

非關英雄

07

No Hero
Vol. 07

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終結與開端 上卷

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

The End, the Beginning.

誰是最完美的英雄？誰是最完美的管家？

總有一天，英雄招來會說話的車子，或者是舉起手，在眾人的注目之下飛向高空。

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No Hero Volume 7: The End, the Beginning, Part 1

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Prologue

I opened the curtains and the fiery sunlight outside shone in. For a vampire, its effect was no less than that of an arrow. Even as a fifth-generation vampire, pain still shot through my skin.

The time was only nearing five, yet the sun had already risen. Even at night, the air was stuffy and hot. This summer was unbelievably hot, the air conditioner nearly always on, or else the temperature inside could rise above thirty-eight degrees Celsius.

It was so hot that everyone's appetite had gone down. There were even some leftovers these days. It seemed that I should make some more cold dishes, and every meal should have some refreshing appetizers. *I wonder if the young master will like cold spicy jellyfish salad or plum-pickled radishes? He will probably like both? I can make them on alternating days...*

"Charles."

"Young Master." I turned around in surprise to see that the young master was already standing in the living room. The young master's footsteps have become lighter and lighter these days.

"Can you prepare a bottle of water for me?" The young master had already put on his workout clothes but did not go exercising immediately after saying goodbye like he always did. He scrunched up his brows and said, "While I'm out running, I usually pass by a park with a water fountain, but the fountain was broken yesterday, and the weather was so hot that I got super thirsty later on!"

No wonder the young master gulped down a lot of water when he came home yesterday. I had thought that the weather was simply too hot. *My honorable father, my observation skills still need improving. I hope that I can be half as good as the young master in reading people's "faces" in the future.*

"Young Master, please wait for a moment."

I went into my room and gave the young master a card when I came out.

"You should pass by a convenience store on the way. You can use this to buy water or milk. This would be much more convenient than jogging with a water bottle."

The young master looked at the image on the card and smiled. It was of Dark Sun with his metal wings, and he was holding the Death Scythe. However, it was not a photograph but a carefully crafted oil painting. Compared to photos that could be found in newspapers, this was much more delicate and unique.

"Is this also from collecting points at the convenience store?" The young master stifled a laugh and said, "There's milk and toast for breakfast again today, right?"

"Yes," I confessed embarrassedly and hurriedly explained, "but this is for making honey toast. Plenty of bread is needed to make them."

The young master asked curiously, "What is honey toast?"

I opened my mouth and was about to explain, but changed my mind shortly and smiled as I said, "This is a 'secret.' Please look forward to today's breakfast."

The young master's eyes immediately lit up, and he did not ask any further but stared down at the card. He really did like secrets.

"Bringing a card instead is really much more convenient..." The young master stopped short and suddenly raised his head to ask, "Have you finished collecting all the secret versions?"

"Not yet. There are four secret versions this time, so it is a bit hard. I am still missing a Dragon Peace in leopard shorts."

Thinking of this, I could not help but sigh. Collecting points at the convenience store has gotten more and more complicated. The secret versions this time were all of the heroes with different weapons, but Dragon Peace does not even have a weapon, so they gave him different shorts. *This is stretching it a bit far, but I have collected all the others, and this one is the only one left. It would be a shame to not get it...*

The young master laughed. "Then, I'll go get drinks at the convenience store and help you collect points. We definitely have to get the Dragon Peace in leopard shorts. I'm gonna show it to Aren! Oh! Charles, can you get me a pair of extra large leopard shorts? I'm gonna give it to Aren at the same time!"

I laughed. "Yes."

“Then, I’ll be off.”

The young master said so and went out happily. This was the first time that he had shown a happy expression these few days. The young master had been investigating the whereabouts of the missing criminals, but it did not seem to be going smoothly, so the young master had been very solemn recently. *Looks like I will need to prepare more “secrets” in the future.*

“Ah—Ah, I’m starving!”

As usual, Mr. Bramble and the other two walked in at five-thirty, and like always, Dell declared that he was hungry. They did not have to come this early, since the young master was not at home from five to seven, so even if they came, they would just be waiting for the young master to return home.

However, Mr. Bramble did not seem to think so. He felt that when the young master wakes up, then it was time for them to start working. If not because they did not want to make the young master go out of his way to greet them, they would have probably come at five o’clock.

I made a pot of tea for them and smiled. “Then, I will go prepare breakfast.”

Mr. Bramble had already buried his head inside the newspaper, May nodded, and Dell grumbled loudly, “Hurry up, go cook!”

I smiled and started toward the kitchen. *To be honest, the ingredients*

have all been prepared, so that makes the cooking quite fast, but we still need to wait until seven when the young master comes back and wait another twenty minutes for him to shower...

Ding dong.

The doorbell rang when I had just walked to the end of the living room. I turned around to tell the others, "I will get it."

From the front door security camera, I could see that a stranger I had never seen before was standing outside. Her heart-shaped face looked very fine, her features elegant. The slightly uplifted edge of her phoenix eyes gave off a classy aura, and she was also wearing classic clothing. Since the clothing was very fitting, I could see that her figure was a bit unlike a woman's.

Is this a "her" with a flat figure, or a "he" with a pretty face? I really could not tell.

But these problems did not draw as much attention as the person's right eye. It was a mechanical eye, and though mechanical body parts were plentiful in this age, pairing it with such a classically beautiful face was a shame.

"May I ask who this is?" I avoided saying mister or mistress.

"I'm Bai Lian Yue," the person said lazily, "the Sun Emperor's left hand. Understand?"

Upon hearing this answer, I was a bit surprised. Although Secretary

Kyle had been here quite a few times, even more often than the master, I had only heard of Secretary Bai and had never met. Rumors say that Secretary Bai oversaw things that “could not be made public,” which did not have much to do with the young master, and thus never had a need to come over.

But what surprised me more was that this person’s voice was very unisex and could belong to a man or woman, and thus I still could not tell what the person’s gender was. *I will use “her” for now.*

“Is there any way to verify your identity?”

“The phone that Kyle gave you has my contact info, right? There should be a picture of me in there.” She covered her mouth and yawned lightly. Her actions were very graceful, which led me to guess that she should be a woman.

I took out the phone, and there was indeed contact information on Secretary Bai and a photo. Though I had been curious about Secretary Bai before, the young master had never needed to contact her, so I had never opened it before, or else I would have been surprised by how young Secretary Bai was. She looked only about twenty-five.

“Hello, Secretary Bai, nice to meet you,” I greeted as I opened the door to let her in.

Secretary Bai stepped in with gentle footsteps and glanced around the room. As soon as Mr. Bramble and the others heard that it was “the Sun Emperor’s left hand,” they had stood up immediately and turned into professional bodyguards on standby, including Dell who was

originally slouched on the sofa.

But it seemed that Secretary Bai did not even intend to greet them, turning around directly and asking me, "Where's Ah Ye?"

"The young master is out exercising," I said in some surprise. Even Secretary Kyle did not address the young master as "Ah Ye" but used "young master," along with me, Mr. Bramble, and the others.

"Oh, right, he goes exercising early every morning. Ah Ye hasn't been living at home for such a long time that I've forgotten that." Secretary Bai said with a slight frown, "Then, I'll wait here! I heard that your cooking is good. Remember to prepare my breakfast."

Living at home? Does this secretary also live at "home" with the master and Mr. An Te Qi... Stop thinking, no matter what the answer is, it is the master's privacy. I should not have even wondered, not to mention think about it!

Dear father, though I am already over a hundred and fifty years old and have had much more learning time than others, I am still going against your teachings. If you were still here, you would definitely scold me relentlessly!

"Understood, please take a seat Secretary Bai. I will go prepare breakfast right now. How many servings would you like to have?"

Secretary Bai paused and raised an eyebrow. "One, of course. Do I look like two to you?"

"Definitely not." *But the young master does not look like six either.*

"Are there any foods that you do not eat or foods that you prefer?"

After thinking for a moment, Secretary Bai said, "Then, get me some caviar cookies."

"... My apologies, we have not prepared those ingredients in the house."

"Oh, right. I forgot again that Ah Ye hates caviar. Then it's fine, just avoid fried foods. I'm getting old. It's hard to maintain my figure."

Getting old... Wait, the young master hates caviar? I have never heard of that. I should note this down properly.

"Understood."

Chapter 1: Sin, the Original

"Hey!"

A black shadow loomed over me with a can. I took the can with a smile, thanking the other, "Thanks, Ezart."

If Ri Xiang Ye knew that I was currently on an adventure with his best friend, would he immediately charge into the ancient tomb? If he really were to charge in, I guess adventuring together with him wouldn't be too bad either?

"You have a high opinion of me, right?"

"What do you mean high opinion? Can you not talk as if I'm interested in you? I don't lean that way!" The other person grumbled uneasily, and then admitted straightforwardly, "There's a bunch of investors who insist on coming along on the expeditions, but very few of them actually have any combat abilities. Most of them are just a burden. You're actually pretty strong, not too shabby!"

As expected of a battle manic. Even his standards for judging people are so simple.

"Oh yeah, Ah Shou, what exactly are you looking for?" asked Ezart as he scratched his head. "This ancient tomb looks like there's nothing in it at all."

"If I tell you that I actually don't know either, will you beat me to death?" If I were hit by this person's full strength, I would definitely be

sent flying and splattered on the wall—that was not a speculation, but something that had already happened multiple times.

Ezart raised an eyebrow at that and replied, "What would I beat you up for? Whether you find it or not is none of my business. You're paying me either way!"

"Do you really care about the money? These kinds of 'adventures' are so dangerous that if you slip up, you won't be alive to spend the money."

"I still got to make a living somehow!" Ezart snapped back.

I looked at him, with a ghost of a smile on my face.

"... And adventuring seemed interesting."



"Young Master, welcome home," I said as I handed over the towel for wiping his sweat.

"Charles, what happened?"

Unexpectedly, the moment he finished wiping his sweat and raised his head, he noticed from my appearance that something was off. His ability to read faces was still absurdly high, but this time, he did not need a reply from me.

"Ah Ye," Secretary Bai greeted and stood up.

The young master froze and shouted, "Ah Yue-gē, why are you here?"

... *Ah Yue... gē?*

"I came to have breakfast together with you!" Secretary Bai said with a smile.

The young master's eyes widened a little, which I believed was his expression of disbelief. However, he did not comment on it, and merely turned to tell me, "Then Charles, go and prepare breakfast first. I'll shower after breakfast."

"Understood."

I first served the appetizers for everyone to enjoy before I went on to prepare the rest of the food.

"What is this?" Secretary Bai stared at the two appetizers without holding back any doubts.

"Jellyfish salad and chilled radish pickled with plum juice." In the end, I still decided to make both dishes, though I was not sure if our guest liked spicy food, so I decided against the spicy jellyfish.

Seeing that our guest still had doubts about the menu, I introduced each dish in detail: "The jellyfish's bell is rich in collagen, which has beautifying effects, as well as giving it a chewy texture when eaten. The other dish, radish pickled in plum juice, has a slightly sour taste, which is good for stimulating one's appetite."

As per usual, the young master's eyes immediately sparkled when he saw food he had not tried before. He swiftly picked up his chopsticks and took a bite of the jellyfish, exclaiming, "Ah! This is so chewy, and so delicious!"

The young master appears to like chewy textures. I should make a note to use more of such ingredients in the future.

Secretary Bai tried a piece of the pickled radish and appeared to like it, soon taking another. However, the jellyfish was left completely untouched. Secretary Bai did not eat anymore after two pieces of radish and questioned, "Ah Ye, were you thinking of looking for those escaped criminals?"

The young master, who had been happily enjoying his food, froze in place. Though I was extremely interested in the continuation of this conversation, I had to go back to the kitchen to prepare the rest of the breakfast. Once back in the kitchen, I used x-speed to chop the vegetables, then chopped the beef that was to be the main dish later, and put it into the oven...

Within a minute, I served the second dish, romaine lettuce salad with smoked salmon, together with freshly toasted milk buns.

When I walked into the living room, Secretary Bai was in the middle of persuading the young master, "Ah Ye, rather than going on a wild goose chase, why don't you give me a hand?"

"What do you need my help with?" The young master asked doubtfully.

After putting down the plate of salad, I had to return to the kitchen, and hence prepared the rest of the dishes with x-speed. I assembled the main dish of beef and vegetable skewers, and then put the brick toast for the honey toast into the oven. Once that was done, I came out with the freshly grilled beef skewers and various drinks.

“Act in a movie?” The young master seemed not to comprehend as he inquired, “What does acting have to do with catching criminals?”

Movie? Though I did once hear from Lin Ding that someone wanted to ask the young master to act in their movie, there was no talk of it afterwards. *To think that Secretary Bai is the one requesting the young master to act in a movie now.*

Thankfully, the brick toast would still take a while longer to finish baking, so I would be able to stay in the living room for a short while.

“Have you heard of Alex Simon?” Secretary Bai abruptly brought up someone unrelated.

The young master nodded as he answered, “He is the representative of Daystar City.”

“I intend to ask him to star in this movie together with you.”

“Oh?” The young master’s curiosity was piqued as he asked, “Who will he be playing?”

“A priest.”

Is Alex's profession not already that of a priest?

The young master seemed to have thought of that too, as he inquired with a smile, "Then, who am I going to play?"

"A beautiful youth."

The young master is also a beautiful youth. It seemed as though there was no need to act for the two leads of this movie. Though, speaking of which, a character setting like "beautiful youth" did not seem to require any acting.

"This is the movie project plan. Take a look and see if you are interested in it first!"

Secretary Bai passed the plan over and started eating the milk buns. It seemed as though compared to the cold appetizers and raw salads, "he" preferred food that was piping hot.

After asking him for his choice of beverage, I poured a cup of freshly squeezed apple juice with milk for him. This was a little surprising for me, as I could not have imagined that he would pick the same beverage as the young master. From his behavior up until now, I believed that he would ask for a glass of table wine. It was fortunate that he did not though, for we only had cooking wine at home.

The young master looked at the plan, and then reflexively read it out loud: "The Hunting of a Vampire."

...

“Pft!” The young master laughed as he asked, “Who named this?”
Secretary Bai shrugged with both hands up, saying, “Isn’t it Ah Yan?
Who else could it be?”

Hearing that, the young master’s smile faded. He asked in suspicion,
“Could it be that Gēge told you to stop me from doing something
dangerous?”

“Aiya! Are you doubting me?” Secretary Bai’s eyes turned wide. He
was not expecting the young master to actually nod his head though,
so he could only helplessly explain, “The plan to shoot this movie has
long been in the works, so we decided to simply make use of it for the
sake of the investigation. Under the pretense of borrowing the fame of
the city representative contest, we will invite the first and second place
winners, Alex and you, to be the lead actors. This way, not only will it
appear less suspicious, the movie is also more or less a sure hit. No
matter what, it’s a good deal!”

The young master still did not quite believe him. He shook his head as
he inquired, “Investigation? What’s there to investigate about a movie
filming? Ah Yue-gē, you’re still lying to me to get me to stop pursuing
the criminals, right?”

Secretary Bai glared with both eyes, exclaiming, “Ah Ye, am I that
unreliable to you? Fine, I understand. Stop nodding your head so fast,
like I have no credibility at all! Sigh, to be honest with you, Alex Simon
is no ordinary priest.”

Up to this point, it appeared that they were equally matched. Indeed,

Secretary Bai had seemed to be trying to divert the young master's attention to other matters, so that he would not go and hunt down the P29 criminals. Naturally, the young master would not agree to that, and was instead trying to fish out some information from Secretary Bai.

"Within the Sin Elimination Committee of the Church, there is one person whose main job is hunting down E.X. The person in that position is called "Sin Simon." I strongly suspect that Alex is related to that Sin Simon. Even their surname is the same. Therefore, he most likely will know some information about the criminal that the Church wants."

Secretary Bai glanced at me and continued, "Ah Ye, you are friends with the Church's nemesis, E.X, right? If that is the case, the criminal that you want to hunt down the most must be the one that the Church desires. Isn't that so?"

"So that's how it is. That's why you're trying to get me to star in a movie with Father Alex!" The young master then asked without batting an eyelid, "Then, who is the criminal that the Church wants?"

Secretary Bai shrugged, innocently saying that he "didn't know," not revealing any useful information.

The young master stared at Secretary Bai, his eyes full of mistrust.

Secretary Bai blinked—*to think that even mechanical eyes have eyelids for blinking*—as he said, "Didn't Kyle already give you a list of all the dangerous criminals? Did you manage to guess which one of them it is?"

The young master shook his head.

“If even you can’t tell who it is with your capabilities, Ah Ye, then how am I to know who it is?”

The young master frowned, as though he was not sure whether to believe him or not. *However, with his ability to “read faces,” he ought to be able to tell if Secretary Bai is indeed lying, right?*

Secretary Bai sighed as he said, “The rest of the criminals are dangerous, sure, but Ah Yan is not to be trifled with either. The adjudication squad is pretty useful in their pursuit and capture, too. The most troublesome one is the one wanted by the Church!”

At this point, he took another beef skewer and elegantly bit off a piece of meat. He seemed very calm and composed in the midst of all these matters as he chewed, and only when he was done did he continue, “With the Church protecting that criminal, we definitely won’t be able to find him! So, we can only work on the assumption that the Church might want to use this criminal to pursue X. However, the Church is extremely thorough in their protection of Sin Simon. It is entirely impossible to find out who he is.”

Following that, he said no more and did not even look at the young master anymore, completely engrossed in eating the beef skewers. Even though he was the only one eating in the entire living room, he was just as content. He appeared not to mind the young master who was deep in thought, not to mention Mr. Bramble and the others. The three of them practically did not dare to touch their breakfast, and

even the young master's words to sit down were of no avail.

I lowered my head and requested, "Young Master, may I interrupt?"

The young master nodded and said, "Speak!"

"Actually, Sin Simon is not a person, but a position: a position that is mainly responsible for capturing X. Regardless of whoever became 'Sin,' he would from then on change his name to 'Sin' and keep only his original surname."

Secretary Bai's eyes widened as he exclaimed, "If that's true, there's a possibility that Alex is Sin Simon himself."

"Indeed, such a possibility exists."

X had once mentioned to me that it had taken three hundred years before he finally realized that the people hunting him down had already changed several times. When I had heard that, I felt a little sorry for those "Sins."

It was unclear whether it was due to having lived too long, but X was not mindful of many issues. He often claimed that anyways, those humans and issues were short-lived and would disappear in time, so there was no need to spend the effort to remember them.

"Sins" especially were short-lived. Many were killed, and even if they were not, their lifespans were mysteriously short. Generally, they departed this world at the age range of forty to fifty. Having to hear yet another hunter's "first meeting spiel" every once in a while made X

extremely fed up, and he would even spare Sins' lives because of it, so as to avoid hearing another new Sin's declaration.

"If that's so, then that's even more reason to investigate!" shouted Secretary Bai.

"That can't be right!" The young master shook his head and shouted, "If Alex is Sin Simon, then since he has finally gotten his hands on that criminal after a lot of difficulty, of course he would go after X. Why would he agree to star in a movie?"

"That's why we have to get you there!" Secretary Bai explained as a matter of fact, "You are acquainted with X, and your butler is very close to him. No matter how busy he is, he probably isn't willing to let go of such a lead."

Once the young master heard that, he shouted unhappily, "So Ah Yue-gē, you intend to use Charles!"

I quickly cut in, "Young Master, it is my sincere wish to be of help to X."

The young master then relaxed a little, but still appeared to be largely discontent with Secretary Bai.

Secretary Bai quickly assured, "Aiya, Ah Ye, don't be nervous. The entire film crew is mine. Nothing will happen!"

"I don't believe you!" Unexpectedly, the young master responded with no trace of politeness, "You and Kyle-gē are both the same. Both of you would absolutely never betray Gēge! How am I to trust you two?!"

Secretary Bai exclaimed, "Didn't Kyle give you the information on the criminals? You already trust his information, so why don't you trust me?"

"Kyle-gē was willing to give me the criminals' data because he knew that if he didn't give it to me, I would be able to find it myself. I have the highest access rights possible in the Sun Alliance and can get into any database. That's why he just tidied things up and passed it to me, so that I wouldn't rampage through the whole database looking for it."

The young master asserted, "So Gēge must have asked you to stop me from hunting down those criminals, and the movie is just a pretense!"

However, Secretary Bai burst into laughter, as he said, "Do you think that Ah Yan is not willing to let you go hunt down criminals, but is willing to let you go confront the Church? Those are the strongest people of the Church, people who are hunting down a thousand-year-old vampire. Would they be easier to deal with than the criminals?"

The young master froze, his brows furrowed, deep in thought.

Secretary Bai softly spoke, "Ah Ye, what I was thinking was that rather than letting you run around recklessly till we can't find you, which will make Ah Yan worry till his heart and stomach hurts, I might as well give you a mission. Not only can we make use of your strength, we can also keep you under our eye. That really would be more reassuring!"

"Sigh, but I know that persuading you is just as hard as persuading Ah Yan. You two brothers sure are similar. What a pain!"

The young master's face flushed red. It was not the first time that he was told that he was very similar to the Sun Emperor, but it just so happened that the person who was the most headache-inducing for the young master was also the master. Thus, this fact would always make him feel a little awkward.

"Thus, I decided that I might as well as get you to investigate Alex. This is a genuine, huge lead, not one made up to deceive you!" At this point, Secretary Bai noticed the young master's hesitant expression and immediately raised his offer, "Other than this mission, if I find out that there are criminals nearby, I will inform you and let you sneak out to capture them in the free time when we are not filming. Is this okay?"

The young master looked rather tempted by his offer, but still questioned skeptically, "You promise you won't tell Gēge?"

Secretary Bai lifted his fingers and swore, "I swear to the heavens that I absolutely will not tell Ah Yan!"

The young master nodded. Suddenly, he lifted his head and looked over, hesitantly calling, "Charles..."

"What is it, Young Master?"

The young master must be inviting me to go to the movie filming location with him, right? The young master always did seem a little uneasy when it came to things he had not done before, so he would

want to find someone to go with him—

“I smell something burning.”

... The honey toast!



“Though it was a pity that I didn’t get to eat the honey toast, it’s been a long time since I have seen you make that expression like the sky is falling down, Charles! How interesting! Hahaha!”

The young master was full of joyous laughter, which made me feel less guilty about my mistake of burning the food. However, a different issue troubled me, and I asked anxiously, “Young Master, did I really show an expression as if the sky is falling down?”

“Not at all!” Dell muttered loudly at one side, “The butler only has that one expression, a faint smile! He doesn’t have any other expressions. Just now, he just froze up a little, and his smile disappeared a little. In what way did that look like the sky was falling down?”

To think that even Dell could spot the difference in my expression and body movement, the sky certainly was falling down!

Burning the toast because I was too engrossed in listening in on the conversation, and then showing an inappropriate expression as if the sky were falling... My honorable father, I really ought to punish myself by going back to the family and training for another hundred years!

“Charles, don’t blame yourself for it. It’s just burnt toast!” comforted

the young master, who was always so magnanimous. "Just make another honey toast later!"

"Understood, Young Master." *I will absolutely make the most delicious honey toast ever to make up for this mistake!*

"Charles, accompany me to the movie filming location?"

As expected, the young master asked this of me. Even though he was almost twenty-four, he still seemed afraid to try new things on his own.

However, even up to now, I felt that it might be better if the young master did not correct this habit. That was because the young master was too good at enduring painful matters. No matter how painful it might be, he would always endure it silently on his own, making others' hearts ache in their helplessness. A small weakness like this was instead a good thing.

"Since I have already promised Ah Yue-gē to film, then I have to let the Church come to Sunset City. In the event that Alex really is Sin Simon, then you could be in danger. We might run into Alex at the filming location, but both Melody and I will be there so it will be safer for you. I think it's best if I bring you along with me."

So he was worrying for my safety. The young master has truly matured a lot, unlike me. Not only have I failed to become a more responsible butler after serving the young master for this long, I even keep making mistakes one after another. Even in a simple task like cooking, I could burn the food again and again...

“Hmm, this expression of Charles’s is so hard to read. At first it kind of looks like gratitude, then like self-reproach.”

I am grateful to you and reproaching myself.

“Young Master!” Dell suddenly interrupted, “That Bai Lian Yue, is he really a guy? His face looks completely female! I initially thought he was the Sun Emperor’s mistress—”

Before he could finish, Mr. Bramble roared at him, “Dell, what nonsense are you spouting? Shut your filthy mouth! Have you forgotten who the other person is?”

Hearing that, Dell scratched his head and muttered a few sentences along the lines of “I’m just saying.” However, he did not dare to speak up again. In comparison to Secretary Bai, Dell was more respectful to Mr. Kyle, for he would not dare to say anything bad about him even behind his back. It was highly likely that Secretary Bai’s delicate looks made it difficult for others to respect him.

“Ah Yue-gē originally didn’t look like that.” The young master smiled as he said, “That was done by Bàba!”

Mr. An Te Qi? What is the relation between Secretary Bai’s appearance and Mr. An Te Qi? Perhaps his eyes were modified by Mr. An Te Qi, but the topic in question now seems to be Secretary Bai’s rather feminine appearance.

The young master answered in a tone as though it was just a matter of fact, “Also, saying that Ah Yue-gē is Gēge’s mistress might be right?”

“...”

“I thought that the Sun Emperor likes women!” Dell’s eyes turned wide, and he started yelling as though he had just heard the biggest gossip of the century, “The number of women rumored to have been with the Sun Emperor before is enough to form a mountain. How can it be possible that he likes guys?”

The young master frowned as he said, “I don’t know whether Gēge likes girls or guys. He’s never brought a girlfriend or boyfriend home. But Ah Yue-gē frequently comes over to my house to work, so eventually he simply stayed at our place. In the morning, he would head to work with my brother... If Gēge was willing to go to work.”

“The Sun Emperor refusing to go to work?” Now was May’s turn to question, as he asked in confusion, “I had once heard that he was a workaholic.”

The young master laughed as he explained, “That was a long time ago! I heard from Kyle-gē that in that time period when Gēge was still looking for me, he really was a big workaholic! He frequently slept only two hours a day, and had even done stuff like not sleeping for five days straight when he was busy. Kyle-gē would always advise Gēge to take care of himself and not to overwork, but since Kyle-gē is also a workaholic, Gēge ignored him.”

When one workaholic tells another workaholic to take care of themselves and not to overwork, that is indeed not convincing in the least bit, especially if the first mentioned workaholic is Mr. Kyle.

“Afterwards, Gēge found me, and then became a bit lazier. Though he’s still pretty serious about his work, at least he’s not a workaholic anymore!”

It was a rare moment in which the young master was willing to divulge so much about himself, so everyone listened to him in silence. Even Dell was unwilling to interrupt the moment.

“This continued until I graduated high school and spent more time at home. At that time, Gēge became even lazier and often didn’t want to go to work. Kyle-gē was steaming mad! Therefore, Kyle-gē simply decided to send Ah Yue-gē to stay at our house. That way, he could drag Gēge to work every day.”

The young master gave an ironic laugh as he continued, “But the moment Gēge shows a sorrowful expression, Ah Yue-gē completely gives in to him. Kyle-gē was so furious, he said that he was going to stab both of them to death!”

From what the young master was saying, it felt like the Sun Emperor was very close to his two secretaries, which was largely different from the “heartless Sun Emperor” of the rumors.

“In the end, Kyle-gē noticed that I was really bored and didn’t know what to do, so he asked me to be Gēge’s bodyguard and drag him to work every day.”

After he graduated high school, he worked as the Sun Emperor’s bodyguard for a period of time. I quietly committed all of the young

master's words to memory.

"Young Master, at this time, all I need to ask is this!" Dell placed both hands on the young master's shoulders and sternly asked, "Does that Bai Lian Yue share the same room as the Sun Emperor?"

The young master answered with no hesitation, "They use different rooms."

Dell looked like a deflated balloon, as he listlessly moaned, "Oh, I thought that there was going to be major gossip!"

"Gossip? Which part of it was gossip?" The young master looked utterly confused.

Young Master, every sentence you spoke just now was gossip. If there had been any reporters in the apartment, they would have been over the moon hearing about the Sun Emperor's secrets. In fact, it was highly likely that they would have been even more ecstatic than if they were receiving the Pulitzer Prize.

"Dell, May, let's go. It's time to work." Usually, Mr. Bramble would head to the rooftop to work exactly at eight, but because of Secretary Bai's visit today, they were a little late.

I saw the three people to the door and as per usual said, "Please take your time. I will go up and deliver some tea later." Then, I shut the door, and upon looking back I saw the young master drinking his apple milk through his straw, his expression a little distressed.

Only when he finished the entire glass of milk did he sigh. "Seriously, that Ah Yue-gē, even if it's for a mission, if I'm asked to go act in a movie out of the blue like that, I don't know if I can act well!"

I immediately followed up, saying, "Young Master, you will definitely be able to do it! That's because you have to play both the role of a weak model and a strong hero every day, so how could your acting skills be bad?"

The young master helplessly said, "Charles, I graduated in a combat major, so even when I'm modeling, I'm not exactly weak right?"

Ah....

"No need to explain." The young master smiled as he shook his head, saying in understanding, "I know that everyone thinks that I'm very weak right now. That's probably because of the last incident when I was dressed as an angel and got captured by werewolves!"

Indeed so, it has completely slipped my mind that the young master graduated with a combat degree.

"Speaking of the mission, Charles, have you notified X about the Church and the criminals?"

"I have done as such, Young Master, but X merely said that he would be cautious." After I said that, I explained further, "After all, he has already been pursued for over a thousand years, so he treats the matter of being hunted down lightly."

The young master nodded. He paused for a moment and then inquired, "How does it feel to have lived over a thousand years?" He looked at me, a little hesitant in his words, as though he was a little afraid to ask.

However, I did not mind the young master asking about such matters. Or rather, I hoped that he would ask more, for the young master was someone who would experience it in the future, and it would be good to have some mental preparation.

"It is inevitable that one would experience loneliness of unimaginable depths in a thousand years. I have merely lived a hundred and fifty, yet the loneliness creeps up on me from time to time."

"E-Even now, are you lonely?" The young master looked a little flustered.

I could not resist a smile as I answered, "Presently, I am not, Young Master."

The young master's eyes widened as he exclaimed, "It's so rare to see Charles smile so brightly!"

My "bright smile" froze on my face. I wavered a little as I pondered. *If the young master prefers a smile like this, would it be better to give a bright smile instead of a faint smile in the future?*

"Young Master, I'm so sleepy..." The door opened and Melody walked in listlessly. When she looked over at me, she was shocked awake in an instant. "Oh my goodness! What's with that expression? Butler, is your face cramping?"

I let my bright smile drop and went back to a faint smile.

“C-Cramping?” The young master laughed to the point that he nearly cramped up before he stopped. He asked, “Melody, did you play at a nightclub all night again?”

“No way! This time, I went for a beach sprawl.” Melody lay on the sofa, her posture appearing as though she was sunbathing on the beach.

“Sunset City has no beaches!” The young master seemed bewildered as he asked, “Did you go out of the city?”

“Of course not! The beach sprawl was just a swimsuit party!” Melody bounced back up in an instant and exclaimed, “Young Master, I do love to party, but I will never forget my job. As long as you are in Sunset City, I will absolutely not leave this place!”

“That was my mistake. I’m sorry!” apologized the young master, with a guilt-ridden expression. He quietly murmured, “I’m really sorry.”

Immediately, Melody hugged the young master tight, pressing his head to her bosom. She even rubbed her face against the top of his head, as she shouted, “I forgive you. You’re forgiven! Young Master, how can you be this cuteeeee!”

While buried in Melody’s chest, the young master guiltily shot a look at me from the corner of his eye. I did my best to remain expressionless, but I had never managed to hide my expression from the young master. Knowing that I had already discovered that he was acting, the

young master immediately turned red.

Young Master, you can definitely become a good actor.

After a while of hugging the young master in her arms and rubbing him, Melody was finally willing to release him. She then moved onto official business. "This afternoon was originally scheduled for shooting a print advertisement, but the higher-ups just called to say that since Young Master has accepted an acting role, it has been changed to a press conference to announce that you are starring in that movie."

"A press conference this soon?" I was a little shocked.

"I know!" Melody said a little weakly, "The higher-ups said that they were planning to make use of the young master's press conference to try and entice Father Alex into agreeing to act in the movie. Thus, they are rushing it, to avoid Alex's schedule getting booked by others first. Though speaking of which, that priest's looks are really something, and he has a rarely-seen gentlemanly aura to boot! He has the potential to hit the big time, but too bad he's a priest!"

"Afternoon, is it?" The young master thought about it and continued, "Then, I'll head over to the church now. Melody, you don't have to follow me today. Just give the details of the time and location to Charles." He turned to me and asked, "Charles, today you will be following me. Is that okay?"

"Very well, Young Master. As it turns out, I do have some business with Father Yue."

“Oh?” The young master looked doubtful, but he did not ask any further. It was highly likely that he understood that he would be able to find out when we got there, so he decided not to pry.

“Hurrah, I can go sleep then!” shouted Melody, and then she coyly said, “But Young Master, if there’s any future plans that we can meet Alex, you have to bring me along!”

The young master feigned seriousness as he asked, “Melody, he’s a priest. Isn’t it bad if you go and see him? Moreover, don’t you really hate priests?”

Melody gave an “ah” as she spoke in embarrassment, “I just want to take a look!”

The young master laughed and comforted, “Okay then! Don’t worry, the filming is definitely going to take a while. I still need you to help take care of Charles, so you will definitely be able to see Father Alex.”

“Take care of the butler?” Melody had an interesting expression on her face, and she rolled her eyes at me and said, “I’ve never heard of a fifth-generation vampire needing an eighth-generation’s care! Can you be any less disappointing?”

The young master quickly stepped in to explain, “Charles is a butler. He’s not responsible for fighting, so it’s fine even if he’s not very strong!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. I already know that the young master dotes on Charles the most.”

“Do I not treat you well?” The young master asked as though he had been wronged.

Melody smiled as she replied, “Of course you treat me well! It’s just that I slightly lose to the butler in that respect, but that’s okay. The butler is ‘weak and delicate,’ so he’s a bit more ‘lovable!’ It’s only normal to lose to him. Even that policeman wants to protect Mr. Butler from day to night!”

Suddenly, I felt like I could understand the young master’s feelings of being mistaken as weak.

After Melody left, the young master said, “Charles, help me pick some clothes! I want to go to the church sooner, and then if there’s still time, I can head over to X-Killer too. Olga told me to come over and pick up the newly released clothes from the store when I’m free.”

“As you wish, Young Master.”

Walking into the young master’s bedroom, I opened the closet that now boasted a large variety of trendy clothes as opposed to how lackluster it was before. I took out a loose shirt in red, one of the young master’s favorite colors; matched it with a pair of dark blue jeans; and finally topped it with a pair of black boots. Abruptly, I realized that this color combination looked too similar to Dark Sun and quickly changed the top to a white one.

I took the clothes to the changing room, where the young master was already waiting with his top off. I lifted the clothes in my hands for him to see, as I asked, “Young Master, is this combination suitable?”

