

The Duke 841

Chapter 841 Stick to his original plan -- steal.

Samael's book of adventures was something Samael considered a memento. The reason, even when the Duke's mansion was burned down before his long slumber, he rewrote it and kept them. He didn't bring a lot of things to the mainland, but those books were with him. They were that precious. After all, those books held knowledge and information about how vast this mysterious world was. There were many things to learn and many interesting creatures who had wisdom that no one else had. Those books were very close to his heart. It was a book to open someone's mind that there were many things to learn in this world.

To think that someone dared touch the stories he had written, twisting those stories in their wicked plans, giving a bad image to those things like the Kraken, and impersonating a plague that killed many good souls was an utter mockery. Those things weren't something to make light of. Not the life of the dead, and those living. SPLASH!

Blood splashed on Samael's face, eyes burning in anger he had never borne since the beginning. The anger that had piled up since the start of this nightmare was something Samael couldn't hide anymore. "I've seen enough of this mockery," came out his shaking voice, sprawling his arm to grab the back of Tristan's collar, not allowing his body to fall to the ground. Samael didn't hesitate to thrust his sword from Tristan's spine through his chest. "How dare you use my words to create something so vile?" One stab wasn't enough to quench the anger swelling up in Samael's chest. He pulled his sword out, only to stab the headless body again. As if that wasn't enough, he threw Tristan's body in the air, chopping it into many pieces midair, until it was raining blood. Yet, Tristan's body would still jolt and move on its own as if his body was still conscious. The head that rolled on the ground in one clean cut was lying on its side, watching Samael lose his mind and chop his body off. He didn't blink, but the life in his eyes was still apparent. He was still alive. Zero was still alive even when Tristan's head was severed. He watched pieces of flesh land on the ground with a soft sound, seeing Samael pant until fog formed before his gaping mouth. Samael then slowly shifted his glowing, menacing eyes in the head's direction. "I knew it," muttered Samael, marching in the head's direction. He picked up Tristan's severed head by grabbing his hair until they were staring eye to eye. "Quentin, when I say enough with playing games, I meant enough playing games. I feel sorry for your bastard for having false hope that his father was capable of love."

Samael ground his fangs as he grasped Tristan's head tighter. "Where is your body?"

Silence was the immediate response Samael received from Tristan, staring at him blankly.

"It's alright if you don't tell me, but I'm going to find it and chop it into million pieces," Samael threatened and by his tone, one could tell he would definitely do what he had just said. "Didn't your wife say she will search for my body?" After a few seconds, the severed head started talking. Tristan smirked as if losing his body didn't even hurt the slightest. Instead, his eyes bore arrogance. "I am no fool, Samael. Even if you kill this body and slaughter it a million more times, you will never get rid of me."

"Is that so?" Samael let out a dry laugh, licking the blood that splashed on his lips. "You truly have the most rotten blood I had ever tasted. I don't think I will ever forget about this taste, forever."

"Then it is my honor."

Samael stared at him and his gaze gradually turned icy. He was aware Lilou left the scene to search for Zero's original body when she realized Zero was just hopping from one body to another. However, Samael knew his wife more than anyone. Considering the mayhem in this land, Samael was certain Lilou would rearrange her priorities. After all, Samael had already realized that the undeads were abnormal. He kept quiet about it, not because he didn't want to speak with uncertainty, but because he was selfish. Samael didn't have the same compassion as his wife and thus, he didn't care if the undeads were simply victims of Zero's wicked plans. His priority was to uproot the origins of his problem. His wife was the opposite, giving balance to their marriage. In other words, he was a hundred percent certain that Lilou would choose to save the undead once she realized they were nothing but victims. Maybe, pass the task to another on the way. There were many possibilities and changes that could've happened while Samael was stuck in the Colosseum. Therefore, he convinced himself to stick to the plan. "Samael, Samael, you will get exhausted but —"

Tristan couldn't finish his sentence when Samael suddenly poked his eye with the tip of his Catharsis. His other eye dilated, staring at the unfazed expression plastered on Samael. "I know that even if you die in this body, you can simply shift to another. You remind me of my brother's ability... that is slightly different." Samael maintained his cold countenance. "What's interesting is that, after seeing you move from one body to another, I noticed that the only time you can do so is when you're dead."

The corner of Samael's lips stretched until his fangs were showing. The face of Tristan's one eye mirrored looked more or less like a devil, making Tristan's one pupil dilate in horror. "I thought at first I planned to keep you alive and allow you to get stuck in this head. But I should stick to my original plan." A glint flickered across Samael's burning eyes, twisting his sword and scooping Tristan's eyeball. "Do you know what it is?"

Samael successfully scooped out Tristan's eyes, guiding the tip of his sword to his lips. "That is to stick to what I do best — steal." The moment those words rolled out of Samael's tongue, he opened his mouth and ate Tristan's eyeball. His face contorted in disgust, chewing Tristan's eyeball and swallowing every juice it had. Seeing this, Tristan was in utter disbelief, but his disbelief was soon replaced with confusion as Samael's eyes turned blank and white as if he had passed out, standing, whilst holding the severed head in place.

Chapter 842 Visionless vision

A pair of clouded eyes, a soothing voice, speaking wicked words; pale skin, and then... blood — lots of blood. Those were only the clear pictures Samael could make up to the snippets he was pulled into after chewing a part of Tristan's flesh. The memories were vague and short and quick, playing in rewind but in times ten speed. Until... Samael reached the very beginning, where everything started. Standing in a white space, Samael looked around. Everything was white; the walls and floor were covered with marble white. It was almost sparkling clean. The temperature was low. He had experienced running at the peak of winter, naked, and even bathed in the freezing lake during his vagabond days. He would still do that from time to time whenever he would have minor arguments with his wife. Lilou's punishment was painful, teasing him only to leave him when his body was burning with passion and desire. It helped his body cool down, and never once did the temperature affect him. But now, in this vast, enclosed space, his body chilled.

Samael rubbed his shoulders, causing friction to give his body some warmth. It didn't work. Hence, he could only continue as a fragile attempt while his body slowly adapted to the coldness embracing him tightly. As he did so, Samael walked around, hearing his own light footsteps echo. The place looked endless. With Samael's keen sight, he still couldn't see the end of this place. He looked from the right side and then to the left. All that was there was an endless space of white. As he looked around, his brows elevated, lifting his gaze to look at the high ceiling. It was also white, making the pillars that were connected from the floor to the ceiling almost unnoticeable. Samael was aware he just got here, and he was only there for less than five minutes. However, that short time felt longer than it was supposed to be. 'What more if I get stuck here for an hour?' His expression turned sour at the thought. 'I'd lose my mind for sure — wait, what if this is all part of Quentin's plan and I stepped right in his trap?'

