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No Hero Volume 1: Vampire Butler

Original novel in Chinese by: 御我 (Yu Wo)

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Prologue

I walked beneath the moonlight.

Though it was the middle of the night, the streets were still not at peace. Neon lights blinded me with their brightly flashing colors. The crowd around me did not seem less than the daytime crowd, but they were certainly more aggressive. These people would never understand why nighttime was meant for sleep and rest.

The darkness of the night transforms people's fear into aggravation.

The people around me mostly had incomplete bodies. Some of them had replaced their arms with cybernetic ones, some had cybernetic legs, some had transparent covers on their heads with wiring inside of them instead of brains, and some had even completely replaced their upper torsos with mechanical parts.

However, there was no sign on their faces that they thought these were disfigurements. Instead, they were proud of them and boasted of their cybernetic enhancements to one another. They bragged about them through fighting.

Along the way, I passed by at least five brawls, but I gently circled around all of them. They actually did not pay me any attention, and I did not want to cause any unnecessary trouble either.

Moreover, there was nothing rare about the fights. In this era where cybernetics was the fad, humans had equipped themselves with various combat enhancements and naturally would not want them to rust from disuse. Most people seemed to agree that fighting was the best opportunity to use them.

I continued to walk alone.

A young man walked toward me. I paid special attention to him because he was very serene. He especially stood out in the aggressive atmosphere that surrounded us.

Also, he suited the moonlight very well.

I could not help but admire his appearance. There was not a single sign of cybernetic modification on him. His silver hair fell to his shoulders and regardless of the source of light that shone on his hair, all of it melted into a silver sheen similar to the moonlight. He had a pair of dark black eyes and possessed delicate facial features. He looked around twenty years old, and his smile was still somewhat boyish.

The young man wore simple clothing, jeans and a white shirt. He did not seem to be from a rich family, which may be the reason for the absence of cybernetic enhancements. Regardless of the enhancements themselves or the surgery, all of that required money. Obviously, the better the modifications and the doctors were, the more expensive it would be.

When I walked past him, I looked at him once again. He also seemed to notice that I was looking at him, making me slightly worried. As it was, many night time fights on the streets resulted from a single glance.

However, he smiled back at me.

I reflexively smiled at him as well.

After we walked past each other, I found that my mood had lightened

considerably. *Ah! How long has it been? How long it has been since I last interacted with someone in such a friendly manner! Even if it is just a smile from a shared glance.*

Just as my mood improved, I heard a commotion coming from behind. Amidst the yells, I heard rude things like “you are being obnoxious.”

“I’m very sorry, I didn’t do it intentionally. If I have offended you, I deeply regret it.”

When I heard the reply from the other party, I immediately knew that it must have been spoken by the young man. Among the people around us, only a person with his temperament would speak such polite words.

However, it seemed that his polite words would not be able to solve his problem. The opposing side was still making a ruckus, creating all sorts of excuses. In other words, they were using the favorite excuse of modern youngsters for causing trouble – “You rub me the wrong way.”

The young man did not actually respond this time. He probably knew as well that this group of people could not be reasoned with.

When I heard the group say that they were going to teach him a lesson, my steps finally came to a stop. I sighed. *Why is it that humans always refuse to treat their own with kindness?*

As I turned back, I saw that the young man was being pushed into a dark alley by a group of violent youngsters. I quickly walked forward. *Since I decided to help him out, I should not let him suffer any more harm.*

I walked into the alley. The young man was by the wall, surrounded by violent thugs, but he had a calm look on his face. Only his eyes were slightly widened with a strange expression... It seemed to be "hesitation?"

Perhaps I was misreading his expression. In this kind of situation, it was unlikely that one would be feeling hesitation.

"Please stop," I said in a quiet voice.

The group of violent youngsters noticed me, but their faces did not show any signs of anger from the interruption. Instead, they looked excited at the prospect of acquiring another punching bag.

One after another, they surrounded me and seemed to be more interested in me than the young man. Maybe it was because I seemed more mature and physically stronger than the young man, and with my long coat suit, I was better dressed than the young man as well. For these violent youngsters, perhaps it would be more satisfying beating me up than beating up the young man?

They numbered around ten people or so and walked toward me head on. If not for their weird style of clothing and the even stranger way they wore it, I might have thought them to be somewhat imposing.

"Stop!" The young man shouted. His face seemed to be more worried now than when he himself was going to be beaten up, and I felt pleased at this. *Good thing I am not saving the wrong person.*

"Please do not worry, I will be fine," I politely said as I stopped the young man from stepping up to "save me."

The young man hesitated, wearing an expression similar to the one he

had worn when he was about to be beaten up a moment ago.

I opened my mouth slightly and spread my arms as if I were going to embrace and kiss a lover...

Following that, I started to grow sharp white fangs as I opened my mouth further, the veins in the backs of my hands popped out, and my fingernails started to become sharper and longer, but the ten or so people in front of me were still staring at me in stupefaction... Modern youngsters really have slow reactions!

I was forced to snatch a weapon from the person nearest to me with my telekinetic powers. The weapon was a long rod, and I twisted it into a knot before throwing it back at the feet of its owner. Then, I opened my mouth again, emphasizing my fangs and roaring at them...

“Vam...vampire!”

Finally, someone among them screamed in a piercing voice.

I relaxed a bit. Luckily, the youngsters nowadays still know about vampires. To be honest, I was worried that they would think that I was a modified human who had equipped cybernetic enhancements on his teeth and nails.

Yes, I am a vampire, so please scream and leave quickly.

Then the people in front of me ran out of the alley screaming loudly. This let me relax even more, as I had also been worried that modern youngsters would no longer be afraid of vampires.

Although they were yelling that there was a vampire here as they ran out of the alley, I was not too worried. After all, is there a shortage of people yelling on the streets? No one would believe them anyway. The

words spoken by youngsters who like doing drugs were often even stranger than seeing a vampire in an alley.

I retracted my fangs and sharp nails and tried to look at the young man in the gentlest way possible. The latter was also looking at me, maintaining his expression of slightly widened eyes. I tried to speak gently, saying, "I will not hurt you."

Still, this sentence was probably unconvincing, as who would believe that a vampire would not hurt a human?

I waited for him to run away in panic, but I was quietly confident in my heart that such a polite young man would not scream at his savior. Just that would be enough for me.

The young man tilted his head as he looked at me and asked, "Vampire? Do you drink human blood?"

"Yes, I drink human blood," I nodded as I answered.

"That is bad news indeed." The young man said, slightly troubled.

That is indeed troubling, especially since I am currently looking at him.

The young man said in a forlorn voice, "Then I can't treat you to a meal as a sign of my appreciation."

That is right, as I do not need to eat food... Hmm? I was stumped. The reaction of this young man was completely out of my expectations.

The young man asked in a hopeful voice, "Maybe there is something that you need?"

"Naturally, there is." I nodded again as I answered. Even a vampire would have needs other than blood.

"Then, please tell me your needs. I may be able to help you out." The young man was very sincere.

I looked at him and silently applauded his sincerity and courage... *Yes, it is definitely courageous to be sincere to a vampire.*

But, he would not be able to help me out. I tried to word my reply tactfully as I said, "I am afraid that this matter would be too difficult."

The young man smiled as he said, "It won't hurt for you to talk about it."

That is true. I answered honestly, "I am seeking employment."

"Employment?" This time, the young man was finally surprised.

"Yes."

I stood up straighter and said in a proud and elegant way, "I am a butler."

The young man was surprised again, and he stared at my face as though he was trying to find a trace of a joke in my face, but I stared back at him with a fully serious expression. Finally, he laughed softly... Again, this was out of my expectations. He really was a unique young man.

The young man smiled as he asked, "So, vampire butler, what is your name?"

He actually acknowledged that I am a butler! This touched me a lot, as every time I spoke of my profession, it did not matter if they were human or vampire, no one would believe me. A vampire would only roar in laughter, while a human would only scream in fear.

The young man sparked a rare interest in me that had not occurred in many years – I wanted to befriend him. I told him my full name in hopes that I could do so, “My name is Charles, full name Charles Endelis.¹ I am a vampire in the middle of seeking employment as a butler.”

The young man smiled dazzlingly and introduced himself, “Good evening, Mr. Charles. My name is An Xiang Ye.² You can call me Ah Ye. I’m a student who is currently attending university.”

After that, An Xiang Ye invited me to his house. To be frank, there was nothing I could do even if I went... He was out and about to buy a late night snack, but I do not eat those types of food, as any food apart from blood is tasteless to a vampire, and it would not be filling either.

“Are you in a hurry to look for a job?” An Xiang Ye asked curiously.

“Not really,” I answered honestly. “For a vampire, it is hard to find a job as a butler.”

“Then, how about you come to my house and be my butler?” An Xiang Ye tilted his head as he continued, “Coincidentally, I’m feeling bored as I’m living alone.”

I smiled softly. *No matter how thoughtful An Xiang Ye seems to be, he is still a child after all!* I said in a teasing way, “My pay is very high.”

“How much do you wish to be paid?” he asked, still curious.

It seems that unless I say it frankly, An Xiang Ye will not give up his ridiculous notions.

I said in a toneless voice, “My annual salary is ten million. Apart from that, depending on the living standards of my master, I would also

require another sum of money, which would be spent on taking care of the daily necessities of my master's life."

In reality, this price wasn't the highest salary within the butler profession. Rather, it was just in the mid to high range. I was very confident that I could do an even better job than those top butlers, but I could not ask for the highest salary, which saddened me a bit, truthfully. I felt I could not ask for too much since I am a vampire.

However, although I have lowered the pay I ask for, not many people want to hire me as an actual butler. They are more interested in using me as a fighter in battles, or worse, a killer.

I could not bear it. I am a butler, not a fighter. Nor am I a killer. Therefore, I am always unemployed.

Unexpectedly, An Xiang Ye was not shocked by the pay I had asked for. Furthermore, he tilted his head and guessed, "Charles, you don't sound like you are happy with the pay."

I could not help but admit, "Yes, I am slightly unhappy with it."

He laughed and said, "You didn't hear my question properly. I'm asking, what is the salary you want?"

I was silent for a moment and then said in a despairing manner, "Twenty million. The contract would be for two years at minimum, and the money to be used on the master would depend on how much the master would want to pay."

An Xiang Ye said not a word. He just smiled as he watched me. After that, he gave me an address and asked to meet me tomorrow.



The next day, I was still in the midst of unemployment. Since I had nothing else to do, I brought along a packet of blood with a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken, thinking that I should have a late night snack with my rare human friend.

An Xiang Ye lived in an apartment building that was neither old nor new. The location of the building was not bad, so I suppose he was not as poor as I had first thought.

I knocked on the door, and true enough, he was the one who opened it. He took the bucket of KFC from my hand happily, and I felt happy that he enjoyed that kind of food.

“Please come in,” he said as he led me into the apartment.

We sat casually on the sofa. The table was already piled with junk food, and An Xiang Ye quickly started to eat the KFC after he placed it on the table.

He is really a courageous young man. Even when he saw me pour the blood from the packet into a wine glass and start drinking, his expression did not flicker at all... If I had not been completely sure An Xiang Ye was not a vampire, I really would have thought that he was a member of my race.

However, his various actions put me quite at ease. We chatted randomly as we ate. An Xiang Ye did not actually ask many questions about my identity as a vampire, but he did ask many questions about my profession as a butler instead. This relieved me. There were too many things about vampires that should not be told to a person whom I had only met twice, no matter how much I liked him.

“How many times have you been employed as a butler?” he asked.

“Five times.” After I answered, I thought for a moment and said in a defeated tone, “Actually, not even once.”

An Xiang Ye did not open his mouth to ask further questions. However, he widened his eyes slightly, looking at me with an expression full of curiosity.

Ever since my father passed away, there was close to no one who would listen to me talk about these matters. My vampire kin would only laugh at my job as a butler, while humans could not accept my identity as a vampire at all.

Moreover, An Xiang Ye’s expression was so curious, even a cold blooded killer would probably want to answer his questions.

I could not help but start narrating, “I was born into a family of butlers. Since youth, I received training on how to be a good butler, and my childhood dream was to be a butler in an ancient castle.”

I continued, “When I completed my education to be a butler, I would go out to look for a job every night. I found five masters before, and each of them had their own castles, and I originally thought I had finally accomplished my dream, but...”

I smiled bitterly as I said, “But under those masters, I spent more time on blackmailing, stealing, and killing than on household chores. Later on, I could not take the fact that I was being used as a killer, so I left my job again and again.”

What I did not speak of was how one of the masters had even wanted to kill me because of it. He thought that I knew too many of his secrets, so he needed to exterminate me, but he never knew that what he considered secrets were trivial matters to me. Furthermore,

the estate I had inherited from my parents was probably worth more than all of his properties combined, so I never needed to sell his "secrets" to his enemies.

"Your masters ordered you to kill people?" An Xiang Ye's eyes were wide when he asked.

I said truthfully, "It is because they were mafia bosses."

An Xiang Ye thought for a moment, then instead of feeling sorry for me, he started to laugh, almost to the point of tearing up. While he laughed, he said, "Charles, I'm not trying to be mean, but if you look in the middle of the night for someone who owns a castle, who are you expecting to find apart from mafia bosses?"

I actually felt relieved because he did not feel sorry for me. I even said in a grumbling tone, "I do not like sunlight though."

"You don't like it?" An Xiang Ye tilted his head and asked curiously, "I thought you could not come out in the sun? Isn't it like in the movies, that vampires turn into dust once sunlight shines on them?"

I smiled with humor and explained, "A tiny amount of sunlight does not matter. As long I wear my dark clothes, a hat, and sunglasses, I could walk on the street during daylight too. However, I do not like daylight. In fact, there is no a vampire who would like the day, especially summer days. If the temperature is 30 degrees Celsius, to me, it would be the same as walking in a place at 60 degrees Celsius would be for you. Do you understand? It is really very hot and uncomfortable."

An Xiang Ye was confused for a moment and said hesitantly, "I think I mostly understand."

He did not ask any further about my background. Instead, he started talking about interesting events that happened at his university. He even ran back to his room to retrieve a love letter from a girl. He showed it to me with a helpless expression.

This time, it was my turn to laugh. I teased him, "Isn't that good? You do have good looks, so it is normal to be popular among the girls."

"But, I'm not good at handling this kind of matter." An Xiang Ye looked like he was really troubled by it, but then he looked at me and teased me, "I bet Charles is popular among female vampires too, right? You don't seem to be good at handling this kind of matter either."

My smile froze on my face. *That is true indeed.*

Both of us continued to chat about interesting topics in this way until we almost forgot about the passage of time. Then, I glanced at the clock by chance and realized that it was already two o'clock in the morning. I asked An Xiang Ye if he had classes the next day and he nodded. Finally, I bid farewell to him.

"Can you come by again tomorrow night?" An Xiang Ye requested as he accompanied me to the door.

I thought about it. I shouldn't have other affairs tomorrow because a jobless vampire was always particularly free. I nodded my head in confirmation and said, "I can."

The next day, when I went to his house again, I brought a bucket of KFC with me again.

I handed the KFC bucket to him, and he handed a small book to me.

Curiously, I took the book before realizing it was a savings

checkbook... One that had my name on it. When I opened it, the amount in the savings account was forty million plus an unlimited credit card approved by the Sun Bank wedged between the pages.

I raised my head to look at him. He was biting into a piece of KFC as he asked me smilingly, "Charles, are you interested in being my butler?"

So, it turned out that An Xiang Ye was not as poor as I had imagined him to be. People said the truly wealthy people usually kept a lower profile. I guess I had finally seen the truth for myself today.

I looked at the apartment room that was neither large nor new, and then I looked at An Xiang Ye's t-shirt and jeans...*This is too low-key!*

This was the first time I was paid the salary I had asked for. Naturally, I was happy, but I also had my apprehensions at the same time. I tried to say, "Before you hire me, I must ask for your understanding. I am a butler. Therefore, I can take care of all my master's affairs, but I am definitely not a fighter, nor am I a killer. If there is someone who threatens the safety of my master, I may possibly lend a hand, but...but..."

I am worried that such a high pay is not meant for a 'butler.'

An Xiang Ye laughed and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I know the job description for butlers! My home has a butler too."

"Your home?" I asked as I surveyed the apartment and realized another important problem. To be honest, a small place like this did not require a butler.

When he saw me surveying the surroundings, An Xiang Ye explained,

“Oh, this is a place rented by me. It’s close to my university, and the transportation is convenient.”

“But, this place does not really require a butler.” I smiled quietly. I will not stay at a place that does not need me. What I truly wanted was the job satisfaction from being a butler, not the pay. The pay only serves to confirm the capability of my work.

An Xiang Ye did not reply. Instead, he bent down to pick up the TV remote from the table. It was a remote with touch control. After he placed his thumb on the Sun logo on the remote for three seconds, the display totally changed.

An Xiang Ye pressed on the “workshop” option.

The wall behind the TV opened without the slightest noise, revealing an area larger than the whole apartment. The decoration in the room was very futuristic. The walls were all metallic in color, and both sides of the room were lined with glass-fronted displays. The displays were filled with various kinds of weapons, and the middle of the room held a few big tables with various parts piled on it. There were even different kinds of machines that I could not name next to the tables.

I even saw two heavy motorcycles and a target practice range...

I turned toward An Xiang Ye.

He bit his lip and said guiltily, “It’s messy, right?”

No, the real problem does not lie in the messiness.

He was bothered as he spread his hands and said helplessly, “To be honest, I can’t be bothered to tidy up, and every time I need something, I have to call Kyle-gē.³ It is very annoying, so it would be

nice if someone could take care of it.”

“Kyle-gē?” I asked.

“He is my brother’s secretary.” He thought for a moment and added,
“Secretary-plus-butler.”

It sounds like a hard job.

“I have many matters that would require your help.” He said in a decisive tone, “But, I would never ask you to be a fighter or a killer. Moreover, to tell the truth, Charles, if I wanted a fighter or a killer, I wouldn’t need to hire you specifically, I...my home has many of them.”

I believed him. A person who could line his walls with various alarming weapons would definitely have many fighters and killers at his home.

“Are you from a mafia family?” I asked. *I sure have a deep connection with the mafia.*

An Xiang Ye looked at me. Then, he started to smile. *He really likes to smile.* He said while he was smiling, “Charles, you are really interesting.”

But, I felt that the interesting person wasn’t me.

“No, I’m not from the mafia.” An Xiang Ye answered as he gently tapped my shoulder, his expression telling me not to worry.

I did not hesitate for too long before I agreed to it.

As I said before, a vampire cannot ask for too much.

And so, I finally found a job.

Footnotes

¹ **“Charles Endelis”**: Charles’s name in the original text is “Zhao Suo,” and he explains that the Zhao is from zhāoxī (which means morning till night) and the Suo is from suǒqiú (which means to seek). His surname sounds very similar to “Endless.” We chose to use Charles for Zhao Suo’s name because it sounds very similar to Zhao Suo and would be an apt name for someone who comes from a European influenced family.

² **“An Xiang Ye”**: An Xiang Ye’s name is kept in pinyin. All names that are formed in the oriental order of surname first, then first name, will be kept in pinyin. For example, “An” is his surname while “Xiang Ye” is his name. His brother’s name is formed in the same way. Charles, on the other hand, gives his name first, then his surname. Xiang Ye means “towards the night.” Adding “Ah” before a name, such as saying “Ah Ye,” is a close way to address male friends and acquaintances.

³ **“-gē”**: This suffix means “older brother” but can be used to address close males who are older than the speaker.

Diary of a Butler #1: Trying Hard to Become Familiarized with the Work Environment

Dear Father,

At the moment, it is the year 2112. I have finally managed to find another job as a butler, and moreover, the employer isn't someone from the criminal underworld. Ah, according to my employer, he isn't a criminal. Therefore, it is certainly a year worth commemorating.

Please bless me from the heavens. At last, I can become a genuine butler.



After I had agreed to the butler job, An Xiang Ye's and my positions were no longer on equal footing. Therefore, with a tone of respect, I said, "Master, there are a few matters which I must inform you¹ about..."

Once he heard the form of address, he started laughing and teased, "Do I look that old?"

Indeed, to call this young man of about twenty something years 'Master' is a little odd. I could only ask, "Then may I inquire as to who the people of importance within the family are?"

"There's Bàba² and Gēge³."

I followed the conventions of a butler for addressing people and replied, "Then, I shall address your father as Master, your elder brother as

Great Young Master, and as for you, I shall address you directly as Young Master. Is that acceptable?”

This time, he laughed heartily. “If you address them that way, you will definitely be killed by Gēge. The most important person in my family is Gēge. Also, Bàba is not Gēge’s papa.”

I have to say that I was very much at a loss. The person in power is the eldest son and not the father. This I could understand, for the authority of those in rich and powerful families have always been tangled and complicated. *However... Bàba is not Gēge’s papa? Might the young master and his elder brother be brothers from the same mother but different fathers?*

I hesitated for a moment and then recalled that there was already a secretary-slash-butler in the household. Hurriedly, I asked, “Then may I ask how Mr. Kyle addresses you?”

He tilted his head to one side to think. He said, “Kyle-gē calls me Young Master and calls Bàba Mr. An Te Qi⁴. He calls Gēge...”

He looked very distressed.

A butler should never let his employer be distressed. I immediately suggested, “Then I shall address you as Young Master, your brother as Master, and as for your father... For your father....”

I was really at a loss as to how to address him. I could only force myself to say, “How about Master An Te Qi?”

“Okay.” The young master seemed not to mind the forms of addresses much. This part of him was quite like a young man.

“Then, Young Master, shall I come over every day to serve you, or should I live here?”

Without any hesitation, An Xiang Ye replied, “You can live here. There are still empty rooms here anyway, and it’s really boring to live alone.”

“Okay.” I nodded my head and answered, “Then I shall move in tomorrow.”

The young master thought for a moment, ran into a room, and following that, ran out again. He shoved a cell phone and a key into my hands, saying, “Right, this is for you. Kyle-gē said that if you were willing to accept the butler job, I’m to give this to you. Then, you should give him a call. His contact number is already saved inside the cell... Do you know how to use a cell phone, Charles?”

At the last part, the young master stared at me, his eyes uncertain. I understood his misgivings. In an ordinary person’s eyes, a vampire seems like they have no relation to science or technology. However, the truth is not as such. Many vampires walk on the cutting edge of the era’s technology. Though I myself am considered part of the conservative faction, for the sake of properly fulfilling my role as a butler, I have learned a lot regarding the modern era’s science and technology.

I gave a smile and respectfully answered back, “I do know, Young Master.”

“Good, this is for you! Congrats on having found a job, Charles.”

Young Master An Xiang Ye smiled broadly as he picked up the blood bag I had brought over. Then, he poured the scarlet liquid into an extremely beautiful cup he retrieved from the cupboard. Around the cup was a ring of decorative runes made of gold. Moreover, I suspected that the ruby in the center of the glass, one the size of a fingernail, might actually be genuine.

As he handed it to me, he said, “The cup is yours. Treat it as a congratulatory gift for having found a job!”

I received it and looked at the ruby. *As expected, it is a real gemstone...*

At this moment, I saw that the young master had poured blood into another cup as well. Following that, he picked up the cup.

He actually used his cup to touch the cup in my hands. After they gave a clear resounding sound, he said, “Cheers!”

My eyes widened as I cried out in surprise. “That’s human blood!”

“I know.”

After he spoke, he drank the cup’s contents with his head raised, facing the sky. Then, he tilted his head to one side as though he was pondering something, and then he said, “I wanted to see how human blood tastes like. Hm, it’s icy and isn’t too disgusting.”

"..."

I had a premonition that I was going to have an employer unlike any other.



At night, I packed my luggage and took a light nap until ten in the morning. Only then did I pick up that cell phone and call Kyle, the secretary-slash-butler the young master had spoken of.

Once the phone picked up, before I could speak the other person had already started talking.

"You are the butler that the young master has found?"

"Yes, Head Butler Kyle. I am Charles Endelis, Young Master An Xiang Ye's butler."

From what I know, a genuine influential family would always have quite a few butlers in charge of tending to different masters. However, the butler that holds the most authority within the family is definitely the master's butler, commonly addressed as the head butler.

"... I am a secretary, not a butler." Though the other person said so, he muttered to himself, "Though there isn't a big difference between me and a butler."

He asked, "I hear that you are a vampire?"

"Yes." I was a little astonished. To think that the young master had actually told the truth. I thought that he would have hidden the fact from his family. After all, a young man living alone has found a vampire to stay by his side as a butler. No matter what, that is not something that would make someone feel at ease.

The other person stayed silent for a long time, so long that I even assumed that he had already left. However, he spoke again, "Pardon me. Just now... my master was looking for me."

"I understand." I nodded my head. *To prioritize the master's affairs first, it seems like the other party is indeed an exceptionally well-qualified butler... Though he believes himself to be a secretary.*

"As for your being a vampire, that is a good thing. With the young master's penchant for stirring up trouble, only a vampire would be able to withstand being his butler."

I was very doubtful as I replied, "The young master is extremely cultured."

The other side went quiet for a moment. With a tone that sounded very helpless, he explained, "The young master is definitely very cultured. However, being cultured has nothing to do with stirring up trouble. You will understand this in due time... Anyway, I have already sent a group of people to you, dedicated to helping you fulfill the young master's requests. Their telephone numbers are all inside the contact list in your cell phone. That said, are there any more questions?"

I stated cautiously, "Mr. Kyle."

"Yes."

"I am a vampire." I was puzzled. *As humans, they would actually accept a vampire, just like this?*

The person on the line flatly replied, "I know. Charles Endelis. Your father was an ordinary human and was born into an old and influential family of butlers. Your mother on the other hand is a vampire. Thus, you are a rarely seen pureborn vampire. Your "Vampire Generation Number" is the fifth generation. Since childhood, you have been raised by your father, who was a butler. After you came of age, you have gone everywhere to search for a job as a butler. Though you are a strong vampire of the fifth generation, through a safety evaluation, your danger factor doesn't even reach 10%. Your personality is extremely gentle, which is an oddity among vampires."

I was extremely shocked, unable to open my mouth in response.

The other person understood me extremely well and started explaining, "Charles, you are not the only vampire within the family. You are very unique and extremely famous among the vampire folks. With just a couple of inquiries, I knew about your affairs. The truth is, I had also once thought about letting one of the vampires within the family become the young master's subordinate, but the young master didn't like her, so I could only drop the matter. Therefore, you don't have to worry about your identity as a vampire. Just focus on serving the young master."

It looks like the young master's family is much more illustrious than what I had imagined.

"Understood, I will do all I can to fulfill my duty as a 'butler.'" I still couldn't help but give a slight reminder to the other that I am a butler, not a hired thug.

"That is enough." The other's reply made me feel very reassured.

Following that, he casually mentioned a few things to take note of. "The young master's food intake is very large. He has a food intake of approximately three to five people's share, more or less. So when you're cooking, cook a bit more. He likes to eat fried food and meat. He also likes to play virtual games. He likes motorcycles, fighting, his brother... Right, if you discover monitoring devices within the house, don't be too astonished. That is the young master's elder brother showing care for him."

I was silent for a moment, and then I lightly said, "Mr. Kyle, the person I serve is the young master."

He too went quiet for a while, and he seemed to bear praise in his tone as he said, "Then you can tell the young master. It's just that the young master definitely knows about the monitoring devices. Now, I am going to tell you something very important. You must remember it."

"Yes." I replied extremely earnestly.

The other person slowly said, "The young master is a very unique person. Since childhood, he has seldom left the house, and has had

even less contact with other people. It was only in the recent few years that he has come out to take a breath of fresh air. Thus, he is proficient in various kinds of knowledge, yet is lacking in basic general knowledge and is even more lacking in matters of interpersonal relationships. When he doesn't understand some matters, don't be surprised. Just guide him through the learning phase."

I nodded my head. This finally explained the peculiar conduct of the young master.

"Do you have any more questions?"

"There are none at the moment. I am very grateful for your explanation." I thanked him courteously.

"If you have any questions, you can always give me a call."

"I give my utmost thanks."



At night, the young master came back home from his classes. While I was helping him change into leisure wear I told him that there were at least thirty monitoring devices in the house. This number had really surprised me. One has to know, this apartment wasn't big. Except for the toilet and the bathroom, there were monitoring devices in all the rooms. The secret workroom alone held eight of them.

As expected, the young master had known about them.

He indifferently replied with a shrug, "I know, my brother is very

worried about me. It's not just the monitoring devices. Quite a few of the neighbors were actually sent by my brother to protect me."

I was a little doubtful and asked, "However, the night I met Young Master, Young Master had ran into trouble, but no one had appeared to protect you."

The young master started grinning. "I had thrown them off. If I don't want them following me, no one among them can follow me."

Young Master An Xiang Ye's tone was a little proud at this moment. Till now, this was the only time that I could see some aura befitting a child from a rich and powerful family.

Since the young master did not mind the monitoring devices, then as a butler, I would not have any right to interfere. I asked, "Young Master, what would you like to eat for dinner?"

After thinking for a moment, the young master replied, "Hamburgers, lots and lots of hamburgers."

"Do you want Charles to personally make them or do you want to call for delivery?"

The young master asked, full of curiosity, "You know how to cook?"

I gave a modest smile in return. "Charles is a butler, Young Master. Though I cannot compare with top chefs, simple dishes are no problem for me."

The young master smiled as he said, "Then I want to eat your cooking,

and I want a lot of french fries too.”

Seems like the young master greatly enjoys junk food. This part of him is also like a young man.

“Would you be needing a drink?”

“Milk,” was the young master’s reply without any hesitation.

This part doesn’t seem like a young man.

Following that conversation, I went to the nearby supermarket to buy the ingredients needed for dinner.

When I returned home, the young master was obediently writing a report, an act extremely unlike a young man. Moreover, he was writing it by hand, and the words were so neat that it looked like it was typed on the computer. In the few times I helped the young master refill his glass of milk, I saw the report expand from one page, to two pages, five pages... By the end, it was almost half the thickness of a book.

However, I had not seen the young master refer to any resources.

“Young Master, what are you writing?” I asked, a little curious.

Even though the butler’s code of conduct states that a butler should not ask their employer anything unrelated to their job as a butler, my father had also said before that “The butler’s code of conduct is dead, but the employer is alive.” If the employer likes to chat, then, as a

competent butler, one should learn to chat with the employer.

I believe that Young Master An Xiang Ye is the type of employer who belongs in the category of liking to chat.

The young master lifted his head up and answered, "The history and future trends of the development of combat weapons."

It was at this point that I suddenly realized that I did not actually know what major the young master was studying and hurriedly asked him.

"Combat major!" The young master said as though it was to be expected.

I looked at the young master's slender and slim figure. He simply did not look like someone who was good at fighting. However, no matter what the subject is, it is always divided into the practical type and the theory type. *Perhaps the young master is the theory type!*

I thought for a moment, and then asked, "Is it the university nearby?"

"Yeah."

As expected, he is a theory type. Generally speaking, true combat experts mostly come from combat schools. Combat schools look for neither age nor educational backgrounds, but rather one's skill and physique. As long as one's physical fitness is good enough, they should be able to get in.

In contrast, universities still have to look at one's educational and liberal arts background and so on. Thus, the combat majors in universities are mostly just afterthoughts

"What a fragrant smell! Can I start eating?" The young master looked at me, full of anticipation.

"Certainly. Young Master, do you wish to eat in the living room?"

"Yup!"

I tidied up the young master's homework, and then delivered dinner. The young master took a bite out of the hamburger and shouted, "What a delicious hamburger!"

Just as I was about to modestly respond, I watched the young master finish the hamburger in his hands with an alarming chewing speed. In the time gap of stretching out his hand to take another hamburger, he rapidly swallowed a dozen french fries. He had chewed them one by one before he swallowed. Yet, in the blink of an eye, he had already swallowed a dozen of them...

The young master's motions could not be said to be uncultured. As a matter of fact, he was still extremely graceful. Only, it was "fast-forwarded" by a dozen or so times.

Following that, the young master finished off five more three-layered hamburgers, an entire plate of french fries, and three glasses of milk. When he finished, he told me that if the food portion were to be just a bit bigger, he would be satisfied. I could only carry bewilderment in

my heart as I cooked another hamburger and fried one more plate of fries.

This time, after the young master finished, he was extremely happy as he said that he was full.

For the first time, I began to suspect. *The young master is definitely not a vampire, but perhaps he is a werewolf?*



After finishing dinner, the young master walked to the study and sat down in front of the computer. I had originally thought that he was finally going to start the recreational activities of a young man. However, I heard him give a call of brother. Following that were sounds of non-stop chitchat. Only then did I realize that he was using the computer to communicate with his brother and was absolutely not engaging in a youngster's recreational activities.

After clarifying with the young master that he had no other requests to make of me, I started to prepare to clean the interior of the apartment. Thankfully, the apartment wasn't extremely clean. Otherwise, I would really start to suspect that other than frying hamburgers, what purpose would I, as a butler, hold?

One hour of sitting in front of the computer later, the young master walked out. At this moment, it was roughly eight o'clock. He opened the secret workroom and sat at one of the desks inside. The top of the desk was filled with all kinds of firearms, both finished and semi-finished products. If I were not mistaken, there was even a bomb among them.

The young master picked up his work tools and started to work on those semi-finished products. If I did not understand wrongly, I believe his actions were called remodeling firearms.

The young master had said before that his family was not from the criminal underworld. I believed him. *However, perhaps they are arms dealers?*

While the young master was engrossed in remodeling firearms, I had already cleaned half of the living room. This included taking out all the books in the five giant bookcases, and, after cleaning and applying wax to both the inside and the outside, putting back into their original positions the books that had been dusted. I had discovered that among these books, there were quite a few that were three hundred or more years old. Normally, they would have been locked in a library's antique classics cabinet.

The five giant bookcases were all completely made from mahogany.

