

The Duke 701

Chapter 701 Look up

"That one tastes better than Maleficent. Shall we continue?"

Heliot let out a shallow breath and his sword disintegrated like sand. His actions cause Samael's brows to raise.

"There's no point." The wind calmed down as the sand thinned out. "I admit defeat."

"So soon?"

"I am not foolish enough to continue a battle, knowing the outcome," Heliot explained with his usual toneless voice and glanced at Lilou. "They said people would protect their beloved and keep them away from harm. I wonder how can you bring her here knowing it isn't an ideal place for such a silly girl like her."

"You'll regret that in the future." Samael chuckled as he gazed down at Lilou, who was still clinging to him tightly. "Even if, let's say, it is dangerous, it is not for me."

He raised his head and smiled at Heliot. "So, will you look after her? I will clean up the mess I brought here so we can call it quits."

"My people had already shed blood."

"I'll heal them. Although I cannot do anything about it if they lost a limb, a drop of my blood is enough for other injuries."

Heliot remained silent as he measured the sincerity in Samael's eyes. It was hard to size someone up like him since Samael was not someone anyone could just read. He was the perfect example of what Heliot disliked about a person; he was too unpredictable and emotional.

"We'll talk about it once you wiped them all out." He rocked his head and pivoted on his heel, walking towards the other side of the wall. Meanwhile, Samael gazed down at Lilou.

"Hey," he called gently and shook her slightly, but Lilou only tightened her limbs around his neck. "It's fine now."

Lilou snuck a look at him and cautiously looked around. The first thing she saw was Heliot walking away and the thinning sand in the air.

'What just happened?' she wondered and looked at Samael, wide-eyed. She was too scared that she was having an inner meltdown. Her brain kept yelling at her while she prayed to all the gods she knew to get out of this alive. In other words, she didn't hear Samael and Heliot's conversation properly, as she was busy praying for her life.

"He conceded." Samael winked, causing her eyes to dilate even wider.

"What?"

"Heh... I'm strong." A smug grin dominated his face as he shrugged. "He got scared, so it's over even before I can do something."

Lilou looked at him with doubt and caution in her eyes. Samael looked dangerous at first look, but honestly, what she had seen Heliot do was something she had never seen before. Then, this duke

here was claiming Heliot just conceded? Not that she was unhappy about it, but how? Or rather, she was suspicious about what sort of tricks did he pull out to settle the situation.

"Shall we stay like this? I do not mind." She snapped out of her thoughts when he flashed her a bright smile, squeezing her waist slightly. "I like staying with you. I can fight with you in my arms."

"Let me go." She patted his shoulder.

"As you wish."

"Wait!" Lilou clutched his shoulder in panic as he bent over, halting him. "It's really safe now, right?"

Samael chuckled. "No, it's not."

Her expression died as she tapped his shoulder. "Put me down."

This time, his laughter was louder as he put her down. It would've been nice if she believed him, but well, Lilou saw through his lie quickly.

"Let's go?" He offered his hand to her.

"I don't need to hold your hand," she mumbled while looking back at him cautiously. "Who knows if you will drag me over the wall?"

He chuckled once again. "Alright. Just keep close. Heliot will watch over you while I clean the mess I brought here."

With that being said, Lilou followed him closely from behind until the two of them stood beside Heliot. Lilou glanced at Heliot's side, seeing him wear his usual solemn expression.

"Even if their limbs were severed, they would continue fighting." Heliot broke the silence as he kept his gaze ahead. "Severing all their limbs... they will use their mouth to bite. But what is dreadful of all is that they suck life forces instead of blood."

"Well, Quentin will not be called a mad genius for nothing." Samael shrugged as he gazed in the direction where Heliot was staring. "Before the regression, his people aren't like this. But it seemed he found answers in hell. Hah... he probably had a splendid mansion in the pits of fire."

Lilou furrowed her brows as the two talked casually. She cautiously took a step forward and peeked over the wall, only to have her eyes dilated in horror. Outside the border was... a disaster. People... mindless monsters with pupils as red as fresh blood and sclera as black as an ink. Their veins were protruding and she could see clearly that their veins were akin to tattoos because of their dark colors.

But that wasn't the scariest sight of all because even if their limbs were severed, they were charging at the soldiers unhesitatingly. The blood splatter around only brought this undeniable dread to her heart, making her hold her breath.

"This is..."

"The undead, my love." Samael cocked his head back, eyes on her. "I remember you making a mountain of their bodies in the past. Good times."

"What?"

"Heh. Don't worry." He set his eyes back ahead without much change in his reaction. He then stretched his neck from one side to the other, producing cracks while he continued.

"I simply didn't have the time to deal with them the past several days, but now..." Samael held his hand together and stretched them forward. "... I really need to do some stretching to quench my worldly desires."

Samael flashed her a smile. "I'll be back," and then turned to Heliot and slapped his bicep mildly. "Take care of her for a while... but don't touch her or I'll cut your hand."

With that being said, Samael jumped over the wall excitedly while Heliot's face remained poker face. Meanwhile, Lilou scrunched her nose up because Samael was screaming, "look up and repent to the beautiful goddess over there!"

Chapter 702 Her type

"Is he going to be alright...?" Lilou wondered under her as she watched Samael use a soldier's head as a stepping stone and then jumped on the undead's head. "I guess so."

She huffed silently as she squinted her eyes at the brutality of the situation. She clutched her bicep and took a step back, terrified to see more of this. Although she had seen and had grown familiar with the nobles' cruelty towards peasants like her, this was just a different level of brutality.

It wasn't a sight she was ready to see... or maybe not. The sight of it made her heart pound against her chest. However, she didn't feel as frightened as she should be. She felt sick to her stomach, but it was more like she strangely pitied those monsters.

"Why..." she whispered, clutching her chest as this sympathy slowly grew to dismay. "... who could do this to them?"

"Hmm?" Heliot quirked a brow as he glanced at her. Even though her face was covered with a shawl and he could only see her eyes, he immediately understood the conflict in her eyes. When she raised them, Heliot instantly got a gist of the question in her head. Lilou wore her heart on her sleeve and one could read her thoughts just by the look in her eyes.

"Quentin," he answered, peeling his eyes away from her and back to the bloodbath down there. "The King of the kingdom of Spade. A mad genius who slaughtered his kin to secure his throne, a person who sought to be a God and would stop at nothing to get what he want."

His eyes glinted menacingly. "From what I heard, he died... ten years from now. But it seemed just like the king of the Heart, he had returned with a different agenda. If what His Grace said regarding these monsters was true, I fear Quentin had more cards up his sleeve." He paused and let out an exhale, calculating everything in his head.

