

The Duke 711

Chapter 711 The adventures of little Margaret

Lilou naturally cleaned Law before tucking him into the bed. With a smile, she was brushing his hair gently while her son was staring at her.

"Mother, are you angry with Father?" asked Law to Lilou when he couldn't take his curiosity peaking.

"No," she denied and shook her head mildly.

"Then why are you ignoring him?"

"I'm not ignoring him." Lilou chuckled awkwardly and said, "I'm just... I'm just a little busy. Your father has quite a strange personality. I simply want to focus on you. I'm sure he understood that since I don't remember our time together."

Seeing the worry still lingering her son's eyes, Lilou smiled reassuringly. "Do not worry. His Grace and I will settle things at our own pace." — definitely the slow pace as what she planned... hopefully.

"Alright." He pursed his lips into a thin line, restraining himself from probing. He knew his parents well, and he knew they would settle things eventually. His father was a persistent lad and he would do whatever it takes to keep his family together. It was just that Lilou... although still acted as the mother he used to know, she was different around Samael. It was concerning, but Law just had to trust his father.

'That's right,' he mentally nodded. 'If father failed, I will just have to step in and help him. For now, I need to stay in Mother's good graces.'

"Now, sleep." Lilou smiled and patted his feet over the blanket. "I'm surprised Mister Fabian cleaned every corner of this room and still had time to do other things."

"He is Mister Fabian." She giggled at his response. "Cleaning is his only way to keep his thoughts straight."

Her brows rose. "Why is that?"

"Hmm?"

"Nothing." Lilou smiled and shook her head, assuming this was something she shouldn't inquire to Law. He was still a child. Although he was matured for his age and knew things more than a ten-year-old should, she wanted him to stay and enjoy his youth. Instead of answering his mother's inquiry.

"You should sleep more so you grow up faster," she continued, changing the subject.

Law nodded and exhaled sharply, closing his eyes to sleep. Lilou stared at him quietly for minutes before Law frowned.

"I can't sleep." He reopened his eyes ever so slowly, making her chuckle.

"Should I read you a book?" Law nodded profusely at her suggestion. "Alright. Wait for me."

Lilou stood up from the chair beside the bed and sauntered towards the shelf. Her fingers hovered over the books stacked properly, reading each title carefully. Her lips curled down after confirming there weren't any children's books in here.

'It can't be helped.' She sighed and returned to her seat without bringing any book.

With a smile, she announced. "There isn't a children's book available on the shelf, but I can tell you stories that I know."

Fortunately, Law didn't mind, as he smiled back and nodded.

Lilou cleared her throat and rummaged through her memory to remember the stories she used to tell to the children in the field back in the duchy.

"This story is about the little Margaret who went on an adventure to visit her grandfather." Her lips stretched, remembering one of her favorite fables growing up. "Little Margaret set off to visit her grandfather, who lives on the mountaintop. But when little Margaret reached his home, her grandfather was away. Waiting for him, little Margaret grew chocolates in his backyard..."

Law listened to the story eagerly, as if he hadn't heard it multiple times in the past. This was one of Sunny's favorite bedtime stories, which Lilou would tell her every single night. Therefore, Law was forced to listen to it. Still, the story was interesting enough for him.

Once Lilou finished the story, she lulled Law until he had fallen asleep. Staring at his sleeping face for the second time today, all her stress for the day disappeared.

'I thought vampires didn't sleep... wait. Was Law a vampire? Or a human? Or was he in between?' she cocked her head to the side before shaking it. 'Nevermind. I had too many things to think about. It doesn't matter if he is a pureblood vampire or a human. He's a child who deserves the best in this world.'

Lilou nodded in agreement before she brushed his hair gently. After some time and making sure he was covered and comfortable, she headed to the candles in the room and blew a few of them, leaving it dim. She stood on the nightstand where she placed a single candelabra, smiling at Law when she glanced at him.

"Good night, Law." She bent over and planted a peck on his forehead. "May you have a good dream."

Her eyes softened as she drew her head back, staring at his face. Lilou, almost and successfully, forget the memories she wanted to forget that had happened. However, as soon as she left the room, her eyes caught a figure leaning near the window.

The moonlight filtered through the glass, shining down on Samael's face. Lilou gulped as she studied his side profile.

'Why does he look so worried?' she wondered. 'Has he been here for two hours now?'

If her memory served correctly, it had been around that time since she was with Law. She pursed her lips into a thin line, assuming he already left. But now, she couldn't help but wonder why he looked so worried.

'Was this because he thought I was angry? But well, I am.' She shook her head mildly. 'It's his fault that I am having ridiculous ideas.'

Just when Lilou was about to ignore him and head to her room, something near her feet glinted. Looking down, her brows arched as she squatted down. There was a piece of shattered glass.

'Good thing Law didn't step on it earlier.' She heaved a sigh of relief and picked up the shard so Law wouldn't meet an accident. However, with the faint light in the hallway, Lilou grazed her finger in her attempt to pick it up.

"Ah..." she hissed, catching Samael's attention. The latter immediately rushed to her side, squatting down as the scent of her blood filled his nostril.

"Lilou." His eyes glowed as his teeth clenched, snatching her wrist, only to see blood dripping from the end of her finger. "Goodness. You should be careful. Your blood is precious, love."

Samael put her finger in his mouth immediately to stop the bleeding while Lilou froze on the spot. He didn't have any plans other than to stop her bleeding, but as soon as her blood traveled in his veins, her frantic voice rang in his head.

'No, no, no! What is he doing?! That's the finger...!! That's the finger... that touched me...' He froze that second, raising his eyes to her, only to see her straight face while averting her eyes.

'Why is he looking at me? Act natural Lilou. Don't look at him and act natural. He can't know what you did while bathing, alright? Take deep breaths...'

"..."

Chapter 712 I'm scared

Samael looked at Lilou with blank eyes. She had her eyes to the side, avoiding his gaze at all costs, sporting this fake bravado as if she didn't care about their situation.

Lilou sighed secretly. 'This man is driving me crazy... really!' she clicked her tongue and mustered the courage to look back at him.

"Stop. What do you think you're doing?" she snatched her finger from his lips, failing to hide the apparent blush on her cheeks. "Goodness... how can you lick a lady's hand? Didn't you have etiquette lessons? Tch."

'What lesson did this man learn? Did the royalties also have seduction classes? It sure is effective,' she continued in her head, clutching her finger close to her. But when she noticed him just looking at her, her brows rose.

"What?" she asked. 'Why is he looking at me like that? Lilou, don't fall for his mixed signals!'

