

My Villainess Ex Won't Leave Me Alone #Chapter 71 - 3.14: Fleshy Slug - Read My Villainess Ex Won't Leave Me Alone Chapter 71 - 3.14: Fleshy Slug

Chapter 71: 3.14: Fleshy Slug

It looked like a square pendant, small and beautifully decorated. Her drawing and jewellery making hobby had progressed leaps and bounds. When Lucian slid the lid open, he heard a clicking sound.

She sat up, scooting to his side, and took it from him, showing him how to use it.

"You have to slide the lid and then flick to the side, like this," she said as a small flame came out, illuminating her face in a dim orange light.

She handed it back to him. Lucian tried to do the same, failing a few times until he finally succeeded.

"How does the mechanic work?" he asked, turning it around.

Celine got off the bed. She went to look for a piece of paper on her desk while Lucian lit a few candles with his new toy, before closing it.

"I love it, thank you." He pulled her to sit on his lap when she came back.

She sketched the mechanism on paper and explained how the friction created sparks and ignited the fuel.

Lucian could listen to her for hours and still want more. He had a weakness for her voice that he couldn't shake off.

He focused on the drawing as she explained, nodding his head. It was an interesting mechanism, and he had to think about a way to use it in his projects.

She was hiding such a gift away, and the thought of it made him sad and angry.

'Why?' was the question that kept nagging him. *'Why did the gods create such a brilliant person, only for the world to fear her existence?'*

He nibbled on her neck to shake away the bad thoughts. He preferred to be distracted with the good things like her.

Cuddling, teasing, chatting about the new ideas and inventions, and then more cuddling.

He didn't need any advice or guidance, and neither did she. His feelings were a mess, and he didn't want others to get involved, because what would they understand anyway?

Being a chatterbox didn't mean sharing his hardships, it meant sharing the fun and joy. Celine never complained about her life and he didn't either. She would share her fears like earlier about her image in his eyes, but she couldn't stay vulnerable for long.

Maybe she did it to bring out his protective instincts, maybe she didn't (you never knew with Celine). But the result was the same. She wanted to be cuddled, pampered, and cared for, and that's what he did.

Rubbing her neck with his lips, going through her hair with his nose, and getting a good fill of her presence in his arms, Lucian felt content.

"My heartbeat, Lucian," she said, "I don't want my underwear to end up soaked."

His ears turned red at the image, but he didn't want to stop yet, "It's only fair that it gets soaked on both sides," he whispered, pressing his mouth against her skin again, "I don't want to be the only one with a problem."

"..." She gave him a side glance and continued to draw. "Are you still not going to take care of that?"

"Not until you take care of yours first," he replied.

She turned to him and gave him a look that said, 'seriously?' She couldn't just pop her cherry before marriage.

"There must be a way to take the edge off," Lucian muttered as he thought about it, "Without poking a hole through your precious gift of innocence."

"..." She lifted the papers and looked down at her body, "Do you want to take a look at it? I doubt it will make you lose control of yourself like they say. I can't see what's so special about it."

Lucian swallowed at her suggestion, his eyes trailing down her chest, to her belly and to her hips. "Mm, I've seen a few, you know when, and I also don't understand the appeal."

"Right, when I saw what men in the barracks carry between their legs, I had an urge to run for the hills," she said, not commenting on the instances when Jax's courtesans flashed themselves before Lucian, "It looks like a fleshy slug."

They never showed interest in seeing each other's genitals, simply because they thought it would make them look uglier in each other's eyes.

He touched the tip of her nose with his finger, "But if it's you, then it's probably the cutest, prettiest, most perfect one in the world."

"Ugh, your expectations are way too high," she grimaced, "There is no way I can live up to that. You are going to be disappointed and won't want to touch me ever again."

"Impossible," Lucian scoffed. He traced the line of her jaw with his knuckle, "It can't be any uglier than a slug."

"Show me yours and then we can talk," she said and turned to face him, "Loving you less might be a good thing. I would feel better about myself if I didn't love you so much."

"Noooo," Lucian hid his crotch with his hands, hiding away from her as she began to grope him through his trousers, "I refuse!"

"Come on," she purred, trying to coax him into surrendering to her, "I promise I will kiss it better to make it feel less ugly," she smiled as his body twitched in response to her words. She was tempting him, her voice sultry.

"...it won't make me feel better," Lucian argued, even as his body urged him to let her do whatever she wanted to it. It was a battle against his own flesh, "What if you throw up at the sight of it? I don't think I will ever recover from such rejection."

"You are not going to deny yourself on your birthday by not letting me spoil you, are you?" she said, her eyes shining with a mischievous gleam, "You know how I get when I don't get what I want."

Lucian's stomach did a flip as her fingers tangled with his, pulling his hand away.

He performed well in his fantasies, but reality had a way of turning into a nightmare, and he was not ready to face it yet, "You know people usually do naughty things in the dark, right? There must be a reason...I think it's better to leave it to the imagination."

Chapter 72: 13.17: [NSFW18+] Glimpse Of Us

┌────────── Author's note ─────────┐

Music: No One Else - Midnight Blue

It's a duet | ^ ▽ ^)ノ

┌──────────────────────────────────┐

"I know how fragile a man's ego can be. Don't worry. Even if you have a tiny, shriveled, wrinkly sausage that is smaller than a pinky finger, it won't bother me at all," she tried to reassure him, but he felt even more insecure about it, "Even if you stuffed a sock in there to make it look bigger, I would still love it," she continued to tease.

"..." Lucian grabbed her wrist, holding them away from him, "Does etiquette not forbid a lady to act so vulgarly?"

Celine was silent for a moment, thinking about it with a grin, "A lady's most important duty is to comfort a man's heart, and if a man's heart is connected to his little general, then it's her duty to comfort that too."

She knew rules well enough to mock them, turn them in her favor to defend her dignity, and the right to say and do what she wanted.

"..." Lucian's shoulders trembled with silent laughter, "I will kiss yours better too then since that's my duty as a gentleman... to make his lady satisfied." He brought her palms to his crotch, "Let's explore without looking first, hm?"

"Fine." Celine agreed to the suggestion as Lucian released her hands.

WARNING Mature scene 18+ (START)

Contains: oral sex, 69

Scroll down to (END) if you want to skip the explicit content.

The atmosphere grew hot very fast with their mouths on each other to prevent looking down. She had a skirt, while he had his pants on, and they both got rid of them in a similar fashion.

She pulled down his pants while his fingers untied the ribbon that held the skirt and petticoats around her waist.

