

The Duke 811

Chapter 811 No way...

[Spade Kingdom]

Lilou stood on top of the tallest church in the heart of the capital, looking over the land. Her crimson eyes shone as her heart thudded, seeing how terrible the occurrence outside the royal palace was. It was not like Lilou didn't expect this to happen. Matter of fact, she knew it would be bad for the people of Spade. However, she didn't expect it to be this bad. It was the worst. "Zero..." she clenched her teeth, grinding them in anger. "... you are no king."

A king's duty was to protect his people. It was the reason Samael abdicated his throne to live a normal life with his family. Samael might be capable if he wanted to and could be a sage ruler. However, governing a nation wasn't his heart's true desire. Samael was selfish, and he knew that. Everyone does. That was the reason he couldn't live a life ruling a king or an empire. He couldn't put his people's interest before his own, and there was no way in hell would he ever choose duty over his family. Forcing him into this duty was not only unfair to him but also the people. But Zero... Zero seemed to have a different understanding of what a king was. Instead of protecting his people and their lands, he sacrificed all these people to gain more power. It might sound hypocritical that these feelings were swelling up in Lilou's chest, knowing they were technically this kingdom's enemies. However, she couldn't stomach it. Even the vilest of the most wicked named Samael would never stomach this atrocity.

"Rufus..." she called under her breath, stretching her neck from one side to the other. It took a minute before Rufus's voice came through her head.

"Acheron," was all Rufus said, but Lilou understood all the unspoken remarks Rufus didn't say. Rufus was currently battling Acheron Roseberg, a member of the seance and also, the man who pledged to serve Zero for the rest of his life. This man was dangerous; Lilou knew that because she was the one who had slayed him in the past. Acheron Roseberg was aware that what Zero was doing or what he was planning to do was wrong. However, because he was a loyal knight of Zero, he would still abide by every order. He wasn't called Zero's terrifying hellhound for no reason. "The people..." Lilou breathed out, only to hear him reply calmly.

"I knocked them unconscious. However, I don't think that will stop them once they regained consciousness. My lady, this hell's gate is dangerous. The longer we are here, the smaller our chances of leaving this place are getting small. My sword reassures that."

Her expression turned more solemn, already aware of that. This was the first time Lilou was inside such power, but she knew there was something more in this place. Lilou wasn't sure what it was exactly, but she was certain there was more to this hell's gate that they hadn't figured out yet. "Keep Acheron busy," she mumbled, knowing she couldn't disturb Rufus any longer until his battle with Acheron ended. Hence, she cut her link with Rufus so he could focus and tried to reach for Claude. "Ugh..." Claude's grunt was the first sound she heard in her mind. "Claude, are you alright?" Lilou panicked slightly, knowing Claude was in a different place.

"I'm not." His breathy and exhausted voice caused her to look around in a hurry, ready to come to his rescue if he was ever injured gravely. "How can I be fine when I miss you so damn much?"

Lilou's expression instantly died. "Claude."

"Haha. Auntie Lilove, did you kill this guy named Tristan Willow in the past?" he asked, distracting her from his previous teasing. "He sure is a troublesome lad to fight."

"No. I captured him once, but after that, Zero just kept him somewhere safe." A light huff slipped past her lips. "He had a troublesome ability to blend in the shadow." "Goodness. No wonder he just keeps appearing out of nowhere —" his voice suddenly cut off, and Lilou was certain he had suddenly engaged in a battle. "I guess he's fine." Lilou shook her head mildly, heaving a sigh of relief. Knowing Rufus and Claude were holding their ground was good enough for her. However, she couldn't ask for their help right now, since they were busy. She tried reaching out to Tilly, but to no avail, which was not surprising. "Tilly," she called under her breath, knowing Tilly was someone who wouldn't respond but listen. "Zero created clones of himself. Even though they were clones, they were still capable. Sam is battling with one or two. We need to find the original body of Zero and destroy it."

There was just nothing but silence that followed her remarks, making Lilou let out a sigh. "If you are done, help me find it. I don't think I can find him with just myself. It's better if others were looking for his body," she added, stressing each word so that Tilly would understand it clearly.

But just as Lilou was about to cut her link with Tilly and go on to search for Zero's original body, Tilly's monotonous tone suddenly came into her head. "He is not here," said Tilly calmly. "Quentin's original body is not in this place, Lilou."

"What?" Tilly didn't respond anymore, leaving Lilou with a myriad of question marks on her head. If Zero's original body wasn't in the Spade kingdom, then where was it? Her eyes slightly dilated at a realization that dawned on her. Mainland.

Zero was connected to the mainland. To protect his original body, there was only one place he would keep it safe in case Lilou and Samael figured out he had created clones. Still, another question rose in her head.

If Zero's original body wasn't in the Spade Kingdom, then how could he unleash such destructive power like Hell's Gate? Lilou pondered about it for minutes before holding her breath and setting her eyes on the plaza. "No way..."

Chapter 812 Poor guy

"No way..."

Lilou's eyes dilated, staring at the plaza. People were scattered in the plaza and in every street of the capital. Some were on the ground, unconscious. While others were just going in different directions, like zombies looking for their prey. There were even people below the church. But unlike those in the distance, the people below the top of the church where Lilou was standing were simply looking up at her. They weren't doing anything and just staring at her without blinking even once. "Damn you, Zero..." Lilou breathed out heavily, keeping her eyes on the ground they were standing on. Lilou didn't notice it until now because everything was just too dark. The darkness surrounding the Spade Kingdom covered the moonlight, hindering it from giving them some light. The only reason they could see was that they were vampires... and that wildfire from some other parts of the land. Only now that she paid attention did she notice that the darkness wasn't only covering the sky, but

also the ground. And from the ground, she could see shrouds that looked like hands holding the people's ankles, draining their life.

The numbers thronging the streets camouflaged this mass execution.

The sight of it made her entire body tremble but felt stuck at the moment. "Just how will I deal with this?" she wondered to herself. Jumping off from the roof would guarantee a battle against these innocent people, but staying on this vantage point was the same. These people would still die without them knowing. Her heart ached at this, sympathizing with them, but at the same time, her anger toward Zero reached its peak.

"God..." she whispered, keeping her eyes on the blank eyes gazing at her from below. "... may you help these people. They did nothing wrong."

Meanwhile...

CLASH!

Samael bent his knees as he plunged his sword deep into the ground to stop his body from flying away. Thick dust and smoke ascended in the air while the ground showed tracks of his feet and his sword. His eyes glinted, watching the smoke thin out.

