



西元2112年，
機械改造人橫行，
世道沉淪暴力充斥，
人們唯一的希望，是英雄。
朝索·安德利斯，
一個強大的第五代吸血鬼，
他的唯一心願，
是當一個完美的管家！

The Castle of Vampire

誰是最完美的英雄？誰是最完美的管家？
總有一天，英雄招來會說話的車子，或者是舉起手，在眾人的注目之下飛向高空。

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No Hero Volume 1: Vampire Butler

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Prologue: Prologue

I drew open the curtains on the French windows in the living room. It was only five in the morning, so there was not much daylight coming in. The sun had just risen, and it was now the beginning of a new day, a new dawn.

As a vampire, I ought to have loathed dawn—sunlight was always what vampires hated the most. For those vampires with higher generation numbers, dawn was not merely the start of a new day. It was practically a symbol of destruction.

Even so, for me, dawn was like a type of redemption.

I had lost count of how many times I could see hope in the morning sun—be it my honorable father's calm but resolute expression, or Sadina's radiant smile...

"Charles, would you fall in love with me?"

"Charles, Charles?"

Hearing her call out repeatedly, even my unwillingness to upset her did not prevent me from steeling my heart and answering, "No, that is definitely not allowed!"

I shut my eyes, not wanting to see her disappointed expression. However, I could not keep my eyes shut forever, so when I had prepared myself to face her and once again opened my eyes...

The young master's eyes were wide, and as though at a loss, he fired off a series of questions, "Not allowed? I-I can't go running? Why? Did something happen?"

"..."

I quickly explained, "My apologies, Young Master. My mind had merely wandered off, and I did not mean to tell you that it is not allowed."

"Charles can actually become absent-minded too?" The young master asked, stunned. He didn't look like he minded though. Instead, he asked, full of curiosity, "Then, who are you telling 'no' to? What is not allowed?"

I was just about to explain when I heard my cell phone ring. I took it out and glanced at it. On the display, it showed that the caller was Sadina. I could not help but feel a little troubled. Taking a personal call in front of the employer was strictly forbidden by the butler's code of conduct. However, it was Sadina calling, and she would not call me unless it was a serious matter.

I looked at the young master, a little hesitant. The young master returned my gaze, and with a slight hint of anxiety in his voice, urged, "Charles, hurry and pick it up, or they're going to hang up."

Just as the young master finished his words, the phone really did stop ringing. However, this did not come as a surprise to me. Anyone born to an influential family of butlers would know that if they were to call a butler, letting the phone ring too long would be extremely disrespectful. The butler may be in the middle of serving their employer and would

not be free to pick up the call.

In fact, all butlers know that they should have two cell phones, one for official business and one for private matters. During work, one should not carry their personal cell phone around, of course. Alternatively, they could set their cell phone to vibrate.

However, I had not done so. The reason for that was that there were simply too few people who would call me for private matters. It would either be X, who might not give me a single call for ten years, or Sadina, who usually avoided times a butler might be serving their master.

Five o'clock in the morning was rarely a time when the employer needed a butler's services. At that time, the employer was usually still asleep. Our young master was an exception.

"Ah!" The young master exclaimed, and he asked anxiously, "The phone hung up. What should we do?"

"It is fine. I will call back at a later time." I smiled and asked, "Young Master, are you going out to exercise now?"

The young master looked at me and then lowered his head to look at the cell phone in my hand. After a while, it still seemed like he did not have any intention of going out... I then understood and corrected myself. "It may be an important phone call. Young Master, may I ask for your permission to call back right now?"

He immediately nodded his head vigorously.

I dialed the number, and the phone immediately picked up. "Sadina, this is Charles."

From the phone, a somewhat hoarse and aged-sounding female voice responded. "I know. Did I wake you?"

"No, I am awake." I looked at the young master, and his face was full of incomparable curiosity. I could not help but find it amusing. "I am currently serving the young master."

"Eh? Then how could you call me back?"

"The young master allowed me to do so." I laughed as I said, "He is very interested in you! Are you interested in conversing with him?"

"Of course." Sadina gave a laugh. "Just hearing you say that he is a good employer is enough to pique my curiosity. After serving him for some time, do you still think he is a good employer?"

"Indeed. Moreover, he is even better than what I had thought originally." After I gave my reply, I pressed the speaker button on the phone and then introduced her to the young master. "Young Master, this is Madam Sadina. She is my cousin and Curtis's paternal grandmother."

The young master went "Ah," and respectfully said, "Madam Sadina, nice to meet you. I'm An Xiang Ye."

"Young Master An, nice to meet you. I am Sadina Christopher of the

Elysees Family.”

Sadina introduced herself, using a tone that was neither servile nor overbearing. It was, however, a little reserved, as she did not know the young master well, so an introduction like this was the right choice. After all, a person who was able to pay an annual salary of twenty million to hire a butler was definitely someone of importance. Being polite was always more suitable than being disrespectful.

“Elysees Family?” The young master turned to look at me. He seemed puzzled as he asked, “It’s not the Endelis Clan?”

“Endelis is the surname from my mother’s side.”

The young master gave an “Oh,” but did not pursue the matter further. Sadina laughed as she said, “Young Master An, may I ask if our Charles’s service is satisfactory?”

“Charles is great!” The young master answered without any hesitation, “He is a very good butler, and he’s also very interesting!”

“Very interesting?” Sadina started chuckling. “I didn’t know that cousin of mine could be very interesting! I would like to speak more with you to find out how he is interesting. Young Master An, you are currently on summer vacation, right?”

“Yeah!”

“If you aren’t against it, you are welcome to visit the Elysees Family to play.”

"I can really do that?" The young master agreed, ecstatic, "Then, we'll definitely go over and play!"

I did not know if it was because the young master's curiosity had been satisfied, or if it was due to Sadina's invitation... The young master handed the phone straight back to me and then happily said, "I'm going to exercise now!"

I quickly walked to the entrance and opened the front door for the young master. I watched until the elevator doors closed and then shut the front door.

I picked up the call once again. Although I wanted to ask Sadina her reasons for calling me, once she started talking, she rattled off a whole string of questions. I did not get a chance to ask.

"Your young master An actually doesn't know of the Elysees Family? Is it possible that he isn't actually part of an influential family? Charles, don't tell me that you lowered your rates for the sake of a good employer? Or do you not charge him at all?"

"That is not the case," I denied immediately. "The young master has indeed given me an annual salary of twenty million. He was also definitely born into an influential family."

If the Sun Emperor's younger brother could not be not considered a child of an influential family, then there was no one in the world who could.

"Is that so? Hmm... He wouldn't be a prodigal son, would he?" Sadina wondered calmly. "Yes, that's highly possible. For those born into wealth, as long as they have a little ambition, they tend to care for their reputation a lot. Most wouldn't go and hire a vampire as a butler."

I sternly denied, "The young master is definitely not a prodigal son!"

"Oh? Then which part of the family business is he handling? Even if he is still a university student, for those children of influential families, they should have started learning how to manage a business in high school. How many companies does he have under his name? After he graduates from university, does he intend to work his way up from the bottom, or become one of the higher-ups in the family business immediately?"

Sadina's quick-fire succession of questions was still as powerful as ever. I forced a smile as I answered, "The young master does not intend to take over his family business."

She gave her evaluation without restraint, "Then, to the family, he is a prodigal son! Because he isn't of any use to the family!"

I was silent for a while. Then, I felt my heart ache slightly as I asked, "As someone who has abandoned his family, am I like that to you as well?"

I did not imagine that she would still answer without hesitation, "Of course you are! Moreover, you're a heartless rat, a vampire without a conscience, a useless person who only looks good, and besides being a butler, you're an idiot who can't do anything!"

"Sadina..."

"You better come back to the family immediately! I know that the Endelis Clan has sent vampires to look for you, and the Church is currently keeping you under watch. You better not think about dealing with all of them by yourself. Don't even think about it! I have already had Curtis arrange everything. If you don't come back to the family, I will personally bring an entourage to capture you and bring you back! Do you understand, my dear cousin Charles?"

Evidently, fifty years was still not enough for the famous "fiery female butler" Sadina to turn into a serene and peaceful granny...

I quickly said, "But a vampire from the Endelis Clan is still here. She's even a sixth generation vampire. I am afraid I cannot shake her off."

"There is no need for you to worry about that anymore. Perhaps you can also go over and confirm if she is still there! Now, do you have any more excuses not to return home?"

"No." I answered with a forced smile, "I understand."

She abruptly roared, "Just understanding is not enough!"

"I will go back." I tacked on a promise.

"Still not enough!"

"... I swear on the name of my honorable father, I will return home in

three days' time."

Sadina was finally satisfied, and she answered, "Okay, I'll be waiting for your return."

*The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #1: Dragon Peace, the
First Wind Blows Past*

An Xiang Ye really is Dark Sun!

Since I'm in the same class as him, it's not as if I've never suspected him before. After all, silver hair is simply too rare.

However, both Leanna and Abner refused to consider the possibility. They said that they always see An Xiang Ye studying earnestly in class every day, unlike me, who sleeps in practically every class. If he was actually Dark Sun, he would have to go out to patrol every night. Since he's so active at night, he wouldn't be able to attend classes earnestly like that during the daytime.

I agreed with them. To go out patrolling every night was simply too tiring. If it weren't for Leanna and Abner, who always drag me to school, I would probably skip classes nine out of ten days.

Therefore, An Xiang Ye, who always scores full marks on tests, hands in reports that are as thick as a book, and never sleeps in class, should not be Dark Sun.

In the end, he really did end up being Dark Sun.

According to Charles-gē, once An Xiang Ye returns home, the first thing that he does is complete his homework. Then, he gives his brother a call and talks. Some days, he modifies machines, which is his hobby. Then, he goes to sleep at ten, and wakes up at five to go running... What kind of life is this?

If something were to happen at night, he would still become Dark Sun and go out to resolve the issue... Doesn't he need to sleep?

I believe that An Xiang Ye is not merely Dark Sun. In fact, he's practically an alien!



During breakfast, the young master ecstatically announced to everyone that he was going over to my family's house to play.

There was not much of a reaction from Dell or May. Instead, it was Mr. Bramble who reacted so violently that he tore the newspaper he was holding in two. He even jumped to his feet, roaring... Of course, his roar was not directed at the young master, but at me. "You're bringing the young master into vampire territory?"

"That is not it. I am going back to the butler household of the Elysees Family." In order to completely and thoroughly remove any doubts in Mr. Bramble's mind, I revealed the name of my family.

"Elysees?" Mr. Bramble froze for a moment, and then asked in a disbelieving tone of voice, "You're from the Elysees Family?"

"Indeed."

This time, Dell was the one who reacted, spitting out a mouthful of cola. He then shouted, "Oh my god! Elysees!"

"What is with the Elysees Family? Why are you all so shocked?" The

young master was bursting with curiosity.

May replied seriously, "Young Master, Elysees is a very famous family. Although they do not stand out and are not a famous economic organization, they are an influential family of butlers and have an ancient history. Almost all of the families that are even a little known will hire butlers from that family. There's even the saying, 'If you don't have a butler from the Elysees family, you can't be considered a truly influential household.'"

"That's how the influence of the Elysees family spreads throughout the whole world!" Dell screamed, "Everyone knows that if you're seeking death, go and aggravate the Sun Emperor, the Church, or the Elysees. You're bound to die with one hundred percent certainty!"

The young master went "oh, oh" loudly, and he looked just as excited as Dell. He even mimicked Dell and looked at me with eyes of idolization.

However, I felt that regarding this, the young master had no need for excitement or idolization since he was the Sun Emperor's younger brother. In terms of power, the Sun Emperor is definitely ahead of the Elysees Family, and is even leading by a large margin.

Mr. Bramble inquired seriously, "Are you from the main family or a branch family?"

I fell silent, feeling a little at a loss as to how I should answer that question. However, under the gazes of those present, I could only truthfully admit, "I am the head of the family in name. Madam Sadina,

who is currently managing the affairs of the family, is actually the surrogate head. However, the number of people who know about this is less than ten. It is possible that not even the Sun Emperor is aware of this.”

The truth was that Sadina had already been managing the family for fifty years. Even those within the family who were aware of this would be unlikely to treat me as the head. Even I did not think of myself as the head.

Ever since I had let Sadina take over as the surrogate head, and I had left the Elysees Family, I had not once thought of myself as the head.

“Mr. Butler.”

Dell suddenly grabbed my hand and said in an extremely sincere voice, “Sir, I must let you know that the usual fooling around with you is for the sake of creating a bit more entertainment in life. Poking fun at you is for the sake of making the young master happy, and when I often knock over drinks and make you clean up the floor, it is because exercise is good for the body and soul... Actually, I truly respect and love you, sir!”

Pfffttt! The young master burst into laughter, and was laughing so hard that he fell sprawled onto the table. May, on the other hand, looked at Dell with eyes of disdain.

Mr. Bramble sat back down, picked up the torn newspaper, and continued reading. He even grumbled, “What the heck, we discover dangerous secrets every day. The Sun Emperor, Elysees... the Church

better not be involved too! Otherwise, this apartment would basically be the most dangerous place in the world!"

"If that is the case, your status is not lower than that of the young master's." May looked at me, and he seemed uneasy. "Although the influence of the Elysees Family probably cannot compete with the Sun Emperor's, you are the head while the young master is merely the Sun Emperor's younger brother."

I quickly explained, "I really am not considered the head anymore. It is highly unlikely that anyone would listen to me unless it was under Sadina's orders to do so." Pausing for a moment, I looked at Dell, finding it a little amusing as I said, "Rather than showing me respect, you should respect Curtis a little more. He is Sadina's grandson and also the next surrogate head. He is the truly influential one here."

Dell froze, and his expression changed greatly. He looked extremely alarmed, and May even patted his shoulder as if to comfort him. The young master once again broke into laughter. I felt perplexed at this.

The young master continued laughing for a while, and then he explained to me, while still laughing, "Last time, when Curtis was in charge of taking care of me, Dell kept fussing about how his breakfast didn't have the least bit of variety, and said that Curtis's expression was like that of a wooden puppet. He even said that his style of glasses was outdated, and a lot of other things... Hahaha!"

Looking at Dell, who appeared as though the sky had just fallen down, I broke into a smile as well. Curtis was indeed a little solemn. It was hard to imagine that Sadina would raise a child with such a reserved

personality. It was likely that most of Curtis's education was not personally conducted by her.

"When are we going over?" As always, Mr. Bramble was very good at going to the heart of the matter.

"In three days."

"Three days? Then, there are a lot of things to do!" The young master happily listed, "I have to go and tell Luo Chu-gē that the advertisements have to be postponed, and I have to go adjust DSII. He's recently spent too much time as a motorcycle and can't control a human body as well as before. I have to re-adjust him before he can pretend to be Dark Sun. I also have to go report to my brother... Oh right, I have to inform Aren too."

I advised, "Why not have Aren come along too? He needs a distraction."

The young master hesitated for a moment, but still nodded his head in agreement.

Distracting him was part of the reason I wanted him to come along. Another was because I hoped that the young master and Aren would be able to interact more with each other. They were both heroes and were similar in age. Nothing would be better than if the two of them became friends.

"Then, I will stand guard here, in case any emergencies happen." Mr. Bramble turned to tell May, "May, you stay here with me."

May nodded his head.

I also felt that this arrangement was ideal. In terms of playmates, Dell was definitely a better choice than May.

The young master suddenly gave a cry, "That's right, there's still Briar! Bramble-shū, can I bring Briar along?"

"That's fine. It saves me the trouble of having that child pester me all day to go out and play."

After saying that, Mr. Bramble buried his head into the newspaper. However, I smiled at that. I simply did not believe that a sensible child like Briar would pester him all day to go out and play.

As soon as the details of the trip were settled, the young master started to eat hastily. Roughly ten minutes later, he put down his utensils and announced, "I'm full. Now it's time to go look for everyone! First of all, the nearest one is... Aren." He paused for a moment and turned to ask, "Charles, could you go with me?"

The young master looked a little nervous. I gave it some thought. *Could it be that the young master still minds the fact that Aren said that he "hated him?"*

This made me feel a little bewildered. That was because after that incident, Dragon Peace had gone to help the young master. Moreover, in the end, he had also come back to this apartment. He had also accepted the young master's arrangements, and was willing to stay in

the apartment next to us... *Does the young master not understand that this is an "indication" of Aren's apology as well as a show of his goodwill?*

If that was the case, then I should indeed follow him. If there was an opportunity to, I would like to help the young master understand that Aren actually did not hate him.

"Very well."

We walked over to the apartment next to us. The young master knocked on the door, a little nervous. It was not too long before the door opened. The young master immediately asked, "Aren, we're going to travel. Do you want to come with us?"

Aren was only wearing a pair of boxers, and he looked drowsy, as though he had not gotten enough sleep. "Where to?"

"Charles's house."

Aren looked at me, and then nodded his head, saying, "Wait a moment."

Roughly ten minutes later, Aren opened the door again and walked out of his apartment. He was carrying a backpack and said simply, "Let's go."

Has he misunderstood something? Just as I was puzzling over it, the young master actually gave an "oh" and then said, "Okay, let's go!"

Then, the young master knocked on Melody's door, shouting, "Melody, Melody, can you lend me your car? I want to take Charles and Aren to Luo Chu-gē's studio."

Melody opened the door. She was only wearing sheer purple pajamas, and her figure was clearly visible through it. Moreover, she was not wearing a bra. Thankfully, she was hugging a small lacy bolster, which just barely covered the critical areas.

Aren stared at her, unable to tear his eyes away.

Melody rubbed her eyes and complained, "Young Master, I'm so sleepy!"

"If you're sleepy, then go to bed!" The young master answered as a matter of fact.

"Alright! Then accompany me to bed." Melody gave a silly smile as she said, "You have to strip naked!"

Aren drew in a sharp breath, and the young master tilted his head to the side, saying, "But the metal cabin can't fit two people, right? The width wouldn't allow for two."

Young Master, did you overlook it, or did you not mind the two words "strip naked?"

Melody giggled as she said, "It's tall enough! If we lie on top of each other, we'd fit!"

Aren suddenly covered his nose and crouched on the floor.

As a young and healthy university student, Aren's reaction was rather normal. I looked at the young master, who only had a perplexed expression on his face, as if he did not understand the situation. Despite being faced with an absolutely gorgeous, half-naked vampire, he was neither shy nor embarrassed. *It looks like the young master is still a long way from being a normal boy.*

I sighed and said, "Young Master, I believe that Melody might have gone to the nightclub yesterday and is therefore drunk. Please wait briefly. I will put her to bed and find the car keys."

The young master gave a nod of his head, and I pulled Melody into her room. I inquired as to where she had placed her keys, and after I got the answer out of her with much difficulty, I spent tremendous amounts of strength and effort to get her into the metal cabin. She almost even pulled me in along with her. When I closed the door of the cabin, I really felt as though I had just fought a difficult battle.

I took the car keys and walked out of the room, reporting to the young master, "We may go now."

Aren merely stared at me blankly. On the other hand, after taking a glance at me, the young master laughed so hard that he crouched on the floor, hugging his stomach.

I felt a little puzzled and looked down at my clothes. Although Melody had pulled at and messed up my clothes just now, I had already tidied up before I had come out. *Could it be that there is still something*

strange?

"Young Master, may I ask if there is something improper about me?"
At this point, Aren started to snigger too.

The young master pointed at my face and said with a huge smile, "C-Charles, on your face, there are a ton of lipstick marks!"



The young master drove to the studio. Once we arrived, Aren raised his head and looked at the building for a while before he turned to me and said in a confused tone, "I thought all vampires lived in ancient castles in the mountains."

As expected, he had misunderstood. I explained, "The trip will be happening in three days. Right now, we are merely looking for someone. The young master is filming commercials, and this is his workplace."

Aren froze, and then he nodded his head a little awkwardly. He said in a small voice, "Sorry, I kind of blanked out."

I smiled, and then asked a little jokingly, "Is it because you woke up too early? May I inquire as to what time you usually get out of bed?"

Aren said grudgingly, "The earliest is nine-thirty! I always sleep really late at night, and I'm really tired..."

I nodded my head to show understanding. Heroes had to go out and take care of incidents at night. Therefore, not only do they sleep late,

they would have a high amount of activity. So, I could understand if they were unable to climb out of bed in the mornings. The only hero who could be so lively at eight o'clock in the morning was probably the young master.

The young master energetically jumped up the stairs and then knocked on the door of the studio with a lot of force. Ah Da, who came to answer the door, also looked like he wanted to go back to sleep. *Today, it seems like everyone did not have enough sleep... Ah! That's right. Today is Monday. The weekends have always been the period when law and order is the most chaotic, and is also the period when the heroes are up to their ears in work.*

Ah Da said with an absent-minded expression, "Ji Luo Chu is most likely still sleeping in his bed. But since he lives upstairs, we can just call him down."

Following that, another absent-minded person was added to the party, in the form of Ji Luo Chu.

I could only ask if anyone needed coffee. Other than the young master, everyone raised both their hands, indicating that they needed at least two cups.

As I brewed the coffee, the young master told Ji Luo Chu and Ah Da about the plans to go traveling.

"You are going to travel?"

The young master nodded his head, saying, "I don't know how long I'll

be gone for, but I'll definitely be back before school starts."

"Oh, is that so? Traveling seems really nice..." Ji Luo Chu answered in a daze. Following that, he was startled by Ah Da's scream of "You're going traveling? Do you know how many commercials there are to shoot? Even if we don't waste any time to re-charge, we still won't be able to finish!"

Ah Da continued his shrieks by himself for a period of time. It was only after I passed the coffee to Ji Luo Chu and he had drunk several mouthfuls of it that he then woke up from his slumber and started yelling together with Ah Da, "You're going traveling?"

The young master seemed to be a little shocked by their reactions. He stared at the two of them blankly. I then quickly tried to explain, "Recently, we have been doing a lot of commercials, so it is high time that we should be taking a break."

"The commercials aren't the problem! It's fine even if we make those people requesting for commercials wait! But, if you were to go traveling, then how are we going to deal with the east district?"

Ji Luo Chu said agitatedly, "Moreover, Dragon Peace doesn't appear in the daytime. You can't possibly expect me to oversee the eastern, western, and southern districts during the day, do you? Recently, Ah Da has been busy turning the photos taken last time into print commercials, and doesn't have any spare time to help me monitor the surveillance cameras. How am I supposed to take care of three-quarters of Sunset City by myself? Even half would be pushing it!"

"What did you say?" Aren suddenly shouted.

At this point, everyone's attention fell on Aren, and the young master gave an "ah."

Ji Luo Chu seemed on guard as he questioned, "Who are you?"
Following that, he turned back to look at the young master and asked, "Ah Ye? Is this someone that you brought?"

The young master was evidently at a loss as to what to do, with both Ji Luo Chu and Aren staring at him. He merely faced me helplessly, and then all of their gazes turned to me.

I smiled. With my left hand gesturing to Aren, I introduced him to the other two, "This is Aren, the young master's university classmate. At the same time, he is also whom you know as the 'The Beast, Dragon Peace.'"

Ji Luo Chu's and Ah Da's mouths fell open.

I extended my right hand and gestured to Ji Luo Chu, explaining to Aren, "This person here is Ji Luo Chu, the young master's photographer. He is also whom you know as 'The Aristocrat, First Wind.'"

This time, it was Aren's turn to widen his eyes.

I looked at both parties that were struck dumb and smiled as I said, "As of this moment, we are just lacking Solitary Butterfly to gather the Four Great Heroes in this studio."

As I recalled the time when the Four Great Heroes had combined forces to stop the battle between the non-humans and the Church, I truly felt that the day when they would all gather together was perhaps not too far off.

"Sorry, I forgot that you two didn't know each other's identities."

The young master looked very upset. Ji Luo Chu quickly comforted him, "It's fine, it's fine. Anyway, I've been wanting to know Dragon Peace's identity for quite some time. We've been working together for a while now, but I couldn't figure out his identity, and it piqued my interest. Therefore, Ah Ye, you have answered a very big question of mine!" After hearing Ji Luo Chu say this, the young master was not worried about him anymore. However, following that, he quickly looked toward Aren nervously. Originally, he had already been somewhat at a loss as to how to deal with Aren, and now he could barely lift his head to look at him. He mostly kept his head down, taking cautious peeks at him out of the corner of his eye.

Aren, however, did not notice the young master. He looked at First Wind and confirmed once again, "Are you really First Wind?"

"Yes." Ji Luo Chu admitted straightforwardly. He also sized up Aren curiously and then praised, "I didn't think that Dragon Peace would actually be so young. I originally thought that you should be about the same age as me, since you tend to handle situations rationally and not recklessly like young people tend to do."

The corners of Aren's lips curved up slightly. I could tell that he was

very happy to hear that.

"Thank you." He thanked Ji Luo Chu.

Ji Luo Chu was stunned for a moment, and then said with a smile, "I wasn't praising you, just merely stating the truth."

"No, I am really thankful to you."

"You're really too polite, haha..." Ji Luo Chu gave a dry laugh, and he seemed to be at a loss as to how to communicate with Aren, just like the young master.

Aren once again thanked him with all his sincerity, "Thank you for saving me."

Ji Luo Chu froze. At this moment, Aren's expression looked a little uneasy. As he spoke, his voice became softer. "In a bank robbery case five years ago, I was held hostage by the robbers. The moment they left the area sealed off by the police, they pushed me off the cliff at the side of a highway. You climbed down to save me and sent me to the hospital. You even got swamped by the media because of that, and nearly couldn't escape..."

Ji Luo Chu blurted, "You were the high-schooler who was roaring in front of the media to seek revenge for your mother?"

"You remember me?" Aren looked a little shocked at that, but he also seemed to be a little happy.

Ji Luo Chu nodded his head, and he said with some awkwardness, "Yeah. When I read the news, it said that your father had had an early demise, and your mother had died under the gun of the robbers at that time. I was only a little, tiny bit worried. So I asked around a bit about your life, and know that you received compensation money from the insurance company and were able to get by with it. That's all."

"That's all?" Ah Da muttered, "If you hadn't found out about the compensation money, you would have wanted to go and adopt a high school son at the mere age of twenty-three."

Ji Luo Chu gave Ah Da a heavy blow with his knee, causing the latter to be in so much pain that his face contorted.

Aren lowered his head, and he seemed to somewhat choke with emotion as he said, "Thank you..."

Ji Luo Chu was so flustered that he started rambling, "It's no problem! I-I didn't do much, just merely saved you. H-Heroes are supposed to save people anyways! As for the matter of adoption, I only thought about it, but didn't really go and do so in the end. So don't listen to Ah Da's nonsense! I-I'm not that good-hearted! I already have a little brother, Luo Lun. If I added you, then I'd just have another little brother. Even though having another one wouldn't be much difference, b-but there's still a diff—Ahhhh! What am I saying!"

Ah Da started roaring in laughter. The young master tried his best to refrain from laughing, but his smile grew larger and larger. In the end, even Aren who still had his head lowered started sniggering.



"I already knew Leanna and Abner back in high-school. We were in different classes, so I wasn't very familiar with them. However, they were famous for being research maniacs. The entire school knew about them. At that time, my mother, s-she was killed by a robber firing a gun at her. The only one I had left, my mother... For the sake of revenge, I begged Leanna and Abner to use their medicine that was still in testing on me."

Aren paused for a moment, and then he truthfully admitted, "But they refused. I was the one who stole the medicine while they weren't paying attention, and then I used it on myself."

Hearing that, the young master was stunned.

"So that is how it is." Ji Luo Chu nodded his head, saying, "I still remember, Dragon Peace's first appearance was to catch those kidnappers that had escaped and throw them to the police station."

"You didn't kill them?" The young master suddenly asked.

Hearing this, Aren raised his head to look at the young master. His expression twisted, and he growled, "I wanted to... I really wanted to kill them! I beat them up thoroughly and was completely unable to stop. I wanted to beat them to death! B-But Leanna and Abner stopped me, or else I definitely would have killed them!"

"You have done very well." Ji Luo Chu patted Aren's shoulder and comforted, "Let the law punish them!"

Evidently, Aren was consoled by his words. He nodded his head with his eyes red.

However, the young master said in a quiet voice, "Is that so? But if someone killed my brother, I would definitely kill them. No one would be able to stop me."

"Ah Ye!" Ji Luo Chu stood up.

The young master raised his head to look at Ji Luo Chu, but he had no intentions to change his words. Although the latter had an expression as if to condemn him, he looked at the young master for a while and silently sat back down. His expression was very grave, yet he still did not say a single word to criticize the young master.

This instead made me feel that it was a pity. There was practically no one by the young master's side who could criticize him. Even if his personality was mature, the young master was still a young man in his early twenties. Moreover, he was not very familiar with the ways of the world. Therefore, he was very much in need of someone older to reprimand him. The problem was, however, that although everyone at home was older than the young master, they were all the young master's employees. As for the actual elder, the master pampered the young master. Therefore, there was no one who would reprimand him.

At this point, Aren suddenly asked, "Ah Ye, are you also only left with your brother?"

The young master turned to look at him and nodded.

"But are you not scared of taking a life?" After Aren finished his question, he then answered it himself, "That's right, you have already killed someone before... How did it feel the first time you killed someone?"

The young master fell silent for a long time. Then, he said indifferently, "The first person that I killed was my father."

All those present in the room widened their eyes at that, with the exception of me. That was because I had already heard the young master talk about this matter.

"As for how it felt..." The young master's gaze seemed to be far away, as though he was lost in the memory. He continued, "At first, it was extremely painful. Afterwards, there was a long period of time when my only thought was that I had 'no regrets.' In the end, I was very upset, very very upset..."

"Then..." Aren seemed to hesitate, but he still could not resist asking, "Do you regret it now?"

"No!" The young master's face suddenly darkened, and his tone went cold, just like the voice of "Dark Sun." He growled, "I had to kill my father. For the sake of protecting my brother, I had to kill him! I will never regret, and cannot regret... I definitely don't regret doing so!"

"Young Master," I called out and put my hand on the young master's shoulder.

The young master trembled a little, and then finally relaxed his

expression. He looked at Aren and Ji Luo Chu, who were both stunned and dazed.

The young master lowered his head, not looking at them anymore. He said softly, "Although I was very upset, I don't regret it. Even if my father were to come back to life once more, I would kill him again. Because if my father were to hurt my brother, I would be very, very upset. In the absence of a happy choice, I can only choose the option that would make me less sad... Was it right to do so?"

At that point, he suddenly lifted his head, and seemed to be a little distraught as he asked, "Luo Chu-gē, was that right?"

The moment he was asked that, Ji Luo Chu immediately started to panic. He seemed to be extremely troubled by it, and neither nodded nor shook his head.

"Young Master."

The young master turned and stared at me blankly.

"Your milk." With a smile, I served him a cup of warm milk.

He gave an "oh" and started drinking once he took the cup. With a smile, I said, "Young Master, I have a suggestion that I would like you to hear. After visiting my family, should we go and visit the master as well?"

The young master froze for a moment, and then said a little guiltily, "That's right! I nearly forgot to go and see my brother. No wonder the

last time I called, he kept asking me what I was going to do next. Good thing that you reminded me, or my brother is going to sulk again. Hmm, it's best to bring a present back. Every time he receives a present, my brother looks so happy!"

I immediately suggested, "How about you give the X-Killer catalogue from last time to the master?"

Upon hearing that suggestion, the young master immediately nodded his head happily.

I turned around and picked up the coffeepot. As I filled up Ji Luo Chu's cup of coffee, I requested, "Then, when the young master and Aren are not around, we will have to trouble you to please look after Sunset City."

Ji Luo Chu said in gratitude, "No problem... Ah!" At the last part, he instead let out a cry.

I was stunned. Ji Luo Chu stammered, "Y-You're saying that both Ah Ye and Aren are going traveling? T-Then, doesn't it mean that both 'Dark Sun' and 'Dragon Peace' are going on vacation? So during the night, Dragon Peace won't even be around to help me look after the southern district? So I have to look after the east, west, and south for the entire day?"

At this point, he clutched his head and yelled, "Before you all go for vacation, you might as well kill me first!"

"Oh? Really?" As the young master spoke, he raised his right hand.

Long silver nails suddenly extended from his fingers.

Ji Luo Chu stared at the metal nails and stuttered, "A-Ah Ye, I was joking..."

The young master laughed.

"Me too."



After promising Ji Luo Chu that Dark Sun would not vanish and would be taken over by DSII, he finally agreed unwillingly that he would help out a little more during that time period. However, his condition was that before we leave, the young master must film commercials all day and night. The other was that when they were shooting, Dragon Peace, Melody, and DSII had to help look after the western, eastern, and southern parts of Sunset City.

When I went to pick up the young master three days later, he was still jumping about in a lively manner. Rather, it was Ji Luo Chu and Ah Da who looked just like... just like Mr. An Te Qi.

Seeing the two's weary appearances, I was a little worried as I asked, "Young Master, after filming without rest for three days straight, you ought to be tired, right? Would you like to rest for a bit before we leave?"

The young master, however, shook his head. He replied, "I still slept for an hour every day, though I didn't sleep on the first day because I had to adjust DSII. But I'm not tired! This is only a light exercise. I

can even go for five days without sleep, and my bodily functions wouldn't be affected."

When the young master waved goodbye to them, Ah Da only had his eyes half-open, and Ji Luo Chu had already fallen asleep while leaning on the doorframe.

When we arrived home, Curtis had already arranged a minibus for us. The vehicle did not look luxurious and was a very common car model. The moment Melody saw it, she started shouting that she wanted to go back and drive her own car, but I managed to convince her from doing so. That was because her car was simply too attention grabbing. If any non-humans or humans were to follow us, it would cause us a lot of trouble.

Curtis walked up to me and reported, "Master Endelis, we will take the car out of the city first. Afterwards, we will transfer to a small aircraft back to our family estate."

I gave a nod at that, and then Curtis went to personally open the door. I turned around and said respectfully, "Young Master, please step inside the car."

The young master hugged Briar and carried her in, the both of them laughing. Following that was Melody, Aren, Dell, and finally, it was Curtis's and my turn.

Before getting in the car, I turned around to look at the building. Although this was not the ancient castle that I had always yearned for, I now felt that this building was also a rather good place.

“Charles.”

I turned around and inquired with a smile, “Yes, Young Master. What might you need of me?”

The young master revealed a brilliant smile as he urged, “Hurry up and come on! Dell says we’re tossing dice and betting on whether it’s big or small, and you’re going to be the dealer!”

“Very well.”

“What are we going to bet with?” The young master asked, seeming very excited.

Briar suggested while giggling, “Hehe, how about the person who loses goes and kisses Curtis-shūshu on the face?”

Curtis evidently did not think this was a good idea. Although he had been keeping an expressionless face all along, his face suddenly twitched. However, he still did not raise his voice to protest.

“Then, the winner can go and kiss Melody-jiě on the cheek!” The young master turned to ask Melody, “Is that okay?”

Melody puckered her lips, saying, “Even on the lips is fine!”