With that thought in mind, Lilou's blood pressure rose, letting her get angry about things she shouldn't. She lifted her skirt and assisted herself up. She glanced at the glass that pricked her hand and then glared at him.

"Please pick it up and throw it away. My finger is injured already, and I'm afraid Law will meet an accident if it wasn't removed," she remarked bravely as if she wasn't talking to a duke. "I'll be on my way."

"Ah..."

'Ah?' Lilou controlled her face from showing any sign of dismay. 'Is that all he had to say? Goodness... this man just knows how to make me angry. Did I really marry him?'

She huffed and stomped her feet away. However, just as she took three steps, a hand grabbed her wrist and spun her around.

"Wait," he said, watching her hold her breath, eyes shaking at him. The side of his lips curled up, guiding her finger, which he sucked previously to her lips.

"What are you..." her eyes dilated as horror dominated her face, but his lips stretched even wider until his eyes were squinting.

"I learned etiquette, but rarely apply it to my way of life. But since you are concerned, then I'll keep my manner and kiss you indirectly." He arched a brow, giving her a knowing look. He chuckled when her expression died and her inner voice went into complete silence.

She was mortified, and it made him want to tease her more. When she recovered, Samael had to bite his tongue upon hearing her inner screams.

'Oh... my god! Oh my god! My god... my heart...' she wept internally, but on the surface, she was simply looking at him in silence. 'Why is he doing this to me? An indirect kiss as respect...? Then why tell me if you really want to keep your manners?!'

"Pfft —!" she frowned when he snickered. Samael cleared his throat and bent over to look at her up close, still keeping her finger on her lips.

"What do I do with you?" he sighed. "Give me one reason why I shouldn't drag you to my room right now."

Her eyes dilated in disbelief and blurted out, "it's not moral."

"That's a weak argument, Love. I don't even have a conscience." He narrowed his eyes and shook his head mildly. Samael took a step forward, making her take a step back. His face was still closer than before, fluttering his eyelashes coquettishly.

'What — what is he doing? Why is he getting close?' her brain kept screaming at her to run, but her feet wouldn't move when he took another step. All she could do was lower her eyes and head under his gaze. She swallowed the tension in her throat as his breath wafted her nostrils.

'Please... stop this now.' She nearly wept in distress.

"Goodness gracious... you're driving me crazy," he mumbled, lips falling open. Her voice in his head was forcing him to cross the line even just a step to hear more of her thoughts. Lilou was learning to hide her thoughts behind that offended facade, and she was very good at it. Ismael wouldn't even know what she truly wanted if he didn't have a taste of her blood.

"Ple — please, let me go, my lord," she muttered in horror, hanging her head low to hide the dread filling her eyes.

"Is that what you truly want?" he returned, receiving nothing but silence as an answer. "Answer me honestly, Lilou."

His breathing grew heavy, waiting for her to look up before he continued. "If that is what you want, I will let you go. You just have to tell me while looking into my eyes. Just say, 'I don't want you,' and I will take it as face value."

Silence fell on them, holding each other's gazes. Her lips quivered as they parted, but her voice was stuck in her throat. She couldn't say those simple words even as a joke because deep down, she knew that wasn't the case.

'How... can I not want him? When I just fantasized about him touching me today?'

Samael stiffened as his pupils slightly dilated before the little flames behind those pairs of rubies blazed wildly.

"What did you say?" he blurted out, snapping her out of her trance.

"Huh?"

"Ah... damn..." he ground his teeth and pulled her wrist that was within his grip closer to him. His arm instantly wrapped around her waist, taking a step until her back hit the wall, confining her in his arms.

Her breath instantly hitched at his sudden aggression. She clutched his chest on instinct, eyes shaking at him.

"W — what...?" she stuttered, noticing the dangerous glint across his eyes as if all the layers to hide the monstrous beast behind unraveled. Her heart raced, beating twice faster than normal, making her catch up to her breathing.

Samael was breathing heavier, lowering his head until there was just a palm length away from their faces. His arm was pressing against the wall, squeezing her hip, barely stopping himself from ripping her clothes.

"Just say it," he demanded under his breath, his eyes burning, fangs letting themselves known just to intimidate her. "Say it, Lilou. Tell me to stop. Tell me you don't want me."

"I..." her breath hitched, body trembling in fear. "... you."

'I... I'm scared...'

Chapter 713 Stop me

'I... I'm scared...'

"Then say it." Samael urged under his breath, making Lilou's brows elevate.

"Pardon?"

"Say you are scared. Don't keep it in your head." He bumped his forehead against hers mildly. "I can hear you."

"Huh...?" It took her a moment before realization dawned on her. That very second, his words previously regarding wanting to know her thoughts by drinking her blood crossed her head. He mentioned it in passing on their way to the border, but she didn't dwell on it.

But now...

Lilou's complexion instantly turned white at the realization. Her brain shut down briefly, looking up at him with an open mouth.

'No...' she whispered in her head only to hear his voice in her head saying, 'yes.'

She shook her head in disbelief, praying this was all just a nightmare. Perhaps she had fallen asleep while putting Law to sleep and now she was dreaming. Right. Lilou blinked countless times to wake herself up before wishing to melt and become one with the floor out of embarrassment.

She had been talking in her head. And considering Samael had heard all of that... her heart sank as she held her breath.

'No,' she whispered internally once again, and just like the last time, she heard his voice in her head saying, 'yes, Lilou. Yes.'

"Oh, my good lord..." she mumbled, unable to think about how to get out of this situation. She was cornered and Samael had already known everything. Everything that she dreaded for anyone to figure out.

It was over. Her knees trembled, drained of strength as if the floor sucked all of it. If not for his arms around her waist, and her back fusing on the wall, she would have collapsed.

"You knew..." she whispered, wanting to just evaporate into thin air to avoid this humiliation.

Samael let out a deep exhale, watching her have a mental breakdown. He didn't plan to tell her about this. If anything, he simply wanted to listen to her thoughts all night. However, he lost his cool when he heard her confession.

How the hell could he keep his calm if the woman his body ached for was longing for him? Just as intensely as his desire and longing?

"Does it matter?" he returned. "Do I have to confess what I was doing when you fled?"

Lilou pursed her lips, swallowing down the building tension in her throat. His eyelids drooped until they were partially closed, taking a step as if the centimeter distance between them was far too wide for him. He took another step until his body was pressing against her, licking his fangs to soothe its tingling.

"Lilou." She lowered her head when he bent over, his breath caressing the tip of her ear. "Back there... in the tub... do you understand how hard it is to cool my body down just thinking about what could've happened if you didn't run away?"