"Letting these monsters step in the land of Karo only means he isn't afraid of making an enemy out of the Von Stein clan, as well." Heliot's voice grew even lower and dangerous. "And that alone is alarming since that also means he is confident enough to make an enemy of the La Crox and the Von Stein at the same time."

Lilou remained silent and studied Heliot's side profile. Unlike Samael, who was reeking of confidence, she could feel the gravity of the problem just listening to this man. It scared her a bit.

"Quentin..." she whispered and winced as she heard this piercing flat note in her head for a split second. Lilou held her head at the split-second headache.

"Are you alright?" she looked up when Heliot raised a question.

"Uh... yes."

He nodded in understanding before setting his eyes back to the battleground. A shallow exhale slipped past his violence.

"If I were you, stay where you are," said Heliot to Lilou lips at the scene he was watching. Good thing he had signaled his men to retreat when Samael stepped foot in there, or else they would get caught up with that man's violence.

"If I were you, stay where you are," said Heliot to Lilou without casting her a look. "He'll be finished in a minute or two."

"Huh? So soon?"

Heliot slowly turned his head to her once again. "Mhm. That soon." He wouldn't concede if he didn't detect Samael was stronger than the last time they met.

For someone who woke up from hundreds of years of slumber, Samael should still be in a vulnerable state. However, it was the opposite. He was stronger, making their claim about the reversal of time stronger.

Her brows furrowed while exchanging looks with Heliot, and just as he claimed, Samael appeared beside Heliot several seconds later. Lilou held her breath as she glanced at Samael, seeing him wipe the blood from his jaw with the back of his hand.

'He really finished it...' she thought, not even questioning whether he wiped all those mindless monsters out. Deep in her heart, she already knew Samael did. She didn't know where this confidence and certainty came from, but that was what she felt.

"You should've killed them before heading into this land." Heliot was the first to speak, staring at Samael, who was within his reach. "You finished them quicker than I had expected."

Samael smirked. "I was with my son."

"Your son... how come you had a son while you were in slumber?"

"You're asking the most foolish question right now, Heliot." Samael rolled his eyes as Heliot was acting as if he didn't have any idea of the reversal of time.

"I am simply asking questions that your level of intelligence can understand," replied Heliot with a straight face before glancing at the situation over the wall. He narrowed his eyes at the dark mist coming out of the severed limbs and carcass of the undead that were scattered around the ground.

"It'll be entertaining to watch to sit you down with Fabian and Tilly." Samael shook his head as he strutted towards Lilou. Standing in front of her, he bent over and checked her with wide eyes.

"What — what are you doing?"

"Checking if he touched you, obviously," he explained lazily as he bobbed his face to examine her. "I'm a jealous, yet proud man. When others look at you with admiration, it's nice, but touching you

is an entirely different issue. I simply need to make sure that guy over there didn't touch you, since he used to have a crush on you."

Lilou's eyes dilated as he looked back at him in disbelief. "What?"

"Nothing." Samael straightened his back, hands on his hips, a smile on his face. "Forget what I said because I just figured out he might be your type."

Heliot, who was hearing this unintelligent conversation, kept a straight face. "Please leave the area immediately. I dislike what I am hearing."

"Haha!" Samael grinned at Lilou. "That's right. You know where to find us."

Before Lilou could even grasp the situation, Samael held her hand and, as if forgetting she didn't have any memories of their life together, he jumped over the wall without a second hesitation.

"Kyahh!!!"

Chapter 703 Sure

"Kyah!!!"

Samael's eyes dilated as soon as her scream rang to his side. He winced and pulled her closer, wrapping his arms around her while they were free falling. Lilou clutched him on instinct and muffled her scream as she buried her face in his chest.

His eyes softened, patting her head slightly before moving his arm to hook under her legs. How nice would it be if they stayed longer in the air? He thought. But the fun ended too soon as he landed safely, dust ascending up around him, Lilou in his arms.

She bounced slightly but held her securely.

"We've landed," he announced, but Lilou was still trembling. He sighed quietly. "What am I going to do with you? I missed having you relying on me."

Samael chuckled lightly as he sauntered towards the horse where he tied it to. After being with Lilou for a long time — but not long enough for him — Samael sometimes missed the days Lilou couldn't fight. Of course, he was proud of her and was amazed how she got strong over time, but it would be nice if she could rely on him more.

It was not like Lilou made him feel she didn't need him, but he always had this fear she wouldn't need him one day. Especially now that she doesn't recognize him.

He stood in front of the steed and gazed down. Although she stopped trembling that much, she was still trying to calm herself.

"I overdid it, did I?" he asked, and she nodded, but didn't let go. His brows rose as he sensed she didn't seem afraid anymore. Still, she was trembling.

"Are you alright?" he queried once again, and she shook her head sideways. "What's wrong, love?"

Lilou gritted her teeth as she opened her eyes, locking her arms around his neck. "I don't know. My heart is racing so fast and my head would hurt every once in a while."

"I see." Samael looked around the border and aside from the soldiers and barracks on sight, there weren't any good places to rest. A shallow breath slipped past his lips and glanced at the steed. Riding it wouldn't help.

"Hold tight," he said and, as instructed, she moved up a bit. He glanced down at her once more before he jumped, sprinting away at full speed as if he was skipping spaces. He knew her and if she was acting like this, that only meant it was true. Worse. She wasn't telling him everything. They must return so Tilly could see the problem.

While his eyes glinted, picking up his already lightning speed, Lilou's breathing grew heavier. When they jumped from the top of the border, fear swelled in her heart. But when she screamed, she felt a striking pain in her head and her heart was pounding since.

'I can't understand... ' she closed her eyes, moving slightly up, and wrapped her arms around his neck to keep herself from falling. When she felt like losing consciousness, she snapped her eyes open. It was her gut feeling not to sleep. The thought terrified her somehow.

'I can't sleep,' she told herself. 'I don't think I should... or I won't wake up.' To keep herself awake, she moved her head up and peeked over his shoulder. Lilou narrowed her eyes as she felt even dizzier, seeing that everything seemed to just flash before her eyes. She didn't know he could run faster than a galloping horse. If only they traveled to the border like this, they would've reached it faster than when riding a horse.

'Huh?' her brows furrowed and as if by instinct, Lilou twisted her neck to look ahead. A strong gust of wind instantly met her face, making her squint her eyes. The air slightly made her feel better, though.