A silhouette appeared behind the smoke until it grew clearer by the second. The corner of Samael's lips stretched into a smirk, spitting out some blood on the side while keeping his eyes on his enemy. Ever since Lilou left, Samael didn't have a second to breathe as he exchanged blows with Zero and that gigantic black thread coming at him. Only now did he have the time to take a breath, gasping as if breathing in as much air as he could before another intense exchange would take place. "I am so out of shape." Samael let out a dry laugh, pushing himself up lazily. "Was it because this body of mine still feels like it just came out of thousands of years of slumber?"

"It is just that I am stronger than Samael," Zero spat back arrogantly, unfazed at his severed hand, which Samael cut clean moments ago. Samael's eyes fell on Zero's severed hand, catching some dark shroud forming on the end of his wrist. The dark shroud seemed to heal Zero's severed hand at an insane pace.

"What a troublesome power-up," mumbled Samael, wincing when he flexed his shoulders. He glanced over his shoulder, only to see a slash across his back. "Damn it!"

"Samael, I always wanted to have a chat with you for obvious reasons," said Zero, making Samael arch a brow as the latter set his eyes back to him. "To tell you the truth, I do not mind calling a truce. You are capable and smart and your combative skills are incomparable."

Samael snickered. "What is this? After trying to kill me, you're now admiring the amazing me? Can you make up your mind?"

"I must admit that if this battle happened earlier, I would be at a disadvantage. But our hours of exchange already proved you no longer have the upper hand," Zero continued, ignoring Samael's sarcasm. "Why don't you join me, Samael?"

"Quentin, let me tell you something. There were more interesting topics we can talk about while you and I are stalling each other's time." Laziness washed over Samael's countenance as his eyes

fell on Zero's hand once again. "I mean, I know you're stalling time so your hand can recover. However, even if I want to attack you, I am dead. So tired..."

Zero chuckled in amusement, still not used to Samael's carefree nature. But he knew what Samael said was nothing but the truth. Samael wouldn't miss the chance to let Zero recover unless he, too, needed some time to breathe. That was the very reason Zero hadn't stopped attacking him until now. He needed to exhaust Samael to have some time to chat. Zero had something to tell him and he didn't want to regret not offering an alliance with him at least once.

"All I want is for you to give up Lilou," Zero shamelessly offered, making Samael's face scrunch up in dismay. "I didn't plan to let you and your children live at first, but if you take my offer, I will let you live with your children. I won't even bother you or look for you, leaving you people alone for as long as you don't cause me trouble."

"You know my answer to that, right?" "I was being hopeful that you will use your head for once."

"I always use my head... although it's the other head," the rest of Samael's reply came out as a mumble, suddenly feeling fear at the thought that Lilou would hear his perverse remarks. He cleared his throat, setting his eyes back to Zero while his heart calmed down.

"I know my wife is beautiful and simply divine. So I won't ask for an explanation why you wanted her from then and now, and by means or foul," said Samael as his tone grew solemn. "However, there was no way in hell I would sacrifice my wife just so I can live with my children. Those little devils... although they're mischievous and had this natural talent to make my blood pressure hit the sky, would rather die fighting for our little family instead of sacrificing one just so the rest of us would live."

The side of his lips stretched, lifting his sword, which he rested on his shoulder. "What am I doing? Even if I go on and on here, preaching about family values, you will not understand the concept of family. You don't have one. You killed all of them. Poor guy."

Chapter 813 The source of it all

"What am I doing? Even if I go on and on here, preaching about family values, you will not understand the concept of family. You don't have one. You killed all of them. Poor guy."

Zero maintained his smile despite the continuous taunting from Samael. Well, he couldn't get angry because one, what Samael said was nothing but the truth. And second, he felt no shame in massacring the entire Moriarty lineage. "They were all nuisance," he said with a nonchalant shrug. "But anyway, I did my best, Samael. I tried giving you the option to end this chaos rather peacefully. But alas, it seemed I can't change your mind."

"I hope you will not regret this," Zero added, smiling confidently. Samael's eyes fell on Zero's hand, which had now almost recovered as if it was good as new. Surely, this ability was something that posed a threat to Samael. This Zero wasn't the real Zero, but he acted, speak, and fight like the real one. The only abnormality about him, aside from his twisted train of thoughts was how Zero appeared so invincible right now.

Even if he severed Zero multiple times, he would just regenerate a lost limb.

"This will be a fucking long night..." mumbled Samael, his voice had a tinge of exhaustion. "Why can't nights with my wife be this long?"

He closed his eyes ever so slowly, stretching his neck from one side to the other. When Samael reopened his eyes, his lips parted as he breathed out through them. The silent whisper of the wind caressed his ears, causing the withered and dry leaves to roll on the grass they were standing on. Both of them held each other's gaze; Zero bearing a triumphant smirk while Samael's expression was plain. In a blink of an eye, both of them disappeared from their vantage point. They never reappeared, or rather, they did, but only sparks were seen, flashing from different directions. The black threads would come at Samael from time to time, but he would efficiently dodge them. Holes appeared on the ground because of the black threads, but the sparks in the sky continued flashing. An intense battle between Zero and Samael. This time, the two of them were aware there was no point in talking anymore. The only time they could have a rest was if one of them fall to the ground, dead. At this point, Samael didn't know how long this battle would last. However, what he was certain of was that this battle would only end once the sun rose. And by that, he meant once this hell's gate disappeared, for they were trapped in this endless darkness, distorting time, for there was only darkness without a chance to have a glimpse of the elegance of the light. Meanwhile, somewhere in the Spade Kingdom...

"Tilly..." Law called under his breath. His pupils were dilated, staring in a particular direction in horror.

Previously, Law and Tilly were just standing on a roof in the capital. They met up with Rufus, but the latter didn't stay long with them, heading to the borders to assist Heliot in entering the Spade Kingdom. After that, Law and Tilly simply skipped from roof to roof. Unlike Tilly, who wasn't counting how far they had gone, Law was aware they already reached the outskirts of the capital. Thankfully, they didn't encounter any enemies since they were on the roofs and they had concealed their presence. Their goal was simple, and that was to take down Zero. By that, each of them was tasked to cripple his arms and legs — the people and places that made Zero invincible. Law and Tilly's task wasn't anything like Rufus, Heliot, Stefan, or just like his father and mother. Law and Tilly's task was simple, and that was to look around.