When I was maintaining the sofa and giving the wooden coffee table a good cleaning and waxing, I found out that though the sofa was of a common style, it was actually made from genuine lamb skin. The coffee table was not eye-catching either, but it was made of cypress wood and the trim in the corner was not actually brass but karat gold.

The cushions that were placed under the coffee table were all woven from the highest grade of Kashmir fleece. Moreover the starry sky and moon decorations were made of gold and silver threads interwoven together. Embedded in all four corners were silver ornamental spheres,

made fully from platinum.

I couldn't help but walk to the kitchen, pull open an inconspicuous drawer, and take out various kinds of cutlery. I did not know whether I should be happy or astonished. The cutlery was not silverware, a good thing for me as vampires are weak against material like "silver," though I could still maintain them by wearing gloves.

The knives and forks were all made of platinum. There was absolutely no need to maintain them, for platinum would never tarnish.

Hence, when I was mopping the floor and discovered that the ceramic tiles on the floor were not ceramic but some kind of metal that I did not know the name of, I was not in the least bit surprised.

I had once said that this small house wouldn't need a butler... I was truly wrong. Every piece of furniture in this place requires a butler's attentive care.

Even the rubbish bin in the corner is a high-grade ceramic work of art. Just when I was cautiously wiping a pen container made from twisting pure gold threads around various gemstones of different colors, the young master walked out and told me, "Good night, Charles. I'm going to sleep."

I snuck a peek at the clock on the wall and suppressed a feeling of shock.

Sleeping at ten o'clock? If this were the norm, I would really have to re-examine the young master's living habits. I courteously asked,

"Good night. May I inquire as to when Young Master intends to get up tomorrow?"

"Five o' clock."

I was dumbstruck. *Sleeping at ten o'clock at night and waking up at five in the morning?*

The young master looked at me and started smiling. "Charles, you don't have to follow me and get up at the same time. I'm going for a morning run at five and will only come back at approximately seven o'clock. Would you help me make breakfast? Ah... Don't you have to sleep during the day? Then never mind, I can go out to buy breakfast."

"Young Master!"

My face immediately turned stern, and I replied back politely but firmly, "Though Charles may be a vampire, Charles will definitely do his part as a butler. If there is anything you need please feel free to tell me so. You do not need to be concerned about anything else, for taking good care of all the affairs of their master is a butler's duty."

Looking at me, the young master smiled as he said, "Okay. When I come back from my morning run I'm going to take a shower first. Please help me by preparing breakfast at seven twenty."

"Understood." I respectfully received my orders, then followed up with a question. "Should I prepare your clothing for going out?"

The young master nodded his head without hesitation. "Okay."

The young master returned to his room to sleep. I cautiously tried not to make a sound and cleaned the entire house. Again and again, my eyes widened while doing so: when I discovered that the object that I was currently wiping could have more or the less the same price as a race car, or when I was pondering over which era the antique I was holding in my hands belonged to...

Just like this, I cleaned until the morning. When it was five minutes past five o'clock, the young master appeared wearing sportswear, apparently just finished with freshening up.

With a smile on my face, I greeted, "Good morning, Young Master. This morning, do you have anything in particular that you would like to eat?"

The young master thought for a moment, and then shook his head saying, "Nope, Charles, help me choose."

I asked in further detail, "Are there any foods in particular that you do not eat?"

The young master shrugged his shoulders and replied, "I eat anything." I nodded my head. For a person who could even drink human blood, it is indeed possible that he could eat anything.

The young master left the house to go for his morning run, and I started to prepare the ingredients needed for today's breakfast. There is a saying in the butler's code of conduct that the first time you make breakfast for your master, it is best to make various kinds of foods to

let the master try, so that in the future, they can indicate which type they want to eat.

The ingredients were all prepared, and save for some pre-cooked food, I would wait until the young master came home and started showering before I started cooking. This way, the temperature of the food would stay warm.

Following that, I started preparing the clothes that the young master would wear after his shower. When I opened the young master's wardrobe, I was once again flabbergasted.

Two sets of pajamas, one set of sportswear, three sets of shirts and jeans, one jacket, and one suit. Sitting on the bottom was a pair of leather shoes. *Including the sneakers and sportswear that the young master had just gone out in, these are all the clothes the young master possesses?*

With no other options, I took out a shirt and a pair of jeans. Then, I continued to wait for the young master's return.

The young master was as expected, extremely punctual. He returned home at exactly seven and then started showering. He stepped out of the shower at exactly seven twenty and sat at the table in the living room. I then served the five different types of breakfast to the young master one-by-one.

Afterward, I waited upon the young master as he dined... Basically, I stood blankly at one side and stared at the young master as he polished off all five different types of breakfast, the portion roughly

about twelve person's share.

At long last, the young master stroked his stomach, and, with a long face, he complained, "I'm so full... Charles, this might be a little too much."

I panicked a little as I explained, "I-I was intending to let you eat a little of everything, so as to see which type you prefer. Then, in the future, you would be able to say which type of breakfast you would like to eat. It was not my intention to have you finish all of them..."

"Oh." The young master seemed to think for a moment. Then, he gave a smile as he said, "Then in the future, I want one of each type. Half the amount would be fine."

"Understood." I gave a sigh of relief. Thankfully, the young master's food intake was not as terrifying as I thought... Though having six people's worth of breakfast was already shocking enough.

The young master went out to attend classes at eight, exactly on the dot. After I saw him out, I turned around to tidy up the cutlery. Only then did I return to my room and lie inside the metal cabinet. Of course, the cell phone that the young master gave me also followed me into the metal cabinet, in case the young master needed to look for me.

I slept until four in the evening and then woke up to go to the market to buy groceries. Afterward, I came home punctually at five o'clock. The young master arrived home at five thirty sharp, and I started dinner at six.

After dinner, the young master followed the previous night's exact schedule.

For the next few days, almost every day was a repeat of the first day. The young master's life was incredibly routine. There was only one exception, the night when the young master wanted to go out to have a late night snack. He is especially fond of having barbecued meat for a snack, and he had brought me along. Of course, I didn't eat the barbecued meat and only drank the blood in my canteen.

The night when we had a late night snack, the two of us, servant and master, attracted a lot of attention. First of all was my outfit. A western styled vest and a bow tie had caught the crowd's attention. Afterward, all of the customers had stared blankly at the ever-growing mountain of empty plates beside the young master.

I could not help but open my mouth to suggest, "Why doesn't Young Master eat at a buffet? Surely that would be more cost-effective."

The moment the words left my mouth, I immediately regretted them. These words sounded almost as if I was poking fun at the young master's food intake, and was definitely not something that a butler ought to say to his master. I truly had no intention of poking fun at the young master. I truly wondered.

"Hehe," Young Master chuckled as he lifted his head and said with a smile, "Charles, even if you're a vampire, you can't do something that cruel! The boss of the store will cry."

Hearing that, I tried my best to suppress the corners of my mouth that were going upwards and to not show too big a smile. I then apologized, "My sincere apologies, Young Master. Charles should not have spoken as such."

At that moment, the young master put down his barbequed meat and looked at me. He seemed a little worried as he commented, "Ever since Charles became my butler, you've been speaking so politely. I'm really not used to it! Can't we just talk like we did that first night? Speaking like friends would be enough."

I looked at Young Master An Xiang Ye, and his face showed a sense of disappointment. However, as to whether the young master was being serious about it or not, I was a little uncertain. Though there are many masters who have spoken to their subordinates about being friends, it does not necessarily mean that one can truly believe them.

Sometimes, this was only a form of test, a test to see whether their subordinates would forget themselves and overstep their boundaries. Other times, the master truly wants to maintain a relationship as friends with their subordinates. However, the master would not be as humble as he imagines himself to be.

"Charles?" The young master was looking at me, puzzled.

I gave a small smile, as I answered, "Of course we can."

The young master's eyes lit up, and he sounded excited as he commented, "That's really great. Then you can stop calling me Young Master. Just calling me Ah Ye would be fine..."

“That won’t do!” The words immediately slipped from my mouth. The young master jumped and stared at me with wide eyes.

I inwardly rebuked myself. A butler ought to maintain a graceful demeanor at all times and should not speak rude and impetuous words. More importantly, a butler should not frighten their master.

Following that, I resolutely explained, “Young Master, we may maintain our relationship as friends. However, the form of address absolutely cannot be changed. The form of address is like a master’s and butler’s contract. It constantly reminds both parties of each other’s position, as well as the rules that should be obeyed in one’s role.”

Both my father and the butler’s code of conduct agree that no matter how good the friendship is between the master and the servant, they are still master and servant, and they should definitely never overstep their boundaries.

The young master gave a laugh as he replied, “You’re so interesting, Charles. Okay then! If you don’t want to change it, then don’t.”

Why is it that the young master always says that I’m very interesting?

That night, the young master ate five thousand yuan worth of food in a BBQ store where a plate of beef was only a hundred yuan.

Perhaps I had underestimated the young master’s food intake.



Returning to the present, I shifted my attention from the young master's food intake back to the proper business of the moment.

It was already near the time that the young master would return home, and I was preparing today's dinner. In the pot was a thick simmering soup, and my hands were currently cutting the vegetables needed for the salad. The oven on the side released a fragrant smell of baked bread from time to time. Tonight's main dishes, ten slabs of beef steaks as big as one's palm were also placed on the plate. I was just waiting for the young master to come back. While he ate the salad and the baked bread, I would cook the steaks. Only then would I be able to ensure that the steaks would stay warm...

"Charles!"

I froze for a moment. This was the young master's voice. However, the young master has never spoken in such a frantic manner before.

I quickly put down the kitchen knife in my hand and went into the living room. Before I could even manage to say anything, the young master noticed me and shouted, "Charles, Charles! What to do? What should I do?"

I comforted him in a hurry. "Young Master, Young Master, calm down a little. Don't hurry, say it slowly. No matter how grave something is, there will always be a way to solve it. Come, breathe in, breathe out."

The young master followed my instructions to breathe in and out extremely obediently. After he had done so three times, I saw that the

young master had calmed down. Only then did I do my best to ask slowly but steadily, "Young Master, what has happened to make you so nervous?"

Hearing those words, the young master, who had just managed to relax, started to be nervous again, and stammered, "Charles, my c-classmates asked me to go together with them to s-sing!"

If one ignored the meaning of the sentence, then just by the tone, I would have thought that the young master's classmate had asked him to go destroy the world.

I was stunned and questioned him back. "Do you not wish to go?"

"I want to go..." The young master finished his words with a little hesitation, and then he nervously spoke again. "But, I've never sung before. I'll definitely make an idiot of myself, so it's probably better not to go."

I comforted him with a gentle tone, "It doesn't matter whether you sing well or not, your classmates are only looking for you to go hang out with them, not to enter a singing competition."

"It's not the problem of the singing." The young master scrunched his brows and was extremely vexed as he said, "I-I just don't know what I should do. They were all talking about it so happily, discussing which songs they'll select, which songs' MVs are very good, which singer recently released a greatest hits album... I can't understand them at all!"

After he said that, he looked at me pitifully, as though he were trying to find understanding on my face. However, I was not sure how to react, for I simply did not understand what the young master was worrying about. What he had just said were all words that any normal person would speak of. What was there not to understand?

In the end, he raised an example, extremely discouraged, "When my classmates asked me which song I like the most, I said that it was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, also known as 'The Symphony of Destiny.' However, my classmates all felt that I was very strange."

I understand now.

"When are your classmates inviting you?"

The young master seemed even more nervous as he replied, "It's this weekend!"

I nodded my head, and then respectfully opened my mouth to invite him. "If Young Master has nothing happening tonight, are you willing to go together with Charles to sing?"

The young master looked at me with a gaze as though I had just saved him. He seemed moved as he said, "Charles, you're so nice... But, I seem to smell something burning."

Ah!

Footnotes

- ¹ **“you”**: Whenever Charles refers to An Xiang Ye he uses the respectful form of “you” which does not exist in English.
- ² **“Bàba ”**: Bàba means father.
- ³ **“Gēge”**: Gēge means older brother.
- ⁴ **“An Te Qi”**: An Xiang Ye’s Bàba. The surname “An” in An Te Qi and An Xiang Ye means peace. “Te Qi” can mean “special contract.” Odd Squad Scanlations translates his name as Theodore Avery.

Diary of a Butler #2: Assisting the Young Master in Learning How to Sing

Dear Father,

I cannot help but repent to you, as I have made an inexcusable mistake. In the first week of work, I burned both the young master's dinner of broth and bread. If you had been aware of this in heaven, you would definitely have fiercely scolded this worthless child of yours!

Please bless me from the heavens so that I do not make any mistakes ever again.



"That's all right, the steak is delicious! The ice-cream dessert is also great!"

This time the young master comforted me instead.

I cannot let my master comfort me. I drew myself up and said, "Young Master, I shall call for a cab. The karaoke center is a little too far from our residence."

The young master shook his head and said, "There's no need for that. Let's ride over there. I have two motorcycles."

Two? He must be referring to those two motorcycles in the workshop. However, were those not placed there for decorative purposes? I asked in bewilderment, "But, how will you move those heavy motorcycles downstairs?"

The young master replied instantly, "There's an elevator in the workshop."

It looks like this house has far more secrets than I initially imagined. I had been cleaning it for a week, but I had not noticed any elevators within.

"That is fine, but Charles does not have a driver's license for heavy duty motorcycles. Charles might have to very impolitely trouble Young Master to give Charles a ride."

The young master looked at me strangely and asked, "Driver's license? I don't have that kind of thing either. It's fine even if we don't have one, right?"

That is a good question.

As there has yet to be a vampire who died due to a motor accident, I believed that I had no need to worry about whether the driver had or did not have a driver's license. Hence, I got onto the young master's motorcycle. Thus began my first ever Fearful Motorcycle Ride.

When I first went around hunting for a job as a butler, I had often encountered obstacles due to my identity as a vampire. Today was the first time that I had ever felt so thankful that I was a vampire... *At least I have no need to worry that I would turn into a 'ghost' if the motorcycle crashes in the next second.*¹

Nevertheless, in spite of this, the young master still obeyed the traffic

rules quite well. The speedometer's needle was always exactly on the speed limit. He also obeyed all traffic signals. It was just that other than when the traffic signals were red, he disliked stepping on the brakes; hence, when there were cars before us and on all sides blocking the way, he would use ingenious angles to cut through them and then continue to bypass a third car, a fourth car...

Once, the young master even slanted the body of the vehicle down... to an angle of less than 45 degrees to the ground and slipped through a small gap between a tour bus and sidewalk.

The young master said loudly while threading his way through, "Charles, I forgot to ask you. Do you know how to fly?"

Is this him trying to confirm that if an accident happens, I can carry him and fly away in time? I shouted back, "Charles does not know how to fly, Young Master, but Charles can jump great distances and heights."

"Oh, that's truly a shame." The young master sounded disappointed. I hurriedly yelled, "It is not a shame, Young Master. Charles can still manage to carry you and leap away in time."

"Nn?"

The young master suddenly braked his motorcycle. Due to my inattentiveness, I almost slammed into the young master's back. Luckily, I am a vampire; my reflexes are far superior to those of humans, and I could even go against the law of "upon stopping hurriedly, the object would still move forward" and make myself

motionless so as to not crash into the young master's back.

The young master removed his helmet, turned around, and asked me, "What did you say? Take me where?"

I was so terrified that I was drenched in cold sweat. Only after freezing for three seconds could I explain to the young master, "To somewhere safe."

The young master looked like he didn't really understand. He tilted his head and asked, "A karaoke center should be a rather safe place, right?"

I looked up and realized that we had already arrived at the place commonly known as a KTV.²

I disembarked from the motorcycle. The young master parked his motorcycle in a parking lot by the side, pulled out his keys, and made ready to leave.

"Young Master, are you not going to secure your motorcycle?"

I was very worried. With a single glance, one would be able to tell that the young master's motorcycle was not ordinary. No matter how many locks were placed, there would be no guarantee that when the young master and I were done singing and came out, we would still have a motorcycle to ride... Even though I very much wished to take a taxi, I definitely could not just watch the young master's motorcycle get stolen away because of that.

The young master patted my shoulders and grinned as he said, "Don't worry. I didn't shake off the bodyguards sent by Gēge. Those people will help me guard the motorcycle."

I stilled. *I see.*

The young master and I stepped into the KTV. This shop was designed with a futuristic look, the type of place that youngsters would feel is in style. The moment we stepped in the young master looked curiously at all the items around us. He seemed to have a special interest in the recycled mechanical parts used as decoration on the wall.

I started chatting with the young master. "Young Master must dislike modifying the human body, right? Charles has not seen any parts of your body that have been modified."

The young master turned to look at me and smiled. Afterwards, he asked, "What do we do now?"

I looked at the young master's reactions. He did not seem as flustered as he had been when he had arrived home at night. This was good. Bringing the young master here so he could familiarize himself with the surroundings in advance was indeed the right thing to do. Humans will always unconsciously feel nervous and fearful when heading to unfamiliar places. However, they also adapt easily to new surroundings. I explained carefully, "Now we will go up to an employee and convey that we wish to sing and book a vacant room."

The young master performed splendidly, doing it as casually as if he did this every day, and he kept a smile on his face the entire time.

Finally, I even noticed the female worker slyly slipping him a note.

While we were following the escort, the young master forced a smile and passed the note to me. On it was written a name and phone number.

I said teasingly, "This is good, is it not? Young Master is a stunningly attractive person!"

The young master passed me another note and with a wickedly happy look on his face said, "Another female employee wanted me to pass this to you. This is great too! Mr. Butler is also a stunningly attractive person!"

"Young Master, please do not tease me." I smiled wryly and shook my head, saying, "Charles is not as good looking as you."

The young master laughed, "Charles, you don't look at yourself in the mirror very often, do you?"

"The mirror..."

I glanced at the escort ahead of us. Even though he was leading us, he was walking very slowly. It was very obvious that he was currently eavesdropping on us. I smiled faintly and said, "Young Master, we are about to arrive. Let us discuss this later."

When we walked into the room, the escort explained the necessities and then left.

The young master was completely disinterested in the surroundings, staring at me instead, as if waiting for an explanation. I smiled, opened the door to the washroom, and stood before the mirror.

I stood between the young master and the mirror, but the mirror showed the young master's reflection clearly.

I turned around to look at the wide-eyed young master and feeling amused, explained, "Young Master, the mirror cannot reflect me. Even cameras are unable to record a vampire's presence."

"Then how do you all know your individual appearances?" The young master was very surprised.

I smiled faintly and said, "If the vampire was turned, then he would already know what he looked like. For natural-born vampires like me, we normally hire artists to draw our portraits. However, I have never done so because my father told me that, to a butler, being neat and presentable is far more important than knowing what our features look like."

The young master nodded his head and remarked, "You really do give a very neat, presentable feel in this attire, Charles!"

Speaking of attire, I suddenly remembered the simple clothing in the young master's wardrobe and hurriedly said, "Young Master, you ought to buy some clothes."

"I do have clothes," the young master tilted his head and said, confused.

“Young Master, young people rarely wear dress shirts anymore these days,” I reminded him tactfully. “If Young Master wishes to be able to integrate more successfully into a student’s life, then you ought to dress more like a young man.”

Although I myself disliked the modern youth’s fashion preferences, if the young master wished to better his interpersonal relationships, he could not dress like the youths of a century prior.

The young master laughed and said, “Okay then! We’ll go out together to buy clothes some other day. You can help me pick them out.”

He spread both his hands out and said helplessly, “You know how it is. I really don’t know how to differentiate between what looks good and what looks tacky. Like last time, there were two students who came to class wearing clothes that didn’t look very different. In my eyes, they looked the same, but my other classmates’ reactions were different. One of them got laughed at, but the other gained a lot of the girls’ attention. It was so strange!”

The young master’s so-called ‘didn’t look very different’... I’m afraid it must have been a difference of nearly a century, right?

Luckily, as a butler, helping the master match his clothes is a basic requirement. I had always paid attention to fashion trends. I immediately replied, “Very well then.”

The young master smiled and then looked around. His line of sight stopped on the machine used to pick songs. His expression

instantaneously turned nervous and he yelled, "Charles, Charles, what is this?"

"Please don't be so tense, Young Master."

I smiled warmly. This seemed to make the young master calm down significantly. Thereafter, I stepped toward the machine and as I chose a song, I said, "Charles will first pick a few songs for you to listen to."

I selected three sentimental, rock, and pop songs that were currently topping the charts to gauge which genre the young master preferred.

After the three songs finished playing, I smiled and asked, "Young Master, which song do you prefer?"

The young master replied truthfully, "I still think that Beethoven's *The Symphony of Destiny* sounds a lot better. Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, otherwise known as *Pathétique*, also sounds good."

Maybe the young master is not a young man from a century ago, but rather two centuries ago?

I pondered this for a while. *The Symphony of Destiny has a very strong beat. Maybe the young master prefers songs with a stronger beat?* I tried choosing a song of this type.

Halfway through the song, the young master's eyes lit up. Before I even asked, he shouted out, "This sounds a lot better."

I relaxed and nodded my head. Luckily it wasn't true that the young

master only liked symphonies. After that, I asked, "Young Master, I will first play the song with its original singer. After listening to it a few times, you should be able to sing it."

Hearing this, the young master nervously said, "Okay."

However, after the song played once, the young master announced, "I can do it now."

I nodded my head and played the same song again. This time, I turned off the singer's voice, leaving only the music for the young master to sing to.

The music played, but when the young master started singing, I was startled and blankly listened to him finish singing the entire song...

When the song finished playing, the young master stared at me nervously and asked, "Was my singing all right?"

I hesitantly said, "Young Master..."

"Was my singing horrible?" The young master asked worriedly.

"Young Master, you sang very well."

I worked hard to prevent too strange an expression from surfacing and explained, "However, generally, normal people do not have the ability to sing in the exact same tone and the exact same voice as the original singer."

If I had not personally witnessed the young master singing with his mouth, I would have thought that it was the original singer singing... *Seems like the young master's secrets are not any fewer in number than the secrets held by that strange workshop of his.*

"Th-then how am I supposed to sing?" The young master became even more nervous and stuttered, "I-I don't know any other way to sing."

I hurriedly comforted him, "Young Master, it will be fine if you use your own voice to sing. I will play the song again. Please relax and just use your speaking voice to sing the song."

However, when the music played, the young master gripped the microphone and mumbled a few words, then stared blankly at the screen. Finally, he looked at me miserably and said, "Charles, let me listen to you sing first."

"As you wish."

I looked at the song selection screen, wanting to pick an easier song to allow the young master to learn while listening to me. At that moment, the young master drifted closer, and I hurriedly stepped aside to allow the young master to be able to see the screen clearly.

"Charles!" He cried out and pointed to one of the songs on the screen. "Look, this song is called 'Vampire'!"

I looked at the screen, nodded my head, and said, "I know that song."
"Sing it for me!" The young master's eyes lit up.

“Understood.”

I selected the song and raised the microphone. When the music sounded, I opened my mouth and sang...

*The ancient clock chimes twelve times
A shabby coffin lid opens
The charming sunlight of day
has been slain by the black shroud
Don't scream
There's nothing
Night is only the haunt of darkness gone mad
Don't look
Just sleep tight
No blood-sucking monsters wander in daylight
Vampires stalk the streets; Strangers don't come near; Fresh blood is
my favorite drink
Don't cry Hallelujah; God's on vacation; Maria is also asleep
I coolly fling my cape aside; Bare my fangs at you; Don't struggle I'll
be gentle
When you meet vampires, hurry and scream
God Bless You*

When I finished singing, the young master was laughing so hard that he fell from the sofa and rolled onto the floor.

I took out a comb, helped to comb the young master's disheveled hair, and then straightened his clothes. He laughed while commenting, “Charles, oh Charles, where's your cape?”

"There are almost no more vampires in this era that would walk about on the streets wearing a cape." I replied truthfully, "If I wear a cape, people would not think that I am vampire. Rather, it is highly likely that they would mistake me for a cosplayer and request to take pictures with me."

Hearing this, the young master laughed hard for quite a while. Then he asked, curious, "Then do you really sleep in a coffin?"

The young master had never stepped into my room before. When I moved my things in, he was attending class at school, so he had yet to see the things inside. I nodded my head and gave a brief explanation, "I sleep in a metal cabinet similar to a coffin. It is far sturdier than a coffin. If it was attacked, it would even wake me."

This time, the young master didn't laugh. He frowned and asked, "A metal cabinet... That can't be comfortable to sleep in, can it? Why don't you sleep on a bed?"

"It's too bright. Only complete darkness can help me drift off peacefully."

Although this was something that I should not inform a human about, I had no intention of making the young master unhappy. This was, after all, not some grand secret. I explained in more detail, "If it is not completely dark, even if only a light as weak as starlight is present, my rest will be fitful. If it is for a short while, it would not be a problem, but in the long run, I would become very weak."

"Oh." The young master nodded his head and didn't ask any more

questions about vampires. He pointed towards the screen and said, "I want to learn how to sing this song."

"Understood."

After that, the young master started singing very happily using his normal voice. Just this song about vampires, he sang three times. I sneakily inserted the previous song with a heavy beat. When the young master heard it, he flinched but sang the first few lines reflexively. After looking surprised at himself, he continued on singing the song.

Starting after that, everything became a lot easier. I sang one song, and then the young master sang it once more. The young master's ability to learn was very high. After hearing a song once, he could sing the song perfectly.

We sang like this for three hours until an employee came by to ask whether we wanted to extend our stay. I looked at the young master. He seemed indecisive. I was just about to tell the employee to extend our time by two hours...

The young master cried out, "Oh no! I forgot to call Gēge!"

I hurriedly changed my mind and told the employee, "There is no need. Please bring us the bill."

When we walked out of the KTV, the young master seemed to be in a very good mood. He was even humming songs; mostly he was humming that song "Vampire." *Looks like I should buy that album.*

We walked to the parking lot, and sure enough, the young master's motorcycle was still around. His bodyguards were very dutiful. We walked toward it. The young master put on his safety helmet, and I was putting on my safety helmet as well...

"This is a robbery!"

I turned and saw two figures rushing toward us. They were both holding guns and eyeing the young master's motorcycle, faces alight with glee. They roared at us, "Hand over your wallets and helmets, then scam!"

I frowned. *The robbers are already aiming their guns at the young master. Why haven't those hidden bodyguards appeared yet?*

I looked at the young master. He had already finished putting on his helmet. It offered full-protection, and the visor appeared silver from the outside. I couldn't see his face and thus I also could not see the young master's expression. This made me unsure of what course of action I should take.

"Hurry up and move!" The robbers had already lost their patience, and it seemed like a bullet might fly out of their guns at anytime.

I frowned, wanting to stand before the young master, but I saw the young master calmly reaching into his jacket, his movements as fluid and as natural as if he were about to pull out a handkerchief... However, he drew out a pistol.

This massive discrepancy caused both the two robbers and I to stare. Just when the robbers were about to shoot, and while I was debating between stepping up to block the shots or leaving this matter to the hidden bodyguards who had yet to make a move, the young master fired without warning. His shooting speed was very fast; it sounded as though he had only made one shot.

However, I could distinguish that there had been four shots made: two shots at the robbers' guns and another two at the robbers' knees.

As the robbers fell to the ground and screamed, hugging their knees, the young master calmly holstered his gun as if he were slipping a handkerchief back into place.

I had no idea what to say and could only compliment him. "Young Master, excellent marksmanship."

The young master raised his visor, smiled at me, and then yelled to the surroundings, "Don't kill them, or I'll make you regret it!"

I started, and after mulling it over for a while, I realized that the young master was speaking to the bodyguards hiding in the surroundings.

"Let's go, Charles."

I turned my head to look. The young master had already started up his motorcycle. I got on the motorcycle and thought that maybe I had been mistaken earlier. The young master must be a combat student in the actual combat department rather than the theory department.

The next day, when the young master returned home in the afternoon, he passed me a portrait. It was an oil painting and very realistic, almost like a photograph. The black-haired man in the portrait was wearing a western-styled vest with a tie. He had a gentle smile and a pair of gentle lake-green eyes.

I looked up at the young master.

The young master smiled and said, "This is you in my eyes, Charles."

Hearing this, I could not prevent myself from looking down at the picture again. I could vaguely find some of my father's looks in the features of the man in the picture, so it must be my appearance indeed, but how is it that the man appears so gentle?

Although I had never seen myself before, out of all the vampires I have ever seen, vampires were usually sinister and bewitching. Not a single one of the vampires ever gave off a gentle aura.

Or maybe, the young master unconsciously painted his own perception of me? Does he think that I am very gentle?

I looked up and was about to thank the young master, but suddenly I smelled something strange on him... It was the smell of food. A vampire's food. Blood.

However, when I took a more careful sniff, I felt confused. The smell

was a little strange. It didn't seem to be very pure blood.

After some consideration, I could only ask, "Young Master, are you hurt?"

He gave an "mmh" sound and said nonchalantly. "I just cut my arm."
I was stunned by his casualness but then remembered that the young master was part of the combat department. *Getting hurt must be normal for him!*

"Is the wound serious? Is there a need to call for a doctor...?" I was so worried that only halfway through my question did I suddenly remember that in the contact list of the cell phone Mr. Kyle had given me, there was no one addressed as a doctor.

Then, the young master rolled up his left sleeve.

I looked and drew in a sharp breath. The young master's left forearm had a slash about twenty centimeters long. It was jagged, as if it were caused by some weapon that was not very sharp. These sorts of injuries definitely needed stitches and might even warrant a tetanus shot to prevent infection.

"There's no need to look for a doctor. I just sprayed on some medicine to stop the bleeding. Later, I can use artificial flesh to create..."

The young master spoke nonchalantly but stopped abruptly halfway through his sentence. He raised his head to look at me, as if at a loss for words.

I noticed it and immediately changed the subject, asking, "Young Master, does Charles need to help you bandage it?"

"No, there's no need to bandage it." The young master hesitated, but ultimately shook his head.

It's 'no need to bandage it' not 'no need for my help bandaging it'?

I bowed my head and lowered my eyes, politely answering, "As you say."

The young master stood silently, not making a move to bandage his own wound, but not giving me any signals to do other housework. So I stood there and waited. Sure enough, after a short while, the young master asked hesitantly, "Charles, do you feel that... I'm very strange?" I lifted my head and looked at the young master. He looked back at me timidly. I smiled and instead of replying to him, I asked, "Young Master, do you feel that it is strange for a vampire to desire to be a butler?"

The young master blinked and then laughed.

"It is very strange! It's so great that Charles is so strange!"

Footnotes

¹ **“Today was the first time that I had ever felt so thankful that I was a vampire... *At least I have no need to worry that I would turn into a ‘ghost’ if the motorcycle crashes in the next second*”**: In Chinese, vampire is literally “blood-sucking ghost” (吸血鬼 xīxuèguǐ). 吸血 (xīxuè) means “blood-sucking” while 鬼 (guǐ) means “ghost.” Since Charles is a vampire, which is already a type of “ghost,” he has no need to worry about turning into a ghost.

² **“KTV”**: A KTV is a karaoke bar. KTV is short for karaoke television. At a KTV, you can choose songs to sing, generally from a karaoke machine or from a booklet with a list of songs. You can book private rooms to sing with your friends. Some KTVs require you to order drinks.

Diary of a Butler #3: Practicing Conversation with the Master

Dear Father,

I seem to be able to understand a few of the teachings that you once taught. You had said before, that for a genuinely good employer, the reason that would make his or her subordinates wholeheartedly devoted to them is definitely not money. Regarding the portrait that the young master gave me, I could not find any place safe enough to store it. In the end, I could only put it in the metal cabinet that I sleep in.

May you bless me from the heavens, that I will be able to receive more rewards transcending monetary gain.



In the evening, while I was waiting upon the young master's meal, he ate very slowly. So slowly, in fact, that it was just like a normal person's eating pace. Just when I was finding it strange, the young master put down his cutlery and looked deeply worried as he lifted his head to ask me, "Charles, what do I have to do to be able to converse with my classmates?"

I looked at the young master's worried expression and understood that he must have run into a difficult problem of interpersonal relationships in school again. After giving it much thought, I picked an answer that was the least likely to go wrong and replied, "As long as you talk naturally about each other's affairs, that will be fine."

The young master made a pained face and said, "But I don't understand the things my classmates talk about at all. Yet if I were to say something first, my classmates would all stare at me blankly, and nobody would reply."

"May I ask Young Master to give an example of something that you have said before?"

After he gave a nod of his head, the young master replied, "There was a time when I saw everyone discussing how difficult the report that the teacher gave was and how the time span given to do it was too short. They said things like they definitely wouldn't be able to complete it and such. Then I butted in to say, not really, this time the report topic is 'Modern weapon trends – energy weapons', and I have chosen the discussion topic of 'How to improve the overly short battery life of energy weapons.' One can start from the aspect of the expenditure of energy. As long as one can achieve the most effective balance between the expended amount of energy and the killing power of the weapon, it would be extremely beneficial in battles. Of course, one can also discuss the various types of weapons. The bladed type energy weapon is more durable than the firearms type, and moreover, an energy blade can even cut through reinforced concrete. Though blades have a weak point of having a limited range, if one is able to use a mix of bladed weapons and firearms..."

I completely understood the distress of the young master's classmates now.

I gently called out, "Young Master."

He halted his words and looked at me, still having a miserable look on his face.

I tried my best to explain clearly. "Your classmates actually only wanted to grumble to each other a little that the assignment the teacher gave was too tough and were not really intending to discuss the contents of the report. Therefore, next time you can also follow along and grumble a little, and then you will be able to join your classmates' conversation."

"But what's the use of grumbling?" The young master frowned and seemed not to understand in the least bit as he said, "After grumbling, you still have to do your assignment! Moreover, grumbling would not only waste your time, it also doesn't help with the contents of the report. Why not discuss the details of the assignment then?"

