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## About Prince Rev!

Prince Revolution! (or PR! for short) was started in late April in 2009 by Erialis for the purpose of translating and sharing the ½ Prince and The Legend of Sun Knight novels (and now many others) with other fans (who unfortunately couldn't read Chinese). PR!'s crew has since exploded to include several translators who double as Chinese to English editors and several Proofreaders. They also have sister sites translating the novels into Dutch, Spanish, Indonesian, French, Portuguese and Vietnamese.

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## No Hero Side Stories

Original novel in Chinese by: 御我 (Yu Wo)

- [Side Story #1: Never Change, Part One](#)
- [Side Story #2: Never Change, Part Two](#)
- [Side Story #3: Volume Four Draft](#)
- [Side Story #4: Good Child, Bad Child, Part One](#)
- [Side Story #5: Good Child, Bad Child, Part Two](#)
- [Side Story #6: Good Child, Bad Child, Part Three](#)

### *Side Story #1: Never Change, Part One*

When he had found out that the man who applied had actively sought to be his butler, E.X. was not at all happy about it.

A human who wished so strongly to become a vampire's butler was usually not a good thing.

If the person wasn't a boring, vampire-obsessed maniac, then he was probably someone who wanted to become a vampire, thereby obtaining eternal life.

E.X. retained his cautious mentality, even taking into consideration that this butler could be someone from the Church. Once the butler arrived, a war could be imminent.

Although the family he commissioned to find a butler on his behalf was an ancient butler family, and was unlikely to betray their employer, in this era, what could be considered entirely trustworthy?

E.X. stood by the French windows and raised his head to gaze at the moon. The moonlight this night was brilliant. The sound of a faint wolf howl came from a distance.

*Werewolves?* E.X. narrowed his eyes slightly. He did not like having werewolves near his home. Perhaps he should find some time to deal with them?

*Knock, knock.*

Hearing a knock on the door, E.X.'s right hand clenched. After ascertaining that he was always prepared for battle, he turned around and spoke lightly, "Enter."

The door to the study opened. The man who entered wore a dress shirt, a vest, and a red bowtie. He wore a smile, and bowed to E.X., introducing himself, "Greetings, sir. I am the applicant the Elysees family sent, Kaius Elysees."

E.X. did not reply and only examined the butler. He appeared to be thirty years old at most. He had shoulder-length hair, which was neatly combed, and a rather handsome appearance. Although he wore a smile, and his bearing was courteous, he also had an aura that made people feel he should not be trifled with.

This person was likely not a nameless butler within the Elysees family. The resume stated that this butler was already forty, but the only indication of this from the person standing in front of him was the graying by his temples, which suited his age.

"Why did you actively seek to be my butler?" E.X. did not like beating around the bush. If this person could not produce a reason that would convince him, then he would rather allow his castle to turn into ruins due to lack of management, than to allow a ticking time bomb to stay.

"Mr. X, would you allow me to introduce someone?" Kaius respectfully requested. "He is standing just outside the door."

Hearing this, E.X.'s guard went up, but he still agreed.

The doors to the room opened once more. A black-haired young man entered, wearing the same dress shirt and vest, but not the red bowtie.

"This is my son, my *biological* son." Kaius introduced the newcomer and heavily emphasized the word "biological." Then, he requested, "He is still in the process of training to be a butler. My hope is that you will permit him to be your living room attendant, sir, at no additional cost."

That young man appeared to be approximately twenty and had a shy smile... However, E.X. discovered the truth with just one glance.

This young man was definitely a vampire.

"Was he bitten?" Although being bitten did not always mean turning into a vampire, which required going through the complicated procedure of a First Kiss, humans did not understand this, and he could not be bothered to explain.

Kaius smiled and shook his head, saying, "No. My son did not need a First Kiss. He is a pureborn vampire."

*A pureborn vampire!*

Even E.X. was shocked by this.

Only a female vampire could bear a pureborn vampire. Even so, the fertilization rates were very low and the chances of its survival were so small that it was almost impossible. Even after living for so long, he could use a single hand to count the number of times he had seen a pureborn vampire... In addition, he hadn't seen a single one that had

truly survived.

“Mr. E. X., greetings.” The black-haired young man smiled. The smile was very gentle. He even had a pair of warm, lake green eyes, which made him seem even gentler.

*A gentle vampire?* E.X. felt speechless. He hoped this gentle appearance was only an outward impression.

Nevertheless, he no longer had his guard raised against this butler, Kaius. This was because he had thoroughly understood the reason why this butler would take the initiative to apply—having a pureborn vampire son was an excellent reason.

X asked that young vampire, “What is your name?”

The other person replied, smiling, “Charles. Charles Endelis.”



“You will not be a living room attendant, but my butler. Your father shall be responsible during the night. You shall be responsible during the day.”

“Eh?” Charles became flustered, and he hastened to say, “I am still in training, and am not a true butler yet. I still cannot...”

E.X. interrupted him icily. “If you do not agree, then leave this castle! Both you and your father.”

Charles’s eyes widened. For a moment, he did not know what to do.



He had rarely been exposed to such passionate words.

In the Elysees family, most people were butlers, skilled at controlling their emotions. In such an environment, even those who were not butlers had learned to have calm personalities. There wasn't anyone who would use such an emotional tone and strong wording.

E.X. did not wait for his response and continued to speak. "There is a girl in the castle. She mostly sits within the sunroom. Help me take care of her. Meet all of her needs, no matter how much money must be spent! She will retire before twelve, and will not require your services after she is asleep. You are also forbidden from entering her room. Do you understand?"

Charles nodded and said, "Yes, Mister E.X."

Upon hearing the word "mister," E.X. frowned and said, "Call me X."

"Yes, Mister X."

"Remove the `mister!'"

"Yes! Mist—X!" Almost making another mistake, Charles became so nervous that he broke into a cold sweat. Although he had already practiced for many years, practice was practice—this was the real thing now!

"Generation?"

"What?"

"Your generation number!" X impatiently said.

Charles understood and hastily replied, "Fifth generation."

X froze. "What did you say?"

Charles did not know what he had said wrong again. He could only cautiously repeat once more, "I am a fifth generation vampire."

"..." X was speechless for some time. He asked, "Amongst all the vampires still alive in the world, are you aware of what the lowest generation number is?"

"The fifth generation." This time, Charles replied without hesitation.

"You knew?" X was surprised.

"Yes." Charles nodded, saying, "My honorable father already researched many things related to vampires."

"... In order to approach me, you came here as a butler?"

Charles hastily said, "No, I truly am a butler-in-training. Therefore, please do not worry, sir. I can definitely fulfill a butler's duties."

"That's what worries me!" X roared, "A fifth generation vampire being a butler? You only have to diligently practice your blood ability, wait until a later date, bite and create two children, and let them each create two more, generation by generation. A powerful vampire clan will be born! You are a fifth generation! You can create many vampires with

generation numbers lower than ten. The generation number equates to the strength of the blood ability!”

Charles froze, his expression hesitant.

X frowned and commanded, “Say whatever it is you want to say.”

Charles said in a low voice, “I do not have the intention of forming a clan, and I also do not know how to perform a First Kiss. Actually—actually, I cannot use this ‘blood ability’ power either.”

“You do not know how to use your blood ability?” X asked with a blank expression, “Then what about Face Morph?”

“What is Face Morph?” Charles queried, puzzled.

“How did you even last so long?” X was incredulous. He growled, “Have you never been attacked by another vampire before? Without being able to use your blood ability, you should have died at the hands of another vampire long ago!”

“I have never had the experience of being attacked by another vampire.” Charles honestly confessed, “I have always lived within the estate of the Elysees family. No vampire has ever come to attack the estate.”

X froze, but then he felt that it actually wasn’t strange. Although Kaius did not appear to be an ordinary butler... To actually be able to use the family’s power to protect his own son—and this son was even a vampire—this person’s status within the Elysees household was likely

even higher than X had imagined.

X sat behind the desk, his fingernails lightly running across the desktop, as was his habit when he was thinking.

At this time, the doors to the study opened, and Kaius entered. His hands held a tray. Placed on top was a milk jug and cups. He put a cup in front of X and then poured the drink. However, the liquid that flowed out of the mouth of the jug was not white, but dark red.

X stopped running his fingernails across the desktop and called out, "Kaius."

Kaius stopped and replied, "Yes? How may I help?"

"Your son will also be my butler. He will be responsible for my daily needs during the evening. You will be responsible during the daytime, assisting me in taking care of a girl. She will most likely be frequenting the sunroom..."

As X issued his orders, Charles, who was standing to the side, could not help widening his eyes. This meant... he had become responsible for taking care of the employer?

## *Side Story #2: Never Change, Part Two*

With no mental preparation whatsoever, Charles began his first official experience of being a butler. Furthermore, to his misfortune, X was a vampire. The lifestyles of humans and the methods of responding to them that he had learned in the past were largely useless. On top of that, X was definitely not an easy to serve employer. Thus, the days filled with fear and trepidation began unfolding...

"Come here!"

Charles was busy wiping stone sculptures covered with dust when X walked over and spat out those words. Charles could only quickly lower his cleaning rag and say, "As you wish," and hurriedly leave with X. Along the way, whenever he saw places that were unclean, he would feel very terrible.

The ancient castle was so large, yet it only had two caretakers, his father and him. Even though X had said that they did not need to take care of the garden—that the wilder it grew, the better, so that people would not approach carelessly—just cleaning the inside of the castle was overwhelming enough. Even after a full week of cleaning, they only managed to finish cleaning a few of the more commonly used areas.

This place had three floors, a total of twenty-five rooms, three corridors, three large and small living rooms, and two studies. The decorations were, of course, of an unspeakable number. *How could two individuals tidy everything up?*

Charles kept thinking about it and tried suggesting, "X, how about finding a few more servants? This castle is really too large..."

"I don't like humans!" X turned him down immediately.

Charles predicted X's reaction completely, so he was not surprised. He merely quietly said, "However, Father says that the lady he is attending to seems rather lonely. If a few maidservants could be hired to help out, they could preserve the castle's cleanliness and keep her company as well."

Upon hearing this, X did not say anything in response.

Even when the two of them reached the garden, Charles had not received an answer.

In most cases, if the employer did not answer, it meant that he was unwilling, but after a week's association, Charles had gotten to know X's personality a bit. Therefore, he took the initiative and said, "Then, I will hire three maidservants and a cook. If she can eat delicious food, I believe that the lady will be very happy!"

Although X did not reply, Charles smiled faintly. This was because as long as X did not roar that he would not allow it, it meant that he agreed to it!

*Come to think of it, why did X ask me to come to the garden?*

Charles looked toward X, whose back was to him. X raised his right hand, and a dark red vapor made of blood suddenly floated above his

white palm.