The young master nodded. He commented, "Actually, I don't really know either. Last time, it was Aren who helped me pick my clothes. He said that my sense of matching clothes was simply so bad that I could actually make X-Killer's clothes look tacky. He was super impressed by that."

Hearing that, I felt a little concerned. I did not feel that the young master's appearance was tacky, so that would mean that my own fashion sense was behind the times. I decided to read more magazines and research the current fashion trends, in order to avoid the young master being called unfashionable. That would be a crime that even a thousand deaths would not make up for.

Chapter 2: Father, Golden-Haired

SPOILER WARNING FOR ECLIPSE HUNTER. While most of No Hero is light on spoilers for Eclipse Hunter, Volume 7 and on of No Hero will veer heavily into spoiler zone for the final volumes of Eclipse Hunter.



"What the heck are these!" Ezart roared, "I've seen plenty of zombies before, but what in the world are these?"

There was no way I could stop firing the machine gun in my hands. I was also extremely shocked by these enemies that had appeared from nowhere. They had such high agility and strength that if it weren't for the strong firepower of our adventuring group, we would probably have been wiped out!

Most remarkable was the fact that they were not ugly in the least bit. They looked completely humanoid, with white skin, slender eyes, and perfect figures. Their movements were as elegant as those of dancers. Such beauty... Just like the night race recorded in "that book!"

"What exactly are you laughing about?" Ezart shot me a glare, but not once did he stop firing the machine gun. His combat abilities were extremely incredible—the large sum of money I'd spent to employ him was definitely not wasted.

This was unmistakably the right place, the place recorded in the book. The design on the cover was indeed a map, just simply too large in

scale. If I had not specifically gone to measure and compare it, there was no way I could have located this place.

Thankfully, there are computers in this world. After writing a program, there is nothing in this world that cannot be measured.

Fortunately, I also have a good friend, a doctor with a keen sense of intuition, who managed to tell that this design was actually a map from the first glance.

There were many diagrams of genes in the book. If I'm guessing correctly, this place isn't some ancient tomb, but a giant laboratory.

A biology laboratory!



Due to the fact that there were a lot of clothes to pick up and we were going to be running all over the place today, I decided to simply book Nitewalker's service for the entire day.

While we walked into the church, I advised the young master, "Young Master, it seems you require a private chauffeur."

The young master tilted his head and replied, "But I can drive!"

"Young Master, you are already a fairly famous model, and your singing career is going smoothly. Now that you are also going to star in a movie, it is highly probable that you will have to attend some formal ceremonies in the future. Having a chauffeur to drive you around would be more convenient."

At this point, I abruptly remembered how Melody once predicted that the young master would become an international superstar. Judging from the current situation, it did seem to be developing in that direction. He had only been modeling part-time at first, then began to release albums, and became the city representative. Now, he was also going to appear in a movie. *Really, life is unpredictable.*

Putting my emotions aside, I lowered my voice and continued, "In addition, both you and 'Dark Sun' ride heavy-duty motorcycles and have similar hair colors, so it is likely that people might associate them together."

"That's true!" The young master tilted his head, and seemed uncertain as he asked, "Do you think Nitewalker will agree to be my chauffeur?"

Nitewalker's driving was extremely dependable, and as a non-human, he would not be shocked even if the young master was planning to go and meet a non-human. Moreover, he could skillfully drive the car up the side of the building. Indeed, there was no one else more suitable than him to be the young master's chauffeur.

"I can ask him on your behalf."

The young master nodded and excitedly replied, "If Nitewalker is willing to, that would be great. Sitting in his car is really fun—Father Yue!"

The young master waved his hand vigorously at the person at the pulpit. There were only three people listening to the sermon, two of

which were even a priest and a nun. There was also an elderly lady who did not appear to be someone who would recognize a currently popular model. This made me heave a sigh of relief. Thankfully, the young master's arrival would not cause a commotion.

Seeing the young master, Father Yue decided to simply end the sermon early. Then, he called us into the house at the back.

Unexpectedly, Yue Gang was actually at home. He was currently in the middle of breakfast—no, he never ate breakfast. It was most likely his second late-night snack after his work, and he was probably planning to retire to bed after.

Upon seeing us, Yue Gang immediately swallowed the sandwich in his mouth and shouted, "Charles, Ah Ye, why did you two drop by?"

"I'm here to ask Father Yue some questions!" The young master happily exclaimed, and then turned and said, "Charles, didn't you say that you have some business with Father Yue? You can go first!"

"Very well." I nodded, and then confessed to Father Yue, "My sincerest apologies, I have lost the bible that you have bestowed upon me."

Father Yue froze, and immediately questioned, "What about the cross?"

"It is here." I swiftly pulled out the necklace resting on my chest.

"Shoot! You actually wear a cross?" Yue Gang burst into laughter. "Are you even a vampire?"

The young master was also laughing heartily at one side. Amid the laughter filling the room, I tried my best to maintain my calm and seriously explained, "I have already lost the bible. If I lose this one too, there is simply no way I could possibly make up for it. Wearing it makes me feel more at ease."

Hearing that, Father Yue's expression relaxed, and he said, "Then that's fine. The cross is still here, and it's best if you are willing to wear it! Anyways, the cross is more important."

I could not help but feel a little puzzled by that, but the young master was one step ahead of me in asking. There was not a trace of laughter left on his face as he questioned, "What is so special about this cross? Why must Charles wear it?"

Father Yue frowned.

"Old man, you've got to explain this!" Yue Gang shouted, "Charles is my sworn brother. You had better not harm him!"

"Ah? Why would I want to harm Charles?" Father Yue looked a little distressed as he waved his hand, saying, "Actually I don't know what it is either. I just managed to find out its general effects. It should be able to boost a vampire's power, but as for what exact aspect it enhances, I couldn't figure out no matter how much I searched."

"Seriouslyyyyyy?" Yue Gang pointed his finger at his own father's nose, and even dragged out the word.

“Of~~course!” Father Yue replied in a singsong, like a Beijing opera performer. After that, he earnestly replied, “I kept it for decades, but never met a vampire whom I would feel reassured handing the cross to. Since I finally came across a weirdo—I mean, a good and honest vampire, who else could I give this to if not him?”

Only then was Yue Gang satisfied. He turned to me and said, “Since my old man said so, then you should wear it! I believe my old man wouldn’t harm you.”

I nodded in agreement, though internally, I was still somewhat skeptical that a cross could boost a vampire’s strength. *If that is true, then it would really be too ironic.*

“May I inquire as to what kind of effects the bible has then? Would it be anything dangerous?”

Seeing how the bible had been taken away by a person as dangerous as Lieder, and he had even called to say that there were some very interesting things in the book, I felt extremely worried. If the bible could also boost one’s strength, that would not be good at all.

Father Yue shook his head. “Nothing much, it just has some diagrams of genes. Though the creatures with their genes recorded in those diagrams are indeed quite dangerous, to make one of those creatures is not a simple matter.”

However, Lieder is both rich and intelligent. He also has the help of medical staff such as Doctor Ni Cai. Perhaps it is not impossible for them to research and make one?

I told Father Yue my concerns, but Father Yue burst out laughing. "Relax, even if it's the Sun Emperor, he would be unlikely to get very far in this research within such a short timeframe, let alone really make one!"

Is that so? I felt a lot more relieved.

"Oh, that's right! Charles, I just got my salary today, just in time to pay you back." Yue Gang took out a stack of thousand yuan bills from his jacket pocket and passed it to me.

"You borrowed money again?" Father Yue immediately pinched Yue Gang's ear and roared, "This child, you are truly one of the MC squad, to think that you borrow money so regularly that it's like a monthly routine!"

"It's NC squad! Ow, old man, can't you be gentler? My ear's about to fall off!"

After counting the money, I stated in puzzlement, "Yue Gang, you did not borrow so much from me."

"There's also the money that I owe the noodle shop. Help me pay them back the next time you go to the market—ouch, owww!"

"Very well."

The young master laughed for a long while, before he then remembered that he had important business with Father Yue. He promptly said, "Father Yue, I have something to ask you about."

Hearing that, Father Yue finally let go of Yue Gang's ear. Yue Gang's ear was as red as a tomato. Evidently, his father had not showed him any mercy.

"What is it that you wish to know?" Father Yue turned to face the young master, his expression switching from furious father to amiable Father.

"I want to know about Sin Simon."

So that was what the young master wanted to ask about. Indeed, we could ask Father Yue regarding this topic. That had not occurred to me at all, despite being X's friend of many years. *Truly, which one of us is X's friend now, the young master or me?*

However, it could not be said that I did not care for my friend's safety. In the past, while I was still in the Elysees family, I had used the power of the Elysees many times in attempts to stop the Church's hunt for X. Nonetheless, I would always be reprimanded severely by X for it, and he would threaten to cut all ties with me if I meddled further in his business. Over time, I had developed a habit of not poking my nose into his affairs.

Once he heard the name "Sin Simon," Father Yue's expression noticeably changed.

"I'm sorry, I can't tell you." He unenthusiastically continued, "Though I am not fond of the Church's methods, I am ultimately still a priest. I will be able to tell you some minor things, but I cannot reveal the Church's secrets."

The young master evidently had not expected that Father Yue would reply as such. He momentarily started to panic, and apologized continuously, "S-Sorry, I didn't know it was such a big secret. I just heard that Sin Simon was the person responsible for hunting down X, so I was a bit worried about it, and thought it would be good to ask you."

An odd expression appeared on Father Yue's face as he questioned, "You two already know that he is the person hunting down E.X.?"

"Yeah!" The young master nodded and gave an honest reply, "But we just know that he's the person in charge of hunting X. Charles also said that Sin Simon is not a person but a position, a position that has been handed down many times."

Father Yue rolled his eyes and retorted, "Then, you two already know it all!"

"Huh?" Both the young master and I froze at the same time.

"That is it!" Father Yue shrugged as he said, "The biggest secrets about Sin Simon are what you just said. The rest are just minor details."

The young master blankly asked, "Is that so? I thought that there would be more to it!"

Father Yue thought it over, and then spoke, "Sin Simons usually will not act alone, for there is absolutely no way they can defeat E.X. on their own. Thus, they always act as a group. Moreover, they are often not ordinary humans. Usually, they are the strongest within the Sin Elimination Committee."

"Not ordinary humans?" The young master asked in bewilderment, "Do you mean non-humans?"

"Usually they are not, but that is a possibility."

That was certainly an answer out of my expectations. Though the Church was not at the point of killing non-humans on sight, they definitely would not treat them well. Likewise, most of the non-humans hated the Church. *Yet it is possible that there are non-humans working for the Sin Elimination Committee?*

Father Yue rubbed his chin, saying, "The ones I have seen before are all a bunch of weirdoes. As for how weird, they probably have anything you could imagine. By now, there might be humans with modified limbs who are practically half robot."

"Old man! What exactly are you guys talking about?" Yue Gang, who was listening in, seemed very stunned. Judging from his expression, it appeared that he was starting to think of his own father and the young master as alien life forms.

"This is none of your business. Shoo shoo, go to sleep! Your dark eye bags make you the spitting image of a zombie. Don't scare people when you're on your night shift!"

Yue Gang scratched his face as he muttered, "What? There aren't any zombies in this world!"

In a certain sense, vampires are also considered a type of zombie.

"Zombies are also a type of human, so why would there be no zombies in this world?"

Yue Gang snorted in disdain. "If I were to follow your line of reasoning, old man, then potatoes would be a type of human, too!"

Father Yue roared, "Didn't I conceive you, potato-head?"

With a sandwich still in his mouth, Yue Gang rolled his eyes at his father. He then waved to the young master and me to bid us farewell, turned around, and left.

The moment Yue Gang left, Father Yue immediately advised the young master earnestly, "Ah Ye, you'd better stay out of E.X.'s business. In any case, he definitely isn't weak; the Church hasn't been able to do anything to him for the past thousand years. I'm sure they wouldn't be able to do anything to him anytime soon either."

When you say that, Father Yue, you do not seem like you are part of the Church.

Once the young master heard that, he turned to look at me.

The truth was, I was extremely elated that the young master was willing to help E.X. For a split second, I even thought: *If the young master and I got the Elysees family and the Sun Emperor to work together, we might actually be able to stop the Church from pursuing E.X...*

"Young Master, E.X. does not like asking others for help."

Hearing that, the young master's expression fell, and he nodded. "Okay then!" The young master agreed weakly. Following that though, was a strong assertion, "But I'm going to go capture the criminals regardless, so it can't be considered as helping E.X. He can't reprimand me like he does with you, Charles, nor can he stop me by threatening to cut ties with me!"

"Understood, Young Master," I answered with a smile.



After bidding farewell to Father Yue and Yue Gang, I walked out of the church and looked toward where the car was parked. Due to the fact that I did not know how long we would stay here, I had told Nitewalker that he could go off and rest after parking the car, and I would call him again.

However, Nitewalker had not left the area. Instead, he was leaning against the car with a bottle of mineral water in his hand. The moment he saw us walk out, he gave us a nod and opened the car door, started the car, and drove over to us.

The young master praised, "Nitewalker is really cool! His driving is also so handsome! It would be nice if he actually agrees to be my chauffeur."

Indeed, the word "cool" could be used to describe Nitewalker. He had a frosty look on his face and was usually seen wearing black shades that he rarely took off. Though he was not very muscular, he was fairly tall. If I were to give an estimate, I would say he was roughly a hundred and ninety centimeters.

No wonder he had picked being a taxi driver as his profession. If he had chosen a career that required face-to-face customer interaction, eight out of ten customers would probably run away in fear. As a taxi driver, he was always sitting down, which made it difficult to discern his height. *Moreover, once a passenger gets on, even if the driver looks a little frightening, they would probably not get out of the car... right?*

Though he appeared cool and expressionless, his driving skills were excellent. Also, despite the fact that I had told him he could go and rest, Nitewalker had chosen to stay by the car to await orders instead. His conscientious attitude made him suitable as well.

Once I got on the car, I told Nitewalker about the young master's request.

"A private chauffeur?" There was a rare trace of shock in Nitewalker's voice.

"Indeed, my young master is really in need of a chauffeur." I quickly added on, "The employee benefits can be negotiated."

"... Really in need of a chauffeur?"

Nitewalker sounded a little shaken by this. It was then that I remembered that nightwalkers were non-humans who had "to be needed" to survive. As a taxi driver, he did not talk much, so it was probably rare for him to hear people say that they "needed him." Thus, the moment he heard those words, he was immediately shaken.

"Indeed, we are severely in need of one." I added on, "Especially a chauffeur like you, who is loyal and responsible, with outstanding driving skills. You are absolutely the chauffeur that my young master 'needs the most!'"

"... I will go back and discuss with my clansmen, before I give you two my answer."

"Very well."

The young master looked extremely excited, and even gave me a thumbs-up gesture in secret. Hopefully, Nitewalker would agree to it. Then, the young master would definitely show a smile as radiant as the sun. However, if he did not... I did not wish to see the young master's expression of disappointment.



It had been some time since we had last been to X-Killer. That was because the amount of clothes the younger master had was enough to

fill his entire closet, and many of them still had their tags attached. There was simply no way that he could possibly wear all of them. *To think that now, we are bringing back more... Thankfully, the young master's bedroom still has space for another closet. On that note, I should make a call later to order another closet.*

Given that it was morning and a work day, it was the store's least busy period, but there were still about six or seven customers in the store. They did not appear to have noticed the young master at first, until the young master happily called out "Olga, Luo Lun, Jill, I'm here for the clothes."

All of them absent-mindedly glanced at him, and then showed various surprised expressions. Afterwards, no one was willing to tear their eyes away from him.

Jill rushed over as she shouted, "Ah Ye, you're finally here! Can you give me an autograph? I'm asking for a friend."

The young master nodded, but it was then that Olga walked over with a frown. She seemed displeased as she reminded, "Jill, did you forget what I said to you before?"

Instantly, Jill froze up. She dejectedly lowered her head as she quietly said, "No being handsy with Ah Ye. No asking Ah Ye for signatures. No bullying Ah Ye..."

Bullying the young master?

"Haha, you got scolded!" Luo Lun laughed at her misfortune, and Jill gave him a death glare.

"Go take care of the customers." Olga told the two. However, I believed that her true intention was for them to go and stop the customers from charging over. After seeing Jill charge over and ask for an autograph, the customers looked like they were getting restless. If it were not for how Olga had reprimanded Jill, they probably would also have rushed over for an autograph as well.

However, it was evidently ineffective. The attention of the customers had already shifted from the clothes, and some of the girls even ignored Jill's greeting as they started to head over directly instead.

Seeing that, Olga just told the young master, "Ah Ye, come to the back. The photo to hang in the store has already been printed. We'll put it up after you take a look at it."

"The photo is done?" The young master's eyes shone.

Olga looked over at the shop assistants and said, "Luo Lun, come over and help."

"Got it!" Luo Lun came forward, not forgetting to shoot Jill a provocative look, causing Jill to glare back at him with a pout. The two of them really were a quarrelsome duo.

We walked to the back of the store, where X-Killer's warehouse was. There was a small table in the center for the workers to eat at.

The moment we stepped in, we could see the photo. There was no need for Olga to point it out, for the photo was astoundingly large, about the size of the entire wall. On it, the young master was wearing a long, red and white mottled print vest. On the bottom, he was wearing knee-length shorts, matched with a thick, metallic grey belt, and long army boots. The entire outfit gave the young master a very youthful look.

Olga turned to ask, "Do you like it?"

The young master nodded his head vigorously, and even said, "There's a press conference today, I'll wear that over!"

"Got it, I will bring you the clothes."

The young master appears to like this combination of clothes, and since it was coordinated by Olga, it should be fashionable. I inwardly noted the combination of clothes, so that I would be able to pull it out in the future when picking out clothes for the young master.

After changing, the young master looked identical to how he looked in the photo, which was a strange and amazing sight.

"The photo is really big!" The young master asked in puzzlement, "But is there any space in the shop to display it?"

Olga explained, "We will be putting it on the wall behind the counter. There are only a few low cabinets next to the counter, so most of the poster will be visible. At most, some of the background will be obstructed, but you will definitely not be covered."

The young master nodded. As he examined the huge photograph, he laughed and exclaimed, "Seeing such a large version of myself feels really weird!"

Olga raised an eyebrow, and asked back, "Aren't the advertisement billboards and television screens on the streets even bigger?"

"But those are really far away!" The young master shrugged, and then continued, "Not like this one that's just right in front of me. The eyeballs are the size of my fist!"

Olga nodded. Seemingly noticing my gaze on a box at the side, she explained to me, "That is the catalogue that we will mail to our members. There are also many of Ah Ye's photos inside. There's a copy for you too, already put together with the clothes that we are passing over to Ah Ye."

I nodded at her. That would be extremely helpful with regards to coordinating clothes.

"Ah, that's right!" The young master suddenly exclaimed and anxiously asked, "Olga, could you pick some clothes for Charles that are unlike a vampire's?"

"Clothes that are unlike a vampire's?" Olga seemed bewildered, as was I.

The young master nodded his head vigorously. "Clothes that are the least similar to a vampire's!"

Olga didn't ask any further. After giving it some thought, she replied, "Is that so? Then, I've got it. Just wait here for me, I'll go and get the clothes."

I suddenly had a very bad feeling. *Exactly what kind of clothes are unlike a vampire's?* I had no idea what this kind of description meant. The only thing I was absolutely sure of, was that it would not be in line with my usual way of dressing.

"Please do not have it show too much skin," I requested helplessly.

Olga glanced at me, nodded, and then went out for the clothes.

I was a little puzzled as I asked, "Young Master, we already brought a large amount of clothing home last time. Why do we need to buy more?"

Truly, there was already plenty of clothing in my closet. Though it could not be compared to the amount the young master had, I did not wear casual clothing often, so it was highly likely that most of the clothing tags would not need be to removed anytime in the near future.

"Because we're going to be interacting with people from the Church after this! No matter what, it's better to dress like you are not a vampire, right?"

The young master made a fairly interesting point. However, I did not think the clothes would make much of a difference, for the people of the Church did not rely on one's clothing to identify vampires. Of

course, one would arouse suspicion more easily if they were fully clothed in a vampire outfit, but I rarely wore that full set now. However, the most important point was—all of Sunset City knew that the young master had a vampire butler.

“As you wish, Young Master.” However, it would not do me any harm to try it. Perhaps dressing in a manner that was less like a vampire could let the people of the Church pay less attention to me.

Olga walked in. “Here’s one outfit first. Check and see if this style works; if it does, then I’ll get a few more sets for you.”

“Charles, hurry and go change!”

“As you wish.” I took the clothes from her and walked into the only toilet that one could change in. As I changed, I inspected the clothing.

The top had a high collar with short sleeves, with the hem reaching the knees, and it was black in color. The pants were western style dress pants, similarly black in color. It truly did not look like what a vampire would wear but looked a little traditionalist. Only the arms were exposed in this outfit. Indeed, it fit the criteria from both me and the young master.

The only thing was that these clothes really did not seem like X-Killer’s style. They looked fairly normal, but I could feel that something was not right...

I walked out of the changing room, feeling rather puzzled. Once the young master saw me, his eyes widened, and he looked me up and

down continuously. Evidently, he was shocked by the style of the clothes. *Is it really that strange? Or perhaps it is due to the fact that I have not worn clothing of this style before?*

Even Luo Lun and Jill have come over. Is it really fine to have nobody attending to the store?

The young master gasped in admiration, "Charles, you look like a priest!"

... As I thought, something was not right!

Both the young master and I looked to Olga. She shrugged and answered, "You all were the ones who asked for clothes that aren't like a vampire's. Coincidentally, Father Alex was recently voted the champion of the city representative contest, which led to a popularity boom in priest garbs. I believe that these are the clothes that are the least like a vampire's, and they don't expose much. It fits both of your requests very well."

The young master tilted his head to the side, and then walked up to me and pulled out the cross necklace. Taking a step back, he said while clapping, "Now it's perfect!"

"..."

Jill, Luo Lun, and even Olga burst out into laughter.

Luo Lun said while laughing, "A-Aren't you a vampire? Why are you wearing a cross necklace?"

“It was the result of several unavoidable factors and circumstances.”

“What the heck!” Jill was laughing to the point of tears.

The young master seemed extremely delighted, and asked Olga, “Do you have many priest designs?”

“We do,” Olga replied with a smile. “The shop just received a large stock of similar styles.”

“Then, bring Charles a few more!”

Young Master, could you truly not develop ways to be happy that are more like an ordinary young adult’s?



The moment I stepped out of the shop with many bags in hand, Nitewalker came over to help, putting his mobile phone in his pocket on the way. It appeared that he had been on the phone just now. He took all of the bags from me in a single movement. Though I was planning to help carry some, seeing that he still seemed to have more than enough strength, I decided to leave it at that.

As he helped load the bags into the rear compartment of the car, he inquired, “Is it possible to let me be on probation?”

“On probation?” I was a little surprised at that.

Nitewalker nodded and answered, "I just asked my clansmen. They have no problems with it. I wish to be a probationary chauffeur for a period of time, to try it out and see if it works."

The young master immediately replied, "No problem! You can be on probation for as long as you want!"

Thus, I looked at the newly-appointed probationary chauffeur and said with a smile, "Then, we will be in your care for the next few days, Mr. Chauffeur."

"I look forward to working with you." Nitewalker replied concisely. As he opened the car door, he hesitated for a moment, then said, "Young Master, please enter the car."

The young master smiled. But just as he had put one foot into the car, he was interrupted by the sound of hurried footsteps and terrified screaming.

"Wait! Xiang Ye, Xiang Ye... My son! Don't go!"

I froze for a moment. There were many who would call out to the young master on the streets, but never had there been anyone who would call him "son." Even Mr. An Te Qi would not call the young master as such, though he truly did treat the young master like a son.

This form of address alone left me rather stunned, but in the next second, I saw something even more shocking. The young master lifted his head, and on his face was a terrifying expression that I had never seen before... *Young Master?*

The young master glared at the person running over. The man seemed to be about fifty years of age. Even though his face looked closer to forty, there were many streaks of white in his golden hair, making him appear more aged.

Though he had called the young master “son,” he did not resemble the young master in terms of appearance. Rather, the person he resembled was—the master!

He could virtually pass as an older version of the master. If the person whom he was calling “son” was the master, I would probably have immediately believed his words. However, the one he was calling for was instead the young master.

After running up to a distance about three steps away from us, he stood there gasping for breath, momentarily unable to speak.

Now that the distance was shorter, I felt he looked even more like the master.

After panting for a while, the other party finally had the strength to talk. In a tone as though he was returning home with mixed feelings, he stammered, “Xiang Ye, I-I’m your father. You look exactly like your mother—”

“I killed you!” The young master interrupted him, looking as if he was about to fall apart as he screamed, “Then, Gēge killed you again. We killed you twice! Why do you ‘revive’ again and again? How many times do we have to kill you before you will die for real?”

Chapter 3: Pure, the Purest Existence

"Retreat!" Ezart roared loudly, "Everyone, go back!"

I had already expected that it would be a treacherous journey, so despite having to keep it confidential, I had still gathered twenty people for the exploration team. On top of that, they were equipped with heavy firepower, enough to attack a small city. However, it appeared that I was still too naive.

Originally, I had thought that even if this place were to still exist, any defenses that they had must have long since perished over the years. However, I'd forgotten that there must have been a major reason why this laboratory would have been destroyed in the first place.

Was it due to the night race in front of us?

Or perhaps, something even stronger?

I want to see—I want to see it all!



"Young Master!"

I quickly grabbed onto the young master, who looked as though he was truly about to murder the man standing before him. However, the instant I held onto him, I realized that this was not the case at all. The young master was barely able to stand. Rather than killing, it seemed that what he wanted to do more was to simply collapse onto the ground and start crying bitterly.

Shock was written all over the man's face as he asked in bewilderment, "W-What are you saying? Killed me twice? This is the first time I've met you face to face!"

The young master momentarily froze, and then his crumbling expression faded considerably. After scrutinizing the man for a long while, he gently pushed me away and stood up straight on his own. He forcefully restrained all his emotions as he commanded, "Get in the car first. There are too many people around here."

In reality, there were not many people around us, only about five or six people. However, they were already taking out their phones to film the scene. If the young master were to continue being so agitated, or the other person were to call him "son" a few more times, we could possibly end up appearing on the news again tomorrow.

"Who exactly are you?" questioned the young master, with no trace of politeness, in the very moment we sat in the car and the door was shut tight.

Hearing that, the other fervently patted his chest as he exclaimed, "I am Luo Ye, your father!"

This whole time, I had been paying attention to the young master's expression. Once the name "Luo Ye" came up, he looked confused at first, as though he was not familiar with the name. Following that, he quickly reacted, and his expression changed to one of even greater shock than when he had first been called "son" earlier.

“Luo Ye...?”

The young master’s expression was too subtle for me to tell what he was feeling. *Did that name bring out positive or negative feelings for him? Or perhaps, even the young master himself does not know?*

The young master seemed like he wanted to say something, but hesitated in doing so several times. In the end, he just turned to Nitewalker and ordered, “Go to the press conference.”

“Understood.”

Originally, I should have been seated in the front passenger seat. However, the young master disliked sitting in the back seat alone and would always ask me to sit together with him. Nevertheless, the center back seat was not a place where I ought to sit, for that was the seat reserved for the master.

At the moment, I had the young master on my right, and the man named “Luo Ye” on my left. This was truly an extremely bizarre situation. However, before we had gotten in the car, the young master had distraughtly hinted to me that he did not wish to sit with the man shoulder to shoulder, so I could only take this extremely inappropriate seat.

Along the way, Luo Ye was talking non-stop, crying in one moment and smiling in the next. The whole time, his gaze never left the young master.

"All along, I thought that you were already dead. Never had I dared to hope in my wildest dreams that Ri Ji Yan would let you go. Who would have thought that I'd actually see in the news that the Sun Emperor had a little brother. At first, I couldn't believe that it was you, but upon seeing your face, I just knew that you must be Xiang Ye. You look exactly like Wyn!"

The young master finally reacted. "Wyn?"

Luo Ye nodded his head with a smile. But when he saw the young master's puzzled face, realization seemed to hit him. His expression abruptly changed, and he roared angrily, "Did Ji Yan not even tell you the name of your mother?"

Ji Yan? I had the impression that before the Sun Emperor took over, the Sun Alliance's head was called "Ri Ji Yan," who was also the Sun Emperor's father. Theoretically, he should have also been the young master's father, but from what the young master had inadvertently revealed several times, the truth was not as such. *Moreover, what is going on with this person "Luo Ye" who is proclaiming himself as the father?*

"My mother?" The young master seemed to be shocked, and turned at that. He appeared to be much more interested in things regarding his mother than his father.

I did my utmost to stick to the back of the seat, so as not to disturb his conversation with this Mr. Luo.

Luo Ye's expression softened as he replied, "Your mother's full name was Elowyn. I always called her Wyn."

The young master murmured, "Elowyn? My mother's name?"

"Ji Yan seriously never told you?" Luo Ye struggled to contain his rage as he exclaimed, "How could he be so cruel!"

According to the traces of information I have heard till now, that Mr. Ri Ji Yan's treatment of the young master was most likely much more cruel than this.

Luo Ye pulled out a necklace from his chest. The flat pendent was in the shape of a red apple, and it did not seem like a style intended for men. Moreover, it was evidently able to store photos. He handed the necklace to the young master.

"Have you seen your mother before? This is Wyn's necklace. Apples were her absolute favorite; she'd often spend the entire day eating only apples, though I frequently advised her against it. She was skinny to the point of being all skin and bones."

With that, he opened the locket. As expected, there was a photograph inside. "I shoved the locket into the hollow of a tree in the streets as I passed by to prevent Ji Yan from finding it."

The young master took it, and after a single glance, immediately seemed reluctant to part with it. He commented, "There are some photos of my mother at home, but there aren't a lot, and none have her smiling so happily."

The young master passed me the locket so that I could see it. The woman in the photo had a head of long and straight silver hair, glistening like strands of silk satin. She had a pair of large, black eyes, rose-like lips, and skin even more beautiful than snow. Her beauty did not seem to be of this earth. Because of her smile, her originally cold and distant disposition became breathtakingly stunning, as though roses had bloomed in a snowfield.

That kind of beauty was not at all foreign to me. The woman looked like a fairy in the snow, and the young master was called an angel. The two of them were practically identical in both appearance and refinement.

"You truly look very similar to your mother," I remarked with heartfelt sincerity.

The young master seemed very joyous upon hearing so and held onto the photograph lovingly, as though he was unwilling to part with it. It appeared that he truly did love his mother a lot.

Luo Ye warmly said, "I was afraid that it would get destroyed, so I made many copies and hid them all over. Next time, I'll bring a bigger picture for you, okay, Xiang Ye?"

Hearing that, the young master fell silent for a moment, before he answered, "I still have to go to a press conference in the afternoon, so stay in the car for a bit first. At night, we can have dinner together and continue talking then."

"Nitewalker, can you help me take... him to a nearby place to sit?" The young master seemed to be at a loss as to how to address the man.

"Understood, Young Master."

Not too long after, we arrived at the location of the press conference. I was originally a little worried that with such a large incident happening so abruptly, the young master might not be able to calmly attend the press conference.

However, it was evident that I had been overthinking it. After hearing the name "Luo Ye," the young master's mood was no longer as terrible as before. At most, the young master appeared to be at a loss on what to do, which was a lot better than his frenzied expression at the start.

"Young Master, please hold on for a moment."

The young master turned to look at me in confusion. Just as I was about to remind him, I heard the door open as Nitewalker got out of the car and walked over to open the door for the young master.

This personal chauffeur eased into the swing of things faster than I expected. I made a decision that no matter what, I had to get Nitewalker to remain as the young master's chauffeur.

As he stepped out of the car, the young master started smiling, and instantly, the camera lights began flashing non-stop. At this point, I too got out. Some of the cameras turned to me, but the flashes stopped after a while. It seemed like the reporters had remembered that I was a vampire, so taking photos of me would be futile. Only

some of the video cameras filmed me for a short moment, for at least they would still be able to see me in the live broadcast.

“Is it true that today’s press conference will release details about the movie?”

“May I ask what kind of film it will be?”

“Are you intending to both sing and act in it?”

The reporters had many questions, but the young master merely looked at them with a blank smile. When he encountered a question he did not know how to answer, he occasionally replied, “I don’t know that either.”

The young master glanced around, not knowing which direction to walk, so I decided to go in front to lead the way. Although I too did not know where we were supposed to go, regardless, it would be better to bring the young master to somewhere less crowded first. At this time, we heard a familiar voice calling out to us, “Young Master, this way!”

The young master and I both turned to look, and the young master blurted out, “Melody, weren’t you at home sleeping?”

Melody walked over, her red lips pursed. She complained, “That Secretary Bai told me to come over and handle this personally. He even scolded me for sleeping at home for such an important matter, and that he would fire me!”

Once she said that, the reporters grew even wilder.

“May I ask if Secretary Bai is referring to the Sun Emperor’s left hand?
“Have you really been fired?”

Melody just gave them a glare. Rumor had it that in the eyes of the reporters, she was a shrew. However, even a shrewish vampire was unable to stop the barrage of questions from the reporters.

She coquettishly teased, “It’s unfortunate, dear reporters, but I haven’t been fired yet! You all still have to continue to face me, a fierce vampire whom you can’t take any photos of.”

That’s still better than facing the Sun Emperor’s left hand.

A small, almost inaudible voice spoke from somewhere. The scene fell into dead silence for a moment, but people soon started firing questions again.

The Sun Emperor’s left hand was nowhere as famous as his right hand, Secretary Kyle, but he seemed to be more feared by others. However, given that my knowledge of the business world was outdated by about sixty years, I was not as up-to-date as the reporters in front of me.

Even though I had heard a long time ago that Secretary Bai was responsible for work under the table, I did not know just how “under the table” his work extended to. Moreover, his looks were extremely refined, so he did not look like someone who would strike fear in the hearts of people.

"Hmph!" It seemed that Melody dared not give any comments on that statement, an extremely rare occasion. She coyly said, "All right! Everyone, there's no need to rush. You can all ask your fill during the press conference, okay?"

After saying that, she turned around and said, "Young Master, follow me!"

We followed her onto the elevator, and Melody pressed the button to the highest floor. She briefed, "Young Master, later on, there will be reporters on the rooftop. A werewolf will capture you, and show itself at the water tower. All you need to do is act frightened; the werewolf will handle the rest of the act. The reporters will be filming for roughly three minutes, and then you can rest afterwards."

The young master inquired, full of curiosity, "Is it a real werewolf?"

"It's a real one." Melody nodded as she continued, "Actually, they wanted to find a vampire for this, so that it would fit the movie theme. However, a vampire would only be seen in the live broadcast, and wouldn't be visible in other media like the newspaper. The publicity time would simply be too short. That's why they compromised and got a werewolf."

The young master scratched his face, asking, "It can't possibly be the one that I caught and handed over to Bàba last time, right? I feel a little sorry for that werewolf. Though he did kill at least three people, still..."

Melody had a complicated expression as she shot down, "Not that one."

The young master's expression fell as he muttered, "I thought so. He couldn't possibly still be alive, right? I mean, if he already entered Bàba's laboratory, how would he be able to leave?"

