



No Hero Volume 2: **The Hero Grim Reaper**

Original novel in Chinese by: [御我 \(Yu Wo\)](#)

Translated by [Prince Revolution](#)

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No Hero Volume 2: Vampire Butler

Original novel in Chinese by: 御我 (Yu Wo)

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Prologue

We were on the street. Although it was nighttime, the moon was so bright it was as if it were a giant light bulb in the sky illuminating the entire world.

I wish it were a little darker.

In the sky, the thunder of the helicopter's propellers gradually faded away. The crowd formed circle after circle around us, but no one made a single sound. They only stared silently.

I wish it were a little noisier.

The young master stood right in front of me, wearing Dark Sun's usual outfit. He carried the Death Scythe in his hands, whereas I was completely unarmed. My arms were spread out wide as I stood facing the young master, obstructing his path.

However, this was wrong. I could stand in front of the young master and take care of his affairs, or I could stand behind him silently and wait for his next command. What I should not do is face the young master and... confront him.

The silver visor hid the young master's face so I could not see how he felt about this situation at all. Regarding this, I could only smile bitterly for a moment. I could not talk because there were simply too many humans around us.

The young master did not say anything, but I knew that he was looking at me. Suddenly, however, he tilted his head slightly and looked at the person behind me instead. Through all this, he remained silent... *If only the young master could scold me out loud, that would be great.*

But perhaps not as great as I am imagining.

I smiled bitterly again. Even if the young master scolded me, I still could not choose to move aside. Therefore, I might actually feel worse, although I would be hard-pressed to imagine what other situation could possibly make me any more miserable than the one I was in right now.

If I had a choice, I would definitely choose to step aside immediately. However, if I could have chosen in the first place, perhaps I would not even choose to stand here and confront the young master?

I really do not wish to stand here.

I did not have a choice. Similarly, the young master also did not have a choice, since everyone in the entire world was watching him swing his scythe.

The young master is a hero, while, right now, I am a vampire that endangers humans.

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

Ring...ring...ring...

Hello? Is that you, Gēge? Have you finished work? Are you free to talk on the phone right now?

You know, I've found a butler who is just like Kyle-gē! What? He's a secretary...?

Is a secretary different from a butler? It's about the same? Then that's okay.

Gēge! You know, my butler's name is Charles Endelis, and he's a vampire.

Why did I hire him? Because he's interesting! He's a vampire that sucks human blood, but he's also a butler who serves humans... He's just like me!

Just like me, who is Ah Ye and Dark Sun at the same time!



The most important part of a day is the morning.

To a butler, preparing breakfast is naturally the busiest chore of the morning.

Originally, the young master was the only person in the apartment.

Although the young master has a monstrous appetite, he is still only one person. Ever since he made peace with the master last time, however, the number of people in the apartment suddenly increased. As a result, breakfast preparation has also become more complex. The young master eats enough for six. He eats many different kinds of food for breakfast too. Mr. Bramble prefers a Chinese-style breakfast, with a pot of the finest oolong tea after his meal. Dell likes having variety, so he must eat something different for breakfast every day, but his drink must be coke. May seems to be on a diet, as he only has a poached egg, boiled vegetables, one fruit, and a cup of black coffee. Even though I have undergone Father's strict butler training, I was still flustered for a few days before I could successfully prepare such a complicated breakfast.

Now, I was almost done making breakfast. The young master had also returned from his morning jog and had entered the bathroom to take a shower.

I placed several different kinds of cutlery on plates and carried them to the living room where everyone was seated. Mr. Bramble was reading the newspaper, and Dell was lying down on the sofa crying, "I'm starving to death," as usual. May sat cross-legged on the floor and was stretching his waist to the limit doing some very uncomfortable-looking yoga poses.

I set the plates in my hands on the meal table. The moment I put them down, Dell jumped up from the sofa and impatiently shouted, "Can I start eating now?"

I smiled at him and explained, "I am just preparing the tableware first.

Please do not panic, the young master will be out in five minutes.” Dell glanced at the wall clock and said, “Oh.” He then curled back up and lay down horizontally on the sofa while continually staring at the clock. Everyone knew that, no matter what the young master did, he was always very punctual, right down to the second. Thus, if one wanted to know where the young master was, all one had to do was check the time.

I watched as Dell slapped the sofa impatiently... *If he knew the actual value of that sofa, I wonder if he would lie down on it so casually and hit it with so much strength?* Suddenly, I was a little curious. But it was just my curiosity, so I would not really go forward and tell him.

After I arranged all the tableware, I checked the time. By now, the young master should have finished showering, so I could start serving breakfast. I walked back to the kitchen and was just in time to see the young master walking toward me as he rubbed his hair dry with a towel.

I bowed slightly and greeted him, “Young Master.”

“Is everyone waiting for me to start breakfast?” The young master raised his head. He probably heard Dell’s whining, as he smiled and said, “Like I said before, you don’t have to wait for me. You can let them eat first.”

“Indeed, but Mr. Bramble has adamantly refused already.”

When he heard this, the young master shrugged and helplessly said, “Then we have no choice, as Bramble-shū is the hardest to persuade. I

guess even if Dell had to go hungry for another hour, he would not dare to disobey Bramble-shū's words."

I smiled to show my agreement.

"Then Charles should quickly serve breakfast. Dell's whining is getting louder and louder."

As the noise from the living room was indeed getting louder, I said in a slightly laughing tone, "Yes, Young Master."



When I brought breakfast into the living room, the others had already turned on the TV and were watching the morning news.

Although many studies have shown that watching TV while eating is very bad for digestion, Dell and the others clearly were not people who had digestive problems. As for the young master...I think, if the young master experienced indigestion, the first bad habit he should change is his eating speed, not watching TV.

I put breakfast down and immediately everyone's attention turned from the TV to their breakfast. They started eating voraciously, leaving me as the only person left paying attention to the news report.

A supernatural phenomenon? In the middle of the night on the streets, witnesses were shocked to see a motorbike with no driver whizzing past. They even said that, as the motorbike passed them, they heard the sound of someone laughing loudly, making their hair stand on end.

Only when Dell had already finished half of his breakfast did he slow his eating speed. As he ate, he raised his head to watch the news. When he saw this story, he went “tsk tsk” and then said in disbelief, “How ridiculous. Is the news now supposed to be news or random gossip? They’re even reporting this kind of supernatural phenomenon? Why didn’t I know that this world is so peaceful that there isn’t even any news worth reporting?”

May, who had finished his simple breakfast long ago and was currently holding a cup of coffee, said plainly, “There is plenty of news. Heroes save people every day. However, if nothing big happens, just some small incidents, then people are already sick and tired of seeing such news, right? If they don’t do something new, their viewership won’t be good.”

“But that doesn’t mean that they can just report random things!” Unsatisfied, Dell rebutted, “If they’re even reporting supernatural phenomena, then in the future, will they even report a fight between two dogs?”

As the young master watched the television news broadcast, he suddenly stopped his rapid-eating movements and stared into space for quite some time. I was just about to take the initiative and raise a query when the young master turned his head and asked me with a helpless expression, “Charles, where is DSII?”

I immediately replied to the young master, “Yesterday, DSII requested that I refill its fuel tank. He then said that he wanted to go out and have fun...”

As I talked, I very impolitely fell silent and looked at the news report again. However, no one noticed my rudeness. Instead, they reacted the same way I did...which was to stare at the TV.

A motorcycle that could roam the streets without a rider, and could also laugh loudly. Although this sounded very strange, we seemed to have such a motorcycle right in this very house. The motorcycle even had a name: DSII.

Dell roared with laughter. "Oh my gosh! It can't really be DSII? What a great motorcycle indeed! Hahaha!"

The young master sighed and said a little helplessly, "Charles, when DSII comes back, unless I allow it, do not give it any fuel."

"Yes, Young Master." I smiled helplessly as I replied. At the same time, I picked up the bottle of milk and poured some into the young master's raised cup.

After the report on the supernatural motorcycle ended, the news obediently returned to broadcasting stories about heroes. Although hero stories were starting to get old, it was undeniable that some things were still attractive no matter how old-fashioned they were.

The content of this story was not on which hero saved the day from danger, but an analysis detailing the actions of heroes. The names of the four heroes mentioned were not unexpected; they were Solitary Butterfly, First Wind, Dragon Peace, and Dark Sun.

The report even called them the Four Great Heroes, and gave them new titles: The Noblewoman, Solitary Butterfly; The Aristocrat, First Wind; The Beast, Dragon Peace; and The Wings of Steel, Dark Sun.

When he heard the words "Wings of Steel," Dell spat out a mouthful of coke and laughed so hard he ended up bent over the table, twitching. Even the normally expressionless May also smiled. Mr. Bramble raised an eyebrow and mumbled, "It sounds quite suitable; what's so funny about it?" The young master held his cup of milk while looking confused, as if he did not know what everyone was laughing about at all.

"This reporter is pushing it too far!" Dell scolded as he laughed. Smiling, May shook his head and said, "You can't say that. Besides Dark Sun, the other three titles are quite appropriate. I just don't know why Dark Sun's title became like that."

The young master seemed to find it fun, as he tilted his head and asked, "Then what kind of title do you think is better?"

When I heard the young master's question, I thought about the answer seriously, but I really could not say what title would fit Dark Sun best. I turned to look at the others, but they also appeared to be having difficulties thinking of one.

For the other heroes, it was obvious that their titles were decided based on the personality they had shown when rescuing people. Solitary Butterfly was confident and dignified, just like a noble. Because she was a woman, though, her title was The Noblewoman. First Wind had an elegant demeanor, so the title of Aristocrat was

most suited for him. Dragon Peace had a very muscular body and tended toward violence, so he was indeed a Beast.

However, Dark Sun's character was a mystery. He had a policy of "save and leave immediately," so the media had not had many scenes with him in it. Just about the only time they had gotten a clear picture of him was the time he saved Solitary Butterfly and Briar.

But even then, all Dark Sun had said were the short phrases "Where" and "No, too heavy."

As I thought about this, I involuntarily sighed for the poor reporters. With so little information, they must have thought very hard just to come up with a title, right?

I could not help but turn to look at the young master. Although everyone here knew that the young master was Dark Sun, no one could think of a title for him, including me. I might understand the young master, but I do not dare claim that I understand Dark Sun, even though these two people were one and the same.

I knew that I should not stick my nose into the young master's private affairs, but I could not help wondering just what kind of environment would cause the young master to develop a completely different personality.

The young master seemed to notice a change in my usual expression as he curiously asked, "Charles?"

"Young Master, would you like some more milk?" I replied, smiling. It

was okay even if I did not fully understand the young master right now. Because, we have an "Endelis" contract.

"Yes!" The young master nodded.

After pouring a full glass of milk for the young master and making sure he continued eating his breakfast, I turned some of my attention toward the news. At the moment, the news was showing some of the four heroes' past actions.

Dell said disapprovingly, "Tsk tsk, it has indeed been too peaceful recently. Even the media has nothing better to do than report old news."

Although Dell said that, I watched the report with interest. In the past, I rarely paid attention to the deeds of heroes, so increasing my knowledge of the topic was not bad. Whenever they mentioned "Dark Sun," I paid extra attention. Still, the hero the news mentioned the least was also Dark Sun, so no matter how much they broadcasted, most of the footage was from the time he previously rescued Solitary Butterfly and Briar.

Suddenly, the young master asked excitedly, "If you were in danger, which hero would everyone like to be rescued by the most?"

I could not help but smile. Recently, the young master was getting increasingly interested in "conversations." Since he did not have much common knowledge, and was hence always unable to reply normally, he liked to ask questions instead and let other people answer them. When they heard the young master's question, everyone, including Mr.

Bramble who put down the newspaper, made a very weird expression and looked at the young master without answering him. Luckily, the young master immediately realized his mistake and added, "I mean, heroes other than Dark Sun."

When they heard this, everyone smiled vaguely. Dell was the first to say, "You don't have to ask, of course it's Solitary Butterfly! Although it is very embarrassing to be saved by a beautiful woman, it is still better than being saved by a smelly man. Right, Maiden?"

Upset, May replied, "Who's the same as you? Also, you're not allowed to call me Maiden!"

After speaking, he turned and just happened to meet the young master's expectant eyes. He stopped for a moment and thought seriously before answering, "If I really had to be saved by a hero, I'd probably hope that it is First Wind."

Dell immediately made a disgusted face and looked at May like he was something dirty.

"If you dare talk nonsense, I'll make you pay for it!" After coldly threatening Dell, May turned back toward the young master and explained seriously, "First Wind's martial arts style is similar to mine, so I would like to spar with him if possible."

As if a great realization had dawned upon him, the young master smiled and said, "If it's like that, I can spar with you too..."

However, May did not reply. Instead, he and Dell suddenly leapt up.

Mr. Bramble still remained calmly seated on the sofa. Although their stances were different, what was similar among them was that they all had their guns out and loaded and were pointing them at the doorway. The reason for their panic was that the front door had been opened by someone even though the doorbell had not been rung.

However, the person who walked in was someone that everyone knew: Melody.

She entered through the front door shouting "Young Master" in a very loud voice. When she saw the three guns pointed at her, she only raised an eyebrow and pretended to see nothing as she continued walking in. It was, instead, the people on our side who were frozen in shock.

She stopped walking a few steps away from the meal table and said coquettishly, "Young Master, in your opinion, do I look better in black or red?"

All she wore was a set of scarlet undergarments, which included a low-cut, V-shaped bra and panties that did not hide much at all. In her hands was another set of black undergarments. Besides those, there were no other clothes covering her body at all... Except for the pair of crimson high heels on her feet.

Drool almost dripping onto his gun, Dell stared at Melody and, eyes shining, yelled, "You look best with nothing on!"

May took one glance at her before quickly turning away. Even his ears were red.

Mr. Bramble only shook his head and proceeded to put away his gun. He then continued drinking tea while reading the newspaper.

"All of you shut up!" Melody scolded everyone unhappily, then pouted and looked at the young master, saying, "I only want Young Master's opinion. Young Master~~ please tell me! Which set looks better?"

I suddenly felt curious. May had already shifted his eyes to the young master, and Mr. Bramble also looked away from the newspaper to fix his gaze on the young master. Even Dell, whose eyes were practically glued onto Melody's body, could not resist his curiosity and actually gave up staring at Melody to turn and look at him.

The innocent and naive young master An Xiang Ye, and the calm and cool till almost cold Dark Sun. Although the adjectives used were quite different, these two were actually the same person. When faced with an almost naked beauty, just how would a person with such conflicting personalities react?

I glanced at Melody. The latter was smiling unctuously, with a hint of mischief. When I thought about it, she was probably doing this on purpose.

The young master raised his head to look at Melody. In his eyes, there was no sign of change, whether it be May's awkwardness or Dell's lust. None of these appeared on his face at all. He just examined Melody carefully, as if she were not in her undergarments but was wearing an evening gown instead, and he was seriously helping her choose her clothing.

In the end, he pointed at the red underwear Melody was wearing and said cautiously, "Red looks nicer."

"Really?"

Melody made several alluring poses on purpose, even bending her waist and squeezing her chest. This made the originally low-cut bra hide almost nothing at all.

Her actions made Dell stare until his eyes were popping out, and May dared not even glance at her... Oh, maybe he did see something as his ears were even redder than before.

"Yes!" The young master nodded seriously and smiled as he said, "Red looks tastier!"

"..."

Everyone, including me and Mr. Bramble, could not help but look at the young master with strange expressions on our faces.

Tastier? The meaning of tastier could not be referring to...something erotic, right?

Melody was shocked and suspicious as she asked, "Young Master, what you mean by tasty, can it be..."

The young master suddenly smiled brilliantly as he praised, "Melody looks very delicious right now!"

The moment the young master said that, even Melody, who dared to walk around in front of everyone in her undergarments could not help but turn red. She stomped her feet a few times, said, "Young Master is so naughty!", and rushed out of the apartment just like that. This made Dell scream in despair, "Don't go! Let me look at you some more!"

"Charles." The young master suddenly called me.

"Yes, Young Master."

"Can you make another plate of fries for me?" The young master raised his head and looked at me expectantly. "I suddenly really want to eat fries, and I want to dip it in lots and lots of ketchup!"

I was a little surprised, as the young master, who routinely ate only six servings of breakfast, actually wanted to eat some more. However, I still politely replied, "Certainly, if you would please wait for a while, Young Master."

Before I could walk into the kitchen, Dell shouted that he also wanted to eat some fries. *I guess I have to fry an entire bag or there will not be enough.*

As the oil in the pan was heating up, I had some free time, so I stared at the fries on the cutting board in a trance. The fries were white with some beige, and placed beside it was a bottle of bright red ketchup... *Why does this color combination look so familiar?*

Red looks tastier!

I suddenly laughed out loud... *I see! So it was like fries dipped in ketchup?*

"Hahaha!"

The sound of a bewildered and uncertain voice came from outside, saying, "Butler? Are you alright?"

"S-Sorry, it is nothing." I hurriedly suppressed my laughter but chuckled as I put the fries in the pan.

Fries and ketchup... This is something I definitely can never tell Melody, hee hee.



After sending the young master out, Mr. Bramble and May headed to the rooftop. Dell bravely volunteered to bring DSII home.

After everyone had left, the apartment suddenly became quiet again. I washed and tidied the dishes and was just about to rest in my metal cabinet when I heard the doorbell ring. This was a rare occurrence.

As I walked to the door, I thought, *did Dell forget to take something with him?*

I activated the CCTV beside the front door and saw that there were two people outside, one male and one female. Naturally, it was not Dell. These people were... X-Killer's shop assistants, Luo Lun and Jill.

I opened the door and greeted, "Jill, Luo Lun, it has been a few days. Are you doing well?"

The two nodded and nodded.

"We have already received the young master's outfits. There is nothing wrong with them," I smiled and said, hoping I could find out why they were here. I was not sure whether they were here because of the clothes, and this was the only reason I could think of.

Luo Lun immediately snatched the chance to answer, "Of course, I checked those one at a time, so there's definitely nothing wrong with them!"

Before I could continue speaking, Jill grinned and took out a thick book, saying, "We are here to show you the catalog."

"Catalog?"

I took it from them and looked at it before realizing that these were the photos the young master had agreed to take for X-Killer last time. I flipped through it page by page and could not help sighing in praise as the catalog was done very well. At first, I was not sure whether to start flipping from the left or the right, but I immediately learned that both ways were fine. When I started browsing from the right, the designs were mostly white in color, and from the left, black.

I first looked through the white part. The young master in the photos wore comfortable and brightly colored clothing while smiling very happily. His poses were also very natural. In some of the photos, he

was hugging the large plushies in the shop. This made him appear very cute and energetic, so that when one looked at the photos, one's lips would involuntarily rise.

Then, I started to browse through the black designs from the left. The clothes in this section were smart and elegant, and the young master was almost expressionless in these pictures. Clothed entirely in dark colors, only his face and silver hair stood out. This actually enhanced the feeling that the young master...was not really like a living person. This actually gave me a bit of a scare, as this non-living aura was quite unlike the young master. Instead, it was more like...Dark Sun!

As I browsed, I asked, "Who designed these?"

"These are Olga's personal designs. The theme is Angel and Devil." Jill's eyes shone as she asked, "Doesn't it look awesome? We only had to send this to the printing shop, and everyone there kept asking who this model was!"

Angel and Devil huh? I could not help but smile wryly. The young master and Dark Sun did kind of feel like an angel and a devil. I did not think that Olga could so accurately portray the young master's two faces. If she met Dark Sun face-to-face, she might actually guess that Dark Sun was indeed the young master.

However, I did not have to be too worried. When DSII's body is fixed, as long as the young master and DSII each dress up as Dark Sun and a normal college student and appear at the same time, even the most suspicious person would have no choice but to admit that they were two different people.

As I continued to browse, Jill and Luo Lun took turns to comment on things like, "The weather is so hot," "I feel a little thirsty," "This place is so far from the shop," and "I didn't eat breakfast so I feel a little hungry." Listening to these made me feel both affronted and amused, so I aptly invited them, "If you do not mind, please come in and rest for a while."

Their eyes instantly lit up. I tilted my body to turn but before I could lead the way, they had already rushed into the house.

Luo Lun cheerfully spread himself out on the sofa, while Jill scanned the living room and said, disappointed, "Is Ah Ye not home?"

"The young master has gone to school." I placed the catalog on the table and smiled at them, saying, "Do you want anything to drink?" "Just coke is fine."

"Sundae!" shouted Luo Lun.

Jill swung a fist toward Luo Lun's head and scolded, "What sundae? Are you treating this place as a café?"

I smiled, saying, "I can easily prepare a sundae. The young master loves ice cream, so there are many flavors of ice cream in the fridge. I can use those to make a sundae."

Luo Lun immediately cried, "Yay!" Jill hesitated for a moment before shyly adding, "Then I want one too."

I nodded and said, "Then, please wait for a moment. If you wish to turn on the television, or read one of the books on the shelf, please feel free to do so."

After making the sundaes, I carried them to the living room. The two in the living room were clearly uninterested in the books on the shelves. Instead, they had turned on the TV and were currently captivated by a replay of this morning's news. The content was, naturally, the stories about the four heroes.

I put the sundaes down, and Luo Lun's eyes instantly lit up. He started eating the sundae.

Jill looked at the sundae like she really wanted to eat it, but she did not make a move on it. Instead, she told me, "Olga asked us to show you two the catalog. We will only put it in the shop if you find no problems with it. Also, we enlarged some of these photos to hang in the store, but they were just too big, so we didn't bring them here for you to see. Thus, Olga asked whether the two of you would be willing to go there personally to take a look."

I see. I nodded at both of them, saying, "When the young master returns, I will tell him. Whether or not the young master decides to go, I will give you a call and inform you."

Jill nodded. At this point, she could not resist anymore, so she started eating the sundae.

Seeing the two of them devour the food quickly while repeatedly exclaiming how good it was, I smiled and asked, "Sundaes will not

quench your thirst, so would you like some drinks? If you wish to quench your thirst, how about I brew a pot of hot Ceylon tea for you? Cold things, especially sweets, do not actually quench thirst well."

Regardless of what I said, the two people desperately eating their sundaes simply nodded vigorously. Seeing this, I had no choice but to smile again and go to the kitchen to brew tea.

As I was boiling water, a melodious ringtone suddenly sounded on my cell phone. I quickly took it out from my shirt pocket. I looked at the phone number, and the caller actually turned out to be the young master. I immediately pushed the button to pick up the call.

"Charles here."

"C-Charles, are you sleeping right now?"

The young master's voice was very soft, as if he were afraid of waking me up... I could not resist smiling. *Oh, Young Master! Since you have already called, why worry about whether I am asleep?*

The young master stuttered, "T-That, I know that it's your sleeping time right now, b-but..."

I smiled and said, "It is alright, I am not sleeping at the moment. Young Master, please feel free to instruct me."

The young master fell silent for a while, then suddenly cried, "Charles!"
"Yes, Young Master."

"My classmates said that they want to come over to my place to do homework. What do I do?"

So it was something like that. I laughed and answered, "Young Master, you only have to tell me. If a few classmates are visiting, I will make the proper preparations."

The young master went quiet again for a while. Then, he said in a helpless tone, "Charles, I can't let my classmates know that I have a butler."

When I heard this, I was stunned for a moment but eventually understood what he meant. The school the young master was attending was not an elite school, and the apartment he was living in was also not a high-class one. It would indeed be weird for him to have a butler.

"Then, Charles can leave for a night..."

Before I could finish speaking, the young master exclaimed, "No, don't go! I don't know how to do homework with my classmates, and also..."

After saying "also," the young master did not continue talking for a very long time. I had no choice but to ask, "Also what, Young Master?" The young master mumbled hesitantly, "Also...when I was talking to my classmates, I told them that I have an elder brother. My female classmates asked me whether he was handsome, and I said yes. Then, they asked me where my brother was, and I-I didn't know how to respond, so I said that my brother was at home. After that..."

"After that?"

"After that..." The young master paused for a moment, then, quick as lightning, blurted out, "After that, they made noise about wanting to come over to my house to do homework, and conveniently see my very handsome brother!"

I finally understood what he wanted. Despite that, I still intentionally asked, "So, what does Young Master want Charles to do?"

The young master fell silent for a while and then begged, "Charles, can I call you Gēge for one night?"

I smiled and humbly replied, "If Young Master is willing."

"Great!" cheered the young master. "Then, I'll bring my classmates home right after class. There are five of them in all. I even told them that you know how to make delicious ice cream. They keep nagging me about wanting to eat it, so don't forget to make some!"

"Yes, Young Master." After answering him, afraid that the young master would hang up just like this, I quickly added, "Young Master, please hold on for a minute, Charles has something to tell you. The two shop assistants from X-Killer have come to visit."

"Jill and Luo Lun?" Curious, the young master asked, "What did they come for?"

"They brought the photos you took last time. At the same time, they invited you to go see the enlarged photos that they are going to

display in the shop.”

“Really?” The young master’s voice sounded very excited. “Sure! I want to go and see it.”

“Alright, then I will tell them that we will be visiting them within the next few days.”

After ending the call with the young master, I carried the Ceylon tea as well as some tea snacks to the living room. As I walked there, I heard the sounds of arguing.

“First Wind is the best hero of all!”

“No matter how you look at it, Dragon Peace is the strongest! You girls just like pretty boys.”

“That’s not true! It’s because First Wind looks very gentle.” Unhappy, Jill shouted, “Dragon Peace looks so violent that even if I were saved by him, I would worry about whether he would hug me so tightly my waist snaps!”

“With a waist like yours?” Luo Lun purposely eyed Jill’s waist and sighed, “I think that would be very difficult!”

Jill was so angry her face flushed red. She said word-by-word, “Ji. Luo. Lun. Are you tired of living?”

After watching this, I put the tray down. As I arranged their tableware, I said, “How about drinking some black tea and having some snacks?”

The snacks are walnut meringues that I made. I hope you will enjoy them.”

The two of them seemed very shocked. Jill quickly said, “Sorry to trouble you.”

“It is no trouble.” I smiled.

In order to calm their nervousness, I sat down and started eating a meringue. This visibly helped them relax a little, so they also began drinking their tea and eating.

To relieve the tension, I continued the conversation off-handedly and said, “Were you two talking about heroes just now?”

They looked back and forth at each other before Luo Lun finally shrugged, saying, “Yeah! In the news story about heroes that we just watched, Solitary Butterfly, First Wind, Dragon Peace, and Dark Sun were called the Four Great Heroes. At the end of the show, they raised a question ‘To you, who is the true hero?’, so Jill started arguing about it with me!”

“You’re the one who started the argument!” Jill protested, “First Wind is obviously the best!”

“Dragon Peace is the most ‘authentic’ hero!” Luo Lun turned to face me and shouted, “Right, Dàgē?”

At this point, Jill also turned toward me and said coyly, “Charles-gē, which hero do you think is the best?”

"This..." I was a little tongue-tied.

If I had to answer, I would say Dark Sun. But the young master is Dark Sun, so that answer somehow did not seem quite appropriate. However, I did not really know much about the other heroes. Although I had met Solitary Butterfly once before, I did not know her well enough to say that she was "the best."

But I cannot not answer either... I looked at the two people whose eyes were filled with anticipation. Suddenly, I thought, regardless of whether the young master is Dark Sun or not, Dark Sun is the only person I have ever wholeheartedly praised as a "hero." Thus, even if he is the young master I serve, what does it matter?

I smiled plainly and replied, "Dark Sun."

"Oh!" Luo Lun nodded vigorously, saying, "Dark Sun isn't bad either." However, Jill revealed a hesitant expression and mumbled, "At first, I also thought like that. He looked really cool when he saved Solitary Butterfly. But, Olga said..."

"What did she say?" I suddenly felt very curious. *Just what comment did Olga make about Dark Sun?*

Jill seemed to be trying very hard as she recalled, "She said that no matter what, heroes are still people, and it is human nature to be selfish. Heroes want other people to know that they have done a good deed, and they want to be famous. Therefore, normally when they save people, they will at least interact a little with the victim, and stall

for time until the media arrives.”

That is true indeed. After hearing Jill speak, I suddenly felt like laughing out loud. *So heroes could be viewed from this perspective as well. I have never even thought that the reason why heroes can be caught on film by the media is because they want to become famous.*

“When they face the media, they either put on a dramatic act or just pretend to look cool. That, or they make an expression of utter hatred. However, only Dark Sun is different. He never appears in front of the media. It’s as if he doesn’t care whether anyone else in the world knows he exists. Except for that time when he saved Solitary Butterfly and that little girl, when he had no choice but to appear in front of the media, because so much of the media was already there to begin with.” Luo Lun interrupted, “Even the origins of the name ‘Dark Sun’ are unknown. Olga said that this is really weird! We can’t even catch him on film, and Dark Sun is most famous for never saying anything, so why does everyone know that he is called ‘Dark Sun’? Olga says, it’s as if someone is secretly spreading information about him.”

Could a certain elder brother be the one responsible for secretly spreading information? I felt that the possibility of this being true was very high. Although the master does not like the young master being a hero, he definitely does not like the young master’s good deeds going unknown even more.

Luo Lun shrugged, saying, “All in all, Olga said that his actions are not like those of ordinary people. It’s more like he’s on some kind of mission. Maybe, one of the economic alliances dispatched a hero on purpose, so that they can use him whenever there’s a suitable

opportunity...”

I stood up abruptly, roaring, “It is not like that at all!”

After I had finished shouting, the two of them jumped in shock and stared at me... *Oh no! I actually spoke to the young master’s guests in such a rude tone.*

“My sincerest apologies, I...” I stumbled over my words, as I could not come up with an excuse to explain my uncontrolled shouting. *After all, I cannot tell them not to insult the young master, can I?*

“So Dàgē¹ actually worships Dark Sun to this extent?” said Luo Lun in a daze. “I can’t believe it, you really don’t look like someone who worships heroes!”

“I do not? But I really like Dark Sun!” I smiled as I conveniently stepped out of the limelight.

After that, we moved on from the topic of heroes, and instead began to discuss that Angel and Devil catalog. They pointed out the photos that the shop had enlarged, and gesticulated wildly while explaining where in the shop the photos were hung, as well as how great the results were and et cetera.

After chatting for about half an hour, the two had to help Olga open the shop, so they waved goodbye to me.

I spent some time tidying the living room and then returned to my room to rest. However, just as I lay down in the metal cabinet and

before I could fall asleep, my cell phone next to me rang again. This particular ringtone did not sound when someone was calling me. Instead, it was an alert for when someone rang the doorbell.

"There are so many guests today."

I smiled wryly, but I did not really feel upset. Even if I only sleep once in two or three days, it was still within the normal range for a vampire. I felt happy instead, as more guests visiting this apartment means that the people the young master knows are also increasing. For the young master, who lacks social skills, this was a very good sign.

I stepped out of the metal cabinet feeling curious and walked toward the front door. *Has Dell returned? Or have Jill and Luo Lun come back? Or could it be someone else the young master knows?*

Because of my curiosity, I did not turn on the CCTV this time, but rather just opened the front door... I froze in shock.

When I saw the person who had come, it took me a long time before I could say his name.

"X."

Footnotes

¹ " **Dàgē** ": Dàgē (大哥) means "big brother" in a slightly rougher way than the more neutral gēge (哥哥) or the less formal gē (哥). Lackeys will sometimes use this term of address.

Legend of a Hero #2: Late at Night, the Busy Hero

Gēge,

Charles really is a great butler!

Not only can he cook a delicious variety of breakfasts, he took me to buy new clothes and even taught me how to sing.

Then, I went to karaoke with my classmates in my new clothes, and everyone said that my clothes looked nice and that I sang well!

I must be becoming more and more like a normal boy now, right?



I heard the door opening twenty minutes later than the time the young master usually came home. I walked toward the front door and saw the young master coming in with five of his classmates. With a warm smile, I welcomed them. "Welcome home, Ah Ye, and a good day to your fellow classmates."

The young master turned, and his eyes widened when he saw me, as if he could not believe that the person in front of him was I. He looked at my face, then at my attire...

I was wearing casual clothing. I had purposely woken up early this afternoon to buy clothes for the sake of acting as a "big brother."

After all, dress shirts, vests, red bow ties, and dress pants were too

formal for someone who was currently staying at home.

One of the male students spoke first, turning to the young master in surprise. "Ah Ye, your brother is really handsome! But you were joking when you said that he is ten years older than you, right? He doesn't look like he's over thirty!"

As a matter of fact, I am over one hundred and fifty years old.

"Hello, Charles-gēge. Sorry to intrude."

One of the female students greeted me politely. She had good manners, was humble, but not submissive. She was good looking as well and almost as tall as the young master; of course, the high heels on her feet might have helped as well. She did not count as a beauty, but she was definitely pretty.

She seemed like a good girl.

I smiled and answered, "Hello, come in and make yourselves at home."

The five of them immediately threw off their shoes and came in without holding back. The girls were somewhat more reserved, since at least there were no overturned shoes, but only the girl who greeted me placed her shoes neatly like the young master.