“This is the blood ability. The blood ability is really just the blood within a vampire’s body. A vampire can freely control it. After your First Kiss, you should have felt that your blood was no longer the same as before...”

As he explained, X stopped because he had just remembered that this guy was a pureborn vampire. He had not received anything like a First Kiss before!

Charles looked curiously at the blood vapor above X’s right hand. All of a sudden, X turned around, and the blood on his hand swelled, instantaneously forming a huge claw of blood.

Charles never thought that the blood claw would be struck toward him. He shouted in alarm and fell down on his behind. Faced with such a huge blood claw, he could not even muster the idea of escaping. He watched, eyes wide, as the claw swatted down toward his head...

*Bang, bang!*

X dodged out of the way and raised his head to look toward the balcony. His other butler was currently standing there, and he was holding two revolvers in his hands.

Kaius had a smile on as he said, “Mr. E.X., the contract details that the employer must never physically come into contact with the butler in any way.”

Although his lips were lifted upward, there was no trace of happiness in his expression. Truly, the aura he was emitting would not lose to any vampire's.

X glanced at Charles. The latter was currently climbing back to his feet and still had a spooked expression... *With such a father, why is this fellow still like this?*

"My sincere apologies." At the same time as he pointed his guns at his employer, Kaius said in a frank tone, "Because you have violated the contract, our employment relationship must end here. My child and I will leave immediately."

*What a temper!* X furrowed his brows and said indifferently, "You can't protect him forever."

When he heard these words, Kaius's lips remained lifted at the corners, but the smile was truly a bit too forceful. Combined with eyes that lacked all traces of cheerfulness, anyone with a discerning eye could tell that he was angry enough to explode. However, Kaius still maintained a polite tone to respond, "At the very least, I can protect him from being killed by a vampire right now."

Now, X had a vague idea as to why Charles, a fifth generation vampire, had ended up like this—it was because he had an overprotective father!

"If you want to leave, then leave!" X dropped his blood claw and stormed away.



“Thank you for your understanding.” Only then did Kaius put away his guns and lower his head to say to his son, “Charles, go pack your bags.”

“My honorable father, must we leave?”

“Of course.” Kaius furrowed his brows and said, “He attacked you. I cannot condone such instances.”

When he heard this, Charles did not know how to remediate the issue. Although it was true that X had attacked him, he had the feeling that X had no intention of harming him. *However, even if I explain to Father, will he only think of me as being naïve?*

Charles hesitated and said, “My honorable father, I—I do not wish to leave.”

Kaius was taken aback and said, “That won’t do! He attacked you. We agreed upon it earlier. The moment there is any danger, we will leave immediately!”

He explained, “X does not intend to harm me!”

“Why would you think that way?” Kaius was stunned. “He is a vampire!” *As expected...* Charles was saddened from the bottom of his heart. What he blurted next was in retaliation. “Yes, X and I are the same—we’re both vampires!”

The moment the words left his mouth, Kaius knew that he had misspoken. Just as he wanted to apologize, with a saddened face, his

son yelled agitatedly, "I will not leave. If you wish to leave, my honorable father, you may leave by yourself!"

*My child is actually yelling at me...* Kaius was very shocked.

Seeing his father's shocked expression, Charles felt extremely terrible. But when he thought of how his father had criticized vampires just now, he could not stop himself from feeling indignant. He simply turned his head and left, like what X had done earlier.

"Charles!" He called out, but Kaius discovered with astonishment that his child did not turn back. *Could it be...*

"He's finally at a rebellious age?"

As he watched his child run off, Kaius could not help but get the feeling, "My child has finally reached the rebellious stage." However, when he thought it over, if mere yelling could be considered rebellion, then when he himself had left home without permission and charged into a vampire's stronghold, would that have been called a heinous act, then?

"Sigh, even after losing his temper, he still calls me 'my honorable father.' I really don't know if I should feel happy or worried that he's truly too gentle. I'm obviously not very gentle, so how did I raise a child such as this?"



"X, wait..."

Charles had not finished speaking when he discovered that the figure in front of him had actually stopped, turned, and once more formed a blood claw to attack him.

Charles yelped and reflexively closed his eyes, shielding his head with his arms... but the pain did not come, and neither did eternal darkness. When he tried opening his eyes, the blood claw was already gone. X merely stood before him, his head lowered to look at him. A faint redness was floating around X's body. When he looked closer, he saw that it was not just X. Everything around them was enveloped by a faint redness.

Charles asked in confusion, "Did you use the blood ability to surround me? Why?"

"Not me. You did it yourself." X simply explained, "The blood ability isn't just used for offense. It can also be used to defend."

"My blood ability?" Curious, Charles stood up and reached a hand out to touch that faint red mist. It was somewhat cool to the touch.

After touching it, Charles abruptly remembered what he had come here for. He quickly raised his head and said, "X, my honorable father has only mistakenly thought that you wanted to harm me. If he knew that you wanted to teach me the blood ability, he would definitely apologize to you."

"Both of you should leave!" X coldly said, "I was wrong. I shouldn't have had you become my butler!"

"Why?" Charles asked in daze, "Have I failed in my duties?"

Originally, X had wanted to bluntly answer, "Exactly," but when he saw Charles's expression, he could not say it—this fellow's expression looked as though if X said he was no good, he would immediately jump off a building to apologize for his offense.

"...No."

Charles breathed a huge sigh of relief. "That is great. Then, my honorable father and I can continue being your butlers, right?"

"No!"

"Why not?" Charles hurriedly said, "Without a butler, who would attend to your daily needs and those of that lady?"

When he heard "lady," X hesitated for a moment and said, "Then, your father can stay. You will leave!"

When he heard this, Charles looked like he had been dealt a heavy blow. He lowered his head. "Why must you chase me away? As expected, is it because I have failed in my duties?"

At first, he had wanted to answer, "Yes," but when he saw Charles's completely disheartened expression, X could not bring himself to tell a lie. Agitated, he bellowed out the truth, "It's because you can't exist forever!"

"Why not?" Charles did not understand. "I am a vampire, just like you.

I possess a very long lifespan.”

X growled, “Once the Church learns of anyone with connections to me, even if they’re vampires, they will also get dragged off and interrogated by torture until they die! They have chased after me for a thousand years already! No non-human can stop them! At that time, if you are captured by them, I definitely won’t care what happens to you. Do you hear me? I definitely won’t do anything about it!”

*A thousand years? Charles’s eyes widened. Then, how old is X exactly?*

X misunderstood his expression and thought he had gotten scared, so he growled, “You understand? Now leave immediately! Leave with your father!”

“No!” Charles instead said, “Even if the Church wishes to capture me, my honorable father will protect me. My honorable father is the next family head of the Elysees family. Even the Church cannot harm me.” “You...” X suddenly turned his head. Even though he knew he should make the other leave, that he himself would only bring Charles endless trouble, he could not resist his desire for a friend. He muttered, “Don’t make me become aware of any change. I hate change. This world is always changing too quickly...”

Charles smiled gently as he said, “I will never change. I will only always be a butler.”

It did not sound quite right, so X hurriedly said, “Actually, you should change first! A fifth generation vampire shouldn’t be a butler!”

“No, I will always be a butler.”

“Go form a vampire clan. A fifth generation is already very rare!”

“No, I will always be a butler. Forever. I will never change,” said Charles, slowly but resolutely, as if he was making an unshakable vow.

### *Side Story #3: Volume Four Draft*

[From Yu Wo's 2010-09-16 Blog Post:

<http://blog.xuite.net/kim1984429/yuwo/121312848>]

When I first started to write the beginning of Volume 4, I wrote until I got stuck, so I made a drastic cut of twelve thousand words and started all over...

Wouldn't putting aside this discarded draft seem pointless? I might as well post it!

(I also asked everyone on Plurk first and played a game where they had to answer questions for this prize. XD DDD It was really fun!!!) But this discarded draft really has no beginning or end. The plot was completely unable to converge, and it isn't in accord with the later Volume 4 plotline. \*Looks into the distance\*

There are also some places that seem to be unfinished. \*Is beaten\*

In short, I still posted it in the hopes that it can satisfy everyone's hunger a little. But please don't consider it part of the official book because this is a discarded draft~~



Begin the infamous delete and start over draft that got cut.



Disembarking from the minibus, I was unsurprised to see a small airplane. On the airplane was the Elysees family crest. The main body

of the insignia was a bowtie. This was the Elysees family's exclusive plane for those of high ranking. In addition, a row of people in black military uniforms stood in front of the plane. They all wore golden masks on their faces. The forehead part of the mask had an emblem of the sun.

"The Adjudication Squad?"

I was only somewhat shocked. However, when I clearly saw the person standing in front of the Adjudication Squad, I was greatly astounded. Although he was wearing a black military uniform like the other people, he did not have a mask on. This allowed me to clearly see his face.

At this moment, Curtis explained to me, "Because the Endelis clan moves frequently, in order to assure your safety, Madam Sadina specially borrowed the Adjudication Squad from the Sun Emperor."

"Huh?" The young master had also dismounted from the bus. Upon seeing that row of people, he froze.

Curtis once again explained for the young master, "Please do not panic. They are bodyguards sent by the Elysees family."

The young master only uttered an "Oh," and then nodded.

The only person not wearing a mask walked forward. Although he was looking at me, he did not reveal an expression that indicated he recognized me at all. He did not even look at the young master, who was to the side. He only smiled and said, "Mr. Endelis, hello. It is a



pleasure to meet you. I am the captain of Adjudication Squad One, Elian. Madam Sadina's order is that during this time period, I will be responsible for your safety."

"Then I will have to trouble you, Mr. Elian," I could only reply in this manner.

The young master turned around, picked up Briar, and then laughed. Although she did not understand why, she also giggled along with the young master. They looked just like two children playing around.

"And this is?" Elian displayed a puzzled expression at just the right time.

I hurriedly introduced, "This is the young master that I serve, An Xiang Ye."

Elian extended his hand and greeted him extremely politely, "Hello. It is a pleasure to meet you, Young Master An."

"Hello." The young master switched to using his left hand to carry Briar, and then used his right hand to grip Elian's hand. He said, smiling, "Mr. Elian... Can I call you El-gē?"

Elian replied delightedly, "Of course you may. It would be my honor."

The young master beamed happily. He seemed to find this very interesting.

"Ah!" Elian cried out, "It is already dark. We should board the plane

and properly converse there instead, as to avoid delaying everyone's journey."

"Agreed."

Once aboard the airplane, the airplane's interior was quite luxurious and resembled a small living room. An elderly person was already seated upon the sofa. He had a butler standing at each side. Based upon their attire, I determined they were both butlers from the Elysees family, and in addition, were quite accomplished.