Lilou inhaled and exhaled until she could no longer feel the dizziness before she mustered her courage to open her squinting eyes wider. As soon as she did, the pounding in her chest calmed down and her body relaxed.

'I feel like flying... ' she thought, holding her breath, eyes down. Samael was skipping from roof to roof, but she didn't feel that much impact every time his She felt liberated and safe... something that felt so familiar and her emotion so strong a tension in her throat built up.

Lilou clutched his shoulder, causing him to gaze down at her. Seeing the amusement on her face, the side of his lips curled up as he sighed in relief. He slowed down so she could enjoy the sight of Karo from above. After all, this place that was rich with sand was glorious, as if it was a city of gold under the blazing sun. And he wanted her to see the beauty of this place because he promised to take her around the world to see what he had seen in his time.

As compensation for dragging her to jump from the wall, Samael took the longest route so they could share some time alone. Seeing the beautiful land of Karo from a bird's perspective was also a good way to erase the awful sight of the brutal battle beyond its border.

"Can you walk?" he asked as soon as he landed in front of the estate they were staying temporarily.

"Ye — yes." She stuttered, and he carefully put her down. Her knees trembled a bit, but she kept her ground. Samael scrutinized her from head to toe and smiled.

"Thank you," he expressed, waiting for her to return his gaze. "For coming with me today. It really means a lot to say more, he huffed and pivoted on his heel.

"Let's head inside. I'm a little famish and dirty..." while he me."

Lilou pursed her lips and nodded, clutching her hand close to her chest. Just when she thought Samael would say more, he huffed and pivoted on his heel.

"Let's head inside. I'm a little famish and dirty..." while he changed the subject, her eyes fell on his clothes and then on his boots. She didn't notice earlier, but his clothes were covered with specks of blood and his shoes seemed to have dipped in a shallow pool of blood.

She balled her hand into a fist before she took a deep breath. "Thank you!" she blurted out after mustering her courage to express her gratitude for the pleasant trip. Even though he went to fight those monsters, he didn't complain and showed her around the land of Karo.

He kept his promise. He took her to a place that could get some things off of her mind.

Samael halted as he cocked his head back arrogantly. "I don't like simple thanks," he humored. "If you want to thank me, just let me kiss you for at least a minute."

He waved and chuckled, resuming in his steps only to stop upon hearing a silent, "alright." His brows furrowed, looking back at her just to make sure he heard her correctly.

Lilou pursed her lips as she looked around before setting her eyes back on him. "I said, sure..." she trailed off, seeing him march towards her and before she could take a step back out of fear, he reached his hands out, cupping her cheek with both his hands and tilted his head, claiming her lips without a second hesitation.

Her eyes dilated as her breath hitched, but feeling the warmth of his lips once again, her eyes soon softened 10:49

before she closed them.

warmth of his lips once again, her eyes soon softened before she closed them.

'I think... Sir Knight is correct,' she thought, clutching his arm tightly. 'You know it is special when it feels right... or perfect under an imperfect circumstance.'

Chapter 704 Reenactment

Samael's kiss wasn't like their first that wanted to dominate. His kiss was gentle, a round full of sweet passion that ignites. It was like a promise of authenticity, waking up a primal desire which lived in all people. Lilou felt vulnerable at the sincerity of his lips being one with hers, feeling his teeth bite her gently.

She clutched his back, standing on her toes, basking in the warmth of his body, binding her in a tight embrace. Her brain was in a shut mode, forgetting they were being intimate just right outside the estate. Yet, even if the thought crossed her suddenly, she didn't feel the need to hide.

That night Samael brought her to the temporary estate they were hiding in. Lilou bawled her eyes all night. She didn't know the exact source of her tears and sadness, but what she knew was that she felt lost and confused. It was like she had no place in this world.

A human peasant shunned by the world, and a vampire who needed to die for reasons she didn't think were well-founded enough. Stuck in the fine line between humans and vampires, she didn't know where to put herself.

But in his kiss, she was home.

Perhaps that was the reason she wanted to test it with others. It wasn't to prove it was the same, but rather to prove he was different. He was real; he was there with open arms, telling her she was home with his pure heart open and vulnerable.

She didn't have to prove that anymore because this kiss was enough to answer her question. She liked it and she wanted more of it, and she couldn't imagine herself doing it with anyone else but him. In her head, she didn't think she would feel just as much as comfortable being intimate with others just as she felt comfortable with him.

It just felt natural, as if her body was his and his body was hers. When they would part, they were still one, but together they were complete.

Time ticked slowly, and he savored every millisecond in that one-minute time frame. When his brain whispered "one" while counting down, he reluctantly let her go.

Lilou panted for air as her eyes crack open ever so tenderly when his lips parted from her. She didn't know she was already suffocating until now. His forehead rested against her, and his arms that were still around her waist kept her body close.

Her heart was beating like crazy, hammering against her ribcage to break free. She gulped, suspending the echoing heartbeat that was deafening her.

"Thank you," he expressed under her breath.

With quivering lips, she replied. "Please don't speak." She raised her eyes and bit her inner lips secretly. "You seemed to have a habit of speaking about all the aggravating things at the wrong time."

"I'm minding my manners." He grinned, pulling her waist closer as if the nonexistent gap between their bodies was still too wide. Out of habit, Samael bent over and tilted his head, running the apex of his nose on the side of her neck. She pulled away on instinct, only to get pulled by his arm.

"Shall we bathe together, love?"

"Wa — wait..." Lilou shrank, raising her shoulder and tilting her head at the ticklish sensation of his breath on her skin.

He chuckled with his lips closed. "Tickles?"

"Mhm." She lowered her eyes to hide her flustered face, pressing her lips into a thin slash.

"What are you saying by bathing together? Aren't we going too fast? Don't we have steps to follow or the sort?" her voice was muffled while pinching his sleeve.

"Steps to follow?" Samael carefully drew his head back, waiting for her to look back at him. She nodded as her brows elevated, trying to hide the adorable blush on her cheek with this false bravado she sported.

"I mean, in the past... or future, there should be steps we had taken, right?" she cleared her throat and raised her chin. "Although I said I do not want to be controlled by what people told me that would or had already happened, I... I want to remember what my heart remembers."

Lilou huffed. The more she talked, the braver she got... or the more she showed how clueless she was.

"Let's not rush and do it like how we did it in the past," she added.

Samael blinked twice and tilted his head to the side. So she was basically telling him to do the steps on how they fell in love with each other, right? The problem was that he was just as clueless as her about how she fell for him. All he knew was that when they kissed the first time, their relationship took off.

And now that they kissed...