His hand felt her curves down to her hips, clutching his skirt and moving it up a little. "I kept thinking about how I would touch you and where I would touch you first. I imagined how your damp body would feel under my palms as I slide them from your thigh to your buttocks."

"Stop me," he urged under his breath, slipping his hand under her skirt to feel her stockings. "Stop me..."

Samael hooked a finger in her stockings, tracing it around her thigh. His breathing grew even heavier, feeling this pressure on his arousal. He wanted her. No words could justify how he longed for her and now that she was just within his reach, he wished to confine her in his arms... forever.

"Stop me, Lilou," he repeated before squeezing her thigh and lifting her up by the waist. Lilou winced slightly as her back grazed against the wall, and before she realized it, her legs were spread open while he stilled her with his arm around her waist, standing in between her thighs, and pressed his lower body to her nether region.

"Wait..." she was clutching his shoulder, biting her lower lip out of habit. Normally, this position would embarrass her. However, it was the total opposite. All she felt and thought was his bulge that was poking her as he breathed from her neck.

"That's not how you stop me," he whispered, tracing her neck with the apex of his nose. "I told you how. If you say, 'stop,' I will stop. No questions asked. But if you don't... I'll sink my fangs into your neck while fucking you... hard."

Lilou nearly choked as her eyes shook and her heart raced. But... she said nothing. It wasn't because she was scared to voice it out. It was just that deep in her heart, the heat from his breath to her skin was enough to set her body aflame. His chest that was pressed on her was something she didn't hate, giving her a chance to feel the beat of his heart. And his hand that was squeezing her thigh revealed how he suppressed his desire to touch her more.

Samael licked her neck gently, waiting for her to stop him. But when a minute passed, and she didn't move, his eyes glinted as he moved his gaze at her.

"No..." her voice was muffled, lowering her eyes whilst clutching his shoulder. "... I won't say stop. I want to know... how it feels with you and see if it was better than how I imagined it."

The side of his lips curled up triumphantly, moving his face closer to her neck. "It will hurt a little," he reminded in a voice that sounded a level louder than a whisper. When Lilou nodded once, he licked her neck once again before opening his mouth with his fangs in full bloom.

Lilou shut her eyes on instinct as she anticipated any pain of his fangs sinking into her skin. Much to her surprise, her mouth fell open as she clutched his shoulder tighter, back arching at the euphoric sensation traveling through the ends of her nerves.

It was strange not to feel pain but high in pleasure.

Slowly, her hand on his shoulder slide to his back until her arms were resting over them, breathing heavily, stretching her neck for his own convenience. His every gulp echoed in her ear, making her skin melt.

"Sam..." she whispered subconsciously, making him freeze with eyes glowing as if he would go feral right there and then.

Chapter 714 Quickie

[WARNING: THE CHAPTER CONTAINS MATURE CONTENT. PROCEED WITH CAUTION.]

"Sam..."

Samael froze as his crimson eyes glowed brightly. The blood from her neck to his veins made him feel what she was feeling: pleasure.

'I want you,' he whispered in his head to give her the idea of where this would go. Pulling his fangs from her neck in a hurry, it grazed her skin unintentionally. His uncontrollable desire to have her refrained him from waiting for any second as he leaned his face forward to claim her lips.

"Mhm!" A protesting moan escaped her mouth into his mouth, the taste of iron filling her cavity. His tongue took hers into a dance, lips guiding hers to move at a slow, yet hungry pace. He kept her lips in between his teeth, nibbling them until the corner of her lips bled.

Lilou felt his hand leave her thigh, only to feel them under her as he unzipped his trousers.

"Not here...?" she panted for air, only to receive a soft peck as he lifted her higher by the waist.

"Are you asking...?" he returned, kissing her lips many more times before adding, "or requesting? Because if you're it's the former, then yes. I want you now... right here, right now."

Lilou gulped while he showered her lips with slow and soft pecks. She held her breath when she felt the tip of his hard erection in between the junction of her thigh.

'I'm scared...' she told herself inwardly, yet she didn't stop him as she couldn't think about anything else other than how he slid the tip of his erection from her clitoris down to her wet entrance.

"I'm here..." he whispered and shifted his focus to her when he was ready to make her his. He planted kisses on her cheek, breathing in her skin, claiming her lips once more.

"One last time..." Samael slowly drew his head back to see her expression. "... stop me, Lilou."

Lilou held her breath. Her face was painted in red, holding his pair of dangerous eyes, which appeared like an eye of a hungry beast finally having his feast after centuries of starvation. For a moment, her resolve waned as she felt intimidated by those burning rubies. However, she pursed her lips and held her hand behind his nape.

The location where they were being intimate didn't even cross her, completely forgetting they were in the hallway right outside their son's room. All she could think about was her aching core and this itch she needed to soothe.

"This night..." he dawdled as he leaned his face closer, claiming her lips, and whispered the rest of his sentiments into her mouth. "... will not be the last time, Lilou. Prepare yourself because once I'm inside, the times I'm not are temporary."

"Ah...!" Lilou's abrupt squeal was muffled when he smashed his lips on her. Her entire body convulsed at the abrupt pain in her lower region, feeling her flesh get ripped apart by something massive.

"Ahh..." she peeled her lips from him and buried her face in his shoulder, wrapping her limb around his neck securely. She throbbed around his girth, feeling this scorching heat in her canal. Even when she didn't see it, she knew she bled. The pain was something that definitely involved a wound. He was massive, and she knew it was just a fraction and he wasn't completely in.

"It hurts..." she confessed through her gritted teeth while he stayed still. "It hurts..."

"I know," he whispered in her ear, planting soft kisses on her cheek to soothe her pain. "Endure it for a moment. It'll feel good later... I promise."

Samael gasped for air as he thrust deeper, carefully. He paused when she moaned protestingly, clutching his back while she endure it. His drooping eyes fastened with gentleness and remorse. He knew this position would hurt her... at least for the first time. However, he was losing his mind.

He was already there.

So instead of pulling out and telling her to continue it in his bedroom, Samael thrust deeper. She scratched his neck on instinct, but he ignored her nails digging into his skin until he was deep inside. His teeth clenched, feeling her tightness and the heat inside her.

"Lilou..." he breathed out, suppressing himself from hammering her insides as hard and as fast as he could. 'I can't believe there'll be anything good in this regression.' — the only good thing about this regression was he claimed her first in both times. He felt honored.

Carefully, he moved his hips when her heart calmed down a little. He stilled her waist, thrusting in and out slowly but surely, feeling her stretch to fit him. Their breaths grew ragged with each thrust, kissing as if that would help them lend each other oxygen. But alas, both were breathless.