“Then, I’m definitely going to win!” Dell jumped to his feet, yelling. I got on the car, and the entire car was filled with the laughter of the young master, Briar, and Dell. Aren looked at them, seeming a little

exasperated. To the side, Melody had her feet up on the hand rest of the seat and was painting her toenails a vivid shade of blue.

I did not turn back to look at the building anymore. After all, what was left there was merely an empty shell. The most important contents were already in the car.

After the young master kissed Melody over thirty times, Briar kissed her over ten times, and even Aren kissed her thrice with his face red, but Dell kissed Curtis with a crying face fifty-something times, the bus finally reached its destination. It was a privately owned airport in the outskirts.

After the bus stopped, I gazed out of the window. There were no aircrafts on the runway, and it looked like the plane had yet to arrive. However, that was something that should not happen. The moment we arrived, the aircraft should have been on the runway waiting for us.

I looked at Curtis. He still remained expressionless, but he bowed as he apologized, "My sincere apologies, Master Endelis. Something appears to have happened to the aircraft. Please allow me to contact the control tower."

I nodded my head. Curtis then took out his cell phone and made a call. However, it seemed like he did not receive a response. This time, he actually frowned, and after informing me, he got off the bus to head toward the tower.

The young master spoke. "Curtis's mouth pursed together one millimeter, and the space between his brows decreased by two

millimeters. He seems to be a little unhappy! What's wrong?"

"It is because the aircraft is late. Being a butler, Curtis ought to have arranged for the transport to arrive before the master. The master's time is absolutely not to be wasted. Therefore, no matter what the reason is for the aircraft being delayed, it is still his mistake."

I bowed to the young master as I said, "But since I was the one who handed over the arrangements to Curtis to deal with, this is also considered my mistake. I am truly sorry for wasting the young master's time."

"That's fine!" The young master didn't seem to be bothered as he said, "We're not in a rush, so it's fine even if we have to wait a bit."

"The plane is coming, the plane is coming!" Briar excitedly patted the young master's shoulder, yelling, "Look over there, the plane is flying so low to the ground!"

The young master immediately turned around, and I too did the same. As expected, there was indeed a plane flying in our direction. This relieved me, for thankfully we had not made the young master wait a long time.

"There's something not quite right with the plane!" the young master suddenly shouted and dashed off the bus.

Not quite right? I could not think about it much and quickly followed the young master off the bus. Right at this moment, the aircraft happened to fly over our heads and was so close that it was barely a

few stories above us. On the belly of the plane, I saw a giant red bowtie painted there. That was the emblem of the Elysees. Sure enough, this aircraft was the one we were to take.

“Charles!”

I turned to the young master, who was shouting to me. Although I tried to decipher his words, the aircraft was simply too loud for me to hear him clearly.

“The plane didn’t put out its wheels! It won’t be able to land like this...”

I finally managed to hear what the young master was saying. However, at the same time, I noticed something that was worse than the plane not extending its wheels. The plane did not land onto the runway, but rather it headed directly toward the control tower. Before it crashed into the tower, the plane seemed to attempt to swerve away, but just when the plane body tilted a little, the left side crashed onto the tower. The tower instantly collapsed, and the wings of the aircraft also broke into two...

“Curtis!”

The young master gave a cry, and then started running in a flash. At this point, I then noticed that there was a shadowed figure under the tower, trying his best to run away. However, the tower above was crumbling faster than he was running... *Curtis!*

I mustn’t let Sadina’s grandson die! That was the only thought running through my brain.

Slide steps, slide steps... I appeared in front of Curtis. He was stunned but did not have the time to stop, and therefore collided into me. I took the opportunity to carry him, and then immediately used my slide steps to escape upon turning back.

I did not know how many times I had used my slide steps. My legs suddenly went soft, and I tripped so hard that Curtis flew out of my hands.

I used my hands to prop myself up and was greeted with the sight of the young master upon lifting my head. His eyes were wide as he spoke in disbelief, "Charles, y-you're really fast!"

As he spoke, the young master reached out to pull both Curtis and me to our feet. In the midst of it though, I fell to the ground once again. Although I really wanted to stand up, I could not feel any strength in my knees. In the end, I could only remain half-kneeling on the floor. Just as I was puzzling over why I was not able to stand, sudden sounds of explosions continuously rang out.

I looked toward the source of the sound. Within the sea of smoke and flames, we could see the huge remains of the tower close by, and a little further off was the aircraft that had broken into three...

The young master's voice was serious as he said, "Charles, call an ambulance." After that, he shouted behind him, "Dragon Peace!"

A tremendous roar was the reply from the latter.

*The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #2: Yue Gang, the
Strongest of the Weakest*

The four of us played the game together, only fifty times in total. An Xiang Ye, you alone won thirty-something times. What's going on? This is only a dice throw and betting on whether it's big or small. It's only a matter of luck and doesn't require any skill.

An Xiang Ye, as expected, you are an alien!

However, not winning even once might be even more formidable than winning thirty times...

Dell-gē, you're also an alien, right?



I called the ambulance, and afterwards, I tried standing up again. This time, I finally succeeded, but both my legs still felt a little strange. It felt as though I had just run an extremely long distance and was a bit shaky as a result.

"Master Endelis, are you well?"

I turned around and saw that Curtis's expression still held traces of alarm and doubt. I believed that a smile would be able to calm him down, but I was not able to smile. As such, I could only give up, and I asked him directly, "Are you hurt?"

Curtis shook his head and answered, "I have contacted the family. Madam Sadina is extremely furious right now. She is very worried

about you and wishes to speak with you.”

He passed over the cell phone, and the moment I received it, an anxious shout came over, “Charles? Cousin?”

I promptly answered, “I am here. Do not worry, Curtis is fine too.”

Over the phone, Sadina let out a sigh of relief. At this moment, I looked about, slightly worried. At first glance, I noticed Dragon Peace was currently moving a large piece of debris from the tower. Dell was also moving about in that area. It seemed like they were looking for survivors. However, I did not see any sign of the young master, and even Melody was gone without a trace. Instead, I saw Briar at Curtis’s side. She was sprawled next to him, looking extremely frightened with tear tracks on her cheeks.

As soon as she spotted me, she jumped into my open arms. As I patted her back, I asked, “Bri, where are the young master and Melody?”

Briar said softly, “Ah Ye-gē and Melody-jǐě went over to the plane. They told me not to look...”

I immediately looked toward the plane that had broken into three pieces. However, due to the far distance and the smoke permeating the air, I was unable to see where the young master and Melody were at all. Though sounds of explosions rang out from time to time, I believed that with their abilities, they would probably be fine.

I gently rubbed the back of Briar’s head. One reason was to console

her. The other was to bury her face in my chest so as to prevent her from seeing anything unpleasant.

"Cousin?"

I picked up the cell phone and said with some regret, "I am here. Sadina, I am afraid that the prospects for those who were on the plane are grim."

"That's not important. It's okay as long as you are fine. You are the last Elysees. If anything were to happen to you, I really wouldn't know how to tell your father and my deceased mother."

Hearing that, I felt a little at a loss as to how to react.

"Also, you absolutely mustn't go and try to rescue them. The plane crashing was definitely not an accident. It could have been caused by non-humans, and the plane crash might not have been able to kill them. Who knows, they might be waiting in ambush..."

Hearing this, I immediately tossed the cell phone to Curtis. At the same time, I ordered him, "Take care of Briar, and by all means, do not come over!"

Once Curtis took Briar into his arms, I immediately left the place using slide steps. However, using it merely once made my legs so shaky that I nearly fell over. Hence, I could only switch over to running.

On the way, there were scattered parts of the plane everywhere. When I reached the crash site, there was thick smoke filling the air with

flames all around. Sounds of explosions still rang out from time to time. I could only shout, "Young Master? Young Master?"

Urgh...

Young Master? I looked in all directions and realized that the sound had most likely come from under a certain piece of debris. I anxiously pushed it away. Indeed, there was someone underneath it, but it was not the young master. This made me heave a sigh of relief, but I still felt a little nervous, for I still did not know if the young master had truly encountered an ambush.

However, I could not just abandon this person. He was someone from the Elysees family, one of my family members.

I carefully turned the man over and then dragged him out from under the debris. However, upon dragging him out of there, I realized that he had received major injuries on his left side. A large part of his left shoulder was sliced off, and his left hand was completely gone. As for his left leg, it was all broken starting from halfway down his thigh.

I felt rather regretful. Though this person was not dead yet, he probably would not live long. I looked at the clothes he was clad in, and though they were filthy and damaged, it was indeed the standard uniform of the Elysees family.

"Traitor..."

I froze and asked in confusion, "What?"

He turned to look at me, his gaze already losing focus. However, he opened his mouth and attempted to get the words out at all costs, "Family... there's.... a traitor, cannot... let him..."

Suddenly, light footsteps came from behind me. I abruptly turned back, and at the same time, extended my nails.

"Charles?" The young master looked at me with a surprised face. Afterwards, he instead looked past me. "Eh? There's a survivor... Oh no!"

The young master rushed over and took the person from my arms. He started to do cardiopulmonary resuscitation on him, but after doing so a few times, he stopped. Looking at the person's injuries, he sighed and then slowly placed the lifeless body onto the ground.

"Young Master!" I quickly told him Sadina's speculations in full detail.

The young master however shook his head, saying, "Judging by the landing that the plane made, even non-humans would find it difficult to survive. Even if they did, they would have received major injuries from it, so they wouldn't be able to pull off an ambush. I went over to the cockpit of the plane just now. Even the pilot and co-pilot are dead, and moreover, I can't find the black box."

"Black box?" I froze.

"The plane's conversation log. If I have that, I can roughly guess the reason for the plane crash."

So that is how it is.

"Young Master!" Melody came running over.

"Are there still survivors?" Though the young master asked this, he did not seem to expect a positive answer.

As expected, Melody shook her head and said, "Only five corpses."

"Oh. Thankfully, there didn't seem to be that many people on the plane. I only saw ten corpses, and just now Charles also found another..." The young master paused for a moment, and then continued, "Another one who had just passed away. That's right, Charles, did he tell you the cause of the plane crash?"

He said that there is a traitor in the family... This should have nothing to do with the plane crash, right? I hesitated for a moment, and then shook my head.

"Then, there's no way around it." The young master nodded his head, saying, "Let's go. We'll go and help Dragon Peace. There might still be survivors at the tower... Oh, I guess we don't have to do that anymore. The ambulance is here."

We slowly walked back to where the bus was. The entire place was in chaos, and the sounds of the ambulance sirens were blaringly loudly. Moreover, the ambulance showed no signs of leaving. It looked as if the ambulance attendants were currently covering the deceased with white cloths one-by-one, so it looked like there were no survivors at the tower either.

Other than the ambulance, three police cars also arrived on the scene. The police were interrogating Curtis. As for Dragon Peace with his huge stature, he had already vanished without a trace. Dell was holding hands with Briar, standing at one side.

Once the other policemen saw us, they dashed over and even surrounded us. There were about ten fully armed policemen who roared, "Who are you guys?"

"We are with them." I quickly pointed to Curtis.

A policeman asked extremely disrespectfully, "Where have you guys been?"

"To the plane to see if we could be of any help."

"To the plane? Don't you all know that's dangerous? It's highly possible that another explosion will occur. You guys probably also damaged the crime scene..."

Under the situation where the policemen seemed like they really wanted to arrest us and throw us directly into jail, I could only take out my phone and dial Yue Gang's number.

Once the call went through, Yue Gang's unhappy voice came over, "What? This time, which one of you has gotten into trouble again? Once, it was your little brother being captured by werewolves. Another time, you were mistaken for a vampire. Did you forget to pacify Tai Sui this year? Go to church and say some amens for a bit?"

*Tai Sui and the church seem to be from two different religions...
Moreover, neither seems suitable for a vampire.*

I gave a wry smile as I said, "This time, there are a few more people. Me, my little brother, my fifth sister..."

"I'll be there immediately!"

After saying so, he hung up the phone. However, my phone's ring tone sounded almost right after he did so. I picked up the call, and Yue Gang went "hehe" before he said, "I forgot to get the location from you. Your fifth sister... I mean, where are you all right now?"

I reported our current location, feeling a bit helpless. Yue Gang then hung up the phone on me once again. I only hoped that in a bit, Yue Gang would not cling too closely to Melody. If Melody were to become unhappy, I probably would not be able to guarantee his safety.

At this point, one policeman suddenly shrieked, "Eh? Y-You're the angel, right?"

After that, everyone's attention fell onto the young master. The young master started to panic and said nervously, "If you are talking about the advertisement... Yes, I am the model from 'The Last Angel.'"

The hostility of the policemen greatly decreased in an instant, and everyone started to size up the young master curiously. Someone even asked, "Then, are you actually a guy or a girl? Right now, you look like a guy, but you really looked like a girl in the poster with the

lipstick.”

The young master quickly clarified, “I’m a guy!”

“I told you he’s a guy!” A policewoman told the rest of the policemen proudly, and after saying so, she took out her purse. Then, she took out a stack of small cards from within her purse and passionately showed it to the young master. “Look, they’re your photos! I grabbed them off of the net. Could you please sign them?”

“Eh?” The young master seemed somewhat frenetic as he asked, “Sign? W-What am I signing?”

“What are you all doing?”

A roar rang out, and all the policemen froze. Then, they quickly reverted back to their straight-laced expressions, and all of them stood at attention. Following that, a policeman walked over. It was the policeman who had been interrogating Curtis a moment ago.

The policeman coldly surveyed the surroundings, and then asked in a rude tone, “What are you all doing?”

The policewoman forced herself to report, “Captain Xie Wei, it’s just that we suddenly discovered—discovered a celebrity!”

This captain of the police squad called Xie Wei looked even younger than Yue Gang. However, I believe that that should not be the case. It was just that Yue Gang simply did not care for his appearances at all. With his untrimmed sideburns, he looked much older than his actual

age of twenty-eight. As for Xie Wei, he had a crew cut except for a slightly longer patch of hair on his left side that was even dyed a light purple. On top of that, he had a cool and composed face. An average youngster nowadays would probably say that he was very cool.

"Captain Xie Wei look, it's him!" The policewoman pointed at the young master with a bit of excitement.

Xie Wei's gaze shifted onto the young master, and the young master instantly smiled at him.

"Oh, you're the fellow from the poster who looks neither like a man nor a woman?" Xie Wei gave a cold laugh and said, "However, the real person looks a lot more like a man than he does in the poster."

The young master momentarily froze. At this time, Curtis, Dell, and Briar also came over. Once Dell walked to the young master's side, Briar, who was holding hands with him, immediately jumped into the young master's arms.

Briar buried herself in the young master's chest and said softly, "Ah Ye-gē, I saw a dead person. It was so scary."

The young master was a bit reproachful as he said, "Didn't I tell you not to look and also not to raise your head?"

Briar seemed to feel truly wronged as she said, "It's the police-shūshu who wanted me to raise my head. He wanted to ask me questions, but when I was speaking, I accidentally saw when I turned around."

Hearing that, the young master gave Xie Wei a glare, and then lowered his head to comfort Briar, "Don't be scared. I'll protect you!"

I looked toward Xie Wei, feeling a little worried. He did not seem like a good-tempered person and probably would not drop the matter of the young master glaring at him.

As expected, Xie Wei's face turned dark, but he actually did not act on it. He merely turned and roared at the policemen, "Hurry and go do what needs to be done! Li Wa! You're responsible for searching them. If they have any fragments of the plane on them, then arrest them all and take them back to the police office!"

Li Wa was the policewoman who had recognized the young master. She answered "yes" in a loud voice, brimming with joy. Following that, she spent five minutes to search everyone else, but twenty minutes on the young master. Only when Melody said in a sarcastic tone, "Why don't you just ask him to strip down for you to touch?" was she willing to stop her search.

Afterwards, Yue Gang arrived on the scene, and even had a bit of a conflict with Xie Wei. Yue Gang wanted to take us away, but Xie Wei wanted us to go to the police office and give a statement.

"Give a statement?" Yue Gang frowned and said, "I have never heard of people who saw a plane crash having to give a statement. Though this airport is small, there should be quite a few surveillance cameras. Shouldn't watching those surveillance videos be enough? As for these people, just questioning them is enough. Did you question them already? If you already did, then I'm taking them with me! In the

future, if there's anything else you want to ask, then look for me. Anyway, these people are my bros and his family, so they'll come when I call!"

Xie Wei remained silent. Looking at his expression, it seemed like he still did not want to let us go. However, Yue Gang ignored him and started talking to us without asking for permission, "There are so many of you, I can't fit everyone in my police car. Do you all have your own car? If you do, that would be great. I'll go with you all in the car, and let my partner drive the police car to clear the way. You guys must have gotten quite the scare, so hurry and go home to rest!"

Under Xie Wei's hostile gaze, we returned to the bus. However, once we got on, we found Aren sitting inside. Upon discovering that there was someone already there, Yue Gang was also shocked, but he did not mention it and simply yelled to the others to get on quickly.

We sat on the bus, our positions exactly the same from when we first departed. Only this time, we had an extra person, Yue Gang. However, our mood was not relaxed and joyous like before.

"Sigh! Meeting a werewolf, being targeted by the Church, and now even witnessing a plane crash... Your family really is plagued with misfortunes!"

As Yue Gang spoke, he even rubbed the young master's head vigorously and praised, "However, you don't seem to be scared at all, Xiǎodì. You're young but you sure have guts!"

"But Briar was scared." The young master seemed extremely unhappy

as he said, "Those policemen were actually questioning Briar next to a corpse!"

Hearing that, Yue Gang scratched his head and asked, "Are you okay, little girl?"

Though Briar nodded her head, her complexion did not look good. One could tell that she was pretending to be strong.

Yue Gang gave a cold snort and said, "Too bad I don't know those guys well. If I knew them, I'd definitely give him a good whack on his head! Don't they know how to do their job? Sheesh!"

"So, there are actually policemen you are not acquainted with?" I smiled as I said, "I thought that all the policemen in Sunset City were your 'bros.'"

Yue Gang scratched his head and seemed to be having a headache as he said, "Argh! That's the new squad that the superiors dispatched. I heard that it's a special squad with strong firepower and incredible skills... However, they don't know any of the rules at all! A few days ago, they even investigated a store that shouldn't be messed with and nearly started a large conflict. How troublesome!"

A store that shouldn't be messed with? Could it be...

"A new police squad?" The young master abruptly asked, "Why did they dispatch a new squad here?"

"Of course it was because of that incident last time at Evening Sun

Plaza. The superiors said that the public order at Sunset City was lacking, so they dispatched more police officers here.” As he said this, Yue Gang’s face darkened. He spoke with disdain, “Do you know how they are describing that incident at places outside of Sunset City?”

This was something that I really did not know. In reality, other than the media reporting it in great detail on the day after the incident, nothing else about it seemed to have come up in the news since.

This was very unnatural. Regardless whether or not humans had already developed a faint notion of the existence of non-humans, at least they would still not treat a vampire’s existence as a matter of fact. However, at the Evening Sun Plaza that day, so many various types of non-humans had appeared directly in front of their eyes. This was definitely not minor news that would fade away after a day of reporting.

Slightly curious, the young master asked, “How do they describe it?”

“Two criminal forces clashed in Sunset City, sinking the citizens into so much despair that it caused mass hysteria, making them believe that a demon has appeared, and the apocalypse is approaching.”

Hearing that, all of our eyes turned wide. Yue Gang continued, “The superiors originally commanded the news of Sunset City to report it as such as well, but no one dared to report that. It’s too ridiculous! The reporter I know was nearly on the verge of tears. He said that if this were to be reported, the citizens would definitely die laughing! Thus, they decided not to report it, and to treat it as if that piece of news never existed.”

"Did the citizens not panic?" I asked quietly, "Regarding those races that should not have existed in the first place..."

"What is there to panic about?" Yue Gang gave me a strange look and said naturally, "Dark Sun is already flying about everywhere! So what if there's another fellow who's neither fish nor fowl and can fly?"

Neither fish nor fowl... Is he referring to Mr. Stone? I felt a little helpless, but the young master started laughing.

Yue Gang continued with another example, "Dragon Peace has also been running around since five years ago! Werewolves are even smaller than him. They just have a bit more fur!"

Aren showed a faint smile, and then turned to look out of the window.

"You want the citizens of our Sunset City to panic?" Yue Gang gave a "hmph," and said proudly, "It really would take the apocalypse to make that happen!"

I said sincerely, "My sincere apologies, I have truly underestimated the residents of Sunset City."

Yue Gang rolled his eyes at me and said unhappily, "You say it as if you don't live here! Speaking of which, you and your family are the ones who are really daring! It feels like any crazy mishap could befall you! Listen to me and you can't go wrong! These days—"

"Stay at home and shut the front door. If anything happens, give you

a call, and keep it brief.” I continued his words for him and felt a little helpless as I said, “Yue Gang, if I followed your instructions, I probably would not be able to step out of the house for the rest of my life.”

Yue Gang rubbed his nose, but justified himself, “It’s not my fault. Who asked you to look like a useless weakling? Non-humans aside, I think even women can defeat you! If you don’t stay at home obediently and lock the doors, then I’ll have to come over and save you day and night. That’s really troublesome!”

“You really do understand him!” Melody praised Yue Gang.

The young master, Briar, and Dell broke into laughter together. I could only smile wryly at this.

Yue Gang looked out of the bus window and said, “We’re finally back in the city. I’ll continue to patrol with my comrades. You guys should go back home directly! Don’t create trouble for me again!”

Why did he have to look at me while saying that last statement? I have never created trouble before.

Dell patted my shoulder, feigning sincerity as he said, “Èrgē, you must be obedient, and don’t create trouble! You must set a good example for your dìdi and mèimei!”

“Precisely!” Yue Gang even nodded his head.

The young master was laughing so hard he fell down into Briar’s lap, twitching non-stop.

After both the bus and the police car stopped at the curb, Yue Gang got off. I notified the young master, and then followed Yue Gang out the vehicle.

I called out to Yue Gang to get him to stop, and then asked him tactfully, "Have you had enough money for food recently? It looks like the gun at your waist is a new one again..."

"I'm not the one who bought it. The senior officer distributed it to all of us. It's loaded with silver bullets. He said that this is very effective against vampires and werewolves, so he gave one to everyone in the squad."

That explained the matter. However, this was an unnecessary course of action. An energy gun was in no way inferior to silver bullets.

"However..." Yue Gang dug out a metal box from his possession. Upon opening it, there were metal capsules the size of thumbs inside. He chuckled, and then said, "The latest gadget, energy bombs. They operate like hand grenades, but are a lot more useful! Even vampires would be bombed to smithereens with this gadget!"

"... They are not cheap, right?" *On top of that, couldn't you use in your examples a non-human that is not a vampire?*

Yue Gang gave a dry laugh, and then placed his arm around my shoulder. He said in a small voice, "Can I borrow five thousand yuan to pull myself through the month?"

I dug out my wallet, and as I took out the money, I told him, "I have already told you before, if you do not have enough money, you can ask and borrow from me. Anyway, you have always returned the money when you receive your salary, so it is fine. Why did you not ask proactively this time?"

Yue Gang rolled his eyes at me, saying, "Your fifth sister is on the bus. How could I have the nerve to ask you for money?"

That explains it. I gave him a pile of notes that added up to exactly ten thousand. Yue Gang was like that; if he said he wanted to borrow five thousand, then he would usually need ten thousand in order to actually be able to eat well.

Yue Gang was not the least bit shy about taking the money. He opened the door of the police car, but turned around again. He told me, "You really should go out less often as of late. That fellow Xie Wei doesn't know the rules, barging around everywhere like a bull. He caused quite a few incidents, but my senior officer can't control him because the people backing him are too powerful."

I felt a little like asking which store Xie Wei had gone to, the one that should not be messed with, but I was unable to do so. After all, stores that should not be messed with are usually not places that a normal person would know of.

The policeman seated in the driver's seat of the police car stuck out his head and shouted, "Charles, help me tell the angel that the latest fashion commercial was simply breathtakingly beautiful! Putting aside how crazy my wife is over him, even I as a big man am about to fall in

love with him!”

Before I could reply, the young master stuck his head out from the bus window. He seemed a bit embarrassed as he said, “Thank you!”

“Oh oh oh! Angel!”

“Let’s go!” Yue Gang sat in the car and said unhappily to his coworker, “Or do you want me to make a call right now to inform your wife that because the angel said ‘thank you’ to you, you’re intending to divorce her and go chase after the angel?”

“Then, my wife would probably tell me to scram, because the angel is hers...”

I smiled while watching the police car drive off and then turned around. Just when I was about to step back onto the bus, the young master abruptly said, “Charles, I’m hungry. Can we eat before going home?”

I looked in the direction of the young master’s line of sight, and realized that the bus was coincidentally parked in front of a barbeque shop. This barbeque shop was not foreign to us either. It was the shop where they sold a plate of meat for a hundred yuan, and the young master had once finished five thousand yuan’s worth of food here.

I quickly agreed, “Of course.” At the same time, I inwardly blamed myself for my negligence. It was currently already past noon, and I had actually forgotten to make arrangements for lunch. If my honorable father were to know of this, he would definitely make me return to go through another ten years of butler education.

Everyone got off the bus with a cheer. Curtis walked over to me anxiously, immediately bowed in apology, and said, "My utmost apologies, Master Endelis. I had forgotten to make arrangements for lunch."

"It is fine. I had forgotten about it, too. Go to the counter first and request for the shop to arrange for seats that are located closer toward the corner, and then arrange for them to bring one of each item on the menu. As for all the various meats, ask them to first bring three servings of each type."

"Understood."

Once we sat at the table, everyone looked like they were famished. They even cleanly finished the appetizers that the shop served first. Curtis and I were responsible for grilling the meat non-stop. Though our speed of grilling the meat was already very fast, the speed at which the meat vanished was even faster.

Both the young master's food portions as well as his eating speed were shocking. As for Aren, though he looked thin and small, he had an appetite that did not match his size at all. Because of the two aforementioned people, it looked like Dell was not eating much. However, the truth was that he was also a glutton... compared to normal humans, that is.

Instantly after the store served all of the items on the menu, I was forced to order a second round of food. This time, the boss even seemed a little nervous as he asked for us to settle half of the bill first.

I had just come back from footing the bill when I saw the young master put down his cutlery. He said, "Charles, Curtis, the two of you should be hungry too, right? Go and eat first. I'll take over and grill the meat!" After finishing his words, he extended a hand to try and take the tongs away from Curtis.

Curtis was stunned, but held the tongs away. At the same time, he sternly voiced out, "Young Master An, serving you is a butler's duty. It definitely does not make any sense to let you grill the meat personally."

"I can grill and eat at the same time! Anyways, we're not in a rush for time, so let's eat slowly!"

Young Master, although what you said is true, the words "eat slowly" coming from your mouth are not convincing at all.

The young master said naturally, "Moreover, the last time I came over with Ezart to eat, it was the two of us who grilled the meat while eating. Charles was sitting off to the side, drinking blood!"

Curtis looked at me hesitantly, and I nodded to him. Only then was he willing to pass the tongs in his hands to the young master. At the same time, he said, "Understood, then I will be troubling you."

Curtis was right. As a butler, one definitely could not let the master grill the meat personally while one sits on the sidelines, eating. However, as my honorable father had said over and over, the rules are dead while the master is alive.

The young master really enjoys grilling the meat himself while

conversing with Ezart, so I should not spoil his fun.

As the young master turned over the meat, he said, "Speaking of Ezart, when is he going to come back? After he stopped fighting in free-for-all combats, he's nowhere to be seen. The second to last time he called, he said he was going hiking, and the last time he said he was going skiing... Afterwards, he went missing for several months and couldn't even be contacted via his cell phone."

Young Master, it is not hiking, it is rock climbing. Also, it is not skiing, but a polar expedition. However, Ezart did indeed say hiking and skiing.

I quickly said, "Young Master, the World Geographic magazine is about to be published. I believe you will be able to see a photo of Ezart in it."

Ever since he quit fighting in combat rings, Ezart had been scouted as a member of the expedition team by the people of World Geographic. The job specialized in exploring dangerous parts all over the world. Regarding this new job, Ezart seemed to enjoy it very much and still had yet to come back to Sunset City.

The young master nodded his head and said, "Yeah! I don't know if he will send me a souvenir. Last time, he said he was going to send me a rock, but in the end he forgot about it. This time, he said that he was going to send me a very ugly bug. If he forgets again, I'll..."

The young master tilted his head to one side while pondering, and then ruthlessly said, "The next time he comes back, I won't introduce Aren to him!"

I could not help but smile. Ezart had always wanted to meet Dragon Peace. As for his reason, of course it was to challenge him to a fight.

Aren froze for a moment and seemed puzzled as he looked at the young master. He then asked, "Who is Ezart?"

"My classmate from high school." After the young master finished replying, he looked at Aren. He seemed a little worried as he said, "I don't know if you will like Ezart! Every time Charles hears that we are going to eat midnight snacks with Ezart, his brows crease. That's because Ezart is very fond of fighting. Every time he sees Charles, he challenges him to a fight. However, Charles has yet to accept the challenge even once. Therefore, Ezart keeps bullying Charles, saying that he wants to make him angry so that Charles will fight him."

Briar was brimming with curiosity as she asked, "Then, did Charles-gē really get angry?"

"No." The young master giggled as he said, "As for the things that Ezart did, even I wouldn't get angry, let alone Charles!"

"What did he do?" Aren suddenly asked.

"Many things! Like whacking Charles's head for the entire night, and purposely spilling cola, soy sauce, and chili sauce onto his pants. Also, he said not to waste food and forced him to finish charred meat. He even said that blood must not taste good, so in order to help him season it, he added a pile of seasoning into a blood bag..."

Dell muttered, "Even so, he didn't get angry? If it were me, I would

have killed him!”

Once Dell finished his statement, Aren immediately nodded his head in agreement.

“Ah! You can’t! Aren, you can’t kill Ezart!” The young master said worriedly, “Promise me that, okay?”

Aren looked at the young master and nodded his head with an “okay.”

Receiving the confirmation so easily seemed to have shocked the young master. However, he showed a smile and seemed to be very happy.

Seeing that, I smiled too. I picked up the thermos flask, wanting to refill the young master’s glass of milk. However, the glass was only halfway filled when I realized that there was no more milk.

“Young Master, I will go and buy some more milk from a convenience store nearby.”

The young master nodded at me.

I stood up, and Curtis immediately stood up too. I smiled at him and said, “Sit and accompany the young master during his meal.”

“Understood.” He obediently sat down again.



I took out three family-sized containers of milk from the refrigerated

shelves. The young master cannot drink that much, but both Briar and Aren like drinking milk tea. Milk tea brewed using authentic fresh milk would be better for their health.

I should also buy some black tea while I am here. Although the barbeque shop provides black tea free of charge, the quality of the tea is as one might imagine—

“Young Master Charles, when are you going back to see Countess Avexila?”

The grocery basket in my hands fell to the ground. I turned around and saw a woman dressed in an oriental style.

“Gong Feng Xiang...”

She showed a helpless smile as she apologized, “I am terribly sorry, Young Master. I left without saying goodbye. But the Elysees family wanted me to leave immediately and to never step within ten kilometers of the apartment, so I really had no choice! But I did not think that I could actually meet you here. This is simply great!”

Though she said thusly, I did not believe that this was a mere coincidence. It was currently daytime, and a normal vampire definitely would not appear out on the streets at this time, especially not in the convenience store.

“When do you intend to go back to visit Madam Avexila?”

Why does Madam Avexila want to see me so much? What exactly are

her intentions? I looked at Gong Feng Xiang and rejected her directly for the first time, "I will not go back."

Gong Feng Xiang froze, and then she stopped smiling and said with a somewhat upset tone, "Madam really misses you. Perhaps she has really erred before, but she is truly remorseful right now. She also wishes to see you—"

"Surely you do not truly think that I would believe such words?"

I interrupted her and continued in slight anger, "Please, do not say such things anymore! Both you and I know that this is not the case. I do not understand why Madam Avexila suddenly wants to see me, but this has nothing to do with missing me. She definitely would not miss me... Unless, she wishes to make use of me to accomplish something?"

Gong Feng Xiang shouted agitatedly, "Young Master Charles, how could you say so? Madam is your mother!"

"She is not!" I tried my best to keep calm and said, "I only have a father. She is not my mother. She is merely the vampire who gave birth to me."

After hearing my words, Gong Feng Xiang went from a state of agitation back to being calm. I could not tell what she felt toward my rejection. She merely seemed a little regretful as she said, "Then, no matter what, you will not return to the Endelis clan of your own will?"

I coldly replied, "My surname may be Endelis, but I am a member of the Elysees family. If it is about returning, the only place I should

return to is the Elysees family.”

“A member of the Elysees family?” Gong Feng Xiang laughed and continued chuckling as she said, “Young Master Charles! You’re a vampire, a pureborn vampire. Do you think that humans would really accept you? Look at that cashier. He’s so frightened of you that he hid under the counter.”

Not even addressing me formally anymore? Perhaps it is time to show my cards... Although I did not want to listen to her, I still saw the cashier of the convenience store hiding behind the counter. Occasionally, he would pop out half of his head to sneak looks at Gong Feng Xiang and me.

Even though only half of his face showed, I could still see his panic and fear. When I glanced over, he had actually sunk entirely under the counter, not daring to even peek.

It might be better this way. If Gong Feng Xiang and I were to start fighting, he would not be injured by accident.

“Charles!”

Gong Feng Xiang and I both froze and turned to look at the source of the voice. Then, I realized that the young master was currently standing at the entrance of the store. Although he called my name, he kept a steely gaze on Gong Feng Xiang. His expression was grave, as though he were sending a warning to her.

“Long time no see, Young Master An.” Gong Feng Xiang ignored his

warning, and even greeted him with a smile.

The young master tilted his head to one side and replied, "Yeah! Long time no see. Are you looking for Charles?"

Gong Feng Xiang smiled sweetly as she said, "Yes indeed. Could I borrow Young Master Charles for ten minutes?"

"No way!" The young master refused her flatly, and even said unhappily, "He's going to help me grill meat! Charles, you're taking so long to buy the milk! I'm about to starve to death. Hurry and take the items to the checkout, then come back and help me grill meat!"

I was stunned, but replied, "Understood, Young Master."

I quickly picked up my grocery basket and went to pay at the checkout counter. Only when I had reached the counter did I recall that the cashier had already heard Gong Feng Xiang's words and knew that I was a vampire. *Moreover, he is currently hiding behind the counter out of fear, so how am I to pay?*

I felt somewhat at a loss as to what to do. *Perhaps I can place cash payment on the counter directly, and then leave with my items?*

Opening my wallet, I realized that I had given all cash on hand to Yue Gang, and could only pay by credit card. *Now what should I do?*

Half of the cashier's head suddenly appeared, and he asked in a panic, "C-checking out?"

I received a shock, but promptly replied, "Indeed."

He hesitated for a moment and stood up with a pale face, scanning the barcode of all the items one by one. "Your total is one thousand two hundred fifty two yuan. May I ask if you are paying by c-credit card or cash?"

"Credit card. Also, please help me enter the tax ID. The number is 7653..."

The cashier froze for a moment, before he then said, "Sure."

