

非關英雄

05

❖ 墮落天使 ❖

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！

Fallen Angel

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。

山鬼 繪
御我 著

No Hero
Vol. 05



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No Hero Volume 5: Fallen Angel

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Prologue: Prologue

I pulled the curtains of the French windows open. As the sunlight spilled in, I noticed that the curtains seem to have been changed. Where they had originally been silver-white, now they were purple. *Could Melody have bought these curtains?*

I had returned here just last night. Though the number of people living here had not changed, there were some slight changes in everyone. Mr. Bramble seemed to have more white hair; May had changed his hairstyle; Dell pierced three holes in his left ear and even wore earrings that glowed and changed colors, claiming it to be the latest fashion.

The changes in everyone reminded me that a whole year had truly passed, and that the young master's lifestyle seemed to have changed drastically during that time.

I must admit that this really made me feel worried and uneasy. A fitting butler should always know his master's schedule and lifestyle in order to serve him well, but I had been gone for a whole year. I could not help but worry about not being attentive enough in my service.

"Charles."

"Yes! Young Master."

On hearing the young master's call, I turned around hastily. The young master stood in front of me, wearing a sports outfit. He looked like he was about to go exercising. I felt slightly relieved since it seemed that

the young master's usual routine of going exercising in the morning had not changed, although the sports outfit he wore was a different one, and even its style was different. The young master used to wear plainer exercising outfits, but the one he wore now was obviously a designer outfit, and it even had X-Killer's logo on it.

The young master held a hair ribbon in his left hand and a comb in his right. He extended both hands to me and said, "Charles, tie my hair up for me."

"As you wish." I hurriedly took the hair accessory and comb from his hands and walked behind him to do his hair.

In the past, the young master had never tied his hair up. However, he only had shoulder-length hair at that time, while his hair was now long enough to reach his waist, so it would be inconvenient for him to move around with loose hair. I considered my options and braided the young master's hair into a sturdy braid. This way, it would be easier for him to move around and he would not be troubled by floating strands of hair.

I looked at the braid after making a bow with the ribbon, and then suddenly realized that a braid and bow did not suit the young master... Actually, it was not that they did not suit him. It was just that they made him appear even more like a girl.

Just then, the young master took out a pair of huge purple sunglasses and put them on. The sunglasses covered up half of his face, and the design seemed to be a more feminine design, making the young master look just like an athletic girl. *Could it be that Melody also*

bought these feminine sunglasses?

I hurriedly said, "Young Master, this hairstyle seems a bit too feminine. Would you allow me try another kind of hairstyle for you?"

Yet the young master reached out his hand and touched the braid, and then said in satisfaction, "It's okay. Tying it into a braid is convenient. There's no need to retie it, and it's also nice to be mistaken for a girl! That way, people won't recognize me as easily."

Recognize? I was a bit puzzled, but things were fine as long as the young master was satisfied with his hairstyle.

"Excuse me, Young Master, is there any kind of breakfast that you would particularly like to eat today?"

The young master immediately said, "The same as always is fine. I really miss the breakfasts that you make! Aren only makes fried rice every morning for everyone's breakfast. He says that since I have a large appetite and that the others are also eating, making fried rice is the most convenient option. All he has to do is put a bunch of rice, meat, and vegetables in a pan and stir-fry them... Oh! Right."

After he gave a yelp, the young master said with a pained face, "Charles, I don't want to eat fried rice!"

"Yes, there definitely will be no fried rice," I replied with a smile. The young master was very satisfied and went exercising. He looked like he was looking forward to eating breakfast.

Therefore, as soon as he left, I immediately went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast. *Today, I will make the six kinds of breakfast that the young master likes the most.*

As I was busy washing the vegetables, stir-frying the meat, and making soup, a "Huh?" sound came from the doorway.

Turning my head, I saw a tall, young man standing in the doorway of the kitchen with a blank look on his face.

I smiled and said, "Good morning, Aren."

This tall, young man was Aren. He still lived in the apartment next door. The young master had said last night that during the past year, it was Aren who cooked their meals and made everyone clean the house, which was why the apartment had not gotten so dirty that no one could live in it.

Last night, when I saw Aren for the first time, I could not recognize him at all. *I think he has grown at least twenty centimeters and is about a hundred and ninety centimeters tall now.* Standing in the doorway of the kitchen, his head almost hit the doorframe.

Growing twenty centimeters in a year, according to Mr. An Te Qi, was because the drug that suppresses the craziness of a werewolf has the side effect of changing one's body. I heard that aside from the height change, there were also other side effects such as having great strength even without transforming... This made me deeply suspect whether this was truly a "side effect" and not the "main effect."

Perhaps Mr. An Te Qi still secretly used experimental drugs on Aren?

Aren had gone blank for a moment and only now returned to his senses, saying, "Oh, it's Charles-gē. I almost forgot that you're back."

"Thank you for your hard work substituting for me this year."

He scratched his head and said, "It wasn't much. Since I live here but don't pay rent, I feel like I have to do something in return. And I only know how to make fried rice, noodle soup, and hot pot. Even I can't bear to eat them any longer. Though I've thought of making other things, they all turned out really bad... but the meals that Dell and May make taste even worse! Melody-jiě can't even distinguish dish soap from canola oil! It's so great that you're back, Charles-dàgē!"

I smiled. I could tell that Aren was truly happy to have me back. This eased up a lot of my worried and uneasy feelings from before. With a light heart, I washed the vegetables as I spoke to him, saying, "Wait just a bit more and breakfast will be ready."

Aren asked, "Do you need help? Nah, I think I'll only make things busier for you. A lot of ingredients look unfamiliar to me... Is that jar of red stuff chili?"

I shook my head and said, "No, that's saffron."

"Saffron?" Aren said with a confused expression, "I'll be out there watching TV."

"All right."



I walked out to the living room to set the table and saw that Dell was lying on the sofa like he always did; May was doing yoga, and this time, he had both feet up around his neck, which looked like an even more uncomfortable position than the ones he did before; Mr. Bramble was buried in his newspaper like always, only lifting his head up to spare me a look when I approached the dining table; Aren was seated beside the dining table, randomly pressing the remote, changing between the various TV programs.

Right when I set down the first plate onto the table, both Dell and May turned at the same time to look at me, and then both of them froze together.

I hurriedly asked, "Is something wrong?"

"Ah!" Dell suddenly jumped up from the sofa, screaming, "I almost forgot! The butler's back! We finally don't have to eat fried rice today!"

Even though I can understand Dell's excitement, with Aren sitting right there, is it not rather rude to say that?

Aren turned his head and glared at Dell, saying coldly, "Having something to eat is already good enough, yet you dare to complain?"

But Dell cried out arrogantly, "I'm not afraid of you anymore! You always threatened me before with: *if you don't want to eat, then don't!* But now the butler's cooking! I'm not afraid of you!"

Aren scoffed but did not pay any more attention to Dell. His eyes had gone back to the TV again.

"Young Master, Young Master come back quickly!" Dell cried out loudly, "I want breakfast, breakfast made by the butler! Hey butler, you did make some more today, didn't you? I wanna eat double... no, triple the usual amount!"

"You can eat as much as you want. If there is not enough, I can always go back to the kitchen to make some more," I told Dell with a smile. Then, I turned my head around to ask May, "Will you be eating the usual boiled vegetables, fruit, and poached egg today?"

May immediately shook his head and said, "I'll have the same breakfast as everyone else."

I was a bit surprised but still nodded and said, "Of course."

With a "Ha," Dell said, "After eating a whole year of fried rice, even someone like May who eats grass for food can't stand it anymore!"

"Who eats grass?" May said in a cross tone, "It's healthy eating!" Dell looked like he still wanted to argue, but just then, an "I'm back" came from the doorway. This made everyone blank out for a moment before looking toward the front door, and in came the young master...
The young master is actually back already?

Whenever the young master returns, I should always greet him at the doorway. *Could it be that I miscalculated the time?* I hurriedly set down the bowls and chopsticks and walked hastily toward the doorway. As I gave the young master the towel that was draped over my arm, I apologized to him, saying, "Young Master, I am very sorry that Charles

did not greet you at the doorway.”

“Charles, don’t feel nervous! It’s because I came back early,” the young master said in a small tone as if feeling guilty, “because I was in a hurry to eat breakfast... Charles, what did you make?”

I immediately replied, “Beef flavored pepper pastry, boiled udon, sandwiches, fried chicken nuggets, barbecued pork buns, and fried salmon rice balls. There are also fries and mashed potatoes as side dishes, and the dessert is banana-chocolate mini tarts.”

The usual breakfasts actually did not have side dishes and desserts to go with them. However, since it was the first meal that I had made after being separated for a year, I could not refrain myself from making some more of the foods that the young master likes.

The young master said “Oh, oh” and both of his eyes shone with delight. The others were the same. Even Mr. Bramble put down the newspaper in his hands, and Dell even made a gesture as if he were about to faint. Everyone looked like they had not had breakfast in a year.

The young master could not help himself from saying, “Let’s eat first! I’ll shower later.”

“Yes.”



Due to the young master’s early return and his decision to eat before taking a shower, the preparation time was reduced, and I was a bit

rushed when it came to serving the dishes. But it was fortunate that the kinds of foods served today were very diverse, so I could take some pre-made dishes and serve them as appetizers at the last minute. This way, I would have enough time to prepare the foods that needed to be cooked.

Unexpectedly, even though I had made a lot more food than the usual amount, there still was not enough for everyone, so I had to re-enter the kitchen many times. It was only until very few ingredients were left in the refrigerator, and I had started to worry about not being able to serve any more dishes, that everyone put their hands on their stomachs and said that they were full.

The young master had eaten ten servings; Dell had eaten three servings; Mr. Bramble and May had both eaten two servings; but Aren had eaten twelve servings all alone!

Perhaps I should buy another refrigerator. The refrigerator right now might not even be able to hold a day's worth of ingredients, and I needed to prepare extra ingredients in case the young master wanted to eat after a lot of exercising.

Even though they were holding their stomachs and saying that they were full, when I presented the banana-chocolate mini tarts and various kinds of drinks, they still fought over the food as if their lives were on the line, like they would not get any of it if they were one step slower. However, I had made eighty mini tarts, so everyone should be able to get more than ten with no need to fight over them... *Uh!* If everyone continued to eliminate one mini tart every three seconds, then maybe they would have to fight for them.

Should I use the rest of the ingredients to make one or two more dishes?

I was a bit hesitant about the idea, seeing that they were all full but still continued to fight over the food... Just then, a ringing sound came from the pocket in front of my chest. After picking up the call, Melody's voice came in, "Hey butler, remember this, the young master's only appointment today is to record at the studio at one in the afternoon, and that's it. You accompany the young master to work! I'm going to sleep."

Record at the studio?

"Please wait for a bit..." Though I wanted to ask questions, there was only a beeping sound left over the phone, so I had to put the phone away reluctantly and report back to the young master without leaving anything out.

The young master stopped fighting for the mini tarts and exclaimed, "We're going recording today?"

I asked confusedly, "But Young Master, are you not a model? Why do you have to go recording?"

The young master answered happily, "Oh! Because an advertisement needed background music, First Wind-gē asked me if I wanted to sing the song myself. I said that I wanted to sing the song 'Vampire'! And so Melody bought the rights to the song for me."

After he finished, he “Ahhed” and then hurriedly said, “Oh yeah, Charles, you don’t know this yet, right? Melody is my manager right now.”

Melody as the young master’s manager? I said in concern, “Young Master, letting a vampire make contacts for your work might be bad for your reputation. Even though most people cannot recognize vampires, there are still a lot of people who have the ability to do so.”

Dell said loudly, “Make what contacts? Isn’t Melody in charge of turning down work?”

Turning down work? I was a little confused. *A manager’s job should be acquiring job requests and not turning them down, right?*

“Charles, can you go to the recording with me?” The young master said hesitantly, “I know that morning is your resting time, but this is my first time going recording...”

“No problem,” I answered immediately and then said in a playful tone, “Young Master, I have slept for a whole year! It would be difficult for me to fall asleep for several more days.”

The young master laughed aloud.

I suggested, “Young Master, there is still some time left before one P.M. Would you like to practice in front of us first?”

On hearing that, the young master immediately turned a bit nervous. “Sing, sing!”

Dell was ranting loudly and even whistled from time to time, making May tell him to "stop being so noisy," but it was exactly that silly behavior of his that made the young master relax.

I hurriedly poured a cup of warm water and said, "Young Master, drink some water to soothe your throat first."

The young master took the cup and had two or three sips. When he handed the cup back to me, he realized that everyone was staring at him, which made him feel nervous again.

"Young Master," I called out. When the young master turned to look at me, I smiled and said, "This reminds me of the first time the young master went to karaoke. Young Master sang Vampire about ten times that night, correct? You really like this song!"

"Yup," he said and nodded his head eagerly.

"May Charles discourteously ask the young master to sing for me again?"

The young master looked at me, and I also looked back at him with a smile. The smile seemed to put him at ease because he could then even smile and say, "Sure! Then I'll start singing?"

I smiled and nodded my head.

The young master took a deep breath and opened his mouth, singing out in a clear voice:

The ancient clock chimes twelve times

A shabby coffin lid opens

The charming sunlight of day

has been slain by the black shroud

Don't scream

There's nothing

Night is only the haunt of darkness gone mad

Don't look

Just sleep tight

No blood-sucking monsters wander in daylight

*Vampires stalk the streets; Strangers don't come near; Fresh blood is
my favorite drink*

Don't cry Hallelujah; God's on vacation; Maria is also asleep

*I coolly fling my cape aside; Bare my fangs at you; Don't struggle, I'll
be gentle*

When you meet vampires, hurry and scream

God Bless You!

Dead men have no use for money... Nor do dead vampires.

Chapter 1: Reach Out Your Hand; Sharp Metal Claws

"Gē, guess what..."

Wait, Luo Lun. I have to finish going over the model info first. If we still can't find a satisfactory model, our ads will be ruined.

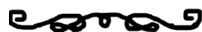
"That's what I was just gonna say! I'm telling you, a super beautiful customer came to our store today. Even Olga praised the customer's refinement!"

Oh? Even Olga? Is it a girl?

"No, it's a guy."

A pretty guy? Ha! Look at all these male models I have here. Which one isn't pretty?

"Hey! They can hardly compare to Ah Ye! Anyways, if you see him, you'll understand. You'd better come!"



Don't scream, there's nothing

Night is only the haunt of darkness gone mad

"OK, perfect! That's perfect, let's take a rest before we start to record the next part."

My anxiety finally settled a little when the sound engineer uttered this

phrase. The sound engineer was really strict. We recorded from one to six, and only then did we finally finish recording a single part of the song.

Although I had initially thought that the sound engineer was intentionally making things difficult for the young master, I saw the ecstatic expression he had on right now, and he seemed genuinely happy.

After the young master exited the studio, the sound engineer patted his shoulder and said, "Drink some water and take a break." He then turned to talk to the other staff members.

The sound engineer was intently discussing with the others, and was even loudly arguing about the details of the song production. This made me feel sincerely apologetic. He had truly only cared about chasing perfection, not about making things difficult for the young master.

I picked up the kettle and poured a cup of warm milk. Handing it to the young master, I said, "Young Master, you have worked hard."

After drinking three cups of milk nonstop, the young master released a long, satisfied breath. He turned around to look at the clock on the wall and said, "Charles, I planned to eat dinner with Poseidin at seven today, but it looks like I won't be able to be there on time. Go to N/H and tell him that I'll be late."

"Understood." I nodded in reply and asked, "Young Master, shall I first prepare some nourishment for you for now?"

"It's okay, I'll eat when I get there." While rubbing his stomach, the young master said, "I ate a lot for breakfast and lunch today!"

I smiled and said, "Indeed."

"Ah Ye, let's record the last part!" The sound engineer waved his hand, so excited that his eyes were shining.

The young master waved to me, signaling that I could leave. I bowed and watched the young master walk into the studio before I turned and left.

Walking down to the street from the studio building, I could only describe the crowd as a violent wave. The studio was located at the most prosperous western district of Sunset City. It was rush hour, so the crowds were not surprising. What was surprising was that besides the humans walking on the street, non-humans were also walking about without disguises, revealing their true faces.

The sky occasionally flashed with multi-colored lights, belonging to nature's "nymphs." They were like miniature women, some with wings and some with tails. What was similar was that they all glowed, despite their different types due to their different residences.

Nymphs living by the sea are known as sea nymphs; ones living in the forest are known as tree nymphs; but ones living in the city... This made me hesitate. Could they be city nymphs?

A few "wolfmen" leaned against a wall. Wolfmen were also a type of

mythical creature, with the appearance of a wolf but without the ability to change into a human like a werewolf. They were an intermediary race between humans and werewolves.

But compared to werewolves, whose bloodthirstiness was unavoidable, wolfmen were rather harmless. As long as they were not provoked, they would not provoke any others. In reality, all they ever did was use their hind legs to prop themselves up against a wall and doze. If one did not look closely, they were hardly any different from the stray dogs on the streets.

I even saw a “nightwalker” holding a horn while walking past me.

Nightwalkers usually lived by the sea. They were a type of creature that could predict storms; every time a storm approached, they would sound a horn to warn the fishermen.

But nowadays, nightwalkers were almost extinct, since fishermen today could just turn on the television to watch the weather forecast. They did not need nightwalkers at all, and many types of mythical creatures would gradually become extinct when not needed.

Humans appeared unaccustomed to non-humans walking openly on the roads, but they were not afraid. Rather, they were like people in a zoo coming across ferocious animals—their eyes widening in curiosity and surprise. Although most people only dared to steal glances out of the corner of their eyes, on occasion, some people openly, even provokingly, stared at them.

In just this past year, the existence of non-humans had become far

more widely known.

On the way to the studio, the young master had explained to me that after the conflict between non-humans and the Church at the plaza, non-humans were no longer a secret. After this year, it was clear that the situation was even more public, especially since Sunset City was one of the few base cities for non-humans.

A year ago, my feelings were less clear in regards to the human race knowing the existence of non-humans. It was probably because the majority of non-humans would not appear in the daylight, and chose only to come out at night. But nowadays...

It was dusk, the setting sun shining from the west. The sky was still bright, with crowds coming and going. There were many non-humans in their midst. Although they would still attract human attention, they were just stolen glances from a distance. The screaming, panicked, and fleeing humans of the past were all gone without a trace.

Perhaps one day, there will truly be no difference between humans and non-humans.

I waved down a taxi. When I entered the car, I realized that the driver was a nightwalker. He took a glance at me and said, "I have no blood for you to drink. I don't take cards, credit, or human blood either."

"..."

I took out a one thousand yuan bill. "Head for N/H."

The nightwalker took the cash and then turned on the engine.

He drove the car smoothly down the road the entire way, without racing in the streets or driving on the sidewalk. Even when the car was stopping, the seatbelt did not suddenly dig into my chest. This made me involuntarily ask for his business card, in the hopes of often riding such a safe and trustworthy vehicle in the future.

People living in cities definitely need taxis. Perhaps this is why nightwalkers chose this job; they need "to be needed" to live.

Looking downwards at the driver's business card, I saw the name "Nitewalker" on it. I smiled.

At this moment, the driver turned around and asked, "What's your name?"

"Charles Endelis."

Nitewalker nodded and said, "I'll remember it. Do you need me to pick you up later?"

"Oh, I will be fine," I smiled. "If I have need of you, I will call you."

He simply nodded without speaking. But this was not surprising. Quietness and loneliness were characteristics of nightwalkers.

Getting out of the car, I looked up. N/H's sign was still a nondescript wooden one. The surroundings were very dim. This was a desolate street, not suitable for stores.

Swiping the card and entering, I walked through the long, dim staircase and climbed up to the lobby. In the dark lobby, only the bar was illuminated. The most important thing was that there were still only non-humans here. No humans were present.

N/H was still N/H.

I sighed in relief. Although I did not fear change, I did not want it to be too fast and abrupt, especially since I had just woken up.

This also reminded me that I should email X to ask how he was doing. He would have even more difficulty adapting to this fast-changing world than I would.

X always asked angrily: Couldn't this world just remain the same? "Long time no see, Charles Endelis."

This voice belongs to Poseidin... or perhaps "Poseidynne"?

He... She was wearing a white dress with an aqua color spreading from the bottom up, identical-colored sandals, and light makeup on her face. Her aqua hair was tied and brushed meticulously.

One year ago he was androgynous, but now she looked completely like a girl. A very elegant, beautiful girl in her twenties.

Is Poseidynne's change related to the young master? Although I questioned it, I felt that I already knew the answer.

Poseidynne had always liked the young master, and the young master was even having dinner with her. Most importantly, the young master was a man, so of course his partner would be a woman. *Perhaps that is the reason why Poseidynne became feminine?*

"Where's Ah Ye?" Poseidynne asked.

I immediately explained, "The young master is still at the recording studio. He asked me to come over to tell you that he will be late."

Poseidynne thought for a little and nodded. "Oh, right. Last time he mentioned that he was going to sing a song for a commercial. I haven't heard him sing yet. Can Ah Ye sing well? You've heard him before, right?"

I nodded. "The young master has a clear voice, but he still needs practice."

"Talented but still inexperienced. Your young master has always been like that." Poseidynne smiled. Her smile was gentler than it had been one year ago. She asked softly, "Want some fresh blood?"

"Yes, thank you."

Poseidynne smiled and started preparing the drink.

After seeing the non-humans mixed in the crowds of humans and Poseidynne's current change, I could not help but say, "It has only been one year, yet humans have already accepted the existence of non-humans. What a huge difference."

Poseidynne handed me a goblet full of red liquid and answered, "It's not that huge. It just changed from a few confirming the existence of non-human to the majority of people confirming it."

"Confirm?" The word was used strangely.

"With so many stories about werewolves, mermaids, and vampires around, do you think humans really don't believe that non-humans exist?" Poseidynne mischievously said, "They can't even say 'there are no aliens in the universe' with certainty, let alone us non-humans who reside on the same Earth as the humans!"

"You are right." I was suddenly relieved. Actually, one year ago many people, including Mr. Bramble, May, Dell, and even Father Yue from the church, had already accepted me, a vampire. Right now, it was just that some more people knew of our existence, so the change was not that big.

The phone in my chest pocket started ringing. *Perhaps a call from the young master?* I immediately picked up the call, but the moment the line connected, I heard some yelling and screaming. "Charles, have you really woken up?"

I paused for a second and realized that it was Yue Gang's voice. I quickly answered, "Yes."

"Which hospital are you in? Or are you back in Sunset City?"

"Hospital?" I was a bit confused.

“Yeah! Is your ‘light allergy’ cured? Your little bro worried about you so much this past year. He kept on saying, ‘What if the treatment failed?’ and frequently prayed in the church. Even my dad felt pity for him!”

Could it be that Yue Gang still thinks I am allergic to light? And he also thinks that I went for therapy this past year? I remember being exposed under the sun in front of him many times. Right now the public already knows about the existence of vampires as well, but Yue Gang still thinks I am a human?

Is it because I really resemble a human too much? Or he is just too slow?

“Hello? Why aren’t you speaking? Is your illness cured?”

I could only answer, “It has been cured.”

“Are you back in Sunset City?”

“Yes, I am back.”

“Great, I’ll visit you in a few days. Can’t chat right now! I need to go do my work. Xie Wei is glaring at me!”

Xie Wei? I wanted to ask, but there was only beeping left over the phone. The speed at which Yue Gang had hung up the phone was as swift as it had been a year ago.

It seemed like I could only ask the young master about the

circumstances later when he came; otherwise, I might fail to cover the lies successfully.

“Ah Ye probably won’t make it to dinner. It’ll have to be a midnight snack.”

I paused and turned to look at Poseidynne. She was staring at the television suspended from the ceiling. Her expression displayed her unhappiness.

The television was showing a news piece about a mental patient who had escaped from a psychiatric hospital in the suburbs and was suspected to have fled toward Sunset City. Both the police and the heroes were currently in pursuit, and it was advised not to go to a certain street in the western district.

I felt a bit doubtful, muttering, “A convict from a psychiatric hospital? The heroes should not need to act for this kind of criminal, right?”

Poseidynne disapprovingly said, “It is publicly being referred to as a psychiatric hospital, but the escape was probably from P29. P29 isn’t far from Sunset City, so it certainly is in the suburbs.”

“P29? What is that?” I asked in confusion.

“You don’t know about P29?” Poseidynne replied in surprise.

I honestly admitted, “I have only heard that Area 51 is the place where the government studies aliens, but I have never heard of P29.”

Poseidynne laughed, explaining, “Although humans didn’t acknowledge

the existence of non-humans, it was inevitable that they would capture some not-quite human creatures, or some 'humans' with unique abilities. These people were criminals that couldn't be contained by normal prisons, so the National Psychiatric Hospital #29 prison was specially built to contain these abnormal convicts."

At this point, she looked at me and said, "The majority of non-humans know about P29, since it's the only prison that has non-humans locked inside. But very few know about Area 51, since non-humans certainly don't often go to the theaters to watch alien movies."

I do not either. To be honest, I prefer superhero films.

"At least, in the past non-humans didn't go to the movies often," Poseidynne added.

But in the future, perhaps more non-humans will hear of Area 51, right? However, the most important thing for now is not Area 51, but P29.

My attention returned to the news, and I said, "The incident is occurring in the western district. That is First Wind's area. Dark Sun is unlikely to go there."

Poseidynne unhappily said, "First Wind is crazily busy lately, so he pretty much has no time to save people. Most likely, either Dragon Peace or Dark Sun will go to assist."

I looked around at the surroundings. Thankfully, there were no non-humans sitting close to the bar counter; most sat in the corners. But I

still lowered my voice to ask, "Ji Luo Chu has been busy?"

"He's crazily busy!" Poseidynne lowered her voice too, but strongly stressed, "Haven't you heard how famous Ah Ye has become?"

I stared blankly, immediately saying, "I really did not know. Could you please give me some more news about the young master?"

"Ever since you... couldn't wake up from your serious injuries," Poseidynne shrugged, saying, "Ah Ye has been working with all his might. Melody also became Ah Ye's manager at that time, responsible for accepting Ah Ye's job offers. Initially, it was passively modeling for pictures, but later they created lots of moving TV ads, walked fashion shows, represented many brands, and even attended charity events... No matter what job it was, Ah Ye accepted them all, so he became increasingly famous. Recently, he was even voted as Sunset City's top spokesperson, even defeating Dark Sun!"

Poseidynne spoke the last part with a big smile.

"The young master could not be as famous as certain famous singers, right?" I was worried that I had missed too many things. Perhaps it would make my services inadequate.

Poseidynne shrugged, saying, "He's famous enough in Sunset City, but he should be fine in other places, I think. Although Ah Ye accepts plenty of job offers, he never accepts ones that require him to leave Sunset City."

I nodded, saying, "The young master cannot leave Sunset City,

because he is..." *Dark Sun*.

Poseidynne shook her head. "No, DSII often acts as his replacement, especially for activities like campaigns. DSII practically takes Ah Ye's place for participating in all events. Ah Ye only personally shoots pictures and commercials. Otherwise, how could he possibly go to school and work at the same time, and still have time to be a hero?"

Speaking up to this point, she suddenly paused, staring at me, and said, "Ah Ye didn't leave Sunset City because he was afraid that when you woke up, you wouldn't be able to find him."

Hearing that, I paused. Only after a long time could I say, "I am sorry."

"A man who gives up on life so easily should apologize." Poseidynne nodded, then looked up at the news, and went "Ah." She lightly complained, "Ah Ye really did head over to assist. Couldn't he just slack off for once?"

Poseidynne complained while using a remote to drop down a massive screen. Then, she split the screen into nine squares, with every square tuned to a different channel, all covering the same news incident, just from different angles.

I looked up too, focusing on the news. On it flashed a silver light—Dark Sun riding his motorcycle toward the scene.

The police cars were circled around in a blockade. However, because all the reporting cameras were focused on Dark Sun, there was no way to know who was surrounded by the police cars.

Dark Sun got off the vehicle, walked toward the police, and said, "I received an assistance request..."

However, gunfire immediately erupted... *The police actually fired at Dark Sun!*

I abruptly stood up, crying in surprise, "What's going on? Poseidynne, what exactly happened this year?"

However, Poseidynne's expression was even more surprised than mine. She stammered, "H-how is this possible? Over the past year, the police and Dark Sun have been cooperating well. The police themselves even contact Dark Sun often. Why..."

"Stop firing!"

Dark Sun's roar came from the television, followed by the sound of screaming. The picture on screen shook nonstop, so it was impossible to see what the situation was at the scene.

"I-I am going to look." I was turning to leave.

"That's the western district. This is the southern district. When you get there, the incident will be over. Charles Endelis, sit down!" Done shouting, Poseidynne said, "Your young master doesn't need others to worry about his safety. You're the person who should know this the best, correct?"

I looked at Poseidynne. Her resolute expression made me

unconsciously sit down again, looking up with her to watch the screens.

The screen's picture continued to shake, emitting the sound of a great deal of gunfire and screaming. Later, only the long-distance cameras' shots worked, and it was impossible to ascertain the situation.

After approximately ten minutes, although it felt as slow as ten hours, yet the time displayed on the news indicated that it had indeed only been ten minutes, one of the squares slowly inched toward the scene... I thanked Mr. Reporter's heroic efforts.

The picture moved increasingly closer to the scene, and Dark Sun's silhouette also gradually became clear. His body was covered with bullet holes and bloodstains; he clearly had not completely dodged the police's sudden attack. Many policemen were downed before him, sprawling and lying on the ground. I was unable to see if they were dead or alive.

"Are they dead?" A shuddering voice came from the image.

I really had to emphasize how heroic the reporters were. Even when facing a blood-soaked hero and many unconscious or dead policemen lying on the ground, they still dared to get closer and ask questions. This kind of courage was really worthy of admiration.

Dark Sun shook his head, saying, "No, they're only unconscious."

The reporter in the image let out a large breath, and I let out a large breath as well. Not because the policemen did not die, though I knew that the young master would kill people but would not do so lightly.

Rather, I was glad that the young master had changed from not explaining anything like before, which had allowed others to misunderstand him.

The reporter saw Dark Sun's shocking amount of bullet holes and bloodstains and worryingly asked, "A-are you all right?"

Dark Sun only shook his head. He lowered his gaze toward the policemen on the ground and walked toward the police cars. Grabbing the car's radio, he said, "I completely cannot understand why you have attacked me. Is this a declaration of war?"

"No! It's not like that!" The panicked voice of a policeman emanated from the radio. He stammered, "T-this time, the criminal seems to have a special ability..."

"What kind of special ability?"

The radio relayed a helpless reply. "We don't know, either. The higher-ups won't give a clear explanation. They only said that the criminal has a strange ability and told us to pay attention."

Dark Sun coldly said, "Then, I'll leave this criminal for your higher-ups to catch."

Done speaking, he dropped the radio and turned to leave.

"Wait... please, wait a moment!"

Although more pleads kept coming from the radio, Dark Sun did not

change his mind. He walked straight to his motorcycle, but a phone on his body rang. He took out a cell phone and answered the call. After saying "Yue Gang," he quietly listened to the phone.