*Someone accompanied by two veteran Elysees family butlers, and can even appear aboard this aircraft. Who could this elderly person be... Ah! So it is him. It has been so long since we last met, I nearly cannot recognize him.*

I greeted him with a smile. "It has been a long time, Barnett."

Although he was an elderly man, Barnett was actually my junior. To clarify, he was my father's sister's husband's older brother's grandson. He was a rank below Sadina and me in the family hierarchy, so he should actually have greeted me first. However, I felt I should not expect too much.

I remembered Barnett was younger than Sadina by more than ten years. He was about seventy years old now. Currently, a seventy-year-old human should still be able to maintain the appearance of being in the prime of their life. But Barnett already appeared advanced in age. Half of his hair had turned white, and there were many wrinkles on his face, especially between his brows. It seemed that his

life had not been easy.

Barnett glared at me. He coldly harrumphed and said, "You truly are a vampire. Just by relying on human blood, you can stay young and beautiful."

I chuckled briefly and turned around to invite the young master and the others to sit down. However, Curtis had in fact already made proper seating arrangements. I only needed to watch the young master be seated and ask whether he had any requests before sitting down as well. After this, the plane took off.

Once we reached a certain altitude and the flight grew smooth, the young master unfastened his seatbelt. Then he held Briar on his lap. The two of them looked all around. They were especially curious about Barnett and glanced at him frequently. Barnett had coldly looked at the young master once at the beginning, and ignored him after that. He did not even say a greeting, and only remained self-absorbed in looking at some documents. Occasionally, he would lift his head a few times to glare at me.

The atmosphere on board the plane was somewhat stifling and quiet. In front of the solemn Barnett and the two butlers, Dell was clearly not as willing to fool around. Without Dell causing mischief, the young master and Briar were also more restrained, to say nothing of Aren. His expression and actions were both slightly stiff even. In contrast, Melody was unconcerned about the current awkward situation and began touching up her makeup.

At this moment, Elian donned a smile and asked very casually, "Mr.

Endelis, I have heard that you are Madam Sadina's cousin?"

"Indeed." In my heart, I silently thanked Mr. Elian for breaking the monotony.

Elian revealed a very curious expression and asked, "For Madam Sadina to borrow the Adjudication Squad One from the Sun Emperor, you must have an excellent relationship with Madam Sadina?"

"Indeed. I have watched her grow up." It seemed that Sadina had not disclosed that I was the family head to the Sun Emperor. This was excellent. It would prevent a lot of trouble from being caused... Especially when the young master I served was the Sun Emperor's younger brother.

However, I could not help but hesitate. The Sun Emperor was unaware that I was the head of the Elysees family. Sadina was unaware that my young master was the Sun Emperor's younger brother. I felt that the coming days would be filled with unknown variables. *Should I confess cleanly to both sides?*

I trusted Sadina. However, she would soon retire and Curtis would soon take over the family. If he knew that my young master was the Sun Emperor's younger brother, would he take advantage of this relationship?

Conversely, I also trusted the young master, but I was unable to trust the Sun Emperor.

The Sun Emperor and the Elysees family happened to possess different

powers. One was a leader in the economy, and the other held the most extensive network of contacts. If each could get their hands on the other's advantages... I did not at all wish for the young master and myself to become the two families' point of contact. If it was this way, the situation would become exceedingly complicated.

I only desired to maintain the most fundamental employer-and-butler relationship with the young master.

At this moment, a clear girl's voice rang out, "Ah Ye-gēge, do you want to eat snacks?"

The young master looked at Briar and asked with some confusion, "Snacks?"

"Yeah! I brought tons of snacks!"

Briar rummaged around in her backpack, then pulled out a bag of potato chips. After tearing open the packaging, she took out a potato chip and brought it to the young master's mouth. The young master curiously bit down on the potato chip and exclaimed, "It's delicious!" Briar giggled and handed him several more potato chips. This kind of salt-laden food could easily dry out the mouth. I hurriedly asked, "Does the young master require milk?"

The young master vigorously nodded, and also amiably asked the person opposite him, "Does El-gē want to eat some too?"

"No need. Thank you." Elian still retained his smile.

"I want some too!" Dell snatched a large handful of potato chips. The young master continued to eat and grabbed some to give to Aren as well. The bag of potato chips was instantly emptied. But Briar pulled out two more bags of potato chips, a box of chocolates, a carton of strawberry gummies, and several more snacks I could not name... *So her small backpack is filled completely with snacks?*

"Charles! These are really, really yummy!" The young master held up the empty chip bag. With an imploring look, he said, "In the future, can you buy some of these to keep at home?"

"Understood. It is not a problem," I replied smilingly.

Seeing the young master eating happily, and even asking with an innocent expression on his face to have some kept at home, I suddenly felt I had been worrying too much. I was the family head in name only, and the young master was merely the Sun Emperor's younger brother. Neither of us held any real power. In fact, taking advantage of us would probably be of little use!

The atmosphere began to change from stifling to joyous. Sounds of people playing around, eating snacks, and laughing cheerfully turned it into a party aboard the plane. Although the people opposite had expressions that grew more and more sullen, they were completely unable to dampen the young master and the others' spirits. They still had a lot of fun. Dell even pulled out a poker deck and then the young master, Briar, Dell, and Aren began playing cards.

"Truly a youthful and vivacious young master." Barnett glanced at the young master, but was directing his words at me.

Although his words came across as praise, I understood their actual meaning. Within the Elysees family, only young butlers would serve youthful young masters. Highly respected butlers would ordinarily be the manager of a household, and would only serve a master with power in the family.

I smiled and replied, "Indeed. Young Master An is extraordinarily energetic. Serving him causes me to feel more youthful as well."

"You also are not old. A vampire of a hundred years or so is still considered to be a young lad, correct?" Barnett smiled, but his smile was not like Elia's gentle smile. It was a little mocking. "You are not like a human, who can only live for a hundred years or so. You have so much time that you can choose some... 'leisurely employment.'"

As he said "leisurely employment," Barnett looked at the young master and Briar playing around. His expression could almost be described as contemptuous... *This is simply too disrespectful!* Regardless of how he loathed me, he could not vent his anger upon the young master. This was absolutely not the conduct of a qualified butler.

Even Curtis was never so rude. He was to be the next head of the Elysees family, yet was sent to serve me. Regardless of whether he had any discontentment, at least he never outwardly showed it. He still served me with dedication and never offended the young master I served.

I put away my smile and frowned at Barnett. Although I still did not verbally reprimand him, if he dared to be disrespectful toward the

young master again, I would not continue to tolerate it.

"Charles!" The young master suddenly called for me anxiously.

"Yes." I turned my head to look at the young master. He was only looking at me blankly. I ventured to question, "Young Master, do you require anything?"

The young master looked at my face, sighed in relief, and said, "It's great you're smiling again. I was really shocked! When Charles doesn't smile, it's really scary and eerie. Like, like... Right! Like the movie I saw last time, *Dracula!*"

Aren placed down a queen of hearts and muttered, "He's been a vampire from the start... Your turn, Ah Ye."

The young master uttered "oh, oh" twice. He looked down at the cards on the table, and nodded, saying, "Hm, hm. Queen of hearts? Then the cards left in everyone's hands should be the four of clubs, nine of diamonds, king of diamonds, ace of spades..."

"..."

"Maybe it would be better if we played the dice game sic bo," Dell forced out these words.

Aren shook his head and said, "But the last time we played dice, Ah Ye also won every time."

"This time I won't." The young master hastily said, "Because the noise



from the airplane is too loud.”

*Young Master, do these words mean that you can “hear” the number of dots on the dice?*

I looked at Barnett with some worry that he had overheard some of the young master’s idiosyncrasies. However, I discovered that he had not been focused on the young master at all and that he only had been watching me... Or I should say, glaring at me. He was wearing the same angry expression from fifty years ago. The only difference was that fifty years ago, he was still a young man. Now, he was approaching eighty years of age. Evidently, fifty years’ time was unable to lessen the loathing he held toward me.

Although he and I had nothing between us that would be a cause for mutual loathing, and I had no idea why he would hate me so, humans do not need a reason to despise vampires.

I stopped paying attention to Barnett and focused my attention on the young master, in case he had any requests. In the end, everyone decided to help Briar with her summer homework together. The young master did all the multiple choice questions; Aren was responsible for drawing; Dell prepared numerous diary entries; and Melody was in charge of writing the parents’ words in the contact book.

Briar suddenly held out a notebook and then jumped in front of me, shouting, “Charles-gēge!”

“Is there something the matter?” I smiled as I asked her.

She giggled and held out a piece of paper, saying, "My school wants us to do career interviews. This is the interview questionnaire. I already filled out the career for the person taking the interview!"

I took a look. At the top of the interview was written, "Butler."

Therefore, I was responsible for doing a career interview.



"I can see the ground. We're landing!"

Briar pulled the young master over to look out the window. I also could not resist casting a glance out at the expanding view. The first thing to greet the eye was a sheet of greenery.

Fifty years. Already fifty years without returning to this place. However, this place appeared to differ little from how it looked in my memories. There was a small town on the wide field. To the left and right of the small town were a forest and an endless mountain range, respectively. Near the forest was a lake, and halfway up the side of the high mountains was a castle. Over a hundred years ago, the castle was gray. Even now, it had not changed.

The gray castle had no name. However, Sadina always called it the Sandcastle. She often complained this castle's dusty color was ugly, just like a Sandcastle made by piling up sand.

Sadina had already been in charge of the castle for fifty years. I had not expected that the Sandcastle would still be the dusty Sandcastle. The airplane landed. We disembarked and left the tarmac. When we

arrived at the Sandcastle's main entrance, I was even more convinced that the Sandcastle had not changed in the slightest. The main entrance's two russet, heavy, wooden doors were for guests to walk through. For the most part, family members would not go out of their way to use these large doors because they required four people minimum to open them.

Curtis stepped forward to pull the cord next to the door. As a familiar low chime sounded, the wooden doors slowly opened.

I was somewhat confused as to why they were specially using the main entrance, but then I remembered that the young master had also accompanied us. Using the main entrance was most likely Sadina showing respect to the young master!

After the doors opened, two columns of people filed out. It was not just outside the door; the corridor inside also was neatly lined with two rows of people. A glance showed that the ranks went so far that the end of the lines could not be seen. In addition, everyone was dressed formally and was bowing slightly, their attitudes extremely deferential. *What is this... Could it be that Sadina knows of the young master's true identity?* But if it was like this, Elian did not need to specially pretend that he did not recognize the young master. I looked in Elian's direction, and by chance, he was also looking at me. His expression was clearly suspicious.

"Charles, your family has so many people!" The young master exclaimed again and again, "Are they all your relatives?"

"It is not like that, Young Master. They are..."

