The Devil's Bride

by StephanieMichaelis

Summary

She's got ebony curly hair down to there and emerald eyes like the stars aligned, how could he not fall for her? And how could she not fall for hair as dark as despair and eyes that shine like red wine? These two demon butlers' fates become intertwined and soon this infection will turn perfection. But could something made in hell truly be beautiful and blossom or were they doomed from the start?
Clouds cluttered the sky like dishes crowded the sink in the Phantomhive estate. Bardroy tried to clean them with a hose he acquired from Finny, but Sebastian managed to stop him just in time.

"Ay I don't see the problem here! The more power the quicker it'll get done am I right?" He argued. Sebastian simply shook his head in dismay and closed the door. He had left a disaster in his wake and hadn't even managed to properly prepare a breakfast.

"What a mess. And lunch preparations must begin soon. The young master will awaken before long." He simply stated.

"Ho ho ho." added Tanaka, sipping his tea. Sebastian began this next chore without a fuss. Swapping out his spotless white gloves for a pair of rubber ones, he got to work scrubbing the spotted and stained dishes. After several minutes of this tedious work, he stopped, replaced his ivory gloves and began to ascend the countless stairs to Ciel Phantomhive’s bedchambers.

"Master, it is time for you to wake up." The small boy of twelve snored on peacefully, unaware of his butlers presence. Sebastian smoothly pulled open the cobalt curtains to shed a little light, revealing the gloomy setting below. Fog began to infiltrate the grounds, as the young master began to stir. "For breakfast today, we have a lightly poached salmon accompanied by a delicate mint salad. I can also offer toast, scones, or pain de campagne. Which dish would you care for this morning?"

Ciel rubs his uncovered eye then carelessly replies "A scone." He was never a morning person. The butler begins to assemble the ironed button up cream colored shirt and eye patch, all his masters’ clothes. His duties entailed anything and everything the young master ordered, and this was one of many prosaic tasks asked of him.

"Today you have a meeting with Mr. Hughes, the authority on the history of the Roman Empire. And this evening, Mr. Damiano of the Poseidon Company will be paying you a visit.

“Oh, is that the man I have in charge of stuffed animals at my factory in India?"

“Yes. I’m told he’s Italian. We will of course offer him all the hospitality the estate can provide."

“I know this smell. Is this tea Earl Gray?"

“Yes, from Jackson’s of Piccadilly.” Their conversations never extended past formalities. “I shall wait for you at the dining table, Master.” He gives a small bow and turns to exit; he was a man of courtesy after all. Just as Sebastian was about to exit, Ciel hopped up, snatched one of the darts and gave it a toss. Had it been anyone else, the dart would have struck right in the neck. But the butler simply smirked and caught the dart with ease.

“Well thrown, my lord. Even so, let’s save the games for later.”

“Yes, I suppose you’re right, Sebastian.” Ciel makes his way to his elaborately decorated dining room, taking his time as always. As he feasted on his breakfast, leisurely tossing darts at his servants, an unexpected knock echoed throughout the manor.

“Sebastian, when are we expecting Mr. Hughes?”

“Certainly not so early. An unannounced caller at the Phantomhive residence was unheard of, you needed an appointment to meet with Ciel Phantomhive. As Sebastian strode over to the heavy oak doors, Finny can be heard complaining of his new wound.

“Ow! Ow ow ow ow ow! What was that for, Master? What did I do?"

“Nothing. I don't need to justify my actions.” The brass handle clicked open to reveal a tall girl of fourteen. Her hair was in a bun, with a few wavy strands fallen out, that she tugged on. Her midnight blue eyes matched the azure dress she wore.

“My lady is here to call upon Ciel Phantomhive.” Stated a low feminine voice. Sebastian’s attention
immediately turned to the lady behind the teenager and he was instantly captivated. Her onyx curls tumbled down to her chest, which revealed a bit of cleavage while retaining a tasteful manner. Her jade eyes had curves, her pupils almost slitted. She was laden in black lace and beryl.

“I am Alette Vamphina, representative of the Vamphina household. May I present my butler, Selima Lovelace.” She bent her knee in a low bow.

“My lord.” She nodded. For a moment Sebastian was speechless. He reaches for her gloved hand, pressing his cold lips to the fabric.

“Of course, we will show you every hospitality. I must go fetch the master. He is not used to unannounced visitors.” The butler was confused. No mere mortal could this woman be, no one had ever had his cold heart flutter like this before.

“There you are!” Sebastian burst into the dining room. “We have guests, now get to work! Have you finished weeding the courtyard, Finny? Mey-Rin, have you washed all the beddings? Baldroy, shouldn’t you be preparing for tonight’s dinner? Tanaka... well, I suppose you’re all right as you are. Now all of you, we have no time for thumb twiddling this morning. So get to work!”

“Yes, sir!” squealed Mey-Rin.

“Simply hopeless.” He sighed, exiting the room, returning to the guests.

“Right this way, my ladies.” He gestured them into the next room, where Ciel usually took his tea. The room resembled a study with sturdy desks and wooden cabinets, a view of the whole courtyard and ornate decorations.

“Sebastian, you know I don’t take unannounced callers.” Ciel commented.

“I know young master, I truly am sorry. But this is Alette Vamphina of the Indicum Company. Surely you remember.”

“Yes I recall. We were to do business with them. Send her in. And entertain her butler.” He ordered.

“Yes young master.” The young girl stepped forward confidently, and took a seat across from the boy.

“So, how long have you worked for your master?” Selima asked, trying to make small talk. “Around two years.”

“I’ve been with Miss. Vamphina for about five years.” She followed Sebastian down the halls, which reminded her of a maze, into the dining hall.

“The silver is polished to a spotless shine. The tablecloth is crisp, clean and wrinkle-free. There is not a single bruised blossom among Master's favorite white roses. And finally, the highest quality ingredients have been gathered to prepare a first-rate dinner. The table is perfection. This will be an elegant Phantomhive welcome.”

“Indeed it will. Very Impressive.” She praised. She watched him rush about, switching from one task to the next, never once complaining. A small ding echoes throughout the kitchen.

“Still so much to do and he calls me now.” He sighs. “Would you like some help?” she offers kindly. “No, you are a guest, you mustn’t.”

“Nonsense, these tasks are mundane to me now. I'll help you.” She insists. “If you say so, my lady.” The butler ascends the stairs once more to find Ciel and Alette in the middle of an important conversation.

“I’m a bit hungry. We’d like something sweet to eat.”

“You shouldn’t eat now, Master. You don't want to spoil your appetite for dinner with your guest this evening.”

“I don’t care about that. Make me a parfait.”

“I'm sorry, sir.”

“Fine then. About the portrait in the hallway...”
“Yes.”
“Take it down. I am Ciel Phantomhive, son of Vincent, and I am the head of the house now.”

“Consider it done, my lord” As he leaves he hears the faint resonance of conversation
“My butler is the exact same way.”
“They should get along then.” Upon his arrival, there are three worried faces, all spilling out apologies.

“Now, how exactly did this happen?”
“I thought things would go faster if I used extra strength weed-killer on the garden.” Finny answered
“I was trying to reach the tea set we use for guests, but I tripped and the cabinet fell!” Mey-Rin cried
“There was a lot of meat to be cooked for dinner, and it was gonna take a long time, so uh, I used me flamethrower. Don’t worry though, that young lady there is fixin it right up!” Terrified of another blunder, Sebastian burst into the kitchen to find Selima chopping off the charred bits of meat.
“You don’t have to look so mortified.”
“I assure you I am just used to incompetence. What do you intend to do?”
“Make finely-sliced raw beef donburi.”
“What a clever idea.” In the distance, a carriage can be seen hurrying toward the Phantomhive demesne. Finny just finishes laying down the stones in time as Sebastian opens the carriage door for Mr. Damiano.
“Oh, how impressive!”
“Hello, welcome, sir. This is called a stone garden. It is a traditional feature in Japan.”
“Ah, prodigioso! Wonderful! Truly an elegant garden.” Relief floods through Sebastian’s body. One thing to worry about down, he thought.
“We thought it appropriate to serve dinner al fresco this evening. Allow me to escort you inside until the meal is ready.”
“Ha ha ha, I should have expected this from a Phantomhive. I cannot wait to see what else is in store!” The butler accompanies the man inside, leading him toward Alette and Ciel.
“Sebastian. Alette and her butler will be staying the night, prepare a room for them both.”
“Very well, my lord.”
“Let’s play a game to break the ice, shall we? Suggests Ciel. They begin playing the game, while discussing their various franchises. Soon Alette is winning as Mr. Damiano falls further and further behind.
“The progress we've been making with the East India Factory is quite astonishing. We already have the makings of a top-notch staff.” He lied

“Bewitched by the eyes of the dead. What terrible luck. It appears I lose a turn.”
“My turn then.” Alette spins the dial. “You find a short cut through the woods. Skip ahead five spaces.”

“Right now is the perfect time. We should begin expanding the company and building a strong labor force, it would—“

“Go on. It's your turn.” Ciel was never a patient man
“Oh, yes. I just spin this then. Okay there, five spaces. Now, what I wanted to ask you. Perhaps you could contribute another 12,000 pounds to support our expansion? I believe it will be quite a profitable venture for you, my lord, and I would consider it an honor to help expand the Funtom Company…”
“Lose a leg in the enchanted forest. And it's your turn again. I lost a turn, remember?”

“ Oh, I see. Right, I move six.”
“You don’t. That’s three.”
“What? But…”

“You lost a leg, if you recall. Now you only move half the number of spaces.”

“Oh my, ha ha ha ha. This is a gruesome-a board game, isn’t it? Is there-a no way for me to restore my leg, then?”
“No of course not.” Snaps Alette. She was growing tired of the man’s ignorance.
“I’m afraid once something is truly lost, sir, that one can never get it back again. Your body is burnt by raging flames.”

Meanwhile in the kitchen, Sebastian chopped vegetables, out of the corner of his eye watching Selima as she prepared the dishes. She moved quickly, with grace that was near impossible by anyone other than her.
“It’s done.” She sighed.
“I’ll fetch the young master.” The butler enters the study into intense conversation, Both Alette and Ciel wore frowns and Mr. Damiano looked vaguely uncomfortable.
“Pardon the interruption, but dinner is served.”
“Oh, dinning out in that exquisite stone garden? Shall we go, my lord?”
“Very well, we’ll finish the game later.”
“Oh, is there any real need to finish it? It's obvious I'm going to lose.”
“All the more reason to play.” Added Alette, with a devilish smirk.
“T'm not in the habit of abandoning games halfway through.”
“How childish.--Oh I, I mean that sometimes it takes a child's eyes to see what's really important. It's a true gift. Maybe that's what's made the Phantomhives the nation's foremost toy makers. It certainly impresses me!” he recovered. He hurriedly strode out of the room

“What a foolish man.”
“I agree.”
“He’s obviously lying to you.”
“I know.”

“On tonight's menu is a dish of finely-sliced raw beef donburi courtesy of our guest Selima.”
“A pile of raw beef. And this is dinner?”
“Only an uncultured swine would think of it as such.” Spat Alette.
“Yes, but surely you have heard of it? This, good sir, is a traditional Japanese delicacy, a dish offered as a sign of gratitude to someone who has accomplished important work. That, sir, is the wonder of donburi!”

“Oh, donburi!”
“This is a token from our master, to show his thanks for all your hard work on the company's behalf. He wanted you to know that it's much appreciated”
“The vintage we are pouring tonight was specially selected to compliment the flavor of soy sauce.” Informed Sebastian. Noticing how violently Mey-Rin was shaking, Selima swiftly takes the bottle of wine from her and Adroitly, she pours the wine into the cup smoothly, without spilling a drop.
"Ay the woman sure knows how to avoid a crisis. " Baldroy commented, they take a trembling Mey-Rin inside to recover.
"Me glasses is cracked that’s what it was!” She told them.
"Your intervention was quite clever, my lady." Sebastian admits. The tablecloth stays pure as snow, untainted by the wine as the stars emerge from beneath the thick clouds.
After the meal, Alette and Ciel return to his study.
“He mocks me so, trying to play me for more money.” Ciel bursts out.

“I know my lord and what a poor show. Shall Selima take care of him?”
“Yes and have Sebastian help!” he growls. Alette tosses her wavy brunette hair over a pale shoulder
and takes a small silver bell from her black purse.
“Very well, Ciel.” She rings the bell and in seconds the butler arrives, ready to serve her master.
“Take care of Mr. Damiano for the Phantomhives. Allow Sebastian to assist if necessary.” A wicked smile creeps across the alabaster skinned girl, showing just a hint of her true nature. Her bottle green eyes glow and shimmer, a sight only Alette recognized as blood lust.
“I'm-a tired of-a babysitting this-a child earl. Yes, I've already sold off the factory. Now all that's left is to pocket the extra cash. I'm trying to squeeze more out of the brat right now. The employees? Who cares about them? Ah...! Never mind. The rest of the formalities are for you to deal with. No, it'll be easy. Please, he's only a child.” complains Damiano. He takes a long sigh, and sees just a hint of something...strange. A wisp of something almost there, something watching him. “Ah...! Impossible... I'm seeing things.”
There was something beautiful about fear. The heart racing, sweat dripping, adrenaline rushing through the body that Selima got a thrill out of. The uncertainty. As he cast worried glances over his shoulders, her excitement began to build. He kept reassuring himself, telling himself there was nothing to be afraid of. He really was a fool. He rushed down the stairs clumsily, giving her the perfect moment to strike. She reaches out, grabs a hold of the man’s leg, and twists until she hears a satisfying crack. She hears the commotion and slips into it, an innocent smile splayed on her flawless face. He glances up at the woman and is terrified by the darkness she harbored within herself.

As he attempts to escape, Sebastian intervenes,
“Surly you aren't leaving the manor yet, sir? We haven't given you the full Phantomhive treatment yet. We still have to serve dessert. You've lost a leg, remember? Now you can only move half the number of spaces. So why not just relax a bit and make yourself at home?” He coaxes. Suddenly, they both hear footsteps ricocheting off the walls of the mansion. Selima appears, and they watch as the man scurries about, desperately searching for an exit.
“Sebastian. You know what we must do.” She pauses, “Did that man just crawl into the incinerator?”
“I believe so.”
“That was easy. The honor is yours.” She bows
“What an impatient guest we have. You couldn't even restrain yourself until dessert was out of the oven?” He teases. “Perhaps the Italians aren't familiar with our customs. There's plum pudding, mincemeat pie. There are many traditional desserts here in England that make use of meat. I find them all quite tasty.”
She giggles, but is soon surprised to be pinned down, under Sebastian. His lips are inches away from hers, warm breath colliding with skin...he leans in.
“What are you?” he whispers.
“Sir, I'm just one bloody good maiden.” She answers.

He folded the blankets, stuffed the pillows, made evening tea, all the proper preparations for a guest.
“Were my orders carried out? Ciel demands.
“Yes, my lord. But—“
“What is it?”
“I'm afraid it's Ms. Lovelace.”
“Yes, what about her?”
“She's certainly not human.”
Their Butlers, Infatuated

Chapter Summary

Selima must take care of some pesky intruders without waking the young masters.

"What? How would you know such a thing?"
"I can tell, my lord."
* * *
"I'm simply one bloody good maiden." she slyly breathed, leaning in as she said it to tease him. He realizes the jape, and then slowly removes his silk glove, revealing a glowing hand, painted with a pulsing purple pentagram.
"What would I find underneath these?" He seductively whispers, gesturing to her right hand, which was covered by a raven laced glove. He gently traces the outline of her hand, and then peels off the bit of clothing. Their nails are the same inky black, hers longer and sharp, almost like a weapon. Surprisingly there was no such mark and for a moment Sebastian was baffled. He leans a tad bit closer, right up to her ear "Must I search your whole body for the mark or will you be kind enough to show me?" It sends shivers down her spine, the thought of Him undressing her; he was an attractive man after all. But despite her lust, she was a lady.
"Here" She rolls up the sleeve of her dress to reveal a large, round pentagram identical to Sebastian's. "Maybe you could undress me some other time" she winks. The thought excites him more than he lets on.
"I never thought I'd meet another demon..." she reveals.
"Nor did I. Were you summoned as well?"
"Yes, I am bound to my mistress as you are to your master."
* * *
"Alette. What really brought you here?"
"I heard a whisper of a butler in all black, one that's abilities match my own. I had to be sure. Selima said a demon in the mortal world is extremely rare." She drawled.
"It's true." Confirmed Sebastian.
"But it is in our best interest to be allies, Ciel. We have the same motives. The same goals."
"What motives could you have?" she leans down and a shadow is cast across her face, as dark as the memories she's about to reveal.
"The Vamphina name has been dragged through the mud for years. It killed my grandparents and my father. "Afterwards my mother fell into the underworld and became an addict. I seek to redeem my family name and to clean up the drug cartel. Once that is accomplished, then she may consume my soul."
"I suppose you can help. As long as you don't slow me down." She holds her tongue.
"I assure you we can keep up." Her eyes glitter with malice. The nerve this little boy had, doubting her!

That night no one slept soundly. Alette was determined to meet Ciel's expectations and outraged. Ciel was taken aback and threatened. And of course Sebastian and Selima did not indulge in sleep often. Instead they made preparations for their masters.
"So Much to be done." Selima sighed.
"Indeed, my lady." She jumped at the velvety voice
"What do you need?" She asks softly.
"This is my mansion; I cannot allow a lady to work like this. Please allow me to take over."
"I can hold my own." she states defiantly.
"I know you can, but I must be a gentlemen." He whispered.
"I suppose I can't argue with that." She ceases to fold the laundry and lets Sebastian take over.
"Thank you for understanding, my lady. Do try to get some rest you deserve it." He closes his eyes and smiles genuinely. Sebastian would never admit to being in love. It was not unheard of for a demon to develop feelings of love, adapt to ways of human nature. Sebastian was infatuated with the beauty before him. She was simply stunning, her pink lips full and glossy, makeup done to perfection with the correct balance, Curvy, with long legs, curls that fell and bounced, dressed to impress, revealing skin but not tasteless, letting the imagination wander…

"Perhaps I will." She acceded. Her thick lips spread into a smile, which makes the butlers usually nonexistent heartbeat flutter. It unsettled him, that someone could expose such a weakness in him. That night they merely enjoyed the presence of each other. He polished the silverware, washed the laundry, made breakfast preparations, and watched over the children as any butler worth his salt would. It was almost four a.m. and even Selima was almost asleep. She looked so peaceful, her breathing slowing…even Sebastian was running out of things to do, which might mean leisure time. But then, something went bump in the night, arousing and attracting both of their attention.

“What was that?” she muttered, fully awake, tense as ever.
“I will check it out, my lady, don’t fret- “
“I’m coming too.” she persisted. “I’m more than a lady, you know. I can handle myself.” She crosses her arms and raises her fine eyebrows to prove her point.
“I suppose so.” He reluctantly agrees, still worried for her safety.
“Let’s go.” Her pale skin was illuminated in the moonlight, spilling in through the window. They creep down the stairs and peek out the window to see a total of five men sneaking around the mansion. A malevolent smile stretches across her face.

“My lord has many enemies.” He groans.

“You took care of all the chores.” She smirked. “Allow me to take care of this.” Before he can object, she was gone, disappeared in the night. The thought of her in danger frightened him so, though he had neither obligation nor contract binding him to protect her. All of a sudden she was on top of the Windows ledge, breeze ruffling her hair, eyes equal with the chandelier. He almost cried out, but he knew he must have confidence in her. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and does a flip out the open window. She lands with perfection, not an inch off target, right behind one of the intruders. The balding man has an over muscled build with ruddy skin. His deep set brown eyes widened in fear, as he noticed the woman behind him. Before he could let out a scream, she firmly grabs the sides of his head and violently twists until a sickening crunch echoes.

"What was that?” his comrades asked each other, they could feel an ominous aura about the place now. They broke off and began to search in pairs of two. That only encouraged her, giving her such a rush. She reaches down both thin sleeves and unsheathes two kitchen knives, always at the ready for her and her master’s protection. In a split second she whips the knife forward, taking out a short man with grey streaks in his brunette hair, the knife stuck in the back of his head, it began to leak blood as he stumbled then fell, alerting his partner. He snapped around, let out a cry upon seeing her eyes illuminate, alerting the others. Sebastian almost begins to panic for fear that she can’t handle three men at once, and tosses a few pieces of silverware their way. She jumps, defying gravity and catches all three, then tosses them back at him, softly so they only land next to him, clattering on the floor, he stares in disbelief as she kicks one man in the face, lands gracefully then does a high kick again, kicking a man in the jaw . He rushes to help, just in case she loses her handle on things but she runs over, in heels and uses her hip to bump him out of the way.

“I’ve got this.” She yells. “Go check on my mistress and your master!” He grudgingly goes, glancing over his shoulder to see her giving one man a red smile, blood spurting out onto her nice clothing. Ciel had finally drifted off into a semi peaceful sleep. He did not dream, only rested. Sebastian sighed in relief; he stirred as he walked in, candles melting in his hand. The flames nearly went out as another man let out a dying scream.

“Sebastian, what is that?”
“Just a quarrel my lord. Everything is under control. Go back to sleep.” He soothes. Ciel only half heard him before he passed out again. Alette was asleep by this time as well. He blows out the white candle sticks, wisps of smoke escape and swirls round in the air. He’s halfway down the stairs, when she reenters the manor. Her once perfect dress is now in tatters, bloodstained, as her skin is, a large rip revealing her flat stomach is shown and she has a handful of bullets.

“You did very well, my lady.” he praises. “We should get you cleaned up.” She nods, despite her dress she is nearly in perfect condition, except for a cut on her thigh that was already healing. He walks over to her, places his hands on her waist, and then picks her up. She is momentarily flustered, cheeks ripening. He places her on the kitchen counter then retrieves his ivory first aid kit. He begins right away, lifting up her dress a bit to reveal the cut more. She sighs as he rubs disinfectant on the wound, pain did not bother her, only motivated her. He placed a small pad of cotton where her dark red blood still oozed then proceeded to wrap it up slowly. Her legs her warm and smooth. Once done he placed a long, slow kiss on her cut, making her eyes widen and cheeks flush. He never broke eye contact; his lips were cold but soft. Immediately she hopped up.

“We should get you out of that dress.” He whispers, rubbing the fabric between his fingers. For a moment she considers succumbing to her desire.

“I can do it myself.” She maintained. “Maybe I’ll need help next time though.” He smirks.

“I look forward to it.” She walks into her master’s room and digs through her trunk, looking for the spare clothes she’s packed. Not a dress, nor a maid’s proper clothing but she knew she was bound to spill something. At least it was the other person’s blood.

“Don’t look.” She demands.

“Of course not, my lady. I am a gentleman after all.” He reminds.

She slips out of her ruined clothing, being mindful of her leg, and slips into a pair of pants and a red sweater. Ladies wearing dresses was the norm back then, so women who defied this rule were usually outcasted, but she paid this no heed. All she cared for was comfort. As much as he was tempted to peek, he did not out of courtesy.

“Okay.” She squeaked. The sun was creeping along the horizon, painting the sky a beautiful cherry color mixed with violet.

“Look at the sky, my lady.”

“It’s beautiful.”

“Just as you are.” She blushed again, but turned away so he wouldn’t see.

“Come we have breakfast preparations.” She stated.
Chapter Summary

After the young master is kidnapped, it's up to Selima and Sebastian to save Ciel.

They made breakfast together, each preparing a set of options individual to their master's taste. They could hear the crash of mischief from upstairs. Sebastian sighed.

“I told them to rid the house of vermin.” He explains. “The rest of the house’s staff can be rather incompetent.”

“Ho ho ho.” Echoes Tanaka. By the time the master’s have risen and been fed, it's time for tea.

“Your tea. We have a special Darjeeling blend to offer from Fortnum & Mason today.” Sebastian informs.

“Smells lovely. Tea can be excellent when made well.”

“Grell.”

“Ahh, yes, my lady.”

“Learn something from Sebastian.”

“Uh, yes...”

“Just look at him. I mean his physique! You should quit this country job and come work for me in the city.” She flirts. Sebastian stiffens under her touch and Selima tosses a glare over her shoulder, “Ahem! Madam Red.” Interjects a outraged Ciel.

“Oh, Sorry. I couldn't help it. He looked like he needed a physical. Just a doctor's habit.” She excuses.

“So, do you believe the drag trafficker you're after was one of your guests today?” Lau changes the subject.

“Perhaps.”

“Why not leave the extermination to Lau? A rat knows best where the rats' nest is, doesn't he?”

“I'm but a tame guinea pig dedicated to my lord. If the earl instructs me not to act, I'm bound to do nothing.” Muses Lau. He walks over to Ciel and hovers a hand above his head.

“Watch it! You'd best keep your filthy paws off my darling nephew!” she growls, cuddling Ciel, who looks annoyed. Alette stifles a giggle.

“You wound me. I would never paw at him in his own home, dear madam.”

“Are you saying you would if you were elsewhere? Careful, you're on thin ice now, sir!”

“Hahahaha. Sorry, I'm joking of course.” He chuckles.

“Master?” interpolates Sebastian as Ciel slips out from the room. Alette follows him, leaving Selima to manage the rowdy guests. “Master. Today's dessert is a deep-dish pie prepared with flesh apples and raisins. It will be ready soon. Would you like to eat with your guests?”

“Bring it to my study. I'm done here.”

“Certainly, my lord.” He obliges. Ciel wanders to find Alette, already sitting in his desk chair.

“Did you really think you could escape me that easily?”

“I wasn’t trying to escape you.” He sighs.

“Your aunt is very protective.”

“She really is.”
“Cut the crap, Ciel. I know you got a letter too.” His taken aback by her harsh words. Ciel unfolds the bit of parchment that was tucked into his pocket. He had told no one, not even Sebastian.

“How did you know?”

“It was sticking out of your pocket.” She states simply. “And I got one too.” Ciel looks at the mismatched colored words pasted onto the page.

“Who’s want to threaten us?”

“A bunch of people actually. We’ve been extremely prosperous. We’re bound to make a few enemies.” She shrugs.

“I suppose.”

“Shall we toss this rubbish away and bully Selima or Sebastian into bringing us cake?”

“Of course. Ask Selima. Sebastian is far too strict on my morning sweets.”

* * *

Sebastian swipes up the mice in one go, looking at the servants in consternation.

“That’s enough of that. Stop playing and get back to work.” Sebastian scolded the staff. He padded down the hallway, silver tray gleaming in hand. He pushes open the heavy door, to find his master missing.

“Young master. I brought your pie and afternoon tea. Master...? This is terrible...! The refreshments will all be wasted now...” Selima walks with an identical tray, a pie topped with a inkling of whipped cream. She walks in nonchalantly, her heels clicking against the linoleum. The second she realizes it is a stranger with his arms wrapped around Alette, his hands covering her mouth, her eyes light up with malice.

“Oh, Mistress. How you do seem to get yourself into trouble so easily.” She sets down the tray carefully, smoothed her dress so there are no crinkles, then takes out a ponytail holder. Alette squeaks, livid at her leisurely activities as Selima flips her hair forward, curls tumbling about, and ties her hair back promptly. She rolls up her sleeves, and then swiftly removed the pie and refreshments from the tray. She tests the durability of the tray, then whips it forward like a Frisbee. Alette screams and flinches, while the man scrambles to get out the window. It hits him straight in the neck, causing him to grab at his throat wildly. The intruder falls backward out of the window.

“You were late.” She coughs, still caught off guard by her latest encounter. “Ciel!” she pushes past her butler and runs down the hall, makes a sharp right and bursts’ into Ciel’s study. Dismayed over his absence, she turns on the butlers.

“I order you to save Ciel!” She commands fiercely

“I chased them off but they have Ciel.” Informs Selima.

“Then I guess we will have to retrieve him.” Sebastian slyly smiles.

“How fun.” Giggled Selima

“Oh dear.” He sighed. “This is most troubling. Where could the master have been taken?”

“Sebastian!” squeals Mey-Rin, stumbling through the door. “I just found the letter, yes I did.”

“Addressed to whom?”

“The servants of Earl Phantomhive and Vamphina.” She runs, and nearly trips as she reaches Sebastian. Just as she regains her balance, Selima slides in and sweeps Sebastian off his feet, into a dip. The bullet whizzes past them both and shatters the crimson splattered vase.

“I’m flattered, my lady.” Sebastian jokes causing Selima to frown. She had acted in the moment and had not considered the aftermath. She just wasn’t sure if he saw the sniper creeping about in the bushes. “Mey-Rin, the letter, please.” Sebastian swipes the letter and looks it over carefully. Selima peers over his shoulder.

“What a dreadful letter. The handwriting is sloppy.” She criticized.

“Indeed.”

“What is going on here?” intruded Madame Red.

“Sorry for the noise, my lady. I assure you nothing is wrong. Please don’t concern yourself.” He soothes.

“Hmph, nothing? Are you sure?”

season
“Everyone I have business to attend to. Would you mind cleaning this up?”

“Um…when you say clean it up Uh… That means we can eat it right? Sebastian…?” But he had already grabbed Selima and whisked her away into the afternoon light. The sunlight drizzled on them lightly through the puffy clouds, and they could hear horses in the distance.

“Get on my back.” Sebastian orders

“I can just take to the trees.” She declines.

“It will be faster this way, and I don’t want to be separated.” He bends down and she hops onto his back, painfully aware that she was rubbing against him. Damn this dress. She wraps her arms around his neck and holds on tight as he starts to run at a god like speed. He smells delightful, like roses mixed with something darker.

“Sorry, I missed” cried the first man. The purple car zoomed down the gravel road.

“What do you mean you missed?!?” yelled a voice from the other line. “Idiots! Never should have hired scum like you! Just get back here!”

“Uh sir, something’s off. I see something!” Whined one. They were closing in on the vehicle quickly. She bounced up and down on his back as he ran.

“Aw what’s wrong? Little girl see a bear in the woods?” Mocked Vanel Suddenly there were screams on the other end of the phone as Selima launched herself off Sebastian and onto the car. She takes off a glove and flexes a black nailed hand before punching the car. It propelled forward all the way to a cliff, and then balanced, half on, half off.

“Dead Center.” She whispered. Sebastian quickly sat down on the edge of the car and stole the phone.

“That’s too bad, sounds like your little game of fetch is over.” ridiculed Ciel. Anger and concern blends, causing him to lash out and violently kick Ciel in the stomach repeatedly.

“Just shut your mouth, you damn brat!”He picks up the phone. “You listen to me! If one of you don’t answer me right now I swear I will kill you!”

“Hello.” Echoes Sebastian’s velvety voice. “Pardon me, but I represent the Phantomhive estate. I was wondering if my master might be available.” The flaxen haired man begins to sweat and tremble. ‘Is anyone there?’