Yes. To look around and figure out something that could help everyone stop Zero's madness. However, Law didn't expect that by looking around, they would discover something horrifying.

Law walked closer to Tilly, holding her skirt as if that would ease the dread crawling down his spine. They just entered a separate castle, which was one of the king's vacation homes on the outskirt. He didn't know why Tilly wanted to go here, but now he understood why. Tilly sensed something he hadn't.

"Tilly, what is that?" he asked, gazing up at that horrifying thing right before them. "I've never seen such a thing before."

Tilly kept her expressionless front, but her eyes had been glued on the thing right before them. She stood motionless, blinking silently.

Over there, several meters from them in this vast underground space was a gigantic creature hanging. Its shiny skin was black, and gigantic chains that were bigger than an average human were bound on its large wrists. Some spears and even anchors were linked to the massive chains attached to the walls and were also plunged deep into that monstrous creature.

Aside from its horrendous appearance and colossal body that was definitely not human or any other creatures that were sighted before, what caught Tilly's attention was the dark fluid dripping from it

to the ground. Naturally, the fluid should crawl on the floor, but it wasn't. The dark fluid was stuck in the same area as if there was a hollow in it. But that wasn't the case. Tilly was certain of it. "The ground was sucking its blood," whispered Tilly, making Law flinch as he raised his head to her. "And thus, the reason for these repulsive powers."

"Tilly?"

"That's where he got his ability." Tilly blinked ever so tenderly, showing no sign of any emotion at this terrifying discovery. "Lives lost, sacrifices, tragedy, madness, and everything that is happening in this land and its people. This is the source of it all."

"Tilly, what is that?" asked Law, studying her side profile and figuring out she knew this thing. At least she was aware of its existence. Tilly didn't respond immediately as she just gazed at it.

"Demon." Her voice was quiet, but somehow, Law felt like it echoed. "The one they would call a real one — how insulting."

Chapter 814 Kill it

Demons, devils, cursed beings, direct descendants of evil... those were just one among many names the Grimsbanne Clan was known for. They said even if no one had met any of them, their natural silver hairs and deep crimson eyes that looked like they could see the very depths of a person's soul made it easy for others to recognize them. The Grimsbanne Clan's family history dates back even before the establishment of the mainland. However, it was a rather short and vague one. A history that could be summarized in a short paragraph. They were beings who carried the blood of a demon, who once tried to conquer the world. This demon used to be a heavenly god who fell into darkness, and his unresolved issues were the root of his vileness. But alas, just like in any fable, if there was bad, there was also good. The devil failed in his conquest of domination and doom, but he left his two seeds to carry his will. Those two seeds were meant to reproduce until the time was ripe to complete the seven sins of the devil. That was all there is in the supposed long history of their cursed existence.

The reason even if they lived in seclusion or had gone far away from home, people had always been wary of them. To them, their existence alone was a sin, which, from history, was quite right. They were cursed. However, what Tilly found unbelievable was that those same people would resort to such wicked means to end their cursed lineage. "Demons and angels... they only appear in the fables. One can freely assume whether there was such an existence or a figment of one's imagination," whispered Law as he studied the gigantic thing hanging with chains attached to it. "I didn't know demons are colossal and fat."

"They feed with people's fears, agony, and negativity," Tilly answered with the same meek tone, eyes fixed on the demon. "The constant wars that are occurring all across the world... where do you think that countless blood goes?"

"To the ground..." Law trailed off, furrowing his brows before turning his head in Tilly's direction. But before he could raise a follow-up question to satisfy his curiosity, Tilly continued. "Just like how his blood is being sucked by the ground, the deaths of countless people on top of their everyday fears, anxiety, and negativity feed those who live underground." Her eyelashes fluttered ever so tenderly. "It is a cycle that no one could stop."

Tilly took a languid step forward without any trace of fear in her eyes. But when she was about to take another one, she halted.

"Tilly, it's dangerous!" Law panicked despite that their distance from the chained demon was huge. "Don't approach it!"

"It's dead."

"Pardon?"

Tilly looked back at Law and repeated, "he's dead."

"What...?" Deep lines appeared in between his brows, looking back at Tilly with puzzlement. What did she mean by dead? Like literally dead? Law glanced at the black creature, scanning it suspiciously. "He doesn't look dead to me," he blurted out, seeing that the demon still had this grin that revealed its razor-sharp teeth. "More like he was simply restrained."

"He is dead," she argued, resuming her steps forward. "A demon's blood was the most repulsive of all. However, some people wanted even just a drop of a demon's blood." — that was because regardless of the terrible taste, just drinking a drop of a demon's blood could give one power they would never consider reaching. Law kept his gaze on Tilly's back while the latter advanced in the demon's direction. He wanted to stop her and remind her it was dangerous one more time. But alas, his lips were parted but his voice was stuck in his throat. There was no point, he thought. If Tilly said it was dead, then it was dead. The last thing this woman wanted to do was engage in a fight. Tilly would lose for sure because it wouldn't be surprising if she fell asleep midway.

"Wait, Tilly. Just be careful, at least." Law jogged his way to follow her, creating soundless footsteps to display how cautious he was at the moment. "You talk as if this isn't the first time you've seen one."

"Because I've seen one before," said Tilly, stopping several feet from the demon. The demon looked far bigger up close, causing Tilly and Law to cock their head back just to look at it. "He gives me the creeps." Law rubbed his shoulders, feeling this wave of chill down his spine. "Where did you see one, Tilly? You don't even go out."

"We have one before as a pet."

"What?" Law scrunched his face, casting Tilly a look of doubt. "You had a demon before?"

"And also, the king of the mainland had caged one," she added, pointing a finger at the creature ahead. "He looks exactly like that one."

"That means their appearance wasn't uniform, huh?" — just like animals who looked the same but not quite. "So, does he look more abnormal than the rest? He's even fatter than Sunny."

"They look like each other," said Tilly. "However, it is like owning a pet. Even if another pet comes, you'd know they weren't the same."

"Ahh..." Law rocked his head in understanding, keeping his distance from the demon. "What happened to your pet then? Did you kill it?"

"It was stolen."

"What?!"

"And found dead."

There was a minute of silence after her remarks. Law was already used at Tilly's strangeness. However, there were still times when he couldn't understand her. Unless it was necessary, there was no way Tilly would waste a breath. "So..." he cleared his throat, getting a bit comfortable despite the repulsive air in this room. "... what's our next plan, Tilly? I don't think everyone might be able to help tonight."