"Bathing together now is a must then," he spoke after seconds of silence, watching her brows crease.

"Pardon?"

"If we're following the steps accordingly, I will carry you inside and we will bathe together." The side of his lips stretched from ear to ear and fluttered his eyelashes coquettishly. "That's how we first did it."

Dread clouded her eyes. "Wha — what...?"

"After we kissed for the first time, we rushed back to the manor to continue it after getting interrupted," he explained, recalling the memories vividly as if it just happened yesterday.

The thought of how she looked at him at that time made him gulp to moisten his drying throat. Although she had grown fierce and naughty over the years, their first intercourse still had this special place in his heart.

In a vampire's lexicon, Samael would be considered a womanizer since pleasure for vampires was sinking their fangs into one's neck. But in human terms, he never had human intimacy aside from her. It was useless in his perspective; he didn't truly understand the human intimacy until he laid his eyes on Lilou.

Technically, their first intimate night together was both their first. Hence, it left a deep impression and would always be one of his favorites; every round of passion with her was on that favorite list, though.

"Let's go..." he suggested, and without a moment's notice, her feet left the ground and found herself back in his arms. She gasped as she looked up at him, only to see him grin at her.

"... and conduct a reenactment. You might remember a thing or two." Samael winked before he strutted towards the mansion. "I'll be gentle... I'll try."

Chapter 705 I'm the rotten one

"I'll be gentle... I'll try."

The expression on Lilou's face died as she held her breath while Samael carried her to the mansion. Studying the triumphant grin on his face, she knew he was dead serious. Samael was planning to carry her to the bathroom where they would...

Her mouth fell in disbelief before patting his chest when they were by the entrance. He stopped.

"Put me down!" she panicked, tapping his shoulder quickly. "Now!"

"But why? That is not how we did it."

Lilou nearly choked on her own breath but managed to keep herself together. She pinched his shoulder, which did nothing to him.

"I — I don't want to take a bath! I take bath every ten days!" she lied on the skin of her teeth. "Put me down... please."

Samael sighed quietly.

"Fine." He reluctantly put her down and then continued when he straightened his back. "Lilove, I was —"

Swoosh.

The second her feet met the floor, she dashed away in a flash without saying a word. He blinked many times as a gust of air blew past him. He slowly shifted his gaze to the direction she sprinted to, tilting his head to the side.

"I was kidding," he whispered, scratching his temple. "And a bit serious."

If she agreed, he wouldn't mind becoming one with her and giving the performance of his life. The sight of her was enough to tickle his heart, and kissing her could prickle his skin with euphoria. Feeling her body with his palm, he wanted to confine her in his embrace forever.

So, who wouldn't want to be intimate with the woman his body ached for?

"Fabian, we planned to reenact our first intimate time." He snapped his eyes and set them on his left. There, near the door, stood Fabian with his classic smile that caused his eyes to squint.

"But we didn't plan to do everything, and that includes your interruption."

"That's quite disheartening, my lord. I was looking forward to reliving the time I stood up against you." Fabian kept his smile.

Samael studied Fabian's demeanor and quirked a brow. "Did you dig your own grave?"

"I did."

"It seems you've been looking forward to this, huh?" he shook his head and sauntered off. "Don't bother me for a while. Lilou teased me enough for me to need to clear my head."

"Haven't you cleared your head at the border?" asked Fabian, while watching Samael take the stairs leisurely.

"The undead are not the problem." Samael paused, hand on the railing, and then looked back at Fabian from the seventh step of the stairs. "Prepare the place for our guest tomorrow. Heliot will surely drop by. If he didn't, then drag him here."

"Yes, Your Grace." Fabian placed his hand across his chest while Samael continued in his tracks.

Standing in the same spot, Fabian watched Samael on the second floor as he headed to his temporary room to take a bath. His squinting eyes slowly cracked slightly, revealing a pair of dangerous eyes.

"I hope the prince doesn't come..." he whispered, turning on his heel and marching towards the door. "Well, he wouldn't if I came to him first."

Samael went straight to the room he occupied this morning. Fabian was the best butler to ever exist since there was already warm water waiting for him in the tub the second he entered the bathroom. It was as if Fabian had known they would come and, knowing Samael, he had been spending time in the bath to clear his head.

Tossing all the clothes on the wooden chair nearby, Samael dipped in the tub and moaned as all his muscles relaxed. He leaned back, arms spread on the rims, eyes closed. He threw his head back, inhaling the steam ascending from the water.

He stayed in that position for minutes until he reopened his eyes. As soon as he did, he caught the high ceiling that still had some cobwebs lingering in the corner.

'I said, sure.' Lilou's whisper earlier rang in his head, making his head buzz. He was simply humoring her, but he didn't expect her to agree and allow him to kiss her. The side of his lips curled up at the thought.

"She's always like that," came out a deep voice, remembering how she also took him by surprise back then. "The only difference is that she chose a secret place where no one can see us."

The more he remembered how Lilou was during their first months together and how she was a decade later, his eyes fastened in amusement. The current Lilou was like a mix of both. His wife was bold enough to roll around the grass with him while making out. The younger Lilou was more discreet and silly.

A laugh cracked the silence in the room.

"Until now, she keeps surprising me." He mumbled and shook his head, taking a deep breath. His smile had been cemented on his face, pleased with their quick progress.

"It's probably because one way or another, she still remembers." He rocked his head. "I feel reassured that at least she's not closing her heart and mind. She is willing, and I simply needed to be patient."

Samael convinced himself there was no need to rush things with Lilou. No matter how short his patience was, he had to respect that Lilou was still... young.

"Right... she's still in her late teens..." his face contorted at the realization. "Now that I think about it, Stefan isn't that scummy."

Lilou and Stefan met when she was younger and silly. Although she was already of the legal age, she was still young compared to them. Hence, it was easy to understand the reason Stefan didn't touch her. It wasn't because he was a vampire and pleasure for him was different from what humans know, but it was because Lilou was still so young.

"I guess they were right," he mumbled as he gazed down, sighing heavily. "I'm the rotten one."

Samael might've told himself to be patient and not rush things with her. But he was a man, and he discovered a different kind of pleasure with Lilou. Therefore, his body sought her, his hands longed to touch every part of her body and feel the heat of her insides.

He dropped his hand underwater, hissing as he wrapped his fingers around his hard erection. His cheek flushed in pink, clenching his teeth as his breathing grew heavier.

"Damn Lilou... you're driving me crazy."

Chapter 706 Fantasy

Meanwhile... Lilou dashed away the second Samael put her down without a particular destination in mind. All she remembered was going as far away from him and entering a room to hide. She opened the door from the inside, leaving just an inch gap so she could peek.