Hearing that statement just made it sound like "being sent into Mr. An Te Qi's laboratory" was a one-way trip. However, that was a reasoning that I could fully understand. During the short time span that I had been taking care of Mr. An Te Qi previously, even though I was not an experimental subject, I frequently felt as though I might explode into smithereens any second.

Melody sized up the young master, and concluded with satisfaction, "Young Master, the clothes you are wearing today are really not bad at all. I don't think you need to change; just wear these! Oh, but the wind is going to be strong on the rooftop, so it might be cold if you are wearing just a vest..." She seemed to waver.

The young master chuckled and whispered, "Dark Sun's clothes aren't any warmer than this current outfit!"

Melody asked, uncertain, "Young Master, are you not afraid of the cold?"

That was a question that I too wanted to know the answer to, for that would be extremely beneficial to coordinating the young master's clothes.

The young master pondered for a while. Then, he replied, "I am able to feel cold, but not as strongly as an ordinary human. It would have

to be roughly fifteen degrees Celsius and below for me to feel cold at all. However, if the temperature is really too cold, I have my ways to maintain my body at the temperature of when I'm exercising."

The young master can wear summer wear as long as it is fifteen degrees and above. I silently committed it to memory.

Once we exited the elevator, we found out that the wind on the rooftop was indeed very strong. However, the young master's expression was no different from usual. Sure enough, he was not particularly affected by the cold.

The rooftop had been arranged to look like ruins. Even the central area where the press conference was to be held was formed by old and broken wooden tables and chairs, and there were still some staff members frantically bringing things over.

A middle-aged man was brought over to us by one of the staff, and he looked a little nervous.

Melody seemed not to mind as she introduced, "This is the beast that is going to kidnap you later."

Calling a werewolf a "beast" did seem a little derogatory, but the werewolves themselves did not think so. Most of them took pride in their feral side, and did not feel shamed when addressed as such.

Werewolves were indeed qualified to pride themselves in their strength, or at least, they were "in the past." As of now, they were in the same situation as vampires, or rather, about the same as all the rest of the

non-humans. Sightings of truly strong werewolves were becoming increasingly uncommon. Most of them had chosen to live in seclusion, avoiding this world that was changing too quickly to keep up with.

"Young Master, please go to the water tower in a bit and stay on standby. Your only job is to get 'captured' by the werewolf, and show an expression that will make others' hearts ache for you." Seeing the young master nod, Melody then shot me a glance, and she pretended to casually bring up, "Butler, you will be following the young master, correct?"

I understood what she was trying to ask from me. Werewolves were, after all, difficult creatures to control. If he were to go out of control, fending off the werewolf would be much more appropriate for me as a vampire than the young master as a human. However, if the young master were to know about this, he would definitely not allow me to follow him.

Therefore, Melody could only inquire discreetly whether I would participate in the battle like a "bodyguard" if the werewolf were to go insane.

"Certainly," was my answer without batting an eyelid. "The duty of a butler is to follow their master."

At this point, even if combat was the only way to assist the young master, I would not hesitate to do so.

Melody gave a "Mhm" in acknowledgment. It seemed that our conversation had not aroused suspicion from the young master.

Melody immediately followed up with, "Then, you can also go to the water tower. Just don't stand in an obvious location. The werewolf will bring you two there. As for me, I'll wait below for the reporters to come in."

"Understood."

The werewolf's voice was stiff as he said, "The two of you, please, follow me."

On the way over, the young master asked curiously, "Are you working at my gēge's side?"

This werewolf looked a little nervous, as he hurriedly answered, "No, no, how could I possibly know the Sun Emperor! I was merely working at a certain trading company, without knowing that it had ties to the Sun Alliance. Afterwards, my identity as a werewolf was discovered, and I was then brought to work in the Alliance. However, I have never seen the Sun Emperor. N-Nor even the secretary!"

"How did your identity get discovered?" The young master seemed even more intrigued as he exclaimed, "I can't tell that you are a werewolf at all!"

"I bit a supervisor who kept making things difficult for me to death, and was found out afterwards..."

The young master gave an "Oh" as he continued, "Then, what are you helping my gēge with? Killing people?"

The werewolf seemed rather uneasy when he heard the young master's question. However, I could completely understand his feelings. Hearing an angelic-looking boy casually ask about killing others was too great of a contrast to accept without difficulty.

"Mostly, yes, but recently I've been undergoing experiments at a laboratory."

It cannot possibly be the laboratory that one can never escape from upon entering? Evidently, the young master was thinking the same thing, for he fell silent and did not ask any more questions. Moreover, he even lowered his head, as though he was trying to hide the pity that he could not help but show on his face.

The werewolf abruptly turned around and picked up the young master in a swoop. I was shocked by the action, but the werewolf did not transform, and the young master was not uncomfortable judging from his expression either. The werewolf bent both knees and jumped a full story high toward the water tower right above us.

I directly walked up the walls, and as the werewolf landed, I told him, "Your strength is truly impressive."

The stronger the werewolf, the more strength they could retain in their human forms. However, a vast majority of werewolves were simply no different from the average human without transforming.

The werewolf, however, seemed extremely shocked. He stared at me with wide eyes, as he let slip the question, "How are you so fast?"

The young master proudly stated, "Charles's speed is amazing!" Fear showed on the werewolf's face, but that was not something to be mindful of. Originally, non-humans were always on guard around each other, and even those of the same race were not always friendly. I reminded him softly, "There should still be some time before it starts, so could I request for you to put the young master down first?"

He stiffened and nearly dropped the young master on the floor. Fortunately, the young master had quick reflexes, and naturally found his footing.

"I-I'm terribly sorry!" The werewolf looked as though he was scared out of his wits, as he desperately apologized to the young master, "I should not have picked you up so casually! I forgot for a moment that the vampire could take you up here! I'm truly sorry! Please forgive me!"

The young master seemed stunned. He continuously reassured the other with "It's O.K.," but the werewolf continued to look terror-stricken.

"Are you scared of me?" The young master fell silent for a while, before he inquired, "Did Ah Yue—Did Secretary Bai say something to you? You don't have to be bothered by it. I won't tell Secretary Bai anything."

"Secretary Bai? Why would someone of his level personally come and speak to me?" The werewolf blurted out with alarm. Seeming to have thought of something, his face turned ashen as he stuttered with an

expression of despair, “Y-You are the Sun Emperor’s little brother. Of course you are of a higher rank than him!”

The young master seemed to be utterly clueless as to what the other was implying. However, I understood. He had mentioned just now that Secretary Bai would not personally speak to him, but given that the young master had come to speak to him personally, he had implied in a roundabout manner that the young master was of a lower rank than Secretary Bai—However, the young master did not do roundabouts.

Seeing how pale the werewolf’s face was, the young master started to panic as well. I walked in front to cut between the werewolf and the young master, and spoke quietly, “Our young master does not understand such matters. All you need to do is to keep a moderate level of respect.”

Hearing that, the werewolf snuck a few glances at the young master, and his expression seemed a lot more relaxed.

“Young Master, do you know why the werewolf that had previously held you hostage stopped at the crucial moment, just as he was about to attack you?” The werewolf quickly spoke up, as though he wished to make up for his mistake by providing some information to the young master.

The young master shook his head, curiosity written on his face. A relieved expression appeared on the werewolf’s face, as though he was extremely happy about not having to disappear off the face of the earth for a slip of the tongue.

“The werewolves have their ancient sacred laws. As of now, barely anyone follows them, but they have more or less passed down through the generations. One of these laws is ‘Thou must not harm the purest existence.’ I believe that, at that time, he must have thought of this law.”

Vampires also had their sacred laws too, but they had fallen into oblivion even more so than the werewolves’. Even with my honorable father’s abilities, he could only find the law, “Thou must not take the last drop of blood when feeding.” However, he was unable to find out the actual reason for it either.

Though I did not know the story behind this law, my honorable father had still fervently warned me that even if I had no other option but to take blood from humans directly, I was not to take the last drop of blood.

However, a living human would have about five to six liters of blood,¹ which was simply not an amount that I could possibly finish. In the situation where I did not want to kill the one I was feeding from, I would drink approximately a liter or less of their blood. That would satisfy me to about seventy to eighty percent full. If I had the intention of killing them, then I just had to drink over two liters of their blood, which would result in me not feeling any hunger for an entire two days.

Therefore, the reason as to why this law existed was completely unfathomable to me.

“I’m not the purest existence or the like,” the young master refuted.

The werewolf looked at him, and just smiled in return. He then shifted his gaze toward me, wordlessly implying, "Your young master is truly an adorable and innocent child," or something of the like.

However, I could not decide whether or not to agree with such a statement. Certainly, the young master was a little innocent, but given that he also had the side of "Dark Sun" that was rational to the point of heartlessness, it was extremely difficult to judge as always.

"The reporters are here," the werewolf nervously told us.

Over our course of conversation, the reporters had already started entering the scene. Though there were not many of them, they were entering extremely quickly, and had even done their best to squeeze to the very front. It was a pity for them that our current location was diagonally across in the back.

At this moment, the werewolf cried out and started transforming. The young master's eyes grew wide, but he did not show any shock in his expression. After all, the process was not unfamiliar to him, for it looked almost the same as Dragon Peace's transformation. The only difference was that Dragon Peace's body was bigger, and he did not grow fur.

The body of this werewolf was a little bigger than the previous one that had stirred up trouble, and his fur was a beautiful silvery-gray. As expected, he was no ordinary person. It was no wonder that the Sun Alliance had recruited him.

The werewolf stooped down and reassured the young master, "I will have to carry you. Please don't be afraid, for I will absolutely not harm you!"

The young master nodded.

The actions of this werewolf made me feel a little shocked. Typically speaking, even a transformed werewolf who sounded conscious would still be impulsive and easily prone to anger. A single glance at them would usually be enough to invite a deadly fist.

If that were not the case, the werewolf race would not have found it so difficult to avoid getting their hands stained in blood. However, this werewolf was able to maintain his calm to such an extent. *Could it be that the stronger the werewolf, the calmer they are?* That was not something I had heard of before.

After picking up the young master, the werewolf first gave a loud roar that resonated to the sky. Even the area around the water tower seemed to shake slightly. I could not help but worry that it might attract other werewolves' attention, but then decided that if this was something that Secretary Bai had personally arranged, there should not be any problems.

When the roar faded, the werewolf jumped upwards and landed on the water tower, crushing it in half. Large amounts of water started gushing out from the cracks, like tiny waterfalls flowing endlessly. This made the rooftop that had been arranged to appear like ruins appear even more ruined.

Most likely, the werewolf is so terrifying that it actually managed to prevent the reporters from charging forwards... Or perhaps, it is because they are worried that the water would damage their cameras?

About three seconds later, the reporters seemed to come to a realization that the scene before their eyes was also a part of the press conference. Camera lights immediately started flashing non-stop.

After the reporters had filmed for a while, the werewolf angrily roared at them, "The setting sun is gone. From now on, it is the realm of the non-humans!"

The werewolf lifted up the young master, as though flaunting his prize, as he growled, "Be it Sunset City, or the angel, they all belong to the non-humans!"

This speech is really too provocative. If someone takes it seriously and believes that the non-humans are challenging humans, it could possibly stir up both parties. Is it truly wise to use these kinds of stunts for publicity?

"Who has the guts to try and save him? You? Or is it you?" He pointed at the various video cameras repeatedly and snarled, "Or is it the Church? Do you still have the balls to?"

Hearing the werewolf issue the challenge to the Church made all the reporters gasp. Even I felt rather shocked at this. *Is this really just some normal movie propaganda?*

Compared with the werewolf's continuous taunting, the young master simply did not have a single line to speak. He seemed unsure as to what to do, and merely stared at the cameras innocently. At this moment, the werewolf abruptly threw him on the ground, and then struck the side of the young master's head with a powerful slap ... *How dare you hit the young master!*

In a single slide step, I arrived in front of the young master, shielding him. I absolutely could not let the werewolf hurt the young master again.

"Charles, don't!" The young master shrieked from behind me.

Even if the young master were to say so, how could I possibly leave my hands out of this matter, and allow the werewolf to hurt him further just because the young master is unable to retaliate in the middle of filming?

"Has he really gone berserk?" I muttered.

As I thought, we should not have gotten a werewolf. It is too difficult to control one of their race. Using the Hollow Roar of the vampires, I warned him, "Retreat!"

The werewolf raised his head and laughed loudly, "Just because of you? Pesky little vampire, are you standing on the side of the humans?"

I had lost count how many times I had been asked this question. Naturally, humans would assume that I was on the side of the non-humans, but my behavior made non-humans suspect that I was on the

side of humans. In the past, I had always been stumped for an answer, but this time—

“I am on the side of the young master!”

The werewolf lowered his head to look at me, seeming a little shocked. I began to feel suspicious. Judging from his expressions and movements, he did not seem to have lost his sanity.

“Charles, he didn’t hit me for real! He just gently pushed my face a little, and the slapping sound came from somewhere else,” explained the young master in a small voice from behind me.

“...”

The entire place was a sea of silence. *Do not tell me I interrupted the press conference?* Feeling a bit uneasy, I glanced toward the conference stage where Melody stood. She sighed as she shook her head at me and mouthed the words, “You’re so gullible.”

Gullible? I froze for a moment. *Could it be that even the part that “I would go in front and stop him” was a part of the press conference?*

In the distance, a helicopter seemed to be slowly flying toward us. I grew even more puzzled. *Is this possibly also a part of the press conference?*

The helicopter drew closer, and I felt that there was something off about it. If I was not mistaken, the symbol on the side of the helicopter seemed to belong to—

Bang, bang!

With a slide step, I stood in front of the werewolf, using layers of blood ability to slow down the bullets. Upon slowing the bullets down, I swept most of them away and grabbed one of them with my hand. As expected, what I saw in my palm was an armor-piercing bullet used to deal with vampires.

Honestly speaking, I did not need to use my blood ability to block ordinary bullets, or even a small amount of armor-piercing bullets. I could directly catch them with my hands. It was just that after I had clearly seen the symbol on the helicopter, I did not dare to drop my guard. For after all, they were—

“The Church!” This time, I could hear from the werewolf’s voice that he was truly enraged.

Everyone turned to look at the sky, and the helicopter drew closer and closer. The large cross on the vehicle seemed to excite the reporters even more.

The young master muttered, “The sounds of this helicopter are so soft. So it’s possible for one to be this quiet? But what is the Church doing here? Could it be that Ah Yue-gē arranged for this? But the relationship between the Church and Gēge is clearly terrible...”

The helicopter was already right above the rooftop, and the wind caused by the propeller blew the whole rooftop into a mess. At this

moment, the door of the helicopter opened. What appeared was an extremely familiar face—a face that would make the media go crazy.

“Ah Yue-gē!”

I turned to look and saw that the young master was on the phone. His tone seemed to be one of dissatisfaction as he grumbled, “Ah Yue-gē, you must have already found Alex a long time ago and even lied about making use of me and Charles to lure him into agreeing to acting in the movie.”

The young master listened for a while, and then asked with his voice full of doubt, “Really? You really didn’t know? You are coming over?”

He stopped talking for a while, and then chuckled, “Even if you don’t come over, Gēge’s not actually going to kill you! He constantly says that he wants to kill you every day, but he still hasn’t done it yet—Ah, I’m gonna drop the call now, Alex seems like he’s coming over.”

The young master cut the call, and then instantly ordered, “Charles, get behind me and try not to speak.”

“Understood.” I immediately did as I was told.

The helicopter slowly landed on the rooftop with astoundingly little sound, not much different from a car.

The first person to step out of the helicopter was Father Alex.

This was the person who had received a lot of attention from the youngsters, was chosen as the representative of Daystar City, and in the end, even defeated the young master in the City Representative rankings, becoming number one. Though it was true that the master's terrible reputation lowered the young master's votes, his was still not an easy feat, and such a person would at least have to possess an outstanding appearance.

Indeed, Father Alex was extremely handsome. His head of golden hair glittered under the sun's rays, and he had well-defined features, with a tall and slender body. If one were to say the young master was a sincere and innocent angel, then Father Alex would be a glorious and majestic god.

Other than Alex, ten clergymen stepped out of the helicopter altogether... Or at least, I presumed them to be clergymen, given that they were all dressed in the black garbs of a priest. However the various weapons in their hands made them look otherwise.

Nevertheless, Alex walked over alone.

The reporters rushed forward to take pictures. However, because Father Alex had a unique aura that made others fear offending him, the reporters gradually backed off as they shot questions at him, allowing Father Alex to walk over smoothly. All the time, he maintained a faint smile, and did not answer a single question.

Finally, he reached the bottom of the water tower. He raised his head to look up at the young master, who was currently kneeling on the floor. The young master lowered his head to look back at Alex, and the

two stared at each other from different heights. Alex had a sincere expression as he said very gently, "I have always wanted to meet you. A child with a disposition like yours is truly rare these days. However, seeing you pull such a publicity stunt is somewhat regretful. This would stir up the rift between the non-humans and humans."

Indeed, this kind of publicity stunt is not the best way to do things, but that was not a decision made by the young master.

The young master boldly retorted, "And directly firing a gun at others is better?"

Hearing that, Alex gave a bitter smile. "Indeed, it is not great, but please believe me when I say that my companions did not use any weapons that were too lethal."

He seemed a little helpless as he looked back toward his companions. Indeed, those clergymen looked like the type who would fire without a word.

The bullets just now were truly not lethal. The young master seemed to know this too, and so he did not appear particularly angry. He merely asked inquisitively, "Did you come over to reject the movie offer? That's why you opened fire?"

"No, no!" Alex quickly clarified, and following that, he seemed somewhat troubled as he answered, "I am here as ordained, but since I can't really act, it doesn't seem right to agree to it."

“It doesn’t matter, right? Anyways, I can’t act either,” the young master honestly admitted.

Alex froze for a moment before laughing in reply, “So, the two of us, neither of whom can act, will be starring in a movie together?”

“Yeah, that seems to be the case!”

The reporters below seemed a little dumbfounded, and some of them started laughing. Even the werewolf at the side looked as though he could not decide whether to laugh or cry.

Alex and the young master looked at each other with smiles on their faces, seemingly getting along with each other.

“All right, all right!” Melody stepped toward Alex, but before she could even get close, the other nine clergymen² all raised their respective weapons at her.

Melody’s eyes narrowed dangerously, but she did not retaliate. Instead, it was the young master who directly jumped down from the water tower to stand in front of Melody, his face full of rage. But before he could even speak, the waiters serving drinks at both sides of the press conference all flipped their tea trays and pulled out various weapons from under their trays. There were even two people holding energy swords, who walked forward to stand between the young master and the priests.

A mere press conference was about to become a battleground. *Can the young master really finish the movie successfully with Father Alex?* I could not help but feel worried.

"My fellow brothers, the Lord once said, 'Whoever sheds human blood, by humans shall their blood be shed.' Thus, to better oneself as a human, one must use their utmost to avoid resorting to violence."

Alex merely frowned, his face showing a trace of disapproval. However, one could thoroughly feel his disappointment. The priests hesitated for a moment, and then one-by-one put their weapons away with guilt on their faces. However, there were still a few who remained unconvinced and retorted, "Alex, they are vampires! Their existence is a sin in itself!"

Alex calmly replied, "Let him who is without sin among you be the first to throw a stone."

"A stone?" The young master muttered with his head lowered, "Aren't they holding guns?"

I quietly answered, "Young Master, it is a reference to a story in the Bible."

The young master gave an "Oh."

The unconvinced clergymen silently put away their weapons as well.

Seeing that, the young master's expression greatly improved, and his gaze toward Alex was no longer cautious. I could not help but worry a

little upon seeing this. No matter what, the incidents in the past made it impossible for them to have a friendly relationship. However, the young master was not one to hold a grudge, and if he were to get along well with Alex, it was possible that the young master could drop his guard.

Alex turned around, and gave a small smile. "It is an honor to be able to act in the same film as you. I will be looking forward to it greatly."

The young master replied with a smile, "Me too!"

"May I ask you a question?" Alex abruptly brought up.

The young master shrugged and responded, "Sure!"

"Why is the one behind you wearing priest garbs with a cross necklace? Is this supposed to be a form of satire? Or perhaps I am mistaken, and this is actually his way of expressing his friendliness?"

The young master reflexively looked back. I was currently wearing the priest garbs that I had forgotten to change out of since changing into them at X-Killer.

I fell silent for a while, before I uttered, "This is... the current trend."

Footnotes

1 five to six liters of blood: Either humans have more blood in the NH world than we do or something else is going on, but most humans have 4.5 to 5.5 liters of blood here.

2 nine clergymen: We have little clue what happened to the tenth clergyman that disembarked from the helicopter. Perhaps he fell off the building, he didn't have a weapon, or he didn't exist in the first place. Or maybe he's Father Alex!

Chapter 4: Devil, the Dance of the Devils

This night race is too strong!

I felt myself losing heart. I still wanted to properly research the habits of these creatures. In this book, there were so many interesting creatures listed, and many of which could be matched with a corresponding non-human race. There must be a link between them!

But this link was one I could possibly never find in this lifetime.

What a waste of the opportunity of finding this book. If Charles were to know that this book caused my death, he would probably think that it was worth it, too?

Oh, that's not right. If I died, then most likely Ezart would go down with me. That butler who values his young master so much would probably rather I continue to live on as long as I don't drag Ezart to his death.

"Even at this point, you're molesting the book?" Ezart looked at me in shock.

Book? Oh, you mean the one in my hand?

Book... Wait! If the ones in front of us truly are the night race!

This race is claimed to be the failure closest to perfection. The night race were absolutely strong and they had eternal life, but what came with it was a lack of reproductive abilities and a strong weakness to

sunlight, in which even the slightest bit of exposure would turn them to ashes...

"Sunlight! We need sunlight!"

"... We're underground."



All of the main players involved nodded their heads. Following that was the discussion of the details. Of course, we had to wait until all the reporters were invited to leave, before we then moved to the conference room to discuss.

"At least two-thirds of the movie needs to be filmed in Daystar City, and a fifth of it must show the Church or Church-related properties. Moreover, the Church must not have a negative image in the movie..."

"This movie isn't a promotional film for the Church!"

Melody and the priest started bargaining with one another. This was simply a scene that I would have never dared imagine before. In the past, if a vampire and priest were to cross paths, it would result in either the former biting the other to death, or the latter shooting the other to death with silver bullets. Even though the current atmosphere could not be called friendly, just the fact that neither of them made a move to kill the other was already considered a type of peace.

The young master had completely no interest in the argument over the fine details, and was currently engaged in a conversation with Father Alex. He asked, "Why is it that among so many non-humans, you guys

hate vampires the most?”

Alex gave a faint smile and answered, “Our Lord says every moving thing that lives shall be food for you. And as I gave you the green plants, I give you everything. But you shall not eat flesh with its life, that is, its blood.”

The young master pondered for a while, and then wondered, “Then, does eating medium-rare steak that’s a little bloody count?”

“That point has been disputed over, but the most important message in it is to respect life.” Alex gently offered, “If you are willing to listen to the Bible, then in the future, please allow me to share some of it with you. How about it?”

The young master scratched his face, answering, “Listening to it is fine, but I probably wouldn’t believe in religious stuff.”

“It’s fine whether you believe it or not. Just treat it as if you are listening to a story.”

The young master nodded and said, “Okay, then in exchange, you should promise me one thing too. Don’t touch Charles or Melody, or I will be really mad, and I mean seriously mad!”

Alex looked a little troubled as he said, “I am but a mere priest, who incidentally became the representative figure of Daystar City. That has also been troubling me, as it has been many days since I could hold a Sunday sermon properly. What you ask for is not at all for me to decide, for I was merely just sent here.”

The young master frowned. It was unclear whether he believed him, but he did not force the other to make the promise.

Even if Alex had a flawless appearance, it would have been impossible to become the city representative without any sort of publicity or campaigns. The fact that Alex did become the city representative meant that the Church must have intervened with their power. *Would it be possible for the Church to spend so much effort to help an ordinary priest become the city representative?*

I had my doubts regarding that.

Ultimately, after Melody and the others finished their negotiations, the final decision was that half of the movie must be filmed in Daystar City, and a sixth of the scenes must feature the Church or their related properties. With that, Alex agreed to film the movie.

On the other hand, the Church also compromised on some matters, such as agreeing to Melody and my accompanying the young master to go in and out of Daystar City.

For some unknown reason, both sides were extremely hurried about this, and the planned date of the filming was agreed to be only three days away. Moreover, it would not start in Sunset City, but in Daystar City. *It seems that I will have to pack our luggage immediately once we arrive home. Thankfully, since the young master had originally planned on going out to capture the criminals, we have already packed a portion of it.*

"Your cross is fairly unique..."

I was pondering over what to pack into the luggage, and though I had heard him, I did not think that it was related to me in any way. It was only when the young master called out to me, "Charles, Alex is talking to you," that I regained my senses. I quickly apologized, "My sincere apologies, I was not quite present just now. May I inquire what is it about the cross you were talking about?"

"Charles frequently zones out. It's really interesting!" explained the young master to Alex with a laugh.

Alex gave a faint smile as he answered, "Your cross has a rather elegant appearance, and it seems that it has seen quite a number of years. I have some interest in researching ancient relics such as these, so if you are only using it as an accessory, may I ask if you are willing to transfer it to me?"

I froze, and then quickly explained, "My apologies, this is a gift from a friend. It is extremely important and so I would not be able to transfer it to you."

Alex shook his head and said, "The one who should apologize is me, for it appears I have been rather impertinent."

This priest was indeed extremely amiable. Even though I was a vampire, he still remained gracious and polite toward me. However, I felt that the other could not possibly have come with good intentions, though that was unrelated to Father Alex as a person, but more of the fact that the Church was bound to have some kind of scheme behind

sending him here.

On the topic of crosses, I could not help but notice the cross hanging at Father Alex's chest. It was an ordinary looking golden cross, its shine a little lackluster. It seemed to also be quite aged. What was different was that it was slightly larger than average, almost as thick as a person's pinky, and approximately over twelve centimeters in length. A cross of this size was rarely seen, but at the same time, it was not too peculiar.

"Are you looking at my cross?" asked Alex.

"Indeed."

Alex raised his cross, and said with a smile, "This is also considered an antique. It has been passed down since my grandfather, and has a history of over a hundred years."

"It is very well maintained."

At this moment, the young master abruptly stood up and said, "We should get going. Melody, can I leave first?"

Melody seemed a little shocked, and so was I. I had thought that since the young master was having a rather enjoyable conversation with Alex, he would have wanted to stay a little longer.

"Of course you can, Young Master, take care."

Melody waved her hand and then gave me a look. As of now, we had

reached a mutual understanding with one another. With just one look, I could more or less guess what her intention was, though this applied only to matters regarding the young master.

What Melody was telling me was that regardless of whether I knew what was going on with the young master, I had better go and find out immediately. Later on, if she were to question me and I could not answer her, there would be a very high possibility of a pair of hands with colored nails piercing through my chest.

The young master and I immediately left. To that, Father Alex said "May God bless you" with his usual smile, though the other priests were clearly displeased by the fact that the young master was leaving first.

On the way to the parking lot, I gave a call, "Nitewalker, the young master is leaving. Please drive the car over."

"Understood. We are nearby. It should take about ten minutes."

After the call, I turned and reported, "Young Master, the driver will take about ten minutes to come. We could walk slower, or perhaps if you have any plans..."

"Oh, okay."

... It was very evident that the young master was absent-minded as worry was written over his entire face. Initially, I was unable to comprehend the reason, but following that, I recalled that there was a person waiting for the young master, someone who had called the

young master "son."

The young master did not seem happy to see his "father," but at the same time he made no efforts to reject him.

"Young Master, do you not wish to see that man, Mr. Luo Ye?"

The young master looked at me, and then replied in distress, "It's not that I don't wish to. It's just that actually, h-he's not my father! But he doesn't seem to know that, and I don't know whether I should tell him."

The Ri family indeed deserves its reputation as the richest and most powerful family. Though there were few descendants, their relationships were so complex that I found myself struggling to comprehend if the young master was truly the master's brother.

"Young Master, may I ask if the exact nature of the kinship between you and the master is something that I may inquire about?"

The young master nodded, and even admitted directly, "We are brothers with the same mother but different fathers."

So that was the case. I had harbored such guesses before, and as expected, the master and the young master were not full siblings. This would explain why even though they were both from the Ri family, the master inherited all the family assets while the young master was forced to undergo harsh modification operations from a young age.

"Charles, do you know the name Ri Ji Yan?"

I immediately replied, "I do. He is the previous head of the Ri family and the Sun Emperor's father."

Technically, from my point of view, Ri Ji Yan could be considered a youngster after my time. However, in that case, all of the big shots in the business world right now would be considered youngsters after my time. After all, sixty years had already passed since I left my position as family head.

"Luo Ye and Ri Ji Yan are brothers with the same father but different mothers. But Luo Ye is an illegitimate child and follows his mother's surname, which is why they have different surnames."

So that's how it is. Two brothers with the same father but different mothers contested over a single woman, who then gave birth to the master and young master who share the same mother but different fathers? As expected, it is truly quite complicated!

At this point, the young master hesitated for a moment, before he continued, "Luo Ye thinks that he is my father, but he actually isn't."

... Did this woman have an affair with a third person?

Wait a moment, if the young master is Luo Ye's child, then he would be the child of the family head's brother, and would still be a branch family member. However, since he is not Luo Ye's child, that would mean—the young master does not have any blood ties to the Ri family at all! He just happens to share the same mother as the master.

No wonder the young master doesn't have any share in the Ri family

inheritance, and all his assets are given to him by the master.

"I wonder what will happen after Gēge finds out?" The young master sighed, and then said, "Let's go!"

After conversing all this time, Nitewalker had already driven over. Mr. Luo Ye was even standing outside the car waiting for us, and immediately broke out into a large smile upon seeing the young master. His resemblance to the master made me feel as though I had just seen the master smile without restraint, which was an extremely alarming image.

"Ah Ye." Luo Ye asked him smiling, "Have you finished with your business? Are you hungry?"

The young master tilted his head to one side, his expression a little uncomfortable as he answered, "I'm a little hungry."

"What is your favorite food?"

Without even thinking, the young master answered, "Charles's cooking."

I was nearly unable to stop the corners of my mouth from going upwards.

"Oh? Are his culinary skills that good?" Luo Ye gave me a look, but did not say anything. Returning his attention to the young master, he smiled as he said, "Then, let's go back and cook dinner at home, if you aren't very hungry."

The young master nodded with an "okay." If not for the fact that the young master had just mentioned this person was not his father, this conversation would truly sound just like a chat between family members.

We got in the car, and this time, I sat in the front passenger seat.

"Your butler is from the Elysees family, right? You picked a pretty good chauffeur too," Luo Ye said in a satisfied tone. "The current generation doesn't seem to be very mindful about the quality of their attendants. Employed butlers even steal things. What an outrage!"

"Yup, Charles is Elysees all right. But my chauffeur is still in probation and might not stay."

"I advise that you keep him. He is very silent, and that is a basic quality of a good chauffeur."

Mr. Luo Ye seem to have misunderstood something. The one who was hesitating was the chauffeur, not the young master.

"Yeah! I really hope he stays with us as well." The young master nodded his head as he said this, and even snuck a few glances at Nitewalker, thinking that he would not be discovered. He did not realize that his every action could be seen clearly from the rear-view mirror.

I tilted my head slightly to look at Nitewalker. He remained expressionless, but the car that had always been remarkably stable

just made a gentle bump.

“Nitewalker, drop me off here first,” the young master suddenly said. Then, he turned to Luo Ye and asked, “I’m going off to buy something and will be home in a bit. Can you wait for me at home?”

Luo Ye lightly nodded and did not inquire further. The impression that he gave off to others was that of an aristocrat of the past, appearing extremely refined. Even his faint smiles gave people the feeling that he was not one to be trifled with. This was a temperament even the young master did not possess, though the master did, giving a monarch-like impression.

“Charles, help me take care of... him.” The young master still seemed uncertain regarding how to address the other person.

“As you wish, Young Master.”

The young master got out of the car and headed toward the alleys with extremely swift movements. The young master’s excuse was that he was going to buy something, but the young master rarely bought anything by himself. Even with street snacks, he would usually ask me to go and buy it for him. That was one of the few ways the young master actually behaved like a child from a rich and powerful family, though it could possibly be because the young master often forgot to bring his wallet with him.

It should be a hero-related matter. I wonder what kind of incident has happened. Though I really wanted to know, Mr. Luo Ye was right here. I could not call Mr. Bramble to ask either, for I had to be cautious not

to let this person know too much before the young master returned.

Mr. Luo Ye coolly said, "Butler, remind Ah Ye that he can just call me Uncle, Shūshu."

"As you wish." I looked at him through the rear-view mirror. Mr. Luo Ye was looking out of the window, his demeanor indifferent and controlled so that it was impossible to discern his mood. This made him look even more like the master.

No wonder Ah Ye was so quick to confirm that this person was the "Luo Ye" that he knew. Be it in appearance or demeanor, Mr. Luo Ye was extremely similar to the master. This person must have looked nearly identical to his paternal half-brother, the master's father, which led to such a bizarre scene—a person who looked so much like the master addressing the young master as his son.

We got out of the car once we arrived at the apartment. Just as I was about to excuse myself for a moment and turn to talk to Nitewalker, Mr. Luo Ye looked upwards and asked me in shock, "Ah Ye lives here?"

"Indeed, the young master is living on the twenty-third floor."

Although the apartment looked like it was on the twenty-third floor, judging from the size of the young master's workshop, it was likely that the entire building and the building next door all belonged to the young master. It was simply covered up very well, and there were even some fake residents arranged on the other floors to disguise it as a regular apartment.

Luo Ye lowered his gaze, and he flatly said, "It appears that Ri Xiang Yan is really like my brother."

Though he did not use any definite adjectives, it sounded as if Mr. Luo Ye was extremely displeased with the young master's residence.

A residence as such would certainly seem shabby for someone like the Sun Emperor's younger brother, but that was because the master did not originally wish for the young master's identity to be exposed. Moreover, the decorations within the apartment could definitely match up to the young master's status—and even excessively at that.

As I recalled, the time Aren went into a frenzy, the only main damage was the door. The other areas were not damaged badly despite being subjected to Dragon Peace's violence and Mr. Bramble and the others' gunshots. For that matter, even a missile bombing the building would likely not be a major issue.

"Mr. Luo Ye, please forgive my rudeness and wait for a moment. I must give the chauffeur some instructions."

After my explanation, I walked to the driver's seat. Nitewalker had already gotten out of the car to wait, and was even standing another two steps further. Evidently, he had known that I did not wish to let our guest know too many details. I could not help but add more points to my evaluation of him.

"I would like you to move into the young master's apartment, so that it would be convenient for the young master to go out anytime. Even though it is still the probation period, I still hope that you can come

over first. As for the place you were originally staying at, you do not have to cancel the apartment lease yet. We will just reimburse you for the rent.”

Nitewalker nodded. He did not object, and merely answered with “okay.” Following that, he asked, “Later on, am I to fetch the young master home?”

I gave it some thought. The young master was operating under the guise of Dark Sun, so it simply was not quite possible for him to take a taxi. Letting DSII go instead might be better.