"I will go get something to drink for you. How about cola and black tea?"

The five students nodded.

“Charles... Charles-gē!” the young master stuttered, “I want...um...”

I completed his sentence while smiling. “Milk, right? Really, how can I not know what you like to drink?”

The young master looked surprised and said, “Oh.”

When I came out with the drinks, the young master and the students were seated around the table doing homework. After I poured drinks for everyone and took out some ice cream, the five of them cheered and started to eat some. The rather nice girl started to converse with me. “It must be hard for big brother to look after this house alone, right?”

I smiled. “It is all right. Ah Ye is a good kid, so I do not have to worry about him.”

“Ah Ye, your brother is amazing. He’s good looking, and he can make ice cream!” A male student grinned.

The young master fell silent for a moment and replied honestly, “My gēge is really amazing.”

I noticed that he did not use “Charles-gē,” so I assumed that he was talking about his real brother. It looks like the young master really respects his elder brother.

Even though a few days ago this house was full of cameras set up by the master... It is hard to believe, but how did the young master

manage to live under constant surveillance? Even if the person who monitored him is the elder brother he respects and loves, there should still be some discontentment concerning privacy.

Even though I was still apprehensive about the relationship between the young master and the master, it was not something a butler should interfere with. All I have to do is the required duties of a butler.

At this time, the girl smiled cutely and said, "Oh right, big brother doesn't know my name yet, right? I am Leanna¹, but you can call me Anna or Nana."

"Hello, student Anna." I smiled and nodded.

The other four students saw her introducing herself, so they all told me their names as well. The two male students were named Abner² and Aren³. Abner was the one who had yelled that I did not look like a thirty year old, while Aren had not yet spoken this entire time. His capability of silence was even greater than the young master's.

The two female students were Ingrid⁴ and Judy⁵. Those two looked like normal girls, their style of dress fashionable and their skirts so short they could barely cover their rears.

In comparison to the chatting classmates, the young master was doing his homework seriously and not talking much. It worried me a little. However, the others did not seem to mind the young master's lack of participation and kept on talking among themselves, absentmindedly writing a few strokes on their papers once in a while.

It seems that they are already used to the young master's personality.

Also, Aren was as silent as the young master. Leanna sometimes talked to them, mostly about homework, so the young master answered happily as Leanna always listened to him with a serious expression on her face.

However, I noticed that Leanna's hand was always touching the seat cushion.

She caressed the cashmere wool cushion in a way that suggested that it was not by accident. Her hands went over the entire cushion, paying a lot of attention to the gold and silver embroidery as well as the decorative orbs on the four corners; she even took them in her hands as if she were determining their weight.

This Leanna was truly rather remarkable. She had probably already felt that something was off about this house.

She was likely not the only one. Aren still had not spoken, but he had already peeked at me more than once out of the corner of his eyes. However, he was not looking at my entire person but rather at my feet whenever I moved... A vampire's footsteps are always silent.

Abner kept on joking about Aren being an ice block and that Aren and Ah Ye will make the perfect ice block duo. While he was joking, his eyes always wandered over to the bookcase. If I remembered correctly, there were a couple of archaic, out-of-print tomes right where he was secretly glancing at.

Ingrid and Judy acted the most normally. They giggled and gossiped about the hottest celebrities. However, their hands were always on either the crystal wineglasses or the spoons used for eating ice cream, and when I turned for a second, one of the spoons on the table disappeared, a platinum spoon.

Was it just me underestimating the university students now, or are the young master's friends all not very normal?

Whatever the truth was, the fact that the young master is very rich probably cannot be hidden from his five classmates.

When I poured some drinks for Judy, I exclaimed, "Ah... Why is there a spoon on the ground? That is very dangerous. It would not be good if someone steps on it and slips."

While I was talking, I silently took out the spoon from Judy's pocket and placed it back on the table, and then I carried on cleaning up the fruit bowl and ice cream cups on the table. There was almost no fruit left, while the ice cream was completely gone.

Judy tried to smile in response, but her expression was rather forced. I took the plates and said to everyone, "I will go back inside. Enjoy yourselves."

All five of the students looked at me. Except for Leanna whose smile was impeccable, the expressions of the others had already turned strange. Abner was eyeing the bookcase in regret, Aren was looking at me with an extremely guarded expression, while Judy and Ingrid looked a little embarrassed.

As for the young master, he was writing his report the whole time. The paper stack was thickening at his normal fast rate.

I walked into the kitchen and started to tidy the fruit plates, the ice cream cups, and the spoons while thinking about how pretending to be the young master's brother tonight was most likely rather unnecessary. Even if they came to know that the young master had a butler, those five students probably would not mind much... For them, it is likely that they thought this house should have a butler.

I wonder if the young master knows of his fellow students' abnormal behavior?

When I returned to the living room, it was already time for his classmates to leave. They did not seem to have the intention to stay for dinner.

I quickly scanned the living room, made sure that nothing was missing, and followed the students out with the young master. The five of them waved good-bye.

I lightly closed the door, turned, and prepared to change back into a butler outfit.

However, the young master stopped me. "Charles."

"Yes, Young Master." I stopped to await the young master's directions.

The young master stared at me for a long time and suddenly sighed

heavily. "As expected, Charles is better as a butler. Having Charles as an older brother really felt weird!"

"Is Young Master not pleased with Charles's acting skills?" I asked, worried.

The young master cocked his head and thought about it. "Your acting skills are good, but big brothers don't seem to be like that."

I still could not understand the young master's meaning. Had not the young master's classmates all said that I was a great big brother? I curiously asked, "Then, how does Young Master think a big brother should be like?"

The young master thought about it and answered matter-of-factly, "A big brother should be very elegant, very proud, and pay no attention to anyone besides his little brother!"

Umm.... Young Master, I think that description is limited to only your elder brother.

The young master smiled. "But no worries, Charles is not Gēge anyway. He is the best butler!"

"Thank you, Young Master." I accepted the praise humbly and reminded, "Young Master, Charles needs to tell you something. Your classmates do not seem to be completely ignorant, and they all seem to be somewhat strange."

"Really?" The young master was not surprised, and he even shrugged.

"Maybe they are a little strange! But I'm strange too, so I don't think I have the right to say anything, yeah?"

That is true. No matter how strange those students are, I doubt they would be stranger than the young master. Actually, I believe it is impossible to find someone who is stranger than the young master and who carries more secrets than him... Not even among "non-humans."

Even though I thought those students were strange, they probably thought the young master to be a fairly mysterious person, right? I sighed. This was not good for the young master's social life. I have to think of a way to close the distance between the young master and his classmates.

"Then, Young Master, I will go change and prepare dinner for you. You must be very hungry?" I looked at the clock with worry. It was almost one hour later than the time the young master usually had dinner.

As I expected, the young master nodded. "I'm hungry, Charles. Cook dinner fast!"

"Yes."



Because the young master had told me to cook faster, I prepared a big pot of soup noodles with a lot of high caloric seasoning, of course.

"Hot! Hot!"

The young master immediately slurped two mouthfuls of noodles, but

he soon spat the noodles out, and then his eating speed slowed down to the speed of normal humans.

I was ashamed of myself for not warning the young master ahead of time, but I was also secretly glad that “the young master was still afraid of the heat.” If the young master had eaten the entire bowl of hot noodles at his normal fast pace without any change in expression, then I would probably worry about who the real non-human was here, the young master or me.

After a good while, I saw that the young master was almost finished. Only then did I ask, “Young Master, is it all right for me to take a break after midnight for the next two weeks? I will still be back before your morning run to make breakfast.”

“A break?” The young master looked up, surprised. “Why do you need a break?”

I hesitated but still answered the young master truthfully, “A friend of mine asked me to help him find someone.”

“Finding someone after midnight? Are you looking for a mafia boss again?” The young master laughed.

I looked at the young master and shook my head, but I did not answer.

The young master cocked his head and said, “Something you can’t tell me? Then I won’t ask.”

“No, that is not it.” I hesitated. “The one I am looking for cannot be

found during the day.”

The young master blurted out, “A ‘non-human’?”

I answered, “Yes.”

“Oh,” The young master said and asked, “What kind of non-human are you looking for? You know that I often go out during the night. I can keep an eye out for you.”

“Young Master, the one I am looking for is, is a werewolf,” I said the truth with slight frustration.

However, how can I ask the young master to look for a werewolf? The young master is a hero, while werewolves are definitely not anyone a hero would want to protect. Even among the non-humans, werewolves are not very welcome.

“Werewolves... According to European folk legends, a werewolf is a shape-shifting human — he can shape shift willingly or unwillingly into a wolf. After shifting, he will crave human or animal meat and will howl at the moon.”

The young master explained this in a flat voice and suddenly stated in a worried tone, “The encyclopedia doesn’t have enough information; we can’t find him like this.”

Young Master, you seem to have been standing in your original spot and have not gone to flip through an encyclopedia...

The young master looked at me directly and asked with a serious expression, "Charles, what does the werewolf you are searching for look like?"

"Well..." I hesitated. *Should I tell the young master?*

The young master stared at me like he was waiting for an answer. This troubled me, but then he laughed. "I say Charles, you are not worried that 'some hero' would kill your werewolf friend, right?"

That is indeed the case. I looked warily at the young master. Werewolves are a strong combat race, but I did not think a werewolf could stand up to the young master. Moreover, X is my old friend, and he rarely comes to me for help. Even if I cannot find the one he is looking for, I cannot let that werewolf get killed, especially by the young master.

I never want to see conflict arise between my good friend and the young master.

The young master giggled. "Charles, don't you forget, you are the butler who stays by my side every day. Even if you are so dense you don't seem like one... you are sill a vampire, right?"

I was speechless, suddenly feeling as dense as the young master had claimed. If the young master could accept a vampire as his butler, then what was strange about searching for a werewolf?

I could not help but sigh. I really am dense, using standards meant for normal humans to look at the young master.

I stopped concealing the matter and said, "Young Master, the werewolf is named Cornell,⁶ but he is not my friend. I do not actually know him, but my friend asked me to help find the werewolf because I think they have some important things to discuss."

"How do I identify a werewolf? What do they look like?"

I explained carefully, "Werewolves can shift only when there is moonlight, or else they look just like normal humans. Before shifting, werewolves cannot even recognize one another."

"So that is why you are searching during the night?" The young master nodded and said, frustrated, "But if he doesn't shift, we can't find him then either, right?"

"Werewolves cannot hold back their nature to shift for too long, especially during a full moon when the moonlight is plentiful." I said lightly, "It is just like vampires needing blood, a werewolf cannot hold back their bloodlust."

"Oh, that makes things easier." The young master nodded. "Charles, you don't need to take a break; I will go with you to..."

The young master stopped in the middle of his sentence. I asked, puzzled, "Young Master?"

The young master frowned and muttered half to himself, half to me, "Something happened on the streets. Strange, that place is within the sphere of influence of Dragon Peace and First Wind. Why haven't

either appeared? Is it because of the overlapping areas of influence, so they are waiting for each other to make the first move?"

"Do heroes have spheres of influence?" I was surprised. I thought only the mafia divided the cities up like that.

The young master smiled and shook his head. "No! It's just implicitly agreed upon, or else, since Sunset City is so big, it would take me an hour to get from the east side to the west side even on DSII. If something happens, and I don't get there until an hour later, I won't be in time to stop anything from happening."

I gained a sudden realization. I had never thought about the problem of time. In those hero movies, the hero always gets there on time, but it looks like it is not that easy in real life.

Implicit recognition among heroes... I suddenly remembered something and held back a grin. "Young Master, you told me before that you did not even know there were so many heroes."

The young master hesitated before answering with a guilty expression, "I lied to you then, but everything else I said besides the heroes part is true!"

I shook my head to indicate that I did not mind. "I was not very familiar with Young Master at that time, so it is only right for Young Master not to tell me."

The young master smiled and continued explaining, "Solitary Butterfly probably lives on the northern side of Sunset City, Dragon Peace in the

south, First Wind in the west, and I am in the east. However, Dragon Peace never appears during the day, so First Wind also looks over the southwest and I look over southeast during the day.”

So the cooperation between heroes is already that deep? I was a little surprised. I never thought that heroes divided their work in such detail. But when I thought about it, it was not strange at all. If there were no clear spheres of influence, then, when two or more events occur, the heroes who did not know one another would not know which side they should help.

“The north’s Solitary Butterfly hasn’t appeared either... Weird.” The young master was somewhat helpless as he said, “No choice then. Even if I’m the farthest, I will go take a look. Luckily, it is not on the far eastern side, or else there is no way I can make it.”

Seeing the situation, I could not help but ask, “How did Young Master know something has happened?”

The young master gestured at his head and said, “All the surveillance cameras in Sunset City are connected. I just need to be connected to any camera to receive an image. I can also get into the police force’s network, so when someone reports an incident, I will know too. I think the other three use the same kind of methods, but they probably watch on their computers, not in their heads!”

The young master stuck out his tongue and said, “Let’s go, Charles!”
Go? Go where? I looked at the young master in puzzlement.

“You can come with me!” The young master grinned happily. “After we

take care of this case, we can go search for the werewolf, take a stroll in the night market, and get some late night snacks!”

Young Master, your tone was especially excited when you said late night snacks... I chuckled.

The young master giggled as he said, “No matter how hard you look, you can’t perform a more detailed search than me; there are 67,826 surveillance cameras in the network in Sunset City! I can even find a stray dog if you tell me its characteristics, so don’t even mention a werewolf after shifting.”

“Young Master can view sixty thousand cameras at once?” I was astonished.

“Of course not.”

The young master shrugged. “Before, DSII used to help me control and filter through most of the surveillance cameras and police cases, but sixty thousand was a bit too much, so DSII’s management unit almost burned up a couple of times. But now Bramble-shū, Melody, and the others are all helping with watching, so DSII can even sneak out and go joyriding.

I see.

The young master laughed and asked, “Charles, you didn’t really think that Bramble-shū, Dell-gē, and May-gē were having a tea party on the rooftop, right?”

"I thought they were on guard to determine whether or not there were 'non-humans' approaching," I answered tactfully.

"Then you must have thought that I was getting a facial next door?" I turned around, surprised to see a radiant beauty standing lazily at the door, and this time she was not clad only in undergarments.

"Not at all," I answered with a professional butler smile.

Melody's stilettos made a rhythmic beat, and when it ended, she was one step away from me. Then she leaned in with a blazing smile, and I could feel her breath on my face.

"Mr. Butler, I thought you were a rare, honest vampire!"

With my professional smile still on my face, I answered, "Yes, however, for the sake of not hurting others, I sometimes am not that truthful."

Melody humphed coldly and turned to the young master. She pouted and whined, "Young Master, look at him! He said that I was slacking off when I was working so hard!"

The young master scratched his face and said with confusion written all over his face, "Melody, Charles never said that!"

Hearing that, Melody stomped her foot hard. The clicking of her heels made me worried... Worried that her heels would snap. The floors in the apartment were made of an unknown material, but although unknown, it was definitely more durable than any other flooring material and is heat and scratch resistant.

Melody used a whining voice to complain, "I get it, Young Master, you care more about the butler than you care about me, so you rather seek the butler out than me when going out on your cases!"

The young master laughed. "Oh, so, Melody, you want to come too! That's great because late night snacks taste better with more people around! But DSII can only take two people... Right! Melody, can you drive a heavy bike? What about you take Charles over, and I will fly instead."

"No problem." Melody smiled at the young master, and then she turned and spoke to me in a sickeningly sweet voice, "Don't you worry, butler, my motorcycle skills are very, very good!"

"Then, I shall have to trouble you."

Even though Melody obviously had some ill intentions, I did not believe that her biking skills were "better" than the young master's, so there was nothing to be worried about.

The young master seemed to have suddenly remembered something. "Ah! Right, remember to hold tightly onto DSII. He is not very obedient lately, so he might go a little fast!"

...Maybe DSII is even "better."

"I am not afraid of a little speed, but maybe the butler is?" Melody looked at me with scorn evident in her eyes.

I stared at Melody, and a smile rose onto my face. The smile must have been a little odd because Melody looked surprised.



Unexpectedly, when DSII snaked between traffic and passed five or six cars in an instant, Melody screamed... and then she laughed.

She slapped the motorcycle. "That was thrilling, DSII! Go a bit faster!"

"Okay! Okay!" DSII sounded as excited as Melody, and he yelled happily, "I will go as fast as Melody-jiějie wants me to!"

Then, before you accelerate, can you please let me get off?

Unfortunately, before I could voice my request, DSII had already started to accelerate. I could only hold onto Melody's waist tighter, close my eyes, and try to hypnotize myself that since I am a vampire, even if there were a car crash, I would be okay, so speeding and snaking through traffic was not scary at all. All the while, I listened to Melody and DSII shriek with laughter.

Afterward, I should go get a motorcycle license... And buy a heavy bike!

Then, DSII emitted a little "Ah."

What is wrong? Are we going to crash? I quickly opened my eyes just in time to see a tree brush by my face... *We are actually riding on the sidewalk!*

"What's wrong?" I heard Melody question from up front.

"Ah Ye said that we don't need to hurry over anymore!" DSII sounded disappointed. "He said that another hero showed up, so we're not needed anymore. He also said that there is another case nearby, a small case, so he needs to go and take care of it."

"Which hero?" Melody sounded unhappy. "Why didn't they show up earlier, making us coming all this way for nothing."

DSII fell silent for a little bit. Meanwhile, he drove from the sidewalk to the overpass, drove up it and down, and then answered, "It was just Solitary Butterfly up until now, but now other heroes have arrived too..."

Do not tell me... I blurted out, "Could it be that Dragon Peace and First Wind are there too?"

"Yeah, yeah!" DSII suddenly turned all excited. "It was only First Wind arriving just then, but now Dragon Peace is there too! Alright, I'm accelerating!"

"Wait a minute, DSII," I said, surprised. "Why are you speeding up? The young master said that we are not needed anymore, right?"

"No!" DSII suddenly yelled, "I am going! Because I love Dragon Peace the best. I want his autograph!"

I felt deeply inside my heart that Dragon Peace was not going to be happy when a motorcycle asked for his autograph.

Melody turned and looked at me. She shrugged. "If you don't want to see everybody scream, then when the time comes, you can go ask for an autograph for DSII!"

I frowned and looked down at my heavy, old style suit. It did not look like something one should wear to ask for an autograph.

"Don't ask me to go." Before I could say anything, Melody interrupted, "Because when the time comes, I'll be too busy asking for First Wind's autograph!"

I was speechless for a while, and then I smoothly said, "I do not think that Dark Sun is less popular than Dragon Peace or First Wind. You can ask for the young master's autograph, so you do not necessarily need the autographs of other heroes."

"Why would I ask for the autograph of a person I see everyday?" Melody rolled her pretty eyes at me. "If I want, I can even kiss the young master, and he won't get mad. Why would I stare at his autograph all day?"

"Right, right!" DSII copied Melody's words. "If DSII wanted to, DSII can even migrate to the microchip in Ah Ye's brain to control his body to write words! He wouldn't get mad either! Why would I need Ah Ye's autograph?"

...This really was an argument where I had to admit defeat.

"Okay! Melody-jiějie, Charles-gē, hold on tight! DSII is going to

charge!”

Melody immediately screamed in reply, “Charge! Charge! For First Wind and Dragon Peace, let’s charge!”

“May I ask, may I please get off?”

“Charge!”

Even though I had managed to voice my request this time, it was obvious that no one had heard me, or they had just simply ignored my request.

In the end, through the roaring wind and the darkness of my tightly closed eyelids, I managed to crack open an eye once and dimly saw the number two hundred and fifty on the meter... Then I quickly closed my eyes again and decided not to open my eyes until the motorcycle stopped.

Footnotes

¹ **"Leanna:"** Her name is phonetically spelled in Chinese as liángnà (利昂娜).

² **"Abner:"** His name is phonetically spelled in Chinese as àibùnà (艾布納).

³ **"Aren:"** His name is phonetically spelled in Chinese as yàhéng (亞恒).

⁴ **"Ingrid:"** Her name is phonetically spelled in Chinese as yīnggélì (英格麗).

⁵ **"Judy:"** Her name is phonetically spelled in Chinese as zhūdì (茱蒂).

⁶ **"Cornell:"** His name is phonetically spelled in Chinese as kāngnàier (康奈爾).

Legend of a Hero #3: Make Your Choice, Besieged Hero

I praise Charles too much? Hehe, are you being jealous again Gēge? Honestly, you're already thirty two years old and you still like to cling to your Dìdi. Kyle-gē and Bàba An Te Qi will laugh at you!

You'll kill them if they dare to laugh? Gēge! You can't be so rash!

Honestly, don't be so trigger happy. And stop being jealous! Charles has his faults too, of course. Such as... I like motorcycles, but he hates them the most. Every time he hears that he has to ride DSII, the corners of his mouth drop five degrees, and his brow furrows by 0.2cm!

Looks like I can't ask Charles to go bike racing in the mountains later... But that's alright, Melody will accompany me. She loves DSII to pieces!



With each minute feeling like a year, about thirty years passed before I finally felt the motorcycle come to a stop. Just as I breathed out a sigh of relief, Melody whispered to me, "Butler, look ahead."

I raised my head, expecting us to be hiding somewhere not far from the scene. However, it was not so. DSII was parked in plain sight on the street. The road in front of us was crowded with pedestrians and police cars, but not a single sound could be heard. Even the sirens were turned off. It was precisely because of the silent atmosphere that I had initially believed that we were concealed in some hidden place.

Although there was such a large crowd, nobody paid any attention to us. Even though Melody's revealing get-up, my old-fashioned outfit, and the heavy-duty motorcycle that was DSII, should have stood out quite a lot, no one spared us a glance. Instead, they all wore serious expressions as they gazed upwards toward the sky.

"Please! Save my wife and child!"

A desperate shout filled with pain tore through the crowd. My heart dropped. I had only heard such a painful cry once, from Bramble when he had nearly lost Briar.

Even though the person who had shouted was blocked by the crowd, I did not need to look at him to know... There must be something up there, something that put this person in such unbearable pain. I tilted my head upwards, and then froze in place with the rest of the crowd.

In the sky, a mother and child were hanging off of a tall building's flagpole. The building was at least twenty stories tall, and they looked as if they might drop at any moment.

"What is going on?" I cried out in bewilderment, "Why is nobody going up to save them?"

We were noticed by those closest to us then. A lady shook her head and said, "If that were possible, they'd have been saved already, but they just can't be saved!"

I was startled and asked, "Why can they not be saved?"

The lady sighed, saying, "They were hung up there on purpose. The criminal who hung them said that if anyone dares to approach the building, or tries to place landing mats underneath, he'll make them fall immediately!"

So that is why. No wonder she said they could not be saved. I frowned and then asked, "What about the heroes?"

"All three don't dare to move. The criminal said..."

In midair, a sudden voice speaking through a speaker boomed, "How is it, done debating yet? Heroes? Heh heh heh! Shall it be these two lives, or the lives of several hundred people?"

The lives of several hundred people? What is this about? I simply could not understand.

The lady lowered her voice, "This insane person seems to have planted bombs somewhere else as well. He's forcing the heroes to choose between saving these two, or the several hundred people elsewhere." "Is it confirmed that there are bombs?" I pressed.

"That's the thing, we don't know! So the heroes don't dare move. Even if they saved the two on the building, nobody knows if it'll end up killing hundreds of other people." After that, the lady shook her head, then looked back up at the mother and daughter, and sighed quite a few times.

To save the two in sight or the unknown hundreds elsewhere? This

certainly is a huge dilemma. No wonder the heroes are unable to make a choice.

I walked to stand beside the motorcycle and then whispered, "DSII, does the young master know of the situation yet?"

DSII also replied quietly, "Ah Ye knows. We're currently using the surveillance cameras to trace the person who was speaking on the rooftop. Using the rewind function to see where he's been, we'll know where the bombs have been set!"

I nodded. It looked like there should be no problems now. The young master truly was an accomplished hero; he was very clear on the correct action to take.

Melody suddenly grabbed my head. As I looked at her in confusion, she told me, "We can't see anything from here, let's go! We'll move to some other building's rooftop."

I nodded, indicating my consent. We walked out of sight, and then both slipped into the vampires' movement style, and leaped onto the wall. With our bodies parallel to the surface, we dashed up to the rooftop. This building was not very tall, only around ten stories, and there were no signs of any non-humans living here.

The high vantage point finally allowed me to see the whole scene clearly.

The crowd below had formed a semicircle in front of the building. In the inner portion of the semicircle stood reporters and policemen.

Apart from them, three figures were standing nearest to the building. They formed a triangle and were gazing up at the mother and daughter.

In the center of the triangle was Solitary Butterfly, whom I had met before. At the other two corners stood two men.

One of them was dressed in a similar fashion to me, but his old-fashioned suit was white instead. The strong winds at night made his cape fly out, which gave off a very surreal feeling. I thought he must be the one called the Aristocrat, First Wind.

Within the triangle, the person who stood at the farthest point was at least twice as massive as First Wind. His whole body was bulging with muscles. Other than the Beast, Dragon Peace, I did not think he could be any other hero.

However, even those who were closest, the three heroes, were still about twenty meters away from the building. If anything were to happen, I feared the rescue attempt would not make it in time.

Melody made a "hmpf" sound and spoke in a disinterested tone, "This situation is nothing! Just wait until the young master finds the bomb. There is no bomb the young master can't defuse. Without the threat of a bomb, the young master can fly up the back of the building. With his skills, it's a piece of cake to approach the criminal without alerting them to his presence."

I could not agree more. As I nodded in reply, the cell phone in my pocket rang. Picking it up, I heard the sound of the young master's

voice... no! It was actually Dark Sun's voice.

When the young master "turned" into Dark Sun, even his voice sounded different. It sounded lower and colder.

"Charles, give the phone to Melody."

"Yes." I immediately handed the phone to Melody.

Melody took the phone with a look of surprise, but she only uttered "young master" in confusion before silently listening to the call. It seemed that the young master only spoke a few sentences before hanging up. Melody returned the cell phone to me and then told me somewhat helplessly, "Young Master said the place where the bombs are is a bit far away, so he needs time to diffuse them. He wants me to think of some way to distract the criminal in the meantime."

"But, did not the criminal forbid anyone from approaching the building? How are you going to distract him?" I was somewhat worried. If it was not done properly, there was the risk of angering the criminal. Then the mother and daughter would be in danger.

"Charles." Melody called out to me suddenly.

"Yes?"

She looked me over, and asked with an extremely doubtful expression, "Do you know how to use the vampires' 'Face Morph'? Meaning baring your fangs, having veins popping out all over your face, and then opening your mouth wider than is humanly possible?"

I did not know whether to laugh or cry. This kind of ability could be categorized as a basic skill for a vampire. *Do I really look so unlike a vampire?*

"Of course I do."

"Words alone aren't proof enough. Show me." Melody retorted with disbelief written all over her face.

Though I found it somewhat strange that Melody would demand such a thing at a time like this, her expression of absolute insistence seemed to brook no refusal.

"Alright."

I took a deep breath, then with some effort, I let my brows furrow deeply. My lower jawbone began to extend downwards to inhuman proportions, while my fangs slowly grew to be the size of my pinky finger... Then, Melody's face also morphed. She opened her mouth with a roar, her chin almost touching her collarbone. Her white fangs glistened and veins popped up all over her face. Within an instant, she transformed from a stunning beauty into a fearsome non-human.

As I puzzled over the reason behind her actions, she suddenly threw herself at me with enough force to knock me back a few steps... However, since I was already standing by the edge of the building, those few steps instantly sent us falling right over the edge.

"Melody?!"

The building we were standing on was not very tall, so I only had time to shout once before we crashed to the ground with a loud BANG! Strangely, I felt little pain, and upon looking down in puzzlement, I found that Melody had used her blood ability to make a cushion underneath the two of us.

So, Melody did not truly wish to harm me. But why was she doing this? Pushing me down a building, yet protecting me with her blood ability? I really could not understand.

“Maintain your Face Morph!”

That was all Melody hissed at me before she hauled my entire body up, and then sent me flying with a punch. After that, she rushed over to continue beating me up.

From start to finish, I did not make any moves. It was mostly a one-sided beating. However, each time Melody threw a punch or used her claws to scratch me, she would use her blood ability to gently push me away in that instance before the hit landed. So none of her punches actually landed on me; they merely grazed by.

“Monsters!”

The people around us began to scream. At the same time, as Melody attacked me, she would purposefully push me towards the crowd as well... Could it be, this was Melody’s plan to divert the criminal’s attention in order to fulfill the young master’s command of stalling for time?

I began to understand. I let myself be led through the crowd by her attacks. The surrounding people began to panic in earnest and parted to the side like the ebbing tide. Even though I did not wish to fight, regardless of the reason, if I allow Melody to keep up the solo act, people might see through it.

In the time that followed, I no longer let myself be beaten around. I began to roar at Melody and attack with my own claws. At the same time, I also ceaselessly bombed the ground with my blood ability, using the booming sounds and swirling dust clouds to make the scene look more frightening.

Compared to the death-like silence from before, the scene right now was like a pot that had exploded – noisy and chaotic. The crowd screamed endlessly as they kept on backing away to distance themselves from us.

The criminal who took the mother and daughter hostage made no move throughout the entire time. It seemed that he was not suspicious. *Thank goodness!*

“Please take your fight somewhere else!”

The heroes have arrived! Melody and I exchanged a glance discreetly, then stopped our fight and leaped away from each other.

Melody extended her jaws as far as they could go, bared her white fangs, and screeched at the approaching heroes, “This is none of your business! We will fight wherever we like. Lowly humans, scam!”

The look produced by popping veins and bared fangs while screeching was truly very ugly. But, it was also truly very effective in concealing our identities. Even if we were to appear before the heroes in the future, I doubt they would recognize us. Therefore, even though my jaws ached from opening them so wide, I tried hard to maintain my ugly appearance so as to avoid being recognized later.

By now, all three heroes had approached.

Solitary Butterfly walked toward Melody, while the other two walked toward me... This made me start to consider the option of making my retreat. I honestly did not think that I could win against two heroes, especially not after seeing Dragon Peace up close.

From a close distance, his body looked many times bigger than it did from afar. Those fists looked like they could crush my skull in one blow. Even his face was bulging with muscles. He wore no mask, so I could see his deep frown, which made him look very angry and fierce. The intimidating aura that he gave off was even greater than that of a Face Morphed vampire.

“Please head elsewhere.”

The other person spoke, and this made me shift my attention from Dragon Peace to him. He wore an old-fashioned suit that was mostly white with a dark colored cape and a mask covering half of his face. His physique was on the slim side; even his modified left arm was not of the muscular build.

His straight posture in addition to his slimness truly gave him an elegant air. Even though his features were hidden, judging from the lower half of his face, he seemed to be a young man. On top of that, his speech was gentle and polite, all fitting the characteristics of one of the Four Great Heroes — the Aristocrat, First Wind. Likely, he was the Aristocrat himself.

At first glance, First Wind may not have looked as intimidating as Dragon Peace... However, whether it was his confident attitude or his billowing dark cape, something made me feel that he was very powerful indeed.

I glanced at Melody and tried to suggest, "Perhaps we should go somewhere else to fight?"

But she only glared venomously at me and yelled, "Don't even think about it! Just stay put, I'll finish off this woman in ten minutes, and then I'll come and finish you!"

Ten minutes, was it? I silently sighed. Using the speed of a vampire to stall for ten minutes might be somewhat doable! Resigned to my fate, I raised my claws to begin a task that I was very unskilled at – fighting.

First Wind's lips pressed into a thin line at my action. Then he turned and spoke to Dragon Peace, "Dragon Peace, I will have to trouble you to look after the mother and daughter. Please leave this to me."

His charisma and manner of speech were truly similar to that of the young master's. The situation suddenly felt a bit laughable. First Wind was actually more akin to the young master than Dark Sun was.

I looked over at Dragon Peace curiously. He seemed so aggressive. *Would he really listen to First Wind's orders? Even though First Wind did use a pleading tone.*

To my surprise, Dragon Peace said nothing. He merely glanced at First Wind before quietly stalking back to the vicinity of the building, raising his head to look at the mother and daughter hanging high up in the air. Who would have thought that this Dragon Peace, who looked as if he would not listen to anyone, would actually heed First Wind's orders. However, this was good news for me, to only have to fight one hero, and also avoid the situation of getting surrounded by two heroes. Especially when Dragon Peace's fists seemed huge enough to crush even a vampire with one blow.

First Wind reached toward the holster on his thigh and pulled out something that looked like the hilt of a sword. *Is it a sword-shaped energy weapon?*

Then, his hand suddenly raised the hilt and swung it in my direction. *This is...* I was shocked. A blue-white shape had already approached the side of my face. I immediately felt a scorching heat and quickly used the vampires' special slide steps to move aside. To a regular human, it would look as if I had suddenly disappeared, then reappeared several steps away to the side.