"We..." Tilly trailed off, keeping her gaze on the monster before them. As usual, her expression was almost the same, but her eyes were glowing in this darkness.

"... will kill it."

Chapter 815 What a simpleton

[COLOSSEUM]

"Ugh!" Claude crashed into the concrete wall of the coliseum, sending him out of the establishment to the space before the raised platform. His palm was propped on the ground, wiping the blood on the corner of his lips with the back of his fist. For two months, Claude had battled in this stadium where all the seats were always occupied by countless audiences all across the kingdom. Cheers of approval would always resonate in this place while blood would splutter on that raised platform. But tonight, it was just utter silence. Strange how the noises inside the coliseum didn't reach this area, but it wasn't surprising. It would take at least several thousand people cheering to penetrate that building where the warriors were held captive. "What a troublesome lad," he mumbled, catching a silhouette in the thick smoke advancing in his direction. "I can't believe I am being held up by him."

Claude spat out blood to the side, pushing himself up. He stretched his neck and shoulders, producing satisfying cracks. When the stiffness in his muscles eased up, he set his eyes back on the person who came out of the smoke. Tristan Willow. Zero's bastard son. It was still a mystery why Zero kept his son alive when he slaughtered everyone in the Moriarty Clan. Even Lilou wasn't able to unravel that mystery. All they knew was that Zero kept his son close for his own reason. "I told myself, it doesn't matter the reason Quentin kept you alive and even kept you close by his side," mused Claude, offering Tristan Willow a thin smile. "But I'm really curious, Tristan Willow. You know your king, who is also your father, couldn't have this so-called familial affection."

"He might've kept you by his side, but I'm certain you know there was a different reason," he continued with a tinge of mockery in his tone. "Don't tell me you're allowing him to use you to his heart's content just because he claimed to be your father?"

"Are you the one to talk?"

"Huh?"

Tristan's eyelids drooped, scrutinizing his opponent from head to toe. "A once child locked in the towers of the cold palace. Your royal parents were executed by the man who adopted you as his son," he reminded Claude. "You once called your parent's murderer your father, isn't it? And you lived your life as his neglected son. If not for the Duke and Duchess of Grimsbanne, I can imagine you playing the role of a royal prince."

"That is why I was curious." Despite the irritating remarks Tristan spewed, Claude maintained his calm. What Tristan said was nothing but the fact, and getting riled up over it wouldn't change it. "You are correct, Tristan Willow. There was a period when I once addressed the person who killed my beloved parents' father, and I will never forget how I had to grit my teeth every time he act immaculately in front of me."

"It's repulsing even to listen to a man preach when you know they were no better than you," he continued, smirking. "That is why I can't understand you, Tristan Willow. If it's me, there was no way in hell I would obey him. Especially, the current me won't allow that. The young Claude is too vulnerable and barely survived that hell under the protection of my uncle, but now, I don't need such protection anymore."

"I can decide for myself, risk my life, prepare myself for the regrets I might face later on, and shoulder the consequences of my actions." Claude cocked his head to the side, blinking ever so tenderly. "And one of those decisions was to not allow that man to have control over me ever again."

"We might've worked on the same goal now, but whether he dies in his battle or emerge victorious is none of my concerns," he added with confidence. "All that matters is that we get done with this situation and part ways with no personal emotions involved."

"So you have forgiven him?" Claude's brows rose before furrowing them. "Forgiveness?"

"From all that blabbering, all that is clear is that you have forgiven him. Won't your late parents feel wrong for that?" Tristan flashed him a short smile. "They had died in the hands of Stefan La Crox just because he was initially threatened that their existence would put his position as the king in peril. How come their child, who should've avenged them, wasn't even considering it?"

The wind howled silently, blowing away the words that left Tristan Willow's lips. The silence that followed sounded way louder than the occasional shrill from afar. Both of them stared at each other without saying a word before Claude let out a shallow breath. "Poor thing." Claude shook his head mildly. "I don't know why you took my nonchalance as forgiveness, but sure. Let's say I had forgiven him, and what is it to my birth parents has anything to do with that? I'm sure they'd rather wish that I live a far better and more peaceful life than take the course of revenge."

"Even if that isn't what they truly wanted, what I am certain of is that they were the type of people who would wish for me to do what will make me feel alive," he continued, eyes softening at the thought of his birth parents. Claude might've had limited memories of Lucia and Dyrroth (his mother and father), but he was certain they were both good people. Holding a grudge and taking the revenge route was something they wouldn't approve of; especially if this revenge was for their deaths.

"The last thing they want was for their child to lead a lonely life," Claude whispered, raising his gaze back to Tristan. "That I am certain of."

The corner of Tristan's lips curled up into an amused smirk, chuckling with his lips closed. Claude's expression sharpened at the ridiculing chuckles caressing his ears. "How amusing," mused Tristan, and in a heartbeat, he suddenly appeared right behind Claude. The latter's breath hitched, taken aback at how fast Tristan was. Tristan was faster than he was a second ago. "Lucia and Dyrroth surely raised their kid with love," were the words Claude heard from behind him, but somehow,

Tristan's voice sounded like Zero's. "I too raised my son with all the love he could ask from a father. That is why he will offer his body to me if I asked nicely. What a simpleton."

Chapter 816 What are you fighting for?

Meanwhile... "What are you fighting for, Rufus Barrett?" CLANG!

The spark caused by the metals lighted up between Rufus and Acheron. The latter's firm voice resounded after the piercing clash of metals, echoing in the howling silence in the air. Both of their swords rattled against in between two figures holding their ground in their fierce duel.

"I fight for what is right," Rufus breathed out through his gritted teeth, eyes glinting at Acheron. "What are you fighting for, Acheron Roseberg?"

Acheron sneered, channeling his strength to his grip to push Rufus back. Another piercing clang resounded in his ears, jumping up in the air, only to catapult Rufus to launch another attack. CLANG!

Rufus blocked the attack in the nick of time, but the ground underneath his feet created a hollow as a result of that attack. If Rufus was a little weaker, that attack would crush not just his sword, but also him. "I fight for the future," was Acheron's answer, warranting a ridiculing look from Rufus. "No," Rufus remarked, shaking his head mildly. "You fight for your damn king, not the future."