“Wooof.” Barks Ciel.

“Very good young master. We will be there to retrieve you momentarily.” He hangs up then smiles innocently at the men dangling off the cliff. “Thank you for the use of your field telephone. And now there are a few things I’d like to ask you about, if that’s alright.” Selima puts a heel to the headlights of the car.

“One wrong move and you go over.”

“First, who do you work for? Hurry up now, I'm not exactly what you’d call a patient man.”

“Don’t forget what happened to Humpty Dumpty.” Chimed in Selima

“Ah, our employers name is Azzurro Vanel! He has a hideout up in the city. It’s in the East End! We just work for him!”

“But of course I understand. I’m very sorry to have interrupted your work, gentleman. I'll let you go now. Have a safe trip.” He hops off the vehicle, and Selima gives it a nudge, sending it crashing down. A cloud of sparks and smoke arise from the scene of the crash.

“Oh dear, look at how late it’s gotten.”

“We must hurry if we want to be on time for supper.”

Vanel begins ordering around his allies, guns were being loaded and people were rushing about, taking positions and searching all over for some monstrous creature that the Phantomhives beheld.

“Well this is a lovely estate, is it not Sebastian?”

“Yes my lady it’s quite fine.” All the men jumped to attention and began blindly shooting; to which both of them could easily dodge. They began taking out men one by one, breaking limbs, shanking torsos, ripping apart flesh. Sebastian snapped a man’s arm in half so the bone protruded through broken skin. Selima took off her gloves so not to stain them, then pressed her thumbs into the nearest mans eyes, digging her nails into the flesh until she heard a satisfying pop and a warm squirt of blood rushed out onto her pale skin. It was a piece of cake with both of them there. Sebastian shatters the
last man's right forearm with ease.

“We’re in a bit of a hurry. What time is it?”

“5:34.” He grabs her cold hand and rushes into the next room. As soon as they set foot in it, a hail of bullets rained down upon them. Sebastian blocks it with a silver tray, but Selima has other plans. She runs, then jumps up on the balcony, impossible for any human to do. She slides her knives out from her sleeves and moves rapidly, flipping forward until she was eye to eye with one of the men shooting. As he pulled the trigger, she kicked it out of his hand causing it to clatter on to the ground. Before he can so much as stutter, she slices his neck open, creating a flood of red on her pretty green dress.

“What a shame. I liked this outfit.” She moves on to the next as Sebastian tosses silverware like weapons, taking out more and more people, knives and forks jutted out from the men’s throats, stomachs, and heads. It was a massacre. Selima did her fair share of damage. Men were bleeding out all along the balcony as well.

“If we couldn’t do this much at least, what kind of butlers would we be?” they mocked, Men were splayed out like broken glass on the floor. Sebastian calmly walked forward, as if he was not running behind schedule, and opened the door to a shaky Vanel.

“I have come to retrieve my master.” He informs.

“No, sir You see I am simply one hell of a butler. And she’s—“

“One bloody good maiden.” She smiles

“Yeah, sure. It doesn’t matter anyways; I have no intention of fighting either of you.” He yanks on Ciel’s hair, and Ciel bites his lower lip in pain as Vanel points the gun to his head. “You better have what I asked for!”

“Yes, I do.” Sebastian reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out the desired object, just as a bullet pierces through his skull. He falls to the ground, lifeless. Ciel and Selima stare in amazement.

“Do not kill the woman. We can make a pretty penny off her.”

“Excuse you? I’m a lady!.

“Not for long. Shut your mouth and start using it for what it’s supposed to be used for.”

“That’s it. Sebastian, get up and defend my honor.”

“If you say so, my lady.” She watches as the men turn pale as ghosts, watching a man rise from the dead, or so it seemed. He leans forward then coughs up the bullets. “Perhaps you’d like these back.”

“What are you doing? Kill him!” he ordered. They cock their guns, ready to shoot, just as Sebastian throws the bullets. They cut through the men’s bodies with ease.

“What an awful thing to do to a perfectly good tailcoat.” He remarked

“You could have avoided that, idiot.”

“Master how unfortunate. They don’t seem to have taken very good care of you.”

“No stay back!”

“You look like a helpless little child all bound up like that. But then again, I guess that’s appropriate.”

“If either of you come any closer, I’ll shoot him!” he threatened.

“Can we move this along? His breath smells awful.”

“But if I come any closer he might kill you.” He teased.

“Are you saying you want to break the contract?”

“No of course not. Nothing has changed; I remain your faithful servant.”

“What the hell kind of nonsense are you talking about?!!”

“Master, you know what you have to do.”

Just as Ciel was about to open his eye to reveal the pentagram, the man blasted his gun. He expected to find a corpse when he looked back, instead he found a woman on her knees, in front of him, smiling with a bullet in between her teeth.

“Here you go” She politely placed the bullet in his pocket, causing him to twist and fall over in pure agony.
“The game wasn’t as much fun this time, Sebastian.
Alette and Selima meet Ciel's bride to be

Time had passed since the last encounter with the Earl Phantomhive.
“What did you think of our visit to the Phantomhives, my lady?” asked Selima cautiously. Her master had been most distracted since the visit.
“Ciel is…interesting.” She commented. “I’d like to get to know him more.”
“For what purpose my lady?”
“My own benefit of course. Besides, he seems a bit lonely…cooped up in his manor with no one but that butler for company.”
“That is not much, coming from you. “ Alette shot her a glare. “Perhaps you would like to pay the Earl a visit?” she suggested, eager to visit the butler once more.
“Of Course. For today. But remember, we have much work ahead of us. “ she nods, very aware of the grave, difficult task ahead of them.

* * *

The horses neighed as Selima helped her young Master out of the violet carriage. The manor seemed to double in size every time they visited. To their surprise, there was yet another carriage in the pathway leading up to the Manor. This one was a light rose color, laced with all types frilly décor. Alette rubs the fabric between her fingers, then recoils.
“Perhaps, we should have sent a letter.” Alette steps over a rolled up grey newspaper. Something about the murder of a prostitute. She came here to discuss this, it was all too curious these murders, had to be connected. She herself had been pouring over the case the past two nights, following it and watching it closely. Perhaps a new set of eyes would help. After all, Ciel was keen to make England better for the queen. He’d run laps around her throne if she told him to.
She knocked on the heavy wooden door, to their surprise, was answered by a full grown Tanaka.
“Please come in, Lady Vamphina.” Alette wiped her priceless black flats on the mat, then stepped in.
“Where is the butler?” inquired Alette, out of inquisitiveness. “Usually he tends to such mundane things.”
“Sebastian is tending to Ciel and Lady Elizabeth in the hall.” This relieves Selima, who had become a bit worried. The halls were decked out with all sorts of glitter, bells and hearts. Stuffed animals littered the house.
“This is most unlike Ciel.”
“I agree.”
She strode into the dining hall to find it as girly and ornate as the rest of the house. Grell hung from the center, swinging left and right, gasping for breath. The whole crew was dressed ridiculously even Sebastian, who sported a pink bonnet. Upon seeing Selima he ripped the bonnet off and turned a slight shade of pink. As the three housekeepers tried to stifle their giggles, Sebastian shot a murderous glare that made every one stop in their tracks. It made Selimas heart flutter, who chuckled at his embarrassment.
"Alette. What a pleasant surprise." Sighed Ciel. He seemed to be suffering immensely in the blond girls presence.
"Who is she? " Alette inquires as politely as she could.
"My er....friend."
"Friend? I'm your fiancée!" Elizabeth squeals, a bit hurt.
"He Is betrothed to her?" Asked everyone, outraged.
"So incompatible." Selima huffs.
"Her Christian name is lady Elizabeth Ethel Cordelia Midford Scotney." He informed. Grell got tongue tied just attempting to pronounce it all. "Lady Elizabeth is of a nobility after all."
"But so is Alette!" Cried Finny.
"The Vamphina name is indeed of high standards. It is very powerful." Agrees Selima. The three workers huddle together, Tanaka with hid blond curls in the middle.
"Alright we can't put up with Lady Elizabeth forever!" Starts Baldroy.
"Yes!" Agreed the other two.
"We gotta set Ciel up with Lady Alette!"
"I've got an idea! Now that the mansion is all decorated, we should have a ball!" Squeaked Elizabeth. "And I'll dance all around with my finance as my escort! Oh how lovely!"
"A ball? No!"
"Wear the clothes I picked out for you won't you Ciel?" She pleaded "I just know they'll be adorable! And I must dress to the nines as well! Ohhh Alette, we can pick out each other’s clothes and do each other’s makeup!" Everything about this young lady was gaudy, childish and making a mature Alette squirm.

Enthusiasm splayed out on the girls face, as plain as day. She grabs Alette by the arm and yanks her out of the room.
"Alette!" cries Ciel. "Wait I said no ball!" he yells
"I believe the wisest course of action is to go along with her plan. I don’t think she’s going to listen to reason."
"Can’t you just give her some tea or something and get her out of here?" he whined
"My dear, you should know you could never shake a lady so easily." Chimed in Selima. Sebastian smirks devilishly.

"I don’t have time for a stupid ball."
"You’ll have to make time. A real companion would be considerate of your busy schedule. What she wants isn’t more important. It’s about compromise."

"I’m twelve and running a company do you think I care about compromise?" Ciel Snapped
"Of course not, my lord." Sebastian concludes for Selima. She simply shakes her head.
"Men." She whispers.
"My lord. Lady Elizabeth wants a dance. You cannot refuse her. “Ciel avoids eye contact and sips his tea ingenuously.
"Master?"
"What now?"
"I know I’ve never seen you dance before but I assume that you can.” Ciel busies himself with some papers. “Oh…I see. Well that explains why you are always such a wallflower at social occasions.” He teases.

"I have too much work to do, no time to waste on dancing.” Sebastian snatches the paper away form him and leans in, holding a desirable piece of freshly cut cake.

"With all due respect, Dancing is necessary skill for someone of your position to possess in your line of work, master. Social contracts are important to maintain. The world expects any noble gentleman to possess at least rudimentary dance skills. If you turn down too many invitations simply because you cannot dance, your reputation in high society will suffer greatly.” He threatens subtly

"Fine I’ll do it! Now stop the lecture.” Selima quietly polished the silverware. She knew all too well how difficult it was to be strict. Especially when you had to be polite about it. “Call me in a private tutor or something. Mrs. Wright or Mrs. Hopkins should work well enough.”

"We don’t have sufficient time to call in a tutor for you, my lord. There’s only one option. I’ll be your tutor.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. You’re much too tall to be Lizzie. I prefer Selima instead.” She looks up from her work.

"Of course, my lord.”
“Keep your back straight!” she smacks his back to emphasize her point.

“Oomph!” he groans.

“I am under no obligation to be polite or easy on you. Now pay attention! Do you want to please your lady or don’t you?”

“What kind of a lady are you?”

“A smart, clever one. Pretty. What kind of a lady are you?

“Well I’m no lady at all!”

“Exactly. No manners at all.” Ciel fumes at her statement.

“Master, to lead you start the first step on your heel. Keep your hands firmly above the lady’s back. When the music starts lead with your left foot.” Ciel fumbles to follow Sebastian’s directions and steps on Selima’s foot. “Next try a natural turn.” He instructs

“Slide your foot forward.” She growls. Sebastian chuckles as they fumble around. He sighs

“You natural ability for dancing isn’t so much lacking as it is nonexistent, my lord. You cannot simply cling onto your dance partner for dear life.”

“She’s taller than Elizabeth. It’s not working!”

“You’re a poor one for excuses.” She sniffs. “Clear up that terrified look off your face. It will scare the lady away.” She pinches his cheeks until they’re red and rosy. “Smile.”

“I can’t smile. I forgot how. I don’t know how to pretend like I’m having fun, not anymore.” He stares down and his jewel encrusted finger.

Alette stares at her reflection, astounded at what Elizabeth has done to her. Her scarlet dress complimented her wavy brown hair, and her face was caked with makeup. Was this pretty? She had no faintest clue. She disliked the way the dress clung to her small figure.

“Oh you look simply adorable!” squealed Elizabeth. Grell sulked in the corner, envious that Alette got to wear a sexy red dress while he was stuck in plain old white. He nearly jumped out a window, and was met with no resistance.

“Blue is definitely Ciel’s color! It will look so good on him, don’t you think Alette?”

“Yes.” She simply replied. She tried to imagine Ciel in some fluffy outfit, way too extravagant for the likes of him; it made her chuckle a little. She shifted her attention to the struggle going on over Mey-Rins glasses. She shook her head; the girl clearly had no boundaries.

“Leave her alone!” spat Ciel. Her head whipped around as she observed the new presence in the room. She was right; he did look dashing in blue.

“Ciel!” She shrieked. “You look adorable!” She desperately threw herself at him and spun him around, evoking cries of disapproval from Ciel. Suddenly, she stopped

“Ciel, why aren’t you wearing the ring I brought you?! It matches your clothing perfectly, now where did it go?”

“The ring I already have on will work.”

“No no no no no!” Alette walks over, and closely examines the ring.

“Really I don’t see the problem, it is blue isn’t it?”

“That ring isn’t cute at all!”

“Not everything has to be cute.” She muttered.

“I picked that ring out especially for you, you’re so cruel! I just want everything to be perfect.”

“Lizzie this ring is—

“Ha fooled you! It’s mine now.”

“Lizzie—

“This is far too big for you the one I bought for you will fit just perfectly! Now put it on and—“

“Give it back!” he snapped. Her playful manner dissipates as the rest of the house stares at the pair. “Hand it over, now Elizabeth.”

“Why are you so angry at me Ciel?” She innocently asks. "I just wanted…to make everything look adorable that’s all.” Ciel’s disposition hardens. “Why are you so angry? I hate this stupid ring!” She slams it down into the linoleum and everyone hears the sickening crack of the precious gem. Ciel
explodes, raising a hand. Elizabeth flinches but Ciel is caught by Selima, who has finally made an appearance.

“You, never hit a lady.” She hisses eyes aglow with malice.

“Please forgive my master.” Pleads Sebastian. “That ring was very important to him. It was a precious heirloom passed down to the head of the Phantomhive family. He’s grown quite attached to it, it’s truly one of a kind.” She clears her tears. “Please try to understand why this would upset him.”

“It was that important? And I destroyed it?” Ciel picks up the ring, examining the damage done.

“Ciel please, I—” Everyone gasps as Ciel tosses the ring out the window. “Ciel wait what are you doing?”

“It doesn’t matter. It was nothing but an old ring after all.” He strides forward, all eyes upon him. Alette can tell he is still stung by the loss of something so valuable to him. “Even without it I am still the head of the Phantomhives. And that won’t change.” Even Sebastian is taken aback by this bold statement and rush of pride from Ciel. “How long are you going to cry? He asks. “Your face is a mess, so unsuited for a lady. How could I possibly ask a lady with a runny nose to dance?”

“To dance?” she sniffles. Sebastian begins playing a tune on the violin and before he knows it, Selima is beside him, playing a flute. Sebastian had not taken the time to appreciate her beauty. Her curly hair was pinned in a bun and she wore a wonderful azure dress, exposing part of her thighs, her soft smooth skin visible. He became so distracted he almost missed a note. Her lips were pursed as she circulated air through the instrument, lipstick not smearing in the slightest. Grell begins singing along as Ciel and Lizzie spin round and round, Ciel not stepping on her toes once. Selima was impressed. Soon after the dance ends and it is time for the ball to end. Lizzie sleeps on the couch, a smile on her face. Alette stands out on the balcony, a cool breeze blowing through her hair.

“It was nice, what you did for her.”

“I suppose. How did you know I was here?” asks Ciel.

“That cologne she picked out for you is strong.” She chuckles; Ciel sniffs himself. Suddenly, he extends a hand.

“Hooked on dancing now, are you?”

“You could say that. I left one dance for you. Its only common courtesy, I gave one to Lizzie after all.” She takes his hand, soft and gentle he was, nothing like his exterior. His back is kept straight and he steps using his heel, just as instructed.

“Selima taught you didn’t she?”

“How did you know?”

“We have the same dance style. Now you know what I go through every day.” Ciel chuckles, it was all in down in the hall, the two butlers cleaned up the decorations that clung to the mansion. Selima scowled at all the girly fluffy décor. A slow tune echoes down the hall. She turns to see real Tanaka, playing the piano. Abruptly, Sebastian pops up in front of her.

“Would you grant me a dance, my lady?” he politely inquires. She considers it. “I promise to be the perfect gentlemen.” He bows, extending a lengthy hand.

“I suppose.” She takes his gloved hand and places her hand on his shoulder, while his hands wander to her waist. They move to the beat, slow and steady, perfectly in sync. She inhales the scent of roses, and places her head on his chest, feeling the emptiness of where his heartbeat should be. It is a lovely evening
“Jack the Ripper has struck again.”

“Yes, I know. I’ve been following the case for some time now.” Ciel admitted in his gloved hand he held a fine parchment envelope, its contents unknown. Alette sat across from him, her moth in a firm line. Their butlers sat outside the carriage, taming and controlling the horses as they pulled into their newest estate Sebastian sat close to Selima, both who were bundled up thanks to the cold weather. He was painfully aware of w close their legs were, just barely apart…

Ciel gripped the skull that served as the ball of his walking stick.

“I hate this.” He informed Sebastian and Alette as they hopped up the pearly white stairs; it was as if no one had ever set a foot on them. “There are too many people in London…”

“There is no help for it, my lord. It's tradition for the nobility to migrate en masse to town from the country every Season.” They entered the door with ease, and ascended the mauve staircase.

“You will have to learn to adapt, Ciel.” Added Alette

“There is no hope for a noble gentleman that doesn’t know how to fraternize or at least deal with the public.” Ridiculed Selima. She was a critical woman; Ciel now knew whose goal in life was to push Alette to her very best. Some might find it endearing, as if she cared for the girl. Ciel knew better, she was simply caring and tending the soul she wished to consume, making it as good as it could be.

“The Season, eh? A waste of time, if you ask me.”

“Some people like to enjoy life, Ciel. See the sights.

“Getting away from the manor could prove a nice change of pace. It's a break from those four, at least... We can enjoy a little peace and quiet for a time.” Sebastian glances away from the young master and toward Selima, who had just removed her winter gear. She showed off a blue dress laced in black, which fell to her knees in the front, longer in the back.

“Some peace and quiet does sound nice…But I digress. Peace and quiet is not what I need. I need a lead.” They open the door to reveal Madame Red, rearing their once neatly prepared room to shreds.

“Goodness’s sake! Where do they keep the tea in this house?”

“I can't find it either...”

“Don't be silly! Of course it's not in there. Oh!”

“We have tea.” Whispered Alette, meagerly holding up a golden bag.

“Madam Red?! Lau?! What are you doing here?!”

“Ciel, you're early, dear.” She stated simply, taking the bag from the confused Alette. “Who is she?”

Ciel remembers the two had not been formally introduced.

“Right, Madame Red, this is Alette Vamphina, my business associate. Alette, this is my aunt Madame Red.” He introduced. They mutter their greetings, politely, as ladies in their day do.

“You sudden appearance here in town must mean...”

“The Queen's guard dog has a new scent to follow.”

* * *

Ciel sips his tea, the newly poured ginger tea Alette and Selima had brought along. It had a snap of an aftertaste, singing is tongue n the warm liquid.

“He struck again, another prostitute was found gruesomely murdered in Whitechapel. These killings are far from normal. The level of violence we're seeing is unprecedented.”
“Of course our knowledge only stems from what the papers saw fit to divulge unto the public.” Acknowledges Alette.
“We have however, picked up a few clues as to the scene of the crime.” Assured Selima.
“The most recent victim was a woman named Mary Ann Nichols. It appears a special type of blade was used on her. She was torn up beyond recognition.” Inserts Sebastian. Something about the way his smooth velvety voice encircled and entangled the violent diction made Selimas cheeks flush. She pulls her hair forward to cover her blush.
“The murderer's distinctive style of killing has earned him a unique nickname from the press: "Jack the Ripper."
“A frightening name, eh?” agreed Lau.
“That’s why we’re here earlier than expected.” Confesses Ciel. “I hurried into town to look into the situation for myself. Alette and I have the same thoughts. We must catch who is responsible for this.”
“But are you sure you'll be brave enough to stomach the crime scene?”
“What do you mean by that?”
“The sight of the dismembered body will certainly be horrific. And one can only imagine the stench. Blood and gore everywhere. Surely it would more than enough to drive some men mad. Are you prepared to see such a thing? You're just a young boy after all.” Lau pinches his cheek for emphasis.
“Ciel is mature for his age. He can handle anything that’s thrown at him.”
“I am the head of the Phantomhives in service to my Queen. Don't ask foolish questions.”

“You're right. So sorry” he briefly apologizes.
The crowd fills the police car encircled alley. Alette and Ciel pace themselves, easily shoving through the distended setting. The walking stick continuously clicks against the brick paved road. A ginger haired man stands at the opening of the scene.
“Sorry, my boy. I'm afraid a crime scene like this is no place for a child. Now why don't you just run along home?” he condescendingly informs the children.
“We’re here to see the victim's body.” He shoots back

“The body?! Surely you're kidding me!” Abberline shouts, taken aback.
“Abberline!” chides his boss. “Well, if it isn't Lord Phantomhive? With Lady Vamphina? What are you doing here?”

“You know this kid, sir?”
“I'm here to help, Sir Arthur. Seems your investigation is dragging a bit.” Ciel patronized. He always possessed an air of authority mixed with superiority. “You know who sent me, of course. It seems you haven't found any major clues yet.” He holds up an envelope, almost as a threat.
“We at Scotland Yard are more than capable of handling this case, I assure you. There's no need for you interferes.” The boss huffs
“Splendid. Shall we go, Alette?”
“Of course, if we’re not needed there is no need to stick around.” Madame Red, Lau and Grell follow pursuit. “What will be our next move?” inquires Alette
“Now we go see someone who may prove useful.”
“My lord! You mean...” intrudes Lau

“Yes, indeed.” They find themselves in front of a dark building, with a intriguing font.
“Selima has escorted me here a few times. I’ve just never been very good at what he desires for payment.”
“So... where are we?”

“You don’t know?! Then what was all that about!!”
“It's a funeral parlor run by an acquaintance of my lord's”

“‘The Undertaker’?” Sebastian opens the door then gestures for Selima to walk through
“Ladies first.” Everyone else follows her lead
“If we're looking for answers, this is the place.”
“Welcome. I thought I'd be seeing you before long. My lord, it's so lovely to see you. My lady, it’s been far too long. Do I finally have the pleasure of fitting one of you for one of me coffins today? We have children’s sizes.” He creeps out of a dark coffin, eyes aglow with mischief.
“I'm old enough to marry!” protests Alette.

“No, that isn't I am here... I wanted to—“

“No need to say, I'm already aware. Very well aware. One of my recent customers was a bit unusual, shall we say. I helped though, I made her look beautiful again.” He touches a long ebony nail to his lips.

“We would like the details, please.”
“I see now, so the funeral parlor is only your cover business. How much is it for information?” inquires Lau. The mysterious man with long grey hair leans in dangerously close, making everyone uncomfortable.
“I have no need for the Queen's coins, there's only one thing I want from you! Please, my lord, give it to me and I'll tell you anything! Give me the extraordinary gift of true laughter! Just one joke and all the information is yours!” Each person takes a turn trying to entice the man with corny jokes and gossip, but none appeal to him. Alette even tried to convince Selima to give it a go, but she refrained; Selima was an expert in obscene jokes, and hers would only make the man cringe, not genuinely laugh.

“No, my lord, it looks like you're the only one left. I gave you a special discount last time, but I'm not going to do it again.”

“It can't be helped.”

“Sebastian?”

“Hmph!”
“Everyone please wait outside. No matter what happens, do not attempt to listen to this.” Sebastian instructs. Everyone strides outside and twiddles their thumbs. Eventually a long chorus of creaky laughter erupts from the building. “Please do come back in now. I believe he will tell us everything we want to know.”

“Oh my... I've now seen the face of ultimate bliss...” The Undertaker giggles.

“An interesting pattern I'm seeing these days. I often get customers who are incomplete.”

“Incomplete? Like missing something?” solicits Alette.

“Yes... the uterus is missing, which is quite odd. The killer makes a big mess of the body, but that particular part is always precisely excised.”

“He did it on a road that was public, though not high traffic. Wouldn't an amateur have a difficult time carrying out such a complicated procedure quickly enough?”
“You're a clever one, butler. That is exactly what I was thinking. You see, first he slits her throat with a sharp weapon, and then he rips into it right here... and takes that precious womanly part. There will be more slain, I'm certain. Sadistic killers like this one don't stop until someone makes them. Will you stop him? Can you sniff him out, like a good little guard dog?” notifies the Undertaker. He mimics the murders, using Ciel as a dummy. The very idea of it makes Alette’s
abdomen hurt.

“I'm bound by the honor of my family. I will eliminate any threat the Queen in asks me to... by any means I find necessary.” The determination in the young boy’s voice is evident. Soon they are all back in their carriages, cramped as ever. This time, it is Selima who mans the horses.

“First of all, we look at those with the necessary skill set. Crossing out anyone with an alibi for the nights on which the murders occurred. Removal of the organs would suggest some kind of gruesome ritual. We should concentrate our investigation on people involved with secret societies” the butler deduces.

“As if that narrow the field! Why, even I would have the medical skills necessary for this! Besides which, the Season is ending soon. Any doctors who followed the nobles to the city will be returning to the country, and then what—“

“Then we'll have to conclude the investigation quickly.’

“Impossible.”

“I should be able to do this much at least. Otherwise, what kind of butler would I be? I'll make up a list of viable suspects and begin questioning them for you immediately, my lord. Now, if you'll excuse me...” Sebastian gives his signature smile and hops out of the moving carriage. Perfectly unharmed, he straightens his jacket and turns to find Selima, just as unflustered as he was.

“If you’re here, who’s—“

“Grell.”

“Ah.”

“You know I wouldn’t let you do this alone.”

“I should have expected as much.”

* * *

“Welcome back, everyone. I have awaited your return.” Greets Sebastian

“Your afternoon tea is ready for you in the drawing room.” Welcomes Selima.

“Hold on! How are you both here?!” exclaims Madame Red

“Selima, when did you even leave?” questions Alette

“Nice to know I was missed, my lady.” She articulates sweetly.

“We finished up that little errand, so we made our way home to edify you.”

“You made the suspect list already?”

“It was easy work with the both of us.”

“Richard Oswald, doctor of the Duke of Bailey was at the White Horse pub with his friends. He has no connection to secret societies. Madam Heavitt, surgeon at the Royal London Central Hospital was at the Stipple Inn. She has no connection to secret societies. William Somerset, doctor to the Earl Chambers was at a party hosted by the Viscount Harwood. From this information, I have narrowed down our list to one possible suspect.

“Are you certain you're just a butler? Not a secret military intelligence officer?”

“See, my lady, I am simply one hell of a butler. And she’s—“

“Simply one bloody good maiden.”

“The Viscount Druitt, also known as Aleister Chambers...He graduated from medical school, but has never gone into practice. Lately he's thrown several parties at his home. But behind the scenes at these same soirees are secret gatherings that only his intimates may attend.”

“I've heard that he's into black magic and those occult sorts of things.”

So your suspicion is that he's holding these parties to perform ritualistic sacrifices of local
prostitutes?"
“Tonight is the last party of the Season. Which means this is our last chance.”
“Perfect.” Smirks Selima.
The group must infiltrate the Viscount Druitt’s last party of the season and determine if he is Jack the ripper.

“Ciel will be my niece visiting from the country, and Sebastian will be Ciel's tutor.”
“Alette will be my lord’s sister, and Selima will be playing the role of my wife.” Smirks Sebastian
“And just why do I have to act like your niece?!”

“Because, dear, I've always wanted a girl.”

“You're kidding me!” cries Ciel. “Why couldn’t you just have Alette?”
“My my dear, must you always be so picky?” Sebastian pulls Selima aside, and then pulls her close. Bodies pressed together, she can see her reflection in his newly acquired spectacles.
“Yes, husband?” she teases. He takes her hand, and peels off the piece of clothing covering her delicate hand. Her dress is lace, as was typical for her, and red mixed with a dash of black. Her seal is of course, covered by long sleeves. He slips a silver ring on to her ring finger. The gem is cobalt and shiny, surrounded by several small black gems. It matches the large blue jewel on Sebastian’s gloved hand. It had taken a lot of convincing on his part to let Ciel trust him enough to borrow the ring, but he had managed, after all if he could not play his part this well, what kind of butler/ fake husband would he be?
“We must look our part.” He leans in, inhaling the scent radiating from her black curls, as he whispered in her ear.
“You don't want them to know you're a Phantomhive now, do you? Besides, I've heard that Lord Druitt has an eye for any pretty little thing in a skirt, and we do want to catch his eye, right? With both of you we have twice the chance!”
“By any means necessary,” you do remember saying that, do you not, sir? First things first, we need to locate this murderous viscount.” Reminds Sebastian
“At least Elizabeth isn't here. I would never want her seeing me like this...” relieves Ciel

“Oh, that dress is so adorable! I adore all the dresses here! They're lovely!” shrieks Lizzie

“Se-S-S-S-S...” he stutters
“You had to open your mouth!” hisses Alette
“She’ll certainly recognize you, Alette. Or Sebastian! I’m done for!” squeals Ciel
“Sir... er, I mean, mistress, please calm down. Let's move quickly...”

“Oh! You in the pink, your dress is just beautiful!”

“Moving this way now.” Hustles Sebastian, and Selima.

“Where is she?”

“This isn't good. I didn't expect her here...”
“If someone was to see the head of my family dressed this way...”

“The Phantomhive name would be ruined for generations.”

“Let's go join Madam Red.”

“You are such a dear.”

“Looks like she's having a grand old time...”

“There!”

“Come this way, my young mistress.”

“Why do these things always happen to me?” asks Ciel. Sebastian grips Selima’s hand tightly, so not to lose her in the crowd; they did have to look like a couple, after all.

“Lord Druitt looks as gorgeous as ever tonight. His hair shines like the sun!” wailed one of Lord Druitt’s many fan girls.

“That's the Viscount Druitt; let’s go.”

“Damn... I'll never get close to him.” Realizes Ciel

“We have no choice. We'll have to dance our way over to the viscount. Sir, take Alette and follow my lead.” He extends his hand to Selima. “My lady, a dance?” he offers.