This time, Samael's face stiffened as the look of dread dominated it. How could he think about this after chewing Tristan's eyes?

"Happy thoughts!" his voice echoed, shaking his head to shrug off the negative thoughts that were clouding his mind. Samael had spent hundreds of years in slumber. One fact about being in slumber was that he wasn't fully unconscious. Samael might've appeared hibernating in that same coffin for centuries, but his mind was conscious. That was the reason he knew Lilou before he met her that night he woke up from his long slumber.

And in that place, all he could see was nothing but darkness. He didn't even know whether he had his eyes open or close since there was no difference. In other words, it was torturous in the mind. Being stuck in a place that was nothing but white was no different. He would literally lose his mind; his sanity was barely intact. Lilou and his kids were keeping him sane.

"Quentin can try, but I'm sure I can get out of this place if ever I did step into his death trap..." Samael trailed off, catching two figures from the corner of his eyes. His pupils widened, certain these two figures weren't there before. He quickly turned his head, only to see Zero and another person standing at arm's length from each other. The other person was wearing a thick and large cloak, their backs facing Samael. 'Who in the world...?' Samael's surprise didn't stop at the sudden appearance of Zero and the other person as he caught a marble table in front of the two. From Samael's vantage point, all he could see was a person lying on that marble table. He couldn't see the man's face as it was being blocked by the person wearing a thick cloak. However, he could see his arms and feet, some part of his leg, and his abdomen. The person lying in the marble coffin was naked. "It's perfect." Samael knitted his brows when Zero spoke in delight, reaching for the person lying on the marbled table. "The sacrifice of the Moriarty is worth it."

'Sacrifice?' Deeper lines resurfaced in between Samael's brows. 'Did he mean the massacre he did to ascend the throne?'

Just when Samael thought nothing could surprise him anymore, he was wrong. "You truly are vile." A voice of a woman came after Zero's remarks, making Samael shift his eyes to the person in a cloak. "Even on the mainland, you'd never find someone who would massacre his entire clan for power."

"You can say I am special."

The person in the cloak slightly turned her head to the side, granting Samael to get a glimpse of the tip of her short nose and small lips. But he wasn't able to see everything because of the hood over

her head. "You are, indeed, that is why I chose you," said the woman before peeling her gaze from Zero. "Just keep doing what you are doing. The plans would be in motion soon."

"This plan you keep talking about... I must commend your patience. Just how many centuries have you been waiting?" Zero asked with genuine wonder in his voice. "Do not get me wrong. Of course, I like the visionless vision you have and considering all the help you had been extending to me, I am willing to extend my helping hand if you need it. However, what exactly are you aiming for?"

Silence followed Zero's inquiry as the other person remained silent. Instead, she looked up. "Drink a drop of his blood once a week and in no time, you'd be able to achieve your goals." Her reply was anything closer to the enlightenment Zero sought. "If you truly want to create a clan with blood that is so powerful, then the seed of the Bloodfang is the key. With the blood of the demon and her blood, a terrifying clan would be born."

The corner of Zero's lips curled up, shrugging. "That's the plan," he said, gazing up at where the woman was staring. "The problem was... I don't think she's yet to be born."

"That is why be patient. Everything will come together when the time is due."

Samael darted his eyes between Zero and the woman with furrowed brows. He then slowly gazed up to see what the two were staring at. The second he did, his eyes dilated, seeing a gigantic black thing that was almost like a balloon with a strange face that was far more strange than a jester. 'A demon,' Samael whispered before his heart thudded upon hearing this low rumble in his head, saying;

"Pride... you came."

Chapter 843 Don't make things worse

"Pride... you came.

Samael held his breath, gazing at the black creature hanging over the marble table before Zero and that other person. A huge shackle that was attached to the towering pillars was binding its wrist. It had a huge, inflated body. Its skin was smooth and shiny as if it was covered with oils. Samael didn't know whether it was alive or unconscious or just dead. Its thick lips were curled up, after all. However, it wasn't moving, nor did it seem like it was breathing,

'I could've sworn it wasn't here moments ago, was what crossed his mind, wide-eyed. 'What the hell...?'

"Ha... ha ha ha..."

Samael's irises went wider as he heard a wave of evil chuckles in his head. He glanced at Zero and the other person's figure, and much to his dismay, they were still conversing.

"What the hell?" he whispered, lifting his eyes to the demon again.

If there was anything that Samael hadn't included in his book of adventures was real demons or angels. He had met different people and creatures like the Kraken, talking bears, a pack of wolves, and such. Not that he needed to meet angels or demons.

In this world, the evilness of some was enough to make one wish not to meet a real demon. The same goes for those who were too kind as if they came straight from heaven. So meeting an actual demon exceeded Samael's imagination and expectations.

Still, one question hovered over his head.

What was this demon doing here?

"Samael Grimsbanne."

Samael's heart thudded as the deep and gnarly voice called his name. He stared at the demon, wide-eyed. The demon's blank and dark eyes seemed to pierce through his soul.

"I low..." he trailed off, eyes fixed on the demon. "... what do you want?"

A wave of suppressed evil laughter resonated in Samael's head, hinting the latter about the anger it was suppressing.

"Do you want power, Young Grimsbanne?" asked the demon in Samael's head. "I will grant you powers that are beyond your imagination!"

Samael didn't blink until his eyes slowly dimmed as if he was slowly being pulled into unconsciousness. His mind was blank - the voice suppressed even his own thoughts. All Samael could hear was the deep breaths of the demon as if it was right beside him, and all he could feel at the moment was this rage swelling in his chest.

"I will give you everything, Samael," the demon continued, hissing. "Just slaughter these fools who had disgraced our lineage!"

"What...?"

"These fools... slaughter them all!"

His heart thudded against his chest as if someone clenched it tightly. Samael kept his eyes on the smiling demon before his gaze fell on Zero and the other woman. As he darted his eyes between Zero and the other person with blank eyes, Samael kept hearing the voice in his head that had a tone of pain and indescribable rage.

"They wouldn't stop until you slaughter each and every single one of them!" the rasped voice shook. "Kill them and stand in their carnage... Pride!"

"Catharsis..." Samael whispered, spreading his fingers to the side.