I stopped speaking. This was because I noticed a lady walking over. Her attire, an old-fashioned purple gown, was very classical. The dress's style was simple and elegant. Her hair was arranged in a similarly simple bun. Her entire person looked very refined. Although her face already held many creases, her pair of eyes was bright and piercing. They made her appear spirited and completely unlike a person of advanced years.

*Charles, whether or not you believe me, even when I'm truly old enough to be an old lady, I'll still be the youngest old lady!*

The lady walked until she was in front of me and raised her head to look at me, her expression dazed. However, her eyes were blinking somewhat rapidly. This had always been the case. Whenever she was nervous, she would always blink.

I revealed a faint smile and said to her, "Sadina. It has been a long time. I always believed that you would become the youngest old lady."

Sadina laughed lightly, and she appeared even younger. She asked with an expectant tone, "Cousin Charles, do you still remember this dress?"

"I remember. It was the present I gave you for your eighteenth birthday." I gazed at that dress and asked nostalgically, "But did you not complain this dress was too old-fashioned? You even threw a tantrum!"

"Really. A girl throws a tantrum and you remember it for fifty years."

Sadina chuckled and said, "At that time, it was too old-fashioned. Now that I am also old, wouldn't wearing it be appropriate?"

"You are not old in the slightest." I sincerely thought this. Someone possessing such a lively pair of eyes could not be considered old.

"I should be saying those words to you," Sadina said as she caressed my face. She sighed, "You haven't changed at all."

I smiled and somewhat jokingly said, "I *am* a vampire, remember?"

"Of course, my vampire family head."

I froze. She took a few steps back, lightly lifted her skirt, and performed a standard curtsy as she announced, "Steward Sadina Christopher welcomes Family Head Endelis on his return to the family."

As soon as she said these words, I was startled. However, everyone else had much sharper reactions. Everyone froze and then looked at her and then at me with incredulous expressions.

I looked at Sadina and attempted to give her a questioning look. She winked at me. Despite being an eighty-year-old woman, she still seemed to be as mischievous as an eighteen-year-old.

*Sadina, what are you planning?*

Sadina avoided my gaze and looked to my side. Then she murmured, "Hm? Isn't this the Angel?"

The young master was wearing a very curious expression to watch her,

but he still courteously greeted her, "Madam Sadina, hello. I am An Xiang Ye."

"You are Young Master An? Greetings." Sadina covered her mouth and laughed, "So it turned out that Young Master An was the advertisement model recently on television. I quite liked the commercials that you shot. You really are as cute as a real angel."

The young master revealed an extraordinarily brilliant smile, and the effect was excellent. Sadina's previous words could have just been pleasantries, but after seeing this smile, she truly could not help stepping forward and rubbing the young master's head. She was unable to conceal an adoring expression.

"Ah! See how rude I am, allowing you to stay standing here. Come in and let me properly entertain you." Sadina turned around. After seeing how stiff the other people were, she lowered her voice and rebuked, "Why are you all in a daze! Could it be that you are not welcoming back the family head? Is this the most important etiquette that all Elysees family members are supposed to have?"

"Greetings to the family head."

Under two rows of family members' bewildered looks and greetings, we walked into the gray castle. At that moment, I actually missed the apartment building and sleepy-eyed, bleary expressions.



We entered a small parlor and Sadina dismissed all the other people. Then, she ordered Curtis to supervise the kitchen and have them

prepare the finest tea and refreshments.

When only Sadina, Barnett, the young master and those who had accompanied the young master were still present, I sighed in relief. At last, I was not being constantly stared at by alarmed people... Although Barnett was still glaring at me from time to time, in front of Sadina, he did not dare to be too rude.

Seeing that the young master, Briar, and the others were curiously exploring the small parlor, and would likely not require anything, I decided to first chat with Sadina. Although I only wished to chat, the scene that had just occurred outside was so unexpected that my tone was inevitably somewhat pointed as I asked, "Sadina, why did you do that?"

"Do what? Do you mean having everyone to greet you?"

Sadina used a puzzled tone to ask, "Aren't you the family head? Am I not the steward of the family? The family head made a rare visit back home. Shouldn't there be a grand welcome? What did I do wrong?"

I was speechless.

Sadina smiled, and then turned her head to address the young master, "Young Master An. During this period of time, Curtis will still be the one responsible for entertaining you all. Please tell him if you have any requests and treat this place as your own home. There's no need to be restrained."

"Really? Any requests are O.K.?" The young master's eyes lit up.

Sadina paused for a moment and then spoke again with a smile, "Yes, provided that the request is not too difficult." This time, she added a stipulation.

The young master said with great expectation, "Then, can I have a lot of potato chips?"

"Potato chips?" Sadina hesitated and asked uncertainly, "Do you mean potato chips that people eat? The kind of potato chips that can be bought from ordinary convenience stores? Or is this a name for something else? I apologize for my ignorance... But please do not worry. Even if it is something else, we definitely can prepare it for you!" The young master tilted his head and turned his head to ask, "Briar, can potato chips be bought at ordinary convenience stores?"

Briar nodded and said matter-of-factly, "You have to buy the spicy flavor! That was the flavor Ah Ye-gēge liked the most earlier!"

"And I thought that 'potato chips' was the name of a drug favored by youngsters nowadays... So they really were potato chips?" After Sadina finished muttering, she noticed the young master was watching her and she hastened to say, "Naturally, it is no problem. I will have Curtis prepare spicy flavored potato chips."

I could not resist chuckling and received an eye roll from Sadina as a result.

At this moment, Curtis returned, pushing a cart filled with refreshments and the tea. However, aside from the young master, the others did not eat much. After all, they had just finished eating a large



amount of snacks.

After eating for a short time, Briar was unable to sit still. She tugged on the young master's sleeve and shouted, "Let's go exploring! Exploring!"

The young master had just crammed his mouth full with a red wine pear and apple tart. He hastily grabbed his black tea and drank a large gulp to help him swallow the contents in his mouth. Only then was he able to respond, "Exploring?"

"Exploring the castle!" Briar said excitedly, "A castle has a lot of secret passages, tricks, and treasures! Let's go find them!"

As Briar was explaining to the young master what exploring meant, their actions made Barnett coldly harrumph off at the side. However, the young master did not notice. Instead, Sadina glared at him, and then blandly said, "Barnett. Thank you for helping me to receive the family head. But don't you have a lot of matters to attend to?"

Hearing this, Barnett scowled, but he still saluted Sadina as he left. Sadina coughed and her line of sight landed on me. Barnett's face immediately went from sullen to livid. However, Sadina's expression also became stern. Barnett could only unwillingly salute me goodbye as well.

I nodded. He immediately turned around and left.

"Charles, could you take us to explore around?"

As soon as I heard the young master's voice, I quickly turned my head to reply, "Certainly." But Briar protested loudly, "Don't ask Charles-gēge to come with us! This is his house! He has to know where all the treasure is already, and it won't be fun at all!"

"Is that so?" The young master hesitantly said, "But it doesn't seem right to run around someone's house."

"Don't worry." Sadina smilingly said, "Curtis, issue the order that Young Master An is allowed to move about the castle freely. Along the way, show him some interesting places, especially the sunroom and central garden."

"Understood." Once Curtis finished replying, he turned around to say to the young master, "Young Master An, please come with me."

The young master picked up Briar and naturally, all the others also stood up in suit.

Because Curtis had already opened the door, I could only walk to the young master's side. I thought of helping him carry Briar's backpack. I had just received the bag when Sadina spoke.

"Young Master An." She smiled as she said, "Could I borrow Charles for a few minutes?"

"Sure!" The young master immediately nodded and agreed. "You haven't seen each other in a long time, right? Take your time to talk! We'll go play on our own." As he spoke, he even took the backpack back from my hands.

Seeing that the young master was about to leave, I said with some anxiety, "If you have any requests, do not have any qualms. You may call for me at any time."

The young master turned his head to look at me, and he sheepishly smiled. He seemed to be about to open his mouth to speak, but Melody rebuked, "Rest at ease. We'll still be there. We'll help you feed the young master his milk and take him to the potty. Will this satisfy you, Nanny...? No, Mr. Butler?"

Everyone ducked their heads to silently laugh. The young master did not hide his laughter. I looked at Melody somewhat helplessly, and said to the young master, "Then I will see you at dinner, Young Master."

Only when the small parlor door had shut did I turn around to look at Sadina. It had been so long since we last met, and there were a multitude of things we could talk about. But at the moment, I did not know where to begin.

"Has Curtis's performance thus far been acceptable?"

Sadina said with concern, "I did not teach the child myself, so I am honestly quite worried. Even though his teachers all gave him very high scores, numbers can only tell you so much. They can't compare to real situations, especially since that child has always been very stoic. He has barely even smiled after his parents died in a car crash."

I rushed to reassure her, "Do not worry. He has been very good, even

though he is inexperienced, and indeed does not smile... However, many employers prefer stoic butlers, so in the future, Curtis will surely become a wonderful butler, too.”

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

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

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

I shook my head and said, “Why does ancestry matter? You have devoted fifty years of your life to the family. Is that not worth more than mere lineage?”

“Ever since my mother passed away, you were the last Elysees of the family. Is that not worth anything?” Sadina said passionately, “We are the Elysees family. In the family, there isn’t even half a person with the Elysees bloodline. Isn’t that hypocritical?”

The Elysees were never a large family. This should be largely

connected to the occupation of being a butler. A good butler often only has thoughts on how best to serve their employer, and so it is difficult to take into account their own family.

By my honorable father's generation, the only people left in the family who possessed true Elysees blood were himself and his younger sister. She was my aunt and the one Sadina called mother. However, Sadina was not my aunt's daughter. She actually was the child of my aunt's husband and his former wife. Therefore, she did not have the blood of the Elysees family.

By my generation, other than Sadina, my aunt and uncle did not give birth to any more children. My honorable father also only had me. And so, the only family member left with Elysees lineage was me. This was also one of the main reasons I could become family head. There was already no one else within the household who had the Elysees bloodline.

*Bloodline...* I was little unsure how to respond to Sadina. Although Sadina had no Elysees blood and brooded about it, I did not care about ancestry. Compared to whether or not a person possessed the Elysees bloodline, whether or not a person had talent seemed to be a larger issue to me.

Sadina aggressively asked, "Speaking of which, when do you intend to have a child to inherit the Elysees family?"

My facial color changed and I quickly said, "I am..."

"A vampire. I know!" she coldly interrupted my words. Then she said

even more coldly, "Stop making excuses. I already made inquiries and know that a pureborn vampire can only be born to a vampire mother. The child of a male vampire and a human will just be a normal human!"  
*Oh dear...*

Sadina narrowed her eyes dangerously and said word by word, "Cousin Charles. That year when you said you were unwilling to create another vampire, you were lying to me!"