“Of Course, sweetheart.” She flirts. The pet name causes Sebastian to almost blush; instead he smirks, remaining in control as always. He takes her soft hands and intertwines their fingers, rings clinking together. He swirls her around to the tempo of the music. They make eye contact, and Selima almost loses herself in the dark crimson of his eyes. He spins her around, evoking a small giggle from Selima. In between spins both would instruct their masters over their shoulders, which were rather rusty from the lack of experience. Suddenly, Sebastian spots Elizabeth eyeing Ciel. She begins to make her way over to the dancing pairs.

“Your dancing is exquisite like a lovely little robin, my sweet lady.”

“Uh... Uh, good evening, my Lord Druitt.”

“I do hope you're enjoying the party... dear robin.” He kisses his covered hand and Ciel cringes internally.

“Oh, yes, certainly. It's a wonderful party, but...My lord, I've been waiting to speak with you all evening.”

“Oh?”

“I'm bored to death of dancing and eating.”

“What a spoiled princess you are, little robin. Looking for something more entertaining? You and your sister could come back with me and—“Alette cuts out of the conversation there, preoccupied with the task before her. She abandons her dance partner before she gets wrapped up in something worse than she already was. She begins her search for Selima, who had disappeared with her dance partner into the congregation of people.

“Ladies and gentlemen, if everyone would all please gather round, this evening's magic show will now begin. Pardon me, sir, would you kindly assist me?”

“Assist you? Certainly.”

“I don't recall ordering any parlor tricks this evening...” wonders Druitt aloud as Selima drags out a cabinet, setting the scene for Sebastian to amaze the multitude.
“A normal cabinet. Once I've climbed inside, shut it tightly and bind it with these chains. Then, simply run it through with the swords. I shall emerge perfectly unharmed. This is no mere trick or illusion. Prepare for a performance of true magic.” Announces Sebastian.

“Well, here goes nothing.” Lau begins viciously stabbing the swords through, piercing the cabinet. Everyone is sure the man will emerge bloodied and faint, or at least with a scratch, all except Selima. She knows he will be just fine as always.

“Amazing! True magic”

“Bravo!”

“Sebastian, how incredible!”

“Indeed! For a moment there, I worried that I killed you.” Everyone cheers for the masked man. Sebastian realizes that his young master has gone missing; In fact, most of his party has vanished. Selima and Alette were nowhere to be found as well. He couldn’t even spot Madame Red, who you could usually spot a mile away in such bright colors.

“How curious.” He grinned.

* * *

“Selima, are you certain this is the correct address?” asks Alette.

“Yes, my lady, very certain.” The place is deserted, a loft that looks as if it is decaying.

“You’re certain Sebastian won’t miss you?”

“Oh he will. I’ll just say the Lord Druitt was showing us around.”

“A plausible alibi. Shall we go?”

“Yes, my lady.” They climb the concrete stairs, heels clicking so. They were much overdressed for such a meeting, but it was no matter.

“I wonder who this man could be.” She thinks aloud. They had been together five years since Alette was nine and had made little progress toward her goal. Recently she had stumbled upon a man, the Aristocrat of Evil he was called. It was said he gave out information for the right price. So here they were, ready to risk whatever the price was just for the correct information, and a lead was what they needed. Selima opens the door, and checks that the entrance is safe before Alette steps inside. It is vacant, except for wooden stairs that led upward. Selima, of course, goes first, at the ready for anything that could happen. They slowly push open the door to find a familiar Asian man, accompanied by a woman.

“Lau?” importunes Alette.

“Ah, my little butterfly has finally found her way back home.” He teases.

“You’re—”

“The Aristocrat of Evil? Yes that is my name in the Underworld. What service could you require of me, little butterfly?

“I need information.”

“About what?”


“Shhh, you don’t want to get caught before you can have your revenge now do you? I can give you names and addresses. But for a price.”

“What price?” She spat

“What’s your rush, little butterfly?”

“You know very well we both have to return to the ball soon, before we’re missed.” She snapped. She never was good at holding her tongue or having patience.

“There’s a certain collection I am after. Gems to be specific.” Selima snaps out of her trance. She had been admiring the ring on her finger; she had a certain obsession with jewels. “I can give you aliases of the people who possess them, but I am not aware of their real identities. Each jewel you give me, I’ll give you a name of a major drug lord.”

“Deal!” she quickly replies.
“My lady, are you sure? Perhaps you shouldn’t be so hasty.”
“I Know what I am doing, Selima now Lau, tell me what you know of the first gem!”
“She goes by the name Madame Odysseia Rubis. I want the jewel she has. Be a good little butterfly and retrieve it for me, and I'll give you the name of the first person you’re after.” She nods, resolve etched into her jaw line.
“Let’s go, Selima.”
“Yes, my lady.” They exit the building, relieved now that no danger had befallen them. The moon is high in the sky, starts sprinkled out into the black abyss called the sky. A small wind blew, ruffling both the girls’ hair.
“Selima. Go find Sebastian.”
“Of course, ma’am.” She disappears, running at a near impossible speed toward the ball. Alette smiles at her obedience, and then stops in her track. A wary feeling comes over her, as if she was being followed. She regrets her decision to send Selima away. She was about to turn around when she was grasped by a pair of strong hands, a rag shoved over her mouth as she tried to scream.

“Shhh my little hummingbird.” Was the last whisper she heard before losing consciousness.
“And now, what you've all been waiting for: tonight's crown jewels. I'm sure she'd make a lovely decoration, or sweet little pet. You can keep her whole and healthy. Or sell her for parts, if you’d like to.
Her eyes are two different colors, but for the discerning collector, that will add to her a unique attraction.” Coos Druitt. She woke up in a dark cage, surrounded by bright flashes and a swarm of people oohing and ahhing at the cage she and Ciel were stuck in.

“A black market auction?” asks Ciel, who has clearly also just woken up
“Where are we?” inquire Alette.
“That git drugged us!” exclaims Ciel, going pink in the cheeks

“The bidding shall begin momentarily.”

“So that's what he was doing. He removes the prostitutes' organs and sells them at his parties?”

“We'll start at a thousand guineas.”

“2000!”
“3000!”
“3500!”
“5000!” they all call, trying to claim the two.

“Sebastian, come get me now.” Demands Ciel, as if this was nothing more than a nuisance.
“Selima this is an order! Come retrieve us immediately”
“I bet Sebastian will get here first. Care to make a wager out of it?”
“Oh, you’re on.”
“What's this?!” They snuff out the candle, then begin recklessly disabling all the bidders. Ciel and Alette do not so much as flinch; they were trying to buy them just moments ago, after all. The candle reawakens, and there stands Sebastian and Selima.

“Really, sir...Are you good for nothing but getting yourself captured? How sad.”
“I left you alone for five minutes, my lady. How is it you’ve managed to get kidnapped?”
“It seems you both have a talent for getting into predicaments.”

“As long as the contract remains in place, you'll follow me everywhere, whether I ask you to or not, won't you?”

“This type of contract is sealed by a mark a demon places on his prey.”
“Speaking of which, where is your mark, Alette? I’ve never seen it.” Questions Ciel. In response, Alette brushes back her long wavy hair and reveals a small pentagram branded on her neck. “The more noticeably placed the mark is, the tighter the demon and prey are bound to one another. The demon serves...” They both approach the cages, then with ease bend the bars like rubber. “...and in exchange, the prey can never escape.”

“Yes, I will be with you anywhere, until the end. I shall be at your side, no matter what. Even should I perish in this world, I'll still be there -- in the very depths of Hell, my lord. This is how we differ from humans; we do not lie.”

“Good. You will never lie to me, no matter what. Understood?”

“Yes, my young lord.”

“Which one of you got here first?” interrupts Alette, eager to know.

“We came at the same time.” Sebastian chuckles and gives her a smirk at the pun. “I suppose this solves the Jack the Ripper case. Well that was easier than I had expected.” Admits Ciel

“I imagine Scotland Yard will be here before much longer. We should take our leave. Well, miss, are you ready?” smiles Sebastian, Selima blushes. He was cute when he smiled, almost innocent. They pick up their young masters and jump into the night.

"Jack the Ripper Strikes Again”?

“So the viscount wasn't our man after all.” Ciel shakes with anger “Come Alette! We have work to do!”
Her Butler, Chance Encounter

Chapter Summary

Ciel and Alette search for Jack the ripper, and end up with a rather large surprise

“Is this really the time for a game of chess?”
“Obsessing about it won’t help you solve the case. Why not just leave it all to Sebastian, dear?”
“Because he’s simply my chess piece. I’m the one who moves him by giving orders. But he’s no ordinary piece. He can move as many squares as he needs to...Like that.” Ciel moves his piece and promptly knocks over Madam Red’s piece.
“Ah! That was against the rules, you know!”
“Indeed, it would be if this was a game. But rules such as that have no true meaning in the real world. There are always knights who break the rules, and pawns who betray. If you let your guard down... it's checkmate.”
“Rules are so tedious; Ciel never likes to follow them. He always bends them so he can win, after all. I never like playing against him.” Adds in Alette, as she pushed her wavy brown hair out of her eyes. Selima serves them Dragonwell Green tea, a personal favorite of Alette’s.
“You must have had other options in life besides policing England’s underworld. I’m sure my sister -- your mother -- wanted something else for you. And yet after their deaths, you returned to be the Queen’s guard dog. Is it because you're trying to avenge your parents' murders?” she asks.
“The need for revenge is a funny thing; it won't bring back the dead, nor will it bring them happiness”
“But, then...”

“To answer your question, I didn't return to the house of Phantomhive for my parents. I did it for myself. I want to find the people responsible for what happened. And I want to make them experience the same pain and humiliation I suffered.”
“I still remember when you were born, though it seems so long ago. You were so tiny and fragile, I remember thinking, "No matter what, I have to protect him." You know I was never able to have a child, but there was you. And I've come to think of you as my own son. Which is why I wish you would quit this.” She stands up and ruffles his hair.
“This is a task I've freely chosen. It's still my choice to make, and no one else's. I don't regret my decision, and I won't be coddled, by anyone.” She nods then exits the room, Sebastian leaves after her to help the lady with her coat, leaving just Alette, Ciel and Selima.
“Alette, why do you do it?”
“Do what?”
“Help me.”
“I was instructed to.”
“What? By whom?”
“The queen of course. She implied we should team up.”
“Why was I not informed of this?”
“I haven’t a clue. It runs deeper than that though. I took an interest ever since I heard of you. For me, its about standing for something, making the world a better place, where maybe one day my mother can get help and we can be happy again. I want to help you get your revenge Ciel. You deserve to watch those who made you suffer, writhe in agony.”
“Thank you. What are you to the queen?”
“I am the queen’s scorpion.” She smirks a bit
“Hmm...And why do they call you that?”
“I’m cunning and work in the dark. Not many see me and those who do, get stung. * * *
“I have it now.” She assured Sebastian, buttoning her coat.
“My lady.”
“Promise me: say you’ll never leave his side. This is a dangerous world for a boy. Make he doesn’t lose his way.” Sebastian bows to swear his devotion.
“Fear not. I swear, I shall stay by his side until the very end.”
“I’m here to escort you back home, my lady” Grell informs, holding an umbrella. Lightening strikes, illuminating the crimson of her eyes and hair.
Meanwhile, Ciel turned over in bed.
“Well then?”

“No matter how I look at it, the result is still the same.” Alette sat on the couch, which was ornate to say the least. He refused to let her stay at home, now that people knew the guard dog was on the prowl with a scorpion close at his side. ‘It was too dangerous’ He said. Selima personally, was offended. It was like he didn’t trust a lady butler. Sebastian tried to tell her not to read too much into it. But she still felt slighted. Ciel preferred having her closer to him, where they could speculate when they wanted and move when they needed to.

“Yesterday’s murder -- the viscount didn’t do it.”
“Exactly. None of the people in his mansion could have done it, either.

“Indeed... No person could move that quickly. Anyway, tomorrow we’ll start...Sebastian! You didn’t...” He accused
“Of course I didn’t, my lord. I told you, I never lie. Now. Involved in medicine, ties to secret societies or black magic, lacking alibis for the nights the bodies were found: The only human who fits all criteria is the Viscount Druitt.”
“We must be missing something.” Inserts Alette.
“You know more about this than you’re letting on, don’t you?!” indicts Ciel.
“But I’m simply one hell of a butler. As you well know, I only carry out those orders my master has directly given me. You need only say the words, my lord; I become either your pawn or your knight. Now, master, move me into check.” It was at this point Alette stepped out, her business now laid elsewhere. She wandered outside and found Selima in the now freshly watered garden. She seemed preoccupied, but looked simply radiant in the moonlight.
“Selima, what progress have you made?
“I’ve compiled a list of possible suspects. The evasive Madame Rubis is however, still unidentified” she informed.
“Perfect.”
“You’re right she is perfect.”
“Selima what nonsense are you talking about?”
“So smooth and scaly.”
“What?”
“With such beautiful beady black eyes.”
“Selima Lovelace!”
“I’m sorry mistress, it’s just- look at how cute she is!” She turns around revealing a slinking copper garden snake wrapped around her neck lovingly. Alette screams something awful. Selima strokes the snake carefully as it hisses in approval, raising her eyebrow at the terrified girl. Sebastian rushes in on the scene, then stops dead in his tracks.
“Selima get it away, get it away! “
“Oh Miss Vamphina, you’re honestly such a girl.” She sighs and lets the reptile slither away.
* * *
“He’ll show if we stake out this place, right?” Ciel and Alette were dressed as peasant children,
sporting patched clothing in the light of the lanterns elucidating the stone street.
“He should.”

“Yes.” Agreed Sebastian, a bit preoccupied.

“You know... I've realized the murdered prostitutes had other things in common besides their profession.”

“The most beautiful, glossy black hair.” Sebastian smiles at the ebony kitten curled up in Selimas lap, petting it while playing with the ends of Selima's glossy black curls, making her blush.

“But I still don't understand why he had to kill them all.”
“It’s something people like us wouldn’t understand.”
“So very lovable. It could almost be a sin...”
“And what’s more, I...”

'So soft... Ah, so soft...’ Selima giggles a his moment of weakness; she found his little obsession endearing.

“Listen when I'm talking to you!” yelled Ciel.

“Selima I’m getting real sick of your shit today.” Growls Alette.

“Sorry, my lady.”

“Oh... I apologize, sir, but she's so beautiful. And soft...” A scream echoes through the brick encirclement, breaking the awkward silence.

“How could someone have gotten past us?!?”

“Let's go, sir.” They race toward the source of the shout, Ciel flings open the door and is met with a bloody massacre.

“Come away!” Sebastian snatches Ciel and hops backward, Selima follows with Alette, though she had never gotten close to begin with. “You've made quite a bloody mess of things in there, Jack the Ripper... or rather, Grell Sutcliff?” reveals Sebastian.

“No... No, you're wrong! I...I-I heard the scream and rushed to help, but...” stutters Grell.

“Your acting skills are rudimentary.” Spits Selima.

“You can drop the innocent act, Grell. It's over. You know, this is actually the first time I've met someone like you in the human world. You played the role of "helpless butler" well. Your act had almost everybody completely fooled. If Selima hadn't tipped me off, you almost would have gotten away with it.” Blood drips from her, it covered the poor woman.

“You... you think so? How kind. That's great to hear. After all, I am an actress. And quite a good one at that. Of course you're not really "Sebastian" either, are you? There’s something fishy about the lot of you.” Grell smiles, revealing pointy, almost canine like teeth. He begins to undo her hair, switch out her glasses, all the steps necessary for her to show his true self.

“Ah, you're playing the "faithful dog." Well, you're handsome enough to get away with it. Anyway, here we are, Sebastian... No, I'll call you Bassy! Let me introduce myself: The Burnett butler, Grell Sutcliff. What do you say? Let's get along. ♥ Ah, it's so nice to talk to you in my true form! I admit I was surprised when I first met you, I've never seen a demon playing a butler.” Selima cringes as Grell teases Sebastian, she didn’t like the flirtation going on, despite it not being returned.

“But I could say the same about you. I never thought I'd find one of your kind playing a butler either. You're supposed to an intermediary between man and God -- a grim reaper. Why would a divine being like you pretend to be a servant?”

“Why, indeed? For now let's just say that it was out of love for a certain woman.”

“And that woman would be?”

“You don't really need to ask, do you?” interrupts a new feminine voice. Ciel peeks past Sebastian’s
“Madame…”
“Well, I hadn't counted on this. I didn't think anyone would be able to tell who Grell truly is.”

“Naturally you were on the suspect list from the very beginning. But all of your alibis seemed flawless.”

“You mean you actually suspected your own aunt?” she seemed incredulous.
“I was looking for a murderer; degree of relation to me did not matter. None of the humans on the suspect list could have been responsible for all the murders. But if one of them had an inhuman accomplice, that would change the game completely. It had to be someone who could enter and leave the room without being noticed; someone who could travel from the viscount's home to the East End instantaneously. In the end, you two were the only ones who could be Jack the Ripper… you Madam Red and Grell Sutcliff. I began to look into what else the victims had in common besides prostitution. And then, I noticed they'd all undergone a certain surgery at the hospital where you work. We made a list of all the patients. One, the only one who was still alive, was a woman by the name of Mary Kelly. We knew if we waited around here you would come for her eventually. But we were too late…”
“If this didn’t work out we would have had to offer Selima up as bait. She’s the only one that matches your description after all.”
“Wait what? I do not recall agreeing to have my uterus removed! Or to play the role of a prostitute!” cries Selima.

“Does it matter? You do as I order you.”
“My darling nephew, how unfortunate this turned out to be... If you had let it go, we could have played chess again. But now... you've taken everything!” she growls, wrathful as she had always been. Grell lunges forward, chainsaw scythe at the ready. Selima jumps backward, shoving Alette behind her while Sebastian grabs the scythe with both hands. She shoves the man back, hoping to set him off balance but he only flips backward and lands on his feet.
“What is that?” cries Ciel.
“Grim reapers use tools for harvesting souls. That is his reaper scythe.” Explains Sebastian
“Don’t you dare call it that! This is so much more than a scythe; I worked very hard to customize it! This is a special “death scythe” of my own design. It can hack anyone into tiny pieces! I've been far too well-behaved. I'm getting. Out. Of. Shape. ♥ I would love to exercise my skills. So. Shall. We. Play? ♥” she flirts
“Perhaps you could be a bit more respectful of my position? I'm on duty after all.” Growls Sebastian

“What a stoic man you are! That makes you even more irresistible! You know, red is my favorite color.
It's perfect for hair, for clothes, for lipstick. So, I painted all those women with pretty, pretty red blood. So, Bassy, now I'll make you even better looking than you are. I'll tear you up from the inside, and trust me I'll make you like it. ♥ You'll be as lovely as scattered rose petals.”

“You are a grim reaper; your job is to quietly harvest the souls of the dying. And as a butler, your job is to follow your master like a shadow. You have violated both of these expectations. And quite frankly, I find it sickening.” Sebastian drapes his coat over Ciel, preparing to defend his ground.

“Bassy, you wound me. You know, I'm more deadly efficient than I seem! ☆”

“In my name and that of the Queen, I order you, Sebastian: put an end to them!”

“Indeed, my young lord.” He begins wildly swinging his scythe, and with each move Sebastian
dodges with ease, doing front and back flips.

“Ooh, yes! Please run away! We can play tag, Bassy! But see what happens if you're not fast enough -- you get cut! It's more fun when it hurts a little bit though, isn't it?” She rips his jacket a bit and red blossoms into a small wound.

“You're still the Queen's guard dog, which means that now I'm your prey. But if it's hunt or be hunted... There's only one thing I can do!” Madame grunts. She swishes forward, knife at hand, ready to chop her darling nephew to pieces, when suddenly Alette was in his place.

“You little brat!” she screeches. Alette grips her arm then pulls out a knife of her own, always strapped to her inner thigh. ‘It’s a dangerous world for a woman. In case I’m ever not around, you should keep this.” The memory of Selima floats forward. She grasps the knife tightly and before Madame Red can process what has happened, Alette shanks her quickly.

“You're a doctor! How could you do it?!” asks Ciel as his aunt writhes in pain.

“You wouldn't understand if I told you! You're just a child! You... You brat... You shouldn't have been born in the first place!” she yells. She shoves the girl out of the way and wraps her hands around the boys small throat, then began to squeeze. His gasps for breath did not soften her frozen heart.

“Master!” cries Sebastian, sacrificing a arm.

“Stop, Sebastian! Don't kill her! Your arm...” Madame Red’s knife clatters to the ground. Sebastian breaths heavily and clutches at where his arm once was.

“Oooh, how sweet you are, Bassy! Really, what a prince. Sacrificing your own poor limb to save that kid... On the other hand, you're a disappointment, Madame! Come now. Hurry up and kill the brat already!” She demanded, prying her scythe from the wall.

“I loved my sister... I loved her husband... I loved their child...I can't. I can't kill him. I can't kill their beloved son...” she admitted.

“Really? You're getting soft-hearted on me all of a sudden? After all those deaths? If you don't end him, he'll end you!”

“Madame...”

“But... this dear boy...” Grell lurches forward, ready to take out Madame red for her soft heartedness, when all of a sudden a dark shadow was in front of her, grasping his chainsaw.

“Oh so there is two of you! What fun this is going to be. I was going to spare you -- professional courtesy and all that -- but if you insist, I'll send you all to heaven together!” She tosses the scythe back and before the reaper can land on his feet, Sebastian flips him forward.

“Heaven?”

“You must be joking.”

“We know nothing of heaven.” They harmonize, then lunge for the reaper together.
Chapter Summary

Grell and the demon butlers battle it out, meanwhile Alette and Ciel fight off Madame Red.
cruel morning would never come! Then the two of us might go on like this forever. Our love permanently lit by the moon's seductive glow. But, no, I'm afraid our adventure ends here. Shall we part with a passionate kiss? No, then good night, my love, a thousand times good night! There now, surely your Cinematic Record would be far more interesting than any human's! Mmhmmmm... Mmm? Mm?" he slices him across the front and watches his Cinematic Record spill out. He sees images of the casual wrongs done by Baldroy, Finny and Mey-Rin, with the occasional appearance of Tanaka. It was almost mundane for a demon, until the end when a ebon haired emerald eyed woman appeared, doing back flips out of mansions, killing men left and right. Then they were dancing at a ball, pressed up against each other in the hall.

“AH, Bassy, how can you let this temptress captivate you so?”
“I am no temptress. Hell, I’m simply one bloody good maiden.” She teases. Despite Sebastian’s lack of blood, he nods to Selima. She rounds on Selima, slices her across the middle, drawing no blood but ripping her dress.
“I suppose both our clothes our ruined now.” Smirks Sebastian. A bit of fabric slips down, revealing her corset, which makes Sebastian’s scarlet eyes widen.
“I guess we’ll just have to take them off.” She walks over and pulls off his coat, revealing the white beneath which was patched with red.
“Selima stop being disgusting!” jeered Alette.
“If you two are going to do it on the roof would you at least give me leave to take the children home?” called Madame Red.
“You just tried to kill my master not twenty minutes ago, he has no business with you.” Replied Sebastian “There was one technique that we absolutely did not want to use... but we have no other choice.”
“Two against one Oooh… how delightful.” Selima charges from behind, while Sebastian stops his attack with his tailcoat.
“That was my finest tailcoat, it was made of the highest quality Yorkshire wool. Wool is a very tricky fabric. Once it becomes caught in something, it is exceedingly difficult to remove.”
“How could you do this to me?!” he cries. Before he could utter another word, Selima yanks out a knife she keeps stashed in her sleeves and grabs Grell from behind. She places the weapon to his throat.
“Wait, it won’t be as much fun if we just kill him. Hold him for me.” Sebastian proceeds to ignore Grell’s requests, and only adds to the blossoming bruise forming on the reapers jaw line.
“We finally found something you’re good at: screaming. Very well done. And as a reward, I shall kill you with this cherished little toy of yours.” He taunted
“You did say it could kill anyone didn’t you?” adds in Selima.
“Stop it, stop! Don't kill me!”

“So sorry.”
“I can tell you who killed the kid's parents!” Ciel almost orders them to cease, but they are interrupted.
“I apologize for interrupting. Let me introduce myself: I am William T. Spears, an administrator at the Grim Reaper Staffing Association. I've come to retrieve that reaper there.” Introduces the new man.
“William! Oh, William! Did you came to save me-- Urgh!” He jumps directly on top of the reaper Grell, which earns Selimas approval.
“Attention, Reaper Grell Sutcliff, you have violated several regulations. First, you killed people not on the To-Die list. Second, you used a death scythe that had been modified without authorization. And finally, you offered someone strictly classified information regarding the identity of his relatives' murderer. I apologize for all of the trouble this wretch has caused. Here, please accept my card. Honestly... I never thought I'd see the day when I had to bow my head to demon scum like you...This is a disgrace to all grim reapers.” He hisses. Selima unsheathes her weapon ready to strike when Sebastian signifies he has it under control.
“Then perhaps you should keep a better eye on your minions... so they don't trouble us. Humans are so easily tempted. They will do anything when in the grip of utter despair. They will grasp at any thread that promises to save them from unhappiness, no matter the consequences. You should know that.”

“That's a charming bit of hypocrisy. You demons capitalize on that quality more often than we do.”

“That I cannot deny.”

“Right now you seem to be a tame dog; that makes you far less dangerous than the rabid mongrels running around free. Now, come with me, Grell. We're leaving. We're already shorthanded, and here you've gone and landed me with even more overtime. The Board is not going to be pleased.” He drags the reaper away by his long pretty crimson hair. Sebastian frowns, then throws the weapon he had hoisted at the Reaper Will. Will, just barely catches it.

“I assume you want that, yes?”

“Yes, thank you. Now, if you'll please excuse us.”

“What a grim little bastard he is, remarks Selima.

“I'm sorry, my lord. I allowed half of Jack the Ripper to escape.”

“It's all right... It's... done.”

“What are we to do with you?” pondered Alette out loud

“We'll decide later.” Adds Ciel as Sebastian places a now gloved hand

“You're chilled to the bone, master. Let's hurry back to the house now. I’ll make some hot tea to warm you up.”

“That's a good idea.” Agrees Alette, who had begun to feel faint from all the excitement.

“Sir?” Sebastian cries, attempting to grab him, only to find Selima had already caught him. He pushes her off.

“But master…” starts Sebastian

“No. Stay back. I can stand on my own. I'm fine... Just a little tired, that's all.”

“Selima.” Commanded Alette, as soon as Sebastian and Ciel were far ahead.

“Yes, my lady?”

“I have an inkling of a suspect for this Madame Rubis. I will tell you and tonight I want you to investigate her and act as I would if my suspicions prove correct.”

“Yes, my lady.”

That night all was quiet in the Phantomhive estate. There was not a whisper or worry In the air. Sebastian and Selima cleaned, washed and ironed, whilst Alette and Ciel snored on quietly. The sun rolled up on the horizon around five a. m. Ciel did not awake until nine. Sebastian woke him up more like it, but the point being by this time, Madame Red was nowhere to be seen. Ciel searched everywhere; until finally he creaked open the door to her guest bedroom. He thought maybe she had been sleeping late but it was nearly noon. Ciel let out a blood curdling scream as he saw the ruby colored scene. He was greeted by the decapitated head of Madame; her eyes were rimmed with tears, her makeup perfect though she looked paler. Alette and Sebastian rush in on the scene, Sebastian ready to pull his silverware on someone. Alette and him collectively gasp as Selima strolls in.

“It looks like Grell returned to finish his work.” Starts Sebastian.

“Goodness me we have a mess here. Sebastian I am not cleaning this up alone.” As they look closer they notice the lady’s arms and legs have been severed. Ciel closes her eyes as a sign of respect.

“I will end that reaper if it's the last thing I do.”

“* * *”

“She has departed from us now, as all mankind must leave earth, as someday we all must. Her flesh will turn into ashes, but her spirit will remain with the Lord.” drones the priest. It is a closed casket funeral.

“You're here...!” cried Elizabeth as Ciel walked down the aisle, strong willed as ever, red rose tucked
away in his lapel. Alette follows, dressed in all black, matching her butler. Their dresses were long and flowy; Sebastian and Selima remained behind, as their masters ambled forward, attracting all the attention in the room.

“Is that the Phantomhive boy?”

“With a scarlet dress...”

“How inappropriate.”

“Not so. Think of how she loved the color red.” Alette pries open the casket, as disrespectful as it may seem, and Ciel laid the scarlet dress over his beloved, dismembered aunt. “I am so uncomfortable.” Muttered Selima, as they watched the scene from outside the church. He reaches down and places his cold lips to her hand. “I am as well.”

“White flowers and plain dresses didn't suit you in life and they don't now. You belong in red, the color of passion, color of spider lilies... Farewell, Aunt An.” A few tears leak out of Alette’s eyes. She’d never seen the young boy so strong and passionate about anything. ♪London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down. ♪

“Rest peacefully... Madam Red.” He takes out the red flower and places it in her hair; sniffles can be heard throughout the audience. Selima takes a handful of petals and blows, sending them rushing down the aisle. Ciel gives her and Sebastian a glance as she spreads the petals throughout the hall. As Ciel exits the bell tolls, and Alette lingers. She makes as if she was giving a heartfelt hug to the cadaver, then snatches the ruby pendant dangling at her neck. “I’m so sorry I did this to you, Madame Rubis.” * * *

Sebastian sneaks up behind Selima and wraps his muscular arms around her. “You know, you are very lucky I covered for you back there. Had the master investigated, he surely would have dawned upon the conclusion it was you, ordered by Alette. Then he would have ordered me to kill you.” “I know. Thank you. Though you lied.” “I did no such thing. I said it looked like the reaper came back, not that had. I made a simple suggestion, that is all.” “Well thank you.” “And I get no reward? What a stingy girlfriend you can be.” He teases her, whispering in her ear. His warm breath smells of mint and as tight as he hugs her to him, she restrains herself. “We’ve been dating a day and you expect me to put out?” “Of course not dear I was only toying with you.” She turns and presses her painted lips to his warm, squishy cheek.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The children travel to Houndsworth to investigate the murders of people by a mysterious dog. Selima and Sebastian have their first real date.

Selima sat up front with Sebastian in the main carriage while Alette and Ciel sat indoors as to avoid the oncoming winter’s chill. The cleaning crew followed up in another carriage, chanting nonsense which frankly was getting on Sebastian’s nerves. The butler’s gloved hands were laced together. He chances a glance toward Selima, whose dark features were complimented by the airy background. The snow matched her tone of skin, and made her dark hair and red lips stand out. It made his mouth quirk up a bit in the corner. They come upon a broken, wooden sign with a beautiful onyx raven perched upon it, saying Welcome to Houndsworth!
“It seems we've arrived at the village, everyone.” Announces Sebastian.