"Ah..." she moaned while he grunted in return.

With his continuous thrusting, the pain slowly turned to pleasure as his manhood went in and out more comfortably. But he kept it slow, wanting her to feel him. Her legs wrapped around him on instinct, pulling his hips to delve deeper.

"Mhm..." he grunted, biting her shoulder mildly while she arched her back.

"More..." she whispered in between her ragged breathing. "I'm almost there..." she confessed, despite not knowing what it was. Yet, she was already familiar with it. Touching herself earlier while thinking of him, Lilou knew she would reach her peak with this slow thrust.

"Mhm..." he hummed a calm tune, nibbling her earlobe, and kept his slow pace. "Me too... damn... that's quick."

Lilou's head automatically ignored his comments and focused on the euphoria filling her chest. Her mouth fell open, securing her hand behind him. She couldn't even think about the friction on her back against the wall.

"Sam..." she moaned once again, only to feel him pick up his pace. Unlike his previous slow and careful pace, he just got aggressive, inducing louder moans from her. To keep her quiet and avoid waking up Law, Samael pressed his lips against her until both of them moaned into each other's mouths.

Lilou breathed from her open mouth, feeling him jerk inside her while she throbbed around him. She flinched every three seconds, shivering as the inbound breeze ran up to her thigh.

Chapter 715 The silent audience

Everything happened so fast and so intense and so aggressive that Lilou couldn't register everything in one go. All she could do was pant for air, secure her arms over Samael's shoulder, eyes shut. When she reopened her eyes, they instantly caught him reopening his.

Lilou swallowed a mouthful of air to soothe her drying throat. They really did it. Her lips quivered as they parted, but no words came out. The only proof this was all real was that Samael was still inside her, stilling her waist with his arm, and her legs that were wrapped around his hips.

'What did... I just do?' she wondered in her head, completely forgetting he was inside her head.

'We fucked.' Her back stiffened as soon as his low voice rang in her head.

At this point, Lilou didn't know what to do. She was so lost in the moment and surrendered herself so easily. Although she didn't regret it, it was still so hard to believe she raised her white flag unplanned. This wasn't in her plan, but it had already happened.

What should she do?

"I... I... should push you away, right?" she stuttered, biting her tongue upon realizing she shouldn't be asking his advice.

"Why? You didn't like it?" A line between his brows appeared, tilting his head to the side. Lilou pursed her lips, noticing the disappointment in his eyes, which disappeared almost at the same time as it appeared.

"I... didn't say that," came out a muffled reply, staring into his eyes. "I just don't know what to do after."

The corner of his lips curled up as he leaned forward. "I'll kiss you," he announced under his breath but didn't wait for her reply as he already did.

"And then, we'll do it again," he whispered while planting soft and brief kisses on her lips. "Until the sunrises."

"Again?" Lilou gasped, watching him lean back until there was a palm-length distance between their faces. Samael nodded, so she asked, "Is... that normal?"

Samael batted his eyes and kept quiet for a moment. He felt like he was doing something illegal and manipulating a little girl with her questions. This would bother him more if he had a conscience, though. But alas, looking at the pure curiosity in those pairs of emeralds, he didn't mind becoming a horrible criminal for wanting her.

"For you and me?" his voice was incredibly low, gulping to soothe his drying throat. "We will... uhm... do it again?" she asked one more time.

"Yes, Love. It's normal."

"We will... uhm... do it again?" she asked one more time.

"Don't you want to?" he returned. She better do, because what just happened was too abrupt and quick. They couldn't just stop with just that; he wanted more. He was too famished, too thirsty, and too aroused to pull out now.

Lilou pressed her lips into a thin, tight slash. Her eyes were a little shaky, gazing into those crimson eyes that seemed to darken with every passing second. Does she want to continue? The thought scared her, as she was already panting for air. However, she couldn't deny that her body was aching for more of him. After all, they still had their clothes, and it felt so unfair to stop now.

She lowered her eyes, tightening her embrace, and burying her face in her arm that was around his shoulder. "I... want..." came out a muffled and shy voice.

His lips curled up, glancing at her with satisfaction. He leaned his head against the side of her head, planting a kiss on her hair.

"Then I'll take you to my room," he whispered, but she didn't nod and kept her face buried in his neck. His eyes softened as he pulled her waist, stilling her against him. There was a huge part of his heart that was in disbelief. His wife was under his grip, holding her just as he wished, and was willing to hold him back.

This entire world knew how much he yearned for her love, warmth, and body. And now that was happening.

"I will not let you go," he whispered, taking a step back, and placing his other hand on the back of her head. "Keep your eyes closed."

Lilou was too shy to even look at him, so she didn't wonder about the purpose of his remarks. All she felt was the slight bounce in his steps, poking her insides. Samael didn't pull out and was still growing big inside her. So his steps felt like he was thrusting into her lightly, increasing her arousal, making her legs tighten around his hips.

Meanwhile, Samael kept a triumphant smile as he walked through the hallway. His room was near Law's, so it wouldn't take time before he could continue. He purposely stomped his feet to make a light bounce, feeling her insides clenching around his girth.

He kept his hand on the back of her head, winking at the person who was standing in the middle of the hallway. Samael placed a finger in front of his lips, not making a sound as he walked past Tilly.

Tilly had been there since the beginning — since Lilou pricked her finger. Samael had felt her presence, but he didn't care about her. There was nothing to hide from Tilly, and he didn't mind an audience.

Soon, Samael reached his bedroom and kicked it open, walking inside without faltering from his steps. Meanwhile, Tilly stood there motionlessly. When she looked back, all she saw was Samael's back, entering his room, and then kicking the door to shut it close.

Tilly tilted her head to the side, blinking almost innocently. "My eyes..." came out a soft and toneless voice, eyes still on the door.

"... are defiled." She peeled her eyes away from the door and covered them before she finally resumed her strides.

The bell tied around her hair rang lightly, keeping her classic straight face completely different from what she believed to be traumatized. Fortunately, Lilou didn't know about her presence the whole time.

"I hope she doesn't get pregnant."

Chapter 716 Why me?

Samael laid Lilou down on the bed carefully. He assisted himself away, hand on her side, the other arm still around her waist. Hovering over her, he looked into her eyes and smiled.

"Lilou," he called, caressing her jaw with the back of his hand. "My love."

He brushed her lips with his thumb gently, lowering his body to kiss her. Lilou closed her eyes to welcome his light but continuous kisses. The fear that was creeping up her spine soon disappeared with his gentle kisses. Unknowingly, she was unbuttoning his shirt, making him grin against her lips.