'Did he follow me?' she wondered, opening the door wider until she peeked her head out. Looking from left to right, she heaved a sigh of relief when she was certain Samael didn't follow her.

"Goodness..." she patted her chest and closed the door, resting her back against it. Her eyes gloss over the room. It was just another unused guest room on the estate.

"If I didn't tell him to put me down, he would absolutely take me to bathe with him." Lilou shook her head to shake away any crazy thoughts that were resurfacing in her head. Even though she hadn't imagined what could have happened, her heart was beating rapidly.

"Why is he like that?" came out a murmur, touching her feverish face with the back of her hands as she felt slightly hot. She fanned herself, assuming her body was simply reacting to the tropical weather of the Land of Karo.

Lilou paced back and forth, taking off unnecessary layers of dress to cool her body. However, her temperature continued to increase as her steps slowed down. No matter how she squashed any silly thoughts that would resurface in her head, she couldn't help but imagine what could've happened if the thought of bathing with him did not overwhelm her.

She touched her nape to massage it, biting her lower lip. Her knees felt weak at the thought of his dangerous gaze hovering over her. With their skin damped with water and sweat, his hands would glide across her body easily. She wondered how those rough palms would feel on her skin?

The way Samael gripped her waist was strong and steady, but it wasn't enough to suffocate her. It was just enough to make her feel safe. Would his hands touching her bare abdomen feel the same?

"I think I'm going crazy," she mumbled in conflict, biting her lower as she clutch her skirt. "I feel weird."

Her knees trembled with just the thought of Samael running his hand on her body, and her nether region clenched the more she imagined how his hot breaths would kiss her shoulder; his fingers pinching her nipples, and his tongue sliding on her neck with his lips.

"I'm really going crazy." She wept, cupping her face while she held her breath. "Don't think about it!"

Lilou shut her eyes and covered her ears to stop her imagination from running wild. However, the more she told her brain not to think about it, the more she imagined everything very vividly. In the end, Lilou helplessly opened her eyes, on the verge of tears at the fear of this strange feeling creeping into her heart.

"I feel disappointed at myself..." she mumbled and dragged her feet outside the room to go back to her room. She didn't know how she returned to her room, but what she knew was she didn't bump into anymore — she did bump into Tilly, but the latter was like a ghost with no sense of presence at all so Lilou didn't notice her.

Used to her routine, Lilou lifelessly ran herself a warm bath and dipped her body in the tub. She hugged her knees and buried her face in them, keeping her silence.

Never once in her life was she ever curious about things such as intimacy between couples. Matter of fact, she was too innocent about it since everyone on the farm was discreet about it. Although the men in town were crazy savages, she believed she was too dirty, too poor, and too busy surviving to even bother with something as 'trivial' as this.

But after kissing Samael that opened this portal of the unknown, and how he would look at her as if he wanted nothing in this world but her, her brain was in haywire. Not just that, but his touches set her body aflame, making it ache for something she didn't understand.

"What the hell does my body want?" she mumbled, despite knowing completely well what the hell her body wanted right here and now.

Samael.

"But we just met last night. Although we already had a son and we probably did it once before..." she pursed her lips and sighed. "Never mind."

Lilou shook her head before she caught something from the corner of her eyes. She twisted her neck and the second she did, her eyes fell on the mirror in the corner of the bathroom. Her swallow echoed in her ear as her eyes shook while staring at the mirror.

She looked around discreetly and when she was sure no one would be looking at her, she planted her hands on the rim of the tub and pushed herself up. Lilou sauntered towards the mirror without covering her dripping, unclad body.

Standing in front of the mirror, she looked at her bare body in silence. She bit her lips on instinct, face painted in red as she slowly reached to cup her bosom. Her body shivered as her nipples hardened. It felt weird watching herself touch herself, but despite the embarrassing action, she didn't stop although she froze for a moment.

As she pinched her nipple lightly, her other hand felt her stomach down to her navel. She stopped, feeling a little lost as her eyes fell on her private area. She gulped nervously once again.

"What am I doing to myself?" she wondered, staring at her flustered face reflecting in the mirror. What should she do? Her flower was clenching, wanting to be touched. Although she would wash her body before, she never touched herself while thinking of a man doing it to her.

She gulped and shut her eyes, retracting her trembling hand from reaching the junction between her legs. However, just as she raised her hand, Samael's apparition mirrored in the mirror, standing

behind her. She watched him run his fingertips from her shoulder down to her hand. He then slowly guided her hand to her core, his crimson eyes staring into her eyes.

"Think of me and you'll know what to do..." he whispered seductively, lowering his head, tracing the side of her neck with the apex of his nose. "Imagine my hand touching you, feeling your curves... and owning what is mine."

Her mouth fell open and her knees trembled as her finger slid down her clitoris.

"That's right, love." He whispered once again as she kept her eyes on the mirror where he could see him running his palms around her waist and then up to cup her breast. "You're doing it perfectly well."

A moan slipped past her lips, but kept her ground while touching herself, and discovering something she had never felt before. It was as if a portal finally opened, giving all this knowledge on where to touch, and how to make herself feel good, whilst letting her imagination run wild.

Little did she know, the man she was fantasizing about was already moaning her name at the same time. And after what seemed to be an eternity, they coincidentally moaned each other's name as they reached climax.

Chapter 707 Samael's fault

Lilou sat down on the edge of the bed for an elongated time. Dread reigned over her face, head hanging low, guilt and shame eating her up from the inside.

"What did I just do?" she asked herself for the umpteenth time. She clenched her hand on her lap, holding her breath as she recalled the experienced she just had in the bathroom.

After venturing her body with 'Samael's guidance,' her entire body shivered upon reaching climax, making her core throb as heat leaked from inside her. Like a withering flower, she wobbled to the floor and Samael dispersed into thin air.

She looked at herself in the mirror for a long time until she had enough strength to clean herself. She thought to forget what just happened, but here she was, stuck on the edge of the bed with dread dominating her face. It was impossible to forget it.

"Did I just fantasize about a man touching me...?" she asked herself once again, on the verge of tears at how embarrassed she was to herself. The thought that no one knew about it aside from herself wasn't enough to salvage this sense of shame devouring her alive.

She was ashamed of herself, but this shame never crossed her while doing the deed. Only after that did this shame creep into her heart, crippling her in this same position for hours. Good thing no one was looking for her; she would totally lose it if Samael suddenly knock on the door.

Knock knock.