What truly valuable advice... What a pity it is not the correct answer.

I couldn't help but recall Mr. Kyle's words. He had said that the young master was extremely cultured but was extremely lacking in common knowledge with regard to normal human relationships. He could not have been more accurate with his description. The lifestyle and behavior of the young master was just like the idealized lifestyle of a teenager out of a textbook... yet a far cry from that of an actual teenager.

I explained to the young master in detail, "It is because they feel that it is very painful to do the assignment, so they would grumble about it to each other first. This would let everyone be able to vent their emotions, and then they would be more willing to do their assignment."

"I don't find it painful!" The young master replied in a small voice, "The assignment is very simple. Compared to talking to my classmates, it is much simpler..."

I inwardly gave a wry smile. *An ordinary person would usually rather talk to others than do their assignment, right?*

After giving it some thought, I suggested, "Young Master, after you have finished your dinner and also talked to Master, let us go watch the news. Following that, we can talk to each other about the contents of the news. We can practice a little first, and then tomorrow, you will be able to talk with your classmates about the events reported in the news."

"Sure!" The young master agreed enthusiastically while looking at me with an expression as if I had saved him.

After dinner, the young master ended his conversation with the master early and sat in the living room waiting for me. Seeing this, I too hurriedly put down the cleaning that I had been doing. I rushed over to the living room and turned on the television.

At that moment, the television was broadcasting various deeds of heroes. For the most popular news story today, nothing could surpass the deed done by the hero named "Dark Sun." At noon today, he dealt with an incident regarding a bus being seized by terrorists.

Once I saw that, I happily commented, "Ah, this is really wonderful. Dark Sun is a very good conversation topic."

The young master's eyes widened, and then he asked me in astonishment, "Why is that so?"

I gave a smile. "Asking people why" is indeed a pretty good conversation starter. I started to "chat" with the young master with the intention of making use of this chance to also conveniently build up his common knowledge.

"Young Master, due to the advancement of science and technology in the area of technological modification in the recent years, there are a lot of people who have gained a large amount of strength from modifying their body. The immense power obtained resulted in strong villains but, at the same time, also brought up countless heroes. Regarding all this, you should have already known about it, right?"

The young master hesitated for a moment, but he still gave a nod of his head.

Thankfully, the young master was not as lacking in common knowledge as I had imagined so, though I was a little nervous about his hesitation. If he did not even know about "heroes," then I would really have to "start teaching him from the very beginning."
I continued, "Though there are a lot of heroes, a majority of them are short-lived. After all, if heroes can modify themselves to become stronger, the evildoers can modify themselves to become even stronger. There are quite a few heroes who are either dead or were defeated under the hands of the villains and do not dare show themselves ever again."

“However, there are always a few exceptions among them. One of them is ‘Dark Sun.’ He is a hero who suddenly emerged five years ago. Up to now, none have heard of his defeat, though within the current heroes, there are a few more people who have managed this feat. For example, the hero that has been named by others as the most violent hero, Dragon Peace, the most dashing hero, First Wind, and the only female hero, Solitary Butterfly.”

The young master seemed to blank out upon hearing this, and he blankly said, “I didn’t even know that there were this many heroes.”

I felt a little weak as I gave a smile. Heroes have been the most popular topic in the recent few years. Even a ten-year-old would probably be able to mention the names of at least five heroes off the top of their head and even be eager to say which hero was the one they idolized.

“Then, Dark Sun shouldn’t be a rather famous hero, right? Just now when you mentioned the most violent, the most dashing and the like, Dark Sun was not included!” The young master asked, full of curiosity. I gave a smile and then shook my head saying, “Just the opposite, Young Master. That is because Dark Sun is always wearing silver-colored goggles, and one cannot see what his true appearance is. Most importantly, he always comes and goes without a trace and has been named as the most mysterious hero. Mysterious and strong heroes are exactly the kind of people that teenagers like to idolize the most, and hence, naturally, he is a good conversation topic.”

The young master seemed to be a little hesitant as he pondered, as if he did not know what to reply as per usual.

I attempted to give the young master a helping hand. "Young Master, what are your feelings regarding Dark Sun?"

"I don't feel anything!" The young master exclaimed with a little helplessness, and then he boldly replied, "I don't know him, so what could I possibly feel toward him?"

Smiling, I replied, "Young Master, you wouldn't be able to converse with your classmates this way. You could try saying instead that you don't really know and then ask the other party about what they think."

"Charles."

"Yes?"

"Then what are your feelings regarding Dark Sun?" The young master stared at me with curiosity.

The young master sure learns fast...

I gave it some thought and then chose to reply in a way that would never offend anyone, "I feel that with the existence of heroes, it would at least make those people who are planning to do evil have some apprehensions. This would also benefit the average civilian. Moreover, the existence of a hero would always be able to ignite hope in the people. Also, I think that the fact that Dark Sun does not show his true appearance and does not seek any reward for doing good deeds is something that makes people admire him. "

"His true appearance, huh?" The young master pondered over it for a moment and then inquisitively asked, "Charles, what do you think Dark Sun would look like?"

It appears that the young master has already grasped that the essence of conversation is 'questioning.'

"I have not thought about it before." Smiling, I replied, "I believe that everyone would like to know a hero's true appearance! However, if possible, I would on the contrary hope that I would not run into him."

"Why?" The young master's eyes turned wide, and he exclaimed, "Didn't you say that everyone would hope to see the heroes?"

"Yes, I did. However, Young Master, the mentioned 'everyone' is referring to the human population while Charles is a vampire." I gave a forced smile as I continued, "To heroes, a vampire who sucks the blood of humans is probably their natural enemy, right? If a hero were to scream bloody murder and attempt to kill me, I would be very distressed."

The young master tilted his head again, seeming to be thinking it over. Then he looked at me and asked, "Charles, where does all the blood you drink come from?"

As expected. This question was something that every employer of mine had asked. After all, they would not wish for my food to be sucked out of their necks.

I respectfully answered, "All of the blood is bought from the hospital."

"I know that you buy it from the hospital! The name of the hospital is on top of all the blood packs." The young master seemed not to mind in the least as he continued to ask, "What I meant was, Charles, you don't like to go out during the daytime, but I haven't seen you go out at night either. Also, by the time I go to sleep, it's already ten, and the hospital should be closed by then?"

So he was actually asking about that. I gave a smile as I replied, "There is someone who specially helps send it over to me by express delivery, so I do not need to go out to buy it."

The young master looked at me for quite a while. Just as I was feeling puzzled and about to take the initiative to ask him what he wished to know, he gave a smile as he said, "Charles, don't tell me that you haven't bitten anyone with your teeth before?"

Once I heard this question, my whole body froze. I was extremely uncomfortable regarding this topic. However, I still answered truthfully, "Yes, I have."

"Oh!" The young master's eyes widened a little, and as though he was in disbelief, he said, "I completely couldn't tell that was the case. It feels like Charles is a lot gentler than humans. It's so hard to imagine that you would bite someone!"

No matter how gentle I am, I am still a vampire! I gave a wry smile as I told him, "Young Master, didn't you already see me reveal my fangs and claws on the first night?"

"I did!" The young master seemed a little excited as he replied, "It was very cool! Suddenly turning from a Mr. Nice Guy into a vampire, and moreover, you seemed very strong!"

Young Master... A normal person should feel that it is very scary instead of very cool, right?

"Do all vampires have fangs and sharp fingernails?" The young master asked inquisitively.

"Yes, that is a basic ability," I answered honestly. Tonight, the young master seemed to be especially interested in vampires.

He appeared to be in thought again and then asked even more excitedly, "Then are there vampires that can fly?"

The young master seems to be especially interested in flight? I thought for a moment and then replied, "I only know of vampires that can float for a short duration. However, as for those that can truly take flight, I have yet to see any. Then again, I think that it is possible that they exist, just that majority of vampires are not willing to reveal their true strength."

After my answer, the young master started thinking deeply over it, though from my point of view, he looked more like he was in a daze. After he was lost in thought for a long while, he abruptly opened his mouth to ask, "Charles, do you know a place with a lot of vampires?" Hearing this question, I almost became hostile. Almost hostile, but not quite, for I knew that I should still continue to maintain an expression befitting that of a butler. I politely and respectfully gave a bow as I

apologized, "Young Master, please forgive Charles for not being able to tell you."

I kept my back bent, waiting for the young master to tell me that it was okay, or to unhappily complain of me being a killjoy and the like. However, the young master instead asked in a timid voice, "Charles, are you angry?"

I was a little astonished. *Have I shown any trace of anger?*

"Charles does not dare to be."

The young master fell silent for a while and then said, "I'm sorry. I was only... Anyway, I won't ask about matters regarding vampires anymore in the future. Don't be angry. I'll leave to remodel the guns. You can go do your own business."

I was stunned and straightened my back. I saw the young master turn off the television, open the door to the workroom, and walk away without even looking back. He sat down in front of the table and started to remodel firearms.

I poured a cup of milk for the young master, and the young master gave me a word of thanks in return. I too did not inquire as to whether the "conversation" practice was to be continued some other day and only silently watched the young master remodel firearms.

Thinking back on it, I was indeed a little bit angry. In the past few days, the young master had never seemed to mind that I was a vampire. Hence, my expectations toward him had apparently risen,

and I always thought that the young master had never viewed me as someone from a different kind. However, he had asked so many things regarding vampires this night, causing me to feel a little disappointed. Though, I was still rather mystified. *How did the young master manage to see through my feelings?*



The next morning, when I saw the young master out of the house, he seemed a little downcast.

This did not make me feel like sleeping at all when I lay down in my metal cabinet. I only felt upset. *Why did I have to become angry at the young master because of such a small problem? No matter who it is, they would always be interested in things that they don't understand. Moreover, the young master is a young man. If young men are not curious, then can they still be called young men?*

It was just a conversation, and the young master had not forced me to answer.

Sigh... Though my current age is already much greater than that of my deceased, honorable father, I still do not have the cool-headedness he had while he was serving as a butler. As expected, I still have a lot of areas where I need to improve.

Tonight, after the young master returns, I should go apologize to him and then continue our conversation practice.

After thinking it through, I finally felt sleepier.

Ding Dong.

I woke up from a state of being half sleep. Opening my eyes, I immediately knew that it was the doorbell.

After leaving the metal cabinet that I slept in, I walked to the living room. The sunlight shone in through the window curtains that were drawn apart, and it was extremely blinding. I avoided the sunlight that was shining in and then took a glance at the clock on the wall in passing. It was currently midday. No wonder I felt this uncomfortable. Walking to the front door, I pressed the button to show the incoming visitors on the screen at the doorbell. Three people were shown clearly on the screen, but I did not recognize a single one of them. Perhaps they were acquaintances of the young master ... Though I did not think in the least bit that someone as cultured as the young master would know these three people who were dressed like small fry gangsters. Even if the visitors looked like they did not even know how to spell the word "etiquette," I still asked them courteously, "May I ask who this is?"

Outside, the person standing in the center roared rudely, "Charles Endelis! We are from the Falcon Group!"

Hearing this name, my mood immediately soured. *So they do not simply look like small fry gangsters but really are gangsters.* I said indifferently, "I am sorry, but you are not welcome here."

I did not want to bother with them. Even if it was currently midday, they did not have the guts to provoke me. The only reason why I had not turned off the monitor and gone back to sleep in my metal cabinet

was because I was worried that these people would break the front door. This was the young master's residence after all.

"Do you not care about your young master anymore?"

My face rapidly changed, and I instantly pulled open the front door. With my tone lowered, I said, "What did you say? What did you all do to the young master?"

When the three people saw the door swing open and me standing right in front of their eyes, they all received a terrible fright and retreated several steps. Each of them took out a different kind of firearm and aimed at me, roaring, "Stop! Take another step and your young master is definitely going to die!"

I frowned and partially revealed my fangs as I growled, "You all should be well aware of my identity. Guns are useless against me. So what is the situation with the young master, tell me now!"

Unexpectedly, the three instantly turned tail and fled. They actually did not even have the courage to fire at me. Only the footsteps of one faltered a little as he dropped a wad of paper and then clumsily ran down the stairs without looking back .

I did not chase after them. Having served a mob boss more than once, I knew that these small fries would not know much. Thus, I only walked forward and picked up the slip of paper. There was only a string of telephone digits written on it. Other than that, there was no message at all.

Could it be that the young master has really been captured...? Calm down! I need to calm down. There are many hidden bodyguards at the young master's side. It is impossible that something would happen.

I returned to my room and picked up the cell phone that the young master had given to me. I first dialed the young master's number; however, there was instead a ringing sound coming from his room. When I entered and took a look, his cell phone was left right beside his bed. It looked like the young master had forgotten to bring it with him. I could only open the contacts inside my cell phone. Inside of it were the contact numbers of quite a few squads of bodyguards. I called the person who was in charge of all the bodyguards. Once the phone was picked up, I instantly questioned, "May I inquire as to the current whereabouts of the young master?"

The person on the other end of the phone too replied in simple terms as though he was highly trained in this matter, "We lost him."

I was stunned and then hurriedly asked again, "When did you lose him?"

"In the morning, ever since the young master left the house. He didn't go to school either, and his whereabouts are unknown. We're still in the midst of tracking him down."

Hearing that, my heart turned cold. *Could it be that the young master has really been captured by the Falcon Group?*

From the phone, the voice of the other person transmitted again.

"Please don't be overly worried. The young master does this often."

“Is that so?” I gave a forced smile. Within his tone, he seemed to be complaining a little. It seemed like the young master really makes these bodyguards distressed rather often.

However, this time it was very probable that it could be different than usual.

I ended the call and dialed the phone number listed on the slip of paper.

“Charles Endelis!”

Once the call connected, the other party spoke my name in a voice of hatred, as though he hated me so much that his teeth itched. I was extremely familiar with this voice, for I had been employed under him for two months as a butler... No! I should say employed under him for two months as a hitman.

I coldly replied, “Mr. Burt, if you have any problems, please direct them at me. You should be well aware of my price tag, and for someone to be able to employ me as a butler, they would surely not be an ordinary person. You would not want to provoke the young master’s family!”

The other man started laughing madly, and then he coldly replied, “Do you take me as a fool? I have thoroughly investigated that person An Xiang Ye. He is but a wastrel who is squandering money from the insurance of both his parents’ death!”

I was shocked. But, this was impossible. Though I had not properly heard the young master talk about family matters, I knew that the young master still had a father and an elder brother at least. Moreover, by the young master's words, the elder brother who was the one with power in this household was definitely no ordinary person.

The young master was most definitely not a wastrel. He did not have any splurging habits at all. Even for supper, he would always go to a regular barbeque shop. Though it was true that the items inside the house were all very expensive, I believed that none of them were bought by the young master. Most probably, it was the master who had bought them. That was because ever since I became the young master's butler, I had never seen the young master buy any luxury goods.

Because I could not understand him, I stayed silent. However, the other side obviously thought that it was a sign of my guilty conscience. After he gave a cold laugh, he said, "If you want your young master to be perfectly unharmed, then go to the indicated place within thirty minutes. If you're late by a minute, I'll chop off one of your young master's limbs. If you're late by five minutes, then be prepared to receive his corpse!"

Following that, he gave me a location. I knew the place. It was an abandoned garbage dump. The surroundings were extremely open, and there was no shelter at all. I would be completely exposed to the light of the noon sun, and this was clearly the other's aim.

After the other person had finished his harsh words, he immediately hung up.

I frowned. That location was a little far, so there was not much time for me to hesitate. No matter what, I would have to go over and take a look.

I hastily put on my full traditional suit. This suit was extremely thick and was completely black. Lastly, I put on a black cape. This layer upon layer of black clothing would be able to absorb a large amount of ultraviolet rays and not let them shine directly onto my body.

Finally, I put on a black western-styled man's hat and black sunglasses. Then I opened the full-length window and walked to the balcony. Even though I had this much protection, the sunlight still made me feel extremely uncomfortable as per usual, as though I was being roasted. I jumped onto the railing of the balcony. Then, with a leap, I crossed two buildings and landed on the roof of a third. When I landed, not a single sound was made. With a running start, I made another jump... Just like this, again and again, I jumped from one building to another and proceeded toward my destination soundlessly yet rapidly.

Diary of a Butler #4: The Master's Safety at Risk

Dear Father:

You have said once before that no matter what happens, a good butler must always stay calm and collected while keeping a straight face, so as not to let his own mood affect that of his employer. However, you have never mentioned what I should do if even keeping on a straight face is not enough to hide my feelings from my employer.

Please bless me from the heavens, as to prevent my own mood from affecting the young master henceforth.



When I first arrived at the garbage dump, there was not a single person there. Thus, I could only pick an empty spot that was not overly dirty to wait there.

It was very clear today with an abundance of light. It seemed like the other party had specially picked a sunny day and, as expected, the day they had picked so meticulously was good. I felt as though my entire body had been thrown in an oven... *After saving the young master, shall we have roasted fish for dinner tonight? I wonder how many fish will be necessary to satisfy the young master's appetite?*

I am not sure if twenty fish will be enough, but the oven at home definitely cannot roast that many fish. Maybe I should purchase a bigger oven and then buy another smaller oven. The large oven can be used to roast main dishes, while the small oven can be used for

desserts...

I tried my best to ponder over how to be a better butler, shifting my attention away from the word "hot." However, the more I thought about it, the hotter I felt... Sure enough, I should not have thought about something like ovens.

Hm, then how about we have ice cream for dessert? Though we had just eaten some not too long ago, in such hot weather, the young master should want to have it. The ice cream from last time made him very happy, and he finished no less than three tubs by himself.

"Charles Endelis!"

I turned my thoughts on desserts back to the current situation and looked in the direction of the voice. There were about thirty or so people, and in each of their hands they held a gun. They were standing quite a distance away from me, about a hundred meters. I also saw my previous employer, Mr. Burt. He was standing in the center of all the bodyguards. It seemed like everything had gone well for him since I had left. Furthermore, it appeared that he was even heftier than before.

In the past when I was still his butler, the only duty I fulfilled as a butler was preparing food for him. The food that he liked coincidentally happened to be rather similar to the young master's taste; they both liked high calorie food. Though the amount he ate wasn't as much as the young master's intake... the young master is able to maintain a third of Mr. Burt's width. The young master's stomach really is something that is even more mysterious than a vampire.

Though I saw Mr. Burt, I did not see the young master An Xiang Ye. I frowned, and in a loud voice I asked, "Mr. Burt, may I inquire as to the whereabouts of my young master?"

Mr. Burt, extremely lacking in manners, gave an enraged roar, "Did you think that I would be foolish enough to bring him here? I'm warning you, Endelis, my other subordinates are currently watching that lad. As long as you dare to attack us, they will immediately slaughter him!"

I fell silent for a moment, and then taking a step forward, I practically vanished into thin air. When I re-appeared, I was standing in front of Mr. Burt.

I looked at him, but he had not seemed to manage to react yet and was only staring at me blankly. Actually, he was not the only one. Not a single one of the bodyguards on either side of him managed to react in time, though these bodyguards had more or less modified their bodies.

However, regardless of how strong or fast one is after modifying their body, if one's brain cannot keep up, then what use is there?

Just like now, if I had wanted to kill Mr. Burt, he would have long since been dead. Regarding those modified bodyguards, no matter how numerous they are, they would not be of any use. That is because their reaction speed simply could not keep up with my movements. It was only when I reached out my hand and grabbed Mr. Burt's neck did I see a reaction from him. He stared at me with wide-open eyes.

Though this action was something that the young master did rather often, when the young master did it, it would always make others want to answer his questions. However, for Mr. Burt, it instead...
Cough! *I nearly thought of something lacking in manners.*

I indifferently told him, "Sorry, but I am also not so foolish as to let you do as you wish simply because you are using my young master as a hostage. I must tell you, if you do not hurt the young master, I will guarantee that your life will be spared. If you do or have hurt him, I would also not kill you. It is just that you will not be alive either. You know that vampires can turn humans into 'blood slaves' who will unconditionally obey their master's orders, right?"

I watched with great satisfaction as his pupils abruptly shrunk, and I nodded my head as I continued. "I would definitely turn you into such a thing. Then, I would let you spend eternity in pain. You would not wish for that kind of situation to happen, right?"

At this moment, those slow-witted bodyguards finally came to their senses, and all thirty or so guns were pointed directly at me. However, before Mr. Burt gave a command, they would not dare to do anything. I gave a flat demand, "Mr. Burt, please set the young master free."

Mr. Burt's face became gravely distorted, as though he was extremely conflicted. In the end, he instead roared, "I can't set him free. However, I can send you to hell and reunite you with him! Open fire! Shoot him dead!"

"I had thought that you understood my strength."

Mr. Burt's reply made me feel a little shocked. Though I had not shown my true strength in front of him, I should have shown him sufficient strength. Otherwise, under the situation where he already had a bunch of bodyguards with modified bodies, he would not be willing to fork out ten million to hire me.

"Of course I know how strong you are. However..." Mr. Burt hollered, "I also know that you don't dare kill people and are a spineless fellow, Endelis!"

After hearing this reply, I suddenly felt that it was a little funny. *Do not tell me that the reason I left, which was my unwillingness to follow his orders to kill, had become that I did not dare to kill?*

At this instance, a gunshot rang in the surroundings, and simultaneously I raised my hand up, grabbing hold of something. "A silver bullet?"

I opened up my hand and gave a dull smile as I examined the silver bullet in my palm. *For vampires whose "Generation Number" is further off, silver bullets might actually be considerably lethal. However, for vampires whose "Generation Number" is only a single digit, they simply do not count as a type of weapon. They are not as much of a threat as energy weapons, which are currently the most popular.* Mr. Burt's expression turned into one of disbelief. He stammered, "Y-You're not afraid of silver? How is this possible? Aren't all vampires scared of silver!"

"I am scared..."

I gently tilted my palm, and watched the shining silver bullet fall onto the floor. Then I lifted my head up, and smiled as I continued, "I am scared that it will contaminate my blood. However, you would have to let it touch the blood in my body before that would work."

Once Mr. Burt heard that, he immediately roared, "Shoot! Hurry up, shoot him! Didn't you hear what he said? If you can hit him until he spurts blood, then we can finish him off!"

To have had such an employer in the past, this is really enough to make me feel ashamed for eternity!

Within moments, gunshots rang out. I hesitated for a moment, and threw aside Mr. Burt, who was in my hands. Then, I dodged the majority of the bullets with lightning speed. I did not manage to avoid a portion of them... Combat was simply not my specialty. However, it actually did not matter that much. The silver bullets were not enough to cut my skin open and subsequently contaminate my blood.

As for the reason why I wanted to avoid those bullets, it was purely for the sake of the clothes on my body. However, that too was not important now, for whether there were three or three hundred holes, it would be the same. In conclusion, this set of clothes could not be worn again.

The other party fired at me non-stop, but other than that, they were completely unable to do anything else. Just as I had said before, their reaction speeds could not match up to my movement. However, even with their random firing, they never seemed to run out of bullets in their magazines... I could not help but sigh. *Modern weapons sure are*

advanced. It is practically as though they have unlimited bullets.

Even though I was extremely reluctant, I still had to raise my hand against them and attack. The young master's situation was unknown and if I were to delay any further, I was afraid that the young master's life would become even more endangered.

I dodged to the back of a bodyguard and just as I was about to knock him out with a chop, he suddenly gave a violent shudder and fell to the ground. This made me a little puzzled. *What exactly happened?*

"Hurry up and stop! We're hitting our own men!" The others yelled in a panic.

I see. I felt that it was a bit laughable. Before they came back to their senses, I darted to the back of another person and knocked him out. Then, I once again darted behind another person.

This person's reflexes were not bad. He sensed me and spun around, and immediately there were the loud sounds of gunfire. However, while he was turning, I had long since followed him and shifted behind him again. I was just in time to see him shoot down a few of his comrades who were originally standing behind him. I could only raise an arm to knock him out so as to prevent him from killing more people. In less than a minute, I once again returned in front of Mr. Burt. He was half sprawled on the floor and was the only human left on the scene who was not lying down. However, the credit for this was truly not completely mine. I had only knocked a few bodyguards unconscious; most of them had fallen under the gunfire of their comrades.

I lowered my head to look at Mr. Burt and softly told him, "You still do not understand my strength, Mr. Burt. Otherwise, you would not have come and pursued me for such insignificant secrets. That is really not worth it."

Mr. Burt was like a fish out of water... Perhaps a puffer fish would be more appropriate. His mouth opened again and again, but other than breathing in hard, he did not manage to form any words the entire time.

I looked at the sea of people on the ground surrounding me and gave a sigh. After this experience, Mr. Burt would probably not come and pursue me again. Therefore, there should be no need to slaughter anyone to warn him.

However, following that, a difficult problem arose. Even though I grabbed Mr. Burt's neck and interrogated him, he changed his attitude from before and kept insisting that he had not captured the young master and was only deceiving me.

I did not know what to do. After all, I could not really kill him. Maybe Mr. Burt was telling the truth. However, inside my heart I understood that a greater possibility was that he had already killed the young master, and was only insisting that he had not captured the young master in order to save his life.

I released the person in my hands with despair in my heart. *If something has truly happened to the young master, the only employer to have associated with me this pleasantly, and he actually met an*

unfortunate demise because of me, then tell me, how am I to have the courage to look for the next employer?

Should I obediently go back to my ancient castle, and become a vampire served by others, never to dream of being a butler anymore?

“Miscreant!”

I froze for a moment before returning to my senses. With a quick look around, I found the person who had spoken.

He was standing on top of a high mountain of trash. Even if one did not want to notice him, it would be difficult to do so.

When he saw that I had noticed him, he instantly roared, “To have actually hurt so many people! Miscreant! As a hero, I will never let you get away with this!”

So it was a “hero.”

I took measure of him. His entire attire looked rather stylish, and he was wearing a mask on his face. The body part that he had modified was his left arm. This was the body part that most people would choose to modify. A modified arm was after all, not as meticulous as a real arm, and was unable to do some finer movements. Therefore, a majority would choose to keep their right arm and modify their left arm into a formidable modified limb.

However, he did not seem to be a famous hero. As everyone knows, the most violent hero, Dragon Peace, has exaggerated muscles as his

trademark. He does not seem to have modified his body, but everyone has speculated that that pair of strong arms must have been modified. His arms must simply have been made to look very much like real ones. Moreover, he does not wear anything to cover his face, yet for some reason, no one has found out where he lives.

The most dashing hero is First Wind. Though he is nicknamed the most dashing, it is because he has handsome posture and elegant movements. As to what his face looks like, no one actually knows. That is because he is always wearing a mask that covers half of his face. The place that he has modified is his left arm.

As for the only female hero, there was no need to even mention her. The person in front of my eyes was definitely a male, not a female. The last one, the one nicknamed the most mysterious hero, Dark Sun, always wears silver goggles. He also has a very special trait, and that is that he never speaks. Furthermore, the duration in which he appears has never exceeded three minutes. Therefore, he has seldom appeared on the media. The media could only interview the people who had been helped by Dark Sun as to what had happened. Since this person had shouted miscreant right at the start, he was obviously not Dark Sun either.

The only possible candidate was First Wind. However, my disrespectful speculation was that this person was definitely not him either. His presence was simply not enough to be named the most dashing hero. Compared to this person, Young Master An Xiang Ye's presence could practically be that of a prince.

As of now, other than these four heroes that have been established,

the others are not really heroes. After all, these so-called heroes could not appear more than a few times before getting killed by the villains or vanishing without a trace.

At most, this person in front of me can only be considered a "hero apprentice," right? To this hero apprentice, the thirty or so people who had surrounded and attacked me with guns were all good people, and I was the miscreant who ought to be beaten down?

I gave a small smile and told him, "For a hero who has just started their career, it is a little risky to pick a malefactor who can defeat thirty and more people , right?"

That person lowered his head to look at the people lying all over the floor, and gulped. He then bellowed, "Don't think that I don't know that you had them kill one another. It absolutely wasn't you who had defeated them at all!

"So? If it were you, could you get thirty or so people who had modified their bodies, who are even wielding guns, to kill each other?"

I held my temper, and then used the last shred of my patience to explain to him, "I am not a miscreant. They are the ones who are the kidnappers. Not only did they kidnap my young master, they even tried to use the young master to threaten me. Right now, I must hurry and look for my young master. Therefore, please do not try to fight me."

That person hesitated briefly, but still raised the weapon in his hands. The handle was shaped like a sword hilt, but what extended from the

hilt was something that looked like a shining blade. It was an energy blade.

I gave a sigh.

The weapons of humans have really made rapid progress with each passing day. Now, energy weapons have almost replaced silver blades and silver bullets as the weapon that vampires are most afraid of. For vampires whose generation numbers are higher, whether they are pierced in the heart by a silver blade or an energy blade, both would turn them into dust.

For vampires whose generation numbers are relatively lower, blocking silver blades is not something difficult. The high heat of the energy blades is what is truly difficult to block. Also, if one were to have their limbs chopped off by an energy blade, due to the wound being cauterized by the high heat, it would be a more difficult matter to re-attach the limb.

After he had activated his energy blade, the hero apprentice's confidence appeared to have increased. He shouted with a fierce and vicious voice, "I have seen your fangs, you are a vampire! Do you think that I would believe your words?"

"So, you intend to make a move. I feel that this is very regretful, extremely regretful."

If this were as per usual, I would not get involved with him and would quickly depart from the scene. I believed he would not be able to keep up with me. However, at the moment, I had run out of patience due to

my interactions with Mr. Burt and his underlings. Moreover, I had already given this hero apprentice his last chance.

Though I mostly drank from blood bags for survival and rarely used my fangs to have a meal, I did not mind doing so every once in a while. With one step of my foot, I quickly ascended the mountain of rubbish. This distance was a little far, so I was not able to rush in front of him in one go. Thus, I could only separate it into several spurts. The hero apprentice's eyes grew wide. His gaze would always be a step behind, pausing on the blur of my shadow. Obviously, he could not keep up with my speed. He panicked for a moment, but following that he showed a resolute expression. He used his modified left arm to swing his energy blade and wave it at lightning speed, and it became a shining web of blades to protect him.

By this time, I had already sprinted to his side. After seeing this web of blades, I paused in my assault and temporarily circled once around him. At the same time, I commended his reaction. It seemed like this hero apprentice was indeed more powerful than the thirty or so bodyguards from earlier.

However, while the course of action that he had carried out was good, the mesh in the web of blades seemed to be a bit too big. Once I glanced over, I saw many gaps. Aiming at one of the gaps, I stuck my claw-like hand through the web and firmly grabbed hold of his left arm. He nearly jumped in shock and tried his best to struggle out of my hold on him. He used too much strength with his left arm, so it started to heat up and even emitted sounds similar to an engine overheating. However, his left arm still did not manage to escape from my grip. In this time period, if I wanted to kill him, he would have died more than

a hundred times.

In the end, he finally gave up. He only looked at me in panic as he muttered, "How is this possible, how could this..."

"Modified limbs are not as strong as you think they are." I calmly said, "You really should not have picked me as an opponent."

I am a vampire from the fifth generation. To humans, the strength of a "fifth generation" is probably very hard to understand. Simply put, if my opponent was a vampire and had found out that I was a vampire from the fifth generation, probably the only thing that he would think of is escape.

After thousands of years, among the vampires who are still active in this world, the earliest generation would be the fifth generation. The vampires who are from the fourth generation and before have long since become but a legend.

Though I am only a hundred and fifty some years old, and am simply a child within vampire circles, my generation number can intimidate quite a few vampires who are three hundred years old or older. They would not rashly try and mess with me.

This is also the reason why few vampires would actually try and mess with me, even though as a vampire whose profession is that of a butler, I had received a lot of criticism from other vampires. The reason is very simple; they do not have the confidence that they would be able to beat me.

Even vampires who are three hundred years old and above would not come and provoke me, yet this "infant" who has merely modified his left arm, wields an energy blade, and whose age could not possibly be over thirty, actually dared to wave a blade at me. I really did not know whether to laugh or sigh at that.

Seeing how he was still in a state of disbelief, I simply ripped off his left arm and grabbed his neck. I pulled his face to the front of my eyes. Even his mask could not block me from seeing his fear. Then, I used the low roar unique to vampires on him.

This was a hollow roar that sounded as though it had echoed from a valley.

"Child, to be a spectator and to experience it for yourself are two different matters. Now, are you able to truly understand my speed? Do you still believe that those thirty or more people had died because they killed each other, and that it had no relation to my strength at all?"

Under the situation where he was being held by the neck, he frantically shook his head with much difficulty.

However, I actually did not mind whether he replied or not, for words from food were not important. I bared my fangs and was about to dig into my meal.

But I abruptly let him go and jumped aside in an instant. An energy beam had been shot at the exact spot where I had been standing just now. It was not only fired once, but in multiple streams of assaults.

These beams continuously forced me to retreat backwards... Moreover, they were forcing me to go further away from my "food."

"Please don't move. I have no intention of hurting you."

The energy beams stopped, and I too, naturally paused in my footsteps. I looked towards the source of the voice. That person was standing some distance away, with hands wielding dual guns. What was so special was that one gun was an energy gun, but the other was a traditional gun that shot bullets. The person wielding dual guns was wearing a tight leather suit that outlined the curves of her body, and had a black butterfly mask on her face.

In an extremely clear voice, she opened her mouth to speak. "I saw everything that happened. You are not a miscreant, and I have no intention of giving you trouble. I only wish that you do not hurt him."

A female hero? The words slipped from my mouth by reflex, "Solitary Butterfly?"

"Yes," she admitted without an ounce of hesitation.

"You really are Solitary Butterfly?" My prey struggled to stand up, and then shouted at her, "Let us beat down that nefarious vampire together!"

I must admit that I was truly rather joyful when Solitary Butterfly did not agree and instead coldly glared at him.