I signed and the cashier handed over the receipt to me. But when I took it, I realized that something was missing, so I quickly asked, "There are no point stickers?"

The cashier's expression turned extremely strange and he asked, "... You're collecting them?"

"Yes." I took out my point's card and gave it to the cashier, saying, "It just happened to be filled up now, so I will trade it in directly!"

The cashier received the point card sluggishly, and then took out a small box from under the counter and passed it to me.

The young master moved over and asked curiously, "Charles, what is this?"

I passed the box over to him and explained at the same time, "This is the convenience store's point-gathering event. When you spend five

hundred yuan, you can get one point. Once you get five points, you can draw a hero figurine. I already have two Solitary Butterfly, four Dragon Peace, and three First Wind figurines. However, I still have not been able to get Dark Sun. It would be nice if I could get him this time.”

The young master opened the box and gave an “ah.” Then, he took out a three heads tall chibi giant with a threatening pose, saying, “It’s Dragon Peace.”

“Ah...”

The cashier abruptly interrupted, “I heard that when they were delivering those, they accidentally sent all the Dark Suns to the stores in the southern district.”

“That explains the matter. I understand. I will go shopping in the south next time.” I said with a smile, “Thank you for telling me.” The cashier seemed a little embarrassed as he said, “Y-You’re welcome!”

The young master and I stepped out of the convenience store. Behind us, we could hear the cashier’s excited shouts, “Xiao Hong, let me tell you something. It turns out, even vampires collect point stickers! What? I’m not crazy! Let me tell you, just now a vampire came to buy stuff... Male, he’s male... Was he handsome? Devastatingly handsome, I tell you! Hahaha! Envious?”

Stepping out of the convenience store, I found it rather laughable. Yue Gang was right. It would probably truly take the apocalypse to make

the residents of Sunset city panic. I wonder what kind of expression Gong Feng Xiang would make after hearing what the cashier said.

"Charles," the young master called.

"Yes, Young Master."

The young master stopped in his tracks and looked at me, a little hesitant. He said, "You really aren't going back to see your mother?"

I replied with a smile, "Indeed so. I believe that such a thing is not necessary. Madam Avexila is not a mother who would miss her child."

However, the young master did not continue walking toward the barbeque store. He hesitated for a moment and asked softly, "Charles, I have always found it very strange. Why do you always say 'Madam Avexila?' She is your mother, right? But it seems like you're talking about a stranger..."

"Young Master, I was raised by my father. I only met Madam Avexila when I was over a hundred years old already. To me, she is indeed a stranger."

"Then, you really won't go and meet your mother?" The young master said quietly, "Gong Feng Xiang said that she is very remorseful and wants to meet you... What if it's true?"

I shook my head with a smile and replied, "I do not believe so. Madam Avexila will not feel remorse..."

"Charles, mothers can make mistakes, too!"

The young master suddenly became emotional as he said, "My mother also made a mistake. She wanted to make use of me to take revenge against my father. B-but she really was remorseful! In the end, she didn't abandon me, and wanted to escape with me still in her womb... but that failed. You can't blame her for it! S-She really tried her best..."

I grabbed hold of the young master's shoulder and softly called, "Young Master." Only then did he break out of his emotional state. He looked at me, not knowing what to do. I gave a faint smile as I said, "It seems like I have never heard you talk about your mother. So you love her this much."

The young master instead showed a troubled expression. He said, "Actually, I haven't met my mother before. She died while giving birth to me. However, what she wrote in the letter she left behind was a series of apologies... I really want to tell her that I don't blame her, b-but... Charles, if your mother is truly remorseful, you should forgive her, okay?"

The young master raised his head and looked at me, as though he was waiting expectantly.

I only need to agree. The young master would not know whether I truly forgave her or not.

"Young Master, your mother is not my mother. Some things can never be forgiven." After saying so, I abruptly realized what I was saying. *I actually told him the truth? What is going on?*

The young master looked a little disappointed. As he walked, he softly said, "No matter what she did, she is still your mother. You can't avoid seeing her forever, can you?"

That is indeed what I am hoping to do.

*The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #3: Sadina, the Love
between an Immortal and Mortal*

"Aren, Aren, look! It's Dragon Peace!"

I glanced at it. As it turned out, it was one of the hero series figurines that the convenience store gives out after collecting enough points. "I have this one too. I finished collecting all four of them, since the fifth generation is relatively easy to collect."

"Fifth generation?"

An Xiang Ye looked at me with wide eyes, as though I was speaking an alien language... That's not right! I'm speaking a language from Earth. You're the one who is an alien!

Charles-gē explained with a smile, "Young Master, because giving out hero figures as an event was very popular, convenience stores kept releasing new series. They are all centered on The Four Great Heroes, with the heroes in different poses. Currently, they are on the fifth generation."

"Aren, so you have been collecting them too? Do you have the complete set from one to five?"

I nodded my head, even though I was a bit reluctant to admit to it. To be still collecting figures even though I'm already this age is a little embarrassing.

"But, I don't have the secret edition version of Dark Sun from the

fourth generation. That one was too difficult to get."

After saying so, Charles-gē told me with a smile that he had two of the secret edition version of Dark Sun from the fourth generation, and just happened to be able to give me one of them.

"What is a secret edition?" An Xiang Ye asked once again with his eyes wide.

Actually, you're the one who is a vampire, and Charles-gē is the human, right?



"Yes, we will not be leaving for the time being. The young master will be responsible for patrolling the east, and Dragon Peace will also go patrol the south... Very well, I will inform the young master of the time of the photoshoot... Ah! Please wait a moment."

I put down the phone temporarily and turned to ask, "Young Master, Luo Chu asks whether you want your salary transferred into your account or do you want payment in cash?"

At this moment, the young master was currently tugging on the sleepy-eyed Aren, picking up the hero figures one by one to play with. He curiously asked Aren various questions, such as why the second generation of Solitary Butterfly held a black flower in her hand.

Thankfully, Aren seemed to have a good understanding of The Four Great Heroes's activities and answered the young master without pausing. That was because at that time, there was a rich suitor wooing

Solitary Butterfly, and he had spent a large sum of money to buy many black roses. Then, he arranged them in Sunset Plaza, forming the words "Solitary Butterfly."

Hearing my question, the young master raised his head. He asked in confusion, "Salary?"

"Yes. This should be the first time you have received a salary, right?" I gave a small reminder, "Buying a gift for the master would be an excellent use for it."

Once the young master heard that, his expression immediately turned into one of realization. He said happily, "Okay! Then, please tell Luo Chu-gē that I will go and collect it from him."

The doorbell rang while I was talking to Ji Luo Chu on the phone. Briar immediately jumped to her feet, saying, "I'll go open the door."

I gave a smile and continued to talk on the phone with Ji Luo Chu. However, I heard Briar make a shocked sound.

"Who are you looking for..."

From the sound of her voice, Briar seemed a little frightened. I turned to look at the door. At the door, there stood a tall and muscular man with a head of orange hair. There was a dragon tattoo on his left cheek. He was wearing a tattered tank top and ragged jeans and carried a luggage case in his hands. He looked completely travel-worn and absolutely did not look anything like a friendly person, so it was no wonder that Briar was frightened by him.

The young master jumped to his feet, yelling, "Ezart!" Following that, he ran to the door hurriedly.

"Why are there more and more people in your house?" Ezart threw the luggage case to the young master off-handedly and glanced to his side. "There's even a little girl? Where did you pick her up from?"

The young master clutched the luggage case with one hand and held onto Briar with the other. He followed behind Ezart and walked back into the living room, and while doing so, replied, "This is Briar! She is the fiancée I told you about last time."

"Tch! She looks only ten! You're such a pervert." Ezart looked at me and casually asked, "Butler, how about we fight a round?"

I shook my head with a forced smile.

"Ezart, don't bully Charles! Also, you've come back, but I still haven't received any souvenirs from you!" The young master angrily said, "Could it be that you forgot again?"

"I didn't forget!" Ezart lay spread out on the sofa, saying, "It was too big, so the post office wouldn't let me mail it. Oh well!"

The young master tossed the luggage back to Ezart as he questioned, "Then, did you bring it with you?"

"Nope."

The young master was so angry that even his cheeks started to puff out. Ezart immediately said, "It's too big. Even the taxi refused to take it."

"Just how big is it?" Hearing that, the young master was no longer angry and instead turned curious.

Ezart shrugged his shoulders and stated, "About the same size as you?"

"That big of a bug?" The young master seemed to be greatly surprised.

"That's right! You said you wanted a souvenir that was a little bigger, so I picked the biggest one. The bug has been frozen in ice, so it's even bigger! In the end, no car was willing to pick it up, so you have to go drive over and pick it up yourself."

"Okay! I'll go borrow a car from Melody right now," the young master responded instantly. "Briar, Aren, come with me!"

"Big bug..." Briar showed a rare face full of reluctance.

Aren made a sour face as he declared, "I want to sleep!"

"You can sleep in the car!" The young master pulled both of them along, one in each hand. He walked to the front door, and then turned to tell me, "Charles, there's no need to prepare lunch anymore. We'll be eating out."

"Very well."

Ezart then lazily crawled up from the sofa. After he yawned, he told me, "You might as well wash the clothes in the bag for me. There's a ton of blood on them that I have no clue how to wash off."

"Very well, I will handle it."

"Then while we wait, fight a round with me?"

I gave a slight smile and replied, "The young master is calling for you."



After I had tidied up the living room and washed the clothes, I did not go to sleep immediately. That is because today was the day that the blood bags would be delivered. The postman would always come at about nine o'clock in the morning, so I had to wait for the package.

As expected, at five minutes past nine, the postman pressed the doorbell. As always, he had me sign the package before he passed the styrofoam box in his hands to me.

"Thank you."

"Ah! Please sign again. There's another package."

Another package? Could it be for the young master? There should not be anyone who would send me anything... Unless it is X. He had once sent me a malfunctioning cell phone and asked me to keep it in good condition. Yet when he came over last time, he did not ask about the phone, and it just happened that it had also slipped my mind. To this day, the phone was still here with me.

After I signed again, the postman gave me a brown paper bag. On the bag, it stated that the recipient was not the young master, but was me instead.

Could it be that it really was sent by X? After I closed the front door, I walked back to the living room. The moment I put down the styrofoam box, I started tearing open the brown paper bag. There was only a memory card and a small piece of paper inside it. On top of the scrap of paper, there were only a few words written: *Play the video.*

Not even the name of the sender was written on it. It did feel like something X would do. I gave a sigh, and then inserted the memory card into the TV. Then, I sat on the sofa and started watching to find out exactly what kind of video he had sent me.

The video started with a dark scene. Following that, the sun started to rise from the east, and the image started becoming clear. On the screen, there was a large cross. However, there was nothing on the cross. If anything, there was really only the indistinct sound of breathing. The breathing was somewhat heavy sounding.

This was not sent to me by X. He would never send me something like this... I don't want to watch it anymore! This kind of thing is not worth watching...

In the video, the sunlight became brighter and brighter. The time seemed to be getting closer to noon. At this point, a faint wisp of smoke started to come from the cross. The smoke outlined a human shape.

Mother! Mother! Please don't treat me this way. I do not hope for much. I merely ask that you don't treat me like this... Why do you do this to me? I am your son!

In the video, a voice rang out, crying for his mother. However, I instead remembered my father. When I had asked about my mother, he had shown a rare expression of agitation and worry. Also, those warnings...

"Don't look for your mother, Charles. Don't ever go looking for her. She is a vampire, and in her heart, there is no such thing as kinship."

"Father, I am also a vampire! If she truly did not want me, then why did she give birth to me? She could have not done so!"

"... I bought you."

"What?"

"I spent five hundred million yuan to buy you! That woman called me over and made me touch her stomach to feel the baby move. However, what she whispered in my ears was, 'This is your child! I'm about to get an abortion. Do you want a sample of this child's embryo?'

"Thankfully..." My father caressed my face, and said with gratification, *"At first, I was so angry that I was about to leave. However, at that moment, you suddenly gave me a kick, as if to tell me, you wanted to continue living... She doesn't love you, Charles. Don't look for her! You will not get anything from her except for pain."*

Father, you were always right. However, I kept not believing your words and always had to go and verify them myself. I would always have to get hurt to the point where I would rather die than to suffer before I could understand your painstaking efforts.

Father, I did not listen to your words and still held some kind of expectation for my mother, stepping into a place where I should not have gone. I had actually thought that I could stand alongside my mother and find my own place among the vampires.

Forgive me, Father...

Sounds of murmuring came from the television, a familiar voice of repentance. On the cross, the human-shaped figure became clearer and more visible. The drifting smoke was no longer faint, but a blotchy light brown.

At first, it was still hard to discern a human shape, as it appeared to be merely patches of brown. But as time passed, the light brown color became more distinct, and it gradually formed the outline of a human. Moreover, the color also became deeper and deeper, from a light shade to a darker one, just like cheese slowly getting charred.

How many days had it been? Was it the third... or the fourth day? Even as a fifth generation vampire, I could not endure being exposed to the scorching sun for long periods of time. Though four days was not enough to kill me, it was already no different from living in hell. My lips had chapped due to dryness long ago, and my skin was in constant pain. Every mouthful of air I drew in burned my lungs.

However, the person who had made me live in this hell was my own birth mother. The mother who had personally said, "Welcome home, my son" had then tied her biological son to the cross, letting the scorching sun slowly burn his skin.

The sunlight in the day was so hot, so scalding, and every inch of my skin had been charred. There could not be anything that could be more painful than that. I had thought myself to be in hell, but when nightfall arrived, my mother's laughter sent me spiraling into an even deeper hell... How could she laugh at this?

While seeing her own son burned all over, and hearing his tearful pleads, she actually laughed?

Charles, Charles... Charles?

Who is calling me? Father? Or Sadina? Is it you? Have you come to save me again? The sunlight is so strong, so strong that it hurts my eyes. I can't see...

"Charles? Charles? Look at me. Can you see me?"

The other asked me repeatedly, and even grabbed hold of my face, just like how my father had done before.

When I had fallen from grace, my father had grabbed hold of my face with both hands, forcing me to look at him. He had growled, *"If you don't want to come home with me, then bite me to death! Bite me right now!"*

"How could I possibly bite you? Father..."

"Charles, don't scare me. I'm not your papa. I'm Ah Ye! Your young master!"

Y...Young Master? Who?

"Charles, what's wrong with you?" His voice sounded like he was about to cry. However, this was not my father's voice.

"My apologies. The sunlight is too strong, so I cannot see you."

"Sunlight? He said in a panic, "There isn't any sunlight at all! It's night right now. Charles, look outside the window. It's nighttime. That's the moonlight!"

Window? I could not see, but it should be very bright, as it always had been.

When I had fallen from grace and ran away from home, I had loitered in bars for entire nights, often only returning to the residence in the morning. When I had returned on a certain day, the moment I opened the door, I saw my father who had been searching for me, standing at the window. The morning sun shone onto him, making his entire body glow brightly, as he told me, "Come home, Charles."

He had only given me two choices: Either I go back with him, or I just bite him to death.

When I had been tied onto the cross and was on the verge of death, Sadina had come wielding two guns. Under the scorching sun, she shone even brighter than sunlight. She shot down all of the non-humans in her path, and then walked up to me. With tears in her eyes, she lifted her head and looked at me, saying, "My cousin Charles, I have come to take you home."

She had not even given me a second option. She had only permitted for me to continue living. I was not allowed to die.

Really, why is it that the humans I know are all even more overbearing than vampires?

"Charles, what are you smiling at? Can you see me... Charles? Charles?"

Charles, Charles. There was always someone calling my name non-stop. Even if I had fallen, even in death, they would not let me leave. Father was like that; Sadina was like that, even...

The young master is also like that.



Beep beep—

I abruptly opened my eyes. I was dazed for more than ten whole seconds before realizing that it was the sound of the alarm. This was simply too strange. The beeping of the alarm would always occur at four o'clock in the afternoon, reminding me that it is time to go and buy groceries. *I should be extremely used to it, so why do I feel so dazed today?*

I stepped out of the metal cabin and walked to the living room. The young master was currently watching television. "Young Master, you have returned."

The young master visibly received a shock, and following that, he picked up the television remote and threw it at the television screen. The entire screen shattered as a result.

I was stunned and could not understand why the young master would suddenly smash the television. I did not know how to react, so I merely said, "Young Master, the television is broken. Should I find someone to fix it?"

"Let it stay broken!" The young master shouted instead.

"We are not fixing it?" I was a little shocked as I said, "But we cannot watch the news like this."

The young master said without any reluctance, "Then don't watch it. I would rather not watch the news, than to let you see that kind of thing ever again!"

That kind of thing?

The young master lowered his head, and his tone sounded extremely guilty as he apologized, "Charles, I am sorry. I was wrong before. There are mothers in the world that cannot be forgiven! Wait, no she is not your mother. She is a stranger!"

Mother... That was right. The postman had delivered a package. I had watched the video in the memory card, and the video showed that past incident... *But what happened afterwards?*

I rubbed my forehead. I actually did not dare believe it, that I could have actually forgotten how I had gotten back to the metal cabin. I felt a little puzzled, and could only ask, "Young Master, I am dreadfully sorry. I do not remember what I have done. I only remember watching the video. But what happened after that?"

"You don't remember?" The young master asked, stunned.

Seeing the young master's expression, could it be that something serious had happened? What have I done? Do not tell me that I raised my hand against the young master and attacked him? I quickly said, "Indeed, I only remember myself watching the video. As for what happened afterwards, I have absolutely no recollections of the matter. Young Master, please, you must tell me what happened."

Hearing that, the young master frowned. He said, "I arrived home at roughly ten o'clock. Once I reached home, I saw you standing in front of the television. Moreover, you gave no indication of noticing my return. I called to you for a long time before you responded. However, you didn't even recognize me, saying that you couldn't see. You even mistook me for your papa!"

I had mistaken the young master for my honorable father? Be it appearance or personality, the two of them do not share any similarities at all. How did I mistake the two of them?

"In the end, you fainted. However, I couldn't possibly take you to the hospital, so I could only put you in the metal cabin. Charles, how are you feeling right now? Charles?"

Seeing the young master's worried expression, I said in a hurry, "Young Master, I am well. I have merely forgotten the events that transpired after watching the video, that's all... Young Master, have you seen the video?" So that was why he had smashed the television. It turned out that it was because he did not want me to watch that video clip.

The young master nodded his head and said with a guilty conscience, "I wanted to find out what happened to you, and at that time, you were watching the television. So... Sorry, I didn't mean to see your stuff."

"It is fine," was all that I could say.

The young master said indignantly, "But your mo—... Madam Avexila, why would she treat you like that? She was completely overboard!" Then, he looked at me, waiting for my answer.

As for that part of my past, if it were possible, I would never want to recall it for all of eternity, nor would I wish for anyone to find out about it... However, since the young master had already seen the video, there was not much meaning in refusing to tell him.

I gave it some thought, and then said, "If you promise me that in the future, you will cry when you feel like crying, rather than first looking for an excuse to cry like you had done before, then I will tell you what

happened.”

The young master hesitated for a moment, and then agreed quietly, “Okay. But I’ll only do so in front of you. I don’t like to cry in front of others.”

I was aware of that, so that is why I gave such a condition. I could only hope that the young master would stop keeping things to himself all the time. I pondered for a moment, and then decided where to begin. “When I was about ninety years old, my father passed away, and I inherited the role of the family head. Afterwards, I stayed with the Elysees family for roughly ten years. However, due to the fact that I am a vampire, I could not appear at public events. Therefore, it was almost always Sadina who had dealt with those matters.”

The young master appeared to have trouble wrapping his head around the idea as he asked, “Why can’t you appear in public events just because you are a vampire?”

I froze, and then explained, “Young Master, there are still many people who can tell that I am a vampire. Take for example, the Church. Therefore, I cannot appear in public, so as to prevent people from finding out that the head of the Elysees family is a vampire.”

The young master was still puzzled as he asked, “So what if they do find out? Everyone around me knows that you are a vampire! But no one ever said that you can’t be my butler because you are a vampire.”

Hearing that, I laughed involuntarily. I replied, “Young Master, though you do not mind that your butler is a vampire, to the average person,

a vampire is a symbol of evil. How could a human family be led by one of an evil race?"

"Why not?" The young master responded instead. I was stunned, but he then continued in a matter of fact way, "Everyone has already let my brother become the Sun Emperor, so why can't you be the family head? My brother is at least a hundred times more evil than you are!"

Young Master, though I too agree that the master is not a kind person, but it does not seem quite right for you to say that about your own brother?

The young master continued naturally, "My brother is kind only to me. As for others, be it vampires, werewolves, angels, or humans, they are all the same to him. Anyways, they all have to yield to him."

... Perhaps the master is even more dangerous than I had thought.

"Anyway, do continue! I know that I can be a little different from others sometimes. To sum it up, people refused to let a vampire be the family head, so they must not discover the fact that you are a vampire."

Young Master, you are "entirely" different from others. I continued, "Indeed. Actually, my position as the family head is just an empty title. Therefore, I later on decided to pass over my position to Sadina. However, she was unwilling to take over the position of family head. In the end, I could only agree to continue being the family head, and let her take over as the surrogate head, before she was willing to let me leave."

"Why did you want to leave? Wasn't being the family head a good thing?" The young master asked, slightly bewildered.

Smiling, I replied with a question of my own, "Young Master, why did you want to leave the Sun Emperor's side?"

The young master froze for a moment, and then nodded his head. I gave a smile, and then continued, "When I left the Elysees family, Madam Avexila appeared. She welcomed me to go back to the Endelis clan. I did not think too hard about it. At that time, my father had already been dead for ten years. My mother, whom I had never met before, appeared. She is a vampire, and she said she would welcome me home. Therefore, I did not think too much about it and followed her to the ancient castle of the Endelis clan."

At this point, I looked at the young master. He nodded his head vigorously, saying, "If it were me, I wouldn't think too much about it, either. It is my mother, after all!"

Did not think too much about it? Father had warned you, warned you for all his lifetime. But you followed Avexila anyways. You deserved it!

I drew in a deep breath, and then continued, "I led the lifestyle of a true vampire for a period of time. However, I was completely unable to adapt to it. Therefore, I told her that I did not wish to live like that, and I was going to leave. However, she became extremely angry. When I turned around to leave, she rushed to me and gave me a beating. Then, she asked me if I still dared to leave."

Gave you a beating. Was that all? She whipped you, branded you with red-hot torture tools, drove nails into your fingernails...

"Charles?" The young master shouted in confusion.

I shook my head and went on, "I told her: 'Yes, I am leaving.' In response, she told me, 'Turning your back on me, the only place you can go is hell.'"

At this point, I fell silent. As for what followed next, I believe the young master would have already learned about it through the video. Though cameras are unable to take footage of vampires... It was the first time that I found out, if a vampire's skin were to be scorched, then they would be visible on film.

Of course there was not a single trace of Madam Avexila in the video either. However, it had audio, so it had recorded her words and laughter at that time.

Even when I was beaten up badly, I was still not willing to stay. Therefore, she tied me to the cross, practically naked. Then, she let the sun destroy me bit by bit... until Sadina found me. Sadina had led the Elysees family to attack and charge into the castle of the Endelis clan. Even Avexila had not dared to face her in battle directly, and instead led her clan of vampires to escape from a secret tunnel. Ever since then, I had not heard any news of her whereabouts.

It has already been forty years since then, I think? But now, Feng

Gong Xiang had appeared in front of me and claimed that Avexila missed me dearly... *How could I possibly believe those words?*

The young master patted my shoulder, saying, "It's okay, Charles. You still have your father who loves you lots and lots. Just like me, who has a brother who loves me lots and lots."

"My father has passed away." I said calmly, "It has been sixty years since then."

The young master froze, and he seemed to be somewhat at a loss as he said, "T-Then there is still Madam Sadina! She also loves you a ton, right?"

"In the future, she too will die! Moreover, to me, that future is not far off at all..."

What am I saying? I do not need to tell this to the young master. I merely needed to explain the matters regarding Avexila. That's all. As for the others, I did not have to mention them at all... Now look! The young master is already starting to become nervous.

"T-There will always be people who will love you a lot!" The young master said a little nervously, "Y-Yeah! Right now, I also like Charles a lot! Though it's not as much as I love my brother and papa, but in the future, definitely—"

I interrupted his words, "We are merely master and servant."

The young master looked at me with wide eyes. He seemed to look a

little shocked. Following that, he lowered his head and said in a small voice, "Oh. Is that so. I had thought..."

Seeing the young master show an upset expression, I could not help but explain, "I do not mean it in that way, Young Master."

The young master raised his head. He looked at me, and the sadness from his face faded away. He smiled as he said, "I almost forgot that every time you talk about masters and butlers, it always has to be done like this and that. And you even refuse to call me directly by name! That is true. We are originally master and servant, and Charles is the butler that I like very much. Charles is also very nice to me as his master..."

"Do not say that..."

He was stunned, and asked in puzzlement, "What?"

The young master truly likes me a lot and has treated me like a true butler. There are many people around me who I can call friends. They are all humans instead of non-humans, but none of them mind my identity as a vampire... My life right now is actually this perfect!

So perfect that it makes me afraid.

In the vampire's Hollow Roar, I screamed, "Don't say you love me! Don't say you like me! Don't let me get used to your existence! A human's lifespan is so short. How much longer could you live? A hundred years? A hundred and fifty years?"

The young master looked at me, his shocked face looking so young. With the current medical technology, humans can easily live up to a hundred and twenty years to a hundred and fifty years. On top of that, the young master has said before that he may perhaps be able to break the record of the longest human lifespan. As such, he really does have a long time to live, but this “long time” was only relative to humans.

For a vampire, a hundred and fifty years was not even enough to allow me to become a fully-fledged adult vampire. My father was not even able to see me grow past my adolescence!

I could not hold back and raised an arm to touch the young master’s face. Through his face, however, I saw many people... My father had me at the young age of eighteen. Because he was extremely young, people who met him for the first time would never believe that he was my father, and thought that I was his little brother. That kind of situation continued until he was in his forties and fifties.

But afterwards, no one made such a mistake anymore. In the end, people who first met him always thought that he was my grandfather, or even my great-grandfather.

Sadina had once been even younger than the young master. I had known her since she was ten, and at that time, she was about the same size as Briar.

I had watched her go to middle school. Her fifteen-year-old self had happily told me that she had made her first boyfriend. I had watched as she had a huge quarrel with her mother due to wanting to study in

a normal high school instead of becoming a butler. I had watched her study for two years in high school, but then dropped out to come back to the family, crying to her mother to tell her that she was sorry and still wanted to be a butler. I had watched as she obtained the title of the "Fiery Female Butler" due to beating up two perverted masters in a row and sending them to the hospital.

They had all once been so young. Then, time had passed so quickly, and they had all become so old. Then one of them had passed on, and the other was to pass away soon... But I still have yet to truly become an adult!

"Charles, I can still live for a very long time..." The young master looked at me, as if wishing to speak more, but he stopped.

"Very long?" I gave an agonized smile. "To me, that is all too brief! You all use your short lifespan to love me, and then pass away willfully, torturing me with this endless sorrow ... Please forgive me, but I am truly unable to invest too much emotion into any human again. I do not wish to once again experience the pain I felt when I lost my father."

Sixty years had already passed. My honorable father, when exactly will I be able to forget the sorrow of losing you? The love that you had given to me in the past, and all of your selfless actions... have now all become a form of torture.

I already do not have any kinship left, and I also kept far away from romance. As for friendship, for a vampire like me who lives in the human world, such a thing was also unattainable.

I had thought that this was fine. However, I forgot that my father had once told me, that as years go by, the bond between master and servant would develop into a deep affection... Before meeting the young master, I had had little hope for finding an employer who would treat me as an actual butler. *How could I remember?*

First was my father. Sadina is also in her eighties now, and I still do not know if I could handle the pain of losing her. If I even have to add the young master to that in the future... I can't! Why is just imagining it so painful?

Perhaps I should leave after the two year contract ends?

"Charles, don't say that. I'm scared..."

"Scared?" I looked at the young master, a little confused. *What is he scared of? Is he scared of me leaving?*

The young master, however, did not state what he was afraid of. He merely gave me an abrupt hug, and then leaned on my chest and kept crying and crying. I could only numbly watch him cry... until Melody walked in and stared at the young master and me, dumbfounded.

Her voice went up an octave, her shout nearly becoming a piercing shriek, "Butler, don't say that I didn't warn you! Even if you and the young master love each other, once the master knows that you're gay with the young master, he will definitely smash you into fine dust!"

"..."

The young master's tears turned into laughter, and he chided, "Melody, what are you saying! I'm not gay. Briar is a girl!"

"Then, Young Master, come over and hug me!"

Though the young master looked very confused, he still did so. He went over to hug Melody, and Melody hugged him back. She asked in a seductive manner, "How is it? Young Master, is hugging me better, or is hugging Charles better?"

The young master replied earnestly, "I think that hugging Briar is the best, especially right after she takes a bath. She's small and soft and even fragrant."

"... Young Master, you should go back to being gay with the butler! At the very least, being homosexual is not a crime, but messing around with a twelve-year-old girl is a serious offense!"

*The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #4: Melody, the
Symphony Woven from Joy and Sorrow*

Melody-jiě is going around telling everyone about An Xiang Ye and Charles's special relationship.

But I don't believe any of it, and it doesn't look the others do either, because all An Xiang Ye does is snuggle with Briar all day. He acts like a complete pedophile!

I warned Briar to stay away from An Xiang Ye, but she just laughed and said An Xiang Ye just likes to snuggle in general. Then, she actually dragged me to his room... his bed was covered with plush toys! The bookshelves were stocked with fairy tales! There were also rubber duckies in the bathroom! Even the soap was shaped like a little turtle!

Can't you at least play with robots and use monster-shaped soap?

An Xiang Ye. What are you, a twelve-year-old girl?



Late at night, while Dark Sun was out pursuing bank robbers, I took the time to call Sadina, mostly to tell her about the traitor, though I also mentioned meeting Gong Feng Xiang and receiving the video.

"There's a traitor in the family?"

"Yes," I replied, "that is what the deceased family member from the plane said."

The other end was silent for a while. Sadina sighed faintly and said, "Cousin, don't come home anymore. I'll send someone to protect you." I paused for a second, and asked, "What about you?"

"I will stay with the family to find the traitor, or find the entire Endelis clan and take care of them once and for all!"

I will not be seeing Sadina. I sighed in relief, but then, I thought of how I might never see Sadina with her eyes open again... It stung a little in my heart. I tried to convince her, "Sadina, there is no need to start a war between the two families because of me..."

She yelled at me, "Shut up! If you want to give me orders, return and take back your role as the family head! Besides, this doesn't count as a war between two families. The Endelis clan aren't even worthy of being called a rival of the Elysees family!"

True, which is why I do not want to witness a massacre. I could only make another attempt to persuade her. "Either way, it is too much to annihilate an entire clan."

The Endelis clan is not a small clan. It includes dozens of vampires and many other non-humans. If Sadina were to take care of them once and for all, that would mean one to two hundred lives lost. Considering how the Elysees family could not avoid having any casualties either... *A few hundred lives would be lost, all because of me. Is it worth it?*

She responded coldly, "They tied you to a cross and tried to burn you alive under the sun. Now they've even sent you that video. Aren't

those actions crossing the line?"

I fell silent, thinking of that video. I really could not defend the Endelis clan any longer. They forced me to recall the most unbearable memory from my past. I even lost composure because of it, and said so many rude words to the young master... Even though the young master never mentioned the incident in the following days, I still felt terribly remorseful. The young master was still young. He should not have to think about matters such as death.

"Cousin," Sadina began in an imploring tone, "can you let me do what needs to be done? I am old, and I don't have much time left to protect you. I cannot peacefully leave this world if I don't annihilate the Endelis clan."

Don't mention leaving... I clutched the receiver tightly, and managed to squeeze out with difficulty, "I have been causing you trouble all this time."

After an extended silence, she finally said, "Sorry, I shouldn't have mentioned..."

"Do not worry about it." I interrupted and continued with a smile, "Do whatever you want! Either way, you have been disobedient ever since you were a little girl. Who am I to tell you what to do?"

Sadina chuckled softly for a while before speaking again. "Has Curtis's performance thus far been acceptable? I did not teach the child myself, so I am honestly quite worried. Even though his teachers all gave him very high scores, numbers can only tell you so much. They can't

compare to real situations, especially since that child has always been very stoic. He has barely even smiled after his parents died in a car crash.”

I rushed to reassure her, “Do not worry. He has been very good, even though he is inexperienced, and indeed does not smile... However, many employers prefer stoic butlers, so in the future, Curtis will surely become a wonderful butler, too.”

Sadina smiled as if she had a heavy load lifted off her shoulders and sighed. “Thank goodness, because I don’t really have any other candidates for the next steward.”

Hearing the term “steward” once again, I could not help but ask, “Why not give the position of official family head to Curtis? Sadina, I sincerely wanted to give the official position to you back then, not for you to become the substitute. Even now, I have no intention of reclaiming the position.”

“And I hold the same opinion as back then. Unless it’s as a substitute, I refuse to manage the family for you,” Sadina stated resolutely. She then continued in a low voice, “Curtis is my grandchild, so he isn’t a true Elysees either. How could I leave the official position of family head to him?”

To think Sadina still cared about such matters...

The Elysees were never a large family, probably because the generations all practiced being butlers, and a truly responsible butler does not have much time to also attend to his or her own family.

By my father's generation, those in the family who truly had Elysees blood only included him and his sister, who was my aunt and also Sadina's mother. But my aunt had poor health ever since she was young, so she could not bear children. Moreover, she was over forty years old by the time she married my uncle, so she was unsuited to have children anyway. In short, she actually was not Sadina's biological mother. Sadina was my uncle's child with his ex-wife.

Even so, my aunt had always treated Sadina like her own child. She would not even let anyone mention in front of her that Sadina was not her biological child.

"Speaking of that, when are you going to change your name? You are Charles Elysees, not Charles Endelis!"

I began to explain out of habit, "Father promised Madam Avexila back when...."

Sadina's temper flared noticeably as she said, "Who cares about keeping promises for the likes of Avexila?!"

I replied wryly, "Moreover, I have become accustomed to using this name, so why must you force me to change it?"

"Cousin, you are the sole remaining member of the family who still carries the Elysees bloodline, the last of the Elysees! Yet your family name is not Elysees. How ironic is that?"

That is exactly why I do not want to change my name. If I truly

wanted to leave the position of family head to Sadina, I could not be going around using the name "Elysees" to remind everyone that I still carry the bloodline.

It is pretty much settled that Sadina would not accept the official title, but Curtis is the next in line, and surely he would not be satisfied with only being a substitute forever. When everyone forgets that I am the last Elysees, and when no one else in the family carries the bloodline, then Curtis can accept the official title without contention.

Perhaps in the near future, the Elysees family will be replaced by the Christopher family. It would not be too late to change my name then.

"Cousin!"

Bang!