“All right!” The workers harmonize. However they get a feel Sebastian has neglected to mention something, as they look around and recognize the desolate setting is rather grim. Dog collars hang like nooses and bones of unknown origin litter the ground.
“Oh yes, I forgot to mention something: the resort that the Queen is planning has yet to be constructed.” Sebastian informs./
“Oops.” Selima giggles
“Yes, master...” they synchronize

“Ho ho...” adds Tanaka

“A holiday, young master, in this season?”

“Yes, indeed. Tell me, have you ever heard of a pastime known as bear-baiting?”

“The notion does sound entertaining, but I'm afraid I've not heard of it. Indulge me, sir?” Sebastian hovered over Ciel, while Selima poured both him and Alette tea.

“A bear is chained to a fence. It is then surrounded by vicious dogs which slowly bite and kill it.”

“That sounds like something that only a human would dream of.
“Wouldn’t that be interesting to try on a human? I’m sure you humans have done it before.” Titters Selima, perfectly pouring the tea.
“That’s dreadful!” commented Alette

“It was banned back in 1835 when the Cruelty to Animals Act was instated. However, there was still a loophole: the attack dogs they used were not banned. So a new game developed.”

“They use dogs to attack dogs. Let's see... Would that be "dog-baiting"?” asks Sebastian. Alette sips her tea nervously. She had never been particularly fond of dogs but she did have a sense of morality.

“There's a village in which it's quite popular, known as Houndsworth. It has long been known for
raising fierce hunting dogs, but they take it further.”
“We’ve got to stop them Ciel! Please!” plead Alette.
“It breaks her Majesty's heart. So we'll secure the village as land for a royal estate, a simple pretext to end the atrocities.”
“Good!” replied Alette enthusiastically

“A village full of dogs?”
“Yes, why?”

“Well, please forgive me, master, this seems a rather insignificant task for one of your station to take on.” Alette seems taken aback by such a question, but he takes no notice.

“Sebastian, you should know by now that I have my reasons. This is indeed a task fit for a Phantomhive.”

* * *
They watch as the crew prattles along, trying to help an old woman muttering about bad dogs.
“They are rather foolish, aren’t they?” commented Selima.
“Yes, it is what I deal with every day, so I suppose I am used to it by now.” Sebastian chuckles, giving her hand a small squeeze.
“That's why we're here. Apparently a lot of the villagers have been violently killed or gone missing. The villager has shrunk to a third of its size in the last ten years. A part of our task is to find out why, then put an end to the problem.”
“Hopefully it will be easy and they won’t put up a fight.”
“Oi, it's startin' to look like a place we're stayin'!” cried Baldroy, seeing a lake in the distance. They come upon a small village, filled with a small amount of people. There were several dead, decaying trees decorating the road.
“Sit. Lie down. Who's the good boy! My good boy!” They overheard.
“Oh my! I'd let him pet me, yes I would!” mentions Mey-Rin

“He manipulates the creature with rewards and punishments. He commands the mutt's obedience, but the dog isn't blameless either. It fawns on its human, and welcomes the chain around its neck. I can't understand it.”
“Someone got deep really quick. What troubles you?” requests Selima.
“If you're trying to get at something deeper, just say it.” Drawls Ciel
“No, it's nothing of import, my lord. Simply that while I love cats, I'm not especially fond of dogs. To be completely frank, I hate them.” Alette gasps at this revelation.
“How could someone hate dogs?!!”
“Very easily, my lady.” Selima stares at the cage of energized mongrels. She harbored neither love nor hate for the animal, she simply got along with them; she knew her master adored the though. Ciel, a bit offended by this notion, barks. They come upon a large estate, in front exits a lady in white to greet them with a smile.
“I presume this is the Earl of Phantomhive?”
“Yes.”
“Welcome to Barrymore Castle. My master awaits your arrival.” The crew stares in awe at the marvelous beauty of the woman; though it was a subtle one at that. Though her hair appeared ivory and raggedy, her eyes shone like stars on a black night and her skin was incredibly soft to the touch; she stole young Finnan’s words right from his mouth. They enter the home to find it rather gloomy, the curtains are all shut, letting no light leak in from the outdoors. The decorations are not elaborate but blunt, two axes hang above the mantle and metal shields are lined underneath.
“This is pleasant.” Lied Alette through her teeth. As they enter the mans office, they are encircled by
severed heads of animals. It causes Alette to scowl.

“Who the hell is this Chihuahua?!?” screamed the man, violently whipping the poor servant. “I told you to bring me the Queen's guard dog when he arrived! Can't you... do... anything?!”

“Back off you jerk!” calls Alette, distracting the vicious man.

“You brought me this puppy too?!” Alette steps forward but Selima grasps her wrist.

“Let go, Selima.”

“Selima is right. He has a weapon and isn’t thinking clearly. I wouldn’t want you to get hurt.” Admits Ciel “Move, Sebastian.”

“What are you doing, you filthy Doberman?! Somebody should train you better! Let me go right now!” yelled the man, as Sebastian clutched his wrist, just enough to make it hurt. Selima held onto Alette tightly.

“He's acting on my orders.” Calmly explained Ciel.

“Who are you?!” demanded the male.

“From the sound of it, you have already received the letter I sent. My name is Ciel, the Earl of Phantomhive.”

“Do you mean to tell me a toy poodle like you is the Queen's emissary?!”

“What do you have against small breeds?” asked Alette

“You don't like small breeds, Lord Henry? Now that's hardly fair.”

“Our bodies may be small but I think you’ll soon find out our bite can be just as agonizing.” Adds Alette

Angela shakily pours the tea, Selima right by her side should anything spill. Bruises and gnashes were very clearly forming along her once flawless skin, and parts of her clothing were ripped from the lashes.

“There's nothing to discuss. Under no circumstances will I sell Barrymore Castle to anybody.”

“Why is that?” Alette sips her tea quietly, trying to rid herself of the bitter taste the man had left.

“Because of the curse.” The lord vaguely responds

“Oh, what curse?”

“This village and its dogs have existed for centuries. Anyone who interferes with us will be cursed, in a most horrible way. Even the Queen cannot lift the curse! Your mission is pointless! Anyone who acts against the wishes of the Barrymore family is destined to meet an unimaginably terrible end!”

states the man passionately

“My, how interesting.” Dragged out Ciel

“What?!”

“You've piqued my curiosity. I'd like to see this dreadful curse of yours, Lord Henry” Ciel answers, clearly skeptical, causing the man to scowl.

Soon it is late and the moon rises, casting a magnificent glow. The young masters slip into their night clothes, ready to retire for bed. Selima and Sebastian, begin to prepare for the next day. Selima irons the dress Alette intends to wear while Sebastian dresses Ciel. Neither intends to sleep that night. They never do however, since they do not need to. Ciel is about to climb into bed when there is a knock upon the wooden door.

“Come in”. answers Sebastian

“I apologize for calling so late.” Replies Angela. Alette peaks outside at the sound of her voice.

“What is that you need? My young master is about to retire for the evening.” Informs Sebastian, mildly irritated at this late night caller, interrupting not just his schedule and master’s sleep, but his plans as well.

“I have a request to make. Leave the castle, leave the village completely! You mustn't stay here.”

“Why is that?

“I can't say...” Sebastian scowls at her disobliging attitude

“No! The demon hound! It's coming!” she shakes.

“The what?”

“Ahh!” A shadow appears across the mauve curtain as if on cue.

“Sebastian!” He rushes toward the shadow, and rips the curtain open, only to find the moon, peeking
through the clouds, spilling light everywhere.
“What was that thing?”
“Master, look there.” Everyone peers over his shoulder, and sees the faintest green glow of what might have been a dog. It left glowing green footprints wherever it went, lighting up the small village as people heard its howls.
“It’s the demon hound!” cried a civilian
“The demon hound is here!” yelled another.
“Who is it? Who’s the bad dog?!” shouted a last. Alette and Ciel dash outside to see what all the fuss is about, confident with the butlers at their side. Ciel, cautiously rubs a finger in the glowing substance, Alette not far behind.
“Master!” bellowed Mey-Rin “Angela!”
“What’s goin’ on here?! What’s all the fuss about?!” inquired Baldroy
“The demon hound is here.” Educated Angela
“Demon hound?” They all asked
“It brings great catastrophe to the village. Anyone who dares to defy my master will be punished by the demon hound. That’s the law here; there is no way to stop it.” Everyone, even Tanaka looks grave, as a crowd filled with torches, almost resembling a mob appears.
“Angela! Please wake Lord Barrymore at once. The demon hound has come again.”
“Who was the punished one?” As Angela retrieved her master, the rest of them followed the illuminated footsteps to a dead body; blood oozed from individual puncture wholes, like bite marks. The man was not long dead. Despite having a history in the underworld and dealing with many cases solo, Alette never got used to seeing cadavers. She buries her face in Ciel’s shoulder.
“How awful.”
“So that’s it then.” Ciel bends down, observing that his clothes are ripped to shreds.
“Stand back, don’t touch! I see it was James then. He was the bad dog.” Lord Barrymore confirms.
“Yes. He broke the legal restriction on dog ownership. He had six dogs, one more than is allowed.”
“A sixth dog. Then this was inevitable."
“You killed a man because he had one more pet than you liked?!” called Alette, clearly outraged.
“That’s all you can say?! Really?!” agrees Bardroy.
“This village is under my rule and no other. The demon hound protects that rule. As the guardian of the Barrymore family, it punishes anyone and everyone who dares to challenge me!” declares Lord Barrymore. Alette pushes to the front, defiant of this man’s pompous and clearly fake rule. Selima grabs her shoulder and gives her a complimentary smile
“My lady, please do try to hold your tongue, we don’t want to start an trouble. Yet.” The crowd begins to sing as the corpse is carried away by two villagers. The eerie song sends chills down Alette’s spine.
“I was sure you outsiders were going to be its next prey...You were lucky to have escaped.” He continues as the crowd walks away; they acted together, totally in sync with each other.
“Well mistress, your orders?” asked Selima.
“Hold off for now. Wait until we can proof what a fraud he really is. “ the butlers escort their masters back to bed and return to their chores. Selima was just about finished when suddenly, a soft hand backons her into the darkness. She giggles, as he places a warm kiss on her forehead.
“Shouldn’t you have better things to do than to seduce a lady at the stroke of midnight?”
“That sounds like something my young master would say. Are you saying you don’t care to go on a date now?”
“That’s not what I said.” She blushes and has the urge to press his lips to hers, if only shut him up. “Then come along.” He removes his white glove, revealing black nails and a violet mixed with ebony pointed pentagram. She smiles; they had an instant connection, something about being of the same species made them comfortable with each other, even though it had only been a month they felt they had no secrets. She takes off her laced glove, unveiling pale skin and long fingers. Without thinking, she places their hands together; his was a bit larger than hers, to say the least. His hand
engulfs her own, warming the cold fingertips. They walk outdoors, leaving their masters to rest. She hasn’t a clue where he is taking her, but the mystery makes her all the more invested. The night is cold, but she doesn’t feel it much. It was the benefit of being a demon temperature never affected you. The clouds have cleared up by this time, they wander on the slick, snow trodden grass, making their nice shoes all wet. Their toes are frozen, but they don’t care. It doesn’t have much effect on them. In the distance lies an old cemetery; fellows that have died years and years ago, back to the seventeen hundreds. Selimas heels crack through the ice, making slight crunching noises. In the middle of the graveyard lies an old deceased tree, its placing only seemed appropriate. Sebastian walks straight up to it and pulls out an old rickety basket from one of the crevices of the trees many branches. From that he pulls out a charcoal colored blanket mixed with a dash of jade and sets it down gracefully on a spot that has been shoveled of snow. He helps Selima down, then pulls out two chocolate cakes he had made special for the occasion. “When did you have the time?” she asks. “I always have the time for you, my love.” He responds, feeling a foreign feeling in his chest. If he had a heart beat, it would be racing. He hands her a cake, takes a fork out of his pocket and slowly picks a piece apart for her. “Do you take me for a child?” “Of course not, but I am so used to doing it for the young master, forgive me. Besides humans regard this type of thing as romantic.” “How would you know? You’ve never been involved in any romantic endeavors and neither has your young master.” “What kind of a butler would I be if I couldn’t properly seduce a beautiful lady?” he chuckles. “One who isn’t worth his salt.” She replies, knowing his saying by now. He pierces a piece of the cake and places it in her mouth, now that she is more complacent. She giggles as he wipes chocolate off her glossed lips. He finishes feeding her, scraping the last crumbs of cake off with the utensil. “Your turn.” She titters, which makes her mentally scold herself. She giggles as he wipes chocolate off her glossed lips. He finishes feeding her, scraping the last crumbs of cake off with the utensil. “Selima?” “Yes?” “Have you ever lain with another man?” “Am I married?” “No…” “Then you know my answer is of course not.” He wraps his arms around her from behind. “Then I have wonderful surprise for you.” He whispers in her ear, sending shivers down her back. “You talk a big game, but I know you haven’t either.” “I’m simply one hell of a butler, I excel at everything I do.” “Well. I am too.” She winks.
Ciel frowned at the splashes and cries from the servants frolicking in the lake.
“Don’t you care to bathe with them, young master? Oh, I see. Is that the problem? The master can’t-” Alette sits beside him, in a light blue dress that compliments her eyes. Before Sebastian can finish, Selima pops out of the changing tent, in an evergreen dress that reveals a majority of her legs, causing Sebastian to stare. Her legs are long, smooth and pale, just as she is.
“Mistress, you are going to bathe.” She declares, towel slung over her shoulder, heels sinking into the sand.
“No.” she replies simply. “I don’t feel like it.” Selima advances.
“You are going to bathe. You look filthy.”
“Selima what are you doing--“ She picks the young master up, tossing her over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes.
“Look at yourself, your hair is getting all raggedy!” she proclaims. Alette begins to struggle, pounding at Selimas back, but her grip remains iron strong. She carries the struggling girl over to the pond with ease.
“Selima, I order you to--” Selima shoves the towel in her young masters mouth, to shut her up.
“Can we really do that?” asks Sebastian, intrigued.
“Don’t be getting any ideas.” Grumbles Ciel, a small smirk creeping across his face at watching his friend’s resistance. Selima smiles, then grabs a hold of her mistress’s hands, and starts to spin. Alette spits out the towel.
“Selima don’t you dare!” she screams, as she clings to her butler for dear life.
“Lighten up, mistress” She giggles as she taunts her mistress. She then lets go, sending Alette flying into the water, casting a large splash that gets all the servants and Ciel, very wet. Selima laughs at her mistress’ distress as she pops up, gasping for air, Selima follows her in. She starts to scrub and massage her master’s scalp as she pouts.
“That woman is sadistic.” Comments Ciel.
“I like that about her.” Smiles Sebastian.
“I don’t see why they’re making such a fuss about this little pond. Just because you can bathe doesn’t make it a resort.” Complains Ciel.
“You still intend to make this place into a resort then?”
“Naturally.” He drawls
“But what about this great demon hound?” he asked
“Surely you know as well as I by now. This demon hound is no dog. Shall we discuss it further?”
By this time, Alette had escaped Selima’s grasp and had returned to her spot on the beach.
“You look happy.” Smirked Ciel.
“Shut up.” She hissed. Selima walks out of the water, dress clinging to her, dripping wet. Sebastian stares and she wraps her hair around her shoulder and wrings it out. She feels incredibly short without the effect of her heels.
“You look beautiful.” He whispers as she approaches him. “Your eyes shine like the stars aligned.” She blushes, then wraps her arms around his slender waist, pulling him close. He feels the moisture seep through his previously dry clothing. “Oh dear…”
“You looked a little too dry.” She smirks. The crew calls to the maid, who sits on a blanket with Tanaka. The two break away as their lords beckon them over, each whispering something different.

“Yes, my lord.” They echo.

“You may consider it done.” Adds Sebastian

“You're very cooperative. Especially for someone who hates dogs.” Selima frowns; not eager to assist with the task either.

“Yes, I detest them. That's why I'd like to finish this as quickly as possible. Preferably, before it all goes to hell.” He growls, making Selima blush. Suddenly, a group in the distance begins to yell.

“We got him! The bad dog's been caught! We got James's dog! Hurry, the punishment is about to begin!” A bell tolls in the distance. Alette gets up and rushes ahead, much to the dismay of Selima. She hurries and pushes to the front of the crowd, and is horrified to see a dog chained up.

“He's got something in his mouth!”

“Get it from him!” A man advances toward the dog and begins to beat it, trying to retrieve the bit of mystery item.

“Stop it!” screams Alette.

“Bad dog, let go! Bad dog, give it to me! Let go! Let go!!” he yelled, berating the dog and letting down the stick with each word.

“What a bad dog. He deserves punishment. Get started!” growled Lord Barrymore. The crowd roars in agreement, waving weapons in agreement. They release the other dogs and for a moment, Alette is paralyzed by fear as they dogs sink their teeth into the “bad dogs.” flesh. Over and over they strike, and a lone tear leaks out of Alette’s eyes.

“Mistress!” cries Selima, shoving her face into her chest to shield her from the tragedy occurring.

“Stop…” whispers Finny, violently shaking under the pressure of his flashbacks. “You can’t do it... It's awful...Just let the poor thing go! Stop this, nooo!” he cries, catching everyone’s attention. Finny, in a rage at this injustice, rips off a stake from the ground and swipes it, shooing away the dogs. An old woman screams then faints as the crowd stares at them in astonishment. Everyone rushes to Finny, especially Alette who had by this time, pulled away from Selima.

“Finny, thank god!” she gasped.

“They interfered. They interrupted! Punish them!” demanded the congregation.

“They must be punished like bad dogs!” In the blink of an eye Ciel and Alette are chained up, the crew is tied up and gagged, and neither butler is to be seen.

“Not so powerful now, are you?” taunts Lord Barrymore.

“Where do you think our butlers are?” whispered Ciel

“Probably off snogging somewhere.” Protests Alette, mildly irritated by their lack of presence.

“Master, I beg you, show mercy this one time! These people don't deserve the punishment!” pleads Angela.

“You have a point. This little Pomeranian is the Queen’s guard dog after all. If he can be made to see reason, perhaps I'll decide to let him go. Leave this village immediately, and advise Her Majesty never to send her minions near it again!” mandates Barrymore.

“You're so pathetic. You rely on lowly tricks to retain your meager power. If there's a stubborn dog here, I'd say I'm looking at him.” Accuses a defiant Ciel. Alette gives him a nod, proud to be his friend until the end.

“Is that your final choice? You can learn what happens to a dog that challenges me! Get him!” roars Barrymore, fuming. The dogs rush toward them and for a moment, Alette almost lost faith in her butler. She closes her eyes and accepts her fate. She then heard the whinnies of dogs whines, as Selima and Sebastian arrive. They kick the dogs with power, sending them flying back.

“You cut that close.” Comments Ciel, calm as ever. Alette’s heart was racing; she wasn’t used to being in these situations.

“It won't happen again, trust me.” Selima winks at Alette

“You dare to interfere, dog? Well, what are you mangy mutts waiting for?! Kill both of them now!” he ordered. Selima and Sebastian assume a defensive stance, ready to fight for their master’s safety. “Shameful. What coarse, noisy growls they have... One of the reasons I despise these creatures.”
Sebastian observes.
“Indeed.” Agrees Selima. Both of their eyes glow ominously, making the dog’s heel and lay down, in fear.
“What the hell?! What did you do?!” snarls Barrymore.
“You pitiful farce ends here, Barrymore! Listen, there is no demon hound! It's all a lie! There's just him, an old man obsessed with power, determined to keep it no matter what!” proclaims Ciel.
“What?! What evidence do you have?” acknowledged Barrymore.
“There's this. We found it in your mansion. I took the liberty of confirming that the teeth marks on James matched the teeth in this skull.” Clarified Sebastian, holding up a skull.
“Do you see it now? The truth behind the demon hound. Its shadow is nothing but a projection. Just a transparent trick. The glowing is phosphorescent dust sprinkled on a normal dog.” Explained Selima, giving a demonstration by setting out the glowing powder.
“The demon dog is merely an illusion, a story made up by an evil man. The man you let rule your village. This man, Henry Barrymore!” reveals Ciel.
“No! It's all nonsense! You can't fool them! Where's your evidence?” stutters Barrymore.
“You can rest. Your duty is done. I'll take it from here. What fine material. I wonder why the dog was eager to hold on to it until the last moment. Interesting behavior, don't you think?” relieves Sebastian’s, patting the panting beast.
“Wh-What the hell?!”
“Yours.”
“A scrap of cloth from your pants, torn off by James' dog when you attacked his master.”
“You recognize it, yes?” The case was closed and the jig was up; the mob rounds on Barrymore, accusing him.
“Give up, Barrymore! It's all over now!” They pick up the man and reveal the bite mark on the Lord’s leg. He is carried away and yells nonsense, just as the butler’s free their masters.
“He’s coming for me!” screams the man down in his jail cell.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

The real culprit is exposed and taken care of, and the case is closed. Sebastian and Selima train a naughty dog.

The next day they descended the stairway to the jail cell to find the man with his throat ripped out. Sebastian glances Selima’s way, curious as to if she is behind this murder as well.

“He's gone... Bloody hell...” yelled Bardroy

“Where is Lord Barrymore?” Asked Angela, as a new man burst into the room.

“The demon hound... The great hound is here.” He gasped, Ciel and Alette stood in awe.

“He's gone...” Ciel shouted.

“A howl echoes through the night,” wheezed Alette. Outside, the dogs howl and the people sing, repenting for their momentary lapse of judgement. Everyone dashes outside to see what all the commotion is about.

“What’s happening?” asks Ciel and Alette. They then observe the corpse, chained to the wall; the crew all scream. Selima merely nods as Sebastian advances, observing the body and its wounds.

“Snap out of it! What you all doin’?!?” cries Bardroy

“Oh great demon hound! Please, please, oh, please!”

“Well, this is unfortunate, master. To think all this happening after the case was closed. I'm sure you're a bit... annoyed?” affronts Sebastian with a small smile on his face.

“Are you quite finished? This village isolated itself completely from the rest of society out of fear of the demon hound's curse... I thought for certain the hound was an illusion created by Lord Barrymore so he could firmly rule the village. But with him dead... I need to rethink things.”

“It’s going to be a long night.” Sighed Alette, knowing they had a lot of work ahead of them.

“He was covered in bite wounds... Maybe the villagers are right. Maybe it really was the demon hound.”

“Don’t be silly Ciel! You know those things don’t exist?”

“They’re just myths right?”

“Well yes but...”

“Well a few years ago we would have said the same thing about demons.” Finished Ciel.

“True. But there has to be some other explanation! Someone else must be in on this!” she insisted.

“Yes, maybe. For now, there’s only one thing we know: it wasn't human. The hound then.”

Later that evening, Sebastian buttoned Ciel’s shirt.

“Is something the matter?” he inquired

“It’s about what you said earlier, how you phrased it. What you said was this wasn't human work? What if that bloody reaper has gotten himself involved in this?” questioned Ciel. Sebastian shudders at the thought of having to deal with her, again. He could just imagine trying to separate Selima and her as they fought to certain death over him. For his sake, he knew Selima would certainly win.

“It seems you're learning faster every day. I'm so very proud of you, sir. But there is no need to worry. I believe Mey-Rin's thought was not wholly incorrect. The hound was after Lord Henry. I don't believe anyone else is in danger of becoming its victim.”

“That's not enough information for me to close the case.”

“Ah, such loyalty to your Queen. Quite touching, really.”

“That's not it. At least not all of it.”

“You're usually so calm and steady, but this case seems to have you rattled.”

“I'm interested about this issue you have with the dogs.”
“As I said, you learn faster every day.”

For today's tea we have a cabinet pudding. It was made using local blackberries.” Sebastian announced, as Selima served the food.

“You're certainly relaxed.”

“Because we're in no hurry, sir.”

“Sebastian, hurry!” squealed Mey-Rin.

“What's the matter this time? Do calm down, please.” Contended Sebastian

“We've looked all over, but we can't find Angela!” she screeched.

“Oh, is that all? Yeah, don't worry about it. She said there were some medicinal herbs growing by the fen. She went there to pick some up, that's all.” Informed Bardroy.

“Right now? Why would she?”

“She went all alone when there might be a demon hound out there?”

“Ugh… She really is rather daft isn’t she.” Groaned Selima

“Oh, hell…”

“What was she thinking going out all by herself?”

“She said she was worried, you know, about you being kind of sick and all.”

“For me? She went for me?”

“C'mon, Sebastian! Let's go help him!”

“Well, er…” he sighed

“Hurry! Are you a red-blooded man or aren't you!” Selima giggled at this pun “Fine, then. Let's go, Mey-Rin.” Everyone rushes out on the search, leaving Alette, Ciel and their butlers behind.

“You know, I'm quite interested. What color is your blood? At any rate, it looks as if we do need to hurry now. Go out there and put on a good show for me. Am I clear?” enunciates Ciel.

“Selima, go help him.” She orders.

“Perfectly, my young lord.”

“Would you look at that. Selima! So well-trained, he even knows how to shake hands.” Sebastian shook the great beasts paw as it stares at him in confusion. The crew had gone through a great deal of trouble looking for that house maid, and in their endeavors they encountered the great demon hound. So naturally, once again, it was Selima and Sebastian to the rescue.

“Yes, he is a talented dog!” she cooed.

“But I'm afraid, well-trained or not, you'll have to go now!” he yells, as he flips the dog backward toward Selima. She spins jumps and kicks the dog back. He lands with a thump, kicking up a cloud of dust.

“Come, this is no time to be playing with a puppy.” Scolds Ciel, Alette scowling behind him.

“Master!” the servants collectively gasp, seeing that the dog has recovered. He glares at the pair with scarlet eyes.

“Certainly. I shall finish it off at once. It smells irresistible, doesn't it, dog? This is what you want, right? Inukko, the treat no dog can refuse.” Sebastian narrates, as Selima pulls out a long bone form her breast pocket.

“She really comes prepared…” muttered Alette.

“There is only one way to properly train a bad dog. You must teach the creature to obey your every command. Using rewards and punishments! Firstly, reward!” Selima tosses the treat to the animal to keep it at bay, as Sebastian launches himself forward, landing directly on the beast’s snout. Everyone has a quizical expression as the man begins to nibble on the dogs nose.

“Uhh…” stutters finny.

“Selima, what is he doing?”

“I’m no expert in dogs, my lady. Whatever it is though, I’m sure it will work.” As if on cue the dog growls in pleasure, arching its back.
“And now, punishment!” bellows Selima, jumping impossibly high off the ground, then kicks the canine, sending it backward. It lay sprawled out on the ground. They continue this pattern, Sebastian tosses the dog a treat as Selima uppercuts it. Soon Sebastian is rubbing the hound’s stomach as it kicks its leg in pleasure. Selima whirls the pooch around then sends him flying.

“Well, I suppose I did ask him to put on a good show.” Murmurs Ciel.

“Don’t you think the dogs about had it?” asks a worried Alette, feeling sympathetic for the dog. “Don’t be so upset, if it weren’t for them we’d all be dog food by now.”

“And finally... a hug!” concludes Sebastian, charging toward the beast. The two fly up, defying gravity, and eventually come down with an even greater force.

“Quit dawdling down in that hole! Get back here right now!” commands Ciel

“Yes, sir.” Obliges Sebastian, just as soon as the words leave his mouth a mist emerges from the hole. Instinctively everyone escapes just in time, as water shoots out of the gap.

“Ouch! Why is it scalding hot?!” yells Alette, hiding behind Selima.

“It is a hot spring he’s unearthed, my lady.”

“Ho ho ho.” Agrees Tanaka.

“Um, where's Sebastian?”

“This village is intended to be a resort for the Queen. It needs a central attraction. A luxury, a way for visitors to relax and forget their cares. That's what we have here: a natural hot spring.” He replies, his thin shadow rising from the spring. But something still puzzled Alette; who was the manish figure he held in his arms? “If I couldn't find a hot spring or two for my master, well, then what kind of butler would I be? The idea is simply unthinkable”

“One who isn’t worth his salt.” Answers Selima The butler scowls as the figure he held licked his cheek in affection. Selima, without a second thought, whacked the back of his head.

“Only I can do that!” she asserted, making Sebastian smirk.

“Pluto!” yelled Angela, as she arrived on the scene

“Pluto?”

“Good boy. My good boy.” She praised as the dog licked her. “I’m sorry for the confusion. This is Pluto, I found him last month. I've always been a big dog lover. And he was so adorable; I absolutely had to take him in. He does have a bad habit of turning human when he gets excited…” she trailed off.

“So you sheltered and fed him for a month without telling anybody else?” inquired Sebastian.

“That's right. Lord Barrymore used the legend of the demon hound to control the villagers, but in truth he feared the hound more than anyone else. I didn't know what would happen to Pluto if he found out... I see now I was too indulgent. I never thought this sweet boy would hurt Lord Barrymore...I beg you, sir! Please take him with you! I know it's an imposition, but would you bring him to live at the Phantomhive manor?” she implored.

“You want us to keep that monster?!”

“He needs a firm hand. I think if those two were there to train him, he would become a good dog.”

“Oh please Ciel! Can’t you keep him? I'll take care if him if you want!” begged Alette

“No thank you. I'm a butler, not one hell of a dog trainer.” Decides Sebastian, making Alette’s heart falter.

“Why not?” gives in Ciel.

“Master...Is this an order?.” Solicits Sebastian, glaring at his master and hoping it was not.

“It is. I think I'll find it amusing... in several ways.” smirks Ciel, which only pissed Sebastian off
even more. Their staring contest is cut off by the shaking of the ground as a congregation approaches, weeping.
“‘The curse of the great demon hound is lifted!’ sobbed a villager

“Oh thank goodness, we’re finally free!” bawled another

“What are they talking about?” asked Alette.

“My lady, there is a legend in this village. When the sins of our ancestors against dogs have been fully atoned for, the land will weep tears of forgiveness.” Informs Angela.

“The land’s tears are a blessing!”

“Don’t they realize the hot spring has been there under the ground all along?”

“ Likely not. At any rate, our work here is done.”

“I seem to recall you were forced to eat your words earlier. Would you like to say it again now that it’s true?”

“The case is officially closed!”

* * *

“Excellent. This is just perfect.” Sighs Ciel, relaxing in the spring.

“Allow me, sir, traditional hot spring service. You see, my lord, this is how the Japanese enjoy hot springs.” Educated Sebastian

“That gloomy village has experienced quite a transformation. I imagine it would be enough to dispel the Queen’s worries.”

“Something tells me that my worries are only just beginning...” suddenly Alette walks in, looking for Ciel. Ciel jumps and scrambles to cover himself as Sebastian chuckles.