Lying sideways on the bed, they slipped their clothing down their legs, their lips not breaking the kiss for even a second.

"Mmhm," she hummed into their kiss when he caressed her inner thighs. She did the same, fondling his balls and feeling up his shaft.

Their mouths parted to take a breath, and they looked down at the same time. The erotic view made their bodies heat up.

She had a nicely trimmed patch of hair above the place he wanted to explore more. Noble ladies sure had a better access to grooming tools than the common ones. Not that it would stop him from being with her if she didn't.

He wasn't as shy as he thought he would be under her gaze, and she also seemed to be open for a full body check up.

"Don't close your legs," Lucian panted as he sat up, trying to get a better view between her legs, parting her knees.

Celine was also breathing heavily from the kiss, her legs parted for him as her eyes kept staring at his groin.

"So stiff..." she murmured, her hand tracing the throbbing vein on his shaft.

Her body twitched and curled at the first touch of his finger against her slit.

He moved his middle finger lower, feeling the wetness oozing out and sticking to his fingertip.

The view still wasn't the best but she refused to let go of his shaft, stroking it gently to keep it erect.

"Mmm..." His eyelids dropped halfway, and he let out a low grunt.

He glanced down at her, his eyes catching hers, and she turned her face away. She was laying on the bed, half naked with her legs parted for his viewing pleasure.

Still not enough.

Her fingers played with his girth, and her toes curled whenever he brushed his finger against her sensitive spot. The reaction was so adorable that he did it again, and her legs closed on his hand.

"Be careful where you touch me...mmmmh..." Her sentence got cut short as his finger stroked her wet slit up and down, her legs falling apart again.

He had no idea what he was doing and neither did she. They just touched each other while keeping track of the other's reactions.

Lucian's celibacy training came in handy. He didn't burst right away from her touches, but it still took a lot of concentration to not think about his own pleasure and to focus on hers.

"I still can't see you very well," Lucian complained. He wanted to position himself in between her legs to explore her thoroughly, but that meant he would have to stop her

from touching him, and Celine didn't seem willing to part with her little general anytime soon.

She tried to spread her legs wider for him, but it still wasn't enough.

"Let go Celine, you already played with mine enough," he said, moving inside of her legs and spreading them wider, "Nghh...?!"

She moved with him, not wanting to part with it. "I want to get a closer look too," she crouched before him, pulling his shaft closer to her face, "What is this sorcery that makes me like it so much?"

"What about my view?" He looked at what she was doing again. It wasn't a bad view, but not the one he sought right now. She was studying his balls, even cupping them in her palm and weighing them, "Don't play with those. I'll go bald if you damage them...mmmh..." he groaned when she fondled them a bit too hard, "Celine...!"

This position wouldn't do!

He wrapped his arms around her thighs, lifting her bottom up and making her yelp in surprise.

"Wait, what are you...Aaah~"

He placed her on top of him with her back facing him.

Realizing the new position he was going for, she got on all her fours. Her hand could continue stroking him, while her legs were spread open for his viewing.

They went completely silent and it was probably good that they couldn't see each other's faces. It would have been too embarrassing.

'Finally.' Lucian's hand went back to her warmth above him, feeling the wet folds, and then spread them apart.

He gulped at the sight of the little entrance that was supposed to fit him. It was going to be a tight squeeze in the future.

There was a thin membrane protecting the way in, and no matter how much he wanted to look at what was behind it, he could only appreciate the surroundings for now.

His finger traced a small pink bump above her little hole and she yelped in response, her body tensing up.

It had to be her little clit. He circled the area and she gasped. He could feel her getting wetter by his touches, the moisture gathering up on her flushed entrance.

His saliva pooled in his mouth at the thought of tasting her. It looked juicy and plump, like a ripe fruit, making his mouth water.

Was this what she meant by sorcery? He could also feel the spell working on him, making him want to put his mouth to use.

He used his hands to spread her wider and then bent up to get closer. He licked her with his tongue, feeling the wetness spread on its surface.

"Haaah," he heard her moan, and then his moan followed after hers.

"Mmmh..." He felt her mouth wrap around the head of his shaft. The warm wetness engulfed his length as she moved her head to swallow more.

'Gods,' he thought, his head falling back on the pillow. The heat was gathering at the end of his shaft, *'this is too much.'*

Celine kissed him like she promised she would, and Lucian's hips jerked at the sensation of her tongue lapping him up.

He didn't stop her and moved her bottom to face her pelvis toward his face, intending to return the favor.

With their faces between each other's legs, they rolled to their side so she didn't have to strain her body too much. He didn't stop licking her, and she didn't stop either.

It was the most arousing experience in his life. Her warm hands made him twitch and throb, while her soft tongue swirled around the sensitive head.

WARNING Mature scene 18+ (END)

They didn't care how silly they looked.

There was something about kissing their most private parts that was more intimate than a regular kiss on the mouth.

It didn't make them feel like animals in a rut. He would describe it as humbling themselves to each other through the most shameful act.

He didn't find it indecent, obscene or dirty. Quite the opposite.

He felt honored and special, and he hoped she felt the same.

Chapter 73: 3.18: [NSFW18+] Unflowered

WARNING Skippable mature scene 18+ (START)

Contains: oral MxF

Lucian licked a long strip along her folds. She trembled, her moan muffled in her mouth, making him feel the vibration on his tip.

"Celine, I'm about to..." his sentence was interrupted by a loud grunt. She picked up the pace, and he felt the wave of pleasure overtake him.

He spilled his seed on her tongue, and she licked him clean, swallowing every drop.

"Haah...haa..." he breathed, his eyes closing in bliss.

Celine didn't give him a single chance to catch a break and continued to stroke him.

"Wa-wait," he groaned, "give me a moment."

He quickly got up, moving his crotch away from her mouth, and kneeled in front of her, "You..you..."

She chuckled at his loss of words, licking the corner of her mouth, "Yum...hnggh."

He spread her legs apart and moved his mouth to her sex, kissing and lapping her up.

"Mmm...mmm...Mmmh." She fisted his hair and arched her back, her mouth hanging open and eyes closed.

"Lu...Lucian...mmmmm," she whimpered. Her hips lifted, and she squirmed against his fingers that rubbed her folds. She panted in a feverish haze, "There, just there... yes... yes...mhhhh!"

She jerked against him, her legs shaking, her body convulsing in waves of pleasure, and he felt himself hardening again.

While cleaning her up with his tongue, Lucian looked up from between her legs.