“There is no need, but please look out for incoming calls on your cell phone at all times. Should the young master require your services, I will inform you again.” I paused for a moment, and lowered my volume as I instructed, “When you get in the car again, immediately call Mr. Bramble and let him know that I will be bringing a guest up very soon. Ask him to leave one person in the living room to help me keep an eye on our guest.”

Nitewalker nodded.

I walked back, and said with a faint smile, “Mr. Luo Ye, please follow me.”



Aren was sitting in the living room, reading a book. The moment he saw me return, he stood up and politely called, “Charles-gē.”

I had not imagined that it would be Aren at home. Mr. Bramble had

truly planned an excellent arrangement, as Aren's identity was the easiest one to explain.

I turned to tell the person behind me, "This is Aren. He is the young master's friend and lives just next door."

"Aren, this is Mr. Luo Ye."

Aren looked at him and greeted him politely, "Luo Ye-shūshu, nice to meet you."

Mr. Luo Ye looked at him gently, clearly happy to meet the young master's friend.

"Mr. Luo Ye, please make yourself at home. I will be going ahead to cook. If there is anything that you need, please feel free to call me."

"Go quick, Ah Ye said he's hungry," Luo Ye urged.

I walked into the kitchen to start the food preparation, and at the same time I pondered over this chaotic mess.

The fact that the young master and the master only shared the same mother but different fathers sounded extremely serious, and the fact that the young master was not of the Ri bloodline was even more so. However, upon thinking it through, both the master and the young master knew about this, and they did not seem to mind. If that was so, then it was simply not a big deal.

If one were to strike out the affection and emotions at play, the

biggest thing that involved one's family bloodline would be the family inheritance. However, the young master was never capable of fighting the master for the family inheritance in the first place, so it did not matter whether he was part of the Ri family or not.

At this moment, Aren walked in and took a tea bag of black tea.

"There is milk in the fridge." I quickly reminded him, "Heat it up in the microwave first."

Aren nodded. As he brewed the tea, he said, "Ah Ye might be a bit late coming back. Things seem to have gotten a little troublesome. There's several fellows this time, and they don't seem easy to pursue."

I nodded and told him, "I will bring out some appetizers for you all first."

"Who is that Luo Ye?" Aren asked, seeming puzzled. He added on, "He seemed really interested in Ah Ye and asked a lot of questions. I really don't know what I can say and what I can't."

"You can treat him as the young master's uncle for now. It's fine to talk to him about trivial matters, but you definitely must not tell him about hero affairs. As for others such as matters regarding the master, if he were to ask, you can just say that you do not know."

Aren nodded and asked out of curiosity, "So he's Ah Ye's uncle? He looks a lot like the Sun Emperor."

"I am not too sure myself," I answered as I shook my head.

"Ah Ye's family history is sure complicated! Are all rich people like this?" Aren shook his head, put the warmed milk and the black tea on the tray, and then walked out of the kitchen with the tray.

Indeed, it was a little complicated. If Mr. Luo Ye truly was not the young master's father, then why did the young master not clear things up with him? Or perhaps, was he intending to tell him after he arrived home?

As I was arranging the cold dish of smoked salmon, I abruptly heard a loud shout from outside.

"Charles-gē! I'm going out for a while!"

Huh? I slide stepped and got to the living room in an instant, but only managed to catch Aren rushing out the door, extremely flustered to the point he did not even close the front door.

There was only one person left in the living room. I could only ask him, "Mr. Luo Ye, may I ask what has happened?"

The other replied in shock, "I don't know either. We were watching the news and just reached an intense point when he suddenly stood up and yelled that he was going out."

Watching the news and just reached an intense point? I turned to look at the television and nearly cried out, too.

On the screen, Dark Sun was currently confronting four people. Three

of them had rather peculiar appearances, but what was most important was—Dark Sun’s left arm was drenched in blood.

Young Master!

My eyes were glued onto the screen. Even though I knew that whether it was being a responsible butler, or putting up a good pretense in front of Mr. Luo Ye, the correct choice of action was to go back to the kitchen to cook, I was unable to do so despite clearly understanding this.

Dark Sun stood in the center of the four people, blood dripping down from the upper portion of his left arm all the way to the ground. I could not tell how long he had remained in that pose, for there was actually a small puddle of blood on the ground.

“So the strongest hero only has this much to offer!”

One of the four people surrounding him was a woman. What she was wearing was very revealing, just a short athletic tank top with hot pants. Tattoos covered her entire body.

The woman was the closest to Dark Sun. With a strange, shrill shriek, she charged in headon. Facing the unarmed woman, Dark Sun instead retreated and pulled out a gun to fire at her. However, even multiple shots were unable to graze the target. I had never seen Dark Sun with such terrible marksmanship.

After he fired a few more times to no avail, Dark Sun simply just threw the gun away. He charged in with a few strides, his target not the

woman attacking but the tall and skinny middle-aged man among the other three. At this point, the woman caught up with him. Though she was still unarmed, she managed to force Dark Sun to retreat to the sides. From the looks of it, he did not dare to remain near her in the least bit.

However, his retreat was too slow! I had just realized that Dark Sun's movements were sluggish and nowhere close to his usual standards. Regardless of the reason he had been forced to retreat, he was now already within the other's attack range.

Suddenly, long spikes burst out of the woman, making her look similar to a porcupine. The spikes were white, and when they pierced into Dark Sun's already injured left arm, fresh blood flowed down the white spikes, making it look even more horrifying.

This kind of grayish-white color looks rather familiar. It looked extremely similar to the bones that Mr. An Te Qi had taken out to replace while he was fixing DSII.

Dark Sun slid backwards for a bit, allowing himself to completely remove himself from the spikes' attack range. The woman retracted her spikes, but when they returned to her body, they did not vanish. Instead, they changed form, covering her entire body until she looked like a knight of the past wearing white-colored plate armor.

Those are definitely bones! When the television image zoomed in on her, I could even see that there were ligaments still attached to the joints. She had actually worn her bones on the outside as armor! The tall and skinny middle-aged man suddenly shouted, "Surround

him!”

The remaining two began to close in from the left and right of Dark Sun respectively. Dark Sun seemed like he wanted to retreat, but the woman behind him was eyeing him like prey. He then moved to his left, but with just one step, all his movements suddenly stopped for a moment. Following that, the enemy had somehow already appeared at the young master’s left. All of my attention had been fully focused on the young master, and so I had not seen him approaching at all. However, judging from the distance he had traveled, he most likely possessed an astounding level of speed.

The circle surrounding him had been completed. Dark Sun froze in his tracks. Though his pose looked like he was on guard, he did not extend his metal claws, which was his most basic “portable” weapon.

The tall and skinny middle-aged man looked at Dark Sun, seeming deep in thought as he said, “I thought that out of all the heroes, Dragon Peace and you would be the hardest to deal with, for you two are just as strong while fighting bare-handed. Who knew that your entire body is full of metal!”

He gave a sigh, and lamented, “Someone like me who has the power to control metal is practically your nemesis. Why even bother fighting me?”

As per usual, Dark Sun did not utter a single word. He stared at the four, not making a move, yet not leaving.

The ability to control metal, and a woman who can wear her bones on

the outside. What kind of abilities are these? Are they non-humans? However, I had never heard of any sort of non-humans having such powers.

No wonder Dark Sun would be injured and even caught in this predicament of being surrounded by these four, seeing how just the tall and skinny middle-aged man alone was able to restrain Dark Sun. *Is it possible that that Dark Sun did not bring out his metal claws because of this?*

Control metal... I had only heard of non-humans who could control water, blood, or the like. Truly, a non-human who could control metal was unheard of. *Could it be that he is not a non-human?*

“Can we start to capture him now?” The woman asked with excitement in her voice.

The man on the right side of the circle surrounding the young master ridiculed her, “Capture? Aren’t you always screaming to kill? Why is it different now that it’s a handsome guy?”

The woman snarled, “What the f*** are you saying? Didn’t the boss tell us to capture him?”

The man seemed to be aware that he was in the wrong, and looked awkward for a moment. However, the woman continued swearing at him, and he got fed up and growled, “Who knows if you are secretly happy that we don’t have to kill him?”

“You—” The woman’s face was twisted in anger.

Dark Sun still did not move, merely watching them quarrel in silence.

The tall and skinny man felt that something was amiss and shouted loudly, "Stop bickering. He's waiting for reinforcements; capture him now!"

His answer was the sound of gunfire, followed by more gunshots. From time to time, the sound of an energy gun firing rang out. Finally, a purple silhouette came dashing in from afar.

Solitary Butterfly has arrived! I felt a lot more relieved. Though she had many clashes with Dark Sun before, I believed she would still help Dark Sun with no second thoughts.

"Are you all right?" Once she reached a certain proximity, she yelled, "Dark Sun, I'll assist you, so hurry and break out of the circle—"

Dark Sun instead roared at her, "Leave!"

Solitary Butterfly's expression changed. In the next second, she raised her gun with the muzzle pointing straight at Dark Sun and mercilessly fired. Dark Sun tilted his head, but the bullet still grazed past his cheek, and even his protective visor had been chipped off a little. Thankfully, this visor was specially made and was extremely sturdy, or the glass would have completely shattered.

Something was definitely amiss here. Despite their past grievances, or the fact that she was yelled at, I did not think that Solitary Butterfly would fire at Dark Sun. The friendships between the heroes were a lot

stronger than an outsider would imagine it to be.

"I-I..." Solitary Butterfly seemed flustered for a moment, but she quickly regained her calm as she shouted, "Dark Sun, my legs can't move either!"

Dark Sun growled in rarely seen irritation. He burst out of the circle surrounding him recklessly, and snatched both of Solitary Butterfly's guns and threw them far away. Following that, he yelled, "First Wind, don't come! Dragon Peace!"

"What do we do? Boss, there's another one. How should we deal with her?" asked the woman as she turned with a blank look.

The tall and skinny man immediately said, "Capture her together! Quick, before Dragon Peace gets here!"

First Wind's weapon was an energy whip, so it was inevitable for it to have metal as well. Dragon Peace was the only one who fought with bare hands, and that was why Dark Sun needed him. However, Aren had just left not too long ago, and most likely would not arrive that soon. I was extremely anxious, yet had no way of helping. I could only watch as Dark Sun dealt with four enemies by himself, while protecting Solitary Butterfly who was unable to move...

I blurted out, "Mr. Luo Ye, I believe you must be getting a little hungry, right? I will go and bring out the cold platter."

Mr. Luo Ye seemed dazed for a moment, for he was deeply engrossed in watching the scene, and nodded his head as though he could not

care either way.

I walked into the kitchen and arranged the cold platter with one hand, the other hand holding my phone as I called and asked, "Nitewalker, is your current location far from where Dark Sun is fighting?"

"I am watching them fight from the window."

That is really close...

"Could I please request that you head over to the scene and bring Solitary Butterfly to safety?" As for Dark Sun, I believed that he would not leave, so there was no need to do something so superfluous.

Nitewalker seemed a little bewildered as he asked, "Is this also part of the job scope of a personal chauffeur?"

"Yes." I reminded him, "Remember to disguise yourself and make sure nobody can see your true appearance, but please hurry."

"Understood."

I walked back to the living room and put down the cold platter. Mr. Luo Ye was still watching the television, and they had officially started fighting. What made me relieved was that though Dark Sun was unable to do anything to those four, they were not able to cause much harm to Dark Sun either. It seemed that other than the woman, the rest of them did not have much offensive power.

Mr. Luo Ye frowned as he asked, "Why haven't the police arrived yet?"

"The police most likely will not be going over." As I arranged the plate, I explained, "The equipment on the policemen are all made of metal too, so if they were to go over, they will only land into the same predicament that Solitary Butterfly is in. Dark Sun should have already informed them not to go over."

Mr. Luo Ye said in disapproval, "If the police don't maintain the peace and order of the place, then what do we need them for?"

"Do you not live in Sunset City?" I was a little shocked, for residents of Sunset City would already be used to the cooperation between the police and the heroes.

"I live in Daystar City."

So that is the case. "Does the Church of Daystar City not intervene in affairs of public security?"

Mr. Luo Ye froze for a moment, and he replied, "They will intervene."

I did not comment any further. Daystar City had the Church, and Sunset City had their heroes. This was the inevitable workaround that had been developed after criminals had modified themselves to become stronger and stronger.

"Hm?" Mr. Luo Ye lamented, "Sunset City is sure full of extraordinary things."

On the television screen, a taxi leapt off a building and used itself to

force both parties in the battle to back up. It made a large screeching sound as it braked, and then pompously landed between them.

Everyone was stunned at the situation, but Dark Sun was the first to move. He grabbed Solitary Butterfly and shoved her into the car in one go. As he shut the car door tightly, he roared, "Go!"

The taxi immediately kicked into high gear, making sounds akin to a race car's engine, and drove off abruptly.

"That taxi's instantaneous acceleration capability is even better than a race car's. Its speed three seconds after starting is probably over a hundred kilometers per hour..." Mr. Luo Ye's expression seemed a little odd.

I did not have a very good understanding of race cars, but I too knew that this speed was abnormal. Though previously, the taxi could even manage to traverse between buildings, so speed was not an issue for it.

"She ran off!" The woman yelled in frustration, "Why didn't you stop the car?"

The tall and skinny middle-aged man flatly answered, "Hard to say I could have. Something's weird about that car. Have you seen a car that can charge off a building and still not receive a single scratch? Also if I get too distracted, you're going to be killed by Dark Sun."

"Didn't you say that Dark Sun's entire body was metal?" The woman seemed displeased as she complained, "Can you be serious and restrain him properly?"

The man fell silent, and then said, "Under normal circumstances, he should have already committed suicide under my control." He rubbed his chin as he said, "He truly lives up to his reputation of being the number one hero. I didn't even dare to distract myself and make Solitary Butterfly attack him with her legs."

Roar—

Finally, the sound of Dragon Peace's roar rang out loudly, and I felt a weight lift off my shoulders.

"Sigh, so we didn't make it in time afterall. Let's retreat." The tall and skinny man quietly said, "Otherwise, if the people from P29 were to come too, that would be really terrible."

Once he said that, the woman still obediently turned to leave despite the unaccepting expression on her face.

Dragon Peace dashed out from somewhere not too far off, his footsteps thunderous. Upon seeing the four flee, he was about to give chase right away before he was stopped by Dark Sun. "Don't pursue them; it's too dangerous by yourself."

"By myself? You should still be able to move, right?" Dragon Peace turned around, and shock could be heard in his low and rough voice, "We really aren't going to chase after them?"

"We aren't. I've been poisoned." Dark Sun firmly said, "Bring me back." Dragon Peace seemed to have genuinely received a shock, as did I.

Dark Sun raised his arm. The blood flowing out was actually somewhat black. However, given that it was nighttime, it was hard to tell without looking closely.

Dragon Peace did not say anything more. He hefted Dark Sun on his shoulder, and then jumped up the building and left.

I heaved a sigh of relief. On the whole, the incident had been resolved in a peaceful manner.

“This really is a city where devils dance. What kinds of people are these?” Mr. Luo Ye shook his head, but he did not seem especially concerned. Instead, he asked in confusion, “Why isn’t Ah Ye back yet? Didn’t he say he was coming back for dinner?”

“That is...” I was uncertain as to how to answer him. Coincidentally, my cell phone rang at this time. I said, “Excuse me,” and answered the phone.

“What? Understood.”

I hung up the call, and showed a concerned expression as I said, “The young master has been in a car accident and is now in the hospital.”

Mr. Luo Ye abruptly stood up, his face completely pale. He urged, “Hurry, let’s go!”

Footnotes

April Fools version of this chapter can be found [here](#).

Chapter 5: Paradise, the Ideal City

"Guess we're going to die, right?"

Ezart lazily raised a lamp, saying, "That is, if I'd forgotten to bring a UV lamp. This thing is seriously heavy as hell, so I really didn't want to bring it, but lots of stuff living in caves are frightened by it. It's even more useful than a cannon!"

You're really quite something. The money spent to hire you was really not wasted!

Ezart raised his ultra-violet lamp with a fierce expression. That gave me a very bad feeling...

"At least leave one for me to experiment on!" I immediately seized the moment to shout out.

Boom—

With a flash of the light, the rapidly approaching night race instantly turned to ash, even those that were only partially shone on.

It was truly the most perfect failure.

Not even a single one was left.



"Ah Ye!" We rushed to the hospital. Mr. Luo Ye anxiously tried to dash into the hospital ward but was stopped by a tall and strong young man

at the door. His face was the picture of cool, and he gave off the feeling of a stern bodyguard. However, he was actually a driver named Nitewalker.

Nitewalker coolly said, "Without the young master's permission, outsiders may not enter!"

That was rather strange behavior on his part. Nitewalker was just a chauffeur, and given his personality, he normally would not do something like this. After giving it some thought, I assumed that it was the young master who had instructed him to do so, and turned to say, "Mr. Luo Ye, please wait here for a moment. I will go in and ask for the young master's permission."

Mr. Luo Ye's expression seemed a little stiff, and though he was evidently displeased, he still nodded.

The moment I stepped in, I saw the young master reclining on the hospital bed. His body was covered with bandages, and there was even a plaster on his face. It was highly likely that the injury on his face had been inflicted by Solitary Butterfly. He turned to me and asked, "Did he display any strange behaviors?"

"Nothing of the sort." Afterwards, I abruptly recalled, "Over the course of our conversation, I found out that Mr. Luo Ye lives in Daystar City."

Hearing that, the young master lowered his head, deep in thoughts.

"Young Master, how are your injuries?" I asked in worry, "Have you truly been poisoned?"

“Yeah. There’s poison on that woman’s spikes. It seems to be a sort of neurotoxin, but it’s nothing too serious. I have a strong resistance to poison.”

The young master massaged his temples. “It’s just that my head hurts a little and my limbs feel weak.”

“Those criminals are truly very dangerous.” I sighed, and found myself leaning more toward the opinion of locking them up.

“Yeah, an ability like controlling metal is really troublesome to deal with. I couldn’t even fight properly. If it weren’t for him, it would not have been hard to handle the rest.”

The young master weakly said, “Ah Yue-gē told me not to bother with them anymore. P29 has some specific equipment for dealing with those kinds of people, so they will be handling it. Their only worry is not being able to find them. But once they find them, those fugitives will be trapped like birds in a cage.”

I nodded, and then gave him a timely reminder, “Young Master, Mr. Luo Ye is still waiting outside.”

The young master hesitated for a moment, before answering, “Let him come in.”

I brought Mr. Luo Ye in, and he immediately locked his gaze onto the young master to size him up. After confirming that the young master did not have any major injuries, he then relaxed a little and asked

gently, "How did you get into a car accident?"

"When I was crossing the road, I dashed across the moment the traffic light changed and got bumped by a car." The young master lowered his head, most likely to hide his guilt from lying. He continued, "I'm only lightly injured. No big deal."

Mr. Luo Ye lightly reprimanded, "Next time, be more careful. Thankfully, this time it was a mere bump, but what if that wasn't the case?"

The young master gave an "okay" a little guiltily. Seeming as though he did not want to continue lying, he changed the topic, "I heard from Charles that you live in Daystar City?"

Mr. Luo Ye nodded and lamented, "It's not far from here, just an hour's flight. With such a short distance, I wouldn't have taken this long to come had I known that you were here earlier."

"I will be going to Daystar City in three days. Can you go back first, and then at that time come and look for me again?"

Mr. Luo Ye froze, and then gave a small smile. However, one could tell that his smile was extremely forced. He said in a small voice, "Ah Ye, if you wish for me not to come and look for you again, you can say it directly. It's all right."

The young master was stunned, momentarily unable to respond.

Mr. Luo Ye seemed to be trying his best to hide his lack of composure,

and merely said gently, "My apologies, I did not think this through. I simply wanted to come and see you, but I didn't think that it would have troubled you instead. I will be taking my leave soon—"

"Don't leave!" The young master cried out in shock.

From the reactions of the young master so far, the young master did seem to be troubled by Mr. Luo Ye's arrival. Moreover, he had also clarified that Mr. Luo Ye was not his father. *If that is so, then why does he now look so nervous about Mr. Luo Ye leaving...?*

Ah, Mr. Luo Ye is at least still the master's uncle, so it would indeed be impossible to treat it as though he had never appeared.

Mr. Luo Ye seemed to be at a loss as to how to react due to the young master's drastically different reaction, and the young master also appeared clueless as to what to do next.

I opened my mouth to ask, "Mr. Luo Ye, could I inquire if you own a cell phone? May I know your number?"

Mr. Luo Ye froze for a moment, and answered, "I do." He paused, and then recited a string of numbers.

As I inputted the numbers into my phone, I explained, "I will send you my cell phone number. The young master is not used to carrying a cell phone around with him. Therefore, please call my phone number so that it will be easier for you to contact us."

Mr. Luo Ye hesitated for a moment, and then turned to the young

master. He questioned once more, "Then, I will come and look for you at that time?"

"Yeah! You definitely have to come!" The young master emphasized strongly, still anxious.

Hearing that, Mr. Luo Ye finally seemed to believe that the young master truly wished to see him again. He stretched out his hand, as though he wanted to rub the young master's head, but midway he pulled back, seeming to find it a little inappropriate.

"Then, I will be going off first," Mr. Luo Ye suggested tactfully.

The young master nodded. He looked on and sent Mr. Luo Ye off with his eyes, his gaze looking slightly guilty.

I inquired delicately, "Young Master, do you truly wish for Mr. Luo Ye to come and look for you? If that is not the case, then I can help you handle this."

"Of course I want him to come!" The young master shook his head as he said, "I just need to think of what to do first. With him around, a lot of things become inconvenient."

So that is the case.

"Next, I have to go to Daystar City." The young master looked a bit vexed, but afterwards, he looked at me with an even more worried gaze. "But Charles, don't you have to go to school?"

“Because of Professor Ni Cai and Professor Lieder, many students and professors are currently being asked questions by the police, so lessons will possibly be canceled for a period of time.”

According to Ah Shuu’s exaggerated words, since the Sun Emperor was involved and it was an issue as serious as abduction, it would not have been strange even if the whole school disappeared. However, I believed that it would not be that serious... At least, before matters progressed to that stage, I would inform the young master.

When the young master heard that, he resignedly said, “It can’t be helped. Gēge got snubbed, so Ah Yue-gē flew into a rage and is now taking it out on others.”

“Is Secretary Bai in charge of the investigations?”

“P29 seems to be an organization that Ah Yue-gē was in charge of in the first place.” The young master tilted his head to one side as he pondered, and added on, “Things like killing people to silence them, secret human experimentation labs, and the purchase and sales of illegal firearms are also part of Ah Yue-gē’s job scope. Let me think, there might also be... Drugs? But that’s just my guess! Maybe there’s no such thing at all!”

Why bother guessing? Young Master, you have the highest access rights within the whole Sun Alliance, so you would be able to find out, right?

The young master abruptly changed the subject and said, “Charles, help me contact Gēge.”

"Very well." After I dialed the number, I passed the cell phone over to the young master.

"Gē." The young master called out, and then quickly explained, "No! I didn't get into any trouble. Don't worry... What do you mean I wouldn't call you unless I have gotten into big trouble? Don't I always call you at night? C-Calling once in three days isn't that infrequent..." As he continued speaking, he seemed guiltier and less confident.

When I had first met the young master, he would video call the master every night. Though recently, it was true that the intervals between the calls were getting longer. There were times that the young master did not call for five days, and then the master would give me a call—the young master would only remember to bring his cell phone when he was out being Dark Sun, for the sake of contacting the other heroes and the police. In that kind of situation, of course he would not have the time to pick up the master's calls.

"Gē... Luo Ye is still alive." The young master had an uneasy expression, looking more like he was speaking of his nemesis being still alive rather than a relative.

Following that, the young master did not speak for a long time. However, there was not a single sound from the phone either. Evidently, the young master was quiet not because the master was speaking, but rather, both parties had gone completely silent.

Suddenly, the young master's expression changed, turning darker and darker as he listened attentively. Somewhere in the middle, he gave a

shout of “Gē,” but then froze suddenly. After listening a while longer, he actually roared into the phone, “No way! If you dare to do that, I will never talk to you again!”

The young master hung up the call, full of rage. When he noticed me at the side, he explained in discontent, “Gēge told me to hand the person over to him to deal with.”

The two words “deal with” sounded very ominous. Accompanied with the young master’s expression and the fact that the person who was going to deal with him was the master, I was certain that when he said “deal with,” it was referring to the kind of “methods to deal with someone” that were extremely tidy and made one disappear without a trace.

“Is it a problem of the family inheritance?” I cautiously inquired. *Otherwise, why would he want to deal away with his own uncle?*

The young master froze, and then shook his head saying, “That’s not it. This is a very complex matter. As for the most crucial parts, I-I can’t tell you.”

I smiled as I replied, “Young Master, when it comes to things that you may not speak of or things you do not wish to speak about, of course you are free not to say them. There is no need to feel troubled by it. It is not as though I have told you all the large and small affairs of the Elysees family either, is that not so?”

The young master’s expression seemed relieved. He did not bring it up

again, and merely conversed with me idly.

“Charles, put some bandages in the luggage!” He seemed a little helpless as he said, “My injuries should be fully healed in three days, but since I’ve already pretended to be in an accident, I can only continue this act.”

“As you wish, Young Master.” I carefully scrutinized the young master’s face and said, “Sticking on a band-aid should work for the injury on your face. This way, it would not affect your filming, and perhaps you could even pose it as a kind of fashion statement.”

“Band-aid fashion style? That doesn’t seem too bad!” The young master laughed and said, “Filming a movie seems like it would be very interesting, and Father Alex seems like a good person!”

I quietly said, “Young Master, I believe it would be best not to trust Father Alex too much.”

The young master frowned and asked, “Do you hate Father Alex? Though it feels like he is a fairly good person?”

“I do not think that he is a bad person. It is merely that he might possibly harbor ill intentions toward you or the master, as after all, there have been too many conflicts in the past.”

“There shouldn’t be any hatred between the Church and Gēge. Mainly it’s...” The young master glanced at me, but did not continue. He merely asked in confusion, “Exactly how did X become enemies with the Church? I mean, what happened at the start of it all?”

"Young Master, I am afraid I am not in the know."

I had heard X mention that he and the Church had hunted each other down for a very long time, the animosity accumulating until he could not remember which incidents had occurred. However, he had never once mentioned the reason behind what had started it all. Even when I had asked him about it, I would only get a cold reply of "I forgot."

"Is it possible that...." The young master hesitated for a bit, but still asked, "That X killed someone from the Church first?"

I replied calmly, "Young Master, X has not mentioned a word of his past to me. Perhaps that is the case, or perhaps that is not. I am unable to answer that question."

As for who started this circle of hatred, that was no longer important, for I had already chosen to stand beside X. For the young master to ask a question like that, could it mean that he was starting to feel doubt as to why he was standing on X's side?

The young master gave a disappointed "oh," his expression turning more perplexed.

I could not help but try to explain, "Young Master, the people from the Church are definitely not evil. They protect humans, and that is an undeniable fact."

"But we aren't bad guys either!" The young master looked vexed as he said, "Why do we have to fight each other? What exactly is the

problem?”

“The problem lies in the fact that I am not human.” I spoke in a quiet voice, “As for you, Young Master, you know too many non-humans.”

The young master seemed bewildered and questioned, “Why can’t humans and non-humans get along with each other? I don’t understand. We are just of different races. Is that a big issue?”

Young Master, you are so powerful, so naturally you would not be afraid of us. However, others might not be able to win against non-humans even when armed with a weapon. No rabbit would be willing to stay in the same cage as a lion. No matter how tame the lion appears, who knows when it might go mad and swipe their claws at them. Is it not so?

I hesitated for a while, but still opened my mouth to say, “Young Master, if you intend to side with the Church, then I am afraid I will have to leave your side, so as to avoid possible conflicts that may occur.”

After saying so, I felt uncomfortable. Those words sounded as though I was using myself to threaten the young master, though that was not my intention. I was merely notifying the young master that I would have to do so.

“Charles, what are you saying? As if I would harm X!” The young master seemed a little angry, but his words made me feel at ease, for the young master was always a man of his word.

"So X is more important than me..." The young master muttered softly, as though he was a little jealous. I felt the urge to laugh at that.

The young master seemed to have noticed, and his face turned slightly red. However, he tried his best to keep an earnest expression as he asked, "Charles, do you believe that X is in the right?"

The young master seemed very insistent on the issue of who was in the right or wrong. However when I thought it over, he was a hero, after all. How would it be possible for him not to be concerned over it?

"It is not simply because X is in the right, but rather..." I was at a loss as to how to explain, and took a deep breath before continuing, "I know that I personally would not wish to see him taken away by the Church, so regardless of what happens, I will always be on his side."

The young master seemed deep in thought as he asked, "So this has nothing to do with who's right or wrong?"

"Indeed, this has nothing to do with being right or wrong."

"I think I get it." The young master sighed and asked, "X is your 'Gēge,' right?"

I nodded. "He is both a father and an elder brother to me."

"'Gēge' is indeed someone that cannot be betrayed, no matter what." The young master seemed a little downcast as he murmured, "That was why I had to leave the house. Otherwise, what could I do?"

What is the relation between not being able to betray the master and the need to leave the house? The thought popped into my mind, but I understood it soon after. Though there was not a direct link between the two, it was still relatively easy to comprehend.

The master had never been a good person, but the young master wanted to become a hero. If the young master were to stay at home, it would be difficult to face the injustice that was so close at hand.

"I'm sorry." The young master quietly said, "If I were to probe into the question of who is right or wrong, I ought to start with myself.

"Even if they are both bad guys, X would definitely lose to my Gēge several times over." His tone seemed deprecating as he mocked himself.

Seeing the young master's expression darken, I quickly asked a question to distract him, "Young Master, why did you initially want to become a hero?"

"Hmm? To tell the truth, I had no intentions of becoming a 'hero' at first!"

The young master scratched his face, saying, "At first, all I wanted to do was save Gēge. But Gēge didn't want other people to find out that I'm his dìdì and that I have many strange abilities, so he ordered me to act like a normal boy. Yet I had to go save him no matter what, so in the end, the solution I came up with was to disguise myself with a visor and those clothes."

So that was the case.

"Afterwards, I saw many unpleasant incidents, and I just happened to have a disguise on hand, so I thought I might as well put it on and help them. Without realizing, it somehow ended up like this."

I replied with a smile, "Indeed, it is common to see unpleasant incidents in Sunset City. Young Master, since you chose to live here but are unable to turn a blind eye to it, perhaps you are destined to be a hero."

The young master looked at me as he complained, "It's not like there are more unpleasant incidents in Sunset City than other places. Gēge stays in Daystar City most of the time. After I graduated high school, he immediately moved over, because the security there is good... But I hate it there!"

He emphasized very seriously, "I really, really hate it!"

I was unable to comprehend and asked him, "Why is that so? I heard that the public security and order in Daystar City is excellent, and the city is extremely high-tech and beautiful. It is rare to hear someone say negative remarks about Daystar City, except from non-humans."

As a vampire, Daystar City was a place that I would stay far away from, and naturally a place that I did not want to live in. However, Daystar City has always been considered to be the most ideal city. Many political and business celebrities lived there, so naturally it was not a terrible place to stay.

"The bad guys of Daystar City are different from those in Sunset City."
The young master spoke in a serious manner, "The bad guys there don't use brute force to kill, so it's not something I can stop."

If they do not use brute force to kill, how do they do it then?



"Father, I have sinned." The young master said with a grin.

He sat on the sermon stage disrespectfully. With a flat cap, skate pants, and the band-aid on his face, he looked very much the part of a mischievous teenager. Though he was already over twenty, his baby face seemed to make everyone still regard him as a teenager.

Father Alex was standing below the sermon stage, still dressed in priest robes. This time, the robes were more elaborate than before, with gold decorations adorning the sides of the robe. However, the cross on his neck remained unchanged.

"Is that so?" Father Alex seemed not to take it seriously. On his face was a loving smile, as though he was looking at a child playing a prank. "What sin have you committed?"

"The sin of killing you." The young master pulled out a gun from behind his waist. The grin on his face had at some point turned into a cold smile.

With a wave of Father Alex's hand, a small blade like that of a bamboo leaf appeared in his hand.

With a *clang*, half of the gun barrel in the young master's hand fell off, the cut as clean as if it had been sliced apart with an energy blade...

"Cut!"

"Very good, very good. Once more from the top. Ah Ye, you're doing very well. Please keep it up! Father, your movements need to be even faster, and even more stylish. Just like this!"

Director Xiao walked up front, and as he talked, he demonstrated how to swing the knife. Off to the side, someone immediately rushed to the area below the sermon stage and picked up the part of the gun barrel on the floor, before sticking the sections back to form a complete-looking gun.

The young master's action of pulling out the gun seemed far too smooth. An observant person might see through his cover... Wait, the young master was originally a graduate from the combat major, so being proficient in using guns would be proper. Why do I keep forgetting that?

I sat in the corner of the church, trying my best to hide in the darkness and make myself less conspicuous, though a vampire in the church was something that could not be any more conspicuous.

It was still fine for the church in Sunset City, for only Father Yue was there. At most, there would be a few other absent-minded clergymen or nuns. However, the churches in Daystar City were proper churches, especially since the churches chosen for this film production were all famous cathedrals. They were absolutely forbidden areas for non-

humans!

Ever since I started following the young master, I seemed to have broken many taboos of non-humans, and now to think I would even step into a cathedral. If this were to happen in the past, a war would most likely break out because of it. Yet now, I could actually walk in peacefully. This really made me feel deeply moved by how much the world had changed...

I lowered my head, a computer tablet in my hands. Once in a while, I would raise my head to look at the young master who was filming, checking if he required my services. The majority of the time was spent staring at the tablet with my head lowered. On the screen were the surgical notes that Ah Shuu had sent me. Some even had videos embedded in it and were extremely useful for enriching my knowledge of actual operations.

Even if there was something I did not understand, I could message Ah Shuu. He was online most of the time and would reply to me immediately. It was truly a blessing that I had become acquainted with this classmate!

What Ah Shuu asked for in exchange was occasionally taking a few photos of the young master for him to see, or switching to video call so that his female junior could see me. Neither of these things were difficult to do.

I could not resist wondering. *Should I give Mr. An Te Qi a tablet? If so, I would be able to receive his teachings whenever... Sigh, now that was foolish thinking on my part. Mr. An Te Qi might not even pick up*

his cell phone, let alone a tablet.

“Charles, you there?”

Seeing the message that popped up on the screen, I quickly walked out of the church before I then pressed the call button. On the screen, Ah Shuu appeared with unkempt hair.

“Ah Shuu, did you just wake up?”

Ah Shuu froze, and answered, “No, I’ve been awake for about two to three hours. Why? Do I look like I just woke up?”

“You may have momentarily forgotten to comb your hair,” I politely pointed out.

“It’s not like I’m going to school. Why would I need to comb my hair? Besides, I don’t own a comb, since my hair can be styled by hand with wax. The moment I comb it, it’s all ruined!”

I looked at Ah Shuu’s curly hair. It had looked pretty good the last time I had seen it, but now, its completely untouched state was simply....

Ah Shuu scratched his head, and asked, “Do I look a lot like an auntie?”