I turned around to look, and the door was shoved open. Melody leaned on the door frame. That was not surprising, since she was the only one in this apartment who opened doors like that. However, her situation seemed a bit strange. She wore a considerably elegant purple and black gown that was extremely old fashioned. No one wore dresses like that anymore.

Even though the gown was very elegant, the owner was drunk as a skunk. *Nothing that relates to the word "elegant" whatsoever.*

"Sadina, I will call you back later." I rushed through the sentence and hung up quickly.

Melody walked in, wobbling as if she would fall over at any time, but she somehow made it in front of me in one piece and asked, "Butler, who were you calling?"

"My cousin." I looked down at Melody. She really was acting weirdly today. Aside from the old-fashioned gown, she had also put her hair up in a bun, also in a style so outdated that no woman would ever use it these days. She had only put on minimal makeup, which was a large departure from her usual appearance with bright red lips.

"Oh...the one who likes you?" Melody choked out a laugh, poked me in the chest, and then accused, "Say, why don't you get together with her? Is she too old for you? Men are all like this..."

"I am a vampire. She is a human," I explained simply. She should have understood that. Instead, Melody began to laugh uncontrollably. I sighed and said, "Melody, you are drunk. I will take you back to your metal cabin!"

"I don't want to sleep!" Melody insisted stubbornly. After saying that, she even clung onto me, making sure to grab my arms, so I could not carry her back.

Being so close to her, I could clearly smell the scent of alcohol on her, so strong that she smelled like she was a bottle of vodka herself. If she were human instead of a vampire, she would probably have gotten alcohol poisoning already.

"Melody... please let go." I looked at her helplessly. "I must go prepare the young master's midnight snack. He might return any moment now."

It was hard to tell whether she had heard me or not, as she did not reply. She did, however, loosen her hold slightly and place her hands on my waist instead. Then, she pressed her face into my chest. This made me even more uncomfortable, not because of the hugging, but because the Melody I knew was not someone who cuddled meekly with men.

Even if she does cuddle occasionally, should it not be with the master or First Wind? Why is she suddenly embracing me?

"Butler, let me ask you: do you believe in reincarnation?"

Reincarnation? I shook my head. "I do not have a religion."

"Religion... hahaha! Me neither! What vampire would believe in religion? Hahaha... haha... ha!"

She laughed. She would not stop laughing, even when tears began to fall, even when the laughing turned into howling, even when she began to cry... crying with her face buried in my chest, sobbing uncontrollably.

If I was uncomfortable moments earlier, then now I was terrified.
Melody is actually crying?

In my terror, I finally remembered to offer a handkerchief. She snatched it and wiped her face roughly, then promptly tossed it to the ground. She went back to hugging me and muttered to herself, "But still, I must still believe there is such a thing, because if there is, maybe someday I can still meet him."

Him?

Melody looked at me suddenly and asked bluntly, "Butler, you left your cousin because she's human and will die soon, correct? Why not turn her into a vampire? Do you not have the courage to love her forever?"

Melody looked at me intently, determined to receive an answer. I did not expect her to ask this question and did not know how to answer, so I could only say, "There are many reasons..."

"Ah! Of course, there are always many reasons. When is that not the case?" She let out a humph and pushed me away, turning to look at the French windows, and began in a sweet-sounding tone. "He never had this many reasons. He just did what he wanted to, without any consideration for others' feelings. Always the dictator!"

I sighed and said, "Melody, you really are drunk. Could you return to your metal cabin and get some sleep?"

She completely ignored what I said, turned around, and fired off another question. "Butler, if you hadn't left your cousin back then, how long would you have had with her in total?"

I turned silent for a bit, but Melody kept glaring at me, as if she would not stop without receiving an answer, so I could only reply honestly. "Not long. Perhaps eighty to a hundred years."

"Not long? Heh. Butler, did you know?" She advanced and continued overbearingly, "My lover was an immortal vampire. He gave me my

First Kiss and turned me into a vampire so I could be with him forever... Take a guess. How long do you think I had with him?"

I smiled bitterly. "I do not know, two or three hundred years?"

"A year and a half."

Melody announced the answer. I stared blankly. Tears fell out of her eyes, but she did not seem to notice. She simply continued expressionlessly, "Then, he died. The village where he hunted quite often asked the Church for help, and they sent in the Sin Elimination team. He was weak from giving me my First Kiss not long before, which used up too much of his blood ability, so he had no strength to defend himself. The Sin Elimination team didn't even leave behind a speck of his dust."

So that was it. I was not too surprised, though. Vampires being killed by the Church was nothing new. This was also the main reason vampires usually banded together in clans instead of wandering alone. No matter how strong a single vampire was, he or she was always weaker during the day. If a Sin Elimination team caught any hint of their movements, being turned into ashes and dust would be the only possible outcome.

"During that time, I hid in the closet. I couldn't see, but I could hear. I covered my mouth desperately, because I couldn't cry out. I listened to him die... the Church didn't know of my existence, so they left after killing him."

Hearing this, I could completely sympathize with how she felt at the

time. When my father lay on his bed during his final days, I could only watch as his vitality slipped away, hearing the doctor say he only had a few months left... During those months, I wanted to cry every day, but I could only chat with my father with a smile on my face, because he said he was proud, that the son he raised had the best smile.

If I had the choice, I would rather be tied on the cross and die from overexposure to the sun than watch another loved one weaken day by day, and finally see them close their eyes forever, never to wake up again.

At this moment, Melody suddenly grabbed me by the collar, pulled me over, and growled at me. "Even though he and I were both immortal vampires, what does it matter? You're such an idiot for leaving your cousin just because she can only live for a hundred years! Is a hundred years too short? I only had a year and a half to love him! In exchange for this year and a half, I've missed him for more than three hundred years... but I've never regretted meeting him, never regretted loving him!"

A year and a half... I have never regretted going home with father either, but at least I got to spend ninety years with him. Yet, Melody only had a year and a half, and she had to endure pain for more than three hundred years. If it were me, I probably would not have had the courage to choose that year and a half! I complimented her sincerely, "You are very brave."

"Brave?" Melody laughed. "I'm not brave. When he died, I literally went insane. My only thought was revenge."

I shook my head and said, "There is nothing to avenge. Humans just want to live. They did nothing wrong."

"Wrong? This has nothing to do with right or wrong!" Melody gave me a look of disgust. *This is not an expression she would normally make.*

"Imagine a hunter in the mountains who ended up being killed by the boar he was hunting. Would the hunter's wife or son say, 'It's not the boar's fault. The boar was just trying to live'? No! They would gather the villagers, pick up all their weapons, and annihilate that boar! That's exactly what I did. All those who killed him deserved to die!"

She let out an inhuman growl. "I slaughtered the entire village! Because to me, they were all boars who killed the man I loved! They called for the Church to come!"

"Perhaps your lover also killed someone else's lover," I tried to phrase it tactfully.

Upon hearing this, Melody laughed again, to the point of crying. She said as she laughed, "Charles Endelis, you really shouldn't use the name Endelis. Go become an Elysees! You are not a vampire. Not because your father is human, or because you lived with a human family for more than fifty years. You aren't a non-human because you've never slaughtered humans like pigs! Even if you go crazy, even if you turn to darkness, you still wouldn't do it, right?"

I could not deny it. Even though I had killed humans before, and even though the number was not small, I had always had a reason. Actual reasons, more than simply to feed on humans.

In this age during which even murder among humans hardly required a reason, I really was an abnormal vampire. But father was very happy about this. Whenever someone told him his son was a dangerous vampire, he had always replied thusly, "My son is a vampire, but trust me, even a ten-year-old girl with a letter opener is more dangerous than him."

Father said this for a reason. When ten-year-old Sadina first came to the family, other children used my being a vampire to scare her, so she ended up carrying a letter opener made of silver with her all the time.

The first time we met by chance in the hallway, she looked very scared. I tried to comfort her with a smile and squatted down to her level. Just as I went to stroke her head, she unexpectedly stabbed me right in the carotid artery with great accuracy. Silver making contact with blood combined with loss of a lot of blood caused me to faint almost immediately.

If other family members had not passed by and stopped her, she actually would have tried to stab me a few more times. Sadina admitted that to me later.

Father was very worried and angry at first, but after I recovered, he had Sadina bring a bouquet of flowers to express her apology. The card on the bouquet said, "To the vampire who nearly died at the hands of a ten-year-old girl."

From then on out, Sadina was never scared of me again. The rest of

the family seemed to also fear and avoid me less often.

"You treat humans as your own kind, so you can't do it!"

My attention shifted back to Melody. She let go of my collar, took a few steps back, collapsed onto the sofa, and muttered. "Ever since I slaughtered people, I began to understand. The First Kiss itself did not change me into a vampire. It was the massacre that truly turned me into a non-human. You can only understand the difference between humans and non-humans after you have personally done so."

If that is the case, I would rather never understand the difference between humans and non-humans.

"Speaking of which... When our young master flies into a rage, he can really kill humans as if they're pigs." She reclined on the sofa, covered her face, and laughed. "You and the young master, you two are so... hahaha!"

The laughter died down slowly, until finally, Melody fell silent and stopped moving, seemingly asleep. Suddenly, her hand slid off the sofa, and a necklace fell from the palm of her hand.

I bent down and picked up the necklace. It was a very classical-looking necklace with an oval pendant and an orchid design carved on the surface. Usually, these kinds of necklaces can be opened, since one can put pictures inside.

I opened it. Inside the locket was not a picture, but a drawing. The blond man wore a proud expression, and his face and aura were

surprisingly similar to those of the master. There was also a line of text: Calanthe,¹ my eternal love.

Looks like Melody is not her actual name. I closed the necklace and put it back around Melody's neck. Then, I picked her up and walked toward her room.

As I closed the lid of the metal cabin, I remembered that I should be making the young master's midnight snack... Then, I glanced over and saw an orchid flower on the lid of the metal cabin. Melody had always liked roses instead. *Perhaps Melody is not Melody tonight, but Calanthe?*

I could find no argument against what Calanthe had said. I claimed to be a vampire but have always lived with a human's mindset and a human's lifestyle.

She is right. I am not an Endelis... but she does not know that I am not an Elysees either.

I leaned on the metal cabin. Metal cabins isolate noise well, so Melody would not hear any outside disturbances. I whispered, "So what if I feel human? Humans treat me as a vampire, but non-humans think of me as half-human, or not a true non-human... I am affiliated with two families, but the Elysees family cannot recognize me openly, and I cannot agree with the Endelis clan."

Humans and non-humans, separated into two sides with the use of the prefix "non," yet I am standing right on the line, not on one side or the other, unable to go to either side.



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

I pulled out the phone and took the call. "Charles Endelis speaking, who might this be?"

"It's me! What took you so long to pick up?"

"Yue Gang?" I was a little surprised. Usually, I am the one who calls him, while he physically goes straight to the market to find me. "What is the matter? Are you already out of money for food, because you spent the ten thousand yuan I gave you on weapons?"

"What do you see me as? Some kind of weapons maniac?"

I replied with a faint smile, "Are you not?"

"Tsk! If I keep buying more weapons, I wouldn't be able to pay you back even if I get my paycheck! Nope, didn't buy anything! But... I really don't have money for food. If you don't save me with thirty thousand yuan, the shop owner is gonna harvest my liver to cover the debt!"

"...What did you eat?"

"Two cocktails, two side dishes, and a baguette."

"You could take the shop owner to the police and sue him for extortion," I suggested.

"If I could walk out of the shop, I would've done so already!" Yue Gang hurried to continue. "The shop owner won't let me talk for much longer! Come save me quickly! Bring thirty thousand yuan to a bar called N/H on South Sunset Road."

N/H? "What did you go to N/H... What did you go to a bar for?" I blurted out.

The other end hung up. *I do not think Yue Gang did that voluntarily.* After thinking it through for a moment, I returned to my room and changed into my heavy traditional suit. However, I did not withdraw thirty thousand yuan. Instead, I leaped straight out of the French window in the living room and ran toward South Sunset Road along the walls of the building.

N/H is a members-only club, and Yue Gang could not possibly be a member, so he should not have even been able to get inside. But he had made it in today, and the shop owner swindled him. Add in the fact that he had called me... *I suspect that this entire ordeal has nothing to do with Yue Gang. The true target is me.*

But what would the owner of N/H want to do with me? Even though I had been to N/H quite a few times, I had never met its owner.

After running for about twenty minutes, I jumped from the walls to the street. There were not many people on the road, and the streets were only dimly lit. South Sunset Road was situated in the southern district of Sunset City. It was considered to be a rather unprosperous district, and the security was notoriously corrupt. Not many people lingered on

the streets after sunset.

N/H was located on such a street. Its entrance was very nondescript. The front door was black, and the letters "N/H" were hung above the door. In contrast to the other shops' neon-lighted signs, the "N/H" plaque was simply made of wood. In addition, there was no lighting around here, so at nighttime it was exceedingly difficult to notice, such that humans at least probably could not even see that there was a bar here.

I walked up to the door, which had an announcement attached that read, "Vampires' Night, free entrance for all vampires."

No doubt, this is targeted at me.

A card reader was on the black door. I pulled out my membership card from my wallet and swiped it. The door opened.

It is not difficult to become a member at N/H... At least, it was not difficult for me. One can become a member as long as they are a non-human.

N/H is an exclusively non-human bar.

I pushed open the door and entered. After climbing a long stretch of shaded stairs, a spacious hall appeared before my eyes. All four walls were made of glass, through which one could see outside. In the center of the hall was a round bar counter that gave off a faint white glow. The counter itself was made of very unique material. It was all transparent, with water flowing within and even fish swimming inside.

It was like an aquarium.

Because the bar counter was glowing, its surroundings seemed very dim. At a glance, one could only see the outside scenery through the glass windows, except the southern district is not very affluent, so the lights were sparse, and the night scene was hardly pretty.

Even though the lighting was bad, I still knew that there were many seats, sofas, Baroque style tables and chairs, deluxe hardwood chairs, wicker chairs, the latest ergonomic chairs... such that non-humans of any generation could find their preferred seat. My personal favorite was the set of wooden chairs and table by the window.

The sound of giggling came from the darkness. "Oh my, look who's here."

"Why, it's none other than the Angel's butler!"

I blanked out for a second before realizing the Angel was referring to the young master. *Looks like the young master is becoming more and more famous.*

Looking around, I realized that there were actually not that many non-humans here tonight. Counting the waiters moving about, there were still fewer than twenty people. Perhaps the sign on the door about "Vampires' Night" made other non-humans feel uneasy, so they simply chose to not come in. On the other hand, those who were here must be decently powerful, because they still chose to come in without avoiding the danger.

I walked straight toward the bar counter.

"Would you like to order a drink?" There was only one bartender at the bar, one I had never seen before. His skin gave off a dim glow, and his eyes were almost clear, with the barest hint of blue-gray. His aquamarine hair was very long, almost reaching down to his ankles. I could not tell what species he was... Or perhaps it was a "she." I could not even discern this non-human's gender. *I will treat him as a male for now.*

He continued with a smile. "We have the freshest blood, in the form of young girls who would willingly let you feed on their bodies! Or perhaps you prefer boys? We can also provide the prettiest boys...ah! Not the prettiest, at least not as pretty as the Angel. Sincere apologies."

The young master seems to be very famous among non-humans too, and that does not seem like a good thing. I was a little worried, but the priority at the moment was Yue Gang. I asked with honest intentions, "I am here to look for someone."

"Oh?" He replied, smiling still. "What species?"

"Human."

"You came to N/H to look for a human?" He laughed lightly and said, "You don't really understand what 'N/H' means, do you, vampire?"

I kept calm. "Are you positive there are no humans here?"

He picked up a glass and poured in some bright red liquid, saying, "No, there is one. He barged in, ordered food, and can't pay for it."

I asked politely, "Why bother with the formalities? He should not have been able to 'barge in.' Besides, two cocktails and two side dishes should not cost thirty thousand yuan. Your target is me."

He placed the glass on the counter with a grin. "Oops, I was seen through? Fine, I admit it. It was indeed to lure you out, Charles Endelis. By the way, this is freshly extracted blood. It's still warm! Want a sip before it turns cold?"

He leaned forward a little with a grin on his face. "Perhaps the blood of a friend would be particularly tasty?"

Yue Gang... I clenched my fists, but kept my face expressionless and did not ask about Yue Gang. Instead, I inquired, "Is Madam Avexila behind this?"

"Avexila?" The bartender tilted his head and thought for a while, then spread his hands and shrugged. "Sorry, I don't know much about vampires. Never heard the name before."

So it is not Madam Avexila who lured me here? I was a little surprised. Aside from the grudges with the Endelis clan, I could not recall making any other enemies with non-humans. I voiced my confusion, "Might I ask, why would you seek me out?"

He withdrew his smile and asked mildly, "Rumor has it that Cornell was killed by E.X.?"

X, the next time you ask me for any more favors, I will definitely refuse on the spot.

"Yes." I had no other answer. "X and Cornell had some personal history."

"Oh? It was personal history?" He smiled again. "The first thing E.X. did upon arrival was killing the leader of the werewolves in Sunset City, then he just left without any explanation. His actions have utterly disrespected the non-humans of Sunset City. Even though Cornell's closest acquaintance, White Stone, has let the matter slide, that does not mean all the other non-humans that he had looked down upon have forgiven him."

White Stone... as in Mr. Stone?

I promptly tried to defend X. "E.X. is being hunted down by the Church, so he really cannot afford to stay in one place for long. Aside from that, he is a very conservative vampire, so he generally does not socialize very much with humans and non-humans alike. So please do not hold it against him."

"I can't hold it against him anyway. If even the Church can't find him, how am I supposed to do so?" He looked at me with his pair of light-colored eyes and said with a slight smile, "But you are quite different, Charles Endelis. You have been very active recently! One can find traces of you everywhere. It's rare to see a vampire who is merely a hundred and fifty years old be so conspicuous."

Technically speaking, none of those matters had to do with me. I was just an innocent bystander who got dragged in unexpectedly and sometimes helped out a little.

"Your eccentricities don't end there, either. A fifth generation vampire who works as a butler and is even protected by a human family... and comes here so easily even though he knows it's a trap. Do you think non-humans wouldn't dare touch you just because of your human family's protection?"

As he said this, he began to float from the bar counter toward me and stopped, though his feet never touched the ground. He was still floating... I had never met a non-human with this ability.

He tilted his head slightly, and a trace of blue swirled in his pale eyes, like a ripple on water. Then, his blue hair and clothes both began to flutter, as if he were underwater. Even his voice sounded like he was immersed in water. "Did you think you could do whatever you please in Sunset City?"

"I have never had any such thoughts."

"Oh really?" He said, "But that's exactly what you did."

I was a bystander who unexpectedly became involved and helped out occasionally, but he would never believe me even if I said that! I sighed and asked directly. "What do I need to do for you to release that human?"

"Nothing much. Just don't try to escape, and I will release him. It's

just....” Water gathered on the floor and coiled itself around him as if it had a life of its own. He smirked. “I cannot guarantee whether you will be able to leave with him or not.”

A species who lives underwater? I had never fought water demons or any non-human of this sort before. *What should I do in battle? It's such a shame.* If I had encountered this fight just a little later, I might have been able to find how to battle against various types of non-humans in the young master's reports... After all, the citizens of Sunset City now all know well enough about the existence of non-humans.

The stream of water that surrounded the water demon separated into five smaller streams and sprayed at me from different directions. Even though they seemed to be only streams of water, I still dodged them.

After losing their targets, the streams seemingly flowed aimlessly around various obstacles, but one still accidentally brushed past the leg of a chair. The chair did not even move. Just as I was about to believe that the water really was harmless, the chair began to tilt, and a leg was missing a section. The missing section was precisely the size of the stream. What surprised me more was how the surface looked exceedingly smooth, as if it had been polished.

If one was hit by one of those streams, surely the wounds would be clean too. Even though that would be helpful with reconnecting broken limbs, I would rather not get hit in the first place if possible.

The five streams flowed all around chaotically, but the speed was still within my ability to handle. Until I could think of a way to counter them, dodging was my only choice.

"Your speed is not bad!" The water demon observed with a laugh. "But dodging all the time really isn't the best way to fight. What would you do when you have nowhere to hide?"

Just as he finished his sentence, the sounds of several things shattering came from above. I looked up. There was no ceiling above, but just exposed plumbing instead. The pipes were clear and glowed slightly, just like the bar, except now the pipes had split entirely through the middle and let loose a torrent of water. Remembering what had just happened, if I made contact with this water, getting soaked would probably be the least of my worries.

I originally planned to block it directly with my blood ability, but a thought hit me, and two blood red rapiers immediately appeared in my hands instead. I waved them above my head furiously. The two rapiers sent the falling water flying left and right, and their destructive power was no less than that of bullets. I could only hear the sound of various things breaking all around me.

I blocked the final splash of water, and counterattacked!

The ball of water flew toward the water demon like an artillery shell. The water demon stared for a second before hurrying to avoid it. The water still hit him on the arm, then it ricocheted and smashed apart a table.

He stopped his attacks momentarily and raised a water screen in front of himself, which I assumed provided a measure of protection. Then, he inspected his injured arm and said to himself thoughtfully, "I must

take back my previous words. This speed is more than not bad. It's truly rather astonishing."

He raised his head to look at me and asked, "Vampire, is this your special ability? But I heard you're only a hundred and fifty something years old. You shouldn't be an adult yet."

Father had investigated all of the characteristics of vampires for me. When vampires fully become adults, they go through certain changes. Most vampires only get a large increase in blood ability, but a few can develop special abilities in addition to that.

However, pureborn vampires are exceptions. They nearly always develop special abilities. I say "nearly always" because pureborn vampires are rare to begin with, and even fewer survive into adulthood, so there was not enough evidence for Father to conclude definitively.

Turned vampires take between a hundred and eighty to two hundred years to fully mature. Although pureborn vampires should need less time, it was not as little as a hundred and fifty years.

For this reason, even though my speed had increased significantly and my ability to use the blood ability had improved quickly as well, I had never thought it to be the result of becoming an adult. Not until I rescued Curtis a few days ago with an unnatural speed did I realize something was off, so I emailed X.

He wrote in his reply, "Your ability for becoming an adult is x-speed? Most pureborn vampires develop combat-based abilities! What did you develop x-speed for? Don't tell me it's to run away? Bastard! Don't you

dare mention to anyone that I've taught you how to fight before!"

So I became an adult.

My ability is very fast speed. X calls it "x-speed," and I am assuming it is an abbreviation of "extreme speed." Although X mocked it, I was very satisfied with the ability of having extreme speed. *This ability can be used to avoid unwanted battles. What could be better than this?*

But ironically, even if I have the speed others do not, I cannot escape right now.

"I have become an adult," I admitted, hoping he would give up any notions of fighting upon learning this.

"An adult fifth-generation vampire. That sounds awfully dangerous." The water demon chanted lightly to himself and laughed suddenly. He said with a satisfied tone, "This is better, or else it might look like I'm bullying the weak."

I sighed. *Looks like this battle cannot be avoided.* Fortunately, he seemed like he would let Yue Gang go no matter what the outcome. He held out his right hand, and a stream of water rose from the ground. He grabbed the stream and the water turned into a double-pointed staff. Afterwards, more streams of water appeared around me, making the scene look like a gigantic fountain.

Seeing this, I released my blood ability too. Even though the release of blood ability took away from my speed significantly, to the point that I would not be able to use x-speed, in the situation of being surrounded

by water, there was no way of dodging it all. Only by using my blood ability would I be able to defend against the lethal water all around me.

A dark red cloud of blood mist enveloped the area around me.

Although the blood mist was not as dense as the water, being only a thin layer of red-tinged liquid, it held firm and blocked the flow of water.

"As expected of a pureborn vampire. I have met a few vampires before, all of whom are much older than you are, but none of their blood abilities' hues were as saturated as yours," the water demon told me with a slight chuckle. "How careless of me. My water screen here probably can't block your blood ability at all. You are such a gentleman for not taking advantage and launching a sneak-attack."

A responsible butler must always be a gentleman, but that is not necessarily true for a vampire in combat. My not sneak attacking him had nothing to do with being gentlemanly. It was simply not within my capability to do.

It was one thing for my blood ability to increase, but to actually use it in battle was a different matter. My skill at controlling the blood ability was still very unsteady. I was not entirely sure if I could defend against the water flow while concentrating on attacking, so I did not take the chance.

The water demon walked over slowly, and the water screen in front of him suddenly split into pieces and circled around him. He began with a light smile, "Controlling water and controlling blood. Our abilities really are quite similar, but our biggest difference is: I am five hundred years

old, which just happens to be the prime age for our kind. But you, vampire! For your kind, you are merely an infant.”

He finished speaking as he stopped walking, halting only about ten steps away from me. Suddenly, he jumped and covered the distance of these ten steps, and as he was landing, he brought down the ice staff forcefully toward my blood ability... the blood ability blocked the blow, but the ensuing tremor was too much for me to handle, forcing me down on one knee.

He looked down at me, with only the razor thin blood ability between us. The blood ability cast a crimson sheen on his face such that even as he smiled, he gave off a cruel aura.

“I have never seen a vampire younger than two hundred years old. They are too weak, so they choose to never appear before non-humans. Nowadays, young vampires take even more care to hide, because a fully-armed human can easily kill a two hundred year old vampire. If the generation number is higher than ten, then the vampire can be killed off by a human regardless of age.”

I reabsorbed my blood ability and utilized x-speed, then materialized rapiers. These three actions were completed in almost the same second. I appeared behind the water demon, and raised the rapier to stab him in the heart as I said, “Humans can kill any species of any age, not just vampires.”

Just as I was mere centimeters from succeeding, the rapier was blocked. The water screens that had been circling the water demon dutifully did their job. I was forced to retreat to avoid a counterattack.

The water demon turned around with a stony face. "That is a lie. None of my kind in their primes have died at the hands of a human! Even vampires cannot beat those of my kind in their prime!"

He abandoned his defensive stance, and instead began to brandish attack after attack with his ice staff. Every swing was accompanied by a gust of wind, exposing the force behind each move. However, my blood ability blocked every single blow. I was not even forced to step back.

I finally understood how to defend myself correctly. The blood ability surrounding me was no longer a thin mist, but became two sturdy shields. The blood was so thick that it looked like ink. The appearance was identical to those water screens.

The water demon gave a look of surprise. "You..."

"That is because Dark Sun does not wish to kill you." I swung my two rapiers and launched a swift attack. "Also because X does not want to kill you."

The water demon picked up the speed of his ice staff and retorted caustically, "You aren't Dark Sun, nor are you X!"

"So, do you take honor in killing a hundred-and-fifty year old vampire?"

He sneered. "Don't use age as an excuse. If you do not have enough strength, then you should hide more carefully instead of wandering about the city, getting involved in a load of problems, or being

acquainted with dangerous non-humans like E.X.”

Streams of water suddenly appeared from all directions. I blasted out blood ability and blocked all of the water, but this caused the shields to disappear without a trace. At this moment, the water demon’s ice staff broke through the weak layer of blood ability with enormous momentum and came straight at me.

Two blood shields might be able to block it, but I had no time to materialize anything. I could only take a step back, and another... I abruptly turned sideways and held my left hand out as I materialized a rapier. The rapier stabbed the water demon in the chest, but was immediately knocked away by a water shield. This level of injury barely counted as a scratch for a non-human.

“This world would become simple and straightforward if we had the power to decide who to meet and who to like.” The water demon’s blood tinged the rapier, which was the same as me sucking his blood. I could even taste blood. It tasted lighter than human blood and was a bit salty.

“True. But you have the power to decide to leave.”

The water demon looked at the bloody streak on his chest, and then suddenly dissolved the ice staff, leaving behind only the shields. I could not understand his intentions, so I kept my shield and rapier. “Your initial attacks were ridiculously weak, but the later attacks were not like ones from a mere hundred and fifty year old vampire.” His face darkened, and he continued in a low voice, “Did you hide your true strength at first? You dared to hold back after I told you I’m a five

hundred year old non-human?"

"No, I did not hold back. I just suddenly understood how to use my blood ability," I confessed candidly. "You taught me."

"Ha!" The water demon scoffed. "Your good friend E.X. is one of the strongest vampires. Don't tell me he never taught you how to fight."

"He has taught me, but I think his attack style does not suit me, so I did not learn well."

X almost never goes on the defense. He releases blood ability to materialize powerful weapons, such as the blood claw that appeared last time he fought Dark Sun.

Almost all vampires use the blood claw. It is the most fundamental and most commonly used weapon, but for some reason, every time I tried to form a blood claw... quoting what X said, "They are as goddamn cute as kitten paws, but similarly have no goddamn destructive power." Finally, he resorted to having me materialize rapiers, even though he thought of them as weapons that one "needs to stab a non-human a hundred times with to kill."

Rapiers are definitely not X's weapon of choice, so what he could teach me was very limited.

When I saw how the water demon attacked, I actually felt a strange sense of familiarity. He held his ice staff just like how I usually held my rapiers. His water screens were just like the blood ability I used to protect myself. I could even use my blood ability to make copies of his

more advanced shields.

He used water screens to block large-scale, weak attacks, and used shields to block the strongest blows. Then, he uses weaker attacks like water streams to distract the opponent while he attacks the openings with his ice staff.

His style of attack is completely different from X's. He does not rely heavily on offense, but on speed and strategy to obtain victory. When I saw this style of attack, the thought that "perhaps I can do this, too" immediately flashed through my mind. And I really was able to. Even though I could not distract the opponent yet, I did not think that would be difficult with some practice.

Compared to the water demon, I might actually have an advantage because I am faster and have the ability "x-speed." In the future, if I could manipulate the blood ability to materialize more weapons and increase the speed of release and absorption, perhaps...

The water demon's voice dropped lower. "It seems like I have created a dangerous enemy. Fifth generation pureborn vampire, you learn too quickly... I really should kill you right here, right now!"

As the words "right now" left his mouth, the water around me began to swirl chaotically inside the building. The water demon gathered it all into a gigantic whirlpool. At that moment, his imposing presence was completely different from before. The difference in strength was so great that he did not even seem to be the same non-human.

I suddenly realized that he was the one who had been holding back.

He had probably just been warming up or playing around earlier. Under this tense atmosphere, the water demon said to me coldly, "I don't know how you keep in touch with E.X, but you go tell him that he has caused you too much trouble. You have almost died several times, so you no longer wish to stay in touch with him."

I was stumped for a second by a combination of surprise and disbelief. "This is your revenge? For me to cut off contact with him? I thought you wanted to kill me."

"Kill you?" The water demon chortled. "Killing you would be too much. If E.X. comes back to avenge you, the Church would come make a scene at Sunset City again. That is not something I want to see happening."

I laughed humorlessly. "You do not really believe that X would be bothered by me cutting off contact?"

"Of course he would care," the water demon replied firmly. "You are X's friend. Just this reason alone would be enough for the Church to capture and torture you till you die, but a powerful human family has been protecting you, so the Church doesn't dare to touch you. If X loses you as a friend, where else can he find another non-human protected by a human family?"

I smiled and shook my head while explaining. "I am the one who needs X, because he is the only vampire I know. X does not need friends."

"Sure he does. No one can live alone for eternity, not even non-

humans," he said impatiently. "Stop spouting nonsense. Now, do you choose to leave your friend and live or leave him by dying? You should know that you have no chance of winning, and I will not show any mercy from now on."

I was silent for a while, and finally responded, "You are right. No one can live alone forever. X cannot, and neither can I. X is the only immortal among my friends. If you want me to cut off contact with him, then make me."

"You choose death?" The water demon seemed somewhat surprised. "You can meet other non-humans. You're not the one the Church is after."

But only X is the same as me. We straddle the line and cannot go anywhere else.

"Forget it, since you willingly seek death, don't blame me."

The whirlpool picked up its speed dramatically. The tables and chairs it touched were smashed to splinters, and wind caused by the whirlpool even began to pick up nearby furniture. The hall looked like it was being attacked by a tornado.

Blood shields cannot be used to block attacks from all directions, but the thin screen of blood ability probably would not be able to take such a powerful blow... The strength accumulated over three hundred years is simply too much of a difference. The most rational choice would be to run. The door was right behind me. There was not even anyone guarding it. If I used x-speed... I cannot run, or else Yue Gang might

not ever leave this bar.

After letting the blood ability surround me in a last ditch effort, I looked at the colossal and magnificent whirlpool, feeling strangely calm.

Footnotes

¹ **"Calanthe":** Originally 妃蘭朵 (pinyin: fēilánduǒ), her name is made up of the characters for "princess," "orchid," and "flower." Since orchids seem to be important to the Melody of the past, and her name hints at it, we translated her name as Calanthe, which is a type of orchid. The name Calanthe means "beautiful flower."

*The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #5: N/H, the Farce of
Rejecting Humans Yet Acting Human*

An Xiang Ye is weird himself, so of course the people around him are weirdos, too!

What kind of souvenir is a bug?

Well, I'll let that one slide. Ah Ye seems like the type to be excited even if he receives a cockroach.

I was dead beat and had thought that I only had to go get the bug before I could go back home to sleep. Except, when we got to the lab, we were told that the bug had been stolen, and the people who had stolen it were likely from an enemy lab who wanted to use it to develop bioweapons. Now we had a mission—to find the bug from the enemy lab and bring it back, or destroy it on the spot... That sounds like a third-rate movie's plot no matter how you spin it!

The three of us, plus a little girl, ended up being forced to start the mission. When we were about halfway through, that Ezart had the nerve to say an adventurer team asked him to join them on a tomb raid that was leaving soon, so he needed to leave.

And then he really left! What about the bug? The mission? Didn't the lab say that the enemy would destroy the world if we don't destroy the bug?

How can you say "I'm busy, gotta go!" halfway through saving the world? Even third-rate movies don't play out like that!

I want to sleep! I want to leave, too! Ah Ye, let go of me!



Just as the whirlpool was about to swallow me, I heard my name.

“Charles... ah!”

That voice... I turned to look and saw the young master. He stood in the doorway, but was hit by stray drops of water from the whirlpool. He lost his balance and fell backwards, and behind him was a long stretch of stairs...

I cried out in shock, “Young Master!”

Then, I remembered that the young master was Dark Sun, so he would be fine. That thought slowed me from rushing to save the young master, but someone else rushed over more quickly than I did.

The water demon grabbed the falling young master but did not pull him up. Instead, he continued holding the young master by the waist and stared at his face dreamily. The two of them looked like a couple frozen in the finishing stance of a dance, with the woman being dipped by the man, gazing lovingly into each other’s eyes.

I looked around. The magnificent whirlpool just now had disappeared without a trace. Even all the water had returned to the plumbing on the ceiling. Although all the pipes were still broken, no water leaked out.

"My waist is getting tired. Can I get up?" The young master broke the silence.

The water demon started, as if waking from a trance. He pulled the young master up and asked hurriedly, "Are you okay? Were you injured from the fall?"

The young master blinked in confusion and replied, "No, I didn't fall at all! Who are you, though?"

The water demon smiled seductively, "Call me Poseidin, dear Angel."

"Are you a girl? I thought you were a boy..." The young master found me at that point and waved, "Charles!"

