow, I am not an outsider on the mainland. I will surely visit you one of these days. Until then, I would like to keep in touch.

Take care, Lilou.

Your friend,

Heliot.]

I smiled while reading the letters I failed to read the last time since I was busy preparing for our simple wedding. Heliot was one of the people I reached out to and invited.

"I can hear his voice while reading his letter," I whispered, chuckling. "He is always the sweetest. I'm really glad he is doing alright."

Heliot and Sam had this strange relationship. Although I would exchange letters with Heliot, he was also in touch with Sam. I asked my husband about it and he told me Heliot was giving him hints about the mainland. After all, the Von Stein clan had some business with the people in this land. And yet, my husband would usually curse him.

"Sam will always be Sam." I shrugged, folding the letter while looking back. I smiled when my eyes landed on Law, who was playing with Sunny. My son already woke up hours before Sunny. But since we didn't want to disturb our baby, we stayed instead of joining the banquet.

Now, I am simply reading the letters I didn't read in the past weeks, while Law was playing with Sunny. My son surely loved his little sister, and he had been very reliable. I was pleased to see him growing up responsible. He was making me proud.

I set Heliot's letter aside to read another letter so I would respond to them all at once later. Picking up another letter, I smiled as soon as I noticed saw the seal. It was the seal of the Marquess of Cunningham, Cameron.

"He didn't come as well. Rufus said Cameron had been busy," I muttered while opening the letter. I smiled as I read it.

[To my beloved niece

Congratulations on your wedding, Your Majesty. It feels like yesterday when you and His Majesty first arrived in Cunningham. Whenever I think about it, I could not help but smile.

Back then, you are still so young. Although they were unfortunate events during your stay in Cunningham, I'm still honored to witness the making of a great monarch. I witnessed how you work hard to be strong — although I already believed you were already one before you learned to wield a weapon.

How time is fleeting. It had been over ten years since then I didn't even notice.

The tale you created in Cunningham is something I could pass down to the next generation and the next. Although your story in the empire ended in tragedy, I am honored to be one of those selected people who are given a chance to have a glimpse of your life after.

You and His Grace went through a lot. Thinking about it, I could not help but tear up. After going against all odds, you persevered and now living the life you deserve. The Crawford clan is relieved and so proud of you.

My only regret is I couldn't be of much help during those times. Even so, I will be forever grateful that you are born.

Again, congratulations on your wedding and on your new life. My apologies if I cannot make it to this joyous day, but I sincerely pray that it will pass on a pleasant note.

Live well, my niece.

Your forever devotee,

Cameron.]

"Cameron..." my heart warmed up as I couldn't help but recall my time in Cunningham after reading his letter. He was correct. Time was fleeting. Even I couldn't believe how time passed so fast. It was almost like... I was starting to lose count.

After morphing into a vampire myself, time was slowly losing its value. That was why I was keeping tabs on it and writing daily journals. I didn't want to take time for granted. Even when I already stopped aging, I still wanted to keep the habit of being a human.

"I wonder what Cameron looks like now," I whispered, about to fold the letter, only to notice something inside the envelope. It was a small piece of paper, so I didn't notice it previously. Out of curiosity, I checked it and laughed.

"Goodness. Cameron."

In the small piece of paper was Cameron's hand-drawn portrait. On its back, there was a short letter on it.

[Just in case you are wondering and had forgotten what I look like, this is what I look now. The person who drew this is the one who drew all your portraits, which are still being sold since you've already become a true god after your death. That's what everyone believes.]

I shook my head, staring at the portrait before folding it along with his letter. Cameron would still surprise me from time to time. Did he think I already forgot that youthful face of his?

As I set aside Cameron's letter, I picked up the next one. But before I could open it, I jumped from my seat when the door suddenly opened. I looked back, only to see Charlotte panting. Her complexion was pale. My brows furrowed, heart thumping loudly against my chest as her expression told me something terrible happened.

"My lady!" she let out a deep breath. "Help!"