His weapon, which was nowhere in sight, slowly appeared, coming from the dark mist of his cross earring. Samael wasn't unconscious, nor was he unaware of what was going on. He knew exactly what was occurring and had control of his action.

However, for some reason, listening to the demon's voice just sounded right. He could feel the anger and the humiliation the demon had felt. Even though Samael didn't know what truly happened, his pride told him he should avenge him. Moreover, the demon was making a lot of sense.

"They wouldn't stop until I slaughter them..." another whisper slipped past his lips, eyes glinting with murderous intent. "... while we're here... I should end them right here and now."

Another murderous glint flickered across his eyes, bending his knees. The aura emanating from his back grew thick and dark, gripping his weapon as he prepared to attack Zero and the woman in the cloak.

But just when Samael lurched forward, a figure came out of nowhere. Samael didn't even feel the other person's presence until a hand landed on the side of his head, pinning him down on the floor. The force was undeniably strong, creating a shallow hole where the side of Samael's head crashed.

"Ugh!" he clenched his teeth, moving his eyes to the person squatting on top of him. As soon as he caught the person's white, long hair falling to his side, his pupils dilated. "Tilly?"

"Don't listen to him, Samael." Tilly's voice was meek and small, keeping her hand on the side of his head. "We already messed with the past. Don't make it worse."

Tilly's feet were on Samael's side, her hand pressed on the side of Samael's weight. Despite her petite figure and frail appearance, Samael couldn't push her away. She felt ten times heavier than a boulder, but he knew Tilly was simply pulling an aura to him to keep him still.

It wasn't about the weight. It was more like Tilly was using the superiority of her blood to keep him down. This was the first time she had done such a thing, but it didn't surprise Samael. He knew Tilly might look frail, but she had a lot to offer and many things she was hiding.

"What is that?"

Suddenly, they heard Zero's voice. Samael tried his best to move his head slightly, only to catch Zero looking around.

"It's probably the demon," said the woman with him, keeping her gaze on the demon over the marble table. "He acts up from time to time, even though it was already dead. So be careful in approaching it."

"Ahh..." Zero rocked his head, staring at the shallow hole that just appeared out of nowhere. "Is he trying to kill us and missed?"

Zero chuckled and shook his head, peeling his eyes on the shallow hole, not knowing that Samael and Tilly were over it.

"Let's get out of here, Samael," said Tilly. "And come to where Law and I were. We found where they hid the demon."

Chapter 844 Just when the damn hell will you die?

"Tilly!"

Law's voice rang in the underground space, shaking Tilly's body. Just a moment ago, Tilly approached the demon they found. However, just as Tilly touched the ground that was covered with a dark and thick fluid, she passed out.

Law had to run to her and tried his best to wake her up. Not like Tilly had inflicted any injury or wasn't showing any sign of life. Still, it alarmed Law for they were in a place full of uncertainties and danger. Carrying her would be troublesome, even though he was so sure Tilly weighed like a feather.

"Til -"

GASP!

Law flinched, almost jumping back when Tilly snapped her eyes open and gasped at the same time. His eyes shook slightly before leaning closer to her again.

"Tilly, are you alright??" he asked worriedly, moving back as she sat up. "What happened?" Tilly didn't respond but looked back. The demon was still hanging where it was, but she could feel its gaze. Her complexion was still pale, but her expression wasn't as monotonous as before. "Tilly-

"Law, leave this place."

"What?"

"Leave this place." Tilly slowly set her eyes back to Law, her eyes sharp. "Search for Samael and tell him where I am."

Law opened and closed his mouth, but his tongue kept rolling back. He didn't know which question to ask first; this was quite abrupt and not their plan.

"After that, let everyone know to stop all the killing," she continued, confusing Law even more, as she almost couldn't recognize Tilly.

The Tilly he knew and lived with for years was akin to a leaf drifting to where the wind blows. Nothing ever bothered Tilly; even when others lied and point their fingers at her, she wouldn't bother explaining herself. She wouldn't even care on other days just because he was lazy to chew!

In other words, Tilly could be very slothful.

To see her eyes full of life and give him instructions was surely something Law never expected. Although it was supposed to be expected with the situation they were in, Law still didn't see it coming. Tilly was the last person to use her head and give instructions. She might just do something else on her own at best.

"We have no time, Law. Tilly grabbed Law's shoulder and squeezed them slightly, searching for the latter's eyes to look back at her. "Did you hear me? You cannot stay here."

"But why?" he blurted out.

A part of Law wanted to blindly listen to her instruction without raising questions or concerns. But before he could nod and obey, that question already flew out of his mouth.

Why?

Tilly drew her lips into a thin line, retrieving her hands from his shoulders. She slowly turned her back against him, facing the demon hanging before them. Her eyes were sharp and her expression was stiff.

"This demon is feeding off from every blood that is shed in this land, Law. It doesn't matter if they were humans, vampires, or animals. The more blood that is shed, the more it gets strong," explained Tilly, keeping it short but precise. "However, that isn't the only problem."

She narrowed her eyes, looking back at the demon that felt like it was looking back at her.

"That is only the tip of the iceberg. Soon, blood wouldn't be enough for it and starts eating everyone's soul, our time, and our life." Her eyes fell on the dripping black fluid underneath it. "I need Samael for it. His real enemy is right here!"

Law held his breath, darting his eyes between Tilly's back and the demon before her. He bit his tongue, holding back whatever questions he had at the back of his head.

"I understand. I le nodded, gripping his hands tightly to his side. "Are you going to stay here?"

"Someone has to stop it from wanting more than a Grimsbanne"

"Will you die?"

Tilly didn't respond, eyes fixed on the demon before her. Meanwhile, Law just stared at her back.

"Don't die," he said under his breath. "If you die, I will eat all the biscuits you hid under your bed."

Law relaxed his shoulders and huffed. I le gritted his teeth, turning his back against her.

"I'll call Father and bring him here," he said just as he took a step away. "This is my first mission all alone, after all."

With that being said, Law walked away, taking to the route they had taken. Never once did he look back on her, forcing himself to take every step away whilst telling himself nothing bad would happen to her.

Law wouldn't worry if Tilly wasn't so slothful and had displayed what she could do if pushed to the corner. However, throughout Law's life, he had never seen her do anything but ridiculous things. Therefore, the existence of a growing worry in his heart. He wouldn't feel this way if Tilly was like his mother or father, whom he was aware could overcome whatever battle that would come their way.