I hesitated briefly, but still withdrew all the blood ability. Just as I was about to walk over, the young master ran over to me. He asked angrily, "How, how could you run off without saying anything? You didn't pick up your phone either. I thought you decided to quit being my butler and ran away secretly! I was looking for you everywhere!"

For some reason, Poseidin joined in too. "Hear! Hear! How could you run off without saying anything? Is that what servants do? Such impudence! You should fire this lousy butler!"

Did I not run off because you were holding Yue Gang captive?

"Who are you?" The young master suddenly turned to ask Poseidin.

"Angel, did you forget? I just told you, I am..."

The young master interrupted him quite bluntly, "I don't care who you are. You can't tell my butler off!"

Poseidin froze for a second, but then stared at the young master dreamily again, even though the young master did not pay him any more attention. He turned back to look at me, and he still looked very angry.

The young master is angry at me?

Even though leaving without permission during work hours does tend to anger employers, this was not the first time I had done so. Back when I had just begun to work as the young master's butler, I had left when I thought he had been kidnapped, but he had not gotten angry at all then... *The young master has rarely... no, has never gotten angry at me before.*

Then, why does he look so angry right now? I tried to explain, "Young Master, they captured Yue Gang, so I had to come save him."

"I know. I watched the surveillance camera footage of the room and heard Yue Gang's call."

If that is the case, why is the young master so angry? I was even more confused, but I could only apologize. "I am very sorry. I should not have left without permission, and angering you is my..."

"Not that!" He interrupted me, and continued heatedly, "Why didn't you tell Bramble and the others? They could've contacted me. Why

didn't you ask me for help? Because we are only master and servant, so the servant must not ask the master for help?"

"That is not the case, Young Master. This was a trap designed for me. How could I trouble you...?"

I stopped, because I suddenly realized that this was exactly what the young master had just been talking about. *Because we are only master and servant, how could the servant bother the master?* When the young master had said so, I wanted to refute him, but in truth, I had truly been thinking that way.

At that point, I did not know how to continue. *Change my stance? But the young master already heard me.*

The young master suddenly spoke. "It's so dark. Why is it so dark in here? I hate darkness... Lights!"

The lights still did not turn on, but the next second, Poseidin also shouted, "Lights!"

The lights turned on immediately, and in that instance, my eyes met the young master's. I saw that he was both angry and sad. *What does he see on my face?* The next second, he turned to face Poseidin quickly.

I noticed that there were many non-humans around us, but I also saw something unexpected. Although the walls around us were made of glass, there were supporting pillars that were not transparent. These pillars were covered with posters of the young master.

"Let Yue Gang go," the young master said brusquely to Poseidin.

Considering the number of posters on the walls, which seemed like every single advertisement the young master had done, I expected Poseidin to agree. He really seemed to be infatuated with the young master, which surprised me greatly. *I never thought even non-humans would like the young master's Angel appearance.*

"That wouldn't do!" Poseidin was all smiles, but refused him anyway. "I am N/H's owner after all. If an outsider takes the non-humans of Sunset City lightly, I can't just sit and watch. How can I stop without a reason, especially since I have made a move already? Don't you agree, Angel?"

The young master looked at Poseidin, as if he were observing his mood. Just as I was getting worried that the young master would decide to fight no matter what, he smiled and said sweetly, "Then, Poseidin, can you let Charles and Yue Gang go for me? Please?"

My worries were extraneous. *The young master has always been the most rational when dealing with serious matters.*

Poseidin kept smiling and looked like he would not acquiesce. The young master stopped smiling and gradually began to look more and more disappointed. His lips pressed together and his eyes began to water... No human has been able to resist the young master's disappointed face, but I did not know if non-humans could.

"Oh! Angel, you're really... Fine! But I have a condition!"

Poseidin moved a few steps closer to the young master and whispered, "I want your name. Your real name. And a kiss, in exchange for those two."

My face fell, and I hurried to say, "Young Master, you do not need to..."

"Quiet!" The young master whipped around and retorted, "Servants have no right to tell the master what to do, right?"

True. I had no comeback. Looks like the young master is at peak anger, so anything I say would probably lead to the opposite effect. But no matter what, I must not let the young master kiss a stranger for my sake.

I was debating between who would make a better argument, the master or Briar, when the young master took two steps forward and held Poseidin's face between his hands. Then, he kissed him...

Not on the cheek or forehead, but straight on the lips. He did not pull away immediately, either. I was frozen in shock for quite a few seconds, and the young master was still kissing him.

Obviously, Poseidin did not expect the young master to be so frank, either. His eyes widened, and he looked much more flustered than the young master did.

The young master continued the kiss for at least twenty seconds before pulling away. He let go of Poseidin, and spoke with no sign of discomfort to the person he had just kissed, "My name is Ri Xiang Ye.

You can call me Ah Ye.”

Young Master, you even gave your real last name... Is it because Poseidin asked for your "real name?"

“Ah Ye, Ah Ye...” Poseidin muttered under his breath before raising his head and staring tenderly at the young master. “You are even more charming than I imagined. I thought I would lose my infatuation upon actually meeting you, but I think I like you even more now! Really, what should I do now?”

“Where is Yue Gang?” The young master asked flatly. He did not care whether Poseidin’s infatuation persisted or not.

“If you are so straightforward, I suppose I must be like that too,” Poseidin said with a smile. He clapped, and two waiters carried out from behind the bar an unconscious human. It was Yue Gang.

Even though he was unconscious, he snored loudly and seemed to be sleeping comfortably. He did not look injured. The worst was probably getting a little blood drawn for me. *I really should have drunk that glass of blood from earlier, to prevent it from going to waste.*

The young master looked at Yue Gang, then turned to ask me, “Charles, do you know where Yue Gang lives?”

I paused, and replied, “No.”

“Ok, then you go carry him. Let’s take him to our place.”

I nodded and stepped forward to take Yue Gang. I was still worried that Poseidin did not really mean to let us go, so I kept alert. But he did not make any moves. He only gazed at the young master lovingly.

The young master turned to leave, and I hurried to catch up. Just as we reached the door, Poseidin called out from behind, "Wait a minute!"

The young master stopped walking but did not turn to look. I stood behind him, so I could not see his expression, but I did see him clench his fists. I was worried. *The young master seems to be in a very bad mood today.*

The young master still did not turn. He simply asked, "Is there anything else you need?"

Poseidin scurried over and stuffed something into the young master's hand, then said. "This is an N/H membership card. You're welcome to come by any time!"

The young master froze and looked down at the membership card in his hand. The card's surface was a matte black, and the front had a glossy "N/H" inscribed. Since the letters had no color, they only showed up when there was light shining on them.

The young master turned violently, and shouted as if it were a declaration, "I'm a human!"

"No."

Snap! The young master actually snapped the card.

Poseidin obviously heard that, but he smiled and said, "You're an angel!"

The young master froze again.

"Sorry for making you mad," Poseidin said as he took the snapped card from the young master's hand and replaced it with a new one. "Even though you are very cute when you're angry too, you really are no different from an angel when you aren't mad! Here, smile!"

The young master looked at the card thoughtfully, and the anger left him. He put the card away as well and said a little embarrassedly, "I'm not an angel. That's just an advertisement." He finished, then paused, and glanced at Poseidin a few times before finally asking, "Poseidin, does your name end with '-in' or '-ynne?'"

I think the young master means to ask for Poseidin's gender.

"You can treat me as either gender." Poseidin shrugged. "Our kind is hermaphroditic."

I was very surprised. Hermaphroditic. That is rare even among non-humans.

"Oh! So that's why! No wonder I couldn't tell if you were a boy or a girl." The young master nodded and did not look shocked at all.

In contrast, Poseidin was more surprised. "You don't find that weird? Everyone in this world is either male or female, but I am both. Doesn't

that weird you out?"

"It's weirder to see you control water," the young master replied truthfully. "How do you do that? It's fascinating!"

Poseidin laughed out loud. "What's weird about that? Your butler can even control blood, so why can't I control water? I am a merperson!"

The young master stared wide-eyed, but countered quickly, "Liar! You don't have a tail."

"Your vampire butler doesn't have fangs either right now. If your butler can conceal his fangs, then of course I can conceal my tail too... You really don't believe me?" Perhaps the disbelief in the young master's eyes was too obvious. Poseidin smiled and said, "How about this: if you come visit N/H again, I'll show you."

"Really?" The young master's eyes lit up, and he hurried to continue as if he were afraid Poseidin would change his mind, "We have a deal then! The next time I come over, you'll show me!"

This time, Poseidin thought a bit and added a new condition. "If you wear the angel outfit you wore in that ad, I'll show you."

"No problem!" The young master agreed at once, then turned to speak to me, "Charles, let's go."

"As you wish."

This time, the young master and I successfully walked out of N/H

without being stopped.



After walking out of N/H, the young master suddenly gestured toward an obscure alley and said, "This way."

He walked into the alley, and I followed. As soon as I walked in, I saw two armed robbers standing in front of the young master, ordering him to surrender his wallet. *Security in the southern district really is terrible.*

The young master swiped the robber's gun and knocked him out with the base of it, then fired a shot to force the other robber to drop his gun. He shot that robber's knee as well and knocked him out with a kick before he could even scream.

The young master crushed the gun, and after scattering its remains, motioned upward to me. "We'll take the route above."

"Understood."

I walked onto the wall, and the young master followed, except he used his hands and feet to climb instead of walking up directly. I was a little surprised. *If the young master can even slide step, why does he not walk upwards like I am doing?*

The young master looked at me and seemed confused. "I just can't learn this, how strange... ah! No, I can't learn to use blood ability either."

Learn? I spoke without thinking, "Where did the young master learn to slide step?" *How is that possible? I have never heard of people learning the vampires' slide step.*

The young master nodded and said, "I learned from watching you. It was really a little difficult, because you need really strong legs and explosive power. Took me a while to learn, but I really don't know how to learn the blood ability."

A little difficult... I could only smile. *Ever since ancient times, the slide step has always been a specialty of vampires. To have another kind learn it is unheard of, but it was only a little difficult to learn for the young master?*

"We're here." The young master jumped onto the roof.

When I followed the young master and jumped onto the roof, I immediately saw an unexpected figure and blurted, "Mr. White Stone!"

A gigantic eagle-headed dragon body was curled up in the darkness and looked very much like a stone statue upon first glance, but as soon as I called out to him, the eagle head rose. A pair of eagle eyes stared at me, and as the eagle beak moved, a slightly piercing voice sounded, "Oh, did that kid Poseidin tell you?"

"Yes," I replied quickly as I moved Yue Gang from my shoulders to the ground.

The young master walked over to Mr. White Stone's side and began to stroke his scales and feathers as he said, "When I was looking around

aimlessly outside, I met Mr. Stone. He was the one who brought me to N/H, or else I wouldn't have had any idea where to find you."

I observed Mr. White Stone's expression closely, originally a little worried that the young master's actions might anger him, but he did not look angry... Well, I could not really tell the eagle's expression, but if Mr. White Stone was not waving the young master away with his wings, he should not be angry.

"Mr. Stone also said that the non-humans who lured you over didn't have any malicious intentions. They were just unhappy about the recent circumstances but couldn't find E.X, and didn't really want to antagonize the heroes, so they could only take it out on you."

So, this whole incident was another "accidentally involved" type of occurrence. I could only smile.

The young master patted me on the shoulder and said, "Next time I visit Poseidin, I'll tell him not to hate you."

Mr. White Stone laughed resonantly and said, "You misunderstand. Poseidin does not think that at all. He is the non-human most well adjusted to human life. He opened a bar, made many friends, and even became acquainted with many humans, so he actually quite likes your vampire butler."

Likes me? I phrased it euphemistically, "But, he said that if I stayed in contact with E.X, he would kill me."

"He'd only actually kill you if you abandoned your friend to live," Mr.

White Stone said, unperturbed. "He was testing you. Oh, and luring your young master over, I'm guessing. You should know why now?"

I smiled wryly and nodded. *Poseidin is very infatuated with the young master. If one put it in human terms, he can be called a fangirl? Except he did not chase after the star, but lured the "star" over to his bar instead.*

"Seeing as Poseidin has let you out of N/H, he shouldn't bother you in the future. Since you also passed his test, the non-humans who know him will respect him and shouldn't bother you, either."

After that, Mr. White Stone spread his bat-like wings and waved them a few times, as if he were about to leave.

So, that was the case. That is why Mr. White Stone only watched from here instead of stopping me from going to N/H beforehand. I said sincerely, "Thank you very much."

"No need to thank me. Thank Madam Sadina."

Mr. White Stone waved his wings powerfully, and his feet left the ground...

"Mr. Stone!"

The young master called out, then hesitated before asking, "Can I call you Stone-gē? Stone-gē is a boy right?"

Young Master, you address the forty to fifty-year-old Mr. Bramble

Bramble-shū, "uncle," but plan to call an at-least-six-hundred-year-old Mr. White Stone gēge, "big brother"? How are you categorizing your titles?

Mr. White Stone folded his wings and landed back on the ground. He looked at the young master. "I am indeed male, but going by my age, it still wouldn't be enough even if you add ten 'greats' before 'grandfather.' Even converted into human age, you should call me yéyé, 'grandfather.'"

"Huh?" The young master paused, but immediately became noticeably excited. "Really? That's great! I've never had a grandfather before! Now I finally have one, Stone-yéyé!"

Young Master, normal people usually only have one yéyé, one paternal grandfather, do they not? No, usual or not, human or not, people only have one paternal grandfather.

Mr. White Stone laughed. "All right. Seeing as you have a pair of wings too, I'll be your grandfather. So, great-grandchild dear, what did you stop me for?"

The young master showed an unutterably longing gaze and asked, "Stone-yéyé, can you and I fly together some time?"

"Just that?" White Stone laughed again, "You can fly with me right now. Even though the direction is different, we can fly together for a little bit."

The young master immediately nodded vigorously, ecstatically, but

hesitated soon after. He turned and glanced at me, then refused with some regret, "I can't. Charles can't fly, so he can't fly back with us." I hurried to say, "Young Master, I can walk home myself..."

The young master suddenly turned to glare at me, so I stopped talking abruptly. He turned back and apologized to Mr. White Stone, "Sorry, Stone-yéyé. I'll fly with you next time!"

"As long as you don't come find me during the daytime."

As Mr. White Stone finished, he spread his wings, took a few steps, and jumped right off the building, then rose again with the air currents. Speaking of that, it was quite strange. His volume was actually really large, but when he flew higher than us, I could not see him anymore. It was as if the night swallowed him whole.

The young master looked at the sky... *Perhaps he still wanted to fly with Mr. White Stone? If so, why would he not allow me to walk home alone?*

At this time, the young master suddenly reached into his pocket and pulled out the membership card for N/H. He studied the card with his head lowered and asked somewhat hesitantly, "Charles, N/H...means non-human, right? Is it a bar for non-humans?"

"Yes." As I answered, I realized that the young master was still bothered by whether he was human or not, which was why he was so upset with Poseidin when he handed him this card.

"But, do humans really not go there at all?"

The young master raised his head to look at me, as if he hoped to hear me refute him, but I could not lie to him, so I still answered, "No, not from what I have seen."

The young master replied with an "oh" and silently put the card back in his pocket.

I could not help but say, "Young Master, seeing as Mr. White Stone knows you are Dark Sun, Poseidin should know as well. Since you used the vampires' trademark slide step at the plaza last time, he might think you are a vampire..."

"Ha!" The young master laughed out loud and shook his head. "Charles, vampires don't show up on film. If I were a vampire, how could I be in advertisements?"

Ah... I tried another explanation, "Young Master, perhaps Dark Sun exhibits prowess that surpasses the usual human standards by too much, so people misunderstand."

"Sure." The young master smiled and walked past me, then said, "Let's go. Time to go home."

I turned around and saw the young master's back. *He always stands up straight and looks very resilient, which is very praiseworthy compared to the typical slouch of nowadays' youngsters. Yet at the moment, this resilient aura seems incredibly lonely.*

"Young Master, you have promised me before that if I told you about

Madam Avexila, you would cry when you feel like it without any excuses.”

He paused in his steps. I did not continue either but waited instead.
“I don’t want to cry.”

The young master turned to look at me, and his eyes really were not tearful, but sadness leaked out. He was hesitant, but spoke after all. “I pulled up the security footage in the apartment to find where you went. Even though I couldn’t see you, I could hear you. I heard you talk to Yue Gang on the phone, and, and I heard what Melody said to you.”

What Melody said to me... so that was it!

...It was the massacre that truly turned me into a non-human. You can only understand the difference between humans and non-humans after you have personally done so.

Speaking of which... When our young master flies into a rage, he can really kill humans as if they’re pigs.

“Melody was drunk.” This time, I chose to say what I did not believe.
“She did not know what she was talking about.”

The young master shook his head in response. “I don’t blame her. Melody was only speaking the truth. If I went berserk, I could slaughter an entire village the way she did, as if they were pigs... No, if someone killed my brother, I wouldn’t care how many people died. That wouldn’t be important!”

Both spoke of slaughter, but Melody had worn an expression of disgust, while the young master was completely apathetic. The former at least had emotion, at least looked human, but the latter gave me the impression that he was not even alive. However, that was not an unfamiliar look. *It is Dark Sun's look.*

Dark Sun always wore a visor, so others rarely saw his expressions. But I saw them often, since I am the one to welcome Dark Sun home when he returns early in the morning.

At first, I often could not recognize the young master when Dark Sun took off his visor.

The kind, lovable young master, compared to the lifeless Dark Sun...

There is another one treading the line as well—the young master.

“Ah!”

The young master suddenly yelled, and his apathy melted away. He stared wide-eyed at his feet...Yue Gang grabbed the young master's leg to crawl up as he complained, “Ouch—! My neck is killing me! Eh? Xiǎodì, whatcha doin' here... where is this? Dang, a rooftop?”

Then he saw me, and the whining turned into shouting, “Charles, why didn't you come save me? What kind of bro are you?”

“I did not come save you?” I huffed, “What do you think I am doing here? You were left here by someone. Ah Ye and I went through much difficulty to find you.”

Yue Gang paused and scratched his head. "Ah? Is that it? Hahaha! Forget I said anything, forget it. You are a great bro, a great friend! Nothing to pick on! The epitome of, what, taking a gun in the back for a friend!"

I sighed, and corrected him, "It is taking a knife."

"Knife?" Yue Gang was not convinced at all. "I'm just saying, Charles, but you're really behind the times! Who still uses knives these days? Of course it's guns!"

"Yes, yes. If I have any troubles in the future, I will remember to insert two guns into your back, but if you could please remember to avoid buying guns like those rocket cannons again, or else I really would not know how to fit them in your back without you snapping in half."

"Uh, then maybe it's better to stick to the knives!"

The young master would not stop laughing upon hearing my conversation with Yue Gang, and the earlier sadness was all but gone. However, I did not think it was a good thing because he was simply burying the emotions deeper and enduring them by himself.

The young master tugged on my sleeve and said with a frown, "Charles...gē! I'm so very, extremely hungry!"

I looked at the sky and was surprised to see dawn breaking in the distance. The young master had spent the night running around to find

me, so he probably had not eaten anything yet. He must have been hungry for a while.

Honorable father, I have been behaving worse than a novice butler. I feel ashamed to even pray to you.

"We shall go eat at once!" I hurried to inform the young master, "I shall provide... buy Young... you whatever you want."

"Charles-*gē*, you're the best!" The young master emphasized the word "*gē*" and tried to control his expression, but the corners of his mouth kept rising.

"Xiǎodì's hungry?" Yue Gang patted his chest and said, "I'll treat you to a midnight snack!"

I looked at the sun rising in the distance and corrected him, "More like breakfast? And do you really have money to pay?"

"Don't worry! Stop blabbering and just follow me!"

Yue Gang walked over to the only door on the roof, pushed the handle down, but couldn't open it. "Why isn't it opening?"

I quickly walked over and forced the handle down. The sound of something snapping came from behind the door, but thankfully it was not loud.

"Maybe it was rusty. Let's go! Ah Ye really looks hungry."

Yue Gang shrugged and turned to call the young master, “Xiǎodì, we’re going,” before turning to walk through the door. Luckily, this building seemed to be a regular apartment building. If it were a business building, the security system would have sounded as soon as I snapped the handle.

“Okay! I’m coming,” the young master replied. When he walked over to me, he said in a quiet voice, “Charles, don’t tell Melody that I heard what she said. Just pretend nothing happened.”

I replied quietly as well, “Of course, Young Master.”

*The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #6: Heroes, Believing
and Being Believed*

"Idiot Ah Ye, what's wrong with that Ezart? What kind of person says that they have stuff to do and leaves halfway through saving the world? There really aren't any normal people around you!" I shouted angrily at An Xiang Ye. However, after I'd shouted that, he and Briar both looked at me with a strange expression.

What? Why are you looking at me like that?

Briar reminded me, "Aren-gē, you're also one of the people close to Ah Ye-gē!"

"That's right, you're even my neighbor!" An Xiang Ye said matter-of-factly. "Neither Briar nor Ezart live nearby. If we consider distance, Aren, you're even more abnormal than Ezart and Briar!"

...



The young master and I looked up at the building in front of us. The young master's eyes widened, and I was even more at a loss for a response. I had never expected that I would actually be brought to a place like this... It was a place that I should never visit my entire life.

The young master asked in bewilderment, "Yue Gang-gē, why are we here?"

"To eat, of course!" Yue Gang said as if it were obvious. "Ah, I know

this isn't a restaurant, but trust me! There's food, and it'll definitely be delicious!"

It is not a matter of trust, but, but... I looked at the cross hung on the door with a growing feeling of helplessness in my heart. Even if I am not actually afraid of the cross and there is probably not a Sin Elimination team stationed in Sunset City... No matter the circumstances, a vampire cannot just openly walk into a cathedral, can he?

"Gē, the sun has risen already. Aren't you feeling hot?" the young master suddenly asked me. "Take off your cape. I'll hold it for you!"

I blinked and only then remembered that I was wearing the full set "standard vampire" outfit. I hurriedly removed my cape but held on to it myself instead of passing it to the young master.

After Yue Gang knocked on the door, he turned around and patted me heavily on the shoulder. He tried to reassure me, "Relax! No one will mistake you for a vampire! The priest here is an atheist."

A priest who is an atheist?

That statement sounded completely illogical. Both the young master and I gave Yue Gang a doubtful look.

Yue Gang shrugged and said, "It can't be helped. My old man simply doesn't acknowledge that there are intelligent life forms aside from humans in the world, so naturally he doesn't believe that there are gods, either! Even previously when there was footage of werewolves

on TV, he said that since it's called a *werewolf*—'wer,' as in 'man'—it's just one of the many races of humans. Anyway, still human."

"Your old man?"

At that moment, the small door of the cathedral swung open. Unsurprisingly, the person who had come to open the door was a clergyman. Yue Gang used his thumb to point at the man and affirmed, "My old man."

I stared with large eyes. The clergyman, who appeared about fifty years old, smiled as he looked at us. He seemed very kind. *He is Yue Gang's father? Yue Gang actually grew up in a cathedral?*

The young master exclaimed, "Your papa is a priest?!"

"Ah Ye, he would be called a pastor," I advised the young master.

"But I am a priest. You can call me Father Yue," the clergyman chuckled as he corrected me.

I fell silent for a while, then said politely, "However, Yue Gang said that you are his father. If I remember correctly, celibacy is a requirement for priests."

"Correct. That's why I didn't get married!" Father Yue's smile brightened even further. Both his appearance and smile were very similar to Yue Gang's. It was almost as if he were an older and neater version of Yue Gang. It left one with no doubts that they were indeed father and son.

A married priest versus a priest who did not get married but had kids. Is the latter less serious? Being a vampire, I had not researched too deeply into the church.

Yue Gang casually rested his hand on Father Yue's shoulder and asked, "Old man, I called and told you I was bringing some friends over for breakfast. Is it ready?"

"Of course, and like you requested, it's a very lavish breakfast!"

The moment he heard the word "breakfast," the young master's shoulders immediately sagged, and he cried out pitifully, "I'm really starving!"

"Oh!" Seeing this, Father Yue immediately warmly welcomed us in, "Then, hurry and come in! Don't let this child continue to starve."

We walked through the door. It was not the main entrance of the cathedral, but a side door. So after walking in, we were not at the sanctuary, but in a long corridor. On either side, there were various religious items on display. A cross hung on the wall, and there were various editions of the Bible lined up on a bookshelf; but the item that made my heart beat faster was a rifle placed in a transparent glass case.

From the information that my father had gathered, I remembered reading that that kind of silver-white rifle with the cross motif was used from the 1930s to the 1980s. It was a gun that the Sin Elimination teams used specifically to hunt vampires. The bullets inside

were always manufactured from silver, as was the bayonet attached to the rifle.

How many vampires has this gun killed? I felt somewhat uncomfortable.

"That is part of my collection," Father Yue's voice suddenly rang out right in my ear. I was quite alarmed, and turned around to look at him. He smiled and said, "Isn't it pretty? Those yellowish areas on it are all made of silver!"

"It is very beautiful." I spoke the truth. If I assessed it as an art piece, I would have to say that the silver-white gun was stunning. Even though it was inevitable that tarnish would form on the silver parts, considering the age of the gun, it was truly quite well preserved.

"It's really ironic." Father Yue sighed and said, "We made such a beautiful object, but it's designed to produce an ugly massacre."

"Guns can kill people, but they can also save people." I smiled in response. Even though I was well aware that they were pretentious, the words were also something that most people could accept. The odds of a gun killing someone truly were much greater than of it saving them.

"A person holding a knife can only kill one person at a time, and he can protect that one person behind him; a person holding a gun can kill several people at a time, and he is still only protecting that one person behind him; a person in control of the launch button for a missile can kill several thousand at a time, but he too actually only

wants to protect that one person behind him... So who is the person behind your back?"

I was stunned for a moment and turned to look at Father Yue. He smiled at me. Then, as if he had never said a thing, he gestured toward the end of the long corridor, saying, "Come and eat breakfast. Yue Gang has already taken your little brother to the dining room."

Having said that, he walked off by himself toward the doorway on the other end of the corridor. The door was not fully closed, and I could see the young master's and Yue Gang's figures. They were already seated in front of the dining table and eating ravenously.

Behind me... As I pondered over it, I walked behind the young master and stood to his left. That was the place a butler should stand. Then, I noticed Yue Gang giving me a puzzled look. I quickly pretended I had only needed to pull a chair out, and sat down.

The moment I had done so, Father Yue passed me a plate filled with scrambled eggs and bacon. That was a lot more down-to-earth than thinking over what sort of person was behind me. I had to consume an entire plate of things that I simply did not want to eat... No, he also took a few round buns and placed them on my plate, and then filled a bowl with oatmeal, topped up my glass with fruit juice, and piled some sausages on my plate.

Father Yue said warmly, "I heard that you two had to search for my idiot child the whole night, and never got a chance to eat! So eat more. Please don't be courteous!"

“... Thank you.”

If I had realized earlier, I would have done all that I could to reject Yue Gang’s invitation. Unfortunately, a thousand gold cannot buy foresight. I could only pick up my knife and fork and get rid of the food in front of me mouthful by mouthful, although from time to time, the amount would actually increase...

When I had finished about half the plate of scrambled eggs and bacon in addition to the food that had been repeatedly added on, I stood up and said, “My apologies. I would like to visit the restroom.”

Father Yue smiled and said, “Go through this door, walk to the end, and then turn left.”

“Thank you.”

The moment I entered the restroom, I closed the door and squatted beside the toilet, throwing up. After vomiting for a while, I felt much better.

Even though I could consume food other than fresh blood, being a vampire, I was still unable to eat a great quantity. That was because a vampire’s stomach and intestines were simply unable to digest such food. Father had made full inquiries about things of that nature shortly after I was born, so I knew I could not eat great quantities of human food. As a result, I had never tried to eat so much before.

So it turned out that if I ate too much, I would throw it all back up. It was apparent that I had better use an excuse such as being too full,

and stop eating.

I carefully tidied up my appearance and returned to the dining room. However, everyone else had already finished. It seemed that I had truly been away for too long. The young master was listening attentively to Father Yue, and Yue Gang was on the phone.

As I walked past Yue Gang, he rolled his eyes at me and said crossly, "Did you fall in? We left your plate there for you. If you're still hungry, go to the kitchen and get more food yourself."

"I cannot eat any more." I forced a smile as I replied.

He merely grunted in response and resumed his phone call.

I returned to my seat. At the moment, Father Yue was giving a detailed explanation to the young master.

"The most important thing is not whether God exists, but what you believe in. This 'what' is then your god—your hope, because you can believe that miracles are possible, and so you will be able to stand strong and not crumble."

The young master asked uncertainly, "But, what should I believe in? God? But if God doesn't exist, then how can I believe in him?"

"Old man!" Yue Gang suddenly shouted at us. "I have to go back to the station. That bastard Xie Wei actually lied to me. Last night, he told me that he would conduct a police raid on the bar N/H, but he never showed up. He nearly got me killed by those guys! And in the

end, he actually ran off to look for trouble with Dragon Peace... Tsk! Charles, stay here with your little bro and enjoy yourself. In any case, my old man is sick of doing nothing, and he especially loves talking to people about atheism."

Father Yue glared at him. "I've told you many times before, I'm not an atheist, you little brat!"

Yue Gang grabbed his bag of guns and jacket lying off to one side and patted my shoulder, saying, "Then I'll be leaving! If I have time, I'll invite you for a meal again!"

I nodded. "All right."

After Yue Gang left, Father Yue continued to talk with the young master. "Fine, then let me ask you, when you are in despair, who or what will you pray to for a miracle?"

The young master thought for a while, then said, "I don't pray."

"You really are a special young man." Father Yue laughed as he said, "In Sunset City, whenever I ask people this question, usually the answers that come out are all the heroes' names. You don't believe that a hero will come to save you?"

The young master looked at Father Yue, but did not give him an answer.

Upon hearing Father Yue's words, I had a spark of understanding. He truly was not an atheist. He just did not insist that a god should

definitely be called "God." Humans had many different religions, and different religions prayed to different idols. But no matter whether the idol that one prayed to was called a god, or a demon, or even a hero, all humans prayed for the same thing—a miracle.

Perhaps, a hero truly is a god. The religion of the new age.

I do not know if gods and demons despair, but what I do know is, heroes are human beings, and there are times when humans will despair. When a hero is in distress, who should he pray to? I was rather expectant of the young master's answer, but at the same time, I also felt that the answer might again be... a lonely perseverance.

The young master said with utmost seriousness, "I will not cry for help. I have already relinquished the privilege to cry for help. I can only stand up by myself."

As expected, I was not wrong.

Father Yue chuckled and asked, "So, this is a hero's answer?"

I froze, and slowly registered what he had said. *This priest actually knows that the young master is a hero?*

The young master's expression was still very calm. He asked quietly, "How did you find out? Does Yue Gang also know?"

"I was the one who told Father Yue."

I looked toward the source of the voice. A slim woman, whose face

was very familiar, stood by the door.

“Yina-jiě!” the young master exclaimed.

Yina was one of the members of Anceo’s three-person team, and she had once been held captive by Melody. I had thought that she had left Sunset City a long time ago.

Yina came toward us, looking somewhat apprehensive. Father Yue waved her over, and after a brief hesitation, she sat down beside him. Father Yue smiled and said, “Don’t worry. That child of mine does not know who you are. He really does think that you two are ordinary people.”

I was rather surprised and asked, “Why did you not tell him?”

At practically the same time, the young master also opened his mouth to ask, “Since you know that Charles is a vampire, why did you keep giving him food during breakfast? He doesn’t eat human food.”

... I also want to know the answer to this.

“Because...” Father Yue clapped, and laughed happily as he said, “It. Was. Fun!”

On second thought, I would rather not have known the answer. The young master did not seem to know how to respond to that, either. He looked at Father Yue suspiciously, but Father Yue only looked back at him with a cheeky grin.

The young master switched his gaze to Yina and queried, "Is Anceo still here too?"

"No," Yina said coldly. "There's no need to panic. You should understand that Sunset City is not under the Church's influence at all. This cathedral has only been built for show. To the Church, this cathedral is like a trash bin. Unwanted people are thrown here, and whether they live or die is not at all important. Perhaps the Church simply assumes that the people dispatched to this cathedral will all be killed by the non-humans sooner or later."

She paused, then continued frostily, "So you can relax. The people in this cathedral will not divulge your identities. We certainly don't wish to be killed by you or the vampire."

The words were truly filled with deep hostility... but the young master merely nodded his head and did not say anything else.

"Oh, oh right, is that vampire called Melody still doing all right?" Father Yue suddenly asked. "Yina often speaks of her!"

"I do not!" Yina, whose face was perpetually cold, was suddenly agitated. "She is a vampire. How could I harbor any good will toward her?!"

"I never said you harbored good will toward her. I only said that you often mention her." Father Yue's expression was full of innocence. It was just like Yue Gang's expression whenever he spent all his money on buying weapons and had no money to eat, and so had no choice but to ask me to treat him to a meal.

I smiled gently as I looked at Yina. She was a bit flustered as she explained, "I only... She, she didn't abuse me when she held me captive, and even lent me clothes and taught me how to put on makeup. Those parts were quite good... No! It's not good in the least bit. I am a nun. How could I put on makeup! And she's even a vampire!"

Father Yue continued to look innocent as he said, "Oh, she sure is a vampire. This butler is also a vampire, and he's not bad either! It's only because my child looks for him from morning to night to borrow money that he hasn't starved to death yet."

Yina said sternly, "Do not lump me in with that idiot!"

"That idiot is my son..."

"You are also a scoundrel. What kind of priest has a child with a woman?!"

"Yina, you are my subordinate. It isn't good to call me a scoundrel, is it... Ah! I'll go get a blanket! Yina, I'll have to trouble you to brew some tea."

I was startled and traced the priest's line of sight. It was only then that I realized that the young master was sprawled on the table and fast asleep. *Had he actually been this tired? It looks like last night's event was not easy to resolve.*

Father Yue had left the dining room, and the young master was asleep.

That left only Yina and me. She walked to the side to brew the tea. The expression on her face was extremely cold, but after what had just happened, I did not believe that indifference was real. I smiled faintly as I said, "Melody is doing well. If you wish, you are welcome to come and find her. There are not a lot of females with us, so if you are willing to accompany her to go shopping, that would be great."

Yina glanced at me. Even though she did not agree, she did not say "no" either.

Very soon, Father Yue returned to the dining room, humming a song. As he covered the young master with a thin blanket, he sighed in amazement. "This child is truly adorable. If Yue Gang's mother saw him, she would definitely like him. What a pity..."

"Yue Gang's mother..." It was only then that I suddenly understood. Since Father Yue had not gotten married, then it was most likely that Yue Gang's mother had been "taken care of" by the Church, right? After all, a priest getting married was a huge scandal.

The mood turned rather gloomy. Father Yue sat down and drank a few sips of tea. Then he set the cup down and mumbled, "The child's mother left me and went traveling by herself. It's already been three months. Even now, she still doesn't want to come home."

"... Didn't you not marry her?"