I could only nod my head.

“Well, you’re the only one seeing this anyways, so it’s fine even if I look ghastly!”

“May I inquire as to the reason you are looking for me?”

“I got some questions for you.”

I wryly chuckled, “Is it for your female junior again?”

“Yeah! If it were someone else, I wouldn’t even bother!”

“You certainly look after your female junior a lot.” I made a remark with some implications. I had met Ah Shuu’s junior once, and she was unmistakably a cute girl. Her personality was unexpectedly shy. I had thought that Ah Shuu would prefer girls who were more outgoing, but evidently that was not the case.

Ah Shuu let out a “hehe,” and then started recording as he asked, “How old are you?”

“A hundred and fifty-seven years old.”

“Woah!” Ah Shuu’s eyes widened, and he asked, “Then, doesn’t it mean I should call you Great-grandpa Charles?”

I politely explained, “There is no need to do so. Among vampires, I am merely a child who has just reached adulthood.”

“Is that so? Then shouldn’t you be calling me Ah Shuu-gē instead?”

I joked, “If that is your wish.”

Ah Shuu's expression turned into one of disgust, and he continued quickly, "Forget it, forget it! Getting a person who has lived a hundred and fifty-something years to call me Gē? I'm not that old!"

"Next question. You—"

I abruptly felt uneasy, and raised my head. As expected, I saw that something was off, and said in a quiet voice, "Ah Shuu, I will contact you again later."

Following that, I put the computer tablet into the bag that I was carrying around, and looked at the people coming toward me. There were a total of six people uniformly dressed in priest garbs, the type that allowed for easier movement. That was also the kind worn by the people in Sin Elimination Committee.

There were many clergymen walking through this area, but given that the six of them had walked toward me in a straight line with their eyes burning through me, it would be foolish to assume that they were just passing by.

Since our arrival at Daystar City three days prior, I had spent most of the time at the church. The fact that people were only now coming to stir up trouble with me already made me feel very astonished.

They stopped in their tracks at a distance a bit away from me. As expected, they were people from the Sin Elimination Committee, for they knew not to come too close to a vampire. What a pity that they had made an unwise decision to come forth and pick a fight. Judging from their appearances, they all seemed to be full of youthful vigor,

which was probably the reason why.

They glared at me, their expressions ranging from cold to colder, though their imposing manner was a little lacking due to their ages.

I merely returned their gazes with a faint smile.

“Is he really a vampire?” One of the particularly young-looking clergymen turned to his companion and whispered softly, “He doesn’t look like one at all!”

His companion beside him immediately reproached, “Idiot, didn’t you see the info? He’s even a fifth-generation vampire!”

“He doesn’t even look like a vampire...” That clergyman unhappily said, and after that, received glares from his two companions. He quickly straightened up and stopped talking.

I could not resist smiling at that. These young people from the Sin Elimination Committee were rather interesting, and did not seem as remarkably vicious as portrayed in the rumors. Of course, I was referring to the rumors spread among the non-humans.

“Don’t think that you’re something just because you can step into Daystar City! All vampires have sinned without exceptions!”

“Our Lord has spoken, one must not partake in any blood!”

“How dare you defile our church...”

When I heard their words, on the contrary I felt more relieved. People truly intending to attack would never talk so much. If they were here just to run their mouths and taunt, then everything would be all right. Not getting involved in a fight would be the best possible scenario.

“Stop wasting words on him!”

I dodged the scythe coming at me. The blade was about the size of one’s palm and in the shape of a cross, with a bead chain attached at the end. One could throw it out to attack, or use it like a whip and swing it around. If one was skilled with it, it was indeed a rather troublesome weapon.

In my honorable father’s investigation, this kind of cross scythe was one of the Sin Elimination Committee’s basic equipment. The cross was made of silver, making it highly likely to be targeted toward vampires.

I had not thought that they would still make a move in the end, though the person who started it was not one of the younger ones, but the one who looked the most mature and calm. This really makes one feel rather bewildered.

I looked at him. Though his face was full of anger, I could not feel any killing intent from the attacks of the scythe in his hands, and the places he aimed for were not vital points. On the contrary, the youngsters at his side looked extremely excited, their eyes shining with killing intent, and their emotions seeming a lot more genuine.

I started to understand at this point. These young people had likely

been incited to do this. Though the Church had agreed to let me and Melody step into Daystar City and even enter a famous cathedral due to the shooting needs, they would most likely still feel uncomfortable about it. Finding someone to come over and teach me a lesson seemed reasonable.

If they got younger people, they could lay the blame on the hot-headedness of youths, so it would be harder to pursue the matter.

"He's so fast!" The youngest priest sighed in admiration, and was once again greeted by the glares of his companions.

After I dodged the weapon for a while, the other person seemed to feel humiliated by this, and his killing intent grew stronger. *This is truly terrible. Should I let him land a hit once or twice? But he is using a lethal weapon, so if it were to hit me, I would most likely be unable to hide this from the young master.*

This was but a trifle, and I had no wish to pull the young master into this matter. But if he were to see me injured, he would most likely be very angry, to a level outside of the Church's expectations.

After giving it some thought, I simply turned and entered the church. Since their intention was merely to pick a fight and stir up some trouble for me, I doubted that they would give chase.

A black shadow flashed before my eyes, and an object fell from above. When it landed on the ground, it made a strange, dull thud accompanied with the sound of something snapping. It was so sudden that it had nearly landed on me head-on. My alertness was seriously

growing worse. The Church's actions were truly starting to make me feel a little displeased—

A strong smell of blood emanated...

I looked down and saw a man lying on the floor. His head was facing me, his neck bent at an impossible angle. Both his eyes were wide open, almost popping out. I was not too sure if I was overthinking it, but his expression seemed very disinclined, brimming with resentment.

In his current state, he could not be considered as a human anymore, but rather a corpse. His blood was sprayed all over the floor, emitting a sweet scent.

The realization hit me that this was not something done by the Church. No matter how much they loathed me, they would not push someone down to their death right in front of their own cathedral doors.

"Charles!"

The young master dashed out, looking alarmed as he cried out, "Charles, are you all right?"

I raised my head and spoke calmly, "Young Master, I am fine. It is just that someone has fallen off the building."

"Fallen off the building?" Only then did the young master notice the corpse on the floor. He frowned as he took a moment to look it up and down. Following that, his vision was blocked by Father Alex who had immediately rushed over. The other gently chided, "Don't look. This is

not something you ought to see.”

The young master obediently pretended to be afraid and threw himself into my arms. He then pinched me, secretly hinting to let him peek through the gaps.

At this point, a sudden shriek pierced the air. The young master was not shocked by the corpse, but jolted violently at the sound of the scream. Following that, there was more screaming, and chaos unfolded on the scene. Someone yelled to call for an ambulance, but I believed that it was too late for such a thing.

With this kind of situation, we naturally could not continue filming here. Director Xiao could only tell us to go back to the hotel to rest.

The entire film crew utilized a dozen or so black vans, and when they were all driving on the streets, the formation was simply startling. If this were to happen in Sunset City, a large commotion would most likely break out, and many outside broadcast trucks would start following behind the vans. However, Daystar City seemed to be fairly used to this. At most, we would receive a side glance from the occasional passerby, who would then proceed onto their daily lives as per usual.

It had been three days since we had come to Daystar City, and I could see the place lived up to its reputation. The city was very technologically advanced, the streets were clean, and the people on the streets were well-dressed. It seemed that the trend of glowing accessories in Sunset City was not popular here, and even body modifications seemed to be less common here than in Sunset City.

The people here were extremely courteous, and conflicts were rarely seen in the streets. If one were to pull out a weapon in the streets, it would cause a disturbance and much criticism. This would simply be unimaginable in Sunset City.

If one were to pull out their weapon in Sunset City, all that would happen is that the people around them would all start pulling out their weapons.

Truly, these two cities were substantially different from each other. As of now, I could not help but admit that I preferred Daystar City over the other. *Why does the young master hate this place so much?*

The young master was currently engaged in a conversation with Ah Shuu using the tablet computer, replying to some questions such as "What color underwear do you wear the most?" Seeing that he did not require my services, I continued to look out of the window. After all, this was most likely the only time I would be able to step into Daystar City, so it was a good chance to see as much of it as possible.

The more I looked, the more amazed I was. The city was very beautiful, and even the design of their traffic lights was magnificent. If it were not for the fact that this city rejected non-humans, perhaps I would have chosen to stay here.

The young master gave an "ah" and then said, "We've reached the hotel. Ah Shuu, I'm going off now! I'm getting out of the car."

"After you return to the hotel, poke me if you're free. I'll show you

something interesting,” Ah Shuu actually said in a dubious tone.

What exactly is he planning to show the young master? I could not help but worry. Last time he had suddenly sent a remarkably large file and said that it was good stuff meant to be shared with friends. When I opened the file, it actually turned out to be a hundred adult films.

The young master happily agreed, “Okay!”

The film crew had booked several floors of the hotel for us to stay in, including the young master and me. Only Father Alex did not stay in the hotel due to the fact that the church he resided in was nearby.

Once the car arrived, the service staff immediately opened the car door, full of smiles. Even the hotel was extremely comfortable. I personally did not meet a single unfriendly staff, for they always had smiles on their faces. Even most of the guests in the hotel would smile at each other if they were to make eye contact with another.

When we got out of the car, I instructed the driver, “Nitewalker, please do as you have done for the previous two days and return to your hotel room to await orders after you park the car.”

Though he was not driving his own taxi, Nitewalker’s driving was still extremely steady, which made me feel extremely glad to have brought the driver to Daystar City.

“Understood.”

After getting out, we saw a few people waiting in the hotel lobby.

There were not many of them, roughly ten people. Once they saw the film crew walking in, they immediately jumped up from the sofas in excitement.

There had actually been quite a crowd on the first day, mostly comprising of Father Alex's fans. However, once they had realized that he would not be coming over, there had been drastically less people the next day, with a turnout of about ten people. Though the young master was also well-known in this area, it was mostly on the negative side. That was most likely because he was a competitor with the city representative of this area.

Thankfully, there were still people who loved the young master, though rather mysteriously, most of them were ladies above the age of thirty.

The young master also liked them a lot, and frequently allowed them to rub his own head. It looked a lot like a child acting lovably cute to their mother in hopes of getting pampered.

"Ah Ye!"

A few ladies who had also dropped by yesterday came up to him familiarly. Usually the bodyguards would hold them off, but since there were not many of them and the young master did not mind them, the bodyguards stood by the side without moving.

The young master looked at the group of ten ladies or so and asked curiously, "Why did the number of people increase?"

Everyone answered one-by-one: "This is my little sister," "My colleague," "My neighbor," "My mom"...

I see, good things must be shared with friends, is it?

The young master let them rub his head as they wished, and sometimes they even brazenly pinched his cheeks. However, he gave no resistance, and the women turned bolder. They surrounded him persistently and seemed extremely happy as they smiled and giggled.

"You're different from the rumors," one of the younger girls suddenly commented.

The young master seemed puzzled as he asked, "What rumors?"

The women turned quiet for a moment, their expressions looking a little uneasy.

The girl was nervous for a while, and glanced at the young master. Seeing that he was not about to take action, she then boldly answered, "You're the Sun Emperor's little brother, right? Everyone says that you're a big shot, and there's several members of the adjudication squad surrounding you. As long as someone comes close to you and does anything strange, they might even be killed!"

"Killed?" The young master's eyes turned wide as he explained, "I do have bodyguards at home, but I only have four of them. Also, they don't follow me out of the house, and definitely would not kill people who come close to me!"

"Is that so?" The girl seemed to believe his words and murmured softly, "You really are adorable! Even cuter than on television!"

The young master's face turned red, and he muttered, "I'm almost twenty-four..."

"Ah Ye, hurry and go rest!" Director Xiao walked over, and rolled his eyes as he said, "If you want to pick up girls, wait till after the movie is finished! Today we are filming night scenes, so we might have to shoot through the night. Go sleep quickly, and eat something. We're gathering at seven o'clock, got it?"

Pick up girls... I believed that the ladies here were not "girls" to the young master, but "big sisters" and "aunties."

The young master gave an "oh" and obediently replied, "Okay."

However, he still bid farewell to the crowd of women one by one before he left. At this point, most of the film crew had already gone upstairs, so only the young master and I remained in the elevator.

I pressed the elevator button, and the young master suddenly asked, "Charles, do you like it here?" He seemed a little uneasy as he continued, "I feel like you seem to like this place a lot."

"Indeed, I do quite find it quite to my liking," I answered truthfully.

The young master said in a small voice, "But I hate it here."

"Young Master, these are just personal opinions. There is no need to

mind it much.”

“But Gēge also said that there isn’t anything bad about this place.” The young master seemed a little depressed as he said, “Can it be that I’m the only one who is strange?”

“Then, what are Mr. An Te Qi’s thoughts on this?” *In my opinion, Mr. An Te Qi might possibly prefer Sunset City?*

The young master helplessly said, “Bàba doesn’t care which city he is in. He only knows his own lab!”

... *That is true.*

“But Ezart hates it here, too!”

The young master abruptly said, and his expression turned much more relieved. When he stepped out of the elevator, the worry was gone from his face.

One must really thank Ezart for this. *I wonder how he has been doing lately?* Last time, he told the young master that he was going on an adventure to a mysterious, large oriental tomb. However, it seemed to be illegal to do so, as it was stated on his contract that he was not to reveal which tomb it was.

As per usual, Ezart said that he would mail back some souvenirs to the young master. Thus, we had received a small knife last time. The note that accompanied it had these words messily scribbled on it: “My reward. The others said it’s the Yu Chang Sword.¹ Well, I don’t have

time to write more! I got another job exploring old tombs, gotta go. Bye.”

He had not even signed his name, so if it were not for the fact that only Ezart would mail something like that to us, we would likely not have been able to figure out the identity of the sender.

Thus, I could only buy a climate-controlled safe of the best quality so as to carefully preserve this artifact that was claimed to be the Yu Chang Sword, as well as to store future artifacts that would continue to arrive in Styrofoam boxes from delivery services.

The young master sighed, “I wonder when Ezart will come back. It’s been a long time since I had midnight snacks with him.”

Even if he wanted news from Ezart, the young master would not call him. The reception at ancient tombs was not great, and most of the time the call would not go through. Even if it did, it could possibly bring fatal danger to Ezart.

The phone would not connect nine out of ten times, and even if it were to connect, it might cause Ezart’s death. Thus, the young master stopped calling Ezart and merely waited for Ezart to call him.

Once he entered the room, the young master said he was going to take a shower. Normally he showered twice a day, once when he came back from his morning exercise, and a second time at night. Even though he did not have time for his exercise now due to having to film in the early morning, he still kept his habit of showering in the morning.

Is it purely because he likes taking showers, or is there another reason for doing so? Perhaps I can ask the young master in the future.

Since we were staying at the hotel, there were no household chores to be done. Therefore, I could only switch on my tablet, and tried to inquire and admonish, "Ah Shuu, what are you planning to send to the young master? Please do not send him any erotic films."

I was not sure what Ah Shuu was doing, but he was stunned for a long time before he regained his senses. He yelled, "What do you mean erotic films! Sending those to Ah Ye is too perverted! I'm not some perverted uncle who takes pleasure in corrupting the young!"

"... I believe the young master is older than you?"

"Like heck! Ah Ye is a year younger than me, okay? I played around for a few years before I went on to university!"

Ah Shuu seemed awkward as he said, "But you're right, Ah Ye isn't a child. Sheesh, I forgot, okay! Looking at his face makes me think he's in high school... But wait, high-schoolers would probably have already watched AVs ages ago, so sending him some wouldn't be a big deal!"

He grabbed at his hair that was already messy enough, as he shouted, "It's all because your young master looks too pure! Just thinking of sending AVs to him makes people feel guilty! Don't tell me he really is an angel?"

I laughed as I said, "Even if you were to send them, the young master

would probably not have much interest in them.”

“A man who has no interest in adult videos?” Ah Shuu frowned as he asked, “Don’t tell me Ah Ye has never had a girlfriend before?”

“The young master already has a fiancée.”

Ah Shuu’s eyes turned wide. “Are you for real... Oh, you mean like an arranged marriage between rich families?” He blurted out his assumed conclusion.

I quickly explained, “Nothing of the sort. The young master was the one who decided on his fiancée!”

“Is that so? Then, is she pretty?”

Pretty... “Miss Briar is certainly rather adorable,” I answered honestly. After all, she was merely thirteen, so it was difficult to describe her as beautiful.

“From your tone, it doesn’t seem like she’s very pretty...”

“Please hold on a moment,” I told him, for my cell phone was ringing. Taking a look at the name displayed on the screen, I then picked up and greeted, “Mr. Luo Ye, greetings.”

Though the other did not speak, heavy breathing could be heard over the line. One could tell that Mr. Luo Ye was extremely agitated right now.

"Are you coming over?" I cautiously inquired.

I did not think that my words would set off a trigger, and he immediately growled, "If you don't want me to look for Ah Ye, then just tell me straight! There's no need to do this! N-No matter what, I'm still his father. How could he do such an unfilial thing?"

"What are you talking about?" I inquired in shock. "The young master has not done anything."

"He hasn't?" Luo Ye gave a laugh, one filled with sorrow.

I could feel that something was terribly wrong, and quickly asked, "Where are you? Please, would it be possible if we meet up and talk about this?"

The other fell silent for a long while, his breathing becoming rapid.

A thought suddenly flashed across my mind, and the words slipped out, "Please believe the young master, he truly would not want to harm you!"

"Very well!" Mr. Luo Ye gritted his teeth as he said, "If he wants me to die, then Ah Ye should come over and kill me personally!"

As I thought! My expression darkened as I heard his current whereabouts.

"If he truly still wants to see me, then he should come faster," Mr. Luo Ye indifferently said and then hung up the phone.

I immediately knocked on the bathroom door and called, "Young Master!"

"Huh?" The sound of the water flowing gradually grew softer.

"Mr. Luo Ye's life is in danger."

Roughly ten seconds later, the young master dashed out of the shower. Most likely he had just arbitrarily wiped himself a few times, so his clothes were all soaked by the water still on his body, and his hair was even still dripping wet.

"Where is he?" He asked, extremely flustered. He looked as though he was about to jump straight out the window after asking this, which was typical behavior of Dark Sun when he was in Sunset City.

I reminded, "Young Master, the French window in the hotel cannot be opened. Also, Dark Sun does not exist in Daystar City, so please follow me."

The young master froze, and could only follow me obediently. As we went downstairs, I gave a call to Nitewalker and explained that we were pressed on time and we needed him to drive out immediately.

Thankfully, we had our own driver. Even if the car he was driving was not his own, I believed that with his ability, it would still move at a superhuman first-class speed.

When we reached the hotel entrance, the black van was already

waiting. It was true that Nitewalker's room was at a floor a lot lower than ours, but his speed was still extraordinary. It seemed that Nitewalker did not just drive fast, he also moved very quickly.

After getting on and reporting the address, I could finally relax a little. However, I noticed a serious problem. "Young Master, you forgot to put on your shoes!"

The young master froze for a moment, and then looked down at his bare feet. Following that, he calmly said, "It's okay. Charles, call Luo Ye. I want to speak to him."

I immediately did so, but could only inform him in an apologetic tone, "Young Master, the call did not go through. Should I continue calling?"

The young master shook his head, and shouted at the driver's seat, "Nitewalker, faster! Go the fastest you can!"

Nitewalker glanced at the rear mirror and asked, "Even if people realize there's something strange?"

The young master's expression changed, but he then said through clenched teeth, "It's fine!"

Nitewalker violently spun the steering wheel, and we switched directly from the middle lane to the shoulder, causing a series of honking. As we climbed up the side of the building afterwards, the sound of the car horns abruptly stopped.

Down below, unrest finally stirred in the always calm and collected

crowd of Daystar City.

Footnotes

¹ **“Yu Chang Sword”**: (魚腸劍) The Yu Chang Sword is one of ten famous swords from China. The first character 魚 (yú) means fish, while the second character 腸 (cháng) means intestines. The name may come from the pattern of the sword looking like the intestines of a fish, or because the sword is small enough to fit in the bowels of a fish. It is also known as the Sword of Bravery, as it was a sword used by the cook Zhuan Zhu to assassinate King Liao of the Wu state, with the sword coming out from the fish served to the king.

Chapter 6: Paradise, the Ideal City

Take a deep breath... deep breath, at least I'm still alive!

As for experimental subjects, there are bound to be plenty in this place!

I put my arm around Ezart's shoulders, which was quite difficult to achieve. After all, he was a lot taller than the average human.

"Ezart, next time remember to leave at least two for me to observe, got it?" I emphasized the two words "got it."

The other scratched his head as he muttered, "If it weren't for the fact that An Te Qi doesn't know the art of disguise, I would have thought you were that guy... Besides, why two? Even for An Te Qi, one is enough. You're even more troublesome than him!"

"I didn't even ask you for two males and two females! I'm an anthropologist, specializing in researching behavior patterns. If there is only one left, I would not be able to research their interactions with each other." I was a little curious and asked, "But who exactly is this An Te Qi that you speak of?"

"He's a weirdo doctor, and the kind who likes to dissect stuff for research."

"I don't really enjoy cutting up stuff." At most, I just like stabbing.

"Both of you love 'research.' It's just that he likes to play with the

dead ones and you like the live ones."



I glanced at the young master's extremely anxious expression. Although Mr. Luo Ye was not his biological father, he was still this frantic. *Could there be a reason for it, or is it purely because this person is his uncle... His uncle in name.*

The young master turned to look at me and started to speak, but halted mid-way. "Gēge, he... No, forget it."

I was a little confused, but the young master had already informed me that there were some issues that he could not talk to me about, so I ought not to ask further.

Once we reached the scene, the young master leaped out of the car anxiously, shouting "Luo Ye" into the empty air.

I exited the car, slightly surprised. This place did not look like it was a part of Daystar City, and it was not even comparable to Sunset City. The buildings were old and dilapidated, the streets were bleak without even a single lit sign board, and it was extremely filthy. There were only a few homeless people lying around in the corners of the streets. The place appeared as though it was abandoned.

Under Nitewalker's best efforts, the car had traveled at most thirty to forty kilometers away from our hotel in a mere ten minutes. *How could there possibly be such a large difference?*

"Luo Ye! Shūshu!" The young master scampered around while yelling

loudly, attracting a lot of attention from the homeless, especially since he was not even wearing shoes.

Nitewalker also exited the car. He asked, "Looking for someone?"

"Indeed."

"The gentleman from before?"

I pondered for a moment before answering, "My speed is faster, so you can just accompany the young master as we split up and look for him. If anything happens, we will contact each other by cell phone." The young master had not even remembered his shoes, let alone his cell phone.

"Got it."

I shouted loudly, "Young Master, I will head to the left, so please start searching from the right."

The young master turned back and yelled, "Okay!"

After parting from the young master, I wove in and out between the buildings. I began to find the situation odder and odder. It was technically incorrect to say that this place was not developed, for there were many large buildings around, and it did not look like a rural village that had not undergone commercial development. However, all the buildings had been abandoned, with only a few homeless people living in them. It was truly peculiar—

I froze in my tracks as soon as I heard a faint sound. *Was that a gunshot?*

The sound was not loud and was rather muffled. If it were not for the fact that it was a quiet area and that I had been paying close attention to any noises to help find the person I was searching for, I probably would not have noticed it.

I walked to the window. It was just the third floor, so I could not see far into the distance. *Could it be that the young master has run into trouble? Or perhaps it was just some insignificant noise?*

I should go back and take a look! I was just about to jump down through the window when I heard a faint sound from behind. It was a very small and light “swish” sound, as though the bottom of someone’s foot had lightly brushed against the ground.

I bent my knees slightly, and with a large backward flip, I sailed over a large part of the area and then landed silently. The other was seated behind a pile of waste, and was currently looking at the place where I had originally stood through the reflection of the small mirror they held in their hands.

The other abruptly raised his head, and immediately fired a few shots at me.

“Mr. Luo Ye, I am Charles, the young master’s butler!” I promptly called out.

But against my expectations, his voice was full of grief and indignation

as he asked, "Did Ah Ye order you to come and kill me? He's not even going to personally come over and do it himself?"

"There is no such matter! The young master is also looking for you on the other end of this place. The place was just too large, so we could only split up to look for you."

As I explained, I observed the other. He had a lot of injuries, many of them still bleeding, and there were even some traces of gunshot wounds. *He has to be treated immediately!*

"Please believe me." Once the other stopped firing, I stood still in my place, so as to avoid triggering him and causing him to suspect me further. "That gun does not have much of an effect on me. You have already seen how fast I move. If I truly wanted to kill you, you would have already been dead."

At this point, Mr. Luo Ye hesitated for a while. He finally put down his handgun and asked, "Ah Ye really doesn't want to kill me? Does he really understand that I just wished to see him? I had absolutely no intent to seize his family inheritance or make use of him!"

I calmly answered, "The young master is a lot more simple-minded than you think. Such questions would never have crossed his mind. The person who wishes to kill you is definitely not my young master."

"B-But he was raised by my brother, raised by that heartless fellow..."

Luo Ye mumbled for a while. He raised his head and looked at me.

"You still have not made any moves. It seems that I really should trust Ah Ye."

I sighed in relief and said, "Please follow me. We will immediately escort you to the hospital—"

"No!" Mr. Luo Ye rejected the idea immediately. He stubbornly answered, "If I go to the hospital, I'll have no chance of survival! I'm not sure who is trying to kill me, but as long as they find me, I will definitely get killed!"

"Then please, at least accompany me to find the young master—"

Midway through my words, a loud sound rang out in the distance. This time, it was unmistakably the sound of gunfire, and in that direction was—

"Young Master!"

I turned to leave, but heard Mr. Luo Ye shout behind me, "Bring me along!"

The sound of something hitting the ground? I looked back and saw Mr. Luo Ye who had tumbled to the ground, his face ashen. There was a trail of blood from where he had originally been sitting...

The young master was extremely powerful, much more so than me. Moreover, he had Nitewalker with him. He did not require my assistance, but Mr. Luo Ye very much needed it. Even if I went over with Mr. Luo Ye, that would only put him in danger. In that case, I would have to be responsible for protecting Mr. Luo Ye, and that would once again make the young master feel guilty about forcing me into

another battle.

“We will not be going over. Please allow me to deal with your injuries first.”

I walked over to Mr. Luo Ye’s side and crouched down to check on his injuries. It was a lot worse than I had initially thought, and he had lost a lot of blood, too. His clothes were all soaked with blood, but due to his dark-colored clothing, it had not been obvious when I saw him from afar just now.

“What nonsense are you spouting?” Mr. Luo Ye roared in rage, “Ah Ye is in danger! Aren’t you a vampire? Hurry up and go save him!”

I calmly explained, “The young master is from a combat major and is extremely powerful. In addition, he has another person with him. In contrast, your injuries are immensely serious and need to be treated as soon as possible.”

“I’m okay!” Mr. Luo Ye growled in a low voice, but his extreme agitation appeared to worsen his injuries. His face immediately twisted in pain, and he lowered his head while panting heavily.

I picked up the small bag at my side and retrieved my tablet computer.

“Ah Shuu.”

“What’s up?” His curiosity seemed to be piqued as he asked, “How strange, both the master and servant seem to be really interested in me today. Today has been the most you have poked me ever since

you got that tablet!”

I had no desire to continue playing around with him, and immediately turned the tablet computer to face Mr. Luo Ye. I moved the tablet up and down and asked, “Ah Shuu, can you take a look at this person’s injuries, and direct me as to how to deal with them?”

“Are you able to see this clearly?” I was a little worried as I asked, “He has lost a lot of blood, and his clothes are dark-colored, so you might not be able to see it clearly—”

“I can see it very clearly. The bleeding must be stopped immediately!” Ah Shuu’s tone turned extremely serious as he said, “Charles, do you have surgical tools on you—Forget it, you probably don’t. Inform me of whatever you can find on hand.”

I instantly replied, “I can use my blood ability to materialize any tools, as long as you describe them to me. If I can take a glance at them, that would be even better.”

“Wait for me!” Ah Shuu answered back. He was likely retrieving his surgical tools.

“Go find Ah Ye!” Mr. Luo Ye glared at me in extreme rage. However, I simply tried my best to secure the tablet to my shoulder with my blood ability so that Ah Shuu could see the situation, and I would not be hindered by it as I treated the injuries.

When I was done securing it, I looked back briefly just in time to see Mr. Luo Ye press the gun against his temple.

“Go and find Ah Ye.” He threatened, “Don’t think that I don’t dare to fire—”

I bared my fangs and pounced on him, biting down on the side of Mr. Luo Ye’s neck...

“Why did you bite him?” Ah Shuu’s voice came from my shoulder, and he asked in puzzlement, “Did you decide not to save him anymore and are planning to eat him instead?”

I lowered Mr. Luo Ye to lay flat on the ground as I answered, “A vampire’s teeth can release a type of fluid that has a similar effect to anesthetics, so I will use it as a replacement for now.”

However, it was rare for me to use it. That was because I seldom took blood from humans directly. Even if I really did so, I would most likely not require such a method.

“Oh, so you are still saving him. Okay, then look at these operation tools.”

I retrieved the tablet to carefully scrutinize the tools that Ah Shuu was showing me. Thankfully, I had previously attempted to research more into controlling my blood ability by studying Poseidynne’s abilities, so as to forge better rapiers and shields. Forging these tools before me should not be a problem.

“Then, cut open his clothes, so that I can check his injuries... Ignore the gunshot wounds for now and deal with the large wounds. Do you

have clean cloth and thread?"

I frowned as I answered, "I only have three handkerchiefs. Though they are unused, they are not sterilized. I do, however, have a needle and thread on hand."

I had a sewing kit in the small bag at my side, stashed in the event that the young master needed a sudden fix such as sewing on buttons.

Ah Shuu straightforwardly answered, "It's still better than not having anything. Let's do this one at a time. As for the other wounds, put some pressure on them to stop the bleeding first. Urgh, you only have two hands, what to do..."

"I can use my blood ability to assist with that. Just state what needs to be done. If it is truly out of my capabilities, I will inform you so."

"Okay."

In the middle of the treatment, my phone rang. I pressed the speaker key, and then placed the phone in my front breast pocket as I continued treating the wounds.

The young master spoke in an anxious voice, "Charles! Are you okay? Were you attacked?"

"Young Master, I am fine. However, Mr. Luo Ye is injured. I am currently in the process of treating his wounds, so please head left, about eight hundred meters away. We are on the third floor of a building with a red signboard."

I followed Ah Shuu's instructions and sewed up the cleaner wounds. At the same time, I memorized the location of the three gunshot wounds, for I would go back and deal with those later.

When I completed everything and saw that Mr. Luo Ye was still breathing steadily, I finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Ah Shuu excitedly said, "Charles, you really do have talent for being a surgeon. Do you want to consider changing your profession? You don't even need to use anesthetics and scalpels in your operations! So cost-effective! Come to my family's hospital. We'll employ you with a high salary!"

I forced a smile. *If possible, I would still wish not to have that many opportunities to operate.*

"No way! Charles has to be my butler, so he can't be a surgeon."

This made me jump in shock. When I turned around, I saw the young master and Nitewalker standing behind me. "Young Master! When did the two of you arrive?"

Nitewalker pointed to the injury on Mr. Luo Ye's left thigh and answered, "When you started sewing up that wound."

That was the second to last wound that I had sewn up. *To think that I had not sensed the young master and Nitewalker's arrival in the least bit.*

“Charles, you’re really awesome!” The young master praised, “I didn’t think that An Te Qi-bàba would really manage to teach you so well within such a short period of time!”

If anything, it was Ah Shuu who taught me well. But that is not exactly correct either. I have not truly been taught at all!

“Ah Ye, Ah Ye, are you all right?” Mr. Luo Ye gave a few groans. Although he did not seem well, he continued to be more concerned about the young master. “Ah Ye?”

The young master quickly went forward to help Mr. Luo Ye up.

“Are you injured?” Mr. Luo Ye scanned the young master.

“No.” Though the young master said so, there were actually many scrapes on his body, especially on the soles of his feet, where the dirt and blood had mixed together into a mess. However, the young master was probably not lying, since indeed, he would not think of wounds of such degrees as injuries.

I originally thought that the young master would at least inquire about what happened, but he did not say a single word. He only picked up Mr. Luo Ye and said, “Let’s go back to the hotel.”

Once we got in the car, Luo Ye looked at the young master with a grateful and happy face. He was evidently tired though, and did not have much energy to speak. It did not take him long to fall into a deep sleep.

The young master looked at him with a complex expression. Up until now, I still could not tell whether the young master's feelings toward Mr. Luo Ye's arrival were positive or negative.

"Young Master, were you two attacked?" I inquired quietly.

The young master nodded, his expression turning solemn in an instant.

"Since you are filming, you might not have time to investigate. Should we request for Melody to go?"

The young master said a little weakly, "There's no need to investigate. It's the adjudication squad."

The adjudication squad... I suddenly understood.

It was the master!

Before I could delve any further into that line of thought, my cell phone rang. The number of times my phone rang nowadays was really beginning to increase. Most of the time, they were looking for the young master, though the people looking for me had increased too, such as Ah Shuu and Curtis.

"Charles, where the hell did Ah Ye run off to?" Once I picked up, I heard Director Xiao complain indignantly, "We agreed to meet at seven, but now it's already eight o'clock. Even he's pulling a diva act, he should be here by now!"

I quickly explained, "Something happened to the young master's uncle,

so we went over to deal with it. We are about to reach the hotel soon.”

Director Xiao swore for quite a while, and finally concluded by shouting, “Hurry and get over here!”

“Understood!”

The young master turned to look at me.

“It was Director Xiao. We have missed the meeting time.”

The young master nodded and said to me, “Charles, help me carry my uncle upstairs once we’re there. Nitewalker, follow them and don’t leave their side. If it’s too late by the time I return to the room, then just go to sleep before me!”

At this point, he stared me right in the eyes as he said, “Charles, in the near future, I might be very busy, so you have to obediently go and sleep. Don’t you dare stay up and wait for me!”

“... As you wish.”

There were only a few people in the hotel lobby. It seemed that some had headed over to the filming location first. Director Xiao had both arms crossed, looking as though he was about to explode in anger. He seemed to have waited for the young master’s return to deal with him. Even the other people with him had dissatisfied expressions on.

Before he walked up to them, the young master quietly told me, “Charles, bring Shūshu upstairs.”

"As you wish." I was a little worried, but still supported Mr. Luo Ye with Nitewalker's help as we walked straight ahead.

The moment the young master walked up to the crowd, he immediately bowed and apologized, "Sorry, I am late."

"So you know that, too?" Director Xiao burst into a lecture, "You're still a newbie. Let me tell you, don't act as though you're a bigshot. Before this, I thought you were a rarely seen good kid. I didn't think that you would change so much in such a short while!"

As Director Xiao scolded him non-stop, his assistant beside him nervously whispered, "D-Director Xiao, he's the Sun Emperor's little brother!"

Director Xiao glared at him and roared, "So what? I know Ah Ye well, and this is not the first time I've chewed him out. When have I not scolded him when we were shooting? I'm still living just fine, ain't I? Like hell I'll be scared!"