"Tilly..." Law's expression darkened, leaving the stairs from the underground. 'You better not die!

[COLOSSEUM]

GASP!

Samael gasped for air as he was pulled out of the memory, his consciousness was dragged in. He snapped his shaking eyes until they settled, gazing at Tristan, that was looking back at him with shock. The severed head had one missing eye with blood rolling down his cheek.

"Hah..." he huffed, clicking his tongue in irritation. ... now I don't know if it's still beneficial to keep you."

BOOGSH!

Samael jumped from his spot on instinct when he felt a threat approaching his territory. Mid-air, he gazed down at the black threads that plunged into the concrete ground. I le clenched his teeth, irritated.

"Just when the damn hell..." he drew a deep breath, gripping the head's hair tightly as he pulled his hand back.... will you die?!"

Along with his shout, Samael threw the head in irritation straight to the black thread. But before the head could land on the black thread, the tip of his Catharsis shone, creating a black sphere surrounded with red lightning.

He clenched his teeth even tighter and, without a second hesitation, flung his arm down, catapulting straight down to end this nuisance once and for all.

Chapter 845 Almost there

Samael had been fighting for hours. It was enough time to observe his enemies. Normally, Samael didn't need hours to figure out how to defeat his enemy. However, Zero was cunning and creative. It took all of Samael's brain cells to realize that Zero based his plans on the books of adventures Samael wrote himself.

Samael stretched his neck, cracking the tension on his shoulders. He stood on top of the gigantic black thread that looked like a Kraken. His Catharsis was plunged deep into the darkness he was standing on with Tristan's head in the middle of his darkening blade.

"Fucking Quentin..." he mumbled, gazing down.

The black threads he had been fighting fiercely were deflating ever so slowly. However, blood didn't spill on the ground. It was being absorbed by Catharsis.

"Tilly..." he whispered, recalling the look in Tilly's eyes when he met her in the memory Samael was pulled into.

Samael lived with Tilly for years, and what he could say was that Tilly never wore such an expression. Even when there were problems on the mainland such as the citizen petitioning the Grimsbanne to leave the land, Tilly didn't react.

To make it simple, nothing ever fazed Tilly.

She was the laziest person Samael had ever met in his life and seeing her hasten was the last thing people would see from her. That was why it was concerning to see her in a hurry.

"Where did she say she is...?" he wondered, looking around the thick fog of dust from the battle he triumphed.

The entire Colosseum was destroyed with Samael fighting back against the black threads. It wasn't easy, but knowing it had a time of vulnerability, Samael got the upper hand. What Samael learned from this black thread was that every time Zero's proxy would die, it would deliberately rest.

So far, Samael had seen three of Zero's puppets die. One of them was the one that Lilou killed. Each time, the dark thread would pause from attacking them. But that wasn't all. After having a quick trip in Zero's memory by chewing Tristan's eye, Samael's gut instinct told him that spilling more blood in this land would prolong this fight and give them more trouble.

Therefore, even when he didn't want to, Samael reluctantly sacrificed his Catharsis to suck all life force that was within Tristan and this dark entity. It was beyond his morals, but all he could do was apologize for his sword for giving it such an awful meal.

"It really seems it's angry," mumbled Samael as his eyes fell on Catharsis. "Sorry, but I'm already full at the moment. Think of it as you're doing a good deed and keeping your master out of trouble."

His face turned sour, watching the black lightning sizzling around his sword's handle. A shallow breath slipped past his lips, shaking his head.

Samael planted his hands on his hips, looking around the surrounding area.

"She said, she needs me," he mumbled, recalling Tilly's words and then the entity he had seen in Zero's memory. "That thing... gives me goosebumps. Never thought I'd feel this type of fear in

this lifetime."

Meanwhile...

"Madam!"

Lilou heard Rufus's voice from a distance, clenching her teeth as she blocked Acheron's attack. It had been a while since she switched opponents with Rufus, but she could only say that Acheron was stronger and much better than the first time she fought this man.

"I cleared this area!" Rufus continued, standing on top of the establishment Lilou and Acheron hadn't destroyed. "Take him away from here!"

Her eyes shone in bright red, disappearing from her standpoint to attack this time. Acheron was quick enough to repel her, but Lilou didn't stop, charging toward her enemy continuously. Watching this from the top of the establishment, Rufus maintained a solemn countenance. He fought Acheron, and thus, he knew how troublesome the man could be. However, he trusted Lilou and her scythe, Lakresha.

Lilou would emerge from this duel victorious.

"May the light be upon you," whispered Rufus, keeping his eyes on Lilou's figure that was appearing and disappearing while her opponent was swiftly defending himself.

His eyes then veered to the unconscious people near the area where Acheron and Lilou were fighting. Rufus already cleansed most of them and gotten rid of whatever sorcery they were under. However, that wasn't enough.

Cleansing the undead was probably the easiest part. It wasn't exactly easy as it had been a while since he started and he only cleared this area. All night wouldn't be enough if they were talking about the entire country. That wasn't impossible, though.

The problem was, each time the cleansing would succeed, the former undeads would lose consciousness. With the battles that were going on across the land of Spade, Rufus was in a dilemma. At least, while they were undeads, they could move to a place. If they were unconscious, Rufus couldn't carry all of them on his own. Even if Claude went to rescue capable people, there was a high chance it wouldn't still be enough. Rufus also had to consider that their plans could change anytime, and Claude might've changed his initial plan since the latter hadn't returned yet.

"We're running out of..." Rufus's brows rose as a brilliant idea crossed his mind. However, before he could even smile at the thought, his mind went blank momentarily when he saw Acheron about to destroy an establishment where Rufus carried the unconscious citizen to safety.

For a second, Rufus's heart stopped. His feet slid forward, about to jump and stop Acheron, only to see Lilou appearing right beside Acheron. Lilou launched a power kick on Acheron's side, sending him flying in the direction away from the area.

Rufus heaved a sigh of relief, not dwelling on Lilou and Acheron's battle.

"I must trust her," he told himself, needing to repeat those words again as he nearly jumped in their battle. If Rufus didn't listen to the other side of his gut feeling, he would've gotten hurt. He shook

his head to get rid of unnecessary thoughts, setting his focus on the other side that was yet to be cleansed.

"The darkness had grown deeper," he whispered, gazing at the farthest end of where the darkness reached. "It seemed Claude changed his..."

Rufus furrowed his brows, turning his head to the left. All he could see was darkness, fires, and smoke. However, he seemed to have heard these faint shouts coming from the border.