In that instant, the weapon in First Wind's right hand flashed from a handle to a whip. The whip itself glowed with a blue-white light... It was a whip-shaped energy weapon!

To a vampire, this truly was the worst weapon to fight.

Compared to swords and guns, whose trajectory could easily be predicted, whips were more likely to land a hit on a vampire. If it was a normal whip, I would not necessarily fear it. Even if it hit me, the most damage it could do was a small scratch. However, energy whips were different. This was a fearsome weapon that could potentially sear off a limb with its heat.

Of course, such a weapon also had its own life threatening downside. It was much too dangerous.

Not only was it easy to harm innocent bystanders, even harming oneself was a possibility. If anything went wrong while using a normal whip and you accidentally hurt yourself, it would cause scratches and bruises at the most. But if anything went wrong using an energy whip, it would be a deadly mistake.

Therefore, despite the many advantages of energy whips, such as long range attacks, low energy costs, the difficulty for enemies to avoid it, etc, almost nobody dared to use one.

Deep down, I was very grateful to the young master.

Because the above details were the contents of the young master's past homework reports on energy weapons. These reports allowed me to very thoroughly understand just how unfavorable my current situation was. Otherwise, I might have proceeded with my regular fighting tactics and promptly gotten my limbs seared off.

If First Wind was confident enough to use such a dangerous weapon, then I probably could not hope that he would injure himself before cutting off my limbs.

"Please leave," First Wind warned with a low voice. "This is your final warning."

He was truly a very polite hero. I was very tempted to follow his advice. Alas, the situation could not go as I wished. I could only use my blood ability to make two rapiers and shift into a battle stance.

At that, First Wind's demeanour changed as well. His lips thinned into a tight line, and he struck out with his whip. The blue-white shape then flashed toward me.

I quickly dodged the whip's successive attacks. But First Wind was truly a master of the whip. He only had to stand in one place, yet I was forced to continuously dodge his whip, utterly unable to get close to him. I had the thought that unless I used my blood ability to go head on with this energy whip, there was no way to break through the web formed by his whip.

Should I keep dodging, or use my blood ability to break through? I only hesitated for a moment before deciding against using it.

Even though First Wind's attacks were fast, they were not aimed to kill. *As long as he keeps attacking in this non-lethal fashion, I think I should be able to last ten minutes with my speed.*

However, it seemed that my cape was unable to keep up with my

dodging. After a graze of the energy whip, my cape was immediately shredded. Bits and pieces of the fabric went up in flames and then turned to ash.

Sigh... Lately, my suits seemed to get ruined far too fast. It looked like I needed to hurry and order more from the tailor. This style of old-fashioned suits takes quite a considerable amount of time to make... Suddenly, my back hit something. I stumbled and turned back to look. I had bumped into Melody. She was turning to look at me as well, but her gaze was anything but kind.

Just as I was about to apologize, her hand suddenly shot out to pull me away. At the same time, a stream of light passed through the spot where I had been standing.

I let out a breath and said, "Thank..."

Halfway through my thanks, Melody punched me in the stomach. As I doubled over in pain, I heard her scream, "I am the one who wants to kill you. I won't allow you to die by anyone else's hand!"

Though it was very painful, I understood that she was reminding me we were still "enemies." However... She could have used a little less strength to hit me...

Melody and I sprang apart in an instant. I kept on dodging the striking whip, as First Wind kept up his non-lethal attacks. Behind me, the sound of gunshots continued. But energy guns are silent, so Solitary Butterfly was not using energy guns, but the not-so-powerful traditional bullet-fed guns.

Have they already figured out our plan to stall for time? Or do they simply not want to return to that difficult... choice with no right answer?

I thought about it for a moment and concluded that the latter was more likely. After all, Melody and I were vampires. The relationship between humans and vampires has never been friendly.

“Eyaaaah!”

A scream? My steps faltered, and the energy whip grazed my shoulder. I smelled the heavily metallic, unique scent of vampire blood, but it was only a light wound, so there was no need for concern.

First Wind had also heard the scream. He stopped swinging his whip and then made the same motion as I had, turning to look up into the sky.

The mother and daughter were being viciously swung about where they hung in the air. Even with such violent swinging, the mother still held onto her daughter tightly, with no sign of letting go at all.

“Dragon Peace!” First Wind shouted anxiously and began sprinting toward the building.

Has our plan to stall for time been found out, and it made the criminal angry? I frowned as I thought, if that really were the case, perhaps I should go and help out. Blood ability made for quite a good cushion. Suddenly, something snapped in the air. Amidst the mother’s screams,

they began to fall. And not far from the building, the devastated man from before began to run like mad towards the building. However, he definitely would not be able to catch them. A body falling from twenty-something stories high, nobody would be able to catch that... Or should I say, no normal human would be able to catch that.

However, I had no doubts over whether the muscular Dragon Peace could catch them.

His attention had never left the duo. When First Wind shouted, he had actually already been running. In that moment, he had already dashed to the bottom of the building and was looking up with his arms spread wide, ready to catch the mother and daughter. Also, his face held no expression of anxiety, so I believed they would be fine.

“Get away! There’s a bomb!”

A bomb?

Dragon Peace froze with his arms still held out. For the first time, a nervous expression flashed across his features.

Suddenly, First Wind flung out his mechanical left hand, and a rope shot out from his arm. It was very thin, but looked to be made of metal. The rope wrapped around Dragon Peace’s waist a few times, and then First Wind leapt backwards, pulling his left arm back as he went. Dragon Peace was dragged through the air and flew back a considerable distance.

Looking at the falling figures of the mother and daughter, my heart

sunk with them. As it did, out of the corner of my eyes, I saw a glimpse of silver on the top of the building, flashing in the night sky... It was Dark Sun's silver hair!

What is happening? Why is the young master up there but still letting the mother and daughter fall? No wonder the voice that gave the warning earlier sounded so familiar...

Boom!

Right after the explosion sounded, First Wind rushed anxiously to the center of the explosion.

But it would be impossible for him to find the mother and daughter. Because through the whole explosion, I had not blinked even once, and I clearly saw the two explode into a pile of blood and gore.

First Wind seemed to know this; he spent no effort in attempting to locate the duo. Instead, his target was the man who had rushed to his wife and child. He had been hit by the shockwave of the explosion and was lying on the ground. He looked to be heavily injured; his whole body was soaked in blood.

First Wind lifted the bloody man, and while shouting "out of the way" he rushed to an ambulance that was waiting on standby.

Melody tugged at me then, and whispered, "Hurry and leave!"

I nodded and melted into the darkness with her. Along the way, I could not help but gaze at the roof; however, Dark Sun was long gone

from there.

The young master had left... Was he not even going to explain the situation to the people? I was somewhat worried; this did not seem like the right thing to do.

Even though not everyone had seen Dark Sun on the rooftop, First Wind must have seen him. He knew the warning was issued by Dark Sun, or else he would not have so quickly abandoned the mother and daughter to pull Dragon Peace away.

"Charles, we need to leave!" Melody hissed, "DSII has come to pick us up."

I nodded and turned to look at the bottom of the building one last time.

The chaotic and scared crowd. The ambulance's blaring sirens. The mother and daughter who were now nothing but a pile of bloody flesh. The heavily injured man who had passed out, but even if he awoke, would surely wish that he had never woken up...

Today, the heroes had all fallen.



Melody and I headed straight home. Even though it was still early, and there was still time to search for the werewolf, I thought that I should refrain from searching for the night!

The young master had not returned home yet, so Melody and I could only wait for him in the living room.

I sat on the couch and began to clean the tabletop with a cloth in passing. Melody was pacing around in her high heels, making fast and heavy tapping sounds as she went... Suddenly, she halted her steps and turned to ask me pointedly, "Do you think that the young master messed up?"

I smiled wryly and answered, "I do not understand either."

"Stop wiping." Melody glanced over and said, "You're taking a layer off the table."

I looked at the table surface, which was of course not peeling; however, it was now clean enough to be used as a mirror. I could only switch to wiping the table legs, and Melody returned to stomping around in her high heels.

The sound of the door opening... I shot up and quietly called out, "Young Master!"

It really was the young master returning. He walked in through the doorway, still wearing Dark Sun's outfit and was in the process of taking off his visor.

Melody and I called out together, "Young Master, are you alright?" The young master took off the visor. His expression looked perfectly normal. It was only when he saw me that he seemed startled. "Charles, why are you injured?"

I blinked, not expecting the young master to speak of this first.

I looked over at my shoulder; the small wound there had already closed. With the healing abilities of a vampire, the scar would probably disappear completely after some sleep. However, the young master looked very worried, so I explained, "I was careless and got injured by First Wind. It is only a small wound, do not worry."

"Injured by First Wind?" The young master's expression looked very shocked. He asked in confusion, "Why would you go and pick a fight with First Wind?"

So, I explained to the young master in detail of Melody's plan to use our battle to cause chaos and divert the criminal's attention. This truly was a sound plan, especially when neither Melody nor I were human, so the criminal would be even less likely to have suspicions.

Most people would never believe that two vampires were fighting to save humans!

"Melody! How could you do such a thing?"

If I was startled, Melody was even more startled. I assumed the young master would praise Melody's wits. Instead, he looked very angry.

The young master frowned deeply and scolded Melody, "No matter what, you cannot get Charles involved. He is a butler. Fighting is not his job!"

Young Master... I was somewhat conflicted. *So this is what the young master is angry about?* Even though I was touched, I also felt that the

young master should not have put it like that. Melody's plan was truly the best course of action she could come up with in the very limited timeframe that she had. Also, she did not know of our agreement.

As expected, Melody was very indignant. She glared at me then shouted unhappily, "But, Charles was there at the time! It shouldn't be such a big deal for him to help stall for time, should it?"

The young master replied matter-of-factly, "You can't! What Charles is in charge of is different from you. He's a butler."

"So he's a butler, he only has to chill at the sidelines while I frantically think of a plan to stall for time?"

Melody bit her lips, then shouted, "Even if I could wind back time, I can only come up with that plan! If you're not satisfied... Since Young Master, you never wanted me to begin with, you can fire me again right now!"

After she finished shouting, she stormed out of the room, slamming the door as she went.

This whole time, the young master had remained rooted to his spot. His expression looked to be very shocked. For a long time, he only stood there silently, staring at the door in a daze.

"Young Master." I inquired quietly, "Could Charles ask a question?"

The young master turned to look at me and said, "Ask away."

“Mr. Kyle once told me, you previously fired Melody because you did not like her. But in the past few days, it does not seem to me that you dislike Melody.”

“I don’t dislike her!” The young master glanced at the door as he spoke, “I think Melody is as interesting as Charles. Also, just like you, she’s one of the very few people around me who dare to tell me I’m wrong! Also, Melody seems even more daring than before; she didn’t dare to shout at me before!”

The young master smiled faintly at that. He did not look upset at all by Melody’s anger at him.

But just what part of me does the young master find interesting? I really did not understand! But this was not important just now. I inquired once more, “Then why did you fire Melody back then? Young Master, please wait a moment.”

I took out my cell phone and dialed Melody’s number. After making sure it had connected through, I put it on speaker so that the other end of the line could hear the young master’s voice as well.

“Alright. Young Master, could you tell me why you fired Melody back then?”

The young master looked curious at my actions. I smiled at him encouragingly. The young master seemed confused, but he still began to explain, “Because I know that Melody likes Gēge a lot! But, I had gotten into university at that time and planned to leave home to live by myself. If she followed me, then she couldn’t see Gēge all the time.

Conveniently, Kyle-gē had mentioned that they were recruiting bodyguards for Gēge then, to stay by his side. So I thought if I fired Melody, then she could go participate in the recruitment.”

So that was it.

The young master tilted his head, and then said with some confusion, “But who would have thought, Melody didn’t go for the recruitment!”

“So after that you had actually inquired about whether she had gone to the recruitment?” I asked purposely.

The young master nodded and said, “Yup, when Kyle-gē told me she took an extended vacation, I was very worried! Thank goodness Melody is all right.”

After he was done explaining, the young master looked at the cell phone curiously and asked, “Charles, just who did you call?”

As I was just about to explain, I heard the sound of the door banging open, followed by the tapping sound of hurried high heels. Melody rushed to the young master, then pulled the young master into a bear hug.

“Melody?” The young master looked somewhat lost, but then his expression turned into one of realization as he gasped, “Ah! Charles, you called Melody just now, right?”

Young Master, you are truly slow on the uptake... I could not help but smile helplessly.

Melody finally let go of the young master, then complained, "Young Master, you could have told me back then! If you had told me, then I'd have told you that I don't want to go to the master's side! I do like the master, but I don't want to serve him at all. The master doesn't treat his servants nearly as well as you do!"

The young master smiled.

"Young Master, could you forgive me? I will never let the butler fight again in the future." Melody looked me over, then said, "Hmph! That guy's fighting ability sucks anyways, not like a fifth generation at all!"

After the young master nodded, he said with a smile, "I never blamed you, so how do I forgive you? And I actually need to apologize, I was too fierce just now, I must have scared you. But, you still can't let Charles fight in the future, because that's the agreement I made with him. Butlers should only do a butler's task. Just like how I wouldn't ask Melody to make tea either, because it isn't Melody's job!"

Melody blinked and then gazed at the young master deeply. Her gaze looked even more apologetic than when she was apologizing just now, and her whole expression softened. I could not recall ever seeing such a gentle expression on Melody's face. It was like an older sister looking at her younger brother.

Melody actually likes the young master a lot, does she not?

Otherwise, she would not have specially come to warn me before. Even though the person she warned was me, it was likely because she

was afraid that if I angered the master, and was "taken care of" by him, it would greatly sadden the young master, right?

"Oh right, really good job on 'stalling for time'! As I expected, only Melody can handle such tasks."

At that, the young master suddenly turned to me and looked at me with a grin. "If I had asked Charles to stall for time, he definitely wouldn't have known what to do at all!"

That is true. I agreed wholeheartedly.

"Thank you for your praise, Young Master..." Melody bowed her head and mumbled, "Th-then, Young Master, I'm going to go and take a shower!"

Just like that, she whisked away like the wind, with her head down the whole time. As she passed me, she even glared at me venomously and hissed, "Mind your own business!"

"Melody is embarrassed!" Looking at the closed door, the young master suddenly said such a surprising sentence.

Embarrassed? I really did not think that such a death glare was "embarrassed" behavior.

The young master grinned, "Melody is very interesting! Every time she's embarrassed, she pretends to be angry. But when she's actually angry, she smiles!"

When she's truly angry? I was startled and looked to the young master in confusion.

The young master smiled faintly, "When I fired her, her smile was as beautiful as a rose! But looking at her smile made me so sad, not even a little bit happy."

So that was it, a beautiful but thorny rose, was it?

"Charles."

"Yes."

"The next two weeks, you can go out to search for the werewolf after midnight." The young master suddenly said, "But from now on, I won't go out to search with you."

I was confused and asked, "Why not?"

The young master replied somewhat helplessly, "It won't do to drag you into battle by accident again. I made a promise to you, so I can't go back on my word. Alright, I'll go take a shower now. You can go search for that werewolf. I'll be going straight to bed after I shower anyways."

He turned and left the living room as soon as he finished speaking. I only stood still for a while. After hearing the sound of water running in the bathroom, I followed the young master's words and went out to search for the werewolf.

The young master did not seem to want to talk about the mother and daughter. As the young master's butler, I only needed to and could only know the things he wanted to tell me.

Legend of a Hero #4: Under the Wailing, the Hated Hero

... When I'm being a hero, ought I let Charles come and help me?

No way! Definitely no way!

I have already made a promise with him.

Charles is my butler and is not in charge of fighting!



I continued searching until around four o'clock in the morning before I returned home. At first, I had thought that the young master should not have gone out yet, for the young master would always step out of the front door at five o'clock sharp. However, right now it was only 4:40, yet there was already no one at home.

Regarding this, I was simply a bit astonished. The young master would rarely step out of his regular pattern of life. However, it was also possible that something had suddenly popped up and hence he had gone out.

I walked into the kitchen and started to prepare breakfast.

At 6:45, Mr. Bramble, Dell, and May came down to wait for breakfast, proving my previous guess wrong.

"An incident?" May shook his head and said, "There has been no need to monitor for the young master since yesterday night. He doesn't

want to go out.”

I was a little astonished. Probably because he had seen my expression, Dell shrugged his shoulders and said, “Don’t be nervous, butler. This isn’t anything strange. It’s not like the young master will go out and help every time there is an incident.”

Mr. Bramble gave a smile as he explained, “There are too many incidents in Sunset City, so the young master couldn’t possibly go and intervene every time something happens. Generally speaking, if it was an ordinary brawl, then even if it resulted in someone dying, the young master would not go and help.”

“Butler, don’t tell me you don’t know?” Dell suddenly shouted excitedly. Of course I did not know what he was referring to, so I shook my head.

He immediately gave a grin, and then as though he were singing a limerick, he said, “In Sunset City, miscreants have to know the rules. At Solitary Butterfly’s, one must never bully women; in Dragon Peace’s sphere of influence, one must love and protect animals; under First Wind’s watchful eye, don’t ever sell drugs or collect debts forcefully; if you’re walking in Dark Sun’s territory, you can’t lay a hand on any elderly, weak, women, or children.”

Elderly, weak, women, and children... Last night’s pair of mother and daughter fits that category perfectly.

Mr. Bramble went into further explanation. “This rule just makes clear that the heroes have a target that they are especially fond of rescuing. If something like a bank robbery happens, the heroes will still go and

help.”

May abruptly cut in, “The young master is probably feeling very upset! He didn’t manage to save that pair of mother and daughter... The target that he has never given up on saving is exactly a mother with a child.”

I see. Because the young master is very upset, he did not want to go out again and help last night, and moreover, went out ahead of schedule this morning? I nodded my head and inquired the three, “Last night, what exactly happened on the rooftop?”

Dell gave a shrug of his shoulders and said, “The surveillance cameras on the rooftop were destroyed by the criminal beforehand. We could only watch from another building’s surveillance cameras and don’t know any more than you do.”

“Those are all not the main point, butler!” Dell’s face suddenly became serious, which made me follow suit and become solemn...

“The main point is, have you cooked breakfast yet?”

So it was about breakfast. I was unhappy but found it funny as I said, “What ought to be prepared is already all done. Wait until the young master gets home, and in the time while he is bathing, I will then start to make the food, so as to prevent the food from going cold.”

Dell gave an “oh,” and then as usual, sprawled onto the sofa, complaining that he was hungry as he waited for breakfast to be served.

I glanced at the clock. It was only two minutes until seven, so I hurriedly went to grab a towel and stand by the side of the front door.

"6:59... Ten seconds, nine seconds... It's seven!"

Dell jumped up, and then shouted at the door, "Young Master, welcome home!"

I stood at the door, my posture slightly bowed. In my hands was the towel for the young master to wipe off his sweat, and on my face I had on a butler's perfect faint smile. The line "Welcome back" was held in my mouth, ready to come out at any moment.

"..."

Everyone looked at the front door, but the door showed no indication of being opened. The living room fell into silence. Time ticked on, minute by minute, second by second. I still continued standing by the door, my hands holding the towel, and my smile... Perhaps it was a little stiff.

May's voice drifted over. "It's 7:10."

The door still remained tightly shut.

After a while, Dell seemed to have difficulty getting by as he said, "It's 7:20. I'm so hungry..."

I straightened my back. My waist and face both felt a little stiff. I

turned around to face the others and said, "I will give a call to the young master."

"The young master's cell phone is over there." Mr. Bramble interrupted my words, pointing at a cell phone on the sofa.

I was a little speechless. *Looks like we can only continue to wait.*

"Sorry, I'm late."

I was stunned. When I turned around, I saw the young master walking in from the front door. He was covered in sweat all over, and even his hair appeared to be a little damp. I had never seen the young master sweat so much before, but though I was shocked, I still hurried forward and presented the towel, saying, "Young Master, please go and shower first. Your change of clothes has already been placed in the shower room."

"Okay." The young master received the towel, and as he wiped his hair, said, "Charles, help me prepare a little more breakfast. I'm starving."

I was startled for a moment but quickly answered, "Understood."

The young master walked by the living room and greeted the others. "Morning, Bramble-shū, Dell-gē, and May-gē."

Must prepare a bit more breakfast... Before I started swiftly walking into the kitchen, I even heard Dell give a mutter under his breath, "Did the young master go out and fight with a monster?"

In my heart, I could not help but secretly agree.

Under the situation where I did not know the extent of the young master's hunger, I could only cook ten servings of breakfast and hope that it would be enough to fill up the "starving" belly of the young master.

Just as I finished carrying all of the breakfast onto the table, the young master walked into the living room. Moreover, he was actually not dressed in his outdoor clothes but rather his ordinary home clothes.

I was a little astonished as I inquired, "Young Master, are you not going to school today?"

"Yeah, I'm not going to school today!" The young master straightforwardly answered and then said, "Let's eat" to everyone. Following that, he sat down and started wolfing down breakfast.

Seeing the situation, everyone could only lower their heads and work hard at eating breakfast. Though it was not much different from usual, the atmosphere was a little stifling. Even Dell, who usually loved to speak nonsense, did not open his mouth much, and everyone just tried to eat their share of breakfast.

At this moment, Mr. Bramble picked up the television remote control out of habit and turned to the news channel.

At first, I did not really pay attention to it. However, I immediately remembered... Yesterday's incident was so serious, it would definitely end up on the morning news!

I looked at Mr. Bramble, and then realized that Dell and May were both staring at him. The former's face changed, and just as he was about to press the button on the remote control, the young master abruptly said, "Don't turn it off!"

Mr. Bramble could only put down the remote control. The young master stopped his action of eating and concentrated on watching the television, as did the others.

Yesterday night, around ten o'clock, a major case of a criminal threatening a pair of mother and daughter occurred.

According to police investigations, the aim of the criminal was actually to divert the police's attention and take the opportunity to rob the jewelry store two blocks away.

Though there were three heroes and the police were all standing guard at the scene, there were unknown figures who were brawling on-the-spot mid-way. In the midst of the fighting, the mother and daughter unfortunately fell off the building, and an explosion occurred. According to witnesses at the scene, the hero Dark Sun was on the rooftop at the time...

Now, we will switch the scene to the information meeting that the police are holding.

The image on the television screen changed, and instead of the news reporter, there appeared a man wearing a police uniform. He was standing on a platform filled with microphones. Though his face was

full of stubble, I believe that he should only be twenty years old or so. His expression and manner of speaking was as expected, as rash as someone of that age.

He was scowling and looked agitated as he roared, "... Dark Sun, no matter whether you are a hero or anything else, this is the result of taking action before going through careful evaluation and judgment. If it wasn't for your recklessness, that pair of mother and daughter originally would not have died at all! You hear that? You caused them to die!"

Hearing such severe words from the police, I almost gasped. Following that, I looked at the others from the corner of my eyes. Everyone's expressions had changed. Their brows were furrowed tight, but instead they intentionally lowered their heads to eat, not looking at the young master.

When I think about it, it was likely they were worried that the young master would feel awkward, and hence they did not look at him. However, I did not have that kind of concern. A butler's duty has always been looking at their employer, and of course there was no exception this time either.

The young master looked blank for a moment, and then turned to me and said, "Charles, use your cell phone to help me call Kyle-gē."

"Understood." I immediately did so and handed the cell phone over to the young master. However, I felt a little uneasy. *The young master could not be thinking of using the master's strength to punish that policeman, could he?*

The young master took the cell phone and said, "Kyle-gē? I'm Ah Ye. You tell Gēge not to take action against that policeman on TV, and also not to do anything against any media who is speaking against Dark Sun, and also not to... Ah! In short, tell Gēge that I don't mind, and tell him not to go about killing people just because of this!"

... Go about killing people?

Including me, everyone here had looked at the young master with wide eyes by this point, the problem of awkwardness long disregarded.

Following that, the young master quietly listened on the cell phone. However, roughly a dozen or more seconds later, he suddenly stood up agitatedly and roared at the cell phone, "Retaliation that does not involve killing is not allowed either! Basically, don't let Gēge discipline anyone just because of me! Tell him, if he dares to do that, then-then... Then in the future, even if it's vacation, I won't go back and see him!"

So, a simple thing like "going back to see your brother during vacation" could actually save human lives? I gave a sigh. This is sure simpler than being a hero.

After that roar, the young master became quiet again as he listened. After a few minutes, he rejected what the person said in one go as he stubbornly said, "No! I won't go back during summer vacation either. I have already said, before I finish university, I'm going to continue living away from home... Boring? It's not! There's Charles, Melody, Bramble-shū, and the others to accompany me. Moreover, I have

already decided that during summer vacation, I'm going to go work and earn some money."

Work and earn some money? Including me, everyone's faces were filled with shock.

Though I could not see Mr. Kyle's face, I think that he too must be extremely confused. He probably asked a question, something along the lines of "why," and hence the young master gave him a reply with a tone as though it was to be expected, "Because I asked my classmates what they are doing over summer vacation, and they all said that they are going to work and earn some money. So, I am also going to go work and earn some money. Okay, okay, you don't have to help me look for a job. I will go and find one myself... Okay! My stomach's growling! I'm going to eat breakfast. Basically, Kyle-gē, help me tell Gēge to be more obedient, and don't do a single thing. Then tonight, I'll give him a call."

The young master ended the call, and then started to put a lot of effort into eating breakfast again. He looked like he was really extremely hungry, for his eating speed was even faster than usual.

When breakfast was done, I handed the young master a napkin to wipe his mouth. After simply dabbing at his mouth, he lifted his head to look at me and asked, "So, what kind of work should I do?"

"Young Master, I have not done any part-time work before." I gave a wry smile as I answered.

Once I finished answering, the young master's gaze shifted onto Dell

and May. The two of them had an odd expression on their faces, and nobody opened their mouths to say anything. However, the young master kept on staring at the two, awaiting an answer.

It was silent for a while before May opened his mouth with difficulty, and tried suggesting, "Young Master, you could... could... be a hacker?"

"I know! A firearms dealer!" Dell punched his palm, looking proud of himself, as though he thought that it was a good suggestion.

Mr. Bramble shook his head and then continued to drink his tea and read the newspaper.

At this moment, the young master looked at me and asked, "Charles, what do you think?"

In such a short time, I actually could not think of any answer better than "hacker" or "firearms dealer." Thus, I could only inquire, "That would have to depend on the nature of the work that Young Master is looking for."

After the young master had tilted his head to one side to consider, he said, "As long as it's a job that a normal person would work as."

A hacker and firearms dealer, no matter what, they do not seem like a job that a normal person would work as. All of the people present fell silent again.

A normal job... Carrying plates? Selling drinks? Distributing flyers?

Actually, the young master should be competent in an overwhelming number of jobs. After all, the young master is both a master of the pen and the sword. No matter what the work involves, be it brains or physical strength, there is no problem. However, it was simply hard to imagine a young master who has a butler of an annual salary of twenty million working the jobs of a part-timing student.

“In short, I must find a job within the next few days! Otherwise it’ll become harder and harder to find one!” After the young master said that loudly, he turned to face us and said, “This was what Abner told me... Ah! Actually I didn’t have to ask you guys. It’ll be fine if I go and ask Abner tomorrow.”

It seems that the young master still does not intend on going to school today. I quickly said, “Young Master, since you are not going to school today, then I am not going to sleep either. Please let me...”

The young master interrupted my words and shook his head as he said, “No, go and sleep. Wake up at around the same time you usually do. At night time, accompany me to X-Killer to look at the photos!”

“Young Master, vampires are fine even if they do not sleep for several days. For these two weeks, you have already let me take leave after midnight. This is already extremely generous of you, so today please let me wait upon you...”

The young master abruptly called out to me. “Charles.”

“Yes?”

“Go and sleep obediently.”

“... Understood.”

I answered a little helplessly. Suddenly, Dell burst into laughter. I turned my head, wanting to give him a grudging look. However, I discovered that even May and Mr. Bramble had a smile forming at the corners of their mouths.



As per usual, I would always brew a pot of tea and deliver it to the rooftop before returning to my metal cabinet to sleep. Today was no exception. Just as I had delivered the tea and was about to go down the floors, Dell called out to me.

I turned back and saw an odd expression on Dell’s face as he asked, “Butler. How much is your annual salary?”

Hearing this question, I froze for a moment, but I still honestly replied, “Twenty million.”

“Tsk, tsk, that’s not a small amount at all!” Dell gave me an envious look and continued, “Bramble-shū, May, and my salary add up to more or less six or seven million. Based on how the company pays, Melody should be receiving more than ten million.”

He used his fingers to count, and count... Suddenly he gave a loud shout. “The salary of the employees under the young master is already over forty million combined together, and he actually wants to work and earn money? Even if he worked for two months, I don’t even know

if he would get forty thousand yuan!”

Indeed so. However, I actually approve of the young master’s idea to work. Money is not the issue. Working will help the young master in the aspects of interpersonal relationships, how to treat people, and how to conduct oneself in society. Therefore, there was no harm in giving it a try.

“Mr. Charles,” May called out.

“Yes?”

He looked at me, and with worry in his eyes, asked, “Say, just now, what the policeman said on the news... Does he really not mind?”

“I too do not know,” I honestly admitted.

“You three youngsters, don’t think about doing anything!” As Mr. Bramble poured the tea, he slowly said, “The young master doesn’t like to show sadness, so don’t force him. Though the young master is easy to get along with, you all should never forget that we are only his subordinates!”

Three youngsters... Does that include me?

I fell silent for a while, but I still did not refute Mr. Bramble. After all, among vampires, having an age of a hundred and fifty two years old is indeed considered a “youngster.”



The metal cabinet is designed to completely brighten at four o'clock in order to wake me. The moment it brightened, I immediately opened my eyes.

The young master should be in the workshop modifying guns? Then, I should pour him a glass of milk. After I freshened up in a simple fashion, I immediately took the milk jar and a glass, and then I headed to the living room. However, when I approached the living room, I heard laughter, so I slowed my steps down.

This voice did not seem like the young master's voice. It sounded more like... a girl's laughter?

Feeling puzzled, I reached the living room. In a single glance, I saw that the young master was currently chatting and laughing with a girl. The girl was very young, likely around ten to twelve years old. On the table, she had out a booklet that looked like schoolwork, and before the young master was a sheet of drawing paper and a box of crayons. In his hand, he even held a crayon.

"Charles, you're awake!" The young master noticed my presence and smiled as he introduced, "This is Briar, Bramble-shū's daughter."

The girl had a hairstyle of two buns. Both of her cheeks were pink and her chin was slightly sharp, making the shape of her face look like a peach. Accompanied with a set of large eyes, she looked extremely cute. I remembered now. This was indeed the little girl who had been abducted by the criminals, and afterwards saved by the young master. She laughed as she said, "Is this the butler that Ah Ye-gēge spoke of, Charles-gēge?"

"Yes indeed. Nice to meet you! Briar." I gave a smile in return.

Briar blinked her eyes and then said, "Charles-gēge can just call me Bri."

The young master explained, "Bramble-shū said that for some reason, the school mysteriously had a vacation, and he didn't feel at ease leaving Bri at home by herself. He also didn't know anyone who he can entrust her to, so he brought Bri over."

The school has a vacation on Thursday? I said, "So I see," but in my heart I did not quite think so. Especially since after the young master had finished explaining, Bri revealed a smile and secretly winked at me.

"Charles."

"Yes."

The young master seemed a little puzzled as he asked, "Usually, what do you do at this time?"

I truthfully replied, "Usually, I will go out and buy groceries."

"Oh! Then you can go out and buy groceries now too." The young master looked at me with serious eyes and said, "Don't act differently from usual just because I'm at home!"

"Understood." I inquired, "Then, may I ask if there is anything in particular that you wish to eat?"

The young master shrugged his shoulders, obviously not minding what he would have for dinner. This was not out of my expectations, for the young master eats “anything.” Except for liking fried meat and milk, he did not have any other special preferences.

“How about Briar?” I turned around and inquired our guest with a smile.

“Can I ask for anything?” Briar asked with sparkling eyes.

“Anything is fine.”

If the person in front of me were a grown-up, I would perhaps not dare to say this line. However, Briar was only a little girl, and she was not a rich lady. Therefore, she likely would not ask for something that I am unable to make.

“Then I want to eat curry rice!” Briar happily stood up and shouted, “It has to be a curry rice kids’ meal!”

A curry rice kids’ meal? I went blank for a moment. Curry rice was naturally not a problem, but what is a curry rice kids’ meal? My honorable father, is it because you have never served an employer who is very young, hence you could not teach me how to cook a curry rice kids’ meal?

At this moment, Briar used her finger to indicate for me to come closer. I leaned in, and she whispered, “Just make the rice into a half circular shape, and stick a small flag on top. Also, there are bunny shaped

carrots and cauliflowers carved into the shape of small flowers. Sprinkle a lot of powdered sugar on top, and put colorful mashed potatoes... Ah Ye-gē will definitely like it a lot!"