"I only learned this later! Truly!" I hastily explained.

"Why didn't you say so later on?"

*Go out of my way to telephone Sadina to notify her that I am able to have human offspring and have her force me into finding a woman to have children with?* I smiled faintly and replied, "I simply forgot."

She glared at me and said, "Cousin. Since I was little, I have watched you grow up. Do you think that I do not understand your personality?"

"... Was I not the one who watched you grow up?"

"My meaning is that I watched you, and then I grew up. Can't I say that?"

I was speechless for a moment and said, "You can. However, could your words be slightly more like those of an eighty-year-old lady?"

"Why do you care?!" Sadina growled furiously, "Are you complaining I'm old?"

"No. I only feel that you are too young..."

Sadina said, "Hmph," and suddenly clapped her hands. This would normally be the method to call for someone, but at this moment, why would she be calling someone in?

While I was puzzled, the doors opened and a girl walked in. She was wearing a goose yellow gown that fell past the knees. She looked very innocent, but also out of touch with the times. Nowadays, almost no girl would be dressed like this. This was clothing from over a hundred years ago.

But aside from the clothing, what was more shocking to me was her face. She was just like Sadina... A young Sadina. However, how could this be? I looked at the elderly Sadina and looked at the girl who had walked in again with confusion in my mind.

At this moment, the girl greeted, "Family Head Endelis, salutations. I am Reina Christopher, Madam Sadina's granddaughter and Curtis's younger sister."

*So it was like this.*

"She has grown up to greatly resemble you." I said to Sadina somewhat jokingly, "However, her temperament is much better than yours from back then."

Sadina rolled her eyes at me. She continued to explain, "Ever since this child looked at your portrait, she has constantly been pining for

you. It would be best if you let her give birth to your child and have them inherit the family!”

*What?* I looked at Sadina in alarm, but at that moment, Reina walked forward several steps, and I could only look back at her. She continued to walk until she was only one step away from me. She looked up, watching me with smiling eyebrows.

I impassively moved back a step, and then said to Sadina disapprovingly, “Sadina. She is your granddaughter. How can you treat her as a means to give birth to a child? Not to mention, I am still her elder. She would have to address me as ‘granduncle.’”

As soon as I said the title, Reina began laughing. However, she politely covered her mouth and appeared to be very elegant.

“The two of you aren’t related by blood. And in addition, I’m not a bad grandmother. This was Reina’s own request. Her doctrine to stay single is that she doesn’t want a husband, just the kid.” Sadina snickered and said, “She likes your looks and wants to give birth to a kid that will grow up to look like you.”

I looked at Reina. She still had a smile on her face and her gaze had never left my face. I could only protest to Sadina again. “Sadina! Regardless of how it is...”

“If you don’t leave behind a child, don’t even think about leaving this family!” Sadina interrupted my protest. “This time, my heart is set. Unless you can fly, don’t bother thinking about leaving! Have a good chat with Reina now!”



As soon as she finished speaking, she left, seemingly not wanting to give me the opportunity to justify myself. But hearing this warning, I calmed down instead. I certainly could not fly, but the young master could. When necessary, I would impolitely request for him to fly me out. I believed the young master would not mind.

Sadina forcefully slammed the door. I could only reluctantly look back at Reina. I did not fully believe that such a refined-looking girl would seek a man she did not know to have children with.

"I think we need to have a proper discussion."

Reina revealed a very elegant smile and said, "You wish to chat first, and of course that is acceptable. However, after chatting, will we begin? Grandmother said vampires' fertility rates are very low, so we cannot waste too much time. Do you feel it is better to go to my chambers or shall we do it here?"

"... Both are unacceptable."



I only knocked on the door once, and just hurriedly opened the door to the dining hall too quickly for a response. Only after I saw everyone seated at the table having a meal and Curtis standing by the table, slicing a piece of beef shank did I sigh in relief...

"I have finally found you, Young Master."

The young master lifted his head, his mouth full of food. He looked at

me with questioning eyes.

I hurriedly strode to his side and poured a glass of milk for him. The young master accepted the milk naturally. His facial expression did not change a bit. However, the others were staring at me with wide eyes... But I understood what the issue likely was. Busy fleeing, I did not have the time to tidy my clothing, and so the clothing I currently wore was certainly not very neat.

After I poured the milk, I hastily adjusted my clothing neatly. Everyone was still staring at me.

The young master finished drinking his milk, and after he had swallowed the food in his mouth, he turned his head to look at Melody, asking, "Melody, I didn't notice at all that you'd secretly gone to kiss Charles?"

"I didn't!" Melody said in annoyance, "I wouldn't use pink lipstick! The lipstick marks on the butler's face have nothing to do with me."

*Lipstick marks?* Only then did I recall that Reina had indeed just kissed me many times on the face. I quickly pulled out my handkerchief to wipe my face. The young master kindly pointed out, "There's still one to the left of your mouth."

After I wiped off the lipstick marks, I truly felt that I had been too negligent recently. I bowed and apologized to the young master, "Young Master, I truly apologize. I recently have been unable to serve you properly, and often my appearance is unkempt..."

The young master uttered, "ah" and said, "Is that bad? But I feel like Charles recently has been getting more and more interesting!"

"...Please rest assured that Charles will serve you more devotedly in the future, and will do his best to commit no errors."

After I finished saying this, the young master seemed to say with some disappointment, "Ah? Really? It doesn't seem as interesting that way."

*My honorable father, you always lectured me sternly that a good butler must reduce the number of mistakes to zero. However, when the employer finds my errors interesting, and is even disappointed when there are no mistakes, should I make mistakes?*

Melody suddenly stood up and walked to my side. Then, she puckered her lips and left a heavy imprint on my face. Finally, she looked me up and down, and only then did she walk back satisfied and say, "Young Master, would you say that I left a beautiful kiss?"

"Pretty!" The young master elatedly nodded. With a proud face, Melody sat back in her seat and resumed drinking the red liquid within her tall wineglass through a straw.

*My honorable father, although you often taught me that a butler must have a tidy appearance at all times and all places, when the untidiness is the wish of the employer, should I or should I not wipe away the lipstick mark?*

The young master beckoned me over, saying, "Charles, come and eat

too. Melody said the blood that Curtis prepared is very fresh and tasty!”

As a butler, I should serve the young master his meal. However, Curtis and five other servants were already there. It seemed they did not need me at all. I could only dispel the notion of attending to the young master and find a seat.

Dell shifted to the side and gave the seat beside the young master to me. I had just taken a seat when Curtis inquired, “May I ask what blood type the family head would like to drink?”

“Hm?” I froze. *Blood type?*

I looked toward Melody. She blinked her long lashes, sipped a mouthful of blood, and said, “I recommend type AB. It’s quite good!”

I smiled wryly. In reality, vampires had no way to distinguish between blood types. Drinking any blood type would all be the same. I had no inkling as to where Curtis had obtained this misinformation. He had even prepared different types of blood.

“It does not matter what the blood type is. We do not differentiate between blood types,” I tactfully informed Curtis.

Curtis froze. He was about to open his mouth to speak when the great doors to the dining hall opened. Everyone looked toward the doorway. The first person to walk inside was Elian. Behind him was the person I least wanted to see: Reina.

Elian smiled and said, “Would you mind if Miss Reina and I dined with

you? Having so many people eating together seems livelier.”

The young master immediately agreed. He had always liked liveliness. Even if the people were unfamiliar, he would still agree, not to mention someone he recognized, like Elian.

Elian and Reina walked to the table. The table was oblong in shape. The young master sat at the head of the table. I sat in the first seat to the left. Following that was Dell and Aren. First to the right was Briar. Beside Briar was Melody.

Elian pulled out the seat next to Melody. However, he did not sit down but rather gestured at it to Reina.

Reina continued to not take a seat. She looked at me, and then looked to Dell, the person beside me. Dell was somewhat pleased at first, but as the seconds ticked by, and Reina continued to watch him, remaining unseated, Dell rubbed his nose and revealed a baffled expression.

Elian’s actions were somewhat stiff. Dell glanced left and right. He looked a bit flustered. All the others were staring. They did not understand at all what was happening.

The young master opened his mouth to say, “Reina? Are you called Reina? Do you want Dell’s spot?”

Reina hesitated for a moment and slightly nodded her head.

“Dell, give your seat to Reina then. You can go sit by Melody-jiě!”

Dell sighed in relief and said, grinning, "That's not a problem!" Then he picked up his tableware and went to sit beside Melody.

Elian shrugged and sat beside Dell. Reina sat down beside me. The servants to the side dutifully arranged new cutlery immediately and served creamy soup. However, Reina did not begin eating the soup. She continued to look at me, even staring with wide eyes... *Ah! The lipstick mark!*

I hurriedly asked, "Young Master, may I wipe off the lipstick?"  
The young master laughed. "Go ahead!"

I wiped off the lipstick mark. I looked up, and Reina was no longer looking at me. Her gaze scanned the circle of people. Finally, her gaze rested on Melody. Or more accurately speaking, it rested on Melody's red lips.

Melody puckered her lips at Reina, and then even blew me a kiss.

Reina scowled, but did not return Melody's taunt. She turned to look at the young master and asked with a little suspicion, "Are you the family head's employer? You're so young?"

"Right! Who are you?" the young master asked curiously.

"Reina Christopher."

After Reina finished tonelessly saying her own name, she did not speak again and proceeded to eat her soup. Although her movements were elegant, answering the young master's question in such a way was

exceedingly disrespectful.

Fortunately, as Curtis placed a large piece of beef shank onto the young master's plate, he said, "Young Master An, Reina is my younger sister."

"Oh!" The young master nodded. "You two don't look alike at all! But my brother and I don't look the same, either. Curtis, sit down and eat with us too!"

Curtis said, "Young Master An, my duty is to serve your meal."

The young master looked at Reina and said a little hesitantly, "But..."

"Young Master. Please allow Curtis to sit down to dine, and I will serve you instead. Is that acceptable?"

The young master paused for a moment, and I explained again, "I only need to drink blood. I do not need to specifically sit down to eat."

To the young master, having the younger sister seated and eating while allowing the older brother to remain standing and attending to the guests would probably be a very strange situation? However, in the Elysees household, it is not strange at all. Nearly everyone in the family is a butler, and each of them can serve.

"How could we allow the family head to serve our meal?!"

"Be seated, Reina." I calmly said, "Even if I am the family head, I am still a butler. I am the young master's butler. Attending to him and the

guests he agrees to dine with is a matter of course.”

Once I finished speaking, the young master began eating his beef shank. Perhaps because there were so many outsiders present, he was eating very slowly. He also occasionally fed Briar small pieces of meat that he had cut already.

Reina finished eating her soup and used a casual tone to ask me, “Who are these people?”