She released his hair from her grip, and her hand fell limply to her side. Her eyes were half lidded, her lips parted in a dreamy state, her chest rising and falling as she caught her breath.

She was a beautiful mess, a mess that was made by him.

WARNING Mature scene 18+ (END)

She lifted her arms towards him, beckoning him to her, and he moved on top of her, covering them with the blanket.

" ... "

" ... "

" ... "

It's not like they fell to their carnal desires and let nature take over. They promised to appreciate each other's bodies, and that's exactly what they did.

Appreciate, worship, and praise each other with... their tongues and hands, instead of words.

" ... "

" ... "

" ... "

Lucian blinked bashfully at her side profile. Celine's cheeks were a rosy red, her eyes darting to the side, her thoughts also lost and scattered.

The relaxing effect it had on her, and the peace he felt afterward, he could see himself doing this to her more often. She seemed to love his little general, which meant more for him, too. (Don't ask him why he started to call it that.)

"I have to go," she whispered after a few moments of silence.

Lucian nodded reluctantly and rolled over on his back, allowing her to get off the bed. He helped her find her clothes and put them on with her.

She was still a little clumsy from the aftereffect; her legs stayed in an unnatural pose for too long after all.

She cleaned him well too, so he just had to put on his pants and underclothes to be dressed.

"I'll grab my cloak and walk you to the academy," he said, rushing to his office to get his things.

Celine was rummaging through her shelves, pulling out a makeup box when he returned.

She could transform herself into Edward, so he wasn't that surprised that she could do the same with another woman.

"Who is staying in your stead in the academy?" Lucian asked, realizing that she was joking when she said that she had kidnapped herself. Someone must be wearing a wig and sleeping in her room.

Celine didn't answer, and he didn't pry. It had to be one of the children she recruited during her childhood, the same way she tried to recruit him.

A spy in the academy grounds sounded like something she would have.

He accompanied her out of the building and into the dimly lit street. Putting on his hat and holding his walking cane in his right hand, he offered her his left arm, and she took it with a pleased smile.

She hooked her arm around his, and they both started to walk towards the academy, slowly and without a hurry.

It was a nice, warm night. There were a few people out, walking to the nearby taverns.

They felt like a real couple. He could get used to such an atmosphere, where he could enjoy the city life with her by his side. It was like a dream come true.

They stopped in an inconspicuous alley close to the academy to say their goodbyes.

She lifted his chin, and he leaned in to kiss her. It was a quick kiss, barely touching lips, before she broke the contact.

He watched her from the alley as she crossed the street. She didn't look back at him, but he was sure she could feel his eyes following her until she disappeared inside a building.

The building was probably connected to the academy through a hidden passage. How else could she have gotten in and out without getting caught?

Generations of Rochefort had been attending the academy, so they must have found ways to sneak out. They had the means and the money to make it happen.

However, Lucian didn't know if it was a smart idea for her to reveal her family secret to him. She only laughed when he asked and then told him that she had built it recently for her own convenience.

She couldn't afford to leave everything on her father's or brother's shoulders.

She had a few distant relatives from her mother's side of the family, who carried the Rochefort name, but that was not enough to protect the family's interests.

The family had been declining in power and influence for generations now. Deaths and misfortune had taken their toll on their numbers and resources.

What power did they use to wield at their peak, for them to still be the wealthiest and most influential family in the kingdom?

They still owned quarter of the kingdom's land during their decline, so the answer was pretty obvious.

Chapter 74: 3.19: Sunrise Mansion

One week later...

'How to become a noble...fast?'

Lucian tapped his finger on the wooden surface as he stared at the stack of papers on the table. The top page had the word "noble" scribbled on it several times, as if he was trying to manifest the word into reality.

One could buy a title of a Baron, for example through infrastructure funding worth around 3000 gold coins.

However, an obviously bought title was viewed as a joke in the circles of high society if it didn't include family privileges, like inheriting land.

They called the people who bought their way up, merchants, who could not earn their title through virtue.

That's why many young barons went to the frontlines. It was the fastest way to become a viscount. The gap in standing was enough of a motivation for anyone to want to bridge it.

A baron's yearly income was around 1000 large gold coins, a viscount's around 5000, an earl's 15 000, and a marquess' 30 000. A duke's was over a 100 000, and a grand duke's was over 300 000.

Those were no official numbers. Lucian analyzed their wealth, spending power, and other factors to roughly estimate the amount.

The last Grand Duke, Adrien Rochefort, died around two hundred years ago, and with his departure, came a war.

The nobles didn't want to give that much power to anyone else ever again, and thus his territory was split into three duchies to avoid another Grand Duke from rising to power.

'A hundred thousand...'

Lucian continued to scribble.

He only made 10 000 a year, 1800 after all expenses. (For scale, 1800 large gold coins could support an army of 500 men for two years.)

"Do any of you know how to sail a ship?" Lucian finally looked up from his papers to ask the eight people gathered around the oval table.

Leaf has earned enough money to build himself a mansion. It was located near the lands Lucian bought and was used as a meeting spot. His seven Vices would assemble half yearly to meet each other in person and discuss their plans.

Since Lucian named the lands he owned in the south after Leaf, Leaf named his property after his boss: "Sunrise Manor".

Leaf couldn't own land as a foreigner, so it was put under Lucian's name. The boy trusted his boss that much. Afraid of being captured again, Leaf invested heavily into his security. He split the bill for the guards with Lucian, and now a small garrison of 25 men guarded their property and the plantations.

Lucian surveyed the faces of each person at the oval table. The silence was enough of an answer. They didn't know how to sail.

"Alright then. You have half a year to prepare and a year to learn the skill," Lucian said and continued to explain his plan.

The competition against the nobles on land was harsh (everyone was vying for the King's favor), and that's why he decided to turn to the sea.

"W-wait," Fishbone interrupted, "What about our current position?"

"You pass it down to your best candidate," Lucian answered, "You don't plan to stay there forever, right? I want to expand my trade routes to the Varia kingdom, and I need the most experienced people for the job."

Fishbone's and Rován's expressions turned grim. They liked the comfort of their positions as a trading merchant and a debt collector.

Fishbone bought himself out of slave status and started a family with his new wife in the Southern Alliance.

Rován and his gang of thugs had a cozy base in their hometown, where they ruled the streets. They were feared and respected, and they had no desire to start over.

Goblin was excited to leave his greenhouse and travel.

Leaf was nervous to leave the workshop and the plantation unsupervised for that long, but he understood the importance of the new mission.