So this is a curry rice kids' meal? It seemed to sound a little childish, but I could not deny that the young master perhaps would really like it.

"What are you two saying?" The young master leaned closer and asked in curiosity, "What is a curry rice kids' meal?"

"It's. A. Secret!" Briar jumped onto the young master's leg and used her two hands to cover the young master's ears. But then, she yelled, "Ah Ye-gēge can't know about it yet, so you're not allowed to ask Charles-gēge!"

The young master tilted his head to one side, and though the curiosity on his face did not fade one bit, he did not question me either. He only smiled as he said, "Bri, you covered my ears but also yelled at me. So do you want me to hear or not?"

"Of course I want you to hear!" Briar turned her head, and then she started exclaiming, "Charles-gēge, hurry and go buy the groceries. Hurry, hurry!"

I smiled at her, but my eyes drifted to the young master. After seeing the young master nod his head at me, only then did I say, "All right, then I will be going out to buy the groceries."

The young master nodded his head. Thus, after helping pour both the young master and Briar a glass of milk, I went out to buy groceries.

Though I could not serve the young master, my worries were much lighter than before I had gone to sleep. Briar seemed much more mature than her actual age, and the young master seemed to be very fond of her too. With her around, the young master should not have any problems.

The moment I stepped out of the door, the cell phone on my body started ringing. The name shown on the display was "Bodyguard Captain." I answered the call, and immediately Mr. Bramble's voice came through. "Young Master... No! How's Briar?"

I told him the truth, "Bri is currently chatting with the young master while doing her homework."

"Then... how is it? Happy?"

I gave a smile, and intentionally inquired, "Are you asking about Bri? Yes, she looks very happy."

"Then is the young master happy... Cough! The young master doesn't dislike Bri, right?"

"Nothing of the sort. The young master seems to like Bri very much."

"That's good. That's all I wanted to ask. You can go and be busy with your own stuff!"

After hearing Bramble murmur, "I just knew that Bri, that child, wouldn't let me down," the connection was cut. At this point, my mood suddenly turned extremely good.

Only the young master's subordinates?

Mr. Bramble, your words are really not convincing at all.



The most troublesome aspect of curry is the spices used for seasoning.

That is because everybody has different likes, and hence different spices would be used for seasoning. Therefore, my honorable father only taught me the most basic ingredients at that time. Then, he told me that I have to mix the seasoning according to the master's tastes. The young master likes food that is heavy and leaning towards sweet, and Briar is also still a child. Therefore, I intend to make honey apple curry. Both of them should like it.

After buying the various spices around the supermarket, I walked to the market.

Among the people coming and going, some looked at me with wide eyes. These were mostly people who caught sight of me for the first time. There were also people who smiled and nodded at me, and I naturally returned a smile to them. Following that were the various vendors that I was extremely familiar with.

Ever since I had become the young master's butler, I had always bought from this market. When I had first started, everyone had looked at me with strange looks. Probably it was because of the fact that I was wearing splendid clothes. However, after I had bought five catties of pork from the pork stall, everyone became completely

relaxed.

It was even at the point where, after I had come here to buy ingredients several times, several stall-keepers came to chat with me out of curiosity.

I walked to the stall selling chicken and asked with a smile, "May I ask if there is any good chicken today?"

The chicken vendor was a tall and strong young man who had just taken over his father's stall not long ago. However, he had a good eye for chicken, and he was outspoken and honest while doing business, a very decent young man. While he was chopping the chicken, he raised his head up and exclaimed, "Oh! Charles, you're here! You're pretty late today!"

"Yes, I was delayed for a bit."

"Today's chickens are not big, and seeing that huge appetite of your family, you'll probably need five chickens or there won't be enough." His eyes narrowed, and then he whispered to me, "If you introduce your family's little sister to me, then these five chickens can be treated as a welcome gift!"

"That would not do. My older brother would scold me to no end." I rejected his offer naturally. That is because at home, I absolutely did not have any sisters to introduce to him.

For a man to go to the market often and buy so much food at once while always wearing splendid clothes, it is inevitable that it would

attract a lot of attention. Thus, under everyone's endless, curious inquiries, I too spun a lot of stories to answer them. For example, there were twelve children at home, and due to our mother's early demise, as the second brother, I had to cook for the children at home when my father and older brother were out working.

Ever since I had offhandedly fabricated the lies of having a younger fifth sister who is currently twenty years old and looks very cute, having an eighteen years old younger brother who looks very much like me, and having an older brother who had just obtained his civil service qualification and is much better looking than me, I could always get an extremely cheap price.

The reason being that every stall vendor would want me to introduce my older brother, my younger brother, or my younger sister to them. As to which one the chicken vendor wanted to get the most acquainted with, that was the "twenty years old, cute younger fifth sister" of mine.

"Please give me five chickens." After saying that, I added on, "My little sister likes to eat chicken the most. She loves fresh and tender chicken meat, so..."

"No problem!" The chicken vendor straightforwardly said, "I'll definitely give you the best and most tender chicken! When you have time, introduce your younger sister to me!"

"Thank you." I avoided as the topic by saying, "Today I am making curry, so please help me cut-"

"You there, don't move!"

There came a shout from behind me. I stilled. Originally, I did not think the shout was directed at me. However, the shocked expression on the chicken vendor told me... that it was indeed directed at me. Moreover, it probably was not anything good.

"Put down everything in your hands! Then slowly turn around."

I did as he said and put all of the plastic bags in my hands onto the stall of the chicken vendor. Following that, I turned around. What appeared in front of me was a man wearing a police uniform and who was pointing his gun at me. Moreover, his face... He was the policeman who had appeared on today's morning news, scolding Dark Sun!

"May I ask-" I was extremely puzzled as I opened my mouth.

"Shut up!" The policeman gave a roar, "You vampire, there is no place for you to speak here!"

I was startled. *How did he know that I am a vampire?*

The policeman glanced at the stall selling chicken and was full of confidence as he said, "You're buying chicken so that you can go back and suck on its blood?"

"It is for making curry rice." I gave a forced smile as I said, "Mr. Policeman, to kill a chicken, you have to bleed it first. Whether I am a vampire or not, it is impossible for the chickens being sold here to have any blood for me to suck."

Hearing that, the policeman looked dumbfounded. The surrounding vendors and spectators started laughing under their breath one-by-one.

“Mr. Policeman, I am not a vampire.” I tried saying, “You can ask the vendors around here. I come here every day to buy ingredients. If I am a vampire, then it is not quite possible that I would do that, right? What I am saying is, do not vampires drink blood for survival? But, there is no blood being sold in the market.”

The surrounding vendors started clamoring.

“Charles has been coming here to buy groceries for a long time already!”

“You gave me such a fright. What vampire, it’s still broad daylight right now!”

“Mr. Policeman, don’t malign the wrong person!”

Hearing that, the policeman’s confidence seemed to waver, but he still put up a bold face as he said, “Who said there isn’t? Isn’t there still chicken’s blood, duck’s blood, and pig’s blood cake?¹”

I started laughing, and all of the surrounding vendors started roaring in laughter too. *If vampires could eat their fill on chicken’s blood, duck’s blood, and pig’s blood cake, then probably humans would not be that afraid of us anymore, would they?*

The policeman’s face flushed red, and he growled, “Why are you all

laughing? Y-You, take off your hat and your coat. Wearing such thick layers, you definitely have to be a vampire who is scared of the light.” Before I even had the chance to speak up, the chicken vendor behind me had already shouted in a loud voice, “Mr. Policeman, you can’t do that! Charles is allergic to light. If he removes them, he will die!”

As for being allergic to light, of course it was also one of the lies that I had fabricated. However, the truth was that quite a long time ago, patients who are allergic to light had really been thought of and treated as vampires. Of course, in this age where medical technology is so advanced, there is no such matter anymore.

I looked at the policeman with an apologetic look.

Actually, it would be fine even if I took off my hat and my clothes. The sunlight would indeed make me feel uncomfortable. However, not showing any peculiar symptoms for a short period of time is not hard at all, especially since it was evening at the moment and the sunlight was not strong. However, due to the lie that I fabricated about being “allergic to light,” I could not obey the policeman’s orders.

The policeman frowned, and then his left hand, which was not holding the gun, dug into his chest pockets, taking out an antique cross.

“Don’t move!”

“As you wish.” I raised both of my hands up, expressing that I had no evil intentions.

He walked over cautiously, the gun in his hands still pointing at me.

When he was about a step's distance away from me, he stuck the cross onto my face, and he had even used quite a bit of strength to press it onto my face. I could only give a forced smile at him.

Thankfully, this policeman only had a superficial knowledge of vampires. The cross that he held was made of silver, and vampires were indeed afraid of silver. However, he did not seem to know that silver has to come into contact with a vampire's blood for it to have any effect.

Moreover, we are actually not afraid of the cross.

The cross was just like a police's badge. It does not have any practical use. If a vampire really were afraid of the cross, he would be afraid of the "Church" that the cross represents and not the cross itself.

"Are you really not a vampire?" The policeman hesitated for a moment, and then put away both the cross and the gun. He muttered, "It doesn't make sense. What you're wearing is obviously the same as what the vampire wore last night."

So the source of the problem was the clothes. I had a sudden glimpse of realization, and felt that I was simply too careless.

The policeman looked at me with suspicion, sizing me up. He asked, "What is your name?"

"Charles, Charles Endelis."

"Charles, is it? Take me to your house!" The policeman looked

immensely pleased with himself as he concluded, "As long as I go to your house, I would definitely know whether or not you are a vampire!"

Follow a vampire back home?

This was simply not a good idea. If I were not a butler and was merely a vampire, I would perhaps consider bringing this policeman back home and biting him to death. This way, not only would I be able to get rid of someone who was suspicious of me, I could also eat my fill as well.

It is a pity that I am a butler, and I do not want to dirty the young master's home either; thus, I cannot execute this plan that is so attractive to vampires.

"Then, may I inquire if I may pick up these groceries and also buy some chicken?" I gave a wry smile as I said, "My younger siblings at home are still waiting for me to go home and cook!"

The policeman waved his hand impatiently. "Hurry up!"

I helplessly told the chicken vendor, "Please help me chop the chicken, and please be quick."

"Cooking curry rice, right? I got it!" The chicken vendor found it funny as he chopped the chicken while speaking, and he even joked, "Do you want to conveniently buy some chicken blood to take home to drink? Mr. Vampire." I could only smile wryly at him.

Not too long later, I carried a few bags of vegetables and two bags of

chopped chicken and started to walk back home alongside the policeman.

"A grown man, yet you're buying groceries?" The policeman said to me in disapproval and then snatched the two bags of chicken from my hands.

"Thank you, Mr. Policeman." I was a little surprised, for I did not think that he would help me carry my items.

"Sigh! What Mr. Policeman. I'm called Yue Gang.² Hey! You still haven't answered me!"

"About what?"

Yue Gang glanced at the plastic bags in my hands, and then asked me in doubt, "Why is a grown man like you buying so many groceries?"

"It is like this."

I could only talk once again about my mother's early demise, my father and big brother who are out at work, along with my younger siblings who are waiting to be fed with cries of hunger...

Once Yue Gang finished listening to my story, he immediately scratched his head furiously, and with a face that implied "what a pity," he said, "Tch! The eldest girl is only twenty years old. That's a bit too young. I'm already twenty eight."

I broke into a smile. This policeman called Yue Gang might

unexpectedly be someone who the young master would say is "interesting."



When I returned home, though I had the key, I intentionally rang the doorbell.

After waiting for a moment, the door was pulled open and the young master poked his head out. He looked at me, a little confused, and started to say, "Char-"

I immediately interrupted the young master's words and smiled as I said, "I am back. Ah Ye, did you obediently help me look after the place? Did you look after your sister without letting her run around wildly? Has both Father and Dàgē³ not returned yet?"

The young master paused for only an extremely short moment before he switched his tone, and his voice became slightly child-like as he said, "Charles-gē, you're back! I'm so hungry. Hurry and cook curry rice for me!"

Briar had also walked over. I was just worrying whether she would be unable to coordinate with us, or if she would let this whole ruse fall apart, when her set of large eyes darted around to look at the situation. Then, she threw herself at me, shouting, "Gēge! Bri is also really hungry. Curry! Curry!"

I turned around, and with a faint smile, said, "Mr. Yue Gang, please come in and have a seat?"

“No!” Yue Gang was a little embarrassed as he said, “There’s no need. I misunderstood! However...”

He suddenly lowered his voice to a whisper, “Is your younger fifth sister home?”

It seems that everyone is extremely interested in that cute “younger fifth sister” of mine... I gave a forced smile as I said, “She is in university at the moment and will only be back on the weekends.”

“Is that so... Then I’m heading off!”

He looked extremely disappointed. Once he finished speaking, he instantly turned around to leave. However, following that, he stopped in his tracks and looked behind me with a skeptic look... When I turned my head, I saw that Mr. Bramble, Dell, and May were walking over. The three of them were looking at Yue Gang with a bewildered and alert look.

“Father, you sure got off work today early. Did you climb up the stairs again?” I quickly called to Mr. Bramble in a loud voice and then turned around to introduce to Yue Gang, “That is my father, my younger third brother, and my younger fourth brother.”

Yue Gang gave a sigh, “What a big family! It’s really rare to see one nowadays.”

“Yes, it is very rare indeed.”

He looked suspiciously at Dell and May, and then looked at me again.

He asked, "But, why do your two younger brothers look older than you?"

I was speechless. I had completely forgotten that though Dell's and May's ages are much younger than mine, appearance-wise, they perhaps might look older than me. However, I was not able to confirm this for I rarely had any chance to see my own appearance.

Since the lie had already been spoken, I could only forcefully say, "They just happen to look a bit more mature."

The young master and Briar started laughing quietly.

"Is there a guest?" Mr. Bramble walked over, not batting an eyelid as he asked, "Why didn't you invite him in to sit down? What a lack of manners!"

"Yes, my humble apologies."

"You lad, did you get addicted to being a waiter?!" Bramble knocked my head, and then reprimanded, "Do you speak to your father like this?"

"Ah... I am sorry, my honorable fathe- Father!" I hurriedly changed my words, for I had nearly made another mistake.

Mr. Bramble looked at Yue Gang, and then courteously said, "Are you Charles's friend? Please come in and take a seat."

"No, no!" Yue Gang hurriedly waved his hand and shouted, "I really

have to go! My apologies for mistaking you as a vampire! Goodbye!”

“It is okay.” I answered with a smile, and at the same time felt the gaze of everyone looking at me through the corner of their eyes... as though they were asking me, “Mistaking?”

Yue Gang walked over to the elevator. I was about to heave a sigh of relief, thinking that this whole farce was finally ending, when the elevator doors opened. Another person walked out from the elevator... It was Head Butler Kyle!

As always, Mr. Kyle carried his computer case. He walked out of the elevator, and just happened to brush past Yue Gang as he walked by. Yue Gang did not step into the elevator, but instead turned around and gazed at Mr. Kyle in doubt.

Mr. Kyle looked straight at the young master and started to say, “Yo-” Once his words were out, everyone’s faces changed. Other than Mr. Bramble, all of the others shouted together, “Dàgē! You’re finally back!” Mr. Kyle froze.

“Dàgē.” The young master dashed up to him and snatched Mr. Kyle’s computer case, even trying to curry favor with him as he said, “You have worked hard today!”

Mr. Kyle looked at everyone and pushed his glasses. Then, his tone became gentler as he asked, “What’s wrong? Why is everyone gathered at the door? Oh, Father, you have gotten off work too? That’s early. Also, Charles, have you started cooking yet?”

He had looked at Mr. Bramble and me while saying the last few lines. What a powerful person, to be able to understand the situation in such a short period of time, and even the “family relations”? No wonder he is the head butler.

“Y-Yes! There wasn’t overtime today.” Mr. Bramble’s answer was a little forced. I assume that it was obviously not an easy task for him to treat this “higher-higher-higher-higher-up” as a son.

At this moment, Yue Gang stepped into the elevator and shouted loudly, “I’ll be leaving first! If I have time, I’ll come and find you to drink some tea together! Charles-xiǎodì!⁴”

Little brother? I waved goodbye to him while giving a forced smile. First, it was youngster. Now, it is little brother, but my age is obviously much older than everyone else at the scene by a hundred years and more. This really makes me not know whether to correct them or to accept it silently.

Once the elevator doors shut completely, I immediately bowed and apologized to Mr. Kyle. “My sincere apologies, Head Butler Kyle.”

Mr. Kyle returned to his expressionless face, and in a formal and flat tone, replied, “I’m a secretary, not a butler. Please remember this, ‘Charles-dìdì’.⁵”

I froze and then put on an expression as though I had received good advice as I answered, “Yes, Secretary Kyle. My apologies for making you lie along with us.”

“Hahaha!”

A sudden burst of laughter was heard, and this laugh was...the young master’s voice. Following that was a burst of laughter that sounded like silver bells. Among all the people at the scene, only Briar would have a laugh like that. My waist was still bent, and hence I could only use the corner of my eyes to look. I saw both the young master and Briar currently hugging each other, and they were laughing very hard and loudly.

In the end, both Dell, May, and even Mr. Bramble started laughing.

Within the sound of everyone’s laughter, Mr. Kyle too showed a faint smile. He pushed his glasses up his nose, and then naturally said, “It’s no problem, as long as the young master is happy.”

Hearing that, I straightened my back, and looked at the young master. The young master was really laughing very happily. He was giggling with Briar and looked just like an overgrown child. The oppressive atmosphere from this morning was already completely gone.

The young master roared in laughter, clutching his stomach. When his laughter ceased for a moment, he looked at me, and promptly burst into an even bigger laughing fit. As he laughed, he said, “C-Charles, you really are very interesting! Dell, May, why aren’t you all calling your Charles-gē?”

May glanced at Mr. Kyle and then obediently called me “Charles-gē.” Dell did not look at Mr. Kyle at all but immediately said in a wheedling tone, “Charles-gēge! There’s only half an hour to dinner time, are you

still not going to cook?”

Though I felt very helpless about always being addressed as youngster and little brother, to be truly addressed as big brother made me feel even more helpless.

The young master abruptly said, “Bramble-shū, you have to call him too!”

“What?” Mr. Bramble received a huge shock and said in disbelief, “I have to call him brother too?”

This really was something that made me feel extremely horrified too, even though my age was enough for me to be Mr. Bramble’s grandfather or the like.

“Of course not!” The young master replied as though it was to be expected, “You should call him son!”

Mr. Bramble was speechless for a while. After Mr. Kyle coughed twice, he stroked my head and said sincerely, “My good son, hurry and go cook.”

“... Yes.”

The young master gave a “Pffft” and then started laughing again. He and Briar took turns to laugh and call each other “Gēge” and “Mèimei.”⁶

At this moment, I saw the same message appear on everyone’s faces:
As long as the young master is happy.

Footnotes

¹ **Pig's cake blood:** As the name suggests, it really has pig's blood inside it! It's made of pig blood and sticky rice, and is fried or steamed as a snack or cooked in a hot pot. It's a popular snack at local night markets in Taiwan.

² **Yue Gang:** (嶽剛, pronunciation: yuègāng). Yue is his surname while Gang is his given name. His name sounds very similar to "Bathtub", which is yùgāng (浴缸) in Chinese.

³ **Dàgē:** In this case, dàgē (大哥) means eldest brother. The 大 means big, signaling that this brother is the eldest child out of them all.

⁴ **xiǎodì:** Xiǎodì (小弟) means younger brother. Xiǎo (小) means little while dì (弟) means younger brother.

⁵ **dìdi:** Dìdi (弟弟) also means younger brother. It is the most common way of saying younger brother. Many Chinese terms of address can be formed by doubling the word, such as dìdi for younger brother, bàba for father, etc.

⁶ **Mèimei:** Mèimei (妹妹) means younger sister.

Legend of a Hero #5: Publicly, the Hero in need of an Identity

Don't keep talking about Charles? Oh, okay! Then I'll talk about the other people at home; they're all very interesting too!

Dell-gē is the most interesting. He told me a lot of very interesting stories. May-gē likes to do a strange exercise that he said is called "yoga." Bramble-shū is very serious and has a really fatherly feel!

Right! There's also Briar. She is Bramble-shū's daughter and is twelve this year.

She is my future fiancée!

Gēge?! What was that loud noise? Did you fall down? Are you okay?



After dinner, I called Olga to inform her ahead of time, and then both the young master and I stood up to go to X-Killer. Of course, we rode DSII over there.

I definitely have to go and get a driver's license and buy a motorcycle... For the umpteenth time, this thought went through my mind.

After I got off the motorcycle, I tugged at my pants, a little unused to them. I suspected I would never be able to get used to the decorative designs on the side of the pants that were so revealing. Though I did

not like this pair of pants, for the sake of not attracting trouble, I still decided not to wear the old-fashioned suit unless I was appearing in the capacity of a vampire.

“Charles.”

After he stopped the bike, the young master suddenly called out to me. “Yes.” My attention was instantly diverted from the pants to the young master.

The young master leaned on DSII and hesitated for a moment before he looked at me and said, “No matter whether you believe it or not, that mother and daughter pair was not used to divert attention from the robbery at the jewelry store.”

“If Young Master does not find it too much trouble, may I ask for you to explain in a bit more detail for me?” I asked the young master with a gentle smile.

Smiles had always managed to get the young master to relax. I hoped this would allow him to be able to open his mouth and tell me everything. Though telling me would not make any difference, at least saying it out loud meant he would not have to keep the burden to himself.

“Those criminals’ true motive is to... hunt down heroes.”

Hunt down heroes? I was dazed, and before I could regain my senses, the young master had already continued.

“To hide a robbery from the eyes and ears of a hero is actually very easy. One would only need to control two things – the surveillance cameras and the store employees. By changing the image recorded by the cameras, heroes would not be able to see the robbery happen with their own eyes. By controlling the employees properly, they would ensure that no one would press the police alarm. If they managed to do it like that, even if it was me, I too would not be aware of any robbery. This is something much easier to do than threatening hostages in the streets and blowing things out of proportion.”

The young master paused in his footsteps and looked at me as he said, “After threatening hostages in the middle of the streets, it would be extremely hard to escape afterwards. Get it?”

I nodded my head. Indeed, even if there were an opportunity to escape, if the police and the heroes controlled all the surveillance cameras within the city, it would be very easy to track down where the criminal escaped to.

“Then, what does Young Master mean about hunting down heroes?”

“Charles, you’re really dumb!” DSII suddenly reproached loudly. “Since heroes can hunt down criminals, criminals can also come around and hunt down heroes!”

“DSII, be quiet! You can’t speak out loud on the streets.” The young master patted DSII, and after seeing him calm down he continued his explanation, “Criminals are not people who would obediently accept a beating. In the past, there was even a period of time when criminals had gathered together and formed an organization. This organization

didn't do anything but go around hunting down heroes."

Though I was a little shocked, it was not out of the thinkable. Since they were criminals, they would not just allow people to keep coming and stopping them while they were conducting their activities.

"But later on, such large scale hunts became rare. That was because the criminals themselves knew that the number of heroes who truly proved to be a threat to them was not a lot."

I gave a smile and asked, "The number that you said is 'not a lot,' is it four?"

The young master smiled too. "That's right! Four. That mother and daughter pair was a tool to kill the four heroes. No matter what, the bombs on their bodies would have exploded. After I had gone up to the rooftop, I did indeed subdue the criminal immediately. However, the detonator wasn't on his body at all. He was only a scapegoat. The detonator was in another place, in someone else's hand."

I was shocked and ended up staring directly at the young master in an extremely disrespectful manner.

The young master quietly said, "In the underworld, the hunting of the four heroes has never stopped. As long as someone is able to kill one of them, they would be able to become the underworld crime boss of Sunset City. So when First Wind heard my voice, he did not hesitate at all to pull Dragon Peace away without any regard for the mother and daughter's safety. That is because..."

The young master paused for a moment, and then gave me a weighted stare. He said, "That is because we all know that the first person that the criminal wishes to kill is never the hostage, but the hero. Therefore, the first person that we have to protect is ourselves."

The first person that heroes must protect is themselves. This sounds a bit strange. The main responsibility of a hero should be protecting civilians, right? However, after giving it some more thought, it seems to make sense. If the heroes themselves died, then what can they protect?

It was just that one could not help but feel a little disappointed. If even heroes gave up just like normal people, then for the mother and daughter who had been suspended on the rooftop, and the broken-hearted man who had been grieving below, what exactly could they pray for?

"Charles, do you know what the first thing a hero needs to learn is?"

"Is it... saving people?" I tried to make a guess.

The young master gave a smile and replied, "It is failing to save people." He paused for a moment before he continued to speak. "So, you guys don't have to worry so much about me. This is not the first time I have failed. I am only feeling a bit upset, but... It's okay!"

"Alright, let's go! Olga and the others must have been waiting for a long time already."

After saying that, the young master headed toward X-Killer. However,

I could not help but open my mouth to ask, "Have all four of the heroes failed before?"

The young master stopped in his tracks, and then turned around to say, "Yeah, they have all failed before. However, they still continue to be heroes. It is because of that, that I can have a mutual understanding with the three of them. The other heroes are not taken into consideration by us."

To have never failed before... means to not be considered a hero? This was a viewpoint that I had never thought about before. The heroes in the movies rarely failed, and even if they had failed temporarily, the person who was injured as a result of that was usually the hero himself. However, in reality, the price of failure was actually someone else's life?

It sounds very trivial, but at the same time... morbidly heavy.

I caught up to the young master, temporarily putting all hero-related matters aside. We walked into X-Killer together.

Once we stepped in, we saw Jill and Luo Lun. Within the store there were five or six customers, and Olga, Jill, and Luo Lun were all busy attending to them.

At that moment, a customer turned around and upon seeing the young master, let out a scream of surprise. Then, her eyes glued themselves onto the young master. Once the other customers heard the scream, they all turned around one by one. The moment they saw the young master, their eyes all lit up.

Within the store, there were three photos of the young master hung up, each of them larger than the actual person.

Olga told us, "Feel free to take a look around."

The young master nodded his head excitedly, and then immediately headed to the front of one of the photos and started sizing up the photo curiously. At our side, there was also another person looking at the photos. However, he did not seem like a customer, and there was even a rather professional camera hanging around his neck.

"Gē! Help me attend to Ah Ye for a moment." Luo Lun shouted loudly, "Ah Ye, the one at your side is my brother."

The young master immediately turned his attention to the person at his side. Remembering his manners, he gave his greeting first, "Nice to meet you, I am An Xiang Ye."

The man turned around. He looked to be about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old and had an extremely handsome appearance. However, his aura was very gentle and refined, giving people a favorable impression of him. He too replied back courteously, "Nice to meet you. An Xiang Ye, is it? I am Ji Luo Chu,¹ Luo Lun's elder brother."

"Luo Chu-gē, you can just call me Ah Ye. This is Charles. He is... He is my butler." The young master hesitated for a moment, but still introduced me as his butler. This was something that could not be helped. After all, when we came over previously, Luo Lun and the others had already heard me addressing him as "Young Master."

"Ah Ye, is it?" Ji Luo Chu smiled as he commented, "Your hair color is really special. I rarely see this kind of silvery white hair, but it's very pretty!"

"Thank you." The young master showed a radiant smile.

"Moreover, it's also very photogenic." Ji Luo Chu turned around to look at the photos, and in a tone of exclamation, he said, "Nowadays, one can rarely see a youngster like you with this kind of aura. What is even rarer is that you can actually act the part of 'Angel and Devil' so well. Perhaps you are a natural actor!"

"Angel and Devil?" The young master tilted his head to one side and asked, "Are you talking about the black photos and the white photos?"

Among the photos hung in the store, two were from the white series. Another one was instead from the black series that was initially seen in the catalog. It was one of the photos where the young master resembled Dark Sun remarkably.

Perhaps I should discuss with Olga to tear down all of the photos from the black series. Otherwise, sooner or later, someone would suspect that the young master was Dark Sun.

"I have heard from Luo Lun that you are still a student? I am a photographer, and have formed a studio with my friends. Ever since Luo Lun took your photos and showed them to me, I have been wanting to ask you if you have any interest to also be my model?"

Hearing that, the young master paused for a moment. He turned around to look at me. I hurriedly moved forward, helping to spare the young master from answering. "Is it possible to give it a trial period first?"

"Of course, of course." Ji Luo Chu looked at me, and then smiled as he said, "I didn't think that Luo Lun was right! Even Mr. Butler is a pretty good model candidate. Do you want to try together?"

Once he finished speaking, I saw both of the young master's eyes light up. I quickly rejected him, "No, no! I am a butler. I have no intention of working in another position."

If I were to be photographed and there was no trace of me on the photo at all, it would definitely lead to an uproar.

"What a pity." Ji Luo Chu gave a smile and did not really seem to mind me refusing him. He turned around to look at the young master and inquired, "Ah Ye, could you help me take down the pair of pants that is in the topmost section of the left shelf?"

"Sure!"

The young master looked for the pants that were at the very top, and then walked over. He stood on his tiptoes and started to reach for the item on the shelf. Though I wanted to do the work for him, Ji Luo Chu had instead picked up the camera hanging on his neck to start to photograph the young master vigorously.

The young master froze for a moment and turned his head, looking at

Ji Luo Chu with a puzzled expression.

“Ah Ye, look here!”

Luo Lun suddenly shouted from the side, and when both the young master and I looked at him... He was in the middle of contorting his facial features and making all sorts of strange faces.

The young master laughed and scolded him jokingly, “Luo Lun, what are you doing?”

Luo Lun gave no reply but only continued to do various kinds of funny faces, causing the young master to laugh nonstop. At the same time, Ji Luo Chu diligently abused the shutter button.

After a good long while, Ji Luo Chu finally stopped photographing. With a satisfied tone, he said, “Very good, you’re very used to the camera. Many people will freeze as long as they know there is someone filming them. No matter what ways others use to distract their attention, they wouldn’t be of any use at all, and they would still be very stiff. However, you simply don’t have that problem at all. It is as though you aren’t being photographed.”

Hearing that, I felt a shock in my heart. *This is probably because the young master has faced countless cameras before when he is out being a hero.* On top of that, he had mentioned the young master’s hair color from the very beginning, the same silvery-white hair as Dark Sun... *This man, Ji Luo Chu, could it be that he has already started to suspect something?*

After he finished taking the photographs, he started casually discussing the photos with the young master.

The customers left in twos and threes. Once the last customer in the shop had left, Jill immediately dashed over and screeched, "Ah Ye! Did you see? Even the customers were asking about you nonstop! The female customer just now really wanted to get your signature, but Olga wouldn't allow it."

"Gē!" Luo Lun also ran over and excitedly spoke to Ji Luo Chu, "How was it? Wasn't I right? I told you, right? You would definitely be satisfied with Ah Ye and Charles!"

"Yes, yes! What you said was completely right." Ji Luo Chu smiled as he said that, and then he looked at the young master and asked, "Next time, why don't you come to my studio to try and take some pictures? If you don't have any issues with it, you can also treat it as an official shoot. Our studio is lacking in models."

The young master did not look at me this time. He only tilted his head to one side and pondered for a short moment before he nodded his head and agreed, "Okay! Since school is about to end soon, I was originally going to look for a job anyways."

"Oh?" Ji Luo Chu joyously said, "That's just perfect! There are more photo shoot opportunities during the vacation period. Once the boss of my studio sees you, he will definitely be ecstatic!"

Seeing that the young master had given his agreement, Luo Lun and Jill were even more excited than Ji Luo Chu. The two of them started a

debate – Luo Lun insisted that only the devil outfit was cool enough, but Jill liked the angelic disposition of the young master... *Which reminds me.*

“Mr. Ji, when you are taking the photos, please use the image of the white series.”

After I finished saying this in a very determined tone, I saw the startled looks on the others’ faces. I could only quickly add on, “T-That is because the master probably would not like the young master wearing clothes that are too- too... too much like a youngster’s!”

Actually, I had been thinking to use the term “strange,” but once I reached my words mid-way, I remembered that these strange clothes were from X-Killer, and moreover it was specially hand-picked by the storeowner Olga. To say that these clothes were very strange would obviously be very disrespectful; hence, I could only forcefully switch to another description.

I sneaked a look at the young master. Though his expression seemed a little puzzled, like he did not seem to understand why I had said that, he still nodded his head at me.

Seeing the young master nod his head, I became even firmer with my request. “Therefore, please take down all of the black series photographs, is that all right? Including those in the catalog. That is because if the master of the house were to see it, he might not allow the young master to be a model, and might even request for you to take down all the photos.”

Olga outspokenly and straightforwardly said, "No problem. It goes without saying that we need to get your consent before we can use these photos. I will delete all the black series photos from the catalog and replace the one on the wall with one from the white series. Like that, there won't be any problems, right?"

"It's a bit of a pity, since the model opportunities will be narrowed by half like this." Though Ji Luo Chu had said so with a bit of a disappointed air, he still nodded his head as he said, "But it's still fine, it's better than not being able to use the white series. Right now, there are too many people who can act cool. On the other hand, those who have an angelic disposition are harder to find."