"Naughty," he remarked, making her freeze and let go.

"I'm... not," came out a muffled voice, averting her eyes as he pulled his weight off of her, but kept his erection inside her spread legs.

Samael could just pound into her right here, and now, feeling the love juices leaking from her. However, he shared the same sentiments as her. Their first round was abrupt and quick as if it was

their last hour in this world. He wanted to take their time since he had all night to make love with her.

"It's alright. I like it," he purred, clipping the drawstrings of her bodice, eyes on her. "It always feels different when you're practicing initiative."

The side of his lips curled up, pulling the drawstrings to release these annoying layers of clothes that were hiding her glorious body. He removed her clothes carefully, one by one, making her watch and feel free. He kept her eyes on her, enjoying how she bit her lips on instinct at his actions.

Lilou held her breath, unable to look away from him. Samael looked dangerous while looking down at her, but for reasons unknown, she appreciated his beguiling allure. She knew every second that passed, another layer of fabric would land outside the bed. But she didn't stop him, nor did she want to stop him.

If anything, she wanted to see his body, to feel it under her palm, and his weight on her. Lilou didn't know where these perverted ideas were coming from, but it felt natural to feel this way. Frustrating, even, she may add, since he was purposely teasing her by taking his precious time.

When only a thin inner dress was felt covering her body, Lilou asked. "Do you... do you like me?" she bit her tongue upon realizing her question.

"Do I like you?" he repeated in the same questioning tone, unbuttoning his shirt, eyes on her. The question felt very familiar, although she used a different term in the past. But he didn't answer until the last button of his shirt was unbuttoned, showing the toned muscles underneath those clothes.

Samael bent over, planting his palms on either side of her head. When his face was a palm length away from hers, he looked straight into her eyes, licking his lips.

"I married you. I had children with you," he answered under his breath, brushing his nose against hers. "You're the only woman who can drive me crazy, and I don't mind becoming a lunatic if you are the reason."

He ran the apex of his nose to her jaw, biting her earlobe. "Like and Love is an understatement, Lilou. There were many things to say, but if those words are the only option, then I love you more than you can imagine."

Lilou bit her lips, face painted in beet red, and her breathing heavy. She clutched his shoulder on instinct, letting his hot breath tickle her ears.

"Why me?" came out the follow-up question. "There were others out there who are better than me. What did you see in me?"

"I can ask the same question to you, Lilou. Why me?" Samael shifted his lips and claimed her, showering her lips with short and soft kisses, and inhaling her deep breaths. "There were tons out there, and yet... you chose me. Why?"

Lilou found herself wondering about the question he should've answered. Her hand crawled around his neck and onto his nape, letting him shower her with sensual kisses.

Why him?

Although he didn't detail his question, Lilou understood the entirety of his question. She had spent months with Stefan under the same roof. However, the two of them — or rather, Lilou felt nothing

like this towards Stefan. She cared for him sincerely, but she never imagined herself in this same situation with him.

The same goes with Heliot. That prince was definitely Lilou's type. Heliot was handsome and carried himself with a noble air. He was someone worthy of admiration just seeing him stand, and his eyes, which were akin to a night full of stars, were so beautiful one could look at them for the longest time.

However, Lilou's admiration towards Heliot was just pure admiration.

For Samael, on the other hand, the first time their eyes met, she already felt this strange force prickling under her skin. All she felt at that time was that the pair of crimson eyes could see was her — the rest of the world was gone. And in those eyes, he wanted her, firmly and without a doubt, no one else.

Perhaps that was the reason, or maybe there were more underlying reasons. It could be because her heart and body remembered him, even though her brain couldn't. But still... deep in her heart, mind, and soul, this decision of becoming one with him was purely her own.

"I like you," she whispered into his mouth, making him freeze. She waited for him to draw his head back until they were staring at each other.

"I want you..." she continued in a muffled voice. "... can I call your name?"

His eyes softened, but when his eyelids drooped until they were partially closed, danger lurked within.

"Say it," he demanded seductively, brushing his nose against hers.

Lilou took a deep breath, but her lips still quivered when they parted. She forced her voice out of her throat, planning to call his name, Samael. However, her courage ran short, and all that came from her lips was, "Sam."

"Yes," he whispered before smashing his lips on hers. Unwilling to part lips with her, he clutched the hem of her dress and tore it apart.

And so, the second round of passion ensued, followed by more... until sunrise.

Chapter 717 Morning exercise

Samael opened his eyes when the sun from the window hit his face. A subtle smile instantly appeared on his face as his eyes fell on Lilou, sleeping soundlessly in his embrace. Last night was a night both of them didn't plan, but it had happened.

"Morning." His voice was coarse, planting a kiss on her head. He sniffed the scent of her soft hazel locks, smiling broader. Lilou moaned and adjusted, but she was still too tired to wake up. So, Samael simply didn't move anymore, burying his nose in her hair.

His hand on her back caressed her gently, trying his best not to wake her up. Lilou needed rest, and he knew that. After all, he didn't pull out until she passed out. Thinking about it, he couldn't help but chuckle.

Lilou was truly like how she was back when they first met. She was sweetly innocent, yet a curious young lady. If only she knew how her curiosity set his body aflame and make him crave for more. But well, he didn't mind the bold and matured Lilou and her sweet, innocent version of her.

Heck. He didn't even mind the crazy version of Lilou. Lilou was Lilou. His heart would only beat for her, and his member would only erect for her.

'I want to wake her up by licking her.' His eyes cracked open slightly while his morning wood poked her abdomen. They were still naked under the sheet, feeling her warmth transferring to him. 'She used to love it.'

Samael pondered whether he should go down there and soothe her swollen core. While thinking thoroughly, his hand was squeezing her rear as if that would help him think. Honestly, right now, he just wanted to go home with his family and forget about their problems. Or rather, let Tilly and Stefan resolve it.

If only he could, he didn't mind being selfish. He was selfish in nature, after all.

"Lilou, my love," he called under his breath, pulling her bare body against his body. "If you don't wake up, I will wake you up."

His voice lowered as if he didn't want her to hear him. Samael waited for a minute before proceeding with his mischievous plan. However, just before he could crawl down under the sheet, Lilou moaned and raised her leg, resting it over his hip.

He arched a brow, looking down at her face. "Lilove." He blinked innocently, moving his hips to reposition his morning wood at her entrance.

All he had to do was thrust and he would enter again. But alas, he didn't move and simply looked at her sleeping face.

"I'm in pain..." he muttered, lowering his head. His manhood would explode from this unquenchable lust prickling every fiber of his body. "Lilou, my love... wake up, or my friend down there will."