Jax was excited to meet new ladies.

"A honeymoon on the high seas, what a romantic idea," Cansan teased, his arm wrapped around the emotionless girl with a long green braid, who was sitting beside him, "Can I bring a plus one?"

"Sure, you can," Lucian answered. Those two were inseparable since the day he met them.

The man's long blue hair was leisurely tied to a side ponytail as he cheered on the new plan to expand their business.

Cansan was the son of a fallen noble and Mumbai was a servant girl from the Southern Alliance. Lucian offered his help to them in exchange for her ability to communicate telephonically with Fishbone's wife.

Fishbone didn't have a love marriage like in Cansan's case, it was an arranged one, by Lucian himself. Safety and comfort were sometimes the only requirements needed for a woman to agree to a marriage. (Fishbone's wife was the village girl they met during their travels.)

This way, Cansan and Fishbone could communicate with each other more effectively.

Lucian moved his gaze to the last member of his group, sitting silently at the table. Loran, the alchemist who helped him turn the rubber they knew so far into a more durable and flexible material.

Leaf's rubber tree plantation and Loran's alchemy would bring a new stream of money to Lucian's business. They didn't know that yet. The demand for the material was low for now, but once Lucian got his plan rolling, it would become the next big thing.

"Loran," Lucian called out.

The man's tapping foot stilled, and he turned to look at Lucian as if asking to be put back into his own world, the workshop where his alchemy equipment and experiments were.

"You will need to set up your work in a new place," Lucian continued.

Loran shook his head. He was mute and couldn't speak.

"I won't have the best ships sailing the seas if you don't come with us," Lucian argued. Inspiration could come from the most unexpected places. Loran might get new ideas for his experiments while on the ship.

Loran used to be Lucian's ex-debtor. He had spent all his money on the research and had to borrow from Lucian.

Because of his lack of business sense, all his earnings were being managed by his personal assistants, who made sure the alchemist was fed, clothed, and had the materials to experiment with.

Lucian and the other Vices checked on Loran regularly to prevent the guy from getting scammed by his own team. They would also come to him when they needed something, like when they complained about their equipment's durability, from axes to chop wood, to the sole of their shoes being uncomfortable.

Loran was also the most protected and hidden member of the group.

Chapter 75: 3.20: First Lecture In The Academy

"The shackles haven't been creating much havoc lately," Fishbone pointed out, over the dinner in Leaf's manor, "Seems like the situation has been finally put under control after the last war."

Sitting at the head of the table, Lucian scooped a spoonful of stew and brought it to his mouth. Delicious.

"The shackleds?" Goblin, the youngest, asked. He was thirteen now, and didn't get a chance to meet one yet, "Are they those people that burn towns to the ground, eat babies and drink blood?"

"Yea, the same," Jax answered, his mouth stuffed with food, "I saw one once, when I was still young. A skinned lady tore a man in half with her bare hands. I couldn't eat meat for a month after that."

Wasn't she the first shackled that talked to Lucian? He remembered her. She was a low ranked one, known to destroy everything around them.

The assassin that attacked Lucian was a medium rank, with a resilient body that could withstand fire and other powerful attacks.

The shackleds above that were called the high ranks. They were capable of strategic thinking and planning, and their power far exceeded the lower ones. They could trample with the corps to bring famine to the region or destroy the army's supply chain on top of their great offensive and defensive abilities.

Lucian didn't have a need to bring destruction to his race, so he definitely wasn't a high rank. His strength also left much to be desired.

He scooped another spoonful of stew and brought it to his mouth, chewing slowly. The stew had a good flavor to it. He liked it.

'It's so peaceful,' he thought as he listened to his Vices' conversation.

Even if he wanted to fund the military to earn merits, the military wasn't short on money.

'Time to raise prices, it seems,' Lucian mused.

When everyone believed the world was stable and the future would be bright as well, they would spend more, borrow more... invest more.

In the upcoming days Lucian's people focused more on production and selling the goods rather than on acquiring assets, properties and buying out the competitors.

Lucian ended up agreeing to the dean's conditions and became a guest lecturer for two weeks a year. He was required to come up with a lesson plan and teach a class of twenty students in the Royal Academy.

His lectures would be part of natural philosophy classes that involved studying nature and its living beings. He had to make it as interesting as possible so the students would pay attention.

It was an opportunity to show off in front of a crowd of future leaders and Lucian wasn't about to waste the chance to advertise himself. If he didn't get anything done, then he would be just throwing his time away, so he made sure to pick a topic that would spark interest.

He glimpsed at Celine, who sat in the middle row. The light that came from the window illuminated her face from the side, her eyes sparkling like the blue of a frozen lake reflecting the sunlight.

He was the sunlight, of course he was, and he would shine on her as long as she wanted him to. He was hers, after all.

She wore a mask of neutrality, and the only sign that she was excited was the slight crumbling of the paper she was holding between her fingers.

She could try and hide it all she wanted, but Lucian knew that she was the most invested in this lecture, like a mother hen watching her chick's first flight.

The Crown Prince sat in the back row near the window with an aloof air. He seemed bored, as if he had seen it all already. His grey eyes reminded Lucian of the color of the sky before it snowed. Cold.

"Today's topic will be about the healing properties of some plants and their uses in medicine," Lucian announced. "The most common medicine in our everyday lives is honey. Does anyone know where it comes from?"

A couple of hands rose up, "A bee farm."

"Correct," Lucian picked up a piece of honeycomb in a jar, "Let me introduce you to a new delicacy."

The students began to whisper among each other.

"The color looks weird..."

"Red..?"

"Is that what I think it is?"

Lucian smiled, "This is blood honey. It was made by mixing blood nourishing herbs into the bee feed, allowing the bees to create this special concoction. You can taste the sweetness, and a bit of iron aftertaste. It's great to consume after a blood loss or to prevent anemia."

Lucian set the small wooden crate on the table and removed the cover. The students closest to the teacher's desk flinched and pulled back, afraid to be stung by the beehive inside of the crate.

"For those allergic to the bees, put on the gloves and a mesh hat I prepared in advance," Lucian said, pointing at the equipment on their desks.

The students began to put their gear on, watching in amazement how Lucian scooped a handful of bees with his bare hand and placed them on the large, flat basket with the red flowers, "Woah. How?"

While Lucian was explaining about the bee species, the bees immediately got to work, collecting pollen and feeding on the flowers.

