

My Villainess Ex Won't Leave Me Alone

Chapter 26: 2.11 I shall Name It Togo

"..." Lucian was a bit speechless at the sight of the young man. The little wife in his head suddenly changed into a little husband instead.

'Voice, what's happening?' Lucian scrambled to cover his face with his hood, *'Please, Voice, tell me I haven't just fallen in love with a man at first sight. My loyalty to my little wife will not allow it.'*

Also, could someone explain to Lucian why it had to be someone out of the reach again? Even more so than the duke's daughter?

"What is this?" Edmund turned to the guard, pointing at Lucian's wagon.

"Ah, that's a young merchant, my lord," the guard said, "We have already inspected his cargo, and he has a pass that allows him to cross the border."

"I see..." Edmund seemed to think about something, "I still haven't found a suitable gift for my sister. Perhaps this young man can help me with that."

He dismounted from his horse and began walking toward Lucian's wagons.

Lucian was still in a daze when the boy approached him, and only came to his senses when the boy tried to enter the wagon.

He rushed forward to enter first. Climbing the ladder and parting the fabric that covered the entrance.

"I'll go in first, young master, please allow me to prepare the goods for you," Lucian said, trying to hide the nervousness in his voice, "Please don't take offense."

The young master didn't say anything and followed Lucian inside, disregarding his request for him to wait.

'Voice, why is he following me?! What should I do? Voice!' Lucian was starting to panic and turned around to meet an angry pair of blue eyes.

"Why didn't you write back?" Edmund's low voice changed into a softer, more feminine one.

Nevertheless, its whisper still sounded like a thunderclap to Lucian's ears, "Huh?"

"Why can't you tell me where you are going or when you're coming back?" The melodic voice pressed on.

'...' Lucian was at a complete loss for words, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water as, "Celine...?"

Celine quickly covered his mouth with her gloved hand, "Not so loud, stupid. You don't want to get me in trouble, right?"

"..." Lucian shook his head slowly, "You've been a male all this time?"

"..." A vein appeared on Celine's forehead. "Are you blind?" she asked, pointing at herself, "Do I look like a man to you?"

"You do," Lucian said, his eyes taking in the sight of her. Her features were sharper than he remembered, her hair was cut short to her ears, and her posture was imposingly straight.

Celine raised her fist, ready to knock the sense back into his idiotic head. "Take that back. Right now."

Lucian was too busy admiring the way her lips moved, "I don't think I can," he said, his voice soft as he wondered why she had to take over her twin's role, "It will be a crime to call you a woman after you've worked so hard to become a man."

"..." Celine froze for a moment and then punched him in the shoulder, "Ugh, I hate you...I hate you so much..." she mumbled to herself, turning her attention to the goods on display.

"Hey, stop that. Those are delicate..." Lucian said, waving his arm to stop her from touching them. His cheeks were burning, but the stutter was gone.

His imagination went so wild with thoughts of her earlier that his speech got stuck. Now that she wasn't just an imagination but a reality, he had to drop back to earth and become serious.

There were boundaries he couldn't cross, and he had to keep them in mind, for both of their sakes. Because she obviously didn't have any qualms about crossing them.

"Are these candies?" She pointed at the jar of candies inside one of the crates.

"Yes, but they are not for you. They are for my customers," he said.

Probably in the belief that those were reserved items, she then looked around the interior of the wagon that had a small workshop built inside of it, "What is for me then?"

Lucian thought for a while and then pulled out a small box from one of the shelves. "You like animals, right?"

"More than humans, yes," she said, taking the box and opening it. Inside was a small egg, no bigger than a chicken's. "This is?"

"I found it on my travels," Lucian explained, "It's a bird egg." He took a colorful feather out of the same shelf, "I also found this near its nest."

She widened her eyes as she took in the sight of the feather. It looked like it was made of pure gold, with shades of green and blue, and the edges of the feather were adorned with red.

She hugged the egg to her chest and looked up at Lucian, her eyes sparkling with excitement, "You are giving it to me?"

Lucian smiled at her, "I'm selling it to you."

"..." her expression changed from joy to a scowl, "How much?"

"Two gold coins."

"One gold coin and you'll get the rest when it hatches," she bargained, her hand still on the box, not willing to let go.

Lucian didn't want to take her money, but his pride as a businessman would be hurt if he didn't push the price at least a bit. "I can hatch and sell it for three

times its current price. Especially to people who want to flaunt the riches of their enemy at their banquets. Two gold coins and no later."

She glared at him, and he glared back. Neither of them wanted to back down.

Then, after what seemed like an eternity, she gave in.

"Fine," she said, "Two gold coins, and you'll help me hatch it."

"Deal."

"I will name it 'Togo'," she declared after paying for it. "Two gold coins, that's how much you cost me," she nodded to herself, examining the egg with an adoring gaze. "It's perfect."

Lucian placed his hands over his eyes, *no longer able to look at her.*

'I WANT HEEERRRR!' he screamed internally. The idea of being with the duke's daughter suddenly sounded more realistic than being with the duke's son.

He had to admit that he felt pretty dumb at the moment; his head was empty, and his heart was full, just from being close to her.

'I want her more than anything...' he continued to whine to himself while looking at Celine with hearts in his eyes. Lucky his fingers were shielding the sight from her. '...Why can't I be an egg too? I would have received a special name and would be held in her arms.'

There were so many people by the name Lucian in the world. And right now, he didn't want to be Lucian; he wanted to be Togo.