After he reprimanded the assistant, he then turned back to continue lecturing the young master. The young master, however, did not say a single word in return, but merely listened to him with his head lowered. He was only wearing a thin T-shirt with cropped pants, and was not even wearing shoes. His feet were dirty, and his appearance was quite pitiful...

I walked past the young master. Though I truly wanted to stay with him to bow down and apologize together, I could not do so.

“Why are you giving me that pathetic act? To think you aren’t even wearing shoes! If you were to get injured, how would we film later? So the scratch on your face wasn’t enough for you? Believe me, I’ll sue you for breaching the contract!”

I heard the young master’s timid voice from behind me, “I was in too much of a hurry so I forgot to put on my shoes. I’m sorry...”

I could not help but turn back to look, and happened to see the assistants and the surrounding people trying to soothe the director one after another, “Director Xiao, don’t be angry at him anymore!”

Director Xiao still had an enraged expression, but he suddenly shot a baffled look at the people trying to dissuade him. All of them were staring at the young master in pity, their previous dissatisfaction having more or less faded.

“Weren’t you all cursing him even more than I was just now? What’s with the sudden change of attitude?”

The assistant said in a hushed tone, “He looks so pitiful. It really seems like he didn’t do it on purpose!”

Director Xiao looked as though he had seen a ghost, and turned toward the young master in doubt. The young master just happened to be sneaking a peek at him; because of his lowered head, he was looking upwards cautiously. The moment he caught Director Xiao looking at him, he immediately retracted his gaze and returned to staring at his toes, remorse written on his face.

Director Xiao looked the young master up and down. This made the young master so nervous that he seemed not to know what to do. He did not dare to move at all. Only his toes twitched around uneasily.

“This pitiful look of yours doesn’t seem half bad? Stylist! Call the stylist over!”

“Huh?”

The young master raised his head, seeming lost. Watching Director Xiao order the stylist about, he obediently stood in place to let the stylist do their job, seemingly used to it. In the end, the hotel staff went up to them to request that they do not do their styling in the middle of the lobby. Only then did the group of people charge over to the black van in a grandiose manner, driving off without a second glance.

Seeing this, I finally felt a little more relieved. When I turned around, I saw that Mr. Luo Ye’s face had turned extremely pale...

“Mr. Luo Ye! My sincerest apologies, we will head upstairs now!”

A smile stretched out onto Mr. Luo Ye’s face as he said, “Don’t worry, seeing you so concerned about him makes me very happy, too.”

His voice was so feeble that I felt frightened, and I quickly supported him as we headed to the room.

Along the way, I was a little upset as I said, “Nitewalker, if I get

distracted again in the future, please call my attention back.”

Nitewalker asked doubtfully, “Is this also part of a chauffeur’s job scope?”

I was somewhat at a loss for words. However, Nitewalker did not wait for my reply, and seemed to have come to his own conclusion as he commented, “You are a butler, yet you also have to be a doctor. Very well, I will call out to you next time.”



When we returned to the room, I checked Mr. Luo Ye’s wounds carefully. There were a total of three bullet wounds, which truly made me feel a little uneasy...

“There should be two more bullets stuck inside.” Mr. Luo Ye even said so himself.

As I had suspected, these are not injuries that I should be treating.

Mr. Luo Ye vigilantly warned, “You have to swear not to bring me to the hospital, or I’ll leave immediately!”

I raised my head and sincerely beseeched, “Mr. Luo Ye, I must remind you that I am not professionally-trained medical personnel, so it may be risky if I treat it. If any undesirable consequences were to happen as a result, that would be extremely regrettable.”

Although I may have had the fine-sounding title of a medical student, I had merely attended a few days of classes before the classes were

canceled... To top it off, I had not even gotten into the course through my own efforts; I had dissected every part of the human body under Doctor An Te Qi's orders in the past, but those were, after all, dead people. They could not possibly die a second time from my dissection. Under Ah Shuu's instructions just now, I had stitched up many wounds, but that was just sewing. For a butler, sewing was an essential subject to study. It was just that the material for sewing changed from cloth to skin, so it was not a terribly big difference.

However, the task now was to extract bullets from a living person! "I can tell that you did a pretty good job before. Just do the same thing now."

"Perhaps I could manage stitching wounds together, but these are gunshot wounds, and the bullets are still stuck inside. I am afraid that this is beyond my capabilities."

Mr. Luo Ye crawled up from the bed, his expression immediately turning paler, as sweat dotted his forehead. However, he did not speak, and forced himself to stand up. No matter how I tried to stop him, he would wave off my hand stubbornly, and staggered at a faltering pace toward the door.

Though Nitewalker was blocking the door and could not possibly let Mr. Luo Ye leave, it was impossible for Mr. Luo Ye to withstand any kind of torment in his current condition.

"I swear, in the name of my honorable father, that I absolutely will not send you to the hospital."

Mr. Luo Ye froze in his tracks. He turned to look at me, and smiled.
"You are an honest child."

I am a hundred years older than you. I sighed, and went up to bite him. Looking at the unconscious patient, I once again opened my tablet.

"Ah Shuu, teach me how to remove bullets..."



Thankfully, there was a second set of bedsheets in the closet. If the hotel staff were to change the sheets, they might directly call the police upon seeing the bed covered in fresh blood.

After taking another close look at Mr. Luo Ye lying on the bed and confirming that his breathing was stable, I turned to ask, "Nitewalker, could you stay here and look after Mr. Luo Ye? Um, may I inquire if you are good at combat?"

I hesitated for a moment, before I then asked another question, "Would you mind taking part in battle?"

"I am very strong and like to fight!" Nitewalker bluntly said. "Where are you going? The young master told you to obediently go and sleep."

"I remembered that the young master has yet to eat dinner. As a result, I am planning to go out and buy some food for the young master to eat upon his return. I am merely buying a late-night snack, and will go to sleep once I return."

Nitewalker gave it some thought before agreeing, "Okay." He lay sideways on the long sofa, turned on the television, and started channel-hopping.

I looked at him, and abruptly recalled another matter. I asked, "Nitewalker, when the two of you were being attacked, did you take part in the battle? Did the young master stop you?"

"I did." Nitewalker nodded. Then, he shook his head and said, "No, the young master only said that I had good fighting skills."

So I am the only one he would stop from doing so? I could not help but feel a little regretful about the promise that I had made with the young master not to fight. However, how was I to know at that time that the young master was... A master whom others would be willing to fight for?

I ought to find a time to talk about this matter with the young master.

I walked over to the dining hall. Though it was almost eleven o'clock, there were still a dozen or so people present. After looking at the operating hours of the store and confirming it closed at twelve, I concluded that, as I had expected, takeaway was the only option we had. Though the hotel provided room service, it was highly likely that the young master would not be willing to wake us up with the noise it might make.

I ordered several dishes with bread and milk. Hopefully, these would be enough for the young master. Though the flavor would definitely be compromised after leaving the food out for a while, it would just have

to do for now—

“Hi!”

I turned to see a woman standing to the side. She was wearing an exquisite silver mermaid dress, her lips painted a bold red. Though her facial features were not remarkably striking, she still looked rather beautiful due to her carefully styled look.

“You’re really handsome.” As she said so, she reached out a hand to touch my face.

I took a step back to avoid it. I had encountered bold ladies before, but it was simply not common for someone in such formal dress to do such a thing.

She said in a disappointed tone, “You’re so good-looking. No wonder I’m not your cup of tea.”

I politely replied, “That was not my intention. It is just that this is our first time meeting each other. I am not used to the closeness.”

“So what?” The female invited with implications, “Wanna go with me?”

“My apologies, I am still in the middle of work.”

I felt a little awkward. If this were to happen on the streets of Sunset City, it would have been much easier to deal with. That was because people flirting with each other was basically part of the street scenery in Sunset City, be it between men and women, women and women, or

men and men. However, the current situation was at a dining hall in Daystar City. The people around us were already gossiping among themselves while peeking over from the corner of their eyes. I was truly at a loss on what to do next.

“Work?” The lady did not seem to believe me and asked sarcastically, “What kind of job doesn’t allow you to get off work even at eleven o’clock? Don’t tell me you work twenty hours a day?”

I calmly replied, “I am a butler. As long as my master requires me, all twenty-four hours a day are my work hours.”

“Butler? So a butler can be as handsome as you?” She seemed to finally believe me, but the situation did not turn for the better. As she spoke, she moved closer step by step, “If all butlers were as handsome as you, I would also want to employ one!”

I retreated bit by bit, almost backing onto the balcony. I could not endure much longer and waved at the service staff to ask, “May I inquire if the meal that I ordered is ready?”

“I will help you ask the kitchen.” The server’s expression was rather subtle. It seemed like he was trying to keep a professional smile on, but it looked more like he was sniggering to himself. His expression was extremely inappropriate, and the fact that he had not taken the initiative to help a customer in trouble was unacceptable.

However, now was not the time to be rating the service staff. Rather, I needed to properly find a way to settle the matter without being disrespectful.

“Okay, I’ll stop playing with you, you poor thing.”

Just as I was at my wit’s end, the girl took a step backwards out of her own volition. This made me heave a huge sigh of relief. If her intention was merely to tease me, there was no harm done, though it made me feel rather resigned.

“Could you stand here and wait for me?” She begged persistently.

“Just for a little moment.”

I was a little troubled, but the server nearby had crossed both hands in an “X” shape—*Why is he not coming over*—indicating that my order was not ready yet. Standing here was not a problem anyways, so I nodded my head.

She pounced over and gave me a kiss. Although it was just a courteous hug and a peck on the cheek, it was still extremely embarrassing when the other person was a stranger, and with onlookers sneakily glancing over.

She ran toward the balcony, her laughter like tinkling bells. Though she had a mature appearance, the way she held herself was innocent and carefree, which made me momentarily feel less bothered about what had just happened. However, the onlookers had started gossiping among themselves. They did not speak loudly, but there were still many words that could be vaguely heard and most of them... were not good remarks.

Both of her palms rested on the balcony as she looked at the night

view outside. No one was at the balcony despite there being seating, for the wind was rather strong. It was not suitable for one to have a meal in such a place, and the wind was too much even for occasionally walking out to observe the evening scenery.

She spun around and actually sat on the railings of the balcony, humming a song. She looked very content despite the alarming situation.

I quickly said, "That's too dangerous. Please come back down!"

She turned with a smile. "Thanks! Being able to chat with a hottie like you at the very end was really nice."

At the very end?

The silver mermaid dress suddenly vanished. I rushed over with my x-speed, and looked down. Her silver silhouette was descending at high speed.

Seeing the situation, I immediately jumped after her, but was unable to keep up with her falling speed. She raised her head and glanced at me, seeming a little surprised. Following that, she smiled before quickly falling down further from me. In the end, she turned into a pool of blood that blossomed across the ground.

I slowly landed beside the blossom of blood with slight regret. If I had immediately jumped after her instead of looking downwards from the handrails before I jumped, perhaps I would have been able to save her in time.

But the incident had been too abrupt. My first thought had been along the lines of suicide, but I had also suspected the possibility that she had undergone modification or was perhaps even a non-human. In such a case, she would have been fine even if she jumped off a building, so I had thought she was simply teasing me still... I had forgotten that this was Daystar City, not Sunset City.

This was the second time, the second time I had seen a suicide since arriving here only three days ago.

Perhaps...

There was truly something terribly wrong with this city.

Chapter 7: Paradise, the Ideal City

"Unbelievable!"

The whole exploration team started dancing in excitement, myself included. Only Ezart was extraordinarily calm, keeping his cool as he surveyed the area for danger as per usual.

I asked him in disbelief, "Don't you think that everything in front of your eyes is absolutely incredible? We went into an ancient tomb, yet we are seeing technology that far surpasses the current age!"

"Hah? Of course it's unbelievable! But I've seen plenty more unbelievable things. If you want to continue being awed by it, then first you got to stay alive!"

In that moment, I felt great respect for the man. As expected, I had also fallen into the trap of stereotyping someone, and had subconsciously regarded him as a coarse person with great fighting skills. I had truly been too foolish. Really, no one at Ri Xiang Ye's side could be a simple person.

"What exactly do you want? There's too many things here, and the journey back is very treacherous. If you don't have a death wish, then you shouldn't carry anything too heavy, so we can't bring much with us." As he spoke, he gave a vicious glare at the rest of the team, stopping them from clearing out the whole place.

I looked at the whole laboratory—my sole wish was to spend a year or so here. "How much time do I have to look around?"

Ezart frowned as he answered, "I'll give you three hours, and then we're scrambling!"



"The suicide rate in Daystar City ranks the highest across the world."

I was stunned for a while by Curtis's reply before I asked, "Why is that so?"

"Are you asking for a detailed essay explaining it, or would a personal opinion be sufficient?"

"A personal opinion, of course. I am merely a little curious as to why the young master dislikes Daystar City," I said with a wry smile. It was a matter of simple curiosity, so I simply wanted to know Curtis's thoughts on it.

"Very well. The pace of living in Daystar City is extremely hectic, which puts a great amount of pressure on everyday life. The price of goods is the highest in the world, and the same goes for the dense concentration of banking and corporate businesses. Many strike it rich, but many also suffer great losses, to the point where even if they wanted to commit suicide, the only options available to them are jumping off a building or getting hit by a car, for they hold absolutely nothing to their name... Truthfully, I am rather surprised that your young master would know of such matters."

"Oh?"

"Your young master is a true young master. With the Sun Emperor protecting and providing for him, he naturally should not know of such matters."

"There are many stories about the young master that I do not know yet." This always made me feel uneasy. The more I knew, the better I could serve the young master, yet a good butler should never ask about the master's private matters either.

Curtis nodded and said, "Your young master has indeed hit the nail on the head. This is a city that kills without using weapons."

"This? Are you currently in Daystar City?"

"Indeed. The headquarters of the family business is located here, so I stay here most of the time. The family residential area is too remote."

So that was the case. Indeed, what he said was right. Though many things could be completed online, there were still some matters that could only be discussed face-to-face. Living in a large city would be much more convenient, especially Daystar City, which hosted the greatest number of well-known names in the business and political world. Therefore, it was not strange at all that Curtis would be here.

Curtis sighed, "I had never understood why the Sun Emperor would go to so much trouble to shift his headquarters away from Daystar City, seeing that Daystar City is the most ideal location for establishing a headquarters. That particular move by the Sun Emperor has been analyzed in numerous books: what were his reasons for doing so and what hidden meaning did it have... But it turns out that it was all

because your young master dislikes Daystar City?”

I could not help but give a dry smile at that. In the end, that was completely unnecessary on the master’s part, for even if he moved out of Daystar City, the young master had no desire to stay at home.

“Your young master is very wise.” Curtis said with a chuckle, “If he does not leave Daystar City, if he does not stay away from the Sun Emperor’s side, yet continues to be a hero, the final boss he would eventually have to defeat would likely end up being his own brother. I believe that the rise of suicide rates in Daystar City is mostly linked to the Sun Emperor, whether directly or indirectly. Though it is true that he has been more ‘good-natured’ recently, the number of company mergers and acquisitions currently belonging to the Sun Alliance is still far beyond others.”

I knew how serious these joke-like words actually were, but I could not resist asking him back in good humor, “Are you also one of the big bads?”

He admitted straightforwardly, “Indeed! I truly am. Thankfully you are not a hero, or else I might feel slightly troubled.”

I did not think that he would just openly admit it like this. After a moment of speechlessness, I could not help but ask, “Was Sadina also one?”

Curtis fell silent for a moment, before he answered, “My grandmother would often go on massacres for your sake. She would rather take a hundred innocent lives than letting a single wrong person go. I believe

she is far from a 'good person.' Please forgive me for having to use this example. I do not wish for you to harbor any resentment toward my grandmother."

"How could I possibly blame her? I merely wished to know about Sadina's matters."

"Then if you have any questions, you are welcome to call me anytime to talk about my grandmother."

Curtis sounded very happy over the phone. As expected, he truly loved Sadina. I ended the call in a good mood, extremely joyous to have once again confirmed this—

Ring ring...

I picked up my cell phone and checked it. *Curtis? Did we not just hang up?* I answered it, a little bewildered.

"Family Head, where are you?" Curtis inquired in a calm tone.

"Um... Daystar City."

"Where exactly?"

"... The police station."

"The detention room, isn't that correct?"

"Indeed." I could not deny the fact.

“You were talking to me on the phone from the detention room of the police station, yet made absolutely no mention that you are currently being detained?” Curtis suddenly flew into a rage. “Your ability to pretend that nothing is wrong is even better than what my grandmother had told me. Or does this ability of yours also grow stronger as you age?”

I quickly explained, “It is but a small matter. I just happened to converse a little with someone who committed suicide, and thus was listed as a related person (and suspect). That is all. It is not my first time being detained, in any case. For something like this, all I need to do is, at most, pay the bail to leave. There is no need to trouble you.”

“Not your first time being detained?” The sounds of deep breaths came from the phone. Curtis said in a calm tone, “It seems that it was a complete mistake for me to agree to lower the number of people in Sunset City to ten and make them not have to report to me for everything!”

His voice is calm, but it appears as though he is even angrier now? I could only brace myself and say, “Last time, I had merely broken a wall television, and was released after a fifty-thousand yuan bail. It was a very trivial matter.”

“You would even claim nearly being killed as a trivial matter! What my grandmother said was absolutely correct. Please wait a moment. I will come to pick you up immediately.”

“There is no need to go to such trouble—”

Beep—

To be able to speak in such a courteous tone yet hang up on me truly showed how Curtis could manage to strike a very good balance between his two contradicting roles as an esteemed family head and as a butler serving someone.

“Vampire...”

“Killed a woman...”

I raised my head and looked toward the door, where a few policemen were whispering among themselves.

On the way here, the police had been cold and distant. Although they had not behaved impolitely, their expressions and gazes had entirely given away their true thoughts—that I was a monster.

That was not strange. What was more peculiar was that it had been a long time since I had felt that I was a monster. Even during the last instance when I had been handcuffed, brought to the police station, and also locked in the cell right in the center of the room, I had only felt unbearably awkward.

There were clearly many eyewitnesses, so it should have been easy to discover that I had no relation to the woman’s death. However, the police treated me as a criminal from start to end. Sunset City would never be this biased. *Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that this is truly expected of a city that claimed to have no non-humans?*

I was starting to lose my desire to take residence in this place.

My cell phone rang once more. *It could not possibly be Curtis again, right?* However, the phone screen actually did not show the incoming number... I hesitated for a moment, but still picked up the call.

"You really hold no caution to the point where you can be called an idiot."

I was scolded the moment the call started. Moreover, this voice sounded too familiar to my ears.

"Lieder?"

"Your ability to recognize voices, on the other hand, is truly praiseworthy. If only your cautiousness was just as worthy of praise. Sigh! The moment I got out, I learned that you two had completely stepped into the Church's trap. I really don't know whether to cry or laugh. But then again, because it's you and your young master, it doesn't really seem that strange."

"Are you not allies with the Church? Why are you telling us these things?"

"Allies? I have gotten the help and information that I have wanted, and they have also gotten the person they wanted. Following that, we have no relation to each other. This was simply a transaction between us."

Recalling the confrontation that the young master had with Secretary

Bai before, I asked without blinking an eye, "Then, what is this interaction between us? What is it that you are aiming to receive in return for telling me this news?"

"You sure found the main point quickly. I may have just scolded you, but sometimes I really think that you have great intelligence and just often appear to be foolish! Charles, if that was not the case, how could you still be living so well despite being the Church's target for so many years?"

First, it was my honorable father. Then, it was Sadina, and currently it is Curtis. That is the reason. They are simply too generous to me.

"I know that there are people protecting you, but you are already a hundred and fifty years old. It has been at least two or three generations down the line, but they are still protecting you, from start to end. That is quite a rare and valuable."

I took a deep breath before I could continue to ask, "I assume you did not risk the danger of being traced to call me just for investigating why I am still alive?"

"No, it is to warn you that you two have already fallen into the Church's trap."

"For what purpose?" I was somewhat puzzled and asked, "Even if you are not working with the Church anymore, there is no need to do so."
"Hm... To obtain forgiveness from you?"

"I will not forgive you."

The appearance of the young master as he was tied onto the cross, holding in all his pain from the newly-completed operation in order to go save the master...

I will never forget it!

Lieder suddenly broke into loud laughter, and said as he laughed, "Then you have to at least grit your teeth a little as you talk to me! Charles, you really aren't experienced with hating others, are you? How about this then? Let's make a deal. If your young master manages to get an opportunity to kill me, you have to shout out for him to stop once. The condition is simple enough, right?"

I could not think of anything that was bad about the condition; even if I were to shout out to the young master, he could still raise his hand once more. However, since the person in question was Lieder, I did not dare to promise anything.

"Who was the criminal that the Church wanted?" It would be ideal if I could get that answer from him.

"I don't know who it was that the Church wanted. All I was responsible for was setting free all the people in P29. However, there are many extraordinarily talented people in the Church. They don't require any more brute power, so this criminal must be indispensable in a different way. I recommend that you guys don't search among the big and powerful type of criminals."

"This information is honestly too vague." There was an extremely

extensive range of criminal types in P29, including some ability users who could only bend spoons. Not “big and powerful” was not much help in reducing the search scope.

“Consider the fact that you aren’t paying much for it. How much were you thinking to get back in return?” Lieder laughed and continued, “All right, this conversation has dragged on for too long. If this continues, my location will really get traced. I have one last thing to say to you! ‘You are really not someone suited for sounding others out.’”

When he was done, Lieder hung up the call without even requesting for me to comply with the condition he had proposed. *Perhaps, he assumed I had already agreed to it?*

“Family Head, my apologies, I have arrived rather late.”

Curtis walked up to the outside of the detention room. He was dressed in a formal silver-gray suit, with his jacket, vest, and shirt being of the same color, matched with a black tie. His hair was also styled neatly. Compared to his reserved appearance as a butler, or how he wore just the dress shirt with his hair loose when among family, he gave off a different feeling.

His position was truly that of a family head.

Not to mention that he even had two rows of bodyguards behind him dressed in black suits and sunglasses.

The police opened the doors of the detention room in terror, which I found somewhat odd. That was because ever since the NC squad

specializing in handling non-human related issues had been established in Sunset City, I had rarely seen a terrified expression appear on a policeman's face.

As we walked out of the detention room, Curtis looked at me with a frown. "Family Head, why are you so thinly clothed?"

As he spoke, he removed his suit jacket.

I was wearing a short-sleeved shirt since my original plan had just been to go to the restaurant and purchase a late-night snack. Moreover, due to the scorching hot weather, I did not feel cold in the slightest despite it currently being the middle of the night. I quickly refused, "There is no need. It is not that cold."

Curtis still circled behind me and draped the coat over my body. "Then, just keep it draped over you like so."

I forced a smile. "You did not need to come over personally to fetch me."

"How could I have an outsider deal with Family Head's matters!" Curtis's tone left no room for rebuttal. "You did not mention a single word about your arrival at Daystar City. Despite being in the same city, I actually failed to come and meet you at the earliest available time. This is truly an act of negligence!"

Is this "act of negligence" referring to himself, or me? I could only answer, "I did not know that you were here."

On the way out of the detention room, there were many policemen bowing to us while apologizing profusely. I felt deeply unaccustomed to it, for it was as though I was seeing Yue Gang's brothers apologizing to me, which gave me a rather unpleasant feeling.

Fortunately, I did not see a formation of several limousines or such when we left the police station— there was only one black limousine and three black sedans.

The butler at the side was on the verge of opening the car door, but was stopped by Curtis, who then personally opened it and invited me to go in with a bow. This shocked the butlers and bodyguards so much that their eyes grew as wide as saucers. Those expressions were truly not professional enough... Or perhaps I was being too strict on them. If the Sun Emperor were to bow and personally help someone open the door, I might also widen my eyes as such.

"Family Head, should I escort you back to the hotel that Young Master Ri is staying at?"

"Please do." *I hope the young master is not back yet, so that I will not alarm him.*

After Curtis passed on the address, he turned to me with a slight furrow in his brows. That expression was extremely familiar to me— Sadina would also have such an expression before she started asking me questions in rapid-fire succession. I quickly inquired, "Is this your butler? You do not only have one butler, correct?"

I studied the person in the front seat. He looked very much like an

“Elysees,” with his neat attire and reserved expression. He gave off a very good first impression.

“Indeed. Dong Fang is my personal butler who attends to my individual affairs. His full name is Dong Fang Lei. There are five head butlers handling business affairs, and under them are another five butlers each. However, these people function more like secretaries. There are three head butlers for managing the family castle, and under them are ten butlers each. In addition, there are many board members in the family business. Although they are not considered butlers, they have all received the Butler Certification from our family.”

My intent had merely been to change the subject, but it sounded almost like he was reporting to me on the family situation. I bitterly smiled and said, “The family affairs have grown more complicated since my time.”

Curtis nodded as he answered, “Indeed. We have developed some corporations in related businesses. I will send a detailed report to you soon after.”

Hearing that, I knit my brows together and deliberately said, “Has the family grown even more powerful? Perhaps it would be good for me to take back my position?”

Curtis’s expression was the same as usual. It was instead the butler in the front seat, Dong Fang, who shot an extremely sharp glance at me through the rear-view mirror. He seemed to have realized that I had seen him, and quickly retracted his gaze, keeping his head down as he remained silent.

Curtis said in an easy tone, "You do not need to 'take back' the position. The Elysees family and all of the businesses under us are your assets."

My assets? I abruptly felt that that choice of wording was a little strange. Just as I was about to ask, Curtis had already guessed what I was thinking and took the initiative to explain.

"Indeed, in my grandmother's will, it is written very clearly. All of the Elysees family assets belong to you. I am but a trust administrator. On top of that, I can only take three percent of any profits obtained through investments using your assets, and the rest still goes into your assets."

... *Sadina!*

In response to seeing my stunned expression, Curtis was actually still able to smile as he asked, "Did you think that my grandmother would not have taken any preventative measures?"

I quickly said, "Curtis, you can—"

Curtis waved a hand. "Because it is a trust, you do not have the authority to give the Elysees family to anyone, myself included. Incidentally, I should also mention that if any misfortune were to fall on you, I would lose my position as trust administrator, which means that I will lose the Elysees family."

"Heavens!" The word slipped from my mouth. "How could Sadina treat

you this way? You are her grandson!”

“Yes, this is the reason I had held resentment toward you in the past.” Following that, he added, “I am referring to the time before the Endelis clan incident.”

“You should be holding resentment toward me now as well!”

However, Curtis merely shook his head and smiled as he said, “My grandmother had explained to me before that the reason for her acting as such is because I am even more like an Elysees than her.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means that just like you, I am also very passionate about serving others. Thus, she arranged for me a person to serve, and a reason I must serve you.” Curtis looked at me and said, “Of course, I could not match up to you in terms of being like an Elysees. For the sake of being a true butler, you even gave up the position of the family head.”

“I had my reasons!” I could not restrain myself from explaining, “That was because of the Church’s oppression—”

“Yes, I understand. As though the Elysees would ‘actually’ be afraid of the Church’s oppression. This reason is just as good as mine about being forced to serve you due to my grandmother.” Curtis opened the mini refrigerator and took out a bag of blood. He asked with a smile, “Would you like a late-night snack, Family Head?”



"..."

My efforts not to alarm the young master fell flat at the final moment. Just as we were standing outside the door, the young master gave a call.

"Charles, where did you go? Didn't I tell you to be good and stay at the hotel... Curtis?"

The young master stared in shock at me, and Curtis who followed in after.

"My apologies, Young Master. I had gone to buy a midnight snack for you."

"A midnight snack?" The young master sported a deep scowl on his face. Ever since our arrival at Daystar City, his mood had seemed slightly sour. "Didn't I tell you to obediently go to sleep? And Nitewalker told me that you went out to get it at eleven o'clock. It's almost three in the morning now. Where exactly did you go to buy it?"

Curtis explained on my behalf, "It is as such, the family head was detained by the police because he was involved in a suicide case."

The young master froze. "Another suicide?"

"Another?" Curtis questioned in a suspicious tone.

"Just earlier today, a person fell right in front of Charles when they jumped off a building!"

Curtis frowned as he said, "Could there be foul play involved? Dong Fang, go investigate it."

"Understood," the butler responded with a bow.

I quickly said, "It is just a mere coincidence! There is no need to go to such trouble—"

"Then don't run around, Charles." The young master turned to me with furrowed brows, and said, "This is Daystar City after all. Even if the Church agreed to let you come here, it is possible that they are scheming something!"

Curtis said, "I agree. However, Young Master Ri does not need to be too worried about this. It is unlikely for the Church to make a move against the family head over here, for this is the area where the Church has the most influence and power. If something were to happen to the family head here, it would undoubtedly be taken as a declaration of war on the Elysees family."

Hearing that, the young master's expression relaxed a little. "Is that so? So staying here is actually safer instead?"

"That is correct." Curtis nodded and then added on, "I have more eyes here than in Sunset City as well. I will take extra caution."

The young master fell back onto the sofa, sighing, "Then, I'm a lot more relieved."

Could it be that the reason the young master has not been in a great mood for the past few days was not because he had returned to Daystar City, but because he was worried for my safety? I could not help but voice my suspicion.

The young master nodded and said, "Yeah. Actually, it doesn't seem like it was a good idea to bring you to Daystar City, but I feel like it would be even less safe to leave you in Sunset City. I originally wanted Poseidynne to protect you, but she glared at me, saying something like how you had the potential to be really strong, but the reason you're currently so weak is due to overprotection. She told to stop treating you like a china doll."

"I am not that weak, Young Master." I was starting to wonder if I truly was so weak that I could not defeat a woman, just as Yue Gang had said.... *Uh, if the woman is Melody, Poseidynne, or the like, then it is really quite hard to say.*

"With Curtis around, I feel a lot more relieved." The young master heaved a large sigh of relief as he continued, "Then, the only troublesome things left are just hunting down the criminal and Shūshu's matter."

Seeing how troubled the young master was and recalling how he would always feel guilty when I stepped into battles, I immediately declared solemnly, "Young Master, in times of need, I can also fight. Please do not stop me from lending a hand!"

"You want to fight? But..." The young master's tone was somewhat strange as he said, "If you were injected with painkillers, then you

might possibly be stronger than Nitewalker.”

So Nitewalker is actually that strong?

“But if not, you probably can’t even defeat Melody!”

... I am truly unable to refute that.

“Painkillers?” Curtis frowned as he asked, “Why would such a thing have a strengthening effect?”

“It is not for increasing strength.” The young master shook his head as he answered, “Charles’s strength is absolute, and he wouldn’t get stronger just because he was injected with painkillers. The painkillers only help him remove his apprehensions about fighting.”

“Apprehensions?” Curtis seemed to not understand as he asked, “Family Head, what do you have apprehensions about?”

Apprehensions... I was a non-human living among humans. My honorable father would always tell me that I did not need to personally make any move, and that I should simply let the subordinates handle it. At all costs, I was not to let myself become too similar to... a lion among rabbits.

“It’s okay!” The young master shrugged as he said, “Anyways, Charles you are a butler and doctor. There’s no need to fight! If it’s dangerous, I’ll protect you! Now we also have Nitewalker. He’s also very strong, and he really likes to fight.”

“Young Master—”

“Family Head!” Curtis held my shoulder, and asked with an extremely respectful tone and expression, “When did you get another job as a doctor? As I recall, you are ‘only a butler!’”

“Uh, that is because a dutiful butler must understand their master’s hobbies. When it is necessary, further studying should be applied in order to interact well with the master.”

“... I did not know that Young Master Ri’s hobby was performing operations.”

It is getting injured. Sigh! I looked toward the young master in worry. To my surprise, the young master’s expression mirrored my own as he looked at me.

Chapter 8: Paradise, the Ideal City

Three hours? I wish to stay here for three years!

"You might as well stay here your whole life, and then bury yourself here!" Ezart roared, "Three hours! Not a single second more. By the way, time was ticking away during our conversation, so you already wasted fifteen seconds!"

Damn! What exactly should I look for?

There are so many things here, and each and every one of them appears to be precious research material. How could I possibly make a choice between all these—

"Ah Shou, Ah Shou! I'm calling you!"

What?

I glanced left and right, but I did not see any trace of Ezart.

"Look up!"

When I looked up, I saw Ezart standing above me, waving his hand. I was flabbergasted and asked, "How did you get up there?"

"By pressing random buttons."

That answer would make anyone vomit blood. Aren't you scared of pressing something that will cause the whole laboratory to instantly

self-destruct?

"I only pressed the buttons on the counter and the wall. Who would put the self-destruction button outside? Wouldn't they be worried that they would press it by accident?"

That is true. Doesn't science always develop in the direction of intuition and simplicity? It appears that this held true for this laboratory, too.

It seems that even though I have studied to the point of becoming a professor, I still cannot match up to Ezart.



The hotel door abruptly opened without warning, and the visitor invited himself in without reservation.

Nitewalker jumped up from the sofa, and the mineral water on the table suddenly exploded out of the bottle. The water split into two portions and then wrapped around Nitewalker's hands, forming two short tridents—*So you were a ninja turtle?*

No, now is not the time to be reminiscing about old hero films.

The leader merely looked at him coldly, but the people beside him had a huge reaction. The extremely destructive-looking weapons in their hands all pointed toward Nitewalker, and it seemed as though they were about to fire!

I immediately shouted, "Nitewalker, quickly put down your weapons!

This is the master, the young master's brother."

Nitewalker shot a look at me before stowing away his tridents. Evidently, he too knew that if he did not move quickly, a fight could possibly break out.

The master looked at me as he spoke, though he was not addressing me. "Other than the adjudication squad, everyone else needs to get out of the room. That includes you, too!" As he said the last line, he glared at Nitewalker.

I nodded my head at Nitewalker for him to leave. After all of them left, the only ones remaining in the room were just me and the master, along with five masked adjudication squad members. According to what I had previously discovered, they were merely modified humans and did not seem as human-like as DSII.

I waited for the master to speak while secretly observing him. The master was wearing his usual dark-colored, long trench coat. His hair seemed to be slightly longer than before, though it was somewhat messy, as though he did not have the time to style it properly. Since the moment he stepped in, his face had been very cold—I meant, even cooler than usual.

It did not appear to be a serious issue, but it had upset him to the point where he did not have the heart to take care of his appearance. What I found more peculiar was that Elian, the bodyguard who was always by the master's side with a constant smiling face, the one called El-gē by the young master, had not come.

Is it a matter related to the young master, yet something he does not want the young master to know?

The master asked, "Where is he?"

"The young master has gone to the film location."

The master growled, "I am not talking about Ah Ye, but `that person!'"

"He has gone with the young master to the filming location." I calmly advised, "Master, if you make a move against Mr. Luo Ye, the young master will be very upset."

My original intent was to dissuade the master a little, but unexpectedly, these words caused him to erupt into a violent rage. "Ah Ye will always be upset! Everything I do is wrong. He's just completely lost all hope in me. Otherwise, why would he leave the house, leave me? Even after graduating, he refused to return and stay!"

"The young master likes Sunset City very much." I could only comfort him in such a way, unable to say the true reason since it would anger the master.

"You liar!"