The students took turns to join the process of making blood honey, and even took the bees in their hands under Lucian's guidance, to feel the vibration on their palms.

Lucian's fingers brushed against Celine's as he handed her the bees. She was among the few, who didn't wear gloves, so it gave him the excuse to touch her skin without being noticed. It was the closest thing to holding hands in public for them.

It was short, but warm enough to fill his chest.

Jax by Lucian's side tidied up the desk once everyone had their turn, carrying the crate with the bees outside.

Lucian then explained the process of pollination. He passed a few dead bees for the students to dissect and identify their body parts and functions, drew the flower's anatomy on the board, and the lecture was over before anyone could get bored.

A lecture with animals that could sting together with a taste sample usually did the job in attracting attention.

The wagon of blood honey he brought with him was parked outside the academy gates, and the students immediately lined up to buy it after the lecture was over.

Chapter 76: 3.21: Cafeteria Lunch

Lucian overlooked the students in the cafeteria. The ranks were clearly distinguished by the areas they occupied.

The second floor was for the elite, where the most important families gathered. The ground floor was for the commoner and the low nobility, who were too afraid to approach the stairs, as if they were forbidden to climb up to the higher level.

The teachers and the staff had their own space near the kitchen, where they could dine separately. It was always full, so most would choose to skip lunch or eat it in their offices.

Lucian didn't mind the noise and chose to have lunch in the corner of the cafeteria. His light colored suit drew some stares from the students, as if they were seeing a priest from the local church.

The color and style built trust and prevented being picked on by his peers. Most wouldn't want to mess with God's servants.

That's how they, the hay heads, survived in the past, and it still works today. They could still get some respect from the crowd.

Ironically, Lucian was picked on the most by the hay-headed priests, who were jealous of his health. They still didn't like him even after years of donations and good deeds.

He became what they couldn't, rich and popular among the ladies. They hated it, so he would make donations when the most ladies were around to watch, so he could rub it in their faces. They would then have to bow to him and say thank you.

Lucian listened to his father's advice, *'do good...so nobody would ever doubt you of being a shackled.'*

His father's eyes were light brown, almost amber, and he struggled due to the discrimination against him. So when his son was born with an even lighter shade of eyes, any sign of bad behavior was immediately cut off to prevent potential problems in the future.

"May I join you?" The Crown Prince suddenly appeared at Lucian's table.

"Of course, your Highness," Lucian stood up, greeting him and inviting him to sit down.

The Crown Prince chose the seat across from him, and a waiter immediately approached to hand him a menu.

"What brings Your Highness to my humble corner?" Lucian asked, not expecting to have a conversation with him of all people. The Crown Prince looked like he was trying to escape from something or someone.

Lucian didn't have to wait long for the explanation because the answer came soon enough.

Celine entered the cafeteria.

The Crown Prince probably thought she wouldn't want to sit in the commoner section where he was now, but Lucian knew that she got even more excited.

She immediately approached the table, "Good day, Your Highness. It's nice to see you here, but what do I see?" She gave Lucian a disapproving look before turning her attention back to the Crown Prince, "You shouldn't be talking to a lowly peasant, Your Highness. He might infect you with his bad blood."

"..." Lucian tried to keep a poker face while Edmund sighed by her side. He must have felt the same way as Lucian: Was she going to pick a fight with Lucian so they could bond over it?

"I don't mind, Lady Rochefort," the Crown Prince answered coldly, his eyes on the menu, "I don't judge people by their status. It's their actions that speak louder than anything else. You can sit on the upper floor if you are so disgusted by the people here. Besides, Mr. Arclight is a teacher at this institution. Show him the proper respect."

"Teachers are the same as servants," Celine said, "They serve their purpose in their workplace and that's it. What makes them different from servants? They are paid to do their job. Isn't that what a servant is?"

"What about yourself then?" The Crown Prince asked, "You are a vassal to the Diamante Kingdom, aren't you?"

"We don't get paid to serve, Your Highness. It's called loyalty and devotion to our country. It's an act of selflessness and a duty that requires no payment..."

Edmund coughed into his fist to stop his sister from showing off before her secret lover (with a word fight against the Crown Prince, which she seemed determined to win).

Chuckling, Lucian stood up to slide the chair next to him, "A Lady shouldn't be kept standing while the gentlemen are sitting, please take a seat."

Celine sat down with the help of Lucian, pushing the chair in place, "Don't think that just because you are the teacher, you can take advantage of the Crown Prince's kindness. He is too polite to call you out, but I won't. Know your place and don't be a nuisance to His Highness..."

"Enough, Lady Rochefort," the Crown Prince finally said. "I came here to have a meal in peace and quiet. You are ruining the experience."

Celine immediately shut up, and the waiter arrived to take the orders. Everyone ordered their meals, and the silence lasted for a couple of minutes before Celine started her nonsense again.

"Let me tell you about the wonderful time I had at our new summer home. I bet that you don't have a place like that in the whole of Merelia, do you, Mr. Arclight?"

Lucian never heard Celine talk so much about herself (he was the chatterbox in their relationship).

Celine was bragging and flaunting her wealth to both him and the Crown Prince, who didn't seem interested in the slightest. In fact, his face looked rather grim as she went on about the rare and exotic goods that adorned their new mansion.

Lucian took it from a different viewpoint if one removed the haughty tone she used. That's what he was missing by not being part of her daily life. The little, mundane moments she had to enjoy by herself, yet was unable to share with him.

If Lucian were to marry Celine now, he was afraid that he might be hanged for becoming more powerful than he was supposed to be (he might be framed for being a shackled). His reputation wasn't solid enough to take on the pressure, especially from the older generation.

He still wasn't strong enough to protect Celine from the people who had the power to take her away. He couldn't even let her show her full potential for fear of her being noticed.

It was frustrating how his hands were tied. Not only by external threats, but also by the internal ones.

He still didn't know the Voice's goal besides wanting him to reach the pinnacle of power, and he couldn't shake off the thought that one day, something might happen and Voice would take over him completely.

Up until now, Voice's advice was a miss or a hit, making Lucian believe that he was being used as a learning material to improve its decision-making skills. Like a child using a tool to learn how to use it properly, and in the future, to use it against the world.

Chapter 77: 3.22: Unattractive

More and more hateful, that's how Celine looked from an outsider's perspective. It was worse than with the noble ladies.

She made one question her intelligence and not want to get associated with her at all, making one want to go against her instead.

Her brother often talked badly of her despite being fiercely protective of her at the same time. One had to have a very strong bond to tolerate such a personality, or a high tolerance.