“Dell and Melody are the young master’s bodyguards. Aren is the young master’s friend. In addition, that is Briar. She is the young master’s fiancée.”



Oh oh oh, this is the point where it gets cut off and rewritten.

I don’t know if anyone was able to tell that the beginning of the draft actually took place after going to the airport, really going onto the airplane, and then arriving at the Elysees household.

But in Volume 4, the plane crashes. XDDDDDD

I hope this was a solution to feed everyone’s gluttony. If you’re even hungrier, please don’t come and beat me!

I will try hard to continue the story!

*No Hero* Volume 6 should come out around November.



*Side Story #4: Good Child, Bad Child, Part One*

No matter how exhausted he was or how late he had slept the previous night, he could always wake up punctually at five the next morning. To most people, this would be quite difficult. However, to Ri Xiang Ye, this wasn't difficult in the least. Rather, sleeping in was impossible for him—Ri Xiang Ye was a cyborg.

He got out of bed, opened his wardrobe, and then felt a bit troubled.

In the past, there were only a few types of clothes in the wardrobe: the dress shirt and jeans he wore to school, the sportswear for exercising, and his pajamas. There was no need to choose at all. He only had to wear something according to what he was going to do. There was entirely no need to agonize over it!

However, ever since he became a model and X-Killer's spokesperson, the number of clothes he had had accumulated. If Charles did not regularly donate the clothes to charities, he probably wouldn't be able to stuff any more clothes into his wardrobe.

Ri Xiang Ye truly did not know how he should feel about his life getting more and more complicated. He took out a set of sportswear that he had never worn before and quickly slipped into it. Following that, he walked out of his room.

"Good morning, Young Master."

As usual, Charles smiled as he passed him a white sports towel. Most of Ri Xiang Ye's frustrations disappeared instantly. Every time he saw

Charles smiling as he approached him, he would feel that the days were "just like usual" and would always remain that simple, seemingly never changing.

"Young Master, is something the matter?" The butler's expression perfectly conveyed his puzzlement.

Ri Xiang Ye smiled as he shook his head and asked, "What's for breakfast today... Ah! I better not ask. If not, I'll keep thinking of breakfast the entire time and I'll get hungry!"

"Understood."

Charles smiled. Whenever anyone enjoyed the food he made, he would always look so delighted... No, the butler's expression never changes, Dell and May always said so.

*Charles clearly has many different expressions, though. He's smiling now. The corners of his mouth lifted up by 2 mm! Why does everyone say that Charles always has on the same faint smile?*

"Young Master, may I ask if you still need anything else?"

*My mind wandered off again.* Ri Xiang Ye shook his head and said, "I'm going out to exercise now."

"Yes, Young Master. Please take care."

The moment he stepped out of the apartment's front door, Ri Xiang Ye realized that the sun was already shining brightly, even though it was only just past 5 am.

**Temperature: 26°C. Humidity: 40%. Weather: Hot and dry.  
Recommended to drink more water.**

His body was doing warm up exercises, but Ri Xiang Ye's mind was practically empty. Because of the computer chip in his brain, he could "multitask" very well. While exercising, he could also connect to the internet and watch the surveillance camera footage, process documents... Even doing *ten* tasks at the same time was no problem at all. However, the problem was that he didn't have anything to handle.

Handling the company's documents was Gēge and Kyle-gē's job; everything related to the house was done by Charles; his job as a model was managed by Melody and Ji Luo Chu; as for matters concerning the heroes, no incidents had been reported yet...

*Am I actually an idle person? But my schedule is clearly packed every day!* Ri Xiang Ye was a little unsure as to whether he was busy or idling.

After he finished warming up, Ri Xiang Ye raised his head to see the cold and vacant morning streets. *Where should I head today? Hm... All right, I'll run that way!*

As he ran along the streets, Ri Xiang Ye intentionally ran past a car and greeted the person inside, "Good morning!"

The person smiled in response, though he looked rather sleepy.

At first when he had discovered someone following him, Ri Xiang Ye had thought that it was an enemy. His immediate response was to break the car window and haul out the person sitting in the driver's seat. However, before he could do that, the other party held out a business card which clarified that he was a "paparazzi." He begged him to think of how XX television station's wide publicity would make him famous, and to please stop the Sun Emperor from sinking them into the XX gulf with that in consideration.

Ri Xiang Ye had agreed to it and earnestly made a call to Kyle, asking him to stop his gēge from sinking them into the gulf.

"... If you did not tell me this, we would not have known about it. After all, nowadays the Sun Emperor does not monitor you. But since you told me, I will have to report it to the Sun Emperor, and then do everything I can to stop him from sinking the paparazzi into the gulf."

Kyle-gē had replied with this, sighing that his workload had increased again.

*It doesn't seem right to have told him.* Ri Xiang Ye had been a little distressed and regretful.

He continued running in a straight line. Ri Xiang Ye disregarded all the obstacles in his path, which included railings, flower pots, fences, and even cars parked along the roadside. If it wasn't that he had to follow traffic laws, he would even come up with a way to pass through the moving cars. Even though his movements were not at the same level

of when he was Dark Sun, where he would even scale walls and buildings, it was still largely different from the way average people “jogged.”

“Hi!”

A group of six to seven people ran beside Ri Xiang Ye.

“Lately, you’ve been getting more and more famous. I even thought you wouldn’t come out anymore. But in the end you’re still running as usual?”

The person leading them wore a newsboy cap that had been splashed with various paints. He always wore this cap and was very recognizable!

This group of people called themselves “traceurs.” According to them, parkour was an extreme sport, also known as “l’art du déplacement.” You only had to decide on a direction, and then move in that direction the entire way. Regardless of whatever obstacles were ahead, you had to imagine the potential routes for navigating it, be it through rolling, jumping, climbing, or any other possible means.

They also treated Ri Xiang Ye as a traceur, a traceur that liked to run solo. Also, when Ri Xiang Ye finished listening to their explanation of parkour, he felt that it was quite similar to the way he “ran,” and so he didn’t deny it.

“If I don’t run, my body’s agility will decline.”

Colorful Cap laughed. "That's right! Sigh, if I didn't have to work, I would really like to run every day... Ah! That doesn't sound right. You're so famous now, so you must be very busy, but you're still running as usual. It's more like I'm too lazy."

Ri Xiang Ye burst out laughing, but couldn't explain to him that "I only need to sleep a minimum of two hours every day because I'm a cyborg." These words obviously couldn't be spoken out loud.

"Speaking of this... Could I get your autograph?" For a rare moment, Colorful Cap got a little embarrassed.

"Sure!" Ri Xiang Ye agreed unhesitatingly. He liked them and so would certainly not reject a small request like signing an autograph.

Even though they were speaking just now, their legs had not stopped moving. And although Ri Xiang Ye agreed to give him an autograph, he didn't stop running either. He only waved to the other person, indicating that he wanted him to throw it over.

Just when Colorful Cap was wondering if they should stop, he saw this action and without a second thought, took out the pen and photograph from his clothes and tossed them over. The pen followed the trajectory he wanted and landed by Ri Xiang Ye's side. However, the photograph that was as light as a feather was different. It just so happened that at that moment a gust of wind blew it up high, and it looked like it was going to fly toward the road...

In an instant, Ri Xiang Ye stepped onto the railing by the sidewalk and leaped out. He gently caught the photograph, and then used the pen

that he had already caught to rapidly sign on it. When he landed, he simultaneously returned the photograph and pen to him, and all this time his feet had never stopped moving.

Colorful Cap gave a long whistle, while the few people beside them gawked in astonishment.

They ran together for a while, but the traceurs gradually fell behind. Ri Xiang Ye had no intention of slowing down either. Even though he liked them, he did not intend to spend the entire time exercising with them.

After that, when he was crossing the road, he pulled a woman aside to save her from getting run over by a car that ran a red light. Then without any extra effort, he threw two stones at that car, smashing both of its taillights as punishment.

Then as usual, he helped an uncle who was missing a hand to push a recycling bin to the collection point. Then, he watched as he haggled over the price with the person at the recycling center, in case the uncle got underpaid because of his weakness. Only after that did he leave.

At last, he arrived at the park where he sparred with an old man using tai chi.

Originally, Ri Xiang Ye had no interest in the slow movements of tai chi. However, in the rare chance that he caught sight of two old men fighting using tai chi, he couldn't help but stop to watch as he could never let go any opportunity to learn more fighting techniques.

At first, he had thought that he would only watch for a few seconds before continuing his run. To his surprise, the longer he watched, the more apprehensive and interested he became. The slow movements aside, tai chi greatly utilized the principle of turning the opponent's strength against them, such that a small amount of strength could deflect a far greater opposing force. Ri Xiang Ye watched eagerly and recorded the entire scene, storing it in the computer chip in his brain.

Without realizing it, he ended up standing there and watching them for an hour. If those two elderly men had not stopped their match, he probably would not have gotten back in time for breakfast.

Those two old men sparred twice every week. A month passed with Ri Xiang Ye watching them like this, before those two old men finally could not help but approach him to get acquainted with this young man who woke up early to watch them do some light sparring. When they noticed his interest in tai chi, those two old men couldn't resist their love for teaching and started instructing him.

Ri Xiang Ye was extremely happy. Aside from Stone-yéye, he had gained another two grandfathers—Lin-yéye and Xu-yéye. However, recently Xu-yéye's children had taken him overseas to live with them. So in the end, only Lin-yéye was left.

As Lin-yéye slowly exchanged strikes with Ri Xiang Ye to teach him tai chi, he chuckled and said, "I bought your, that something album, and gave it to my grandson."



When he heard this, Ri Xiang Ye was a little embarrassed, but anxiously asked, "How was it?"

Lin-yéye shook his head as he replied, "I really can't appreciate the current tastes in music, but my grandson was very happy. It's been a while since he hugged me and yelled, 'Yéye, you're the best!' Hehe, this is really all thanks to you. To show my gratitude, I will teach you a few more tai chi techniques to striking quickly."

Ri Xiang Ye's eyes immediately shone upon hearing this.

Lin-yéye quickly explained, "Don't look at your Lin-yéye so expectantly. Even though I want to teach you, I'm not taking you on as my disciple, so I can't teach you all that much."

Even after he said this, Ri Xiang Ye did not respond in any way. Lin-yéye sighed to himself. "I feel like you should be a child who is quick to comprehend, but it's such a pity that..." He mumbled thoughtfully to himself, "You're probably too talented and too strong. That's why you haven't been able to fully grasp the notions of tai chi, of using a small amount of strength to deflect a much larger force, of placing more importance in your awareness than your form."

Ri Xiang Ye also knew that he had not learned it well. Other than being too strong, there was something else that was even more significant—his combat style was mostly determined by the computer chip's analysis. The computer chip obviously would not have something like "awareness." It only engineered perfect and precise combat movements. This was taking the "importance of forms" to the extreme, so how could he move away from putting more importance on forms?