"Shut up. Have you properly comprehended the situation?" Solitary

Butterfly icily told him, "Didn't you see that he didn't hurt anyone, but instead knocked all those people unconscious one-by-one? Also, regarding those people, do you not clearly see their attire and equipped weapons? If they aren't from the criminal underworld, I will swallow my gun... Both of them!"

The food probably did not expect to get such an answer. His eyes widened, and he seemed unsure of what to do next.

I figured I might as well tell him what to do, and coldly told him, "Scram! Otherwise, you will be dead."

The food looked hesitantly towards Solitary Butterfly, but she only coldly told him off. "Didn't understand what the vampire said? Then I'll help him say it one more time. Scram!"

I admired this female hero. She really was a woman with personality. After the prey had scrambled away, Solitary Butterfly went ahead and put away her dual guns. Then, she started to size me up, and I did the same to her.

"My apologies for interrupting your meal. I too think that he is foolish to the point of courting death, but..." She spread her hands open and said extremely helplessly, "As you know, I'm a hero! I can't just sit there and look on helplessly as he turns into a dry corpse."

I gave a smile and replied, "It does not matter. A meal in exchange for a meeting with the only female hero is extremely worth it."

Solitary Butterfly was obviously filled with good intentions too, for she

took the initiative to explain, "I saw those thirty or so people drive over here and thinking that those people probably wouldn't be up to anything good, I followed them here to take a look. I didn't imagine that I would actually meet a vampire... Is your young master that has been kidnapped a young vampire?"

"No, he is a human. I am only a butler that the young master has hired."

"To be able to hire a vampire as a butler?" Solitary Butterfly showed a glimpse of a smile as she said, "I'm a little interested in regards to your young master."

My face changed color and I hurriedly tried to clarify, "Young Master is only an ordinary person, and I am a vampire whose profession is that of a butler."

"Is that so?" From her tone, Solitary Butterfly sounded like she did not quite believe me, but she did not stay on this topic. Instead, she straightforwardly said, "Go and find your young master! I hope that the next time we meet, you won't be in the middle of sucking someone's blood. I have no wish to clash with you. A speed that fast really is troublesome to deal with. Until we meet again, vampire butler."

After she said that, Solitary Butterfly jumped to the back of the mountain of trash. Following that, a sports car came driving out from behind the mountain of rubbish... Moreover, it was even a brand that I was relatively familiar with, a Ferrari. The window of the car opened by a small crack, and with a shake of two of her fingers, Solitary Butterfly

bid me farewell. After that, the car nimbly turned a corner and rapidly sped off.

I must admit that when I saw the car, I was a little startled and was even a little disappointed. I was originally hoping that she would use a method that was more "hero-styled" to leave. For example, raising up one hand and then flying away, or perhaps after pressing a remote controller, the car would drive here by itself. Then, it would automatically open the car doors and perhaps it might even talk or the like.

Obviously, I am a vampire who is too old-fashioned and has watched too many old-style hero movies to boot.

However, if humans continued to make such rapid progress like this, perhaps one day, there really might be heroes who can summon a talking car. Or maybe they would raise their hand, and under the gaze of the public, fly towards the sky?

Anyways, I still have many years that I can slowly wait.



After my encounter, I went to the university that the young master studied at and walked around once. Though I had tried my best to pick shaded areas with few people to walk in, my attire still attracted a lot of attention. However, I still did not see the figure of the young master. Inside my heart, I felt almost certain. Perhaps I was unemployed again. To have actually lost my job because I caused the death of my employer....*My honorable father, if you were to know about this from the heavens, would you expel me from the world of butlers and forbid*

me from being a butler from now on so as to prevent another employer from getting hurt?

After walking around for quite a while at a loss, when I once again became aware of my whereabouts, it was already night. Moreover, I had even returned to the vicinity of the young master's house. By reflex, I lifted my head and glanced at the apartment located on the top floor...

There is actually light! Could it be the young master?

I was in such a hurry that I was even unable to go up the building normally by walking up the stairs. Instead, I rapidly jumped onto the wall of the building and dashed vertically up towards the top. With a final leap, I silently landed on the railing of the balcony, allowing the strong breeze at the top to blow at my cape so strongly that it fluttered nearly horizontally.

I lowered my head to take a look and standing on the balcony was a silver-haired man. I could not help but let his identity escape from my mouth, "Young Master An Xiang Ye..."

"Wow!"

The young master widened his eyes and stared at me blankly. After a while, he gently called out, "Charles, you're so cool!"

Hearing that, I truly felt like my strength had given up on me momentarily. My nervousness that had built up over the entire day was suddenly dispelled with this sentence.

"Charles."

At this moment, the young master's face became serious. He said softly, "There's a stench of blood coming from your clothes..."

I was shocked. Oh no, I've actually worn a cape that is covered in blood in front of the adolescent young master. I hope I did not scare him...

"That's great Charles!"

Instead, the young master had on an expression of relief as he looked at me, and he smiled as he said, "I had thought that you were angry and didn't want to be my butler anymore, so you had left. Thankfully, you were only feeling a little hungry and had gone out to bite someone, that's all."

Y-Young Master, it is not like that... Moreover, if your butler was feeling hungry and went out to bite someone, that is not something you can end your sentence with a "that's all."

I believed that the young master would not be frightened by me. On the contrary, his kind of miraculous line of thought was probably going to leave me ceaselessly amazed in the coming days.

At this moment, the young master tugged at my cape and with a pitiful expression complained, "Charles, I haven't eaten dinner yet, so I'm really hungry, and I mean seriously hungry! Make me a late night snack."

I gave a weak smile within my heart, but I still gave a courteous reply. "Understood. Is there anything that Young Master particularly wishes to eat?"

Without any hesitation, the young master replied, "Meat, fried meat." "Understood."

The young master's expression looked exactly like he had been starved for three days, so without bothering to even change my clothes, I hurried into the kitchen to heat up a wok full of oil and fried an entire wok full of chicken nuggets and french fries.

Not too long after, I stood in the living room and waited upon the young master throughout his meal. As he ate his chicken nuggets, he praised, "When Charles wears a cape, he really does look like a vampire!"

Seeing the young master eat with immense satisfaction and then hearing his praise, I could only force a smile in return. However, I also gave a sigh of relief. For such a thrilling day to end in a way like this, there was nothing better than that.

While the young master was eating, I explained to the young master honestly as to why I had left and was not home. At the same time, I told him my concerns. Though I had injured many people and also threatened them, it did not mean that I was certain the other party would not try anything again.

As I spoke, I started to worry. *Will it be better if I quit the job so that I*

can ensure the young master's safety?

However, after the young master had finished listening to me, he nearly rolled on the floor with laughter. As he laughed, he said, "Charles, oh Charles. Sometimes, you're really so foolish to the point where I'm doubtful if you are truly a vampire?"

I looked at the young master quizzically, not understanding what he meant. *Of course I am a vampire; I have been one ever since I was born.*

"Sigh..." The young master gave a long sigh, and then it was his turn to make a helpless expression as he explained to me, "Charles, I can even shake off the bodyguards who have been tailing me for a long time. Think about it, will those novices at pursuit sent by the underworld be able to catch up with me? Therefore, from the very beginning, you didn't have to meet up with them at all."

Ah... I was suddenly enlightened.

"I thought I was slow-witted, but I didn't imagine that the butler that I found would be even more slow-witted than I am." The young master grudgingly finished his words and then started roaring in laughter again, "It has always been other people telling me that I am slow-witted, but I can actually say that to someone else for once!" Though I had been called slow-witted, I too could not help but laugh along with the young master.

"Oh yeah, don't worry about my safety, Charles. I am in the combat major after all." When the young master said this, his tone was proud.

Hearing that, I abruptly remembered the robbery incident on the night we went to sing karaoke. The bodyguards had probably known that the young master was strong enough to deal with it on his own, and that was why they had not shown themselves, right? And I too have personally witnessed the young master's marksmanship... *Maybe I really can continue to stay here as a butler?*



After finishing his late night snack, the young master went into his workroom as per always, and started to do his firearm modifications. Seeing that, I too started my daily routine cleaning.

However, not much time had passed before the young master called me over. He passed me a piece of paper, saying, "Charles, buy these things for me, the faster the better. If you can't find something, ask Kyle-gē."

"Please wait for a moment, Young Master."

I walked to the tool cabinet by the side and took out a tray. Then, according to the items written on the paper, I took them out from the tool cabinet one-by-one and placed them neatly on the tray. Following that, I turned around and placed the tray on the young master's work desk.

I reported back to the young master politely, "The preparation is done, Young Master."

The young master looked at me with wide-open eyes, and then lowered his head to look at the work tools that filled up the entire tray,

as though he was checking whether all the parts and tools were present. He lifted his head, saying in shock, "Everything is here! I remember that there weren't these items here before! How did you know what I would want?"

A true butler should always know what their master wants, and when the master becomes in need of such, immediately present it to them. Since I had already known that the young master would be doing modifications to firearms every night, as his butler, I naturally prepared all of the materials.

It was just that the young master's needs were too special, so I had to spend some time to cram all the knowledge regarding this field, to have the ability to know what the young master needed.

Though I said preparing all the things that the master may possibly need beforehand is a duty that every butler ought to do, this was my first time actually doing this. That was because all my previous employers had not treated me as a true butler, so naturally I had no opportunity to do so.

I courteously replied, "Young Master, Charles has been observing your actions when modifying firearms and realized that you would often have to stop due to a lack of the necessary tools. Therefore, I have prepared a small quantity of all the parts and tools that you may possibly use."

"Charles is really attentive. It really is much more convenient this way!" The young master looked extremely happy as he said, "Do this in the future too! This way, I don't have to modify yet have to stop mid-way

while I wait for Kyle-gē to send the items over before I can continue.”

“Understood.”

Thinking about it, for the sake of fulfilling the young master’s needs, I will have to work even harder to pay attention to information on modifying firearms even though this was not an easy task. Many parts and tools were basically illegal, some of which were rare items that could not even be bought on the black markets. I had to use the cell phone that Mr. Kyle had given me and call the number listed in the contacts list as “Munitions Group.” Then, I had to ask the person on the phone to help purchase them before I could complete the entire set.

Though the difficulty of my work had increased by quite a bit, my mood instead became better.

Even if it is the criminal underworld, even if they are arms dealers, even if it is illegal, none of that matters right now. What is most important is that as of now, I am finally a butler. A butler’s main duty is to fulfill all of the young master’s needs.

The young master sat down and took one of the tools on the tray in passing. Just as he was about to begin his modifications, he abruptly lifted his head to look at me. When he was about to open his mouth, I lowered my head and politely said, “Young Master, Charles will pour some milk for you.”

The young master revealed a shocked expression, and he asked curiously, “Charles, don’t tell me that you know how to read minds?”

"Young Master, Charles does not." I replied honestly, and the corner of my lips nearly went up. Thankfully, the many years of my honorable father's teachings on how to remain expressionless still came in useful. My honorable father had spoken before that a true butler should act as if he knows how to read minds and concentrate on capturing his master's every movement. Then, without even needing his master's instructions, he ought to know exactly what he should do next. Therefore, for a butler to be suspected of knowing how to read minds, this is entirely a compliment.

The young master gave a smile, and as though he was joking, he claimed, "You don't, but I do! Let me guess, you are very happy at the moment, right?"

... I have been seen through again? I am indeed expressionless right now, am I not?

To have my emotions seen through over and over again made me hesitate for a moment. However, I still could not help but ask the young master, "Young Master, Charles should not be showing any kind of expressions, right? However, you seem to be able to detect some of Charles' emotions. Why is that so?"

The young master pondered over it for a moment, and then he said a little hesitantly, "Hm, should I say yes or no? Usually when there's nothing up, your eyebrows and the corners of your mouth are normally completely horizontal. When you are angry, your eyebrows go up by three degrees and the corners of your mouth go down by two degrees. When you are happy, the corners of your mouth rise by three degrees

and your eyebrows slightly arch.”

The young master looked at me, and after he exclaimed “ah,” he continued, “That’s right, also, when you are in disbelief, your eyes widen by 0.82mm, and when you are confused, your head tilts to the left slightly by five degrees... Charles, at the moment you’re feeling both confusion and disbelief, right?”

Young Master... With your high level of skill in “reading faces,” perhaps you might be better suited to be a butler than anyone else.

The young master continued to stare at me and was “reading faces” as he said, “When you are feeling distressed, both your eyebrows will scrunch up towards the center. The space between the eyebrows will decrease by 0.2mm.”

“...”

Diary of a Butler #5: Protect to Young Master Even to Death

Dear Father:

Please watch over your only child from the heavens, and bless him so that he quickly masters the poker face a good butler needs...not even a 0.00x cm twitch is allowed!



My most challenging task began after the young master had turned in for the night, and the simple cleaning tasks were finished.

In order to fully cater to my young master's every need, I often used the night to research information about weapons development and modification. Since books could no longer aid me to fulfill the young master's requests, I had switched to using the internet for additional knowledge.

Recently, the weapon that my young master has been modifying was a special one. He was modifying a backpack. Yes indeed, a backpack. Though technically speaking, it was a satchel. It appeared to be made of leather, was coffee colored and very old fashioned. Besides my young master, no other young person nowadays would use a satchel like that.

Regardless of whether you looked at it from the front, the side, or picked it up and emptied out all of the compartments, the satchel the young master had modified would look no different from a traditional satchel. However, after having witnessed the modification process with

my own eyes, I fully understood that —besides the outer appearance— the young master’s satchel was nothing like a traditional satchel at all. The biggest difference between the two was that my young master’s modified satchel had at least ten different weapons hidden within it.

The satchel’s strap was a thin, flexible blade that was wrapped in canvas. The two buttons on the surface were miniature bombs. From the side seams, two long needles could be retrieved. The back contained a whole row of thin knives, and a very small gun was hidden in the bottom of the pack.

Inside, it looked the same as any regular backpack. However, I knew clearly that if the inner black divider were to be pulled out, it could turn into a chain whip.

The outermost pocket held three ballpoint pens of different colors. This was a normal set up for any student... except normal students would not have replaced the pens’ ink with two types of chemical solutions — solutions that were capable of creating a huge explosion when mixed together.

As I observed Young Master modifying this satchel, I could not help but sigh in admiration. If this design were to be sold on the market during this chaotic era, every parent would definitely want to purchase one to ensure their children’s safety!

However, Young Master seemed to have no plans to market it. He stuffed his textbooks into it as soon as he was done modifying it. Obviously it was to be brought to school the next day... Perhaps Young Master’s university was much more dangerous than I had thought.

I'm getting off topic. Basically, as Young Master pursued his talent for turning ordinary objects into weapons, I feared that even if I flipped through all of the weapons related books I could find in every single bookstore, the knowledge gained would still not be enough to satisfy his needs.

For example, just now when my young master asked for fireproof paint with a hopeful gaze, I was unable to pass it to him immediately. The disappointed expression my young master wore afterward made me deeply mourn my failure.

I was a butler yet I was unable to meet my master's needs. How irresponsible.

I could not help but feel that no matter how much I studied, I still would not have been able to give him fire proof paint at that time. After all, it was something rarely used when modifying weapons. Therefore, I felt somewhat troubled.

Dear Father, what does one do when the employer's needs are as profound and mysterious as the ocean? Even if I prepared all the equipment I know of, the young master's house is not large enough to fit them all...

As I was wearily pondering, the cell phone in my pocket suddenly rang. I was a bit startled, for my young master would not phone me when we were both inside the house. *Perhaps it is Mr. Kyle calling?*

The caller ID on the screen showed that it was the bodyguard captain. I took the call and immediately heard the familiar voice of the

bodyguard. He quickly asked, "Mr. Butler, may I inquire if the young master is still at home?"

"Yes, he has already turned in for the night."

Instead of hanging up upon receiving an answer, the bodyguard continued with a stiff tone, "Please check if he is still in the apartment."

I was caught off guard by the request, but answered with a "yes," then headed to the young master's room. I knocked and received no response. After knocking again, there was still silence.

"Young Master, I'm coming in."

Upon opening the door, I discovered the room to be empty. The bathroom lights were off as well. Only a lone cell phone lay upon the bed, and it was vibrating non-stop.

The young master seems to forget his phone often when he goes out..
I could only call the bodyguard back to report. "Young Master is not in his room. I do not know where he has gone."

Not only that, I also had no idea where he had left from. I was in the living room the whole time, and to get to the front door, one must pass through the living room.

"Understood." The bodyguard's voice did not sound at all surprised. He paused for a bit before asking in a very polite tone, "Would you perhaps be willing to come to the rooftop? It is a matter unrelated to work."

“Rooftop... Very well,” I quietly replied.



The elevator did not connect to the rooftop, so I had to make my way up via the fire escape. The door was left ajar when I arrived, so I took the hint to let myself in.

This rooftop was not as dark as I had imagined. Actually, there were even lights that illuminated a small circle in the center. However, contrast created by the sole circle of light made the rest of the rooftop seem even darker.

A man stood in the center of the bright circle. He was very tall. Judging by sight, I would say he was about 200 centimeters tall, not bulging with muscles, yet not scrawny either. His face revealed him to be an older man with wrinkles etched on the bronze colored skin of a laborer. I would guess this man to be around forty or fifty.

I took the initiative to greet him. “Good evening, I am Charles Endelis, the young master’s butler. How should I address you?”

Perhaps it was my politeness that caused the bodyguard’s frown to relax a bit. He nodded and replied, “Just call me Bramble.¹ It’s not my real name, hope you don’t mind. Those in our line of work all use aliases.”

“Yes, Mr. Bramble, please just call me Charles as well.”

Bramble nodded again and then became silent. I waited patiently, for I

was sure that the reason he called me up specifically was not to simply exchange names.

He broke the silence after only a short while. "The young master is missing again. At noon, you were worried as well, right?"

"Yes." I clearly heard the stress Bramble put on the word "again." His tone dropped more than just a bit. It looked like Young Master went missing quite often.

"I warned you in the afternoon not to worry too much about the young master going missing. He disappears nearly every day. The longest disappearance was about thirty-six hours without a single trace."

"The young master is still young. Most young people simply dislike being tailed."

As the bodyguard's tone became increasingly accusatory, I could not help but speak up for the young master. According to my observations, the young master's living space was completely under surveillance. With bodyguards on the rooftop and constantly being trailed when he headed out as well, wanting to escape was a normal reaction.

Coldly, Bramble replied, "Young Master is the target we protect to the death. If he had gone missing for one more day that time, all of us bodyguards would've had to commit suicide."

I could not help but smile a bit. Humans will never protect anyone but themselves to that extreme. Even if they were bodyguards, they definitely would not protect their employer to the death.

Having noticed my smile, Bramble's gaze became sharp like a sword. He said icily, "The orders we received were as follows: If 372 bodyguards could not find the young master within twenty-four hours, mission 'Protect to the Death' would be declared a failure. Afterward, other than waiting for the Sun Emperor's execution squad, the only choice would be group suicide."

Sun Emperor?

I began to consider Bramble's words seriously after having heard that name.

Year 2112, countries had weakened; power over the world was divided among hundreds of businesses. These businesses then banded together into economic alliances under the lure of collective benefits. Currently, the most powerful economic alliance was the Sun Alliance with control over almost 30% of the whole world's economic wealth. The Sun Alliance was named after its leader whose last name was Ri.² Therefore, he was known as the Sun Emperor to the public; a true emperor in every sense of the word.

The Sun Emperor was known for his cold and heartless ways. "Traitors must die" was his most famous motto.

There were many security companies under the Sun Alliance. The most well known was Sun Security. What brought it to the spotlight was its top-level mission—"Protect to the Death." If the employer dies or goes missing during the mission, all of the bodyguards involved would be executed. Apparently, it would not be a merciful death, either.

"I have not heard of any 'Protect to the Death' missions lately."

I frowned as I thought the matter over. Whenever a "Protect to the Death" mission was announced, the media would create a huge uproar. Even a vampire such as me could not help but be familiar with the world's dictator, the Sun Emperor, and Sun Security's top level mission through the media.

Even though just about every employer would wish to hire bodyguards to protect them to the death, Sun Security rarely ever gave out such a mission. No matter how much money was offered, no one was guaranteed to be able to hire bodyguards from Sun Security under "Protect to the Death."

However, this was what made the mission all the more famous. After all, the appeal of something was directly proportional to its rarity. Also, who would not want to be protected in such a way?

Bramble said matter-of-factly, "This mission is a secret. The young master's identity is also a secret. Don't ask me because I don't know either. All I know is that if anything were to happen to the young master, 372 brothers, including myself, would all die!"

Yet Young Master disappears almost every day... I could understand Bramble's anger now. Each time Young Master disappears, all the bodyguards would have to pray for their lives!

"372 brothers, butler. Do you have any idea what that number means?" Bramble stared at me, and I quickly answered by shaking my head. He

then continued to speak. "The most bodyguards ever utilized for a 'Protect to the Death' mission was when the late top singer Raines³ went on tour. Do you know how many bodyguards were sent on that mission?"

I shook my head again. That "Protect to the Death" mission was very famous. However, even though the media made a huge fuss, the numbers varied with each report. From twenty something to a hundred, the numbers were not trustworthy at all.

"197 people."

That was the crisp answer he gave.

Yet, Young Master had 372 bodyguards to protect him to the death. I was shocked. What kind of identity did it take to have almost 200 more bodyguards than someone like Raines, the world's top singer?

Bramble said coldly, "This number means only one thing, butler. If anything were to happen to the young master, you wouldn't get away unscathed either. Even if you are a nearly immortal vampire, the Sun Emperor can still turn you to ash!"

I suddenly understood why Bramble had called me up here and told me so much. I looked at him and asked with confidence, "You want me to help monitor Young Master?"

"You're a smart person, butler." Bramble nodded.

I did not know whether to laugh or cry as I said, "I am a butler, not a

bodyguard. Why not send people to the house to watch over Young Master?"

"Young Master doesn't allow it," Bramble replied stiffly. "We were ordered to completely obey the young master. Even if he wanted all 372 of us to put a bullet through our skulls, we'd have to do it."

At that, I immediately felt sympathetic toward the bodyguards' situation. They had to obey the young master yet protect him at the same time when he clearly disliked their presence very much.

I sighed and said honestly, "I am afraid I am unable to do that. I do not even know how many secret passages there are in the house. Until just now when Young Master left through one in his room, I did not even know there were any in the room..."

"Young Master's room doesn't have any secret passages," Bramble interrupted. "Only the secret room behind the television wall has secret passages. The numbers are numerous, mind you. Even we don't know where all of them are."

"Then how did the young master leave?"

"I was hoping you could tell me that," came the cold reply.

I thought for a moment and frowned. "The young master's room has a window that can be opened."

"Unless he jumped down, we'd have noticed."

Jumped down? I shook my head. That was impossible. Young Master's room was twenty-five stories up. Even with a modified body, nobody could jump that height and come out unscathed.

I suddenly remembered something. "Are there not surveillance cameras in the room?"

"The cameras inside the room aren't within our control. Only the ones in the corridor outside of the main door are ours."

Right, Mr. Kyle had said those were installed by the young master's brother... *Brother? It couldn't be that my "master" was...*

"Does the Sun Emperor have a younger brother?" I asked abruptly. Bramble looked at me strangely, then replied, "Of course not."

I smiled wryly. It was no surprise that Bramble would react in such a way. If the Sun Emperor had a sibling, then simply by relation he would likely be a world famous person! It was just that, besides having relations with the undisputed emperor, I could not think of any other identity that would require Sun Security to dispatch three hundred and seventy two bodyguards on a "Protect to the Death" mission.

"Do not guess at your young master's identity. Even if you do find out, you'll have to act as if you didn't know. In comparison, it's much better to not know anything to begin with!"

I nodded. Bramble was truly an experienced bodyguard; his words were very similar to what Father used to say. If the employer did not want the butler to know something, then even if it was found out, we

must forget it immediately.

“What’s important is the young master’s safety.” Bramble furrowed his brow and said with a heavy voice, “I think the young master might be deeply engrossed in the hero game.”

Hero game?

I was struck by the sudden realization. So that was it, the reason for the young master’s frequent disappearances was to play hero? This was definitely possible. Young Master was still young, and he majored in combat. Not to mention that his skills were not weak either. He had the passion and ability to be a hero.

The young master couldn’t be the most handsome hero, First Wind, could he? From Young Master’s unique charisma, the possibility was there... *Oh no, I shouldn’t be guessing at the young master’s identity. I need to quickly forget about this!*

“Heroes. What idiotic beings!” Bramble did not bother to hide his distaste and disgust.

“To put it that way is a bit too biased. Heroes have saved many people as well.”

I agreed that most people are only playing hero as a game, such as the “hero apprentice” I met in the afternoon. I would be hard pressed to truly see him as a hero. On the other hand, Solitary Butterfly was a hero worth anticipating.

Bramble looked at me, before asking coldly, "Butler, if it were you, would you put your life in the hands of bodyguards or look up to the sky and wait for heroes to save you?"

Oh... I desperately wanted to reply that I would wait and look to the sky...

But that was because I was a vampire. If I honestly could not save myself, I doubt bodyguards would be much help. In comparison, waiting for heroes may give me a better chance of salvation.

Sadly, the most likely scenario was that both bodyguards *and* heroes would end up buried underground with me.

"Of course you are more reliable." I wisely decided not to say anything that would anger Bramble.

To that he replied proudly, "My brothers are all the best of the best. Almost all of them have participated in 'Protect to the Death' missions before. Even after being hit with hundreds of bullets, they would still stand firm in front of the employer. Everyone understands that even if they were to die, the other bodyguards would survive and use their lives to protect their family members!"

"The friendship you share is worthy of respect." This time, my tone was sincere.

"Only the weak would wait for things like heroes," Bramble said mercilessly. "To keep living, you have to give it everything you've got and be willing to use any method to remove all obstructions."

I smiled, refraining from making any comments.

"We're getting off topic again," Bramble frowned, then looked me over with a bemused expression and asked curiously, "How odd, talking to you always gets me off topic. Could this be some strange ability you have as a vampire?"

"Of course there is no such ability," I replied with a smile. "It is because I am a butler, therefore I am used to listening attentively to the master speak."

Bramble nodded casually at my explanation, then continued on with the main topic. He admitted bluntly, "The young master is indeed not as impulsive as other young people."

As he spoke, his frown became less severe. I think he clearly knew about the young master's disciplined life style. After seeing that, anyone would say that the young master was a good child.

"However, the young master is still green; there are many things a little brat like him does not know."

Bramble turned around, looking out into the distance. With his brow furrowed deeply once again, he spoke. "You should know very clearly, vampire, just what kind of monster this field of rooftops is."

I followed his gaze. From this view point, all of the tall buildings' rooftops looked the same. There was nothing but darkness. Perhaps because the buildings were too close together, all the rooftops seemed

to connect into one uneven land of darkness.

This was a forgotten land that humans rarely noticed.

It contrasted with the bright colors that made up the streets below. This piece of black land was where shadows gathered. All sorts of "dark beings" congregated up here, fighting to win new rooftops for their personal territory.

I was very clear on these facts. However, to me, there was nothing to be afraid of, for I was a member of these dark races to begin with. A fifth generation vampire would actually be at the top of the dark hierarchy... Even if I were to step upon the old residents of the rooftop while passing, they would not dare to provoke me.

Beings of darkness were always skilled at differentiating between the strong and the weak. To them, snatching necessities from the weak and staying clear of the strong was essential for survival.

The humans and non-humans who knew about this all called the rooftops...

"The Dark Realm that belongs to non-humans," I replied softly. Bramble turned back to look at me and praised, "So you do understand."

I nodded, then after some thought replied earnestly, "I could inform the young master about the danger of the Dark Realm. However, I will not admonish the young master for anything. That is not something I should do."

Bramble's expression turned resentful as he heard me, and he shouted harshly: "Butler! My brothers here are all the best of the best, the top bodyguards! Every one of them would put their life down to protect the young master. But look at us now, we can only sit here and pray to the fucking heavens that when the young master goes missing, he won't step on a rooftop that should not be stepped on. He'd be disposed of like a flimsy piece of trash."

I looked around. It was very dark, but indeed there was the faint sound of breathing to show that there were many bodyguards up here. I thought for a moment and said with a tone of absolute sincerity, "To all the bodyguards here, I admire you very much and believe that, as the best bodyguards, you have the responsibility and resolve to protect the young master with your lives. However, please also understand my position. I am a butler. My responsibility is to fulfill all of my young master's needs, not to admonish him about what he should or should not do."

Having heard that, Bramble turned away and was silent for a long time. When he finally turned to face me again, he told me expressionlessly, "You're a good butler. We're done here. You can go back and continue to make the house spotlessly clean and wait for the young master to come back so you may serve him."

Even though Bramble's words might have seemed like praise, I could tell from his icy expression and wording that he was very angry. He was livid enough that the sarcasm directed at me was only for the sake of holding down his seething anger.

"I am very sorry that I could not be of help to you all."

Bramble did not answer, but after a while, he nodded stiffly.

At this point, I thought I should take my leave. I could not see the bodyguards around us, but from Bramble's reaction, I concluded that they would not be too friendly toward me.

After bidding an "until next time" to Bramble, I turned to leave as I observed the surroundings. From purposeful observation, I noticed this rooftop was not actually empty. There were many large objects lying around. There were many human silhouettes as well. Most were perfectly still. Although I could not make out more than a vague outline, I could feel that they were currently "seeing" me off.

I felt a sudden gratitude for the rooftop's darkness as it spared me from seeing these bodyguards' expressions.

"Captain! Something's flying this way."

Hearing this loud shout, I hesitated but still ceased my steps.

"Signal to it." Bramble's voice came from behind me.

The lights at the perimeters of the rooftop flashed twice.

"Still approaching."

"Flash again," Bramble shouted.

Again two flashes of lights.

“No way, it’s still approaching. It’s no use, Captain!”

Finally, I turned around and, as expected, saw a black shadow charging straight toward the building. It was shaped like a bird but much larger. I then looked over to Bramble whose brow was knitted tightly together once more. He seemed to be planning a countermeasure.

Even though I refused to help them regarding the young master, I still felt sympathetic to these guards. There was no harm in helping them out a little.

I took a deep breath before using the vampires’ unique Hollow Roar toward the sky.

“This be my territory, begone!”

Most dark beings were reluctant to anger vampires. Even though not every vampire was strong, the general consensus about vampires was that they were hard to kill.

Bramble glanced at me but did not say anything.

Despite my effort, that shadow continued to fly toward us and was closing in fast. If it were not for the night hindering our field of vision, we might have even been able to see the other’s features clearly.

At that moment, Bramble ordered resolutely, “Aim, then fire

immediately.”

“Wait a moment...”

I felt that this was not a wise action to take. This rooftop was not exactly an important place; the target had no reason to take the risk and invade it. Perhaps he had other reasons for coming here. From the darkness, there suddenly came other voices. “Butler, shouldn’t you be going back to... Oh right! Weren’t you going to unclog the toilets?”

Mocking laughter rose up from all around, but what mattered to me was that shadow. He had flown close enough for me to make out his figure in detail. This was a humanoid being with wings. Within non-humans, were there any that were humanoid and could fly using wings...?

“Ready, aim, fire.”

Before I had time to think thoroughly, the bodyguards had opened fire. They used energy cannons, and as the beam of light fired, it lit up the whole rooftop.

At that moment, I saw the features of that black shadow. He was a man with wings. He seemed to be wearing a mask or goggles of some sort, so his facial features were indiscernible. Also, he was holding another person in his arms. If my eyes have not been fooling me, it was a little girl.

No human or non-human would seek trouble while holding a little girl.

That person truly held no bad intentions.

I watched the energy cannon hit that person, and they dropped out of my field of vision in a flash. I sighed deeply, "Truly a shame."

"What did you say?" Bramble heard my words and turned to look at me.

"Nothing."

I hesitated but decided to not mention the little girl. Since they had already been shot down, it was pointless to say anything more.

"Captain! We've got big trouble!"

A bodyguard rushed toward Bramble while shouting and stumbling in his state of panic. He looked to be much younger than Bramble, around thirty years old at the most. What stood out was his hair, which was a very light shade of gray. Whether it was dyed or natural was anyone's guess.

Also, his voice... It seemed he was the same person who had reminded me to head back and unclog toilets.

Bramble mercilessly scolded him, "Why are you panicking? How unsightly!"

However, that bodyguard waved his arms about in an exaggerated fashion and shouted, "Never mind my image! Captain, Bri is in trouble!" Bramble stiffened, and his face froze.

*Bri?*⁴ Judging from the bodyguard's actions and Bramble's reaction, Bri must be an important person to him. However, I did not think it could be his wife. Due to his age, there was no way that young bodyguard could have referred to Bramble's wife with such a nickname. Unless it was a child... I was suddenly reminded of the little girl I had seen just now.

I deeply and sorrowfully hoped that things had not gone the way I had imagined. That kind of development would be much too regretful.

In his frantic hurry, the bodyguard did not wait for Bramble to react before yelling to those in the shadows. "Hu-hurry and project the video!"

From the darkness came a hesitant voice, asking, "Captain?"

Bramble finally snapped out of it and quickly shouted, "Follow Dell's"⁵ instructions."

A 3-D projection cut through the rooftop's darkness and drew everyone's attentions. The video contained a news broadcast. The subtitles flashed by, ceaselessly describing the content: 'Bank robbers kidnap hostage while escaping. Police and heroes helpless in the face of a crisis.'

The reporter seemed to be broadcasting from a helicopter that was circling in the sky and spoke very loudly. Even though it was night time, with the aid of many searchlights, the roof of a tall building was clearly illuminated. The people on top were divided into two groups.

One group of three or four people stood near the edge of the building. The other group consisted of three people who stood near the doorway that went down into the building. Of the three, two people wearing police uniforms stood in the back. The other stood near the front. She was...

"Solitary Butterfly," I quietly murmured her name. However, the one who flew here before was definitely not Solitary Butterfly. That person had been male.