"Did the Divine Order and Stefan arrive - he stopped abruptly as he suddenly felt this destructive aura coming from a direction. Rufus had been with all the people surrounding Lilou and Samael for years. Therefore, he could easily discern whose presence was coming with a bang.

Heliot.

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Chapter 846 The first rescue group formed

"Your Highness!"

Heliot moved his eyes to the knight who called him, nodding to give them signals to advance. Seeing his approval, a thundering shout escaped his throat.

"Advance!!! Use the back of your sword!!!"

The message was relayed by whoever was in the front, relaying it to everyone on the front line. From an outsider's point of view, it looked as though they were simply ransacking the town. However, all the knights had been using the blunt side of their weapons to knock out the countless undeads welcoming their unit.

Shouts and yells and grunts resonated in the air. Using the back of their weapons was obviously a burden to the people of Karo. After all, the undeads were attacking them without fear. Killing them was casier since they could simply hop to another enemy.

However, they must follow royal orders. They had no choice but to carry the burden of not killing as much as they could. Sometimes, they wouldn't have a choice but to resort to ending them at their own discretion.

As their troop advanced to the town, Heliot slowed down. His knights run past him without a second hesitation, shouting the same thing over and over again.

"This is not good; thought I leliot, watching how the number of undead grew significantly. Even though Heliot and his men were still advancing, he could see that their pace slowed down. Now, it was only a matter of time before their enemies would outnumber them.

Being outnumbered wasn't a problem if they planned to eradicate the undead. However, that wasn't the plan. That would be troublesome and in the end, they wouldn't have a choice but to use their blades to start massacring these monsters again.

Heliot pulled the reins until his horse slowed down and halted. He then raised his hand to the side, flexing his fingers until his entire arm shook. His action caused the dust, pebbles, and debris around the area to ascend, but no one who was engaged in the battle took time to notice.

Soon, the surrounding fogged. But this time, the fog didn't concentrate on everyone but around the undeads. At this point, Heliot already learned that the lack of sight wouldn't affect an undead. The undead would attack with or without sight - even a loss of a limb wouldn't stop them as long as they could attack.

"Clutch," whispered Heliot and the concentrated dust surrounded the undead's neck.

Drying them all up would be a hassle and would take a lot of Heliot's energy. But strangling them or snapping their necks enough to knock them unconscious and not kill them would be casier. And with that, countless undead crashed on the ground, unconscious.

Still, they were a lot of them who survived Heliot's attack. That ability only worked on those weaker once, but Heliot continued to utilize that power to decrease the number of their enemies.

Seeing that Heliot backed them up, the knights used this time to their advantage to get the upper hand. Every single knight of Karo was aware of the downside of Heliot's abilities; it was enough to exhaust Heliot, and if he abused it, it would possibly force their respected prince to a slumber.

Therefore, as much as they could, they wanted to make use of every second that Heliot would grant them to keep the upper hand. The knight's morale raised drastically while Heliot stood still in the same spot.

COUGH!

Heliot covered his mouth with his fist, coughing with his lips closed. The tang of iron suddenly exploded in his mouth, making him cough even more.

"That young man..." His expression turned sour at the thought of Claude. 'Didn't he come from here? How come the number of enemies here didn't seem they were reduced?'"

Ileliot spat out blood to the side, already getting his answers. Claude was in a hurry, so he obviously avoided engaging in battle at all costs. Still, this was insane. I leliot had to go to a destination, but instead, he was being held down by these undeads.

If only Heliot knew that this would happen, he would've dragged Claude with him. That was only a thought of the moment, though. Heliot wouldn't be so selfish as to drag Claude with him

instead of letting the man relay the same message to another particular group. 'Considering my current state, I couldn't keep doing this if I wanted to last long. This will exhaust me, he told himself, checking the current state of his exhausted body and the situation. 'It would take a while to rescue people at this rate, but it was better than hastening things! Aside from the knights who were fighting the undeads, another group was forced to check all places to rescue the people who needed rescue. The main reason their number decreased significantly, and was easily overwhelmed by the continuous waves of the undeads.

With that thought in mind, Ileliot convinced himself to be extra patient. It would take time, but that would buy him time to replenish his energy as well.

But all those ideal planning was short-lived as a shriek resonated from his side. When Heliot turned his head in that direction, all he saw were undeads feasting on a knight. The knight was still alive, screaming for his comrades to kill the undeads whilst being eaten alive by these

monsters.

Seeing this, Heliot's natural midnight blue eyes shone in bright red. His gaze was fixed on the knight, watching an undead bite his car and then another one on his check.

"Impudent....!" his voice shook, and without thinking, the surface he was standing on cracked while dust and sand rose in the air.

Dying on a battlefield was normal, sadly. However, seeing how this knight was being feasted on while alive, being shamed without honor, it pressed a nerve in Heliot that Heliot himself wasn't aware existed.

"The light of divinity... cleanse this land and guide the lost to the right path..."

Suddenly, before Heliot was consumed with the anger he never felt before, a light flashed from above. Heliot gazed up on instinct, shielding his eyes with his arm at the blinding light descending. For a second, Heliot thought the moon itself fell as the light grew wider the closer it was to the ground, and then it exploded midair, swallowing the entire area with nothing but light.

Chapter 847 Heliot wasn't a pushover

A strong gust of wind blew past Heliot, making his feet slide back slightly. If not for the weight he put on his feet to keep his ground, Heliot was certain the impact would send him flying. Heliot wasn't the only one who was forced to stop. All the knights from the rescue and defense team also stopped.

After some time, when they sensed that it was safe, everyone slowly opened their eyes. Some of them lowered their arms or hands to uncover their eyes. As soon as they did, deep lines instantly appeared between their brows and foreheads.

They looked around, eyes squinting to see better in the lingering light turned into small particles in the air. But that wasn't what surprised them, but the enemies that were attacking them aggressively moments ago.

The undeads... were all on the ground, unconscious.

"What happened?" murmured a knight out of shock before they instinctively gazed up at where the sphere of light came from.

There, on the top of an establishment, stood a man with his sword glinting brightly. For a moment, the sword looked as though it had a light inside its blades, but then the light disappeared on its tip.

Heliot narrowed his eyes. Upon seeing the person clearly, he instantly recognized the man.

"Rufus Barrett," he whispered the name of the man, watching Rufus set his eyes back on him. "I heard you hold the holiest sword that was rumored to be blessed by the divinity. I doubted it, but it seemed I was wrong."