"Your king, Quentin Moriarty, doesn't want the future. He wants to destroy it. You and I know that very well, Acheron Roseberg," he added through his gritted teeth, spewing nothing but facts. "I feel sorry for those people born in this place to have such a cruel and selfish ruler as him."

"You don't know His Majesty!" Acheron pushed Rufus back once again, exerting more strength than he was supposed to. Again, Rufus slid back, harrowing the concrete ground with his feet.

Rufus assessed Acheron when he stopped sliding back. His expression was solemn, noticing the anger in Acheron's eyes that suddenly resurfaced. Even though both men had been fighting, there was mutual respect between them. They were warriors from opposing parties, and they were fighting for what they thought was right. But now, from the looks of it, Acheron was easily angered when Rufus mentioned Zero's name so easily. It wasn't like Rufus lied or he was trying to press Acheron's nerves. That wasn't Rufus's intention; he wasn't like his brother Fabian, who enjoyed annoying people in the middle of a fight. "You..." Rufus straightened his back, holding his sword to the side. Unlike Acheron's energy, which seemed to reach its peak so easily, Rufus maintained his calm demeanor. "... are deluding yourself just because you want to honor your knight's oath."

"My loyalty to my king is not something —"

"If loyalty is taking innocent lives just for the sake of your king's personal gain, then I applaud you for being loyal." Rufus cut him mid-sentence, letting out a short snicker. "I have no words for someone like you since it seemed you already decided to believe your twisted beliefs."

"You are in no position to speak and act so immaculate, Rufus Barrett."

"Indeed, I am not. I had sacrificed many things for my duty as a knight. However, what I can tell you is that even when I pledged to serve my master, Ismael La Crox, I will not tolerate any ridiculous orders such as killing the innocent." A layer of frost coated Rufus's eyes as his breathing slowed down. "My loyalty stems down deeper than you can ever tell. The meaning of loyalty isn't

just following orders blindly, but knowing your master's heart and realigning their paths if they ever get astray."

"You knock some senses into them if necessary. My master might disapprove or get irritated, but in the end, I know he would understand," he continued. "We are their subject for a reason because the throne... the throne that people fight for and bathe with blood, is a dangerous power to hold."

"It changes people. I know because I owned one before." Rufus narrowed his eyes, covering himself with a thick aura that appeared to be a silver glow. "I don't think telling you all this will change your beliefs. You had already chosen to follow Quentin, so I assumed that's all that matters."

"It is only a shame..." his tone lowered, keeping his eyes on Acheron. Just moments ago, Rufus looked at the man with high regard, but after their brief interaction, Acheron was no warrior.

In Rufus's eyes, Acheron was a mere dog — a beast that would mindlessly tear anyone if his master ordered to. It wouldn't matter if Zero was in the right or wrong or if the order was for entertainment purposes. People like Acheron were no better than Zero. No matter how strong and capable they were, Rufus had no ounce of pity for them. "... really a shame that you had wasted such a talent for someone like him," Rufus continued under his breath. "But I guess that is the reason you are here fighting me."

Rufus raised his sword, sporting an offensive stance. "I will do as you wish and end you tonight."

"End me?" Acheron laughed weakly, assessing the light glow surrounding his opponent. "What a blessed creature."

Acheron didn't speak anything regarding everything that Rufus's spewed. Although it was annoying, nothing changes their situation. Only death would grant them the liberty to leave this area. Until then, they had to fight with all their might. "It is a blessing to fight such a blessed creature," he said, preparing his sword for another clash. "However, I am the person who will walk out of here alive."

CLASH!

Both men disappeared from their vantage point, meeting halfway as a spark lit up upon the meeting of their blades. This time, however, Rufus didn't let him gain momentum as he launched another attack... and then another one, followed by countless more. Since the beginning of their match, Acheron had been attacking Rufus while the latter mostly defended himself. But now, Rufus didn't stop launching attacks and each of them was more powerful than the previous one. His speed also picked up until Acheron was starting to feel the need to catch up. How was this possible? Just moments ago, they were equal in both strength and speed. Now, Rufus just kept getting faster and stronger, driving Acheron to the corner and giving him no room but to defend himself. As Acheron receive multiple attacks all at once, a realization dawned on him.

Rufus was simply assessing Acheron's strength to match him. Not that Rufus tried to tire him out, but more like, Rufus didn't plan to exert more strength than necessary as he needed to conserve his energy.

"Don't..." Acheron's eyes dilated as time seemed to slow down for him, gazing at the beast rearing in his direction with his sword glinting. "... zone out while in a battle!"

Acheron didn't have time to react before a searing pain across his chest stuck the ends of his nerves.

Chapter 817 It wasn't over yet

What were you fighting for?

Rufus already had an answer to that question; it wouldn't even take time for him to answer such a simple question. However, ever since Acheron Roseberg asked that question, Rufus couldn't help but think about it. It wasn't that Rufus was questioning his own agenda, nor was he thinking about it to judge Acheron. In fact, the more he thought about that question and what drove Acheron this far, the more Acheron's action made sense. Not everyone was like Rufus and Samael's relationship.

Acheron and Zero's relationship didn't stem from friendship. It wasn't anything like that. From what Rufus heard from Lilou, Acheron treated Zero as his own. Like a parent who would do anything for their child, even if it was wrong. Rufus trusted Lilou, but now that he was fighting Acheron, he had confirmed that. Acheron's loyalty wasn't just that of a hellhound, but he truly cherished Zero.

"What a shame..." Rufus trailed off as the tip of his sword glinted while Acheron's pupils went wide. "... that your own son sent you to your death."

SLASH!

Blood spurted from Acheron's chest, splashing some blood on Rufus's stern countenance. Rufus held his breath while noticing Acheron's breath hitch.

Acheron stumbled back, hands on his bleeding chest. When he peeked down, he realized the slash was deeper than it appeared. Not just that, but it wasn't healing on its own. If anything, the wound was slowly growing deeper.

"I do not know your story." Acheron raised his head to Rufus, only to see a solemn expression on Rufus's bloodstained face. "However, I believe that if you love someone and see them as your own, you'd correct their wrongdoing and not enable them. I guess you already figured that out, but it was already too late."

"Hah..." Acheron winced in pain, pressing his chest to stop the bleeding, but alas, it was to no avail. All he could do was lift his gaze on Rufus once again and scoff bitterly. "What... do you know?" he whispered, but somehow, it reached Rufus' ears. "You know nothing, Rufus Barrett."