Nothing. His eyes flickered, lust clouding his facial features. "I tried," came out in a low and dangerous tone, moving his hips up.

"Mhm..." Her brows creased at the slight discomfort she felt, making him study her face. But Samael smiled subtly, thrusting deeper until his entire head was surrounded by her heat. He hissed.

'Damn...' he gritted his teeth, suppressing his desire to go deeper in one go. That would surprise and hurt her.

"Mhm..." Another moan slipped past her closed lips, feeling something poking her. As the hard rod sank deeper, Lilou tried to move, but his arms around her body stilled her. Having no choice in the movements in her lower region, Lilou opened her eyes weakly.

Her vision was blurry, blinking until her eyes adjusted to the light. As soon as her vision grew clearer, the first thing she saw was Samael's dark eyes. Her brows creased, only for her eyes to pop open when his lips stretched from ear to ear.

That second, Lilou froze, realizing he was inside her again. They were still lying on their side, her leg over him and his hand stilling her thigh. For minutes, Lilou could only stare at that smug grin plastered on his face and feel him sink deeper inside her.

'Good morning,' he greeted in her head, making her snap her eyes on him.

"Wait!" Lilou pushed his shoulder on instinct and got up in a hurry. But as soon as she did, a loud squeal escaped her mouth. Her back arched and her knees quivered as she ended up saddling him and letting him inside completely. Meanwhile, Samael stilled her hips and smiled from ear to ear.

"Will you look at that?" he teased. "I was being careful, not knowing you want it hard."

Lilou closed her gaping mouth, hands on his firm chest. "Sam..." she called in frustration, gazing down at him.

"Too early," she complained, breathing heavily, as that surely hurt. Samael's manhood was unbelievably huge, and she hadn't even recovered from last night.

"That's why I was being careful."

A deep sigh escaped her lips. "I was even sleeping."

"Aww... should I pull out?" he frowned, massaging her thighs sensually. "But I'm already in, Love." — and she already got hurt. It would be a shame to pull out now.

While they were looking at each other with Samael feigning innocence while Lilou's eyes were still heavy, he moved his hips slightly. Seeing she wasn't complaining and letting him, he thrust in and out slightly and slowly, grabbing her buttocks. His teeth clenched and his smile faded, gazing at her breast that her hair failed to cover properly.

"Ah..." Lilou moaned, feeling herself get soaked after multiple thrusts. She moved her hips on instinct, grinding on him, following his slow and careful thrust.

"Lilou," he grunted, raising his other hand to cup her breast. "Come down here, Love."

Lilou bent over on instinct, lips falling directly on his lips. "Just one," she whispered subconsciously, knowing he might want to ask for another right after this round of passion. There was a limit to everything, and Lilou was still tired. However, she liked it deep down, having him deep inside her and his hands all over her.

"Sure," he whispered back into her mouth, flipping their position so she was on the bed again.

"You'll be on top next time," he remarked, only to claim her lips immediately, sticking his tongue out inside her mouth. Again, the two of them basked in each other's warmth, kissing, sucking, licking, fucking.

Chapter 718 The spring had come

Lilou fell asleep right after their lovemaking session. All she gave Samael was a warning glare with the mischief in his eyes. He behaved, though. He let her sleep in his arms and wiped the sweat from her body. Samael stared at her for an hour or so, smiling and caressing her face from time to time.

"I love you," he whispered, tracing her nose from its bridge to its tip. "Very much."

His eyes softened, unable to take his smile off of his face. He wanted to wake her up just to let her know he loved her more than she could even imagine. However, this time, he wanted to let her rest.

"We'll go home soon, my love." He leaned forward, kissing her forehead. He let his lips on her forehead for a while, sniffing her natural scent hard. "Hang in there."

Samael caressed her spine with the back of his fingers, kissing her head more. After some time, he reluctantly slipped his arm away from under her neck. He held his breath while doing so, afraid she

would wake up. Fortunately, she didn't because she was too exhausted from last night and this morning's exercise.

Once he sat on the edge of the bed, Samael fixed the blanket and pulled it up over her shoulders. He smiled, staring at her face for a few minutes. No words could express the joy filling his chest just knowing his wife spent a night with him, screamed his name, and woke up next to her.

It wasn't all about lovemaking, but the simple things that were along with it.

"Rest well, Lilou." He brushed her cheek with his thumb gently before pushing himself out of the bed. Samael directly headed towards the bathroom next to his room, knowing Fabian had already prepared him a warm bath.

"Should I go to my mother's room and see if she's awake?" Law wondered when minutes had gone by and Lilou hadn't arrived in the dining hall to have breakfast.

"I believed she wouldn't join breakfast." Law looked up when Fabian served him a warm cup of milk. "She's being taken care of. Milk for your fangs."

"Is she sick?" asked Law, seeing the usual smile plastered on Fabian's face.

"No," Fabian replied, and then Tilly chimed in. "Samael beat her up last night."

"What?" Law frowned, a little alarmed at Tilly's remarks. "Did they fight?"

"They did." Fabian nodded, increasing Law's anxiety.

"You shouldn't make the kid nervous." Stefan, who was sitting on the head seat, shook his head. "Lilou and Hell will be fine. You don't need to worry about what kind of fight they had."

Law glanced at his uncle and sighed. "They won't divorce, right?"

"His Grace would rather rot with her six feet under than get separated from her." This time, Rufus, who joined the table and sat two chairs away from Tilly, commented. He looked at Law like the good big brother he was and offered a smile.

"Trust in your parents," Rufus added, only to frown when Tilly spoke.

"Your parents too."

Rufus cast Tilly a look and wanted to argue with her. However, he shut his mouth because there was no point in talking to Tilly. This old soul was someone only Fabian could handle and get along with. Even Samael would give up on her, so Rufus told himself to not take everything Tilly would say to the heart.

"Just don't worry about it." Rufus refocused his attention on Law, sitting across from him. "They will settle their matters on their own. They always had."

Looking back at Rufus, who had been Law's hero and an admirable big brother, Law nodded in understanding. "Alright."

"Mister Fabian, will you bring my mother something to eat?" Law suggested, shifting his attention to Fabian as the latter placed more dishes on the table.

"I'm afraid His Grace would rather do that," replied Fabian to his young master. "But I will prepare dishes for her muscles and to relieve her pain."

"Thank you." Law smiled before sipping from the cup. He scrunched his nose up, looking up at Fabian once again. "Why would you add your blood to it?"

"Because Lady Tilly is too pale and His Grace was too busy last night. He would've decapitated me if I interrupted him."