"I thought nothing would ever faze a man who claimed to have no emotions. It seemed I was wrong!" Rufus returned, glancing at the knights proudly wearing the insignia of the land of Karo. "I misjudged you, Prince Heliot. Apologies."

Heliot didn't respond, watching Rufus jump from the top of the broken establishment. The latter landed with a light thud, quite the opposite to expect from someone who jumped from that height.

"Seeing you here and witnessing how your men fought briefly makes me assume you met with Claude. He is the only person I could think of that could've changed the way you fight." Rufus pointed out the things he noticed before launching that powerful sphere of light.

Just as Rufus was jumping his way to meet with Ileliot, he noticed the strange way these knights fought. All of them were fighting with their blunt swords, doing their best to not massacre everyone in sight, even though that way of fighting had put them at a disadvantage. Their enemies were in for a kill, after all.

Not to mention, there was another group that wasn't wielding their swords. Instead, these larger groups under Heliot appeared to be ransacking each establishment. But that wasn't the case. Instead of plundering, it was more like they were searching every nook and cranny of the town while leaving their safety for the other group.

It was the main reason Rufus didn't think twice about launching his sphere of light, not having second thoughts about cleansing the area. Splitting his people into two groups wasn't the best tactic since Heliot didn't bring his entire army.

Heliot was in this land to support Samael and Stefan. It wasn't a direct war between Heliot and Zero. The only reason Heliot's plan lasted this long was that Heliot himself was taking part in this operation. If not, these knights would've been wiped out if they continued to fight that way. "My respect for Your Highness pierced through this dark sky," Rufus remarked, expressing his respect to the man who used to be his brother-in-law. Ileliot might've forgotten about it, but Rufus could remember all his interactions with Ileliot. After all, Rufus was left to become the emperor of the Heart's Empire and thus, he had to maintain a strong and friendly alliance with the land of Karo.

"Anyway, I would like to hear what Claude told you" Rufus changed the subject as he marched forward. 'It seemed he had changed his plans, and knowing if our plans would match is important.

Rufus stopped several steps from Heliot. The knights around could not help but listen; they had no enemies to stop from attacking or knocking unconscious.

"We don't have time, Your Highness," he added solemnly. "Time... isn't on our side this time." Ileliot assessed Rufus from head to toe, making sure this person was the real Rufus. Not that Ileliot knew exactly what was truly going on in the heart of the capital, but he was aware of Zero's abilities. Also, since he was in the land of a vile man, Ileliot just couldn't trust his eyes or ears.

"He told me about the things you already know," said Heliot when he was sure Zero would fail in imitating this man. Zero could imitate or simply control anyone if he put his mind to it. It wouldn't even surprise Heliot if Zero copied him. However, for all the obvious reasons, he could try imitating the Barrett brothers, but one would immediately discern the differences.

Rufus was impossible to copy, especially with the abilities he was given and the light that he was blessed with. On the other hand, it was just impossible to copy Fabian. That man... it was useless to imitate him. There was just something in Fabian that would make people - especially vampires leave the man alone.

"I see." After Heliot summarized what Claude told him, Rufus rocked his head in understanding. "I must thank him for having a quick mind and making immediate action."

"He may be young, but I couldn't disagree with you" I eliot blinked ever so slowly, drawing a careful breath. "Now that you are here, I assume your change of plans and ours matched."

"Perfectly," Rufus stressed. "Our plans matched so perfectly that I am relieved I came here. Now, I don't regret the risk I took."

Deep lines resurfaced in between Heliot's brows. But before he could ask what Rufus meant by that, he sensed this strong aura rushing in their direction. When he lifted his eyes, all he saw was the hoard of undead running in their direction.

"Rufus Barrett..." Heliot's voice shook in anger, shifting his fiery eyes to Rufus, only to see the man already turning his back on them.

"I told you, Your Highness. Time isn't in our favor. Rufus maintained his calm, ignoring the death glares cast upon his back. "Anyway, I would like to ask for your men's help to keep those monsters at bay while I cleanse them bit by bit. As for you, I would really appreciate it if you focused on the rescue."

Rufus took a deliberate pause before he cocked his head back, eyes falling on Heliot. "By that, I mean to use that ability to stop large debris from smashing the innocents who were hiding somewhere. Thank you in advance."

"Do you all think I am one of your people? Who do you think you all are to think you can order me around?" I eliot revolted, a little annoyed that these people only knew how to order him around.

However, just before he could add anything, Rufus already shouted and the knights under Heliot had no choice but to back him up. Not that they had a choice but to fight back; they couldn't wait for Heliot's orders as they had to save their lives first until Heliot make up his mind.

Chapter 848 The rumble

"Advance!!"

That word exploded in the area as more knights shouted the same word as they prepared for the horde of undead coming their way. This wasn't just a small wave of undead, but rather a number they had never seen before.

I eliot sighed, watching the knights in charge of fighting follow Rufus's lead before his orders. Understandable. During this time, the knights were trained to make decisions on their own. Right now, what they needed was to fight and survive until I eliot's orders.

"How infuriating," mumbled Heliot, but didn't stop the knights from charging at the undeads. Instead, he kept quiet as his eyes veered toward the countless undead, making waves in their direction.

There was nothing he could do.

Rufus already brought these hordes of undead into this town, and there was nothing he could do to prevent it. Heliot clenched his teeth until his jaw tightened, swallowing the displeasure he felt at Rufus's selfish decision.

"I will surely collect the interest of this debt." Heliot breathed out, blinking ever so tenderly.

"Remember this, Rufus." - and also, Samael, the reason they were all in this situation. Although it wasn't Samael's entire fault, blaming him just felt right. Because at the end of the day, it still felt as though Samael instigated everything, even when he didn't. He was also the perfect target to push the blame on.

Heliot turned around, facing those who didn't move from their spot, as they weren't a part of the advancing team. All eyes were on Heliot, ignoring the battle ahead.

"From hereon, your only duty is to rescue everyone who wasn't affected by the mad king's abilities!" Heliot shouted from the top of his lungs to raise his men's morale. "Our plan continues and we'll bring all of them to the safe area!"

"Half of this group will head to the safe area, Clear up the paths and make sure the shelter is ready!" he added, still shouting. "Hasten! Every second counts!"

"Yes, Your Highness!"

With that being said, the knights moved according to the royal orders. A small unit was created to clear up or create a path for the rescue team toward the said destination. Claude had given them the location of the safe place but considering it would be a long way, they were already expecting that this safe house wouldn't be enough.