Rufus didn't refute Acheron's remarks, watching the man drop his hand from his wound. Rufus's sword was said to be blessed by the goddess of light, inheriting it a long time ago. His sword came from Samael because Samael couldn't wield it, and thought it was just rubbish. Only after a while when Rufus started noticing that this sword never gets dulled no matter how he abused it, and after doing some investigation, he slowly learned what his sword could do. The bringer of light. That was his sword, and as his sword was called, he could slice through the darkness. The darker the person's soul was, the more painful the wounds he would inflict. Acheron managed to conceal the crippling affliction across his chest, but the blood gushing out of it was enough for Rufus to know his opponent was in a lot of pain. It wasn't surprising, though. Acheron did a lot of atrocities to please his master, Zero. Now, he was being cleansed, and the cleansing Rufus had done would be a lot more painful. However, only Rufus was aware of what could happen with this cleansing. Instead of killing Acheron immediately, the man would have a chance to enter the pearly gates. That was what Rufus believed, and he wanted to keep believing in that fable. "His Majesty... is a kind man." Acheron fluttered his eyelashes before he slowly dropped to his knees. Normally, if he was just a normal person, Acheron would be writhing in pain on the ground. However, he impaled his sword on the ground as a support.

"The Moriarty... they ruined that poor boy," he continued in a hushed voice. "I regret nothing until now. Though I will not give justification for what I had done for him, I regret nothing, Rufus Barrett."

Acheron's lips parted, gazing up at the black sky that covered the countless stars. The corner of his lips curled up into a subtle smile, blood dripping from the side of his closed lips. "All Hail... Your Majesty, my King..." came out a weak, airy voice. "Long live my king..."

THUD!

Rufus kept his eyes on Acheron as the latter dropped to the ground. Acheron lay on his side, eyes on the pair of boots not far away. As his consciousness slowly drifted from his grip, he reached his hand out with all the remaining strength he had. "Your Highness..." a tear rolled across the bridge of his nose, talking to someone Rufus couldn't see. "... did I do a good job?"

Rufus kept quiet as he listened to Acheron's weak voice talking to someone. This wasn't a new sight to behold for him. The last phase of the cleansing was bringing out the person's deep desire that originated from the little goodness left in them. If a person didn't have the slightest goodness in them, then they would just perish immediately. "I see... I'm glad that is what you think." Peace dominated Acheron's face, closing his eyes ever so slowly with a subtle smile. Whatever Acheron saw as he hovered between life and death was not something Rufus wanted to know. Acheron's face, as he perished, was enough for Rufus to know that Acheron did what he could to protect his words. Perhaps, to protect a promise he made to someone else. "Love... is truly such a strange thing, isn't it, Acheron Roseberg?" whispered Rufus, breathing out calmly. "Also, a man's oath is such a tricky situation. Perhaps men, in general, are pitiful creatures." Rufus slowly turned on his heel to walk away from the scene, setting his eyes on his next agenda. Fighting Acheron wasn't his original plan, but now that it was over, Rufus thought he could provide assistance to Heliot or Stefan. However, just as Rufus took a step away, his heart suddenly pounded against his chest. His eyes dilated, gazing up at the darkening hell's gate before his breath hitched. Rufus looked back in panic, only to see Acheron slowly stand back to his feet. "No..." he whispered, assessing the lifeless body of Acheron as the latter's pores sucked the dark mist into the air. It wasn't over yet.

Zero was just starting and Rufus had just grown aware of the situation all across the land of Spade.

Chapter 818 How trees grow

[Spade Kingdom: Royal Palace]

"Damn it..." Samael breathed out as he tried to catch up to his breath. His eyes were initially fixed on the flesh disintegrating in tendrils of smoke rising up in the air. "He is really starting to annoy me."

Samael slowly gazed up at where the dark mist was ascending to. A shallow breath slipped past his lips, swinging his heavy sword to the side to get rid of unnecessary blood on the blade. His opponent, Zero, was already nowhere in sight. However, Samael knew that didn't mean Zero was dead. Samael was able to slay Zero's clone which was now instigating from the ground near his feet. Still, this was still far from over.

"Lilou," came out a whisper, thinking that Lilou would have a hard time searching for the original body. "Knowing her, she was probably held by the people outside the castle walls."

His wife, although, could be a little scheming and vicious, Lilou always had a soft spot for people. It had always been his wife's habit to make sure no innocent people would get hurt every time she would plan her next movement. Back then, their main enemy, Stefan, although he was a scumbag, he at least let the innocent people off. All their problems centered on royalties and their complicated relationships, and the situation would turn upside down within the royal palace of the Heart's Kingdom. There might be times their explosive resentment against each other would implicate the capital, but all people would always be evacuated. Stefan wouldn't order the evacuation, but he had a valid reason for it. Most of the people in the capital of the Heart's Kingdom were capable people. They would flee to safety if they sensed danger. But this place... this kingdom and their mad king... there was no way Lilou would turn a blind eye to them. "I did what I can," whispered Samael once again, thinking he had been donating his blood and adding it to people's teas. Theodore, a member of the seance, was the person in charge of distributing it. But two months wasn't enough. Compare to Samael who only started donating his blood two months ago, Zero had done this for years. If not for the Grimsbanne blood (his mother's blood) running in Samael's veins, there was no way he would even gain the slightest control over the people who drank his blood from the tea. "Quentin..." Samael blinked ever so slowly, breathing out through his mouth. Above him were bigger and darker threads wiggling like tentacles. Slaying the clone didn't affect these dark threads combined. No matter how many times Samael cut them, they would not only regenerate but also grew stronger, faster, and heavier.

Samael already inspected where these black threads came from, and after some time, he found himself back in the royal palace of the land. Much to his dismay, the source of this was rooted in the ground. He glanced at his back to see where the black threads were coming from. The floor where the black threads were coming from looked darker than ink. It also smelled terribly bad like rotting flesh. The strangest thing was that the darkness on the ground remained where they were. It looked like tree roots at this point that stemmed underground. But the only question was... how deep underground?

"I will hurt my head thinking about this disgusting being," he murmured, peeling his eyes from the back to the dark threads above him. "No matter how big you grow... I will continue to cut you down until you can no longer regenerate. It seems that is the only way, after all."