“CIEL! Cover yourself, jeez!” she gasped, flustered and embarrassed.

“Ohhh, you saw his nipples, my lady. How very terrifying.” states a sarcastic Selima, who entered right behind Alette.

“Shut up! I didn’t hire you for your sass!” snaps Alette.

“It’s a package deal.” Comes back Selima.

* * *

Angela coos over Pluto for one last time. Selima and Sebastian sit up front while Alette and Ciel climb into the back of the carriage.

“If you’re finished, shall we go?”

“Certainly. Maybe someday I’ll come to visit Pluto at the estate.” Dreams Angela, her eyes glossy.

“I don’t know if that would be a good idea.”

“What?”

“You were able to tame a demon hound. That’s a task not many people could do. You seem to have a talent for wrapping lesser beings around your finger.”

“Let’s go, Sebastian.”

“Goodbye! I hope we’ll see you again!”

“One day, you shall.” She smirks, Selima watches her warily as they head off. She did not like the vibe she got from that woman.
Her Butler, Phantom Image

Chapter Summary

Ciel and Alette compete to see who can get a photo of their butler first, with an supernatural camera.

Alette laughs as Ciel smirks; she and Selima were visiting again and Ciel had just recited one of his many encounters with the Undertaker.

“So what’s with the camera?” asks Alette, curious about object that had been on the edge of the desk for quite some time.

“It’s a novelty item I recently acquired. It shows a person captured in the image along with someone that said person cares about most.”

“How cute. Forever bound with someone you love in a single photograph. But why would that interest you Ciel?”

“Because the person that appears in that image is dead. Every time.”

“Are we acting on the queen’s orders to see what mystery surrounds that camera?”

“No, I’ve yet to hear back from her from our last ordeal. And you know I don’t like to dawdle. So I bid on this and decided to have a little fun.”

“Ohhh I’m interested. What do you mean by fun?”

“I propose a game. A competition, if you please.”

“Sounds like fun indeed. What are the rules?”

“Well I was thinking I call in Bardroy and Finny to help me, and Mey Rin and--.’

“No!”

“Huh?”

“Me and Mey-Rin. If you want something done right you have to do it yourself, and I will not lose to you in account of someone else’s blunder.” Her cobalt eyes shine with defiance.

“Fine if you please to get your hands dirty then go ahead. We’ll each take turns using this camera for thirty minutes each, whoever can get a picture of their butler first wins.”

“Deal.” She agrees. Ciel summons his servants, who all appear very nervous, shuffling their feet and rubbing their hands.

“So, young master, you wanted to speak with us about something?”

“Yes, I have a little job for the three of you to take care of.”

“So we didn't have to worry!”

“When he called us, I thought for sure we were fired, yes I did!” reveals Mey Rin.


“Here Alette, you can have Tanaka as well.” He smirks. She listens only halfheartedly as he repeats the task to the servants, she begins planning her first move.

“Understand? This is a very valuable piece of history. Should one of you break it- I will be very upset indeed.” He finished as they nodded vigorously. “Mey Rin, listen to Alette. Bardroy, Finny, here’s what I want you to do…” he continues as Mey- Rin and Alette leave the room.

“At this time of day, Selima should be making the beds.”

“Right! Lets go!” she initiates.

Round #1

“At this time of day, Sebastian will be in the library.” Echoes Ciel’s words through Bardroy and
Finny’s heads. They knew their task well, but could they really get Sebastian to stay still for ten whole seconds? They peeked into the library to see Sebastian standing perfectly still, examining the room.

“Oi, this is our chance!” whispered Bardroy. Sebastian straightens his glove, then rushes to work, moving at the speed of light. He dashes from dusting to sweeping to polishing all in a matter of seconds.

“He's fast!” they both whisper.

“He's so fast I can't even see him!” squeaks Finny

“Damn, we’ll never get that photo!” hisses Bardroy Just as they finish Sebastian stops for a moment, considering the flower arrangement. He whips out a red rose from his pocket and gently places it among all the ivory flowers.

“Look, he stopped.”

“Great, let's go!” They freeze, watching the man in amazement until he leaves the room spotless.

“I forgot to take a picture.” Admits a sheepish Bardroy

“He's so wonderful to watch!” agrees Finny.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the mansion…

“There she is!” cries Mey Rin They peer into the main bedroom, one that belongs to Ciel to see Selima folding blankets rapidly.

“We’ll never get her at this rate. The picture will come out blurry if she keeps at this rate!” mutters Alette. Just as she whispers it, she freezes.

“Oh this is it, yes it is!” Just as Alette readies the camera, The door opposite of them creaks open.

“Oh this better not be Ciel trying to mess us up!” squeaks Alette. Instead Sebastian enters smoothly, closing the door behind him.

“Oh no!” He waltzes over to her, and then wraps an arm around her waist, making her blush.

“Shouldn’t you be cleaning up the dining room and preparing for lunch?” she whispers in his ear, just loud enough for Alette to hear. The closeness between them makes Alette shudder.

“I’m ahead of schedule.” He responds, pressing his now warm lips to her temple. She freezes once again, and then closes the distance between them.

“Does it count if both of them are in the picture?” asks Mey Rin.

“It should. I’ll kill two birds with one stone! Ciel thought he could win!”

“Ho ho ho!” adds Tanaka, who had been rather silent up until then, sipping his tea. Abruptly, Selima turns around and flips Sebastian, who obviously hadn’t been suspecting anything of the sort, on to the bed. She walks over seductively, then crawls on top of him, who was silent with surprise, pink cheeked and flustered. A flustered Sebastian was a sight to see. She sits down directly on his hips.

“But I thought you wished to take it slow?” he asks, staring at the smirking Selima. She leans in and nips his ear.

“We’re being watched.” she informs. He smirks, then flicks the strap of her dress down, revealing her shoulder.

“AAGGGHHHH!” screams Alette and Mey Rin, both having blood spurting out of their noses as the run down the hallway. Both Selima and Sebastian chuckle at the reaction, as Selima crawls off of him and straightens her dress.

“That’ll show her.”

Round #2

“And next... he'll straighten up every room.”

Sebastian can be seen smoothing out table cloths and polishing the tables.


“Ready!” assures Finny

“One, two, three!” Finny dashes ahead, pushing the heavy table with ease.

“Look out!” he shrieked, secretly hoping he would be caught off guard. In a matter of seconds, Sebastian had moved out of the way and Finny was crashing out the window. He fell in an instant, tumbling downward into the grass as Bardroy shook his head in dismay.

Meanwhile…
Selima was scrubbing down the bathroom, mopping the tiles and cleaning the sink. Luckily, Alette knew a few secrets about this manor from her snooping and Ciel, so she and Mey Rin hopped up a secret staircase and peeped into the bathroom, removing a tile to gain access to it. Just as Alette puts her eye to the hole, Selima sprays cleaner on the exact spot where the tile was.

“AHHHH!” screams Alette, clutching at her burning eye and tumbling backward down the stairs as Mey-Rin squeaks.

“Hm…” wonders Selima, pondering what the noise could have been as she moves on with a shrug.

Round #3

“And after that, he’ll work on records in the office.”

Sebastian sat in a chair pulled up to a large wooden desk, crunching numbers. The room was of course, spotless, as he recorded all the names of the Funtom Company for that month. He looks up as a small ding reverberates throughout the room, he sighs. He arrives at his young masters study and knocks carefully, should the boy be in a bad mood.

“Come in.”

“Yes. Did you need something, master?”

“It came undone.” Ciel says, indifferent but secretly a bit embarrassed.

“Of course, my lord.”

“All right, now just stay there...”

“4, 5, 6…” they count, praying it will work. Suddenly Sebastian turns unswervingly in their direction. They duck, as he walks closer to the window.

“Let’s air this room out a bit, shall we?” he articulates, opening the window without waiting for answer. Finny and Bardroy cling to the ladder and pray once again that they had not been seen.

Later that evening…

Alette and Mey Rin sat perched on the tree, peeking through a pair of binoculars into Selima’s room. She sat on her bed, for once perfectly still. Her dress was covered in powdered sugar from preparing the desert for the guest they were receiving that night.

“Perfect…” she whispered as she angled the shot.

“6, 7, 8…” Just then she moved, unzipping the back of her dress and slipping out of it.

“NO NO NO!” screeched Alette, losing her balance, knocking both her and Mey Rin out of the tree. The four sat on the floor, exhausted from all their efforts and injuries.

“Ho ho ho.” Adds Tanaka who had recently entered with a cup of piping hot tea.

“This is turnin’ out to be a lot of harder than we thought it would...Gettin’ one measly photograph shouldn’t be so tough.” Admits Bardroy, all of a sudden, Sebastian opens the door quickly, Selima right behind him.

“Oh no they’ve noticed…” thought Alette.

“We have a job for you three.” Stated Sebastian

“Tanaka, you can stay as you are.” Awarded Selima

“Young Mistress, since when are you in company of these three?” asked Sebastian

“Um…they were just helping me clean up my dress for the guest tonight!” she lied.

“Very Well. Anyway, take care of that over there.” hisses Sebastian in disgust. They look to the window to see a huffing pile of grey fluff looking in at them.

“Plu Plu?” Asks Finny

“The mangy pooch? What do you want us to do?” inquires Bardroy.

“We will be receiving a guest this afternoon. That thing is offensive. You are to transfer it out of sight before the guest arrives.”

“He’s kind of a big fellow. Where should we put him?”

“I’ll let you three figure that out.”

“Oi, we’ve got own jobs to take care of too, you know.”
“You do have until this afternoon. I'm sure you can take care of it between your other tasks.” He informs as they both exit. The group of servants all head outside while Alette begins to search for Selima. She stumbles around in search until she hears a familiar voice.

“I'll take my supper in here today.”
“Very good, my lord.”
“Alette! Come in!” he shouts, noticing her passing by Sebastian leaves as she enters.
“Yes, Ciel?” she asks expecting him to gloat over a newly captured picture of Sebastian.
“I've had no luck.” He admits.
“I haven't either.” She replies, relieved that she had not lost yet, knowing Ciel would never let her forget it
“Those damn fools.”
“Yes… by the way, do you have a spare eye patch?”
“What happened to your eye?” he asks, noticing the twitching and redness of it.
“Long story.” She sighs.

“I heard what you two were up to. I thought I might assist.”

“Go away.”

“My lord, please don't be so hasty. Why not relax and leave this up to me? I have already woven a spider's web to trap him. And the more he tries to struggle, the more entangled he'll become; escape is impossible. Against me, no prey stands a chance. It is only a matter of time.” Finished Lau. Alette and Ciel exchange looks and silently agree to accept the man's help; after all they were desperate.
“Very well. But I will not tolerate any failure. Is that understood?”
“Yes, of course, my lord. I would not allow failure to sully the Phantomhive name. I would surely be booted out the country if I did such a thing. So, what are you up to?” he asks, making Ciel and Alette sigh and rub their bridge of their noses.

Alette and Ciel listen in as Sebastian greets the guest.
“Welcome, sir.”

“Hello, I'm the writer from Brit Business. Paul Jones, sir.”

“Indeed, Mr. Jones. We've been awaiting your arrival. If you would follow me inside.” He beckoned him in to the manor.

“This is our chance now.
“I'll take your coat, sir.” Adds Selima, in a fine lace black dress with a dash of blue. As they walk up the stairs, a beautiful, barely clothed Asian woman sits on the rail, crossing and uncrossing her smooth silky legs. Mr. Jones stops and stares while Sebastian does not spare her a second glance.
“Maybe if we had gotten that butler of yours to pop a few buttons on her dress he would have stopped….” Trails off Lau to Alette

“THAT was your brilliant plan?!” growls Ciel.

“Yeah, don’t you know Sebastian usually has the sex drive of a potato if Selima isn’t around?” adds Alette. Selima follows them up, and as she passes the mysterious woman, flicks a rock in her direction. She loses her balance and sends her flying off the railing, on top of Finny. If it was anyone but Alette, they would have thought she just fell.

The group sits outside the room where the man interviews a full grown Tanaka.
“What's wrong? Why is he in there all by himself? Is he sulking or something?” asks Lau, referring to Ciel in the next room.
“We can't give up! Even if Ciel is mulling things over I swear I'll get the picture of Selima if it’s the last thing I do. Lau! Go flirt with Selima.”
“My pleasure, I suppose.” He sighs, getting up and walking to the dining room where Selima was setting the table. He walks straight up to her, placing an arm on her shoulder.
“It’s not true what they say about Asians, you know.” He declares. “What?” she asks cautiously. He whispers the answer in her ear and soon he has a hand print across his face, stinging. She places her hands on her hips. “Damn. I thought that would stun her at least.” Soon Sebastian is there, and Lau is on the floor, under him, groaning. He smiles maliciously, wrapping a protective arm around Selima’s waist. “So sorry, where were we?” he asks. “Excuse me sir, but before I leave, can I take a quick photograph of the crew?”

* * *

“It’s almost time.” Declares Ciel. Alette and Ciel wait nervously for the pictures to come out, as Selima and Sebastian walk in. They scramble to hide the developing pictures. “We know what you’ve been up to.” Chuckles Selima. “Couldn’t you have just asked us to pose for the photo?” asked Sebastian. “Where would the fun be in that?” responded Alette rhetorically. “I guess we tied anyway.” Sighs Ciel. “Or you could have ordered us to stand still.” Appends Selima “Too late now.” Grumbles Alette. “We finally got the photo!” celebrates Finny

“At last we'll see the fruits of our hard day's labor.” Pants Bardroy

“The young master will be happy, yes he will!” inserts Mey Rin

“Okay, I can almost make it out.” They then notice a growling behind them. “PLUTO NOOO!” is all the young master hears. Alette and him rush to the scene to find the photo, gone. “Good. My lord has outdone himself. That was an elaborate piece of mischief he concocted.” He looks down at the developed photo, seeing Selima behind him smiling her pearly white smile with red lips. Elsewhere, a black cat pranced around the manor, waving her tail mischievously as she pads into the dark room. She hops up on the table and snatches the still drying photo. “Naughty little kitty, aren’t you?” proclaims Sebastian. The cat looks up with glowing green eyes, holding the picture in her mouth. “I'll show you mine if you show me yours.” He whispers. She does not agree, but Selima has no choice but to watch as Sebastian takes the photo to see him standing beside her. “How flattering.” He smirks, kissing the kittens forehead. She purrs and crawls into his lap in response, embarrassed.
Alette rang the bell of her study, the ding echoing, cracking through the silence like a whip. Selima immediately entered, it was scary how quickly she could move about the manor.
“Yes, my lady?” she responded to her call.
“Ciel’s birthday is December 14th, am I correct?”
“You are correct.”
“What would Ciel want?”
“His loved ones alive.” Silence persists this statement, shocked by the blunt and obviousness of the answer.
“Something I can buy him Selima.” She retorts.
“He is not a materialistic person, my lady. Finding something he’ll enjoy will be quite difficult indeed.”
“Quite difficult indeed. But he knows I like a challenge.” She smiles devilishly. “Ready the carriage. Ciel is expecting us.”

Selima slowed the horses as they approached the frost fest; icicles gleamed dangerously above them on the bridge and piles of snow toppled over onto the roadways, making them slippery.
“Impressive. ‘Frost fair’ certainly is an apt title for this.” They heard Sebastian comment.
“They’re close.” Whispered Alette. “We’ll travel on foot from here on out, Selima.” She dictated. On command, Selima screeched the stallions to a halt and allowed for the lady to climb out while she parked appropriately. Finally she spots the petite boy wandering around beside a tall lengthy shadow of a man. “There they are!” Selimas stomach did a flip upon seeing Sebastian; something she was not used to. She was conditioned into always having and maintaining control in situations, now she didn’t know what to do.
“Ciel!” she called, as the boy turned around and almost smiled upon seeing her.
“I trust you’re up to date on what has happened?” he starts.
“Of course I am.” She sniffs
“Then let’s not dally. We’ll look suspicious.” They begin walking, the butlers gloved hands laced together, inseparable, when Ciel smirks.
“Is something amusing, my lord?”
“Those good are all of dubious quality. Funtom should set up a stall; any of our products would be better than what that man is selling. Like that, there” He uses his walking stick to point at an arc.
“Ah, hello there, noble lad! You have a good eye. That piece is one of a kind! It was manufactured by the Funtom Toy Company years ago back when it was still only just a small craft studio!” he lied.
“No, that is a blatant fake. The Funtom Arks are rare; only three were ever made. My predecessor employed the talent of an artist incredibly skilled in his craft. Since our estate burned down, even we no longer possess one. One most certainly wouldn’t turn up here.” Ciel informed, all in one breath. Alette stares at him in amazement.
“Noah’s Ark... You know, it reminds me of this country.” Observes Sebastian

“Why is that, dear?” asks Selima
“Think about it, it's a boat captained by a single person. One filled with only the select few who have been chosen to be saved. Rather arrogant, don't you think?”
“I agree. I'll never understand humans.” She replied, lost in thought. Suddenly, they were interrupted by the presence of an red haired, pale faced man.
“A Scotland Yard inspector has time to attend the fair...London must be very peaceful. Today, anyway.” Mocked Ciel

“It's not! I'm on duty right now!” Abberline retorted

“Oh. Well, then, I'll leave you to earn your wages in faithful service to the Queen and country. Good day, Inspector.”
“Wait, come back! I have some questions I want to ask you! Ciel! Alette!” he cries, rushing after them. He extends a long hand and almost catches the trailing coat of Alette, until Selima catches his hand, catching him off guard.
“What do you need, sir?” she asks with a malicious smile, squeezing his hand a little tighter.
“Come, let us get out of the cold.” Beckons Alette, gesturing to a small coffee shop. The five make their way into the café and are seated quickly; soon Ciel and Alette are munching on cookies and sipping tea.
“Now, what is an inspector from the Yard doing here? What's your business, Abberline?” inquires Ciel rapidly, keen as always.
“Murder. A man's corpse was found this morning trapped in the ice on the Thames. We learned he was a member of a certain criminal organization. I'm here because Scotland Yard wants to hunt down that man's killer, and we also want to recover a ring that he stole: a blue diamond, one supposedly worth around 2,000 quid.” He takes a deep breath after his spiel, the sips his coffee.
Selima had ordered coffee as well. Technically speaking demons did not need to eat, unless you count souls, but she really enjoyed coffee. Not alone, she always added a creamer or two.
“The diamond... the ultimate symbol of eternal radiance. A stone that bewitches all those who see its sparkle. What man wouldn't be inspired to pursue such an exquisite prize, even knowing all that awaits him is total destruction?” interrupts Lau.
“Impossible! How do you know about the Hope piece?!” exclaims Abberline, outraged at the breach of information.
“You're after the Hope piece?” Asks Ciel, intrigued.
“Oh? Interesting. Such a gemstone really does exist? Oh, my... Ahh...” Alette facepalms.
“Wha--? Hold on. But you were saying—“
“It's best to ignore him. He was blathering. Anyway, Lau, what in the world are you doing here?”
“I own this place, my lord. Nice, eh?” he offers, looking for praise. Selima sips her coffee, and Sebastian reaches across the table to wrap his fingers around hers, which were surprisingly warm due to the coffee.
“Yes, of course you do...” whines Ciel
“This "Hope piece" you were talking about sounds fascinating, my lord. Perhaps you could tell me more about it?”
“Yes, Ciel I'm quite interested.” Adds Alette, who had also never heard of it before.
“Have you never heard of it?
“A blue gem known as the Hope Diamond, named after the man whose collection it was a part of, Henry Philip Hope.”
“Don't know it.”
“It's passed to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette... We know how they ended. The diamond is said to be a cursed stone that brings ruin to all who possess it. At one point it was stolen, and cut into smaller pieces to disguise it. Rumor has it that two such pieces still exist. Those shards of diamond would certainly be valuable. Tell me Abberline, is that what you're searching for?” elucidates Ciel. Alette stares at the blue stone on Ciel’s finger.
“The diamond was being moved as evidence. Its carriage was attacked. It was stolen.”
“Intriguing. Give me details. I would like to lend you a hand with this case. Of course I can’t force you. But then, if you do decide to refuse me, I can see to it that Sir Arthur finds himself in a rather awkward position.” Bargains Ciel

“You're sure this is the right place?” Asks Ciel, who had at this point been bundled up by Sebastian. But of course, Alette had it worse. While Ciel wore a big puffy coat, Alette wore the same one in a cobalt, along with a scarf, earmuffs and gloves, all that could be seen was her eyes, and she looked quite agitated.

“Selima I don’t need all this!” is what they could decipher

“Sorry, my lady I can’t understand you.” She articulated, patting a fuming Alette’s head.

“Inspector, you can't be serious... Not him.” Pleading Ciel, looking up at the large purple sign that read The Undertaker

“Yes, him. You lot can wait right here outside. You are lucky I let you accompany me at all.” Indicated Abberline.

“What a hopeless fool...” muttered Ciel.

“One of the privileges of youth, my lord.” Adds Sebastian

“So, what is this place?” asked Lau, confused about the whole case

“It's the Undertaker's parlor! You met him during the Jack the Ripper case, remember?” yells an irritated Ciel

“Oh, right!”

“Abberline won't last one minute in there.”

“Sebastian, prepare to—“ They decide to take a peek inside as a roar of laughter echoes outside

“I assure you, man, you're in the wrong profession. That was hysterical. You could be a world-renowned comedian.” Assures the Undertaker

“What did you say to him?”

“I have no idea. I was just talking to him normally. He began laughing like a madman.”

“How unexpected. You aren't without talent.”

“It seems you're a man to be reckoned with. Most interesting.”

“Most terrifying indeed.” Adds Selima

“But, I didn't do anything!”

“Tell me more about the ring! I want to know it all. The man you pulled out of the river was the last to have it.” Demands Ciel, to a laughing Undertaker

“Perhaps it was frozen in the ice near where the body was found. You are a citizen of our great country, Mr. Undertaker. Please, give us your help in this matter.” Mandates Abberline

“As I said before, I'm profoundly impressed with you, Inspector. I'll tell you everything. Where is the ring, you ask? You see, right there!” he gestures to a finely crafted statue of snow.

“Ah, it appears that the sculptor must have happened upon the ring and then designed a beautiful ice sculpture to complement it. Our mystery has been solved.” Concludes Lau

“Collect the ring right now!” orders Abberline

“What do you think you're doing, thieves?!” yells a mysterious man, with a bushy beard and a sour expression.

“That dear lady will be awarded to the contest's victor. You wouldn't want to defile her now, would you?” adds Viscount Druitt, sassily waving his finger. Alette and Ciel collectively shudder, remembering their ordeal with him.

“Viscount Druitt what are you doing here?!” exclaimed Alette.

“They're holding some contest? Why is he a judge?” inserted Ciel

“Yes. Wasn't he just arrested for human trafficking? What a naughty man.” Adds Lau, playfully.

“He was! I was there!” yells Alette, who can barely be deciphered still, behind all her scarfs.

“He was released a few days ago.” Confesses Abberline

“Must have paid well.” Mutters Ciel scornfully, reminiscing on how he and Alette were almost sold because of him.
“Excuse me, but this statue is now under the charge of Scotland Yard.” Commands Abberline
“Oh, no! I don't care if you are from Scotland Yard, sir! The frost fair is an event for our citizens. I will not let you disrupt it!” rejoinders the bushy bearded man
“Just look at her beauty. Such an exquisitely noble lady. We could never allow her to be violated by anybody.” Nearly sings the Viscount, twirling a beautiful ivory rose that matched his outfit.
“Says you.” Shudders Alette.
“You’re one to talk.”
“If you insist on possessing this lady, you should offer something of equal beauty.” Sniffs Druitt, making Alette groan.
“A well-spoken pronouncement from a true lover of art and beauty! As he says, if you want this statue, win the contest!” praises the bushy beard, sour tempered man.
“There's merit to your argument. The ring belongs to whomever is the winner of the contest. Nice and simple.” Contemplates Ciel.
“Are you sure Ciel?” asks Alette, who is somewhat skeptical
“Yes. It will be fun. And with both of us competing there’s twice the chance of us winning. It will be a nice game for us.”
“Yes, it will.” She smirks.
“Don’t worry, Inspector, We'll get the ring.” Assures Ciel
“But it's stolen property! Not to mention the fact that it's our key evidence in serial kidnappings of young girl-- Ah!” slips Abberline
“I see, that's why the Yard is frantic to find it.” Smirks Ciel with an air of gratification.
“The legend is true; every person who has owned the ring has met a horrible end! It's a cursed stone, and you still try to win it?” Alette stares wide eyed at Ciel bejeweled finger, aghast at the realization.
“Cursed, eh?”
“Then it sounds like the perfect ring for me.”
“Come to think of it, isn't that family ring you wear set with a pretty blue stone as well, lord?” inquires the Undertaker.
“Yes.”
“Perhaps you should be careful. Diamonds are quite hard. Because they're hard, they're also... brittle. If you go too far, you may be shattered as well.”
“I'm not concerned. My body, along with my family ring, both have already been shattered and then reborn. I've been through too much to worry about that anymore.” Alette stares at him, impressed. The boy she had come to know was so defiant yet strong from all his struggles.
“Win the contest, that's an order!”
“Indeed, young master.”
“Selima, assist Sebastian. You two competing will only end in bloodshed and we can’t have any of your shenanigans at a time like this.” She warns. She yearned to show Sebastian and Ciel exactly what a Vamphina could do, but there was no use; an order had been set, and if she ordered Selima to win, there'd only be another draw.
“Welcome one and all to the Thames Frost Fair! Now it is time for the traditional ice sculpture contest! You have until 3 p.m. All right. You may begin sculpting!” announces a new man, with half mustache and copper colored hair with enthusiasm. Sebastian and Selima intertwine their fingers, smirking at their new task with confidence.
They begin, working at an ungodly speed. Everyone stares as their movements are only blurs. Selima offers advice to Sebastian, and even offers up the idea of Noah’s Ark, with a touch sure to entice the viscount. All is well; Sebastian is sculpting the final touches, Selima molding the back end when suddenly Sebastian is met with a face full of snow. He spits out the water in his mouth from the snow ball, and looks up to see a giggling Selima holding about three perfectly spherical snow balls. He smiles.
“Shouldn’t you be finishing up the sculpture?” he asks, half smiling at the cuteness of his girlfriend.
“Maybe I finished.” She chirps, tauntingly.
“Maybe you should prepare yourself to lose.” He threatens, whipping a handful of snow toward her.
His aim would have been perfect, should she have stayed in place, and she was gone with the wind. He looks up to see her in mid jump, pelting him with snow balls; all of which he was able to dodge. Their movements blur as a crowd gathers. There is a constant bombardment of snow in each direction, making a small blizzard appear. Just as suddenly as it starts it stops, and they are in each other’s arms. He holds her close and inhales her natural scent; Japanese cherry blossoms, and she buries her face in his chest to fight the cold, nuzzling the fabric of his raven colored coat. He presses his cold lips to her forehead and she sighs with pleasure, blushing slightly. Ciel and Alette return from catching a cup of hot chocolate and chocolate chip cookies, and are astonished at what they find. Behind Sebastian, stands a formidable statue of a scorpion, its pinchers are open and stinger at the ready, it is in all, quite a sight. Behind Selima stands a vicious guard dog, maw open, teeth gleaming. Sebastian and Selima maintain their embrace, confident as always as the judging begins. "And now folks, the judging shall commence! First up, we have Scotland Yard and Its Merry Men, with their sculpture, "Guardian of London"! Judges' scores! One, two, one, one, zero! For a total of five points! Next team, whose name is All Women's Dresses Should Be Tiny... And their entry! For obvious reasons, this ice sculpture has been disqualified."

“But why?” asks Lau innocently

“How could you possibly think that was proper to display?!” scolds Ciel.

“You know, when they hide bits like that I think it only makes it more erotic...” Alette shudders as the Viscount gives it a satisfied smirk while rating it a ten.

“You two can win this without a doubt, can’t you?” requests Alette.

“But of course we will. We produce only the finest of work, An order was delivered, therefore, it shall commence.” Answers Selima

“And next, from the team known as Queen’s Puppy, we have "The Ark of Noah"!” proclaims the announcer. They pull down a ghost white sheet to reveal a magnificent boat, chiseled to perfection.

“What a sculpture! I've never seen it's like! That is art in its highest form!”

“Yes! Brilliant! He deliberately made the seam of the roof weak so it would melt and fall apart in time!” observes the busy bearded man.

“Ah! Ahh! Our ancestor, the brave man who stood fearlessly against the flood of God's wrath: Noah! He is depicted here with the pairs of animals he was ordered to rescue, awaiting rebirth from the sea.” Rants the Viscount.

“Astounding work, you two! It's high art! I declare you both ice sculptors of the highest caliber.”

Commends another judge.

“No, sir. You're too kind. I am simply one hell of a butler.” He smiles kindly.

“Hell, I’m simply one bloody good maiden.” There’s some muttering as the final scores are about to be announced.

“Hold it right there! Hate to break up the party, but this ring is ours. We're taking what belongs to us.” States a previously unnoticed man, drawing a gun.

“Hold on. That means you're the...” concludes Abberline
“That’s right. We’re the team of thieves all of London’s been talking about. Maybe you’ll recognize these. You have ten seconds! Anyone who doesn’t want to die should get the hell out of here. Ten!” he counts down, revealing a bomb strapped to his torso.

“What do you wish me to do, young mistress?” asks Selima, ready for a new task.

“Nine!”

“Stop them, and retrieve the ring.”

“My orders remain the same, Sebastian.”

“Indeed, young master.”

“Eight!”

“What are you doing?! Hurry up, we need to get out of here!” Abberline calls to Alette and Ciel, who had not panicked in the least and stood glued to their spots.

“Seven!”

“You can go if you want to. Don’t worry, I’ll be fine.” Assures Ceil

“Six!”

“I can’t leave you two here! I joined Scotland Yard to protect our citizens!”

“Five!”

“That includes noblemen like you, Ciel! I refuse to let you two stay!”

“Four!”

“What a fool.”

“He doesn’t understand such things.” Adds Alette, as the inspector runs toward them, only to be shot at.

“Stay back, Inspector. You only have three seconds left. A sweet little boy ad girl like you, shouldn’t you be running away?” Alette flushes red, she hated being underestimated because of her age. She’d show them what a Vamphina could do. She and Ciel exchange glances and smirk.

“Look behind you.” They synchronize. Sebastian jumps out like a trout in the water and kicks the gun out of the man’s hand. The other men try to shoot but soon Selima has appeared, in the air. She flicks her legs majestically, carving a V into the men’s chests with her skates. They drop their guns as they place their hands over the budding crimson on their chests, their clothes were now in shreds.