In simple words, the knights of the land of Karo were already aware of what they truly needed to do. And that was to clear an entire town or two, safeguard it and make it their safe zone. A small unit might not be enough for that, but they had to make it happen.

As the knights quickly made their move to execute the prince's order, Heliot turned around once again. Rufus and half of the knights engaged in combat. He could hear Rufus yelling, giving out orders about what the knights had to do.

However, with the number of undead still coming in their direction, it would be impossible.

"Focus on the rescue...?" he repeated what Rufus told him with a tinge of mockery. "By that, to use my ability to stop large debris... hah... how insulting"

Heliot let out a scoff, insulted at Rufus's request. Heliot had no problem joining the rescue team. He had faith in his men, and he knew they would do a great job. Rufus was also reliable. But Rufus was taking his time to unleash another sphere of light with the number of undeads approaching this ruined town.

"I never thought there were people in this world who could ever press a nerve I didn't even know exists," whispered Heliot. The dirt on the ground slowly rose in the air. His eyes slid to the corner and then picked up a pebble that was floating to his side.

When he blinked slowly once again, Heliot rolled the pebble in between his thumb and index, eyes ahead.

"Now, I discovered something, he continued under his breath. "Not only they are annoying, but I dislike when people order me around."

Heliot blew air on the pebble in between his fingers before he pulled his shoulder back. A small gust of wind circled around his hand, and in one swift throw, the pebble catapulted toward the battle ahead.

The pebble avoided the knights on his side until it hit an undead straight in the forehead. The knight who nearly got bitten by it froze, pecking up, only to see the hole in the undead's forehead. Silence followed as the undead landed on his back with a thud, making the knight take a step back.

RUMBLE!

The ground shook, causing the knights fighting to stop attacking. Many of them simply blocked the charging undead with their swords and shields, feeling how the ground shake underneath their boots.

They knew this rumble.

The Land of Karo was known as the land of gold. That was on the surface level. There was much more in this land and its people that outsiders didn't know about. Since the said land was full of sand, they were much closer to the ground they stood on.

Every time the ground shook had its own message. And this one... they knew what this meant. "Tall back!!!" A yell on the battlefield was heard after a second, snapping everyone who has consciousness into reality. "Find a higher ground!!!"

The knights pushed their enemies away and quickly found a higher spot. Some of them completely fell back, running away from the battle scene. Others had to defend and fight, only to follow the rest before taking a strategic retreat.

Rufus, who was now standing on top of the establishment, gazed down. His brows knitted upon seeing the knights retreating. But before he could wonder what was happening, he caught a crack underneath an undead that had a hole in his forehead.

The crack crawled away quickly and before they knew it, a large arca sank with a loud boom. Rufus narrowed his eyes as a cloud of thick dust fogged the area where it happened and after a second, he saw a large pit where large numbers of charging undead were falling, trapping them all in a pit.

"I... didn't intend to annoy him, but it didn't seem that bad," mumbled Rufus as the corner of his lips curled up while a small sphere of light formed at the tip of his sword. "The sphere of light... bless their tainted soul..."

Rufus started his chant and the ball of light grew bigger and bigger, blinding everyone on the ground. After a minute of concentrating his energy, Rufus swung his sword down and the sphere of light landed straight in the pit that trapped countless undead.

Chapter 849 A father's dilemma

"Tilly!!!"

Samael hopped from establishment to establishment, sprinting like a bolt of lightning. He didn't bother fighting any undead on the way, sprinting past them like nothing. As he did so, he would scream Tilly's voice.

Samael had no idea where the hell Tilly was. She only told him to come to him, but she didn't give him any coordinates. He understood. Tilly probably didn't tell him not because she couldn't, but because she didn't know her exact as well.

"Tilly!!"

Samael skipped onto the top of the church, gazing down as he stayed midair dramatically. His eyes scanned those below him with his pupils constricting like the aperture of the camera. Countless undead were on the ground, looking like a colony of ants. He scanned further and caught some disturbance in the still surrounding.

Bodies and flesh would fly in every direction, but the undead slowly closed in on the area. Samael narrowed his eyes to see the person fighting off the hordes of undead surrounding the area. When he saw the person inside this small area all alone, his heart thudded against his chest.

Samael even forgot to breathe for a second and before he could even think of anything else, his body already moved on instinct. The moment his feet landed on the establishment, he skipped another step. But this time, he was catapulting down.

"You..." his voice rumbled down his chest, stretching his arm to his side. "... Catharsis."

Dark mist surrounded Samael's hand and weapon while the sclera in his right eye turned black. His red irises shone with bloodlust.

"Carnage."

As soon as that rolled out of his tongue, Samael flung his sword across. The dark mist created a slash in the wind, and just like an invisible blade, the wind slashed everything on the way. The force was so strong that it created a path for Samael, reaching the small clear area where the person was standing.

THUD!

Samael landed several meters from the last undead that were cut, panting for air. When he lifted his head, he instantly locked eyes with the pair of deep crimson eyes from him.

Law.

"Father..." Law called under his breath, catching up to his breathing. He looked ragged and exhausted as if he had been fighting nonstop. Considering the number of undead lying unconscious on the ground, Samael could say his son had been battling all alone for at least an hour or so.

"Where's Mathilda?" Samael's voice shook, unable to discern which emotion was dominant in him right now. "Law!"

"Father -" Law was cut off when an undead lurched toward him, defending himself by kicking the undead away.

Seeing that his son had repelled the undead, Samael's fangs grew longer. Even though his son had occasional spars with Fabian and Samael, and sometimes with Ramin or Charlotte - as well as Rufus, whenever the man would visit them - Law was never on a real battlefield.

Deep in Samael's heart, he knew his son was capable. That Law could fight his battles and wouldn't get bullied just by anyone. However, seeing him right in the middle of the battlefield with enemies Zero created, Samael couldn't word the anger that was swelling in his chest. "I know this will

happen in the inevitable future." Samael's face darkened, lowering his head while gripping his heavy sword tighter. "However... I haven't come to terms with it just yet." Dark air steamed from his back, which grew thicker and darker. The veins in the back of his hand protruded angrily. Raising his other hand and flexing his fingers, a dark sphere appeared on top of his palm.

When Samael raised his head, he cocked his head from one side to the other. He didn't blink as his other eyes darkened with his crimson eyes stretching into the veins of his eyes, making them shine in bright red.