His deep crimson eyes shone with determination, leaving the rest to his wife and the people who came in here. Because one thing was for sure. If not for Samael, this black thing would wreak havoc outside the royal palace. With how monstrous and destructive its every movement was, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that the entire Spade Kingdom would be nothing but rubble once this was all over. Just what was Zero thinking? That question hovered over Samael's mind but instantly got enlightenment. Zero didn't plan to continue ruling the Spade Kingdom. He simply used this land and his position to take a better role and power. The reason he didn't mind sacrificing everything including the beauty of this land and the innocent lives all for the sake of satisfying his own greed. If this wasn't evil, then Samael had to reeducate himself about the meaning of it. "Hah." A deep breath escaped Samael's mouth again, swinging his sword to make a clean cut on the tentacle-like that was charging towards his head. It fell on the ground and made a sound like a lump of meat, making him quick a brow. "That's interesting." He gazed down in interest, noticing some blood leak from the severed flesh. "It used to just disintegrate like before... hah!" Samael slowly gazed up again with his lips stretched until his teeth were showing, but no sign of happiness or amusement laced on his expression. If anything, this sudden theory that crossed his mind was enough to nurture

the growing repugnance he had for Zero and these black threads. "You piece of unforgivable trash..." he muttered through his gritted teeth. "So, that's how it is, huh?"

Anger shone in Samael's eyes, assuming his conclusion was correct, then there was nothing to save Zero. Right now, the entire land of Spade was covered by thick darkness. People would only notice the one in the sky, missing the entire point of hell's gate. Hell.

Even children knew what hell meant and what sort of place it was. That being said, Hell's gate not only covered the sky but also the ground. If all the people in Spade were now dying one after another, the blood they would spill would naturally flood the ground. "It's like a tree..." Samael watched as multiple flexible limbs charged in his direction. "To grow trees, you have to water them. And that thing... not only sucks their life but also their blood."

"Hah..." Despite the limbs attacking him all at once, Samael leisurely closed his eyes and stretched his neck from one side to the other. When he reopened his eyes, he swiftly took a leap to meet them halfway. In one swift movement, he swung his sword, Catharsis, and cut all the limbs he could cut.

"Do you know what thing Fabian hates about me?" he breathed out while still midair, talking to this lump of meat which he knew was starting to grow consciousness. "It was how I always uproot his dearest plants whenever he pisses me off. Doing it quite more often recently earned me the talent of uprooting weeds perfectly." The corner of his lips hooked up, spinning the sword in his hand, only to throw it on the ground. "Let's see how deep you are underground."

Chapter 819 Ah... ouch

Powerful explosions resonated in the air as the smoke in the air thickened into a fog. Samael leaped one after another attack, dodging all the gigantic black threads coming at him like dust devils. He had a plan and a simpleton like him first thought digging up the ground to uproot his current opponent would be easy.

However, with only his sword, Catharsis, to abuse, he quickly realized it wouldn't be as easy as he thought it would. Therefore, he had to improvise.

BOOGSH!

Samael jumped from the ground, flying up in the air. Gazing down, the side of his lips curled up into a smirk upon seeing the tentacle-like threads wiggling while its head was deep into the ground. "Let's dig together." His tone was arrogant, grinning as he looked back at the incoming threads. "Good. The faster and stronger, the better."

Samael didn't move in the air until the ends of the blackness were at arm's length. Instead of cutting it just as he initially planned, he made it do the job for him. When he dodged it, the threads instantly crash into the ground, creating these massive hollows.

"Oy!" he called, and not to his surprise, the rest of the black threads seemed to have turned their attention to him. "What a nasty little thing you are. I can't believe you'd really gain consciousness. Come! Let me kill you!" Nothing further was said as the multiple black threads attacked him without a second break. Not once, Samael wielded his sword, dodging all the attacks. The hollows on the ground slowly increased in number until the original tiled floor was full of holes. Still, that wasn't enough. And with that, Samael kept taunting it and dodging its attack, almost dancing in the thick fog until all he could see was the silhouette. After minutes of dodging the attacks, Samael landed on the railing of the second floor. Half of the floor was already ruined, but Samael didn't pay

attention to it. "Oy." He called quietly, watching the threads who attacked him fiercely try to pull its parts from the ground. "You can understand me now, am I correct?"

Samael arched his brow, glancing in the direction where the root of this dark thing was coming from. Most of the concrete ground was shattered, even the surface of the root. However, now that he could see it clearly, he was certain the root was deeper than what he expected. Not to mention, some dark lines underneath the rubbles had appeared as well. "So if we dig for at least five inches more, the enter ground will be black, huh?" he mumbled, lifting his eyes at the black threads. Samael didn't even flinch when the dark threads pulled out of the ground, causing some debris to fly across the palace. His expression turned firm, letting out a deep exhale through his closed lips. "What a bother," he muttered, and in a blink of an eye, the dark threads were once again catapulting in his direction. This time, however, Samael didn't dodge them with the purpose of digging. Instead, he bent his knees and jumped. Unlike previously, he didn't land but leaped from anything he could to reach the broken roof. Samael went through the hole the black thread created previously. The moment he reached past the hole, he twisted his body to face the black threads coming at him. "Ah, fuck!" he cursed, too late to dodge an attack. All Samael could do was toughen his stomach and within a second, a black thread crashed into the roof where he was.

Samael winced at the pain that erupted in his stomach, yet he ignored it as he raised his sword to the side. With one swift movement, he swung his arm and cut the black threads, leaping into another debris as more and more threads smashed into the roof. Soon, Samael was surrounded by them as if he was a fish underwater surrounded by seaweed. Tak.

The moment he landed on the sturdy part of the roof, probably the only surface there was. He assessed the threads, and when a second had passed and it didn't attack, he already knew it was somehow taking a break. This wasn't the first time it paused from its attacks, but what he did notice was that its break was happening more frequently, the stronger its attacks. Using this time, Samael took a deep breath before shouting; "Tilly!!"

His voice echoed multiple times before silence followed. Samael huffed and screamed his lungs out, calling for Tilly as if she was there when he perfectly knew she wasn't around. "Damn it, Tilly." Samael ruffled his hair in irritation, snapping his eyes up. "Just who am I going to leave this thing with? I don't think it's productive to even fight this one."