Lilou jumped when a faint knock suddenly caressed her ears. Just when she thought no one was looking for her, someone knocked on the door.

'Great! Just when I wished no one see me right now.' She clenched her teeth in distress, still flustered at the rollercoaster emotions throughout the day. 'Please, please, please... not Samael.' Lilou held her hand in front of her and prayed from the bottom of her heart. Anyone was fine but Samael. She deeply prayed her prayers would be answered at least once!

"Just this once, please... hear my prayers."

To her relief, the voice from the other side of the door wasn't that seductively dangerous voice whispering in her ears to think about him. But instead, it was a voice of a boy.

"Mother? Are you awake?"

Lilou raised her head and gazed at the door, blinking back to her senses. 'Law!' she sprung up to her feet and rushed to open the door. As soon as she did, her eyes fell on the young boy, who looked exactly the same as Samael, but with emerald eyes just like hers.

"Law," she breathed out in relief, squatting down to his eye-level. "I missed you."

Without thinking twice, Lilou pulled him into her embrace as if she finally found someone to keep her from stressing about what happened during her bathing time. Law smiled subtly before she parted from him.

"Did you have a good nap?" she asked, holding his biceps gently.

He nodded and hummed. "I've been awake since two hours ago, but Father said I shouldn't bother you since you were tired. I only came to call you for dinner."

"Ahh..." Lilou chuckled awkwardly as she thought of Samael once again. It already felt strange when Law called Samael his father and Lilou his mother. After all, in her mind, they never did it.

'Well... aside from earlier, if that was counted, then we did...' she bit her tongue and kept a smile. But her smile froze when Law spoke.

"Mother, do you have a fever?" Law tilted his head to the side, studying her pinkish face. "Should I tell them you're unwell and ask father to bring you food?"

"No!" he jolted when Lilou exclaimed, but then the latter laughed and rubbed his shoulder. "Sorry. I mean, I'm alright. It's just I took a hot bath, that's all."

"Ohh..."

Her lips stretched to hide the vestige of guilt. "Shall we?" she extended her hand and wiggled her fingers after standing up.

"Mhm!" Law happily clasped her hand, only for her to freeze.

'Wasn't this the hand I used to touch my breast?' her brain went blank for a moment but snapped from her daze when Law tugged her.

"Mother?" he was looking up at her with furrowed brows, getting more worried as Lilou was acting strange.

Lilou gazed down at him and glanced at their hand and then gazed at her other hand. She pressed her lips. The other one touched an even worse part of her. Her eyes darted between the two and sighed helplessly.

'I should scrub my hand later. I can't keep touching this child with these filthy hands.'

Unlike her helpless thoughts, Lilou sported a smile to hide her worries from him. She didn't want to worry her son, knowing he was quite clever and observant. If she continued acting strangely, Law

would surely get worried. It was all Samael's fault for feeding her perverted thoughts during the time they were together.

"I'm sorry. I was simply thinking about something, but it's nothing." Her smile remained as she raised her chin up. "Let's go."

"Alright..."

Law didn't probe since he was aware Lilou couldn't remember most things they shared as a family. The only reason she opened her heart to him was that her heart remembered her love for her children. Thus, he tossed whatever thoughts at the back of his head.

If only he knew her mother was going crazy because of his father.

The two of them headed to the dining. Usually, Lilou was the one in charge of their meals. Stefan was low maintenance and could go on for days without food for as long as he had blood to drink. So, she would mostly cook food for herself. But since she was too mind-boggled, she forgot to even eat or prepare.

Fortunately, there were people in here to prepare dinner on time. Well, it wasn't like they all needed to eat, since vampires were satisfied with just blood alone.

Lilou briefed herself while on their way to the dining hall, telling

herself to behave and act naturally. But as soon as they reached the dining hall, her eyes instantly fell on the chair where Samael was sitting. Unlike her, who had to force herself to forget, Samael didn't act differently. If anything, he appeared to be nonchalant while staring at Tilly with dead eyes.

'That guy...' she secretly clenched her teeth, feeling this surge of anger swell in her chest. 'After playing with my head and heart, he was unbothered while I feel like I'm about to go crazy...!'

Chapter 708 I have a question

Lilou's expression was dead as she sat down in the chair beside Law, who was sandwiched by his parents: Lilou on his right and Samael on the left.

Samael glanced at them and instantly caught the coldness in her eyes. He quirked a brow in intrigued.

'Did something happen to her? Why is she angry?' he wondered, glancing at Law. Samael lowered his head and inquired to his son in a quiet voice.

"Is your mother alright?" he asked and Law glanced at Lilou. The latter shrugged.

Just now, he and Lilou were alright. She would constantly smile at him and held his hand tenderly. But in a blink of an eye, Lilou completely turned into a different person. Law would be worried if not for Lilou, casting him a warm smile only to glare at Samael.

Samael flinched after receiving the deadly glare his wife would usually give him when he did something wrong. Or even when he did nothing wrong.

'What did I do?' he wondered and scratched his temple, snapping his eyes while Fabian served the food. Samael glanced at him and furrowed his brows.

"Did you do what I asked you to?" he asked, and Fabian nodded slightly.

"Yes, my lord." Fabian then served them with everything he prepared all alone. When he stood near Lilou while he placed the soup near her, he tilted his head to the side. However, Fabian didn't pry and simply continued placing everything.

Around the table was Samael on the right, closest to the empty host seat, then Law and Lilou. In front of Samael was Tilly. Noticing this, Lilou pursed her lips into a thin line.

"Where are the rest?" she asked Fabian while the latter was placing the last dish on the table.

"Sir Knight is training. Klaus is still in the food storage with the young earl, and His Majesty went out to settle his kingly matters," explained Fabian to Lilou, knowing where everyone was.

"Oh..." her lips formed an o-shape. "Who are Klaus and the Earl?"

This time, silence fell in the dining hall at her inquiry. That was right. Lilou didn't know about Klaus and Claude and she didn't get to meet them just yet.

Fabian smiled brighter. "They're His Majesty's and His Grace's brother and nephew."

"Oh..." Lilou rocked her head before she blurted, "but what are they doing in the food storage?"

"..."

For a moment, no one answered. Although telling her the real reason shouldn't be a problem, everyone was subconsciously treading on thin ice around Lilou. It wasn't because they were scared of her, but rather, they were afraid she would suddenly shut herself off because they scared her.

Obviously, around this table, there was just one person who didn't share the same sentiments.

"Claude is too ashamed to face you, so he is cooped up in the food storage, and Klaus is tied up because it was fun," Tilly answered after the prolonged silence, already serving herself and filling her plate with all sorts of dishes.