Luo Lun cut in, saying, "Gē, then can I go to see your photo shoot?"

"I want to go too!" Jill immediately cut in.

Ji Luo Chu looked at the two with a faint smile. He said, "Okay! Olga can come along too..."

Ah!

Everyone fell silent and looked at each other.

"Is someone screaming?" Jill asked in a small voice.

"It shouldn't be anything big, right?" Luo Lun sounded a little uncertain as he said, "It's only someone screaming. There are often people screaming on the streets..."

"No, this scream sounds like something has happened." Ji Luo Chu frowned and said, "I'll go out and take a look."

After saying that, he started heading out. The young master shouted, "I'll go with you," and naturally I too followed. Following that, Luo Lun also came along.

Once we stepped out of the shop front, we saw a few people gathering at the entrance to the alleyway at the side of the building. To describe things in a bit more detail, a girl had fallen down at the entrance of the alleyway. The rest of the youngsters were standing at her side with varied distance. However, all of their gazes were directed toward that alley.

Ji Luo Chu walked to the front and then helped the girl stand on her feet. However, once she had stood up, she actually flung away Ji Luo Chu's hand with a shocked and scared expression. She then ran away, staggering the entire way.

Once the rest of the youngsters saw the girl run off, they too started to disperse. As for the others on the streets, they seemed like they did not understand what had just happened either, and only looked on from the sidelines. Once the girl ran off, they too continued doing their own business.

So what exactly happened inside the alley? I felt a little bewildered. Judging from that girl's and the others' outfits... They seemed to be rambunctious children who were used to running around town, so a small matter should not be able to give them a scare.

Ji Luo Chu headed into the dark alley, and the young master and Luo Lun followed. I took a glance in the direction of X-Killer, and realized that Olga and Jill had not followed along. Then, I too headed into the alley.

“Don’t look!”

Ji Luo Chu suddenly gave a loud roar and then turned around. He hugged the young master’s head and yelled to Luo Lun who was farther away from him, “Ji Luo Lun, turn around and face away! If I see you peeking, you’re dead meat! Also, call the police.”

Luo Lun immediately did so. He turned, faced toward me, and then nervously took out his cell phone from his pocket.

I walked past him, and the thick smell of blood immediately welcomed me. At the same time, I managed to get a clear look of the situation. In the alley, there was blood and flesh scattered everywhere. The way it was scattered seemed almost as though someone had intentionally tried to use the blood to lay a red carpet in the alley. The main remnants of the body were leaning against the wall. Actually, it was mostly bones left – white bones with blood and flesh sticking to them haphazardly. The most complete section was the head, where we could at least still see some skin and an eyeball.

The blood smelled very fresh. It seemed like the incident had happened not too long ago... *Fresh blood... What a waste...*

“Charles!” Ji Luo Chu shouted at me.

I abruptly came back to my senses, and then replied automatically,
“Yes?”

“Come over and cover the eyes of your young master properly... Don’t let him see!” Ji Luo Chu used an extremely stern tone in his last sentence.

“Very well.” I quickly stepped forward and covered the young master’s eyes.

Ji Luo Chu frowned and said, “Cover his eyes tighter! Don’t let him peek.”

I could only walk another step further and tightly wrap both my arms around the young master’s head. Only then did Ji Luo Chu nod his head in satisfaction. Afterwards, he did not pay any further notice to the young master and me. Instead, he walked forward and started to take photos from various angles with his camera, just a few steps away from the corpse.

At this moment, the young master suddenly pinched me. I returned to my senses, and then slightly relaxed my arms and adjusted my position. This way, the young master would be able to see the situation from the gap created.

A corpse that has been shredded into pieces... What kind of person could have done this?

If it were ten years ago, I would have been very certain that this was not the work of humans. However, now that there were more and

more modified humans, a mechanical arm would be enough to shred a person.

Now, whether this was the work of humans or non-humans, it would be really hard to say for sure.

After Ji Luo Chu took pictures for a period of time, he lowered his camera. Seeing that, I immediately hugged the young master's head tightly again, so as to prevent him from discovering the young master peeking at the body.

He walked over and told me, "Let's go. If the police come and see us standing too close to the corpse, they will be very unhappy."

I gave a nod, and while hugging the young master's head, turned and brought him out of the alley... However, I found it a little funny. The young master had once chopped off DSII's head without any hesitation. To him, the only difference between this corpse and the humans that are alive and kicking would probably merely be that he could not open his mouth to speak?

"The security nowadays is really just terrible!"

After walking out of the alley, Ji Luo Chu seemed to be very displeased. He turned toward his brother, and then in a firm tone that brooked no objection, said, "Luo Lun, from now on I will come and pick you up after work at night. You're not allowed to run around freely in the middle of the night either!"

Luo Lun received a fright and shouted loudly, "Gē!"

“There’s no-”

Beep beep!

Ji Luo Chu furrowed his brows. After he took out his cell phone and operated it for a while, he revealed an apologetic expression as he said, “I cannot stay and wait for the police anymore. The boss in my studio is looking for me.”

“Charles also can’t stay.” The young master looked at me as he explained, “He has requested leave for tonight and is going to look for someone!”

“Is that so? Then you guys should get going too.” After saying that, Ji Luo Chu turned to his brother and instructed, “Luo Lun, please invite Olga over. Request that she close the store for now and ask her to wait here for the police. She can accompany you to the police station to make a statement too.”

Luo Lun immediately started to say, “I can wait here by myself-”

“No way!” Ji Luo Chu interrupted his words with a low yell. This made Luo Lun’s expression turn mulish. However, he was clearly quite intimidated by his brother, for even though his entire face was filled with dissatisfaction, he did not dare to rashly talk back.

Just then, the young master burst out laughing. This made the two brothers, who were in the middle of fighting, pause and look at him in puzzlement. The young master smiled as he replied, “Luo Lun, my brother is exactly like yours. He’s always not allowing this and not

allowing that, hehe!”

Luo Lun grumbled quietly, “Yours definitely doesn’t nag as much as mine...”

At this time, Ji Luo Chu’s cell phone rang again. His expression was full of apology as he said, “Sorry, I really do have to go. Luo Lun, go help Olga close the store.”

Luo Lun muttered “okay” and following that, went ahead and left first. Ji Luo Chu showed a hesitant expression at this point. I told him, “It is all right. You can go first. We will wait for Olga to come over.”

After Ji Luo Chu left, the young master abruptly said, “Probably another incident just happened!”

I froze for a moment, and then asked in reflex, “Did Mr. Bramble and the others tell you that?”

“No. Ever since last night when I instructed them not to tell me the situations from the surveillance cameras, they still haven’t reported to me even now!” The young master tilted his head and looked in the direction Ji Luo Chu had left in. He said, “It’s because Luo Chu-gē left in a hurry.”

What relation is there between Ji Luo Chu leaving before us and an incident happening? I felt mystified and could only ask for clarification. “I do not understand, Young Master.”

The young master replied with a confident smile, “Ji Luo Chu. He is

definitely First Wind!”

I was stunned and was not able to say anything for a long period of time. It had completely not crossed my mind that the young master would say something this shocking all of a sudden.

Once I thought about it more, I found it even stranger. I could only ask, “Young Master, Mr. Ji Luo Chu’s left arm has not been modified, but First Wind’s left arm has been modified.”

The young master chuckled as he said, “Charles, I look from head to toe like I don’t have any modifications, right?”

Hearing those words, I too started to smile. This was indeed true. Though the young master looked like he had not modified his body, the truth was that every part of his body had been modified at some point in time. If that was the case, then First Wind might have his own way of disguising such a thing.

At this point, the young master explained to me, “As long as I observe for a long enough time, I can ‘measure’ a person’s appearance in great detail. Though Luo Chu-gē’s hair color is a fairly ordinary shade of gold, there are still deeper and lighter shades to differentiate between even if it is gold in color. Luo Chu-gē’s and First Wind’s hair are both the same dark gold in color. His height, weight, the shape of his jaw, and the length of his right arm are all exactly the same as First Wind’s. Though his voice is a little different, First Wind’s voice is possibly altered. Therefore, Luo Chu-gē is definitely First Wind!”

I was a little shocked as I said, “If that is the case, then if we were to

meet Solitary Butterfly and Dragon Peace as well, would Young Master be able to recognize them?"

"For Solitary Butterfly, yes. For Dragon Peace, possibly not." The young master tilted his head, deep in thought as he said, "Dragon Peace is a little strange. With that body shape of his, it's impossible to hide in the city without getting discovered. So, I think he doesn't usually have that kind of body shape."

I agreed whole-heartedly. Even werewolves after transformation would look like children in front of Dragon Peace.

"Young Master," I suddenly realized something. "Perhaps Mr. Ji Luo Chu has also guessed your identity, just like you did."

The young master rubbed his head, saying, "Yeah, probably because my hair color is still too obvious? But I can't dye my hair... I hope Bàba can fix DSII's body a little faster. This way, An Xiang Ye and Dark Sun can appear at the same time."

I was still pondering over the question of why the young master's hair could not be dyed when the young master tugged at my arm. He said, "Charles, go and look for the werewolf!"

I froze momentarily and took out my pocket watch to take a look. Then I said, "Young Master, it is only ten o'clock right now."

The young master shrugged his shoulders as he said, "I will have Bramble-shū resume reporting the situations from the surveillance cameras. In a few moments, I will go and change into Dark Sun's

attire to go patrolling around the neighborhood for a while. You don't have to follow me."

So that is how it is. I gave a bow, and said, "Very well. Then, I do ask Young Master to take care."

When I lifted my head up, there was already no one in front of me...
The young master is really behaving more and more like the heroes in the movies – coming and going without a trace.

After I confirmed that the young master had indeed left, I glanced around. Once I ensured that no one was paying me any attention, I stepped onto the wall of the building, and then dashed all the way up.

Though I had accepted my friend X's request, I truthfully could not say that I had been searching to the best of my abilities in these past few days. This made me feel extremely guilty. From now onwards, I definitely would have to start searching seriously.

I jumped onto the rooftop of the building and surveyed the surroundings. I started to analyze where I should start my search from. Sunset City was, after all, a big city, and if I were to search every alley it would definitely exceed the two week limit that X had asked for. Therefore, I had to start by searching the places where there was a higher possibility of finding him.

Hmm... Generally speaking, if a bloodthirsty werewolf wants to kill someone, either they will specially go out of the city to do so, or they will pick places within the city that are more impoverished and lacking. After all, even if the humans there were to simply vanish, it would not

raise too much of a commotion.

Within Sunset city, the place with the worst living conditions was the southern part of the city.

X-Killer, the place where I was right now, was located in the western side of the city. Speaking of which, this area was indeed the Aristocrat First Wind's area of influence. A photographer with an irregular work schedule, the composed manner upon seeing the mutilated corpse just now, and his rushing off because something had come up... Ji Luo Chu really did match the characteristics that a hero should have. *The question is, does his little brother, Luo Lun, know about it?*

"Do not think about heroes anymore." I smiled wryly. Now was the time when I should be focusing on properly completing my friend's request.

I looked down at the stretch of black earth. Tonight, there was moonlight in abundance. It was indeed a good occasion to be searching for werewolves.

Then, I shall start searching from the southwest...The southern side seems to be Dragon Peace's territory. I sure hope that I do not run into him during these two weeks.



Following that, I started my lifestyle of going out every night to search for the werewolf Cornell.

Every night, the young master would go out at ten o'clock, and before

I came back, he would go out for a morning run again. This made me feel extremely concerned. *Could it be that the young master had specially left early and returned late so that I could have more time to search?*

Bothered by my worries, I questioned Dell, who replied casually, "Yeah! The young master comes home at about two in the morning. If an incident happens, then his timing isn't as regular. Sometimes, he doesn't return until three or four."

And then he goes out for a morning run at five o'clock? Does this count as having slept?

On the other side Mr. Bramble explained in more detail, "Butler, don't be nervous. I have already asked the young master. The young master says that he actually doesn't need to sleep every day. Even if he goes without sleep for a few days, he would still be fine. If he sleeps every day, two hours per day would be enough. Any more than that is excess and actually doesn't help much."

These descriptions really sounded extremely familiar. If it were not for the fact that the young master did not drink blood, I would believe that I was serving my fellow kind.

May also started smiling as he said, "The young master also used to do so in the past quite often. Though he would go to his room to sleep at ten o'clock, once anything happens, he would leap out from his bedroom window and only come home when dawn is about to break."

So that is how it is. I relaxed a little, but I still continued to feel a little

guilty. Hence, I put even more effort into serving the young master, and even made various kinds of different cuisines for the young master every day. Though the young master is not picky with his food and does not have any particular food preferences, he likes new things that he has not yet seen before. Therefore, as long as I used a method of cooking that he had yet to see, it would make him very happy.

For example, today's dinner was Kaiseki cuisine.² The young master had shown a face full of curiosity at the sashimi.³ When I was just about to bend over to pour the roasted barley tea,⁴ he had already spread a thick layer of wasabi⁵ and soy sauce on top of the sashimi.

Just when the words, "Please wait a short moment," had barely left my mouth, he had already shoved the entire slice of raw fish into his mouth.

"Young Master..." I was somewhat at a loss as to what to do. After all, I could not possibly ask the young master to quickly spit the food out. After chewing twice, the young master's face started to contort. He looked as though he was suffering a lot. I quickly served him the roasted barley tea and gently patted the young master's back, telling him, "Young Master, please quickly drink some tea!"

The young master took the cup and finished the entire cup in one gulp. Then, he exhaled a very long breath before he nonchalantly said, "It's really strong, but it tastes pretty good."

Then, he picked up another slice of sashimi with his chopsticks, put on the same amount of wasabi, and shoved it into his mouth again... The young master's tastes were as expected, also very "heroic."

After dinnertime, the young master took out his homework. I helped pour a glass of milk for the young master and then turned away, intending to go clean up. However, the young master abruptly called out to me, "Charles."

I stopped in my tracks and turned around to reply, "Yes."

As the young master drank his milk, he said, "That day we were at X-Killer, wasn't there someone who died in the alley? The autopsy report is out. The victim was a tourist and was torn apart with great force. His body pieces were strewn about, and there were quite a few traces of claw and tooth marks. The canines shown in the bite marks were abnormally developed and are definitely not the kind that a human would have. Other than that, they had also managed to collect animal fur. It is surmised that the person was attacked by a large animal."

What kind of large animal could tear someone apart like that?

Moreover, it was even in the midst of a large city. It simply was not possible that there was a previously undiscovered bear at large attacking humans here.

Other than werewolves, I simply could not think of any other possibilities. However, the location of X-Killer was in the west, which was in a completely different direction from the south, the place that I had been searching. Perhaps I had guessed wrong since the very beginning.

"What a pity that there aren't any surveillance cameras in that alley."

The young master spoke in a tone full of regret. However, he smiled after that. "But we can still manage to find a few clues! For example, when the case happened, only the victim walked into that alley, and no one else."

I was shocked, and words escaped from my mouth. "How can that be? Werewolves cannot become invisible."

The young master laughed as he said, "Of course it's not invisibility. The thing is, there is one place where surveillance cameras are absolutely unable to check. That's the sewers."

The sewers?

"If that werewolf was living in the sewers, then that would be really troublesome." The young master said with concern, "The sewers of Sunset City are extremely tangled and complex, and moreover, a lot of vagrants live there. If someone were to dare to step into their territory, they would attack indiscriminately. Though they are really very weak, many do not fear death. To defeat them one-by-one under the constrictions of not killing them is really very difficult."

The young master looked at me all of a sudden, and warned me in an earnest tone, "Charles, I think it's better for you to just search on the surface. As long as your brain doesn't have a satellite navigation system installed, don't ever go down into the sewers!"

Young Master, no one's brain has a satellite navigation system installed in them.... I hesitated. Perhaps the young master did have one.

“Okay. Charles, you can go and look for the werewolf now.”

Upon hearing this, I froze momentarily but then replied hastily, “Young Master, it is merely eight o’clock at the moment.”

The young master shrugged his shoulders and said, “I’m going to go out now anyways! I have already made an appointment with Luo Chu-gē. I’m going to his studio for a test shoot today!”

I quickly said, “Young Master, please let me accompany you...”

“That won’t be necessary.”

I went blank for a moment. However, these words were not said by the young master. When I turned around, Melody was just walking in through the entranceway. She gave us a charming smile. “The young master has me for company!”

I started laughing involuntarily. The young master was openly laughing even more heartily as he said, “Melody, why are you dressed like that?”

Her outfit was a white high-collar blouse, and her hair was combed neatly and tied into a bun at the back of her head. She was even wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. With her tight skirt and the black high heels with thick-heels on her feet, she looked like a female executive from an office... except that that tight skirt was a tiny bit too short.

Melody turned around on the spot and exclaimed, "A shrewd and capable female butler! Isn't that what I look like?"

I smiled as I shook my head. However, the young master nodded his head vigorously.

Melody seized the young master and looked at me. With a provocative tone, she said, "If the young master says I look like one, then I look like one."

I gave a slight smile and did not pay any mind to her provocations. I merely briefed her, "It is great that you are accompanying the young master. Please remember, no matter what the photographer says, do not ever let the young master wear dashing clothes and a cold expression at the same time. That is because that kind of appearance is simply too much like Dark Sun."

The young master showed an expression of sudden realization. Melody instead impatiently said, "Got it. Young Master, we're going!"

I really did not understand why Melody was in such a rush. Other than the last time when we had gone out and coincidentally run into an incident, causing her to have no choice but to help delay time, I had never seen her have that much interest in accompanying the young master outdoors.

The young master laughed quietly. "I told Melody that Luo Chu-gē is a very nice person and also is very good-looking!"

So that is how it is.

“What?! What kind of secrets are you two whispering about! If you’re not going, then I’m leaving.” Melody pouted in dissatisfaction.

“We’re going right now!” The young master immediately grabbed Melody, not letting her leave, while at the same time bidding farewell to me, “We’re heading off now!”

“Very well, please watch your step.”

My gaze followed the young master and Melody as they went out the door. Afterwards, I changed out of my butler’s attire to the clothes from X-Killer, and as usual, I went out to search for the whereabouts of the werewolf Cornell.

Footnotes

¹ **“Ji Luo Chu”**: Ji Luo Chu’s name (季洛初, jìluòchū) is formed the oriental way, with Ji being his surname and Luo Chu his given name, so we have opted to keep his name in pinyin. His brother’s name is Ji Luo Lun (季洛倫, jìluòlún). Ji means season, while the “Chu” in Ji Luo Chu’s name means “first.” It is the same 初(pronunciation: chū) used in First Wind (初風, chūfēng).

² **“Kaiseki cuisine”**: A traditional multi-course Japanese dinner. For more information, you can read the Wikipedia page here:
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaiseki>

³ **“Sashimi”**: Just in case you don’t get it, sashimi is a Japanese dish of raw fish/meat sliced into thin pieces. The common types of sashimi include – salmon, swordfish, squid, shrimp, tuna, mackerel, octopus, and yellowtail. On the other hand, you also have less common sashimi like puffer fish and horse sashimi...

⁴ **“Roasted barley tea”**: It is a caffeine-free drink made from roasted barley and is popular in Japanese, Chinese, and Korean cuisine. For more info, go to wiki: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roasted_barley_tea

⁵ **“Wasabi”**: It is served in Japanese cuisine, usually with soya sauce to go with it. It gives a burning sensation in the mouth but doesn’t burn your throat as it is not oil-based. (Unlike chili peppers!) It is a root and is usually either finely grated for use or served as dried

powder. You may have also seen it in ready-to-use pastes in tubes that look like toothpaste tubes in the supermarkets.

Legend of a Hero #6: At a Loss, the Hero who must Sacrifice Others or Himself

Gēge, I've failed... The mother and her daughter were both blown into bits and pieces.

If I had succeeded in saving them, would that mother have been the same as all those mothers I've rescued in the past, thanking me with a smile and saying that I was like an angel?

In that moment, if I had paid more attention, maybe I could have discovered that the detonator was not with that crook.

Today, I am not an angel. I brought death unto that mother... I am a grim reaper.



Today, I switched to searching in the west, although I was quite doubtful that the werewolf would dare to appear in the west. The western side was not only not the slums, there were also many rooftops that one could not carelessly step upon. It was certainly not a territory suited for a rampaging werewolf to stay in.

Therefore, the chances of finding the werewolf in the west were slim. However, since I had accepted this request, I had to search everywhere, no matter the place.

I repeatedly traveled back and forth between the rooftop and the ground, paying close attention to the dark alleys. The moment I saw

indications of a fight in the alley, a flicker of hope would ignite. However, upon taking a closer look at the situation, I would lose hope again. It would only be a group of youths trying show off their superiority through fighting.

After losing hope several times, I nearly wanted to step in and let these bored youths understand the preciousness of life.

I searched for a long time before I sat down on a bench along a street to rest. I pulled out my pocket watch and saw that it was already midnight. However, I had not even found a single strand of beast fur. It looked like it was yet another fruitless night.

Sigh! X, the task you have given me is really rather difficult. Even though I do not want to disappoint you, it looks like I do not have much choice. Furthermore, you do not even own a cell phone nor do you reply to the emails I send. Tell me, how am I supposed to contact you?

I myself was already considered a very conservative vampire. However, X was even more conservative than I was. Although this allowed us to connect over similar interests, it was such a big hassle when wanting to contact the other party.

“Hey! Handsome, would you have any interest in dancing with me at the pub?”

I raised my head, but while I was preparing to decline, I recognized the other person and blurted out, “Melody?”

Melody was still wearing those clothes she called her “female butler” uniform, except that her collar buttons were opened all the way down to her chest, her gold-rimmed spectacles had disappeared, and her hair was restored to its usual loosely hanging style. She looked at me with an appreciative expression, especially at the sides of my pants, and then complimented me, “You’re really very sexy today, Mr. Butler!”

“You are also very modest today.” I glanced at her clothes, and added on with a smile that was not quite a smile, “If you buttoned up two more buttons, you would be very modest indeed.”

She sat down beside me deftly, and then lazily leaned back on the bench, saying, “What’s wrong, you still haven’t found him?”

I shook my head.

“You wouldn’t have been able to find him right from the start.” Melody scrutinized her violet fingernails as she said, “What kind of person is the young master? Even he couldn’t find him. Did you think that by randomly looking around like a headless housefly, you would bump into him?”

I could not refute that. However, I had no choice but to search for him. Melody looked at me, and then said, “Suit yourself, if you want to search then go and search! In any case, the young master doesn’t mind. I don’t need to be a busybody.”

I smiled faintly and asked, “Is the test shoot going well?”

The moment I asked this question, Melody’s eyes started sparkling and she exclaimed, “Great...”

That great? Then perhaps being a model is truly suitable for the young master.

"He's really a great man!"

"... A great man?" *What is this supposed to mean?*

"That's right!" Melody said excitedly, "That photographer, Ji Luo Chu, is really good-looking. He also has the air of a gentleman from the olden days, yet is very fashionable. I haven't met such a wonderful man for such a long time!"

If I remember correctly, Melody seems to like First Wind a lot? If she knew that the young master believes Ji Luo Chu is First Wind, it would definitely be very interesting.

"At first, I wanted to look for him and the young master to go to the pub to party together. Then I can embrace one on my left and hug one on my right. It would be awesome! It's a pity he had something come in at the last minute and left first, and after that even the young master ran off. So boring!" Melody sighed heavily, her entire body limp against the bench.

However, she straightened her body right after and shouted spiritedly, "Let's go!"

"Go?" I blinked, and asked confusedly, "Go where?"

"To look for the werewolf!" Melody said as though it was a matter of

fact. "Tonight, I will accompany you to look for the werewolf. Some other day, you will have to accompany me to have fun at a pub!"

I was rather surprised as I asked, "Did you not want Ji Luo Chu and the young master to go?"

Melody stood up, and loomed above me. She slowly said, "Embrace one on my left, hug one on my right, and add on a butler to open up a path. Wouldn't that be even more impressive?"

I smiled rather speechlessly. Then, Melody pulled me up, and after that we jumped onto a wall together.

"You want to search in the western district?" Standing on the wall, Melody glanced at me and asked, "Should we search together or split up to search?"

"Let us search together!"

Splitting up to search would be more efficient, but however more efficient we would be, we could not be more efficient than the young master and several tens of thousands of surveillance cameras. As opposed to being constantly disappointed alone, it was better to have a companion by my side.

After searching several alleys in succession, we discovered there seemed to be a big uproar close by. There were "genuine" screams, and seemingly plenty of them. From the skies both near and far came the sounds of a helicopter's rotor blades and the ear-piercing sirens of police cars.

"It really has not been peaceful lately," I sighed lightly.

However, Melody laughed and teasingly said, "Then I know how long you haven't been paying attention to the screams in the streets! It has probably been around five years? For the past few years, the streets haven't been peaceful at all. Otherwise, even if the city is large, it wouldn't need four heroes and a whole crowd of policemen, right?"

I took several steps in the direction the noises came from, but from behind me, I heard Melody's warning, "Butler, don't go over there. Since you don't like to fight, then you wouldn't want to be drawn into the center of the incident, right?"

I hesitated briefly. Then, I took out my cell phone and dialed Mr. Bramble's number. Following that, I queried, "Mr. Bramble, may I ask if you are able to see what the big uproar in the western district is about?"

"First Wind has engaged criminals there and seems to be facing some difficulty. But it's too far away, so the young master does not intend to head over." Mr. Bramble finished his simple explanation.

After thanking Mr. Bramble, I ended the call and told Melody, "I think we do not have to worry. First Wind is already there..."

Melody cried out, "First Wind?"

Hearing this exclamation, I had a somewhat uneasy feeling, and incidentally remembered something. *That is, Melody likes First Wind a*

lot, and last time, she failed in getting his autograph.

When my thoughts reached this point, I did not need to think any further. That was because Melody was already pulling my hand and rushing ahead.

I could only smile a forced smile and nothing else, but I did not really mind. Since the young master would not be heading over, then even if the situation worsened, I would not intervene. As for whether Melody would step in, that was her decision.

After jumping over a few walls, we stepped onto a rooftop.

The moment we set foot on it, I noticed a symbol belonging to a non-human drawn on the water tower. In addition, I had an inkling that that symbol seemed to belong to someone whom we should not provoke. Frowning, I said, "We should change locations. This place seems to be the territory of a very powerful non-human."

Melody glanced at the symbol and replied, "It's fine, I'm acquainted with this fellow."

I nodded and did not pay any more attention to this issue. Instead, I turned my attention to the situation below. On my first look, I almost thought that I was watching a war film. In that genre of movies, captives were often hung up in a row, just like they were now. On the middle floor of one of the buildings, around the fifth floor, the entire wall was a stretch of French windows. Behind the windows was a row of people who had been hung up. Men, women, young, and old, there were all kinds of people. Their clothes were considerably

mundane. They appeared as if they had been captured after school or work, or even during an after-meal walk.

The only similarity they shared was the expression of terror on their faces. That was due to the three masked criminals carrying guns standing behind them.

Below, First Wind stood in front of the building motionlessly. Everyone else, including the policemen, were all standing far away. The policemen had even formed a cordon, preventing all citizens from getting any closer.

This scene was really familiar. It was practically identical to the previous scene in which the mother and daughter were hung from the rooftop. The only difference was that all four heroes had been present in that incident, but this time, only First Wind was here.

Not long ago, the young master said that the reason for their actions during that incident was to hunt heroes. Can it be that this time, they intend to kill First Wind?

Melody's indolent voice sounded beside my ear. "Humans! They're really getting more and more skilled at tormenting their own kind!"

At this moment, the sound of a broadcaster came from the street. "Mr. First Wind, you had better not move... But even if you move, it doesn't matter. It will merely cost a human life."

"What the heck are they thinking of doing?" Melody frowned and said with uncertainty, "Are they trying to divert attention once again to go

conduct some jewel robbery? This trick shouldn't work a second time, right?"

"They are not diverting attention, they want to..."

Before the four words "hunt and kill heroes" had even left my mouth, I heard four gunshots. Immediately after that, First Wind's body slowly crumpled to the ground, and bright red blood slowly flowed out around him...

It worked? I was shocked. Has First Wind really been killed?

Once more, sound came from the broadcaster. "You're really disobedient! Mr. First Wind, don't think that I didn't see you sneakily avoid getting a fatal wound. You moved four times in total. Well then..." At this moment, First Wind clambered up and yelled, "Stop!"

However, the burly men holding the guns were already opening fire. Four gunshots rang out in total, each killing a student, an elderly, and two women. Blood sprayed onto the French windows, and four flowers of blood bloomed. They had not even had time to scream. Their bodies merely twitched lightly for a while, and then they did not give any further reaction.

First Wind swayed twice. He lifted his head to look at the French windows. I could not see his expression, but I could clearly imagine it...

It will definitely be one of grief and anger, right?

At this moment, the voice rang out again. "Please don't move! We still have twelve hostages in our hands..."

"Sniper rifle? They actually used a sniper rifle to shoot the good man that I want!"

This voice was really close to me. I turned my head and saw Melody's whole face twitching. She turned her head too and roared at me, "Charles Endelis!"

I did a double take. I had never thought that she would actually address me by my full name. Melody rarely even used "Charles." *Does she not normally address me as the butler?*

"I'll leave the two snipers on the left to you," Melody said fiercely. "Get rid of them. If not, I'll get rid of you!"

After she finished speaking, she immediately took a flying leap onto another building. If I had seen correctly, that was in the direction of another two snipers.

Kill two humans, and I can eat my fill in passing; or be killed by Melody. This seems to be an extremely-easy-to-decide multiple-choice question that I have rarely been given in recent days!

I immediately leaped toward the left. When the snipers had fired just now, I was able to pinpoint their locations. The first person was on the rooftop of the building beside us. I leaped across and as I passed the first sniper, I made a clean slash across his neck with my claws. Then, I sped toward the second sniper.

I stepped onto another building and saw the second sniper. I was very

lucky; this one was a female. Most women are cleaner than men. To a vampire, because they had to embrace their food while eating and put their mouth on the neck of their food for a period of time, being cleaner was always better.

However, the shrieks of women were always so ear-piercing that I would be unable to resist frowning.

Still, this woman seemed to have undergone training. When I stood behind her and was about to hug her, she noticed me and violently thrust the stock of her gun backwards. However, I deflected it with my hand, and then I embraced her. From beginning to end, she did not let out any screams. Although she did struggle much more than others, compared to the ear-piercing screams, struggling was not hard to deal with.

When I sank my fangs into her neck, I realized that she was really clean. She had not even sprayed on any perfume... *It has been so long since I have had such a good meal.*

After a long while, I released the food in my hands and supported her as she slowly slipped to the ground. Then, I lifted up my head and saw Melody. She looked down and licked her lips as she said, "That looks very delicious. Those on my side were all stinking men. I lost my appetite just by smelling that terrible odor."

I took out a handkerchief and gently dabbed the blood stains at the corners of my mouth. I asked offhandedly, "How is First Wind?"

The moment Melody heard me, her enthusiasm faltered as she said,

"He lost too much blood and fell unconscious. Later on, Dragon Peace showed up and carried him away."

I froze, and then inquired further, "Then the hostages?"

Melody mimicked the position taken when firing a gun. Seeing this, my heart sank and I muttered, "All dead?"

"That's right!" Melody said bitterly, "Yet another idiotic man. The four shots he endured were all for nothing. Right from the start, he shouldn't have cared about those hostages!"

Allow heroes to disregard the people? I could not help but silently think. If it could be done, then he would not be a hero anymore.

I looked at the scene before my eyes. The place below us seemed to have exploded. The police cordon had long since stopped functioning. The police and paramedics in white had already rushed into the building. Media reporters and citizens were crowded around outside. Everyone wanted to move up to take a look.

But when they actually carried out the corpses covered with white cloths, everyone quieted down. One, two... five, six... In the end, they carried out fifteen corpses in total.

"They were all innocent!" I said with a sigh.

Melody said coldly, "There are no innocent people in this world."

I looked at Melody. She was looking below as she continued, "Those

people, they enjoyed the benefits brought about by the heroes. Naturally, they would have to bear the losses too. Since when can one only have the good but not the bad?"

"Perhaps they would rather not have heroes."

For the first time, I started questioning the existence of heroes. After all, this was the real world and not a movie. When fifteen people died just like this, they would not get up again after the director yelled cut. Furthermore, the reason for their deaths was merely that they were used to threaten the hero to stay still.

Melody abruptly asked, "Do you know how much the existence of heroes has lowered the major crime rates?"

I paused and shook my head.

Melody extended the five fingers on her right hand and said, "The reports from every media company are different, but all of them will have at least fifty percent correspondence. If we change to counting the number of adult lives, that would be ten less deaths every day at the bare minimum. In the past five years, how many fewer deaths have there been? Do you dare to say that these fifteen people are not among those who could have died? Even if they weren't, then what about their relatives and friends?"