The video then cut to close ups, showing the features of the masked robbers and hostage clearly.

Bramble immediately gave a shout of dismay. "Bri!"

The hostage was a little girl. One robber had his arm wrapped tightly around her neck, while his other hand held a gun aimed at her temple. The girl looked to be around ten years old. She looked utterly adorable with her round face, big eyes and hair tied in two buns on either side of her head. Despite the dangerous situation, she did not cry or make a scene, only opening her eyes wide. Her courage was most admirable. However, I was unable to distinguish whether or not she was the one who had been held by the man from before. With only a moment of strong light, it had been difficult to fully make out that girl's features. The image once again changed to a close up of Solitary Butterfly. She stood still; her two guns lay on the ground in front of her. It could be assumed that the robbers had used the hostage to force her to drop them. The two policemen behind her were in a similar situation. The existence of a hostage prevented the trio from acting rashly.

"I have to go save her!"

Off screen, Bramble was so distraught that the calm and composed aura he'd had as a bodyguard captain vanished completely. He started to give orders to the panicked bodyguard from before. "Dell, you're coming with me. We... we can climb up from the side of the building. It definitely won't alert those bandits..."

Then, a voice cut off Bramble's orders. Unlike Dell, the owner of the voice was extremely composed as he said, "Captain, calm down. This is a rerun of the news report, not live reporting. Even if you headed there, it'd be too late."

I glanced at the time on the news, and sure enough, the scene had happened around an hour ago. As I was still looking at the time, the image of the news report suddenly shifted, and the time it showed shifted to half an hour ago.

The image was zoomed out so that the entire rooftop, as well as the sky above, could fit on the screen. An armed helicopter could be seen hovering above the rooftop with a rope ladder dangling down. A few robbers were in the act of climbing up the ladder; however, the one climbing at the very front was the little girl hostage. Whenever she looked down in hesitation, the robber below her would immediately point the barrel of his rifle at her waist. Therefore, she had no choice but to keep climbing.

After all the bandits had climbed into the helicopter, there was an explosive sound of gunfire as they strafed the rooftop crazily with their machine guns, forcing Solitary Butterfly and the two policemen to dash

for cover. The robbers began to laugh loudly; even the noise from the helicopter was not enough to cover their arrogant laughter. Suddenly, a scream pierced through it all.

They had pushed the little girl out of the helicopter.

She dropped straight down. Everyone held their breath, eyes wide as they watched this tragedy with utter despair.

Then, Solitary Butterfly began to run. She was fast like a black shadow, rushing straight toward the falling girl. Strangely, even though both the falling speed and the running speed were technically very fast, the moment felt as if it was occurring in slow motion. Everyone watched with unwavering gazes.

The vertical fall of the girl, and Solitary Butterfly's horizontal dash. These two lines extended separately, but everybody waited and hoped to see them intersect.

Solitary Butterfly halted her steps suddenly, then reached upward as if to embrace the sky. The girl returned the embrace as she crashed down upon her. The impact knocked Solitary Butterfly to the ground with the girl lying on top. Even though the two had collided, the tension in the air did not fade... The little girl was the first to struggle and get up, and she looked to be fine.

She had succeeded!

Everyone let out a sigh of relief at the scene; the sound was even echoed by the news broadcast. Then rose the reporter's frenzied voice.

“She caught her. Solitary Butterfly has caught the hostage!”

The bodyguards began to cheer. Even Bramble collapsed into a sitting position on the ground with sweat running down his face.

The image switched to a close up. After the girl had straightened up, she frantically turned to look at Solitary Butterfly. The latter rose to a half sitting position with difficulty, but she flashed a smile and reached out to pet the girl’s head, showing that both were safe and sound.

“Goodbye, hero!”

The robber’s shout suddenly came from the broadcast, but at this time, the image was still a close up of Solitary Butterfly and the girl, so the robber’s actions were hidden.

I could only see Solitary Butterfly raise her head, immediately leap up, grab the girl, and begin to run. In the blink of an eye, she was gone from the screen.

A huge explosion then shattered everyone’s thoughts and made their hearts skip a beat. The only thing we were capable of doing was staring dumbly at the screen. The projected 3-D image began to shake violently. We could see nothing, and could only hear the sounds of explosions, objects collapsing, and people screaming.

Finally, the image stopped shaking. The camera zoomed out to show the entire building. A huge chunk of the rooftop was missing, and it was still in the process of collapsing.

The two policemen were further away from the sunken hole and had barely managed to hold on to the building's edge. However, Solitary Butterfly and the girl had completely disappeared.

We had been shown hope, only to have it torn away again... Such a transition was enough to make myself, a vampire who had experienced a hundred and fifty years of life, feel my heart plummet helplessly. Never mind the humans who had watched this scene unfold, particularly Bramble, who was related to the girl.

I did not look at Bramble. The presumed deaths of the girl and Solitary Butterfly were already too tragic. I simply could not bring myself to look at Bramble's expression. All I could do was focus my eyes on the screen.

A blur of black suddenly emerged from the collapsed hole in the building and flew straight up into the sky.

"What was that?" I blurted out in shock.

However, the news feed vanished suddenly, leaving behind no trace.

"Where's the video?"

"What the heck! Hurry and open the projection!"

Everyone started to shout, and even though the darkness prevented their expressions from being seen, they were clearly agitated and panicked.

A refined-looking bodyguard said moodily, "Wait a moment. It's only the channel changing!"

When the 3-D projection once again displayed an image, the focus was no longer on the rooftop but on the ground. Cries of "quick, look at the sky" and "what's that" came from the video. The camera then quickly pointed to the sky. There, a black shadow was falling at top speed. It grew larger and larger, clearer and clearer.

After a small while, it could be seen that the shadow had a huge pair of wings. Then the shape of a person could be somewhat distinguished between them...

Thud!

The pair of wings touched ground, revealing their owner to be a man. He gently released the two people he was carrying, Solitary Butterfly and the girl. They fell to a sitting position on the ground and then raised their heads together to stare speechlessly at the man who had wings.

Inside the projection and outside the projection, all was silent.

As she looked at the man, Solitary Butterfly's eyes suddenly widened, and she blurted out the question in everyone's minds.

"You're Dark Sun?"

The man did not answer. Instead, he looked at the sky and flew upward once again in the blink of an eye. Not long after, he landed

once more with the two policemen. The sound from his landing was much louder this time. Clearly the weight of two grown men was a burden even for him. The sound was so loud one could not help but worry for his feet.

However, he only bent his knees slightly when he landed, then stood up straight immediately after. Clearly, he was not injured in any way. Only then did I seriously take in his appearance.

He wore silver goggles; the lens was not transparent, so they concealed half of his face, and only the bottom half could be seen. But from what was visible, one could tell that he was likely young. He had silver hair that was surprisingly similar to the young master's. However, the length was much shorter.

As for his clothing, the top was a skin-tight red shirt, while the bottoms were what looked to be a standard pair of jeans. On his feet were long boots, while gun holsters hung from his hips. Everything matched the description of Dark Sun from the rumors. It was safe to assume that he was indeed Dark Sun.

There were no traces of any modifications on Dark Sun's body... except for that pair of wings.

Those wings were definitely not something he could be born with. For, instead of soft feathers, they were formed from feather-shaped metal blades. Under the bright illumination, the light that reflected off those blades was sharp and piercing.

Truthfully, if not for that pair of wings formed of metal feathers, Dark

Sun appeared just like a normal person you might see walking down the street. This was vastly different from the flashy appearances of the other heroes.

However, I think that no matter how he dressed, there was no outfit that could take the spotlight away from those wings.

Inside the screen, Solitary Butterfly had already stood up. She walked a few steps forward, lips parted as if to ask a question. But that person seemed to have no interest in replying. He lightly flapped his wings and began to take off.

Seeing that he was about to leave, the media went crazy as everyone tried to push their way to the front. Even the projection shook nonstop.

“Daddy!”

The girl who had been brave throughout the whole encounter with the robbers suddenly started crying as the media pressed closer. With her tears flowing non-stop, she kept asking to find Daddy.

Dark Sun seemed to have heard the girl’s cries. He stopped his attempt to take flight and planted himself back down on the ground. Turning to face the girl, his huge wings blocked the cameras. At that, the media began to press forward with even more enthusiasm, hoping to capture his wings at a closer distance. However, he lightly flapped them; the sharp glint from the metal feathers clearly was not just for show. The feathers effortlessly cut off a bunch of camera lens as they moved, finally stopping the media’s advancement.

Dark Sun bent over slightly and then one word came out.

“Where?”

The girl whimpered her reply, and a few words could barely be made out. “...’s rooftop.”

Dark Sun nodded, picked up the girl, and spread his wings. As he was about to take flight...

“Wait a moment!”

Solitary Butterfly shouted to stop Dark Sun and helplessly gestured toward the surrounding media. Then she spread her hands wide, pleading helplessly and innocently, “Look, could you take me along as well?”

“No, too heavy, can’t take flight.”

Dark Sun only left behind this sentence which made Solitary Butterfly’s expression stiffen. He then took flight instantly. The girl in his arms screamed in fear, but quickly, it changed into bubbly laughter. She even leaned over Dark Sun’s shoulder and waved goodbye to the cameras beneath her with a smile.

Below, many hands were raised in response, enthusiastically waving back at the girl. Even though their laughter was not as pretty as hers, the sound was heartfelt.

Surely, one day, a hero will raise his hand, and as the crowd watches,

he will take flight into the skies.

This scene was unbelievably touching; even the reporter's voice was especially warm. As for me and the bodyguards around me though, we felt our hearts chill... There was no question about it anymore. Just now, the energy cannon fired by the bodyguards had shot down the pair who came to find Bramble: Dark Sun and Bri.

Footnotes

¹ **“Bramble”**: Bramble’s name in Chinese is 天茶, pronounced tiān chá. Tiancha is a type of tea made from the leaves of Chinese blackberry. Blackberry is of the *Rubus* genus. Prickly plants or shrubs from this genus can also be called bramble. His name goes along with his daughter’s name, Briar.

² **“Ri/Sun Emperor/Sun Alliance”**: Ri (日, rì), the family name of the Sun Emperor, has the literal meaning of “sun” in Chinese. Hence his title, Sun Emperor. (Readers of OSS’ Eclipse Hunter translation may recognize him as the “Solaris Emperor.” Here we chose to use the direct pinyin for his family name, as his name is oriental, and “Sun” over “Solaris” in his title Sun Emperor (日皇, rì huáng) for a better connection with Dark Sun, who also has 日 in his name. (玄日, xuán rì). He presides over the Sun Alliance (太陽聯盟, tàiyáng liánméng), tàiyáng being another word that means “sun,” (it used for the Sun Knight in *The Legend of Sun Knight*), and liánméng quite straightforwardly means “alliance.” The Sun Alliance is a strong power holder formed of several businesses that have banded together under the Sun Emperor’s control. (OSS translates this as the Solaris group).

³ **“Raines”**: A character that appears late in Eclipse Hunter. His name in Chinese (雷因斯) is phonetic and reads as léi yīnsī, AKA Raines. The character 雷 in his name means thunder, so we thought a weather related name would be suitable. (OSS translates his name as “Lance.”)

⁴ **“Bri”**: Bri is a nickname for Briar, Bramble’s daughter. Briar’s name in Chinese is 荆棘 (jīng jí), meaning “thistles and thorns.”

⁵ **“Dell”**: Dell is one of the bodyguards led by Bramble. His name in Chinese is 小谷, and like Bramble, it is assumed to be an alias. The 谷 in 小谷 (xiǎo gǔ) means valley. A dell is a small valley (and he just so happens to have a 小 (xiǎo, “small”) in his name, haha, but like other names with xiǎo, it is used to indicate closeness between the speaker and the person).

Diary of a Butler #6: The One Who Stood Back Up – The Hero!

Dear Father,

You once said that when the master has made a mistake, appropriately and subtly reminding the master about it is a butler's responsibility. However, when even I am unable to differentiate whether a matter is right or wrong, what should I do?

Tell the young master about the situation, and leave it to the young master to decide.

I have found the answer in the notes you have left behind. Thank you very much, my honorable father.



"In the end, he was not a real hero..."

Although I do not depend on heroes, I still believe that heroes are a wonderful existence. Every person who has watched old movies about heroes would know that heroes can be knocked down, but they will eventually stand up after all is said and done. This is their most enchanting trait; they will always stand back up and bring a ray of hope to the world in the midst of despair.

However, Dark Sun stayed fallen and had left only anguish to the whole world.

"Briar!"

With Bramble's crazed expression and how he was shouting "Briar" with all his might, I guessed that this was probably the girl's name! If the three bodyguards had not all grabbed him at the same time, he might have already jumped down from the building to look for his Briar. "Captain, don't be like this. Our brothers have already run downstairs to check."

"Calm down, Captain!"

Although the bodyguards were shouting such phrases, the expressions on their faces were not collected at all, full of pain and sadness. Dell's eyes were red around the rims. His expression was only slightly more composed than Bramble's.

Crack!

I blinked and looked toward the origin of the sound. A hand... was clinging to the edge of the building.

Although the sound had been soft, it still managed to grab everyone's attention. Everyone fell silent and stared unblinkingly at the hand... This was exactly like what had just happened on TV; they had the same exact expression as when everyone watched Solitary Butterfly run towards the little girl and then witnessed the massive black shadow descend.

It was a glimmer of hope flaring up from despair.

Under everyone's scrutiny, the hand forcefully pulled upward.

Someone jumped up, both knees hitting the floor with a loud smack. Then, he remained half-kneeling. From his appearance, he was indeed the Dark Sun we had just seen on TV.

Dark Sun was disheveled and heavily wounded; his right arm had a large piece of flesh missing from it. If he had not used the same arm to bring himself up just now, I would have deemed the arm completely useless. Nevertheless, the worst wound was on his chest. His chest was badly mangled, clothes sticking to blood and flesh. There was no way to determine exactly how bad the wound was.

The energy cannon from earlier must have punctured his right arm and hit his chest... The girl had been clinging in front of his chest earlier, but now, there was no girl in his arms.

After all that...

“Briar!”

Bramble’s heart-wrenching cry and the painful expression on his face were hard to describe, but if someone had drawn him at that very moment, the portrait would definitely be labeled as “Sorrow.”

Dark Sun also seemed to be shocked senseless by the yell. He tilted his head up slightly. His goggles were shading his eyes, but I was sure that he was staring at Bramble.

He suddenly lifted his left hand. There was someone else’s arm in his grasp.

Just an arm? Could it be...

Then, in one breath, Dark Sun pulled an entire person up before everyone's eyes.

"Daddy!"

The girl was unharmed, only crying as she shouted, "Daddy, don't hit us! It's me, Briar! Briar!"

Dark Sun placed the girl on the rooftop's floor. Her legs wobbled, and then she stumbled toward Bramble. Bramble was far quicker; the girl had barely taken two steps when he rushed over and hugged her so tightly that even if the Sun Emperor himself had given the order, he probably would not have let go of his daughter.

One after another, the bodyguards approached their captain and his daughter.

I, on the other hand, walked over to Dark Sun who was still half-kneeling by the edge of the building. His wounds looked very serious, and I could not help from worrying that he would just pitch backwards in the next second and fall down twenty-five stories.

I walked to his side. He looked up at me before directing his gaze behind me. I turned and saw everyone staring at him, including Bramble and the little girl.

Everyone's expressions were astoundingly similar; their fervent expressions were like those of young children watching their favorite

hero create a miracle.

Suddenly, everyone's eyes widened, and they all cried out in alarm. I hurriedly turned to look at Dark Sun again. Only then did I realize that he had really fallen backwards.

Immediately, I reached out a hand to catch him, and although I only managed to grab onto two fingers, it should have been enough for me to hold onto him... *Heavy! How can he be this heavy?*

My face twisted. My incorrect estimation of his weight caused Dark Sun's fingers to slip through mine. I could not take another step as I was already standing at the building's edge. He crashed down.

Oh no! I hurriedly looked down. A dark shadow surged up before me, the updraft causing me to back up a few steps. After a moment's hesitation, I looked up toward the sky.

Dark Sun was circling overhead in the sky.

Just then, the little girl faced skywards and yelled, "Dark Sun-gē, don't forget, you promised me! When I grow up, you'll take me as your bride!"

Bramble's eyes widened, his expression full of surprise and aversion. If I were to describe it, I would say that his expression was like what a human would show when they had just stepped in a pile of excrement. From the sky, a clear reply sounded. "I'll wait for you."

Then, Dark Sun's figure stopped for a moment before abruptly flying

downward, disappearing from our sight in an instant.

There was silence... *and then an eruption!*

The bodyguards abruptly started cheering aloud, all of them acting like madmen. They ran to the little girl's side and lifted her up, tossing her again and again into the sky and jokingly shouting phrases like "Hero's bride," "Dark Sun's bride."

On the other hand, Bramble stood off to the side, expression as foul as, as excrement... *Cough! Excuse my rudeness.* Even so, he could not prevent everyone from celebrating. Finally, even he laughed out loud, tears dripping from the corners of his eyes.

A real hero is one who shoulders the hope of the entire world – and stands up again.

I could not help looking up at the sky and saying a heartfelt compliment.

"Dark Sun, you are a true hero."



The rooftop was as rambunctious as a dinner party. The bodyguards were so happy they had forgotten that the whereabouts of the person they were supposed to protect to the death were still unknown. Noticing this, I left the rooftop, intent on continuing to clean the house. Yet the moment I opened the door, I realized that the living room was not in the spotless state I had left it in.

The floor had footsteps marked with dirt besides the red liquid spreading over it. The pencil holder on the table had also been knocked down, its contents rolling on the floor.

I bent down, touched a little of the liquid on the floor, and realized, with no surprise, that it was fresh blood yet to dry.

I followed the trail of blood and came to the kitchen. The handles of the cabinet that I stocked bread in were also stained with blood. Upon opening it, I saw that all the bread had disappeared. The fridge had not been left untouched either. I had placed a lot of family-sized milk bottles inside, as the young master really adores drinking milk.

Now, however, there were only two or three bottles lying haphazardly on their sides. I righted them and continued following the blood streaks. This time, I arrived before the young master's room. The door was not even closed, so I just walked straight in.

The windows inside the room were open, strong winds blowing the curtains high into the air. I went over to close the windows. When I lowered my head, I saw that the windowsills were also completely stained with blood. The blood trail extended from here all the way to the kitchen and finally the living room before disappearing in front of the wall behind the television. In other words, it disappeared before the mysterious workshop.

I returned to the living room and took the TV's remote control, pressing down on the sun symbol on it for three seconds with my thumb. Originally, the young master had already set it so that even I can come and go to the workshop as I pleased so that I could head in

there to clean as needed. Now, however, the workshop did not open. The screen showed, "Workshop has been locked."

I stared at the workshop, momentarily not knowing how to react.

Did the young master lock himself inside? The floors are all stained with blood; did he get hurt? Not to mention that the large amount of blood made it even clearer that this blood smelled strange, not pure, exactly like what I had previously smelled.

Ring... Ring...

The sudden phone call broke off my train of thought. I answered it and greeted respectfully, "Hello, Mr. Kyle."

Mr. Kyle cut straight to the point. "Where is the young master?"

"Young Master is currently not at home..." I pondered on whether to tell Mr. Kyle about the house's condition. After all, the pools of blood were most probably from the young master. The young master must have suffered injuries that were not light.

"He is definitely at home. If not, he wouldn't have switched off the surveillance cameras. Hurry up and check on the young master's condition," Mr. Kyle ordered in an extremely stern tone.

I froze for a moment. *Young master has shut down the surveillance cameras?*

"Mr. Kyle, I have just investigated. There is no trace of the young

master anywhere, but I am unable to enter the workshop.”

No reply came from the other end of the line, but I distinctly heard someone roaring and also Mr. Kyle’s voice besides other unfamiliar voices.

A long time passed. I could only hold onto the phone and wait for a reply. After almost a full hour, only then was there any reply from the other end.

Mr. Kyle ordered me in a somewhat tired voice, “The young master is currently within the workshop. Prepare an even greater portion of food for him than usual, leave it in the living room, and then return to your room. There’s nothing else that concerns you. Don’t spy on young master’s condition.”

“May I ask what to do if the young master still does not come out of the workshop tomorrow morning?”

“Then keep on preparing food for him, and then help him ask for leave from his school. After that, go back to your room and ignore everything else.”

“Yes.”

He hung up. I started preparing food, including the young master’s favorite fried chicken, fries, a large glass of milk, and three tubs of ice cream. After mulling it over, I placed an emergency kit by the food. Although I really wanted to clean up the mess on the floor, I had to obey Mr. Kyle’s orders. I placed the food down and returned to my

own room without taking care of anything else.

Three days passed by in the same fashion. The morning after the third day, when I walked into the living room carrying a tray of breakfast, the young master was already sitting there, looking like he was waiting for me.

The young master had changed into a clean dress shirt and jeans. He grinned at me. "Morning, Charles."

"Good morning, Young Master."

I set down breakfast and, like usual, served him. Like usual, the young master began his high-speed style of eating.

Although I did not ask anything, I could not help wondering... *Could the young master be Dark Sun?*

The same hair color, similar body shapes. When the young master disappeared, Dark Sun appeared. When Dark Sun had gotten hurt, the young master had also bled all over the house and even locked himself inside his private workshop for three days... All these indications really raised my suspicion. *Perhaps the young master is Dark Sun?*

I could not help secretly sizing up the young master. He was wearing a short-sleeved shirt with both forearms revealed.

Dark Sun's right arm was missing a chunk of flesh. However, the young master did not even have a scratch on his arm... I suddenly recalled the twenty centimeters or so long, uneven scar on the young

master's arm I had once seen. Even that had disappeared!

If a 20cm long scar could disappear in three days, then could a missing chunk of flesh be healed in three days as well?

I looked at the young master. From any angle, he looked like a weak, gentle young man. However, the young master was a student specializing in the combat major. At the very least, his marksmanship was good, he could throw some 200-odd bodyguards off his trail, his wounds could heal within a very short time, and his blood smelled strange...

I could not help but to ask, "Young Master, what sort of person are you truly?"

Hearing this, the young master paused and stopped his motion of eating. He looked up at me. After a long moment passed, only then did he ask, "Aren't I your young master? Who else would I be? Or are you hoping that I'm someone else?"

I started. Could I have unconsciously hoped that the young master was Dark Sun? If the young master whom I am serving is also a hero, then I might also feel proud and honored...

"To me, Charles is a gentle and attentive butler. It doesn't matter whether you're a vampire or a human!"

I was at a loss for words. As long as I am a gentle and attentive butler, then it does not matter whether or not I am a vampire or human?

The young master matter-of-factly said all this and then stared at me. He asked worriedly, "Charles, to you, besides being 'young master,' are all my other identities also important?"

"No!"

I bowed deeply and apologized profusely. "Charles has been rude. Young Master is right; Charles is a butler. To a butler, Young Master is Young Master. Even if Young Master has a multitude of identities, Young Master will still only be Young Master."

When I finished, the young master smiled brilliantly at me. From it, I once again realized how foolish I had been. I did not wish that the young master would look at me differently because I was of a different race, yet I had hoped that the young master was a hero and not a normal person, so that I, his butler, could also feel honored...

Dear Father, if you knew of this in heaven, you would definitely scold me for my greed and foolishness!

While I was in the midst of my regret, the young master had already looked down and continued speed-eating.

After breakfast, the young master intended to take his bag and head to school. After my reminder, only then did he realize that today was Saturday. There was no need to go to school.

The young master stopped and tilted his head to the side. His expression was perplexed. "It's already Saturday... Ah! Charles, what's the date today?"

I immediately reported the date and year.

The young master immediately turned to look at the clock on the wall. Then, he patted his chest. Relief in his expression, he said, "Phew... Luckily, it's daytime right now."

Young Master... Did you not notice that you were eating breakfast just now? I did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Charles, after dinner, accompany me out for a while!"

"Yes, Young Master." I nodded.

"Hm." The young master tilted his head to think. "Then we should go out and buy clothes in the afternoon. If we dress too nicely, we'll definitely run into trouble at that sort of place."

That sort of place? I was bewildered but still nodded and replied "Yes."

After that, the young master went into his secret workshop again and began modifying his guns. I began to clean the house. Although I normally did not work in the morning, upon seeing the state of the living room and workshop, with the floors still smeared with dried blood, I could not allow the young master to remain in such dirty surroundings while I myself headed off to sleep in my metal cabinet.

I put on an apron and took a pail of water, disinfectant, bleach, rags, and a brush. Once I had everything on hand, I was determined to thoroughly clean the three-day-old bloodstains.

Curious, the young master turned around to look at me and asked, "Charles, aren't you going to sleep? We still have to go out and shop for clothes later in the afternoon!"

"Young Master, I think cleaning this up is more important. It's fine even if I don't sleep for a day."

The young master nodded, watched me clean the floors for a while, then said, "Charles, you... When you're wearing an apron, kneeling, and wiping the floor... You look very..."

Very... Very dutiful? Very serious?

"Very funny! Hahaha... Haha!"

The young master laughed for a long time, hugging his middle and lying down on the desk. He even thumped on it a few times. I could not help worrying for the desk upon hearing the loud thumps.

"In the afternoon, I must buy a lot of aprons for you."

The young master came to this conclusion after he stopped laughing.

"Why..."

"Because Gēge says I should do anything that makes me happy!"

... Young Master, could you not have a more normal, more common way to be happy like other regular young people?



When we went out to shop for clothes in the afternoon, we attracted a lot of attention. It was mostly because I had dressed up in formal clothes to block out the sun, and then when the young master would talk to me, I would politely answer him, so everyone's attention would shift to the young master. Most of them stared at me, bewildered, and then looked at the young master.

We entered a fashionable and tastefully decorated store. From my understanding, this store with the brand of "X-Killer" sold clothes that were, in the eyes of the public, highly expensive. Nonetheless, it was a favorite of youngsters. It was considered the type of shop that young people would flock to by the dozen, desperately saving up money just to buy the clothes here. So shopping here would definitely be right.

The moment the young master and I entered the shop, two young salespeople immediately walked up to greet us. However, immediately after, a woman dressed in men's clothes walked over. She smilingly waved away the two salespeople and then came to serve us herself. Yet she was very mindful, only smiling at us, telling us to "look around." After that, she stood about two paces away from us, rearranging the clothes on display.

This person might be the owner! She was dressed casually in a handsome way, and she looked quite androgynous. Her hairstyle was even a medium length layered crew cut, but it was unobtrusive, instead giving off a fresh and comfortable feel.

I looked at the clothes in the shop, but before selecting any, I asked the young master, "Young Master, what colors do you like?"

The young master replied immediately, "Red, blue, and yellow!"

Standard hero colors... I turned and told the owner, "Please select clothes based on these colors for the young master to dress in. Shirts, pants, and coats are all needed; if you can provide shoes and socks, that will be even better."

I believe that this female owner was probably more in tune with the current fashion trends of young people than I was. Besides, she looked like she was dressed comfortably, so leaving it up to her should be the better choice.

"No problem!" The handsome owner replied frankly and then began selecting clothes, not showing any strange reactions to my usage of "young master."

"Do you have any aprons?" the young master suddenly asked.

The female owner blinked. She gave a strange smile to the young master and said, "We don't have those. Is it for you?"

"No, it's for him." The young master pointed at me.

"Oh!" The female owner looked at me, her eyes brightening, and, still with that strange smile on her face, said, "Then when I next restock, I'll remember to order some aprons. When they arrive, I'll let you know! Here! Why don't you change into these clothes and shoes?"

The female owner put the clothes right into the young master's arms

and then pointed at the dressing room.

The young master nodded and obediently went into the dressing room to change.

After that, the female owner randomly selected some other clothes and shoved them in my hands, asking, "How old is your young master? Is he eighteen yet?"

"Young Master is already twenty-two."

The female owner stopped dead in her tracks, then turned around and asked me with that strange smile, "His upbringing must have been quite strict?"

I pondered. I had no idea how Master and Master An Te Qi had taught the young master, but from the thirty-something surveillance cameras and over 300 bodyguards...

"Very strict," I sincerely replied.

The female owner nodded and said without a hint of surprise, "There's actually such an obedient child in this era; it really opened my eyes! How about this, whatever it is that you buy, I'll give you a twenty percent discount."

"Thank you very much."

"Err..." The young master looked out from the dressing room and asked, "Is the shirt size too small?"

"No, that's your size." The female owner and the two salespeople smiled until their eyes were slits. The female owner waved her hand. "Come out and let us have a look."

The young master hesitated but still pushed the door open and walked out. The moment he did, the female owner whistled aloud.

The young master was wearing a red shirt that was so short it could only cover his chest. Yet, it had a high collar, and the length of the sleeves was long enough that the sleeves went past his elbows. As for the pants he was wearing, they were very loose, almost "hanging" on his hips, its length just slightly pass his knees. Beneath his pants, he was wearing a pair of boots.

Because his shirt was too short and his pants too low, the young master's abdomen was not covered by any sort of material at all, revealing his abdominal muscles. This was also the reason why the female owner was whistling, the female salesperson's eyes were shining, and the male salesperson's jaw was hanging slack.

"Whoa, this is completely unexpected! I really couldn't tell! He looks like such a weak and gentle young master, but he's actually so well-built under it all."

The female owner clicked her tongue and turned to me to say, "Thirty percent off!"

"... Thank you," I answered helplessly.

The young master looked at the female owner and the salespeople's expressions. He turned to me and asked, "Charles, do I look nice in this?"

Hmm! It does seem nice. The young master really is a student in the combat department. His body is well trained. However, truthfully, I was far more used to the young master wearing dress shirts and jeans. Before I could reply, the female owner gave a thumbs up and complimented him enthusiastically. "You look great! Really great! Trust me, if you wear this, you'll be popular anywhere you go!"

Hearing this, the young master's eyes glowed. He exclaimed, "Really?" The female salesperson by the side immediately parroted, "Really! Really! Your figure's so great! It's so attractive!"

As there were three people who agreed (including the male salesperson who unwillingly nodded), the young master immediately believed it. Then, under the female owner and the female salesperson's unusually warm recommendations, he changed into outfit after outfit. Upon the young master's agreement, the female owner and the female salesperson both took out cameras to photograph him endlessly.

"All these clothes are quite expensive."

After the young master tried on quite a number, the female owner looked at the sky-high stack of clothes and said briskly, "If you allow me to use these pictures in a catalogue and place posters in the store, then I'll only charge you the manufacture price! How about it?"

The young master was not in need of money. I frowned, and just as I was about to decline...

"How about it, Handsome?" The female owner patted the young master's shoulder.

The young master carelessly replied, "Okay!"

I hurriedly reminded him, "Young Master, you cannot leave any photos behind. Master An Te Qi would not like to see you wear these clothes, right?"

The young master turned to look at me with a confused expression. "Bàba An Te Qi? Why wouldn't he like it? Bàba always says that my clothes make him think that it's 1912, not 2112. He always complains that I should dress in a more modern fashion and stop letting him gaze into the past."

So Master An Te Qi is a forward-thinking person? I hurriedly picked someone else and said, "The master also would not like to see you dressed in these kinds of clothes, right?"

The young master said matter-of-factly, "Nah! Gēge always says it's alright as long as I'm happy."

At this, I really could not understand and asked doubtfully, "Then, may I ask, who is it that bought you your dress shirts and jeans?"

"No one. I bought them myself."

“...” *So the old-fashioned person is actually the young master himself?*

If so, then if the young master had no qualms about it, then there was no problem. I started discussing with the female owner, “Besides this outfit that the young master is wearing, can you send these other clothes to this address? We still have other activities tonight.”

“No problem. What sort of activities do you have tonight?” The female owner asked out of curiosity.

The young master immediately shouted in reply, “We’re going to watch a free-for-all combat!”

Hearing this, I started. Free-for-all combat? Was that not a competition that was originally underground but had later on risen in the world to become an official competition, also known as the bloodiest, most violent, almost no-holds barred fighting competition?

At this, the male salesperson shrieked, “Free-for-all combat? It can’t be tonight’s Ezart vs. Chelanda match?”

The young master happily answered, “That’s right!”

“Those tickets are super difficult to get! Even the outermost tickets were sold out. Which seats did you get?” The male salesperson said in envy.

The young master blinked and said, “I have no idea! I didn’t buy the tickets. Ezart gave them to me.”

"... Ezart gave them to you?!" A look of disbelief came over the male salesperson's face.

The young master rummaged through his bag and took out two tickets, passing it to the male salesperson.

"VIP!"

He took the tickets and shrieked. Originally, he had just been lazily slacking off to the side. But now, there was no difference between his attitude and that of the two females. He tugged on the young master's hand and hurriedly asked about Ezart, even requesting the young master to help him get his autograph.

"Then you're also going to watch the free-for-all combat?"

The female owner said this, then sized me up and said, concerned. "You want to go there dressed like that? I guarantee you'll definitely get into trouble!"

Hearing this, even the young master, whose hands were being pulled on by the male salesperson, turned to look at me. He nodded and said, "That's true. Why don't you help pick out some clothes for Charles too!" The female owner happily said, "No problem!"

"I— I do not like having my abdomen exposed!" I hurriedly declared.

"Oh?" The female owner looked at me and shrugged her shoulders. "Okay then, other parts can be exposed instead!"

Urk! Can I not expose other parts of my body either?



The female owner.... Ah, no! According to her introduction, she was Olga, the female salesperson was Jill, whereas the male salesperson was Luo Lun.

Olga did exactly what she said, purposefully picking out a sleeveless black tank top for me. I had no idea whether it was coincidental or supposed to be mocking; the design in the middle of the tank top was a dappled white cross.

Then, Jill was all smiles as she handed over a pair of leather pants. Although they were long, the pants' outer side was decorative nets.

Finally, Luo Lun sympathetically passed me a pair of boots, covering up the side of my calves... *However, what I am more intent on covering up is the side of my thighs.*

My abdomen has indeed not been exposed, but other parts of my body definitely are.