Lilou furrowed her brows, but she couldn't help but notice the hill of food on Tilly's plate. She wondered if Tilly could eat all that because she was too petite that a strong wind could blow her and too pale as if she would kick the bucket anytime soon. But Lilou shook her head to shake off any distractive thoughts.

"I see... but why?" she asked. "I don't understand. Did this Claude do something terrible to me?"

Tilly's lips parted, but before she could fill Lilou in, Samael spoke.

"Lilou, I will explain everything to you later. I mean, bit by bit. You should eat first." He glanced at Tilly. Knowing his aunt, they wouldn't get to eat as she would answer Lilou's questions without any filter. Lilou could only take one thing at a time.

Lilou frowned, but before she could argue, Tilly somehow agreed.

"That's right." She nodded and looked at Lilou without much change in her reaction. "It's better if Samael explains it to you."

"Tilly, did you agree because you felt tired of answering?" Law inquired out of plain curiosity, and Tilly nodded.

"Too tired I can't open my mouth anymore to eat." Tilly stared at her plate full of a variety of food and didn't move as if she just turned into a statue.

Staring at her, Lilou let out a sigh and glanced at Law. She didn't even question Tilly's strangeness as it somehow suited her face, tone of voice, and just her entire character.

"My lady, don't worry. We do not need to rush everything." Fabian smiled at her as he poured her a glass of juice to enjoy.

"I'm not... thanks." She smiled meekly back at Fabian.

With that being said, they started eating. With the stress and anger Lilou was nurturing regarding Samael, she ate more without her noticing. She would habitually put food on Law's plate, making sure he was well-fed. Sometimes, she would glare at Samael whenever she would catch him looking in her direction. Meanwhile, Tilly just stared at her food while the family of three was eating in silence.

"Lady Tilly, shall I feed you?" asked Fabian after making sure everyone was served well, standing right beside Tilly. The latter didn't respond and kept her eyes on the mountain of untouched food on her plate.

"Will she not eat?" Lilou mumbled after swallowing down her food.

Law glanced up at her. "She's already eating."

"Huh?"

"She's using her imagination and deluding herself she was gobbling up the food," he explained in a knowing tone. All of them were used to Tilly, so it felt strange for him to explain it to Lilou. Her expression contorted at Law's explanation as she set her eyes back to Tilly.

Just then, Tilly snapped her eyes and raised her gaze to Samael.

"Samael, I have a question." Samael creased his brows, holding the fork while stabbing at the vegetable lazily while waiting for the rest of her inquiry. "If Lilou got pregnant now, will he be your firstborn and not Law anymore?"

Chapter 709 FVS

"If Lilou got pregnant now, will he be your firstborn and not Law anymore?"

"..."

There was a long silence that descended into the dining hall as everyone looked at Tilly with blank eyes. Even Law was stupefied by the question Tilly threw at them. If Lilou got pregnant now, would he or she be the firstborn and not Law anymore?

Well... "Pfft —" Fabian chuckled as his expression grew brighter. "That is quite a riddle, Lady Tilly. The young master is born around five or six years later. So accordingly, if the madam and His Grace had a child now, he is the firstborn."

"But Law will still age the same even though he was born later," Tilly replied and then glanced at the mortified Samael. "Don't impregnate Lilou."

Samael coughed as he snapped his eyes, resting his elbow on the table to hold his head. "Tilly, did you eat enough to restore your energy to talk?"

"I ate well."

"For goodness' sake, Tilly. You didn't take a bite," he grumbled. Tilly's question was enough to play with someone's head and now, he couldn't help but wonder as well. Tilly was like his brain whenever he wanted to rest, giving him unnecessary things to think about.

"I didn't?" Tilly gazed down at her plate and sighed. "But I'm full already."

Samael shook his head, losing hope for the rest of his relatives. He wished they weren't like her, but well... he was already expecting the worst. He then glanced at Law, sighing once more. His son's expression was blank, eyes on Tilly, barely blinking. When Samael moved his eyes to the person next to Law, another sigh slipped past his lips.

Just like Law, Lilou was looking at Tilly with dread. Both mother and son let Tilly's words get into them.

"Tilly, I will appreciate it..." he trailed off as his eyes fell on his aunt, only to see her staring at her food. "... never mind. Law will get used to her once he grew older and Lilou, too."

"Lady Tilly, you will get indigestion if you eat too much." Fabian reminded her because she had been staring at her food without eating it. Samael shook his head again.

"Fabian, you're not helping," came out a mumble, assuming Tilly was like this because there was Fabian who would indulge with her. But then again, Tilly had been peculiar since the beginning. She was just growing worse... or better in 'socializing.'

"Don't mind her." Samael planted his palm on top of Law's head, snapping his son back to his trance. "You should get used to your grandmother."

Law sighed and nodded. 'I don't think I will get used to her, though. Even Father would be surprised by her now and then. Now... I'm even more worried about Sunny.' He darted his eyes at Fabian and Tilly. His little sister was so fond of these two and had spent most of her time with them.

'Sunny...' Law glanced at Lilou and bit his tongue, knowing they hadn't mentioned Sunny to her. 'I wonder if she is fine.'

When Lilou recovered, she looked at her unfinished food blankly. Unlike what they all thought, she was more shocked at the fact that Tilly was talking about Lilou getting pregnant over dinner. It forced her brain to recall what she did earlier today in the bathroom.

'Get pregnant...' she held her breath, looking at her food as if she was staring at a ghost. 'Why are they talking as if I will get pregnant easily? Am I really that easy?'

Meanwhile...

Stefan entered the mansion's premises while taking off his gloves. As soon as he stood in the lobby, he heard the clanging noises of cutleries hitting the plates through his keen ears. The side of his lips curled up upon hearing Tilly's inquiry, and then silence.

He chuckled, shaking his head, sauntering to the stairs to go straight into his room.

'Good thing I wasn't there to listen to her ridiculous sentiments. I had enough of that today,' he told himself, walking soundlessly. Tilly gave him enough riddles to think about for today and Stefan had been coordinating with the monarchs of Karo and also doing his duties as the king of the Heart's Kingdom, even though he was in another land.

It wasn't like joining them would hurt, but he would rather use a moment of peace. Samael, Fabian, and Tilly would not give that to him. Moreover, it was better not to see Samael and Lilou together. It was only a matter of time before those two find each other's hearts. For him, it was better to distance himself from her quietly.

As a routine, Stefan was about to run himself a bath. A habit he already got used to doing himself since he didn't have servants to do that for him. But to his surprise, Fabian seemed to have prepared it for him already.