I was somewhat surprised, since Dark Sun had never carried a cell phone before.

Probably because my expression was so surprised, Poseidynne explained without prompting, "In order for the heroes and police to cooperate effectively, Ah Ye distributed several cell phones. Four for the Four Great Heroes, while Yue Gang and Xie Wei each received one for the police faction. They can use these cell phones only to communicate with the other cell phones and cannot use them to trace locations. Though the one in Ah Ye's hand is an exception, of course." *Xie Wei?* I had heard this name many times already. It seemed that I would have to ask for information about Xie Wei as well. I remembered a year ago, he was still hostile toward the young master and the heroes, and seemed to not get along well with Yue Gang, but now it seemed like it was not the case anymore.

Suddenly, Dark Sun growled at his phone. "If you don't tell me the truth, I won't help!"

"Dark Sun! Help, save me..."

Dark Sun turned his head to look. A blood-covered policeman staggered from the police car-surrounded building. He hesitated a moment, but still ran toward the policeman.

The reporters wanted to follow, but Dark Sun turned his head and

growled, "Don't get too close. It's dangerous!" The scene stopped moving, but it did not retreat either. It was clear that the reporters had stayed where they were. Dark Sun ran up to the policeman, reaching his hand out to hold him steady... but he suddenly and forcefully pushed him far away.

Poseidynne and I both widened our eyes. Although we wanted to see it more clearly, the picture suddenly started shaking.

"Look at the other screen!" Poseidynne cried in surprise.

The other screens showed that a moment ago, a few reporters and cameramen actually used microphones to hit Dark Sun. Even the cameras had become weapons. Thankfully, there were other reporters filming from further away, who appeared not to want to attack Dark Sun, so it was still possible to see the situation from the other news channels.

Facing the microphone- and camera-wielding reporters, Dark Sun clearly did not care. He simply used basic moves to dodge the reporters' attacks, then simultaneously observed the reporters' and the policeman's conditions. But at this moment, the policeman pulled out a gun to shoot Dark Sun.

The reporters and policeman were both attacking Dark Sun, but while dodging, Dark Sun still had to factor in the reporters' safety. From time to time, he had to pull them around to prevent the policeman's bullets from hitting them.

What exactly is going on?

I was puzzled, but Poseidynne seemed to be as baffled as I was. And since Dark Sun was only dodging nonstop without taking any action, perhaps he was confused as well.

At that point, Dark Sun finally took action. After karate chopping and rendering unconscious two reporters, he dodged toward the policeman and knocked his gun away with a flick of the hand. Then, he grabbed his collar, saying, "Did you plot this? You're not a policeman."

The policeman said in surprise, "How do you know?"

Dark Sun studied the badge on the policeman's chest, saying, "Police number 39576 isn't you. Who are you?"

"I want to ask who *you* are." The policeman countered, "Why don't you listen? As long as I say something, everyone follows my orders. What are you, a robot?"

Dark Sun paused.

"How strange. How unfathomable! Even at this distance, you're still not obedient! Could it be because I'm tired from controlling too many policemen?" The policeman suddenly shouted loudly, "Hey, let me go! Go away! Leave this place!"

However, Dark Sun kept his tight grip on his collar, not releasing him. The policeman dumbly stared at Dark Sun, shouting, "I know! You really are a robot... wow! I've never seen a robot as realistic as you!"

Dark Sun appeared to have truly gotten angry, growling, "I am not a robot!"

"Don't move!" The policeman used an even louder voice in reply. Dark Sun had no reaction. Following that, the policeman resolutely tore his collar from Dark Sun's grasp, and hurriedly backed away a few steps, as if he wanted to escape. Dark Sun did not react to this... No, he really did not move at all!

The policeman ran a few steps then stopped again, cautiously observing the situation. It seemed that he did not plan to flee and even ran back to Dark Sun, then reached out and waved his hand in front of his eyes for a while. However, Dark Sun showed not a single sign of budging.

Upon seeing this, the policeman burst into laughter, saying, "Of course I was kidding! I know that you are Dark Sun. You're a super famous hero! Of course you're not a robot! However, I can't do anything about the occasional strong-willed person in the world, and I've never met anyone with a willpower as strong as yours! All I can do is use some tricks to make you waver!"

The policeman took off his police cap and tossed it, then loosened his necktie and circled around Dark Sun, saying, "You are truly handsome. It wasn't just the media picking flattering angles! With such a handsome appearance, why don't you be a model? Why are you playing hero... Do you hear me? I'm telling you to do things that make you happy, to do things you want to do! Stop trying to save others so much!"

Dark Sun remained motionless.

The policeman wheezed with laughter, saying, "Even with a visor you look so handsome. How about we see how handsome your true identity is?"

At this point, he raised his head and shouted into the distance, "Hey! The reporters over there, get closer! Don't you want to film Dark Sun's true identity?"

The screen transmitted the sounds of reporters gasping, but they were too afraid to approach, only insistently urging the cameramen to zoom in more.

The policeman appeared unsatisfied and yelled, "Get over here quick! I'm going to take it off!" While speaking, he put his hand on Dark Sun's visor.

Seeing this action, the reporters and cameramen were frenetic. They repeatedly exclaimed, "Oh no, Dark Sun's back is facing us. We won't be able to film it...Go for it!"

After saying "Go for it," every reporter really did go for it. Each person ran like an athlete in a 100-meter dash, arriving near the policeman and Dark Sun in a flash. Based on the picture, the distance between reporters and the policeman was less than five meters. All the frames were now filled with images of the policeman and the upper body of Dark Sun. If Dark Sun's visor were pulled off, his face would be filmed as clear as day.

Seeing this, the policeman appeared very satisfied. Nodding, he said,

“Excellent, excellent! I’ll take it off now! One, two, three, take...”

Suddenly, his hand was grabbed—by Dark Sun’s hand!

Dark Sun even swiveled his head to look at him, causing him to reveal a shocked expression. The guy seemed like he was completely unable to react. He did not even try to escape. But suddenly, the sound of a gunshot ended his need for any action. He slowly collapsed, motionless.

The situation had evolved far too suddenly. Almost no one realized what had happened, but that did not include Dark Sun. Dark Sun simply looked down at the collapsed policeman and turned his head to look in a certain direction. At this point, the reporters seemed to have recovered their senses, and the cameras simultaneously followed his gaze.

People wearing black suits and sunglasses walked out of the dark one by one. Among them were both men and women, but even the women were wearing black pants. In the end, approximately twenty people walked out. They were walking in sync toward Dark Sun from all directions.

Facing twenty people, Dark Sun was alone, looking utterly isolated and helpless... But two silhouettes suddenly dropped from the sky and appeared in front of Dark Sun.

The white cape of First Wind floated with the wind, his pose free and at ease. Solitary Butterfly stood tall, one hand on the holster at her waist, with the demeanor of a prideful noblewoman. Finally, with a loud sound accompanying the shaking ground, a massive silhouette stood next to Dark Sun. Dragon Peace had also arrived.

All four heroes had arrived. Although the people in black suits outnumbered them, the heroes did not lose to them in terms of their imposing aura.

The group of black suits stopped, yet one person continued to advance toward Dark Sun. He did not look any different from the other black suits. He was probably around forty to fifty years old. But based on the behavior of the other people in black, this person was likely their leader.

He walked up facing the four heroes, inspecting them with his eyes. Then, he flourished his ID with a practiced motion, saying, "We are the Special Crime Department of International Police Organization, abbreviated as SCIP. I am group leader Xie Yuan Jie. It is our responsibility to pursue the criminal behind you. Please hand him over to me."

First Wind frowned. "Is he still alive? You shot him."

Xie Yuan Jie explained in a formal tone, "The ammunition we used was an anesthetic one. He's only unconscious."

First Wind nodded and turned to Dark Sun. Even Dragon Peace and Solitary Butterfly turned to look at him. At that moment, Dark Sun gave off the feeling of being the leader of the heroes.

Dark Sun walked up, passing the other three heroes, and stopped in front of the leader of the black suits. He coldly said, "He's mine."

The man in black seemed to have misheard and asked, "What?"
Dark Sun roared, "I said, he is my criminal." Simultaneously, he kicked out, causing the man in black to be kicked quite a distance away. The man hit a police car and fell, unable to get up.

Everyone was shocked.

"Dark Sun, what are you doing?" Solitary Butterfly was the first one who managed to react. She rebuked, "You didn't need to hit him! They didn't do anything!"

Dark Sun turned around and bellowed, "They attacked my criminal!"

All three heroes were shocked by his outburst. First Wind asked in confusion, "Dark Sun, has something happened?"

Yet Dark Sun replied by unsheathing gleaming cold metal claws from his fingertips...

Young Master?

Chapter 2: Silver Visor; Black Pupils

"Nice to meet you. I am An Xiang Ye."

This boy was pretty indeed, but he had something even more precious than mere beauty. He had a smile like an angel's.

"Luo Chu-gē, you can just call me Ah Ye. This is Charles. He is... He is my butler."

He even has a butler, such an unusual profession. Could An Xiang Ye be the young master of a rich family? That would be terrible. My little photo studio can't afford to pay so much for a model... ah! Who cares! This boy smiles like an angel, and acts perfectly natural in front of the camera lens. Every movement attracts people's eyes! As a photographer, how could I pass by this kind of model?

However, he actually has a head of silver hair.

So does Dark Sun.

But in saying that, Dark Sun's hair color couldn't possibly really be silver, right? How could a hero not cover up such a conspicuous color?

But no matter what, An Xiang Ye will be a good model. I had that kind of feeling.



"Dark Sun?"

First Wind shouted somewhat belatedly, seemingly dumbstruck, not understanding why Dark Sun had extended his claws. Even Dragon Peace's eyes only flared slightly wider. Neither had any intention of fighting, despite the sharp, cold light reflecting off of Dark Sun's metal claws.

Only Solitary Butterfly went on guard, both hands reaching for her guns by her waist, bellowing, "Dark Sun, what are you thinking?"

Dark Sun had no reply, but he did not attack either. He stood there silently in his original position.

Bang!

As the gunshot rang out, Dark Sun's feet moved in a nimble flash. Then, he looked in a certain direction... The leader of the black-suited people that he had sent flying had climbed to his feet, with a gun in hand pointed straight at Dark Sun.

Solitary Butterfly shouted in astonishment, "Why are you attacking Dark Sun? Can't you see that he hasn't moved?"

As soon as she finished scolding, the sound of more gunshots reverberated down the street. The other twenty men in black had all taken out their guns to shoot. Dark Sun could only keep moving to avoid the bullets coming at him from all sides.

Twenty guns firing at the same time, as well as Dark Sun's constant movement, resulted in bullets that flew everywhere. Even the other three heroes suffered from collateral damage, and the reporters

nearby started screaming. The crowd started to hide from bullets that were flying everywhere, and the screens started shaking again. Luckily, some reporters were standing far enough away. They immediately found shelter and persistently started filming again.

Dragon Peace roared, jumped next to some reporters, and picked them up. Then, he charged into the distance while picking up other reporters and photographers. By the time he was done, he had around ten people wedged in his hands, over his shoulders, and under his arms.

Solitary Butterfly and First Wind were not as strong as Dragon Peace. First Wind could only escort two reporters. Solitary Butterfly's weapons were not suitable for defense, so she decisively gave up on escorting, instead turning around to shoot at the people in black suits, forcing them to stop shooting and find shelter to dodge the bullets.

All three heroes were busy dodging and escorting the reporters, but Dark Sun retreated back behind the motorcycle and used the motorcycle to block the bullets, while he shouted, "Death Scythe!"

A massive scythe shaft and blade sprung out of the machine. Dark Sun adroitly combined shaft and blade into the Death Scythe that was taller than a human, and walked out from behind the bike.

He spun the blade while walking, letting the silver blade form a huge shield in front of him. Bullets ceaselessly hit the blade, making crisp tinkling noises.

While using his right hand to keep the Death Scythe spinning, Dark

Sun used his left hand to take a handgun out of his pocket and started shooting at the people in black. Every single gunshot was accompanied by the sound of a falling person. Not a single shot missed.

Seeing this, Solitary Butterfly shouted, "Dark Sun, don't kill anyone!" Dark Sun did not respond, but First Wind yelled back, "Dark Sun will not kill them!"

One gunshot, two... Those dressed in black fell down one by one. Fortunately, after they fell, they moaned and held their arms, clearly alive. Their injuries were mostly on their gun-holding hands. Indeed, Dark Sun did not plan to kill them.

Around twenty men in black suits, blocking the way between Dark Sun and Xie Yuan Jie, were all knocked down. In the end, Xie Yuan Jie was the only one left shooting at Dark Sun endlessly, but his shots were all blocked by the scythe.

Dark Sun finally walked right up to Xie Yuan Jie and suddenly stopped twirling the scythe. Xie Yuan Jie did not continue shooting either, even though he held the gun with both hands, its muzzle still pointed directly at Dark Sun.

"You are out of bullets," Dark Sun said coldly, aiming at the head of the men in black with his own gun.

Xie Yuan Jie, however, still calmly questioned, "Are you sure?"

Dark Sun said in an authoritative tone, "The two guns in your hands are type AZ326, no trace of modification. The number of bullets in the

magazine is twenty-four rounds, but you can put one extra bullet in the chamber. You have already fired fifty times.”

Xie Yuan Jie finally showed a little emotion, exhaling, “You counted how many times I fired? Under that kind of circumstance?”

This time, Dark Sun did not reply.

Xie Yuan Jie was silent for a moment, and then put down his gun. But he confidently said, “You must be almost out of bullets as well, correct?”

“Don’t hope that I used up all my bullets. My gun has been modified and the number of bullets is fifty six. I only fired twenty three times.” Dark Sun paused a little, showed a mirthless smile, and said, “Killing you does not require any bullets, either.”

Hearing this, Xie Yuan Jie became silent.

“Dark Sun!” First Wind ran back and shouted, “Don’t kill anyone!”

“He was shooting at me!” Dark Sun angrily bellowed, “Over twenty people were shooting at me! Did they ever think about not killing me?”

First Wind and the two others stopped and looked at each other in dismay. Finally, Solitary Butterfly and Dragon Peace both looked at First Wind. First Wind calmly walked forward and said, “Dark Sun, wash your hands of this affair. Let’s leave!”

Dark Sun was silent for a moment, slowly put down the gun in his

hands, and answered, "Fine..."

Hearing this, everyone sighed in relief.

"I'll leave after I kill him."

Dark Sun turned around to look at Xie Yuan Jie, raising his gun yet again. But First Wind reacted quickly and immediately took out the energy whip that was by his waist. With a single lash, Dark Sun's gun broke into two halves. At the same time, he bellowed, "Dark Sun, what's happened to you?"

Dark Sun slowly turned around to look at First Wind. At this time, Xie Yuan Jie started running away, but Dark Sun did not stop him, because his attention was now focused on First Wind.

Dark Sun tossed away the pieces of the gun and gripped the Death Scythe.

"Dark Sun...?" Seeing this, First Wind slowly backed up a little, but he had no intention of raising his energy whip. Perhaps he still did not believe Dark Sun would actually attack him.

Dark Sun raised the scythe high. First Wind blankly looked up, watching the scythe cleaving toward him... Solitary Butterfly flew over and tackled First Wind, letting the scythe cut through the air rather than slice First Wind in half.

Solitary Butterfly immediately got up and scolded, "Why were you zoning out? Hurry up and dodge—"

Cut off, she did a back flip and the scythe sliced horizontally above her head, chopping off a few strands of her hair. She immediately continued to do several back flips, trying to move out of Dark Sun's attack range. But Dark Sun refused to give up, striding forward to kill. His target had clearly changed from First Wind to Solitary Butterfly. Dark Sun swung the scythe horizontally, and Solitary Butterfly quickly bent down to dodge. But the scythe cleaved downwards after the horizontal swing, and Solitary Butterfly had no time to dodge. She immediately dropped down to the ground, and then kicked upwards. Though she failed to kick the Death Scythe away entirely, she managed to redirect the shaft, avoiding the fate of being nailed to the ground.

"Stop!"

At this time, First Wind, trying to push Dark Sun back, finally lashed out with the whip. But the whip's aim was completely inaccurate. Dark Sun did not even dodge and the whip still missed. Instead, it lashed the asphalt next to him, melting a huge portion of it.

But it was understandable, since First Wind's weapon was the destructive energy whip. If Dark Sun failed to dodge the energy whip, the scorching whip would have cooked or even chopped off his hands and feet, so of course First Wind did not dare to directly attack Dark Sun.

But Dragon Peace had no such misgivings. Recklessly, he shot his massive fists toward Dark Sun's stomach. But Dark Sun spun the scythe downward and used the blade to block the fist. The collision

resulted in a thunderous boom. Dark Sun even used his right knee to press against the blade, and started competing in strength against Dragon Peace. The two were locked in a stalemate.

Although Dragon Peace used so much force that veins appeared on his face, Dark Sun was not blown away. The first victim was actually the ground beneath their feet. The surface of asphalt began to sink and crack. The cracks looked like spider webs spreading outwards.

Although Dragon Peace couldn't force back Dark Sun, Dark Sun could not push back Dragon Peace either. But from a visual perspective, Dark Sun was only a quarter of the size of Dragon Peace, yet he could still compete in strength with Dragon Peace. It was unbelievable! While the two were competing in strength, Solitary Butterfly climbed up and First Wind approached slowly. After exchanging a glance, the two tacitly formed a triangle with Dragon Peace to surround Dark Sun and slowly close in on him.

Suddenly, Dark Sun twisted the scythe and sidestepped. There was no longer any resistance against Dragon Peace's fists. With the force pushing against nothing, he immediately lost his balance and staggered forward. At the same time, Dark Sun swept his leg around, and Dragon Peace fell forward.

Seeing this, Solitary Butterfly and First Wind immediately attacked, seemingly afraid that Dark Sun would harm Dragon Peace with his scythe.

Although there were people attacking left and right, Dark Sun did not move into an attacking stance. Rather, he slightly bent his knees and

suddenly vanished, immediately reappearing a few meters away... it was a vampire's slide steps!

Solitary Butterfly and First Wind were both caught off guard. By the time they turned their eyes to Dark Sun, Dark Sun had already disappeared again. But in the next second, he appeared in front of Solitary Butterfly. With a kick at Solitary Butterfly's abdomen, her entire body flew into the air. Simultaneously, he chased after her flying body, and while she struggled to get up, he swung his scythe down...

"Ye!" First Wind let out a rending howl. Fortunately, his yell was broken, so it could be passed off as a meaningless scream with no name hinted at.

The scythe abruptly stopped, the blade no more than ten centimeters from Solitary Butterfly's chest. Dark Sun just suddenly froze.

At this moment, I realized that my own heart was thumping as hard as a beating drum. The young master had been so close to killing Solitary Butterfly, without any reason!

It was the first time I realized how powerful the young master was. He was powerful enough to make people tremble—in fear!

Dark Sun slowly toppled to the side, the Death Scythe hitting the ground with a heavy sound that made people jolt involuntarily. Only after a while did Solitary Butterfly slowly crawl up. Based on her slow movements, perhaps she was shocked as well.

"Are you okay, Solitary Butterfly?" First Wind anxiously asked, simultaneously reaching out to support Solitary Butterfly.

But Solitary Butterfly brushed away his arm, saying with a shuddering voice, "I'm fine... But what happened to him?"

First Wind could not answer this question. He looked at the fallen Dark Sun, appearing at a loss.

But then Dragon Peace suddenly leaped in, landing near Dark Sun. With one hand, he grabbed his waist, and with the other he took the Death Scythe. Without a word, he then took the two and sprinted away, jumping up onto the buildings, disappearing across the rooftops.

Seeing this, the remaining two looked at each other with dismay. First Wind immediately said to Solitary Butterfly, "I... I'll follow them to examine the situation."

By the time Solitary Butterfly uttered half of the word "Wait," First Wind had already run over to DSII, jumped on the motorcycle, and abruptly left.

"What should we do with these black-suited people?"

Solitary Butterfly finally finished her sentence, but of course there was nobody left to answer her. In an incredulous tone, she said, "What the hell are you all doing, running away and leaving the problem to me? You men are all so irresponsible!"

After a few sentences of complaining, she turned to check the black-

suited people lying all over the ground. When she finally saw the fake policeman who had started the whole pile of problems, she hesitated. She walked over to the fake policeman and pulled him up with her left hand. Simultaneously, she stretched her right hand out into the sky, the gauntlet on her right hand shooting out a rope that hooked onto a spot high up on the buildings. Then, she pulled herself and the policeman up.



Up to then, I had absolutely no idea how to react. The young master had never before exhibited such reckless behavior. *What happened? Could the fake policeman have done something to the young master?*

While my mind filled with all kinds of questions, the phone in my breast pocket rang. I picked up the phone. From the phone emanated First Wind's voice, "Charles, where are you?"

"I am at N/H..."

While I was still speaking, First Wind cut me off with, "We're coming to find you." Once done speaking he hung up even faster, giving me absolutely no chance to ask about the young master's condition.

I put away the phone and raised my head to see Poseidynne staring at me, her face filled with worry.

I immediately lowered my voice, saying, "They are coming here."

Poseidynne nodded and shouted, "I'm very sorry, but N/H is closing for today. Everyone, please leave now! As an apology, today's expenses

are on the house. I, Poseidynne, will cover the bill!”

The customers sitting in the shadows stood up one by one and left. Thankfully, there were few customers today, perhaps fewer than ten. They did not appear dissatisfied; a few of them even thanked Poseidynne for taking care of the bill.

“Don’t panic, Ah Ye won’t be in trouble.”

After everyone left, Poseidynne comforted, “Would you like another cup of blood? It’s on me.” Then, she nimbly started preparing the beverage.

I was about to express my thanks and take it, but I noticed her sprinkle an unknown white powder into the blood-filled cup... *Could that be sugar or creamer?*

But no matter what it was, I was certain that no vampire would order “blood with milk” or “blood with half sugar and a little ice,” so a drink like blood never needed any extra condiments.

It appeared that Poseidynne was not as relaxed as she portrayed.

After waiting a while, Poseidynne announced that there were people at the door. She opened the door without a glance. Luckily, the one who eventually entered the lobby was First Wind; behind him was Dragon Peace—No! He should be called Aren now.

He had ended his transformation and wore only a pair of giant shorts. When Dragon Peace wore them, they looked like boxer shorts; when

Aren wore them, they looked like a knee-length loose skirt that needed a belt. He was even barefoot.

However, the most important thing was that he held Dark Sun.

“Ah Ye!”

Poseidynne rushed over, at a loss.

At that time, First Wind swept away the decorations on a long table and let Aren lay Dark Sun down on it. I hurriedly walked over and looked at him with worry like everyone else.

“Young Master, are you all right?” I gently called nonstop. “Young Master? Young Master?”

“Ugh...”

Finally, Dark Sun moaned softly. He reached out his hand to feel his head as if he had a headache, but brushed against his visor instead. He impatiently tried to pull the visor off.

Seeing this, I immediately helped him to take off the visor and asked again, “Young Master, are you all right?”

Dark Sun... no, the young master blinked and called out in a confused tone, “Charles?” Then, he turned around to check everyone else standing around and asked quizzically, “Where is this?”

“This is N/H,” I immediately answered.

"N/H?" The young master was confused, then suddenly said, "Ah."
With a frantic expression, he asked, "Crap, is Solitary Butterfly O.K.?
Luo Chu-gē, Aren, are you guys O.K.? I think I landed some blows on
you?"

At this, Ji Luo Chu took off his mask as well. After hearing the
questions, he answered immediately, "She's fine and we're fine as well.
Don't worry."

Hearing this, young master finally relaxed a bit.

Aren asked in confusion, "Ah Ye, why did you attack us?"

The young master looked blank for a moment, then raised his head to
look at everyone. He hesitantly said, "I really don't know. I don't know
why I attacked you. It felt like someone was ordering me, and I had to
follow the orders..."

"It was definitely the strange policeman who caused the problem!"
Poseidynne resolutely said, "When the group of policemen suddenly
started attacking you first, they were definitely manipulated as well!
Besides, didn't that strange policeman say that he could make
everyone around listen to him? So you were definitely controlled by
him!"

Looking at Poseidynne, the young master suddenly laughed, saying,
"Really, even if I did become a bad guy, you, Poseidynne, would still
be on my side, right?"

Poseidynne shrugged. "Maybe! That depends on what kind of bad guy you turn out to be. It's not like I like you because you're a good guy. Who knows, you might become even more charming if you turn evil!"

Hearing this, the young master only shook his head. He then jumped off of the long table, bowed to Aren and Ji Luo Chu. "Luo Chu-gē, Aren, sorry! I didn't attack you on purpose."

Aren shrugged. "Tell that to Solitary Butterfly! Nothing happened to me."

Ji Luo Chu worriedly said, "I'm all right, but Ah Ye, are you really fine? Do you still want to attack people now?"

The young master thought a little and firmly said, "Not at all."
"That's good." Ji Luo Chu looked hugely relieved.

Seeing their conversation coming to an end, I quickly suggested, "Young Master, you have many wounds. Perhaps can we go home and treat those first?"

The young master tilted his head and shrugged. "But I don't want to go home! How about this? Let's first go to Luo Chu-gē's studio to shoot pictures until morning, and then go buy outfits at X-Killer, and finally ask Melody to take us to some fun places!"

...The young master is definitely acting a bit strange still, right? Then again, it could be because a year has already passed—wouldn't people usually change a little?

I hesitantly looked toward Poseidynne, Ji Luo Chu, and Aren... All three pairs of eyes were staring so hard that they had become twice as large.
There is definitely something wrong with the young master!

“Luo Chu-gē!” The young master excitedly said, “You mentioned before that there was a print ad that needed pictures of a bare back. You didn’t reject that, did you? It looks fun. Let’s go do a photoshoot for it!”

There is definitely something off with the young master! No matter if one, two, three or even a hundred years passed, I believed that the master would never allow the young master to do a nude photoshoot. The young master would not defy the master on this kind of matter.

“Eh...” Ji Luo Chu was a bit unsure of how to react, and even showed an expression that indicated he was interested in this idea. I immediately started to cough. He was startled and immediately said, “I already rejected it!”

“Already rejected?” The young master showed a very disappointed expression, asking, “Can’t you get it back? You can, right?”

“Well...” Ji Luo Chu was a bit anxious, and kept on trying to give me a signal with his eyes.

“Young Master, shooting nudes will probably harm your angelic image. How about showing just the upper... back?”

I originally planned to suggest showing the upper body. It was not a rare thing for boys to show their upper body, after all. But midway

through speaking, I suddenly remembered how overprotective the master was of the young master... I realized, even showing only the upper body was already too much!

Luckily, the young master thought for a moment and laughed. "That's a good idea. I'm showing only my upper back then! Let's go to the studio. Luo Chu-gē, Charles, and Aren, come along with me!"

"I'm going too!" The forgotten Poseidynne excitedly said.



I was looking at the huge TV wall advertisement. In the advertisement, the young master's back was facing the camera, and he slowly turned his head, with a faint smile, as if an unexpected guest had broken in while he was changing.

His hands were holding back his long hair behind his head, revealing his neck and his entire back. He was shirtless as well, and only wore a pair of dark blue jeans, because it was a jeans advertisement.

The advertisement was both sexy and beautiful. Although the entire back was shown, it did not arouse inappropriate thoughts. But I truly regretted not making it clear earlier about not wearing low-rise pants. I had a premonition that the master would not like this ad.

However, the young master really liked the ad, and said he should shoot for that type more often. Even Ji Luo Chu and Ah Da were satisfied, and claimed this was the most satisfying case after the angel advertisement.

Even if everyone was happy though, if the master was unhappy, then the whole world would become unhappy.

It seemed like I needed to find a chance to remind Ji Luo Chu not to accept advertisements that bared too much.

Despite the bad luck, luckily, because the photoshoot took too long, the young master could not implement his plan for nude photoshoots, shopping for clothes, finding Melody, and playing through the night.

This morning, young master did not behave abnormally at all. *He should be back to normal, right?*

I hope so. I sighed, grabbed a shopping cart, and entered the market. Although I had not been to the market for a year, it had not changed much. At least, the frequently visited vendors did not change places. Walking up to the vendor who sold chicken, I habitually said, "Boss, I would like to buy chicken."

"Sure! Just a second!" Only after the chicken vendor had chopped a chicken leg into three pieces did he look up. He was a little shocked when he saw me, exclaiming in surprise, "Ch-Charles?"

"Long time no see." I smiled and tried to come up with an excuse at the same time. *Perhaps saying that I was working overseas is a good line?*

"Yue Gang said you went to cure your light allergy. How did it go? Was it cured?" The chicken vendor asked, deeply concerned.

...It seems like there was no need to find an excuse at all. I speechlessly nodded. "Yes, it has been cured."

"Great!" The chicken vendor happily cheered, "Here here here, I'll give you a free chicken today. You need to heal up after surgery. Remember to make chicken soup when you get home, and take care of your body!"

Initially, I thought that Yue Gang was too dim, but is it that I am too human-like? Why does no one ever question whether I am a vampire or not?

"Thank you very much. Please chop up five more... no, seven more chickens for me." I thought for a moment and immediately added, "Please allow me to pay for the seven chickens."

The chicken vendor was a little shocked, asking, "What do you need eight chickens for? Even your huge family can't finish eight chickens, right?"

I cannot say that it is because of the addition of Aren, whose huge appetite is even bigger than the young master's, right? I could only craft a new lie. "My older brother was married this year, so we now have a sister-in-law, who also has a younger brother. They have depended on each other since they were young, so they moved in together as well. The young brother is robust and still growing, so he eats plenty. That is why I need to buy more."

The chicken vendor was shocked, exclaiming, "Your family is really strange. I've never seen such a huge family. Do you want the chickens

all chopped?”

“Yes, please...”

“Chaaarles—”

The shout came from a distance, growing louder as it neared. When I turned around to see, a person had already appeared before my eyes and grabbed me up in hug, slapping my back and shouting, “You’re finally back!”

“Yes.” I smiled. “Long time no see, Yue Gang.”

Yue Gang looked very happy indeed. Although I did not really have surgery, my heart was warmed.

“I’m glad you’re back. I finally don’t need to ask your younger brother to pay for my food anymore!” Yue Gang was jumping in joy. “Last time I went with him for food, we got caught by reporters. The news reported something about a policeman who was threatening a popular model, and that I asked for protection fees from him! If the people at the station didn’t know that I actually knew your younger brother, I would have been fired!”

I was speechless for moment, but when I imagined the scene of Yue Gang threatening the young master for protection fees... *Ha!*

“Hey! What are you laughing for? Don’t you have any sympathy for this dutiful policeman who almost got sacked? And you can still laugh? No more laughing! If you don’t stop, I’m going to be mad!”

Although Yue Gang really looked like he was getting angry, I was not worried at all. After I took the three big bags of chicken from the chicken vendor, I chuckled and said, "Let us go, I am a little hungry. Would you like to go to the noodle stand for breakfast?"