I watched Melody, feeling extremely surprised. I did not expect Melody, who was a vampire, to have studied so much about heroes.

"What are you looking at me like that for?" Melody appeared

somewhat uneasy, saying, "I only read an article printed in the newspaper! That was what it said!"

Convinced, I said, "But your words made a lot of sense. I was too superficial."

"Even though you're convinced, other people probably wouldn't be so easily convinced!" Melody glanced at me as she said, "Stay by the young master's side more often these days! I'll help you look for the werewolf, and Bramble and the others will also help. It'll be a lot more efficient than you running about randomly trying to bump into him."

Stay by the young master's side more often? I was rather puzzled. As long as the young master was at home, I was practically always at his side. Even if I frequently left the house as of late, I only did so after the young master went out or was asleep.

Melody looked off into the distance and let out a long sigh, as if she had a myriad of sorrows...

"Damn it! I didn't get his autograph again!"



When I returned home, it was already three in the morning. The young master was at home, but he was not sleeping. He was instead modifying firearms in his workshop.

I walked to the young master's side and saw him scrutinizing the semi-finished magazine of a pistol. I walked to the front of a cabinet used for storing spare products and selected a box that contained

bullets of various caliber. As I set it down in front of the young master, I greeted him. "Young Master, I have returned. May I pour a glass of milk for you?"

The young master first raised his head, then looked at the box of bullets. Following which he smiled, saying, "Charles, you're really amazing. You seem to know every item that I need. It would be terrible if Charles wasn't around in the future, I would definitely feel very lost."

Upon hearing this, I was dumbstruck. I truly did not expect... I truly did not expect to hear such a sentence at this moment.

During my butler training, my honorable father had always told me that the proudest point of being a butler was having the master say, "I really cannot do without you."

One who stands silently in the background like an invisible man, but upon his disappearance, would cause the master to feel completely disoriented... This is a butler.

After my honorable father had said this, I had always fantasized about such a scene.

In front of an ancient castle, a master with a perfect demeanor sits in a courtyard with elegant tables and chairs. When I offer him black tea that has been steeped to perfection, he would gently sip a mouthful, show a satisfied expression, and subsequently open his mouth to tell me this sentence...

Charles, I really can't do without you!

However, my employers had changed five times in a row. Whenever I had accomplished a mission well, they would deliver money, presents, and even fresh blood and pretty ladies. However, not one of them had ever uttered that sentence. There was never even a single word of thanks.

Currently, the young master held a screwdriver in his left hand, a pistol in his right hand, his face was even stained with black oil (I hurriedly took out a handkerchief to wipe off the black oil stains on the young master), and the item I passed him was not black tea but a box of bullets.

Still, I found that these were all unimportant details. The only important thing was that sentence...

Honorable father of mine! Your words are truly accurate. After receiving these words of praise, I feel extremely proud and satisfied. Luckily I followed your words and became a butler.

"Charles?"

The young master's eyes widened and he said anxiously, "Charles, don't cry! Did I say something wrong? You can just tell me, don't be angry..."

At this moment, I discovered that my cheeks were wet. I hurriedly used my handkerchief to dab my cheeks as I explained to the young master, "Charles would not dare. Charles was just deeply moved,

definitely not angry.”

“Charles...”

After trying to smother his laughter for a while, the young master burst out laughing as he said, “Your face is stained with black oil!”

I blinked. Only then did I remember that this handkerchief in my hands had just been used to wipe black oil off the young master’s face, and I had used it again to wipe my tears...

I hurriedly bowed and apologized, “I am really too impolite. Young Master, please allow me to change into my butler uniform and tidy up my appearance before returning to wait upon you.”

The young master chuckled as he said, “No problem, you can go!” The young master continued modifying his firearm. He worked on modifications until five in the morning. Then, he went out for his morning run, and after that came back to shower and eat breakfast.

During breakfast, Mr. Bramble did not reach for the remote control to switch on the television. Instead, it was the young master who did so. The moment he switched on the television, the morning news was full of criticism. Although it was not targeted at Dark Sun, instead at Dragon Peace and First Wind, it always involved all the heroes at the end, saying that they handled matters without regard for the consequences, saying that they brought harm unto innocents, saying that they were selfish, only caring about their own escape, not caring about the lives of the innocent people...

The last part was a few family members weeping as they complained. Most of the content was topics related to *why didn't they save them, why did they run* and so on.

Why did they bring death to our relatives?

The television roared incessantly, and everyone at the dining table was all eating frantically. Even though they were chewing the food in their mouths, they wore nervous expressions on their faces. If I had not clearly known the reason was not in the food, perhaps I would have wondered if I had cooked a meal of poison.

However, the young master's expression remained calm.

"Everyone, don't panic. I'm all right." As he watched the television, the young master said in a sympathetic tone, "Those people lost their most beloved relatives. They need a target they can take it out on." I looked at the young master and softly comforted him, "Young Master is very magnanimous."

"I'm not magnanimous..." The young master said quietly, "I'm still a bit sad. The ones they're blaming are not the criminals, but the heroes."

I was stunned, abruptly woken up. That is right, the people they should be condemning are the criminals, but everyone's criticisms have landed on the heroes so far. However, even I had initially questioned the heroes, so how can I blame those people?

The young master said worriedly, "I hope First Wind and Dragon Peace are all right. If they give up being heroes, Solitary Butterfly and I

cannot possibly manage the entire city.”

Heroes, we don't need you.

I looked at the television and nearly wanted to reach out, pick up the remote control, and switch off the television. However, it was the young master who had turned on the television. Since he had not turned it off of his own accord, then I should not overstep my boundaries.

... We don't need you!

“I think I shouldn't go out to be a hero anytime soon.” The young master said expressionlessly, “Right now, maybe people don't really need heroes.”

Young Master, is this a move in consideration of the future, or are you just acting out of feeling wronged? With the young master's two completely different personalities, it was truly hard to say.

However, the following days confirmed the truth of the young master's words. The citizens were protesting everywhere, and the content of their protests were mostly about rejecting heroes or demanding the heroes to take responsibility for the fifteen lives in the previous incident, and so on.

After that case, First Wind and Dragon Peace did not appear anymore, but Solitary Butterfly tried. However, after several counts of getting mobbed by citizens, she too vanished without a trace.

The young master really did as he said. For the past few nights, according to Mr. Bramble and the others, the young master had truly slept obediently, and had not jumped out of the window to be a hero even once.

Every day, while eating breakfast and dinner, the young master would always switch on the television and watch the news. Even though he said that he did not mind, he looked depressed and his eating speed had slowed down to be the same as a normal person's.

At that moment, I understood why Melody had requested that I stay by the young master's side more often, and I was very happy to comply with this arrangement. Therefore, unless the young master had fallen asleep, I would certainly not leave him. At the same time, before five in the morning, I would definitely return to send the young master out of the door for his morning run.

Nevertheless, the young master still appeared to become even more and more depressed.

And so, when they listened to the television broadcast the news of the citizens' protest, everyone's expression looked as if they had some deep hatred for the television. If the young master was not present, I fear Dell would have already rushed up to smash the television.

Usually, the young master would have to go to school. The moment they saw the young master exit, everyone would heave a huge sigh of relief. If he went to school, at least he would not watch the television any longer.

However, when the weekend arrived, the young master did not go out. After returning from his morning run, he sat in his workshop to modify guns.

As for everyone else, because the young master no longer went out to be a hero anymore, they were not needed to watch the surveillance monitors. As a result, everyone could only sit in the living room. It looked as if everyone had something to do, but in fact, Mr. Bramble had already flipped through his newspapers three times. Although Dell's eyes were watching the television, the television was currently broadcasting a channel about the country's geography, and this was a program that he would never watch. May was doing yoga until he was perspiring excessively, because he had already done three hours of yoga.

Although everyone looked as if they badly wanted to rush out of the door, and the atmosphere inside was indeed heavy, no one had any ideas about what to do. Even Dell, after laughing awkwardly alone when he tried joking several times, had given up on lightening the heavy atmosphere that filled the room.

At that moment, the door bell rang. It was as if everyone had just woken up from a big dream. They rapidly put aside the things at hand and looked toward the door. I walked to the door and pressed the screen beside it. However, I saw someone I did not expect and promptly opened the door for her.

"Good morning, Charles-gēge!"

A girl yelled with vigor as she hopped in.

I smiled as I greeted her, "Good morning, Briar."

The moment Briar entered, she walked around shouting, "Ah Ye-gēge? Ah Ye-gēge!"

With a single glance, she saw the young master sitting in the workshop and dashed toward him. At this moment, the young master also stopped modifying his gun and in one motion, hugged the girl who tackled him, laughing as he said, "Briar, you haven't come over in a long time."

"That's because I had exams in school before this! Aren't I here now?" Briar's eyes shone as she spoke. "And look, I also brought toast and cheese slices! Let's go make sandwiches now, and then later on we can go out to have a picnic, throw some Frisbees, fly kites, and do many many things!"

"Make sandwiches and have a picnic?" The young master looked rather interested and agreed readily, "Okay!"

In that moment, everyone sighed in relief, and one after another, gave Briar a grateful look.

Then, the young master and Briar held hands, one large and one small, as they headed for the kitchen. I hurriedly followed after them, but Briar made a motion to stop me, and shouted, "Charles-gēge cannot come and help! We want to make the sandwiches ourselves!"

I hesitated for a bit, and the young master chuckled, saying, "Charles,

you don't have to follow us."

"Understood."

I had no other choice but to stop walking and watch the young master and Briar enter the kitchen. Instead, I switched to steeping a new pot of tea for Mr. Bramble and while doing so, whispered to him, "Mr. Bramble, was it you who called for Briar?"

Mr. Bramble lowered his voice as he said, "It's that child herself who clamored to come. She had exams before this, so I didn't let her come. Now that the exams are over, of course I would let her come."

Is that so? Then why did the stall-keeper selling vegetables at the food market tell me that her daughter is having exams next week? I could not resist smiling.

As I made tea for Mr. Bramble, I turned my head several times to look toward the kitchen. I was truly feeling a bit uneasy. Even though they were only making sandwiches, ever since I started serving the young master, he had not even fried an egg.

While flipping through the newspapers for the fourth time, Mr. Bramble said offhandedly, "Butler, don't worry. That child, Briar, lost her mother when she was only three years old and started entering and exiting the kitchen when she was eight. Now she can even cook a table of different dishes."

So that explains it. I had always felt that Briar's actions seemed to be more mature than other children at the same age of twelve. So it

turned out to be because she had not had a mother since she was very young.

After roughly half an hour passed, the young master called for me, and I entered the kitchen. Initially, I believed that I would be seeing a mess, but unexpectedly, the kitchen had been tidied up and cleaned. Other than a few small bottles that had not been completely wiped clean, the rest of the area was not much different from usual.

The young master was carrying an entire tray of sandwiches. His eyes sparkled as he said, "Charles, we made these! I'll give you one."

I accepted the sandwich that the young master passed to me, and expressed my gratitude, "Thank you, Young Master."

"Charles-gēge, are there containers that we can put sandwiches and milk in?"

"There are."

I got out a lunch box for outdoor use from a cupboard and let the young master and Briar happily arrange the sandwiches inside. To their side, I took out a few insulated bottles. First, I packed two bottles of milk, and then I made some black tea and added ice cubes. This way, other than the young master who liked to drink milk, the others would have iced milk tea to drink as well.

If they wanted to have a picnic, then they would need a large sheet to spread out on the grass, napkins, wet wipes, a Frisbee, a ball... Ten minutes later, I had readied everything. Everyone's hands were

carrying things of varying sizes that were essential for a picnic. We were prepared to set off.

“Charles, you can go sleep! No need to follow us out.”

However, the young master turned back to look at me and said worriedly, “It’s daytime right now, and you can’t wear your traditional suit out, right? The sun would make you feel very uncomfortable, right?”

“It is no problem...”

Dell patted my shoulder. “Relax! ‘Older second brother,’ we, the ‘younger third brother,’ the ‘younger fourth brother,’ and even ‘Father’ are present. There is even an additional Briar-mèimei to accompany the young master. What else do you have to worry about?”

I was at a loss for words.

The young master chuckled quietly, but in contrast, Briar’s face was full of curiosity. She looked at Dell, then looked at Bramble, and asked in rapid succession, “What happened, what happened? Just what is it? Dell-gē!”

Dell squatted down and feigned sincerity as he said, “I’ll tell you what happened. Someone didn’t know how ‘young’ he looked, and still thought he could pretend to be someone else’s older brother. He nearly embarrassed himself!”

Briar still looked confused, but the young master laughed even harder.

"In that case," I bowed toward everyone as I said goodbye to them,
"Everyone, please take care."

Dell yelled in a fake voice, "Oh my! Mr. Butler is hurrying us!"

"Charles would not dare..."

"You're already hurrying us, yet you still say you aren't?"

I was speechless and did not know how I should respond.

"Okay, okay!" The young master patted Dell and chuckled, "Stop bullying Charles. Let's go have a picnic!"

"Young Master, it's clearly him who is hurrying me. How can you say that I'm bullying him?"

The young master laughed and picked up Briar. Then, he walked into the elevator, and both of them turned back to wave goodbye to me. I raised my hand and waved too. *It seems that the young master is more energetic now. That is really great.*

Legend of a Hero #7: In the City, the Hidden Hero

Gēge, don't worry about me anymore. I'm fine.

Everyone is working hard at consoling me... I really am fine.

Let's stop talking about that. Gēge, do you know? I found a part-time job. I'm going to be a model! The photographer is Luo Chu-gē, he's Luo Lun's elder brother! He...

...

I feel really worried about First Wind. He must feel so upset!



As expected, Briar had exams the following week. However, she still came over every day, even bringing along her textbooks so that she could study in the young master's home. Every day after school, she would sit in the young master's workshop. While the young master did his homework or modified his guns, she would also be doing her homework or studying. Whenever she came across anything she did not understand, she would turn to ask the young master, and the young master would answer all of her questions.

The atmosphere at home was no longer as heavy as before. Everyone, including Mr. Bramble and I, kept on shooting Briar grateful looks. Even when the news criticized heroes, Briar would be able to use numerous methods to divert the young master's attention, even managing to make him laugh out loud, not allowing him to hear the

criticism on TV at all.

Besides the matters at home, the two week deadline that my friend X had given me had also arrived.

Nevertheless, I still could not find a single trace of the werewolf. I could not even manage to contact X. This made me somewhat vexed, but I was also worried. I was angry at the complete lack of communication from X over these two weeks, as he did not even contact me at all, and worried over the fact that unlike me, X had a mile-long list of enemies. *Could he have gotten into some kind of trouble?*

No matter what, today is the last day of the allotted time. It seems like fulfilling X's request is impossible...

"Charles? Charles? What are you thinking about?"

I returned to my senses. Before me, the young man selling chicken was waving his hand in front of me. After seeing that I had refocused, he handed over a bag of chopped chicken meat with a smile and asked, "Making curry rice again?"

I hurriedly took the chicken and replied while paying him, "No, I am making chicken soup."

"Chicken soup? I really should have some of that, especially now."

The chicken merchant and I were both startled. I turned around, mouth opening. "Mr. Yue Gang? What are you doing here again?"

Yue Gang rolled his eyes at me and said unhappily, "There's no need

to be so direct even if you don't want me here!"

Ah... I hurriedly apologized. "That was awfully disrespectful of me. I did not mean it like that. Please forgive me..."

"Okay!" Yue Gang said bluntly. "Treat me to afternoon tea, and I'll forgive you."

Although I was very confused as to why I had to treat a policeman that I had only met once before to afternoon tea, I was the one who had spoken so rudely. As long as the request he made was not too preposterous, I would not reject it.

So, carrying my groceries, I went with Yue Gang to a fast food restaurant to eat.

Yue Gang helped himself to a "Family Meal" without holding back. I politely explained that I did not want to eat anything, but he determinedly said that he would not give me anything anyway — the whole meal was his.

Once he got his meal, Yue Gang immediately started eating it, as though this was his first meal in days. Seeing this, I felt bewildered. *No one is fighting him for it, so why must he eat in such a hurry?*

After a long time, Yue Gang finally slowed down and said, "Tch! A little while longer and I would have starved to death."

I smiled politely. *Really, could this man exaggerate any more than this?*

Yue Gang eyed me and said, "You don't believe me? I've only eaten a loaf of white bread over the past three days!"

I was speechless and asked, "Why is that so?"

Yue Gang said "For this" and then retrieved something that looked like a product catalog and tossed it to me.

It really was a product catalog. I flipped through it casually. Everything listed in it was military equipment, like infrared binoculars, heat detectors, different types of bulletproof clothing, and even multiple types of guns.

I lifted my head to look at Yue Gang. The latter made a "Tch" noise and explained, "The criminals now are so vicious, the equipment given to us by the higher-ups aren't even powerful enough to defend ourselves with! If we don't buy things to use, then when we're on an assignment, we can only hide somewhere far away."

And Mr. Yue Gang was obviously not the type to willingly hide far away.

"All those things are so expensive." Yue Gang sighed. "Although they did save my life several times over, they almost cost me my life too. There's still more than a week left until payday at the start of the month. I don't have enough money to eat... How about it?"

"What is it?" I asked, confused.

Yue Gang looked at me longingly. "Let me take away an extra meal,

yeah? You wouldn't just sit by and watch a good policeman die of hunger, right? Just let me take away another family meal. Then, I can heat a piece of fried chicken each day. Like this, I can last until next week."

"Even if you heat up the food from here, it will still taste horrible."

"It's still better than dying of hunger," Yue Gang mumbled.

I smiled and said, "That market from earlier has a noodle stall. Just go and order whatever you want to eat and use my name for your tab. You can go over and pay it back once you receive your salary."

Yue Gang was happily surprised and cried aloud, "My good brother!" I forced a smile. "Forgive my rudeness, but I have to ask, did you come to the market to look for me because you had no money to eat and wanted me to treat you? Why did you not look for someone more familiar to you? If I recall correctly, we have only met once before."

"Everyone else I know around me is a cop. How can I ask them?"

Yue Gang must have noticed my confused expression. He went on to explain in more detail. "Even those cops that hide the farthest away from trouble don't dare to skip out on buying something extra. If not, their family would be taking compensation payment already. In this occupation, the salary looks great at first glance; however, the amount that's needed to buy equipment is even greater! No one can avoid buying some more equipment to protect their lives. The worst part is that technology is improving so rapidly. The policemen have just started using the latest bulletproof clothes, but the criminals have

already bought better guns. So we can only use our own salaries to buy newer bulletproof clothes... This is a black hole! It's only allowing those business people to earn tons of money."

I nodded my head.

Yue Gang sighed again and complained, "That's why! All of us cops are in a tough situation, especially those that are already married with kids. They aren't willing to use the money to buy the equipment, and so they're actually the ones whose families end up collecting compensation payment the most."

At this, he suddenly made a dissatisfied expression and grumbled unhappily, "Actually, now that I think about it, heroes aren't that bad. After those Four Great Heroes appeared, the number of brothers that have had to take compensation payments has really gone down."

He turned to me, like he was asking a question to himself but also to me. "Hey, when do you think those damn heroes will appear again? It can't be that they ran away just because they got criticized, right? Can they even still be considered heroes like that?"

I could not help refuting him. "Heroes are normal people as well. They would also feel upset and hurt."

"Upset? We cops are losing brothers every day! You think we're not upset? This is why I don't like heroes! They aren't dutiful enough, aren't professional enough! They can just choose to leave whenever they want to! We cops don't work like that. But even though we work ourselves to death, everyone thinks that in this city the heroes are the

ones who take care of things, while the cops are there to clean up the aftermath!

"I'll tell you, bro, that not a single cop likes heroes!"

Yue Gang smacked the table and roared, "But the worst damned thing is, after the heroes disappeared, the daily number of cases jumped by at least five times. The police force is not large enough to handle everything!"

I stared pityingly at Yue Gang. The latter actually had no idea about the real situation. It was not just that the police force was not sufficient enough. The police force was actually also not strong enough. Against those criminals with modified bodies, most of the policemen would definitely be powerless to capture them.

Not to mention, there were also many non-humans in the city. Heroes may more or less be able to scare off "non-humans," but the police force would not even be on the non-humans' radar. Among major criminal cases, there was probably quite a number that were committed by "released" non-humans being reckless.

It is because of those criminals that are non-humans or modified humans, so powerful that normal people cannot fight against them, that heroes who are similarly not like normal people were born, right? After a long moment, Yue Gang's bored voice floated over. "Do you think those Four Heroes will ever come out again?"

"I do not know either," I could only reply honestly. There was, after all, no way that I could know what Solitary Butterfly, First Wind, and Dragon Peace were thinking of. When it came down to it, I was even

unsure of what the young master was thinking.

Would the young master still be willing to appear in the public as Dark Sun?

Before, I would have been absolutely sure. But since Briar arrived, the young master seemed to be fully adjusted to using the free time he had while not being a hero. *Maybe he has no intention to be a hero again?*

After all, being a hero was probably the most arduous and least rewarding occupation there was.

Yue Gang wiped his mouth, stood up, and said, "I've got to get back to work! Good bro, when I get my salary, I will treat you!"

"You are welcome." I smiled and nodded.



After dinner, the young master told me that Ji Luo Chu had called, informing him that there were a number of clients that wanted the young master to be their model, and so he had asked him if he was available tonight to take some photos.

Hearing this news, I smiled and said, "It seems like First Wind is fine."

"That's right!" The young master nodded, a happy look on his face.

"Too bad we can't ask him about Dragon Peace!"

I contemplated this. "We might be able to try broaching the subject from a different angle."

The young master stared at me curiously. I smiled and said, "Young Master, when the time comes, please allow me to do the questioning."

"Okay!"

The young master opened the workshop, calling out while walking in,

"DSII, it's time to leave!"

"Hooray!"

In the workshop, the motorcycle that had been locked up for far too long let loose an ecstatic cry.

"Can I go over the speed limit? Ah Ye, let me go over once, just once! I've been locked up for so long..."

The young master had a troubled look on his face. But under DSII's pleading, he gave in very quickly and said, "Okay!"

... Maybe I ought not to be so old-fashioned. Driving without a license is hardly that big of a deal. It is probably best if I take the other bike?

"The other one? That's fine!" The young master hesitated and asked,

"But it's a manual transmission bike! Charles, do you know how to drive one?"

“No...”

The young master smiled and said, “Never mind. I’ll let you ride DSII, and I’ll take the manual transmission bike.”

“Young Master, I ask of you to please give me a lift!”



When I got down from the bike, I suddenly had no idea whether I ought to feel thankful or upset... I seemed to have adjusted to DSII’s habit of speeding. He had been accelerating throughout the whole journey, yet I had had no urge to jump off.

Nevertheless, the moment the bike stopped, I could not get down from it fast enough.

I looked up at the skyscraper, my first time seeing Ji Luo Chu’s studio. The young master had already come by once, so he entered the building with practiced ease, got into the elevator, and made his way up to the studio on the thirteenth floor.

The moment I stepped inside, my attention landed on a gigantic photograph. The subject of the photograph was the young master. He was dressed in a simple outfit of pale yellow, both of his legs were extended straight, and he was sitting on a cloud of pure white cotton. He had his arms stretched upwards, as if he was yawning. There was a cheeky smile on his face.

“How does it feel?”

I turned. Ji Luo Chu was already standing beside me. I hurriedly greeted him. "Mr. Ji, hello."

Ji Luo Chu laughed. "Call me Luo Chu or Ah Chu. Both are fine."

I smiled and replied, "As you wish then, Luo Chu."

Ji Luo Chu gestured to the photograph on the wall. "This is an advertisement for cotton. Afterwards, when I send it over to the client, I will add on captions and the rest. Ah Ye, what do you think?"

"It looks great!" The young master seemed to like it very much. I thought the same. The picture completely captured the young master's innocent purity.

"My god!" Ji Luo Chu cried aloud, "I'm satisfied, my boss is satisfied, my client is satisfied, my model and his butler are satisfied... God! This may be the first time since I've become a photographer that I could satisfy so many people at once. Great! Now we have to satisfy even more people. Ah Ye, come on over for some more pictures."

When Ji Luo Chu pulled the young master away, another person walked to my side. I immediately greeted him. "Hello."

"You're Ah Ye's butler Charles?" The person said casually. "You can call me Ah Da."

Ah Da? As in Lao Da for Boss? I went "ah" for a moment and said, "Sir, are you the boss that Luo Chu mentioned?"

Ah Da laughed aloud. "Why are you using 'Sir'? My name has a 'Da,' so Ah Chu likes calling me Boss, Lao Da.¹ We're actually partners! Ah Chu is in charge of photography, while I'm in charge of design. We were university classmates, and then we started this studio."

"I see." Even though I said this, I had trouble believing it. Ah Da had sideburns and stubble, and he looked a great deal older than First Wind.

"Let's go over too!" Ah Da patted my shoulder and said, "Sometimes watching the photography session also gives me some ideas for the design stage."

When we walked in, the young master had changed into a white outfit and stood before a white background with white feathers on him and the floor.

Paired with the young master's silver hair, this scene ought to be a monotonous white, but it actually was not. I could see that there were different shades of white, so it did not feel plain at all. After some scrutinizing, I noticed that the items were not all white but rather varying shades of blue-gray. Because the blue-gray was very pale, it made me think everything was white at first glance.

Ah Da explained to me, "This is a series of advertisements on jewelry. The theme is angels."

"Ah Ye, come over here!"

The young master heeded the call and walked over to Ji Luo Chu. The latter hooked a necklace on his head, the pendant hanging right in the middle of his forehead. It was... an angel.

A round gem and a teardrop-shaped light blue gem formed the angel's head and body, with two silver wings spreading from it. Even though it was supposed to be a girl's accessory, it truly fit the young master rather well. *Maybe when the accessory is out on the market, I should purchase a set to place at home.*

After putting on the accessory, Ji Luo Chu led the young master to the ball of feathers and then walked back and positioned himself behind the camera that was placed on a tripod.

"Okay, I'm starting!"

The young master nodded his head and smiled.

"Excellent!" Ji Luo Chu pressed down on the shutter and said, "Ah Ye, smile a bit more brightly, like how you did last time, and then walk about a bit or give a twirl."

The young master beamed and wandered around, looking completely natural, not at all stiff. *The young master is really suited to be a model.*

"Smile a bit happier!"

After a number of shots, Ji Luo Chu lifted his head and smiled lightly,

"You don't seem that happy today, Ah Ye?"

The young master stopped dead in his tracks and hesitated before he nodded.

"I just knew it. Your smile didn't seem as bright as before. But chin up! Think of some happy things."

After that, he took some more pictures but then stopped and mumbled, "This isn't working," with a troubled look on his face... Finally, he turned to Ah Da and asked, "Boss, why don't we interpret it in another way? Since it's an advertisement for jewelry, we don't necessarily need a happy look right?"

Ah Da shrugged his shoulders and said, "The photography is your work, so as long as you like it, it's fine. I've always told you..."

"How I take it doesn't matter, the most important thing is taking a good picture... Got it! You've said that about a thousand times by now, right?"

Ji Luo Chu said this with a helpless look. Ah Da rolled his eyes at him. Then, Ji Luo Chu went to stand behind the camera again and told the young master, "Since you can't smile, then, Ah Ye, is there anything that's upsetting you? Can you think of the saddest thing that has happened to you?"

The young master stilled and asked, unsure, "The saddest thing?"

"Yeah, the saddest event you can think of."

The young master looked a little unsure at first, but not long after, he seemed to have immersed himself in his memories, and his expression started drooping in sadness. It was actually just a sliver of grief, hinted at from his slightly teary eyes, the minute pinching of his lips, the faint frowning of his brows. The dejection was only hinted at... However, a sorrowful atmosphere started spreading. Even Ah Da, who was watching from the side lines, slowly lost his smile.

Speaking of which, the young master rarely directly displayed his sorrow. He always suppressed it, but he could not stop his actions from revealing it. Like now, when the public was blaming the heroes, although the young master neither cried nor complained before Briar came, the apartment had had a heavy atmosphere that was impossible to lift, making it difficult to breathe.

His continually suppressed grief was far heavier than cries and screams.

Finally, a lone tear slid from the young master's eyes...

Seeing this, Ji Luo Chu hurriedly detached the camera from his stand and stood close to the young master, taking pictures from every close-up angle possible. It was a long moment before the clicks of the shutter ceased sounding.

"Excellent, we'll change the name of this series to 'Tears of an Angel!'" Lao Da gave a thumbs up and yelled aloud, "I haven't even seen the pictures, but I know the client will definitely love this! Ah Ye, you really are a natural model. No matter whether you're smiling or sad, you look great! Ah Chu, you really found a treasure."

"I didn't find him. Looks like I have to treat Luo Lun to a good meal. Ah Ye?"

The young master was still standing in the same place. Ji Luo Chu called his name softly. Only then did the young master give a jump and return to his senses to look at him.

"Really, did you think of something?" Ji Luo Chu reached out and patted the young master's hair and scolded lightly, "Young people shouldn't be so melancholic, come on, smile!"

The young master smiled, but it looked a little forced.

Ji Luo Chu patted his shoulders and said, "Take a break first. We have another set to go through after. Wipe your tears, and then change into the next outfit!"

The young master obediently entered the changing room. Ji Luo Chu and Ah Da started discussing the design.

After a moment, young master walked toward me wearing a fancier than usual school uniform. As he walked over to the table I was at, I hurriedly pulled out a chair for him.

While pouring milk for him, I asked curiously, "What was the saddest event in Young Master's life?"

The young master looked at me, hesitated, and then said helplessly, "There are too many of them. I don't know which one is the saddest. It

could be being locked up for seven years and having to continuously undergo operations and rehabilitations. It might be killing Father with my own hands. It could also be almost being replaced by my own clone and never being able to see Gēge again... All of these are so depressing, but I don't know which one is the worst."

My eyes widened, and I very rudely stared right at the young master.

"It's a terrible past, isn't it?" The young master smiled lightly. "That's why I've said that none of you need to be worried about the current criticism on TV. It doesn't bother me all that much, really! Compared to what has happened before, it's really nothing... So, ask Bramble-shū not to let Briar come over every day. She wants to play with her own friends too, right?"

Being locked up for seven years, killing his own father, and being replaced by his own clone... This sort of past can no longer be described as "terrible," but the most terrible thing is that I actually made a rude expression.

Dear father! When can I become a qualified butler that never lets his own emotions affect his master?

"Charles."

"Yes?" I smoothed out my expression. No matter what the young master wanted to tell me, I definitely would not show any expression!

"The milk is overflowing..."

I looked down. The glass was already full of milk, and it was even flowing over the rim, spreading around the table... *Oh no!* I hurriedly put down the thermos, taking out my cleaning rag that I always brought around, and started wiping the table.

The young master's clear laughter sounded in my ears. Highly embarrassed, I straightened up after wiping the table. Then I heard, "Done!"

Done? What is done? I turned and then noticed the camera in Ji Luo Chu's hands. It seemed that he had been taking pictures for quite a while.

"My pictures are done!" Ji Luo Chu smiled.

Off to the side, Ah Da laughed boisterously. "You still don't know this brat? His favorite thing to do is to take candid photos! He has already taken pictures of Ah Ye beaming brightly just now."

The young master asked, interested, "Then, the photo shoot is done?" "Mmm!" Ji Luo Chu said, satisfied. "You already showed your most beautiful smile today; there's definitely no way that I can take any other pictures better than that. So we're done for the day!"

I hurriedly said, "We are done? Then, do you want some tea? I will boil water immediately."

"Mr. Butler must be in a hurry to wipe away his embarrassment over the spilled milk, huh?" Ji Luo Chu grinned. "Of course, please put a pot on for us."

When I returned with the tea, everyone was sitting around a table and watching the television. The screen was showing the news. Everyone had a serious look on their faces. Something major must have happened.

I put down the tea and poured a cup for everyone. Only then did I relax enough to pay attention to the news. I did have some guesses though. Another criminal was probably at it again.

As expected, the television was airing a news report on a criminal kidnapping two university students. The kidnapper had abducted both girls to a rooftop and then stayed there, not allowing anyone to come close.

The news scene changed from a ground view to an aerial one. The kidnapper's face was clear as day. He spoke coolly to the people, "After three hours, if no heroes appear, they will die. If any of you or the cops come closer, they will both die immediately, and I will continue to capture more hostages."

Following this, the news report focused on the earlier scenes of trying to catch up to the kidnapper. Some of the footage was clear enough to identify the two university students' faces. The young master immediately cried out, "It's Ingrid and Judy!"

"Ingrid and Judy?" Perplexed, Ji Luo Chu turned to ask, "Do you know them?"

The young master replied hollowly, "They're my classmates..."

Hearing this, Ji Luo Chu's face twisted. Finally, he gritted out, "I'm going out to buy a late night snack!"