"That's right, and so I'm very worried. On paper, the child's mother is still single. She's also ten years younger than me—young and pretty. Who knows if she'll return from this trip with a secret boyfriend."

As I looked at the anxious Father Yue, I suddenly fully understood where Yue Gang's carefree and heedless behavior came from.

Father Yue gazed at the sister with a concerned look, like a father looking at his daughter, and muttered without pause, "On the other hand, Yina, why don't you hurry up and find a boyfriend? Should we have Yue Gang introduce a policeman to you? Even though policemen are very busy, and they may not have a lot of time to spend with you, civil service is still a stable job. Layoffs are less likely, so you can be more assured of a good life."

"I am a nun, and I'm not interested in having children out of wedlock!" Yina replied coldly. Then, she turned her head and stalked off, slamming the door behind her.

Father Yue sighed and started to pour out his woes. "Charles, look at that, just look at that. My wife spends whole days running around outside and doesn't remember to return home. My son buys so many weapons that he doesn't have money to eat for entire days. The sister fiercely refuses to marry. Each and every one of them makes me so worried! Sigh, and they're not the only ones! The Church always dumps problematic priests and nuns here, and nearly all of them are in need of long-term counseling. I'm not a psychiatrist!"

"Every family has its own problems. Kids nowadays are all quite rebellious."

I tried to console him. However, I could only offer platitudes. *After all, none of these worries should exist in the first place, right? A priest*

should not have a wife and a son, and nuns cannot marry either, right? Also, priests and nuns should be counseling other people and not be the ones receiving counsel, correct?

"Oh, Charles! Listen to me! Even though pretty much nobody in Sunset City believes in God, they all love to come here and confess their sins. They're practically treating me as a free counselor, and I end up being awfully busy all day. On top of that, the priests and nuns that the Church tosses here are all even crazier than the people who come here to confess. None of them are any help. Boohooohoo, I also need to confess! Would you be willing to hear me speak?"

"Yes, please confess... No, I meant, please speak."

If you do not mind that the person to whom you are confessing is a vampire. But in my opinion, even if I were a demon from hell, Father Yue probably still would not care.

The young master slept until two in the afternoon, so I listened to Father Yue confess for an entire morning. He complained that his wife, his son, the priests, and the nuns all behaved like children; the money the Church gave was insufficient, and they kept sending mental cases; the cathedral was too small and would soon run out of space for everyone, but they did not have money to renovate the place, either... and occasionally he would draw a cross in front of his chest and repent for complaining too much.

"Are you not an atheist?"

"I am repenting about the child's mother. She calls me every day, and

yesterday she even said, 'Father of my child, my beloved, I really miss you, I love you, come! Give me a kiss.' I really should not be complaining this much about her."

"..."

To thank me for listening to him, Father Yue gave me a Bible and a necklace with a cross before we left. He even insisted on helping me put on the necklace, which made the young master laugh happily.

Father Yue stood by the door of the cathedral and waved goodbye to us, saying, "You're welcome to attend service every Sunday!"

The young master agreed loudly and happily. "All right, I will definitely bring Charles here for service!"

Young Master, can you not develop more ordinary ways to be happy that are more suited for young adults?



"Don't cry Hallelujah... Maria is also asleep; I coolly fling my cape aside; bare my fangs at you... When you meet vampires, hurry and scream... God bless you!"

After we walked out of the cathedral, the young master's mood was surprisingly happy. His footsteps were light, and he was even singing the "Vampire" song. Along the way, he attracted the stares of numerous people. Every one of them pointed excitedly at him, asking each other softly, "Is that him? The last angel?"

There were even some people who walked over from afar and started following us. Initially, I was a little worried that the young master's mood would be affected, but he looked like he did not mind in the least. When a girl screamed at him, he even smiled at her, and then continued to sing "Vampire."

The young master suddenly stopped singing, and he turned his head and asked, "Charles, are you sleepy?"

"No, I am not sleepy at all," I quickly replied. If I hesitated, the young master might be worried about my being a vampire and let me return home to sleep.

"Then, let's go to X-Killer and look at clothes!" the young master said happily. "Last time, I said I would buy you some clothes that don't expose the skin, but we haven't gone yet! But I spoke to Luo Lun and told him to help me select twenty pieces ahead of time. You can go and try them out. If they fit, we'll bring them all back home!"

I forced a smile and said, "Young Master, twenty is too many."

"Too many? Really?" The young master tilted his head as he thought. Then, in a carefree manner, he continued, "In any case, you'll wear them sooner or later! Don't forget, we have an 'Endelis contract'!"

Endelis contract... An endless contract...

"So it doesn't matter how many we buy!" The young master laughed, "It doesn't matter even if we buy fifty! Right?"

*Even though it is an endless contract, you do not have an endless life.
If the person dies, then what use is the contract?*

"Right?" As he did not receive a reply, the young master turned around and asked hesitantly, "Charles?"

I lowered my gaze and replied respectfully, "Young Master, twenty pieces is too many. The period of employment stated on the contract is two years. Soon, it will be one year. Therefore, I will not be able to wear that many clothes."

The young master froze. The smile on his face had vanished, and there was only a vacant look. At a loss, he stuttered, "B-but, you agreed to an Endelis contract..."

"Young Master, a verbal agreement has no effect in the eyes of the law. Only a paper contract is..."

"Liar."

I paused, and saw the young master glaring at me. It seemed like he wanted to glare fiercely at me, but his eyes were red, like he was about to cry. I continued, "Only a paper contract is legal."

"Liar!" The young master clenched his fists and scowled. He screamed furiously, "Your words can't be trusted! You big liar!"

Even though he was scowling, there were tears in the corners of his eyes, and his underlying expression was more sadness and hurt rather than anger. He was trying hard not to let the tears fall as he squeezed

out a smile and said, "Charles, you're only explaining to me the purpose of a paper contract. You don't mean anything else, right? In any case, something like a paper contract... only has to be signed again, right? Right? Right... Charles, why aren't you saying anything? Say something!"

The young master gave an order, so I had to open my mouth and answer him. "Young Master, in one year's time, I may..."

"Don't say any more!" the young master suddenly shouted. He used both his hands to cover his ears, and even closed his eyes. However, he could not stop the two lines of tears from running down his cheeks.

I took out a handkerchief and walked up to him, thinking of helping the young master wipe his tears. Just when I was about to touch his cheeks, he said in a hoarse voice, "Go back by yourself. I don't want to see you right now."

"Understood, Young Master."

I hesitated for a moment, but kept the handkerchief without wiping the young master's tears. Even though I knew that the young master had his eyes shut, I still bowed deeply to him, and then I turned around to leave.

"Charles!"

My footsteps halted, and I turned back to look at the young master. His eyes were open, and he was looking at me with a mixed expression of fear and distress, but also a tinge of hope, like a person

who had fallen into deep despair and was praying...

“When you are in despair, who or what will you pray to for a miracle?”

The most important thing is not whether God exists, but what you believe in. This ‘what’ is then your god—your hope, because you can believe that miracles are possible, and so you will be able to stand strong and not crumble.

Young Master, what is the meaning of your asking this question? You do not pray, but you are asking me about what I pray to and what I believe in. Teach me, how should I answer you, so that I...

...will hurt you less?

The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #7: Endelis, the Last
Elysees

Afterwards, I silently followed the two people and found the lab. We fought our way in and finally found the bug.

I have to say, that bug was damn ugly. If you wanted to break a friendship, giving this bug to the other person would definitely make it happen... unless that person is An Xiang Ye.

His eyes lit up as he admired, "It really is a super huge, super ugly bug! Ezart didn't lie to me!"

Between taking this bug back or destroying it on the spot, if I were asked to vote a hundred times, I would always vote for it to get destroyed; however, An Xiang Ye didn't give me a chance at all to vote. The moment he saw that bug, he excitedly said that he could finally bring home the souvenir.

Luckily, Briar was adamant that Ah Ye wasn't allowed to take the bug home. She got angry, she cried, she pouted, she played dumb, she rolled around on the floor, and she even threatened to never see him again.

Ah Ye's lips drooped in sadness. Between the bug and his fiancée, he reluctantly chose his fiancée. He then bombed the laboratory along with the bug.

From that point on, I changed my mind. Even though Briar is ten years younger than Ah Ye and moreover, only twelve currently, I supported

Ah Ye and Briar getting married right away to prevent Ah Ye from bringing strange and dangerous objects back to the apartment! Sadly, both people rejected that suggestion at the same time. Ah Ye said that the law forbade it. Briar said that her papa forbade it.

Finally, the mission was completed. I could go home and sleep. On the way home, I already fell asleep in the car. When I was the middle of sleeping, Ah Ye shook me awake, saying, "Aren, Abner called saying that something came up in the southern district, and that you need to head over quickly."

"..."



For the young master's happiness, I should lie.

I should even deceive him about the length of our contract. Never would one notify his master about resigning the year after, even if it is the truth. No matter whether or not twenty sets of clothes were too many, the young master was not at all concerned about the price of them. Therefore, I should lie. That way at least, we would have happily gone to X-Killer by now to buy some clothes. *Leave the pain of next year until next year!*

My honorable father has said before that every dutiful butler should first learn how to lie.

Even if a butler should encounter an unsavory guest, he should be able to show courtesy and entertain that guest with compliments.

In the event that the unsavory person happened to be the master himself, the butler should still be expected to maintain his dutiful role.

The face of the butler, no matter whether his mood is good or bad, should never reveal any personal feelings.

Ultimately, the most dutiful butler will be the most brilliant of liars.

Despite all of this, everything has an exception, my child. Some masters are ones that people will be unable to lie to, and he also will not need your lies.

These kinds of masters are very troublesome, very troublesome... If you were to encounter one of them, you may choose to leave or to serve him with your utmost sincerity. The end result might be that you will either anger him and get fired, or you will serve him for a lifetime.

You will then have to grow old with him, watch his child grow up, and watch his child get married. You will watch him play with his grandson. The grandson may even call you Grandpa Butler.

Finally, you could have a competition with your master on who will die first, of which the loser would be responsible for organizing the other's funeral... Uh!

At that time, it was as if my father had abruptly remembered something and immediately changed the topic.

Yes, he had remembered something. He had remembered that his son was a vampire. His son would not only win the competition but would

also never grow old.

His son could only watch as his master grew older by the day. He could only watch his master's son be born, age with time, marry, and finally, grow old as well. He could only watch his master's grandson be born. In the end, he could only watch his master die.

"Charles..."

I looked toward the young master as he looked at me, waiting for my response. Although his eyes were bloodshot from crying, it made people want to cherish him even more. While the surrounding crowds did not know what had happened, they all looked at him with concern.

Young Master, right now, you are truly very young, very beautiful, just like an angel as many have said. You are also a very good master... Please forgive me. I am not a good butler. May I be excused from your side, from watching you mature, from watching you grow old, from watching you die?

"Young Master, have you forgotten? Charles is a vampire. He would not pray to anyone, including heroes."

My voice was soft, but the people who stood nearest to me were likely still able to hear it. However, it did not matter anymore.

The young master stared at me, his sorrowful expression gradually turning into one of anger. Tightly, he clenched his fists. I began to think that he might strike me, but I could not say whether or not that would be a good or bad thing. If he actually hit me, I would perhaps

feel a little better. However, if it truly came to that, I am afraid that I would not need to wait until the end of our contract—I could pack my luggage tonight.

If I may, I still hope that I can stay a little longer. After all, I do not know if I would be able to find another master that treats me as a true butler.

“Go away,” the young master lightly said only those two words.

“Yes, Young Master.”

After bowing, I turned and left. Along my path, there were many things that offered reflections. Thus, I could still see the young master with the reflections. The young master sat down on a bench by the sidewalk. He seemed to have a dazed look. The tears on his face had not yet dried. He then pulled both of his legs onto the bench, held his knees with both of his hands, and buried his face between his knees.

Many people stood around watching him. There were those who seemed concerned, those who seemed baffled, and those who seemed to bear malicious intentions.

I was a little worried. *Someone ought to accompany the young master.*

Melody? But, the young master overheard her words from last night. Calling her over would be a little inappropriate at the moment.

First Wind? Ever since the hostage incident, Ji Luo Chu has no longer been able to treat the young master as a youngster.

Definitely not Bramble and the others. They are the young master's subordinates. With a single command of "Go away" from the young master, they will have to dismiss themselves.

Who...Who can stand on equal footing with the young master without a care? Even if the young master loudly orders him to leave, he won't have to comply and can insist on following him?

After contemplating it for a while, I made a phone call. "Aren, could you come over for a moment?"

"...I just shook off a bunch of policemen. I'm going home to sleep."

Aren's voice did in fact sound tired. I was silent for a moment, but I still proceeded to say to him, "I do not know who else I can ask this of."

He fell silent for a lengthy period of time. Luckily, he responded, "Where should I go?"

The moment I hung up, my phone rang and startled me. *What a coincidence for someone to contact me now. Who could it be? The young master?* I took several deep breaths and then picked up the call. "Master Endelis!"

"Curtis?" I was a little surprised because of the sheer panic in his voice. "What happened? Say it slowly. Do not panic."

"M-Master... Madam Sadina's plane crashed at the airport where the

previous plane crash incident happened!”

What?

Upon hearing that, I was stunned for many seconds before I actually understood his words. All of a sudden, I did not know what to feel. My whole mind was empty. Confused, I could only ask, “How could it be? Did she not say that she would not come?”

“That was a lie. She was afraid that you would flee from her because you would not wish to see her. But the Madam is old now. No matter what, she desired to see you again. That is why she deceived you.”

Sadina... Why are you so foolish? If you really desire to see me, then just insist that I go back. If the plane were to crash again, it is not certain that I would die, but you... you...

“Master, where are you?”

Only after a while was I able to answer, “O-on the street.”

“Are you well? Your voice sounds extremely hoarse... Nevertheless, please catch a cab and come here with haste!”

“I will.”

After hanging up, I went to the side of the street and hailed a taxi.

“Get me to the airport located outside the city within an hour.”

The taxi driver was stunned for a second and then loudly cursed, "One hour?! How is that possible! You think this is a helicopter?! I'm a taxi driver!"

I took out my wallet and threw all the money inside onto the front passenger seat.

"...Does that include my speeding ticket fee?"

"Not included."

"One hour? No problem! I guarantee your arrival!"



"We have arrived! HA! Only fifty minutes. My skills are still sharp. Sir, are you in a hurry to catch a flight? If so, would you quickly pay for my speeding ticket so you can quickly catch your flight?"

I got out of the car. Originally, I was afraid to face the airport, yet the taxi driver was rambling nonstop. This gave me a peculiar feeling. Since the cab was not far from the airport, it should be impossible for the taxi driver not to notice a crashed plane. However, he kept on talking nonstop and did not at all seem like someone who had witnessed a frightening scene.

Puzzled, I looked toward the airport runway. However, there was no plane on the runway, nor any sign of a crashed plane. *Something seems very strange?*

"Strange. No one seems to be here... Ah! Right, didn't the news report

an accident where a plane crashed into the control tower here?"

Right! I suddenly remembered. The incident happened not long ago. That plane has already been transported away, but the tower is not yet repaired. Therefore, this airport cannot be used at all!

There is a possibility that Sadina forcefully used this airport in order to save time. But, I also do not see a crashed plane. This is different from what Curtis said... He lied to me? Why?

Could it be, Sadina wanted him to deceive me, so I would come to see her... No! Although Sadina sometimes likes to play around, she would never use "death" to deceive me. She knows that that is something that can never be used as a joke with me.

"Guh!"

I turned around and saw the taxi driver collapse. Behind the driver was a woman with a sweet smile, but despite her sweetness, her actions were not anything to laugh about. She had twisted and broken the driver's neck.

An average woman would never have this much strength, and both of her hands were unmodified. Nevertheless, she did not need any modifications to reach this level of strength because she was the sixth generation vampire, Gong Feng Xiang.

"Although you are just a one hundred fifty-year-old adolescent vampire, we still sent out two sixth generation vampires for you." She brushed her hands off and stepped over the driver's corpse toward me,

while saying, "Touching, right? Little Young Master Charles?"

Two? I instinctively looked behind me. Roughly ten steps away stood a man. There is no doubt he is also a vampire. He was able to approach me without my hearing any of his footsteps. Gong Feng Xiang said he is also a sixth generation vampire? Is he Avexila's other child?

I do not at all have the ability to win against one vampire of such age, let alone two. However, they should not know that I have x-speed. Maybe I will be able to escape...

Just as I was about to make a move, Gong Feng Xiang warned coldly, "Don't try to run, unless you don't care about your old flame anymore."

Old flame? I froze. I did not at all comprehend her meaning. Perhaps it is merely a lie to divert my attention?

With a smile, she said, "However, Sadina has become old and wrinkled. It is normal that you don't want her anymore. Tsk! She really doesn't make for a good hostage. We should have kidnapped that young master An instead. He really is beautiful, isn't he? Even men would fall in love with him! Unfortunately, that young master is a bit difficult."

Sadina... Impossible! Calm down. If they could capture Sadina, how is it that many years ago, their family was persecuted to the point of fleeing because of her? I calmly responded, "You are not able to capture Sadina."

"Oh?" Gong Feng Xiang gently laughed. "Who do you think led you here? Hm?"

Curtis... Could it be? The survivor from the plane crash said that there is a traitor in the family. Could he have meant Curtis? How is that possible? He has absolutely no reason to betray the Elysees family. He is the next family head! The Elysees belong to him!

Perchance he thought Sadina wanted to return the position of family head to me, so he schemed to kill me? B-but, Sadina should have explained to him... My mind was bewildered. I could not find a sensible reason. "Impossible" was the only word running through my mind.

Gong Feng Xiang is lying to me. Possibly, the person on the phone was not Curtis... I must flee!

I immediately used x-speed. Although I could not use x-speed all the way back to Sunset City, as long as I put some distance between us, they should not be able to catch up with me.

Behind me came a vampire's unique roar. "Charles Endelis, Curtis is my blood thrall! If you dare run away, I will command him to kill your former lover with his own hands!"

Blood thrall...I Distracted, I almost slipped. While staggering a few steps, my phone suddenly rang. I knew I should not stop, but I could not resist the urge to pick up the call.

"Master Endelis, please stop."

Without a doubt, this is Curtis's voice. I stopped running. I could not use x-speed while speaking on the phone. If I stopped using x-speed,

it also meant I did not need to run anymore—because I would never be able to escape the sixth generation vampires much older than me without it.

Curtis's whisper came through the phone, "Please speak, Grandmother. Please say something..."

I clenched my phone. The other side was silent for a moment before a faint sigh said, "Cousin Charles, even though I know that nothing I say will make a difference... Sigh. If even you also get captured, we really will be done for..."

An extremely loud slap interrupted her words. I roared, "Don't touch her!"

Curtis simply said, "Then, don't move."

In the background, Gong Feng Xiang's laughter was like a sharp blade piercing my ears.

"Young Master Charles! I'm telling you, that slap just now was from Curtis! But don't blame him. He really does love his grandmother! After all, both of his parents died early, so he and his grandmother only had each other. Therefore, when his grandmother commanded him to serve a vampire under the identity of the Elysees family's next family head—even when the whole family said it was absurd—he still obediently went and served a vampire.

"However, the result of obedience was becoming a blood thrall for life."

Sadina's only grandson became a blood thrall! I murmured vacantly,
"Blood thrall? How is that possible? When did he become..."

"It was you who left him with me. Young Master Charles, did you forget?"

A vampire's icy hand touched my nape. She turned the phone's loudspeaker on and spoke with her breath hitting my face, "During our encounter that first day, you let him go shopping and made me wait for you at home. Instead of you, the first to appear before me during my waiting was the Elysees's next family head, who had returned from buying groceries."

"..."

She let out a loud laugh. "Hahaha! We originally thought that because a long time had passed, pleading with you could have resulted in your forgiveness of the Endelis family. Countess Avexila mentioned before that you are a foolish, soft-hearted fellow. Afterward, we could attempt to become friends with the famous E.X. through you. Pulling him into our family would make for a great increase in strength.

"But I never would have expected to encounter even greater prey! The Elysees's next family head is now my blood thrall!"

Gong Feng Xiang laughed until she ran out of breath. Toward the phone, she said, "Oh! Sadina, do you understand now? It is the young master Charles who left your beloved grandson to a vampire and even let your grandson become a vampire's puppet!"

Over the phone, the other end was silent for a moment. Sadina said lightly, "During that time, something probably happened to his master. That is nothing to be surprised about. He is a true Elysees, a descendant of the butler family. The most dutiful butler will always have only his master in his eyes. If it were not so, why would the dignified, large Elysees family only have one descendant remaining? Because, when the butler finally remembered to return home to visit, his wife had already run away who knows how many years ago. So, how can there be any children born to the family to continue the family line? Hehe!"

Sadina, you always accommodate me so much, and pamper me so much. I do not deserve it...

"As expected of Madam Sadina to look upon this matter so openly." Gong Feng Xiang coldly snorted and then laughed again. Pretending to be puzzled, she said, "But, what does your grandson think of this matter? Curtis, tell me, what are your thoughts about the last of the Elysees?"

"I hate him." Curtis replied simply.

I know. You should hate me.

"Hah!" Gong Feng Xiang said as she laughed, "Say some more. Why do you hate him? Because he's a vampire, because he caused you to become a blood thrall, and because he destroyed your life, correct? Vent all the frustrations you have of him!"

Blood thralls can never disobey a command. However, he fell silent for

a moment before he started to answer, "After my parents died, I only had my grandmother left. However, she did not only have me. She was always looking at Charles's portrait and always speaking about him, always talking about her cousin. Grandmother wanted me to inherit her position, but the first thing she wanted me to promise wasn't looking after the family, but rather that I would follow her footsteps and continue to protect Charles."

Sadina rebuked, "Curtis! Say no more!"

But under his master's command, he did not have the ability to stop answering. "Charles... You abandoned Grandmother and abandoned the Elysees family, yet in return, Grandmother used the entire family to protect you! Even after growing so old, she did not consider retirement but rather wanted to persecute a vampire family. Before she dies, she definitely wants to annihilate them, all in order... in order to protect you!"

From here on, he could not help but yell, "Grandmother loved you so much! Her love for you surpassed her love for her only grandson! How could you abandon her? How could you—with so little time left in her life—still refuse to come back and accompany her! You damned cold and heartless vampire! You do not deserve to be loved!"

Suddenly, some beeps began sounding from my phone. The screen then displayed an incoming call while asking if I would like the call to be answered.

"Who is it?" Gong Feng Xiang asked alertly.

I looked at my phone's screen and robotically replied, "It is the young master."

"Curtis, hang up." Finishing her command, Gong Feng Xiang said to me, "Answer your phone and tell him that you are resigning. Do not give him a chance to doubt anything, or else you know what the outcome will be."

I pressed the answer button.

"Charles, where did you go? Why didn't you come home... Forget it."

The young master does not seem to want to continue his inquiry.

"Come find me at X-Killer. If twenty sets of clothes are too many, you should buy at least a few sets. At least that way, you won't have to continue wearing those clothes that expose so much of your body. Charles? Are you listening?"

"I am listening..." I fell silent for a bit. With a cold tone, I said, "Young Master, I believe I am no longer fit to be your butler."

The young master fell silent for a long, long time, and then only said, "There's still more than a year left of our contract."

"I know, but..." I could not come up with a reason, not a single one. Finally, I could only say, "I will send you my resignation letter and the money from my violation of the contract together. Farewell, Young Master."

"Charles!" The young master shouted, terrified, "Don't leave! Actually, I'm..."

I hung up immediately. At the same time, Gong Feng Xiang took away the phone and then crushed it in her hand.

"Really. Young Master Charles is so naughty, causing such sorrow for every human around him..."

Halfway through her sentence, Gong Feng Xiang lifted her head to look at me. As her words suddenly stopped, she stroked my face with her hand, and she even licked her fingers after she pulled her hand back.

"So salty... When your Young Master An cries, people want to protect him, but your crying doesn't lose to your young master's at all! Even I feel like comforting you! No wonder Sadina was head over heels for you for so many years."

"Do not talk about her like that!" In a raging frenzy, I summoned my rapiers and stabbed in her direction.

Gong Feng Xiang's smile stiffened. Her blood ability suddenly burst out in great volume and pushed me back several steps... *Ow!* A sudden pain came from behind, followed by a huge shove. I fell to the ground and spewed out a mouthful of blood. Next came immense pain from my right leg. I could not help but grunt a little. When I turned to look, the male vampire who had been standing behind me all this time was stepping on my leg and gradually increasing the force.

"Krell, don't break his leg."

The male vampire raved, "What? You feel bad? Don't tell me you really

fell for him?"

Gong Feng Xiang said coldly, "He is Countess Avexila's possession. The Countess particularly told me to leave all the torture to her. Do it if you want. After all, I have warned you. When the Countess is not happy later, she won't punish me."

"Don't be angry! I'm kidding... You want to sneak attack?"

Something suddenly landed hard on my back. I almost fainted, and someone grabbed my lower jaw and lifted my whole body up into the air. Her grip was so strong that I was having difficulty breathing.

The one who was lifting me up was Gong Feng Xiang. I grabbed her hand...

She growled, "If you dare attack again, I will go back to Sunset City and pick one of your young master's friends for dinner! Should I pick the little girl? Or that photographer? Or his college classmate?"

I let go as soon as possible and barely squeezed out a word, "Don't..." Krell coldly said, "Feng Xiang, break a few of his bones! Just tell the Countess that he attempted to escape, so we had to."

"We *should* punish him a bit." After Gong Feng Xiang spoke, she suddenly threw me to Krell and commanded, "Hold him tightly."

From behind, Krell hugged me tightly and said excitedly, "No problem. Hit as hard as you want. I can help you in making up an explanation for the Countess."

She walked a few steps closer. I was ready to be beaten up, but instead, she lifted her head and kissed me.

Krell protested loudly, "Hey, what the f***! You want me to be your bed while you rape him?"

Ignoring Krell, she grabbed my head forcefully and kissed me like she was going to eat my lips. Kiss after kiss was forced on me, and in the end, she even exposed her fangs and bit through my lips. Then, she started to bite her way down to my neck, shoulder, and then my collarbone. I even felt her fangs collide against my bones...

Krell muttered, "All right, that *is* punishment. It hurts just from watching."

After she finished biting my collarbone, Gong Feng Xiang finally came to a stop. She patted my face with satisfaction and said, "If only you were this obedient in the first place. All right, go to sleep now! Sleep well, as this will be your final peaceful sleep. Upon waking up, what you will face is hell!"

Hell or any other place of the sort is fine, but please let go of Sadina and Curtis... Let them go...

*The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #8: Avexila, Non-
Human*

I just want to damn it all and go to sleep!

Even if the sky falls down, I still want to sleep! Just let the sky crush me directly! Raaawwwrrrrr!

The sky didn't fall down, but the phone rang.

"Aren, could you come over for a moment?"

I want to sleep! I really do! Even the sky falling down can't stop me from going home to sleep! Neither can Charles-gē!

"I do not know who else I can ask this of."

...

Where should I go?

Even if the sky falls down, I still want to sleep. However, there are some things that are even more serious than the sky falling down.

For example: Charles-gē begging me in a voice that sounds like he's about to cry.



I opened my eyes. In front of me was an elderly woman. She looked down at me, her face full of heart-wrenching pain and sorrow.

However, I did not know her.

Just as I was about to ask her who she was, both of my arms were suddenly grabbed, and then I was dragged away from her side.

"Cousin!" She shrieked, both her hands waving as though she wanted to drag me back. However, she did not even manage to touch my sleeve.

... *Sadina?*

I was dragged the entire way. However, I did not mind it. I merely stared at Sadina, and simply could not believe that I actually had not recognized her just now. *Is it because she has aged? No, it is her expression...* She was sorrowful, in pain, and even full of despair. None of those were expressions that my Sadina should have.

Sadina should be a woman who glowed with health and vigor and was full of hope. At the moment though, she was trapped behind iron bars. Both of her hands gripped the bars tightly, and she gazed at me with a heart-wrenching and despairing face.

The dragging stopped. I continued to look at Sadina. It had never crossed my mind that upon my first time seeing her after such a long time, she would have such an expression.

Sadina was actually trapped in a metal cage. I also saw Curtis, who was not in the cage. He was instead standing outside of the cage. However, he did not need to be caged, for he was already a blood thrall, the slave of a vampire.

Sadina's face was full of worry for me. Curtis also looked at me, but his face was void of hatred. He merely remained expressionless as usual. *The situation has already deteriorated to this point, yet why are these two people looking at me with that kind of expression?*

"Long time no see, son."

I turned around slowly toward the source of the voice. A lady in an evening gown was sitting on the throne. Compared to the large change Sadina had undergone, she remained completely unchanged. She looked as gorgeous as ever, as proud and unfeeling as before. If I were to say what was different, it was probably the fact that her gaze toward me had turned from disgust to a deep hatred.

Avexila Endelis. My mother.

Looking at her hatred, I smiled. I smiled as I told her, "Avexila, you should not have captured them. The Elysees family will never forgive you, and you cannot defeat the Elysees family. Do you still remember? Last time, you dared not even fight and just fled."

"You dare to actually speak to me in such a tone!"

She abruptly stood up, so enraged that her good looks contorted horrifyingly. At this point, Krell and Gong Feng Xiang, who were standing to both sides, both had on malicious smiles. Krell even handed her a whip, and it was not a regular whip with a smooth surface. This one had many spikes jutting out of the body, but I was not surprised by it.

Avexila grabbed the whip with one hand and brandished it without hesitation. The whip sliced the air, bringing with it the sound of the wind tearing, and it came toward me like a huge, man-devouring snake. I did not avoid or dodge it, and I even stood up so that there would be a larger area for the whip to hit.

However, when the first lash landed, it hurt so much that I nearly fell back onto the ground again. The tips of the spikes must have contained some silver, for other than pain, I also felt like I was being corroded. With just a dozen or so lashes, I already felt a little dizzy.

It hurts! My entire body hurts. Why does it hurt this much?

I wanted to stand up straight, but could not do so. I could only kneel with one knee on the floor. Both of my hands were hugging my body, and my fingernails were already stabbing into the flesh, but I did not feel anything. I only felt the whip hitting me again and again, as though it had lit a fire on my skin that never went out.

"How is it?" This seemed to be Krell's voice. "This is not only a whip with silver spikes. There's even some silver powder scattered on it. The silver powder will remain in your wounds, and if you don't get rid of it, a vampire's recovery abilities will practically drop to zero."

So that is how it is.

No wonder it hurts so much. No wonder the pain will not diminish at all. My entire body has practically been assaulted by the whip, and so my entire body is in as much pain as being burned in a fire. However... I

feel much better.

This is what I deserve. Not worry, not forgiveness. Do not tell me that this is not my fault.

This is completely my fault!

"Don't hit him. Don't hit him anymore! You'll beat him to death!"
Sadina's cries rang out continuously in my ears. Her voice sounded like she was in pain, so much pain...

Gong Feng Xiang lazily said, "Don't worry, Madam Sadina. Vampires don't die this easily. Last time, he was a mere hundred-year-old vampire, and he didn't die from our handling. Now that he's a hundred and fifty years old and has even become an adult, we can play even more to our heart's content. Madam Avexila, whipping has become boring, right? Do you want to switch to something else, Madam?"

"Hmph! Business first."

Business? I raised my head. Avexila threw the whip aside and sat back on her throne. Following that, someone grabbed me on the left and right, forcing me to stand.

Gong Feng Xiang walked in front of me and said with a smile, "Now, Young Master Charles, let us not have to resort to extorting the information out of you by torture, okay? Anyway, there are many various ways to play later. You should directly hand over the contact information of E.X.!"

"X?" I felt a little puzzled. Right now, what they wanted should be the Elysees family. Once they owned the Elysees, X should be of no importance at all to them.

"Are you going to say it or not?" Gong Feng Xiang growled.

They kidnapped me, for the sake of X? I thought they just wanted to silence me, and also torture me in passing for the sake of their revenge for the past. "What do you want X for?"

Hearing my question, Gong Feng Xiang's face darkened. Her gaze turned to Curtis.

I also followed and looked at him. He took out a gun and then aimed at the caged Sadina. Sadina, who had the gun pointed at her, did not show any kind of pleading expression. Instead, it was Curtis whose face turned extremely pale.

"You will not kill Sadina." I tried my best to keep my voice steady. "If Sadina disappears like this, Curtis will become a suspect. If it is found out that he is a blood thrall, he can no longer be the family head of the Elysees."

Hold on... No matter what, Curtis would not be able to stay as the family head for long. The Church is not so easily dealt with. They would discover it sooner or later.

Back then, the reason I could remain as the family head for ten years was due to the fact that I was at least my father's child. I had been raised by humans since young and was the only successor in the

family still possessing the blood of the Elysees. In addition, my father had donated an unfathomable amount of money to the Church. Only then did the Church reluctantly turn a blind eye to it. But even so, the Elysees had still withstood a lot of pressure from the Church.

However, Curtis's situation was different. He was a blood thrall and completely followed the orders of Gong Feng Xiang. As for Gong Feng Xiang, she was a true vampire. No matter how much money one donated to the Church, the Church would not tolerate such a thing.

A hesitant expression appeared on Gong Feng Xiang's face. She walked back to Avexila's side and whispered into her ear.

Avexila had been watching me from the beginning to the end. After hearing Gong Feng Xiang's words, her mouth turned into a sneer as she said, "So what if we tell him? I already know what he would do. As long as one thinks of the most foolish thing they could do, that would be the course of action my son would choose."

"Understood." Gong Feng Xiang returned to me and said, "Madam and the Church have made an agreement."

Agreement? The Church would have an agreement with Avexila, a fifth-generation vampire?

"We will hand over E.X. to them, and they will not interfere with the matters between the Elysees and us."

To think that there is actually such a thing... Because of their hatred toward X, they actually formed an agreement with vampires and

abandoned a human family. Moreover, it is even a large family like the Elysees. With such a large influence at stake, how would they dare let vampires take charge of the Elysees? What exactly is the Church planning?

"Therefore, if we cannot capture E.X., your Sadina is going to become useless. We will make Curtis topple the entire Elysees family and then escape far away with the Elysees's money. Although it's really a pity to lose such a large influence like the Elysees, if we can't have it, we can only destroy it. Don't you think so? Young Master Charles.

"Put your gun away, Curtis." Gong Feng Xiang commanded and turned to me with a smile. "Shooting Sadina to death with one shot is simply too merciful for her. She really gave us a lot of trouble. Therefore, we definitely have to torture her precious Charles until he is half dead in front of her. Then, we will snap her bones one by one in front of you, to make you two a pair of wretched, affectionate lovebirds. Only this will make up for the hatred that you have instilled in us!

"Hm, since Young Master Charles has already been beaten, then next is Sadina's turn!" She turned to face Sadina. She seemed a little vexed as she said, "Which bone of hers should I let Curtis break?"

"Email."

Gong Feng Xiang paused for a moment. She turned to me and asked, "What did you say?"

I said in a flat voice, "I send emails to X."