"Is this all meat?" Yue Gang stared with wide eyes, taking two bags, saying, "Are you giving me a bag? I'm telling you, besides boiling coffee, the only thing I know how to do is heat stuff in a microwave. Gifting me raw meat isn't helpful! I'd rather you give me a bag of McDonald's!"

"It is not that. It is because recently my big brother got married..."

After repeating the story about my big brother, my sister-in-law, and her little brother, we reached the noodle stand by the market exit. It was crowded here as usual, mostly with mothers and grandmothers, so when Yue Gang and I walked in, we caught plenty of attention.

After sitting down, Yue Gang ordered a ton of food, while I only ordered a cup of tomato juice.

"Your younger brother is really amazing!"

After eating two bowls of noodles, Yue Gang slowed down his eating speed. Only then did he have the time to exclaim, "He's been hugely popular recently...no, I think he's way too popular. It's really amazing. You know, everyone in my station, from superintendent to janitor, brags that he knows An Xiang Ye. I was forced to ask your bro for autographed photos every week."

"I have been at the hospital recently, and Ah Ye does not mention his work often." I immediately queried, "Since he has become so famous this year, has there been anything bad that has happened as a result?"

"What, are you worried that your brother getting screwed over?" Yue Gang glanced at me, saying, "Relax! With your family's fifth sister covering him, there's no problem. She's no pushover. She's as fierce as a vampire!"

"..."

Yue Gang slurped up a noodle, and said while chewing, "Don't worry! This year, there's not been a single rumor about your little brother's relationships... Or so my buddies say. So the news even reports little rumors, like me taking protection fees! I'm familiar with tons of reporters. Plenty of them know that I'm familiar with An Xiang Ye. But they have no choice, your little brother is such a hot topic, yet they can't find a bit of news about him. So they broadcast anything that they can dig up!"

"I see." I relaxed. It seemed that I had not missed out on too much.

"But don't relax too soon." He told me to relax, yet now he nervously said, "Your little bro keeps a low profile, but he's caught plenty of people's eyes. At least half of them are rich and powerful, so you'd better take care of his safety. Remember to..."

"Don't go out too often, call me if anything happens, and explain it clearly and concisely," I somewhat resignedly finished.

Yue Gang chuckled, raised his head, and froze in surprise.

I turned my head in curiosity. It turned out that the TV was showing the advertisement with the young master. *But was this not just shot yesterday? And they can already air it? That speed is unbelievable.* When the seconds long commercial finished, Yue Gang immediately yelled, "Is your little bro crazy? The news before said that he was so conservative that he wouldn't show a single sliver of skin in ads. Who knows how many ad requests your fifth sibling had to rip up just because they wanted him to show his shoulder or waist... Why would he reveal even half of his butt?"

Hearing this, I could only smile wryly. While I was trying to find an excuse, my phone rang.

I took out my phone. On the screen, it showed the caller ID was Kyle. *Has the master seen the advertisement already?* After I answered the call, Secretary Kyle's emotionless voice came over the phone. "Butler, you know what I'm going to say."

I gave Yue Gang a smile as an apology and walked to one side to speak on the phone.

"Yes, is it about the new jeans advertisement?"

Secretary Kyle's tone lowered, "Right. What's the deal with that advertisement? Did the young master insist on shooting that?"

I spoke the truth. "It was the young master's decision, and he was

very happy with the advertisement that resulted.”

The phone was silent for a moment, but a groan came out. “It’s nice that the young master is happy, but Sun Emperor is not happy. But if the young master is unhappy, the Sun Emperor would be unhappier...”

After a sigh, Mr. Kyle went back to his emotionless tone. “Stop the young master as much as possible. After all this time, you should know the Sun Emperor actually does not only need the young master to be happy, right?”

“Yes, I understand.”

Actually, the comparison made by Ezart fit the situation perfectly. He once said, when the young master followed the trend of wearing revealing clothes, the master would say “as long as you’re happy,” while killing everyone around who wore this type of clothing. After this, the young master would never follow the trend.

Secretary Kyle worriedly advised, “Remember to try your best to prevent the young master from shooting ads that expose more skin. Otherwise, I definitely couldn’t predict what the master would do. But be cautious! You cannot let the young master be unhappy. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Putting away my phone, I walked over to the table and sat down, giving a wry smile to Yue Gang. “My older brother saw the ad and called to scold me.”

"Oh!" Yue Gang knowledgeably nodded and said, "Your big brother seems old-fashioned, but I think that ad was shot pretty well. Although he showed some skin, the most important thing is he didn't show those three bits! It's not like he's a woman, anyway. It's no big deal for men to show a bit of their back and butt!"

"Dàgē does not agree. It cannot be helped." I gave a wry smile.

Yue Gang shrugged and started devouring food again. Not long after, he put down his chopsticks and bellowed, "I'm full! Thanks, buddy."

I chuckled and suddenly remembered I had something to ask him. I immediately said, "By the way, has Xie Wei been close with you recently? I seem to hear his name often from people around here." "Xie Wei?" Yue Gang went "tsk" twice, saying, "Although that guy is annoying, inflexible and heartless, after knowing his disposition, you can get along with him. I think it was ten months ago? He started a non-human criminal group in the station, abbreviated as NC... Those terrible at English in the office called it the 'MC group,' dammit!" I laughed.

Yue Gang gave me a dirty look and moved on. "But Xie Wei seems to have a really solid background, so the MC group... Shit, why did I call it MC as well? All because of those little shits. The 'NC' group has plenty of funding. All their equipment are the most advanced and the salaries are pretty high."

"But this would make others unhappy, right?" I was a bit confused.
Based on relationships between Yue Gang and other policemen, they

would only fall out with Xie Wei because of this, rather than become familiar, right?

“At first, many guys were dissatisfied, but later if there were any incidents caused by non-humans, they were all solved by the NC group. This reduced casualties among our brothers, plus getting into that group isn’t all that hard. You can get in as long as you want to, and the salaries are very high, except you can die easily. Whether or not you are going to get in depends on if you prefer your money or your life. So after this, the guys started yelling ‘MC, MC’ all day long everywhere.”

I nodded and understandingly asked, “So now you are part of the NC group?”

Yue Gang laughed and said, “Nice, you really do know me well.”

If one were to spend just an hour with you, anyone would know you well.

At this time, there were two beeps. Yue Gang immediately took out his phone and frowned. “I have to go.”

I nodded and said, “I have to go back and clean as well.”

Yue Gang stood up, but stopped when he was going to turn and leave. He instructed, “By the way, it’s really not safe recently. Keep that in mind, don’t go out that much. If something happens, call me. Remember that! Don’t be wordy, be concise!”

If I followed what Yue Gang said, I would never be able to leave the apartment. Although I knew that I could not follow Yue Gang's instructions, I smiled and nodded, waving goodbye at him.

Chapter 3: An Angel's Appearance; A Reaper's Reputation

As expected, Ah Ye is a great model. He's a little too good even, and the work just never stops!

Melody, I'm begging you, stop accepting more work! Ah Ye only needs to sleep two hours every day, but if I work for twenty two hours every day, I'll be in a coffin after five days!

Yet Melody pouted and complained, "That idiot Charles isn't waking up, and the young master becomes sad as soon as he has spare time, so I can only keep accepting work!"

Sigh... Will Charles really wake up again?

"He will!" Melody said offhandedly, "He's a pureborn vampire. Those are harder to kill than cockroaches!"

M-Melody, you're a vampire too. Is it okay to describe them that way?

"I became a vampire. That's completely different from being born as one!"

But I think you, the turned vampire, act more like a vampire than the one born as a vampire, whether in work or in race.

"What did you say?"

No, nothing.



Today was a busy day. The young master was busy with his schedule. He had to spend the whole day shooting in the studio and had to go to another studio in the evening to film for a talk show.

Everyone breathed out a sigh of relief at this. After all, Dark Sun had done something shocking just the day before: he had attacked the other three heroes. That would definitely be today's headline. Fortunately, the young master did not have time to watch the news at all, as he ate breakfast and hurried to Ji Luo Chu's studio immediately after finishing.

Afterwards, I paid special attention to the news. There were indeed special reports, but luckily, the conditions at the scene allowed people to guess the fake police officer's abilities, so there was not too much criticism against Dark Sun. Rather, most were speculating about the fake police's identity and the SCIP organization.

Then, the young master's new advertisement came along to become the new hot topic, and last night's incident became "old news." Even though it was still reported, it was no longer the headline.

Seems like I no longer have to stress over this. Right now, the young master is not home, so I can clean the apartment thoroughly.

I had not been present for an entire year, and the current messy state of the apartment made me feel like I had not done my job well. If I did not clean up quickly, I could not dare to call myself a butler.

When I returned home, only Aren was there. He sat at the desk in the living room, which was covered with books, and the computer in front

of him displayed many websites, like he was doing research. However, he stood up as soon as he saw me and walked over to take the cart from me, and then a few more bags... There was so much food that the shopping cart could not hold it all.

At last, only a bouquet of flowers remained in my hands. It was a bunch of frangipani, also known as red-jasmine, and was used for decoration. My load was so light that I felt guilty, but Aren seemed to hold those things effortlessly, so I did not insist on taking some bags back.

I walked to the desk and saw that the books were all related to photography. "You are reading books on photography? Do you want to become a photographer, like Ji Luo Chu?"

Aren nodded abashedly and said, "I often help Luo Chu-gē at the studio to learn, but they're going all out today with the photoshoot, and when Luo Chu-gē gets serious about photoshoots, he doesn't let anyone touch his sets and camera. There isn't much I can help with, so I stayed home to read instead."

So that is the case. I nodded and walked into the kitchen with Aren. As he was helping me take bags out of the cart, he asked suddenly, "Is it weird for me to learn photography?"

I was just picking up a bag of fish and slowed down when I heard the question. I asked with some surprise, "Why would it be weird?"

Aren hesitated, then muttered, "I'm a combat major and kinda klutzy, but I want to study photography... Shouldn't photography be more for people like Luo Chu-gē?"

I smiled lightly and said, "Or you could say, why would a bloodsucking vampire want to be a butler for humans?"

Aren froze and then laughed.

Seeing that he had overcome the issue, I said, "You should go read now. Cleaning is the duty of a butler."

Hearing this, Aren wavered, but after taking a look at all the plastic bags on the ground, his expression showed that he had no idea where to start. He scratched his head and said, "Then I'll go read," and left the kitchen.

I cleaned and chopped the food I had bought and stored them accordingly in the refrigerator and freezer. The refrigerator was absolutely packed to the brim, and I had to push a little harder to close the door.

After taking care of the groceries, I walked into the living room with a mop, some towels, a bucket, and various cleaning tools of all sorts.

Aren looked up and asked, "Are you going to clean? Do you need help?"

"Let me make a call for a delivery first."

"Oh, we're having takeout for lunch?" Aren sounded a little disappointed.

The call connected, so I only smiled at him as I said into the phone, "Please deliver a double-door refrigerator, two medium ovens, and a medium-sized microwave."

"...You can order those for delivery?" Aren asked, stunned. Hanging up the phone, I waved the phone in my hand somewhat jokingly and said, "With this phone, even a plane can be ordered for delivery."

Aren scratched his head and mumbled, "There wouldn't be room for it..."

I smiled, then put on an apron and mask to begin cleaning. This was the most unacceptable room, because there was actually a strange smell in the air. I had noticed as soon as I entered the apartment, but it seemed like everyone else has become acclimated to the smell, since no one mentioned any strange smells.

Even though the living room did not look too dirty on the surface, there was probably lots of hidden grime. I would have to take it slowly. First was behind the TV shelf... *Why are there three pairs of underwear behind the TV shelf?*

I fetched the underwear pair by pair, unable to comprehend it at all. If it were only one pair, I could still understand it. Perhaps it was a bout of carelessness. *But three pairs?*

I could not decide. *Should I toss these or wash them? They still seem to be wearable, but whose underwear is this?*

"I knew it!" Aren said angrily, "Dell-gē doesn't like to wash his underwear, so he stuffs his dirty underwear in every nook and cranny!"

Even though I would rather not describe the smell coming from these three pairs of underwear, they do not seem to be the source of the strange smell. I continued to clean after tossing the underwear into the laundry bin. As I moved the sofa, out from underneath it came rolling several smelly... meat buns?

Or it could be some kind of round fruit. Round and covered with varying degrees of white-green fuzz, it was quite difficult to discern what they originally were.

"Sorry, Charles-gē..." Aren apologized ashamedly.

"It is no problem. You do not need to be so unnerved." I laughed and specifically said to comfort him, "I have cleaned much dirtier things for past work!"

Aren stared at the green ball of fuzz and said with a frown, "Nothing could be scarier than this."

"Actually, there is plenty," I began to list examples, "like garbage bags infested with five to six rats or pork with maggots grown all over. I have even found a few rotten bodies while cleaning." There were some that were really too disgusting, so I decided to not tell Aren, or else he might not be able to stomach his lunch later.

"..." Aren was silent for a moment and then said with an admiring tone, "It takes a lot to be a butler!"

I smiled and said, "I will cook lunch at noon. Does ramen with pork and wakame sound good?"

Aren's eyes lit up as he nodded vigorously.

Even though the place was a mess, and I would need quite a while to clean it, I was in an unexpectedly good mood. *Everyone really likes the food I cook, and this home really needs a butler, or else who knows how dirty this place would become in a few days. Is there anything that could put a butler in a better mood?*

Perhaps a young man who can eat ten bowls of ramen in a row can do that.

Watching Aren eat during lunch, I almost thought I had cooked a rare delicacy, rather than ramen with pork and seaweed.

"Am I eating too much?" Aren put down his bowl and chopsticks halfway through and asked embarrassedly.

"Not at all. Please eat to your heart's content. If it is not enough, I can make more." I said with a chuckle, "I feel like a chef, watching you eat."

“Charles-gē is so much better than those chefs.” Aren said, shaking his head, “We couldn’t stand those chefs’ cooking for more than two days. They can’t hold a candle to your cooking.”

“Homemade meals are more difficult to become sick of.” I answered Aren as I set down desserts, which consisted of a wagashi plate and iced honey tea. Even though Aren had not said he was full, I was still concerned that he had probably gotten full from the noodles already. He might feel uncomfortable if he forced dessert down too.

Aren’s eyes lit up, and he immediately picked up a wagashi to eat as he said with a laugh, “I am so going to tell Ah Ye about what I had for lunch. He’s going to be so jealous! Oh yeah, and Dell. His fault for begging to be Ah Ye’s bodyguard today, since he heard that a female celebrity was going to show up. Idiot!”

Hearing this, I smiled and said, “I am going to deliver some desserts to the top of the building. If you want another drink, there is milk tea and soda in the refrigerator, or you can wait for me to come back down. There is also more wagashi!”

Aren’s mouth was stuffed with wagashi, so he could not talk at all. He nodded vigorously.

I went upstairs with a plate of wagashi and a pot of tea. The top floor did not look much different from before. Bramble and May sat in front of a bunch of apparatus and scrutinized the tens of monitors before them. There were empty pork ramen bowls in front of them.

I moved the empty bowls aside, set the wagashi and tea down, and then asked casually, "Has nothing happened?"

May nodded and said, "There were a few incidents, but they were small cases, so we informed the police through the police alert network and let them take care of them."

"Police alert network?" I was surprised.

"We use these phones the young master gave us," May said as he picked up a silver phone, "and contact the police. Not only does it disguise our voices automatically, it's untraceable. Very convenient."

Bramble took a sip of tea and said, "If the heroes have to do everything, then young master can give up being a celebrity, and all the police can resign, since they wouldn't be needed."

"I see." I thought this was a good setup. *Let the police do what they can, and the heroes will take care of the criminals beyond their power. This way, the police can minimize casualties, and heroes would not need to overexert themselves. I suppose it is good for both sides.*

May continued to talk as he reached for more wagashi, "Yue Gang called to explain about last night. He said the higher ups are being secretive, so his people don't know what the deal is with that escapee either. We only know that he snuck out of the psychiatric hospital called P29, and is a mentally ill convict sentenced to lifelong imprisonment."

Hearing the term P29, I said, "Poseidynne said P29 seems to be a little suspicious. It might be more than a psychiatric hospital."

"P29..." May worded his sentence carefully, "We looked more into it and ended up learning that P29 is affiliated with the Sun Alliance. The connection is hidden deeply, and if we weren't the young master's bodyguards, we would probably only find that P29 is a federal psychiatric hospital that imprisons patients with heavy sentences."

Affiliated with the Sun Alliance? Could this psychiatric hospital that has imprisoned non-humans be the master's?

"We shouldn't mess with matters related to the Sun Emperor."
Bramble said earnestly, "Granted, the young master has our backs, but if the young master gets mad at the Sun Emperor for us, we wouldn't be far from visiting Head Secretary Kyle with our heads in our hands."

May agreed lightly, "So it's a good thing nothing happened to the young master. As for Solitary Butterfly taking the escapee, P29 will send their own people to take care of it. I just hope Solitary Butterfly will understand the situation."

Hearing this, I did not know how to respond, so I could only finish a butler's job. I picked up the plates and bowls, then asked, "Is there anything else I can get you?"

May shook his head, and Bramble replied, "No." I was just walking downstairs with my tray when my phone rang. I picked up immediately. "Charles speaking."

The young master's voice came through the phone. "Charles, the show's host wants to see my diploma and old clothes. Can you bring them?"

"Of course. May I ask where you keep your diploma?"

My face felt warm as I asked this. As a butler, I actually had to ask my master where something was located. If something like this happened with an Elysees butler, they would definitely be sent back home for ten more years of training!

Even though I had a reason, my honorable father had always said: not serving the master well is a loss of professionalism, and a butler's loss of professionalism is a loss of professionalism. No excuses.

"It's in the second drawer of the shelf in my room. Bring it to the skyscraper next to Evening Sun Plaza. There's a large satellite on top of the building. Fiftieth floor!"

"Yes, Young Master. I shall set off immediately."

Raising my head to look at the top of the building, I saw a huge satellite. *This should be the place the young master meant.*

"Hey hottie, look here!" A few giggling girls called out to me.

I lowered my head and smiled at the girls, but was met with several flashes. *They took pictures of me... they will probably be shocked when they see the pictures?*

I felt rather apologetic, because I had changed into clothes from X-Killer, misleading them into thinking I was a human.

Even though non-humans wander the streets casually nowadays, I would still think that vampire butlers were rather uncommon. To avoid unnecessary trouble for the young master, it was better to disguise myself as a human. *I just did not expect people to take pictures of me.*

Four girls walked toward me. They looked about twenty years old. The girl in the lead wore a see-through dress and underwear that resembled a bikini. I kept my gaze locked on her face. Her face was actually quite pretty, but it was framed by color-changing, glowing hair, which glowed red, then purple.

The glowing hair was actually adjusted to a reasonable level, so her face had a devilish kind of prettiness under the purple and red glow. However, I still thought the light was unnecessary... *Perhaps I am too conservative?* I thought so because the other three girls also had glowing strands of hair. *It is probably the latest trend.*

She said with a smile, "Hey there hottie, wanna hang out with us?"

"I am sorry. I have matters to take care of. I am afraid I must refuse your offer."

The girl glared and seemed to be a little upset as she said, "You talk weird. Do you have to speak like that just because you don't want to go?"

Do I speak weirdly? Even after reviewing what I had said thrice, I still could not understand what was weird, so I could only say even more politely, "My most sincere apologies. I must leave now."

As soon as I finished, the girl unexpectedly huffed, "Fine," and returned to the other girls, annoyed. The other three girls also glared at me. I could only smile apologetically, then turn to enter the building.

I realized that the building was regulated strictly only after walking in. The doors were guarded by security personnel and scanners. *Seems like I cannot go straight to the fiftieth floor.* I had no choice but to go up to the front desk and greet the receptionist, "Hello, I would like to go to the fiftieth floor."

"Do you have a reservation?" The receptionist eyed me up and down and asked confidently, "Here for an interview? Model or singer?"

I replied hurriedly, "No, I need to deliver something to the fiftieth floor."

"Delivery?" The receptionist lady paused, then continued suddenly, "You said fiftieth floor? What do you need to bring? You can't be a take-out delivery boy. You don't even look like one!"

Just as I was about to reply, the lady leaned forward and asked quietly, "Are you here to bring something for the Angel?"

Even though she was quiet, the other receptionists had obviously heard. They all paused what they were doing and looked over at us.

There did not seem to be any need to keep it hidden, so I answered truthfully, "Yes."

The receptionist let out a little scream and fired a string of questions, "You're his brother, aren't you? The one who shares the same mother but different father as him?"

I froze. Brother of the same mother but different father? Ah... could the cover about the large family still be intact? That must be the case, or else Yue Gang would have asked about why I had lied when I saw him earlier.

But why the same mother but different father? Is having the same father not usually more common? Could it be because the young master and I have different last names? Yet there are quite a few people who take up their mothers' maiden name, so such a setup is quite unnecessary. It would actually cause another kind of trouble...

Gathering my thoughts, I saw that the receptionist was still waiting for my answer, wide-eyed. I smiled sheepishly on purpose and admitted, "Indeed."

The receptionist gave me an "I-knew-it" look as she looked me over again and said, "Very handsome too. As expected of the Angel's brother!"

The Angel's brother is a vampire. That sounds all kinds of ironic.
I reminded her, "I really must go upstairs."

"Oh, right! I'll lead the way!"

Even though I wanted to say that that would be too much trouble, judging from this receptionist's level of enthusiasm and the regretful look on the other receptionists' faces, this seemed to be more of a rare opportunity than trouble.

With the receptionist lady's lead, even the security check was bypassed. *I suppose this building's security was not as tight as I had thought after all.*

The two of us entered the elevator. It was clear, so one could see the scenery outside below their feet. It would probably be nice at night, but it was afternoon right now, and thanks to the sunlight, I felt like I was in a desert, especially because my clothes did not provide enough coverage and left large areas of skin exposed. The direct sunlight shining on my skin made me feel like I was being plastered on a hot grill. I could only shrink into the corner as much as possible to avoid being shined on.

The receptionist lady asked curiously, "What's the Angel like at home? He seems so neat and tidy. Is he actually a slob at home?"

"No, Ah Ye has never been messy." *He is simply not skilled at cleaning either.*

"Then is he nice?" The receptionist lady asked suspiciously, "He's always smiling like an angel. Is he like that at home, too?"

I nodded and said, "He smiles often at home too, and he rarely loses his temper." *Only Master often does things that made the young master angry.*

"Oh oh! I heard the Angel..." even though there was no one else in the elevator, the receptionist lady suddenly lowered her voice as she said, "graduated as a combat major? Nobody believed him when he said so! But I believed him as soon as the newest jeans advertisement came out. He has a great body! Does he work out?"

"Yes," I nodded. "He runs for two hours every morning."

"Wow! There's definitely something to see!" The receptionist lady was excited and disappointed at the same time. "I really want to see! Why doesn't the photographer take pictures from the front? Do they mean to leave us hanging? How cruel!"

Ji Luo Chu is nearly as unjustly accused as a convict without a trial.

At that time, the elevator doors opened, and about thirty people appeared before us, as well as several large cameras. All the cameras pointed at the same set, which looked very futuristic. There were several comfortable sofas and a tea table in front of the set. The young master sat on one of the sofas.

Someone noticed us and walked over to ask, "What did you come for?"

I explained immediately, "I have brought something for An Xiang Ye."

At that moment, the young master called loudly, "Gē," ran to my side, and said nervously in a low voice, "Charles, I forgot to tell you, we're brothers now!"

"Young Master, I have realized."

A few people walked over as I answered the young master softly. One of them, a middle-aged man with gray hair, asked interestedly, "Is this your brother of the same mother?"

I switched back to a normal volume and said to the young master, "Ah Ye, you got it wrong again! We are brothers by the same father, not mother!"

The young master froze for a moment but did not refute what I had said. Then, he stuck his tongue out mischievously and said, "Oh, right! Same difference!"

Fortunately, they did not seem to want to ask more about this topic, but they did look at me up and down. That made me a little uncomfortable, so I handed the bag in my hands to the young master and said, "Here are your clothes and diploma."

The young master nodded. He pulled out his diploma and turned to show the gray-haired, middle-aged man. He only took a glance before saying, "You really graduated as a combat major?"

The young master replied with a bright smile, "I told you! I'm very strong, you know."

He really is very strong, even though most people who see the young master say this while smiling do not take him seriously. It is like seeing a ten year old raise his fist at an adult while saying, "I can beat you!" Most smile but do not believe, just like the man right now.

"Your brother looks good," the gray-haired, middle-aged man looked at me like one would look at meat in a market, and I suddenly had a bad premonition... As expected, he decided with a clap, "Let him come take a few pictures with you!"

I politely declined at once, "I am sorry. I am not accustomed to being on camera."

"Hey," the man would not give up and said, "we'll just be chatting. Let's all talk together. No need to be nervous!"

A light flashed suddenly, and I realized that the light was probably from the flash of taking a photograph... *No, oh no!*

"Taking pictures is pointless!" The young master suddenly said, laughing, "My brother is a vampire, so he can't be filmed or taken pictures of."

Everyone fell silent. They could not wrap their minds around this, so they all just stared at me. *The young master told everyone just like that?* I did not know what to do.

The gray-haired, middle-aged man, aghast, asked the young master, "Are, are you a vampire too?"

The young master shook his head as he answered, "I'm not."

"Your brother is a vampire, but you're not?" The man blurted out, but he corrected himself quickly, "Well, even if your brother is a vampire, you wouldn't be one as long as he doesn't bite you."

Even if I bit the young master, he would not become a vampire. The "First Kiss" process required to turn other beings into vampires is not so simple.

"Charles!"

I froze, then turned and saw Melody walking our way. She wore a white dress shirt, a black skirt, and a pair of maroon high-heeled sandals, looking businesslike while radiant.

Upon seeing Melody, the people around us relaxed noticeably. The gray-haired, middle-aged man said to the young master as he shook his head, "You are so full of surprises. It's one thing that your manager is a vampire, but your brother is also one? Aren't you afraid of them biting you?"

The young master replied with a laugh, "Nope, I'm very powerful!"

I had no words. Did everyone know that Melody is a vampire already? No wonder all they did was freeze in shock when they learned that I am a vampire. There was not even a single person who screamed in fear.

“I expect the reporters to be excited enough to bring out fireworks,” the gray-haired, middle-aged man said with a laugh. “They repeatedly begged me to find some gossip about you. They want news about you so badly that someone might give their life up for it!”

Melody chimed in quickly, “It’s not easy to find gossip about our little young master! He lives as purely as an angel!”

True, as long as we do not count the whole hero thing—angels probably do not run around chasing criminals with a scythe. That sounds more like a grim reaper.

The gray-haired, middle-aged man shook his head as he said, “If all celebrities lived like your little young master, all reporters would have to hang themselves. It might be good to even make some news deliberately. You do have to give them something to go on, you know?”

“Haha!” Melody winked and said coyly, “Director Xiao~~~ You know that I’m just the manager. It all depends on whether the little young master would want to fake the news!”

The young master shook his head resolutely at once, and no one seemed to be surprised. *I suppose this is not the first time the young master has refused.*

Director Xiao sighed and said, “Well, we can’t do anything if your brother can’t show up on film. Come on, let’s finish shooting for the show!” He sounded very disappointed.

The young master nodded and said to me, "Gē, just wait for me to finish shooting! Then, we can go to X-Killer to buy some clothes. I'm going to buy you twenty outfits this time!"

I smiled and almost said, "Thank you, young master," but caught myself in time and instead said, "All right. I will wait for you." Hearing that, the young master went back to work happily. They went back into the set, where Director Xiao and a female show host sat on a two-seat sofa, while the young master sat alone in an armchair.

As the microphones were turned on, the gray-haired, middle-aged man took the clothes I brought out of the bag. Spreading them out, he exclaimed along with the female show host, "Wow, your old clothes are seriously out of date! This is simply too incredible! Which antique store did you dig these clothes out from?"

The young master smiled shyly and said, "I wasn't very good at buying clothes back then. Actually, I'm still not that good at it, but the shop owner of X-Killer coordinates my outfits when I shop there."

"Speaking of that, you really are X-Killer's best model. Ever since you began to endorse the brand, it has become so popular that people need to place orders in advance..."

Melody came to stand by me, so I asked her worriedly, "Is it okay to announce that I am a vampire just like that?"

"They'd figure it out sooner or later anyway even if we don't admit it. Didn't you hear how much those reporters want to get news about the young master?" Melody eyed me and said, "The young master is a

celebrity known by everyone in Sunset City. So many cameras surround him all the time. Did you really think none of them would catch us? Impossible!”

So that is the case. I nodded in agreement and was suddenly grateful that non-humans were no longer a secret. *Now this will only appear in the entertainment news, not as the headlines of general news.*

“Butler, the young master just told me that he wants to have fun at a club after we finish shopping for clothes!” Melody sounded confused, but also very happy and excited.

I paused and replied confusedly, “Club? Why would the young master want to go to such a place?”

No, I should ask, “Why would the young master want to go ‘have fun’?”

“I don’t know either,” Melody was also confused. “Today, he suddenly asked me what’s fun around here, so I told him clubs are pretty fun. Then, he told me he wants to go to a club to have fun.”

This is not a lingering effect from the case of attacking the other heroes, is it? I was a little worried, so I shared this worry with Melody. However, Melody thought about it briefly and said, “But the young master hasn’t been acting weirdly about anything else? It’s just a club anyway, and we’ll be with him, so nothing big can happen! Besides, the young master really needs to create some news to become more famous! With the news of having two vampires by his side, plus his going to a club... haha! The young master’s fame will explode!”

Melody seems to have gotten addicted to being a manager? I tried to convince her subtly, "Perhaps the young master does not need to be too famous, or else he would not have enough energy left to be a hero too. He had previously accepted large amounts of work to distract himself, so now he might not..."

"What are you talking about?" Melody interrupted me suddenly and said indignantly, "The young master has so much potential as a model, so of course he should be famous! Should he be a nameless model instead?"

I quickly said, "I did not mean that. Of course the young master is great as a model. But do models need to go on shows or create news?"

"Of course! He'd lose popularity if there isn't any news about him, so we have to work hard to create hype! Then, the young master can keep being a model. I'm working very hard as a manager..."

Is Melody not trying too hard to argue? Usually, even if she does not agree with me, she arrogantly leaves a few sentences as explanation, and does not care whether I really understand or not. Yet she is trying so hard to explain today?

I looked at Melody suspiciously. She looked up and down uncomfortably, but after a full ten minutes under my consistently disbelieving stare, she added guiltily, "The young master lets me take ten percent of his earnings as overtime pay for additionally being his manager."

So that is the case.

"I don't care. I need more money to buy clothes! I earn more if the young master is more famous!" Melody claimed, refusing to back down.

I sighed. *Ignoring the problem of how famous the young master should be, I need to take care of the problem right in front of me!* I asked, worried, "Are we really going to take the young master to a club?"

Melody said immediately, "Yes, of course! Don't you remember you promised me that you'd go to a club with me?"

There... might have been something like that.