At this point, Samael realized stopping this thing with brute force was useless. If he wanted to stop it completely, chopping it off wasn't the way. The more it bled and the more it needed to regenerate, more and more lives would be gone to waste. Samael might not be able to save them from dying as undead, but at least he had the morals of respecting their deaths. He didn't participate in Zero's twisted game and use even the deaths of the innocent to sustain this disgusting thing. "Ti —" Samael nearly bit his tongue as his eyes dilated. He swiftly used his sword, slashing his index and dripping a few of his blood on the black thread underneath him. "Oy, oy! Come, follow me, big guy!" He didn't idle, letting his finger bleed as he fled the scene like a bolt of lightning. The scent of his precious blood caught the attention of the black thread, coming at him at the same speed. The black threads continued to stretch out, destroying anyone on the way as they left the palace grounds in a particular direction. *

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[Colosseum]

"Lucia and Dyrroth surely raised their kid with love. I too raised my son with all the love he could ask from a father. That is why he will offer his body to me if I asked nicely. What a simpleton."

Claude held his breath, hearing Zero's voice from behind him. His instinct immediately tried to save him by stopping time. The surrounding did, but not the blade about to slice through his spine. Boogsh!

A strong gust of wind blew past Claude, followed by a loud explosion that made the ground shake. The moment Claude couldn't feel the threat around him, a deep exhale slipped past his gaping mouth. He nearly died, and he was certain he just dodged death. "Ah... ouch... goodness. God damn it."

The voice that caressed Claude's ears brought him back to his trance, turning around in a hurry, only to see Samael pushing himself from the ground.

"Uncle Hell!"

Chapter 820 That one mystery answered

"Uncle Hell!" Claude and Samael didn't have the time to chat after the former's call as both of them leaped from their spot, dodging the black threads that came right above them. While midair, Claude's eyes snapped open at the gigantic threads that were akin to whirlpools coming to life, destroying a part of the arena in the Colosseum. "Holy..." Claude gasped as his eyes widened even more. He looked up, searching for Samael's figure, and found him in a distance, also in the air. "Uncle Hell!" Samael simply cast Claude a look. "Man, look at you. How the hell did you think you can steal my wife if you're dead, boy?" "What?"

"Good thing I rush in here when I fucking sense that guy's rotten smell." Samael gazed down at Tristan Willow, spitting out to the side the moment he locked eyes with the latter. "There you fucking are, Quentin."

A glint flickered across Samael's eyes, assessing Zero's biological son, Tristan Willow. The moment Samael saw the slight smirk in Tristan's eyes, a realization dawned on Samael. A mystery and the big question mark no one had the answer to finally came to light.

Why did Zero keep his son by his side when he slaughtered his entire clan?

This was the answer. Zero kept Tristan Willow by his side because the latter was his own flesh and blood. It wasn't out of fatherly love, just as expected. To make Zero's plans work, which was to dispose of his own body, he needed to find the right shell. Whatever the reason, Zero had to create clones and take ownership of Tristan's body. It didn't matter. It could be because he saw it as a resort to flee with a new identity or something else. The point was, Samael was slowly unveiling all of Zero's cards, one after another. This wouldn't work, unless there was a bigger card Zero had on his sleeve. Claude also gazed down at Tristan, gulping a mouthful of air. "He's changed," said Claude under his breath, but Samael still heard him loud and clear. "Tristan... that guy was just here a moment ago. I'm sure of that."

"Haha!" Tristan laughed, darting his eyes between Claude and Samael, who managed to stay midair by watching their weight. "I'm sure my son loved your company, Earl of Monarey."

"Tch." Claude clicked his tongue, feeling this growing repugnance towards Zero. "Where did you take him?"

"Huh?"

"Your son!" Claude raised his voice. "Where is Tristan Willow?"

Tristan blinked, cocking his head to the side. "Why are you looking for my son, Earl? Don't tell me you and my son are now friends just because you exchanged blows?"

Claude clenched his teeth in irritation, balling his hand into a tight fist. That wasn't it, was what he wanted to say, but he knew explaining was futile. Zero, who was now in the body of Tristan, was just using this time to entertain himself. "Claude," Samael called solemnly, keeping his eyes on Tristan. "Get away from here."

"But uncle Hell —"

"You want those warriors out of this place safely, right? Then, help them go on. This place is still less dangerous than outside, is what I'm telling you." Samael slowly snapped his eyes at Claude, staring at the latter through the thick, dark threads surrounding them. "Zero is mine to kill. There were more things you can do than get held down by this garbage."

Claude ground his teeth as equal fury and disappointment pooled in his eyes. He felt like Samael was doing this because Claude was nearly killed just now. However, the dominant part of him told him that wasn't Samael's intention.

"Fine." Claude breathed out in frustration, loosening his fist. "If you die in here, the only thing I can say is you don't have to worry about Auntie Lilove. I'll take care of her for sure."

"Fucking bastard..."

"That is why!" Claude was panting, speaking through his gritted teeth. "Come out of here in one piece!"

Samael gazed at his nephew for a moment and then smirked. He peeled his eyes from Claude down to Tristan.

"The person who would kill me, Samael La Crox, isn't born yet." The corner of his lips stretched from ear to ear until his fangs were showing. "There is no fucking way I will die in here, knowing a fool is out here to get my role as my wife's husband."

Seeing the enthusiasm Samael was emanating, Claude couldn't help but heaved a sigh of relief. Claude trusted Samael more than he trusted himself. If his uncle said he would come out of here alive, then he would. Samael's words were his bond. "Then... I'll see you later." Claude didn't idle, turning his head and putting down his weight to land. His foot didn't even last on the broken area as he leaped away, swiftly avoiding the black threads. Meanwhile, Samael also descended and landed several meters from Tristan. The black threads didn't attack him immediately, wiggling in the air leisurely. "What a surprise," mused Samael. "You didn't come after my nephew. I thought you would stop him, just like how you attempted to stop my wife from leaving the palace."

Tristan sported a short smile. "I know you will stop me."

"And I will succeed in stopping you," added Samael in a knowing tone, shrugging confidently. "I guess your ego is much more important."

"Samael La Crox." Tristan shook his head while keeping his eyes on Samael. "You never cease to leave me in awe. I surely underestimated your stubbornness — it is annoying. How can a person's existence be this annoying?"

Samael grinned and chortled. "I know, right? I'm a persistent guy... just like you."

"Indeed, we are." Tristan rocked his head as his smile faded. "I can't let you run wild anymore, Samael La Crox."

"The feeling is mutual, Quentin." Samael's smile also grew solemn and wicked. The white area of his eyes slowly turned darker until they were as blank as ink while his irises shone in bright red. "I said it before and I will say it again, no matter which body you are in, I will be the one to deliver you to hell, Moriarty. The audacity you have to flee from me and try to kill my cute little nephew?"