I am really, really not used to these sorts of clothes.

However, Olga said the very first outfit that the young master had tried on also came in other color schemes. If I disliked the current outfit, she could get the exact same outfit as that one for me, just in a different color. We could go out in these "brothers' outfits." The moment the young master heard this, he immediately brightened.

Recalling the too-short red shirt and the too-low pants and how they exposed the abdomen and lower back, I was more willing to wear the shirt with the cross design and the pants with side fretwork.

As Olga and Jill were extremely dissatisfied with the hairstyles the young master and I were sporting, they offered to help us style our hair with no room for disagreement.

“That’s alright! It’s really bright outside right now, so it’ll be really hot even if we go out!”

The young master told me that with a smile. Only then did I realize that I had changed into a revealing outfit. Having the sun shine directly onto my skin would cause me great discomfort.

“Yes, Young Master,” I replied gratefully.

So it was only in the evening when the sun’s rays were a lot weaker that the young master and I left X-Killer.

Following the young master’s wish to eat fries and fried chicken for dinner, we headed to a fast food restaurant. On the way, I was very concerned about my appearance and whether or not it would draw strange looks, but sadly, the number of people who noticed the young master and me was actually a lot less than before the young master and I had gone to X-Killer. It was obvious that formal outfits, dress shirts, and jeans were a lot stranger than the current clothes we were sporting to the average youngster on the street.

Although I felt upset, my relief far outweighed that, and I was especially happy for the young master. The young master did not seem to dislike the clothes he was wearing, and along the way, many youngsters gave him admiring looks and whistles, obviously impressed with his appearance. This was a great first step in improving the young master's interpersonal relationships.

After arriving at the fast food restaurant, the young master ordered all six sets on the menu, and we carried the mountain of food to an empty table.

Before eating, the young master looked at me curiously and asked, "Charles, aren't you eating?"

"I do not eat these foods."

"I know that, but I'm asking you, aren't you going to drink blood?"

"Here... is not so appropriate, right?" I smiled. I had no intention of raising a ruckus.

The young master extended a hand and said, "Pass me your bag of blood."

I started and reflexively obeyed the young master's command, taking out a bag of blood from my sack and handing it to him.

The young master took it just like that, got up to empty out a drink from the table into the trash can, and then punctured the bag and publicly poured the blood into the glass in front of everyone.

I stared at the young master. *This... is not quite appropriate, right?*

The young master walked back to the table, placed the glass in front of me, and inserted a straw. Then, he looked at my expression and laughed, reminding me, "It's okay like this. After all, everyone else is also strange!"

I blinked and looked around. Within the fast food restaurant, there were scores of people showing off their modified limbs, and there were many wearing all sorts of weird clothing. Some even had their weapons out. Off in the corner, there was even someone holding a knife and carving words into his shoulder... *Indeed, everyone is really strange, but more importantly, no one noticed the young master's actions just now.*

I really am too old-fashioned.

I sighed and sipped the blood in the cola glass. The young master also began speed-eating. No one around us noticed his abnormal eating speed.

During this time, I tactfully declined quite a number of groups of girls that came up to flirt with us and... quite a few groups of "guys" as well. Watching these guys sneaking looks at the young master's exposed abdomen and their dubious smiles that followed after that, I did not believe that they were really, as they claimed, only looking to "be friends" with the young master.

Forget the girls, even guys are coming up to flirt. I could not help sighing again, "Am I really too old-fashioned?"

"Are you?" The young master was about to say more, but then he suddenly tugged me, pointing at the TV screen hanging from the ceiling and saying excitedly, "Charles, look! It's Dark Sun again!"

I looked up at the screen. It was showing a report. This afternoon, Dark Sun had saved a number of citizens stuck at the top of a building on fire. He appeared directly from the sky, breaking the tall window and flying the people down one-by-one.

The media even managed to get a shot of Dark Sun flying across the sky. Although his face was indiscernible, his clothes were the same. The metal wings under the sun glimmered, further enforcing that it was him.

When the report was over, I looked at the young master. There was no doubt about it. Since morning, the young master had been in my line of sight the entire time. He had only left me for about five minutes to use the restroom. I did not believe that five minutes was enough time for him to fly to the fire, save people, and then fly back.

I must have stared at the young master for too long, as he also looked at me and asked, bewildered, "What's wrong?"

I kept quiet for a while and noticed that the young master had stray ketchup by his mouth. I took out a handkerchief, wiped his mouth, and suggested, "Young Master, I think that you should still wear less revealing clothing!"

The young master was puzzled and asked, "Why?"

Because, if you are not Dark Sun, and you do not have Dark Sun's physical prowess, then this entire world is far too dangerous for you who is dressed so revealingly!

Diary of a Butler #7: The Most Dangerous Free-For-All Combat

Dear Father,

I have made yet another mistake, and undoubtedly it is a mistake that you would strictly reprimand.

You have often said that as long as an employer requests for a butler, other than a salary and the most basic form of respect, a butler should not request anything else of his employer. That is because a butler serves his employer, but the employer does not serve his butler. Yet I hoped the young master to be a hero, so that I could feel honored that I am serving a hero.

What greed. If you knew about this from the heavens, you would definitely make such a comment!



The entrance to the battle arena was extremely crowded, the queue snaking and coiling. There were even many people who were currently brawling. I looked at the long queue and was just about to suggest to the young master that I would go over and wait in line while he rested, but the young master pulled me to a stop. Then, he ignored the queue and walked directly toward the entrance.

We walked all the way to the ticket booth at the entrance, though such an obvious cutting of the queue clearly made everyone extremely dissatisfied. There were quite a few people who were already rolling up their sleeves, ready for battle, walking towards us...

“VIP.”

After the young master yelled “VIP,” the people in the line showed astonished expressions. Then, he handed over our tickets to the ticket collector. Following that, he took two booklets from the staff. In this time period, none of the people who had been eager for battle came forward to challenge us. Instead, they looked at us with eyes full of disbelief.

Are these VIP seats really that rare?

“Charles, do you dislike this place?”

The young master glanced at me as he handed me a booklet and explained. “If you see something that you dislike, your eyes will squint. The width of your eyes decrease by about 0.07cm! Earlier, when you first saw the set of clothes you are currently wearing, you also had this expression.”

Against the young master’s unfathomable ability, I could only obediently admit, “I am not very fond of this place.”

The young master smiled as he said, “I’m not very fond of this place either, but I don’t have a choice. Ezart¹ is fighting here for his single-elimination open tournament.”

“May I inquire as to the relationship between you and Ezart?” I had to know the identity of this Ezart first, so that later on, I would be able to use a suitable form of address with him.

"My ex-classmate." The young master tugged at my hand. He seemed extremely familiar with this place as he said, "Walk through here, VIPs can go in from the side door."



I flipped through the free-for-all combat rules in the handbook. Other than not being allowed to leave the ring for more than five minutes, only stepping out of the five meter boundary from the ring or doing something that endangers the audience or referee would result in disqualification. For the sake of not endangering the two groups stated before, weapons that had an attack range of over five meters were banned from the arena. For example, firearm type weapons. Other than these rules, free-for-all combat could be said to be a contest completely lacking in rules.

As for the so-called VIP seats, they were just chairs that were set up beside the ring. The chairs were not even five meters away from the ring, which meant that they were still within the range of movement of the contestants. In the rules, it is also stated that both contestants are allowed to have up to five VIPs. Moreover, these five VIPs are allowed to move at will, go near the ring, and even attack the contestant...

They are practically the contestant's helpers, right?

So, we are actually here to help the young master's classmate fight in the arena?

I felt a little uneasy inside. I was simply not fond of combat, especially in front of so many people. Surveying my surroundings revealed that spectators were continuously crowding into the seats, which were

arranged in steps. If all of these seats were filled, the audience would probably number no less than five thousand.

However, it seemed to be a little too late to refuse to help in the battle. At this moment, we were already standing by the side of the ring, and the young master was chatting with the contestant named Ezart.

When we first arrived, the young master had given me a concise introduction. The strong man who was lazily leaning on the ring's ropes and had a head of orange hair and even a tattoo on the left side of his face was his ex-classmate. His name was Ezart. Then, the young master just stood by the stage and started conversing with the contestant in the ring.

Ezart leaned lazily on the ropes that were hung around the ring and raised his chin in my direction. He asked, "This your butler?"

"That's right! He's called Charles."

"He's the vampire you mentioned over the phone?"

"Yup!" The young master nodded his head vigorously.

"He doesn't look like one at all." Ezart sized me up, full of suspicion. He frowned as he looked at the young master, saying, "You're not bullshitting me, right? Oh! Then again, you're a brat who never lies. Hey! Butler! Are you strong? "

I hurriedly shook my head and revealed an apologetic expression as I said, "I do not specialize in combat."

"F***! A vampire who doesn't specialize in combat?" Ezart showed an impatient expression and then criticized the young master without restraint. "I say, why did you get trash for a butler? Wasn't the female vampire from before pretty strong?"

Hearing that, the young master became serious. He said in a stern tone, "Ezart, you shouldn't say that Charles is trash."

"So what if I say that? Are you looking for a fight?"

How did the young master acquaint himself with such a classmate? I felt extremely puzzled over this, for the two of them were exact opposites.

"I'm not!" The young master rejected him in one shot. "However, you still can't call Charles trash, because you're even trashier than he is!" I was stunned. *These words w-were coming out of the young master's mouth?*

"Brat, what did you say?" Ezart's lazy attitude was gone, and he growled at the young master.

The young master was not frightened into retreating by his growl in the slightest. Instead, he started explaining as if it were natural, "That's because Charles is stronger than you! Only the strong can call the weak trash. That's what you said to me before! Therefore, you can't call him trash."

My expression changed. The young master was really messing around

too much; he was actually speaking in such a way to a combat contestant? I did not think that people who would compete in a free-for-all tournament would have good tempers and be able to tolerate people humiliating them.

“He’s stronger than me?”

Ezart froze and then looked me up and down in doubt. Contrary to my expectations, he did not look angry. Instead, he seemed very keen and in high spirits as he did so. After that, he turned around to ask the young master, “Compared to you, how strong is he? Who is trashier?”

The young master opened his mouth and was just about to reply when there was an angry roar from the back.

“Ezart! You should f***ing scam off the champion’s seat already!”

We all looked up at the stage. The other contestant had also gotten in the ring. He looked even bigger and stronger than Ezart, and his muscles were so huge they looked like they were about to explode. Both of his arms were modified, but most importantly, five strong men stood behind him. Every one of them looked incomparably strong, and they had all more or less modified their bodies as well.

Once these people appeared, the entire audience instantly started making a racket. Especially after that contestant made his declaration of war, the atmosphere became even more heated. There were quite a few people who had copied him and started cursing Ezart in anger.

“This contest allows their contestants to have modifications?” I was a

little shocked.

Ezart turned around and gave me a mocking smile, "Everything goes in free-for-all combat."

"You do not have any modifications," I said, a little worried.

Though Ezart looked much stronger than the young master, there was still a large difference between him and the other contestant. Moreover, the opponent had modified both of his arms while Ezart did not have a single trace of modification on his body. Also, the other party had invited five VIPs, but on Ezart's side, there was no one save the young master and me. And I did not wish to enter the fray.

"So what? Have you modified anything before, Vampire?"

Ezart casually leaned his back against the ropes, and then lifted his chin at Chelanda. He said with disdain, "There are a lot of people stronger than that kind of ugly thing! For example, that fellow beside you."

I stilled for a moment but then automatically looked to my side. Of course, I only saw the young master beside me.

"It's going to start soon!" Though Ezart had said that, he was still lazily leaning on the elastic ropes.

I looked towards the ring. The referee had entered the ring, and he was introducing both the contestants and their history in an excited tone. His tone and introduction obviously made the mood even more

intense and feverous. *Rather than saying he is a referee, he is more like a host*, I sincerely thought.

The referee fiercely introduced, "In the blue corner, it is the challenger who has defeated many various experts and has finally achieved the challenger's spot, Chelanda! As for the red corner, it is the champion who has successively claimed the throne of the champion thrice and has never lost a fight! Known as the undefeated king, he is – Ezart!"

I was very shocked. I did not know Ezart was actually the champion, and that he had even held onto his title three times in succession. He simply did not look like that strong of a person. Though he was healthy and robust, it did not seem to the point of ridiculousness. After matching it with his height, his figure could even be said to lean towards skinny. No matter how I looked at it, he did not look like a champion of free-for-all combat.

Once the referee finished his introductions, the voices cursing Ezart were immediately drowned out by tremendous cheer. The entire place was shouting, "Ezart." In face of all this earth-trembling noise, Ezart still lazily hung on the elastic ropes. Without even looking back, he yelled, "Hey! Ah Ye, buy me a cola."

"Oh, okay," replied the young master blankly.

"Young Master, are you leaving? The match is about to start." I was a little nervous. *The young master would not want me to help Ezart fight on my own, right?*

The young master answered back naturally, "Yup! Ezart told me to buy

one, so I'm going to buy it. Charles, you should go to your seat and watch the match!"

I was confused and after much pondering, I decided that it would be better to clarify matters with the young master. "Young Master, should I help?"

"Help?" The young master tilted his head to one side and seemed puzzled as he replied, "I said that I'm going to buy it by myself!"

I immediately tried to explain, "Young Master, you are mistaken. What I meant was, should I help in the battle?"

"Why do you have to help in the battle?" The young master's eyes widened, and he exclaimed in shock, "You're a butler, not a hitman. I have always kept that in mind!"

So the young master has always kept that in mind. I felt extremely gratified.

I glanced at the five strong men on the opposing side and said in worry, "But the other party has five VIPs helping him."

Hearing that, the young master gave an "oh" and lifted his head to look at the person in the ring. He asked, "Ezart, do you want me to help?"

Ezart replied back snappily, "Help? Like for real, go buy me my cola!" The young master gave another "oh" and told me, "I'm going to buy cola. Charles, just sit and watch the match. Even if Ezart is beaten up

until he's lying flat on the ground, you are absolutely not allowed to help him!"

"You brat, what nonsense are you spouting!" Ezart whipped his head around and gave the young master a vicious glare. He roared in rage, "Who did you say would be beaten until lying flat on the ground?"

"The person replying!"

The young master stuck out his tongue in my direction, and while hearing the sound of Ezart snarling, he ran away laughing.

It seemed that the young master truly did not wish for me to help in the battle. Since that was the case, I had no need to step in. I did not care whether the match ended in victory or defeat, and though the free-for-all combat is a contest where anything goes, it should not result in the loss of human lives. Thus, I was extremely relaxed as I walked to my seat to sit down.

When I had just sat down, I saw that four of the opponent's five VIPs had suddenly left the ring. Moreover, the place that they were headed to was the front door, which was the place that the young master had just exited.

In my heart flit a trace of unease, and I quickly got up to chase after the young master...

"Hmph!" After Ezart gave a snort, he coldly said, "Sit down, Butler." I was stunned and momentarily froze on the spot, not knowing what to do next.

Ezart icily asked the opponent on the ring, "What is the meaning of this?"

Chelanda gave a wicked laugh, and with a sinister expression, growled, "What's the meaning? Isn't this free-for-all combat, which means there are no rules! Including using hostages!"

"It's true that there are no rules, but the audience is the rule." Lazily, Ezart retorted, "If you make the audience unhappy, don't even think about fighting on stage in the future!"

"This is precisely what the audience wants to see. You have been sitting on the champion's seat for far too long!" Chelanda gave a loud yell. "There are tons of people who want to see you receive a beating! Who cares what kind of method is used? As long as they can see you lying on the ground, everyone will be happy!"

When Chelanda shouted this exclamation, the surrounding audience really started to get hyped. The people who were cheering for Ezart just now seemed to have vanished completely, leaving only the sounds of "Bash him up," "Bash him up" echoing unanimously.

This contest and this audience are simply both too messed up! I have to go save the young master...

"I said sit down, didn't you understand, Butler?" Ezart turned around to reprimand me.

"They win in numbers, and they are armed with weapons. The young

master..." I glanced at the seat of the young master. On top of it was his messenger bag full of hidden weapons. The young master had not brought it with him.

"So what?" Ezart seemed not to care in the least as he said, "Your young master isn't so lousy that he needs his butler to go save him. Sit down!"

Seeing Ezart's reaction, Chelanda's face twitched once, and he coldly said, "Hmph, I didn't think that you would be so cruel even to your own mistress!"

Hearing that, both Ezart and I were stunned. Ezart had an even stranger expression on his face as he asked, "Who did you say was my mistress?"

"Who else could it be? Isn't it the little missus from just now!"

Chelanda had a lecherous expression as he said, "Tch, tch! His waist is really fine, no wonder you're so captivated by him."

I looked at Ezart, and he currently had on an expression that was filled with disgust and nausea... Enough to express that he had no interest whatsoever in the young master's waist, let alone as his "mistress."

"Right!" Ezart seemed to suddenly remember something, and turned around. He asked me in puzzlement, "Is there something wrong with him today? What the hell was he dressed in? If his brother saw, he would definitely go crazy on the spot."

I fully approved of what he said. The young master is much better suited to wearing dress shirts and jeans.

“But the young master has said that the master, meaning the young master’s brother, only cares if he is happy or not. He would not forbid the young master from wearing clothes that are relatively trendy.”

Trendy and exposed, I secretly added in my heart.

“That’s right, I guess!” Ezart scratched his face and without the slightest doubt, commented, “His brother would probably tell him as long as he likes it, he’s okay with it, but behind his back he would slaughter all of the people in his younger brother’s surroundings who wear this kind of clothing. Afterward, Ah Ye will see that no one is wearing those kinds of clothing, so he won’t follow the trend and wear them anymore.”

Oh... I gained a deeper understanding of the master once again.

“Ezart, how do you still have the f***ing time to flirt with someone else? Did you not take me seriously, and really think I wouldn’t touch your mistress?” Chelanda shouted in anger. He was so angry that both of his eyes seemed about to start spitting fire.

Flirt with someone else? I was dazed for a moment. Could it be that the person he was referring to was...“me?” Alas! *What exactly do humans nowadays think about?*

Ezart instead mocked him, “I have never taken people who don’t dare to fight me fair and square and even have to resort to capturing hostages seriously!”

Hearing that, Chelanda was strangely not angry. Instead, he laughed. As he said "good" thrice, he gestured to the big TV screen on one side of the stadium and roared, "Look! Let's see if you can be continue being so arrogant!"

I turned around to look at the screen, suddenly feeling a sense of déjà vu... Yesterday night, I had just seen Dark Sun on the TV screen, but tonight, it was the young master. However, yesterday night I could keep my calm while tonight I could somewhat understand Mr. Bramble's anxiousness. I did not wish for the young master to be hurt. Until now, I had never had an employer who has truly treated me as a butler. Even if I were to judge him most critically, the young master is still a very good employer. In the past, I had only ever protected my employers under forced circumstances. However, the current me would definitely do so willingly. Since Mr. Kyle is both a secretary and a butler, I do not mind being a butler-slash-bodyguard either.

However, right now, Ezart was stopping me from doing so. This made me feel a little confused. He is the young master's friend and should not wish harm to the young master. *Could it be that the young master really can defeat those people?*

At this time, I lifted my head to look at the large TV screen. On it, the young master was currently carrying a tray with a can of cola and a cup of milk. He looked confused and doubtfully asked the four muscular men facing him, "You want to use me to threaten Ezart?"

The four robust men firmly blocked his path back. One of them laughed maliciously as he said, "That's right, so just be obedient and

yell nice and loud. Make your paramour's heart ache, and we will hit you a little softer. At most, we will cripple you, but we definitely won't kill you!"

All four of them laughed.

"My paramour?" The young master continued to look extremely confused. He asked very politely, "May I ask, what is a paramour?" The other party froze and then started explaining by reflex, "A paramour is..."

"Why are you making small talk with him?" One of the others rolled his eyes at the person trying to explain and yelled angrily, "Just catch and beat him up."

Seeing these four strong men closing in on him with malicious intents, the young master still seemed to have a puzzled look on his face. He was even muttering to himself, "I really don't understand why you would want to do this. If you want to hold me hostage, then you have to defeat me first, right? If you can defeat me, then why don't you go fight Ezart directly? You would definitely be able to win against him."

"What did you say?" The four of them were stunned and froze in their steps.

While the young master was mumbling, he put the tray he was holding onto the floor. He straightened his back, and with an expression close to innocence, told his enemies, "That's because, Ezart has never beaten me before!"

("This damn fellow... Tch!" Off the screen, Ezart gave a cold snort, but he did not say anything to refute it.)

After hearing the young master's words, the other party was stunned. In anger, they roared, "What nonsense are you saying?" and sent a fist flying towards the young master... The young master's left hand easily grabbed hold of that person's wrist. He was extremely calm and polite as he asked, "So, you still intend to fight?"

"Damn sissy, let go..."

The person whose right hand had been caught switched to his left hand and attempted another punch, but the young master pulled the person's hand towards his chest. That person had no leisure to pay any attention to his punch and was instead falling forward. Then, the young master lifted his right knee and jammed it into the other person's stomach. From a frontwards falling position, his opponent switched to clutching his stomach as he fell backwards.

By this time, the young master's right leg had also landed on the ground and his left leg immediately moved into a roundhouse kick. The robust man who was a head taller than him was sent flying and smashed into the wall. He did not even utter a single sound before falling to the ground motionlessly.

Both within the screen and off screen was a sea of silence.

I too was so shocked that I could barely form words. Though I knew that the young master majors in combat and that his marksmanship is very good, to witness him using punches and kicks to send someone

who is more than twice as muscular as him flying into a wall is still astonishing. The young master's figure simply did not look like one with such great strength.

A sound of gunfire broke the silence.

The bullet did not actually hit the young master. He turned around and saw the man who was holding the gun. Strangely, he did not have a single trace of fear, only straightforwardly stating, "You fired."

"T-That's right... T-Therefore, you're dead meat!"

The remaining three men had obviously panicked due to his calmness. They were shouting loudly, as though they were trying to increase their courage by roaring.

The young master tilted his head to one side, then shrugged as he said, "Oh, then let me tell you. After guns come into play, it's not playtime anymore! I'm going to get serious now!"

(Just now, you kicked someone into the wall and he lost consciousness because of it. Was that not being serious enough... I could practically read this thought from the audience's twitching faces.)

The sound of gunshots erupted, and the young master made his move too. On the screen, his figure was so fast that he was like a black shadow. At the same time, he was completely disregarding laws of gravity as he occasionally ran along the walls, sometimes grabbing hold of the flagpole on the wall to change direction and maneuver, and sometimes even landing on the enemy.

His motions were smooth, fast, and nimble. He dodged all of the bullets, and with a big leap, he landed on the back of the person who had fired the first gunshot.

That muscular guy's entire body froze, and his expression filled with alarm and realization, as though he had realized what the consequences would be...



I got up.

After seeing the young master beat down a second person, about to make a move against the third, I began to walk to the corridor outside of the battle arena. It did not take me long before I saw the young master.

The young master currently had one foot on the walls of the corridor as he dodged the bullet his opponent had just fired. Then, kicking off the wall with one leg, he rushed like a bullet at the only person left standing. Suddenly, the muzzle of the gun that the robust man was holding was already at the side of the young master's face. He only had the time to look at the young master in shock before the young master lashed numerous punches at him... In the end, the young master trod on the man's stomach with one foot, then sent him flying into the wall with a kick. The person dropped to the floor.

At this moment, I was only five steps away from the young master. The young master lifted his head up and looked at me with curiosity. With a perfect, butler's smile, I said, "Young Master, your shoe has

gotten dirty.”

After saying that, I walked right in front of the young master and smoothly knelt on the floor. The young master did not look surprised in the slightest, and naturally placed his foot on my right thigh. Even so, I barely felt the young master’s weight, for he had placed his foot lightly.

I took out a piece of cloth from my possessions, carefully and thoroughly wiping the shoe clean of the blood and dust that had gotten on it.

I politely said, “It is clean, Young Master.”

As the young master put his foot down, he told me, “Thank you.”

“Do not mention it, Young Master.”

I stood up, my usual smile on my face. However, within my heart I was incomparably moved. I was so filled with pride that I could speak of it endlessly. I knew that this was improper, for whether the employer is strong or weak, I should not hold any kind of expectations. However...

My honorable father, even if I were to be scolded by you, I still cannot help but feel honored because of this. To have such a valiant employer who never brags, I feel extremely proud.

The young master looked me up and down with his head cocked to one side. He muttered, “Hmm, your smile went up by five degrees, your

eyes are squinting into an arc shape, and their width decreased by 0.07 cm. This is a new expression! But, what does this expression mean? Oh! It's a bit hard to guess."

Young Master... Then please do not guess anymore!

"Ah! It became a helpless expression again."

"..."



When we walked back to the arena, Ezart was in the middle of roaring with laughter. Then, with a heavy blow, he kicked Chelanda out of the ring.

After he saw us return to our seats, his laughter became even wilder, seemingly never ending. He clutched his stomach and hung onto the elastic ropes as he yelled loudly, "Oh my god, you didn't see when your butler was wiping your shoes, t-their expressions just now... Hahaha! Classic, super classic! Ah Ye, this butler of yours is really damn interesting."

The young master was extremely happy as he chimed in to say, "See, I've said before that Charles is very interesting, and that you should definitely meet him! Right, Ezart, let's go eat barbeque later..."

"Young Master!"

I gave a shocked yell, and in that instance, the sound of gunfire sounded. Chelanda had actually hidden an energy gun under the stage

and had seized the opportunity to fire at the young master.

The young master tilted his head in the nick of time, and the energy beam shot past his face. His cheek immediately dripped blood. Seeing that, a burst of anger invaded the depths of my heart. Not only has this human tried to use numbers to outnumber and bully others from the start, and under that kind of advantage, intended to use the young master as a hostage, he had even secretly hidden firearms and nearly killed the young master. The rules clearly stated that one cannot use firearms in the ring, and moreover, the young master was not even a contestant.

“Shameless!”

With a step of my foot, I reached Chelanda in a flash. My right hand grabbed the barrel of his energy gun and bent the whole barrel with one burst of strength. In my left hand, I grabbed hold of the back of his head and fiercely banged it on the side of the stage. A tremendous sound rang out, and the wooden boards on the side of the stage snapped. However, I did not stop there, and continued shoving him in, until his entire upper body was shoved below the elevated stage. *This kind of scum, it is better for him to be out of sight, out of mind.* I patted off the dirt on my hands, turned around, and took out a handkerchief from the bag that I carried with me. As I did that, I walked over to the young master and used the handkerchief to wipe away the blood on his face. Following that, I took out an ointment to cleanse the wound. Last of all, I stuck on a bandage.

“Thank you.” The young master was always extremely polite.

“Do not mention it, Young Master,” was my respectful reply. At the same time, I placed all the first-aid items I had just used back into the bag.

Once again, the entire audience was a sea of silence. Only Ezart’s laughter came from above, “Hahaha! I like this fellow, he’s too amusing. Ah Ye, where did you find such a gem? Oh my god! This is killing me.”

The young master looked at Ezart extremely happily, and then, as though he was showing off a treasure, he said, “When I went out to buy a late night snack, I found him in an alley!”

Young Master, if you say it that way, you make me sound like a kitten you picked up in an alley...



In the end, Chelanda’s violation of the rules made the organizer of the free-for-all combat competition fly into a rage and decide to expel him from the world of free-for-all combat forever. Naturally, Ezart became the champion for the fourth successive time and received a giant trophy on stage. In my opinion though, he seemed more interested in the award check than the trophy.

However, he seemed not to be a greedy person in terms of money. That is because once he received the check, he told the young master, “Let’s get a late night snack! My treat.”

Thus, the three of us sat in the barbeque shop. This time, I took out the blood pack myself and poured it into a disposable cup that the

barbeque shop provided.

“Tch! Free-for-all combat is getting more and more boring. That kind of trash with no actual strength somehow managed to climb the ranks to reach me, tch, tch! Since I have the reward money for my living expenses for now, I might as well not fight for a while.”

While eating his late night snack, Ezart used his check to fan himself as he complained.

Hearing that, the young master lifted his head up and asked in doubt, “But, Ezart, don’t you still owe El-gē² money?”

Ezart froze for a moment, and then shrugged, asking, “Do I?”

“You do!” The young master said insistently, “Last time, you told me El-gē had bought a car and was now out of money. He even warned you that if you keep refusing to return his money, he would definitely drag you down to accompany him in the grave before he starved to death.”

“Oh!” Ezart scratched his head and replied, “I think there was something like that? But even if I don’t return the money, it shouldn’t make much of a difference? Anyways, El wouldn’t starve to death. At least, he can borrow money from you!”

“El-gē has already come to my school to borrow some money from me. He even said that he would kill you sooner or later...”

At this moment, a cell phone started ringing. I hurriedly apologized.

Ezart shrugged, and the young master did not mind as he said, "It's okay, take the call!"

I took out the cell phone and looked at the name displayed on the screen before I answered it. I politely inquired, "Mr. Bramble, may I ask what the matter is?"

The other asked immediately, "Is the young master beside you?"

I thought that they had lost track of the young master again and began to tell them where we were. "Yes, we are at-"

However, Mr. Bramble interrupted my words, saying, "Where you are doesn't matter! Just tell the young master that I, Bramble, owe him my life."

Owe him his life... Ah! Could it be that, like me, he had thought the young master to be Dark Sun? Indeed, if I had not seen the young master and Dark Sun appear at the same time, I would likely believe the young master to be Dark Sun as well. Even if the young master did not admit it, I would still have continued to believe so without any doubt!

I hurriedly clarified, "You are mistaken. The young master is not Dark Sun."

The person on the line fell silent, and then he indifferently said, "If that's what you say, so be it! No matter what, I wanted to tell you, the life that I owe the young master can be given to him, but the same doesn't go for the rest of my brothers. Don't let him play around with

his life to the point of overdoing it. Remember! On him, he is carrying the lives of more than three hundred men.”

After saying that, he ended the call.

It seems like Bramble still believes the young master to be Dark Sun.

After I gave a sigh, I lifted my head and saw the young master and Ezart looking at me.

“Who is Bramble?” Ezart asked, puzzled.

“I’m not Dark Sun? Charles, what are you talking about?” The young master asked in confusion.

I gave a forced smile and recalled Bramble’s repeated request to help him warn the young master. Regardless of the young master’s identity, in the very least, letting the young master know that there are many dangerous places in this world is not a bad thing.

Therefore, I respectfully said, “Young Master, there is something I wish to tell you. Mr. Ezart, please listen too!”

Both the young master and Ezart stilled for a moment, and then one shrugged his shoulders while the other nodded.

I then began narrating, “It is a matter regarding the rooftops. The rooftops, also known as the non-human’s Dark Realm...”

Footnotes

¹ **Ezart:** Ezart's name is officially given as "Ezart" by Yu Wo, based on the pronunciation of his name 伊薩特 (pinyin: yīsàtè). He has a much larger role in Eclipse Hunter.

² **El:** El (艾爾) is short for Elian, (艾爾利安, pinyin: àiěrlǎn) a friend of Ezart and Ah Ye. Ah Ye usually calls him El-gē (艾爾哥).

Diary of a Butler #8: The Music that has Changed Tempo

Dear Father,

Thank you for blessing me from the heavens, allowing me to have finally found a good employer. I wholeheartedly wish for these days when we can get along so pleasantly to be able to continue.



After many days of playing truant from school, the young master returned to the days when he slept and woke up early every day, attended classes in school during the day, and did his homework earnestly upon returning at night.

Occasionally, the young master would still go out to eat midnight snacks. He would usually look for Ezart to accompany him, while I would usually drink blood by the side and occasionally utter a refusal to Ezart's request for a fight.

Every morning, after sending the young master off at the door, I would carry a parasol as I delivered tea to the roof. Whenever I brought it up, Bramble would not say anything, not even to complain that the young master had disappeared yet again or such. However, whenever I collected the tea tray after waking up in the afternoon, the teapot would always be empty.

These pleasant and routine days continued for two weeks. Just when I thought that such a normal and routine lifestyle could at least last until the young master's graduation, a very complicated matter arose.

One afternoon, after I had tidied up the tea tray, exchanged a few words with Dell, and greeted Bramble, I was just about to walk down from the roof when the door opened one beat ahead of me. There was a lady wearing a black hat behind the door. The wide hat brim shrouded her entirely under its shade, but it could not cover up the amorous rays radiating from her. Instead, the smooth curves of the black hat brim accentuated the enchantment of the shape of her face and her white skin, making one lose oneself in those blood-red lips on her face. She gave off the feeling that even if those pair of lips were to suck one's blood dry, one would not have any regrets... Indeed.

An exceptional beauty filled with demonic charm like this was indeed the standard characteristic trait of a vampire. Since she appeared during the day, it was evident that her generation count was not distant. And in the world of vampires, one's generation count was nearly equivalent to one's strength.

At this moment, I also witnessed the excellent training of the bodyguards. Even though they were up against an exceptional beauty, their reaction was to immediately raise up their weapons. They made such a uniformed noise that it seemed as if there had only been one sound.

Facing the weapons of numerous bodyguards, the vampire beauty did not have a shred of concern. She slowly and deliberately pulled out a card from... from her bosom, and waved the card flirtatiously.

"Hold it," Bramble shouted at everyone the instant he saw that card. Then, he took out a cell phone and after momentarily operating it, the

phone made a “beep beep” sound. He looked at the phone screen, and then nodded, saying, “Without a doubt, you are a person operating under our superiors. However, you are not in charge of this case. Whatever you wish to do, go and find my superiors to talk about it!”

“I have no intention of interfering with this case.” The fellow member of my race returned the card to her bosom languidly, and replied very seductively, “I only want to speak with him.”

The “him” from her mouth did not need any special indication. Everyone knew it was referring to me.