"Hugging the young master to my left and embracing Luo Chu to my right, with the butler opening the way in front of me... Oh ho ho ho! I will definitely be the queen of the club tonight!" She said excitedly, then turned to warn me suddenly, "Butler, you'd better dress up properly for me! You look fine right now... I'm warning you, don't you *dare* pick less revealing clothes at X-Killer later."

But the whole point of buying new clothes is to buy less revealing clothes.

Melody did not want to hear any excuses as she muttered to herself, "It's useless to tell *you* that! I need to remember to tell Olga to find revealing clothes for you. And tight pants. To showcase that bubble butt!"

"..."

The show seemed to be going well, and they finished after only two hours or so. After finishing, the young master talked to Director Xiao for a bit, then walked toward us, but was surrounded by the staff before he could make out half a sentence. Many staff members held pictures of the young master and also had pens. They probably wanted autographs.

The young master did not refuse anyone and signed all of them before waving goodbye. "Thanks for today, everyone! Bye bye!"

The staff all bid the young master farewell as well.

The young master turned and cried excitedly, "All right! Let's go to X-Killer to buy clothes!"

Can I go shop somewhere else?

"You have to go with us!" Melody whispered to me quickly. "You see, the young master is really famous now, so there will definitely be people taking pictures of him at the club, and those pictures will probably make headlines the next day! Think about it. If the master sees pictures of the young master wearing clothes that don't even fully cover his butt... we're all dead!"

You want me to show it all off, but are worried about the young master revealing too much?

Melody said, annoyed, "If the young master shows too much, the master will kill vampires. If you show too much... What, Sadina will crawl out of her coffin to kill me?"

I faltered upon hearing Sadina's name and could only give a wry smile in return.

Chapter 4: Soft Lips; Sky-Rending Voice

Was it impossible to stop Dark Sun even with the strength of three people combined?

The three of us really weren't fighting seriously, or else we wouldn't have lost so badly. But the question was... even if we really tried, would we have won?

I hoped that this question would never have an answer, but I couldn't help remember what Xie Wei once said while facing us three heroes.

"There's no doubt that powerful heroes are useful, but if those powerful heroes choose to stop being good people, they will become the most fearsome criminals! You heroes... frighten people!"

I didn't believe I would fall from grace, and even if it actually happened, it would be okay. There were far too many opponents whom I could never defeat. Solitary Butterfly's situation was similar to mine. Although Dragon Peace had unmatched strength as well as a hard-to-wound body—a truly difficult opponent to stop—Dark Sun could still stop him!

So when Xie Wei said that, I was not particularly worried. But today was the first time I realized: Dark Sun, when you fall from grace, will we be able to stop you? You are too...

Powerful!



Melody wore a small red dress with a neckline plunging down to her waist and a completely bare back. It meant that her upper body only had a strip of fabric as narrow as a palm stretching from her left breast past her neck to her right breast. Thankfully, the bottom half of the dress reached to her knees, perhaps to appear graceful.

Unexpectedly, Ji Luo Chu did not buy his clothes from X-Killer. He had unbuttoned his dress shirt, leaving only the second to last hole buttoned. He had then stuffed his pant legs into his boots, his entire person appearing wild and unrestrained; that was how Melody described Ji Luo Chu when she saw him.

As for Dell, I was really not accustomed to his shiny appearance. He wore a transparent coat with a skintight, sleeveless vest, with earrings and a necklace that were both shining, causing the transparent coat to change color continuously. Although I was not used to it, Melody seemed to like it, even giving rare praise to Dell's upper arm muscles.

This compliment led to Dell using various postures to show off his biceps the entire way.

Because Aren was as massive as a horse, merely wearing a leather jacket with ripped jeans made him appear plenty eye-catching.

Thanks to Melody and my subtle hints to Olga, the young master was dressed like an angel. His clothes were all white, his upper half covered in a Greek chiton yet his lower half had capris and aqua-colored sandals. This caused me to sigh in relief. The outfit caused the young master to appear delicate and pretty, and was not too

revealing. *Surely, this amount of skin would not infuriate the master... right?*

“Tsk tsk tsk, no matter how I look, you, Butler, are certainly not bad today, not bad at all!”

Distracted, I turned my head to see Melody eyeing me as if evaluating a slab of pork. This caused my face to turn red, but not because I had too much skin showing. The outfit I had on was comparable to the previous one in terms of skin coverage; however, the design was...

“Melody, you’re bullying Charles again,” the young master said on the side, yet he could not stop laughing.

“I’m not!” Melody immediately said innocently, “Isn’t this outfit very similar to his usual butler uniform?”

There were certainly some similarities, except my upper half had no dress shirt, only a black vest. The pants on my lower half were approximately three sizes too small, turning into snugly-fitting skintight pants.

Based on the description Melody had accidentally blurted out, I was “super similar to a host club’s popular male host.” Although she said that, she insisted I continue wearing it, even threatening me with, “You already agreed to accompany me to play at the nightclub, so you can’t back out...” *Although I agreed to go to the nightclub, I never agreed to be dressed like a host, right?*

But no matter what, Melody forbid me from removing these clothes or wearing something over them. With the young master laughing uncontrollably, appearing overjoyed, I ended up buying the outfit and wearing it.

Our party was now standing in front of the entrance to a nightclub called "Seaside." This place's entrance was very similar to N/H's since it was completely black, but it at least had massive blue neon lights outlining the word "Seaside," with a simple outline of a horn by its side.

We entered "Seaside," Melody buying tickets at the front desk in a practiced manner. Surprisingly, a single ticket cost a thousand yuan—certainly not cheap. *Perhaps the alcoholic drinks inside would be even more expensive?*

In order to get a vampire drunk, it would take at least three bottles of high-proof alcohol. No wonder Melody needed so much money—she spent seven out of ten days hanging around nightclubs.

After buying the tickets, our line immediately walked in... The receptionist seemed to recognize the young master, because he was so shocked that his entire body stiffened. Perhaps he would rush out from behind the front desk in a moment.

We entered. The interior that initially seemed pitch black turned out to be a sea of aqua colors. There were even holographic projections of schools of fish swimming above everyone's heads. The walls were inlaid with shells, and in the center of the lounge was a dance floor. Yet surrounding the floor were numerous couches and seats.

Surprisingly, they were all in the shape of coral reefs, seaweed, and deep-water fish. *This nightclub should not be called "Seaside"—it should be called "Bottom of the Sea," right?*

"It's so beautiful!" The young master widened his eyes when he entered, releasing sounds of surprise nonstop.

Melody smugly said, "I knew Young Master would like this place."

By this time, there were already many people in the nightclub. A third of the dance floor was covered with people dancing. Thankfully, there were many people and low visibility, so it was unlikely anyone would pay attention to us.

"I did not think they would be playing crystal music." I was slightly astonished. I had initially thought that the nightclub's music would mostly be rock-and-roll or pop, and had never imagined that it would be glass-beating and crisp crystal music.

Melody shrugged, saying, "That's because it's still early. The music gets more energetic the later it is!"

The young master picked a seat at a clamshell-shaped table, sitting down on a pearl-shaped chair delightedly. He and Aren examined the different shells compressed beneath the table together.

Melody ordered a pile of food, mostly seafood. It certainly fit this place's atmosphere.

I really never expected the atmosphere to be so unimaginably cheerful; I had thought that it would be a loud and rowdy night.

"Looks like you're hugely relieved." Ji Luo Chu laughed, saying, "Relax, the club Melody picked is excellent. It isn't too youthful."

"No matter which one is picked, it would be too youthful." I laughed. "I was born in 1960."

Melody rolled her eyes at me, saying, "Hmph! Whenever you were born doesn't matter. I was born in 1762! But I can tell that your personality is way older than mine!"

Endless muffled laughter was heard from Ji Luo Chu.

The young master cried out in surprise, "Whoa, Melody, you're three hundred and fifty years old?"

"Nooo, Young Master, don't say others people's ages out loud!"

"You said 1762 yourself." The young master happily laughed.

Melody opened her mouth to grumble, "It was an accident," then shot a glare at me, reprimanding, "It's all your fault! Why mention your age for no reason?"

After that, the waiter served dishes one after another. Everyone started chatting while eating, creating a very pleasant atmosphere.

After eating two seafood platters, the young master suddenly asked me, "By the way, Charles, why did you say we have the same father but different mothers? Wouldn't it work if we have the same mother but different fathers?'

Before I could answer, Melody laughed and explained, "Young Master, it's because only female vampires can deliver pureborn vampires. Male vampires and humans cannot have a vampire as their child, so you two couldn't have had the same mother."

Vampires have low fertilization rates, and only female vampires could deliver vampires. Besides, female vampires often did not want to deliver a child, because giving birth consumed just as much of their blood ability as a "First Kiss." Furthermore, a pureborn vampire did not have the inclination to obey their sire like common vampires did. These were the reasons why pureborn vampires were quite rare.

I further explained, "I am afraid many non-humans know I am a pureborn vampire. Now that non-humans walk among the human crowds in broad daylight, I am worried that someone will suspect you of being a vampire as a result."

"Many non-humans?" Melody widened her eyes, saying, "Before this, the most famous vampire was E.X., but you're no pushover now, either!"

"Is Charles really famous?" The young master's eyes were both shining. Melody nodded and said, "Actually he's never been an obscure guy, but most people have only heard rumors of a vampire being a butler, and have never met him or known his name. But right now the butler

has become really famous, to such a degree that his fame almost reaches that of E.X.!”

This was not good news because the more famous a vampire was, the more tragic the downfall they usually had. Count Dracula, the most famous one in history, was encircled by the Church and burnt to death by the sun. A wanted vampire like E.X. who could escape for thousands of years after being pursued by the Church was truly a marvel.

After hearing the explanation, the young master nodded just as a waiter delivered an entire plate of desserts. He and Aren continued, attacking the dessert.

“What’s with the long face?” Melody impatiently said, “Your nephew is protecting you! The Church is afraid to attack you directly. What are you afraid of then?”

I bitterly smiled. *How could I let Curtis worry about my affairs all the time?*

At this moment, the young master suddenly turned to look to the side. I followed his eyesight and discovered that a few young people at the nearby table were staring in shock at the young master... This was not good, but it really was impossible that no one would find out the entire night. Now, it all depended on how the young master was going to handle this.

The young master gave them a brilliant smile and waved, and they finally woke from their daze. One of the girls suddenly screamed, "Ah! Angel!"

Her scream silenced the entire club. Immediately, one employee walked to their table with an apologetic expression, saying, "Sorry, our club prohibits drugs. Please leave and we will return all the ticket fees..."

Hearing the warning, those young people gave a contemptuous look and passionately pointed at our table. "We didn't do drugs! Look over there! Over there!"

The employee and everyone else turned to look at us. Some people whose sight was blocked even stood on their chairs to see us. *Seems like we cannot go unnoticed anymore.*

Luckily, the young master did not feel he was being disturbed. Rather, he revealed an amused expression. Seeing everyone's wide eyes and rigid bodies, he laughed even harder.

"Hello, everyone," the young master casually greeted everyone.

The crowd finally unfroze, like waking up from a dream, screaming in waves. The word "Angel" could be heard coming from all directions. The young man next to our table smugly said to the employee, "What, is the whole crowd doing drugs now?"

The situation did not look good. The crowd seemed intent on rushing over; all they needed was one person to go first...

“What is going on?”

A bald man with a horn tattoo on his head walked over. An apron was wrapped around his waist, so he seemed to be a chef here. But appearances did not matter, for most importantly, he was a nightwalker!

He walked over and looked at us with confusion, asking the employee nearby, “Are there any problems?”

“Manager!” The waiter actually called him manager, and quickly explained the situation.

“A nightwalker opening a nightclub?” Melody laughed crazily. However, the other people did not understand what a nightwalker was, and the young master inquired directly.

Melody explained the nightwalker race to everyone while laughing.

Another nightwalker? Slightly curious, I asked, “Do you have any relationship with Nitewalker?”

The manager glanced at me, saying, “I’m a nightwalker.”

“No, you misunderstood me.” I quickly took out Nitewalker’s business card and showed it to him.

“Oh, this is my clansman. We two first came here to ascertain whether this city is a suitable place for us.” The manager passed the business

card back to me, saying, "My name is Nitesea. Nitewalker has mentioned you before. You are Charles Endelis, right? I heard that you know Poseidynne?"

"Yes, do you know her as well?" I asked in surprise.

"Our clan follows her orders." Nightsea thought for a moment, elaborating, "We follow most of her orders. But if it threatens the existence of the clan, we do not have to obey the order."

"I see now. Then could you please help us handle this situation? Please do not let other guests disturb us."

Nitesea nodded, ordering the employees with a few words, and said, "Send three bottles of alcohol and a plate of small octopi for our guests."

I quickly expressed my appreciation.

The employees shouted to everyone, "Please do not disturb the guests at this table..."

After their announcement, although everyone's attention was still focused on our table, at least they did not appear to want to rush over.

I turned to ascertain whether the young master's mood was affected. Surprisingly, he was busy snatching up small octopi with Aren and Dell, paying no attention to the people who were sneaking glances at him. He merely exclaimed while eating, "This is so delicious!"

Melody enviously said, "You need a reservation for this dish! Allegedly the manager feeds the octopi himself. There's a limited amount and you need to have a reservation really early to be able to eat this."

But she did not reach to grab a small octopus. Fresh small octopi and stale ones were the same to a vampire's sense of taste—it felt like chewing a piece of rubber, a true waste of fresh food.

Melody glanced at me and asked, "I'm really curious, how do you cook? Your dishes aren't too salty or too plain."

I smiled and explained, "I use what remains of my sense of taste and my experience to make my judgment. The amount of salt needed for different amounts of food can be determined by experience. The other spices were thanks to Father—who told me what flavor each was, and to which dish it could be added. But I still cannot make chef-level exquisite cuisine. Those dishes need many various spices, and I absolutely cannot distinguish them to that degree."

"What remains of your sense of taste?" Melody mumbled, "Except for ridiculously strong alcohol, I can't tell the flavors of other food at all..."

It mostly depended on experience, I had to admit. The amount of dishes in a meal I made at home now was far too large. I could not slowly taste every single dish, and would at most test the soup. The rest all depended on experience. Luckily, no one in the household was really picky about flavors.

"I'm full!" After swallowing down the last octopus, the young master did not know what to do next; he turned to ask Melody, "What are we doing now?"

"Dance!" Melody flirtatiously said, "Young Master, come and dance with me!"

Dell quickly interrupted, "How would the young master know how to dance? Come and dance with me!"

"I can dance!" The young master said, "We had to dance for our high school graduation prom, so I researched a little online."

Researched a little? Can you really dance just with a little bit of researching... Based on the young master's situation, he likely had learned it.

Melody cried in surprise, cheering, "The band's on stage! Perfect! Follow me, Young Master!"

Done speaking, she pulled on the young master's hand while rushing toward the dance floor. At this time, the surrounding people all stopped to look at the young master. The originally soft music stopped, apparently to let the band members onstage tune their instruments. While the four members tuned, they noticed something unusual about the dance floor. They tuned while glancing at the young master in the middle of the dance floor. Suddenly recognizing the young master, the two male and two female band members stopped their work at hand and stared at the young master in the center.

"Music!" Melody dissatisfiedly waved toward the band onstage. Only then did the performers promptly continue checking the sound.

This band's appearance was rather unique. All four had white hair and white clothes; even their faces were painted with white makeup. It was even in the design of snowflakes, giving the entire band a snow kingdom feeling. The bassist was a woman, wearing a white fur coat and skirt, while the two men wore white leather shirts and pants. The female drummer was buried under a pile of drums, and only the upper half of her sleeveless white clothing could be seen.

Compared to the whiteness of their outfits, their instruments were brimming with color and changing light. The body of the bass was transparent with infinite gossamer threads emitting light. The guitar's blackness had pinpoints of starlight within, and the electronic keyboard stand gleamed with silvery blue light. At first glance, all the drums were white as well, but when they were hit by the drummer, the drums would shine.

The performers seemed to be finished with tuning. The female bassist went up front and gripped the microphone. Using a voice charged with energy, she shouted, "Hello everyone, we are 'Aurora!'"

Aurora? The iridescent phenomenon in the sky in the North and South Pole regions? I could not help but smile, for their name and their attire matched well.

Melody responded with a high-pitched scream. The young master glanced at her and copied her with a cheer. However, in the entire scene only the two of them were cheering, because everyone else was

looking at the young master with an excited expression. The sounds of “How cute” came in waves. It looked like today’s situation would be a grim ordeal for Aurora.

Merely getting the crowd to shift their attention from the young master would be a big hurdle, right?

At that moment, the drummer suddenly started drumming, the clear and clean beat of the drum immediately drawing the attention of the crowd.

“Yeah! Just like this!” Melody cheered softly, swaying her body with the beat.

Seeing this, the performers chose to simply not speak, beginning their performance directly. The female bassist turned out to be the lead singer as well. Her voice was hoarse. Although the tone was not particularly good, it had a very rock-and-roll feeling.

Melody screamed, “Young Master, come and dance!”

Hearing her, the young master grabbed Melody’s hand, his other hand placed on her waist. Tightening his grip, he and Melody immediately became dancers in position facing each other.

Melody hesitated, shouting in praise, “Whoa!”

After that, they began to dance, with basic movements like the two-step, twirling, and bending. The young master even did some highly

difficult movements, such as letting Melody slide under his legs and then pulling her up, or gripping Melody's waist and holding her up high.

It turned out that the young master could certainly dance, even at a professional level. I did not know whether their cooperation was too perfect, or if the young master's skill at leading was too great, for it looked like the two of them had practiced endlessly, rather than having only danced together for the first time today.

Besides Melody and the young master, the dance floor had no other people dancing. They were all surrounding the sides, with many people pulling out their phones to take videos. Their faces expressed extreme exhilaration.

As time passed, more and more people entered the nightclub. Quite a few people looked around as they entered, saw the young master, gasped, and then immediately pulled out their cell phones to record. *Seems they were all called over by their friends?*

But not a single person went up and disturbed the young master. Everyone merely watched in a circle, swaying to the music. When they saw a high difficulty move they applauded and even screamed. The scene's atmosphere was lively, and the band was also playing energetically.

Upon seeing this, I relaxed. I had never imagined that the trip to this nightclub would be so smooth, even to the point of being pleasant.

Ji Luo Chu unaffectedly leaned against the sofa, sipping a drink while laughing, "The drummer's not bad, but the others seem to be a bit lacking."

"Certainly true," I wholeheartedly agreed.

Hearing my reply, Ji Luo Chu seemed to be interested, curiously asking, "You play music as well?"

"No, I merely learned a bit of superficial knowledge. Being a butler requires one to know a little bit of everything. Because my master may like music, I learned a little piano."

"Hm, piano?" Ji Luo Chu laughed, saying, "That instrument indeed really suits you, I learned a bit of guitar, but it's been a long time since I've played. I've been too busy messing with photography and..." He spoke up to this point, then suddenly lowered his voice, saying, "practicing using a whip."

I laughed, admiringly saying, "Being able to use a weapon like the energy whip, you must have put in a lot of hard work?"

"Hehe, it is rather hard..."

After chatting for a while, the music suddenly stopped. I raised my head to look. The young master was walking over with a defeated face and an incomparably pitiful expression. I immediately stood up, inquiring, "Young Master... Ah Ye, what happened?"

The young master sat down, miserably complaining, "I wanted to sing, to sing Vampire, but they don't know how to play it."

"Then, let me go ask them if they're willing to lend me the electronic keyboard to play. Is it all right if I use the electronic keyboard to accompany you?"

Once the young master heard me, he immediately nodded happily.

To be polite, I first spoke with the manager, Nitesea. Unexpectedly, when he learned that my specialty was actually the piano, he immediately had someone push out a piano.

Nitesea explained, "The club has always had a piano prepared for the slower song period. You can use it."

"Thank you."

The young master and I walked up to the stage. Although we interrupted their performance, the band did not seem annoyed. The eyes of the female bassist lead singer started shining when the young master walked up the stage. It looked like she was a fan of the young master's... How do I phrase this? Not his singing or his acting in movies. After all, the young master's career was that of a model, not a singer or actor.

In any case, it seemed like she was mesmerized by the young master. The female drummer in the back winked at me, saying, "I can play a simple beat for you."

I smiled in gratitude. "Thank you very much."

I sat in front of the piano, opened the piano lid, and brushed my fingers lightly along the piano keys. A stream of music flowed out. The piano's tone seemed to be slightly off, but since this was not a formal occasion, it was unnecessary to be that particular.

It had really been too long since I had played. I remembered when I played before, Sadina would always lean on the piano, specifically picking difficult pieces of music. If I did not know how to play it, she would say that she would punish me, so I would have to accompany her on her shopping trip and help her carry her purse and shopping bags... Really, having me go out with her meant only going out at night, and my clothes would always attract attention from passersby. But she never got tired of "punishing me."

"Charles... gē!"

I snapped back to reality. The young master was holding the microphone and turning his head. I immediately said, "My apologies, I will start now."

I began to play the prelude to Vampire, and the young master opened his mouth, singing, "The ancient clock chimes twelve times." He sang happily. Although his technique was not that good, his joy-filled voice made people hum along unconsciously as soon as they heard him.

When the young master finished singing and began to sing the second part, the audience below began to hum, louder and louder. The young master was clearly happy to have others sing with him, and he began

to sing increasingly louder as well. At the final, fast verse, the audience's voices almost drowned out the sound of the piano.

Vampires stalk the streets; Strangers don't come near; Fresh blood is my favorite drink

Don't cry Hallelujah; God's on vacation; Maria is also asleep

I coolly fling my cape aside; Bare my fangs at you; Don't struggle I'll be gentle

When you meet vampires, hurry and scream

We were finally about to reach the last line. At this time, the crowd was screaming instead of singing. The atmosphere was at the peak of excitement. As I played the last piece, the young master suddenly stopped, took a deep breath, and then shouted, "GOD."

The crowd actually started shouting after him, "GOD!"

"Bless."

"Bless!"

"You—"

The young master's voice was unbelievably high. His volume was even higher than that of the "You" screamed by the crowd, and his tone was rising even higher...

Crack!

...Was that the sound of glass breaking?

I was a little puzzled, but it was clearly not important. The important thing was that the young master was so happy that he cheered with the crowd. He even turned to hug that female bassist, screaming and shouting together. I had never seen the young master so happy. Despite my doubts, it was a good thing that the young master was very happy... right?

But why did I feel a little uneasy seeing the young master making noise so happily?

"...Do you hear me? I'm telling you to do things that make you happy, to do things you want to do! Stop trying to save others so much!"

That fake policeman who could control others once said so to the young master. But doing things that made him happy and doing things that he wanted was not bad, right? The young master was not a bad person. Things that made him happy should be good things, just like singing with the crowd right now.

But... I hesitantly wondered, Is the young master happy when he is being a hero?

Chapter 5: Friendly Act; Merciless Deception

"Whooooo! Singing is so much fun! Melody, can you accept singing jobs for me?"

...What? The young master wants to be a singer on top of modeling?

Ah Ye, have you forgotten that you still have a role as a hero? You'd be stretching yourself too thin if you're a singer too!

"Can't you?" Ah Ye's head drooped, and he looked terribly disappointed.

Well, yes, of course! You can always count on your double DSII and the amazing ability to only sleep two hours every day, so it'll work...

Ah!

Dammit. Why can't I deny Ah Ye anything when he makes that face... I wouldn't even complain if it's a younger sister, but younger brothers being this cute is cheating!

I think I'm beginning to understand why the Sun Emperor heeds Ah Ye's every whim.

Thank goodness Luo Lun isn't this cute, or else I'd be wrapped around his finger. Bless... yet I feel a little like I'm missing out, dammit!



I was in the kitchen preparing ingredients for dinner when Mr. Bramble walked in suddenly. This was truly a rare occurrence because usually

only Dell came to the kitchen. He would always want to rush in first to see what there was to eat later.

I was just about to inquire when Mr. Bramble asked bluntly, "Did something happen at the club last night?"

I was a little surprised and answered quickly, "Nothing happened. The mood was great at the club, and the young master had a wonderful time."

This time it was Mr. Bramble's turn to look confused. He seemed like he had not expected such an answer, and he asked again dubiously to confirm, "Nothing at all?"

"Yes, nothing at all." I went on to ask him instead, "Has something happened?"

Mr. Bramble said with a frown, "There was a case last night, so we notified the young master as usual, yet he told us, 'Tell DSII to go.'"

"Is that a problem?" I was a little lost as I asked, "The young master was having fun for once, so perhaps he did not want to be interrupted. If the case was not too severe, it is not too strange for DSII to go in the young master's place, is it?"

"It is strange!" Mr. Bramble said while shaking his head, "The young master rarely lets DSII go out as Dark Sun, so DSII usually only does modeling. If something happened in the middle of a shoot, Ji Luo Chu is one of our own anyway, so they would even stop and take care of the case together."

"The young master insists on being Dark Sun himself?" *That is hardly surprising.*

Mr. Bramble shook his head. "No, it's just DSII doesn't react too well in changeable events, so the decisions he makes can be bad... or good."

Is there anything wrong with making good decisions? I was confused.

Mr. Bramble explained further, "DSII makes decisions that would benefit Dark Sun the most. For example, in the case where the young master became known as the Grim Reaper, if DSII had been in that situation, he would never have killed the criminal as a threat, because that would be negative for Dark Sun's reputation."

So that is the case. Most beneficial for Dark Sun, but not necessarily for the people?

"But nothing happened at all last night. Perhaps the young master was having too much fun."

"Really? I even called Briar over..." Mr. Bramble muttered to himself, but stopped when he noticed me looking. He cleared his throat and explained, "Her school's summer tutoring just ended, so I let her come over to play for a few days. She's in middle school now, so she needs to spend more time on studies, right?"

"Of course," I replied with a smile, "but Briar is not a child one needs to worry too much about. She is a good child."

Mr. Bramble retorted as soon as I finished my sentence, "She has a long way to go!" Although he said that, his face was full of pride.

At this time, the doorbell suddenly rang, so I hurried to open the door. A stranger stood outside with a slip and said, "Please sign to receive."

Is he a delivery man? But I have not ordered anything, and he is not the person who usually delivers blood. Is he mistaken? I hurriedly asked, "May I ask what is being delivered?"

The man looked at me bemusedly and said, "I'm from the instrument emporium, and I'm here to deliver a piano. I've also brought a tuner to tune the piano for you."

Piano? I quickly replied, "Could there be a mistake? I have not ordered a piano."

"I don't think so? The person who ordered it is..." he checked the sheet, "An Xiang Ye. Is that correct?"

The young master actually ordered a piano?

"Is there a mistake?" The emporium employee began to get nervous too and fired off a string of questions, "This is the right address, isn't it? The piano's already paid for, so it's not like there's more money to pay... You're not going to return it, are you?"

I quickly answered, "No, that is not the case. I was mistaken. Please bring the piano in."

I had some trouble on deciding where to even put the piano, but fortunately, there was some space in the living room, where the piano could be placed while leaving just enough room for walking. The room just looked a little crowded with the new addition.

The workers peeled away layers of packaging outside before the appearance of the piano was finally revealed. It was black, but a certain glint seemed to shine in the black. It almost looked like a...

"Night Sky," a worker said proudly. "There are only ninety nine Night Sky pianos in the world. Even our store only managed to procure two. The other one was sold off long ago! If you had visited maybe two days later, you probably would never have seen it. Isn't it beautiful?"

It is indeed beautiful. I opened the lid and slid my fingers across the keys, and a string of melodic notes bounced off. Even though it did need some tuning, the tone was exceptional. *This piano probably cost a pretty penny. Does the young master want to learn how to play the piano?*

A worker said, "We will tune the piano now."

"No need. Do you have the tuning instruments?"

From a large, cardboard box to the side, he hurried to take out two wooden boxes of the same style as the piano, one large and one small, and said, "Yes. Night Sky comes with a complete set of tools for tuning and maintenance. They are all right here, but the tuning process must be left to tuning specialists, and customers who have bought Night Sky receive two free tuning sessions every year for the first two years!"

I smiled and said, "I have a license for tuning pianos."

Even though the license was procured one hundred years ago and has probably long expired, my technique should still be intact.

The worker from the instrument emporium understood and nodded. "I see. In that case, I won't take up any more of your time. If there are any problems with the piano, please feel free to call."

"Thank you."

After seeing them out, I turned to see Mr. Bramble standing before the piano. He said, "Briar can play the piano too, so we have one at home. If you know how to tune it, you should tune ours someday!"

"No problem."

"I'll go back up now to the rooftop."

"Please take your time."



After finishing up preparations for dinner, I began to work on tuning the piano. *The young master might want to play it after he returns home, so I must tune it as soon as possible.* However, I had not done tuning in quite a while, so the steps felt unfamiliar. Fortunately I still remembered the steps clearly, so proceeding step by step did not leave much room for error.

Even though there were many electrical devices that could accelerate the tuning process, I rarely used them. They might tune the pitch more accurately, but there is always something missing...*How to put it? According to Sadina, the pianos I tune always produce a heavier tone, and feel warm and steady to play on.*

Just like you as a person, always making people feel reassured...You strangely reassuring vampire!

After completing the tuning, I sat down in front of the piano and pressed down on individual keys to confirm the accuracy of the pitch. *It sounds about right, so the first rough tuning is complete. A few days later, the wires will loosen a little, and I will tune it again then.*

I pressed the keys. Once. Twice. *This clear tone is Sadina's voice, a younger her.* I pressed the keys again. Once. Twice. The pitch became lower, just like how Sadina aged from young to old...I placed my hands on the piano, and my fingers flew over the keys. The notes were quick and rushed, pouring out like water.

A rushed prelude ended, the tune slowed down, and I opened my mouth to sing lightly,

“Under the sun, you come to me while smiling brightly,
In the heat, I raise my hand inevitably,
Between the fingers, I see your face clearly,
Tell me please, how can I resist loving thee?

To step forward and touch your face, no matter how the sun may

scorch me,
To hold out my hands and feel your pity, time and age reveal our
differences,
I part my lips to declare my love, even though I know there is no
future.

Between the fingers, I see your face clearly,
Tell me please, how can I resist loving thee?

To step forward into a doomed future, streaks of blood hint at
imminent darkness,
To embrace sunshine despite the burning, an unchanging face
recounts eternity,
I wished once possessing could deceive sorrow, even though I know
there is no future.

Between the fingers, I see your face clearly,
Tell me please, how can I resist loving thee?

I....

Took a step forward then took a step back,
hoping someone could bring you happiness."

Sadina, were you happy?

After I left, after you finally married him, after you had children...

Footsteps?

I turned around. "Sadina? Is that you?" Yet as soon as I said that, I

realized it could not possibly be Sadina. *Has the young master returned?*

The person walked into the living room, but she was a stranger. She was... *Right! The drummer from Aurora!* She was not wearing her heavy snow kingdom makeup, so I did not recognize her sooner. Fortunately, she had distinct features, with a heart-shaped face and phoenix eyes, giving her a classical feel, so I was able to remember.