As Samael entered a state of rage and embraced the darkness within him, Law could not help but swallow a mouthful of air. His breathing slowed down, watching his father's appearance change into someone he could barely recognize.

Never once did Law see his father in such a state, and it scared him somehow.

Myriads of questions hovered over Law's mind such as; could his father recognize him? Would Samael hurt him as well? Law heard once from Fabian that his father went into slumber before meeting his mother. The reason for that was that Samael went berserk; a state where he was conscious but unconscious at the same time. Tabian didn't go through the details of it, but Law always wondered what sort of state that was. Ramin also had a slip of the tongue that Samael also went berserk. Fortunately, Lilou was there for him. That... Law could remember that.

It was at that time Samael nearly killed Lilou in South Minowa, forcing Lilou into a temporary slumber.

But witnessing that infamous state everyone was wary to talk about was different. Never in his life had Law feared Samael. His father was dramatic and annoying, but he could be intimidating to others whenever he wanted.

This was different.

"Father..."

"Law." Law flinched when Samael's shaking and rasped voice caressed his ears. "Jump to the highest establishment you can reach and close your eyes."

"Huh?"

"I am going to devour every single one of them."

Law's eyes shook, confused at his father's remarks. Still, he felt relieved that Samael still recognized him.

"I will go over there," said Law, pointing in a direction. "But I won't close my eyes. I am no longer a child, Father."

brave front, drawing a deep breath. When Law huffed, he bent his knees and jumped. Law was nimble thanks to his regular spars with Charlott. His jump was high, taller than an average stature of a person.

Law stepped on the level he could to gain momentum, jumping to another level to reach the top. But midair, he instinctively looked back out of curiosity because it was rather quiet. Much to his surprise, the undead were nowhere in sight, and so was Samael.

Chapter 850 I am not your enemy

Law's irises went wide, but he couldn't dwell on it for now. He hurriedly looked ahead, finding a spot to land safely. The second his foot touched the roof and got his balance back, he looked down once again.

Much to his surprise, as soon as his gaze landed on where his father was, Samael was already there. The layer of darkness that covered him and the undead earlier was gone. All there was... was Samael, no one else, in that pool of blood on the ground.

"Father..." Law's eyes shook, searching for any undead in the area. But alas... they all disappeared.

His heart thudded against his chest, holding his breath in horror. How was this possible? Just now, this area was full of undead. Thanks to his regular training and sparring, Law was able to last this long. However, his father... it hadn't even been fifteen seconds since, but the area.

At this point, Law should feel astonished at how powerful his father was. But that feeling didn't even resurface in his heart. What he felt was horror - it alarmed him.

"Tather!" he yelled to get his father's attention. "Father!!"

Law's breath hitched once again when Samael gazed up. Both his father's eyes were shining in bright red, but the white area around his eyes turned black. The veins in Samael's face and neck protruded angrily as if they would erupt if he moved the wrong way.

For some reason, the sight of Samael reminded Law of the demon he found with Tilly. That creature was black and big like a ball, with a smiling face that would make anyone's hair raise in horror. Samael might not be smiling, but the darkness in his eyes and veins had the same color as the demon. But more than the physical appearance, the air Samael and that demon emanated felt and smelled almost the same.

Law ground his teeth and clenched his hands on either side of him. Another thing concerned him. That pool of blood on the ground might fire back. After all, they already figured out that the more blood spilled on this land, the more powerful this imprisoned demon was. Samael probably didn't know that since he hadn't seen the demon and where Zero had kept it captive. "Tather!" he called once again, ignoring the thoughts that filled his head at the moment. "Tilly is looking for you!"

Law drew a deep breath, pointing in a direction. "Tilly is waiting for you in that place!" he instructed. "You must hurry and ignore all undead - refrain from spilling more blood"

Samael stared at the boy on top of the chapel, tilting his head to the side. His eyes slowly shifted to Law's finger and where he was pointing. His eyes glinted and in a blink of an eye, he disappeared from his vantage point like a bolt of lightning.

Meanwhile, Law's finger trembled as his father turned like a shadow bolting in the direction he pointed at. He retrieved his hand, feeling his knees quiver. If not for the fact Samael was his father, his knees would have given away.

"Grimsbanne," came out a whisper, thinking about the rumors circulating about their clan. "I guess... it wasn't just hearsay."

His lips trembled at the thought, shifting his shaking eyes back to where Samael previously stood. The inched level of blood on the floor significantly lowered, raising his concern. "This is not good." Law slapped himself to get himself together. "This is not the time to worry or get scared of Father. I should warn others."

He shook his head, huffing as he recomposed himself. He lifted his chin, looking around. Everything was just dark. Hence, he closed his eyes to rely on his senses, and detect a life force. After a minute, Law snapped his eyes open. He faced in a direction where he could feel another strong and bone-chilling aura that was near him.

"Mother," rolled out of his tongue, and in a snap of a finger, he disappeared from his vantage.

Meanwhile...

Samael didn't waste any second as he headed straight in the direction Law told him where Tilly was. However, when he got inside the estate, no one was there. Fortunately, he could feel Tilly's faint presence. Therefore, he didn't have to search where she was.

Jumping on the second floor of the estate, Samael gripped his sword, Catharsis up. Darkness surrounded his sword until red electricity appeared around it. In one swift movement, Samael jumped to the floor.

BOOGSH!

The floor cracked, unable to contain the gravity that stuck its foundation. Samael fell into the hole that his attack created, along with the debris. Just as expected. There was another level - a deeper level underneath the estate.

Samael landed safely on the debris from the ground floor with him, creating a thick fog and making it hard for him to see the underground immediately. Meanwhile, Tilly, who was already underground, didn't budge at all.

Standing before the demon with this unwelcome fog around her, Tilly maintained her eyes in the same direction. She couldn't see as clearly as she could moments ago, but she could feel two demons right now. One was in front of her, and the other was behind her.

Tilly breathed out faintly as she fluttered her eyelashes. But just as she opened her eyes ever so slowly, she turned on her heel whilst raising a hand. Within a second, she caught an arm that was trying to grab her.

She gazed at the hand, noticing the person's long, sharp, and dirty fingernails. Fresh blood was deep in his fingers and the veins underneath his skin had the color of ink.

When the fog around her vicinity cleared up slightly, Tilly snapped her eyes to the person who owned the arm.

Samael.

"You must've seen Law," she remarked calmly, staring back at those pair of red and black eyes mirroring her. "Samael, I am not your enemy... neither I am the one who imprisoned you here!