"Mister Fabian's blood is bitter," Law remarked but had no choice. After all, Law was used to having a drop of Samael's blood or Lilou's in his food and drinks. That was to quench his hunger since they were too young to control their blood thirst. His parents' drops of blood were precious, so a drop from them was enough to practice Law and Sunny's thirst.

Meanwhile, Stefan studied his nephew while the latter still drank his milk. During his time as the king and emperor, he had met newborn vampires that had noble blood in them. Not once in his time had he seen someone crave blood at a young age. If anything, most of them had their fangs around their teen. But then again, now that he thought about it, Claude also had his fangs at a very young age.

"That's... amusing," he murmured, glancing at Tilly. "Is this one of the qualities of the Grimsbanne?"

"Mhm?"

"Having their fangs at a young age?"

"Marsella was born with fangs," Tilly replied without looking back at Stefan.

"Oh..." Stefan rocked his head in understanding, recalling that was the name of Tilly's little sister. He glanced at Law once again and shrugged. For him, the Grimsbannes were truly a different type of vampire. They were unlike pureblooded vampires, and thus, this problem they were in.

Silence slowly filled the dining hall as they enjoyed their breakfast in silence. It was almost peaceful with Tilly barely eating, Law drinking his milk, Rufus eating all the veggies Tilly was passing on his plate, and Fabian pouring them beverages.

But the peace was short-lived when they heard Samael's joyful voice echoing in the dining hall.

"Good morning, everyone!" greeted Samael, catching the attention of everyone around the table. When they looked in his direction, Stefan and Rufus squinted their eyes while Law and Tilly shielded theirs.

Samael was radiating as he strutted his way towards the table.

The only person who wasn't affected by his radiance was Fabian because the latter's eyes were already squinting to begin with.

"The spring had come, I see," Fabian commented, feeling Samael's high energy filling the entire manor.

Chapter 719 the invited guest

"Fabian, did you work in the interior? This place suddenly becomes pleasing in the eye." Samael looked around as soon as he sat beside Law. In his eyes, everything just seemed so wonderful and full of colors.

"Father, did you eat the sun?" Law carefully removed his hand from his forehead, seeing the invisible twinkle surrounding his father. "You are glowing."

"Literally an eyesore," Stefan remarked.

"My eyes." Tilly, on the other hand, covered her eyes from the radiating man sitting just right across her. "Fabian, feed me."

"Happily, Lady Tilly." Fabian smiled, walking towards Tilly. When he stood beside her, he cut a small piece of meat, but then slipped his hand inside his suit. He took out a small jar containing a black liquid and poured a drop on Tilly's food.

"Open your mouth, Lady Tilly." He picked up the spoon again and, as instructed, Tilly opened her mouth and ate the food.

Watching this, Rufus furrowed his brows. "What is that?" he asked, only to see Fabian smile brightly.

"Lady Tilly, you shouldn't trust Fabian that much," Rufus remarked, getting a little nervous in Tilly's stead.

"He's poisoning me," Tilly answered and then opened her mouth, only to get fed by Fabian again. "But it's good."

"..." Rufus watched those two before he shook his head. "I really shouldn't pay attention to those two."

When Rufus peeled his eyes away from Tilly, who was still covering her eyes, and Fabian feeding her to Samael, he caught Stefan's dead expression.

"Come on, brother. Don't be so grumpy. This is why you had three failed marriages." Samael teased, tapping Stefan's arm on the table. "You should smile more. This world is so beautiful. You just have to open your eyes."

"Is it just me, or is it getting dark?" Stefan pulled his arm away and clicked his tongue in irritation. "I'm starting to see red."

"Aww... don't be like that. You should act a little cute and call me Big Brother, like before." Samael chuckled, trying to poke Stefan only for the latter to take a move away.

"Touch me, and you'll lose a limb."

Rufus shook his head and sigh. While Fabian was poisoning Tilly, the willing victim, Samael was teasing Stefan to death. He glanced at Law and sighed once more. Fortunately, Law seemed to be used in such a chaotic environment.

A subtle smile appeared on Rufus' face. Although the dining hall was chaotic and loud, it was more peaceful than when he was eating alone in the imperial palace as the emperor. He glanced at Stefan once again, noticing that although Stefan was clearly annoyed, he wasn't suppressing his feelings like how he used to.

'Maybe... it's because I was in his shoes once.' Rufus picked up his cutlery as he peeled his eyes away from Stefan. 'That's why I cannot completely hate him. A king isn't all about personal feelings, after all. And thus, the crown is heavier to carry than what it looks like.'

Because at the end of the day, Stefan made his decisions in the past as the king. They may not be right, but Rufus knew Stefan's verdict was the best he could come up with. For his people, for his land, for the name of the La Crox. That's what most rulers do, even if they had to sacrifice their hearts for the sake of duty and their loved ones.

That was the meaning of the throne: to have the world at your feet at the expense of their own happiness.

Time passed in the dining hall with such irony in the atmosphere before they all paused amid their breakfast. Samael and Stefan looked at each other, and the former shrugged.

"I did nothing," Samael immediately defended himself.

"What did you do this time?" asked Stefan, ignoring Samael's claim. He then glanced at Rufus, and the latter tilted his head to the side. Rufus was too sensible than everyone in this dining hall. So, Stefan shifted his gaze to the only person who could've angered Heliot.

Fabian.

"Hell... what sort of order did you give to that devil?" Stefan's voice was menacingly low, looking at Fabian's squinting eyes.

Samael leaned back, arms behind his head. "Invite Heliot?"

"Of all people you could give that order to, you chose Fabian?" Stefan's eyes sharpened, grinding his teeth in irritation at Samael. "Do you truly want this problem to end?"

"Of course."

"What sort of invitation did you give Prince Heliot, Fabian?" Rufus inquired, glancing at Fabian. If Samael ordered something from Fabian and not to Rufus, that only meant Samael didn't want to go through the proper process. Rufus was too decent to force people, and everyone knew that.

"Well..." Fabian kept his smile, eyes glossing over to everyone. Unlike Samael's feigning ignorance, Stefan, Law, and Rufus looked at him with anticipation. Tilly was still covering her eyes, waiting for food. But before he could tell them the secret, he caught a figure entering the dining hall.

The piercing sound of a sword being drawn resonated in the air, and like a shadow, he jumped over the table. Fabian was instantly backed against the wall, an arm pinned across his chest, a blade pressed on his throat. Everything happened so fast, but they had seen everything unfold right before their eyes.

"Tell me one reason I shouldn't plunge my sword into your throat." Heliot's eyes were burning in red, getting more annoyed when Fabian's squinting eyes remained.