She looked straight at me, so I stood up quickly and said with a smile, "Please excuse my nonsense. Is there anything I can help you with?" *How did she get in? Did I forget to close the door?*

She smiled and said, "If that was nonsense, then I'll really need to hide and refuse visitors."

As she was talking, she reached up to her head and pulled, yanking off her head of white hair. It was actually a wig, and her real hair turned out to be the complete opposite: short and black.

"Sorry, the wig was getting itchy."

I shook my head to indicate that I did not mind, and she asked curiously, "The emotion you've put into the song makes me think the lyrics are based off of past experience. Am I right?"

I nodded and asked the more important question, "I am sorry to be blunt, but how did you come in?"

"Ah Ye gave me the keys and told me to come up first. He went to give

someone else a ride.”

As she said so, she even shook the keys in her hand. They were indeed the young master’s keys. There was even the key for DSII as a motorcycle, though the young master rarely used it, as DSII would often start himself up before the young master could even insert the key into the ignition.

“He also told me to tell you that there will be a lot of people over for dinner tonight! Poseidynne and Briar are both coming, so he said to please prepare extra food.”

She said all that with a smile, and the smile looked familiar to me for some reason. I could not remember where I might have seen it before though.

“I see. Looks like I have much food to prepare.”

I just hope we do not shock this lady too much. This family’s consumption is not exactly easy to process for normal people. I prayed that Poseidynne’s appetite was not too big. Should I prepare a triple serving or quintic serving for her? I do not know if merpeople have normal appetites... perhaps I should not make fish?

She suddenly asked, “Why not take a step forward? Because you’re a vampire? Everyone knows they exist now, so it’s not that important anymore, right?”

Actually, people in the family then already knew I am a vampire. However, knowing they exist and marrying one are two completely

different matters. There were too many factors to consider...

"Mr. Vampire?" She called my attention back.

"It is too late. She has passed away already." I did not explain further. She paused, then quickly said, "I'm sorry." In an effort to change the subject, she introduced, "I'm Lin Ding."

I asked suspiciously, "'Ling Ding' as in gukulingding, solitary suffering?"

She smiled and explained, "'Lin' as in forest, 'Ding' from the 'dingdong' of a bell."

I did not know what to do after she finished introducing herself. It was about time to start cooking dinner, but I could not let Lin Ding stay in the living room by herself. There were too many temptations, and I simply could not allow a recently acquainted person to be here where everything was worth upwards of one million.

Should I ask Melody to come over? Is she even home?

Fortunately, Aren walked in. He looked at Lin Ding with some surprise and turned to ask me, "Charles-gē, is this your friend?"

"No. She is Aurora's drummer. Ah Ye brought her over."

"Mm? Drummer?" Aren asked suspiciously, "Ah Ye brought you? What does he want with you?"

That was decidedly a little blunt to ask, but I would like to know too.

Why did the young master buy a piano upon heading out and bring a drummer back? Does he want to form a band?

Lin Ding smiled and explained, "He heard that I wrote all the songs for Aurora, so he wants me to write a song for him."

"Write a song?" Aren was shocked and muttered, "He really wants to become a singer? Luo Chu-gē will definitely cry... Dammit! I think I want to cry, too."

Looking at the clock on the wall, I quickly said, "Aren, can you keep Lin Ding company for a bit? I must go cook dinner now."

Aren shrugged and said, "Sure. I wanted to watch the news here anyway while waiting for dinner. Dell-gē and his bunch should be coming down soon, too."

I really am running short on time to cook! I told Lin Ding hurriedly, "I must cook now, so please help yourself. You can watch TV, or if you are interested in books, please take whatever you would like to read."

"Don't mind me," Lin Ding said brightly, "though can I use your piano?"

"That's Ah Ye's piano."

Lin Ding uttered a "huh" and said, "But Ah Ye said he bought this piano for you."

...The young master bought the piano for me? Does he want accompaniment for when he sings? Either way, my priority right now is

to cook.

“If that is the case, please use it as you please. I shall go cook now.”



To think I am so busy that I must use x-speed to cook. If X saw me using my powers from becoming an adult vampire like this, he would probably get rid of me in the name of all vampires.

Moving to the living room with x-speed, I brought out black tea and sweets before being able to breathe a sigh of relief. *Cooking this meal has been as exciting as fighting a battle.*

“Ding Ding said she’s gonna write an entire album of vampire songs for me!”

The young master brought both Briar and Poseidynne over, but he spent the whole evening talking to Lin Ding about songwriting and barely talked to anyone else.

Mr. Bramble, May, Dell, and Aren did not care at all. They ate their food diligently and did not care much for conversation. However, Briar and Poseidynne were here as well, and their motive for coming over was definitely not dinner.

Briar would occasionally send a questioning look to the young master, then bring her attention back to her food to eat, but Poseidynne blatantly showed an unhappy expression.

May and Dell both realized the unnatural situation and kept tabs on

the progression of things out of the corner of their eyes. Aren even went as far as to mutter under his breath, "Your first and second wives are both here, yet there you are chatting away with another woman. Such... skill!"

However, the young master noticed nothing at all and kept talking to Lin Ding. Lin Ding did not come across as the oblivious type and should not have *not* noticed anything, but her eyes lit up whenever she talked about music. Putting the strange atmosphere aside, she did not even notice how unnaturally large the appetites of these people were, or things like how Poseidynne's hair was beginning to float.

After dinner ended, and after the tables were already cleared, the young master was still only talking to Lin Ding. The table was covered with lyrics and scores, and there was some occasional singing. *Sounds like there is some vocal coaching going on.* Nevertheless, no matter what they were talking about, as long as they sounded happy, the first wife and the second wife... Um, Briar and Poseidynne, would be extremely displeased, especially when the young master kept calling Lin Ding "Ding Ding."

The young master has always decided on fiancées casually. He had decided to become engaged with Briar just because he saved her. Now he is having such a good talk with Lin Ding... No wonder Briar and Poseidynne do not look too well.

With everyone giving me meaningful looks, I could only go up to the young master and ask, "Ah Ye, it is getting late. Should we call a car for Miss Lin Ding?"

I should actually ask the young master if he would like to give Lin Ding a ride out of courtesy, but Poseidynne's eyes are as stormy as the ocean. If I say anything about letting the young master give Lin Ding a ride home, I might be sunk into an ocean somewhere as soon as the young master steps out of the door. Vampires can drown too.

"Hmm? Is it late already?" The young master turned to look at the clock and asked, "It's only nine?"

"Ah Ye, there might be safety issues if Miss Lin Ding goes home too late."

If Lin Ding leaves any later, the young master might have safety issues himself. Poseidynne's true strength is unclear, but she can control water, and that is a troublesome power. If she douses the apartment, no matter how strong the young master is, he would still only have the choice to fly away.

"It's nine?" Instead, Lin Ding was shocked as she exclaimed, "Oh no! There's a show at Seaside at ten. I need to go!"

"I will call for a car at once." I rushed to dial Nitewalker's number.

The young master nodded too as he said to Lin Ding, "I'll walk you downstairs, then."

"It's okay!" Lin Ding waved him off coolly as she hurriedly stuffed the sheet music on the table into her bag. She said a quick "Thanks for having me" to everyone and sprinted out the door. The young master followed.

However, it seemed like Lin Ding did not leave at once but lingered at the door to talk to the young master. At last, the young master's voice came from near the door, "I'll see you tomorrow then, Ding Ding. Bye!"

Hearing this, Poseidynne stood up abruptly, but was stopped by Briar when she grabbed the hem of her clothes. Poseidynne looked down at her, appearing very unhappy, but Briar shook her head. Poseidynne hesitated, but sat down after all.

I began to understand who the first wife was and who the second wife was. *Even though this conclusion is quite unreasonable, as the first wife is the older one in most cases, the young master's case seems to be the complete opposite. The first wife Briar probably is not even as old as the second wife Poseidynne's age's end digits.*

At this time, the young master walked back in. He did not at all notice Briar and Poseidynne's foul mood, but said to me, "Charles, Yue Gang's outside. He said he wants to see you, but wouldn't come in. Why don't you go check it out?"

I paused and quickly replied, "of course," then proceeded to walk to the door, but unexpectedly, Yue Gang was not standing by the door. Instead, he was standing a distance away near the elevator.

I walked over as I said, "Yue Gang? Can I help you with anything?"

"You jerk!" Yue Gang rushed up without any more words, and just as I was confused, he punched me out of nowhere. The punch was actually very slow to me, perfectly avoidable... had I not frozen.

I took the punch solidly, but the shock was much greater than the pain...*Yue Gang actually punched me?*

He shook his hand as he swore, "Damn, vampires have hard faces!"

I paused, and before I could say anything, Yue Gang was yelling already, "That's right! I know you're a vampire. How dare you fucking lie to me!"

That's right, I was revealed to be a vampire at the filming studio, yet I had forgotten that the news would eventually reach Yue Gang. I was silent for a while, yet I could not come up with anything. I could only say, "I am sorry."

Yue Gang humphed coldly and growled, "You'd better not create any problems. I'll arrest you just the same if you do!"

With that, he turned and left with no hesitation, as if he did not want to hear any explanation. And the truth was, I did not have anything to explain. The lie had been exposed, and that was all there was to it, so I did not say anything to stop him, except, "Yue Gang, do not buy too many weapons in the future."

In the future, he will likely not borrow money from me anymore, so he had better not be too poor to buy food and even annoy his father into not giving him food.

Yue Gang's footsteps paused. Then, he walked into the elevator.

Staring at the closed elevator doors, I regretted losing this friend. *But there is no surprise here. The outcome was determined the moment I lied to him.*

I turned to walk back home, but did not expect to hear furious yelling as soon as I stepped in.

“You jerk! Have you forgotten what you have promised me? I can wait for you to be single again, but I won’t allow anyone else! You can only be with Briar-mèimei before you get together with me!”

The person yelling was Poseidynne. She bellowed at the young master lividly while Briar hung onto her hands with all her might, looking like she wanted to tell Poseidynne to stop, yet she had tears glistening in her own eyes.

The young master had a bright red palm print on his face. Poseidynne obviously hit much harder than Yue Gang, but the young master only touched his face stupefied and asked confusedly, “Why did you hit me?”

Hearing this, Poseidynne glared at the young master angrily and screamed, “Don’t play dumb! Where did that Lin Ding come from?”

Everyone, including Briar’s father Mr. Bramble, lowered their heads. The one reading the paper kept reading, and the ones watching the news kept watching. The one who could not find anything to do could only pretend to exercise.

“Ding Ding?” The young master admitted very honestly, “I met Ding Ding at a club...”

"A CLUB?!" Poseidynne sounded even angrier. Her roar sounded even scarier than the Hollow Roar of vampires. It was as if the sentences were echoing in a valley. "Ding Ding? Ding my foot! Don't you DARE go hang out with her again!"

"I can't do that!" The young master's eyes widened as he said, "I need her to write songs for me!"

Hearing a refusal, Poseidynne's anger flared... *No, it flooded.* I heard explosions and ensuing sounds of gushing water in both the kitchen and bathroom. *It appears that we will need a plumber.*

"Poseidynne! Don't be like this!" Briar held onto Poseidynne tightly for dear life.

Poseidynne spat the syllables out one by one, "An. Xiang. Ye. Are you really going to meet her again?"

The young master did not appear to give it much thought and nodded.

Poseidynne humphed loudly, grabbed Briar, and said, "Briar, let's go." Then she really turned to leave, slamming the door behind her.

"Young Master, do you not need to follow after her... them?" I glanced at Mr. Bramble, but he showed no reaction, as if his daughter had not been taken away by an angry merperson, just by an auntie for a walk.

"Follow?" The young master blanked for a second, then yelled angrily all of a sudden, "No! Why did Poseidynne hit me for no reason?"

Aren muttered, "I wouldn't really call that for no reason? Ah Ye, you really have been kinda weird lately. Get your dad to come give you a check-up!"

I have had the same sneaking notion. As a matter of fact, the others should have noticed too, but no one could bring it up to the young master, since we are after all his employees. The young master has also not done anything terribly out of ordinary either.

He just goes to clubs, slacks off on his hero duties, wants to be a singer, and has a good time chatting with other females. None of these seem extraordinarily serious, just, like Aren said, "kinda weird."

Fortunately, we still have Aren to bring up the suggestion, but will the young master listen?

Surprisingly, the young master only replied confusingly, "Have I really been acting weird?"

Aren answered with no hesitation, "You've been weird."

"Well then. Charles, call Bàba for me." The young master finished, then mumbled to himself worryingly, "Don't tell me it's something that strange prisoner from that other time did..."

The young master was troubled about that himself, too? I quickly responded, "Of course," and dialed Mr. An Te Qi's number... and that of the plumber.

The water had flooded out here to the living room

Chapter 6: Sincere Request; Willful Demand

"Gē, there's a pretty girl outside looking for you!"

A pretty girl? Could it be Melody... no, Luo Lun would recognize Melody.

"Ji Luo Chu, you went with Ah Ye to the nightclub, right? You'd better tell me exactly what happened that day, not a single word less, unless you want to be fed to the fishes!"

Turns out it's Ah Ye's mistress. Fed to the fishes... you're not going to open your mouth and eat me, right? Isn't a merperson still a fish?

"Poseidynne-jiě, don't be like this!" Briar was grasping at Poseidynne's hand with all her might to the side.

"TELL. ME. Word. For. Word!"

Word for word? Wouldn't it be enough to mention only the things relevant to Ah Ye? Ah Ye, take your mistress back to your family's fish tank! I'm busy with work, and I need to be a hero. I don't have time to raise fish!

Bang!

Luo Lun screamed, "Gē! All of the faucets and pipes in our house have exploded!"

...That day, Ah Ye suddenly wanted to go to a nightclub, so we went to a nightclub called Seaside... Oh, right! That shop's owner seemed to

know you.

Poseidynne furiously shouted, "You're lying! How could Ah Ye want to go to a nightclub?"

He just wanted to go that day! He didn't do much there. He just danced with Melody, then sang "Vampire."

"You're lying! What about that female drummer?"

What female drummer...

"Gē! The bathtub exploded too!"

My god, Ah Ye, take your family's fish back, now!



The young master was wearing only a pair of shorts while lying on the pure white surgery table. Mr. An Te Qi was setting up many tools while I was standing to one side. I saw a dazzling line of surgical instruments, even a small electric saw and a notebook computer. Although I wanted to help, I really did not know where to start, and could only quietly stand there. Only when I saw Mr. An Te Qi about to start did I hurriedly ask, "Shall I leave?"

Would Dark Sun's body structure be considered a trade secret?

"Leave?" Mr. An Te Qi stared at me, as if he had heard something inconceivable. "If you leave, then who will I be teaching?"

“Teaching?” I asked in confusion, “Teaching who?”

“Teaching you, of course!” An Te Qi said naturally, “Otherwise, if I croak in the future, who will help Ah Ye maintain his body? Although Ah Ye can take care of most of his own needs, if he’s hurt seriously and both his hands are crippled, he can’t use his feet to go under the knife now, can he?”

Surgery? Shocked, I said, “I have never studied any material on medicine. The most I know is basic healthcare.”

“Hey!” Mr. An Te Qi impatiently waved his hand, saying, “So what if you’ve studied it or not? Do you think Ah Ye’s body can be understood by someone who has read a few years’ worth of medical texts?”

Would it not be even worse not reading a few years’ worth of medical books?

“The important part isn’t reading books, it’s that you will stay by Ah Ye’s side forever, right?”

Hearing this, Ah Ye lifted his body from the table and watched me. I nodded, saying, “Of course.”

Mr. An Te Qi simply handed down his decision. “Then, it’s completely unimportant whether you’ve studied medicine or not. Either way, you’ll start learning from now on for eighty years. Even if you’re an idiot, you’ll learn enough to become a genius. Ah Ye, get on your stomach.” After the young master twisted around from lying supine to prone, Mr. An Te Qi beckoned at me, then “opened” the area behind the young

master's left ear. Pointing at a notch which looked like a circuit board, he said, "Look here; this is the only part of his entire body that doesn't need to be cut open for examination, and is also the main input point. But if you want to connect to the internet or phone lines, Ah Ye's body has some more connection points like his hair, fingertips, and whatnot."

I struggled to conceal my surprise, especially when Mr. An Te Qi connected a tangle of wires behind the young master's ear.

"Good, now sleep, Ah Ye!"

After connecting the wires, Mr. An Te Qi patted the young master's head, then turned his head to tell me, "While examining him, I'll conveniently explain some related information to you. Ah Ye's body isn't something that can be operated on with a regular scalpel. It's difficult to cut, so it needs a special scalpel. If major surgery is required, then an electric saw or even an energy scalpel might be needed. But avoid using that as much as possible, since it can create cauterized wounds that aren't easy to heal."

Energy scalpels... this is the first time I have heard of them.

"Be extremely careful when using these tools. It's not easy to cut Ah Ye, but cutting yourself into pieces is only a matter of lightly bumping into them! Wait, didn't Ah Ye say that you aren't human? Then what..." I immediately replied, "I understand. I will be extremely cautious."

Mr. An Te Qi paused a little. "Oh, that's good... Where was I?"

"You just finished talking about the surgical tools."

“Mmm, then let’s talk about dealing with basic wounds. Honestly, if Ah Ye’s skin and flesh are hurt, it’s no big deal. After stopping the bleeding and patching it up with pre-cultivated flesh, then spraying it with muscle-regenerating drugs, it’ll recover in a couple of days. The hardest injuries to deal with are bone injuries. Ah Ye’s bones are mixed with a great deal of metals, so if a problem occurs with his bones, metalworking is needed. You’ll have to learn metalworking as well.”

Metalworking?

“Right, metalworking!” Mr. An Te Qi nodded, saying, “And it has to be done masterfully, because all of Dark Sun’s movements are extremely precise. It could be said that no matter how the flesh is injured, there wouldn’t be any effect on his movement; but if a bone is slightly askew, it will have a massive effect on his movements, especially when places like joints are involved. There cannot be a single mistake.”

Precise metalworking...

“And there’s adjustment of the computer chips, so you’ll need to learn computer programming. But I don’t know that well either. I only know how to take care of some basic problems, but the Sun Emperor told me this was not enough. You must learn everything, in case Ah Ye’s chips malfunction while nobody else is able to fix them. Therefore, he will find other people to teach you more complex computer knowledge.”

Computer programming...

“Why’s your face so pale?” An Te Qi slapped my back hard, saying,
“Relax, you have eighty years to learn... if I don’t croak before then,
hahaha!”

*But every time I see you, most of the time it looks like you’ll die of
overwork any minute.*

“Next, take a look here, this place is...”

Mr. An Te Qi seemed to not only inspect him, but performed many
other actions as well, such as injecting many unknown drugs into the
young master’s arm and even vertebrae. The more I watched, the
more fearful I became. Only when Mr. An Te Qi went over to his laptop
did I take the chance to lightly push the young master awake and
quietly tell him.

But the young master did not mind and said, “It’s no problem. Either
way, Bàba will only make me stronger. He won’t dare to experiment
on my body, because then Gēge would dismember him into ten
thousand pieces.”

He halted for a moment, saying in a serious tone, “Really into ten
thousand pieces. It’s not a hyperbole!”

I honestly believe you.

“Mr. An Te Qi, may I know the results of the examination?”

Although I knew Mr. An Te Qi would not act recklessly, his current
work seemed endless, so I directly spoke and inquired. After all,

clarifying whether the young master was under control was the main priority.

I asked several times, but only when the young master called "Bàba" in a low voice did Mr. An Te Qi finally come back to reality, saying, "Oh! Nothing happened to Ah Ye. He's still as healthy as ever. This body is made by me. Not to brag about it, but you're too strong to die..."

I coughed.

He returned to the topic. "As for the human-controlling ability, I think it might be a type of hypnotism. According to the situation you described, that person might possess a unique voice, so he could use his voice to hypnotize others. But this is not a serious problem. Even the most powerful hypnotism cannot stay effective for long. After a certain time period, the hypnotism will lose its effect."

I was comforted greatly upon hearing this. The young master's current condition was not serious to begin with, and after hearing that the hypnotism would lose effectiveness after a period of time, there was practically nothing to worry about.

The young master asked Mr. An Te Qi with slight confusion, "Bàba, why didn't Gēge come?"

This made me curious too. The master had always been overly worried about the young master's affairs, so I thought he would have come along as well.

Mr. An Te Qi shrugged, "Your brother has been under pressure and is working to death, but his secretary is squabbling with him, saying that he'll go on strike and quit."

"Mr. Kyle?" I was very, very surprised. *Mr. Kyle would argue against his boss?*

The young master giggled, "How could Kyle-gē squabble with Gēge? It's the other secretary, whose surname is Bai. If Kyle-gē is Gēge's right hand, then Secretary Bai is his left!"

I asked with slight confusion, "The Sun Emperor's left hand? I do not think I have heard of that before."

Mr. An Te Qi explained, "It's because the affairs dealt with by the Sun Emperor's left hand cannot be revealed to the public. It's a complete mess of things. Even the Sun Emperor doesn't know everything about some ventures. That's why the Sun Emperor got a headache when his left hand went on strike. Recently, his complexion has been as terrible as a pile of shit."

The young master nodded, "No wonder Gēge never called even after I was being controlled. He didn't see the news, right?"

"I never heard him mention it. He probably didn't see it since he's been busy for quite a while."

"Why is Secretary Bai squabbling with Gēge?"

Mr. An Te Qi scratched his head and uncertainly said, "I think your

brother ditched a dinner invitation again, or forgot about a birthday present despite promising one. I'm not sure about the details. Either way, the left hand was furious. Even when the Sun Emperor threatened to fire the left hand, he was yelled at with, 'Kill or maim, do whatever you want.'"

This does not sound like how secretaries and their bosses are supposed to interact. Could Secretary Bai be female, and the relationship with the Sun Emperor is not merely an employer-employee one?

The young master relaxed, saying, "Thankfully Gēge didn't see the news, so he won't call me and tell me to stop being a hero."

Hearing this, Mr. An Te Qi gave the young master a strange look, saying, "Ah Ye, you really are acting strange."

The young master was shocked, quickly asking, "How am I strange?"

"Usually, when you hear that your brother is unhappy, wouldn't you say 'Oh no, should I head over to be with my gēge' or something like that? But this time you actually said 'Thankfully...' your brother might cry if he heard that."

Hearing this, the young master frowned, seemingly recognizing himself being somewhat off, then worriedly asking, "Bàba, you just said that I will recover after a period of time. Is that true?"

"Of course, of course. How could I mess around with your business? Your brother would want to kill me again." Mr. An Te Qi thought a little,

then added, "In any case, if something goes wrong, you can just call me! Relax, relax!"

Mr. An Te Qi, there really is nothing about you that allows anyone to relax.

"If there's nothing else, I'm leaving. There are still some corpses under experimentation at home. If I don't keep records for too long, the experiment will be rendered useless."

After the young master nodded in agreement, I immediately told Mr. An Te Qi, "I will escort you."

After escorting Mr. An Te Qi, I tried to call Yue Gang. The connection was successful, but it was immediately cut off. *Sigh!*

Walking back home, I was surprised to see that the young master was making a phone call, too. But he did not say anything, only calling over and over again. It seemed like no one was picking up.

"Young Master, are you not working today?"

"No, I'm going to go find Ding Ding soon."

Hearing this, I hesitated a little, but still did not persuade the young master not to go, inquiring, "Young Master, shall I get you some milk?"

"No thanks," the young master unhappily said. After that, he neither modified guns nor planned to go out. He just turned on the TV, switched to the movie channel, and started watching a rerun of an

ancient movie.

"Young Master, then I will go and clean your room..."

Surprisingly, the young master reacted violently, saying, "No! Stay here with me."

"... As you wish."

Standing right next to the young master with nothing to do, I started watching the movie with him—an old romance movie. Although it was not as old as me, it was probably as old as Mr. Bramble.

The young master seemed bored. I thought he would rather watch the news, but I did not understand why he refused to switch channels.

"Young Master, may I ask you what went on this year?" I tried to make small talk with the young master. He immediately nodded. Clearly he did not want to watch the movie.

"Yesterday, I heard Poseidynne say that she will wait until you are single again, and that you gave her a promise. May I ask what you promised her?"

The young master nodded, saying, "Poseidynne said she likes me, but I already have Briar. Then, she said she could live for a long time anyways, that she doesn't mind waiting for the end of my marriage with Briar, so I promised her that I will marry her after that time."

So it is like that. As a healthy, long-lived non-human in her prime,

Poseidynne does have a long time she can wait. But, Young Master, you are only twenty-three years old, yet you have already decided your second wife a century ahead of time?

Suddenly, I remembered something more important, hurriedly asking, "How did Poseidynne know that you could live for a very long time? Did you tell her?"

The young master tilted his head, saying, "I didn't tell her. Maybe she guessed it? Everyone probably guessed it somewhat already. Aren't you already looking several years older than me?"

I was a bit worried and quickly reminded him, "Young Master, let's hide it as best as we can! Humans have been longing for immortality for a very long time, so if they know someone can actually escape death, I'm afraid that it might bring you a great deal of trouble."

"Actually, even if they know the method, they wouldn't dare to try." The young master shook his head, saying, "The possibility of a successful complete alteration like me is only 1%. Since the result of failure is death, do they dare?"

One percent? But the master can put in a lot of manpower for production, right? Imagining the master with ten, or even dozens of Dark Suns under his control... is enough to make people shudder.

The young master said curiously, "Charles, the space between your eyebrows decreased by 0.5 centimeters! Are you thinking about some serious matter?"

It was impossible to fool the young master. Though I still had some misgivings, I spoke out loud what I was worrying about. Yet after hearing what I said, the young master laughed and explained, "The possibility of success is 1%, but it also costs a lot! Just the manufacturing cost is unimaginable, and the maintenance costs are even more so. If I weren't the Sun Emperor's dīdi, throwing me away would save more money than fixing me. Gēge's adjudication squad is like that. Anyone damaged by 30% or more is thrown away, because repairs are seriously too expensive."

I asked a little about the approximate costs and immediately felt that I had worried too much. There were likely very few people who had the ability to manufacture anything with these national defense-level sounding production costs. No wonder there were so few in the Sun Emperor's adjudication squad, and only one like the young master. The cost was really unimaginably expensive.

The young master thought for a moment, and said, "But the truth should still be concealed. When I really can't hide it, I'll just pretend I'm a vampire too. Otherwise it would be very troublesome."

True. Before the people in pursuit of immortality realize the one-percent survival rate and tremendous manufacturing costs, they will not give up.

Pretending to be a vampire is a fairly good idea. The young master is an expert in slide stepping and can drink a person's blood unfazed, so acting as a vampire would not be a difficult matter.

"Young Master, then do you truly like Poseidynne?"

This question was far too rude for a butler to ask his master, but because of the young master's situation, I felt that I had to ask. I only hoped that the young master was not of the predisposition of promising a place in line just because someone wanted to get married with him.

I thought that the young master would hesitate and say "I don't know either" or "I quite like her" or something equally ambiguous, but I never imagined that he would unhesitatingly nod and say, "Yeah! Poseidynne is really strong and interesting."

Strong? I somewhat hesitatingly asked, "Then Briar..."

"I like her even more of course!"

I said, puzzled, "But Briar is not strong."

"She is strong!" The young master mumbled, "Briar knows everything. She knows how to do everything right. She's much stronger than me, at least."

So it is like that. If it is based on other abilities rather than combat skills, Briar is definitely strong. Despite her young age, she is mature in handling affairs, and one can already see she will become a very capable woman. Going by that... could it be that the young master likes strong women?

"Why did Poseidynne suddenly become angry?" The young master rested his chin on both hands and worriedly said, "Bri is also ignoring

me. Is she angry too?"

"Young Master, do you like Lin Ding?" I was a little worried, since Lin Ding seemed to be the "strong woman" type as well. *Could it be that the young master has already decided on his third wife already?*

"Ah?" The young master widened his eyes, saying, "I've only known Ding Ding for two days!"

Young Master, you only met Briar for half an hour when you already made a wedding contract with her.

"I really don't like Ding Ding like that. Does Briar think that I like her too?" The young master was visibly distressed.

I smiled wryly, saying, "Briar is probably skeptical, but I am afraid Poseidynne is absolutely certain."

The young master shook his head, saying, "It's okay with Poseidynne since I can clear it up by talking with her, but Briar is scary! The situation with Poseidynne already made her angry once. No matter what I said then, she wouldn't reply or give me a hug, wouldn't take calls, and would even look at me tearfully. I felt terrible."

The first wife is more powerful after all. No wonder Mr. Bramble is not worried at all.

At this point, the young master grabbed his cell phone and called a couple more times, but apparently nobody answered still. He frowned, sighing, "Ah..."

Upon seeing this, I thought of the call that had been hung up on me earlier, and I silently sighed as well.

“Whoa! No wonder you’re a servant and master pair! Why do you both look so gloomy?”

The young master and I were both distracted as Melody walked into the living room with the crisp sound of her high heels. She truly appeared radiant, as if she were about to go to a dance party.

The young master miserably said, “Poseidynne and Bri are both ignoring me. They aren’t taking my calls.”

Melody covered her smile, then turned and asked me, “What about you, Butler?”

I wryly smiled while saying, “Yue Gang found out that I am a vampire and came over to punch me.”

The young master cried out in surprise, then worriedly turned to look at me.

“Hahaha!” However, Melody suddenly laughed.

The young master dissatisfiedly yet curiously asked, “Melody, what are you laughing at? Is it really that funny?”

Melody laughed while saying, “I was laughing at how similar the master and butler are. You’re undoubtedly the most influential pair in

this world, and clearly people should avoid irritating you guys. Yet contrarily, you two have been hard pressed due to a couple of nobodies, and the master and servant are both sitting here sighing. How is this not funny?”

Confused, the young master earnestly replied, “But it isn’t funny, and who are these nobodies?”

Hearing the young master’s reply, Melody could laugh no longer. At that moment, the young master’s gaze suddenly turned from Melody to the window. I involuntarily followed his gaze. A person jumped onto the balcony, wearing a skintight red shirt and a silver visor... It was Dark Sun!

But the young master is clearly here! When I compared the young master and Dark Sun, I did not know how to react. The young master took no action either, and even Melody did not show a hint of surprise.

That “Dark Sun” pushed open the French windows and walked in, saying, “Ah Ye, let me tell you, NC and Solitary Butterfly got into an argument!”

The young master frowned, asking, “What are they arguing about?”
It is DSII! I suddenly realized.

“NC wants Solitary Butterfly to turn the criminal over, but Solitary Butterfly refused.”

DSII took off his visor. The face underneath was exactly the same as the young master’s, but the overall feeling he gave was completely

different. It was impossible to mistake one for the other. He happily said, "According to my analysis, it's possible that P29 pressured SCIP, and SCIP could only go and pressure NC, making them give up the criminal."