Despite it being so, Ri Xiang Ye still intended to try because of the fundamental rule of his existence ingrained in his brain—he had to get stronger. There would never come a day when he could stop!

*Side Story #5: Good Child, Bad Child, Part Two*

“Let’s start sparring straightaway. But you have to control your strength. Don’t tear your Lin-yéye apart,” Lin-yéye said after some consideration, as he gazed at Ri Xiang Ye’s arms and legs with a knowing look.

Ri Xiang Ye hurriedly assured him, “I definitely won’t!”

After saying that, as if he was afraid that Lin-yéye would back out, he quickly moved his arms into position, adopting a perfect tai chi stance. However, compared to Lin-yéye’s pose, it was slightly lacking in ease and composure.

Previously, even though the slow-tempo combat was full of techniques that used the opponent’s strength against them, because of the slowness of it, it could not be applied to real combat and was more like a form of training instead.

Sparring was slow sometimes, quick at other times. Pushing, pulling and parrying were used to defend, and also had the additional benefit of completely disrupting your opponent’s fighting rhythm. Thus, pushing, pulling and parrying were also offensive moves that emphasized turning your opponent’s advantage to your own, and converting your opponent’s strength into your own strength. The more powerful the enemy, the stronger you became!

Ri Xiang Ye felt that his eyes had been opened, but was also even more certain that it did not suit him. To turn your opponent’s advantage to your own meant that your opponent first had to have

an "advantage" before you could take it. In other words, defense before offense. However, all along he had focused on offense, in order to crush the enemy in the first few moments and avoid unexpected incidents from happening.

As he observed the quick strikes used in tai chi, Ri Xiang Ye suddenly thought of the rapiers that Charles used. The slender blades were unable to withstand very large impacts, so Charles's fighting pattern was usually to let the enemy attack first, and then he would deflect the opponent's weapons or directly hit them as he slid past them. He hardly fought with his opponent head-on.

*If I let Charles come here to learn tai chi, he would definitely be able to learn much better than me, wouldn't he?*

"Lin-yéye, can I bring my butler along next time to learn tai chi from you?"

When both of them had stopped, Ri Xiang Ye immediately decided that even if he annoyed Lin-yéye, he would continue to pester him until he agreed!

"Butler?" Lin-yéye laughed out loud. "Bring him along! If he isn't suitable, then no matter how much you beg me, it'll all be in vain. But if he is a good student, then I will beg him to learn instead!"

After he said this, he continued rather dismally, "Young people nowadays, each and every one of them have modified their bodies until it looks completely different. They have become astonishingly powerful. If you don't learn tai chi for at least eight to ten years, don't

even think for a moment about trying to stop a single hit from a modified limb. Who would still be willing to take time to learn tai chi?"

When he heard this, Ri Xiang Ye merely smiled. Charles would definitely be willing to spend a lot of time to learn. Who knew how many years he had spent just to learn to be a butler!

After saying goodbye to Lin-yéye, it was about time to go back, perhaps even a little late. Ri Xiang Ye could only jump up onto the rooftops and take a shortcut back. The moment he returned home, he opened the door and shouted, "I'm home."

"Young Master, welcome home."

Behind the door, the butler with his never-changing smile, passed him a clean, white towel.



"Young Master, there's a commercial for briefs. Do you want to take it?"

When he heard this, Ri Xiang Ye turned his head back to look at Melody. The latter blinked at him innocently with huge eyes, with her excessively long fake eyelashes fluttering.

"What's wrong? Young Master, you don't mind revealing a little bit more, right?"

Ri Xiang Ye hesitated for a while. Finally, he sighed and said, "I don't mind, but Gēge will mind a lot. If Gēge sees the commercial, I will have to stop him from killing a lot of people again."

Melody curled her lip and suggested, "Then, a pajamas commercial. It's a vest with boxer shorts, and it's the cute type too! This should be fine, right?"

Ri Xiang Ye looked at Melody. She was always instigating him to do things that would make his brother angry. Worse was that unless she really went overboard, he didn't want to object in the slightest. Doing these sort of things gave him a rush of excitement, just like street racing.

Having thought that, Ri Xiang Ye couldn't resist stepping harder on the accelerator. The sound of the wind whistling past filled his ears, and he had the illusion of racing with the wind.

"Yahooo!" The motorcycle under the two of them cried out cheerfully, "Ah Ye is awesome. Go faster, faster!"

The speed did not increase, but he turned the handlebars and made a fast turn. The tires screeched against the asphalt. The centrifugal force was alarmingly strong. If Ri Xiang Ye were not a cyborg and Melody were not a vampire, the two of them would have already been sent flying.

After the corner, only when he felt himself calm down from the excitement and tension, did Ri Xiang Ye reply, "All right, I'll take it."

"Long live the young master!" This time it was Melody's turn to let out a shout.

At this speed, the two of them did not take long to arrive at their destination.

Ri Xiang Ye got off the motorcycle. Of course, he did not need to consider the issue of where to park. Even if he wanted to park somewhere obediently, he still had to see if DSII was willing to behave and stay there.

"I really am a naughty boy. I'm always making Gēge mad." Although he had agreed, Ri Xiang Ye still felt guilty.

Melody sympathetically caressed Ri Xiang Ye's face. "Young Master, the good boy Young Master... leave that side to the daytime's Mr. Butler! Right now, you're with Melody, and wearing Dark Sun's clothes. Later on, you'll also have to beat the crap out of those criminals! Young Master, no matter what benchmark you use, you aren't considered a good child at all!"

Night time in the city was naturally the time when the heroes were busy. It just so happened to be a Saturday, too. Ri Xiang Ye was already aware that he would have to fight the entire night.

*Indeed, I'm not exactly a good child.* He smiled at Melody, but possibly because he had already transformed into Dark Sun, his smile was cold.

"Young Master, it really looks a bit chaotic today. How about I follow you?"

After extending her head out slightly to observe the situation in the street, Melody felt quite unhappy. It was clearly already very late at

night, but why was there still a crowd of people in the street? Two gangs were exchanging fire, while some people were gathered around them, watching and loitering around. Dropping the matter that they weren't running and were even watching from the side, just what were they planning to do with so many weapons in their hands?

"No need. These people will run off once I throw a few punches. Melody doesn't need to do this sort of work." Ri Xiang Ye replied without any hesitation.

Melody laughed. "Serving tea isn't my job, fine. But why is beating people up not either?"

"It isn't!"

When she heard this, Melody asked softly, "Then to the little young master, what does 'Melody' do?"

Ri Xiang Ye pondered over it seriously and organized his thoughts clearly before answering her, "Melody hides in the darkness and helps me stop attacks that are hard to defend against or that cannot be fought. She isn't a person who clears the way ahead for me."

"Understood." Melody did an old-fashioned curtsy, even though her mini-skirt really didn't have much room to be held out. Then, she slowly backed away and retreated into the darkness, just like the answer that Ri Xiang Ye gave.

*I didn't say anything wrong, did I?*



Ri Xiang Ye was always worried over this problem. Even though it had been many years since his brother had rescued him, he was still different from an average person in many ways. Usually if it wasn't that he had said something wrong, it would be that he had asked the wrong question.

"Melody," He couldn't help but call out to her.

"What's wrong, Little Young Master?" Even though he couldn't see her, he heard her unhurried reply.

Ri Xiang Ye did not ask any further. The answer was clear from Melody's tone—she was extremely happy. It was exactly like when Charles heard him say that sentence "I really cannot do without you." He had been so happy that the corners of his mouth lifted up by more than twice the usual angle.

Ri Xiang Ye's mood also lifted. He patted DSII, getting him to open the trunk, and then took out a deadly energy gun and slipped it into the gun holster on his thigh. He also took out another two guns that used bullets. He glanced at the side of the motorcycle. *I probably won't need to use the Death Scythe today.*

He walked out of the small alley where he had left the motorcycle. As he walked, he took out a taser and immediately fired a shot ruthlessly.

The sound made by the taser was not loud, so no one paid much attention to it amidst the chaos on the street. Ri Xiang Ye fired off ten shots in succession before he finally caught the attention of a group of people.

Brawls were normally very easy to break up. He only had to strike down about a quarter of the people, and then they would more or less disperse.

Actually, Ri Xiang Ye normally did not get involved with brawls. He would usually inform the police and let them handle it. However, the circumstances behind this fight were different. Both gangs had already been fighting for a period of time, and many areas all over the city had been affected. Arresting them amounted to nothing as the main leaders couldn't be caught. Instead, fighters from the gangs had filled the lock-ups. Even the police couldn't fully deal with them.

It had already stirred up a commotion and caused unrest among the populace. If there came a time when the citizens got dragged into the fighting, it could turn into a massive bloodbath on the spot. It was simply too risky.

That was why, for the first time ever, Ri Xiang Ye intervened.

He walked straight in, disregarding all the chaos and danger around him. Sometimes, he would also take a step to turn aside, evading all the bullets, knives, and swords. In these kinds of fights, energy blades were not commonly seen.

When he had walked to the dead center of the battle, Ri Xiang Ye switched to his energy gun. He raised the power output to the maximum, and shot it into the air. In an instant, the night became as bright as day. Everyone was blinded by the flash of light. When their sight returned again, they immediately caught sight of the red and

black figure.

“Dark Sun is here—!” Screams arose.

Like a tide, everyone quickly retreated. If it had been other heroes that came, perhaps they would not have backed away so quickly. However, this was Dark Sun. The hero who had gained the title of Grim Reaper because of murder.

Ri Xiang Ye allowed them to retreat. He merely stood there with his guard up, in case anyone was delusional enough to attack him. At the same time, he was also deciding on the direction he should head towards next... There were two sides, so which side should he go after?

First, he glanced in both directions. Then, instead of choosing a side, Ri Xiang Ye angrily roared, “Both sides, come here!”

The street was silent for a while. Then, a few figures from completely opposite directions stepped forward. However, they didn’t dare to get too close to him, and also used the shadows to conceal their figures.

“What are you doing? Are you going to confess or do you want me to investigate?” After saying this, Ri Xiang Ye added expressionlessly, “Just take note, my way of investigating may not be very gentle.”

“... Territorial disputes.”

“Bullshit!” Once he heard this reply, Ri Xiang Ye’s tone turned angrier. “If you want to die then tell me. I’ll send you off on your way right now!”

"... Using the chaos to hide our smuggling business transactions."

"Oh?" Ri Xiang Ye said coldly, "Looks like you guys don't want to leave alive today."

Both sides were quiet for a while. When Ri Xiang Ye raised his energy gun once more, they finally sighed and started talking.