'How am I supposed to express love to that?' Lucian listened to her complaining about the food and the people who cooked it. The waiters were also doing a poor job, the tea was cold, and so on.

"Please excuse me," the Crown Prince said, wiping his mouth with a napkin, "I remembered that I had a lesson to prepare for. My apologies, Mr. Arclight. Lord Edmund."

Lucian smiled, "My deepest apologies for not being able to provide a relaxing environment for your meal. Please, don't worry about it, Your Highness."

The Crown Prince got up and left, leaving them alone. "Don't follow me again," he said without turning his head, sensing that Celine was about to do just that.

Celine turned her head towards Lucian, away from the Crown Prince's departing figure and the rest of the students. She seemed pleased with the outcome. Her lips curled in a slight smile as she took a sip from her teacup.

"Oh dear," she said, taking another sip, "It suddenly tastes so much better. The quality of the company truly affects the senses, doesn't it?"

Edmund rolled his eyes and continued to eat his meal, "No man will ever find you attractive if you keep damaging your reputation like this."

Lucian felt attacked even though the comment wasn't directed at him. Edmund doubted his feelings towards Celine (not like Lucian were doubting them a second ago).

The talking exhausted her, it seemed. She didn't argue with her brother, and instead looked at Lucian from the corner of her eye, giving him a little smile.

Lucian smiled back, saying softly, "Eat. You barely touched your food."

Celine set down her cup and dove into the dish. She had excellent table manners, her expression softening with each bite, as if she was enjoying the meal.

Edmund set his spoon down, excusing himself from the table. He obviously didn't want to be seen agreeing with his sister's behavior.

Celine sighed, returning to her meal. She seemed to have no appetite after Edmund's departure, but she knew Lucian didn't like wasting food, so she continued to eat.

"I'll have a word with your brother later," Lucian said, not wanting her to feel that she was being abandoned by her closest family member.

"No need, he's here to build connections anyway. He doesn't want to be associated with me, so it's fine," she said, finishing the last of her meal, "We are both choosing a different path of survival in the end, aren't we?"

Celine took another sip from her tea, and Lucian could see the isolation in her eyes as she gazed at the crowd around them, "The sooner I get used to it, the easier it will be."

Lucian wished that she wouldn't have to get used to it, "I will make you a lunch box tomorrow. What would you like to eat?"

"I wasn't serious about the food being bad," Celine muttered.

"I know, but a complaint is a complaint, I can't just ignore it," Lucian replied.

She blinked at him, realizing his intention to cheer her up despite her trampling with everyone's mood a moment ago.

"Then I want to eat your cooking. I'll skip breakfast to save my appetite for lunch," she paused, trying to salvage the situation with Lucian at least, "Hunger is the best seasoning after all."

"..." Lucian wanted to pat her head and tell her that she should eat normally.

She tilted her head, expecting praise for her good behavior. Her eyes were sparkling, like an eager puppy waiting for a treat. There was no hope for her.

"Alright," he eventually agreed since he would also skip a meal for the sake of enjoying her cooking as much as possible, "but only this once."

"Only this once," she repeated.

They had to part ways soon after. She couldn't stay by his side for too long or it would look suspicious.

As she walked away, he noticed a slight skip in her step, as if she was having a hard time controlling her excitement. She was looking forward to the next day already.

She needed very little to be happy, yet nobody else seemed to realize that.

The next day, Lucian left the lunch box under her desk before the classes began. The lunch box was made of white porcelain, with a golden flower pattern and a dark blue bird flying among the branches.

After the class, Lucian stayed back to prepare the equipment for the next lesson, glancing in her direction as he waited for her reaction.

She opened the box carefully. Inside, there was a variety of small dishes. A couple of sandwiches with different fillings, a fried chicken skewer, and a salad with sliced fruits, nuts, and berries. A cute lunch for a cute girl.

Celine looked up from her lunch box and smiled, her eyes shining like two precious gemstones. She ate in silence.

They were alone in the classroom. The other students had left to join the others in the cafeteria.

He walked over to her desk, leaning down to her level.

"Good?" he asked, taking one of the sandwiches she offered to him.

She finished his share of the sandwich, "Very. Is there a way I could hire you as a personal chef?"

He chuckled and returned to the board to clean it for the next period. He could feel her watching his back as he wiped the surface, then his sides as he put the equipment on the shelf.

"Thank you for a good view," she said, "It's as delicious as the food."

Lucian coughed to cover his laugh, shaking his head. He wasn't used to such comments, and it made him feel hot in the face.

"I'm glad you like it," he said, trying to be nonchalant about it.

Chapter 78: 3.23: Blood-thirsty Little Wife

'Celine's ability to twist people's perception is astounding,' Lucian thought during one of his lunches.

He never expected Celine to make her older brother a background prop, but she made it look so effortless that people believed it.

Like any young man, Edmund sought respect and recognition from those around him. But Celine stood in his way, ruining his image with her spoiled ways.

Yes, Celine covered for Edmund when he slept around with women, took over a part of his duties, and stood up against their mother, but little mattered in the face of public scrutiny and humiliation.

Lucian could love his parents however much he wanted, but he would still feel embarrassed by them when they accepted commissions they couldn't handle, and then got badmouthed by the whole town.

"Lucian...?"

Lucian was pulled from his thoughts by Big Ray.

"It's really you!"

Big Ray was the noble child that Lucian built his Badass Gang with when he was younger. The one, who loved to raise his fist first before thinking about the consequences later.

"I heard some things, so it seems like you have been doing well for yourself," Big Ray said, accompanied by two more knights, who returned from their Spring Knight Trials.

They wore small crests on their uniforms, showing that they served under the Ducal House of Duremont.

"Yes, and you seem to be doing well too," Lucian greeted the rest of them and exchanged a few pleasantries.

Big Ray looked just like he remembered, if not even more intimidating. Lucian didn't want to find out how hard it would feel to get punched in the guts by him now.

He then saw a group of knights join Edmund's table on the second floor.

Celine was seated at a different table than Edmund, accompanied by her lady friends.

With the arrival of the knights, the mood in the cafeteria split into various parts, where different houses kept an eye on each other.

Big Ray bid Lucian farewell as his group joined the Duremont's representatives on the second floor.

One would think that a bunch of young adults would want to make new friends, not act as old as their ancestors because they were divided by family titles and ranks.

It's one of the reasons Lucian wanted to have his achievements independent of Celine's and have his name become popular on its own merit.