Hearing this pile of English acronyms was really confusing. *So the P29 psychiatric hospital pressured the Special Crime Department of International Police Organization, but the Special Criminal Department failed completely against Dark Sun, so they had to pressure the Sunset City NC squad that specifically deals with non-humans?*

The young master frowned while pondering, then took his phone and called, immediately saying, "Kyle-gē, tell P29 to stop being noisy!" Done speaking, he pressed the speaker button, allowing us to hear the reply.

"P29? Is it a Sun Alliance organization?"

"Yeah!"

After the sound of a burst of keystrokes came through the phone, Secretary Kyle said, "Secretary Bai is probably responsible for that group. There is no organization called P29 from my side. Secretary Bai has currently run away from home, so I probably will not be able to get into contact right away. If it is a secret organization, it will take a while for me to gain contact."

"Ran away from home?" The young master paused. "How did it end up like that?"

The phone transmitted the sound of Secretary Kyle's helpless voice. "The Sun Emperor refused to admit his mistake, but Secretary Bai would die to make him admit it, so the situation became like this. Thankfully, Secretary Bai is mostly responsible for the secret organizations, so a temporary suspension of activity is unlikely to affect the Sun Alliance. Only a long-term suspension would create a large issue."

The young master frowned, saying, "Anyways, contact P29 and stop them from messing around in Sunset City!"

The phone was silent for about three seconds, then came the reply, "Yes, Young Master."

The young master hung up, still appearing fairly unhappy.

"Ah Ye, you're a little weird," DSII said. *To think, he noticed... Is DSII really a robot?*

"I know I'm weird!" When the young master somewhat angrily finished saying that and faced DSII's widened eyes, he too froze. Then, using a somewhat unhappy tone, he grumbled, "Either way, Bàba said that I'll be fine after a while."

DSII straightforwardly countered, "Can Daddy's words be trusted?"

Mr. An Te Qi, even robots do not believe in you.

The young master's face crumpled. He looked distressed.

"Ah Ye, aren't you going to look for Solitary Butterfly? She and NC are arguing!" DSII asked in surprise.

The young master hesitated, saying, "I've already told Kyle-gē to warn P29, so it shouldn't be a problem anymore. I need to find Ding Ding now. Turn into a motorcycle, DSII, a regular one, not the one that Dark Sun uses."

DSII forcefully nodded with an ecstatic face. He walked into the workshop, humming tunelessly. "I can turn into a motorcycle~~ I love motorcycles. Motorcycles are so fast~~"

The young master followed him into the workshop, but suddenly stopped midway, turning to command me, "Charles, if Briar and Poseidynne ask where I went, remember to tell them I turned into Dark Sun to handle a situation, not to find Ding Ding!"

I paused, then quickly replied, "Yes."

Melody faintly smiled, saying, "Young Master, you're not even married yet! And you've already started thinking of ways to fool your wife?"

Hearing her, the young master frowned, but walked into the workshop without a word. I followed, then helped the young master put on Dark Sun's uniform.

"Charles, go find Yue Gang!" The young master told me, "Tell him everything."

I hesitated and asked in confusion, "Everything?"

The young master countered, "Do you trust Yue Gang?"

I pondered for a moment, replying, "Young Master, I trust him, so it is no problem if I tell him about my affairs, but your business should not be told so lightly to others."

The young master tilted his head, saying, "Oh, I don't mind if you tell him, so whatever you say is fine. I really like Yue Gang. Don't stop being friends with him!"

I see. I smiled, saying, "Yes, Young Master."

After sending off the young master, I returned to the living room, where Melody was sitting on the couch, admiring her nails. I wryly smiled, telling her, "If it continues like this for the young master, I really do not know how many wives he will end up with."

"How so? The young master pledged to Briar before that there wouldn't be anyone else, and Poseidynne is just in line. As long as Briar is around, there's no way she'll become any closer to the young master. That's the only reason Briar finally cooled her temper!"

Melody carelessly examined the nail polish on her hand, saying, "You know as well that the young master is a man of his word. If he says he won't look for anyone else, he won't look. But it certainly is unfortunate. I was thinking of playing around with the young master later."

I nodded, but it was not completely in approval. *Even if Poseidynne*

will not have a relationship with the young master for now, for Briar, Poseidynne is likely still an interloper... Even though she and Poseidynne seem to get along well?

Melody looked at me with a faint smile while saying, "You're only half as old as me, but your personality doubles my age. Nowadays, a kid of the rich and powerful like the young master having only two wives is inconceivably little. Besides, his only brother has so many women, if one were to randomly throw a brick into the fashion industry, it could hit three women who've slept with him before. See, didn't Secretary Bai even get angry this time too?"

"Wasn't it because he missed an appointment?"

Melody rolled her eyes at me, saying, "Missing an appointment? Secretary Bai works right next to the Sun Emperor every day. How could he miss an appointment?"

He certainly could not.

"I bet that the young master is definitely going to be a henpecked male! He doesn't dare to offend his wife even when he's hypnotized, and he even has to lie to her... Haha, this little girl Briar sure has a talent. You really can't judge a book by its cover..." She paused, laughing while saying, "No, it's can't judge a person by their 'age.'"

I smiled. Although Briar was certainly mature and intelligent, it was still mostly due to the young master's good nature.

"I need to go out for a moment to find Yue Gang."

Melody looked up, saying, "To the church? Then could you help me ask Father Yue if we could borrow the church to record an MV? The producers want to go to a church to use it as the backdrop. You know that the only church in Sunset City that isn't run down is that one."

I was somewhat surprised. "Are you recording for real?"

"The young master said he wanted to be a singer. Why wouldn't it be real?"

"With the young master acting strangely now, he might change his mind in a few days."

"Even if he's off his rocker now, we still have to obey his command." Melody lowered her tone, "Remember the situation you're in! We're the young master's subordinates. Even if he wants us to die, then we'd have to die... Oh right, you're not his subordinate."

She glanced at me, saying, "I don't know about the duties of a butler, but us underlings have to obey his every command."

Hearing her, I was worried and said, "That mind-controlling criminal is still in Sunset City. If he manages to control the young master again..."

Melody grumpily said, "Relax! The young master already has his guard up. He won't be so easily controlled. I wonder why you're always so worried about the young master? He even fought X, the thousand-year old vampire, to a standstill. He's several times stronger than you and me. You're worrying about him when you should be worrying about

yourself. How's your blood ability training going?"

I coughed, quickly saying, "I'm heading out to find Yue Gang."

"Tch!"

Chapter 7: Shouldering Responsibility; Turning Around and Leaving

"First Wind, can you help me?"

Solitary Butterfly? What happened?

"NC wants me to hand Josh over... that felon from last time. I declined."

Why decline? Lately, we've been working well with NC. There shouldn't be any problems?

"I don't think that things are that simple. Although Josh has a weird ability, his character is quite pure, like a child's. He said that he's been locked away in P29 since childhood. Finally, someone helped him escape. Only, he overindulged himself in so much fun that he forgot to meet up with that person."

You want to use him to capture the person that helped him escape?

"Not just that. I also suspect that P29 is problematic. I investigated Josh's case. He killed his parents and was sentenced to death, but because of his severe mental illness and propensity for violence, he was imprisoned in P29. However, after observing his behavior over the last couple of days, he doesn't appear to be prone to violence at all!"

Solitary Butterfly, he knows how to control people. That's too dangerous. Don't have him stay at your home!

"You suspect that I'm being controlled? Don't worry. He uses his voice

to control people, which is why I wear ear plugs when I'm with him. All of our communications have been in writing."

But...sigh, forget about it. I bet you won't listen to me. It has always been that way. So, what is it that you want me to help you with?

"For the time being, I won't be able to go out much. Help me take care of the northern district. Also, don't tell Dark Sun about Josh. He's too close to NC. I'm afraid that he'll tell them. That's all. Bye!"

Wait a bit... Hey, she actually hung up on me! Are you kidding? I'm busy too! The news of Ah Ye thinking of becoming a singer has leaked. Suddenly, all these advertising jobs have come flooding in. The amount of work has skyrocketed!

Previously, Dark Sun wanted me to help him attend to his district. Now, in place of him, Solitary Butterfly wants me to attend to her area. I... can only make a phone call.

Hello. Aren? Help me take care of the northern and western districts.

"..."



Looking at the church before me, I really was at a bit of a loss. A habit formed after hundreds of years is still difficult to change. The basic survival instinct of a vampire is to avoid the church, staying far away. However, I was now entering a church. Perhaps I would even greet the priest with a few words and then ask for forgiveness from the priest's son for my deceit.

If Sadina were to know about this, would she laugh nonstop?

Sighing, I entered the church. I looked around. There seemed to be no believers about. Only some light shone out of the confession chambers. I headed toward the tiny confessional. In the room, there was indeed someone there. It appeared to be Yina. I quietly questioned, "May I ask if Yue Gang is home?"

Through the lattice, Yina shot me a glance and coldly said, "Entering a confessional without confessing or repenting yet still wanting to ask questions? Confess before you ask a question."

I smiled wryly. Helpless, I sat down. It was unavoidable that I would think about how Sadina would laugh at me if she ever found out that I was even confessing.

"I have deceived Yue Gang. I let him think that I am human. I am truly sorry."

Unexpectedly, Yina said, "You can't tell everyone you meet that you are a vampire. So, there isn't much to confess over that. Moreover, Father Yue ought to repent even more. He even played his own son! Yue Gang is indeed angry at you right now, but if he knew that Father Yue knew about this, I bet he's more likely to direct his anger at his own father instead."

This sentence left no space for argument. *But, did Yina forget that she is also one of the people who knew the truth yet failed to disclose it to Yue Gang?*

"Vampire, why have you entered the confessional?" Yina's tone became a little gentler. "If it is just to find Yue Gang, isn't it better to go straight to the church's back room? Yue Gang doesn't sleep under the cross."

I fell silent... yet I could not restrain myself from lamenting, "Back then, I might have made the wrong choice. Leaving her was the wrong choice. But if I did not leave her, things would have become worse. But now when I look back, leaving or not leaving, it appears both were the wrong choice."

Yina coldly scolded, "Why is leaving and not leaving both wrong? You are certainly unfathomable and worried over nothing!"

I could only smile bitterly.

"Every choice has its advantages and disadvantages in the first place. There is nothing completely right! You are clearly a vampire, so don't be so human and believe that perfect decisions exist!"

...There is no perfect decision? I became distracted, turning my head in hopes of looking into the next room through the lattice, but a burst of light suddenly shone in front of me. The door of the confessional was opened by someone.

"Yina's quite wonderful, right?" Father Yue chuckled and said, "Having her help is so great! Her cold looks have scared away a lot of senseless folks. Now, there are less people using the church as a psychiatry. Hahaha!"

Is this church trying to attract believers or distance them from the church?

I left the confessional and asked, "I am here to find Yue Gang. May I ask if he is home?"

Father Yue was not in a good mood and said, "Since that boy joined the NC squad, he only comes back to sleep. That brat doesn't even have a set time for sleeping either. It can range from day to night. If this brat isn't killed by a felon in the future, he'll definitely be done in by a ruptured liver! Yet his mom, the one able to manage him, is currently out of the country vacationing... Ah! This kid's mother came back last year. Unfortunately, you missed her."

"It is certainly unfortunate." I felt somewhat regretful to be unable to meet the woman who is able to be the mother of Yue Gang and the wife of Father Yue.

"There will be many chances in the future!" Father Yue laughed. "But if you want to find that brat, why don't you give him a call? His cell phone has three batteries' worth of life. It's always on 24/7."

"But he is not taking my calls."

Father Yue tilted his head and said, "Is that so? That brat's temper isn't light this time. However, that goes to show that he really treats you as his bro. Don't be so concerned! Let him steam for a bit. That brat's anger won't last long."

Hopefully, it would be so. If I could, I wish to remain friends with Yue Gang. I earnestly requested, "When he seems less angry, may I ask to be informed so that I can call him?"

Father Yue readily answered, "No problem!"

"Then, I will depart first."

"Charles."

"Yes?"

"This is something that I shouldn't meddle in. However..." Father Yue walked a few steps closer. Near the side of my ear, he said, "Lately, Ah Ye has become too popular. It is possible that some people have already realized his real identity."

Real identity? Is this about how the young master is actually Dark Sun... Has someone actually found out? I stared at him, shocked.

Father Yue smiled slightly and said, "Although there is someone protecting Ah Ye without reservation, it is precisely because the protection is so flawless that it leaves only a few possibilities of whom that great power might belong to. That is why there are already several people in power who have guessed that Ah Ye might have something to do with that person."

So, he does not know that the young master is Dark Sun but rather has realized that there is a relationship between the young master and the Sun Emperor? I knitted my brows and asked, "Are you one of the

presuming ones?"

"It is not a guess on my part," Father Yue quietly responded.

Not a guess? Then...he is certain? I contemplated for a moment and quietly asked, "Did you find out from the Church?"

Previously, the matter between the Endelis clan and the Church had become quite discordant. The young master, with Secretary Kyle's help, had pressured the Church. It was quite impossible for the Church not to realize that the young master had something to do with the Sun Emperor.

Father Yue smiled and said, "The Church will not give up on capturing E.X. Although they won't dare to harm you, they are quite happy to inconvenience you and Ah Ye."

Did the Church release this news?

I did not think that Father Yue, who was located in this abandoned church, would know so much. Perhaps, his identity was not simply just that of a banished priest. However, aside from Father Yue, I was even more surprised by the attitude of the Church.

"They actually want to capture X even when they have go against two strong powers? What kind of deep hatred is there between X and the Church?"

"With the passage of time, the hatred has twisted into a knot that can never be unraveled."

For a split second, Father Yue looked incomparably weary.



X, I have woken up.

What kind of hatred lies between you and the Church?

In the past, I always felt that it was not right to probe too much. But now, the matter has involved the young master and me. The Church seems to be leaking information that would bring trouble to the young master.

Since you are bringing so much trouble, do you not have an obligation to explain?

I finished typing and hit the send button. I did not think that X would respond to the email so soon after I sent it. It seemed that he was currently on the computer as well.

In the email, there was only one sentence. "You and your master bring even more trouble than I do, so this matter is nothing."

It was obvious that X did not want to answer.

It appeared that there was nothing I could do. If X refused to answer a matter, then there was no one who could force out an answer.

My cell phone rang. I picked up the phone, and the caller happened to be Curtis. After picking up the call, the other party respectfully asked,

"Family Head, this is Curtis. It has been a couple of days since I last communicated with you. I apologize. How are you lately?"

I smiled wryly and said, "Please do not call me the family head. You are the family head. I do not have the intention of letting you become the substitute family head."

He fell silent for a moment before calling out, "Great Uncle."

"....Stick with Family Head!"

"Yes, Family Head." Curtis seemed to be relieved and asked, "Lately, are you worried about anything?"

"I have been well lately..." After saying this, I hesitated.

With the exception of the young master acting oddly, Yue Gang breaking off our friendship, news leaking about the young master having something to do with the Sun Emperor, and the Church wanting to capture X to the point of risking upsetting two great families, it was true that there was nothing much happening.

"Is there something going on?" Curtis calmly said, "Grandmother once said, 'Even if the sky falls, he will claim he is fine.' Therefore, even if you show the slightest hesitation, it means that something must be going on, and that something can't be a small matter."

After some silence, I said, "Sadina has always worried too much about me."

Curtis obviously did not believe me and repeatedly asked, "What really happened? If you do not say anything, I will have someone report it to me."

"Report it?"

"Although Grandmother honored your directives of not sending anyone to follow you directly, there are fifteen family members stationed in Sunset City. They pay attention to everything that relates to you at all times. For example, the young master that you serve is thinking of branching out and becoming a singer."

I knew that the family had people watching me, but I did not think it would be this great of a number. Fifteen people noting my actions without having anything else to do felt very wasteful.

"What a waste of human resources. I do not need..."

"There is no such thing as no need!" Curtis's tone became more adamant. "Please do not look down on the Elysees family's determination to protect a person! If you do not want someone to investigate or track you, please give me the order to eliminate the trouble. If you promise not to conceal anything from now on, I will decrease the number down to ten people in Sunset City. Besides that, I cannot compromise any further!"

Five fewer people was better than no decrease at all. I agreed. I honestly informed him, "All right. Lately, the Church seems to want to bring trouble to the young master and me. They leaked the information that the young master and the Sun Emperor have

something to do with each other.”

“I understand. It appears that a mere warning was insufficient.”

After hearing that, I became a bit worried and hurriedly said, “Please do not come into a conflict with the Church because of me.”

“Please do not worry. This is different from the situation with the Endelis clan. There is not much of a possibility of a direct conflict with the Church.” He paused for a bit and then added, “However, if they dare to harm you directly, the Elysees will absolutely respond in full force!”

After he said that, my heart became more settled. Curtis and Sadina were truly similar, but as expected, he was much gentler than Sadina. If it were Sadina, she would have said something along the lines of, “Daring to harm you? This old lady will obliterate their entire family from top to bottom, and even the guard dog won’t be able to escape.”

The conversation appeared to come to an end, but Curtis did not hang up. *He seems to have something to say?* I patiently waited for him to open his mouth. If I were to speak first, I might prevent him from wishing to speak.

“Family Head, may I ask you a question?” He finally opened his mouth and asked.

“Please speak.”

“I once asked Grandmother whether or not she loved Grandfather at

all. However, she never answered and told me to ask you for your true reason for leaving the family back then.”

The true reason?

“She said that if you are to tell me the true reason, then I will convey to you her will. “ Curtis grudgingly said, “Even though Grandmother’s words are contradictory, as I do not know the true reason, so how will I distinguish the truth from a lie? But she said that I will be able to determine whether your words are true or not. If you tell me a lie, I will definitely not tell you what her will is.”

Sadina’s will? I hesitated and said, “The reason... there are many.”

“I am all ears.”

I was silent for a while, but I still could not hold back the need to know Sadina’s parting words. I honestly replied, “Sadina loved children, but a vampire’s fertility is low. Despite trying to hide it at thirty-five, she could not help but touch the wrinkles near her eyes while looking into the mirror. She had a bodyguard who had admired her for many years. I knew she also held affectionate feelings for the bodyguard. However, if I were there, those feelings would never blossom... That was why I left.”

However, I never thought that that bodyguard would only be able to accompany Sadina for twenty years before dying of a serious illness. Now, I did not know if my decision to leave back then was correct or not...

"I am happy. Thank you."

I was stumped. *Sadina?*

Curtis said, "That was what Grandmother wanted me to tell you, and I too have received the answer I wanted. Was that bodyguard my grandfather?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

"Um?" I was distracted a bit. *Why did Curtis thank me?*

Curtis smiled slightly and said, "I would not exist today if not for your concession back then. Is this not something I should thank you for? Well then, Family Head, rest assured, I will use all of my strength to ensure that the Church will not harm you in any way."

"I will trouble you then. " After I spoke, the call ended.

An imperfect decision... but it seemed it was not wrong. Thank goodness.

"Charles."

I was surprised. I turned around and saw the young master. I quickly stood up and said, "Young Master, you have returned."

As I was speaking, I saw the young master's face clearly. Now, I was

truly surprised. *The young master's face is actually filled with fury?*

"Come!"

"To where?" I was shocked. *Why is the young master angry?*

The young master actually said, "To a nightclub, to flirt with girls, to... In short, to have lots of fun!"

"Y-Young Master?"

The young master took my hand and said, "Let's go find Aren right now. Let's go have fun together!"

After saying this, he rushed next door like a gust of wind. Without even knocking, he rushed in and startled Aren. After seeing that it was the young master, Aren seemed to breathe a sigh of relief, but he was startled again after seeing me. He even rushed to the side and pulled out a book to cover up the book that he had originally been reading.

The young master walked over. His anger was gone and replaced by a curious expression. He even stretched out his hand to pull out Aren's hidden book.

"What are you doing?! There's nothing to look at!" Aren promptly grabbed the book back.

"I want to see!" The young master stubbornly grabbed the book. They grabbed the edges of the book's pages. The book appeared to be in danger of splitting in half at any moment.

Aren sneaked a glance at me through corner of his eye. I smiled at him. He finally let go in an embarrassed way and said, "Look all you want. It's nothing... just the latest photobook that was released." Although he said it was not much of anything, he avoided looking at me.

I felt a bit amused. He was not afraid of letting the young master see it. Yet, he was afraid to let me see it. *Does Aren regard me as an elder?*

"What is there to see?" The young master flipped a few pages. He knitted his brows and said, "All the girls are super skinny. They're all bones. Hugging them sure won't be comfortable!"

After hearing that, Aren rolled his eyes and snapped, "Please! Have you even seen how large and soft their breasts are?"

The young master answered loudly, "What's the use if it is only the breast part that is soft? Don't tell me you only hug the breasts when you hug a girl?"

Unwavering, Aren retorted, "When your Briar grows up, she might not even have large, soft breasts!"

Unexpectedly, the young master growled, "Don't mention Briar!"

Aren froze and then looked at me. I shook my head to show that I did not know either.

"What's up? Did you fight with Briar?" He shook his head and sighed.
"Isn't it embarrassing to fight with a thirteen year old girl?"

"I didn't want to fight with her... It was Poseidynne who scolded me first and then Bri as well!"

"Why would they scold you?" Aren doubtfully asked, "Neither Bri nor Poseidynne would randomly scold you, right?"

The young master was silent for a moment and then quietly said, "It was because I went to Seaside to find Ding Ding, and later, both Poseidynne and Bri ended up there as well..."

Aren said, "Wow." He tried to stifle his laughter as he said, "Got caught cheating in bed with another?"

"I wasn't on a bed! We were just sitting together in front of a piano!"
The young master shouted, "In the end, Poseidynne slapped me again. Briar also said that I was untrustworthy and that she would never care about me again!"

Aren scratched his head and said, "Forget about Poseidynne. But for Briar to be angry is a given! Didn't you have Poseidynne get in line? Now, you're even cozying up to other girls. Of course, she'd be worried that you might want others joining the queue again! Truthfully speaking, if my girlfriend were to tell me that a bunch of guys want to queue up to be her husband, I'd definitely divorce her! You're lucky that Briar didn't break up with you already."

After listening to Aren's words, the young master revealed a hesitant

look and mumbled, "So it was my fault? But I'm really unhappy... Aren, let's go out and have fun! Let's g-go make out with hot girls!"

Aren's eyes widened, and he yelled, "Hot girls? Where did you learn that term?"

"The people from the nightclub said it." The young master grabbed Aren's arm and dragged him up completely. He stubbornly said, "Let's go and make out with hot girls!"

Aren rolled his eyes and shouted, "You lolicon! I can't think of a place where I can take you to hang out with hot girls! Don't tell me an elementary school? We'll get arrested by the police!"

"The police won't dare to arrest me!" The young master angrily said, "Let them try!"

After hearing that, Aren knitted his brows and said, "Ah Ye, you're really weird."

The young master became depressed. At this time, I made a signal with my eyes to Aren. He noticed it and said to the young master, "Okay, okay, I'll go find hot girls with you, all right? I know a good place!"



"This is a shop men should go to!"

Standing in front of the shop, Aren finished saying this in high spirits. When he turned and saw me, he immediately hurried to ask in a

frantic manner, "Ah! Charles-gē, are you heading in as well?"

"Do not mind me." I smiled and said, "I have once helped my employer clean up a bed littered with adult products. Moreover, they were used!"

"...A butler's job is sure an exhausting one."

Aren dragged the young master in. I naturally followed inside. The shop was filled with anime and manga posters. The majority of the posters featured nude girls, both real and animated. The important points were that they all had well developed breasts, small waists, and plump buttocks.

Although this shop did not suit the young master, it was better than letting him actually go out and "make out with hot girls." The young master's personality was too serious. He would likely not understand the meaning of "only playing around." If the other party wanted him to take responsibility, he would possibly actually nod his head.

"How's this? This is a breast body pillow. Try touching it. It feels nice to touch!"

At Aren's instigation, the young master stroked it a few times and knitted his brows. "How is this good to touch? Briar's much softer, and she even smells fragrant..." After saying this, he suddenly stopped, and his expression tightened. It seemed that he was not happy that he had thought of Briar.

Aren hurriedly changed the topic. "How about this? A 3D breast back

cushion! Leaning against this while doing your assignments will be very comfortable!

“Also, this row has the newest photo girl posters.

“Those are the latest inflatable babes... Ah, it’s best that you don’t look at those.”

Under Aren’s great effort in introduction, the young master reluctantly bought two posters and a 3D breast back cushion. Without much spirit, he then said he wanted to go home.

After hearing that, both Aren and I breathed a huge sigh of relief and hurried to take the young master home.

“This is so cute!”

The young master suddenly stopped in his tracks. Both eyes brightly looked at the roadside shop’s poster. The poster was of a... chubby baby. Cute wind chimes hung outside the store, and various cute posters were plastered outside. There were all sorts of small toys. It seemed like a shop that girls would like.

Aren was stunned and said, “You already evolved from a lolicon to a baby-loli?”

“I want to go in to take a look.”

The young master actually went into the shop after speaking, leading to a commotion. In that “men’s shop” from earlier, few people inside

paid attention to the young master, but there were many girls in this shop, and they appeared to recognize the young master at first sight.

“Wait!” Aren was alarmed. “This shop is not some place that we should go in!”

However, the young master had gone in anyway. I hurried to follow him inside. Although Aren revealed a distressed expression, he also followed us inside.

“That one is so cute too!” The young master saw another poster that he liked. It was of a giggling young girl. He looked at the poster and naturally said, “Oh, but Briar is still cuter...”

He fell silent. Then, without a second word, he began playing around with the things in the shop. He was much happier than when he had been in the “shop where men should go.”

“An Xiang Ye, you girl!” Aren was angry to the point of almost spitting blood.

The young master did not mind Aren’s angry growl at all. Instead, he was even more like a little girl as he played around with all the small toys and continually said, “This is so cute!

“That is so fun!

“And this, and this...”

In the end, the young master bought ten posters of babies, eight

posters of young girls, and five posters of little mice and little dogs. In addition to that, he bought three big dolls, four porcelain dolls, and two bobble head babies.

Aren was very uncomfortable because his towering, robust stature that reached over 190 cm caused all of the girls in the shop to look at him as if he were a pervert.

Chapter 8: Sing; wail

Dark Sun! You have finally arrived...

"No, no!" "Dark Sun" shouted, "I'm DSII!"

DSII? Why is it you again? Is Ah Ye really that busy?

"Ah Ye?" Tilting his head, DSII said, "He's home, but he said he doesn't want to come."

Doesn't want to come? What does that mean? A hero doesn't have that kind of choice! What's been going on with Ah Ye recently?

"Ah Ye is a bit weird. Daddy said that he will be okay after a while, but Daddy's words can't be trusted. All those who trust him are dummies!"

...Can't you use a mature tone to talk?

DSII shook his head vigorously and said, "Daddy programmed me to be a ten-year-old child! Unless it's time to pretend to be 'Dark Sun.' Ah Ye commanded that pretending to be Dark Sun needs maturity and calmness, but maturity and calmness are so boring!"

Then, you can continue to pretend to be Dark Sun now.

"Don't want to! Chu-gēge knows I'm not Dark Sun! So why do I need to pretend to be Dark Sun?"

Chu-gēge... Don't use Ah Ye's face to call me that. My fallen goose

bumps have already covered the floor.

"Then, Chu-shūshu?"

Definitely no!

"Beloved little Chu Chu?"

What kind of ten-year-old kid are you pretending to be!

"No this, no that. Chu-gēge, you really are an annoying little thing!"

...



The young master really did become a singer. Although his singing skill was not fully competent yet, he was originally already exceedingly famous. Furthermore, his clear and bright timbre also made up for his lack of skill. Overall, the young master's new album still received more praise than criticism. Even professional singers thought he was very promising.

The new album was also quite interesting. After consulting me for consent, the young master titled his album "Endelis." The album was comprised completely of songs about a vampire. However, it was from the perspective of an angel. The angel, because of his curiosity toward the vampire, constantly glimpsed into the vampire's life and sang song after song of what he had secretly seen.

The songs were filled with questions for the vampire. *Is fresh blood*

really delicious? Have you ever yearned for the sun? If you have another choice, would you choose to become the race of darkness or would you choose death?

This songwriter Lin Ding seemed to be a very interesting person.

Recording the album, joining a show to promote the album, filming commercials, giving endorsements... Because the young master was so busy, he had been unable to become Dark Sun for quite a while already. However, Dark Sun was still active in Sunset City. This was all DSII's credit, although he frequently complained that he wanted to be a motorcycle, disliking using a humanoid body.

At first glance, the days seemed peaceful, but there were also some differences compared to before. Since the day the young master quarreled with his two fiancées, Briar and Poseidynne had not visited the apartment again. The young master of course did not look for them either.

For a few times, the young master kept returning to the "Girl's Shop." Currently, his room was covered with posters of babies, puppies, and little girls. He also had a great number of dolls. Lastly, he even kept a goldfish.

Mr. Bramble still had not said anything. The number of times he spoke seemed to have grown fewer as well.

On the other hand, May and Dell frequently accompanied the young master to the nightclub "Seaside" to play. Because Aren was so terribly busy, there was simply no way he could accompany the young

master. It appeared to be because both First Wind and Solitary Butterfly had requested him to look after their own districts a bit more.

Melody was not very surprised about the change in the young master. She said this was called a rebellious stage. Everything would be fine after it passed; although, she also admitted that having his rebellious stage at twenty-three years old was a little late.

Throughout the month, the days were just like the young master—a bit strange, yet there were no major changes. Compared to before, everyone just seemed quieter, but the situation was not too serious. However, it left people without any idea of how to deal with it, continuing to live with the current situation...

“Melody, what are we going to do today?”

The young master asked Melody after he finished his breakfast. Because the latter needed to be with the young master at each event, her “nights and days” were reversed daily, with her awake during the day and asleep during the night. Therefore, she always had a not-fully-awake, lazy attitude.

Melody lazily flipped through a small booklet and said, “At two in the afternoon, we need to go pre-record a broadcast. At five o’clock, we need to shoot an advertisement for mineral water. At nine in the evening, there’s a charity gala.”

The young master gave an “oh” and said nothing else. He did not appear to be unhappy, but he was not especially happy either. He seemed... very bored.

"Young Master, how about letting Charles accompany you to the events today?" Melody proposed coquettishly.

The young master turned his head to look at her. Anger actually flashed across his face. He said, "Even you don't want to accompany me?"

Frozen for a moment, Melody said while blinking her beautiful eyes, "Young Master, what are you saying? I'm just really tired and want to sleep."

Only then did the young master school away his anger. Apologetically, he said, "All right, go sleep then."

Stroking the young master's head, Melody smiled and gently said, "Young Master, what is going on with you recently? You seem very unhappy."

With a little reluctance, the young master said, "Nothing's wrong. When I wanted to sing, I sang. When I wanted to buy toys, I went to buy toys. There aren't any unhappy things."

"But you're still unhappy!" With a little heartache, Melody pinched the young master's face and said, "This charity ball allows you to bring a partner. Do you want to bring a female companion with you?"

The young master tilted his head and asked, "Are you going with me tonight?"

"That's a secret!" Melody smiled mysteriously.

For the first time this month, the young master's eyes brightened. He did not continue to ask who his female companion would be. He seemed to really look forward to this secret.