"Hahaha!" Lao Da laughed awkwardly. "That guy is always like that. Whenever he craves something, he'll immediately go out and buy it. Don't think too much about it! About that... I need the bathroom. Help yourselves to anything!"

After he finished speaking, he ran off as well.

When only the young master and I were left, the young master stared at the news and considered this. "Again in the west side? I may be mistaken. They're not after heroes. Their true target is only First Wind!" No matter if it is Ingrid, Judy, or even First Wind that is the target, all of these shocking pieces of news were unable to affect me. I could only stare at the kidnapper on the screen.

The young master asked slowly, "Charles, that kidnapper couldn't be a vampire, could he? He's wearing an old-fashioned suit that resembles yours..."

I nodded. The kidnapper was a non-human and a vampire, in addition to being...

X!

X, what exactly are you doing?

Footnotes

¹ **Ah Da:** Ah Da's name is simply given to us as Ah Da, 阿大. Da means "big" while "ah" is just something you can put in front of someone's name to make a nickname (such as Ah Ye). Luo Chu likes to call him "Lao Da" (老大). He swaps "ah" for "lao" which means old. The combination of these two characters "lao" + "da" now makes it mean "boss."

Legend of a Hero #8: Voice by Voice, the Hero Hears the Prayers

Gēge, today I remembered something from the past, something upsetting.

However, I also suddenly discovered that compared to the past, I now have Gēge, Bàba, Charles, Bramble-shū, Briar, Dell... and many, many more!

I suddenly realized that, compared to the past, the current me has so much, so very much!



The young master looked shocked as he exclaimed, "The kidnapper is your friend who requested your help in finding someone?"

"Yes. His name is E.X. He is also a vampire like me. We have known each other for close to a hundred years. At one point in time, he was my father's employer."

I told the young master in full detail about X. After all, I was completely in the dark as to what had happened to X, and was even more unsure as to where to begin helping him. If the young master was available to help ponder over things, I believed it would be much more efficient.

The young master frowned and asked, "Then, according to your understanding of him, is he a vampire that would randomly hurt humans?"

“Definitely not.” I was extremely firm with my answer. “X dislikes killing people even more than I do. Though he would always say that he does not care whether humans live or die, I have yet to see him kill any humans.”

“No matter what’s happening, we still better go over and take a look.” The young master said with concern, “I’m a bit worried about Luo Chugē. The person who is out hunting heroes seems to be targeting him. I’m going to fly straight over immediately. Charles, take DSII and meet me there!”

After I gave a nod of my head, the young master dashed out of the studio with quick movements. As for me, I walked to the other side of the studio. There was a long clothing rack there, with an entire row of clothes hung on it. The clothes were probably meant for the models to change into. I promptly picked out a black coat and a black opera mask. Only after putting them on did I head downstairs to look for DSII.

I had a premonition that I might be forced to get involved. However, I definitely did not wish for my interference to be spread throughout the media, for the whole world to see... If that happened, then I was afraid I would never be able to go to the market to buy groceries ever again.

When I jumped onboard DSII, I told him, “DSII, full speed ahead!”

“... Charles, are you broken? Do you want me to call Daddy An Te Qi to help you fix yourself?”

“I am not broken. Please go full speed ahead.”

"My full speed exceeds five hundred kilometers an hour, though?"

"My apologies, then please go at half speed ahead..."



While DSII was advancing forward at half speed, the mobile phone I had on me started ringing. With some difficulty, I received the call. Immediately, I heard Melody's stern voice. "Charles! You told the young master that the vampire's name is called E.X... Is it truly him?"

"Indeed it is."

Melody's voice was laden with disbelief as she said, "E.X? I really didn't think that you, as a meek and obedient vampire, would actually know that kind of dangerous fellow... E.X is the mortal enemy of the 'Church'! The Church has pursued him for at least a thousand years!"

"I know. That is why X has no reason to cause such a big incident, since the Church might go and capture him at any moment. He must have gotten into some trouble..."

"Even if he did, it's not anything that you would be able to handle!" Melody roared. "Go and bring the young master back, and don't get involved with this kind of business. E.X is a famous vampire that is at least a thousand years old. This is not something that you can get involved in, and don't let the young master get involved in it, either. If something were to happen to the young master, then what would we do? The master would definitely grind all our bones to dust!"

I felt a little at a loss as to what to do. Thus, I only stated, "I am afraid the young master will not be coming home, for the captured hostages are his classmates..."

"Damn it!" Melody cursed, and then hung up.

I stared at the phone, and felt even more worried in my heart. I knew that E.X was the mortal enemy of the Church.

Initially, it was for the sake of avoiding the Church that he had hurriedly left by himself. He had not even had time to fire the servants in his ancient castle. In the end, it was my honorable father who saw that the master probably would not be returning, and thus he decided to take matters into his own hands. He sold some of the unimportant antiques around the place, and then gave out dismissal payments to all of the servants. He then locked up the entire castle and hired a trustworthy person to look after the place. He would then regularly hire a cleaning company to tidy up the place once a year.

Following that, I met with E.X several times. After he heard of what my honorable father had done, he was extremely satisfied. In the end, he even gave the entire castle with all of its contents to me.

Therefore, he must have gotten into big trouble to display such strange behavior. *How can I not go see him?*

"Charles, we'll be at our destination once we go down this street! Do you want me to take you straight to the bottom of the building, or do you want to sneak over?"

"Getting off here will be fine."

DSII stopped, and I got off the bike. I looked at the target building. Though the ominous feeling in my heart grew stronger, I had no choice but to advance forward...

From behind me, I heard DSII shout, "Charles!"

Can it be that the young master has sent news? I paused in my tracks, and turned around with a heavy feeling. I asked, "Yes?"

"If Dragon Peace is there, remember to help me get an autograph!"

"... I will do my best."



After leaping onto the wall, I tried to let myself blend into the night. I jumped across the buildings without a sound, and after finding the target building, I dashed and leaped to the rooftop. Afterwards, I stood on the edge of the building without moving. I knew very clearly that this was the limit. If I were to close in by even a step, I would definitely be discovered by X. If that was so, he might perhaps kill Ingrid and Judy without caring, and then go and capture new hostages.

On the roof, the two girls lay on the floor, unconscious. The kidnapper was standing on the edge of the building that was the farthest away from me. The cape that he wore on his body whipped about wildly in the night wind. However, even though the cape covered most of his figure, I could still recognize him.

I gave a light sigh, and said, "It truly is you, X."

He froze and turned around. At the same time, his long nails pressed against the neck of one of the girls, Ingrid.

Seeing that, I instantly removed my mask so that he could clearly see my face.

X looked relieved, and he released his long nails. He said, "So it is you, Endelis."

"X ... Why are you doing such a thing?"

He fell silent for a long time before he answered. "I am looking for Cornell."

"I know." I felt a little puzzled. *What relation does that have with capturing the two girls?*

"Someone knows the whereabouts of Cornell, but wants me to do him a small favor before he is willing to reveal it to me."

"What exactly does he want your help with?" I felt a bit bewildered as I asked, "He wants you to seize two girls?"

X indifferently replied, "No, he asked me to kill First Wind."

The young master has gotten it right again. The recent hunts are targeted at First Wind! I was a little stunned as I asked, "Then, you are truly going to kill First Wind?"

X's expression suddenly became ferocious. With a crazed expression, he roared at me, "I am truly going to kill Cornell! I don't care anymore about whoever dies in the process. Endelis, you can help me, or you can silently walk away. However, if you wish to hinder me, I will kill you along with him!"

"X?!" I exclaimed with some disbelief.

X was the first vampire that I had come into contact with. The usage of my blood ability was practically all taught to me by him, and he was simply like my second father or a brother... *And someone like that would actually want to kill me?*

Hearing my shout, X's expression gradually calmed down. He gave a straightforward apology. "I'm sorry, did I scare you? I really am feeling a bit impatient. I have been searching for Cornell for so long already..."

Seeing how he was not as agitated anymore, I too quickly calmed down. I continued to ask questions. "You are looking for Cornell, but it is so that you can kill him? He is your enemy?"

X nodded his head, and then added, "I have a deep-seated grudge for him!"

I had a multitude of questions, but it was probably not the best time for asking questions at the moment. I vaguely heard the shouts of people yelling "First Wind" from below. The voices sounded extremely excited, so perhaps First Wind had finally arrived.

I could only pick the most crucial question to ask. "Except for First Wind, you would not kill any others, right?"

X probably had also heard the commotion coming from below. He furrowed his brows, and quickly said, "If they don't hinder me."

Hearing such a reply, I too furrowed my brows. I could only request, "Please do not kill Dark Sun. No matter what, please do not kill him." X appeared to be a little surprised. Looking at me, his expression seemed to soften without him knowing it. He inquired, "He is your employer?"

"Yes." As things had already reached this stage, I had no other option but to admit it.

X smiled, and continued his questioning, "Then, is he a good master?"

Finally seeing a familiar smile, I too followed suit and smiled. I answered, "Yes, he is a good master."

"Congratulations." X gave a faint smile as he said, "Originally, I didn't have any kind of hope for your butler career. To think that you really managed to find a good master."

"I know, you have always advised me to switch careers," I replied with a smile. Calling it by the word "advise" was really too tame. Basically, X had used methods like hitting me while scolding, "Being a vampire who idles about is still stronger than being a butler" to "advise" me not to be a butler.

Abruptly, X said, "But perhaps if I killed him, it would be beneficial for you. If the only good master you've ever had died, you would probably give up on the butler profession."

Hearing that, I felt shocked, and stared at him. However, I could not tell whether he was merely joking, or possibly speaking the truth... Perhaps he meant it! X had never been too fond of joking, and no matter if it were words or actions, he had always been upfront.

"Please do not kill him," I tried to protest.

However, he did not react at all, and merely continued to look at me with a smile. This made me feel even more apprehensive. *He may truly raise his hand against the young master!*

I extended my nails, and slightly showed my white fangs. With a low growl like that of a warning, I stated, "E.X. I warn you, you are definitely not allowed to kill the young master!"

However, an even bigger smile appeared on his face. Following that, he actually used a tone of praise to commend, "This is more like it."

Hearing that, I truly felt a little helpless. X had all along felt that I was too weak, and would always try to think of some way to try and enrage me. Every time I was angered enough to raise my hand against him, he would instead be very happy.

At this moment, he suddenly tilted his head slightly to pay attention to the situation below. Then, he told me, "Endelis, put on your mask and

silently stand to one side. No matter what, do not interfere... I will try not to hurt Dark Sun as much as possible.”

After receiving his promise, I then heaved a sigh of relief. X had always kept his promises. Since he had said so, then he would not kill the young master.

I put on my mask, and walked to the base of a water tower. I wrapped the black coat around me even tighter and made the best use of the darkness to hide my own figure. Right after I hid myself, the door to the rooftop was pushed open. The rusted metal door made an awful sound of resistance, and then banged against the wall.

A shadow walked into my field of vision. He was also wearing an old suit, but it was instead white in color. By chance, he happened to contrast with X who stood opposite him. Even with similar attire, and even similar body shapes, the two of them emitted entirely different auras. It was like seeing day and night.

Though he had his back facing me, and I was unable to see his face, I simply did not know who else other than First Wind would come to this sort of place at this exact moment in a white suit.

First Wind walked to a distance approximately five meters away from X, and X too took a few steps back, to the side of the two unconscious females. Seeing the situation, First Wind immediately paused in his tracks, and merely shouted loudly, “I am here, let them go.”

X glanced indifferently at him several times, as though he was confirming whether he was First Wind in the flesh. Finally, once he

sensed nothing amiss, he said, "Once you are dead, I will let them go."

Hearing that, First Wind seemed to hesitate for a moment before he said, "If you attack me, I will retaliate, no matter whether or not you threaten me with the lives of these two girls."

"Then retaliate. I do not mind. They are only here to lure you out as well as to ensure that you will not escape," X said frankly. "Unless you escape, the two of them will definitely not be killed."

Hearing that, First Wind seemed to be stunned for a moment once again. He questioned, "Are you unrelated to the previous batch of people?"

"I guess I am somewhat connected. After all, I can be considered someone they hired." X advanced forward a few steps, seemingly impatient with the pointless questions. His tone turned cold as he stated, "Do not ask any more questions. I am going to attack you. If you do not resist, I will give you a painless death. If you resist..."

"What if I resist?" First Wind icily interrupted his words.

X instead broke into a smile as he answered, "I will give you the respect you deserve, and let you die like a hero. On top of that, I will release the two girls."

"Very well," First Wind gave a growl, and then said, "Then, I too promise that I definitely will give you a fair judgment."

X began to laugh quietly, and as he laughed, his laughter increased in

volume. In the end, it turned into roaring laughter. As he laughed, he said, "How interesting. I haven't heard a human talk to me in such an arrogant tone for a very long time. Seeing how you are roughly a thousand years or so younger than me, I will not bully you. So, I'll let you draw your weapon first!"

First Wind pulled out something that looked like a sword hilt. With a flick of his hand, a line of blue light appeared beside him and nimbly moved in the air, like a snake of blue light that had been brought to life and was currently joyful at being able to come out to play again.

"An energy whip? That is a pretty rare sight," commented X lightly. It appeared that X was underestimating the weapon. This made me feel a little uneasy, worrying that he might suffer a bit due to that... However, perhaps this might turn out for the better. Even though energy whips were very disadvantageous to vampires, as a thousand-year-old vampire, X probably would still not lose.

However, his belittling of the weapon should be able to allow First Wind to live a little longer, and following that... I abruptly felt uneasy. *Following that, what should be done?*

The young master should be arriving soon. He had flown over, so he should theoretically be faster than me. *However, why have I not seen him yet? And even if the young master comes, what can he do? Even the young master would stand no chance of beating X.*

First Wind would definitely die, and as for the girls or the young master who would be arriving shortly, they would not be sacrificed. That was what X had promised, and he would definitely keep his word.

Therefore, the scenario of only First Wind dying would be today's only conclusion, and the one with the least harm.

However, why does the best conclusion make one feel so awful?

Young Master, do you have any better solutions? No matter whether you have them or not, please come over quickly! Otherwise, things will come to an end soon... First Wind is going to die!

At that moment, X moved. With his speed, even I as a vampire could only catch a blurred shadow. He launched a very direct attack from the front. It seemed that he was intending to use direct attacks to fulfill his promise to "let First Wind die like a hero."

First Wind stepped back, and following that, he raised his modified left limb, starting to swing the energy whip at lightning speed. It was as though a web of blue light shrouded him around his body. By this point, X had already sprinted straight in front of him. Not only did the web of blue light envelop First Wind, at the same time it also protected him. X's figure slowed for a moment, and then with a stamp of his foot, he glided back to his original position in a flash. He had only just stabilized his footing when his cape was blown by the wind and then started to break into pieces. Upon closer inspection, I then realized that the borders around those pieces were all burnt.

X shot a glance at the scattered flying pieces, and his gaze returned to First Wind. He smiled as he said, "So it turns out, I seem to have underestimated you too much."

Though the first clash resulted in the total annihilation of X's cape,

First Wind looked very rigid and was completely void of the joy of having the upper hand. Moreover, he did not seize the opportunity to launch an attack.

I believed that he most likely understood that he would not be able to keep his advantage in the face of such speed.

X sized up First Wind in silence... In a split second, he abruptly disappeared.

First Wind was also very fast. In almost the same moment that X vanished, he raised his energy whip and used his light web to cover himself.

X forcibly stopped himself at the edge of the light web, perhaps only mere centimeters away from it. Then, with a large leap backwards, he stepped onto the water tower above me. After I heard a sound of metal being struck, he made use of the force to leap in a different direction. The direction that he headed toward was directly at First Wind's back!

Though First Wind's whip web was dense, I could see very clearly from my perspective that the web had a thinner defense at his back. Perhaps even I would be able to break through it, let alone X.

X extended his nails and turned his fingers into the shape of awls. He stabbed straight toward First Wind's back. If this stab were to succeed, I was afraid it would pierce all the way through First Wind's chest and create a gaping hole.

However, just as X was about to succeed, First Wind also took action. With a backward spin that could not be any more perfect, the place with the weakest defense momentarily became the place with the strongest defense. Though this motion of twisting to the back was extremely simple, I could not help but gasp in admiration in my heart due to First Wind's timing.

If he had been an instant later, he would have lost his life. If he had been any quicker, X would have been able to dodge in time.

However, First Wind had grasped the timing perfectly. X had just rushed within the range of the web of blue light, and then he turned around, forcing X to have no other choice but to instantly cover his face with both hands, and then fall back again.

At this moment, the positions that X and First Wind were standing in were exactly opposite to the start of the battle. X stood right in front of me, with his back toward me while First Wind stood further away, facing my direction. Even though First Wind wore a mask covering half of his face, I could tell that he was extremely tense.

X hugged his hands and roared several times. Only then did I notice that both of his sleeves had already been slashed to pieces. Though no blood flowed out, I did definitely smell the stench of blood. Moreover, it was the kind that only vampires had, blood with an especially strong smell of rust.

First Wind actually managed to injure X. He is a thousand-year-old vampire!

Seeing the situation, I suddenly felt a bit glad. I too had fought with First Wind before. Although my combat ability was a lot lower than X's, I had not been injured much. This was really all thanks to the special report that the young master wrote on energy weapons... No! When it all comes down to it, the one that I should truly thank is the young master's professor. After all, he was the one who had assigned this homework.

Thank you, honorable professor. I will definitely diligently read through all of the young master's written reports in the future.

Seeing the battle up to this point, I could tell that First Wind's strength was, as expected, really astonishing. *Though he had an advantage due to his type of weapon... No, I should not put it like that. To be able to use this kind of weapon so freely, it is likely that the amount of hard work that First Wind has put in is something that ordinary people would be unable to imagine?*

At this moment, I suddenly saw X's body freeze up. Simultaneously, I noticed the reason why he had frozen.

Behind First Wind's back, at the edge of the building, a large set of wings suddenly covered half of the sky. That was...

Dark Sun!

He has finally arrived!

He did not land, but merely flew past the building. However, I noticed that after flying past the building, he had picked up two additional

passengers in his hands, Ingrid and Judy!

I silently gave a cheer. The young master had probably already long since arrived on the scene, but had stayed hidden all along. He must have waited until X and First Wind had exchanged blows and coincidentally switched positions, and after deeming X to be far enough from the two girls to be unable to harm them, he then took the opportunity to rescue them.

X froze and could not help but let his thoughts slip, "Why are there wings?"

... Looks like X must not watch the news very often. Ever since the last time when the young master had rescued Briar and Solitary Butterfly, perhaps the entire world knew that Dark Sun was a winged hero who could fly.

However, why did the young master not rescue First Wind as well?

After I gave it some thought, I vaguely guessed that it was probably because the weight would be too heavy? Last time, after he had saved Solitary Butterfly and Briar, he had gone off to save the two policemen. At that time, it seemed that he was already pushing his limits, and when he landed, the sound of his impact was actually very loud.

Moreover, First Wind's left arm had been modified. He was probably even heavier than an ordinary man several times over.

At this moment, X indifferently told First Wind, "I was originally going to let you die like a hero. Looks like this promise is going to be

curtailed.”

Curtailed? X's words made me feel extremely uneasy. Can it be that he is going to use his blood ability? It cannot be! First Wind's weapon was exactly the type that would cause a huge waste of blood ability. With X's strength, he should not need to use his blood ability to be able to defeat First Wind. It was only a matter of time before he won the fight. Before I could finish thinking it through, X had already given me the answer. All over his body, traces of his blood appeared. As expected, he was going to use his blood ability. Moreover, his blood was... so thick that it was almost black!

First Wind was so shocked that his mouth fell slightly open. However, I believed that my expression should be pretty similar to his. *Blood ability this thick is something I have never seen!*

Perhaps, X really did not mind wasting his blood at all. After all, his blood ability was s-simply too shocking. Compared to his blood, any other vampire's blood ability would simply seem diluted.

The blood ability enveloped First Wind in an instant!

X really did not mind wasting his blood ability. Energy weapons were weapons that could completely evaporate one's blood. However, to use his blood ability to directly cover the energy whip's blue light was a horrifying waste of blood for vampires. For vampires whose generation numbers were a bit distant, they might even faint due to the sudden loss of blood.

First Wind let out a painful growl, and he tried even harder to swing

his energy whip around. He even ran to and fro trying to get rid of the blood. However, the blood ability followed him relentlessly.

Hearing his growls and seeing how he painfully struggled, I could not help but remember that this person was Ji Luo Chu, the photographer who had just taken the young master's photographs with a smile, and was also Luo Lun's brother...

On the other hand, the energy whip continued to evaporate large amounts of blood, and an awful burning smell was circulating. Even if it was X, he could not possibly be completely unaffected.

At this moment, X had his back facing me, and was only a few steps away. He was currently fully focused on using his blood ability to attack First Wind, and also in stopping First Wind from approaching too closely... If I used all my strength to attack his neck, he might faint from the blow and all of this would end momentarily.

This thought was so tempting. I could not help but move my foot forward...

"Don't move, Endelis." The person in front of me coldly gave a warning. "If you take another step, I will attack you as well."

I could not help but hesitate.

At this point, First Wind had collapsed on the ground, in a terrible shape. He painfully groaned again and again, but he seemed to have no more strength to continue his struggle. Though a large amount of blood ability surrounded him, I could still faintly smell blood belonging

to a human. I feared that he had already lost a great amount of blood, and was not far from death... *Young Master, why do you still not come? Young Master!*

I shut my eyes, unable to bear seeing what would happen to First Wind. However, once I closed them, I heard the sound of wind, just like... the sound of Dark Sun's wings flying through the skies!

I opened my eyes. Upon opening them, I was greeted with the sight of Dark Sun rushing in. He paused in the air for a moment, and after lowering his head to glance downwards, he immediately swooped down. His direction was precisely toward where X was standing. *Could the young master be trying to...*

Bam!

X fell backwards on his back. Due to the strength of the force, the roof cracked. Dark Sun raised a hand and dealt blows right and left. The punches landed on X's face, and I could even feel the impact of the fists striking his face.

Making use of the force of the dive to knock down X, and then once he was knocked dizzy, seizing the opportunity to keep striking his head with fists. This was indeed a relatively wise way of fighting, but...

The way Dark Sun looked while sitting on X's stomach and forcibly throwing punches, simply looked very much like two hooligans brawling...

Young Master! Could you fight a little more like a 'hero'?

Though this thought went through my mind, I discovered that I could not stop the corners of my lips from lifting... Ah! Now was not the time to laugh. Though Dark Sun had come to the rescue, First Wind still had a high possibility of bleeding to death.

I quickly rushed out from under the water tower to First Wind's side, and helped him up. Upon closer observation, his injuries were as expected, very severe. In his chest was a giant hole. However, he did not have any other wounds other than that.

X had still kept his promise to let First Wind die like a hero, and not as a pile of body parts.

However, with such a large wound, even if I wrapped it with a piece of cloth, it would probably be of no use... Suddenly, I was covered by a shadow. As I turned to look, I blurted out, "Young Master!"

Dark Sun did not answer me, but merely cut a large gash on his arm. Under my shocked gaze, he raised his arm to First Wind's chest and let a large amount of his blood drip into the hole.

Only after doing so did he explain to me, "My blood has very strong clotting effects and can help stop the bleeding."

"Then do use a little more!"

As the cold voice rang out, I saw the person at Dark Sun's back and exclaimed, "X!"

At the same time as a sound of impact rang out, Dark Sun spat out a mouthful of blood. However, following that, he immediately launched a counterattack. His elbow struck X's face, knocking the latter back several steps. X shook his head desperately. He seemed almost on the verge of losing consciousness because of that strike.

Dark Sun immediately followed that up by running forward and kicking him, aiming at X's abdomen. However, X leaped backwards to dodge the attack, simultaneously using his blood ability to completely protect himself.

X shook his head, and looked at Dark Sun. Full of suspicion, he asked, "Humans would not have such power. Your arm has been modified, hasn't it?"

However, Dark Sun did not answer him. He extended his nails, and his nails even had a faint trace of a silvery-gray that was the distinctive color of steel. It was even more threatening than a vampire's nails... Perhaps this was also a way of answering.

Seeing the situation, X's expression turned to one of astonishment as the question escaped his lips, "You are also a vampire?"

X's mind must be a little confused from the hit he just received? Even if he were a vampire, he would not have a set of steel nails.

Dark Sun finally opened his mouth to speak. "No, I am human."

X was speechless. However, I could understand his feelings very well. Though he was human, his back instead had a pair of wings growing

from it. Though he had already retracted them, I believed that X had already seen them very clearly. Afterwards, this winged human also showed a set of long nails belonging to that of a vampire... Dark Sun was even less like a human than a vampire was!

Seeing Dark Sun show his "weapon," the blood on X also turned thicker. He warned, "The only person I wish to deal with is First Wind. If you back down, no others will be harmed."

Dark Sun's reply was to raise his steel nails, dash right at him, and launch his attack without holding back.

Naturally, X would not sit and wait for his death. He used his blood ability to surround Dark Sun. Not only would the blood ability block Dark Sun's attack, it could even provide a counterattack. Moreover, humans would find it very hard to block a blood ability attack.

I lowered my head to look at First Wind's severe injuries and hesitated. However, I still did not go out and stop the battle. I believed that X would still keep his word, and would not let Dark Sun receive heavy injuries.

Suddenly, X gave a roar and abruptly retreated a large distance.

Seeing that, I simply did not understand what had just happened. X had evidently used his blood ability to surround Dark Sun, so why was it that it was X who had let out a roar of pain and even simultaneously retreated?

I looked toward Dark Sun in incomprehension, but discovered that the

short, silver hair that he had originally kept only long enough to cover his head, had extended to approximately his waist in an instant. Moreover, it was even floating in the air and emitting a strong silver light... This was definitely not light reflected from the moon.

Dark Sun's hair was truly glowing, just like- just like... Without realizing it, my eyes drifted to the energy whip that First Wind had dropped to the ground. By this time, the whip had already reverted back to its sword hilt state.

Looking at the energy whip on the ground, I could not help but recall that the young master had a mid-length hairstyle that covered his shoulders, while Dark Sun's hair was so short that it only covered his head. Moreover, his hair could not be dyed, but could glow... *Can it be that Dark Sun's hair is actually a type of energy weapon?!*

Then, has he just used an energy weapon to attack X?

I looked at Dark Sun's hair. If it was a kind of energy weapon that was thin like hair fibers, and in such large amounts, it would probably not be such a difficult task to be able to break through a blood ability's encirclement and attack a vampire's main body.

Glancing toward X, I saw that he looked really battered at the moment. A large expanse of hair had been singed black at the ends, and the bruises on his face were clearly visible. Even a large portion of the clothing on his shoulder had been burned. It looked like the main attack of Dark Sun's just now was focused on X's shoulder.

He took in a few deep breaths, and coldly said, "Just now, you claimed

to be human?”

Hearing that, I looked at Dark Sun. With a fairly odd smile, he pointed at his own hair and nails, saying, “Other than humans, what other race could make things with such a high level of technology?”

“That is true.”

X too smiled, but at the same time, his thick, black blood ability abruptly erupted. Like an explosion, it headed toward Dark Sun. Dark Sun was utterly caught off guard and was instantaneously sent flying. He fell off the roof, and continued to drop.

My expression changed radically, and I stood up.

“Young Master!”

Legend of a Hero #9: Conflict Arises, the Selfish Hero

Gēge, what is the line between humans and non-humans?

Nearly my entire body has been altered from top to bottom, filled with steel that normal people shouldn't have, and even made to hide energy weapons. Do I still count as a human?

It's okay, I'm not upset... After all, Charles and Melody both aren't human either! Luckily, I'm not the only non-human at home.

That's why, it doesn't matter anymore. It doesn't matter even if I am not human.



I rushed to the edge of the building and frantically looked down...

X slowly walked over, placing his hand on my shoulder. He sighed. "Don't blame me. Your young master is really far too powerful. I could only defeat him by doing this. Even though he's been thrown off the building, he probably won't die. He is strong!"

He really is... too strong. I lowered my head to look down and breathed a huge sigh of relief.

A figure jumped up in front of me, somersaulting in midair. He twisted his legs above his head, bracing himself with his hand on the ground. His body made another half-turn, right leg whipping right at X's head, as swift as a raging wind.

This time, it was X's turn to be caught off guard. He had no time to duck, and only managed to raise his left arm in time to block the kick. Although he did manage to raise his arm to protect his head, he could not block the power of the kick, so he was viciously sent flying by the kick and only just managed to avoid falling off the roof from the force. X slid several meters before finally regaining his balance. When he lowered his left arm, it was shaking nonstop; he looked rather injured. He raised his head and roared at Dark Sun, who was utterly unharmed, "What sort of a monster are you! Since you're so tenacious, fine! Let's try and find out – exactly which one of us won't die as easily, you or me!"

X? Has he lost his mind?

When this thought flashed by, I stared at X in alarm, who was hurtling toward Dark Sun. He grasped both his shoulders, and ignoring all attacks, single-mindedly shoved him backwards. Dark Sun had already been standing right at the edge of the building, so they had barely gone a few steps when both of them dropped off the edge.

I hurriedly looked down. This time, Dark Sun was not able to hold onto the building's wall again. He was exchanging attacks with X and fighting for the upper position in mid-air. Finally, both of them crashed to the ground with a loud bang. Following that, the crowd below also screamed.

Dark Sun had managed to stay above X in their grappling, and with him as a buffer, he looked like he had not suffered any injuries. The moment they landed, he fell on top of X's body, rolled several times to

the side, and immediately got up.

I was a bit worried for X, but he should not have any problems. He could use his blood ability to protect himself, so falling from a building would not hurt him much.

“Hurry! Take me down there to have a look.”

I flinched, turned around, and realized that First Wind had woken up.

Seeing him, only then did I remember that he was grievously injured, so we could not tarry. I hurriedly said, “Let me get an ambulance for you first.”

“That’s not necessary. I’ve already sprayed hemostatic, and am transfusing blood to myself.” He must have seen my surprised face. First Wind gave a sheepish smile and explained, “If a hero goes about without bringing some first aid supplies or medicine, he could very well die from his injuries.”

Hearing this, I felt relieved, and hurried over to help him up. First Wind looked at me and asked, “Are you on Dark Sun’s side, or are you on the vampire’s side?”

I smiled and purposely used the vampire’s hollow roar. “Do you not think it is a little too late for you to ask about this now?”

“I was only asking for fun.” First Wind shrugged his shoulders. Although he grimaced at the pain, he immediately smiled and said, “It’s rather hard to believe that your young master actually has a

vampire for a butler. But after giving it some thought, it is really rather appropriate. A young master who is a hero and a butler who is a vampire... It's hard to decide who is more unique between the two of you."

I stared at First Wind. *His words...*

"I heard you calling Dark Sun 'Young Master'." He continued quietly, "If I still could not guess that you and Dark Sun were Charles and An Xiang Ye, then I definitely would have to be a little too oblivious. I guess you two realized even earlier that I was Ji Luo Chu, right?"

I stared at First Wind, unsure of what to do. *What is to be done now that everything has been brought to light?*

First Wind laughed, but the laugh gave way to bloody coughs. I hurriedly patted his back.

When he stopped coughing, he raised his head and said, "I'll help keep your identities a secret, and both of you will do the same for my identity, deal?"

Of course it would be great if this whole matter could be dealt with just like that! But I looked at him, unsure if he would keep his promise. He smiled and said, "I won't even tell Luo Lun! Actually, I can't tell him even if I wanted to, he has absolutely no idea that I'm First Wind. His favorite hero is Dragon Peace, and he keeps on saying that First Wind is just a pretty face, that damned brat..."

I smiled as well. Before, I really had heard Luo Lun saying those exact

words. I did not hesitate any longer, agreeing immediately. "Deal."

"Let's go check up on your young master's condition!"

I nodded, picked up First Wind, and activated my blood ability. Then, I jumped off the building.



When I landed, I caught sight of DSII speeding straight toward Dark Sun. About ten meters away, the bike listed sideways, braking in an ear-piercing screech. Finally, the bike stopped at a distance of barely ten centimeters away from Dark Sun. All the while, Dark Sun had not even flinched.

At the scene, only deep breaths could be heard in the silence. X broke the silence with a disbelieving tone, "A bike?"

DSII's seat opened. Dark Sun reached within the space, pulled out two stick-like segments, and joined them to make a staff. Then, he removed from the half-moon shaped compartment by the side, a similar half-moon shaped blade. The blade's surface was large enough to be able to slice a person in half in a single stroke.

Could it be... the Death Scythe? The young master had used it before to lop off DSII's head.

Dark Sun locked the blade and staff together, and the Death Scythe emerged, far taller than even the average person. He lifted the huge scythe and stood silently where he was. However, he gave off a strangely heavy pressure. Gasps kept on sounding throughout the

surrounding crowd.

He said emotionlessly, "Leave. If you don't, then either you die, or I die!"

X however, laughed. His laughter was both sorrowful and strong. "If you could kill me, I might even feel grateful toward you!"