Stefan chuckled, seeing the steam rising from the tub. He didn't complain at this kind gesture, though. So, he took off his clothes to freshen up to finish the mountain of documents he had yet finished. But just as he took off his coat, a handkerchief fell to his feet.

He gazed down and tilted his head to the side, picking the handkerchief he forgot was with him. He flipped it and arched a brow, reading the embroidered initials on the corner of the handkerchief.

"FVS," he whispered, recalling a servant whom he bumped into today in the royal palace of the Land of Karo while he was in disguise. Her handkerchief fell from their collision, but she simply apologized and rushed away. Stefan picked it up to give it to her, but she just suddenly vanished when he tried to follow her.

He slowly curled his fingers with the handkerchief within, narrowing his eyes. "VS... Von Stein," he muttered, reviewing all the names in the royal family records.

"That's strange." Stefan placed the handkerchief inside the pocket of his coat and continued to take off the rest that was covering his body. When he finished, he didn't idle and dipped his body in the tub and hissed in satisfaction.

Stefan leaned back, eyes up. "Florence Von Stein." He muttered, thinking about the woman who was in a servant's clothes. "Why would a princess wear a servant's clothes to sneak out of the palace?"

Chapter 710 Sunny

The dinner ended quite peacefully. Tilly didn't eat even a portion before she claimed she had indigestion and left. Meanwhile, Lilou and Law agreed to take a walk without inviting Samael. Yet, the latter followed them, albeit keeping a safe distance from them as they walked in the garden.

Walking several steps behind them, Samael smiled.

'This feels like home.' His eyes were fixed on Lilou, holding Law's hand. The two were conversing just about anything, walking leisurely, as if the world was a safe place to be in. His eyes softened, watching her squat beside Law to fix his scarf.

The climate in Karo was crazy. During the day, it was sweltering hot, but at night, the wind could be freezing cold.

'I still wonder why she is so angry at me...' he sighed and continued to follow the two when they resumed.

Throughout dinner, Lilou didn't talk to him, even when he tried to strike up a conversation with her. When they went out for a walk, Lilou still glared at him. This might be a trivial matter he shouldn't

concern with, knowing the weight of their situation. But it bothered him more than the people who wished for them to die.

"What did I even do?" his frown deepened, wanting to join his wife and son. He wanted to walk with them and not just follow them. It felt like Lilou was punishing him. Was teasing him and leaving him hanging not enough of a punishment for him?

'She married a pervert... and this pervert can barely keep his hand on himself,' Samael lamented internally as he tried his best to not imagine Lilou in a perverted way. But how could he do that successfully when she was always naked in his eyes?!

"Damn it..." Samael ruffled his hair in irritation and kicked the pebble blocking his path. 'Especially after months of abstinence, I'm not only thirsty; I'm famished.'

Samael grew grumpier the longer he followed them. When Lilou and Law returned to the manor, his frown was apparent. Yet, the two ignored him as if he was a ghost.

'That kid... I thought he was my ally.' He clicked his tongue as they walked through the hallway leading to Law's room. His son's room was just near Samael's. This manor wasn't like the mansion on the mainland or their house in Minowa. Ramin, the holder of Labyrinth, wasn't here to protect his son from an intruder that the house didn't recognize.

When Lilou and Law entered their son's room, a gust of wind blew past him when she slammed it closed right in front of his face. His expression turned sour, staring at the shut door.

"She's furious..." he whispered, scrunching his nose up in dismay. "Was it about the bathing together?"

Samael was at a dead-end here. Lilou wouldn't tell him what was wrong. Although he knew he might've crossed the line, he still believed they were on the same page. Lilou just got a little overwhelmed, but not to the point she would get angry as if he committed adultery.

"Is it about Sunny?" he wondered, tilting his head to the side. "Did she somehow remember her?"

His expression grew pale as he paced back and forth in the hallway. He believed Sunny was capable enough to protect herself, or at least, she was smart enough to know where to hide. Even if people raided the Grimsbanne Mansion, they would get lost in it and wouldn't see Sunny. Moreover, the La Crox left on the mainland wouldn't let his child on her own.

There were many factors that kept Samael reassured Sunny would be safe. She had the La Crox, the mansion, and the royalty as her backing. And Sunny's capabilities, even at a young age, were phenomenal and alarmed Samael at times.

"Still... she's Lilou's baby," he whispered in horror, gazing at the door. "No matter how capable her children were, Lilou still looked at them like normal, innocent children."

His heart sank, knowing what sort of mother Lilou was to her children. Her children simply needed to smile and tell her they loved her, and she would give in. But to Samael, his children were either cold like Law or nonchalant like Sunny.

A deep exhale slipped past his lips. He dragged his feet to the nearest window in Law's room. He leaned his side against the wall, folded his arms under his chest, and eyes at the darkness reigning over Karo.

"She'll be fine, right?" he whispered, worry apparent on his face. Despite all that list of why he shouldn't worry about his daughter, Samael could not help but think about Sunny.

As silence reigned in the hallway, he kept his eyes on that far distant, in the direction where the mainland was located. His mind drifted with the thought of his daughter. Samael rarely prayed and he could count the times he prayed sincerely.

But tonight, he prayed once again, hoping his daughter would be safe and sound until he returned with her mother and brother.

"Sunny..."

Meanwhile, in the mainland, the land of vampires...

A little girl was drawing circles on the ground outside the Grimsbanne Mansion, using a stick in her hand. She then drew lines from those three circles until they appeared to be stick figures. As soon as she drew the last foot of the stick figure, three shadows towered over her.

"This is the kid?" asked the man in the middle while the little girl hugging her toy bunny raised her gaze a bit to look at their feet.

Her expression didn't change in the presence of three men talking about whose child she was. Instead, she snapped her adorable doe eyes ever so tenderly and raised her stick to draw on the ground again. However, she only drew one straight line that went from the first stick figure's neck across the third one.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Blood traveled to her drawing while the shadow towering over her disappeared. When she raised her head, the three men were already on the ground while their heads rolled over to near their bodies. And yet, the little girl, who was only around four, didn't flinch at the grotesque sight.

"I already filled the graves Mister Fabian prepared..." came out an innocent, sweet voice, pondering on what to do with those three.

Just then, she heard something from a far distance. She turned her head and caught the golden flames rising in the sky.

"The royal family had fallen..." she whispered, holding the toy bunny's hand as she skipped her steps away from the mansion. "... I wonder if I can find my grandpa... Tilly said he has many chocolates."