"The secret went straight to the gala!"

Hearing Melody's answer, the young master enthusiastically departed to the location of the charity gala. Nonetheless, I was a little worried. *How are we going to recognize this "secret?" With the fame the young master has now, a group of girls gathering around him at his arrival would not be surprising, right?*

However, Melody must have already realized that. Since she had arranged it as such, she must have her own plan. Therefore, I did not ask much but directly followed the young master to the charity gala. We even rode DSII there.

I did not know the reason the young master insisted on not driving a car. He just wanted to ride the motorcycle... But this was not that strange. During this past month, the young master was sometimes arbitrary in insisting on certain things.

Just a little willful. Melody described it as such, which I also thought was very appropriate.

We finally reached the location. This charity gala was crowded with people. There was even a red carpet laid on the floor, and cameras

filled both sides.

I did not know if it was because the young master was the only one to ride a motorcycle over or if it was because the young master's fame was already enormous, but the moment we arrived and the young master took off his helmet, he immediately caused a huge commotion. The flashes went mad.

The young master's originally tidy hair had gotten disheveled by the helmet. Quickly, I took out a comb to neaten his hair. The flashes became even more powerful to the point that specks of shadows began appearing in my eyes. The young master also frowned. He seemed a little unhappy.

"I have finished."

As soon as I finished speaking, the young master suddenly turned and glared at the crowd, which I did not expect. I was worried that he would start yelling at them. However, someone suddenly called out, "Ah Ye..."

The young master froze and looked puzzlingly toward the source of the voice... A woman walked slowly toward him. On her gentle, beautiful face, she had applied a little makeup. She wore a white, fishtail gown embellished with aqua-blue. Her gown was strapless with long sleeves. The ends of her sleeves and skirt were modeled after waves. More than half of her blue hair was rolled up, only a few locks resting against her chest. Sections of her hair were dotted with pearls. Her necklace was a warm, orange-colored coral. She looked just like a legendary mermaid... She was indeed a merperson though.

Although the woman in front of me was truly gorgeous, the mood was ruined as I thought, *how can her body look like both a female's and a male's so suddenly?* Going by just body shape, men and women were greatly different, but Poseidynne appeared completely like a lady while wearing a tight gown. Merpeople were really an inconceivable race.

Lightly frowning, Poseidynne walked slower and slower. It was almost like she was afraid of coming over.

"Poseidynne." The young master said in admiration, "You're so beautiful!"

Poseidynne froze a little, relaxed her brow, and gave a stunning smile.

Taking the initiative, the young master went over and held Poseidynne's hand. This caused the surroundings to flash as bright as day. Quickly, I slightly bowed my head and narrowed my eyes to prevent the flashes from diminishing my sight.

Poseidynne whispered, "Melody already told me all about it. You and Lin Ding really aren't in a relationship. After finishing writing the song, you guys rarely met in private."

"I told you so!" The young master muttered.

"I was really worried!" Poseidynne said in grievance, "You accepted me so easily before. I'm not saying accepting me is bad, b-but if you also accept others easily... That also isn't good!"

The young master frowned a bit. He seemed to not understand these words.

“Anyway, you’re not angry anymore?”

Poseidynne said “yeah” lightly. The young master immediately smiled. For the first time this month, he was smiling so heartily.

Melody certainly understood the young master. This “secret” was planned out well.

Arm in arm, the two walked toward the entrance hall with flashes going off all the way. Perhaps tomorrow’s entertainment section headline would be of the young master and his secret. Although it might cause controversies, wouldn’t the young master become more famous because of this?



At the ball, many people wanted to approach us, but the people who did approach were few. The ladies’ gazes were mostly on the young master, but once they turned toward Poseidynne, they revealed unconfident expressions. Similarly, once the men saw Poseidynne, they gave amazed looks one after another. But once they saw her hand tightly clinging to the young master’s arm, they showed doubting expressions again and again.

“If I remember correctly... You are Charles, am I right? Only you came with the angel today?”

Turning my head to look, I saw a middle-aged man with white hair. I

recalled how Melody addressed him...

"Producer Xiao, it has been a long time since I have seen you."

"It is better not to see you, lest my heart ache whenever I do."

Producer Xiao shook his head and said, "Say, why is there no way to have a camera capture a vampire's image? We've simply wasted so many handsome men and beautiful ladies!"

Beautiful ladies? I pondered slightly and understood that he was referring to Melody.

Producer Xiao turned his head. His eyes were scanning Poseidynne. With great interest, he asked, "Angel, how is it that you have brought such a great beauty here?"

The young master rolled his eyes and said, "Xiao-shū, I told you many times already. My name is An Xiang Ye. You can also call me Ah Ye, not Angel!"

Producer Xiao gave a big laugh, saying, "Aiya! Who told you to look just like an angel? Everyone is like angel this, angel that. If I say Ah Ye, people actually need to think for a moment to figure out who Ah Ye is. It's so annoying!"

The young master pouted and said nothing.

Examining Poseidynne, Producer Xiao asked enthusiastically, "This great beauty can't also be a vampire, right?"

Saying nothing, Poseidynne took two steps back, hid behind the young master, and lowered her head.

Protecting her, the young master said, "Xiao-shū, don't bully Poseidynne. She has other jobs. She doesn't want to be a star."

"Angel, what the hell. Every person around you is either handsome or beautiful, yet I can't borrow any of them to shoot an MV? It's not like they have to become a star."

The young master shook his head firmly.

Shaking his head and sighing, Producer Xiao did not argue further. It was said that during the past year, the young master had made his affable, but stubborn personality known to the entertainment world. Even threats and inducement could not change his mind.

"Come on!" Aside from complaining, Producer Xiao did not forget to make a request, "Then, you have to help me shoot an MV. A female singer insisted on using you."

The young master nodded. Producer Xiao was now satisfied. Patting the young master's shoulder, he said, "Today's charity gala depends on you. A huge group of people want to bid on your first dance. There are many women, not to mention a ton of men too."

"Okay!" The young master nodded. He seemed to also be looking forward to the bidding.

After Producer Xiao left, Poseidynne whispered, "Today's charity gala is

to bid on a participant's first dance? Ah Ye, I will win the auction for your first dance!"

"If you want to dance, couldn't we just dance at home? If not, dancing at Seaside is fine, too! You don't need to waste money bidding on me, right?" The young master did not understand. Now, it seemed like it was Poseidynne's turn to be a little willful. She looked down slightly and did not seem to be planning to give up on bidding on the young master.

The young master frowned, turned around, and asked, "Charles, what is the total amount of money I've earned as a model?"

I was a little surprised by the young master's sudden question about his salary, but I still diligently informed him, "The exact amount still needs to be ascertained. The payment for the album has not been transferred yet either. Nonetheless, the account now contains at least thirteen million."

"Then, let's use that money to win my first dance! Charles, you've said before, gifts should be bought with one's own hard-earned money, right?"

I smiled while nodding my head. Stunned for a moment, Poseidynne became overjoyed. She was gleeful to the point of nearly floating away. Seeing her so happy, the young master seemed to become happy also.

The bidding that followed went smoothly. Although the young master's first dance was expensive, the young master did not care about this small amount of money. Furthermore, it was for charity. A price higher

than this would not have been a problem either.

"... Going twice! Sold for five hundred fifty thousand yuan!"

After winning the bid for the dance, I turned around, wanting to report to the young master, but what I saw was the young master on his phone. I did not know who had called, causing his delight to disappear without a trace, even turning it into seriousness.

Waiting until the young master hung up, Poseidynne could not resist and immediately asked, "What's wrong?"

"First Wind said that Dark Sun injured Solitary Butterfly."

Dark Sun... Ah! Is it DSII? I murmured, "DSII disobeyed?"

"No, DSII didn't disobey. He is unable to disobey." The young master whispered, "Because Solitary Butterfly protected the criminal, DSII concluded that she might be under his control. Essentially, he wanted to take the criminal away, but Solitary Butterfly didn't allow it. The two then started to fight."

I asked with concern, "Was Solitary Butterfly really under control?"

"Luo Chu-gē said he isn't 100% sure, but he thinks Solitary Butterfly hasn't been controlled."

Since it was Ji Luo Chu's analysis, the accuracy must be very high. If it were the young master who had been there, he might have believed in Ji Luo Chu's words. It was just that DSII had chosen not to believe Ji

Luo Chu, even though he always called Ji Luo Chu “Little Chu Chu” or “Chu-gēge.”

I whispered, “Young Master, are you going there now?”

“I haven’t danced with Poseidynne yet!” Frowning, the young master pondered and then said, “I don’t want to go! Charles, you go in my stead and take a look. Use this phone to stay in contact with Luo Chu-gē.

...Uh?

“Ah Ye, you’re not going?” Poseidynne seemed alarmed. She anxiously said, “It’s not a problem if we don’t dance. Really! We can just go to ‘Seaside’ to dance.”

With a little displeasure, the young master said, “Charles, are you going or not?”

“Yes, I will depart right away.”

Mr. An Te Qi, your words are really not to be trusted. Why is the young master’s condition getting worse? Nonetheless, let’s not quarrel with the young master right now. I will go check out the situation first and contact Mr. An Te Qi tomorrow.



After deliberating, I went to the top floor of the gala’s venue. To track someone down, the highest floor would be much more convenient.

But, unexpectedly, this venue's top floor was actually a playground. Children were running around and going on rides. Stalls everywhere were shouting, "popcorn" and "hot dogs"... There was even a colossal Ferris wheel there.

Standing there, all dressed up, I was really eye-catching. Many mothers used suspicious eyes to examine me and then held their children's hands tightly... I hastily moved to the railing at the edge and hid in the darkness.

Just as I was about to dial First Wind, the phone rang. As soon as I answered, First Wind roared, "Dark Sun! The criminal went toward the north district. He has just passed Evening Sun Plaza. Tell your subordinates to turn on the monitors. It won't be hard to find him. I will go there from the west. You outflank him from the east! Don't forget to wear earplugs and put your phone on vibrate, or you'll get controlled by his voice."

"I am not..."

Click!

...Dark Sun. Also, I am in the north district. After saying only half of what I intended, the call had already ended. Even when calling him back, no one answered. First Wind was likely too busy to have the time to answer his phone.

Sighing, I dialed another number, "Mr. Bramble, would you please help me search for a criminal? First Wind is currently pursuing him. Apparently, he just passed Evening Sun Plaza..."

Coming from the other end was Dell's laughter. "We were just watching a prime-time drama earlier—a super huge dogfight! Solitary Butterfly fought Dark Sun just now. The two of them were both wearing earplugs and gesturing wildly with their hands until it devolved into brawling. First Wind wanted to close in and pull them apart. As a result, he was labeled as an enemy by both of them. Luckily, Dragon Peace promptly took him away from the battle, or else he would have been sandwiched and beaten up."

Ji Luo Chu has really worked hard. I sighed.

"Before we knew it, the NC squad came to save the day! However, they didn't know the situation, so they didn't wear earplugs. They got controlled by the criminal and actually attacked the three heroes... hahaha! Oh man, it was just killing me!"

"Dell, you are overly enjoying this dilemma." I felt a little helpless. *I hope the heroes and the NC squad were not harmed too much.*

"The criminal doesn't seem to have any malicious intent." May said, "He only gave the NC squad a command to obstruct all the heroes besides Solitary Butterfly. According to our observations, he seems a bit naïve."

I froze for a second. "The young master wishes for me to check out the situation, and First Wind mistook me for Dark Sun and wanted me to outflank the criminal. Could I trouble you to help me locate the criminal?"

“The young master wants you to go?” May wondered, “Doesn’t the young master usually not let you get involved in combat?”

I fell silent and then said helplessly, “In the past, yes. But the young master now... Nonetheless, I will have to trouble all of you.”

May did not question me much and just said, “Got it. We’ll start the search now. The criminal is still being tracked. First Wind’s position is currently on the border between the north and the west districts, and he is moving toward the north district, not far from you. If we use the young master’s speed to estimate the distance, it will be around fifteen minutes. Okay... If First Wind does not change his path, he might pass by the venue where the gala is held!”

Eh? If that is the case, should I stay and wait for First Wind to arrive, or should I go and intercept him?

During my pondering, there was suddenly an outburst of screams from afar. It sounded like many people were screaming. This was really unbelievable because it was the top floor!

Looking toward the source of the sound, I saw a hole in the city... Actually, the light over there had disappeared. Among the vast city lights, one part was suddenly darkened. It looked as if the city really had a hole opened in it.

The holes were continually growing—one here, another there. Finally, even I had fallen into a hole. Darkness surrounded us, and children were screaming from every direction... Only in the distance was there still a sea of lights, like an unreachable hope. It was a dreadful feeling.

Dell's shout came from the cell phone, "Butler! What is your situation there?"

"Darkness. Except that, there's nothing abnormal."

"Phew! Luckily, everything else is all right. The monitors where you guys are suddenly blacked out. Nothing can be seen. It's strange. Even if it's a blackout, there should be an emergency power supply system."

May coldly said, "It's not one bit lucky. The emergency power system didn't kick in. I'm afraid that it's sabotage."

Both ends of the phone call became silent for a moment and then simultaneously exclaimed, "That criminal!"

Chapter 9: SCIP; NC

Solitary Butterfly shielded the criminal behind her, coldly saying, "I won't let you take Josh away."

But Dark Sun said without wavering, "He is a criminal who has committed a serious crime. He needs to be sent back to the psychiatric hospital immediately."

Stop arguing, the both of you...

Solitary Butterfly got angry, shouting, "P29 isn't a psychiatric hospital. It's an experiment lab! How many times have I said this? There's definitely something wrong with that psychiatric hospital!"

Dark Sun went quiet for a moment and then said, "Solitary Butterfly, are you being controlled by him?"

After a short pause, Solitary Butterfly scoffed and said in a high voice, "So, this is it. Dark Sun, you absolutely don't believe me, do you?"

Calm down a bit! Solitary Butterfly, the one in front of you right now isn't Dark Sun, it's DSII! Don't argue with a robot... Darn it, these words can't be said out loud!

"Solitary Butterfly, get out of the way!"

Solitary Butterfly scoffed, and not only did she not move away, she also pulled out her double guns and said, "Over my dead body!"

After he saw the opponent pull out her guns, Dark Sun also extended his metal nails.

...Stop it! Don't fight. Stop fighting! Ah! You guys are going to hit me too?

How did things end up like this... Ah Ye, just what are you doing? Don't you want to be a hero anymore?



Perhaps that criminal specifically cut off the power supply because he wanted to stop the heroes from tracking him down? But being under the pursuit of so many heroes and the police, did he still have the spare time to do that?

I was a bit confused, but the noise of a helicopter from above disturbed my thoughts. When I raised my head, I actually saw an armed helicopter. Just as I was getting nervous, I realized that the helicopter had two large letters that said NC on it. It was the police's helicopter.

I let out a sigh of relief. But why would the police navigate an armed helicopter into an amusement park? There were so many children here. No matter what the case was, they should not land here.

...Wait, did Dell not say earlier that the criminal had the NC's people under his control?

The criminal had ordered them to stop the heroes. But even if the NC squad had stronger equipment, they still might not be able to stop the

heroes. If they insisted on executing the order, then what would they do?

It does not look like the armed helicopter is going to land. All it is doing is circling in mid-air...

I suddenly had a very ominous feeling and hurriedly shouted to the crowd, "Everyone, go downstairs!"

A few young mothers who looked like they had already wanted to leave immediately shouted back in panic, "The exit's an automatic door. It can't be opened without electricity!"

I immediately used "x-speed" to move to the door. After breaking the glass door in to pieces with a punch, I yelled to everyone, "Get down quickly! Leave this building! Hurry, hurry!"

The crowd started to surge toward the door. I backed into the center of the amusement park, cautiously observing the helicopter in the sky. The helicopter was still circling in the air with no intention on landing, but it did not look like it was going to leave either.

The cellphone in my breast pocket rang again. This time, I said immediately after picking up, "This is Charles."

"...Charles? Oh well," First Wind said in a shaky voice, "the NC members who are being controlled want all the heroes at the Evening Sun Plaza in twenty minutes, so that they can monitor us, or else they'll start shooting people. But I don't know what's wrong with DSII. He's persistent on pursuing that criminal."

So that is how it is.

“The NC members are circling the amusement park that is on top of this building with an armed helicopter. There seem to be two people in there. I am evacuating the people on the top floor, but even if the people were completely evacuated, the NC members will likely still find other targets.”

“Armed helicopter?” First Wind groaned, “Charles, can you take care of them? The type of care that doesn’t involve killing. After all, they’re just being controlled.”

The helicopter is at a height that I cannot jump to... I know, there is the Ferris wheel!

“I will try.”

After hanging up the phone and using two “x-speeds” in succession, I quickly scrambled up the Ferris wheel and leaped, hanging below the helicopter. Even though I had tried to make my movements as light as possible, jumping such a long distance still shook the helicopter slightly.

Because of the shake, the opponents immediately noticed that there was someone hanging beneath the helicopter and fired at me without any hesitation. I hurriedly jumped to the end of the helicopter to put some distance between us. A close distance would make it hard to dodge bullets.

But unexpectedly, the opponent actually followed along and climbed out of the helicopter while firing at me at the same time. His movements were very agile and he showed no signs of fear.

How amazing... Even though the NC squad has special equipment, can normal policemen push themselves this far? Is it because they are being controlled?

I jumped down to grab hold of the landing skid of the helicopter and then somersaulted upward, moving behind the opponent and striking his neck with my hand. The opponent was wearing protective gear around his neck, but the attack broke the gear into pieces, so he immediately fell unconscious.

When I jumped into the helicopter with my unconscious opponent in one arm, the pilot actually fired an energy gun at me while navigating with one hand. *Does he not care about his life?!*

After kicking his gun aside, I struck him unconscious with another chop and dragged him away from the pilot's seat, directly ripping the seat belt off as I did so. After that, I immediately climbed into the pilot's seat and took hold of the lever with both hands, pulling on it at full strength... The helicopter dropped only a bit before it regained balance.

It was a relief that vampires were fast and that I had learned how to fly a helicopter before under Father's suggestion. Even though I did not pilot often, I believed I was still able to land a helicopter.

You were right, Father. As a butler, it never hurts to learn a few more

skills.

*I should call Ji Luo Chu right now to tell him that the problem has been solved...*A sharp object pressed against my neck, right on my artery.

I glanced in the rear view mirror, but the opponent was hiding behind the pilot's seat, making it impossible to see the opponent's face.

"Don't move. This is a very expensive fountain pen. I actually think that it's too expensive. A lot of the money must have been spent on advertisements and not the pen itself. But unfortunately, fountain pens made from pure silver are usually very pricey, so I didn't have much of a choice... My point is, you shouldn't make any reckless moves, and you are not allowed to land, vampire."

"Who are you?" I was nowhere near being nervous, since I was navigating the helicopter, and there were buildings all around us, so if the helicopter were to go slightly out of control, it would be possible for it to crash. I believed that this person would not want to die with a vampire.

"Heh, who I am isn't the point, as who you should listen to is another's voice." He leaned a cellphone against my ear, and a furious shout came from it, saying, "Damn vampire, you destroyed our plan!"

This voice is... Xie Yuan Jie, SCIP's leader!

I suddenly figured out what was going on. *The people in the helicopter were not real NC members, but were ones who were feigned by SCIP members!*

SCIP had disguised themselves as the NC members who were being controlled in order to use the citizens' lives to threaten the heroes into not meddling with the situation, so that they could go after the criminal.

I replied calmly, "Using hostages to threaten heroes into not taking part in the fight, is this something that the police should be doing?"

"We won't really fire. This is only a kind of trick. Aren't heroes obsessed with saving people? Now, you behave and fly nicely in the air. Don't try to do anything, or else don't blame us for hurting you. I don't care if a vampire lives or dies!"

The opponent hung up, and after thinking about the situation for a bit, I decided not to do anything rash. Even though a fountain pen, even one made of silver, could not kill me, a helicopter that has gone out of control could cause great harm.

Moreover, it did not matter if the criminal was captured by SCIP and taken back to P29 or captured by DSII... Either way, it seemed that he would still return to the Sun Alliance, the only difference was whether he fell into the elder or the younger brother's hands.

"Do not tell me that you want to kill me in order to keep my mouth shut?" A fountain pen could not kill me, but if possible, I still did not want it in my neck.

The opponent chuckled, saying, "Please be assured, I won't do something so discourteous. Though I am categorized as a human, I

have still heard of the name Charles Endelis and am still somewhat aware of the protection that the Elysees family has issued.”

Only somewhat?

Just then, the cellphone I had on me rang again, and it kept on ringing again and again, not even stopping for a second. *This really is troublesome, but I am not able to take any calls...*

Feeling anxious, all I could do was to talk to the opponent to try to divert his attention. “Why do you use a fountain pen? A fountain pen’s lethality is really not high.”

“It’s capable of writing and killing, and even if I am searched, I don’t have to worry about the other party suspecting that it is a weapon. What else is more convenient than a fountain pen?”

“... A Swiss army knife?”

My opponent chuckled, “That sounds good too, but I’m only here for a part-time job, so I really don’t think there’s a need to specially prepare tools for this. A fountain pen I already have is good enough.”

“A part-time assassin?”

“You think I’m an assassin? Have I killed any people?”

I went quiet for a short while and then said, “You certainly have not. Even if you do kill me, it would not count as killing a person.”

“Heh!” The opponent chuckled, “You sure are humorous. But for me, killing vampires counts as killing people too! Think about it, are people with special powers still human? If they are human, then why aren’t non-humans human?”

You really should meet Father Yue.

“Hmm, it’s been more than thirty minutes already. Giving Leader Xie an extra ten minutes should be more than enough. Though I really want to chat some more, someone seems to be in a hurry to contact you. Go land on the top floor of any building, but don’t land in the amusement park from before. I don’t want the helicopter to get surrounded as soon as we land.”

Having heard that, I chose a building located between Evening Sun Plaza and the gala’s location to land.

As soon as we landed, my opponent said, “Open the door and get off.” I did as I was told and whirled around right when my feet touched the ground, only to see that the opponent had shut the helicopter’s door. Through the small glass window, I could only see that he had short, black hair... And then the helicopter rose up and flew away.

Taking out the cellphone, I could see that there were tens of missed calls from First Wind, Dragon Peace, Solitary Butterfly, Bramble, and Yue Gang. This made me unsure of whom to call first. After a moment of thought, I dialed First Wind’s number, but the other party did not pick up. I then called Mr. Bramble and Dragon Peace, but their lines were also busy.

Should I go to the Evening Sun Plaza or go back to the gala? Hmm... Since the young master told me to investigate the situation, I think I will go to the Evening Sun Plaza.

Leaping with more strength, I moved quickly from rooftop to rooftop. It did not take even ten minutes for me to arrive at the plaza.

Since Evening Sun Plaza was located right outside the power-failure zone, it had not fallen into darkness but stayed brightly lit. The strange thing was that the plaza was very quiet, yet how could that be? The Evening Sun Plaza was one of the gathering places of young people. It should still be very lively even at night.

I looked down from the top of a building and saw that the plaza was almost empty with only a few people standing in groups that faced each other. I believed I saw Dark Sun, who was holding his scythe, and First Wind with his cape flowing behind him. However, I could not see the situation below clearly because I was standing at the top of a high building.

I stepped off of the building and was immediately pulled downward. Continuously using my blood ability in mid-air to slow down my fall, I landed on the ground silently. This technique allowed me to jump down from forty or fifty floors without a scratch, but jumping from higher floors would be somewhat hard and would not be as quiet.

There were two large groups in the plaza that had most of the people and which were all fully armed. One of the groups had NC written on their equipment; the other group did not have any identification on them, but I did see Xie Yuan Jie standing among them.

Dark Sun was standing on one end with his scythe in hand, but there was no one by his side, while First Wind and Solitary Butterfly stood in a position some distance away from him, and Dragon Peace was nowhere to be found.

Judging from their positions and stance, it felt a bit like they were opposing Dark Sun ... *Could it be that DSII is really malfunctioning?*

"Found you!"

I was startled but relaxed when I turned around. "Young Master."

The young master tilted his head and said in a confused tone, "Charles, where have you been? Ah Ye was looking for you! But he couldn't find you anywhere, and then the NC members fired at him, so he got angry."

...DSII? If so, then the Dark Sun who is holding the Death Scythe in the plaza is the young master?

I gasped, "What happened?"

"A lot has happened! Ah Ye got really worried after you were gone. He was afraid that you got killed! So he switched places with me. He turned into Dark Sun to look for you, but the surveillance cameras around here were all out of order because of the power failure, and he had no way to find you."

"Then, we should notify the young master quickly and tell him that I

am fine.”

DSII nodded and said, “Ah Ye knows that already. He’s looking at you!”

I turned my head to face Dark Sun who was standing afar, but with the large distance between us and the visor that he was wearing, I could not tell if he was really looking at me or not.

I stood thinking for a bit and then made a phone call. It was a relief that First Wind took the call this time.

“...Charles? Just where did you go? Ah Ye thinks something happened to you, and he’s worried sick.”

I hurriedly explained, “I was held back just now, but the opponent did not harm me. Just what has happened?”

“A lot of people were controlled by the criminal, including innocent citizens and the police. They would attack Dark Sun the moment they got near him, so after being attacked a few times, Dark Sun forbade anyone to go near him, even the heroes.”

First Wind spoke in a hurry. “Even Dragon Peace and I aren’t allowed to go near him. Dark Sun even wanted me to stay farther away than the others because my weapon can reach very far.”

He will not trust even First Wind and Dragon Peace?

“And Ah Ye isn’t the only one who is suspicious of others. Even the SCIP suspect that Dark Sun and Solitary Butterfly are being controlled,

too. They're attacking to force them to hand over the criminal."

This really is a mess. I asked concernedly, "Is the young master really being controlled?"

First Wind said impatiently, "I don't know. Ah Ye hasn't been himself these days, has he not?"

So, even First Wind is suspecting Dark Sun?

A criminal who can control people really can turn the world upside down. Such a criminal really should be sent back to P29.

"Charles, Ah Ye wants you back home, and I'm going to keep on looking for the criminal!" Saying so, DSII grumbled, "It's really hard without the surveillance cameras. Just how long is the power going to be out for?!"

The young master wants me home? I looked at Dark Sun. The Death Scythe in his hand was lowered a bit, and it looked like he had no intention of attacking, so I spoke into the phone, "Please hold for a bit," and turned to ask, "DSII, do you have a way to speak to the young master?"

"Yup!"

"Then, please tell the young master, 'Please come home too, let the SCIP catch the criminal by themselves. If Solitary Butterfly wants to protect the criminal, then she should confront the SCIP herself.'" I thought for a moment and then added, "Tell the young master that I

will be returning first to prepare a midnight snack. Will steak, baked chicken drumsticks, fries, and cream of potatoes do?"

After a few seconds, DSII chuckled and said, "Ah Ye says 'O.K., he won't meddle further,' and he wants you to make more food. He told me to bring Poseidynne and Briar back home to eat the food together."

I answered with a chuckle, "No problem."

DSII turned and left.

I returned to the phone and said, "First Wind, Dark Sun will likely not attack anymore, but if Solitary Butterfly insists on protecting that criminal, then please wish her good luck."

"...All right." First Wind's voice sounded very helpless, and he even grumbled, "It looks like I'll have to help Solitary Butterfly myself. We're friends after all..."

The call was cut off. I smiled and dialed Nitewalker's number, wanting to take the taxi home...

"Hey, you!"

Hm?

"Listen up..."



Crackle!

After a great sound, the Evening Sun Plaza became one of Sunset City's broken holes too and fell into darkness. However, since there were few people in the plaza, there was not too much screaming.

I was surrounded by darkness, and the moon was not out tonight, but that did not hinder my movements, since vampires were creatures of the dark to begin with.

Using the darkness to hide my traces, I walked toward Dark Sun. It was only when I was five steps away from him did he suddenly turn around to face my direction. Dark Sun really had heightened alertness.

I softly called out, "Young Master, it is me."

"Charles?" Dark Sun's attitude softened a little, and he asked in surprise, "Aren't you supposed to be home? Does this power failure have something to do with you?"

I quickly denied it, saying, "Young Master, this power failure has nothing to do with me. I am just conveniently borrowing it to come and tell you something. I called a taxi to take me home, but the driver Nitewalker told me that he had a passenger who looked very much like the criminal in my description..."

I walked toward Dark Sun while I said so.

Dark Sun went blank for a bit and said, "Oh? Such a coincidence? Where did he drive the criminal?"

"I do not know where it is. Young Master, you will have to speak with Nitewalker yourself."

I used my left hand to take out my phone and hand it over. Dark Sun also extended his hand to take the phone from me.

All of Dark Sun's movements are extremely precise.

At the same time Dark Sun took hold of the phone, I also grabbed his palm, not letting him draw his hand back. When he called out "Charles" in confusion, my right hand attacked his elbow from the outside. It was an attack that I had placed all my strength into.

It could be said that no matter how the flesh is injured, there wouldn't be any effect on his movement. But if a bone is slightly askew, it will have a massive effect on his movements.

The instant I finished attacking his elbow, I turned to my side and gave him a kick to the knee from the side with my heel.

...Especially when places like joints are involved. There cannot be a single mistake.

"AHHH—"

Attack elbow joint. Attack knee joint. Use x-speed to put some distance. All three moves were completed in an instant.

Though I had attacked at full strength, I believed Dark Sun still had some strength left to attack. Judging from the muffled and unclear

sound from before, his joints seemed to be dislocated but not yet completely broken. *What amazing toughness, attacking joints from their outside should be as easy as breaking a stick.*

Moreover, Dark Sun was still standing and had not yet fallen.

First Wind's worried shout came from afar, "Dark Sun, what happened? Are you all right?"

"Don't come here!" Dark Sun roared in anger.

With a bang, the Death Scythe crashed to the ground. It looked like the Death Scythe was too heavy for Dark Sun when he was only able to move one arm and one leg.

"Charles!" Dark Sun tore off his visor. His face was filled with anger, but his voice quivered as he spoke, "Why are you attacking me? Have you forgotten who I am... I'm your young master!"

I paused. *Why am I attacking the young master?*

Listen up, go attack Dark Sun. Make him lose the ability to pursue me!

I remembered that was what he had said... *But who is he? Why should I listen to him?*

There is only one person that I need to listen to in this world, and that is, that is... The young master!

Attack Dark Sun...

Listen to the young master...

Dark Sun is the young master!

I, I attacked the young master?! I actually...

"Charles... Charles!"

Chapter 10: Fallen Angel; Angel of Angels

Dark Sun! Good lord, what happened to your hands and feet...

Charles? Why is he here? Is he okay?

"How dare that prisoner control Charles to attack me! I'm going to kill him!"

That prisoner controlled Charles to attack you... Ah Ye, calm down. Didn't we agree to leave this to Solitary Butterfly and the SCIP? Besides, you're so badly injured, you should go back and receive treatment!

But... Charles can harm Dark Sun to this degree? Wasn't it only a matter of two or three minutes... All the injuries are on joints? So that's it. The joints are key?