The master collapsed on the single seat sofa, and dryly laughed. "I'm a bad person. Ah Ye has grown up and understands that. But how could I possibly... `turn over a new leaf,' ha! Once I lose my power, I will lose everything! `They' will pounce and chew me up to the point where even no bones remain!"

Striking a person painfully while they are down, taking all they have left and dividing it up until practically nothing remained—this was the unchanging law of the business world, especially when it came to the Sun Emperor. How many of those people smiling at him were actually burning with hatred and fury toward him in their hearts—or perhaps the question was actually the inverse. How many people did not hate him?

The master looked at me, and coldly laughed as he said, “The Elysees aren’t any cleaner, either! Sadina’s a vicious one, and her grandson was taught well.”

“I am aware, Master.” I maintained my calm as I said, “Though it was something that happened a long time ago, I was the head of the Elysees for ten years. Moreover, in the late stages of his life, my honorable father was unable to work for long periods of time due to his growing age, and had to pass much of his work onto me. So, in actuality, I controlled the family for about twenty years.”

That period of time had been the hardest to endure.

Thinking back now, I actually could not remember anything important from those twenty years. All I remembered was the worrying for my father’s health and the matters between Sadina and me. There was only—suffering.

The master gave me a look. “I couldn’t tell at all. Moreover, you actually managed to walk away. You sure are carefree, and even luckier to have the protection of a Sadina.”

I sincerely said, "I am not carefree. It is precisely because there is a Sadina that I was able to leave. Master, you are actually also the young master's 'Sadina.' The young master can only live the way he wants to because you are there."

The master fell silent. His expression seemed to soften slightly.

Despite my previous attempt ending in utter failure and, as a butler, I really ought not to speak any further, I could not refrain from trying once more as I recalled how troubled the young master had looked. "Master, Mr. Luo Ye does not appear to have the capability to fight you for the inheritance. Is there a need to mind him, and even strain your relationship with the young master?"

"Inheritance?" The master's expression seemed a little odd. *Had I incorrectly guessed his reasons?*

"If it is not the inheritance, then why—"

The master coldly interrupted me, "You are prying too much!"

"Understood." I lowered my head and apologized. Due to the fact that the young master was the type to prefer having the butler help think matters over, I had forgotten as time passed that the majority of masters would prefer their butler to be invisible.

"Trick that guy out and bring him to me." The master indifferently mentioned, "You can tell Ah Ye that he escaped, and it is fine even if Ah Ye suspects that I have captured him. I guarantee that he will

never appear again.”

...*What?*

Finally understanding what the master had come here for, a cold chill suddenly struck me. The only thing I could do was immediately refuse him, “I deeply apologize, Master, but I am the butler of the young master.”

“I pay your wages.” The master’s face turned cold again.

I remained silent for a long time, and did my best to suppress the negative emotions brewing inside me as I calmly said, “Master, would you feel at ease letting someone who has betrayed the young master stay by his side? Even if the reason for the betrayal is your own order?”

The master seemed to interfere with the young master fairly often, but looking at the people currently staying at the young master’s side up until now, their loyalties seemed to lie with the young master and not the master.

The master roared in rage, “Don’t presume things on your own! Even if I sent him those people, he was the one who chose to keep them. That child just never listens! Hand over ‘that person,’ or else he will definitely harm Ah Ye!”

Harm the young master? I was a little puzzled, and said, “I do not believe that Mr. Luo Ye has the ability to harm the young master.”

“That’s right, Ah Ye is really strong! But how many times have you

seen him injured?”

The master grabbed the armrest of the sofa, his breathing seeming to quicken. He raised his head and glared at me with reddened eyes. He asked, “Tell me, if Ah Ye is so strong, why does he always suffer heavier injuries than others? Why is it that the stronger he gets, the more injured he gets instead!”

Because the more powerful you are, the more you are unable to hide behind others. Moreover, the young master would never be willing to hide behind someone else.

“Whatever he wants to get, or whoever he wants to kill, can’t he tell me? Isn’t everything that I have gained so far all to protect him and make him happy? But in the end, Ah Ye always charges into danger himself, and gets himself hurt from day to night. He is always sad more than he is happy. Why—

I can kill off all the people who make him sad! Destroy everything that could possibly hurt him! But Ah Ye would only become unhappier if I did so!”

Eyes red from crying or eyes mad from killing, only at this point did I discover that it could be so hard to tell apart the two different types of red eyes.

The master buried his face in his left hand. There were no sounds of crying to be heard, and I did not believe that he would truly start crying in front of me. As expected, in less than a minute, his mood stabilized, and he returned to his usual cold and proud demeanor.

Even his eyes were not red anymore, and of course, there was not a single tear to be seen.

The master calmly judged, "Ah Ye is too naive, and always gets deceived. He holds no caution toward others."

Prior to this, Lieder seemed to have reprimanded me using the same words.

"Ah Ye likes to fight, likes to pursue criminals. That is all fine. I did promise him that he can do what he likes. However, everything that can possibly make him sad yet can't be killed as a solution will all be destroyed by me!"

Why would there be a possibility of Mr. Luo Ye making the young master sad? Is it because he is not the young master's father? But the young master has known about this, and he was not saddened by it. Rather, he was worried that Mr. Luo Ye would be upset by it.

The master gave a smile with no friendliness behind it as he said, "Charles Elysees, if you do not hand that fellow over, I will hand over information regarding E.X to the Church."

My heart skipped a beat. I kept my calm as I politely answered, "My name is Charles Endelis. Master, please do not lie to me. You do not have such information."

"I do." The master slowly said, "There's too much contact between him, you, and Ah Ye. I have never brought what I don't have to the negotiation table, since such a practice is too unreliable."

The master is merely deceiving me with something that he does not possess—I am unable to convince myself of that!

Although I only had his email address, and X was the one with the young master's and my cell phone numbers, he would only make an occasional call through the internet. Moreover, he said that he had his ways to not be tracked, and there simply were not many leads on him. The Church had been chasing him for so long to no avail. However, the one currently tracking him down was the master, and both the young master and I were far too careless.

Would the master really do so? No, of course he would truly do so. He is—the Sun Emperor!

The endless doting he gave the young master and the little trifles I heard about him between him and the secretaries seemed to have so much emotion, which made me gradually think that the Sun Emperor was not so cold and callous, and that the rumors were greatly exaggerated...

At the moment, the Sun Emperor sat on the sofa, appearing like a monarch even though it was not a throne. He had the corners of his mouth raised slightly, knowing that his victory was at hand, taunting his opponent!

I could not suppress the blazing rage that ignited in my heart any longer, and glared at him as I growled, "Sun Emperor! If you touch X, there will be no room for negotiation!"

“Who are you to speak?” The Sun Emperor said with extreme disdain, “If it weren’t for Ah Ye, I would have killed you long ago! Don’t think that I would be scared of the Elysees’s revenge. Sadina might still make others afraid, but now it is Curtis. He doesn’t have Sadina’s ruthlessness and would not drag the whole family to their graves just to avenge a dead person!

“You are nothing!” He stood up and eyed me arrogantly, “I will give you one week. Deceive that guy and get him to the location I specify, and then you will have nothing further to do with this incident. However, if Ah Ye finds out about this, I will hand both you and X over to the Church!”

“Stop it!” I said with disbelief, “What do you think you are doing? You are forcing me to betray the young master!”

The Sun Emperor’s expression darkened for a moment, but soon returned to normal. He gave a cold snort, “Think as you wish.”

The other turned to leave, yet I was unable to think of any way defy his threat. If I wanted to protect X, then I had to betray the young master? If I did not betray the young master, then X would fall into the hands of the Church—*Why have things turned out this way? How could I possibly make a decision, and why must I have to face such a multiple-choice question?*

“Young Master is a hero!” I could not control myself and shouted, “You were the one who forced him to the point where he had no choice but to leave. Otherwise, the person he would have to fight in the end would probably end up being you!”

The Sun Emperor stopped in his tracks, and turned his head slightly as he said, "You are very bold. Do you think Curtis will protect you? Playing your butler game and dealing with the Church is one thing. Opposing me is an entirely different matter. Or do you think that Ah Ye will protect you? If I killed you, the two of them would probably fight against me for a few years. But, that's just about it."

"Watch your tone, Ri Xiang Yan!"

I absolutely cannot let him threaten me as he pleases. I attempted to revert back to the attitude of a "Family Head" and rebuked, "When I was doing business, your father, Ri Ji Yan, was but a mere child!"

The Sun Emperor finally turned around and looked at me with piqued interest. "All right, then, 'Senior.' Since you have already been in the battlefield of the business world, then you should know that abandoning one's authority means that you no longer have any power to protect the people you wish to protect!"

My lips curled into a smile as I indifferently said, "You stand at the peak of the world. Yet when it comes to something like protecting, I believe you would most likely get a failing score."

The other's smile finally faded, and he stared coldly at me. Being able to make the Sun Emperor change expression could be considered a type of achievement, although this was not something to be proud of. I just happened to know that the young master would always be the biggest chink in his armor.

“You have one week’s time.”

Without any intention of continuing a verbal battle with me, he turned to leave. This time, I could not find any words to stop him with. It had been sixty years; I certainly had not been the “Family Head” for a long time. Other than being able to gain an advantage in a verbal fight with a single line, I could not do anything else!

The room door closed. It opened once more, and Nitewalker walked in. He looked at me seriously and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Betray X, or betray the young master...

Even if I claimed that I would never pray again, I had previously still internally prayed to the young master in the end. However, who can I pray to this time?

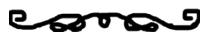
Dark Sun?

Heroes must always be impartial. That was how it was always portrayed in movies. Those heroes would never let personal feelings get in the way, and were ready to punish one’s own family if justice demanded it. At the end, they always found that the greatest evildoer was one of their most trusted loved ones. There were quite a few movies with such a plot. However, the heroes would always be able to make the correct choice.

–I can’t not go! That’s my only gēge! Furthermore, it is engraved into the microchip in my head that the only reason I exist is to protect Gēge, no matter the cost. Even if it’s my own

life!

“How could it possibly be done?”



When the doorbell rang, I followed the same routine as the past few days and went to receive the young master. When he walked in, his face looked a little fatigued, and he visibly heaved a sigh of relief the moment he saw me.

“Shūshu went over to Nitewalker’s place,” the young master explained, most likely having noticed my glance behind him.

As of now, Nitewalker had moved to stay in the room over, with Mr. Luo Ye staying together in the same room. However, the young master would bring him along whenever leaving to film—leaving Nitewalker to stay behind. Moreover, Nitewalker spent most of his time in this room. It was very clear that his mission was to guard me.

On one hand, the young master was worried that Mr. Luo Ye would be killed by the master; on the other hand, he was concerned that I might be captured by the Church. At the same time, he had to rush to work and act in the film. These few days, Secretary Bai had also sent him information about some criminals. DSII would also send him some troublesome cases from time-to-time, inquiring as to how to handle those. As a result of all these, the young master had not slept much for a period of time now.

“Young Master, you have returned.” I smiled as I said, “There is a visitor for you!”

“Visitor?” The young master’s expression stiffened as he asked, “Don’t tell me it’s Gēge...”

Before he completed his sentence, he saw the visitor and froze for a moment. Then, he immediately dashed up to him frantically, and in the end, even directly jumped onto the other person to hug him tightly without letting go.

“Ezart!”

Ezart lazily said, “What are you doing? You’re so excited. It hasn’t been that long since we last met, right?”

The young master shouted, “I really missed you! You never even called!”

“How do I call when there’s no signal?” Ezart managed to move normally even while carrying another person, walking to the refrigerator to get a cola. Following that, he flopped backwards on the sofa, conveniently tossing the young master onto the seat beside him.

“Besides, isn’t there still El and Eli? It’s just Eloise who ran off to who knows where. It’s too ridiculous, actually; how many years has it been since she contacted us?” He brought up a few names that I had yet to hear of before.

The young master muttered, “But El-gē and Eli are at Gēge’s place...”
“So what? What’s with that look on your face? Threw another temper tantrum at your brother?”

Ezart truly knew the young master too well.

“It’s Gēge who is throwing a tantrum at me!” The young master immediately refuted.

Ezart rolled his eyes at the young master and said, “Isn’t it the same thing? You two brothers really are cut out of the same mold! Here, your souvenir this time.”

The young master had frowned, about to justify himself, but all was forgotten once he saw the present. He quickly took it and asked, “What is it?”

It was a box slightly larger than one’s palm. From its appearance, there did not appear to be anything special about it; it was just a normal box with some years to it.

“I don’t know. Anyways, it’s like the stuff from before, things found while adventuring. But I can’t open it, so you think of a way to pry it open yourself!”

The young master gave an “oh” and did not seem very interested in this extremely ordinary souvenir. He handed it over to me casually. “Since it’s a box, then I’ll give it to Charles. You can use it to store stuff!”

“As you wish.” I took the box from him. It did not look antique, so perhaps it really could be used for storage. I briefly attempted to open the box, but as expected, it stayed shut. There was a keyhole on its

side with a very unique shape. Moreover, the shape looked a little familiar. However, since we did not have the key and had no idea of its value, it seemed like it could only be placed in the climate controlled display cabinet.

“Ezart, are you still going adventuring?” The young master pleaded, “If you haven’t accepted your next expedition offer, could you please hold off accepting any for a while and help me protect someone?”

“Protect who?”

“Luo Ye.”

“Who...” At this point, he seemed to have abruptly recalled something, and blankly asked, “Didn’t he kick the bucket?”

So Mr. Ezart also knows Mr. Luo Ye?

“No, he said he had gone into hiding. He came to find me because he saw my advertisement.”

Ezart responded with an “oh” and asked, “Don’t tell me that’s why you had a quarrel with your brother?”

“Yeah, Gēge said he would ‘deal with’ him.” The young master’s expression seemed to sink a little.

Instantly, Ezart’s expression became somewhat odd. He did not speak for a long time, and ultimately scratched his head as he said, “You can’t possibly protect him forever, right? Just go speak to your brother

face-to-face. All you have to do is pout and sulk at him, and he'll directly surrender!"

"This time it's different. Gēge seems to really hate him. I called him to ask him to at least meet Shūshu once, but he refused, and also would not tell me where exactly he was. I can't find him at all!"

"He doesn't want to see you pout, so he decided to simply hide from you!" Ezart huffed twice before saying, "What kind of bizarre situation is this? You're protecting Luo Ye, but the person who wants to kill him is your brother?"

The young master said softly, "Gēge said that he will hurt me, but Shūshu has been very nice to me and has absolutely no intention of harming me."

"Does he know that you're not his son?" *I did not expect that Ezart would know about this, too.*

"He doesn't know," the young master responded melancholically. "Why don't you tell him?"

The young master seemed discouraged as he said, "I just can't say it. H-He kept calling me son, and he seems really happy. If I told him the truth, I feel like he would become very pitiful!"

"To be able to create such a messed-up situation despite how few family members you have, all I got to say to all you rich people is, you win!" Ezart grumbled unhappily, but then immediately agreed, "Fine! I'll help you protect that guy 'til your brother is willing to see you."

Anyways, as long as you keep saying to him that you want to see him, it shouldn't take long before your brother surrenders!"

Hearing that, the young master empathically answered, "Okay." Then, as if suddenly remembering something, he added, "Oh yeah, help me protect Charles as well."

"Are you kidding me?" Ezart growled and asked, "Didn't you say he's stronger than me?"

"He is stronger than you!" The young master nodded as he answered, "As long as he fights seriously."

"Holy shit! Already having to rely on others for protection but still not fighting seriously? Then when is he going to be serious?"

Normally, I would dismiss his words with a smile. However, under the current circumstances, I really could not laugh at all. The young master even defended me on my behalf, "Charles only seems like Charles when he isn't that strong! That one time from before when he became stronger, he really gave me a shock!"

"Became stronger?" Ezart asked in curiosity, "How did he become stronger only once? How did he change?"

"By being injected with tranquilizers!" The young master answered earnestly.

"Hey, aren't tranquilizers supposed to make people weaker?"

“Charles is different. That time it was...”

The young master excitedly talked about the incident that happened not too long ago. He had not been this happy for quite a period of time, so it was really great that Ezart had decided to drop by at this time.

“And then... the Bible was taken away... Thankfully the cross was still there. Father Yue had even said that the cross could make vampires stronger—”

“It’s the cross!” Those words escaped my mouth.

The young master and Ezart both turned to me.

“Charles, what’s wrong with the cross?” The young master nervously asked, “Could it be that you lost it, too?”

“That is not the case.” I pulled the necklace out from under my clothes and said, “There was a keyhole in the box just now, and I had thought that the shape of it was unique yet familiar. Thanks to your words just now, I realized that it is the shape of the bottom of the cross.”

I lowered my head to take a look at it. Indeed, my guess was right.

“Speaking of which,” Ezart asked, “Ah Ye, you just said that Lieder is a professor? The name of my employer this time is Jiao Shou.”¹

“...” That sounded like something lacking in taste that Lieder would do. “Do you have his phone number?” The young master immediately asked.

Ezart shrugged and said, "I do. He said that if the box was opened, I had to give him a call."

The young master was hesitant. "Would it be dangerous if we open it?"

"I doubt it! 'That kind of place' definitely couldn't have been a trap that he set up. We were nearly goners at least three times, and he gave me the box on the spot and didn't take it back with him."

The cross can make a vampire stronger... I took off the necklace and inserted it straight into the keyhole of the box. It was a perfect fit, and it could even turn. This "necklace" was indeed a key!

"Charles! Why did you just open it like that?" The young master yelled in shock. "We don't know if it's dangerous!"

"You sound like your brother!" Ezart interrupted the young master while rolling his eyes.

I stared blankly at the item in the box. No matter how I thought about it, I would not have imagined the item that could increase a vampire's strength would be this. Bewildered, I raised my head and asked, "Ezart, if I recall correctly, the place that you went on an expedition was an ancient tomb?"

"Yeah!"

Then... I looked down once more at the item in the box in astonishment. The young master also squeezed over to take a look out

of curiosity, only to become equally stunned.

It was a glass test tube, and the fluid inside that filled up about eighty percent of the tube appeared to be a dark red to black color. It would not be strange at all if this appeared in Mr. An Te Qi's laboratory, but the box had appeared in an ancient tomb, had to be opened with a cross, and was related to vampires?

I had an odd feeling as though I had suddenly jumped from a period drama to a sci-fi film.

"Hey!" I did not know when Ezart had made a call. He said into his phone, "What the heck are you planning? Ah Shou...no, 'Lieder'?"

Following that, he changed it to speakerphone so that we would all be able to hear.

"Hehe, discovered so quickly?" As expected, it was Lieder's voice.

Ezart shot a glance at the item in my hand and asked, "What's in the box? Poison?"

Lieder unhappily said, "Would I risk high danger, to the point of nearly dying three times, just to find a tube of poison?"

I inquired, "Lieder, is the item in the box capable of making vampires stronger?"

"Hehe, so as expected, you know about it, too? I found various pictures of genes from the bible, as well as a hidden 'treasure map,' so

I got Ezart and went on an adventure.”

“Did you look for Ezart on purpose?” The young master said extremely furiously.

“Hehe, it wasn’t something I purposely went out of my way for. I inquired around for expedition teams that had the best reputation among the people, one of which was the expedition team that Ezart was in. I’m not sure why, but I get the impression that those around you are no ordinary people. To make sure I stayed alive, it’s only natural that I would seek him out.

“Right, to answer Charles’s question: I’m not sure about the item on your side, but mine isn’t limited to vampires.”

“You have one, too?” The young master keenly discovered and pointed out the hidden information within his words.

Ezart took the initiative to say, “There were three boxes in total, and Lieder only gave me one.”

“Giving you one is already being nice! Who knew you would actually give it away to someone else in the blink of an eye? Weren’t you going to sell it?” From his tone, it sounded like Lieder was on pretty friendly terms with Ezart.

“I’m not lacking in money right now. What would I sell it for?”

“For equipment! Have you already forgotten that we nearly died three times? Yet you’re still not buying some better adventuring gear!”

Ezart snorted and said, "If the person you hired wasn't me, it wouldn't take three times; you would've died the first time! Also, equipment that you can buy from elsewhere is nowhere as good as what Ah Ye makes. Are your eyes just for show? Have you seen the weapons that I use on the market before?"

There was a long period of silence from the other end of the phone, before there was mumbling, "So I see. If that's the case, then I really owe him my life... Charles? Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Your voice is different. I can hear it. How interesting. Didn't we just talk over the phone a few days ago? That time, you were just like usual. But now, your tone sounds... thirsty for strength."

"How could Charles possibly want strength!" The young master turned to look at me, and seeing that I did not refute his words, he seemed to freeze a little. He asked, perplexed, "Charles, why do you suddenly wish for strength?"

I looked down as I said, "I only wish to be of help to you."

Is that all?

The young master grabbed my shoulders and said, "What nonsense are you saying? You are my butler, not my bodyguard or hitman. You don't need to fight!"

“If I am a little stronger, at least you need not worry about my safety.”

Is it truly only for that reason?

“I’m not that worried about you. The person I’m more worried about is Shūshu!”

I asked back calmly, “Then, why do you leave Nitewalker behind? Wouldn’t it be better to have another person watching Mr. Luo Ye while you are filming?”

The young master froze, unable to say a reason.

“Ever since the conversation with Curtis about whether the Church would make a move against me in Daystar City, you have had me stay in the hotel. Was it because you did not wish for the priests to come and stir trouble for me? Despite such an arrangement, you were still worried that something might happen. That was the reason you had Nitewalker watch over me, which also decreased the number of people by your side. My words are correct, are they not, Young Master?”

My string of questions rendered the young master speechless. His head hung low. He did not dare to look at me. He had clearly only had my safety in mind, yet seemed apologetic upon being exposed. *Young Master, you are truly...*

“Young Master, as a butler, becoming the master’s burden is the greatest possible shame!”

Liar, going so far as to deceive the master—this is not the

reason at all!

Closing my eyes, I broke the seal on the test tube and drank it down in one shot.

“Charles—” The young master dashed forward to take the test tube away from me, but I had already finished the fluid inside. He was so angry that he immediately began to angrily rebuke, “You are even stronger than Bramble-shū and the others! They are the ones who are bodyguards, and you are a butler. How much stronger do you want to be? Do all the people around me really have to be strong? What about Briar then? You idiot, just drinking it without even knowing what exactly it is—Ah! That’s right, hurry and throw it up. You’ll be fine!”

Saying that, the young master actually punched me in the stomach with so much force that I fell to my knees on the ground, my head a little dazed.

From the side, I heard Ezart’s voice commenting, “Why is it that you have always liked punching people in the stomach?”

I had merely drunk a mouthful of the liquid. I could not throw it up, nor was I willing to.

Seeing that the young master looked ready to punch me a few more times, I quickly said, “No, Young Master, I do not wish to throw it up!”

The young master’s fist hung in mid-air. As he looked at me hesitantly, I could only do my best to return his gaze with a determined gaze of my own. The young master had always been soft on those by his side,

excessively so...

Thus, you made use of that, and drank something that belongs to the young master, vainly attempting to get more strength to resist... the person that the young master would protect with his life!

I turned my head to the side, unwilling to look at the young master any longer, unworthy to look anymore.

The young master lowered his fists and snatched Ezart's phone to yell, "It's all your fault! Making Charles drink some mysterious fluid! What do we do now? If anything happens to Charles, I'll definitely kill you!"

"Hehe, but you originally already wanted to kill me, right? Don't worry though. I have tested it on myself, so you don't get to come and kill me twice over." Lieder changed the topic and asked me, "Charles, do you feel anything?"

I focused on how I felt, but there was no difference other than my hurting stomach—which I believed to be due to the young master rather than the medicine. I was a little disappointed as I replied, "I do not feel anythi—"

"Charles?" The young master asked nervously, "Why did you suddenly stop speaking?"

I was abruptly assaulted by an intense wave of sleepiness. I had never felt my eyelids to be so heavy before, for it was even faster and more intense than the time Lieder had injected me with a large dose of

tranquilizers!

No, I absolutely must not sleep! The Sun Emperor only gave me a week's deadline. I cannot sleep at this time, for I do not know how long it may take to wake up again. If I wake up and find out that X is in the hands of the Church...

I used my blood ability to forge two short spikes and exerted strength to stab down onto my thighs. The intense pain temporarily chased away my drowsiness, but it did not last long. As I felt the sleepiness grow, I could only pluck out the spikes, intending to stab myself once more—

“Charles!”

The young master grabbed both of my hands, but he could not hold the spikes formed from my blood ability. As my hands let go, the thorn still dropped and pierced into my thighs. The young master cried out while sobbing, “Charles, what are you doing! Stop stabbing yourself!”

With the drowsiness and pain, my consciousness was slowly fading away. Even the young master's face started to blur. If this continued, I probably would not even be able to gather my blood ability anymore. I held on desperately as I said, “Y-Young Master, I really want to sleep, but absolutely must not. Please, don't let me fall asleep. I am begging you...”

“Why do you refuse to sleep?”

“When you drink it, it will cause you to sleep for a few days. It's no big

deal, just sleep!”

“But Charles doesn’t want to sleep!”

“Sleeping a few days won’t kill him.”

I could not tell who was saying what. My drowsiness grew stronger, and I had already lost the concentration required to gather blood for inducing pain onto myself. If this continued, I would truly fall asleep... Once I fell asleep, exactly what kind of situation would I face upon waking up?

Footnotes

¹ **“Jiao Shou”**: This name that was given to Ezart sounds the same as “professor” in Chinese, which led to the nickname of Ah Shou.

Chapter 9: Rapidly, Godspeed

There were three boxes on the floor above—the truth was, there were over a thousand boxes, but only these three were specially arranged in the center. Even the countertops that they were placed on looked fancier than the others. Could these be a trap, with the actual goods stored elsewhere?

"That's possible." Ezart did not refute the idea that it might be a trap. He continued, "These are a bit heavy, so we can bring back at most seven or eight of them."

They actually can't be opened? I still have other things that I want to take and cannot just take eight boxes at random, not knowing what's inside!

"So what? Adventuring is a gamble in the first place. You bet both your luck and life!" Ezart's words were really starting to make more and more sense to me... Hm?

"What's wrong?"

Nothing really, just spotted something familiar.

The box in the center had the same designs as "that book," and the keyhole in the box on the left also seemed to...

I'll bet on it!



Intense pain came from all my limbs, and it hurt so much that I abruptly opened my eyes. The first thing I saw was the young master who was wearing a very guilty expression. For unknown reasons, he was apologizing frantically to me, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Do you still feel like sleeping? You probably don't feel like sleeping now right?"

I looked at the young master, a little uncertain about what the current situation was, although the drowsiness was still strong... *Urgh!*

The pain sent tremors through my entire body for a while, before it finally subsided. This time, I was truly awake and conscious. I stretched my hand out to wipe my face, but the young master immediately grabbed my hand to stop it. Only then did I realize that my fingertips were all covered in blood, and were throbbing in pain.

The young master said with his head lowered, "Because you said that you didn't want to sleep, I pricked a lot of places that hurt a lot, including the areas under your fingernails. I'm sorry, I'm really sorry!"

So that is the reason why the young master kept apologizing to me. I said sincerely, "Young Master, I am extremely grateful that you did so."

Hearing that, the young master finally showed a relieved expression. He nodded and said, "I'll go and get some blood for you. After drinking it, your wounds should heal faster, right?"

I briefly assessed the injuries on my body. The young master was truly skilled, for the wounds he had inflicted dealt a lot more pain than the stabs I had made into my thighs, yet the injuries were much less severe. If I had let the young master do this earlier, the majority of

my injuries could probably have recovered by tomorrow.

“Charles, after drinking the medicine, what was the type of strength that you desired the most in your heart?”

Lieder is actually still on the line? I asked in bewilderment, “Are you not afraid of being traced?”

“I am. That’s why what I gave Ezart was not a phone number, but a cell phone. Even if your young master were to trace the call, it would probably still take up to an hour to trace me. Right now, I still have... ten minutes.”

Ten minutes? So I still fainted after all?

“What exactly were you thinking of?” His tone was full of curiosity.

I replied on reflex, “I was thinking that I absolutely cannot fall asleep.”

There was a long silence from the other end of the phone, before he managed to ask with much difficulty, “Didn’t you crave strength?”

“Indeed, I did.” *However, how does this have any relation?* I was perplexed as I said, “Recently, there have been many matters that need to be settled. If I fell asleep, it was possible that it could take several weeks to wake up again. That was why I was thinking that I absolutely could not fall asleep. I do not think this should conflict with my wish to be stronger?”

“Unfortunately, they did conflict. Also, congratulations, you will never

need to sleep again! To think that you chose the power to not require sleep. Do you find your eternal life span as a vampire not long enough? I've got to hand it to you!"

As soon as Lieder finished speaking, he hung up. Although he had just declared that I would never need to sleep again, he sounded as if he wanted to make me sleep forever instead. However, I did not know that I was supposed to think of a "power" at that time. *Is there no way to choose again?*

The young master hugged the blood bag while laughing so hard that he first collapsed on the sofa, then rolled onto the floor. "N-Not needing sleep really does sound like a superpower that Charles would choose!"

So, just like that, I missed a rare chance to get stronger?

"Charles."

The young master passed the blood bag over, his eyes filled with mirth. This made me feel less upset in an instant. After all, it was not strength that belonged to me, and even the medicine had not belonged to me. Though the young master would not mind, I...

"Young Master, my sincere apologies. I have drunk what belongs to you." *For the sake of gaining a little more power to resist the Sun Emperor.*

As expected, the young master did not mind and said, "It's not mine either. We couldn't have opened it without your cross. Enough of that

and hurry and drink some blood!”

As I lowered my head and drank the blood, I saw that the whole floor was covered in blood. *I should clean the place up later; it would be too pitiful if I left it all to the hotel staff. Perhaps not needing any sleep is a good ability, for at least it would give me more time to handle tasks... Urgh!*

I touched my neck and plucked out a short... *Needle?*

The young master was stunned and yelled, “Ezart! Why did you shoot Charles with a gun?”

“To test and see if he really doesn’t need to sleep!” Ezart even said righteously, “It’s just a tranquilizer. He won’t die from it, relax! He happens to be injured anyways. Maybe he’ll make a full recovery after sleeping!”

After saying this, he scratched his head and added, “But those are specially-formulated, extra-strong tranquilizers. Vampires are harder to sedate anyways, right?”

“Ezart!” The young master cried without any tears, and hurriedly asked, “Charles, are you okay? Sorry, Ezart didn’t do it on purpose!”

Young Master, it was clearly done on purpose.

“D-Do you feel like sleeping?” The young master seemed worried but inquisitive, and turned to ask, “Ezart, roughly how long does it take for your tranquilizers to take effect?”

Ezart lazily replied, "I should be asking you, since you were the one who gave them to me!"

"I gave them to you?" He seemed puzzled for a moment, but then his eyes suddenly widened as he stammered, "Those were the s-super strong tranquilizers that I gave you for sedating large animals— Charles!"

There are always so many issues that make the young master worry ceaselessly. It really has been a long time since he last showed the smile of an angel. In this world that is like a living hell, who can still smile from the heart?

I gave a small smile as I replied, "Young Master, I am fine."

The young master seemed relieved, and asked curiously, "Then, do you feel like sleeping?"

"No, I do not wish to sleep. I merely wish to—"

With a glide step, I dashed up to the other person and grabbed his collar from the front.

"Mr. Ezart, please do not do this again!" I unconsciously switched to the Hollow Roar of vampires as I shouted, "If I collapsed, who would attend to the young master?" *As well as X!*

Ezart instead laughed, and tilted his head to shout at the young master, "Ah Ye, why didn't you tell me sooner that this guy would be

so interesting after getting tranquilized?”

“I also just found out recently—Don’t give him any more tranquilizers!”

“Do not do anything that the young master forbids you to do!” I picked up the tranquilizer gun with one move and tossed it far away. It seemed that I had not controlled my strength properly, for it struck and broke something. However, that was fine. I would just have to tidy it up along with the blood on the floor later.

Ezart grabbed my hand, and I instantly felt a prickling pain from it. I exerted force to swing him off, and then realized that there was a pinprick in my hand.

I looked toward Ezart, and the other raised his hand to show that he was wearing a dragon-shaped ring with a needle extending from the palm side. He proudly said, “A gun isn’t all I have. If you don’t want me to continue tranquilizing you, then fight me!”

“Ezart, Charles doesn’t want to fight! Don’t make things hard for him...”

“As you wish.”

“...Charles, what are you saying?” The young master stared at me, his face full of disbelief.

“Young Master, Ezart has already made this request many times. In my opinion, Young Master, I might as well fight a round with him, and thoroughly put an end to this. However, he must promise me that once this battle is over, he will not issue any more battle challenges!”

“Tsk! Then, how is that worthwhile?” Ezart bluntly stated his conditions, “If you win, I won’t bother you for three years, but if you lose, then you have to fight me every time I come looking for Ah Ye!”

I was not entirely happy with these conditions, but at least I would not be harassed within three years, which did not seem too bad.

“If you don’t say ‘no,’ I’ll take it as you agreeing?” With a roar, he swung a fist toward me. However, it was too slow, and I evaded it easily.

“W-Wait a moment!” The young master dashed over, seeming as though he wanted to cry but was unable to do so.

Afraid that I would break even more objects, I tried my best to dodge the opponent. However, the other did not hold back at all, and with every attack he would destroy something in the room. As it happened again and again, the room quickly spiraled into a scene of chaos. *How is the young master supposed to rest and sleep in this room afterwards?*

With a turn and a backwards leap, I jumped onto the ornamental piano in the room, and growled, “Please stop! Do not destroy the room any further!”

“Damn, you’re good at dodging!” Ezart shouted in anger. He seemed like he was about to charge at me, but the young master hugged him tightly and refused to let go. As he struggled, he shouted, “Can you only f***ing dodge? What’s the point if you don’t attack?”

Can only dodge...

I—

The doorbell rang. The young master originally did not pay it any mind, instead sternly reprimanding Ezart in anger, "Ezart, that's enough." However, as the doorbell rang with more urgency, he looked at the two of us anxiously and instructed, "Don't fight anymore," before he was forced to open the door.

It was the hotel staff that had come over to inquire about what was going on. The young master barely cracked the door opened, carefully hiding the actual situation within the room, and then apologized frantically.

Breaking so many things has indeed troubled the young master!

Using my x-speed, I charged at Ezart with a great amount of momentum, causing him to go flying and break the window. As the two of us dropped down from high above, I clutched onto Ezart tightly and said, "Do not move. We will fight on the streets so as to avoid troubling the young master."

"... You just shattered the glass completely, and you're still claiming that you don't want to trouble Ah Ye?" Ezart broke into loud laughter...

"F***ing hell, I should have injected you with a ton of tranquilizers earlier!"

I used my blood ability continuously to slow down our descent, forming a thick cushion with the blood ability at the very end. As we landed on it, I released Ezart and retreated a short distance away.

"Vampires sure are convenient! To be fine even after such a high drop." Ezart got to his feet and said, "Next time I'll consider getting a vampire as an adventuring companion."

"That would not be a bad idea, but please take care that you do not become his emergency rations."

Ezart gave a laugh and said, "You're really pissed at me, aren't you?"