Not because of ego, or personal glory, or even fame, but to have the ability to protect her where the Rochefort couldn't. If anything, it was out of fear of losing the most precious thing to his existence.

Being connected to the Rochefort house would have opened lots of gates for Lucian, but also closed off plenty more.

'Feels like a fight waiting to happen...'

The older male students began to show up in the cafeteria as well, most of them returning from the Spring Camp. While males of age had left the school grounds a month and a half ago to prepare for government positions, the female students stayed behind, together with the first-year freshmen (Edmung and the Crown Prince were freshmen).

Lucian was sitting alone in the corner of the cafeteria, not belonging to any particular group, and also without a knight by his side. He was a harmless-looking hay-head who somehow made it into their academy.

"Is he one of Lord Duremont's playthings?"

Lucian heard a comment from one of the nearby tables, commenting about how a group of Duremont's knights had just greeted him.

The Duke's Duremont's son, Mathieu Duremont, was a three-year-older upperclassman. Lucian spotted him among the new arrivals, who entered the cafeteria with an air of importance. His ash-gray hair reminded Lucian of a donkey's backside.

A man in a servant's garb followed closely behind the young lord, carrying his jacket over his forearm. Hay head servant at that. The servant's eyes stayed low, not looking anyone in the eye. They were the eyes of a dead fish, resigned to his fate and not trying to go against the stream of life.

'Doesn't look like someone who is serving under a person with a supposed soft spot for the helpless, the less fortunate, and especially for the poor hay heads...'

The young lord glanced at the crowd before they stopped at Lucian, checking him slowly like a product that he wanted to buy.

Lucian would have preferred to have this effect on his little wife, not the upper class, who seemed like they had an appetite for the peasantry.

'Nope. Not before my little wife.' Lucian stood up from his table to leave the cafeteria.

"What's the rush?" A hand reached for Lucian from behind, but before it could touch him, it met the head of Lucian's walking cane instead.

Lucian didn't turn back. "I prefer a lady's touch," he commented.

His fast reaction stunned the young lord, giving Lucian enough time to flip the cane. He pointed it at Mathieu's nose, the little distance almost looking like it poked his face. If Lucian used more force, someone's nose would have gotten a good whack.

The quiet gasps of the onlookers in the background signaled to Lucian that he had gained a bit of leverage with that one action. Laughter would have probably encouraged Mathieu to do worse, but Lucian made him hesitate.

"..." Lord Mathieu tried to laugh off the awkwardness, "If that's how you want it to be..." he stepped aside to let Lucian go, whispering. "But don't worry, you will learn your place very soon..."

'Yea yea, my place is by my little wife and I'm happy with that.' Lucian left, trying not to get involved anymore. Tomorrow would be his last day of the two-hour-a-week contract anyway. Then he'd be gone for another half a year before his next appearance. *'If Celine sees that men get interested in me too, she will really lock me up. Can't have that.'*

Mathieu walked away, muttering a few things to his people at his table on the second floor.

Crash!

The sound of glass shattering caught Lucian's ear.

'Don't tell me...'

Lucian quickly left the cafeteria and leaned against the wall, using Voice's vision to peek behind the wall like a spectator, and saw his blood thirsty little wife on her feet.

Chapter 79: 3. 24: The Duremonts

The Duremont house was the fastest growing ducal house in the last few decades, with most of its focus on military strength. Their territory bordered the Southern Alliance, the kingdom's main enemy.

It was a common sight to see a person from the Rochefort territory being recruited by a Duremont house (like Big Ray).

Their popularity was growing rapidly among the poor. They were the house that emptied orphanages the most, giving the children a chance to have a better life.

Edmund stared at the handle in his hand, now missing the rest of the cup it once was, his head hanging low. The teacup was still whole a second ago.

The servers scrambled around, collecting the pieces and bringing a rag to soak up the spilled tea.

"Excuse me, My Lord, I have to ask you to step aside while we clean the area," the server asked politely.

"...of course." Edmund stood up, taking a step back.

Celine was on her feet, holding onto Edmund's sleeve.

Lucian had been admiring her beauty with his handy mind binoculars during the lunch breaks (a dose of daily Celine could do wonders, so he was happy with what he could get).

He didn't miss her desire to spill blood upon the upper classmen's arrival. Though there was also a touch of fear now.

Seeing the siblings, the young master Duremont couldn't resist making a snide comment, "Look who has gotten too emotional. Did the Rochefort's bloodline weaken that even the younglings get nervous when seeing a Duremont?"

Edmund didn't back away, a look of hatred appearing on his face, "If Young Master Mathieu were not blind, you could see that you are standing in the way, not the other way around. Or is the Duremont's bloodline that weakened, that they can't even see straight anymore?"

The surrounding people backed away, giving them space, some inhaling a gasp. Was young master Edmund throwing jabs at young master Mathieu's eyesight or his preferences in bedmates?

Lucian bet it was the latter.

Mathieu didn't like the remark, his expression growing more serious as he searched for a way to get back at Edmund, his sight landing on Celine.

"My sight is just fine, better than ever," moving closer, Young Master Mathieu tilted his body, his eyes moved to her chest, then back up to her face, "I can clearly see what is in front of me, and it's quite the sight."

Edmund shielded Celine deeper behind his back; responding to the young master Duremont, "It seems like your eyesight is fine after all, but you will be blind if you look at her like that again."

"Ohh~?" Mathieu raised his head, not caring about the warning, "And who will make me go blind? You?" His words were followed by laughter, "The last hunting trip with your late grandfather didn't teach you anything, it seems...You might end up like him if you are not careful enough."

"Edmund, stop," Celine said in a soft voice, making Lucian think that his mind was playing tricks on him, "Young master Mathieu is just teasing us. We are part of the same kingdom, aren't we? There is no need to be so hostile..."

Her suppressed reaction satisfied Young Master Mathieu quite a bit. She didn't bother pretending she liked him, but she bowed to the hierarchy and feared Duremont's power, making him feel superior.

Yet again, Celine raised her hatefulness to a whole new level. It was painful to watch. Acting like a bully before the weak while being submissive towards the stronger ones.

'What is her goal?' Lucian thought, trying to find an answer, *'Does she want to have them look down on her, so she can stab them in the back? Or is she afraid for real?'*

She had to be crafting a persona and a mask that would fit her enemies' expectations: one where she only picked on the *weak*, not the strong.

'What about the persona she uses with me then? How much of it is genuine?' Lucian tried not to doubt her, but it was still scary. She could be playing him as well. He didn't think she was, but one could never be certain.