Even Charles, who does not specialize in combat, can ambush him successfully. I suppose Dark Sun is not that scarily invincible after all.

"Luo Chu-gē, give me a hand."

Oh right!

Dark Sun grabbed my shoulders and hopped up on one foot. With a grunt, he used his uninjured foot to kick his dislocated knee back into place, then forcefully pushed his skewed elbow back...

... Actually, still scary.

Dark Sun, do you not feel hurt at all?

"It hurts a lot... I'm going to kill that criminal!"



Bright... so bright!

I opened my eyes but was forced to shut them again due to the piercing light. I blinked several times before my vision began to focus slowly on the scene before me. It seemed like I was still in the Evening Sun Plaza, where yelling, screaming, and crashing sounds created a din.

"What has happened?"

"You're awake? Oh, just Ah Ye going berserk."

... *What?* I pushed myself up hurriedly, turned, and saw that the person who had just spoken was Poseidynne! She was still wearing her ball gown, and she sat on the stairs at the edge of the plaza, also where I was lying.

Poseidynne said casually, "That criminal controlled you to attack Ah Ye, right? Ah Ye got really angry. So angry that he said he'd kill that criminal... Heh! Murderous Ah Ye is so handsome!"

Memories flooded over me like a wave: *attacking the elbows, attacking the knees, twisted hands and feet...* I could not stop myself from exclaiming, "I injured the young master!"

Poseidynne made a noise of agreement and comforted me, "Don't worry, Ah Ye doesn't blame you. He even told me to keep you safe!"

Young Master... I looked around for him but saw an astonishing scene and sputtered, "What is the young master doing?"

“After you fainted, Ah Ye began to madly pursue that criminal. He seems to have resolved to kill that person, so he immediately contacted everyone to help him track the criminal down. He even got me to come!”

Calling people to help track the criminal. But what I see right now is...

“But, but they are ganging up on the young master!”

There were roughly twenty to thirty people in the plaza, all armed to the teeth, and there were even the three other heroes, but they all surrounded a single target—Dark Sun. Yet I soon noticed that rather than “surrounding,” it was more like they stood like a wall in front of Dark Sun. Dark Sun was not forced to be on defense either. *Rather, he is on the offense!*

Dark Sun swung the huge Death Scythe and knocked people out one by one, without much effort.

At the back of this wall was Dragon Peace, and there was someone lying on the ground behind him who was unarmed. *He seems to be unconscious... but who is he?*

“Finally, Ah Ye really tracked down that criminal and really wanted to kill him, but the other three heroes and the police wouldn’t let him. Ah Ye was very angry, so he ended up picking a fight with all of them, saying he must kill that criminal and no one can stop him.”

“The young master r-really fought all of them by himself?” I was so surprised that I could not speak straight.

The young master is fighting one on twenty and is not losing, and he actually seems to have the upper hand. But, did I not injure the young master’s joints? Is the young master that powerful?

Poseidynne shrugged and said, “Not really. NC and the other heroes don’t really want to hurt him, so they can’t help but hold back a little. Dragon Peace basically just stands in front of the criminal and doesn’t even really fight. First Wind doesn’t dare use his energy whip to directly attack Dark Sun. The only people who are going all out are Solitary Butterfly and the SCIP, but with so many people around, they can’t fight properly either, since they would likely hit one of their own if they fired carelessly.”

I looked again, and that really was the case. *The young master is using his scythe, so no one can fight him hand-to-hand. Knowing they cannot open fire easily, no wonder they are at a disadvantage... No! The young master is not killing anyone either. He is just knocking people out of the ring. To swing the huge, sharp Death Scythe yet not kill anyone is a hindrance as well. If he really went all out and killed...*

Poseidynne said, "If only the three heroes attacked Dark Sun together with all their might, the situation would be better for them."

I could not help but share my observations with Poseidynne.

Poseidynne tilted her head and thought about it, "If Ah Ye went all out and killed people? Mm, then I wouldn't want to be his enemy. Not at all! You see, Ah Ye has been fighting harder as the fight progressed. At first, he was only kicking people out, and those he kicked out could get up and rejoin the battle. Now, he's knocking people out with the handle of the scythe, and those who are knocked out most likely can't get back up. It seems like Ah Ye is getting angrier and angrier. If this continues..."

The young master would not become angry enough to kill, would he?

“Charles!”

I looked up and saw that First Wind had left the battle. He shouted as he sprinted over, “You almost succeeded in sneaking an attack on Dark Sun just now, hurry...”

Before First Wind even finished his sentence, I refused ardently, “I cannot hurt the young master... Even though I have hurt him already, at least it is a mistake I shall never make again!”

First Wind ran over anyway, grabbed my collar, and said forcefully, “We have to stop him! Look at the people around here. Look at how they are looking at Dark Sun!”

I faltered, then turned to scan the surrounding crowd. They were the police and even Special Law Enforcement Officers, but their faces were all pale. They looked like they wanted to conceal it, but they still could not hide the fear in their eyes...

“Fear! Do you see it now? They fear Dark Sun, so we must prove that Dark Sun can be stopped, or else he will no longer be a hero, but an

existence that people fear!”

So that is what he is thinking. I still shook my head. “I could successfully attack the young master last time only because he did not have his guard up against me at all. It would be impossible to injure him again with that kind of method.”

First Wind and I both turned to look. Dark Sun had tossed his scythe and was using his bare hands and feet to fight.

Seeing this, First Wind began to look relieved, but when Dark Sun landed a hard kick, sent someone flying for ten meters or so, and that person did not even budge after landing, his expression turned very sour.

“His anger level has increased.” Poseidynne said brightly, “I say you guys should stop protecting that criminal. Let Ah Ye kill him if he wants to! If Ah Ye gets even angrier, he might just pick up that scythe, and it’d be one death per swing!”

First Wind clenched his teeth and said, “No matter what you guys think, I mean well for him! We must not let him get past us and kill the

criminal!" With that, he turned to rejoin the battle.

I believed him, because the crowd's fear was becoming more and more palpable with Dark Sun's every punch, jab, and kick. More and more people fell, and once they fell, it was straight to unconsciousness.

As soon as First Wind returned to the fight, the first thing he did was not to attack Dark Sun, but to grab Solitary Butterfly. The latter asked bemusedly, "First Wind, what are you doing?"

First Wind shook his head and said, "There are too many people. You can't use your gun, I can't use my whip, and Dragon Peace can't swing his fists."

Solitary Butterfly processed that and nodded. "I understand." She followed First Wind to retreat.

With Solitary Butterfly out of the picture, Dark Sun began to knock people out even more quickly. Yet as the number of people decreased, the police could open fire more easily, and Dark Sun had to spend more time dodging bullets, so his attacks began to slow down as well.

But five minutes and ten minutes do not make that much of a difference.

"Aren't you going to help?" Poseidynne asked evenly.

I answered as I shook my head, "I am only the young master's butler, not someone who tells him what to do."

"Oh? What if Ah Ye really begins to slaughter people?" Poseidynne asked curiously.

I paused for a bit and said, "Then, I would attempt to stop the young master."

Poseidynne chuckled. "Don't you think you are being contradictory?"

I was silent. *Even though I cannot come up with a convincing reason, I do not believe what I am doing is wrong.*

When only the four heroes remained, the real fight began.

Dark Sun picked up the Death Scythe and faced the three familiar

comrades in his way. He did not say anything, but used his stance to convey his intention.

First Wind spoke up. "Dark Sun, we can leave the criminal to..."

"No!" Before he could even finish, Solitary Butterfly interjected. "We can't leave him to the SCIP!"

Dark Sun finally spoke. "Dragon Peace, you're on their side, too?"

Dragon Peace did not say anything, but he stayed by First Wind's side and showed no sign of moving to Dark Sun's side.

Dark Sun's voice dropped to a lower tone. "I don't understand why you are protecting him. He is a dangerous criminal!"

"Is he more dangerous than you?" Solitary Butterfly retorted coldly.

"Last time you solved a problem by killing, and now you are trying to do it again. What will you do next time? And after that? Killing him is quick and easy, but you should know, Dark Sun, that we chose the most difficult path when we became heroes!"

"You're saying I should not have killed last time?" Dark Sun yelled furiously, "What do *you* think I should have done to solve the problem of criminals using innocent bystanders to blackmail the heroes? What did you do to solve the problem?"

Solitary Butterfly fell silent.

There are no perfect decisions in this world.

This criminal does indeed have dangerous powers. If he goes down the wrong path, he would become a most formidable criminal. Killing him seems to be the quickest, easiest solution.

With that in mind, Dark Sun's choice is not hard to understand. He is trying to get rid of a capricious time bomb. Yet the other three heroes' choice is not hard to understand either. They are protecting an innocent person.

A powerful yet capricious time bomb. To kill or to protect?

No matter which choice they take, there will be repercussions.

"I won't go easy." Dark Sun turned the Death Scythe slightly and launched himself into... *A slide step!*

Solitary Butterfly opened fire at once, regardless of whether she could see him, because she knew what Dark Sun's target was. She just needed to aim around the criminal.

Surprisingly, Dark Sun appeared in front of First Wind, who swung his whip into a circle and used it as a shield to block himself as he growled, "Dark Sun, I won't go easy either! You be careful yourself!"

His energy whip moved in irregular arcs that upon first glance resembled a ribbon dance... But much more fatal.

Dark Sun let go of the scythe and avoided the tip of the whip with an impossible back bend, but at that moment the body of the whip brushed the ground. Just as it was about to hit his leg, the young master's feet somehow left the ground, and he flipped sideways several times around one meter off the ground, finally avoiding all of the irregular attacks of the whip. When he gripped his scythe again, it had not even finished falling. He struck out...

Facing the threat of the giant scythe, First Wind was forced to give up attacking and retreated.

“Wow!” Poseidynne was in awe. “What incomprehensible reaction time, flexibility, strength, and speed... Mr. Vampire, your kind is famous for such abilities as well. Can you perform moves like those?”

“Yes, but I would not be able to use it in combat. I do not have the young master’s reaction time.”

To predict the track of the energy whip, immediately come up with a plan, and move to the next position no matter what your current form is before the next attack... Perhaps if I were in mortal danger, I could avoid the first wave of attacks with all my strength, but I would probably be killed by the next attack.

Against First Wind, I would never choose to fight him and his whip directly. That is a weapon that even X had trouble dealing with.

Yet Dark Sun was doing the exact opposite. Not only did he face the attacks head-on, he pressed in, dodging the whip with impossible moves.

While tilting his head to avoid the whip, Dark Sun's hair extended suddenly, the glowing silver strands wrapping around First Wind's energy whip, forcing it to stay in place. But with that, Dark Sun's own movements were hindered. First Wind decided to go for hand-to-hand combat, and he specifically focused on Dark Sun's knee and elbow joints.

... Did I reveal the young master's weakness?

"Oh, so Ah Ye wants to take First Wind out first?" Poseidynne looked on excitedly as she murmured, "Ah Ye seems to fear straightforward attacks less! First Wind's whip is more of a threat to him. Since they're so close and fighting so quickly, Solitary Butterfly and Dragon Peace can't do much, as they could easily hurt First Wind by accident."

I see. The young master is pressing so close to First Wind because the other two are there?

As those two continued to exchange blows, a few snaps sounded all of a sudden, and First Wind's energy whip broke into pieces, leaving only a handle in his grasp.

First Wind was disoriented for just a moment, but that was enough. Dark Sun smacked him in the stomach with the handle of the scythe, and as First Wind doubled over in pain, Dark Sun chopped at his neck with his hand. At this moment, a gunshot suddenly sounded, and Dark Sun's head flicked to the side as his body twisted around...

Has he been shot in the head? Poseidynne and I both jumped up in fear, and even Solitary Butterfly, who fired the shot, froze in shock.

"Death Scythe, detach!"

Unexpectedly, Dark Sun used the momentum to complete the turn and flung the blade of the scythe out. Solitary Butterfly cried out, but she did not have time to dodge. The blade sliced clean through her calf and cut off three quarters of it, causing her to crash to the ground. Fortunately, it appeared that her entire leg had been modified, as there was no blood, so she would only need to "fix" it.

Dark Sun turned his head around, and some blood dripped off his forehead. He reached up to pull a misshapen bullet from the frame of his visor and tossed it onto the ground offhandedly.

Even though Solitary Butterfly had fallen down, she could still shoot. She raised her weapons, but Dark Sun said, "Don't do it. Head-on attacks don't work on me. If you could shoot while moving, you might pose a degree of threat, but you can't, so I can avoid all your attacks."

Solitary Butterfly put her gun down dejectedly.

"Are you going to fight me, Dragon Peace?" Dark Sun turned his head and said, "Your muscles are strong, so I can't knock you out. If you and I fought, it would have to be until one of us is injured to the point of not being able to get back up."

Dragon Peace opened his mouth to speak for the first time. He asked in his rich, deep voice, "Do you have to kill him?"

Dark Sun replied coldly, "Unless you have a better solution."

"Turn him in to the SCIP?" Dragon Peace suggested.

"No!"

The criminal had somehow regained consciousness. He crawled up, his face full of terror, and begged in a crying tone, "B-Butterfly! Save me! I don't want to be taken back! I don't want to be locked up again! Help me...."

"Shut up!" Dark Sun bellowed. "If you say one more word or try to control anyone, I will crush your throat right now!"

The criminal closed his mouth, looking very pale. He looked at Solitary Butterfly, then looked back at Dark Sun, appearing to be at a complete loss at what to do. *He does not appear to be an inexcusably evil person.*

Perhaps he chose to use me to attack Dark Sun by accident? Even though I still hold my doubts, this criminal really does not look like one who knows my relationship with Dark Sun.

"Run, Josh!" Solitary Butterfly screamed, but the criminal was paralyzed with fear. She quickly turned to Dark Sun and begged, "Dark Sun, please, please don't kill him. Just turn him in to the SCIP!"

Dark Sun thought about it, but replied coldly, "You're planning to

rescue him afterwards, aren't you?"

Solitary Butterfly froze and remained silent.

"I won't let you rescue him and have this happen all over again!"

Dark Sun walked resolutely toward the criminal. Solitary Butterfly tried to stop him by firing shots, but he dodged all of them. Then, Dark Sun recalled the blade of his Death Scythe and used it to block the bullets, so he did not even have to dodge.

"Hey!" Poseidynne shoved me and said, "Didn't you say if your young master's going on a slaughtering spree, you would stop him?"

I smiled helplessly and said, "The young master is not going on a slaughtering spree. Not a single person on the ground is dead."

The young master is not so angry that he cannot make a proper judgment. His judgment is perfectly sound... Too sound!

"Dark Sun!"

This voice finally caught Dark Sun's attention, because this voice could not be more familiar... It was the young master's own voice.

DSII walked out from the sidelines, holding Briar's hand. Briar looked terribly pale, but that did not stop Dark Sun's steps. He merely glanced at her and then kept walking straight toward the criminal.

"Wait!" Briar cried and began to run toward Dark Sun.

"Briar, don't go over there!" Poseidynne was shocked.

Yet that did not stop Briar in her tracks. With all sorts of people's gazes fixed on her, whether they be fearful or regretful, Briar ran straight into the scythe's range, even brushing past its blade, and landed squarely in Dark Sun's arms, grabbing him tightly and refusing to let go.

Everyone was frozen in shock, and no one made a single sound, fearing they would agitate Dark Sun and prompt him to kill a little girl. At this moment, DSII walked up to us and said, "Don't worry, Briar won't be in danger. She's too weak and can't cause any damage, so Ah Ye won't attack her."

Then, Briar seemed to be saying something, but she was not loud, so only parts of her speech were audible.

“Ye... I don’t like seeing you like this... It’s scary! Don’t kill anyone...”

The criminal began to slowly get up while still looking at Dark Sun with a rattled expression, seemingly debating whether he should run or not.

Seeing that, Dark Sun growled at Briar at once, “Move.”

Briar refused to loosen her grasp.

The criminal decided he had a rare chance and bolted at once. His actions seemed to have triggered Ah Ye, who pushed Briar away and rushed in pursuit.

Briar was shoved on to the ground by that push. “Ah!” she exclaimed, and began to cry, “Sob. Owwww... That hurt! Sniff.”

Hearing the sobs, Dark Sun’s steps slowed gradually, and after a few more strides, he ultimately stopped and turned to look at Briar.

"M-my knee h-hurts!" Briar sniffled miserably.

"..."

Dark Sun looked at the escaping criminal and then looked at Briar. After a moment of hesitation, he turned and came back to Briar's side and helped her up.

Yet Briar was not buying any of it. She huffed accusingly as she cried, "It hurts! My knees are all scraped! You meanie!"

"I'm sorry." Dark Sun's voice was filled with apology.

"Meanie meanie meanie! What were you so mean for?! You pushed me!"

Briar was crying and kicking and throwing a tantrum all over Dark Sun, but all the latter did was continue to apologize as he dusted dirt off of her.

"Can't be taken down by twenty people yet defeated by a girl less than

twenty years old.”

First Wind had regained consciousness at some unknown point and breathed out a huge sigh as he said helplessly, “So that’s all it takes to beat Dark Sun! All you needed was a little girl! If we had known, why would we even bother to fight him directly... I even lost a whip.”

Solitary Butterfly stared wide-eyed at Dark Sun being yelled at and kicked at and not defending himself at all. She relaxed against the ground and burst into laughter.

I looked at the surrounding onlookers, of which only the hidden reporters were left. Their faces were full of shock, surprise, and disbelief, but there was no sign of fear. Some even laughed out loud.

Seems like the issue is resolved... Wait! Not yet.

The criminal had escaped into a small side street. I thought about it and then followed with x-speed.

To avoid being noticed by the criminal, I consciously hid myself in the shadows and made sure my steps were inaudible. *Even the young*

master would only notice me when I am about five steps away from him.

This criminal is too dangerous. Who knows what trouble he might cause if he stays in Sunset City. Let the SCIP take him!

I should be close... I turned sharply, but halted my steps abruptly.

“It’s a real talent to be able to control others through one’s voice... Or is it a mutation? Mutation is the most fundamental step in evolution, and the mutated, stronger creatures eliminate the weaklings. That is natural selection. But then again, to avoid being eliminated, many weaklings gather to become strong as one unit, and they defeat the mutated creature. That is also a human survival instinct.”

The person who spoke wore a khaki trench coat and looked down at the ground at... *a body?*

“Ah! I’m sorry, my occupational disease kicked in.” He smiled and looked up at me. “I’m Lieder, Professor Lieder, and I teach anthropology. I just came to Sunset City today for work. A pleasure to meet you.”

The person standing before me appeared to be a normal human. He wore glasses, had his short black hair combed neatly, and looked very scholarly. His appearance certainly resembled that of a young professor, but my intuition, or perhaps the silver fountain pen that was dripping blood that he held in his hand, told me otherwise.

The criminal on the ground is likely dead, is he not?

If a professional assassin (even a part-time one) stabs a silver fountain pen into your artery, even slightly off-target, then even a vampire would have a high chance of dying, so there is no chance for a human who only has special powers.

"You're not going to call the police on me, are you?" Lieder blinked and said innocently, "I'm not dangerous, promise! I never kill unless I'm hired to, and my day job is being a professor. Assassination is just a side job, and I don't kill often."

I shook my head to indicate I did not mean to call the police.

He sighed in relief and pulled out a handkerchief to wipe the fountain

pen clean before sticking it back in his inner pocket. In that instant, I saw he had an entire row of fountain pens in his jacket.

Humans, non-humans, all those in-between, and even those outside those parameters... Everyone has gathered in this city.

Sunset City, you sure are one diverse city.

"You're smiling." Lieder asked curiously, "What are you so happy about?"

"Nothing," I replied with a smile, "I just feel I am very ordinary."



A few days later...

Perhaps because the criminal had died, the young master seemed to have returned to his normal self completely. He no longer sent DSII to be a hero, but carried out such duties at night by himself and sent DSII to his album promotion jobs instead.

Between filming advertisements, being a hero, researching and

developing a new energy whip, and fixing Solitary Butterfly's leg, the young master was so busy that he had no time to say he wanted to go out to play.

I took special care to watch the news for several days. The young master's incredible prowess did generate some criticism, but Dark Sun being beaten by a little girl was the headline for several days. Briar became quite famous because of it, and she called to yell at the young master quite a few times. The young master would hang his head and listen quietly every time, not retorting at all.

Things have finally settled down... No! It is not over yet!

I actually hurt the young master! Not only did I dislocate his elbow joints, I also kicked his knees out of position!

My honorable father, if you heard about this up in heaven, you would probably tie me up on a cross and let me burn to a crisp in direct sunlight.

Sigh...

The young master looked at me weirdly and asked, "Charles, the distance between your eyebrows has decreased by 0.1 centimeters. You've been looking blue for quite a few days. Is something wrong?"

I could not help but apologize, "Young Master, I injured you and injured you badly. I apologize most sincerely for that."

"Charles, you've apologized so many times already." The young master patted me on the shoulder and comforted me. "You were controlled back then, so you didn't mean it! Besides, Bàba has readjusted my joints already, so stop beating yourself up over it."

But...

The young master thought about it and said, "If you really are that bothered by it, then work harder on learning how to maintain my body. That way, if I ever need to do some minor maintenance or adjustments but not so much that we'd call Bàba, I won't have to toil over it by myself."

I replied at once, "Of course. I will master it in the shortest time possible."

Even though I have never studied medicine, metalworking, or computer programming before, I must learn them all to best carry out my duties as a good butler and serve the young master!

The young master nodded and said, "Charles, let's head out now."

"Yes, Young Master."



The young master and I stood in front of a certain public middle school. It was almost time for school to let out, so the school gates were surrounded by people here to pick up the kids, mostly parents... and a fiancé. *The young master is here to pick Briar up, right?*

The young master just stood at the gates in broad daylight. All the parents there to pick up their children stared at him in shock, directly and effectively causing a traffic jam in front of the school.

The dismissal bell rang, and a wave of students flowed out of the building. Many children looked left and right for their parents, but all lines of vision ended up being glued to the young master's face, and

the traffic jam seemed to exacerbate.

“Briar! Over here, over here!”

The young master saw Briar at once and waved furiously. Briar’s face was filled with shock upon seeing the young master.

The young master hurried over to Briar’s side. The latter glanced at her peers worryingly before pulling the young master to the side. Just as she opened her mouth to say, “Ah Ye-gē, why are you here...,” the young master got down on one knee and pulled out from his pocket a... dagger, and said completely seriously, “Briar, will you marry me?”

...Young Master, even if you did not know to use flowers and a wedding ring for proposals, how, how did you decide to use a dagger?

That is beside the point though. The point is: Young Master, you are standing in front of a public middle school proposing to a thirteen-year old girl?

Briar seemed to be quite startled as well. She looked down at the dagger for a while, then said suddenly in a low voice, “Ah Ye-gē, this

dagger looks just like the feathers on your wings?”

“Yeah. I pulled one off of my wings, added a handle, and made this dagger.”

“Who proposes with a dagger?!” Briar took the dagger. Even though she said so, she kept toying with the dagger and had a sweet smile on her lips as she said, “Then, you need to promise first! First of all, there can’t be any other girls aside from Poseidynne! Even if they get in line!”

“O.K.,” the young master nodded without any hesitation.

“And you can’t ever be mean to me!”

“O.K.”

“And whatever happens in the future, you’re not allowed to regret marrying me!”

“O.K.” The young master kept nodding as he added, “I’m O.K. with anything you say, Briar... Oh wait! Except for not marrying me!”

Hearing that, Briar pursed her lips and rushed into the young master's embrace. "Waaaah! Stupid Ah Ye! I only want to marry you!"

The young master held Briar with a wide smile on his face and looked very happy.

I had to intervene at this time. "Young Master, we should go."

"Just a bit. Just a little more hugging!"

"Young Master, I am afraid we cannot wait for just a bit more. I think the police are on their way. Briar... Miss Briar is only thirteen, so it is illegal for her to be engaged or married." *Now that it is confirmed Briar is the young master's future wife, the honorifics must be added from here on out.*

I smiled as I watched the young master. There were many students and teachers observing us all around us. The teachers had looks of shock and disbelief. Some people were even on their phones. *I hope they haven't called the police already.*

The young master's face crumpled as he mumbled, "What's the big

deal with getting arrested?”

“If you are sued, Master might uproot the police force and court system. That might not be good.”

The young master froze, then laughed. He picked Briar up in his arms and said to me, “Let’s go home!”

“Yes, Young Master.”

Extra: The Undisclosed Fallen Secrets

[3D Breast Cushion]

"Kyle-gē, give this present to Gēge for me."

"Young Master, this is...?"

"Yeah!" The young master nodded seriously as he said, "Aren told me that all guys should buy this something something cushion. I don't think I saw Gēge with one, so I'll give him this one."

Young Master, this is a 3D breast cushion.



A few days later, the young master asked Secretary Kyle, "Kyle-gē, did Gēge like the cushion?"

"When I took out your present, the Sun Emperor first yelled, "Curs..." but when I said it was from you, he then said, "Cu...shion, right? I like everything Ah Ye gives me! I love it!"

"Really?" The young master excitedly said, "Gēge likes it that much?"

Then, I'll give him more in the future!"

[Album Name]

"Endelis!"

"Yes?" I turned to look toward the newcomers, a group of girls, but though they had called me, they did not look my way.

"I know, I know! It's the Angel's latest album, 'Endelis,' right?"

So they were not calling me. Rather, they are talking about the young master's newest album?

"Endelis is so great! My truest love!"

This should also be about the album.

"I love Endelis so much that I hug Endelis to sleep every day, hehe!"

Hug an album to sleep?

"I even bring Endelis to the bathroom!"

Oh, you mean you listen to it in the bathroom, too?

"Even my brother and my uncle have fallen in love with Endelis and snatched Endelis away from me!"

...Perhaps I should not have agreed to let the young master use Endelis as the album's name.

[NC]

Bramble turned the newspaper and mumbled, "This special squad from the police department sure seems active lately! What's their abbreviation? Was it MC?"

"No, Captain, that's not it." May replied seriously, "I seem to recall it's WC."

"Really? I thought it was MC..."

"No, it's WC!"

“You’re both wrong! It’s obviously 82C!” Dell said without turning his head, eyes glued to the television screen, which showed a beautiful woman in a swimsuit.

Epilogue: Character Introductions

P29: National Psychiatric Hospital #29.

SCIP: Special Crime Department of International Police Organization.

NC: Non-Human Crime Team.

Xie Yuan Jie: The leader of the operative squad of the SCIP. Xie Wei's uncle.

Nitewalker: Part of the nightwalker race. Currently residing in Sunset City. His profession is that of a taxi driver.

Nitesea: Part of the nightwalker race. Currently residing in Sunset City. He operates a nightclub called "Seaside."

Producer Xiao: A producer in the music industry.

Lin Ding: The drummer of the Aurora band. She helped Ah Ye write songs for his new album.

Josh: An escaped convict from P29. He seems to have the special ability of controlling others.

Lieder: A professor of psychological anthropology who teaches at the university An Xiang Ye used to study at.



Afterword

I seemed to have received several suggestions that the recent two books have been too fast paced, so I have slowed things down a bit, putting effort into making sure the events aren't so compact that there's no room to breathe. I've written some daily events to balance things out, which conveniently allowed everyone to see what the young master and the butler's daily life is like. It also conveniently paves the way for future volumes...

As a result, I couldn't fit in the rest of the plot again.

Actually, there are some plot points that I haven't finished developing, so they will be moved to the next volume. Such as the bathtub (yùgāng) exploding... Wrong! Such as the matter of Yue Gang discovering the truth and exploding, which hasn't actually been resolved yet. I can only ask him to let his anger burn longer, all the way to the next volume.

MC isn't done yet either... Wrong again! MC was finished in five days. It's NC that I haven't finished writing yet.

SCIP and P29 will actually both appear again. Everyone, please try to remember the abbreviations. Using the full names would allow me to skimp out on my word count, such as writing, "Special Crime Department of International Police Organization," every single time. See how long that is!

But! Normally, the word count explodes on me even when I don't do anything, so there really isn't a need to pad my word count. Everyone,

you should realize that paper is made from chopping down trees, so you must save on paper. Don't randomly let the word count explode, wasting the trees' lives!

What? Then why have I written such a useless afterword?

Well... let's return to the main topic!

Actually, I originally hadn't intended on writing the secret side chapters at the end. After I'd already written three quarters of the story, I still hadn't thought of a single secret. I was already thinking that maybe this volume wouldn't have any secrets.

But, it happened at that *moment*! One night, Yu Wo's brain suddenly snapped very seriously. All at once, Yu Wo finished writing all three secrets in an explosive manner!

So, this story tells us, as long as the manuscript hasn't been submitted, there's still time for the mind to break, anytime and anywhere!

Oh right, don't ask me where three dimensional breast cushions can be bought. Please go and ask your own older brother, younger brother, or uncle (between fifteen and forty years of age). They should all know where "men's stores" might be.

However, I'm not sure if there really are three dimensional breast cushions being sold, but I am sure that there are things such as 3D breast mouse pads... I really haven't bought one. Please believe me. Thank you.

(If a 3D breast cushion is ever released one day, I might consider it.)
(I'm also not telling you that searching for 3D breast mouse pads on auction sites will yield no results. You have to type "breast (space) mouse pad" for it to work.)



Finally, it won't do not to have a preview. If I don't do a preview for No Hero, I'd feel odd from head to toe. It's practically become a restrictive tradition.

No Hero Volume 6: Heaven or Hell

The cooperation and conflict between humans and non-humans play out scene by scene.

The secrets behind P29, the unknown dark side of the Sun Alliance, the business war among the economic alliances... The fires of several battles continue to spread, the flames even spreading to Sunset City. Probably no one expected that the person with the most insider knowledge would be a butler!

However, this butler has no awareness of being a main character and will continue to maintain the air of a bystander as he washes dishes and calmly watches the show.

Sunset City will grow more and more chaotic... Or should it be considered more and more colorful?

In this city where you can't even distinguish between heaven and hell, is the person beside you a deity or a devil... Or could it be both?

By Yu Wo



Character Introductions

Bramble

Young
Master's
impression:
Father-in-law

Father-in-law's
words:
"Young
Master, my
daughter
is only
thirteen!"



Bramble

Young Master's impression: Father-in-law

Father-in-law's words: "Young Master, my daughter is only thirteen!"



Yina

**Young
Master's
impression:
Jiějie**

**Jiějie's words:
"... (Currently
rubbing
the young
master's
head)"**

Yina

Young Master's impression: Jiějie

Jiějie's words: "... (Currently rubbing the young master's head)"



Yue Gang

Young
Master's
impression:
Feed Me.

Feed Me's
words: "Hey
hey! Why am
I 'Feed Me?'
What? Don't
get mad?
Okay! Treat
me to a meal,
and I'll stop
being angry at
you!"

Yue Gang

Young Master's impression: Feed Me.

Feed Me's words: "Hey hey! Why am I 'Feed Me?' What? Don't get mad? Okay! Treat me to a meal, and I'll stop being angry at you!"