Upon hearing this, some of the tension in all the bodyguards dissipated. Some even laughed mockingly, and Bramble also gave me a disapproving look.

“I do not know her,” I promptly clarified... But right after that I received countless looks of disbelief, making me feel rather dejected. *Are my words so unconvincing?*

“However, I do know you, mister famous vampire butler.” She said, in a voice as sweet as honey, “I am Melody¹, an eighth generation vampire.”

“Nice to meet you, I am Charles Endelis.” I simply replied with my name, not wishing to state my own “generation count.”

Regarding the bodyguards who understood that the roof was a dark realm, they would probably also know about the strength that “a fifth generation vampire” signified. I was currently getting along very

pleasantly with them and did not want them to be cautious towards me because they knew of my generation count.

Melody opened her pair of red lips, and said with a smile, "Handsome, could I have a word with you?"

I fell silent. No matter what the fellow member of my race wanted to do, I had to resolve this matter. Otherwise, if the young master became her next target, it would be terrible. I nodded and replied, "Alright."

I took a step towards the fellow member of my race.

"Butler! If you can't handle this great beauty, remember to yell for help! I guarantee that I'll be the first to rush over to help you!" Dell yelled, and his words promptly led to a burst of sinister laughter.

Immediately, someone by the side laughed as he made cutting remarks, "They're vampires on a date! Are you rushing over to be refreshments at the dinner table?"

I turned back to glance at him and Dell blinked at me. His words were normally rude and very sarcastic, but after several days of interacting with him, I came to realize that even if he did not spare others with his mouth, he was definitely a good person. These words were probably hinting to me that if I really met with trouble that I was unable to resolve, I could also ask them for help.

I nodded, grateful for his goodwill. However, in a fight between vampires, one was not allowed to have other races interfere, especially

humans. This was a consensus among every vampire.

When I walked up to Melody, her languid voice rang out again, "Don't go to the lower floors. Let's go to another rooftop instead. In any case, you don't mind the sunlight either right? If we went into the apartment to talk and broke the young master's things, the two of us wouldn't have a happy ending."

"Alright." I immediately agreed, but in my heart, I also understood that a fight was probably unavoidable.

Although Melody was wearing a pair of scarlet high heels, when she set out at a fast pace she still retained her elegance. She immediately jumped off the rooftop, and I started after her and leaped onto the neighboring large building.

But it was only one jump. After leaping onto the neighboring building, she stopped. This puzzled me. She should be able to tell that the relationship between those bodyguards and me was considerably good. If we were going to battle, we should have left their line of sight.

She turned around and then impolitely studied me for a while with her pretty eyes. She said, "I've heard you are a fifth-generation vampire, Charles Endelis."

"I am."

I nodded. It was not unexpected that she knew of my generation count. Just like what Mister Kyle had said, I was very well-known within the vampire community. I was well-known not for my

generation count, but because I wanted to be a butler. Vampires have always been good at being waited upon by people, but not serving others.

Thus, I held some admiration for her. Although she clearly knew that her own generation count was three generations apart from mine, she still dared to challenge me to a fight.

Melody frowned as she said, "You really don't seem like a vampire." "Is that so?" I smiled faintly as I said with disbelief, "How am I not like one? I am a pureborn vampire."

"Don't tell me I've been the only one who has said this?" Melody said with certainty, "I don't believe it. There have definitely been many vampires who said this the moment they saw you."

This was actually true, and it has always troubled me. It was only because of my father's wishes that I had never looked for an artist to sketch out my appearance... I suddenly remembered the painting that the young master had given to me. *Could the appearance in that painting really be the feeling I give to others? Gentleness?*

A gentle vampire. I could not help but smile wryly. It was no wonder I was so well-known among vampires. Perhaps it was not solely due to my identity as a butler.

However, no matter what I actually looked like, in any case, I had already lived a hundred and fifty years in this manner. I should settle the current situation first. I sighed lightly, and then asked, "May I ask why you wished to see me? In my recollection, it does not seem like

we are acquainted with each other.”

Melody softly hummed as she walked into the shadow under the water tower. She removed her giant hat, and a head of curly hair cascaded down. She shook her head, her curly hair gently draping around her shoulders. In a relaxed posture, she leaned against the supports of the water tower with both hands crossed in front of her chest. She said with a slight arrogance, “Hmph! You don’t know me, but I know a lot about you. You stole my job!”

I froze, and then blurted out, “You are the vampire that Mister Kyle mentioned before... The previous vampire that was sent to serve the young master?”

“So you know about that.”

The young master’s family was actually able to hire an eighth-generation vampire... The amount of vampires belonging to the first ten generations was really sparse. They were always well-known figures in the world of darkness and few would agree to appear before large masses of people, let alone be hired by a human.

It was not surprising that Melody would be in such rage. It was already very difficult to get an eighth generation vampire to agree to be the young master’s bodyguard, and what’s more, to actually get rejected, it could be considered immensely shameful and humiliating.

I said with sincerity, “The young master is still young. He probably selects people randomly, nothing to do with one’s true capabilities. You do not have to be so offended like this. If you really like the young

master and want to work by his side, I can..."

However, Melody interrupted me and retorted, "Who would like that little brat? I merely initially thought that I had already coaxed him into submission. Who could imagine that I would suddenly be replaced. Whatever I was feeling, it was just reluctance, that's all."

Feeling even more puzzled, I asked, "Since you do not like the young master, is it not better that you were replaced?"

"Hmph!" Melody's face fell, and then she said coldly, "What good is there? If I'm not the young master's subordinate, then I can't get close to him."

"Him? The young master?"

"Who's talking with you about the young master!" Melody rolled her eyes at me.

I forced a smile. Were we not discussing the young master all along?

"He is..." Melody paused, looking hesitant as she thought for a moment, then continued, "I-Is the young master's brother."

"You want to get closer to the master?" I was startled. I did not think that this situation would be related to the master.

"Master?"

Melody looked amused as she said, "So that is how you address him?"

That's actually quite fitting. He is indeed a lofty master high above the masses, and treats everyone as worthless dirt. The young master is the only exception. Only by being at the young master's side, will the master spare a glance towards you..."

The moment she mentioned the master, Melody's gorgeous face practically glowed with radiance. It looked like she truly revered the master.

However, I tried to remind her, "If your eyes are always fixed upon the master, then how can you serve the young master well?"

Hearing this, she was speechless for a while. She looked as if she comprehended what I'd said, but she still shouted obstinately, "What would you know? You've never seen the master before! You wouldn't know that compared to the master, the young master is at most an obedient child. Anyone would treat the master as their idol!"

I fell silent for a moment, and then murmured softly, "If that is the case, then I can understand why the young master had to leave his home. No matter how much he loves his brother, he cannot live his entire life in his brother's shadow."

Melody sniffed coldly, and then gave me a warning, "But he is already destined to live in his brother's shadow. Regardless of where he escapes to, the outcome will not change!"

I smiled as I shook my head, saying, "People will eventually become independent. The young master is not an exception, and he is already more than twenty years old... "

“Shut up!”

Melody suddenly yelled. Her entire body had changed from her initially relaxed and leaning posture to being highly tensed, like a provoked cat. She completely lost her prior indolent attitude, which made me immediately fall silent and look at her with astonishment.

“You must never speak anything that will encourage the young master to become independent, especially in the young master’s house. If not, then pray that the master will mercifully give you a quick and painful death!”

At this moment, the color of the sky gradually darkened. Melody walked out from under the shade and stood in the light of the setting sun. She looked like a prophet who was glowing and was now proclaiming an unchangeable prophecy.

“Charles Endelis, do not think that a fifth generation vampire can change anything. This world is huge, deep, and wide. It isn’t something that a vampire like you, born in a vampire household, can understand! Right now, the young master is shielding you, but even if the young master is here, the master still has many ways of eliminating you. When that time comes, perhaps the young master would shed a couple of tears for you, but he would never fall out with the master for this reason.”

I looked at Melody. A ridiculous notion suddenly welled up in my heart, but I felt that it was highly possible.

“Was it the master who had you come and give me this warning?”

Melody’s body shook, and then glaring at me fiercely, she said in an icy tone, “Do you think the master is acquainted with me?”

Even an eighth generation vampire is unable to come into contact with the master? I was a little apprehensive. Just what sort of identity does he have...

Rat-tat!

Following two faint sounds, two sparks flashed beside my leg. Stunned, I looked down towards my feet. There were two tiny cavities in the ground, with two wisps of smoke emitting from them.

I was a little doubtful. *This is...*

“What are you daydreaming for!”

Melody shouted, and then charged over with the inhuman speed of a vampire. After shoving me away, she grabbed beside her with her hand and two wisps of smoke rose between her fingers. She opened up her hand. Two bullets fell out and dropped onto the floor, making a tinkling sound.

They really are gunshots!

At that moment, gunshots erupted. They were no longer the previously modest double shots, but a chain of uninterrupted gunfire. Melody and I dodged at the same time using our non-human speed,

which made our silhouettes turn into flashes of shadows, thereby evading the rain of bullets.

“Why are they attacking us... Why would Bramble and the others want to attack us?”

While dodging, I also clearly saw the source of the bullets. It was from the rooftop of the neighboring building, which was also where Bramble and the others were. I even felt that I could glimpse Bramble’s gaze.

However, Melody did not have enough time to answer before Bramble and the others started firing again. This attack was more ferocious than the previous one. It was not merely bullets; they were also using energy weapons. This made the two of us even more serious in avoiding them. Perhaps the bullets would only hurt us for a moment, but the energy light rays could cut our skin apart.

Although the amount of blood loss from the energy light rays would not be much, even if the blood loss was minute, it was something that every vampire would absolutely go to great lengths to avoid. That was because blood was the source of our strength.

In the midst of this hail of bullets, Melody and I simultaneously dodged behind some cover, which was also the rear of the doorway to the staircase leading down. The moment I dashed inside, she grabbed my collar and yelled urgently, “Are you carrying any items that the master gave you?”

I pondered for a moment, and then took out the cell phone from my possessions and asked, “This is the cell phone that the young master

passed on to me. But I heard that it was from Mister Kyle, not the master...”

“Kyle is the master’s right hand man. The things he gives are equivalent to the master giving it. Do you think that with the master’s personality, there wouldn’t be a bug inside this device?” Melody glared at me as she shouted furiously, “Call the young master now, hurry!”

Under this sort of situation, I immediately followed Melody’s instructions. However, a formal voice came from the cell phone that kept on repeating, “Your phone is unable to make any calls at the moment.”

I pressed the stop button, and then said to Melody, “I cannot call.”

Upon hearing this, her eyebrows creased, yet she did not look surprised. Instead, she asked again, “Where is the young master now?” I glanced at the color of the sky, and replied, “He should be back home already.”

“Come!” Melody flashed to my side and seized my hand, anxiously saying, “Find the young master. He is the only one who can save us.” Before I could reply, I heard a loud sound. I turned my head to look. The iron door that was originally beside us was flying in mid-air; then it fell beyond the roof and thereafter tumbled down, leaving my range of sight... *I hope there are no passersby below the building.*

At the moment, the gunshots suddenly paused, but my intuition told me that perhaps this was not a good thing. Just after I thought this, heavy footsteps came from behind us. It did not sound like just one

person, yet the sound was exceptionally uniform. I cautiously stretched my head out, and Melody also leaned against my shoulders as she peered out.

A division of fully-armed troops was walking up from the doorway. They were all wearing the same clothes, a completely black military uniform with the stomach and lower vital parts protected with metal plates. They were carrying pikes in their hands, two short swords hung by their waists, and large firearms rested on their backs. The most unusual thing was, they were all wearing golden masks.

On the forehead part of the mask was a symbol that could be seen everywhere... The crest of the Sun Alliance.

Melody's breathing became heavy; she was close to despair as she murmured, "The Adjudication Squad..."

Adjudication Squad? Is it the Adjudication Squad that Bramble spoke about, the one that would come forward to execute them if Mission: Protect to the Death failed? When I thought until this point, Melody suddenly pinched my shoulder forcefully and asked fiercely, "Charles Endelis, have you done anything that endangered the young master before?"

I blinked. The previous incident with Mr. Burt, who had wanted to capture the young master to threaten me, was simply too unforgettable and instantly rushed forth in my mind. I blurted out, "Recently, there was someone who wanted to kidnap the young master to threaten me. However, they lost the young master during their pursuit and so it did not succeed."

“No wonder the master’s actions are so extreme!”

An expression of desperation appeared on Melody’s face as she groaned, “First, you nearly allowed the young master to become a hostage. Then, you said something that would encourage the young master to become independent. It would be strange if the master didn’t murder you. If I had known earlier that the situation had already reached this stage, I would not have come here to die with you!”

Upon hearing this, I could only smile bitterly as I said, “You should go on ahead while I block them. Jump down the building and go look for the young master.”

“Do you think that the master did not anticipate that vampires can jump down buildings?”

Just as Melody said that icily, as if to prove her words, noises came from the edges of the rooftop and then in rapid succession, identical masked men jumped up. After that, they stood motionlessly at the edges of the rooftop, by chance forming an encircling net.

However, it seemed like that was still not enough to support Melody’s words. The loud rumbling of a helicopter’s propeller came from the sky. I lifted my head up and looked around in the sky. There were three helicopters all together; moreover, these were attack helicopters each equipped with two missiles.

“Charles Endelis.”

Melody inhaled deeply, and then harboring great hope, she asked me,

“If the young master discovered you were missing, would he run up to the rooftop to look?”

Even though I hoped for the same, I could only extinguish this bit of hope and answer honestly, “The young master may think that I went out to hunt for food, not that I have disappeared. It is unlikely that he will be in a hurry to look for me.”

When I finished speaking, Melody’s face immediately fell. The eyes that were originally filled with demonic charm were now full of resentment. Matched with her pale complexion, she suddenly turned from a tender and beautiful mistress to a weak and sickly beauty.

As I looked at her, who appeared like she could wither up and die at any moment, I could only sigh and suggest, “I am sorry for involving you. I will do my utmost to block all the attacks I can. During this period, try to escape to the house. The young master should be back home already.”

Melody did not reply. Instead, her entire person suddenly nestled into my bosom, and then she seized my shoulder, looked up, and in this manner placed her red-lipstick mark beside my mouth. Following that, she giggled flirtatiously, took out a handkerchief and cleaned the corner of my mouth. As she did that, she said, “Thanks, you really are a good man, and very suited for red lipstick marks!”

I forced a smile once more. A gunshot rang out. I gently pushed her aside, and then with a wave of my hand, caught the bullet.

A sharp pain came from my palm. I opened up my fist to look. The bullet had cut into my palm, and based on the sharp pain in my palm,

without a doubt, this bullet contained silver.

Furthermore, according to the knowledge that I gained over the past few days from researching firearms ammunition due to the young master's needs, this bullet was seven centimeters long, which meant that it was an armor-piercing bullet. Armor-piercing ammo was originally used for penetrating light armor, and normally the surface of the bullet would be coated with a layer of copper. This was to reduce the damage from the overly hard bullet on the gun barrel. However, presently, this round was not coated in copper, but rather "silver."

Armor-piercing rounds were originally considered unsuitable for usage on animals because this kind of bullet's main attribute was its high penetration ability. It was unable to cause large amounts of bleeding. However, its penetrating attribute was indeed very suitable for wounding vampires, and then coating the outside with "silver" to send it into a vampire's body...

"What are you daydreaming for?"

Melody yelled angrily at me, and then she violently shoved me out of the way as a few armor-piercing rounds flew through the space where I was previously standing. Only then did I suddenly awake up. *This is not the time for analyzing bullets!* I hurriedly apologized, "I am sorry, recently I have been reading too many books about weapons, so..."

"Behind you!"

The moment she shouted, I instantly vanished from my original position and then reappeared beside her. Both my hands waved in

front of her chest, scattering all the bullets. Even if it was armor-piercing ammo, as long as I was mentally prepared, I could still deflect them.

However, Melody rolled her pretty eyes at me and said unhappily, "I take back what I just said. You aren't a good man, but a stupid man! You can dodge, so do you think I can't? Why on earth would you want to receive those things head on? Also, I'm afraid they're going to come at us for real now, so don't blank out again."

"For real?"

I looked at the masked men surrounding us, and only then realized that with how many of them there were, around thirty men, if they opened fire at the same time, it would result in a heavy shower of bullets, that perhaps even I could not withstand and would have no other choice but to evade. However, the number of people who had fired on us just now was only three or four at most.

Melody coldly sniffed and said, "They're warming up. They're computing our movement patterns first, and then they will launch their true assault."

Computing our movement patterns? I was extremely doubtful. *If these people can use their eyes to capture our movements, then among the human race, perhaps they will all be experts. How then, in such a short time span, can they compute movement patterns on the spot?* Probably because my expression was full of disbelief, Melody spoke to me sternly, "Don't treat these people as humans. They aren't any more human-like than us."

Humans yet less human-like than us two vampires?

Without waiting for me to dwell upon it, the opposition opened fire again. This time, it was not just a few people opening fire, but all thirty of them shooting at us simultaneously. I went full swing into evasion, but even so I could not stop a strange feeling from forming in my heart. *Is not this wave of gunshots rather too uniform? As if there is someone currently counting beats and making these people open fire according to his beats.*

I followed my previous evasive maneuvers; however, I abruptly realized that the opposition's gun muzzle was already aimed at where I was about to move to. However, at such a high speed, I was completely unable to change my direction in time... No! There simply was no "direction" I could take. I could feel that in every direction there was a bullet that was either already shot or about to fly through. They had sealed off all my escape paths, so that I was completely unable to dodge.

"Idiot! Hurry up and use 'blood ability' to defend!"

Melody's voice entered my ears. I was stunned. *Is there really a need to?* However, at the next moment, there was a pain in my leg. I looked down and saw two bullets stuck in my thigh, with only a small section of the finger-long bullets still protruding out. Without any second thoughts, I immediately drove all the blood in my body, emitting blood vapor from pores all over my body.

My body was veiled with the redness of my blood vapor. When the

bullets struck the surface of the blood vapor, it made a sound like an object dropping into water. Even if it were armor-piercing bullets, they could only penetrate ten centimeters in before dropping powerlessly onto the ground.

I turned and saw that there was also red blood surrounding Melody's body. She looked completely unharmed. Evidently, she had started using "blood ability" even earlier than I.

Blood ability was actually just when vampires release their blood outside their bodies.

The function of vampire blood is vastly different from that of humans. It is not used to carry oxygen and so on. Vampire blood is a lot more viscous than humans'. We can control our blood as we please, and the function of our blood is, in short, to move our body, and if released outside our bodies, it can also be used to attack or defend.

However, generally speaking, unless it is a life-threatening situation, vampires would rarely release their blood out. That is because when blood is released outside our bodies, there would more or less be some loss. From a vampire's perspective, the loss of blood is even more severe than an injury to their body, and even harder to remedy.

Melody shot a glance at me and said in a gleeful tone, "The color of this blood ability is so pretty, as expected of a fifth generation vampire. Looks like we won't have to die. Hurry up and use your blood ability to counterattack!"

I took a deep breath before giving her an apologetic look as I

explained, "I am sorry. I am not good at fighting, especially in using blood ability. I can defend, but attacking is too difficult."

Melody made extremely subtle expressions. Rigidness, disbelief, blank staring, despair... Even though they were complicated, they were all shown vividly. I could thoroughly feel the immensity of her resentment towards me right now. If it were possible, her current target to attack would most likely be me, instead of those masked men.

I was actually feeling very apologetic, but there was nothing I could do about it. My honorable father who had taught me since I was young, although well-learned and practically an omnipotent butler, was still a human. With respect to "blood ability," he truly could not help me there.

"You're able to defend, right?"

Melody pointed at the sky and said icily, "Then, I'll leave those missiles to you!"

Missiles... I lifted my head and looked towards the huge warheads beneath the helicopters. Then I keenly suggested to Melody, "How about we make a break for it, then jump down the building?"

Melody did not answer me because she did not need to give a reply. When the masked men surrounding us saw that the bullets were unable to break through our blood ability, they rapidly put down their bullets and drew out the two swords at their waists. Only now did I realize that between those two swords, one was an energy weapon, while the other was an ordinary weapon that had silver embedded into

it.

Melody's expression was extremely unsightly, but she still stiffly warned me, "The cutting edge of those silver swords is diamond. You had best not be under the impression that your skin is tougher than diamond."

"Are they faster than me?" I was already a little fearful of verifying this point, even though speed was my one point that I was always proud of. "Of course not." Melody replied briefly, "However, they are definitely less afraid of dying than you."

Even less afraid of dying than vampires who are publicly acknowledged to be hard to kill? And adding on their superiority in numbers, I am afraid that it will truly be very difficult for Melody and me to break out. However, even so, I also would not stay here and wait for the missiles to blow me to smithereens.

I withdrew the blood ability surrounding my body, and then transformed it into things required for battle. Two rapiers and full-body armor... Once more I thanked the young master for his unusual interests which made me do a lot of research recently on weapons and armor. Hence, the speed at which I transformed my blood ability into these items was a lot faster than before.

This allowed me to finally be able to block the attacks coming from all directions. The blood-red rapiers in my hands danced swiftly, but always kept to the same few simple motions. Deflect and flick aside the opponent's attack, or strike his sword and directly knock down the opponent's weapons. Then, after defending against the enemy's attack,

immediately counterattack and pierce the opponent's fatal points with precision.

With these few simple actions, together with the transformation of my blood ability to rapiers of varying lengths, and a vampire's own high speed and responsiveness, I was invincible... At least until now, I had not met with any adversaries who could challenge me, but I also had to admit that I have not participated in many fights.

Melody cried out in amazement, "Aren't you unskilled at fighting? Then what on earth are you doing now?"

As I brandished the two rapiers transformed from my blood ability, I replied, "I am not good at fighting, but as a butler, I have to adequately comprehend all of the upper society's recreational activities, and so I have studied fencing, free wrestling, muay thai, judo..."

"... So, what do you think all those are if not fighting?"

Melody's voice sounded abnormally agitated. I could not help but cast a glance at her, just in time to see her rip a masked man's head off as she roared at me, "Don't tell me it's playing house!"

"They are..."

The two blood swords crossed, slicing open an X in the throat of a masked man, after which I spun around and stabbed above Melody's shoulder, right into the middle of a masked man's forehead. As I passed her, I replied, "The master's recreational activities."

Obviously, Melody did not like my explanation. She replied, "Wait till I finish ripping off all these people's heads. The next one will be you!"

"I am afraid that might be rather difficult, unless you still have strength to rip off my head after being blasted by missiles."

I smiled bitterly as I watched the helicopters fly closer to the rooftop. The missiles underneath them were gradually moving downwards, and seemed to be entering the preparation phase before launch. Without much hope, I asked Melody, "Would they care that their own comrades are still here?"

"Go to hell, these lunatics wouldn't even care about their own selves!" Melody raised her head, and evidently also saw those missiles. She clenched her teeth and growled, "Make a break for it! However more these people attack, it will never be more painful than a missile."

I agreed, especially when the number of missiles was six.

Turning around, I cut down the masked men in front of me, and then yelled aside to Melody, "This way." Two large blades transformed from blood ability flew out from less than ten centimeters in front of me. They hacked apart several masked men, clearing a road for a brief moment.

She ran across in front of me, tossing a sentence, "If we don't perish, you had better learn how to use your blood ability properly, fifth generation!"

I smiled wryly and then quickly followed behind her.

However, as we ran, the masked men who were unafraid of death surprisingly did not obstruct us. It felt odd, and I turned back to look. However, I saw that there were several modified humans behind us, who were in the process of lifting up a firearm and then shooting... It was actually not an artillery shell, but rather multiple nets.

“Melody!”

I promptly sprinted and knocked her aside. Following that, nets covered me in quick succession. The force of the impact was so great that after knocking me down, the nail-shaped things on the edges of the net firmly drove into the ground. This net was made of metal, and there were even barbs on it. With one struggle, all those barbs pricked into my skin, bringing waves of intense pain... It was actually “silver.” There was “silver” on the barbs all over this net!

“Charles!”

Melody ran two steps, then turned back hesitantly and looked at me. “Hurry up and leave!” I raised my head with much difficulty, and yelled at her, “Hurry and look for the young master. Only he can save us, was that not what you said?”

However, Melody continued to hesitate.

Seeing this, I hardened my heart and spoke malicious words, “Hurry up and leave! You rotten eighth generation vampire, you cannot do anything even if you remain here! Hurry up already... Hurry up and get lost!”

“Go to hell, you rotten man! You aren’t even good at scolding people!” Melody stamped her feet and used her blood ability to force the masked men to retreat, then rushed over to my side. As she pulled at the nets, she was pricked by the silver until her tears flowed continuously. She yelled, “Your rebuke is so mild, how can you get me to leave? You’re such a rotten man, a rottenly good man!”

Through the net, I pushed her. “Melody, hurry up and go. I will not die. I am a fifth generation vampire. You know that I am very strong, I...”

“I also know that you’re very weak!”

Melody roared back angrily, “Where would there be a fifth generation vampire that can get pinned down by a few nets! You straw bag vampire, your body doesn’t contain blood but grass, huh? You’re even worse off than I, this eighth generation. You bastard...”

As she scolded me, she forcefully dragged at the net. The outermost nets actually did get pulled apart by her. However... It was too late! When I saw that those missiles had already left the helicopters, I could not spare any thoughts about the nets on my body stabbing her and me. I instantly pounced onto her forcefully, tightly protecting her underneath my body. Then I forced out all the blood in my body and set up a thick wall of blood behind me... *But even so, will I be able to block six missiles?*

At this moment, I heard a series of unique noises associated with missiles leaving the helicopters’ bodies. I could not help but hug Melody even closer. She was trembling, and so was I.

“Stop!”

Suddenly, a loud roar came from behind me. I froze, twisted around to look, and only saw... a pair of gigantic wings.

Boom!

The blinding light stole away my sight, and the loud sounds practically splintered my hearing. A violent wind lashed at us. I really did not know if I should consider it lucky or not, that the net covering me was pinned solidly. I hugged Melody even tighter. One reason was to prevent her from getting swept away by the gale; the second was to relieve some of my terror.

Footnotes

¹ **“Melody”**: Melody’s name in Chinese is 樂音 (pinyin: yuèyīn), which means “music note.” The meaning when the characters are flipped around (音樂, yīnyuè) is “music.” We chose a common female name related to music.

Diary of a Butler #9: Meeting the Young Master All Over Again

Dear Father,

Please bless that pair of wings to be able to fly forever.



I was not sure how much time had passed, as the explosion had messed up my brain, rendering it unable to judge the time. Maybe it was merely a moment, or perhaps it was over ten minutes, I had no way of knowing. I only knew that while my mind was a mess, a pair of arms had appeared in front of me, covered in blood, the skin and flesh indiscernible. Moreover, one arm was bent at an odd angle, so mangled that it looked like an arm that only a corpse could have.

But it was such a pair of hands that tore apart the metal net.

I raised my head, and what I saw was a bloody human, his clothes long since torn beyond repair. Even the most intact parts were soaked in fresh blood. The only exception was that head of silver hair – even matted with fresh blood, it still gave off a gentle silver glow under the moonlight.

My gaze moved from that head of silver hair to his face; half of the silver visor he wore on his face had already crumbled, revealing a single eye, looking right at me in concern.

I shakily spoke, “Young, Young...”

Hearing me speak, his gaze relaxed considerably. He opened his mouth to say, "Come home."

After that, he turned around to face those masked men, though he only stood silently. Despite this, the masked men unexpectedly used their blades to slice their own necks in one stroke and fell down to the ground one by one.

Seeing this, I was speechless. *What is going on?*

However, he did not offer any explanations. After all the masked men fell to the ground, he actually ran with that heavily injured body, each step completely fluid, and then jumped down from the building in one leap.

I was stunned by this image for a while before I stood up, still holding Melody in my arms. She remained motionless. When I lowered my head to glance at her, I realized that she had actually fainted, so I carried her in my arms and jumped back onto the other rooftop.

The bodyguards on the rooftop were still there, but the place was completely silent. Bramble stood without a word, and Dell stared at me with wide eyes.

"A command just came from above, ordering us to attack you two. Then, another command was issued to stop the attack," Bramble explained lightly.

"I understand."

I replied simply. I did not have the leisure to listen to whatever else he seemed to want to say. I rushed down with inhuman speed and returned home. Since I was carrying Melody, I rudely kicked open the door, and once the door opened, I could see the living room in a single glance.

The young master, completely unscathed, was currently sitting on the sofa. He even turned his head to look at me.

“Young Master?”

I stood dumbly in the doorway. *How can this be? Just now, he, and now... What is going on!?*

The young master looked at me curiously and asked, “Charles, where did you go? Also, who are you carrying?”

This is not possible. It definitely is not possible! Just now on the rooftop, the one blocking bullets, saving us, riddling his body with injuries was... Dark Sun, but, also the young master!

I am not mistaken, definitely not this time! That blood soaked Dark Sun was the young master!

But the person in front of me looked exactly like the young master, regardless of his face, voice, or figure... *Wait! Why is there a bloodstain on the ground?* When I took measure of the young master, I noticed a bloodstain on the floor.

It seemed that he had noticed that I was looking at the floor, so he

made an apologetic face, saying, "I injured my foot during my practical course. I was bandaging the injury just now. Sorry for getting the floor dirty."

At this time, Melody, who was in my arms, moaned and woke up. When she caught sight of the young master, she hurriedly yelled, "Hurry up and tell him to protect us. Only he can save us from the master's hands..."

"He is not the young master!"

I interrupted Melody, stunning her. However, I too was stunned, for my tone was actually that forceful.

"Charles?" He furrowed his brows, looking confusedly at me. "What are you talking about?"

He is not the young master. Even if I do not understand, why there can be someone who looks just like the young master, and who would sit at home, calling me Charles as usual, but...

He. Is. Not. Young. Master!

Ignoring his question, I directly entered the apartment, brushing past him, and then placed Melody down onto the sofa. I then grabbed the television remote from the table, pressing the sun symbol on the top for three seconds, until the monitor displayed the words— "Workshop has been locked."

Lifting his head, the young master looked at me as he calmly spoke, "I

locked up the workshop. I don't have to report this to you, do I?"

"If you really were the young master, then of course not."

After coldly saying this, I passed by him, walked up to the workshop, and deeply inhaled. With both hands curled into fists, I forcefully knocked on the wall, shouting loudly and piercingly, "Young Master, Young Master! You are inside, right? Please open the door. Please let me tend to your injuries..."

The wall did not move at all.

"Charles, what are you doing?" Behind me came a voice just like the young master's voice. "I am the young master! There's nobody inside the workshop. It's just that I have things that I can't let you see, so I locked it up."

I stopped for a moment but immediately resumed hammering on the wall, shouting, "Young Master, I am your butler, I am meant to take care of you, not be taken care of by you. In the end, not only did you save me, but are even refusing to let me bandage your wounds. What use am I as a butler?"

"Charles! I'm getting angry. Stop making a racket!"

Hearing a voice that was just like the young master's say this dealt a heavy blow to my heart. If I were actually mistaken, and the person behind me was the young master, the situation would be so terrible it would be irreversible... but he is not the young master, definitely not!

“Young Master, Young Master!”

I repeatedly knocked on the wall, repeatedly shouted, but the wall did not move at all, and there was not a single response. In the end, I sank to my knees, weakly calling out, “I am begging you...”

A voice rang behind me again, one that I had never heard before, the young master’s severe tone. “Charles! If you continue to do this, I’ll fire you!”

Fire... I closed my eyes and thought about why I was so sure that the person behind me was not the young master. Coming to my mind was the blood soaked young master from just moments ago who, even though he was covered in blood, still looked at me with anxious eyes, and then told me to come home... *Come home?*

I was stunned. *Would it not normally be “go home”? Come home, would this not only be used by someone for me to “come” home to?*

I opened my eyes, no longer holding any doubts, and once more sincerely begged, “Young Master, I am sure you are inside. There is definitely no mistake, so please, let me tend to your wounds. Even if you shall fire me after this, or kill me, Charles will not have any regrets.”

Behind me came the sound of Melody gasping. I lifted my head; the wall opened soundlessly as usual, and behind it was a spacious workshop.

Inside the workshop was a blood soaked person whose side faced us. He was standing in front of the table that was usually used to modify

guns, a half-crumbled visor lying on the table. Although he was without a visor, his drooping hair covered his face.

His right arm was bent at a strange angle but still held a spray can, spraying a similarly completely broken left arm with much difficulty.

I immediately stood up and rushed forward, rudely snatching that spray can from his hand. He lifted his head, looking deeply at me. On his blood covered cheeks remained traces of tears that had trickled down.

Seeing this, I worriedly asked, "Young... Young Master, does it hurt?" The young master actually shook his head, making it so that I did not know what to do. I could only stutter, "Then, then... let Charles help. Where should this be sprayed?"

The young master merely nodded, saying, "Everywhere. Those are haemostatic agents."

Indeed. I looked at the young master's injuries. They could only be described as too tragic to look at, as it was simply impossible to see which wound blood was being lost from. *With injuries like these, the young master is still able to stay standing...*

"Young Master, would you like to sit down?" I earnestly recommended. The young master seemed to have nodded and then looked left and right. Upon seeing the sofa, he went over to sit down. I hurriedly followed him and began to carefully spray the medicine on the young master's body.

“What... What exactly is going on?”

Melody’s shrill voice rang out, “How can there be two young masters? You, are you twins?”

Twins? This is possible. I paused, but immediately continued to spray the medicine. The most important thing right now was to quickly staunch the bleeding.

“Melody, so it’s you.”

The young master tilted his head. Under these conditions, he was still able to make a curious face, asking, “You also know Charles?”

“Young Master! The most important issue right now isn’t that one, right?” Melody screeched with an even shriller voice.

However, the young master laughed instead.

“Calm down, Melody. His name is DSII (Dark Sun Two). DSII, greet them.”