“Damn you... little brat! I'm gonna blow you away!” he declares, lighting a fuse to the bomb. He tosses it in Alette and Ciel’s direction but soon they are in Selimas arms, far away from the detonation. “Again?! I hate these two!” He begins frantically throwing bombs in her direction, all of which she dodges with a smile. The ice begins to shudder beneath them.

“My lady, hold on to Ciel.” Selima commands, as they begin to swing round and round. She finally lets go, sealing their departure with a wink as the ice shatters beneath her. Sebastian scoops her up and soon they are afloat on the ark they both built.

“The Hope Diamond will sleep safely at the bottom of the Thames...Not a bad end.”

“Certainly better than them getting their hands on it.” Agrees Alette. Abberline stares in awe at the pair, who were calmer than ever. Meanwhile, Sebastian sweeps Selima off her feet, leaning in close, tracing the outline of her jaw with one long finger.

“You were almost in a dilemma there.” He affirms.

“I would have gotten out of it myself.” She assures him, smirking at their closeness.

“Be careful.” He almost pleads, his scarlet eyes boring into her emerald ones. She wraps an arm around him and leans in, closing the distance between them. Their cold lips brush, sending warmth radiating through each other’s bodies. She runs her hands through his inky hair, kissing him with a passion they both felt. He wraps his arms around her waist, leaning her back, enjoying the feel of
her in his arms. They break apart to breath. “I’ll try.” She promises
Her Butler, However you Please

Chapter Summary

Alette and Lady Elizabeth go missing

Lady Elizabeth zoomed around the manor as she arrived, weaving in and out of the halls. “Cliiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeellllll!” she bellowed, Ciel groaning, annoyed as one would be with a little sister. She dashes up to him and begins twirling Ciel round and round, knocking Alette right onto her bum. “Ooof!” she grunted.

“Lizzie be careful!” warned Ciel

“Sorry!” she hurriedly, halfheartedly apologized, then shoves a small box in his hand.

“Here this is for you. Hurry up and open it won’t you?” she stares at him, anticipation gleaming in her green eyes, until she noticed Ciel’s bejeweled finger. “But I broke this—how?”

“Oh Sebastian repaired it.” Ciel drawled

“What but it was chipped! I don’t even see any cracks!”

“Yes, a Phantomhive butler who can’t do this much—.”

“Is not worth his salt.” Finished Selima.

“Quite, my lord.”

“I see, Sebastian fixed it.”

“My lady…” comforts Paula.

“What do you have in that box, Lady Elizabeth?” asks Ciel

“Er, um, it’s a secret!” she lied profusely, snatching the box from him.

“Didn’t you just say you were giving it to me?”

“That was a feint,”

“Feint?”

“No proper lady would try to win her gentlemen over with material things.” Sebastian glances at Selima, who frowns.

“As if you would know the aesthetic of a lady!” she huffs, making Sebastian chuckle.

“Well then good afternoon!” she exited.

“So…” Ciel, turned to Alette. “What did Lizzie come here for?”

“Tomorrow is your birthday. I imagine that’s the reason. Well young master? Why not hold a birthday party? After all there are others who wish to celebrate you too.” He glances from Alette, giving him puppy dog eyes, to the three servants peeking around a pillar.

“My birthday…” Ciel considers.

“Yes, a Phantomhive butler who can’t do this much—.”

“I see, Sebastian fixed it.”

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“My birthday…” Ciel considers.

“Young master?” interrupts Sebastian, looking upon Ciel’s glassy eyes with concern.

“This is nonsense, bring tea to my room.” He demands, dismissing him.

“Very good, my lord.”

“I am throwing that boy a party.” Declares Alette, walking out the door. “Selima, assist Ciel. Keep him company.” She orders.

“Actually.” Entices Sebastian, wrapping one long arm around her waist, pulling her against his body.

“I’d prefer it if you kept me company.” He smiles, then leans in. She smiles, letting their lips brush against hers smoothly like water, letting warmth course through her cold body. She surrendered herself into the kiss, letting herself wrap her arms around the man she’d been dating now two months, tangling her hands in his hair as his hands maintained their position around her waist.

“Sebastian MY TEA!” shouts Ciel. Sebastian breaks off the kiss with a disgruntled sigh.

“You know the aesthetic.” She giggles. “A butler’s work is never done,”
“Yes, my lady.” He chuckles.

* * *

Alette never returned home that night. Ciel was worried, he fretted even shouted.

“Why are you not doing anything?!” yelled Ciel, directing his anger on the ever so calm Selima as he made phone calls to see if anyone had seen her.

“Because my lord, for now my lady’s life is in no danger. Leisure is permitted.” He sighed.

“Elizabeth is missing too?!” he stared at Sebastian.

“No, her personal maid says she lost her on a street in Islington.”

“We’ll head there immediately! Good god what were they thinking?” he suppurates.

“First please look at this.” Presents Sebastian, a letter on a plate. “The kidnappings Scotland is frantically investigating only target young girls.” Ciel shudders when he thinks about what could be being done to them. “The bodies haven’t been found, but they’re most likely…The criminal sends a Hope piece to each victim in turn. A piece of the diamond said to bring ill luck to its owner.” Ciel reads aloud. “I never thought the treasure I lost out on would come up again in this connection.”

“What now, my lord?”

“We dispel her majesty’s worry, that’s our first priority.” Ciel affirms “But no matter what happens, we save Alette and Lizzie.” Within moments they all had boarded the carriage to begin their search.

“Young Master?”

“You open the carriage door.” Demands Ciel.

“My lord?” asks Sebastian. Selima remains silent.

“Both of you, question those who knew the victims and come up with a suspect list.” he ordered, gazing out the window, trying to distance himself from the case and keep his mind clear as always.

Selima was amazed by his ability to remain so detached. “Names, addresses. Then raid the scene of the crime. I’m sure three hours will be sufficient. While you two are doing that I will be taking care of some trifling business.”

“My lord, is it really safe to allow you to wander about in the current state of things?” inquired Selima.

“Of course, the culprit only takes female victims.”

“But my lord, you have made quite a few enemies.”

“And if I am captured I will bark and you’ll come running.”

“Yes, my lord.” Sebastian offers Selima his hand and she takes it, as they both depart out of the moving carriage. They land in a puddle, but Sebastian quickly scoops up Selima so her dress does not get dirty. Ciel chuckles a bit at the pair as the carriage carries on.

“Come, my lady.” Beckons Sebastian to Selima. “We have much work to do.”

“Indeed.”

“You realize we could blow off my young master’s orders for a while and take to the night.”

Sebastian seduces. She giggles a bit. She leans in and pecks his nose.

“I would, if my master’s life weren’t in danger.”

“I suppose so.” He sighs. “Come let us begin our work.”

* * *

It was after Ciel discovered two dolls identical to Alette and Lizzie that he really began to worry. The dolls chocolate hair cascaded well over her shoulders and her ice cold blue eyes shone just as the real Alette’s had. Ciel, Grell, and Pluto all warily approached the open door, to find an almost castle like feature outdoors.

“They’re definitely in there!” declared Ciel.

“Goodness what a delightful estate!” commented Grell, her crimson hair cascaded over her shoulder, making Ciel scowl as he reflects upon their last encounter. He knew this was the woman that had killed his last living family.

“Grell. Protect me.” He ordered, with authority he always carried.

“What?”

“I’ll grant you any request.”
“Don’t be insulting, I’m not the sort of cheap girl you can just pay—“
“I’ll give you leave to do whatever you want with Sebastian for a day.” He offered, knowing full well Selima would kill him when she got the chance.
“Hmm…whatever I want with Sebby means…I can even kiss him?!”
“Do as you like.” Ciel gulped. He wouldn’t be surprised if she showed up that very second just to beat him. Sebastian would probably let her after he finds out what he might have to do.
“W-with tongue?!” Ciel shudders.
“Whatever you order him to do.”
“Suddenly my fired up meter is maxed out! I’m deadly serious! All right here we go!” They advance into a dark room, the visible object a half dead girl with flaxen hair. “Oh my. Doesn’t that ring look awfully like yours?” inquires Grell. Ciel examines his own ring, and then makes the connection from the cases he’s read. Suddenly reinvigorated, the girl grabs Ciel by the throat and squeezes mercilessly.
“Pluto!” he manages to squeak out, despite the fact the dog is playing with a children’s doll in the background. “You mongrel!” he chokes out. The girl shows absolutely no remorse, or emotion whatsoever as she snuffs the life of this little boy out. Just as abruptly as she had started, he fell to the floor.
“Now, now. I wish you’d call the right name. “
“Grell!” he calls, glancing up, rubbing his throat. There he stands, marvelously planted on top of the chandelier grinning like a madman. “Reapers have the tools to harvest souls. Yes! Death Scythes!” he dramatically states, whipping out a pair of scissors’.
“Those are just…scissors.” Groans Ciel, annoyed as ever with the reapers tom foolery.
“I can’t help it! Will took my custom death scythe away! That’s it! I’ll chop you to bits!” she threatens, lurching forward.
"Wait don’t kill her! She’s no doll!"
“Kiss the heavens!” He slashes away, and lands as the girl falls. Hay and seed spill out of her throat.
“Was it a doll after all?”
“Wood and clay will wash away, wash away, wash away…” The door swings opens and a mysterious man walks through, holding three lit candles. “This doll was a failure. So I thought to myself: I must make them much much stronger. Build it up with iron and steel, iron and steel, iron and steel…” he sang, cueing the hoards of replicas to advance on them. “Build it up with iron and steel, my fair lady.”
“Hmph! Anyone who stands in the way of Sebby and mine’s love…”
“Grell!” he calls
“…Gets this!” he screamed, attacking… and is shot backward. “They’re hard!”
“Grell this is an order. You and Pluto play with the dolls here…forever.”
“Huh? You’re going to leave me behind? You’re inhuman!”
“You’re calling me that?” muttered Ciel as he ran past. He sprinted up numerous stairs, running through the case in his mind until he burst through a pair of closed doors.
“Ciel Phantomhive. You are very beautiful; I must make you into a worthy doll.”
“Where are Lizzie and Alette?” he demanded to know.
“Now what shall I make you out of?” he mocked, not listening. “Clay will wash away, and iron is far too crude, I say. So I thought to myself: Build it up with silver and gold, silver and gold, silver and gold.” Ciel scampered out and into a dark room.”Build it up with silver and gold, my fair lady.” The darkness was patterned with masks, all diverse and all sung the tune of the puppet. He covered his ears, shut his eyes tightly and scuttled on through. He slams the door shut once he enters another seemingly dark abyss, lit up by something purple glowing inside a circle.
“Truly, nothing good ever happens on your birthday, does it?” asked a figure from behind the curtain.
“You lost your mansion.”
“Your parents.”
“Now will you lose Lady Elizabeth?”
“And Lady Alette?” Sebastian and Selima both smirk playfully as Ciel stares at them aghast.
Alette and Elizabeth are found, but then the group is attacked by Lizzie.

These are the events that have taken place on December 14th 1875
“Sebastian!” cries Ciel in surprise. “Don’t you mock me! Take that back, both of you.” The usually calm, collected boy was all over the place. The thought of losing either of the girls scared him.
“Take what back?” he sneered. Selima really was a bad influence on him, he had been picking up her sass as of the late, Ciel noticed.
“That jeer!”
“Young master, you told me you would be taking care of some trifling business.” Sebastian informed. “Was that “business” to dotingly savor your wretched past, and wallow in the pleasures of humiliation?” Ciel frowns, taken aback by his butler’s sudden onset of sardonic comments. “Didn’t you say at the Frost Fair that your body and your ring had already been shattered and reborn? That you were far past being afraid of shattering?”
“That’s right. Don’t recite my words back to me!” he growls, putting up a façade.
“Build it up with iron and steel, iron and steel, iron and steel…” Dolls advanced through the previously closed doors, causing Ciel to wonder if Grell had been defeated
“I see, so he’s controlling them with his tone?”
“I believe so. Iron and steel will shatter and peel, shatter and peel, shatter and peel.” Sang Selima, in a voice so sweet, the dolls stopped moving
“Iron and steel will bend and bow, bend and bow, bend and bow…” Both continued their song in sweet harmony, each snapping the necks of the dolls in sync with each other’s movements.
“My fair lady.” Finished Sebastian
“Who are you calling a lady?!” yelled Ciel, turning red.
“Let us depart young master.”
“No, Ciel Phantomhive is my master’s possession now.” Protested a new presence in the room
“Possession?” I am not a--.”
“The proof is the ring on your finger.” Interrupted the man, who looked like a circus performer; he wore flashy clothing and top hat and was branded by a purple marking below his left eye. “I can tell. That Hope piece is a present my master sends to those who will be made into dolls.” He gestures to all the fallen figurines.
“Your master?” asks Sebastian, intrigued.
“Ciel Phantomhive will become a doll, a doll made of silver and gold.”
“Silver and gold will be stolen away, stolen away, stolen away.”
“Silver and gold will be kept at bay, kept at bay, kept at bay.” Selima smiles malevolently and then back flips out the window. Sebastian scoops a protesting Ciel and follows her.
“He was stolen away…” states the mysterious doll ring leader “So I thought to myself; Ciel Phantomhive will return.”
Meanwhile, below; Sebastian landed right next to a huffing Selima, holding Ciel.
“Goodness me.” Sighs Sebastian, turning to look to his young master, only to receive a sharp slap to the face. Selima jumps into action, eyes glowing hand at the ready.
“No.” was all Sebastian had to say before she seized all movement, glaring at Ciel.
“What about Lizzie and Alette? You still have saved them! I thought I ordered you to solve the kidnappings? Saving them is the first--”
“Didn’t I already tell you she is in no immediate danger? Growls Selima.
“You only care about the state of her soul, not her well being! And what about Lizzie?
“An order is not the same as a contract. Just as you give first priority to the queen’s orders, I prioritize your life.” Selima mutters something too vile to be stated. “I have devoted myself to your service and protection all this time. I couldn’t stand for you to be stolen from me now.” Ciel continues to pout, and puts on his other ring.
“It would seem the ring is the mark of his next target. And I have two of them.” He smirks.
“Protecting me now will no doubt require some effort.”
“Why must you always be a chore?” sighs Selima, still seething about the blow.
“Nevertheless, I shall…” Sebastian is cut off by an ominous howl at the newly divulged moon.
“Pluto?”
“I searched every corner of the mansion, but there was no sign of Ladies Elizabeth or Alette.”
“The only place left is that sealed off tower.”
“Well how obvious.”

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“You two are alive?” inquires Ciel as they approach Grell, who is restraining a hyperactive Pluto.
“SEBBY!” he calls. He launches himself forward, but is cut off by Pluto, who clings to Sebastian lovingly, causing Selima to pout. “Excuse me?!” he growls. “Wait could that be…a demon hound?”
“Did you really just notice, you daft bimbo?” Grell ignores this stab at his pride, and goes on to fangirl
“Oh la la! A passionate night with a beast! How immoral!”
“You’re so wanton. I’ve been waiting for you Pluto.” Praises Sebastian to Pluto. Pluto clings to his chest protectively causing Selima to fume. “Once the seal of the underworld has been placed on a door, only a hellhound can open it.” Sebastian calmly walks forward until Pluto’s collar begins to shine.
“His collar is shining?” asks Grell. “So is the door.” Pluto stops twitching on the ground and transforms into his natural form. Fur fluffed, ears perked, he begins to howl. “Too, too big!” squeals Grell. The door creaks open and Pluto bounds forward, not waiting for the rest of the crew.
“He did it again!” yells Ciel.
“It’s all right. Let’s have him guide us.” Suggests Sebastian. Ciel races up the stairs, followed by Sebastian, Grell and Selima. Finally they reached the top of the seemingly perpetual stairs, Grell huffing and puffing. Sebastian waited for Ciel to nod before opening the door. They entered what seemed like a work room, doll parts astray, and notes scattered about.
“Lizzie!” called Ciel. The usually content girl seemed to be the same, besides the fact she was staring at the ground, not a smile to be found. “Lizzie…” Ciel kneeled and made eye contact with her. There was a muffled cry from across the room, and everyone turned to see an entirely ornate Alette, bound and tied. She wore a dark cobalt dress, with a neckline that dipped more than she was ever comfortable with. She had a silver belt tied around her waist and was covered in blue lace, with heels to match. Next to her was a half made doll, just beginning to show a resemblance. The parts were assembled, and had curly chestnut hair to match Alette’s but the facial features had not yet been carved, and the doll was dressed in only minimal attire. Ciel was taken aback, she seemed a lot more distressed than Lizzie, and Lizzie’s clothes had not been changed. Ciel’s stomach dropped as he realized she was wearing two identical spinel earrings. “Lizzie! Alette!” he cried
“It looks like we were a little too late.” Shrugs Grell. Selima catapults herself up onto the ledge that Alette is sitting on and begins to untie her.
“You could understand what she was mumbling?” asks an astonished Ciel.
“Of course I could. If I couldn’t what kind of butler would I be?”
“One who isn’t worth her salt.” Smirks Sebastian. Selima began to rigorously free her master, while Ciel became more and more frantic by the moment.
“No…Lizzie…Lizzie….Lizzie…” He muttered, shaking her lifeless body until her emerald eyes fluttered open.
“Hmm?”

“Lizzie thank goodness.” He sighed as Alette shook off her restraints in the background. She took one disgusted look at the doll then kicked it over, without giving it another thought.

“The ring…” she trailed off. Ciel glanced at his ring, it gleaming in the moonlight. “So you were pleased…Ciel…” Ciel is shocked as the realization hit him. Alette shakes her head, knowing all along.

“Then this was her gift for you.” Confirms Sebastian.

“But its foolish…why would she give me…?” asks Ciel. Abruptly, an invisible string lifts Lizzie’s arm up.

“Yes, why?” She is jolted upward, in a Christ like position as a voice begins to narrate all of Ciel’s inquiries. “Why does her body move independent of her will? And…” A weapon flies into her hands, and if Selima hadn’t pushed Alette down, it would have taken her head right off her neck.

“Why does she hurt the ones she loves?”

“Elizabeth!” cries out Ciel, staring at the horrified look on her face as she raises the weapon.

“No!” she yells, swinging the weapon madly. Sebastian dives in front of Ciel and pulls him away swiftly. She aims her next blow toward Alette. Selima prepares to dodge the attack with Alette who moves of her own free will. Unlike Ciel, she was not paralyzed in incomprehension and could think on the spot. She ducked and rolled while Selima moved after her. Elizabeth’s arms are frantically swinging, and Selima struggles to move in her long flowing evergreen dress that complimented her eyes.

“Grell, your scissors. Now.” She calls. He tosses them to Selima, who cuts her beautiful dress to mid thigh length, causing Sebastian to stare, almost making him miss the next dodge.

“Sebastian!” yells an angry Ciel.

“Grell, you can see this too, cant you?”

“I suppose, but I’m more worried about your wretch chipping my blades. ..” Alette has been cornered in her dodges and just as the blow is about to come down, Sebastian grasps the end of the weapon firmly.

“Selima!” he bellows.

“Sebby, in the case she dies…during the kiss can there be tongue?"

“I haven’t the faintest idea what you mean. But in fact, I can tie a cherry stem with my tongue.” Selima and Grell’s jaw both drop. With renewed energy, Selima takes the blades she wields and frantically snips away at the strings tied to Elizabeth, letting her fall to the ground, lifeless and hollow.

“Elizabeth…” Ciel reaches for her and Alette rolls her eyes. Sebastian examines the strings that bound her previously. “It’s a puppets string. And the puppets string leads to…” they all follow his gaze upward.

“So I thought to myself…” begins Drocell, moving quickly to ensnare them all, even Sebastian and Selima. “What shall I use to make my new dolls?”

“Then I’ll ask you this; what are you made of?” requests Sebastian.

“Hmm? What am I…made of? He questions, perplexed.

“Yes, you see, you don’t seem to be made of very high quality materials.”

“You walk and talk like a human would but you’re heads as hollow as a drum.” Adds Selima.

“So I thought to myself: I know I must be human, and yet lately I find termites crawling out of my ears.” He contemplates, giving Sebastian just the opening he needs. He picks up the weapon with his feet and clocks Drocell in the jaw with it. All their ensnarements loosen for the moment he is stunned, and they escape.

“Grell.”

“Ah. A loving collaboration, right Sebby?”

“Selima.” She nods, grabbing the children as Sebastian kicks Grell up, soars upward on him, still brandishing a weapon.

“I sense none of the way or the style of a butler in you.” He insults as he raises the weapon, dealing the final blow. Drocell comes crashing down along with Grell while Sebastian lands gracefully as
always. “I would never lose to a man without style.”
“That’s my Sebby! So stylish.” Moans an aching Grell.
“You’re delusional.” States Selima.
“So, he was a doll too?”
“Drocell Keinz. His soul was collected five years ago. But for some reason we detected signs of
survival.”
“Someone must have fitted him with a makeshift soul.” Concluded Sebastian.
“Ciel!”
“Lizzie! Let’s go home.”
“I want to give you a birthday party.”
“Finally something we agree on.” Muttered Alette.
“Yes…please do.”
“You can rest easy now…” He comforted as she closed her eyes. “It’s all-“
“It’s not all over, it appears.”
“So I thought to myself: I will report to my master.” And he walked on, hay falling in clumps from
his head.
“What’s wrong with him?”
“He’s all torn up and he still wants to serve his master?” Selima and Sebastian exchange glances.
“We can emphasize. He’s merely-.” Starts Selima
“One hell of a butler.” Finishes Sebastian.
“Mas…ter…” he collapses, after pushing open the door. They race through and find Pluto curled up
next to a chair that hides the master.
“Pluto!” he called. Pluto gives a smile with panting tongue and licks the master.
“Why is he being so friendly?”
“I’m very sorry.” A new voice booms. “My butler is so incompetent. I’m unable to offer you
hospitality.”Pluto readjusts into a sitting position.
“So you’re behind this. Why would you make girls into dolls?”
“Flowers, eras, and also people are only beautiful for finite moments. Doll making is noble work,
preserving in this world the most beautiful and perfect people.” Selima takes a moment to consider
the man’s words, very true she had seen people come and go with ease. They were transient.
Evanescent.
“You’ve got awful taste! What’s so perfect about immature little—“
“Why are you after me? I won’t be made into a doll and lovingly displayed somewhere!” in his flash
of rage, he throws his ring against the chair.
“Know your place, boy.”
“My butler’s head is made of straw. I imagine he couldn’t understand why I wanted you. Ciel
Phantomhive, you were fated to die from you’re very birth. Your body is already unclean.”
“Why do you know that?” he asks darkly.
“I cannot allow someone like you to exist in this world. Unclean….unnecessary…unfruitful.” Each
word got louder, disgust evident in his voice. “And therefore I tried to snuff you out.”
“What?”
“Ciel!”
“Snuff out the unclean. The unnecessary … the unfruitful…” The chair began to violet shake with
laughter.
“Snuff him out! Snuff him out! Snuff him out! Snuff him out!” Ciel lunges, furious with the
tomfoolery he was dealing with. Pride was always a big flaw of his.
“Don’t play games with me!” he growled, as runs toward the taunter. Just as he was about to reveal
the identity of the character, he realized this too, was no more than a stuffed doll. Alette was right
behind him, frowning.
“This is…” Right on the crotch of the puppet was a smaller doll. Just as they were about to examine
it, it sprang to life. It broke into maniacal laughter and scuttled away.
“Catch it, Sebastian.”
“The person manipulating it is not here, my lord”
“It’s over Ciel.” Comforted Alette.
“I now notice that there were invisible strings all over the room. Not a very nice thing I must say.”

* * *

“Sebby! Time for our passionate kiss!” screams Grell, jumping over a ducked Sebastian and into Selima who clenches her fist and whacks him.
“What shall we do young master? Would you like me to avenge Madame Red now?” Alette tenses, guilty, Selima is shocked. He’d mask the truth for her?
“F-fine! I’ll leave your lips for next time! Bye Bye!” He departs, leaving the five alone. Sebastian cries out, but Ciel consoles him.
“No, not today. I don’t want the scent of blood to reach Elizabeth any more than it already has.” He gestures to the snoozing girl in Sebastian’s arms.

* * *

“Happy Birthday Ciel!” everyone screeches, especially Alette. The table is stacked with goodies yet the table cloth is luckily not yet speckled with food. Everyone wears a birthday hat of varying colors. Thanks to Elizabeth the hall is promptly decorated for the holidays. “Congratulations!” Everyone roars.

“Congratulations, Ciel.” Claps Lizzie.
“Congratulations!” Screams the servants
“Er…Selima, why are they saying congratulations? He just turned a year older everyone does it.”
“I believe it is a British thing.” Explains Selima.
“I’ll serve the pudding then.”
“What a bother. You could have cut it in the kitchen.” Criticizes Ciel as he is served the first piece. He takes a piece then furrows his eyebrows together in confusion as he reaches into his mouth and pulls out the ring he had left behind.
“This is…” Alette stares at him
“It’s a Christmas pudding. The season is almost upon us, after all.” Smirks Sebastian. “If your portion contains a ring, you are guaranteed happiness.” Elizabeth’s eyes sparkle as she swoons
“I’m so glad! He says you’ll be able to find happiness, Ciel!”
“I don’t-.”
“Paula, ring the bells!”
“Yes, my lady. Jingle jingle!” she squeals.
“That girl and her butler are equally as annoying.” Whispers Alette to Selima causing her to smirk. Ciel sighs “What’s wrong with these people?”
Her Butler, Freeloader

Chapter Summary

A new case emerges when people are being hung upside down at random businesses. Ciel and Alette meet a Prince.

“So all the victims had just come home from India then?” asked Ciel, peering over the officer’s shoulder.
“Yes, it appears so.” Confirmed Alette, peering over the other shoulder. “Ciel?! Alette?!”
“These damn brats…” muttered Sir Arthur.
“No one seems to have died yet.”
“Yet.”
“The child of craziness and laziness? He does have a way with words.”
“It’s lovely.” Sir Arthur frowned, his mustache quivering a bit from the cold. He was not okay with being upstaged by two little brats.
“I agree that our country would be rather improved if all these nouveaux riches fresh back from India disappeared.” he read aloud.
“That’s rather crude. Still, look at that mark in the corner.” Ciel redirected his attention to the small seal in the corner.
“Still, this mark…”
“He’s mocking the queen and all Englishmen. He must be Indian!” assumed the ignorant man.
“So this is why we were called in? Most of the Indians who have come here illegally hole up in the criminal neighborhoods of the East end.”
“I bet the yard hasn’t even figured out what the exact number of their groups are have they?” inquired Alette, knowing the answer already. The Yard was always miles behind the Vamphinas, and she knew it. This earned her a glare from Sir Arthur.
“I cannot allow the queen to suffer such indignity. Let us go.” The four disperse, knowing they would not make it any further with the police stationed there. Ciel’s newest walking stick, clicked against the stone under their feet. It was long and narrow, ebony and finely polished with a sprinkling of cobalt jewels. Inside held a sword, for Alette, who had gifted this to him, urged him to walk with care ever since the kidnapping incident.
“Damn Scorpion. Making the Yard look like fools!”
“Who is the Scorpion, Sir Arthur?” asked Abberline, curious as always.
“That damn brat, Vamphina. Always lurking in the dark... working alongside the Queens dog.”
Meanwhile, the group had reached a darker side of town. Beggars lurked in every nook and cranny, staring at the two children as if they were gold in a mine full of coal.
“We could have just sent Sebastian ad Selima to take care of them.” Pointed out Alette.
“Then we’d have the Yard searching for us. Where would the fun be in that? I love a good obstacle.”
“I suppose.”
“I believe the Indians use this area as their base.” Interrupted Sebastian.
“Yes…” he trailed off.
“OUCH! That hurt!” Cried a stranger, Ciel furrowed his brow, confused since he hadn’t even felt any contact with the strange man. “That hurt!” He repeated. “I think I’ve cracked a rib! I’m done for. I might die!” he exaggerated. Alette didn’t even bat an eye.
“Don’t listen to them, Ciel. They’re just trying to pawn you for your money.” She explained.
“Leave us everything you have.” They commanded. Sebastian turned to Selima, smirking.
“We seem to have been caught by some very cliche thugs. What shall we do?” Selima smiles, bats her green eyes, flips her curls over her shoulder, steps up and slaps the man right across the face. The echo can be hard and it leaves a red hot mark.
“You’ve been hit!”
“By a woman?” The beggars crawled out of their homes and encircled them, brandishing weapons. Selima crossed her arms and raised her eyebrows, undaunted against her formidable foes.
“Wait! I’m looking for someone.” Interrupted a pretty man, with long flowing violet hair and chocolate earnest eyes. His golden earrings swayed from side to side as he sashayed over, clearly wealthy. “Have you seen an Indian who looks like this?” He asked innocently, holding a child’s drawing dearly, as if it was all he had.
“Who the hell are you? Stay out of this!” yelled the man wielding a knife. “Are you dueling?” he asked, ignoring the man’s warning. “He has a khansama with him!” acknowledged one of the attackers.
“Are you an English nobleman?” he inquired, still advancing.
“What if I am?” snapped Ciel, completely done with the day. All he wanted was to go home and have some sweets.
“Then I will side with my countrymen. Agni!”
“Yes?” answered the man’s khansama (butler).
“Defeat them.” The butler whispers something in a foreign language, then states
“I shall brandish the right hand the heavens bestowed me with for my master.” the man, Agni, swiftly unraveled his right hand which had been wrapped up, and ran at the pair of butlers. Selima, flipped Alette behind her, while Sebastian blocked the attack, nearly slamming Ciel into the floor. The man was primarily after Sebastian, it seemed. He dodged another kick while running backwards, Ciel still behind him. The beggars had since backed off, watching the fight in awe. With Alette clinging to her back, Selima, jumped in front of Sebastian to catch the man’s attention. “My lady, please do not make me hurt a woman as delicate as you.” Selima’s eyes flashed a dangerous shade of jade. The man managed to grab her but she remembered what to do in this case. She swung her arms in a large circle, making him beak contact, and then while he was stunned, after all he was only human, unlike the pair of butlers, she smashed her head right into his face.
“She can fight?” The man backed off, clearly stunned.
“We were just walking down the street!” cried Ciel. “Are Indians savages who attack any Englishmen that wanders by?”
“What? Did you fellows attack Shorty over here for no reason?” Ciel grunted, and Alette giggled; she was an inch or two taller. The reaction given was a tell all about what had happened. “That’s no good. My countrymen are in the wrong this time. Agni, side with the kids.”
“Kids? I’m almost a lady grown!” protested Alette.
“Alette, you’re only fourteen.”
“Well I’ll be fifteen on the 20th of next month!” In the time it took this argument to take place, Agni had already taken care of the beggars, who now made a pile on the floor.
“I’ve finished, Prince Soma.”
“Good.” He carefully picks up the fallen Ciel’s hat, dusts it off and hands it over. “Well then, I’m looking for someone so I’ll be on my way. Ta-ta.” Before they depart, Agni bends down, takes Selima’s hand and presses his lips to it. “My lady.” The duo then leaves, leaving Alette and Ciel confused and Sebastian mildly irritated. It was a sudden onset of dysphoria, which caught him off guard. He didn’t feel, he didn’t have such mundane human emotions… but here he was feeling outraged for some unknown reason.
“Well. Someone’s smitten with you, Selima.” Commented Alette.
“Nonsense, my lady.”
Later that night, Ciel was in his study, peering down at some fresh documents. “That was a waste of energy. One of those Indians must be the criminal. Let’s wait for Sir Arthur to contact us.” Sebastian advised.
“Young Master!” exclaimed all the servants, noticing his arrival.
“Welcome home, Yes!”
“I’ll never get any peace…” He muttered. “If I’m called to London for every silly thing.”
“My lord, you really are here!” yelled Lau, as he entered with ease.” A small vein throbbed in Ciel’s forehead, causing Alette to pat him on the back gently.
“You’re dropping in unannounced?! How often had I told you to at least send a note before you visit?”
“Ah, I vaguely remember that.”
“Selima, go help in the kitchen. They have guests.”
“Mistress, we are the guests.”
“My orders remain.” Sebastian tries to beat her to the kitchen, but she had a head start, and orders to fulfill as well. Still, something bothered Sebastian.
“How did you know how to defend yourself?” he asked, clearly her skills were beyond that of a normal demon butler. Her moves were very specific, and went beyond the goal of protecting her mistress.
“It is not a woman’s world. We are taught to defend ourselves, rather than to teach boys not to hurt us.” She explained, as the water started to hiss. She went to tend to it when suddenly, she was picked up and sat down on the counter.
“No one will hurt you. Not while I’m around.” Their hands interlock, and she presses her plump lips to his nose quickly, so not to leave a mark.
“I can fend for myself.” She hops down and tends to the tea, pouring it from the kettle into the cups. He wraps his arms around her, pressing his body into her back. He presses his face into the nape of her neck, making her giggle as he places slow kisses onto her collar.
“Not. In. My. Kitchen.” Hissed a pissed Ciel, standing in the doorway. “We have more guests.” He informed them, the obnoxious princes voice can be heard laughing in the background, clearly to Ciel’s dismay.
“Did you know he’s a prince?” squeaked Alette.
“I vaguely remember it being mentioned.” Replied Selima.
“Sebastian, don’t let them out of your sight.” Commanded Ciel.
“Very good, my lord.” Obeyed Sebastian.
* * *
"Selima and I shall be your tutors whilst we are in London, My Lord.” Proclaimed Sebastian. Ciel was still disgruntled by the way he had been woken up this morning, by Agni opening the curtains and Soma bouncing on him like a child would. Sebastian pushes up his spectacles with his baton.
"Why must she do it” he groaned, remembering how she had taught him to dance.
“Because she’ll give you the discipline you need in certain areas.” Right now, Alette sat parallel to Ciel, playing a duet with him today.
"Bach’s Chaconne?” He questioned.
“I can’t play something this difficult.” He decided.
“You’ll try and you will learn.” Demanded Selima. Ciel frowned; he had no idea how Alette put up with someone this difficult every day for five years. They began to play, slowly but surely complimenting each other. Alette had played the flute since she was small, but even she couldn’t quite master this difficult selection.
“Yes, that’s good.” Complimented Sebastian.
“Um.” “What is that?” They both turn to see Agni and Soma, praying to some foreign god/ goddess.
“They seem to be praying, but it’s quite a surreal idol., isn’t it?” asked Lau."To me, it merely looks like a statue of a woman...carrying a severed head, and wearing a necklace of severed heads, and dancing madly on top of a man’s stomach.”
“Certainly you must not be that ignorant.”
“She is Kali, the goddess of our Hindu faith.” Informed Agni.
“A goddess of India?”
“Kali is the wife of Shiva and the goddess of power. Long ago, a demon rashly challenged her to a
fight. Naturally, she was victorious. However, afterward, her destructive urges were not quelled, and she abandoned herself to destruction and carnage. But then, to protect the Earth, her husband Shiva threw himself at her feet. Treading on her husband with her unclean feet brought Kali back to her senses, and peace returned to the world. Kali is the great goddess who defeated the demon after a desperate battle. As proof, she carries the demon’s head.” “There you have it.”