"After Cornell died, the boss position for the western district was left empty for a long while. Originally, the person who could catch the culprit that killed the previous boss would be the next boss. But the culprit didn't leave behind a single trace! The situation was messy enough already, but the eastern district came to interfere!"

*Catch the culprit? If he can find E.X. whom the Church couldn't find for ages, and can even defeat him, then he probably wouldn't need to bother with the mafia boss position.*

The people on the other side loudly protested, "Our young boss is the previous boss Cornell's son. He has the right to be the western district's boss!"

"Like hell..."

And then in front of the hero, the gangs on both sides actually started arguing again.

*Side Story #6: Good Child, Bad Child, Part Three*

Ri Xiang Ye felt that this issue was a little hard to resolve. He shouldn't interfere with internal conflicts in the mafia. However, if they continued to clash like this, who knew how much longer this mayhem would last. It had been a long time since Cornell's death, yet they still had not decided on the person to be their boss. Perhaps the reason for their slow progress was the heroes keeping check on them, and as a result they could not make any large commotions.

"I'll give you a week. I will notify the heroes not to bother you for this week. You're not allowed to involve the civilians. After one week, if you are still being a disturbance, I will kill off all your candidates but one. You won't need to choose!"

Ri Xiang Ye realized that after having killed before, threatening them with death was highly effective. Even though this was probably the wrong move, he couldn't find a more effective method to stop these criminals... But did doing so mean that he was no different from a criminal?

Though he felt hesitant and doubtful about himself, he had to do this to bring this messy situation to a timely end.

Both sides privately discussed among themselves. It was evident from their whispering that they felt extremely dissatisfied. However, in the end, they still did not dare to reject it in front of Dark Sun and could only argue weakly.

"One week is too short..."

“Then two weeks!”

Ri Xiang Ye had played a little trick on them. He had originally intended to give them a time limit of two weeks. But if he gave them two weeks straight out, they would probably still argue that it was too short and to give them one more week.

Three weeks of chaos definitely did not bode well for Sunset City. But if he did not give way, the other party wouldn't be able to accept it without losing face. They might even turn on him. That was why he gave them a week first, and then allowed himself to “give way” to two weeks, giving them a way to accept the conditions without losing their reputation.

“Do you agree?” Ri Xiang Ye said coldly.

“Agreed.” One side readily replied.

“... Fine.” The other side had no choice but to agree as well.

Ri Xiang Ye nodded, and then turned around to leave.

An extremely soft murmur came from behind him. “Hero, my ass. So oppressive, and even talks about murder! He's more of a criminal than the mafia!”

Ri Xiang Ye heard it, but he pretended that he hadn't. He did not intend to cause an incident over a minor issue.

He walked back to the small alley. Melody was already sitting on DSII waiting for him. She was smiling cheerfully, allowing Ri Xiang Ye to feel a lot more relaxed. But then he remembered that this was Melody. Her smile did not mean that his actions were not wrong—but Ri Xiang Ye still felt a lot more at ease.

“My little Young Master, you handled it brilliantly!”

“I did?” Ri Xiang Ye walked to DSII’s side. When he got onto the motorcycle, he couldn’t help but turn his head back to ask anxiously, “Doing it this way really doesn’t make me a bad guy?”

Melody suddenly kissed him and said, “Hehe, of course Young Master is a bad boy!”

Ri Xiang Ye blinked and felt a little confused. Even though Melody said he was a bad boy, she didn’t seem to mean it in a bad way?

“An utterly charming bad boy!” Melody hugged Ri Xiang Ye’s waist and rested her face on his shoulder. Her entire upper body was plastered against him. She asked, “Young Master, are we going back home now? Or do you want to patrol for a while more?”

Ri Xiang Ye shook his head and said, “Let’s go home.”



DSII rode into an apartment building. It wasn’t the building that Ri Xiang Ye lived in, but a building one street over. After entering, there was a long corridor before him. He rode until the end where he faced a wall. It was a dead end.

Ri Xiang Ye shouted, "Go up to the garage."

**Voice recognition, passed.**

**Full body scan, passed.**

**Internet connection completed.**

**Pin number approved.**

**Welcome home, Dark Sun.**

The end of the corridor noiselessly rose up. It turned out that this was an elevator.

There were more than twenty cars parked in the garage. Some had been modified excessively, while others were models commonly available on the market. There were even some that had been disassembled halfway. Even Melody's purple sports car was here as well.

"Young Master, good night," Melody wished him, but then she selected a car and hopped into it.

DSII's voice immediately rang out, "Melody, Melody, take me with you!"

"You have to ask the young master. If he allows it, I'll bring you along!" DSII begged nervously, "Ah Ye... Ye-gēge, will you let me go with Melody?"



"No!" Ri Xiang Ye immediately rejected his plea. "You haven't forgotten that you're grounded because you ran around wildly at night, have you?"

"But it's already been several days since I've gone out!" DSII started panicking.

"It's only been three days. I confined you for a week!"

"Why..." The headlights of the motorcycle dimmed.

"If you don't want to get confined, then stop sneaking out and letting others discover you!"

DSII complained loudly, "It's because Ah Ye doesn't let me go out at all! Every time I go out, it's to defeat bad guys. You don't let me go out to ride around the streets. You also don't let me talk outside. You don't allow me to do anything. I'm so bored! It's much more fun to go out with Melody!"

Ri Xiang Ye was taken aback. He looked at Melody and asked suspiciously, "You let him talk outside? No one has noticed it?"

Melody shrugged. "I always tell others that it's artificial intelligence."

*So you can explain it away like that?* Ri Xiang Ye was still a little hesitant because DSII wasn't the average artificial intelligence. It couldn't be guaranteed that no one would notice the difference.

"That's right! That's right!" DSII said discontentedly, "As long as you explain it like that, it's fine! You always forbid me from speaking! Ah Ye is a meanie. I hate Ah Ye the most!"

"... Melody, take DSII with you."

"Eh?" DSII's voice sounded very surprised.

After he finished speaking, Ri Xiang Ye turned his head and walked away. As usual, he was too lazy to take the elevator back, so he walked straight to the balcony. With a jump, he climbed back to his room's balcony. As he walked toward the living room, he took off his visor.

Even though it was already late into the night, it was the time of vampires. Charles had always used the late night hours to clean the house. He was currently maintaining a full set of silverware. The moment he saw Ri Xiang Ye return, he immediately set aside the work in his hands.

"Young Master, you have returned." Charles smiled as he asked, "What would you like me to prepare for your late night snack tonight?"

Ri Xiang Ye thought for a moment. "Today's workload was still all right. Fry a plate of meat for me! I'll go take a quick shower first."

"Understood. I have already placed your pajamas in the bathroom. I will go and prepare the late night snack then." Just as Charles was about to go to the kitchen, he was suddenly called.

“Charles.”

“Yes, Young Master.” He immediately turned around and waited for his orders.

Ri Xiang Ye hesitated for a while, but he still couldn’t stop himself from asking, “Charles, do you think I’m a good boy?”

Although Charles was rather surprised, he still answered sincerely, “Yes, Young Master could not be a better person.”

Ri Xiang Ye lowered his head and said quietly, “That’s probably because you don’t see the methods I use when I’m Dark Sun...”

“Young Master?”

“Little Young Master!”

The two of them raised their heads and looked toward the voice. The door to the workshop suddenly opened, and the ones who entered were those who had just been planning to go out, Melody and DSII.

“Weren’t you going out to play?” Ri Xiang Ye asked in bewilderment.

“Ask him!” Melody glanced at DSII, saying, “This little brat DSII made a lot of noise and said he didn’t want to go out anymore. He wanted to come find you.”

Ri Xiang Ye looked at DSII.

"Ah Ye, are you sad?" DSII's voice sounded like he was about to cry, "I didn't mean to call you a meanie. Don't be sad!"

Having others discover his misery and even letting DSII comfort him, Ri Xiang Ye's face turned rather red.

"So what if you're a meanie?" Melody laughed a bit. "Young Master, oh Young Master, are you still worrying over being a bad boy or a good boy? If you were only a good boy, then I wouldn't love you as much! Your little wife Poseidynne is probably the same too, right?"

"But..." Ri Xiang Ye looked at Charles. Him, Briar, Aren and many others, they probably loved the good boy side of him, right?

"You are the grim reaper that causes criminals to tremble in fear at your name. At the same time, you are also the hero that all the civilians readily depend on. Wasn't this what you had already decided?" Melody said softly, "And we, all the people here, the person we chose to support is also this you, the you who is not only a good boy, but also a bad boy!"

*A good boy as well as a bad boy? If that's the case...*

Charles asked worriedly, "Young Master, did something happen?"

"Yes!" Seeing Charles starting to get worried, Ri Xiang Ye burst out laughing.

When he was a good boy, Charles and Briar loved him; when he was a bad boy, Melody and Poseidynne loved him; and no matter if he was a

good boy or a bad boy, the ones who would always love him were his gēge and bàba. If that was the case, then what did it matter if he was a good child or a bad child?

"There are so many things that happen every day. Even though there are good and bad things, even if there truly were terrible events, as long as everyone is present, it doesn't seem so bad in the end, because everyone is very nice to me!"

When he heard this, Charles felt uncomfortable instead. *It is because you are a good child that you can still say things like everyone is very nice to you despite being locked away for seven years, having undergone countless painful modification surgeries, and even personally killing your own father. This really is...*

"Charles," Ri Xiang Ye called out.

"Yes?"

"Melody is telling DSII to quickly snap a photo of your current expression and save it. She wants to use it to tease you for a lifetime..."

The butler quickly wiped off all traces of expression from his face. Even Ri Xiang Ye couldn't see any infinitesimal expression.

"Ah! Young Master! Why did you warn him?!"

"That's right! Ah Ye is so biased. He favors Charles the most every time!"

Ri Xiang Ye laughed as he said, "It's because you will all bully Charles, but Charles won't bully you!"

At the side, Charles said solemnly, "Young Master, I will go prepare your late night snack—"

"I also want to charge!" DSII immediately ordered his late night snack. "I want fresh blood!" Melody followed suit.

"T-Then I still want to go out and play!"

"I want Young Master and the butler to accompany me to the night club!"

"I also want to go to the night club!" DSII spoke up, refusing to be outdone.

When he thought of a motorcycle entering a night club and dancing, Ri Xiang Ye burst out laughing.

At this point, Melody smilingly said to Charles, "Don't call me unfair. Butler, I'll let you tell us too, what do you want?"

When he heard this question, Charles was a little flustered. He spoke hesitantly, "I—probably want to go prepare a late night snack?"

"...You truly are a butler." Melody said awkwardly. Then she turned her head and asked, "Well then, Young Master, what do you want?"

Ri Xiang Ye looked at everyone. He merely smiled, but didn't give an answer.

*I want you all by my side. That's enough for me.*