A sweet smile appeared on her face, and Gong Feng Xiang said, "You sure are nice to your old lover. So it's okay that you are beaten up until you're nearly dead, but you can't bear to have even a single bone of hers broken?" Following that, she turned to tell the person beside her, "Bring a pen and paper here.

"Write down your email account and password, as well as X's email address. Don't misspell anything. If X does not come five days after the email is sent, your old lover will become of no use to us."

I took the pen and paper silently. However, I realized that my hand was shaking violently. I could only write one letter at a time slowly, and it took a very long time before I finished. I even checked it five or six times, before Gong Feng Xiang became impatient waiting and pulled the paper away.

She reported to Avexila with a smile, "Madam, business is finished. You may now reminisce about old times with Young Master Charles to your heart's content!"

Avexila stood up, looking down at me with a content smile.

"Child, I have waited for so long, for such endless years. Every day and night, I have thought about and missed you... Finally, you are here."

She rose from her throne and walked in front of me. She looked at me and smiled, amorous but still maintaining elegance and nobility. When I first saw this smile, one of the questions that I had always had was answered at that moment.

Back then, why did my father become intimate with a vampire?

I had never asked before, for fear that my father would become ill at ease. A female vampire definitely had the ability to force a human male. However, the first time I saw Avexila smile, I then thought that perhaps things were not as I had guessed. That was because she was very beautiful, extremely beautiful.

Avexila reached out a hand and gently caressed my face. She lamented, "You really look more and more like your father. Your appearance had already been very similar to his. Now, even your gaze is similar. Your father would always look at me with those eyes. What I always wanted to know was, what exactly was he thinking when he looked at me with such eyes? Child, could you tell me? What are you thinking?"

"What a pity..."

"Pity?" Avexila asked, seeming a little confused.

I found it a great pity as I said, "You are beautiful enough to make anyone fall in love with you. However, you yourself do not understand what love is. You do not know how to give others anything else other than pain."

"Love?" Avexila chuckled as she said, "Charles, my child, once you have lived hundreds of years after another, you too will not understand love... Ah! Pardon me. I'm afraid you will never understand because you don't have another hundred years more to live. This time,

I will definitely thoroughly destroy you!”

Gong Feng Xiang suddenly shrieked, “Madam, don’t kill him yet!”

Avexila’s face was cold as she shouted back, “He is already useless! What is the point of keeping him?”

“Madam, Young Master Charles has a very vast network of connections. He can be used to control a lot of people. Keeping him will make things more convenient for us.” Gong Feng Xiang smiled as she said, “Madam! You have held back your anger for more than ten years. Your anger is not something that will be quenched with just a few days of torture, right? Though I have not spent a long time with Young Master Charles, he is a very easy person to understand! To him, death is not a terrifying thing. He has always been waiting for death, waiting to be released! Madam. If you were to kill him, wouldn’t that be exactly what he wants?”

Avexila suddenly roared with a vampire’s Hollow Roar, “Don’t order me!”

“That is not Feng Xiang’s intention. Feng Xiang does not dare to do so, Madam!”

Seeing that, Avexila gave a laugh. She gave a small reprimand, “Feng Xiang, stop playing around and go do your business. I already can’t wait to see what exactly the legendary E.X. is like. Especially what kind of expression he will have when I hand him over to the Church... Ah!”

"Understood, Madam."

Avexila lazily said to her other child, "Krell, you should have many interesting toys, right? Find some that are not as lethal. I want to play more!"

"Understood, Madam."

Avexila lifted my chin up and said with a smile, "Now, son. Before E.X. comes, show some other expressions to me to relieve my boredom! I still remember that your sorrowful expression was just as good as your father's enraged expression. Especially when you were begging while crying..."

I gave an indifferent smile. This time, I will no longer beg her for anything. Avexila was not qualified to have anyone implore to her. Her smile faded as she slapped me hard. Her slap was so strong that my face was flung to one side. I could feel a burning sensation of pain on my face, and at the same time, I tasted blood in my mouth.

Slowly, I turned back and looked at Avexila with a faint smile.



I was thrown into the cage. After I tumbled a few times, I lay flat on the ground.

"Cousin!"

Sadina rushed to my side. It appeared that she wanted to support me up, but she did not dare to touch me at all. In the end, she merely

covered her mouth with her hands as she choked with sobs, "Oh, Cousin. Oh god, oh god..."

I looked at her and actually felt a little thankful that Avexila had not stabbed my eyes and blinded me. Therefore, I was still able to gaze at Sadina. She really had become rather different from before. Many wrinkles had appeared on what was originally a young girl's smooth face, and her head of brown hair had turned white and was coiled at the back of her head. She was much thinner than before. She really had become an old lady, but she was filled with wisdom and a mature charm. Compared to her younger days, it was a different kind of beauty.

"Cousin?" Sadina caressed my face, seeming a little worried. The only place left unmarked was my face, making me wonder whether Avexila had wanted to look at my face that was very similar to my father's. "Are you okay? Does it hurt a lot?"

"I am looking at you."

Sadina froze, and then she smiled. This was the first time I had seen her smile since our encounter here. She smiled as she said, "What's there to look at? I have aged and don't look good anymore. Unlike you, who is still so young and pretty."

I laughed, but nearly coughed out a mouthful of blood. I quickly shut my mouth tight and swallowed back all of the blood. However, I instead choked on it and ended up coughing non-stop. Sadina gently patted my chest, wanting to help me feel better... I dared not tell her that her gentle patting was actually making me feel very pained. I did

not know how many times Avexila had used a soldering iron to burn my chest. She had even scattered a lot of silver powder on the wound. After a long time, I finally regained my breath. Only then did I manage to say the words that I had already said before umpteenth times, "You are saying that I am pretty again. How can you use pretty to describe a man? You should say that I am handsome."

"You are pretty! Which part of you is handsome?" Sadina stroked my facial features, as she said, "Look at you. Gentle eyebrows, slender red lips, an egg-shaped face, white skin, and even your hair is fine and silky. Which part of you is not pretty?"

"You are much more beautiful than I am, really!" I said sincerely, "Even now, you are still much more beautiful than I am."

Sadina smiled, and she stroked my hair affectionately...

"Don't be a hypocrite. You don't love my grandmother at all! Otherwise, you would not leave her, abandoning her!"

Sadina and I were both stunned, and we looked in the same direction. Curtis was standing outside the metal cage. His back was facing us, so we could not see his expression, but he was indeed the one who had uttered that sentence just now.

"Who told you that Charles doesn't love me?"

Sadina chuckled as she said, "It is precisely because he loves me too much that he dares not stay by my side. He is afraid that I would become just like his father, and die bit-by-bit every day in front of his

eyes, until the end when my eyes never open again. That year, he told me while crying that if I also died in front of him, he really would go crazy. That was why I let him go."

Curtis did not say a single word.

"Curtis, you are always so quiet and keep everything to yourself, refusing to say a single word more. Why didn't you tell me earlier about what you felt toward your great uncle Charles?"

"... Great uncle?" *Since when did I have this kind of status?*

Sadina said as though it were obvious, "Curtis is my grandson, and you are my cousin. Naturally, you are his great uncle. However, these addresses seem to be a little troublesome. When Curtis's child is born, you would have to be called grand great-uncle. Following that, I really have no idea what you should be called."

Following that... Are you sure there is still a "following that"? I gave a distressed smile and said, "Sadina, I am truly sorry. I have caused harm to befall your only grandson, and I have caused harm to come to you."

"Cousin." Sadina said gently, "Don't speak any further. This is not your fault."

No... Sadina, do not forgive me. Do not indulge me any further. Your forgiveness and words of comfort make me feel even more pain, even more despair than Avexila's cruel torture made me feel.

Curtis, why do you not curse me further? Why do you not shout that you hate me?

I had once thought, and even once told the young master, "When I have given up all hope, I will only pray for death to come faster."

But at this point, I finally understood. When even the option of death is taken away from you, then you are truly at your rope's end. That is true despair!

X, I beg of you to quickly open your email. I beg for you to come... No, don't come!

What could you do even if you came? There is only one of you. No matter how strong you are, you cannot be stronger than an entire clan. You would not be able to save Sadina and Curtis, and you would even be captured by Avexila and handed over to the Church. Moreover, since the Church hates you so much that they would even bargain with vampires to catch you, then how would they treat you? I do not wish to cause harm to any more people.

Who exactly could come and save Sadina and Curtis? Save the Elysees family?

"Young Master..."

Young Master, I was the one who turned my back on you, but please, I beg of you, do not abandon me! Please come and save Sadina, save Curtis, save the Elysees family...

I beseech you!

*The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #9: Dark Sun, the
Light Born in Darkness*

"Young Master, inside the butler's metal cabin, there's his father's photo, a photograph of a woman, a broken cell phone, and the portrait that you gave him. It's really unbelievable for that butler to actually leave all those behind!"

Melody-jiě's face was dark as she walked out of Charles-gē's room, and she told An Xiang Ye that. At that moment, I immediately felt that it was impossible! However, An Xiang Ye instead just said, "Maybe he just doesn't want them anymore."

"Young Master! I found Mr. Butler's phone! The phone had actually been crushed and thrown away! That butler! Even if he quit his job, would he crush the phone that you gave him?" Dell-gē exclaimed as he fussed over the details.

I was also shocked. Although I had not known Charles-gē for long, he was definitely not one to destroy things. However, An Xiang Ye said, "He doesn't need a phone anymore, anyway."

Ah Ye, do you really believe that Charles-gē is someone who would call to quit his job, merely say that he would pay the penalty fees, and disappear without even saying sorry?

In the end, I couldn't stop myself from grabbing An Xiang Ye's shoulders, shaking him and shouting at him fiercely, to see if I could wake him up more. Charles-gē must have been kidnapped! Even though no one came asking for a ransom... he must have been

captured!

However, An Xiang Ye broke free, and he roared even louder than me, "If I find him, and he really just wants to leave me, and there isn't any reason for it? Then, what should I do?"

Then, beat him up until he's almost dead!

I answered without hesitation. If he really doesn't have any reason at all, then he would at least deserve to be beaten up by you! What about it? Are you going to find Charles-gē or not?

"I..."



I really had no notion of how much time had passed. I was dragged out of the metal cage. I was thrown back in the metal cage. I smiled as I gazed at Avexila. I smiled as I gazed at Sadina. Though the two gave me completely different expressions in return, they both gave me pain. Avexila made my body hurt. Sadina made my heart hurt.

"Why do you not cry? What are you laughing at?"

Avexila became more and more irritable by the day. If it were not for Krell and Gong Feng Xiang taking turns to stop her, perhaps she would have murdered me long ago.

Gong Feng Xiang comforted Avexila for a long time, and then walked over. With her head lowered, she looked at me and sighed. "Why do you not cry? Young Master Charles, you sure are stubborn... You are

already injured to this point. It should hurt a lot, right? Why don't you cry a little? As long as you are willing to beg the Madam, I guarantee that she will hurt you a little less. Otherwise, if this continues, you will probably die."

I looked at her, but I did not wish to speak. I did not even smile... Since I barely had the strength to smile anymore, I would rather save my smiles for Sadina.

"Beat him up harshly!" Avexila roared in rage, "I don't want to see him smile again!"

"Madam, if we continue beating him, he really is going to die," Gong Feng Xiang said, seeming to be put on the spot. She sighed and turned to yell, "Curtis, come over."

Curtis walked over, following her orders. He stood right at my feet, and I looked at him. It was not done so intentionally, but I merely felt that I would rather look at him than at the others. I had originally thought that he would still be expressionless, as usual. However, his reaction was contrary to my expectations. He had lowered his head and shot a glance at me, and following that, he fixed his gaze on Gong Feng Xiang. His face, however, had turned extremely ashen.

I believe, my current appearance should probably look very frightening?

"Silver needle, silver whip, silver powder, stun baton..." Gong Feng Xiang put the items into his hands one-by-one. Then, she told Avexila, "Madam, let Curtis do the beating! He is human, so he does not have

much strength. He won't be able to kill Young Master Charles so easily. Moreover, if he's the one beating him, Sadina would have to watch her grandson torture her beloved and would feel even more pain."

"Very well, do it then!" Hearing the last few sentences, Avexila then agreed contentedly.

Gong Feng Xiang repeated her orders, but Curtis did not execute them immediately. He even said, "I am unable to beat him anymore. He is truly on the verge of dying."

For a blood thrall, Curtis was really not obedient.

"That is not something for you to worry about," Gong Feng Xiang said coldly. "Vampires don't die that easily... Don't hurt his neck, chest, and the arteries in his thighs." She added on a little hesitantly.

Curtis nodded and squatted down with an ashen face. The torture devices scattered across the floor, and he chose from the few options with extremely slow movements. In the end, he picked up the silver needle. Rather than a silver needle, it was actually more of a silver rod, for its size was roughly the size of a knitting needle.

However, that was already the item that looked the least lethal within all the torture tools... Though to be truthful, for a vampire, rather than a silver needle that stabs into the body, a whip that only hits the skin is the least dangerous weapon. It is, however, true that a whip is more painful.

Curtis held the silver needle, and his gaze darted all over my body.

However, he did not make a move even after a long time, and cold sweat beaded his face.

"Curtis!" Gong Feng Xiang shouted, displeased. "What are you doing? Hurry up and do it!"

"There are no places for me to do so." Curtis quietly replied, "There are wounds everywhere."

"That's even better!" Gong Feng Xiang said impatiently, "Adding wounds on top of wounds is what makes it painful. Hurry up and do it! Don't make me repeat myself for a third time!"

Curtis raised the silver needle, and hesitated for a moment. He then stabbed with much force, and the needle passed through my palm. I did not make a single sound, but Curtis was shaking violently, as though he were the one being stabbed through the palm by the needle. "Do not worry," I said with a smile.

Curtis froze. He stared at me in disbelief.

I tried my best to smile as I comforted him, "This really has nothing to do with you. It is all my fault. I have caused you to become a blood thrall, and I have caused you to be controlled by others. I have made you have to hurt me against your own will. You should hit me harshly. That is your right, and there is no need at all to feel guilty about it.

"I am terribly sorry, to have destroyed your entire life. I am really... truly apologetic."

Once I said that, I shut my eyes tight, gritted my teeth, and made mental preparations for what was to come. *No matter how painful it is, I must not make a single sound...* But though I waited, the pain that I had imagined did not come. Instead, a few drops of water landed on my face... *Am I already hurting so much that my sense of pain has numbed? That should not be water, so perhaps it is boiling silver?*

I opened my eyes in confusion and was shocked to discover that Curtis was actually crying. His expression was pained, and though he was holding another torture tool in his hands, he did not take action even after a long time. He forced out a few words, "Don't smile... Your smile is even more painful than tears."

"Enough, I have seen enough!" Avexila stood up and growled, "Feng Xiang, have your blood thrall destroy that damned smiling face. When his face has been mashed to a pulp, then he won't be able to smile anymore!"

Once Avexila spoke those words, Curtis immediately stiffened. His expression seemed extremely afraid, as though the one who was about to become disfigured was actually him and not me.

"Madam!"

Gong Feng Xiang did not utter the order. Instead, she said joyously, "Our prey, E.X., has finally arrived."

... X?

Hearing that, Avexila's attention was completely diverted away. She

no longer paid Curtis and me any mind, and immediately started discussing with the people around her regarding the situation as well as the various ambush plans.

At this time, Gong Feng Xiang commanded, "Curtis, drag Young Master Charles back into the cage, then follow in after him."

"Understood."

Curtis picked me up. Because the action jostled all of the wounds on my body, I could not help but make a sound. After a pause, his movements became gentler.

"Thank you."

After being put on the ground, I struggled to crawl up. However, the pain and my lack of strength made this simple motion abnormally difficult...

"What are you doing? Your injuries are so serious, yet you are still moving around!" Sadina and Curtis actually spoke in unison.

"... I just wanted to be able to see a little better."

The two of them fell silent, and then they helped me up together. They leaned my upper body against Sadina, so I could see the situation outside the cage clearly. There were many non-humans moving around outside, and there were ambushes set up all around the place. The situation seemed a little chaotic.

I said softly, "Sadina, if there is an opportunity, I will find a way to break the cage. At that time, take Curtis and go. Do not think about bringing me along. You can come back and save me after you escape."

"This fellow is very worrisome, right?"

I froze, and turned my head slightly, only to realize that she was actually asking Curtis. Moreover, Curtis actually nodded his head.

Sadina lamented, "Sigh! Cousin, not only did you not change in appearance, even your personality has not changed at all, as though a hundred years was like a day to you. For you to make growth, it probably wouldn't happen even after you become a great-great-great grand uncle."

"... Did I say something wrong?"

I did not expect that she would actually reply. "You said many things wrong! You left home at the age of eighteen. You put it fancily as falling from grace. But actually, it was because your father had a son out of wedlock, and his child was even a vampire. The family members had vehemently opposed him, and even protested his receiving the position of the next family head. That was why you left him. You actually found an excuse and said something about how you felt out of place among humans, and so you were going to become a degenerate... Did you know? When your father mentioned this to me, as he talked about how you actually treated going to the bar to drink every night and occasionally finding a woman for a one-night-stand as 'falling from grace,' he was about to laugh himself silly! Degenerate, my ass!"

"..." Sadina, you are already over eighty years old. Could you speak in a fashion suitable for an eighty-year-old?

"Ten years after you had accepted the position of family head, you found another whole lot of excuses to leave the family! Actually, it was totally because at that time, a lot of influential forces had found out that the family head of the Elysees was a vampire. The family had received a lot of pressure from various places, and that was why you chose to leave! But you used the excuse that you were not contributing to the family, and so you didn't want to latch onto the seat!

"Also, when you left me. Though you say that it's because you don't want to see me die of old age, what you were more reluctant to do was to actually make me watch as you never change, while I age day by day, right? You did not turn me into a vampire, because you could already tell, right? You could tell that I don't want to live forever, at all... But you said that you don't believe in forever, and you don't want us to break up in the future because we stopped loving each other."

As she scolded me, Sadina started crying. I could not tell whether it was out of fondness or her cursing, as she continued, "You bastard, stop always being so self-righteously thoughtful of others, and stop taking on all of the mistakes and pain by yourself."

I quickly explained, "The reason I left you was truly because I did not want to watch you die of old age!"

"Then, what about the other reasons I spoke of? Did you really not

have those intentions?”

“... The reason I left the young master is truly because I did not want to watch him die of old age! Honestly!”

“Don’t think that you can avoid answering by changing the topic! Idiot!”

Pfft! Curtis suddenly laughed, but he immediately reverted back to his expressionless self.

Sadina reached out a hand, and as she brushed my messy hair, she said, “Now you are telling us to go on ahead. Do you think that this time, Avexila would really wait for me to come back and save you?”

“Sadina, I...” Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my chest and nearly could not breathe.

“What’s wrong?” She asked, a little frantic.

“Nothing—speaking makes my neck, chest, and abdomen hurt a lot.” Halfway through my words, Sadina’s glare at me had become even scarier than Avexila’s. Therefore, I could only change my words in the middle and report the truth.

“Then, don’t speak anymore. You’re banned from speaking!”

I froze for a moment. I no longer advised her to escape. I merely lay in her lap quietly, as I felt her hands stroke my hair... If I could be a little more selfish, I would really want to pass away now.

"E.X., what an honor for you to visit!"

Avexila shouted loudly. At the same time, a shadow appeared at the entrance and walked in... It was really X.

Why did you come here? Even if you really had been tricked into coming here, you ought to have run away the moment you discovered that something was wrong. You should not have come in obediently like that. Did you not tell me before that there was someone that you must protect, and thus, you cannot die no matter what?

Yet again, another person I have brought harm to.

The doors immediately closed once X stepped in. Krell stood beside the door, along with about ten vampires. Avexila sat on the throne in the great hall, and at her side was Gong Feng Xiang. At the two sides of the great hall, many more lay in ambush... In comparison, X stood alone at the center of the great hall, looking very isolated.

However, he did not seem fazed at all. He merely stared at me directly, his face turning dark. He did not say a single word to me. He only turned to face Avexila, giving a cold laugh as he said, "This time, you are all truly dead meat. To turn Endelis into such a state, his young master will definitely not forgive you all."

"Young Master An? He won't know about this at all." Gong Feng Xiang smiled as she said, "Our Young Master Charles has quit his job by the rules! If he doesn't want to be his butler anymore, what can Young Master An do?"

"Oh?" X said indifferently, "This is sure strange. It was his young master who grabbed my collar and cursed, 'It's your fault that Charles has been captured. Go and open your email right now to see if there's a ransom letter.' Only then did I check my email."

Young Master! A small spark of hope ignited in my heart.

"Even if he knows, so what?" Avexila stood up. She gave a cold laugh and said, "Even if he knows, your team will just grow from one person to two. I have an entire clan! The two of you could never resist a whole vampire clan."

X said calmly, "I am alone. That is true. However, that is not the case for that young master."

"What do you mean—"

Gong Feng Xiang was interrupted in the middle of her question. All the glass windows around the great hall suddenly imploded, the glass fragments falling in all directions. Many non-humans roared in anger as they were hit by the glass shards. Then, many shadowy figures came in from the windows—by darting in, jumping, flying, crashing in...

"He has roped a lot of people into coming here." X said calmly, "Dark Sun is not me. He doesn't lack anything, and that includes connections."

The tremendous sound of an explosion suddenly boomed outside the front doors. Then, the two battered doors collapsed with a loud bang, revealing a slender figure. His figure was not muscular, but he was

holding a giant weapon that looked extremely mismatched with his appearance. In his left hand, he held a rocket launcher. In his right, he raised his Death Scythe, the shaft even taller than him, and the blade wide enough to split a person in two in one swing.

With his back facing the light, his silhouette looked just like a grim reaper's, an embodiment of complete destruction. Upon seeing such a person, I however, sincerely felt like I had been saved.

Dark Sun walked into the great hall. All of the people who had come in through the shattered windows on the two sides looked at him.

Melody, Bramble, Dell, May, Dragon Peace, First Wind, Ezart, Elian, the stern youngster that I had once seen beside the master. I even saw Poseidin, and there was also a shadow flying in circles outside the window, which I presumed was Mr. Stone.

Other than that, there were many others whose names I did not know. Though it had crossed my mind that they might have been the master's subordinates, it looked like it was not the case. The expression they wore while looking at Dark Sun was definitely not one of a stranger's.

At this point, Avexila laughed. She mocked, "So what even if you have more on your side? You are all merely humans. One human, two, or twenty, does it really make a difference?"

"Oh? Really?" X ridiculed, "I thought that there were no humans here."

"I-I really am not human!"

Poseidin raised his hand and admitted ecstatically. X looked at him, and feigned an astonished face as he said, "Really? I thought that you were the only human here."

Poseidin was speechless for a while, and then he gave a faint sigh and commented, "Actually, I had the same feeling just now..."

Dark Sun dragged his Death Scythe all the way inside the great hall, and as the Death Scythe drew across the ground, it emitted a subtle, sharp noise.

Avexila and the others did not react much. I believed that from the very beginning, they probably did not have the intent to use the three of us to threaten Dark Sun. The number of people that the young master had brought was roughly twenty. However, there were at least close to a hundred within the Endelis clan. They still had the vast advantage of numbers, and they were all non-humans while the others were merely human... However, they had greatly underestimated the "humans" of the present age.

Then, Dark Sun stopped and turned to look at me. The visor covered his face. I was unable to discern his expression. Following that, he turned to look at the person on the throne. In an enraged tone I had never heard him use before, he roared, "Avexila?"

Avexila gave a cold snort at that and did not answer. X murmured, "I did mention that he would go crazy."

Dark Sun raised the Death Scythe and pointed it at Avexila. He then

announced to everyone, "She is mine! No one interferes!"

"How brazen of you!"

Avexila agitatedly screamed, indignant. It was closely followed by Dragon Peace's growl. With one fist, he sent a werewolf flying, and only then did the non-humans realize that something was off.

"Hey! Dragon Peace!" Ezart enthusiastically said, "Want to compete over who can defeat more of them?"

Dragon Peace instead rolled his eyes at him and growled, "You bastard who left early! Who wants to compete with you?"

Ezart was stunned and asked, "Who are you?"

"Aren!"

"Ah Ye, you actually didn't tell me that Aren is Dragon Peace... Forget it, that fellow's too far gone to hear anything."

Dark Sun dashed toward Avexila with the Death Scythe raised. Roughly ten non-humans immediately went to stop him, but Dark Sun then leaped and rotated the Death Scythe non-stop in mid-air. The scythe turned into a lethal circle, and all the non-humans that came into contact with it had their limbs cut off. There was even someone who was cut at the waist. The great hall immediately turned into a slaughterhouse as blood, flesh, and limbs flew about. It was as if a red carpet had been rolled over the floor.

When Dark Sun landed, it was to a sea of silence. He continued making his way to Avexila, and this time, she dared not be careless. She instantly made a large claw of blood, and even Gong Feng Xiang morphed two fierce-looking, huge axes. Neither of their expressions was as calm as before.

X also morphed two blood claws, and as he walked, he said, "The woman beside Avexila, your opponent is me."

Hearing that, Gong Feng Xiang's face immediately turned pale. She was definitely no match for X.

In terms of strength, even Avexila might not be X's match. Though X had never revealed which generation he was of, he was after all, a vampire over a thousand years old. Moreover, he had not been killed despite being hunted by the Church for over a thousand years... Any vampire would say that they are unable to be X's match.

"Did you think that we would fight you one-on-one?" Once Avexila said that, Gong Feng Xiang instantly regained her calm.

Dark Sun roared in rage, "It doesn't matter how many! You actually dared to treat Charles like that! No matter how many people are in front of you, I will kill all of them, and then slaughter you!"

A hint of rage showed up on Avexila's face, but following that, a malicious smile faintly appeared. She said dubiously, "Ooh! You like my child, Charles, so much? Are you two really just master and servant? Or perhaps, you are actually bed partners? My child is certainly rather beautiful..."

"Hahaha!" Ezart suddenly burst into laughter.

The others in the midst of battle also started laughing one-by-one.
They even ridiculed:

"Idiot, like Ah Ye would know that kind of thing!"

"Please, he doesn't even know how to do it with women, let alone guys!"

"He's a pedophile, not a homosexual!"

"He likes round and fluffy stuff."

"He's practically still at the age of cuddling soft toys to sleep!"

Young Master, as expected, everyone knows you well.

Avexila seemed not to believe a word of it. That was because the Dark Sun in front of her was holding the Death Scythe, not a soft toy, and it had just killed ten non-humans in one go.

Dark Sun dashed straight over and swung the Death Scythe. Avexila dodged it, and the scythe cut through the throne. She then seized the chance to counterattack. Blood claws swung toward Dark Sun, and he naturally avoided them, too. The two of them went at each other, and though it looked like they were evenly matched, I believed that Dark Sun would win. That is because he is someone who could reach a stalemate in a match with X.

Although Avexila did not intend to fight one-on-one, non-humans without sufficient strength would find it impossible to interrupt the fight between the two of them. Most likely, the moment they stepped in would be the moment they split into two.

The only ones who might have had the power to step in were Gong Feng Xiang and Krell. However, Gong Feng Xiang had been challenged by X. She dared not fight head-on with X and was retreating the entire time. It appeared that she was thinking of joining forces with Krell to defeat X.

Krell was, however, busy dealing with Dragon Peace and First Wind. Of the two of them, one had great strength, and the other used his speed and techniques to gain victory. When they worked together, they could actually challenge a vampire of the sixth generation.

They will win. I felt a lot more relieved and did not focus on the battle as much anymore. For I felt tired. Very tired...

"What a heated battle. It's way better than a movie."

Hearing that, I looked toward the door. A golden-haired man was lazily leaning against the destroyed door. Beside him was Mr. Kyle, holding a business suitcase. Other than that, the two of them were heavily protected by the bodyguards surrounding them. They were all in black military outfits, wearing a golden mask with a sun crest on their foreheads.

Everyone... Every human and non-human knew who this golden-haired

man was.

The Sun Emperor.

At first, no one realized his arrival. They first noticed the adjudication squad, but following that, the number of those who recognized him increased—both the humans and the non-humans. The people whom the young master had brought with him did not seem overly shocked. Rather, it was the non-humans who raised a commotion.

When Avexila too noticed it, it was when almost everyone had ceased battling. Only then did she realize that something was off.

However, Dark Sun was the last person to notice his presence. Though Avexila had stopped attacking him, he still was not aware, but he did not take the chance to attack her, either. He merely stopped in his tracks, observing her. It seemed that it was highly likely that Avexila's expression appeared overly shocked, so the young master then turned his head. Then, he just gave an "Ah."

The situation now was incredibly strange. Everyone was in the middle of battle, but that had all come to a grinding stop. All of their gazes fell onto the master, but the master was staring at Dark Sun.

Dark Sun removed his visor, showing his face. This formed a large, unnatural contrast between his angelic face and the Death Scythe in his hands, and the non-humans all showed a strange expression at that.

The young master quietly grumbled to Elian, "El-gē, didn't we agree

not to tell Gēge?”

Elian gave a wry smile as he said, “Ah Ye, you used more than ten information networks, five special forces, two adjudication squads, seven jets, and even spent a large sum of money. How would it be possible to hide it from the Sun Emperor?”

“You wanted to hide this from me so much?” The master’s face turned dark, and he looked very unhappy.

The young master lowered his head and said in a small voice, “I was just worried that Gēge would try to kill Charles again...”

The master immediately growled, “If I knew he was going to be this troublesome, I should have slaughtered him from the very start!”

“Gē! You can’t...”

“Can’t kill Charles, I get it! Can’t kill this, can’t kill that. Seriously, when will you desire something different! Can’t you just wander around looking for beauties and indulge in drink and pleasures, and tell me you want something when you see it, even if I have to snatch it, or ask me to kill someone that pissed you off, including all eight generations of his family?”

“That sort of thing is too easy. I already have the ability to kill *ten* generations of someone’s family, so I don’t need Gēge to do so!” was the young master’s bold answer.

The master looked very depressed at that. He gritted his teeth and

said, "When we get back, I must tell An Te Qi not to modify you to become even stronger!"

As the two brothers quarreled, the others looked on in speechless shock. Even Sadina stammered behind me as she asked, "Cousin, t-they are..."

"The young master is the Sun Emperor's younger brother." Although I spoke softly, it was loud enough for the whole hall of non-humans to hear, sufficiently shocking them to the point of petrification.

The young master said unhappily, "Gē, what did you come here for? Didn't I tell you to stay at home and wait for me to come back?"

The master gave a displeased "Hmph," and the young master turned to look at Mr. Kyle who stood beside him.

Mr. Kyle pushed his glasses up and reported, "Young Master, it is because summer vacation is almost over, and even though the Sun Emperor waited, and continued to wait for you every day, and even complained daily about how Ah Ye hasn't returned yet, you still have not returned home to see him. Finally, he found out that you were using a lot of resources, and thus had an excuse to ask you what you were doing. After that, he forced me to bring out a battle aircraft that is still in its testing stages and flew over at jet speed."

The master shot a glare at Mr. Kyle, and then scolded the young master, "You carelessly spent so much money. Since the money you spent was mine, as your elder brother, can't I come over and inquire where the money went?"

"Gē... Do you really know how much I spent?"

The master fell silent for a moment and then shouted, "In any case, it was a lot of money!"

Mr. Kyle said in a professional tone, "The money that the young master spent was about the same value as the trashcan in his apartment."

"... Didn't you report it as a large sum of money?"

"Sun Emperor, the trashcan that you bought and placed in the young master's apartment is an antique from three hundred years ago."

At this point, the young master sighed and said, "Really. I'm not going to talk to you anymore. I have to go check on Charles. His injuries look severe."

Once he said that, the hostile gaze that the master shot at me made my injuries worsen... Sadina had hugged me even tighter, and it truly hurt a lot.

The young master walked over. Before walking into the cage, he stabbed the Death Scythe into the ground, and then grabbed the iron bars. It seemed that he was trying to bend them with his bare hands, but since the cage was meant for imprisoning vampires, it was abnormally sturdy. After he managed to bend it a little, he switched to cutting the bars with his hair, and then he walked in.

The young master knelt down, lowering his head to look at my injuries. His eyes grew red, and he turned to shout, "X, Charles... he..."

X said indifferently, "His injuries are very serious, but he is a pureborn vampire. This won't kill him."

The young master's expression visibly relaxed a lot from that. He looked at me, then at Sadina, looking very curious. However, in the next moment, Avexila spoke up, and we all looked in her direction.

"If it is you, Sun Emperor, I, Avexila, would naturally serve under you. The Endelis clan as well as the Elysees family that will soon be under my control, are yours to do as you wish."

"Elysees?" The master looked annoyed as he said, "What are you? Within the Elysees, only Sadina is qualified to speak to me!"

Avexila turned in our direction, and said in disdain, "Are you referring to the one in the cage?"

The master looked over. He first glanced at Sadina, and then at me, but then frowned. *I believe the master is truly not fond of me.*

Avexila announced in a proud tone, "As of now, Sadina is my prisoner."

The master said with an indifferent air, "It's not like you can command the Elysees family just by capturing her. If it were that simple, I would have already done so."

She quickly explained, "But we can command her. Her only grandson

is already our blood thrall, and the Church has promised not to interfere with our business with the Elysees family once we hand X over to them."

The master snorted. "Don't tell me you are foolish enough to believe that the Church would really keep their promise? How are you going to make sure the Church abides by their promise?"

Avexila's face changed, and she said, "We have already signed a contract!"

"A contract? Surely you do not believe that humans would abide by a contract with vampires? If the Church doesn't keep their word, then what are you planning to do? Go to court and sue them? Hahaha!"

Avexila was so shocked that she was almost unable to form words.

"Hm... But there is still a possibility it might work." After a period of laughter, the master was suddenly deep in thought. He commented, "If it were up to me, it would be different. I would make it such that even if the Church wanted to break the contract, they wouldn't be able to."

"Then..." Avexila's eyes shone with hope.

Sadina reacted as well. Leaning on her, I could feel her heartbeat quicken. *Perhaps, she also had the same line of thought as the Sun Emperor? That the Church perhaps does not intend to keep their word with vampires and would not let Avexila take control of the Elysees family.*

However, if it were the Sun Emperor...

The young master stood up and angrily said, "Gēge! You can't do that!"

"Nonsense, you br... Young Master." At first, Avexila had wanted to rage, but she suddenly changed her tune. She put on a smile and said with a humble tone, "It's the Elysees family in question. As long as the Sun Emperor gains control of the Elysees family, no one will ever be able to challenge him again! Young Master, if you like having a vampire butler, there are plenty of vampires in my clan. Male, female, your choice! It's not a problem even if you want all of them to serve you."

The young master gave her a venomous glare and then told the master, "Gē! You're not allowed to do that!"

"Another no... Okay, okay. Don't look so upset. If you say no, then it's no."

Hearing that, Avexila's smile froze on her face. She forced out the words, "Sun Emperor, s-surely that's a joke, right?"

"What's a joke?" The master coldly glared at her and growled, "Who has the time to joke with you? I am not interested in your proposal! Also, daring to lay your hands on the people by Ah Ye's side, I trust you should be prepared for the consequences?"