“Hmm… I wasn’t aware of someone so strong.” Claims Sebastian.

“Nor was I.” added Selima.

“I’ll have to take care if I travel to India.”

“Now then, since we’re done with praying, let’s go out!” exclaimed Prince Soma, grasping Ciel like a sack of potatoes.

“I told you, I’m busy!” he roars.

* * *

“Honestly when are you going to finish?” drawled the Prince, laying on his stomach on the floor. “I say, what are you doing?”

“Be quiet! You’re distracting me!” groaned Ciel, in the middle of a fencing lesson. “All right fine! If you want my attention so badly, I’ll oblige!” The boy shouted, clearly irritated. Even Alette and Selima who were next door, learning self-defense, could hear him.

“Honestly what is that boy getting himself into?” asked Alette, just barely catching Selima’s next attack. They peeked in and all of a sudden, it was Sebastian and Agni who were fighting, evenly matched.

“So it’s a draw.” They decided.

“Your khansama’s not bad, Ciel. What about yours, girlie?”

“She’s as good as Sebastian.” Alette assured him

“Prove it.”

“I will.”

“Please, my Prince. Do not make me fight someone as beautiful as her.” He pleaded. Again, Sebastian felt… A surge of some unnamed, previously undiscovered emotion before him. Usually he knew he could handle any situation thrown at him and he had up until this point. But faced with a handsome man, eyeing up his girlfriend he had no idea what to do, or what he could possibly be feeling. After all, demons were for eating souls and occasional lust but never for toying with such humdrum human things.

“Sebastian.” He now realized his young master was before him, clearly concerned. “Who is that man? He’s not another….”

“No, he’s a deadly human.” He replied. “I see. But with that much power…” Ciel trailed off.

“Yes. He could easily hang men upside down” finished Sebastian.

“All right tonight I’ll whip up my very best!” choose Bardroy, grabbing all the utensils from him.

“We’ll cook.” Declared Selima, knowing all too well what might happen.

“You behave yourself.” Scolded Sebastian, watching Selima’s hips sway while she chopped vegetables.

“Sebastian.” He silently cursed the man for disrupting his fantasies. “I was wondering if I could be of any service.” Asked Agni.

“You just relax and enjoy yourself.” Sebastian waved him off, not wanting his romantic time in the kitchen to be interrupted.

“Two can work much faster than one.” He states. “Please, ask me of anything.” He pleaded. Sebastian sighed and smiled.

“Then in that case, could you make a cottage pie, and some gooseberry sauce for tonight’s main dish?” He asked politely, figuring that ought to keep him away from him and Selima.

“Of course.”

“Hey why are you letting him cook but not the chef?!” protested Bardroy. “Are you even listening to me?”

“So much to do… so much to do…” he sighed, giving Selima one last loving glance before departing. When he returned Selima was laughing, the servants were working in harmony and Agni
was a little too close to Selima making conversation. “I’m…” He thought of his word selection carefully. Enraged? Jealous? “Amazed you got them to help.”

“Everyone is born with their own talents. They have a path and a duty revealed by the gods. We children of the divine mother only need to follow her will and do our appointed tasks.” Selima shuddered; all this talk of gods and divinity was giving her a feeling of disgust. After all, she was made of sin.

“You are a man of fine character. “

“Not at all. I was a hopeless fool before I met the Prince. I owe him more than I can ever repay. I hurt people, blasphemed against the gods, committed crime upon crime.” Now that was what she liked to hear. “And the day finally came for me to be punished. I had no particular attachment to this world. I didn’t even believe in the gods, I had forsaken everything and yet, a god appeared before me! That day, I plainly saw the divine in him, in all its sublime radiance”

“Agni, your pot is boiling over.” Sebastian informed him, carelessly walking past.

“The prince is my sovereign and my god. He gave me new life; I want to protect him with my life. And make as many as his wishes as I can come true.”

“The gods are a bunch of horse shit.” Whispered Selima

The actual gods are a bunch of god for nothings if you ask me…” muttered Sebastian

“Pardon?” “Oh nothing.” They replied in unison.

“How long do you people intend on staying here?” inquired an intense Ciel, as the table before him and Alette, who sat on opposite sides of the table, were set by their butlers.

“We’ll leave when our business is finished.”

“Come to think of it, you said you were searching for someone, weren’t you?”

“An interesting question” he claimed, whipping out the piece of paper he had had earlier.

“I’m looking for a woman. Her name is Mina. She was a servant at my palace.”

“Sebastian, does that give you enough to find her?” asked a bored Ciel

“Even I can’t do much with this. I’ll try my best.”

“And, What is she doing in England?” questioned Ciel.

“Mina was my attendant, More or less my nursemaid. She’d been with me ever since I could remember. My mother and father never even looked my way. I was always alone in the palace. But Mina always stayed at my side. But a British nobleman with his eye on her kidnapped her and took her away to England while I was away!” “In other words you came here to get this woman back?”

“Yes! I’ll get her back and bring her home no matter what! He declared.

“That’s a lot of fuss over one servant.”

“No it’s not!” he screamed, defiant. “Can you even comprehend my despair at being separated from her? Can you imagine how much I— “

“No, I can’t. The kind of trifling despair something like that could inspire. I can’t understand it and I don’t care to.” Ciel pulls himself away from the despairing Prince and turns before opening the door.

“Some things no amount of struggling will get back. And some despair can’t ever be escaped. Maybe you can’t understand that though.”

“Great now you’ve gone and upset him.”

“He’s only a child, my lady, it is to be expected.”

“But. But still… I don’t want this… I don’t want to be alone in that palace!”

* * *

“Even you must know how to play Old Maid.” Drawled Ciel, opening the deck of cards. “I’m finished for the day. I’ll play with you until bedtime.”

Ciel…”

“It’s not to make you happy. I’m just keeping you company because I’m bored.”

“Sorry, I have plans.” rejected Soma. “Unlike you, I’m a busy man. Agni! We’re going out!”

“Yes, Your Highness.” Obliged Agni. Alette sighed, entering the room as they exited, looking at the gaping Ciel.

“I’ll play with you.” She coincided.

“If you don’t go to bed early you’ll never get taller, shorty!” he called over his shoulder. Alette dealt
the cards, and figured if she were to get anywhere with this kid, she’d have to comfort him.

“Forget him. I bet I can beat you.”

Oh there you are. Say my lord…”

“What?” he barked

“No clues today either, eh? Let’s go looking again tomorrow. So they’re back. I have to say those two are very suspicious.”

“Well yes, but I don’t see how they’d benefit from those crimes. They don’t seem to bear much of a grudge over colonial rule.” Observed Ciel, as Alette took a card form Lau.

“And if they are doing it.”

“They’d want to avoid you, not live with you.” Finished Alette.

“But it’s not an unheard of tactic.”

“So you want me to think that they think, that I won’t suspect them, if I they make their self visible.”

“It’s common among a certain type of criminal to want to involve themselves in the crime.” She informed. “I suppose it’s still too soon to say.” Meanwhile, Selima and Sebastian sat above on the roof, letting the snow cover them like a blanket, hands interlocked once more. Sebastian had draped his coat over her cold body. “I knew he’d make a move.” He whispered, watching Agni depart.
The group follows Agni, and then embarks on a journey to make a supreme curry.

“He’s on the move, young master.” Informed Sebastian, hanging upside down form the roof casually as if this was an everyday thing. Which, knowing Sebastian, it very might as well be. Ciel stood up abruptly, dropping his cards.

“All right let’s follow him.” He decided, eager to catch the men at work.

“You mean you don’t want me to beat your ass at Old Maid?”

“Ohhh shh both of you. I’m the Old Maid.” Admitted Lau.

“Take me with you!” pleaded Soma, who had snuck into the room without anyone but the butlers noticing.

“You?” accused Ciel

“I’ve known all along that Agni was going out after I’ve gone to bed. I want to know what he’s doing!”

* * *

“Who lives here?”

“This is Harold West Jeb’s estate.” Alette looks up at Selima for a clarification.

“He’s a rich white guy, my lady.” She answers.

“Well that narrows it down. Ciel is a rich white guy!”

“He handles a wide range of import goods from India.” Explains Sebastian. Everyone peeks around the corner, Ciel and Alette bundled up, since the weather was freezing. Selima had been worse than Sebastian though; Alette had a scarf wrapped around her mouth, so all her speech is muffled. Snow coated the ground, crunching under their boots. “He also owns stores, a coffeehouse, and the likes.”

“A coffeehouse?” asked Selima, looking up, intrigued, eyes aglow with affection.

“Yes, my dear. I’ll take you there.” Sebastian whispered in her ear, his warm breath giving her shivers. He wrapped an arm around her and pulled her close to his body. He knew coffee of all sorts was her favorite human indulgence.

“I’ve met him once. His disgustedly obsessed with status.” Elaborated Ciel. “People at his coffeehouse were trussed and hung upside down, but since Mr. West, it’s representative, happened to be away, he escaped unharmed.”

“Happened to be away, eh?” added Lau.

“Shall we have a look?”

“Very good, my lord.” Sebastian obliged, jumping ungodly high over the fence encircling the estate. Selima followed pursuit, with Alette clinging to her back.

Inside, they crept about silently, wary about being caught. How would they explain away this if they were caught?

“Why not have a scotch and relax?” the silky voice of Mr. West rang out. “It’s top notch scotch from Justerini and Brooks, holders of the Royal Warrant. Our plans so far have been perfect. You’ve done well for me, Agni. You don’t have to string up any more people. We’ve crushed all my major rivals.” Mr. West was a stereotypical white cliché, with blond hair, broad shoulders and a wide smile.

“With this godly right hand, the Royal warrant is as good as mine.”

“Royal warrant?” whispered Ciel. “So that’s what this is about.”

“And if I carry out this plan as promised, Mina will…”

“Mina!?” burst out Soma, entering the room, causing Alette to shake her head.
“I guess we’re going in.”
“Who are you?” Upon Soma’s arrival, Agni immediately stood up.
“Prince Soma!” cried Ciel but Sebastian quickly silenced him. Alette was already halfway through
the door, causing Selima to yank her ankle out from under her. She softened the blow so not to alert
the others in the room, but provoked a small silent argument between herself and Alette.
“They’ll recognize us. Let’s watch and wait.” advised Sebastian.
“Agni! You’ve known where Mina was!” accused the prince.
“Oh, so that’s your master.” Concluded Mr. West. Everything he said had a derogatory tone to it.
“You must be the one who took Mina away!” indicted Prince Soma. “Agni, defeat him!” he
commanded. Agni’s heart swelled; he’d do anything for the prince but he could not do everything,
and this was one of the few things he could not do. “Agni, what are you waiting for?”
“We’ll take that stupid prince and withdraw for now.” Decided Ciel.
“Which one of you will go in then?” inquired Alette. “Selima, they’re all men. You could just flash
them while Sebastian grabs the Prince.”
“My lady…. I—”
“I’LL go.” Clarified Sebastian, uneager to have his girlfriend used so crudely.
“Won’t West recognize you two?” questioned Lau
“Please, leave it to me.” Replied Sebastian confidently.
“Agni, hit him to make him shut up!” ordered Soma, getting irritated at his insolence.
“Agni.” Stated Mr. Wests convincing voice simply. Agni, broke into a sweat, completely conflicted
over what to do. Knowing it was for the Prince’s own good, he raised his own godly right hand at
him, intending to hit him. It was just that moment when Sebastian, face masked, intervened.
“Wh-Who the devil is this deer man?” asked Mr. West
“I am a deer who has come to take this prince home.”
“H-he might be an enemy spy. Agni!”
“No, I’m merely one hell of a deer.” Selima face palmed; sometimes she couldn’t believe this was the
man she was dating.
“Kill him!” demanded Mr. West. “You don’t mind if your promise goes to waste? Do it!” Agni
clenched his fists, enraged at how this had all turned out. Shaking, crying tears of blood, he fell to his
knees.
“I have only one god…only one master. I vowed to myself that I’d only brandish this fist for my
god’s sake. For the crime of betraying that god… Please forgive me!”
“Agni, don’t tell me you’re-“ In a fit of rage, Agni ripped off his bandaged hand, and with a glowing
rage went after Sebastian who grabbed the Prince and dodged with ease. He continued to dodge as
they danced around the room, Mr. West screamed as some of his precious belongings were
destroyed. It was at this point Selima slung the two children over her shoulder and ran, confident
Sebastian could handle himself. They met later back at the mansion, where Selima served them tea.
“That man was superhuman” comments Lau, sipping his tea carefully. They continued their
conversation about what Agni was doing, while Selima slipped into the hallway.
“You’re not hurt, are you?” questioned Selima, inspecting Sebastian.
“You seem to lack credence in me.” Purred Sebastian, wrapping his arms around the concerned
woman.
“It’s not that…” she assured him. “The powers of heaven and hell are evenly matched. It’s not
entirely impossible for you to get injured.”
“Perhaps…But by a human?” he snickered. “I highly doubt it. “
“Well.” She giggled. “You made a handsome deer.” She leaned in a bit, and he closed the distance
between them, slowly pressing his lips to hers passionately. Their lips danced with each other for a
while while he ran his hands through her tangled curls.
“Selima, you’re good with children. You should go comfort the Prince.” suggested Alette, breaking
the two apart. She sighed, wishing to stay there a little longer. To her surprise, Sebastian followed.
“What business do you have with the Prince?” she inquired.
“Do you know how hard I had to search to find the tea set he broke, simply because I thought it
would complement my master?” He strode ahead of her, and entered the room. In one swift
movement, Sebastian yanked the moping Prince out of the bed.
“How rude!” he commented.
“Which of us is the rude one?” asked Sebastian, his tone razor sharp. “This is England and the
residence of the Earl Phantomhive. You have no right to give either of us any orders here.”
“You’re nothing more than a mediocre twat.” Remarked Selima.
“An ordinary brat.”
“Who cannot so much as dress himself without the assistance of a godly butler.”
“You’re a helpless child.”
“Even Agni has left you now. What will you do now?”
“Even your pillar of strength has betrayed you.”
“You’re right. I have nothing now. I’ve lost everything now.” Replied Soma, basking in his own
sorrow.
“You’re wrong.” continued Selima. You haven’t lost anything. You never had anything to begin
with.”
“You got your status from your parents. The castle you got from your parents. The servant you got
from your parents. You never owned anything, not a single thing in your life.”
“You need to be more independent. If you paid any attention to Agni, you’d have realized that man
would do anything for you. He would not betray you without a reason.” A tear trickled down
Soma’s face, as he realized the cruel, condescending words were true. Selima stepped up. “Get up.”
She demanded. The prince rose reluctantly. “No one has left you. No one will leave you. We will get
Agni back for you.” She sustained coldly, sternly. “But. If you keep acting like a spoiled little twat,
no one will like you and everyone will leave you.”
“They promised they’d stay with me forever!” wailed Soma.
“That was lip service obviously.” Patronized Sebastian. “They wouldn’t serve someone they got
nothing from in return. In the slums, even a three year old would know that. No one actually loved
you.”
“Yes, that’s quite enough bullying by the both of you for today. Now go serve us some sweets while
I undo the damage you’ve done.” Intervened Ciel. Selima obliged at once, going to the kitchen and
pulling out the eggs and milk, ready to quickly whip up a small cake for the three when Sebastian
walked in. Without words, they began to cook together, moving in sync, cracking eggs and mixing
the batter. Selima smeared some on Sebastian’s nose, solely for the point of irritating him. He gave
her a stern look but her giggles only made his non beating heart flutter. She then took to licking it off
his nose, slowly, the warm wet feeling giving Sebastian tingles.
“Selima! Enough nonsense, we need to discuss Mr. West.” Interrupted Alette, fed up with her butler.
She entered the dark hallway to find Soma profusely apologizing.
“I’m sorry to you too!” stuttered Soma.
“Don’t mention it, I find you interesting.” Responded Sebastian.
“I didn’t predict that West would be after the Royal Warrant”
“Nobody did.” added Alette.
“Though it is something a man obsessed with status would think of…”
“What is a Royal Warrant?” inquired the ignorant Prince.
“it’s when the royal family officially endorses their favorite shops. The Royal Warrant holders are
purchasers to the Crown. One week from now, a curry exhibition will be held as a part of the
festivities at the Crystal Palace.”
“Curry?” probes Soma.
“Yes. I’m told that her majesty, a celebrated lover of curry, will be in attendance.”
“It’s just a rumor.” Dismissed Ciel. “Ever since her husband, Prince Albert died, she almost never
appears in public.”
“What’s the connection between the curry exhibition and the crimes?”
“Curry is the main attraction at West’s coffeehouse.” Educated Ciel
“If he gets the Warrant, he’s sure to have an increase in sales.” Completed Alette. “So he was using Agni to commit those crimes, so his competition wouldn’t be so formidable.”
“Those insults to England were made to make us think it was done by an Indian with a grudge against the British. He used Mina to make Agni do his dirty work, I’d imagine.” Concluded Ciel.
“For the sake of his God.”
“Your people worship the goddess Kali, correct?” queried Alette.
“Yes she’s very dear to us.” He countered.
“Doesn’t she always stick out her tongue?” Prince Soma furrowed his eyebrows together as he made the connection.
“He did it all for you.” elucidated Ciel. “I suppose he poured all his prayer and apology into those letters. “
“Even after leaving you, Agni believes in you and for you. You have a fine butler.”
“Agni! Cried Soma.
“Well, what a happy ending. Our work here is done.” Clapped Lau. “Now we can leave the rest of the work to the Yard.”
“Wait! Then what will happen to Agni and Mina!” squealed Soma.
“Who knows?”
“We’ve established the criminal underworld isn’t behind this. It has nothing to do with us.”
“Ciel!” scolded Alette. “You know damn well ever since these two walked in your door it had everything to do with us. It’s our responsibility now.”
“Damn you and wanting to wrap up everything so nicely.” Mumbled Ciel.
“It’s settled then. We’ll enter the curry competition, beat Agni, and the Royal Warrant will be ours. That enough incentive for you to listen to me Ciel?” persuaded Alette. Ciel shook his head and turned to Sebastian.
“Women…” he murmured.

*I*

“I have never tasted a curry more delicious than Agni’s” Argued Soma.
“But he’s only a man. A simple man cannot compare to me when it comes to the kitchen.”
Countered Selima.
“And you’ve never tasted Sebastian’s curry.” Mentioned Ciel. “You heard the man.”
“Goodness gracious, he sounds like a challenge.” Teased Sebastian, ready to defeat this man once and for all. They began instantly, Sebastian listening to Selima’s keen insight as he made the curry, sometimes switching roles. It took barely any time at all to fill the counter with curries. It took days of work, cooking, stuffing the Prince full of curry.

* * *

“Is this outfit in worn deference to the Queen as well, my lord?” questioned Sebastian, looking at the spiffy Ciel. He wore a small hat and a spattering of blue and black.
“Never mind the unnecessary chitchat.” It was then Alette walked in, wearing a red dress that dipped a little because it was a little too large on her, but nonetheless flattered her eyes and complemented her hair color. Selima was by her side, dressed in black and green, lace covering her shoulders and an evergreen ribbon around her waist. Her hair was in a bun with a few stray curls hanging free. Her red lips smacked and she wore two raven laced gloves that just barely covered her covenant mark. “I take it you two really can beat Agni?” drawled Ciel.
“I believe we’ve found an ingredient that’s sufficient.” answered Selima confidently.
“I swear on the name Phantomhive that we shall win a Royal Warrant.” Swore Sebastian.
Chapter Summary

Sebastian and Selima fight the embodiment of the goddess Kali, Sebastian's worries are alleviated

“Mina promised she’d act like her old self in front of the prince, if I would obey West’s orders.”
Confessed Agni. “If my innocent prince were to find out how Mina really feels…”
“He’d be crushed. So that’s why you betrayed him.” Acknowledged Selima.
“So that’s what this is about.”
“So I can’t lose!” declared Agni.
“What a coincidence. I feel the same way.”

* * *

“Thank you for waiting, everyone!” greeted the announcer. “It’s time for the curry festival, put to my the Best of London Curry!”
“Look who It is.” Whispered Alette to Ciel, gesturing subtly to the Viscount Druitt.
“Attention seeker.” He muttered bitterly.
“And now, let the cooking beg- “
“What is it?” asked Alette. Ciel turned around to see Her Majesty being escorted down the red carpet, with a dark veil draped over her face.
“Hey Majesty!” cried Ciel.
“My word!” called the announcer. “Her Majesty Queen Victoria, mother of England has favored us with her honored presence.” It was then everyone began to sing God Save the Queen; everyone except the foreigners, including Soma, Selima and Alette.
“Her majesty bids me tell you, ‘I apologize for my inability to appear before you for so long. However, I am in now such perfect health, that I may even enjoy curry again. My late husband Albert was very fond of curry as well. I look forward to examining the fruits of your labors.’”
Announced the Queen’s assistant.
“And with the allez cuisine.” Yelled the announcer. Agni fiercely unraveled his right and while cooking and began picking spices with care fervently.
“That is the Godly right hand of Kali! I should win handily…” The crowd cried out in amazement as the teams prepared their curry. Sebastian was able to keep up with Agni, just as well, but he had the advantage of having a helper as well; Selima whispered in his ear ever so quietly, telling him what spices to grab. He didn’t even hesitate when she told him to mix in chunks of chocolate, recalling what Ciel had said earlier.
“Where did an Englishman like you get such an idea?” asked Agni, surprised the British would think of such an unusual yet genuine idea.
“Je suis Français, monsieur.” Replied Selima. The French were known for their love of food and mixture of delicate flavors, after all. It was then Agni, in fear of losing, Agni pulled out his special ingredient; a blue lobster. The Viscount started to rant about how it was like a beautiful girl in a blue dress that he met at a ball.
“Sebastian, I shall devote everything I have to defeating you.” Vowed Agni, while flashing a smile to Selima.
“And now for the judging.” Proclaimed the announcer. “First we have Parson Tubb & Company’s beef curry.” The judges looked down upon the curry with distaste.
“The beef is cut thickly and portioned generously. Quite a sumptuous recipe.”
“However this dull flavor and aroma… The idea of a professional chef using curry powder is outrageous!”
“I take it Dhol and Company blends its own spices?”
“Yes, my lord.”
“Hmm… There’s one particularly magnificent scent…” he trailed off. “Still, it’s unbalanced overall, so that nice scent is standing out too much.”
“Well, we’ll give them credit for effort.”
“Next up is chef Agni from Hard West and Company.”
“Woah, they pronounced his name right.” Whispered Alette.
“This is my curry.” He humbly presented. “A thali of seven different curries with blue lobster.”
“What vivid colors! Splendid! A tender and chewy texture, and a delicate sweetness that spreads on the tongue!”
“Seven different curries, all of them beautifully complementing the lobster!” At this point the Viscount became flustered.
“This is a beauteous woman I met at a ball!” He decreed, with much lust. “The seven jewels adorning your fine, exquisite form, the gold broach in the shape of a dove, the sapphire and pearl bracelet, the garnet choker, the cameo. And on your finger, a diamond and emerald ring! The all accentuate your natural beauty. You… stole my heart!”
“That seems no large feat.” Selima comments, looking down at her gold broach, wondering who that woman could have been.
“Such high praise! Is victory assured? Or can our final contestants garner even higher praise? This is Funtom and Indicum company!” introduced the announcer.
“This is our curry.” Welcomed Selima.
“It’s—”
“What are you two playing at?” Selima smiles and pops the raw dough into the fryer.
“He fried it?” they all asked, pondering what this duo could be doing.
“They’re finished. This is Funtom and Indicum company curry.”
“I see no curry!”
“Wait… It’s…” The Viscount cut open the bun, revealing the savory dish within.
“This is the curry we are proud to present.”
“Funtom, a children’s toy company, coupled with Indicum, an owner of several eateries and fashion lines… Unthinkable!”
“We call this, the curry bun!” presented Selima.
“Great Scott! It’s wonderful!” praised one judge with a scratchy grey beard. “The crunchy yet fluffy fried bread and the juicy curry inside give this magnificent gradation of texture!”
“What’s most impressive is this structure which locks in the curry’s scent and flavor. The moment I cut it open, everything blossoms forth!”
“This is a lovely young maiden I met at a soiree! By day, you’re a playful robin childishly twittering, but when night falls you let me glimpse your true face, and I see a lady in her own right! I… want to hold you in my arms!”
“More high praise! Is the outcome of this battle in doubt?”
“Sebastian… are you…”
“We’ll leave our judges time to deliberate! In the meantime, feel free to try any curry you like.” The crowd dispersed, and began chowing away at the various piquant dishes. West tried to brag, but Agni brought him back to reality, pointing out that many people also favored Selima and Sebastian’s concoction. While the episode with Mina played out, Soma finding out about her, Selima and Sebastian held hands and walked throughout the crowd, mingling only as much as the event called for. Meanwhile, Alette and Ciel approached a contemplative yet dejected Prince Soma.
“What’s the meaning of this? Your butler is fighting and you run away and refuse to watch?” Ciel snapped, having it up to here with the Prince’s nonsense. But Alette, as she advanced, noticed the Prince’s smile had disappeared, and been replaced with a deep frown.
“Ciel don’t be so hard on him.”
“That’s not it. I’ve been thinking over what I’ve done. I didn’t know anything. No, I didn’t try to
know anything. Not how Mina felt, or how Agni felt.”
“If you understand that, why are you just standing here?”
“Ciel! He’s sad. When someone is sad you comfort them.” Scolded Alette.
“I have no pity in my heart for him.” Slurred Ciel, a bit embarrassed to be treated like he was insolent
on the matter. He hated that about Alette, how she could overstep him so easily, as if it were nothing.
They were however, on equal terms. “You ought to think about what a master owes to a butler
who’s fought for him.”
“Ciel!” berated Alette. She ran after him. “He admires you, you know.” She breathed heavily from
her short sprint. She smelled of lavender, he noticed.
“I know.” He sighed. “Be kind to people. You’ll make a lot less enemies that way.”
“Who cares if I make enemies?”
“You’re reckless.” She sighed. He hated getting all hot and bothered but this girl knew how he
worked now, and knew how to irritate him. Yet, knowing he didn’t like to be called things he knew
he wasn’t, she still smiled sweetly and shoved a curry bun in his open mouth.
“Are you the chefs of the Funtom and Indicum companies?” asked a silky voice. It was sharp as ice,
and just as cold. “Her majesty desires a curry bun. Would one of you be so kind as to bring one
here?” Sebastian nodded, then left to go fulfill the order. He returned successful, a small blot of fried
dough on a spotless ivory plate.
“Please accept this, your majesty.” She took off a glove, revealing skin kissed with youth and ate the
curry bun, aware that everyone was watching.
Ciel just poutily chewed his curry bun, amazed at the
flavor but not letting it show.
“Her majesty bids me tell you you were considerate enough to make this easy for even a child to eat,
requiring no knife or fork. Treating all equally, rich and poor, adult and child. It embodies the ideal I
strive for; a kind and noble country. Her majesty is deeply moved by your kind attitude in treasuring
our children, our future.” Ashe spoke. Selima had not considered any of this at all. It made her
squirm the thought of being kind and noble. She had only considered winning and went for a unique
idea no one else would have. She knew she was not kind, nor equal, she had fire in her heart and
chaos in her blood. She was made of sin, so why were the words of a mere child getting to her?
“Don’t make me laugh. How you flatter yourselves! Equality? The future? The queen of a wealthy
country like this who has never done any work has no place saying that!” Mina’s eyes were glowing
red, not just the pupils the entirety of it. She was surrounded by a heavy, dark aura.
“Mina stop! You’re in front of Her Majesty!” begged Mr. West as his wife tossed everything off the
table.
“Out of my way!” she roared. Flinging her husband back like he was a paper doll. It was a harsh
landing but Selima smiled, knowing this bastard of a man had deserved it.
“Retain her!” instructed a police man, sending several men in black suits after her.
“Shut your trap! The important thing about curry is how spicy it is!” she screamed, spewing
nonsense. Selima knew no human could defeat the evil that lurked within this woman. She sighed,
making eye contact with her master; she knew. It was like going against her very nature, she was
supposed to be evil and cold, instead she bettered the world for one petty soul. Was she a demon
with evil lurking in her heart or did she have some good in her yet?
“Her legs move with such grace, her hips tilt invitingly! She is the goddess Kali personified!”
acknowledged the Viscount. She flipped forward over the table, and landed in front of the rage
driven woman, about to strike another blow. She grabbed her arm and forced in back. By this time
Mina wasn’t the only one driven my madness. Many others were turning. She dodged Mina’s
punches with ease feeling the wind whisking through her infamous curls. The air tasted metallic, and
heavy. Something was definitely up. Screams were floating through the air; everyone was running as
the place was trashed. Ciel and Alette had rushed to the Queens aid, as police fought furiously to
fight back the men and women that had transformed.
“I smell it! I smell it! Hatred and Greed! The stench of the impure!” they accused, circling Ciel and
Alette. Where was Sebastian? Selima swept Mina’s feet out from under her, making her fall with a
large thud. She pulled a large blade from her sleeve, but saw the look gleaming in Prince Soma’s eyes; through the hell this woman had put him through, he still cared for her, and did not want her dead. Damn it all. She doubted a knife would do much good anyways, with an entity like this. “Snuff out the unclean!” Just as they closed in, Sebastian was there, and they were on the floor. The metal of the ladle he brandished as a weapon clanged against the skin. They were pushing, brewing, infusing but still, losing against this demon. Selima was holding her own as well, flipping spare silverware at her opponent to try and pin her clothes down. However, all that seemed to be left was spoons. Where had all the forks and knives gone?