That voice that was exactly like the young master’s sounded out. He cheerfully said, “Melody and Charles, nice to meet you! I’m DSII. I’m very happy I could meet you.”

I noticed his speech and tone had completely changed. Although his voice was just like the young master’s, the feeling was entirely different.

The young master lightly said, "And we're not twins. DSII is my clone."

"What?"

Melody was shocked. She blurted, "But how is that possible? Aren't all clones a bunch of idiots?"

"Young Master." I opened my mouth and spoke to the young master, but it was to subtly remind Melody not to forcefully pester him. "If you do not wish to tell us, you can say so, and we will understand."

"I'm not lying to you two."

The young master calmly explained, "DSII is my modified clone. The people you saw on the rooftop, none of them are real humans either. They are all modified beings. Also, regardless if it's DSII or those people, they don't have brains. They use a computer chip to move, which is why I took the right of command from my brother just then, making all of them slit their own throats."

Hearing this, even I was shocked for a while before I was able to continue my duty.

"But they didn't look like modified humans. They didn't have any modified parts on their bodies..." Melody responded in confusion.

The young master smiled and asked in return, "Do I look like a modified human?"

"Of course you don't..."

Melody answered halfway but suddenly stopped speaking. I could understand why she had stopped. The young master's arm was broken and his blood covered the entire ground, yet he was still able to speak to other people normally as if it were nothing. This was assuredly unlike a normal human. *Furthermore, the blood stains on the young master smell a little bit strange...*

"Charles." The young master suddenly called out to me.

"Yes, Young Master," I reflexively answered.

"You once asked me, saying that my body has no traces of being modified, so do I dislike modifications, right?"

I stilled. *That was the KTV incident...*

"Yes."

The young master remained silent before he opened his mouth again. "Actually, there's no place on my body that hasn't been modified. Even my head has a computer chip in it. There's only one difference between me and DSII, the fact that my brain hasn't been dug out."

The young master's tone was as calm as usual as he described this, but after hearing his answer, I shuddered so much I could barely manage to speak. "This, was this done by the master?"

"No! No, don't misunderstand my brother."

The young master was surprised, nervously and quickly speaking, "Gēge would never hurt me no matter what... He, he really wouldn't hurt me, he really loves me, he, he only wants to protect me..."

The young master's voice grew smaller and smaller as he spoke. In the end, he was practically mumbling. It was impossible to hear what he was saying. Finally, he stopped and only blankly stared forward, as if he had yet to realize that tears were falling from his eyes.

"Young Master?"

Melody could not help placing a hand on the young master's shoulder and softly called out to him.

As if the young master had been startled awake, he shuddered and then turned his head, his face showing deep fatigue. He apologized to Melody and me, "I'm very sorry. For my brother to want to kill you... Why don't you two stay with me for now? After I've spoken to my brother, you are free to leave."

I tried hard to smile at the young master, but finding that I could not pull up the corners of my mouth, I gave up trying to smile, only reminding him, "Young Master, have you forgotten? I am your butler. How could I leave?"

The young master stared at me, hesitated for a bit, and then opened his mouth, "No, Charles, you, you should stop being my butler. You still have Melody. When the time comes, you should both leave!"

"Young Master!" I almost jumped up.

The young master reminded me, "Charles, didn't you just say, if I allowed you to tend to my wounds, I could even fire you afterwards?"

"That..." I was speechless.

The young master quietly but firmly said, "No matter what, when this is over, you should go... You've been fired!"

Fired... Even though I knew the young master was doing this mostly to protect me, being fired for the first time shocked me so much that I became dizzy. *Ah, Honorable Father, I have actually been fired, and I have even been fired by the only employer who has treated me as a butler!*

"Ah Ye." DSII, who had been silent the whole time, suddenly spoke.

"What?" The young master turned his head to look at the identical DSII.

DSII smilingly said, "Previously, you ordered me that no matter what Gēge commands me to do, I have to tell you first before executing it. Hence, I need to tell you, Gēge told me to kill everyone here, except for Ah Ye of course!"

The young master jumped up, and the wounds that had just clotted tore open once more, spurting forth quite a lot of blood. Warm blood sprayed Melody and me. Both of us were shocked, not understanding the situation.

The young master gruffly shouted, "Death Scythe!"

A strange noise came from the workshop, like the sound of metal clashing, and then a huge silver object flew into the young master's hand. It was at this time that I clearly saw the silver object. Shaped like a scythe, its full height was even taller than an adult human's, and the blade was large enough to cleave a person into two. At the place connecting the handle and the blade was actually a huge claw. The overall image was like the one in the legends, like the scythe held by the God of Death.

"It really is the Death Scythe?" Melody was left agape, completely losing the image of a beautiful female vampire.

DSII retreated a single step, but the young master's speed was even faster. Only a flash of silver was seen, brushing past DSII's neck, and then a head fell to the ground with a "bang."

My mouth fell open slightly. I believed that my current expression was not too different from Melody's.

After the young master chopped off DSII's head, he held the Death Scythe, silently looking at the head lying on the ground. "Sorry, DSII, I will fix you after this."

The head rolled a few times and then faced us. The expression shown by the head was actually still a cheerful smile. The head smilingly said, "No matter, Ah Ye chopped quite neatly, so the wound was quite neat! The probability of a perfect repair is 90%."

"The head's still speaking?"

After Melody spoke in a daze, she suddenly slapped me, and then she blankly asked, "Does it hurt?"

"...A lot."

"Then this really isn't a dream!" She grabbed onto my neck, and then shook me wildly.

The young master, who was holding a huge scythe like a death god. A motionless, headless body that was still standing without falling. A head on the ground that was still showing an innocent smile. This kind of strange situation, even though Melody and I were vampires which were well-known citizens of the darkness, was an experience we had never had before.

The young master released the Death Scythe, and his body swayed. I hurriedly stood up to support him, asking, "Young Master, is there anything wrong?"

The young master nodded his head. "Yes. My blood loss has neared 40%. 80% of my body has been damaged."

It seems the question is not if there is anything wrong or not, but rather how is he even still alive... Hearing this "status report" and seeing that the young master did not even sound pained, I simply did not know how I should react. I could only blankly ask, "Is there anything else I can help you with?"

The young master tilted his head in thought and then said, "Make a phone call to 'Bàba An Te Qi.' He's a doctor."

"Understood."

I hastily supported the young master to the sofa and took out a cell phone. Seeing that the display showed that there was no reception, I only then remembered that this cell phone could no longer be used to make calls.

"Young Master!"

Just when I was going to open my mouth, someone beat me to it. Turning my head, I found out that the person was actually Bramble, and behind him were two bodyguards, one of them being Dell.

After Bramble called out to the young master, the three people prostrated themselves without warning, striking their knees against the floor, the sound so loud that it was shocking. Bramble gazed at the young master, stiffly saying, "Young Master, there has been a death order from above. If you do not turn on the monitoring devices in the house, the three hundred and seventy two bodyguards upstairs have to come down here one by one and commit suicide in front of you." Hearing this, even my heart thudded heavily, let alone the young master's.

I turned my head to face the young master. Before I could even clearly see his expression, I saw an even more surprising scene... A series of symbols actually flashed across the young master's black eyes.

Following that, the television suddenly turned on. The television was currently reporting the news, and the contents were of an unknown explosion. Then, all the lights in the room lit up, the computer transmitted the sound of it starting up, and the oven in the kitchen dinged...

“Gēge!”

The young master walked to the middle of the living room, and facing the door, he lifted his head up to look at the ornament above the door. In the ornament was a monitoring device, as I had once found.

“Gēge, look at me!”

The young master extended his bent arms, facing the monitoring device, shouting hoarsely, “You once said, you will never ever hurt me. You also said, as long as I’m happy, you’ll let me do whatever I want, but not only did you order people to stop me from doing what I like, you fired bullets at my friends... How can I be happy? How can you say you’ll never hurt me?!”

The young master put his hands down, tears flowing endlessly from his eyes. Just from the look of his sad face and his slouched posture, his deep fatigue was apparent.

The young master lowered his head to wipe away the tears, and when he raised his head again, he had already hidden away his sad expression. With an icy expression, he said, “Gē, don’t touch Charles, don’t touch Melody, don’t touch the bodyguards, and don’t touch

anyone related to them, or else... I will never see you again! Even if you have the entire world in your palm, I can still make sure that you will never find me. You know I can do that.”

At this time, Bramble and the two others kneeling at the door suddenly raised their weapons and faced the corridor. Although I did not see anything, I could hear footsteps just like the uniform ones of those masked men on the roof.

I immediately materialized two rapiers. Melody also extended her claws, and two blood colored broadswords floated to the left and right of her shoulders.

“Don’t attack!”

The young master called out to us, and when we looked at the young master, the fatigue on his face had set in even deeper. Symbols constantly flashed across his eyes. He explained, “I am having these people protect you guys. They will keep watch outside, in case my brother still tries to kill you.”

I stowed away the rapiers that were materialized from my blood ability and worriedly asked, “Young Master, are you all right?”

The young master shook his head and tiredly said, “I’ve lost too much blood. I need to sleep a while. During this time, you shouldn’t leave this building. Wait until I wake up. Then, I’ll try to speak to my brother again...”

After saying this, the young master unexpectedly fell to one side. I

hurriedly rushed forward to support him... *Heavy!* This was not the weight someone with the young master's figure should have.

I suddenly remembered that previously Dark Sun had a weight that exceeded my expectations, and since the young master was Dark Sun, he obviously would be very heavy. Luckily, I was supporting the young master's shoulder this time, not just grasping two of his fingers. Thus, even though the weight was beyond what I had expected, I was still able to support him.

After assisting him, I suddenly realized that when I had supported the young master earlier, he had not felt heavy. *Is it because he had still been supporting most of his weight?*

Yet now, the young master has given me all of his weight. Does this mean that he really cannot hold on anymore?

"Call Bàba An Te Qi." The young master feebly said to me.

I anxiously said, "But my phone cannot make calls..."

"Ah Ye!"

An anxious voice sounded from the workshop, interrupting me.

And then, wearing small glasses, a man around the age of thirty hurriedly rushed out of the workshop. Behind him were two masked men who were carrying various types of equipment.

The young master turned his head, weakly calling out, "Bàba..."

Following that, he finally fainted.

Diary of a Butler #10: No Hero

Dear Father,

My master is a hero. However, I finally understand your admonishment. No matter what kind of person the young master is, my duty has not changed. In the coming days, I will take good care of the young master and be a dutiful butler. Please do not worry.



I helped the young master to his room. The moment he lay on his bed, he fell asleep. As I covered him with a blanket, I thought about what Mr. An Te Qi had said. He mentioned that the young master would be a little absent-minded in the next few days, and that I should cook a lot of high-calorie food for him and let him do nothing but eat and sleep. After a few days, he would slowly recover.

“Charles!” The young master suddenly woke up.

“Yes?”

The young master looked at me, saying, “Charles, Gēge might pay me a visit sometime soon... Please don’t hate him. He really loves me, but he just loathes it when I’m exposed to danger. He also doesn’t like it when I turn into Dark Sun and despises me being a hero even more...”

I quietly listened to the young master speak. He was trying to convince me not to hate the master, but he had not realized that he was looking grumpier and grumpier as he talked. In the end, he pretty much complained, “But I can’t not be a hero! I have such frightening

strength that even if I don't hurt anyone, to others, I would just be a demon. A demon that could go on a rampage at any time... But if I use this strength to help others, then I would be a hero!"

The young master struggled to get up and tried very hard to explain, "Also, I can't just sit back and do nothing but enjoy life everyday like Gēge asked me to. I-I want to do something..."

"Young Master," I said, calling out to him. He stopped talking and looked at me doubtfully.

I gently said, "Young Master, I am a vampire, and a very rich vampire at that. I could have chosen to stay in my castle and hire a butler to look after me, spending the rest of my days living in comfort. However, I choose to be a butler and serve you."

The young master turned to face me and, as usual, looked at me with his big eyes brimming with curiosity.

I smiled plainly and explained, "Although I could live a life of luxury, I would rather be a butler. I like to look at things that I have arranged nicely and neatly, and I like to watch my master live without worry because of my service. From my job as a butler, I gain true happiness and satisfaction.

"Even so, the other vampires are always laughing at me and saying that I am a fool."

My tone filled with pity, I said, "However, I believe that no matter how much they try to fill the emptiness of living for so long with luxury and

pleasure, they can never accomplish it. The real fools are those who do not even know how to seek true satisfaction.

“Young Master, you are not as foolish as them. Even if your brother indulges you, you refuse to indulge yourself.” I smiled as I looked at him, and then asked, “Young Master, when you rescued Briar, even I could not help but praise you for being a hero! You should have felt very proud of yourself too, right? For that sense of fulfillment, even if it was dangerous, you would still want to continue being a hero, right?”

The young master stared at me blankly, as if still digesting my words. After quite some time, he sighed, but this was not because he was sad. Smiling, he said, “Charles, you really are a superb butler! I take back what I said earlier. I don’t want to fire you anymore. You should just sign a hundred-year, no, a two hundred-year contract with me... No, no! Sign an ‘Endelis’ contract with me, because Bàba An Te Qi said that a body like mine could break the record for the longest living human. Even he doesn’t know how long I can live!”

I smiled.

Endelis, Endless.

“You are also a superb master.” I said sincerely, “For as long as you live, I would be willing to serve you.”

When he heard this, the young master relaxed and lay down. Smiling, he said, “That’s great.”

“Indeed it is. Now, please sleep well. When you wake up, dinner will be

ready.”

The young master made an “Mmm” sound and then closed his eyes. I covered the young master with his blanket again and walked out of the room, all the while thinking about the dishes for tonight’s dinner. *The appetizer should be foie gras with duck’s breast; the soup must be a thick broth; and the main course has to be made from the best source of protein—steak. Lastly, the dessert should be chocolate cake!*

As I walked past the living room, I suddenly stopped. This was because only I and the young master were supposed to be in this apartment, but there were other people inside the living room.

I turned and saw a man sitting on the sofa in the living room. His back was facing me, and except for his head of dazzling blond hair, most of his body was blocked by the sofa.

There were three people standing beside the sofa, and all three of these people were looking at me. One of them was wearing a suit, his hair combed neatly and refreshingly. He even carried a laptop bag in his hand. The other two people wore tight-fitting clothes suitable for battle, so they ought to be bodyguards.

One of these bodyguards was expressionless. He carried both a light sword at his waist and a gun slung over his back. The other bodyguard had a warm and gentle smile on his face and two light swords hung at his waist.

At this point, the man in the suit said, “Charles Endelis, do you recognize my voice?”

I bowed slightly, replying, "I do, Mr. Kyle."

Mr. Kyle nodded and held out an arm in the direction of the man on the sofa. He introduced, "This is the young master's elder brother."

I see. I said respectfully, "We meet for the first time, Master."

After that, I stood there silently and motionlessly, waiting for the master to speak. During that time, the warmly smiling bodyguard even winked at me a few times, seemingly with the intention of soothing my nerves. I also smiled and nodded back at him.

Then, the blond master finally started speaking. He said, "I'm very sure you think that I'm not a good brother, right?"

"Charles does not dare think that." I tried my best to maintain the etiquette that a butler should have. This was the master, the most powerful man in the family, and I should not do anything that would offend him. Also, the young master did not want me to anger the master. However, I had no choice but to admit that after what had happened last time, I really did not have a good impression of him.

The master remained silent for quite some time before saying, "I am ten years older than Ah Ye. Mother died a long time ago, and Father doesn't like Ah Ye. Hence, ever since Ah Ye was an infant, I have been raising him, feeding him, and teaching him. I am not only his brother, I am also his father, his mother, and even now, he is my one and only relative!"

So that was it. I nodded. This explained many things, like why the young master misses the master so much, and why he never mentioned his parents... Mr. An Te Qi refused to be called Master An Te Qi and explained that he was just the young master's doctor. The young master was the one who treated him like a father.

"Ah Ye is my younger brother, my son, and my only family!"

The more the master said, the more emotional he seemed to become. In the end, he growled in a low voice, "But he always goes off to do dangerous things. He always gets hurt, and he always... always thinks about running away from home, from me!"

I could not help wanting to explain in the young master's stead, but I did not dare open my mouth without good reason. However, I looked at Kyle and saw an encouraging expression.

"Master."

Finally, I still ended up opening my mouth to quietly defend the young master, "Young Master loves you very much. He does not just love you as a younger brother, he also loves you as a son. However, regardless of whether he is a little brother or a son, he will definitely grow up someday! He cannot remain under Master's protection forever. Master... do you really want to see your only family member become a weak and powerless rich brat who does nothing but indulge himself in entertainment?"

Master did not reply.

I continued, "Young Master is a very determined child. Although he knows that you would protect him forever, he did not become weak because of it. He can even protect others. He is a true hero."

"Things like heroes..." growled the master suddenly, furious.

"Master!"

Unyielding, I interrupted the master and asked rhetorically, "When Young Master, under everyone's gaze and shouldering everyone's hopes, stood up again, did you not feel proud of him? If not, then Young Master will definitely be very sad, because he has no other way to make you, who is so powerful that you can do anything, proud of him."

I begged wholeheartedly, "Please believe me. Even if Young Master leaves your side, it is only because he wants to show you more love. It is because he wants to tell you that the child you have raised since he was young has already grown up and can leave your protection. He wants to show you that he can even reverse the situation, and make you proud of him instead."

At this point, I had said everything that I could have said. I just did not know whether my words had any effect, because surely, a lot of people had already told the master something similar, right? At least, Mr. An Te Qi and Mr. Kyle should have... I raised my head and saw that Mr. Kyle, who was usually calm and composed, was wide-eyed with shock. Also, the grinning bodyguard raised his hands and gave me two thumbs up while looking at me with a thrilled and moved expression.

Suddenly, I was at my wits' end. *Could that speech just now really trigger such a huge response?*

Without waiting for me to gather my thoughts, the master slowly stood up and turned around to face me. *His face...* My eyes widened slightly. Although I had known that the master had a very high social status, I never imagined that the young master's brother was actually this renowned man. He was so well-known that the word "celebrity" was not enough to describe him.

No wonder Mr. Kyle and the smiling bodyguard had that kind of exaggerated response. If I had known the master's true identity, I am afraid that I would not have dared to say something so rude to him... As the whole world knows, this person was not famous for being kind. In fact, the words most often used to describe him were "cold-blooded" and "heartless."

Master was just looking at me expressionlessly, but he had the aura of a king. It was just that, as a butler, I had been trained since I was young to stand beside great people without challenging their aura. Therefore, I simply gave him a well-practiced, trademarked butler smile.

Master withdrew his gaze and turned his head to glance at the young master's bedroom door. His voice filled with concern, he asked, "Is he alright?"

"Young Master is feeling very well." After answering his question, I could not help but add, "Just now, Young Master even told me that he hoped that I would not hate you, because you really love him."

"He said that?" The master fell silent for a moment. Feeling a little wronged, he complained, "But last time he said that he didn't want to see me ever again."

When I saw the master's grumpy appearance, I suddenly wanted to laugh. *Young Master and Master are indeed brothers. They actually resemble each other a lot.*

"That was just something he said when he was angry. You should know that he does not really mean what he said," I explained gently. A gentle manner always makes the young master relax, so this might also work on the master.

As expected, the master visibly calmed down by quite a bit. He nodded and then said, "Charles Endelis, take good care of my Dìdi.¹"

"Taking good care of the young master is Charles' responsibility as a butler," I replied respectfully yet firmly.

Master nodded, turned, and walked toward the workshop. Mr. Kyle and the two bodyguards followed him.

I quickly shouted, "Master, would you listen to Charles suggestion?" The master stopped walking, but did not turn around.

"Say it," said Mr. Kyle, looking back.

I hesitated for a moment, then politely yet determinedly pleaded, "Master, please remove all the security cameras in the house, dismiss

the bodyguards on the rooftop, and abolish the rule that Young Master must contact you every day.”

On hearing this, both Mr. Kyle and the smiling bodyguard gasped, and their whole bodies tensed. *Looks like I am standing at the edge of a most dangerous cliff.*

The blond king turned his head around, blazing flames of rage emanating from both his eyes and the rest of his body.

I calmed my nerves and gently explained, “Master, there is no period of time when you are not looking at Young Master, and Young Master also sees you every day on the computer screen. If it is like this, how could Young Master ever miss you enough to go home and pay you a visit? Also, is not the existence of those bodyguards the reason why Young Master said that he did not want to see you ever again?”

When he heard this, the master fell silent for a long time. Finally, he said in a tone that was almost a complaint, “If I do that, will he really come home and visit me?”

I almost smiled. Luckily, it was just “almost.”

However, the corners of both Mr. Kyle’s and the smiling bodyguard’s lips turned up in a large grin. Since they were facing me, this made it even harder for me to control my facial expression.

I did my best to maintain a respectful tone as I replied, “He definitely will, Master. Please believe that Young Master also loves you a lot. Even I, who had never met you before, could tell from his every word

and action just how much he respects and loves you.”

The master fell silent again for a while, then turned and said to his secretary-slash-butler in a happier tone, “Kyle, do as he says!”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Kyle respectfully before looking at me with approval. The master walked into the workshop with Mr. Kyle and the grim, expressionless bodyguard following him. *Apparently, there is a secret passage in the workshop that I did not know about...*

The last to leave was the smiling bodyguard. He secretly came and shoved a business card into my hand. I looked down at the business card. The name on it was Elian, and written on the back of the business card was “Feel free to contact me if you have any problems,” followed by a <(^0^)> emoticon.

I smiled and alerted him in a low voice, “It seems that Mr. Ezart does not plan on returning your money anymore.”

“...That bastard!”

After that, Mr. Elian also walked into the workshop, fuming. *I hope that he will be enough to make Mr. Ezart lose his interest in challenging me to a fight for a good long period of time.*



Dinnertime was fast approaching, so I was just about to start making a salad when the young master entered the kitchen. Anxious, he shouted, “Charles, where have all the security cameras gone? Did you remove them?”

“No, it was Master who sent people to remove them.” Smiling, I explained, “Master paid us a visit in the afternoon. He removed the security cameras, dismissed the bodyguards on the rooftop, and even told me that you, Young Master, would not have to contact him every day anymore.”

In an even more panicked voice, the young master yelled, “Gēge? Why did he do that? I-Is he really that angry?”

“No, he is not.” I reassured him with a gentle smile and then answered him, “Master did that because he has understood that those actions of his were unpleasant. He hopes that you would not clash with him over this again.”

On hearing this, the young master’s anxiety vanished, leaving a confused expression on his face. He hesitated for a while before asking, “Since he came in the afternoon, why didn’t you wake me? Did he not want to see me?”

I smiled and reminded, “Master is waiting for you to go home and see him on your own accord.”

“Gēge is really too much. He’s already past thirty yet still likes to throw tantrums.”

The young master opened his eyes wide and shrugged helplessly, “I was already planning to go back! Gēge’s birthday is next week, and I’ve already chosen a present for him too.”

Smiling, I said, "Master and Young Master are indeed brothers. Your personalities are very similar."

"Really? Actually, Kyle-gē and El-gē have also said that before..." answered the young master vacantly, before coming to a sudden realization. He shouted, "Ah! Charles, you're teasing me, implying that I also like to throw tantrums!"

"Charles does not dare."

After replying, I finally lost my self-control and chuckled.

"Charles, you're not allowed to laugh!"

"Alright, hahaha..."

I continued laughing, but just when the young master was getting angry, the doorbell suddenly rang. We were both stunned for a moment, as we seldom heard this apartment's doorbell ring.

"Young Master, I will open the door."

The young master tilted his head and said, "I'll go with you."

"Yes, Young Master."

I walked to the doorway and turned on the display next to the door. An image of the visitors appeared on the screen, and I was a little shocked to see these people.

I opened the door. The people standing outside were Bramble, Dell, and another bodyguard.

All three of them had stiff expressions on their faces. I turned my head around and saw that the young master's expression had also darkened. Clearly, the relationship between these two parties was not good, and the atmosphere could even be said to be extremely tense.

Seeing this situation, I introduced with a warm smile, "Young Master, this is Bramble. You can call him Bramble-shū.² This person is Dell; you can call him Dell-gē, and this last person is..."

I paused. Although I had seen him on the rooftop many times before, I did not know his name.

Beaming, Dell moved closer to me and introduced, "Oh, him! His name is Maiden."

"Maiden? Isn't that a girl's name?" asked the young master curiously.

"That's right!" When he saw the young master's expression, Dell became even more daring. He said, "Young Master, just look at him. Red lips, white teeth, even whiter skin, and an oval-shaped face. Doesn't he resemble a great beauty?"

"Don't listen to his bullshit! My name is May." May glared at Dell viciously. However, because of his refined features, his glare was not the least bit intimidating.

"Oh! So, you're May-gē, or Maiden-gē!" said the young master

mischievously, grinning.

Dell roared with laughter, making the atmosphere much less tense than before.

At this point, Bramble finally opened his mouth and said, "Young Master, I, Bramble, owe you my life."

The young master looked at him, but his previous hostility had vanished, replaced by intense curiosity.

"The higher-ups have already withdrawn Mission: Protect-to-the-death. The three of us are here voluntarily," explained Bramble.

After that, as if he were talking to himself, he mumbled, "The mission may have been canceled, but someone has to guard the rooftop, just in case something decides to stay there. It wouldn't be good if somebody gets seen by those things when he flies outside."

When he heard this, the young master appeared to have blanked out.

"That's all I have to say. Dell, May! We're leaving."

The two of them replied with a "Yes, sir" and then immediately turned to leave, following Bramble's lead.

"Bramble-shū!" cried the young master. The three of them were stunned for a moment before turning around to look at him. The young master revealed an irresistibly bright smile, saying, "Why don't you stay here and have dinner with us? Charles's cooking is delicious!"

The three of them seemed to be in shock. Without even waiting for their reply, the young master suddenly furrowed his brows and said, "Oh no, something seems to have happened on the streets. I need to make a trip there."

How does Young Master know that? I was a little curious, but I did not ask him any questions. The young master already had so many secrets that it was impossible to comprehend everything immediately.

A string of numbers flashed across the young master's eyes. At the same time, he took off his shirt. Underneath the shirt, he was wearing Dark Sun's red, form-fitting shirt.

At this moment, the workshop door suddenly opened and a motorcycle came out by "itself." Its headlamps blinked constantly and the motorcycle even produced a delighted voice from some part of the bike, shouting, "Ah Ye, Ah Ye! Are we setting off now?"

"Yeah! Give me the visor."

The bike's seat opened up and ejected a silver visor. The young master easily caught it and put it on. Then, he glanced at us. Probably because he saw our jaws drop, he laughed and explained, "This is DSII. Bàba An Te Qi took his body back for repairs and only left the computer chip behind. However, he doesn't like being installed on my handheld game console, so I had no choice but to install him on the bike."

We continued staring at the excited bike. Even after hearing the young

master's explanation, we could only nod blankly.

"Then I'll be going out now and will be back in a short while." A little nervous, the young master said, "Don't have dinner before I come back!"

"Yes, Young Master," I replied, finally regaining some of my senses. The young master hopped on the bike, but the bike seemed to be even more excited than he was. The moment the young master sat down, it made some accelerating noises and suddenly charged forward, smashing the full-length window and rushing out of the living room. "DSII! Don't break the windows!"

The young master's angry roar could be heard from outside the window.

"Sorry! DSII won't do it again!" The bike did not sound repentant at all.

I walked toward the window and looked down. Seeing the young master and his motorcycle speeding away along the walls of the skyscrapers, I could not help a smile from appearing across my face. Someday, a hero will summon a talking vehicle, or raise a hand and soar into the sky with everyone watching.

Footnotes

¹ **“Dìdi”**: Dìdi means younger brother.

² **“Bramble-shū”**: Shūshu means uncle. You can think of Bramble-shū as “Uncle Bramble,” a way of addressing men much older than the speaker. Slightly younger, but still older men can be addressed with – gē, such as Dell-gē and May-gē.

Epilogue: Character Introductions

Charles Endelis: The protagonist of this book. He is a fifth-generation pureborn vampire. His mother is a vampire and his father an ordinary human from an old and influential family of butlers. He has been raised by his father since he was young and aspires to be a perfect butler.

An Xiang Ye: Charles's employer. He seems to be a university student who is wealthy yet keeps a low profile. He is of the combat department, his actual strength so strong it is unfathomable.

Master: An Xiang Ye's elder brother. His actual identity is a mystery.

Kyle: The Master's secretary-slash-butler.

Master An Te Qi: An Xiang Ye's father. However, it seems that he is not the master's father.

Dark Sun: The most mysterious hero.

Solitary Butterfly: The only female hero.

Dragon Peace: The strongest hero.

First Wind: The most dashing hero.

Bramble: The captain of An Xiang Ye's bodyguards.

Dell: One of An Xiang Ye's bodyguards.

May: One of An Xiang Ye's bodyguards.

Briar: Bramble's daughter. Has once been saved by Dark Sun.

Olga: The owner of X-Killer.

Jill: The female employee of X-Killer.

Luo Lun: The male employee of X-Killer.

Ezart: An Xiang Ye's friend. Fighting free-for-all matches is his livelihood.

Melody: A female vampire. She was once sent to be a subordinate of the young master but was dismissed by the young master afterwards.

Elian: The master's bodyguard.

DSII (Dark Sun II): The young master's modified human clone.

SKII: A cosmetic brand. (Provided by my good friend Shui Quan)



Afterword

(Before reading the contents of the book, please don't sneak a peek at the afterword!)

My previous book, *The Legend of Sun Knight*, was meant to expose

the true colors of knights. This time, Yu Wo has decided to dissect heroes, so the title of this book is *No Hero*. When you see the English title of this book, the meaning becomes even clearer. "No Hero," meaning that there are no heroes.

The first book is used to introduce the characters, such as the heroes and the world they live in. The main idea wasn't touched upon much, so perhaps most of you don't feel much about this story. However, subsequently, I will bring up the so-called "Grand Exposure of Heroes' True Natures." (By the way, there will be about 3-5 volumes¹ of *No Hero*.)

Writing this book was a huge challenge. I'm writing about heroes; however, the main character is not a hero but a butler. It ended up this way because I wanted to let everyone view a hero from an observer's perspective.

When we talk about the observer beside a hero, the first person Yu Wo thought of was a butler... Not the butler in the *Black Butler* manga! I know, when everyone read the first few chapters on Yu Wo's blog, they all instinctively thought of *Black Butler*. However, by the time we reached the end, everyone should have clearly understood that I wasn't referring to *Black Butler*. I was referring to "Batman"!

If you have seen Batman before, you might have noticed the white-haired Mr. Butler in the story.

Every time I see an image of that butler sending his master, the hero Batman, off on his Batmobile, Yu Wo will start randomly thinking: *Deep down in his heart, just what is that butler thinking? Does he feel*

proud because the man he serves is a hero? Or is he worried that he would lose his job if his master dies?

This character is really interesting! Really interesting indeed!

Therefore, without hesitation, Yu Wo naturally dug her own grave by writing about heroes with a butler as the main character, even writing from the first person perspective... This is crazy! Totally crazy! The result of torturing myself was that, in order to let a stay-at-home butler see his hero master's actions, Yu Wo wracked every gram of white tofu in her brain and finally completed the first volume, Vampire Butler.

By the way, the title of the second volume is "The Hero God of Death." The date of publication probably, possibly, could be September. (However, according to my readers, books are usually published half to one month later than the publication date announced by Yu Wo.)

What? The actual publication date is still very far away, so telling you the title is just whetting your appetite? Oh my! As long as you've been Yu Wo's reader for more than half a year, you should already know that whetting your appetite is the thing Yu Wo is best at! (Continues being hunted down by murderous readers)

I've finished writing the actual afterword, so now I'm going to talk nonsense.

While I was writing the script, my friend Shui Quan commented that my first victim was a knight and following that was a hero. So, is the next victim a prince?

Cough! Yu Wo loves to destroy everyone's happy dreams and deserves to be punched. Since the next story hasn't been written yet though, please don't hit me first!

As for the prince, we'll talk about it next time.

In addition, there is a set of books related to *No Hero* called *Eclipse Hunter*. This story is about Ah Ye and his brother. The book is set five to seven years before *No Hero*, but this book is independently published by Yu Wo and artist Ya Sha, so I've heard that it is currently very hard to find. I've also heard that more copies will only be printed in July. Even though more copies are going to be printed, you can only order them from rental bookstores and manhua stores (That still doesn't mean that you will definitely be able to order it).

So, if everyone is still interested in *Eclipse Hunter*, you can go to the rental bookstore in July when the gate to Hell opens.² If you really cannot find it, please don't throw bombs at me on my blog. Even I don't know where the books can be obtained at besides the above two locations. For readers who can't find the books, I hope that you can first reread *No Hero*! (Runs away)³

By Yu Wo

June 2008



Character Introductions



Charles Endelis

Profession: Butler

Favorites: Old-school styled hero movies

Motto: Both Father and the code of a butler details, "The master is a butler's heaven and earth."



An Xiang Ye

Profession: Student

Favorites: Gēge

Motto: Gēge says, as long as I'm happy.



Melody

Profession: Free person

Favorite: Good men

Motto: Falling from grace would wrong others; not falling from grace would wrong myself. For the sake of myself, I'll just have to wrong you!

Footnotes

¹ **"3-5 volumes"**: Don't panic! No Hero now has 8 volumes! It is scheduled to end in 9 volumes, with the last volume supposedly coming out in 2014.

² **"Gate to Hell"**: Chinese people believe that the gate to Hell opens every seventh month of the lunar calendar.

³ **"Eclipse Hunter"**: Yu Wo self-published Eclipse Hunter before No Hero, but after No Hero's release, she handed Eclipse Hunter to an actual publisher. Now, you can purchase the second edition of Eclipse Hunter from bookstores.