"... A butler does not judge the guests of their master."

"You really are pissed at me." He concluded.

I growled, "I said that I do not judge the guests of the master, not that I was p...peevd at you."

"But you really are pissed at me."

I did not know the reason why, but I started smiling. Was it a smile from extreme anger? I decided to admit simply, "Indeed, I am a little peeved at you."

"Good, 'cause I'm pissed at you too! What I hate the most in my life are strong people who act like weaklings, just like you!"

Ezart charged toward me. To be honest, he was not slow and packed

an astonishing amount of power in his punches. If a punch were to land, the outcome would be unimaginable. A normal person would probably have to spend a lot of effort to avoid his blows, but not me. To me—

He was too slow.

As I dodged the incoming fist, I refuted, "I do not pretend to be weak!"

"Like hell you don't!" Ezart roared in anger, "From the start, Ah Ye told me that you're stronger than me. Afterwards, he would even report to me from time to time that you learned whatever blah blah ability, and even learned it faster than Ah Ye could modify himself to do the same! No matter how I think about it, you should be a crazy strong guy, and now you're telling me that you still need my f***ing protection? If you're not pretending to be a weakling, then what are you doing?"

"I am not pretending to be weak!" I forged a rapier out of my blood ability, and looked straight at him as I answered, "Since you think that I am a strong person, then please, go ahead and test how strong I am."

"Why are you holding a needle?" Ezart taunted.

I gripped my rapier tighter and increased the width of the blade from two fingers thick to three. The center dented in to form an irregular fuller, with one side of the sword sharp and the other saw-toothed...

Ezart gave a "Ha" and then said, "That's starting to be more like it!"

His two hands reached down the sides of his thighs, where a claw-

shaped metal accessory hung on both sides. Though their size was a little outrageous, they did not seem very out of place on someone like Ezart, who had a tattoo on his left cheek. With two *clangs*, he raised his hands that were each equipped with a set of knuckles. *So those were actually his weapons?*

The ring could be used for sedation, and the metal objects on his legs were actually knuckles. It seemed that while Ezart appeared to be covered in accessories from head to toe, he was actually not fond of “ornaments,” but rather attached more value to practicality.

“Be careful.” Ezart punched his fists together, the metal clang resounding as he said, “I don’t care whether you’re going easy on me, or if you’re Ah Ye’s butler. Either way, I’m gonna smash my fists hard into your face!”

He was serious. I went into the standard fencing stance, with the feeling of being in an official competition, as off as that impression was. I could not help but remember the time when I had first begun learning fencing. At that time, the first instructor had merely taught me for an afternoon, but a look at his gaze had been enough for me to know that he would not come back the next day.

I really enjoyed fencing, so my father had employed another instructor. By then, I had learned to conceal my inhuman movement—At that time, I had not known that it was called glide stepping.

However, I could never attend a fencing competition, no matter how good I became, because...

***Because he is a vampire, someone who has never been human.
He is strong and undying, how could anyone compete?***

I stepped forward and used my x-speed, moving at an almost unparalleled speed. However, Ezart evidently had plenty of battle experience, for he did not plan on stopping my attack. Both his fists blocked the vital area of his chest, letting me attack other areas freely.

Those metal knuckles were most likely unbreakable. They had a familiar glint of gray that was very similar to the blade of the young master's Death Scythe.

With a stomp and twist of my ankle, I brushed past the side of Ezart's body and swung the sword in my hands, slicing across the other's knee. Unexpectedly, there was the ring of clashing metal, and the resistance made me sluggish. However, that feeling from my hand meant... *It can be broken through!*

I exerted more force in my hand and heard the sound of something breaking, just as I expected. However, before I could take it a step further, the alarm bells in my head immediately went off. What quickly followed was a gust of wind that swung toward my face. I immediately did a backflip, and with one step, swiftly drew a distance between us. However, it seemed that I had dodged a little too late, as I felt a stab of pain come from my face, although it was just a light injury.

"You are really damn fast!" As Ezart removed the broken fragments on his knee, he cursed, "Even Ah Ye isn't as fast as you! Didn't you just stab a few holes in your thighs earlier?"

There were actually knee guards underneath his jeans? Then perhaps he is wearing protective gear over all his vital areas? “When I stabbed them, I did avoid vital areas, so that it would not hinder much. Even without these injuries, I would not necessarily be any faster.”

“Would not be any faster?” Ezart cursed, “How much faster do you want to be? It’s practically like you disappear and then suddenly appear beside me!”

As he spoke, he suddenly reached behind his waist and threw an object at me. As I did not know what it was, I immediately moved away from my original position using glide steps, but the object unexpectedly exploded. Then, five bullets headed straight at me.

With no time to use x-speed, I could only fall back on the glide steps that I was more accustomed to out of pure reflex. However, only the first bullet landed on the ground, and the other four continued to pursue me—*They have homing abilities?*

I abruptly drew back, but right behind me was the wall of the hotel, leaving me nowhere to retreat to. With the bullets giving chase quickly, I bent at the knees slightly before I leaped upwards, letting the bullets shoot into the wall... No! There were actually two still chasing me.

I stabbed the rapier into the wall as a foothold. Stepping on it, I swiftly descended, and at the moment I landed, shifted my position again. Another bullet struck the ground. However, another was still incoming!

Exactly what kind of bullet is it? Should I block it with my blood ability? However, this looks like an armor-piercing bullet, one in Ezart’s

inventory, no less. Can I really block it? Or should I continue to avoid it?

Can you only fing dodge?***

I could just... I could only... The bullet flew by as though it was in slow motion. I took a step to the side, and as that silver flash brushed past my right side, my hand automatically swung downwards. I felt a small resistance against my rapier, and a crisp sound akin to paper tearing rang out. Then, it all ended.

I lowered my head to look down at the floor near my feet, and saw half a bullet shell. The other half was nowhere in sight.

Amidst my daze, I heard Ezart's voice saying, "You can even dodge this kind of bullet? The only person I've seen dodge these before is Ah Ye, but he told me that he actually did it by calculating the bullet trajectory and not dodging it with pure speed."

I did not fully dodge all of them. I cut through one of them... I can actually cut through a bullet?

How could this be possible? Blocking the bullets and evading them is one thing, but cutting them?

I raised my head to look at Ezart, wanting to ask if he had also seen that happen, or if I was perhaps just seeing things. It was possible that I did not cut the bullet, but merely dodged it... However, if that was the case, how could I explain the half a bullet shell lying at my feet?

"He said that you can actually dodge a rain of bullets and can be 'extremely strong.'" Ezart raised his fists, and from his eyes, I could see his fighting spirit growing more intense. He continued, "I didn't believe it at first. But even after seeing how well you dodge now, I still don't believe that you can be really strong, you coward!"

"I am not!" I glared at him and felt indescribable anger flare in me as I said, "Do not say that to me again! I have lived in the human world since I was young, but I am a vampire! If I am too powerful, everyone would treat me as a monster!"

My honorable father always said not to be a lion among rabbits! I cannot be a lion!

"Idiot, times have changed!" Ezart roared, "If you want to stay by Ah Ye's side, then you better not be too wimpy. Otherwise, others will treat you as Ah Ye's weak point, and use you to threaten him all the time. You got that?"

I am the young master's weak point... That is not wrong, for I indeed am. Is that not precisely the reason the master targeted me? In the pursuit of X, the Church had also always tried to use me, is that not so?

What will follow? Will Curtis's enemies also strike using me?

My honorable father, in the past, how many people tried to topple you by using me?

“Hey, quickly get the fight on, or I’m gonna shoot you with a few more tranquilizers!” As he said that, Ezart actually raised his gun. However, had his tranquilizer gun not been thrown away by the young master?

He suddenly opened fire. I did not move from my position, for his aim was shockingly terrible... No, he was not aiming at me!

With a few glide steps, I now stood at Ezart’s side, my right hand wielding my rapier. I was also prepared to form a shield at any moment.

There were a few people hiding in the darkness, covered by the shadows above the pillars. That was a blind spot that vampires rarely noticed. Usually the ones hiding at the ceiling would be the vampires themselves.

Those that would be so proficient at hiding in a vampire’s commonly overlooked spot, would typically be—

“The Church!”

Ezart clicked his tongue. “Your eyes have gone completely red. Just now I kept calling you a coward non-stop, but even then, your eyes weren’t this red. You really are super pissed off at the Church, yeah?”

I did not know why, but I smiled once again. “Indeed, they would always ceaselessly bother my honorable father and Sadina. Afterwards, they even inconvenienced the young master because of me. Toward them, I truly am extremely... pissed off!”

“Ha!” Ezart gave a long laugh.

A few priests walked out from the shadows. All of them were wearing the priest garbs of the Sin Elimination Committee, with the large cross on their chest. In their hands were various weapons, of course, with guns being the basic equipment. The leader of the group was actually a familiar face, the person who had previously led a group of young priests to stir trouble with me at the entrance of the church.

I could tell that he was extremely furious, yet possessed good self-control and did not make any reckless movements. It seemed that this was his true personality.

“Do you think that this is Sunset City, the kind of place where devils dance? Daystar City will not allow non-humans to cause trouble here!”

“Oh? I’m human.” Ezart raised his head and proudly claimed, “And I’m the one making trouble for him too. What are you gonna do about that?”

The priest coldly answered, “I do not reckon you are human.”

Really, he “did not reckon” so. As of now, the number of extremely strong humans was increasing ever the more, and quite a few possessed special abilities, too. If one did not want to acknowledge that they were human, then how could they prove themselves?

As for something like an identity card, that was something that I had, too. I even possessed a birth certificate. If one only looked at the documentation, I would absolutely be human—Though the age on the

identity card was twenty-five and had never changed.

Ezart gave a cold laugh as he said, "Then I'll beat you till you admit it!" He turned to look at me and said, "Hey, let's call a temporary ceasefire. How about we talk again after we beat them up 'til they're lying flat on the ground?"

"It would be my pleasure," I answered with a smile.

"You have a pretty damn good smile on right now!" Ezart praised my smile. "Why don't you just treat tranquilizers like coffee and drink a cup every day?"

I laughed as I said, "That would certainly kill a person."

"You're not human anyways!"

As we spoke, I used my left hand to forge a shield. This was so as to avoid the case that the fight broke out abruptly and under such serious time pressure, I would only be able to pick between forming a shield or using my x-speed.

"Ten?" Ezart's eyes narrowed.

"Twelve. However, according to my experience, there will usually be another two so well-hidden that it is difficult to locate them. Therefore, it is best to assume that there are fourteen or fifteen of them."

"You fight with them often?" Ezart continued to speak. However, I could tell that he was well-prepared to fight, and was likely only

talking to buy some time to locate the enemies that he had not discovered.

“No, not frequently.” I looked at those priests, and said with a slight smile, “They do not have the guts to touch me.”

Ezart burst out laughing, but also threw out a mini-grenade at the same time. The backpack behind him was truly destructive and powerful.

The priest at the side immediately drew out a long weapon. At first, I thought he was going to knock the bomb away. However, contrary to my expectations, the bomb did not explode upon coming into contact with the long weapon. Rather, it caused the bomb to float in mid-air. *What a truly unfathomable object.*

At this moment, large amounts of smoke began to pour out from the bomb. It was actually a smoke bomb.

The priest did not seem to care, and merely took out more equipment that I could not name. In a matter of seconds, the smoke had all been sucked away, all effect instantly lost.

“Stop the petty tricks.” The priest coldly said, “Those are ineffective on us.”

Ezart responded with a “Ha,” his expression still looking rather haughty. He looked as though it was absolutely no setback to him. Rather, it was the clergymen’s faces that changed—I had already concealed myself in the darkness.

The lead priest pointed to Ezart and ordered the others, "Catch this one first!"

Their movements were extremely swift and skillful. Ten of them surrounded Ezart, not leaving a single gap. As for Ezart, he allowed them to surround him and merely gave a cold snort. Following that, he charged toward the people in front and smashed his knuckled-fist downwards with great force.

That person was so terrified that he dodged hurriedly. Evidently, he had not managed to dodge the attack fully, for he let out a shout of pain when Ezart's fist brushed past the side of his waist.

Another three people caught up to Ezart from behind, their attacks approaching Ezart's back. However, he merely laughed, and with a turn of his body, he swung a fist toward the nearest person. As for the other two attacks, he actually did not seem to pay them any mind. I watched an energy sword being swung toward his arm, and a chain knife on the verge of quickly stabbing through his back—

The rapier chopped off the hilt of the energy weapon and the blood ability shield blocked the chain knife. As I stood behind Ezart's back, I asked, "You truly believed that I would step in? If I had not done so, you would be severely injured."

Ezart raised an eyebrow, "What the hell is 'if?'"

I could not stop the corners of my mouth from rising. The ill will that I held toward him before was fading... *Wait a moment, ill will?*

*As a butler, how could I hold ill will toward the master's good friend?
Is the effect of the tranquilizers still there after all?*

"You are not allowed to inject tranquilizers into me next time!"

"We can chat later."

The chain knife shot out once again. In addition, three bullets were also aimed at us, all of them armor-piercing bullets specialized to deal with vampires. My speculation was the bullet tip must be made of silver, and its power definitely could not be anything the usual armor-piercing bullet could compare to.

I wanted to dodge the attack, but Ezart was standing behind me and was clearly too engaged to dodge bullets, for he had already started fighting one of the enemies.

I thickened the blood shield in my left hand as much as I could and used it to knock away one of the bullets. Following that, I leaned my body to the side to avoid the bullet aimed toward my calf.

Judging from the angle, it would not harm Ezart even if I dodged it. However, my true attention was actually focused on the last bullet.

I concentrated to the utmost, and watched the bullet slowly shoot toward me. It was originally aimed at my shoulder; after I leaned to the side, it would land on my right arm. In the end, I waved my hand, and I felt the sensation of cutting through something along with a crisp sound akin to paper tearing.

When I was done with this string of motions, I felt cold sweat on my back. However, I had truly done it. Not only had I used my blood shield to knock away an armor-piercing bullet, I had even managed to cut another one at the very end. So that time before had been, as expected, not a mere fluke!

Bang! Bang!

“Don’t let down your guard!” Ezart raised his gun and shot down the priest who had fired. He rolled his eyes at me and said, “Even if the enemy falls to the ground, you still got to stomp on him twice before it’s really over!”

So that was the case. What a truly vivid explanation.

“Oh yeah, I can’t really handle the other side, so I’m leaving it to you!”

Hm? Before I could react, Ezart grabbed my waist with one hand, lifted up my whole body, turned to another direction, and placed me there.

His opponent had been the leading priest. In the priest’s right hand was an energy sword, and in his left was an energy device. Was it a gun? However, the shape seemed a little unique, for it was a disk with a handle. It simply did not look much like a gun.

No matter what kind of weapon it is, it would still do no good if it could not land a hit.

Using my x-speed, I charged at him. However, a light abruptly flashed

from his left hand, and inwardly I felt something was wrong. I could only swerve away from him at the last moment. A burst of pain shot through my knee to thigh area, although I did manage to dodge the opponent's attack in time. After I stopped in my tracks, I felt a sudden, sharp pain in my left arm.

I looked down and noticed that there was a hole burnt in my clothes, and a patch of skin on my arm was burnt. *What is going on? Could it be that the enemy could actually swing his sword and strike me when I moved at x-speed?*

Once I observed the enemy, I understood what had occurred. In his left hand was a shield, an energy shield, in fact. I most likely had not managed to avoid the whole shield just now, and that was the reason why my arm was burnt.

No wonder Ezart had claimed that he was unable to deal with this person. Even if Ezart's fist was able to break open the shield and injure the one behind controlling it from behind, Ezart himself would likely receive even more damage from doing so.

The technology of the Church was truly developing well. Previously, there had been a helicopter that emitted little noise. This time, there was the equipment to prevent bombs from exploding, and the energy shield. All these technologies were quite amazing.

"Speed!" The clergyman at the side suddenly shouted. *What does it mean? Is he warning the others of my speed?*

"I can see it!" The leader said angrily.

"Are you certain about that?" I spoke by his ear. *My rapier strikes now!*

His eyes widened, and the energy sword swung at me. However, I had already achieved my goal, and quickly retreated without a second thought.

The energy shield abruptly vanished without a trace, leaving the priest staring at the handle of the shield in shock, which now sported a hole that I had stabbed into it. All products of technology were this way; no matter how powerful they were, they would become scrap metal once damaged, regardless of how high the user's fighting spirit was.

Without the shield, the priest seemed like he did not intend to make any more big moves. I looked over to the other side, where Ezart had also dealt with three priests. Though it appeared that his injuries were worse than mine, his fighting spirit seemed to have increased.

Being at such a disadvantage, the leading clergyman merely said in a cold tone, "Evil will never prevail."

Following what he said, footsteps came from around us, and it sounded like there were many of them.

Have the reinforcements arrived? That is right. This is Daystar City. The Church would be able to get as much assistance as they needed here. Fighting them here was truly an unwise move.

The two of us were heavily surrounded, and it was simply impossible

to see how many of them there were.

I looked at Ezart. Despite being in such an unfavorable situation, Ezart was still behaving like a ruffian as usual. He shot me a grin as he cocked his head to one side. I looked over in confusion and saw three people. In the rear were Nitewalker and Mr. Luo Ye, and the person leading them in front was the young master.

“Stop! All of you, stop!”

The young master walked over in large strides, his aura overwhelming all others. His voice was stern as he told the people from the Church, “What are you all doing? Have you forgotten the agreement?”

Chapter 10: Messiah, Please Save Me

What an interesting key design. If I line up "that book" against the box's decorative designs and press down, the box opens.

This one with a keyhole probably cannot be opened, unless I provoke a certain master-and-servant pair. In that case, I might as well use this for another bet. I guess I'm starting to get a bit addicted to gambling.

"Ezart, I'll give this box to you. Just treat it as a reward."

But how to get this box passed down from Ezart's possession to that butler's hands is not a point of consideration for me.

*Right now, I can only focus on this test tube in my hands.
If I drink it, will I die?*

Or, will it have some kind of interesting, unexpected effect?

I think I really have fallen in love with gambling.



"There's indeed an agreement allowing that vampire to enter Daystar City, but the agreement also clearly states that he is forbidden from causing trouble while in Daystar City!"

The leader of the priests huffed in extreme indignation, "You broke the agreement, not us!"

The young master's expression darkened upon hearing these words.

He shot a fierce glare at Ezart, but the latter maintained his usual roguish appearance of complete indifference.

The young master's fury grew even more at this. However, he did not seem to intend on clashing with Ezart before outsiders. He simply turned to angrily rebuke the priest, "Is the agreement all you are considering? You never dared to make a move against Charles before this, but not because of me, right? And now you want to act? Have you really thought it through?"

I quickly said, "Young Master, there is no need for you to do this for my sake—"

Before I could finish my words, the young master turned around with an expression of anger I had never seen before, shocking me to the point where I could not speak. He furiously roared at me, "Charles, you are not allowed to speak anymore!"

I froze. Immediately, Ezart came up to me and jokingly covered my mouth, even pulling me backward a few steps. He laughed. "Okay, okay, he won't speak. Neither of us will speak."

The young master was so angry that his chest was heaving heavily up and down. He spun back around to glare at the leader of the priests, who likewise hesitated upon seeing the young master's fury. The priest simply said, "I will ask for orders first."

"Do whatever you want!" The young master spat out these words in his rage before shouting back, "Charles, phone!"

"Yes, Young Master." I tossed Ezart's hand away and swiftly pulled out the phone before asking, "Young Master, who shall I call for you?"

The young master walked over and swiped over the phone to dial a number. "Curtis, come pick Charles up."

"Young Master!" I was extremely alarmed.

The young master looked at me indignantly with an expression he had never used toward me before. However, he did not reply, and instead continued to talk on the phone. "What happened isn't important! If you want Charles to be fine, bring a bunch of bodyguards to personally bring him back!"

The young master's fury seemed to fade slightly, having likely received a reply of confirmation. He nodded and then passed the phone back to me. He then turned back to face the leader of the priests.

"Charles will leave immediately," the young master told the priest.

The priest nodded and said, "Our side can agree to this condition as long as he leaves immediately."

While speaking, he glanced in my direction. I did not know if it was personal bias or the effects of the painkillers, but I felt that his look harbored ill intent, as if he were scheming something...

The Church's agreeable words finally allowed the young master's anger to subside. He faced me and took a few deep breaths before saying, "Charles, I know this isn't your fault. You were just injected with too

many painkillers.”

With this, he shot Ezart a glare and continued, “But you have to leave with Curtis first. After I finish filming this movie, I’ll go back to Sunset City and call you back, all right?”

Seeing the dark shadows of both mental and physical exhaustion on him, it was impossible for me to refuse his plea no matter how many painkillers were injected into me. “As you wish.”

As the helicopter rose upwards, all I could see was the young master’s disheartened expression. Despite the fact that I had brought him a large amount of trouble, he still felt upset about the matter of my leaving instead of feeling relief. *Is there a limit to how exceptional the Young Master is?*

I continued to look at the young master’s figure that gradually grew further and further away, until it finally became a mere dot on the ground, and then disappeared entirely. However, I could not shift my gaze away, as I murmured almost silently, “I do not wish to leave the young master. I should not be leaving at this time. Moreover, there is still the Sun Emperor’s threat, a week of time...”

“Family Head?” Curtis had an expression of confusion on his face.

We should be far enough now. I turned to say, “Curtis, have the helicopter fly lower. I will jump down.”

Upon hearing this, Curtis immediately flipped open the arm rest and pressed a button. Dozens of bands immediately burst forth from

around my seat, wrapping around my body so tightly that even the lower parts of my legs were completely covered.

"..." All I was able to do was turn my head to look at Curtis.

He asked in bewilderment, "Family Head, you truly seem somewhat off today. Your young master as well. What exactly occurred?"

"I... how should I describe it? 'Took drugs'?"

"You touched narcotics?" Curtis asked in astonishment.

"Painkillers. It was not of my own volition. Someone else injected them into me."

"Young Master Ri did mention last time that painkillers allowed you act with fewer apprehensions." Curtis inquired in confusion, "However, even if you have been injected with painkillers, why must you jump down?"

"I simply do not want to return with you." As I answered, I secretly tested the strength of the bands. They could likely be destroyed using my blood ability, and just as I was planning to sever them— "The bands are specially designed and cannot be easily cut. In addition, I will immediately call your young master to notify him if you jump off."

"Do not threaten me!" I furiously declared, "I must return. The Sun Emperor has threatened me; if I refuse to betray the young master, then he will give information regarding E.X. to the Church!"

Curtis narrowed his eyes dangerously. "He threatened you?"

His expression forced me to recall the words that the Sun Emperor had spoken, and I could not restrain myself from uttering, "The Sun Emperor said that if he killed me, you would at most fight against him for several years, and that you would absolutely never drag the entire family to their graves to avenge me. Is that true?"

Curtis's whole body stiffened upon hearing this. However, he still calmly answered, "Yes. If you died, I would not use the entire family to avenge you."

So that is the truth after all? Although this was the inevitable and expected result, I felt slight disappointment. Was it also the result of the painkillers? Had I become pettier because of the painkillers, turning irate and lashing out fiercely, or had I simply become more honest?

Curtis's gaze remained locked on me, with a somewhat strange look. "Is there something wrong?"

"This is the first time you have not agreed." Curtis said in astonishment, "Do you not typically respond with answers such as 'That is only proper, there is no need for you to protect me,' or the like?"

"...You still do not need to look after me."

Curtis's expression turned even stranger as he looked at me and said, "This is also the first time I have ever heard you speak so unwillingly."

How else should I be saying this?

Curtis smiled. "Family Head, I think you misunderstood. I would not use the entire family to avenge you because I care more about the living. Therefore, I can promise you that, as long as you are still alive, I will protect you to the end, even if it requires the strength of the entire family!"

"Even if the opponent is the Sun Emperor?" After receiving such an answer, I instead felt angrier. "Do you not fear that the Sun Emperor will eradicate the Elysees family? For my sake alone, you plan on endangering the entire family?"

"We are the Elysees family, an influential family of butlers that has existed for many generations. We will forever retain the role of support, even in the business world."

Curtis calmly recounted, completely unrelated to my question, "Our subsidies have assisted many companies in establishing themselves. Family Head, you should know this the best, since this had first been developed and carried forward by you."

Of course, I knew this well. At the time, I had been reproached countless times by my honorable father for lending money and technology to help businesses that were just starting. If it had not been for the fact that quite a few of those businesses did finally establish themselves in the end, giving greater returns than losses, my father would have truly forbidden me from touching the family assets ever again.

"You have good foresight, Family Head." Curtis said in a praising tone, "Now, up to seventy percent of all companies have current or past relations with us in the business world. Even the Sun Emperor's Sun Alliance is no exception. In reality, the Sun Alliance had originally received quite a bit of financial aid from you when it first started, am I correct? However, that was when the Sun Alliance had not yet fallen completely to the Ri family."

Hm? Now that it is mentioned, that does seem to be the case. No wonder the "Sun Alliance" sounded somewhat familiar.

"Ever since I was young, my grandmother had repeatedly told me of the business you had made. As a result of your actions in the beginning, the Elysees family transformed into an unusual existence in the business world, involved in the existence and deaths of many companies.

"If the Sun Emperor wants to attack the Elysees, it would likely place him in a position where he would injure ten thousand enemies and lose five thousand of his own. If his plan is to 'completely eradicate' the Elysees family, he will have to knock down thousands of companies, regardless of their size."

Curtis leaned forward and earnestly pleaded, "As a result, you should never feel threatened by the Sun Emperor. The Elysees do not fear him. Moreover, you are our family head, so you should not need to be afraid of 'anything!'"

"I am your family head?" From the beginning, I had never understood

why Curtis could regard Sadina's will so seriously. Sadina and I had always shared a deep bond since I was young, but Curtis never had one.

"Yes, 'for eternity,' Family Head." Curtis smiled as he said, "The family assets are yours for eternity. The Elysees will never land in any property disputes, even if it suffers a severe split."

"...I see, that was the idea you had come up with."

"This idea was actually thought of by your father." Curtis leaned back on the chair while calmly saying, "I am simply continuing the tradition. But do not worry, you will never be a mere figurehead."

I lowered my head to look down at the bands around my body, then smiled at Curtis.

Curtis coughed and swiftly used another button to loosen the bands. "Please forgive me for my lack of manners, Family Head."

I slightly moved my legs that had grown stiff from being bound by the bands for so long. I then ordered, "Curtis, have the helicopter fly slightly lower. I wish to jump down."

Curtis immediately stood up to look at me with wide eyes. "After I spent so much time telling you all those words, you still wish to jump off?"

"Indeed. However, the reason is now entirely different."

I bent over to walk to the helicopter door. However, it was locked, so I ordered without any room for rebuttal, "Open the door! I wish to return and assist the young master."

Extra: The Behind the Scenes Story About Taking Drugs that Cannot be Told to the Young Master

[Forbidden From Calling]

"X, there seems to be a slight issue with our channel of communication. If there is anything off about my messages, do not pay them any attention. Do not, under any circumstances, come searching for me in this period of time. Do not call me or the young master either."

After I sent the message, I relaxed slightly. I could now focus on handling other matters...

Ring, ring~

I picked up the call. The voice over the line could not be any more familiar. "Endelis, did something happen?"

"...Did I not say to refrain from calling me?"

"Should I be listening to your words?"

"If you do not listen to my words, should I be listening to yours?" I angrily roared, "When I typically call you to confirm if you are safe and sound, you never return my calls. Now when I ask for you not to call me, you just have to call immediately. What are you going to do when someone traces your location later? Why must you always ignore people's advice, not caring at all about the concerns of others?"

The other person on the phone was silent for a long time before finally asking, "Endelis? Is it you?"

"...It is not, I am an imposter. Do not call again!"

I half seriously cut the line. *Since X's temper has never been good, he should get angry at me and ignore me after I hang up on him—*

Ring, ring~

"..."

[If You Keep Disturbing Me, I Will Not Fight You]

After I knocked on the door, a tall figure opened it and leaned against the frame.

"Are you sure you want to do this? When I got your call, I seriously suspected you had been secretly replaced. There was no way it could be that cowardly butler!"

"Please do not speak of me in such a way again," I sincerely requested. "Otherwise, I may have to...refrain from fighting you ever again."

"Damn, what a good butler. Even your threats are opposite from other people's! All right, it's not like you're cowardly now. I won't say it anymore, ok?"

Ezart then mischievously said, "But you know, Ah Ye will explode with fury. I'm telling ya, he'll explode without a doubt! Man, I'm getting excited just talking about it. It's been ages since he last blew up!"

Will the young master truly get that angry?

Although I did not wish to see the young master's hurt expression, I was more unwilling to...

"It is still better than him shouldering all the responsibility himself with an exhausted expression."

Ezart barked out a laugh and said, "I'm just afraid you'll become a coward again once the painkillers lose their effect!"

"In that case—may I borrow your tranquilizer ring?" I inquired with a smile.

[If You Keep Disturbing Me, I Will Not Allow You to Pour Me Blood]

"Family Head, I truly do not recommend you to personally deal with this matter."

Curtis spoke as he placed a cup before me and picked up a milk bottle filled with blood to pour some. "It is fine to leave everything to me—"

I whisked away the cup to keep him from pouring anything.

Curtis stared at me in confusion. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him and he walked over to grab another cup of a different style—the previous one had had a classic and elegant style, while this one was an extremely simple style.

He placed this cup down and once again spoke as he prepared to pour out blood. "Even if it is a confrontation against the Sun Emperor, I can guarantee it would be handled to your satisfaction—"

I took that cup away as well. Then, a third cup with a hand-painted style was placed before me. As Curtis continued to ramble on, I retrieved that cup as well, just as before. My honorable father had said before that a good butler must possess exceptional patience.

Then there was the fourth, six, and ninth cup...

"...All right, since you are so insistent, you may go as long as you promise to stay safe—but please, I request for you to allow me to properly pour you this cup of blood."

Epilogue: Character Introductions

Sin Simon: The leader of the Church's Sin Elimination Committee. "Sin" is actually a position. Once someone becomes Sin, they must forfeit their original name, changing their name to "Sin," leaving only their family name. Sin Simon's current identity is unknown.

Ri Ji Yan: The master and the young master's father, but their actual blood relation bears investigation.

Luo Ye: Ri Ji Yan's brother from the same father but different mother. According to his position in the family hierarchy, he can be considered to be the master and the young master's uncle, but the actual relation is much more complicated.

Elowyn: The master and the young master's biological mother.

Dong Fang Lei: Curtis's personal butler.



Afterword

I accidentally went over the word limit again. My original plan was for this to be the final volume. In fact, in the very beginning, this was going to be five volumes long. Then came volume 6, volume 7... And now, I'm afraid that it will take volume 8 for this story to conclude. It will be eight volumes¹ just like *The Legend of Sun Knight*, so that might be a good thing, too?

I already had plans since *Eclipse Hunter* to write about the business

side of the Sun Emperor, along with his scarier face. I didn't think that it would take me an entire series just to write about matters between the brothers. It took me until the latter half of *No Hero* before I could develop this plot. When I began writing, I knew it would be an involved process, but I didn't expect the magnitude to be even more immense than I imagined!

Not only was I unable to conclude *No Hero* in the planned amount of books, I even ended up with this whole plot revolving around Daystar City (*holds head*). In fact, during volume 7, I had this frightening thought of wanting to write about Charles's past, but I still have other stories to complete. I am really conflicted about which plot bunnies to tackle first!



I experimented with having more dialogue in this volume, in order to have some of the details explained more clearly. However, I was also afraid that too much dialogue would make people feel more... more what? I don't really know how everyone would feel about having more dialogue.

I can only forever continue the endless search for a better balance.

Charles is an extremely stubborn guy. In fact, I'm the same too, so I guess you can say that I took this trait from myself and "exaggerated" upon it. So, he is really super stubborn!

Even when he feels negativity, he won't ever give voice to it. He won't even complain to himself. Just how stubborn can he be? I don't even understand! Also, whenever I want to write about his true feelings, I'm

unable to write directly about them. No matter what I write, I feel like they aren't feelings that Charles would allow himself to have -> Just how utterly stubborn can this guy be? He won't even allow himself to entertain the thought!

So, the author can only make him take drugs.

P.S. Painkillers can indeed make people dizzy, but they probably won't have the same effect on humans as they had on Charles. If you aren't a vampire, please do not try this.

After getting drugged, Mr. Butler is finally more honest. I can finally write about his true feelings toward Ezart and Curtis without going against his gentle and sincere nature.

Why did I choose such a difficult fellow as the main character of a first person story in the first place?

With each book I wrote, I would wonder whether my brain had stopped working. But before I knew it, my brain had stopped working seven times, and I had completed seven books.

Although I was doubtful and the writing process was difficult, I never regretted choosing him as the main character of a first person story. As to what kind of contradiction this is, I sometimes really want to investigate just what kind of structure my brain has.

Strange, the topic has derailed too far. Let's get back to the scary face of the Sun Emperor. There is a gap of around six to seven years between *Eclipse Hunter* and *No Hero*. Many things happened during

these years. I tried to depict it in *No Hero* for everyone.

All in all, this pair of brothers (who are also like father and son) will endlessly fight, forgive, and love each other. It's really just the same as any other family.

Maybe others wouldn't be as theatrical, but children will always have a rebellious phase, just like how a cocoon must be forcefully burst open during a metamorphosis. Parents will always have a hard time getting used to their child no longer being a child. Although they're happy to see their children spread their wings, they also cannot accept the fact that their child is about to leave the nest.

Besides, our Ah Ye always forgets to call home to comfort his petulant father... I mean, gēge.

Fine, I really did treat the brothers like father and son as I wrote.

This time, it even involves the love and hate of the previous generation. It's becoming more and more like a soap opera. After all, I always take inspiration from real life—but I haven't been watching any soap operas! I don't understand how I ended up writing something that is so much like a soap opera~~



In this volume, I also put into words the relationship between Curtis and Charles. I always felt that everyone needs an excuse for what they do. He clearly thought of him as family, was clearly very devoted, was clearly a loyal dog butler, yet he always needed a sufficient and satisfying excuse that could convince himself that he wasn't a loyal

dog.

Therefore, Sadina, who understood her own grandson well, already helped find an excuse for him.

It isn't anything easy to honestly admit that you are willing to sacrifice yourself for someone else, no matter how grave the sacrifice, no matter how right or wrong, no matter how completely and utterly biased.

However, regarding this, Ri Xiang Yan and Ri Xiang Ye have always been very good at it.

By Yu Wo



Character Introductions

Character
Introductions



Nitewalker

Profession:
Taxi driver

**Young
Master's
opinion:** How
cool!

Nitewalker

Profession: Taxi driver

Young Master's opinion: How cool!

Alex

Profession:
Priest

Young
Master's
opinion:
Seems like a
good guy.



Alex

Profession: Priest

Young Master's opinion: Seems like a good guy.

Character
Introductions



Ni Cai

Profession:
Doctor

**Young
Master's
opinion: Kill
him!**

Ni Cai

Profession: Doctor

Young Master's opinion: Kill him!

Footnotes

¹ **“Eight volumes”**: The final volume count of No Hero came out to be 9 volumes total.