The moment the word "you" sounded, X's blood ability exploded greatly. He concentrated a huge amount of his blood on both hands and morphed them into a pair of gigantic, dense black, blood claws. Neither of them wasted any more words. They stared at each other... and kicked off at the same time, finally starting their head-on confrontation.

Two shadows flew across from opposing sides and met in the middle. The Death Scythe clashed against the pair of claws with a deep bang, as though serving as the opening gong for the impending battle...

They started fighting. X may have had an edge speed-wise, but Dark Sun seemed to be far more powerful, making up for the difference in their speed. The scythe's metallic sheen and the blood claws' dense black raged back and forth, both parties unyielding. Every time scythe met claw, dust and small stones would fly from the ground.

But it's a tarred road...

First Wind, still being supported by me, reverently breathed, "Good heavens, is this a battle between monsters?"

I fervently agreed. In all my one hundred fifty years, among all the battles between non-humans and humans, this duel was far more... far more like a battle between monsters!

Witnessing this duel, even the crowd who loved a good show kept on backing away. Even the reporters did not dare to go too near the two of them, and I myself could not help backing away a few steps.

First Wind praised me with a pale face, "Great idea! If I get hit again, I may really die."

Bang bang!

I froze. *What is this sound? Gunshots?*

Suddenly, X slipped and fell. Dark Sun took the opportunity to sprint forward, raising the Death Scythe up high, preparing to slash downwards...

I could no longer attend to First Wind. I loosened my hold and sped forward at the upper limits of my speed. Then, I spread my arms, putting myself between X and Dark Sun... the gigantic Death Scythe stopped just in front of my face. The wind from its swish even moved my hair.

Only then did I realize that I had broken out in a cold sweat. I looked straight at Dark Sun, unable to say a word for the longest time. Earlier, I had just begged X not to kill Dark Sun. Now, the situation was completely reversed.

“Young... Dark Sun, please do not kill him.”



We were on the street. Although it was night time, the moon was so bright it was as if it were a giant light bulb in the sky illuminating the entire world.

In the sky, the thunder of the helicopter’s propellers whirred incessantly. The crowd formed circle after circle around us, but no one made a single sound. They only stared silently.

Dark Sun stood right in front of me, wearing his usual red and black outfit. He carried the Death Scythe in his hands, whereas I was completely unarmed as I stood opposing him. More precisely, I was obstructing his path.

He opened his mouth slightly but did not say a single word. I could understand however, that the media was hurriedly taking pictures and video-taping not too far away. This equated to the whole world watching, so of course he could not say anything.

“Step aside,” he finally demanded, even though I believed that this was not what he really wanted to say the most.

I could only keep on pleading. “Please do not kill him!”

“Endelis, don’t you interfere!” Behind me, X shouted angrily.

I smiled bitterly. *How could I leave behind X, who is both a father and brother to me?*

Maybe this time, I may really have to fight with the young master. If I attacked him, I am afraid I would no longer be able to continue serving the young master as his butler. Even if the young master did not mind, I would not be able to shamelessly allow myself to continue working as the young master's butler after such an insubordinate act. Dark Sun looked at me, like he did not know how to respond. *Maybe I should strike first, so that the young master would no longer need to be troubled by this?*

Ring ring...

"..."

Exactly who is calling me at a time like this?

Ring ring... ring...

And so determinedly at that.

"You can receive the call." Dark Sun tilted his head slightly and said, "I won't attack the person behind you in the meantime."

"Thank you." I lowered my spread-out arms and retrieved my cell phone. "Hello! Can you please call back later? I am busy right now..."

"Press the loudspeaker."

I started, recognizing Melody's voice, then obeyed her and pressed the loudspeaker.

“LIKE HELL YOU’RE BUSY!!”

I hurriedly stretched my arms out to get the cell phone away from me, but it was still a little too late. The sudden explosive roar still hurt my eardrums...

The voice from the cell phone continued shouting using a vampire’s hollow roar. “Who allowed you to fight against Dark Sun? You pathetic vampire who can’t even utilize your own blood ability properly would dare to stand against him? Even if you don’t care for your life, at least consider his dignity; fighting against you is an absolute disgrace, do you even realize that?”

Hahahaha... Behind me, X started roaring in laughter. Before me, even Dark Sun’s lips twitched upward.

Melody, could you not have just chewed me out in private? It felt as if my face were burning.

Melody continued scolding me for quite a while before finally calming down and saying, “I investigated the hunting of heroes. Their target isn’t the Four Great Heroes. They actually just want First Wind.”

I gave a weak smile and said, “We already know about that.”

“Wait a minute, I don’t...”

A weak voice sounded. I turned my head and saw First Wind sitting on the floor, face even paler than before. Seeing him so weak, I felt

extremely apologetic. That sudden fall must have worsened his injuries.

Melody explained, "First Wind especially hates drug-related crimes, so most of his captures are related to drug dealers. However, those in charge of the drugs are real honest-to-goodness mafia bosses. They definitely won't be like the average small-time criminals, thinking that they're unlucky just because they got caught by heroes. Therefore, they want to murder First Wind to prevent him from getting in the way all the time."

"They contacted me, wanting me to kill First Wind in exchange for information on my enemy." X eyed First Wind. "So can you die with all your questions answered now?"

First Wind smiled. "If possible, I still would rather not die."

Melody snapped coldly, "X, you've been tricked! The person who's been using Cornell's whereabouts to hire you to murder First Wind is Cornell himself! Cornell is the behind the scenes boss of the western district; First Wind disrupted his drug deals numerous times already. He's been longing to get rid of First Wind, and it was a great coincidence that you were after him. So he decided to let the two of you destroy each other. In the end, no matter who came out the victor, he would take the opportunity to kill the survivor."

I was speechless. *What exactly is going on?*

I looked at X. He had a steely expression. After a period of silence, he suddenly called out. "Dark Sun."

Dark Sun turned his head to look at him, confused, "Is something the matter?"

"Do you have people hiding close by, and did you order them to snipe me just now?"

Dark Sun's voice was puzzled. "I don't have anyone stationed and fired no shots."

X stood up, digging out something from his legs with his hands. When he splayed his palms before us, two long bullets were cradled in them. They were armor-piercing bullets.

So I really had heard gunshots earlier? And X fell down because he got hit?

"Silver bullets used against vampires!" X's expression turned furious. He roared at the sky using the vampire's hollow roar. "Cornell! How dare you deceive me!"

Screaming at the heavens when you have no idea how many people are in hiding and targeting you, seems not to be an intelligent thing to do...

"What an idiot! As expected of someone you would know." Melody said mercilessly. "Hurry up and get Dark Sun and First Wind away from there. The enemy has probably realized that you guys know the truth by now..."

Before Melody finished her words, I heard the light click of a gun and

hurriedly turned and dove at X, using my blood ability to shield both of our bodies. Just as the shield was formed, I immediately felt the impact of the bullets on the blood shield.

Dark Sun yelled at the crowd, "Everyone, leave immediately and head inside the closest building!"

A flurry of gunshots sounded the moment he finished speaking. The formerly quiet crowd began shrieking and stampeding toward the nearest building.

Dark Sun shouted again, "DSII! Get First Wind to where X is!"

DSII's engine revved up, and he made a sharp turn while accelerating. He sped to First Wind's side and loudly complained, "I wish I could protect Dragon Peace instead."

First Wind did not climb aboard the bike but instead grabbed onto its side, letting it guide him along, using the bike to block most of the bullets.

Once First Wind was brought to my side, he looked curiously at DSII and asked, "You can talk? And you prefer Dragon Peace..." Following that, he mocked himself, "My little brother likes Dragon Peace, now even a bike likes him, can't anyone like me instead?"

DSII comforted him, "Melody likes you!"

"Melody?"

“The girl speaking over the cell phone just now was Melody.”

While the two of them were talking, I leaned down, picked up a bullet, and realized that these bullets were all specialized silver bullets made to take down vampires. It looked like Cornell was far more interested in killing X than anyone else.

I turned to look at X. He had buried his face in both hands, and looked extremely distraught. I sighed. *X, you had better hurry up and pull yourself together; my blood ability is not something to be trusted.*

Just then, Dark Sun whirled about, using his nimbleness and the Death Scythe to dodge or deflect the bullets. After making sure that all the civilians had safely ducked into buildings, he stepped back to join us. Halfway to us, he suddenly started accelerating and yelled, “Up your defense to its maximum!”

Hearing that, I immediately released all my blood ability. At the same time, he slid over, slamming the Death Scythe’s blade before First Wind. That was still not enough, so he even used his own body to shield First Wind.

Then, I saw the reason for Dark Sun’s sudden anxiety. A missile appeared before my eyes. Then, it blasted apart.

Bright light exploded... A huge noise deafening anyone nearby...

Legend of a Hero #10: Flowers of Blood Bloom, the Unheroic Hero Grim Reaper

Gēge, in the past, I became a hero because I didn't want to be a demon.

But now, I find that, I seem to have changed.

Right now I feel that...

Even if I must be a demon, I'd still want to continue being a hero.



"Endelis? Endelis?"

I slowly opened my eyes, and the first thing I saw was X's worried expression. This was truly rare. Other than rage and smiles, X has never liked to show other types of expressions in front of other people.

Sure enough, X's expression immediately changed to rage as he growled, "Endelis, are you an idiot? Answer me, who am I?"

I looked at him and said seriously, "You are E.X., the vampire that almost caused me to get blown up by a missile."

X raised his eyebrows and said, "It was only a missile, the explosion can't kill a vampire."

"You are the only vampire that cannot be killed by the explosion..."

I struggled to sit up, and felt that there was not a single area of my body that was not aching. However, this also made me remember that we were struck by a missile! I hurriedly looked around and instantly found First Wind unconscious nearby. Even though his complexion was pale, his breathing could be considered even. His life probably was not in any danger.

Apart from them, I did not see anyone else... *Where is the young master?*

My breath rushed out of me, and at my wits' end, I could only roar madly at X, "What about Dark Sun? Where is the young master?"

"Over there." X gestured ahead.

I turned around to look and saw Dark Sun first. I immediately heaved a sigh of relief. However, I then discovered that he was actually standing in the open and empty street, allowing bullets to fire at him from all directions. Yet he was only dodging or using his Death Scythe to deflect the bullets. No matter how skilled he was at dodging, it was inevitable that some would still slip through. There were already several armor-piercing bullets embedded in Dark Sun's body.

"What is he standing there for?" I was stunned, grabbing X's collar and growling, "X, hurry up and go save him!"

"Don't worry, if a missile is about to blast him, I will rescue him." X said lazily, "As for those bullets, the odds of them killing your young master are even lower than them killing me."

"The young master is only calculating the trajectory." Melody's voice suddenly came from the front of my chest. I looked down and only then realized that my cell phone had been placed in my chest pocket. "Calculating the trajectory?" I could not fully comprehend Melody's words.

"Calculating the trajectory of the bullets, and then using that to locate the snipers." Melody laughed sinisterly and said, "The young master ordered Bramble, Dell, May, and me to eliminate all the snipers! So we are in the middle of working right now!"

"I will go too!" I said, feeling vexed. *This time, that Mr. Cornell really overdid it!*

"No~ Can~ Do~!" Melody said with a gleeful tone at my misfortune, "The young master said, you are a butler! A butler isn't responsible for fighting. By allowing you to use your blood ability to protect others, he already considers it a violation of his promise. He won't let you attack again."

Young Master... I felt warm, but at the same time frustrated. I did not think that the young master would actually abide by his promise to such an extent.

"No wonder you're so devoted to him." X said with a faint smile, "Looks like he really treats you as a butler, and completely doesn't think of using your strength... From my perspective, he also has no need of your strength. How can your control over your blood ability be even worse than before?"

I skipped over X's last sentence, and turned my attention instead to the situation outside. The gunshots were lessening and lessening, so presumably Melody, Bramble, and the others were nearly done eliminating the snipers.

"Is X there?" Melody suddenly spoke up from the cell phone. "We've already found the launch site of the missiles and can clean those missiles up at once, so you don't have to stay there to protect the butler and First Wind any longer. Also, I have a piece of information to tell you."

"Information?" X raised his eyebrow, apparently feeling that he would not be interested in that information.

"Cornell's hiding location." Melody's words made X freeze. She sighed, and then said, "The young master is really generous. Even though you just fought with him, he still wants to unconditionally inform you of your foe's whereabouts!"

"By informing me of this matter, it is a condition in itself!" X said coldly.

"However, this suits me fine. Tell your young master there is no need to worry about Cornell. After tonight, Cornell will no longer exist in this world!"

After Melody said a long address, she instructed, "Settle it cleanly. Don't leave any trouble behind for my young master."

Upon hearing this, X merely snorted in response, then turned and said to me, "Endelis, I will return some other day to properly teach you

how you should be using your blood ability!”

I hesitated. Even though I was rather unwilling, I still nodded my head. After all, following beside a young master whose profession is that of a hero, even if I do not have to fight, I must at least have the basic capability to protect myself. At the bare minimum, I must reach a level where I can block a missile and not lose consciousness.

After he finished speaking, X promptly left, walking very briskly. It looked like he already could not wait to seek out Cornell.

After I watched X depart, I noticed that there were apparently no more gunshots outside. I turned around to look. Dark Sun was simply standing at his original position and was not carrying out any actions like evading or deflecting bullets.

At this moment, there suddenly came a rhythmic “click clack” sound, which completely shifted my attention away from Dark Sun. These rhythmic noises sounded really familiar, as if it were Melody’s high-heels...

Just when I thought about Melody, she appeared in crimson, skintight clothes. Indeed, that click clack sound came from her high-heels as she walked. What was unusual was that she wore a mask on her face. The mask was so gorgeous it seemed like one would only see it at carnivals. Adding on a whip that she transformed from her blood ability, and a man whom she had tied up with the whip and was towing straight toward us...

Even though it was extremely rude to say this, other than “SM Queen,”

I really could not find any other more suitable description.

She walked to Dark Sun's side but did not say anything, merely casting a coquettish glance at him. After Dark Sun nodded his head in response, he walked toward First Wind and me. Of course, Melody followed behind him and also came over.

He walked to our side, then bent his head down and asked concernedly, "Are you okay?"

"I am well, and First Wind's life does not appear to be in any danger."

After answering Dark Sun's query, I looked at Melody confusedly and then took a second look at the man she had dragged over. He looked terrified, there were traces of bruises on his face, and he did not dare to make a single sound. Most importantly, his face was very unfamiliar. He was not someone I knew.

Why did Melody drag a stranger over here at this moment?

Dark Sun does not look surprised either. Could this be a command he gave?

"Are we departing soon?" I already saw some citizens sticking their heads out and looking around. In another moment, perhaps they would come out from the buildings. At that time, leaving would be rather difficult.

"You guys can leave first, but I still have something to do." Although Dark Sun said this, I did not choose to leave.

The media always rushes ahead of everyone else. It had only been three minutes since the gunshots ended when photojournalists carrying cameras on their shoulders and announcers carrying microphones in their hands walked onto the street in twos and threes, approaching us step by step. Even though there was alarm and fear on their faces, there was also excitement.

“Ex-Excuse me, may I ask if we could interview you?” A female reporter inquired cautiously in a loud voice.

Dark Sun turned to look at her, and then nodded his head, saying, “Come over here!”

That female reporter’s eyes shone. Although she wore high-heels on her feet, she was as fast as an athlete in a hundred meter dash competition. There was also a large group of media following behind her, who likewise sprinted over without restraint, lest they be behind the others by a second.

When the media were more or less in position, Dark Sun beckoned to Melody. The latter walked forward a few steps, then paused and said, “Dark Sun, I can help you...”

However, Dark Sun raised his hand and forbade Melody from speaking. The latter could only shut her mouth, and then she actually dispelled her blood ability whip.

What is the young master thinking of doing? I was extremely puzzled.

The moment the blood ability whip vanished, the man, who had previously been tied up, was unrestrained and promptly broke into a run.

At this moment, Dark Sun slowly turned around, but merely watched the man. Only after about five seconds did he move. He raised his Death Scythe in a stance to swing it; however, he did not have any intention of giving chase.

That man had probably run one hundred meters already. At such a distance, it was utterly impossible for the Death Scythe to hit a target...

Dark Sun growled, "Death Scythe, detach!"

Dark Sun swung his Death Scythe forcefully, and the blade of the scythe actually detached from its shaft, spinning as it flew out. It flew unerringly toward that man's vest, and with a single "tuff" sound, stabbed into his body. In that moment, the man fell to the ground, his entire body nailed to it. His four limbs twitched for a while, and then he was finally silent...

The present scene was as silent as the man who had fallen down. Even the media, who were initially eager to try opening their mouths to bombard Dark Sun with questions, were all as quiet and well-behaved as white rabbits.

Dark Sun resumed his calm and upright position. He tilted his head toward Melody and said, "You may leave now."

Only at this moment did Melody return to her senses. Nodding, she said, "Yes!" Then, she went ahead and left.

Dark Sun surveyed the media at the scene in a circle from left to right, and then he opened his mouth to explain, "That man was one of the snipers who had fired just now. He was also the scoundrel who pressed the detonator in the past murder case of the mother-daughter pair."

Oh I see. At that moment, I suddenly understood.

"You shouldn't have done that!"

I jumped, and then turned my head to look. Only then did I notice that First Wind had already regained consciousness. He roared in disbelief, "Even if he is a criminal, you still can't kill him! By doing this, you will allow other heroes to follow your example and all of them will also personally execute criminals! Heroes must never kill people! Y-Your current actions are absolutely not what a hero should do!"

Dark Sun turned around, and then said coldly and ruthlessly, "Then don't call me a hero. I have never said that I am a hero. Call me whatever makes you happy. Even if you call me a demon, it doesn't matter!"

... 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!

Does it truly not matter? Young Master, but you previously said that

you... do not truly not care.

First Wind stared at him, dumbstruck. Apparently, he was somewhat unable to react. He opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came out. I could see what he wanted to say, his lips were asking, "Ah Ye?"

People who have only met the "young master" probably will not believe that the innocent and guiltless Young Master An Xiang Ye could have such a cold-blooded side, right?

Dark Sun did not pay First Wind any more attention. He turned back to face the large crowd of media, and said, with every word resounding, "I am Dark Sun. I am not a hero, only a demon! I hereby swear, as long as anyone dares to use innocent lives to threaten the heroes and me, I will utterly disregard the hostages' lives. However, I will avenge them. I will personally send the criminals to hell to accompany them, and my methods will not be merciful!"

After he completed his vow to the media, Dark Sun roared in a low voice, "Go!"

At that moment, DSII rushed to my side. I immediately understood and carried First Wind as I sat astride the motorbike, and then we turned and left abruptly.

When I turned my head back to look around, I saw Dark Sun soaring up into the sky, flying behind us.

It was time to go home.



When we returned home, the young master immediately took off his visor, totally ignoring that First Wind was still there.

He instructed me in an indifferent tone, "Charles, call Bàba An Te Qi and let him come and help treat First Wind. I'm going to take a shower and then sleep. Don't disturb me before I wake."

"As you wish."

After the young master walked off to his bedroom, I made the phone call. Subsequently, Mr. An Te Qi instructed me to help clean First Wind's wounds up a little beforehand.

I fetched scissors and clean water, but when I wanted to cut apart the filthy clothes on First Wind's body, First Wind unhappily brushed my hand aside. However, when I continued to insist on helping him treat his wounds, he did not continue refusing. He simply turned his head away, his expression extremely stiff.

As I cut, I said, "It is indeed not a good thing to sentence criminals in private. However, if Dark Sun had not done so, other felons would probably have followed suit and seized innocent citizens to threaten the heroes. To allow those innocent people to lose their lives would be even worse!"

First Wind's stiff expression softened. He appeared to be somewhat hesitant.

After cutting up his clothes, I picked up a clean cotton cloth and

started to wipe the bloodstains around his wounds. I gently said, "If one cannot think of a better plan, but criticizes the person who strove to come up with a way to reduce casualties to a minimum, this also does not seem to be good behavior."

First Wind turned his head to look at me. He looked as if he wanted to explain, yet did not know what he should say.

"The young master, he... only made the choice that you were all unwilling to make, that is all."

I carried the basin that had already turned into a basin of watery blood, and left the living room.



At long last, the incident came to a close.

After First Wind's injuries were treated, he was no longer in danger and even departed on foot. Before he left, he even left a note for the young master. There were only a few words written on the paper: "Sorry" and "From First Wind."

The young master slept for another three full days, just like before, when after being blasted by six missiles, he had also entered an identical deep sleep. It appeared that sleeping was one of the ways for the young master to regain his strength.

On the fourth morning, just as he normally did, he went out at five o'clock to run, only instructing me to cook "lots and lots" for breakfast. Then, he returned punctually at seven o'clock to take a bath. It

seemed that eating was also a way for the young master to replenish his strength.

As usual, Mr. Bramble and the others were in the living room at six-fifty, waiting for the meal to be served.

At seven-twenty, everyone promptly sat at the dining table, and the meal was served.

I waited upon the young master as he ate, and watched him polish off twelve people's share of breakfast. Then, I could not help but open my mouth to ask a question that had been buried for three days.

"Young Master, may I ask you a question?"

As the young master drank his milk, he nodded his head.

"Young Master, you seem to abide by your promises. No matter what the promise is, will you abide by them all?"

The young master said as though it was a matter of fact, "Of course, promises are to be kept!"

I fell silent for a while. "Young Master, then may I ask you another question?"

The young master set down the empty glass of milk, and turned his head to look at me, saying, "Of course! You can ask as many questions as you want."

I glanced hesitantly at Mr. Bramble, but still could not help but open my mouth to ask, "You previously promised Briar to marry her after she grew up. Were you serious about it?"

Everyone suddenly stopped all motions of eating breakfast and turned to look at the young master and me. In particular, Mr. Bramble was staring so much his eyeballs were about to drop out.

The young master looked at me and answered seriously, "Of course I'm serious. When Briar grows up, I will take her as my wife. We've already agreed."

Silence filled the room....

Mr. Bramble was the first to break the silence. He jumped up and roared, "I won't allow it! I won't allow it! Briar is only twelve years old right now! Marry who! My Briaaaaar!"

I hurriedly consoled him, "Mr. Bramble, there is no need to be agitated. The young master also does not intend to marry Briar immediately. You are correct, Briar is only twelve years old, there is still at least another ten years before marriage. Would you not say so? Young Master?"

The young master blinked, and then feeling puzzled, asked, "Still another ten years? I thought sixteen years old was old enough get married."

"..." I was speechless. *Even though sixteen years of age is the legal age for marriage, but Young Master, are you truly intending to wed a*

sixteen year old girl?

“Sixteen years old, only four years later... I won’t allow it!” Mr. Bramble burst out, with “won’t allow it” in an even louder voice.

“The Hikaru Genji Plan!¹” Dell showed an envious expression as he said, “Oh~~ I also want a bride who is ten years younger than I am!”

“With your appearance?” May said coldly, “It would already be pretty good not to get treated as a ‘weird uncle’.”

“Maiden, you’re already so old. When are you intending to get married?”

“After I kill you!”

In the midst of the clamor, the sound of a news announcement came from the television.

No matter what happens, the curtain will eventually drop on the commotion. The four heroes have also returned, and will continue to tirelessly strive to protect the city and its citizens. They are the Noblewoman, Solitary Butterfly, the Aristocrat, First Wind, the Beast, Dragon Peace, and the Steel... Pardon me, please wait a moment!

It seems that the title of our Dark Sun has apparently changed. Everyone generally seems to feel that a different title is more suitable for him. That would be, the one bringing death to criminals...

The Grim Reaper, Dark Sun.

Footnotes

¹ **“The Hikaru Genji Plan”**: The Hikaru Genji Plan is named after the main character in *The Tale of Genji*, who kidnapped a young girl from a life of poverty for the purpose of marrying her once she grew up. (Taken from [here](#))

Epilogue: Character Introductions

Leanna: The young master's classmate.

Abner: The young master's classmate.

Aren: The young master's classmate.

Ingrid: The young master's classmate.

Judy: The young master's classmate.

Yue Gang: A policeman.

Ji Luo Chu: A photographer and Ji Luo Lun's elder brother.

Ah Da: Ji Luo Chu's co-partner, who opened a print advertisement studio together with him. He is in charge of the print design.

E.X : A thousand-year-old vampire. His relationship with Charles is similar to that of a father and son or fellow brothers.



Afterword

Phewwww. When I started writing the afterword, I really felt like heaving a sigh of relief.

In No Hero Volume 2, there is actually a lot of content. This means that there are more incidents. Not only does it include the young

master's part-time job, it also shows that heroes will fail and run into difficulties too, First Wind's true identity, the incident with E.X and such... However, I still have to come out with the plot that comes after that. For example, the policeman Yue Gang. He is not going to disappear any time soon! On the contrary, the number of scenes he appears in will increase! There are also the young master's classmates; they too will not disappear just like that.

To think that in the beginning, when I had just started to list out all the scenes that are going to be written in this volume, I truly just stared at the notebook blankly and spaced out. I was thinking, how are all these pieces of plot going to fit together to form a story?

But writing a story is just that miraculous. Without realizing it, the pieces of plot have found the spots where they ought to be, and then just like that, No Hero Volume 2: The Hero Grim Reaper became a completed puzzle.

The Grim Reaper Dark Sun was also born like this.

Though the inspiration for No Hero came from Batman, in the movies, Batman chose not to kill others. However, our young master has killed some people.

When I was writing this, I was a little hesitant, but I still did it in the end.

It wasn't for any other reason but just because the young master in No Hero isn't Batman's Bruce Wayne. An Xiang Ye would kill others for the sake of protecting those he wishes to protect, that is all.

For characters, as to what they would or wouldn't do, it is always very clear and well understood, and one can hardly compromise. This gives the author major headaches.

However, No Hero has quite a few younger readers, and because of that, I can't help but feel a bit worried. Therefore, I'm going to mend the fold after a life is lost.¹

[This story is purely fiction, and there are a lot of dangerous stunts. Please refrain from imitating them!]



Now that we are done with the serious stuff, let's go onto the nonsense! Hehe!

Everyone should have noticed that within this volume, there are three bookmarks included, right? The characters on the bookmarks are the young master, Charles, and Ezart. Those are the top three in the character popularity poll that was held in the "Yu Wo discussion forums"!

The voting is not done for show! If you vote for them, you'll get pictures! If you don't vote, then you wouldn't get blessed! Next time, don't be lazy and not vote!

Looking at the poll results, it makes me, as an author, want to make a snappy comment to the main character of the book... Charles! Even though the book features your point of view as the main male character, your popularity still actually lost to the young master... Fine!

As a butler, you can't win against your master!

I will grudgingly forgive you. If you lose again, then you might as well strip naked in your picture as an apology! (What? If that is the case, then Charles definitely wouldn't be allowed to win? How cruel...)



Lastly, following No Hero's convention (Is there even such a thing?), I'll give an advance notice to the third volume's title to keep everyone hanging in suspense! If I don't keep people hanging in suspense, then I wouldn't be Yu Wo!

The title of the third volume is: Non-human Killer.

In the next volume, we will start to reveal the past of the main character Charles, and we will also mention a lot more things regarding non-humans. At the same time, much of the plot will involve Melody. Finally, there's also the development of the young master's modeling career... If I say anything else and everyone knows the plot, then when you read the next book you wouldn't find it fresh any more. Therefore, I will stop talking at this point!

When you keep someone hanging in suspense, you have to reap the benefits after all- (Is beaten up)

To conclude, I will also give an advance notice that the third volume will be released first during the winter vacation book exhibition in February 2009. There are also plans to make a purchase set limited to the location, and I hope everyone will like it.

I'm very happy that everyone is supporting the series No Hero. As the children's mother, I will represent my children in their place and give thanks to everyone.

Come, I'm giving a flying kiss of gratitude, catch it well! (Don't you dare dodge it!)

By Yu Wo



Character Introductions – translated by Lucathia



Dragon Peace

Modified Area:
Entire body.

Most Hated Criminal: Those who harm animals.

Hero's Motto:
Don't you dare bully it!

Dragon Peace

Modified Area: Entire body.

Most Hated Criminal: Those who harm animals.

Hero's Motto: Don't you dare bully it!

First Wind

Modified Area: Left arm.

Most Hated Criminal:
Drug cartels.

Hero's Motto: Those who would willingly hurt other people or even the entire world's population for the sake of personal benefits are the most unforgivable!

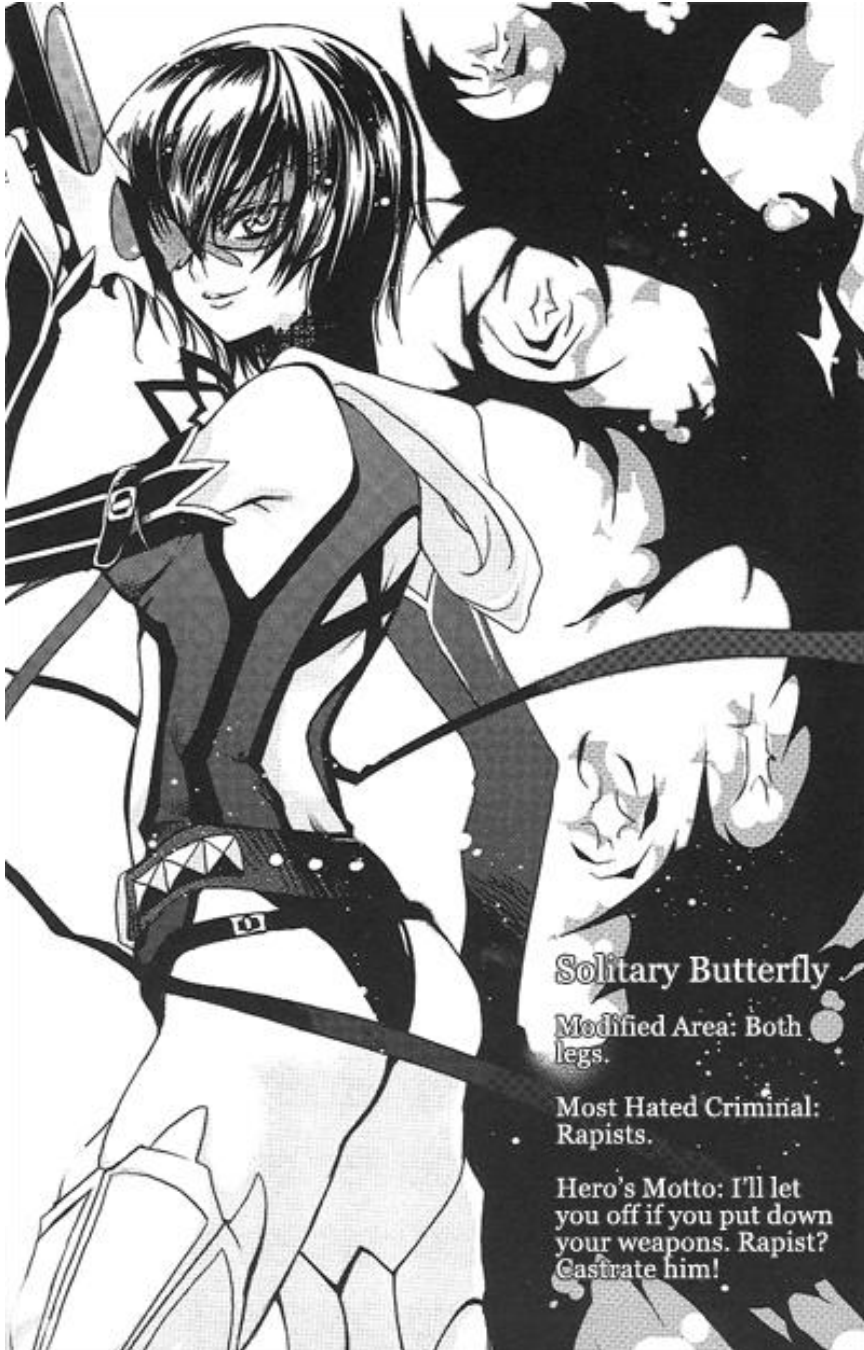
First Wind

Modified Area: Left arm.

Most Hated Criminal: Drug cartels.

Hero's Motto: Those who would willingly hurt other people or even the entire world's population for the sake of personal benefits are the most unforgivable!





Solitary Butterfly

Modified Area: Both legs.

Most Hated Criminal: Rapists.

Hero's Motto: I'll let you off if you put down your weapons. Rapist? Castrate him!



Footnotes

¹ **“Mend the fold after a life is lost”**: Yu Wo is making a pun here! The original is a Chinese idiom “Mend the fold after a sheep is lost”(亡羊補牢 wáng yáng bǔ láo) , which means to correct mistakes after making them and act belatedly. Instead, Yu Wo uses 亡隱補牢 (wáng yǐn bǔ láo), which means to mend the fold and hide the death... (In this case, 亡 refers to “death” instead of “lost” from the original meaning)