"Sun Emperor, y-you truly do not wish to take over the Elysees family?" At this point, Sadina seemed to be in disbelief as she said, "If you take

control of the Elysees family, then y-you'll practically have control of the whole world!"

"Of course I want to, but my dīdi doesn't allow me to, so what can I do?" The master shot a nonchalant glance at Sadina and said, "You can have a beloved vampire that you must protect at all costs, so why can't I have a beloved brother that is more important than the whole world?"

Hearing that, Sadina visibly relaxed. She quietly laughed and said, "Yes, of course you can."

Suddenly, the youngster with the icy expression shouted, "Protect the Sun Emperor!"

Once he shouted, the young master immediately dashed out of the cage and picked up his Death Scythe on the way, making his way to the master.

"Shit, that's not right. She changed her target, and it's—"

Avexila suddenly turned around and sped toward me. The poisonous rage in her eyes was directed right at me.

I was not surprised and had already been prepared. I had not reckoned in the least bit that she would attack the Sun Emperor, for her hatred of the Sun Emperor was a mere passing fancy. However, her hatred toward me was deeply etched into her bones.

She let out a large amount of blood ability while I was completely

unable to move. However, because of that, I was able to let all of my blood ability flow outside my body, solidifying it into a huge and sturdy blood shield. What it protected was not myself, however, but Sadina and Curtis.

Faced with her ferocious expression, I could not help but ask, "Why do you hate me so much?"

"Why do you all turn your backs on me and leave me! Why?"

As she roared, I felt a strong impact against the blood shield. I did not feel much pain, for my body had already become empty.

In front of my eyes, the Death Scythe swung down. Avexila was cut in two, and her body fell apart to both sides. What was revealed, though, was the young master's figure.

Avexila's attack had completely destroyed the cage. The young master threw aside his Death Scythe and rushed up to me. However, he did not dare touch me in the slightest, and his expression looked incredibly frantic. *Exactly like the expression that Sadina is making right now.*

The young master panicked for a moment, and then instantly raised his head and shouted, "X, X! Charles, he... Will he be okay?"

X walked over, looking at me with his head lowered. However, he remained silent with furrowed brows.

"Charles, he—"

Halfway through his question, the young master noticed X's expression. He could not finish asking. Instead, he turned and shouted at the master, "Gē, this time, I won't tell you not to kill! Other than Charles, I want all of the Endelis clan dead! They don't have the right to use the name Endelis!"

Gong Feng Xiang shrieked, flustered, "Great Sun Emperor, even if Avexila is dead, I can still turn Sadina into a blood thrall. If you, sir, don't want that done, we are still very useful! Please don't kill me!"

The master did not even spare a glance at Gong Feng Xiang. He merely coldly said, "El, Ah Ye wants them dead. Why aren't you killing them yet?"

"My sincerest apologies, I will start killing them right away." Elan apologized and following that, commanded the start of the massacre.

However, Dragon Peace and First Wind did not join in with the massacre. They stood at the side, merely gazing at me with worry.

The screams and cries all sounded so distant. I merely gazed at the two faces in front of me. Their faces were of different ages, different genders, and different personalities... But at the moment, they looked so similar.

Sadina cried as she wailed, "Charles, Cousin... Didn't you say that you left me because you didn't want to see me die? How could you let me watch you die now! This is too unfair."

The young master's eyes had turned red, and he said, "Charles, even if we're just following the written contract, you still have to continue being my butler for another year!"

"Charles..."

"Charles!"

Charles, Charles. There was always someone calling my name continuously. Even when I had fallen from grace, even in death, they would not let me leave. My father was like that, Sadina was like that, and even the young master was like that as well.

However, Father, you are dead. Sadina, you have grown old. And Young Master...

You are really such a wonderful master, so wonderful that it makes me want to serve you for my entire life. I wish to grow old along with you, wish to see your marriage with Briar, wish to see your children be born, wish to see whether your children would grow up to look like you in your early years. I wish to see you hug your grandson, wish to joke with you about competing to see which one of us would die first... However, I am an unaging, immortal vampire.

Both the one on my left and the one on my right, one old and one young, looked at me with an anxious and upset expression. Sadina's elderly appearance made me recall her younger years, and the young master's youthful appearance made me want to see his face once aged... It was a little regretful. But to be able to watch these two people and know that they are both safe, before I then passed away, I

believed myself to already be very fortunate.

I gave a faint smile toward the two of them.

"I am terribly sorry, but I am truly exhausted."

*The Lost Files of the Ancient Castle #10: Charles and
Xiang Ye¹, Endless Days and Nights*

We all returned home, but Charles-gē didn't come back.

Ah Ye seems very sad. To cheer him up, his brother sent over one butler after another. They included not only vampires, but just about everything other than actual ghosts.

But the young master kicked them all out. The one who lasted the longest was a vampire. He managed to stay for three days before getting sent away. I think he was probably only able to last three days because he's a vampire, just like Charles-gē.

I didn't like him either. No, I didn't like any of the new butlers. They were either expressionless, or overtly obsequious. Each was more of a sycophant than the last. The food they cooked... wasn't bad. It was too good. Shit, it felt like we were eating the Chef's Special from luxury restaurants every day. Made me feel like throwing up after eating.

Ah Ye flipped the table and smashed plates after eating the Chef's Special for the third time. Good job! Let's go have some plain soup noodles!

What? You want to eat at home? You want me to buy stuff and cook it? Wait, you want me to cook? I've never cooked anything other than instant noodles in my entire life! Tell Briar to cook... Summer's over, so she's going back to school?

Charles-gē, I miss you so much. Briar misses you too, as do Dell, May,

and Mr. Bramble who has no one to make him tea. Even though she had said, "Idiot! He might as well go die," the next morning after she had to clean up the mess she made while she was drunk, Melody says she misses you, too.

Ah Ye drowns himself in homework, modeling work, and maintaining security. He's pushing himself to not even have time to take a break, just so he won't have time to miss you.

But he misses you the most.



I opened my eyes. Only darkness accompanied me.

Could this be what hell looks like?

After pausing for a second, I laughed. *This has nothing to do with hell. This is simply a metal cabinet. I have not died yet.*

I reached toward the controls of the cabinet out of habit and hit the button, right on target. This was not only a metal cabinet but my own metal cabinet. *Am I back at the young master's?*

I stepped out of the metal cabinet and froze. This was my room... the one I had not returned to in fifty years.

Nothing had changed here. It was identical to when I had left it. Three walls out of four were lined with wooden bookshelves, a large desk sat in the middle of the room, an armchair stood next to it, and there was a small coffee table next to that. There was no bed, as vampires have

no need for beds.

I was not surprised to see that not a thing had changed in fifty years. Sadina was the type to keep my room exactly the way it was... No, she had added a portrait.

I should have only hung up a portrait of Father, but now, an extra portrait hung next to it. The black-haired, green-eyed person in the painting had many similarities with Father, and he had a very kind smile.

So, it was not the young master's bias. I really do have a kind smile?

Leaving the room, I walked through the hall. The hall seemed to have been refurnished, but the layout was unchanged. I could still find my way to where I wanted to go. I met many people along the way, most of whom were servants. They looked at me confusedly, and I responded to all with smiles. No one tried to ask me who I was.

At last, I arrived at my destination, the family head's study. I knocked on the door.

"Come in."

I entered. The person sitting behind the desk was not Sadina. I was puzzled for a second, before recognizing the person as Curtis. He was not wearing his glasses, had not combed his hair back impeccably, and was not even wearing a suit. He wore a loose-fitting shirt instead, and honestly looked very different.

But seeing him seated where the family head should sit, I felt reassured.

Many other people were around, either standing or sitting. At first, a few of them looked at me. Then, it became the majority, but I did not recognize them. A few of them seemed vaguely familiar, but I could not remember more.

However, Curtis did not look up. He had his head lowered, looking at what was on his desk—it seemed to be a document. A few seconds later, he looked up impatiently as he said, “You’re late. You should know what to do, correct? Are you new? Do you not know the rules... Family Head?”

He stood up immediately. Those around him froze and then stood up uniformly, all wearing expressions of nervousness and shock. I was shocked too, but I did not let it show. I did not expect Curtis to straightforwardly call me “Family Head” in front of all these people.

But then, Curtis did something even more shocking. He walked around to the front of the desk and bowed to me to apologize, “Family Head, my apologies. I did not know it was you. That was impolite of me.”

“...”

The gaze of our audience could not convey more shock, but Curtis did not seem to want to do anything else. Rather, he seemed to be waiting for an order, so I could only say, “Tell the others to leave.”

“Yes.”

After receiving the order, Curtis glanced at the people around us, and his aura changed completely. I almost felt like the aloof, untouchable Master was here, not the amenable Curtis.

Perhaps Curtis is indeed a better butler than I thought... For a patriarch with such a strong leadership aura, he really was much too courteous to me.

He said lightly, "Did you not hear the family head?"

Those around us froze, then replied in unison, "Understood," then proceeded to leave.

"You really do not have to be so polite to me," I told him after everyone else left. "Before, I thought that you had not begun to take care of family affairs. Who would have thought you had taken over already? It was too much to ask you to serve me so humbly."

"That is not the case, as this is expected," Curtis said politely. "Grandmother had always told me that the family head of the Elysees must also be a good butler. To the master, I am only a butler, and I must not think of myself as the family head...I mean steward."

I smiled. "Please do not say so. You are not a steward, but the family head. Just reserve the word 'stewardess' for Sadina."

Curtis paused.

"Grandmother..." he hesitated, but continued, "she always said you

have a very warm smile, and she always emphasized that I must protect your warm smile.”

I shook my head and said, “Sadina is too kind to me.”

“I did not believe her at first.” Curtis smiled and said, “A vampire with a warm smile? Even though it appears so on the portrait, it was painted by Grandmother, so I did not trust that painting’s objectivity.”

I laughed out loud at that. *It is similar to the doubt I held when I first saw the picture the young master drew.*

“It was not until I met you that I believed that what Grandmother protected did actually exist, ‘the warm smile of a vampire.’ Nevertheless, I still did not believe it was something worth protecting.”

I looked at Curtis and smiled to encourage him to continue. Even if what he wanted to say was that he no longer wished to protect me, I still thought it was to be expected.

“I do not wish to protect your warm smile.” Curtis looked at me squarely, and said, “However, I never want to see your ‘excruciating smile’ again. That was too painful, so I shall continue in Grandmother’s place to protect you.”

In Grandmother’s place? A bad feeling swept through me. I asked confusedly, “Where is Sadina?”

Curtis fell silent. The silence stretched on. I did not want to rush him at all, but the uneasy feeling continued to grow more and more...

"Grandmother has passed away."

I still brought harm to her! I closed my eyes and murmured, "It is my fault."

"No!" Curtis hurried to explain, "You have misunderstood. Grandmother passed away three months ago. She was in a hurry before, to wipe out the Endelis clan, to send me to serve you, all because she knew she did not have much time left. She was ill, and the doctor told her... it was hard to tell. She could have half a year to three years left."

Three months ago? I opened my eyes and looked at Curtis, completely lost.

Curtis began to explain in detail, "Family Head, you were badly wounded by Madam Avexila's attacks. Following E.X.'s advice, we let you soak in a blood bath for an entire week. He said that if you did not die within the week, we were to put you in a metal cabinet and let your body heal itself. Then, you would wake. We just did not expect the process to last an entire year."

An entire year?

"Grandmother was not able to see you wake up after all, but she had no regrets. Rather, she was glad not to have you see her die."

After he finished, Curtis paused before continuing, "Therefore, Family Head, please do not grieve too much. Grandmother died without pain

or regrets. She was peaceful."

I could not speak for a while. Finally, I managed to say, "I shall return to my room."

Curtis froze, and then hurried to say, "Then, I shall have someone bring you some blood. You have slept for a year, so you must be hungry..."

"No!" I interrupted him fervidly. I tried to calm my emotions as I looked at him and ordered, "No one is to come, including you."

He seemed to be shocked as he replied reflexively, "Yes."

I left Curtis and crossed the hallway swiftly. It was not fast enough until I used x-speed, and I arrived at my room in a flash. I shoved the door open and slid onto the ground. As I looked around at the unchanged room, waves of memories washed over me... The time I spent with Sadina was almost always happy. She was an effervescent girl, and the happiness was contagious even just from watching her...

It hurts!

I clutched at my heart and could not speak. I could not understand. *Why does it hurt so much? Why did the fifty years of separation have no use at all?*

Sadina, you always spoiled me. This time, why... You knew you were about to die. Why did you not let me go first?

You knew how much pain I would go through. You were the only one there with me when Father died, so you know it the best, right? Right?



I was sitting in the armchair and staring at Father's portrait. Father was smiling in the portrait, but his smile was not similar to mine. He was a much more assertive person. Even though he was about seventy in the portrait and his hair was all white, his smile still held much authority.

People in the family all respected my honorable father greatly. To them, he was just about the perfect family head. His only fault was having a vampire for a son.

For this vampire son, he went as far as to not marry, to not have any other children, so the Elysees bloodline would be tied to his vampire son and protect him.

The Elysees bloodline extended only to me. If I die, the Elysees would truly die out.

I cannot die, or seek death.

"Family Head..."

Curtis's hesitant voice sounded.

"I told you not to come."

He still walked to my side and placed a glass pitcher on the coffee table. The liquid in the pitcher was bright red and smelled slightly rusty.

"It has been three days, sir. If you do not wish to return to the metal cabinet to sleep, please at least drink some blood! Or else your body cannot take it."

I swept the jug off, and blood spilled everywhere on the floor. I yelled at him heatedly, "Can you not just, just let me die? Why? You are all dying one by one! Why must you force me to live on?"

He was silent for a while. Then, he said, "Your young master is still waiting for you. He wants me to tell you that the position for his butler will always be open, regardless of when you regain consciousness."
Young Master...

"And then?" I smiled and said, "He wants me to love him as deeply as I did Father and Sadina, then die before my eyes so soon?"

Curtis looked like someone had punched him. He said with a deep frown, "Please do not smile like that... Family Head, your young master is still very young."

"He would still not be young enough if he were born just now! Do you know how long I can live? Forever! Do you know what kind of torture that is?"

I stood up, grabbed Curtis by the collar, and yelled at him with a vampire's Hollow Roar, but he did not seem flustered at all, as if he

were positive I would not hurt him, as if he had no need to be afraid.
He is so sure already? He knows me that well already?

I looked at Curtis's face. He was much older than the young master, but I did not actually know how old he was. *Perhaps a little over thirty?* Either way, he would die much earlier than the young master, because he was once a vampire's blood thrall. That would shorten his life.

I let him go, turned to put my back to him, and ordered stiffly, "I will drink. Tell the servants to bring some blood and books every day. Do not send the same person each time. Forbid them to talk to me when delivering. As for you, do not visit again."

Curtis did not respond immediately, but I could not see his expression. After a while, he finally spoke, "Family Head, then your young master..."

"He is not my young master!" I interrupted him, and said coldly, "I have resigned, so I am no longer affiliated with him. Do not tell him anything! If he contacts you, always say I have not regained consciousness."

"Family Head, you cannot isolate yourself forever!"

"I am the family head. If you do not heed my orders, then do not call me that! If that is the case, then I do not need to stay with the Elysees family!"

"...Understood."

I faced the window, hearing Curtis sigh and the footsteps of his departure. Outside the window, a few children were playing in the garden of the castle.

I closed the curtains and shut everything out. Only darkness could accompany me forever.



Knock knock—

Perhaps this servant is new? To not know that I never respond to knocking. They can just push open the door and come in.

“Family Head.”

I was sitting on the armchair and continued to read. I did not even lift my head, even though I could tell it was Curtis’s voice.

“Your...no, Mr. Ri Xiang Ye has called you.”

I flipped the page and said nonchalantly, “I have already told you how to answer.”

“But he called with a video call, and he said that my eyes looked up to the left by 0.03 centimeters, so I was definitely lying. If I did not bring the phone to you, he would come over himself. If you really do not wish to continue to work as his butler, please tell him yourself! No one can force the family head of the Elysees family to work as his butler.”

I was silent, but finally took the phone from Curtis.

"Charles, come home."

The young master's voice... Come home... He has said this before, too. He always included me as part of the family in such a matter-of-fact manner. I responded flatly, "I am sorry, but I am no longer your butler. I live in the Elysees castle, and I am the Head of the Elysees Family. I will not go anywhere else."

"Charles, come back and share my eternal torture."

I paused, and said, "Young Master, what are you talking about?"

"You're finally willing to call me that again... Charles, I look a bit younger than my actual age, right?"

I was confused. *Why mention this?* I still answered, "Well, yes, but not by much."

"It will get worse." He paused, and continued, "Charles, I've always wanted to tell you something, but I didn't know how... I wanted to tell you when you resigned, but you hung up on me."

"What did you want to say?" *Just let him finish!* It was the last time. I would listen to the young master finish.

The young master was silent, but I felt like I could hear him breathing. Finally, he began, "I haven't grown since I turned eighteen. Papa said that, that I might stay like this forever. He doesn't know how long I

will live... He, he said I might never die, unless I get killed. I always wanted to tell you, but I didn't know how. I'm different enough from humans as it is, and now I won't die... What exactly am I?"

I gripped the phone, but I did not know how to react. I could not even come up with any comforting words. I should not think this, should not feel this. The young master was tormented, but...

Is it a miracle? Even in the most desperate times I have not believed or prayed. Can I possibly still receive a miracle?

"Charles, when I heard what you said about your father dying, I was so scared! Really scared!" The young master's voice choked up. "What if my brother, my papa, and everyone else dies? You left Sadina because you didn't want to be sad, but I don't want to leave everyone at all! Yet I get so sad just at the thought of them all dying. If they really die, maybe I, I would be better off with suicide...."

"Young Master!" I interrupted him.

"Mm?"

"Young Master, I have listened to what you wanted to tell me, so would you listen to what I have to say?"

"...Okay."

I took a few deep breaths before I began, "Young Master, you are a hero who has no need for prayers and miracles. But I am not a hero. I need miracles, so can I pray to you?"

"What do you want from me?" He sounded confused.

"Young Master, I am a butler. I long to meet what my honorable father once told me. He said that it is every butler's dream to find a master whom he would like to serve for a lifetime. I have never dared to hope, but I really have found one. I found you...

"However, even though I found you, I did not dare to stay and chose to leave again, because it was too painful to keep losing. I did not think I could go through it again... But I am a vampire. I could not possibly find a master whom I can serve forever."

It was something I always thought was impossible, yet just now, a miracle has occurred.

I begged with all my heart, "Young Master, I am sorry for deceiving you. I beseech you, please believe me again. Will you sign an Endelis contract with me?"

It felt like the young master was silent for a very, very long time, and I was beginning to feel very, very scared. Then, he suddenly said, "Charles, I've already prepared an 'Endelis contract' for you to sign, stamp, and fingerprint. Maybe I should keep a DNA sample too. Then you definitely can't worm your way out!"

I opened my mouth, but could not speak. It was a while before I could reply relatively calmly, "Yes, Young Master."

"Hurry and come home! Tell Curtis to prepare the fastest plane for

you!”

“Yes, Young Master. I shall return home at once.” As I finished promising him, I could not help but add, “Thank goodness you have your special ‘observational’ skills to see through Curtis’s lying.”

“Huh? What did Curtis lie about?”

I stopped, and asked, “When you called to ask for me, did he not say I have not regained consciousness?”

“No? He called me to tell me that you woke up, but you wouldn’t come back and be my butler, because I can’t be with you forever.”

I looked to the side to ask Curtis, only to realize he had left already.



Ring—

I nervously pressed the doorbell, but nobody came to answer to door, even after repeated attempts. Just as I was bewildered, the neighboring door opened. A glamorous woman clad only in a thin nightgown came out from behind the door.

I greeted her with a smile, “Melody, long time no see...”

“Jerk!” Melody interrupted my greetings coldly.

“Uh, is anyone home?”

"Idiot!"

"...Is the young master not at home?"

"Heartless!"

I had no response and did not know how to converse with Melody.
Perhaps she is drunk again?

At this point, she walked over angrily. Before I figured out how to react, she slapped me hard and growled, "What did you come back for? To leave again after two years? Did you think the young master would tolerate that? The amount of emotions this little young master invested cannot be rescinded! He can't accept anyone around him leaving, especially you!"

She screamed hysterically, "Do you know how sad he's been this whole year because of you?! If you're going to leave in the future, I might as well kill you now!"

I smiled and answered, "Unless you kill me, only death can make me quit being the young master's butler now."

"...The young master went to church."



I walked into the church. There were not many people. Father Yue preached from the pulpit at the front... I could not see anyone else except the person at the very front, with shiny white hair. Even the sunlight that shone through the stained glass windows onto that hair

turned to a silvery white moonlight.

I walked to his side and called out lightly, "Young Master."

He shifted and then looked up at me. His appearance had not changed at all, except for his longer hair. The longest locks even reached his waist. The young master could actually control the length of his hair, so perhaps he only let it slowly grow longer to have a sense of growing up.

"You're back?" He asked.

"Yes, Young Master."

"Had enough sleep?"

"Yes, Young Master."

"If you sleep for a whole year and don't come back as soon as you wake up again, I really will leave you!"

"Apologies, Young Master. Charles will never dare to do so again."

The young master's eyes became red, but he turned his face away immediately and did not look back for a long time. He shoved a sheet of paper in front of me and said resolutely, "Sign!"

I pulled out a pen with no hesitation and signed my name on the contract.

I handed the signed contract back to the young master. He looked down at it and finally smiled. Then, he suddenly paused, and looked up with a worried expression at me to ask, "Charles, I've already graduated from university, so I can live anywhere. Do, do you still want a master who has an ancient castle? I have many castles, but they're all somewhere else. Sunset City doesn't have any castles..."

"Young Master, what are you speaking of?" I said with a smile, "Are we not living in an ancient castle already?"

The young master looked at me with an expression of confusion. I explained with a smile, "Are we not living in a large, ancient castle called Sunset? The castle houses all kinds of bizarre scenery, and is home to all kinds of people and non-humans, such as humans, heroes, werewolves, vampires..."

The young master laughed, and followed along, "Right! What's this castle called? The Ancient Sunset Castle? The Ancient Hero Castle? Those all sound bad! How about the Ancient Vampire Castle? That sounds much better!"

The Ancient Vampire Castle... This is indeed my castle, and it is better than the castles I had ever dreamed of. There are human friends who can tolerate vampires, and non-humans who can welcome humans. There is even a master who can create miracles.

"Charles, Father Yue is glaring at us. Let's sit down and pray!"

"Yes, Young Master."

I sat down and saw a huge cross as soon as I looked up. I never understood the meaning of this simple symbol before, or what significance it held. Now, I finally understood.

Looking at the cross, I prayed silently.

Thank you, Father. Thank you, Sadina. Thank you, Curtis... Thank you, all those who have stayed with me, who have forced me to reach this point. Thank you for being more tenacious than I have been and for leading me to a miracle.

"Charles, let's go!"

The young master stood up and said, "I need to get to my scheduled event."

I stopped and asked, "Scheduled event?"

The young master tilted his head and said, "Ah... I forgot that you don't know. Charles, you have really missed a lot! It's okay though. I'll tell you on the way. Aren's going to yell at me again if we're late."

"Yes, Young Master."

I stood up, just in time to see Father Yue smiling at me from the pulpit. I smiled in return and turned to follow the young master out of the church.

To be continued...

Footnotes

¹ **“Charles and Xiang Ye”:** Charles’s name “Zhao Suo (朝索)” means “to seek for the morning” while Ah Ye’s name “Xiang Ye (向夜)” means “towards the night.” The two names are juxtaposed together here, along with day and night.

Extra Chapter: The Undisclosed Castle Secrets

[The Brothers of the Same Mold]

"As for others, be it vampires, werewolves, angels, or humans, they are all the same to him. Anyway, they all have to yield to him."

... Perhaps the master is even more dangerous than I had thought.

"I didn't think that the butler has actually fallen from grace before." Melody seemed unconcerned as she said, "No matter what, I feel like you're totally the obedient type!"

"I know! It's really hard to imagine!" The young master said in disbelief, "I can't believe that Charles has actually done anything like smoking drugs, murder, and even rape!"

Melody immediately turned to me with wide eyes. I quickly clarified, "Young Master, I have done no such things. I merely indulged in heavy drinking, loitered around bars, and looked for one-night stands."

The young master gave an "eh," and then asked in puzzlement, "Only those and you count it as falling from grace?"

... Perhaps the young master is even more dangerous than I had thought.

[Abuse of Authority for Private Interests]

"Briar! It's vacation. You might as well come and stay at my place."

This way, you'll be able to stay with Bramble-shū more!"

The young master is certainly thoughtful. The corners of Bramble's lips are even curling upwards.

"Charles! Rent a few more cartoon movies. Briar will definitely like them!"

"Understood, Young Master. You are certainly attentive," I answered with a smile, feeling very pleased.



After finishing dinner at night, the young master chided Briar impatiently, "Briar, hurry and go shower. When you're done, let's watch a cartoon movie!"

"Okay!"

Right when Briar walked out of the bathroom, the young master picked up and hugged the girl who had just showered. This made her feel a little embarrassed as she said, "Ah Ye-gē, I can walk by myself!"

"It doesn't matter. You're not heavy anyways, and you are soft and even smell nice. It's really comfortable hugging you!"

The young master sat on the sofa hugging Briar and watched cartoons for an hour. Afterward, Briar said responsibly, "Ah Ye-gē, I should go and do my summer vacation homework."

"It's okay, let's watch a bit more! I want to watch it! As for your

homework, I'll complete it with you in the daytime."

The young master continued to hug Briar and then watched cartoons for another two hours. Only then did he unwillingly say that he was going to bed.

The Second Day

"Bri, go and shower first, and come and watch cartoons!"

The Third Day

"Bri, shower, shower! Watch cartoons!"

The Fourth Day

Bramble gave an ultimatum, "Bri, go home tomorrow morning!"

[Putting the Cart before the Horse]

Although items in the convenience store were more expensive, the young master liked a particular brand of milk and type of sliced bread that was only sold in convenience stores. Therefore, I could only come here and purchase milk and sliced bread. At the same time, I could also conveniently collect the hero figurines that the store released.

"You just need twenty yuan more to draw a hero figurine! You're not going to buy a bit more?"

I smiled as I said, "There is no need to do so. I have already finished

collecting all of the fourth series.”

The cashier exclaimed in surprise, “Really? Even the secret edition that is super difficult to get?”

“... Secret edition?”

“That’s right. In the fourth series, there is a secret edition of Dark Sun—Dark Sun with wings!” The cashier smiled as he said, “But it’s okay if you’re not going to add any more items! I heard that the chance of getting the secret edition is one out of fifty! It’s super hard to get! I’ll ring up your purchase now...”

“Please hold on for a moment!”



Breakfast: Milk Tea, Egg Salad on Toast, Fried Bread Sides, Egg Sandwich.

Lunch: Papaya Milk, Club Sandwich, Bread Salad.

Dinner: Milk Sago Pudding, Cheese and Peanut Toast, Grilled Chicken Toast, Butter Toast.

Dell shrugged and didn’t seem to mind as he said, “Is today Bread Day?”

The Second Day

Breakfast: Apple Milk, Turkey Sandwich, Grilled Toast.

Lunch: Coffee Milk, Harwana Coffee's Brick Toast, Barbecued Sliced Pork Sandwich.

Dinner: Honey Milk Tea, Hazelnut Coffee Walnut Toast, Pudding on Toast.

May frowned and asked, "Bread again? And dairy products?"

The Third Day, the Fourth Day, the Fifth Day...

Breakfast: Milk Tea, Grilled Toast with Pork Floss...

Lunch: Strawberry Milk, OO Toast, XX Bread...

Dinner: Banana Milk, && Toast, OO Sandwich...

Bramble, May, Dell: "..."

Epilogue: Character Introductions

Xie Wei: Sunset City's new captain of the police squad. He seems to have the support of an unknown force.

Father Yue: Yue -Gang's father. Also the priest of the only church in Sunset City.

Krell: Avexila's childe, a sixth generation vampire.



Afterword

[Readers who haven't read the story yet, don't peek at the afterword beforehand! I beg you, please! Those who haven't finished reading yet, quickly cover up the afterword, and then finish reading the story before coming to read the afterword~~]

This is not the final volume; this is not the final volume; this is really not the final volume!

I find that I seem to be reiterating this statement a lot. Although this really does feel like the final volume, it really isn't, thanks.

During the planning stage, I was already worried about this. The ending to this volume really does feel like it could be the conclusion... As such, I had considered whether or not I should write this volume so I could delay it and place it as the conclusion, or whether I should just continue and write it all out?

In the end, I continued and wrote it all. The reason was very simple. I really wanted to write it.

As for how I will write the conclusion in the future... In any case, when the boat gets to the pier-head, it will naturally straighten with the current. The next ending will always be better, so it doesn't matter.

People should be optimistic! (Vampires too!)

The future will always have a young master waiting for you!



This volume broke my record of having my word count explode on me. The explosion totaled to 13,000 words. It was such an explosion that the pieces of my soul have been scattered. I'm just so overwhelmed. Exploding word counts will always happen when the deadline looms before one's eyes!

But since it has already exploded, I can only let it explode to death. Sorry, my speech is a little incoherent. I'm truly a little *high* because I really quite like this volume. Not only have I finished writing the main idea I had planned, while I was writing, there were even more plot points that resulted that I really liked. Even with the record breaking exploding word count, I've accepted it.

It's also true that as I was writing and saw that the word count had already ballooned past my limit, yet I still couldn't turn in the manuscript and finish writing, I was inwardly despairing.

But no matter what, stories will always be finished.

I hope that everyone likes this volume as much as I do.

Also, for those readers who mistakenly believed that Charles had actually died, and therefore bawled for three days before reading the last chapter, please do not come and beat me up. It's possible that the point of view protagonist might die, but that book would definitely not be written by me.

I have pretty much finished detailing Charles's past. If I want to write about it in even more detail, I might do it in a different book. That book would be called *EX.* or *I am EX.* The Chinese translation of the book title is "Example" or "I am Example"... Please don't believe what I have just said. It's possible that there might be a book called *Example* or *I am Example*, but that book would definitely not be written by me. EX. refers to the character E.X. As for when this book will appear—In any case, before Yu Wo turns thirty, she will definitely finish filling in the holes she has previously dug!

(However, Yu Wo is forever only eighteen.)



The Undisclosed Castle Secrets at the very end will be different depending on how often and how much the author's brain snaps. Whether or not it will happen again and how many there will be will all be different.



Finally, according to *No Hero's* unwritten custom, I always have to announce the subtitle of the next volume to whet everyone's appetite.

Otherwise, you would all roll around on the floor and declare, as if your life depended on it, "This isn't Yu Wo; this isn't Yu Wo."

No Hero Volume 5: Fallen Angel

Our young master has graduated. Following that, what will he do? The options:

1. Master: You can consider being captivated by wine and women and be a prodigal son. Help me spend the money I have that I can't even count?

2. Charles: Whatever you wish, as long as it will not be fatally dangerous. It is not an easy feat finding the ideal master. Young Master, please do not ever die on me.

3. Aren: I want you to throw away all the plush toys in your room and switch to putting up posters of big-breasted beauties in swimsuits to cure your pedophilia!

4. Briar: Wait until I grow up, and then we'll marry. You're not allowed to have an affair in the meantime.

5. Ji Luo Chu: Don't become any more famous. You're making me so busy that I barely have enough time to be First Wind.

6. Melody: Young Master, being a model is fine, but don't step into other entertainment industries. The entertainment industry is very dark... Don't cause people in the entertainment industry who don't have any brains get killed by the master just because they bullied you

a bit.

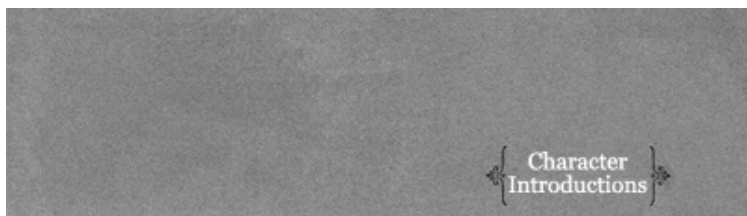
n. Do all of the above backwards.

Young master: So hard to choose. Everyone's really important! Okay, I'll choose n then.

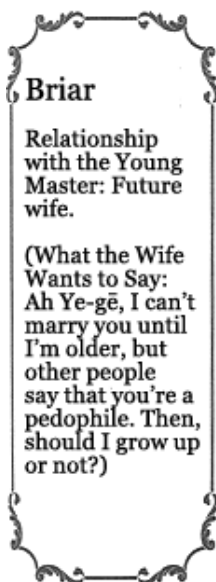
By Yu Wo



Character Introductions

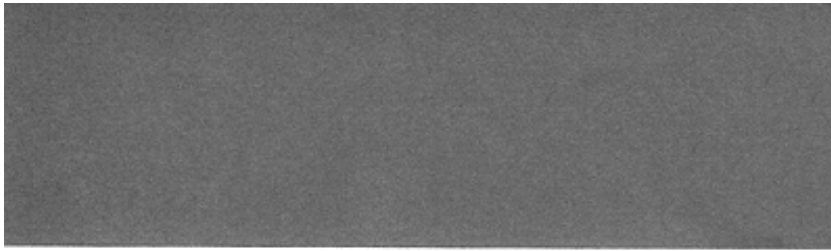


Briar



Relationship with the Young Master: Future wife.

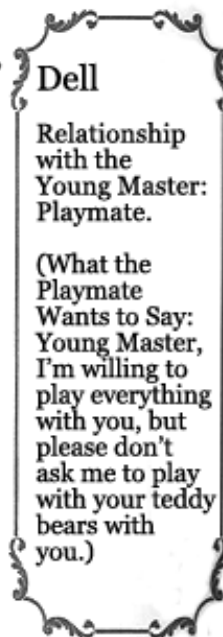
(What the Wife Wants to Say: Ah Ye-gē, I can't marry you until I'm older, but other people say that you're a pedophile. Then, should I grow up or not?)



Dell

**Relationship with
the Young Master:**
Playmate.

**(What the Playmate
Wants to Say:** Young
Master, I'm willing to
play everything with
you, but please don't
ask me to play with
your teddy bears with
you.)



{ Character
Introductions }

May

Relationship
with the
Young Master:
Making fun of
Dell together.

(What He
Wants to
Make Fun of:
Don't worry,
the young
master only
has Winnie the
Pooh.)



May

**Relationship with the
Young Master:** Making
fun of Dell together.

**(What He Wants to
Make Fun of:** Don't
worry, the young master
only has Winnie the
Pooh.)





——我可以用淚珠
來交換你的笑容嗎？

Can I use tears
to exchange for
your smile?
My Tears, Your
Diamond

X-diamond

My Tears, Your Diamond
X-diamond



Even a boy, once
he uses this
lipstick

can become as
beautiful as a
budding flower.

All new lipstick—
Budding Flower
series.

Limited, 10 colors
in stores now.

X-Make up



Final Angel of the World



I am sorry...



Shoot you... I would rather fall.