'Are you finally realizing that she is not real, but just an illusion she built for you...like she is building for everyone else?'

'Be quiet, Voice,' Lucian grabbed his head, doubting his own senses.

She must have a plan, and he had to trust her enough to let her take care of the situation. He didn't have the means to interfere, not yet.

Lucian was a loyal hound to Celine, *'She could be a monster, and I would still not mind...mhm...right. I can't wait what tale she is going to spin for me next...'*

He smiled at the people passing outside of the cafeteria, assuring them that he was fine.

'Will she curse the Duremonts in her own way to excuse her behavior?' Lucian wondered, 'I hope she does. It would mean that she wants to keep me in the dark, and that she cares enough about me to not show me her ugly side.'

'You're a delusional fool,' Voice mocked.

'Yes, that I am,' Lucian thought back, *'But that's all that's left of me, a delusional, foolish hope. If that was to break as well, then what's left of me?'*

'Nothing,' Voice said.

'Ouch... what about my charm, my looks and good reputation?' Lucian cheered himself up. He had some good traits too, definitely more than Voice. *'I'm a catch.'*

He expected some verbal abuse, but Voice didn't reply. It must have agreed with him.

'You disgust me,' here it was.

'You should work on your teasing, Voice. It's bad,' Lucian chuckled.

His legs led him to the infirmary the moment he found out about Celine's next destination. She succeeded in stopping her brother from confronting Young Master Mathieu.

"Excuse me, my sister is not feeling well," Edmund said, motioning Mathieu to move aside and let them pass.

Celine was leaning on him, her head on his shoulder, as if feeling dizzy.

Mathieu didn't buy it, but stepped aside to allow them to enter the infirmary. He couldn't stop them from seeing a physician.

"What a pity. I was hoping to invite Lady Rochefort to lunch with me. She seems to fancy the company of highborns, so I thought to indulge her whims if His Highness doesn't want to."

Chapter 80: 3.25: Lab Rat

It was a strict rule for young maidens not to approach the Duremont heir by themselves lest their innocence be stolen and their marriage prospects destroyed.

"It would be my pleasure," Celine accepted the invitation, throwing the rule behind her shoulder much to Lucian's displeasure, "But I must ask Young Master Mathieu to do something with that servant of yours first. My allergy to hay-heads seems to be getting worse by the minute."

"..." The servant's dead expression didn't waver, but the hand holding onto his master's coat tightened.

It was very typical of Celine to throw a stone at an innocent person. She could have gone after the noble Mathieu himself, but she chose to target someone of a lower status than herself.

And since the servant was just that, a lowborn, he couldn't even talk back. His master could defend his honor or respect Celine's authority. Most would choose the latter option, and Lucian had seen the scenario play out many times.

"I will be sure to keep my servants away from your sight, My Lady," Mathieu promised, sending the servant away to show his genuineness. (The servant was rented from the Academy, the students couldn't bring ones from their house.)

"Thank you, I appreciate it," Celine gave him a weak smile, walking past him, "They don't seem to have anything beside their looks to offer, and I would rather not catch their filthy illnesses."

"..." The servant bit his lip, his eyes reddening from holding back his tears. It was humiliating to stand in the presence of the rich and powerful, and be unable to defend yourself.

Celine clearly took her dissatisfaction out on the most vulnerable, not caring about who she was harming in the process.

Young Master Mathieu's lecherous eyes on Celine's back was the last thing Lucian saw before the cafeteria was out of his range of vision.

Mathieu looked like he couldn't wait to see a noble lady kneel and beg him for mercy, especially the one who was known to be the most proud and haughty of them all.

'Gods, the school year has barely started, and the amount of rivals I've already made is...' Lucian groaned inwardly, *'All the worries about her falling for someone else...gone. I should be more worried about someone stabbing her to death instead.'*

The infirmary was empty of other people except for the physician. He told Lucian to take his medicine and rest on the bed for a couple of hours.

Lucian had persuaded Voice to lend him this third view ability outside of their training sessions. It helped him hone his image in the eyes of others.

It was a good way to know what to improve on. The way he talked, walked and sat down...

He had been slacking with his combat training due to his busy schedule again and started to regret it a tiny little bit.

Now he wanted nothing more than to poke holes in the Duremont's eyes and feed them to ToGo.

Learning how to fight no longer cut it, and he was ready to take the next step.

Lucian had the means to sponsor his body with resources that would enable him to start the knight training. All he was missing was a priest to bless him.

He could cultivate under Voice's instructions, pay Big Ray to give him a few lectures, impress him with his learning talent and then be done with it.

Priests were more likely to curse him rather than to bless him.

'Could you bless me?' Lucian asked Voice, unable to imagine that thing ever doing something so holy.

'What's the sudden enthusiasm for?' Voice asked.

'For poking eyes out.'

'Why not make your imaginary army do the dirty work for you? You said it doesn't matter who does it as long as it's done,' Voice mocked him.

'Poking out eyes is too delicate work for a brute,' Lucian replied, *'I have to be the one to do it.'*

'...'

Once Celine learned how to control her hunger, she began to use food and exercise to shape her body to her liking.

Since Lucian had no preferences when it came to her body shape (yes, she asked him), she went the most popular route: thin waist, slim legs, big chest and hips.

It was another one of her control exercises. He had never seen a pickier eater than her, so when he thought her mood swings were caused by hunger, they weren't.

With all the faces she could put on, why stick to one? She could be a clingy flirt one second, a philosophical deep thinker the next, a ruthless female fatale, and a shy maiden in the next.

She even had a couple of breakdowns, which he suspected were fake. Something told him that her mental breakdowns would be more on a violent note rather than a sad one.

But because most men hated violent women, she put up an act to make herself seem more vulnerable.

She wasn't able to stay consistent around Lucian, which he thought was the cutest thing in the world.

She was very fair when it came to giving back as much as he gave in. She would tease and provoke him, make him act out of impulse and character, and then be researched upon like a lab rat (using cuddles, praises, and other tactics to get the reaction she wanted to research for future use).

'I should have said that I preferred them small,' Lucian decided not to give her any more chest massages from today onwards, lest they grow even bigger.

Celine tried to hide her surprise when she saw Lucian resting on the bed, "..."

"..." Edmund was also baffled by their meetings that could only be described as fated. He left her by Lucian's side and went to the physician's office to speak to him in private.

The door shut behind them, leaving the couple with a forbidden relationship in the sick ward alone.