"Just kill him," Stefan suggested without care, while Samael whistled.

"Oh, no... don't kill him. He's not innocent, but he will change..." Samael's tone was dramatic, trying his best to sound concerned. However, he didn't move a muscle to help Fabian. Meanwhile, Rufus simply glanced at Heliot and Fabian before continuing with his food.

"Young Master, you should finish your milk. I'll help you train later," said Rufus, completely ignoring his brother, who was about to have his head rollover.

"Alright." Law nodded as if Fabian wasn't being threatened with his life.

"Prince Heliot, please put down your sword." Fabian raised his hand, but Heliot was too miffed to be talked out of it.

"Food," Tilly uttered, still covering her eyes, waiting for the food to come.

"Let me feed Lady Tilly first, then behead me right after," Fabian added, but when Heliot didn't move, his eyes slowly cracked open. "My beloved sister-in-law will die if you don't let me finish my task, Your Highness. Her time is ticking."

Chapter 720 Heck. I will bite you!

Lilou moaned as she opened her eyes weakly. She squinted them slightly at the mild sunlight that hit her face, pulling the soft quilt over her nose.

'I feel so tired...' she lamented inwardly, soreness all over her body, especially her lady down there. 'I really did it with him.'

Her eyes softened as her lips curl up subtly. "Last night... was great," came out a rasped voice, drawing a deep breath and inhaling the lingering scent he left on the sheet.

Lilou closed her eyes, letting his lingering odor fill her nostrils. Although she was tired from all that activity she wasn't used to, she felt a little happy. Every time his face hovered over her with those magnetic crimson eyes would cross her head, she could help but have these butterflies in her stomach.

Samael was gorgeous, and yet, under his gaze, she felt beautiful. She felt seen and appreciated. It could be because of their situation, but he had been looking at her that way even at their first meeting.

A giggle slipped past her lips as she buried her face into the soft pillow. She felt like a child excited about a trip.

When Lilou raised her head and rested her chin on the pillow, her eyes were gleaming with anticipation. What would happen now that they were officially together?

'I shouldn't shy away, right?' she told herself, nodding mentally. 'I don't think anything will change even if we're together now. Should I tell Law about it?'

Lilou pondered about it excitedly, giddy to see her son's reaction. Law had occupied a big portion of her heart, and telling him she and Samael were lovers now, her son would surely be pleased. Although they were already married, Lilou was still torn between the present and the future.

With that thought in mind, Lilou pushed herself to sit upright. As soon as she did, the quilt fell on her lap, revealing her unclad body underneath. She combed her tousled hazel locks, gazing down on her body, and frowned. There were too many red lesions; Samael left his marks in almost every area of her body.

Lilou wrapped the quilt around her chest and dragged her feet out of the bed. Her knees still felt wobbly, but she managed since being a peasant trained her pain threshold. When she stood in front of the mirror, she stretched her neck and her frown deepened.

Even her neck had hickeys. There was even on her jaw as if Samael didn't plan to keep last night a secret.

"He isn't giving me a chance to cover last night's traces." She touched her jaw with her fingertips, sighing before retracting her finger. Looking at herself in front of the mirror, Lilou cupped her cheek and smiled. Her eyes lingered on the eyes the mirror was reflecting.

Had she always had this radiance in her eyes? She wondered.

It was only a night of passion, but in her eyes, she somehow looked different. It seemed like she looked healthier despite that she appeared like she was beaten last night with all the hickeys across her body, arms, and neck.

"Sam..." she whispered, biting her lower lip, looking down sheepishly. "... what a nice nickname."

Lilou idled in front of the mirror, blushing and thinking about the man she spent the night passionately with. Before he left, although she was sleepy, she heard his confession of love and his gentle kiss on her forehead.

"He said he would come back..." she snapped her eyes, looking around while clutching the sheet covering her body. "I should wash up first."

Lilou thought she would stay paralyzed on the bed with how intense Samael was last night. But when she got used to the soreness, she was able to go by with her morning ritual, like usual. There was this slight discomfort, but she managed. Once she finished bathing and getting herself ready for the day, Lilou headed straight to the dining hall.

To her surprise, no one was there. Hence, she walked around where she could see Fabian, knowing that the butler would be cleaning somewhere in the house. Lilou went to the untouched part of the mansion, only to see no one. Even their shadows weren't seen as if they had all left the mansion.

Standing in the middle of the entrance hall, Lilou frowned.

"Where the hell did they all go?" she wondered, sighing deeply. "I still feel tired from last night and searching for them is even tiring."

Lilou hung her head low, dragging her feet towards the backyard. She already checked the mansion, so she hoped they were simply outside. She didn't know how or why, but somehow, she reached the food storage and only realized she did when she looked up.

"Huh?" she cocked her head, furrowing her brows upon hearing faint noises inside. "Are they inside?"

She mulled about it for a moment before deciding to check. For some reason, she tiptoed her way towards the small entrance of the food storage instead of taking the main door. Lilou peeked her head in, but all she saw were racks and bags of ingredients.

The faint clattering still caressed her ears as if something were moving. Hence, with quick consideration, she carefully walked inside. Lilou was still tiptoeing, following the sound which grew distinct as she got closer. It didn't take long when she stopped and gazed down, wide-eyed.

"Mhmm! Mh!!!!"

Lilou blinked countless times at the man, whose hands and feet were bound securely. His mouth has also been covered the reason his scream had been muffled. Her eyes veered to his feet and caught the tip of his boots hitting a rack's frame, causing the slight noise she was hearing.

"Mhm!!"

She flinched and snapped out of her trance when the man raised his muffled scream. Her brows rose as he wiggled like a worm.

"You want me to release you?" she asked, and the man, Klaus, nodded profusely. Hesitation clouded her eyes, biting her lip nervously. Lilou squatted down, keeping her distance from him just in case he would do something to harm her.

"Will you promise not to hurt me?" she inquired in a quiet voice, and as expected, Klaus nodded while answering with indistinct muffled noises. "Alright. I will release you, but tell me who did this to you first."

Klaus scrunched his nose up in dismay. Wasn't it obvious who put him here? Just released him!

"Ah, right." Lilou cleared her throat. "Don't move and I will remove that in your mouth so you can talk, alright?"

His eyes went huge. 'Heck. I will bite you!' was what came into his head, but he stayed still so she would release him.

Klaus waited with bated breath as her frail, petite arms approached. But just before she could touch the rope securing the cloth inside his mouth, his eyes blazed in anger when she stopped at the sudden voice that rang in their ears.

"He will kill you if you move an inch further."