“Do you two intend to be mowed down by Kali?” He asked, smirking a little too much for Alette’s liking. For someone who was supposed to be compliant, he sure was sassy. But Selima was if anything, worse. “It is a demon’s job to be the severed heads Kali carries. Selima and you are doomed, don’t you think?” He took at a glance at how Selima was faring; she was doing as well, if not better than Kali’s embodiment. But Kali had never fought two demons, had she? “Sebastian, disprove the legends. Stop Kali!” he demanded.

“Yes, My lord.” Selima blocked her every punch; Their movements were blurred because of how fast they were both moving. “I shall assist you” whispered Agni, going back to back with Sebastian. “Ah I see you’ve powered up even more now.” Remarks Sebastian, a little disgruntled this man not only was trying to compete with him, but assumed he wasn’t competent enough to take out Mina himself. “Did something happen?” he asked cattily.

“Yes! Right now I am invincible!”

“I’ll leave the two of them on the right to you then.” He responds, and smiles as Agni whirled around, a determined expression on his face. “Understood!” the two were gone in mere second, unable to face the power of Agni’s god kissed hand. Sebastian did just as well, wielding a soup ladle as a weapon. Selima, was nowhere to be seen. Had she been defeated? Prince Soma threw his body in front of the Queen. “You fool!” called Ciel. Then Alette stifled a laugh as Mina stumbled over a piece of food smeared on the ground while Ciel stared, mouth open. Sebastian had pulled Selima aside, thankful he had finally gotten her away from that beast. He always worried when she fought, for her foes were never easy to beat. Though he knew she was skilled, he couldn’t help but worry for her safety.

“Sebastian, the curry buns!” ordered Ciel, disgusted by his small display of affection. “Feed them your curry buns!”

“Certainly.” Selima grabbed a tray, and began to shove the food down people’s throats, she was used to it; when Alette was ten, she’d never eat her vegetables. That had been four years ago…Had Sebastian had the same struggle or Ciel always so commanding of him? That was the difference between them; Selima served for the master’s safety and own good while Sebastian cared for what Ciel wanted and his safety. Sebastian did flips; front and back, shoving food into people’s mouths, creatively, with style.

“No, no no, sir. You have misinterpreted my actions.” Pleaded Agni as Sebastian confronted him. “We treat all women in my country as goddesses. We believe their beauty and attributes shine through, thus we treat them with respect and admiration.” He explained. Sebastian, a bit embarrassed by his paranoia nodded, still very suspicious of the man.
Her Butler, In an Isolated Castle

Chapter Summary

Alette and Ciel investigate a haunted castle, where they lose their butlers

“Ludlow Castle?”
“Yes Ciel. That’s what I said. If you’re deaf you should see a doctor.” replied a snarky Alette, from a crack in the door. She had tried to enter earlier, but received a bunch of shouts from a naked Ciel, who was being bathed by Sebastian.
“As I recall, we’re modelling it into a hotel.” Alette, in response, slips a small bit of parchment under the door.
“This is a petition from the builders. They want to halt construction and dissolve the contract.” Explained Sebastian. Ciel, outraged stands up.
“Alette if you peek I’ll have your head.” He reprimanded.
“Like I would want to. Good luck with that, I can’t be touched while Selima’s around.” Ciel scoffed, remembering they both possessed demon butlers. “So what will the Great Lord Phantomhive do?” she inquired playfully, about the letter. The castle was large, and still in one piece; the exact opposite of what Ciel wanted.
“What pathetic contractors. Canceling construction because they’re afraid of ghosts?” raged Ciel. “There’s no such thing.”
“You can’t say anything about what’s real anymore. Two years ago, I bet you didn’t believe in angels or demons. Though it does sound like a rather foolish notion.” She admitted. Selima walked behind Alette and Ciel, walking along side Sebastian while resting her head on his shoulder.
“Is something the matter?” asked Sebastian, noticing the young masters silence.
“Nothing. Let’s wrap this up quickly and go home.” Home. Alette realized when he said this, she thought only of the Phantomhive manor. She hated going home, for all she had was Selima, and she despised the cowardly servants that had left her, and the condition of her mother.
“Certainly.” Confirmed Sebastian. They entered the dank, deserted castle without intrusion.
“I’ve seen this picture before.” States Ciel, intrigued.
“A replica, perhaps?” offers Alette. Just then the doors slam shut, just like in the horror movies.
“That’s great.” A small glow eliminated the dark, helping them find their way through the shadowy hallway. Sebastian and Ciel go first; Selima and Alette were about to follow pursuit when a child’s voice, small yet commanding, rang out accusingly.
“Who gave you lot permission to enter?” asked the voice. Alette was about to consider herself had, and emerge from the obscurity that consumed her, but Selima held her back, backs pressed against the wall.
“What’s going on here?” demanded Ciel.
“It would seem the ghost is real.” Articulated Sebastian calmly. “Approximately four hundred years ago, Edward V, the verge of his coronation, was confined in the Tower of London with his younger brother Richard. Legend has it that the two were eventually murdered by relatives who wanted to seize their thrown. This castle is where the brothers spent their youth. I’d venture a guess
that their souls have returned here.” He explained. Ciel sighed in exasperation.

“It is true he was king, if only for a few months. Well that’s that.”

“Heart good, my lord.”

“What are you whispering about?”

“You Majesty, I present the right Honorable Ciel, Earl Phantomhive.” Ciel steps forward and takes a small bow, as Alette knew, he hated to show compliance to his elders.

“Please forgive my rudeness, your majesty.” Begged Ciel. I was not aware you were here.”

“Very well then. I forgive you. After all, I don’t get many guests.”

“I am not a guest, Sire. My company now owns this castle.”

“Tell me again why we’re getting mixed up in Ciel’s business.” Whispered Alette

“Because, we’re here as backup. You said something like he’d do the same for you, my lady.”

Replied Selima.

“You’re it’s new caretaker, then?”

“No quite. Allow me to speak plainly; I’d like you to vacate this castle.”

“You’re telling the king and his brother, who have lived here for four hundred years, to clear out?” asked Edward, astonished.

“You will be compensated, naturally.” Ciel smirked. “I shall pay every regard to your wishes, Sire. May we discuss how we can come to an agreement?”

“Hmm…it appears my brother has taken a liking to your servant.”

“No!” cried Selima, stepping out of the shadows. “You won’t have him.”

“Who is she?”

“Well this is Sebastian Michaelis, my butler. This is his beloved, Selima Lovelace, butler of the Vampshire household.” Elaborates Ciel.

“What a pretty face. I’ll have her. If I win, the butlers will be mine.” Declared Edward, pulling out a dusty chess board. “If you win, you may do what you like with the castle.”

“Ciel if you don’t win I’ll shove that walking stick right up your ass!” yelled an agitated Alette.

“Relax, I’ll win.” Replied a calm and collected Ciel. The two battle it out, a nerve wracking game that has everyone on edge. Tension builds as the two exchange taunts. Finally, after a spurious move, Edward announces

“Hmm, that’s checkmate. Ciel stares at him in pure awe, no one had beat him in chess before, not even Alette. Alette whacked him on the side of the head.

“Your Majesty! Were you lying when you said we’d play fair?” blamed Ciel.

“What did you just say?” growled the King in reply, glowing with anger.

“Your majesty-.

“I never lie! I hate lies!” he burst out.

“Back off Ciel.” Advised Alette.

“This is my chess piece. I merely use my powers to the utmost. That’s not unfair!”

“May it please, Your Majesty.” intervened Sebastian.

“I give the butler leave to speak.”

“I believe my master has forgotten his own creed.”

“What?” yelped Ciel.

“My master is of the opinion that those bound by superficial rules who do not use their pawns to the utmost are fools.” Reminded Sebastian.

“I always tell you to be careful who you preach your philosophies to. Now it’s come back to bite you in the arse.” Ciel looks mildly agitated, teeth gritted and eyes glowing.

“In that case, there’s no problem, is there?” asked a smug Edward. Richard sneaks out and attaches himself to Selima’s leg.

“Selima, this is an order. Make use of your time here. Dedicate your time here to their entertainment.” Alette looks up in shame, to find both brothers looking at her.

“She looks just like--.”

“Shush, Richard. Phantomhive, I want to continue playing. I’ll receive you and your girlfriend as a guest.”
“My what?” asked Ciel lazily
“We are honored, My lord.” Replied Alette, faking gratefulness. Truth be told, she thought this entire situation had gone to shit. That’s what she got for putting her faith in a man. She touched the jeweled bow Ciel had gotten her for her birthday, which by this point had come and gone.

* * *

Sebastian poked at the fire while Selima shoveled tea into a pot, pouring hot water into it as well. Richard clung to Selima’s leg, muttering to his skull. If Selima had not had to deal with picky, immature Alette when she was but ten, she might not have known what to do. She picked the boy up, as he cradled his skull, which anyone else may have found a bit creepy but after the crap you see in hell, nothing can scare you.

“Say, I wonder what that is.” He whispered to his skull.

“Indian tea leaves discovered at the turn of the century.” Explained Sebastian with a smile unaccustomed to him. He would smirk but never smile. But it was a child he was dealing with after all and frowns and grins would get him nowhere and after all he had an order to fulfill.

“It’s special tea, for your brother and you.” Simplified Selima.

* * *

Selima and Sebastian were doing to ironing. Selima washed the clothes, getting wet from the water slushing up and spraying her dress, while Sebastian ironed and dried. The little boy muttered something to his skull, and Sebastian responded brightly; he could deal with children as well.

“Do you wish to change clothes before supper?” asked Sebastian. Before the little boy could respond, Selima whisked him away to his room.

“We wouldn’t want you to get these all dirty if you miss your mouth, now do we?” cooed Selima.

“May I hold on to that for you?” asked Sebastian, reaching out for the ornament.

“No!” cried Richard.

“Sebastian you can’t take away his little toy away.”

“This is really, really important to me. Right?”

“Who might it be?” questioned Sebastian.

“Not telling!”

“What about for a cookie?” inquired Selima. Sebastian was prepared to return to work with his answer. But Selima gestured the freshly baked sweets that intrigued Ciel from his reading.

“In 1483, two princes disappeared from the Tower of London.” Read Ciel

“200 years later the remains were discovered, two children’s corpses.” read aloud Alette.

“Who killed them?” asked Ciel, pondering aloud.

“If you want to find out you’ll have to start asking the dead.” Snapped the ghost of King Richard.

“I’m afraid I can’t answer you.”

“Your Majesty?”

“Then riddle me this. Whose skull does your brother carry?” questioned Alette, unphased.

“I can’t tell you that. I can tell you I don’t remember a thing from the day I was killed. One day I just woke up in this castle, dead.”

“Your Majesty is very kind.”

“What?”

“I would never be able to forget those who disgraced me.”

“But it’s been four hundred years.” Alette looked at him, taken aback by his hatred. “Our killer is long dead, and so are our protectors. I can’t even remember how I felt anymore.”

“Time heals all wounds.” Comforts Alette.

“I don’t want time to heal me.” Mumbled Ciel. Alette shook her head.

“Your resolve is strong but one day it’s going to bite you in the ass.” Answered Alette.

“You’re strong Phantomhive.” Suddenly a loud screech tolled throughout the entire mansion.

“That’s Selima. Dinner is ready.” Clarified Alette.

“Time passes quickly when I’m talking with you two.” Remarks Edward.

“You don’t have to stand on ceremony.” Informed The King, as Ciel continued to stand. Alette was
usually a considerate person and knew she should stand, but her stomach was growling so loud she was frantic to get to the food, leaving poor Ciel looking like a fool.

“Thank you Sire.” He recognized. Selima pours drinks while Sebastian carries out he plates of food. The roast meat wafts up into Alette’s nostrils, making her salivate.

“This is roast hare with currant jelly and local leeks.” Selima turns to Richard.

“It’s a bunny!” she bustles. For a moment he looks horrified, Sebastian gives her a look that only emphasizes her mistake. “I mean…. He was a naughty bunny! We don’t hurt good bunnies!” Little Richard giggles and cuddles his skull. Alette waves Selima over to serve her food.

“Have you discovered anything?”

“Miss Vamphina, my master has not permitted me to directly interact with you on the basis of information exchange.” A small vein pops out in Alette’s forehead.

“Hey you come back here!” commanded Alette.

“I wonder what our guests are so flustered about.” Asked Richard to his skull. Sebastian started to serve wine to everyone, to top off the water everyone by this time had finished. But as he started to serve little Richard, Selima swept in and gulped down the wine in one swallow. Sebastian stared at her blankly.

“Sebastian, he’s like ten!” she exclaimed.

“Sebastian, please never have a child.” Commented Ciel, shaking his head.

“Well then, to our new friend and our new butlers.” toasted Edward.

“Cheers!” shouted Richard, guzzling down some sweetened tea from the kitchen, Selima made especially for him.

“What’s the matter, Phantomhive, Vamphina?”

“Nothing.” Replied Ciel, dully; Alette knew that look. He was bothered, the crease in his eyebrows and small frown, he was thinking of something important she was sure of it.

* * *

That evening Alette was having a nice, deep sleep. She was dreaming of home, back when it was normal and her father was alive, before her mother was an addict. It was Christmas morning on her fifth birthday, and they were about to open presents, when Ciel started banging on the window.

“Ciel...” she muttered as her eyes unstuck themselves from each other, to find him shaking her. “Oh Ciel, what could you possibly need? It’s two in the morning and I was having the nicest dream!” she grumbles in one breath.

“Let’s go. Edward is on the move.” That was all she needed to hear, she was up and in her blue silk robe with matching slippers in minutes.

“We’ll have to be quiet; you know Sebastian and Selima don’t sleep.” Ciel nodded. And led her down the hall into a library. “Ciel this looks like a dead end, are you sure...?” she probed, still wiping the sleep from her eyes.

“No, these books are fake.” Ciel proved this by knocking on them, revealing the hollow echo that reverberated around the room.

“A secret passage then?”

“Excuse me.” Interrupted Sebastian.

“What do you want?” inquired Ciel, clearly irritated that they’d been caught before they could have discovered anything. Selima was right behind him, and pulled a key from around her neck. He grasped the key, and popped open a tab and inserted the key.

“I say, Sebastian!”

“Yes? You wanted to go inside, correct?”

“Yeah Ciel, is now really the time for questions?”

“He’s acting on his own, without an order from his master, which is most unusual. I’ve told you over and over, I’m the one who chooses!”

“It’s good service.”

“Yeah Ciel, this is no time to complain, he is helping us.”

“The trick to satisfying a guest is always to think ahead.”
“So he’s still referring to us as guests and not masters, eh?” inquires Alette, clearly infuriated. “A royal butler who can’t do this much.” “Isn’t worth his salt.” Finished Selima, with a smile. “Don’t make us kill you.” “As if someone so tiny and dependent could kill us.” Smiled Selima, causing Ciel to have to hold Alette back as she sputters about how she is not “tiny.” “Then you don’t want me to open the door?” asked Sebastian. “Open it.” Ordered Ciel. “Certainly.” Sebastian placed the key in the hole and twisted, and soon the whole ground shook; Alette was surprised Edward or Richard had not been alerted. “What is this?” asked Ciel as the smoke cleared, and they entered. The hall was decorated with many piles of bones; they littered the floor and hung on the walls. It took a moment for their eyes to adjust to the dim lighting and Alette had to pray her dust allergy wouldn’t act up, but it was a step forward to solving the mystery. “A crypt, it would seem.” Ciel stepped on a bone, smashing it to only fragments. The sound made Alette flinch; human life was so fragile. “Please be careful. No human has set foot down in here for a long time” Alette jumped at King Edward’s sudden appearance, then caught herself. “Your majesty. What is this place?” asked Ciel. “It was originally a dungeon. Criminals the church refused to bury were thrown in here and eventually forgotten.” Alette shuddered; what an awful fate. What if she ended up, an empty shell, forgotten? Was that her destiny, after Selima took her soul? She looked back at her demon butler, with a bit of abhorrence in her heart. “Their souls have been forgotten by even the grim reapers. The path to heaven is closed to them.” Just like it is to us. Thought Alette, getting chills. Candles lit suddenly, and didn’t even flicker besides the cool breeze. “Once on a spur of the moment I made something to remember them by.” He steps to the side and Alette took a little gasp; she didn’t know why she felt for these people, she’d seen worse fates in her own home. “I’ll introduce you. This is my father. The king is my father and my mother is the queen. This is my sister, the princess.” He sneered. Alette gasped, looking at the portrait behind the wall. “She looks just like you, Alette.” Whispered Ciel, staring as well. Just as he said the girl in the picture was an average height, blue eyed, wavy haired brunette. “Perhaps my choices were conventional and boring? That rook is Earl Rivers, and my uncle is a bishop. It’s a reunion of my family’s bones.” “One of the knights is missing.” Noticed Ciel. “That spot is for Richard.” “Can’t you find him, Sire?” asked Alette. “That’s not it. His bones are here. I got the bones that came from the tower 200 years ago. But Richard took hold of the skull and won’t let go.” Alette felt a small pang of sympathy for the boy. “You see Vamphina, all I want is to send my brother on, to be with God, where there is no pain or suffering. “To heaven?” Ciel snickered, Sebastian’s eyes were aglow with malice and Selima cracked her knuckles. Alette found this notion sweet, but knew the dark all too well. No matter how much she wished for light, she belonged in the dark. “Yes. That wish will become true if I complete this set.” “In other words, if you complete this set, you’ll be satisfied? You wish to have it correct? No matter what you have to sacrifice?” “That’s right.” Answered Edward “If I do that, then.” “Selima.” “Sebastian.” “You know what to do.” “Yes, my lady.”
“Certainly, my lord. The two exit silently.
“"They will bow to you that easily?" questioned Edward.
“"Of course."
“"They’re our butlers."
“"What do you intend to do?"
“I shall have your wish fulfilled, Sire”
“Using the easiest way possible.” Finished Alette.
“STOP! PUT ME DOWN BOTH OF YOU!” screamed Richard.
“Shhh, darling you’ll wake the mice and bats.” Whispered Selima, dodging the boys kicking feet.
“Please excuse us Prince Richard.” Begged Sebastian.
“How utterly boring.” Remarked Alette.
“Wouldn’t it be fun to see a battle between ghost and demon?”
“I’d put my money on the demon.”
“Let me go!” yelled Richard. “Brother! Brother!” he called.
“Can’t your butlers be a little gentler?”
“Well it’s not like we’re doing anything unnecessary.” Defended Selima, still dodging the kicking feet.
“What I can’t understand, is why you let a little problem go on for 200 years.”
“But I don’t want to make my brother cry.” He whined.
“Then don’t. There are other ways. He’s not crying now, is he?”
“NO!” screeched Richard
“Richard!” cried Edward
“NO! No You can’t”
“As King, I order you to release Richard!” commanded Edward. When they didn’t, he picked up a new aura and came at them, which they both easily dodged.
“Perhaps we won’t be disappointed, Ciel.”
“Our apologies, Sire.” Apologized Selima.
“But I must say for a king, you seem quite powerless.”
“NO!”
“Richard!” Selima laughed, as her eyes glowed a dangerous shade of jade.
“Stop it, Phantomhive.”
“You wished to have it, no matter what the sacrifice.” Reminded Ciel
“Sissy, help!” cried Richard. And for a moment Alette almost did. Until She remembered…
“If you take that back you’re no better than the lies you hate.”
“Sebastian, heed my orders! You belong to us now! Selima! Put him down.”
“Unfortunately Sire…”
“We desire nothing more from a lowly prince such as yourself.”
“We are bound to our masters by contract.”
“We only served the two of you because it was an order.”
“If that’s true why were you two so difficult?!” shouted Alette.
“Why, my lady, we simply wanted to see how agitated you two would get.”
“And how utterly helpless you are without us.” Finished Sebastian.
“You have betrayed us too?” indicted Edward.
“Don’t be so rude as to call us two faced.”
“We always belonged to our masters.”
“Now, if you’re set on going to heaven…” intervened Alette.”
“I suppose I should be the chief mourner.”
“No! My brother! My brother!” sobbed Richard.
“It’s all right Richard. I’ll always be with you. Now this will be all over.” Ciel carefully placed the skull in its rightful place and everyone stared in anticipation as nothing happened.
“Why? Why isn’t anything happening?”
“You have a secret, don’t you Richard?” sighed Selima,
“Well I knew he’d be sad…” he whined. “Brother, I’m sorry for lying to you.” Richard apologized, giving his brother a small hug.
“Lying? You lied to me Richard?”
“Brother, that skull…it’s not yours or mine. It belonged to some other poor soul.”
“But…that can’t be…”
“You’ve forgotten or bones don’t even exist anymore. They haven’t since that day.”
“You’re right, since that day….” They both trailed off.
“Our bodies were chopped to pieces and thrown to Thames. And then there were no flesh or bones anymore.”
“That’s right. How could I have ever forgotten that night I failed to protect you.”
“No don’t cry!” pleaded Richard
“Phantomhive, you were right. The hatred and sorrow have been inside me all this time!”
“Time may ease the pain. But I don’t want time to heal me. You may think you’ve escaped the pain and forgotten it. But all you have is stagnation. You can’t move forward.”
“Oh, so even as I hated lies…I was the one lying to myself.” He realized.
“Brother, you’re glowing!” bellowed Richard
“What…?”
“The funeral goods are mere tools. It wasn’t bones or ceremonies that had the power to release your wandering souls.” The two brothers were aglow, fading ever so slightly.
“I am in both of your debt.” Thanked Edward. “I wish you a long and healthy life.”
“We really didn’t do anything.” Replied a modest Alette.
“Oh and you need not to fear for the castle. I’ll leave it just as it is.” He lied.
“I’m relieved to hear it.” Alette frowned, she knew Ciel. They had been working together for almost a year now. He was not someone to do things out of the goodness of his heart. Especially if there’s something for him to gain out of it. She had decided it. She was going to heal this boy, for better or for worse. She’d make him whole again.
Her Butler, Interrogating

Chapter Summary

Ashe visits Ciel and tells him of a cult. Sebastian manages to irritate Selima

“This morning you have a dance lesson with Mrs. Bright and this afternoon Lord Wensler, who has an import-export business, are you even listening, young master?”
“I told you, I’m sick of dancing. I’m not cut out for it.”
“Well in between we’ll have a visit from Miss Vamphina. Perhaps you’ll take to Selima’s method of teaching?” Ciel shudders, remembering how she engraved those steps into his mind; he was forever scarred from that lesson. He had no idea what Alette had to put up with. “You are too modest. Your dancing soothes the hearts of those who watch.”
“You mean it makes them laugh.” Growled Ciel.
“I would never say such a thing.”

* * *

“The Queens butler came to visit you, really? You must be joking.” Squeaked Alette, nearly choking on her tea. Ciel never fancied this particular taste, but it was Alette’s favorite.
“You know I’m not one to joke.” He muttered, gulping down the tea. “He says outside of Preston there’s a catholic abbey that was burned down during the Reformation and is no longer in use, a cult espousing deviant doctrines is gathering there. There’s a rumor that the leader has the Doomsday Books of all his followers.”
“Sounds like we have some work to do.” She sighed. “And I was looking forward to a little leisure time. Doomsday Books?”
“Apparently all your sins and good deeds are recorded there. This occult maybe planning to overthrow the government, so it seems.”
“So it seems?”
“He claims there are rumors. We are to use any means necessary to care for the matter. Whether to disperse or eradicate them is up to us.”
“I’d prefer to disperse. A whole lot less work for us if we can just break them up.” Alette always did lean toward the moral side of things. After all she didn’t like killing. “I assume it will be heavily guarded.” Observed Alette, carefully picking apart the Victoria Sponge cake Sebastian had served.
“Yes, so we can assume we can’t just waltz through the front door.”
“Ah. Selima also mentioned there have been a large amount of coffins have been delivered there in recent days.” Revealed Alette.
“Looks like there’s only one place we can go.”

* * *

“We’re coming in!” called Ciel.
“We need some information.” Clarified Alette.
“In that case…” giggled Grell, revealing her long sinuous crimson hair, making a bolt for Sebastian.
“Give me prime romance!” Sebastian simply sighed, and stepped aside. Grell, who had her eyes closed and lips puckered, slammed into the door and had a skull come down on her head.
“Grell?!” questioned Ciel, while Alette just shook her head at the love sick reaper.
“Hello, my lord.” Greeted The Undertaker from his spot, buried in a barrel of salt.
“The bounder told me he wasn’t afraid of grim reapers, so I buried him in salt.” Explained Grell, as if it was the simplest thing in the world.
“Oh I just love the sensation of all the moisture in my body leeching out of my skin!”
“A dangerous game.” Acknowledged Sebastian, covering his mouth.
“Not to mention a stupid one.” Added Selima.
“What are you doing here?” demanded Ciel.
“Will’s having me do a bit of investigating. But there was just no information and I got hungry and sleepy. So I took a nap in a flowerbed and woke up to find myself here.” She elaborated. “Perhaps I shouldn’t have stopped breathing while I slept? I was waiting for a prince to come wake me with a kiss.”
“Looks like you’ll have to keep looking.” Grunted Selima, clearly infuriated.
“So what are investigating?” inquired Sebastian
“Oh, we’ve had some Cinematic Records stolen lately.”
“Cinematic Records?” asked Ciel.
“That’s not something a kid needs to know about!”
“They’re reels of film containing all memories of a person’s life.” Sebastian elucidated. “Grim reapers extract them from those on the To Die list, replay them, and decide whether they live or die.”
“Just so we’re clear, you humans can only see them when you die.”
“Are Records the sort of thing that can be stolen?”
“They shouldn’t be, at least. But who knows what this place is up to?” asked Alette.
“Mmm, they’re stored in a library when we’re not using them.” She reveals. “The full pasts of all people now living…In other words of everyone on the to die list; all the crimes, everything, in the form of books.”
“So they’re books made in preparation for doomsday.” Clarified Ciel.
“Sounds familiar, doesn’t it?”
“Undertaker, three’s something we need your help with.”
“Then give me prime laughter.” He tittered, giving Grell a glance. “On second thought, I’ll do this one free of charge.” He ceded.

* * *
“I’ve come to deliver the coffin you’ve ordered.” Convinced the Undertaker.
“Coffin, sir? No one informed me of this.”
“I have the order right here.” feigned The Undertaker “Hmm…where did I put it?” He began digging through his pockets, pulling out numerous things, things Alette didn’t even think could fit in a pocket….It was during this distraction they all hustled over to the bushes, not so carefully as Alette tripped over a rock.
“Alright please come in. And you as well.” He gestured to their supposed hiding spot in the bushes. Alette blushed shade that matched Grell’s outfit.
“Well we sure look stupid, huh?” she laughed nervously.
“Well, I’ll be off then. I finished what I came to do.” Sebastian stands, with Selima right behind him, rushing leaves off of her tailored dress.
“I see. Thank you.” Replied the guard. “May your soul be cleansed.” Together they followed the cloaked man, all with questions plaguing their mind.
“Wasn’t It supposed to be difficult to get in here?” asked Alette.
“It was supposed to be.” What the hell…why would Ashe lie to me…? thought Ciel. More shrouded figures stepped out form the shadows and stared at them. They carried vegetables and herbs in a basket on their backs and greeted them with a smile and a small bow.
“They don’t seem like a threat at all.” Remarked Alette.
“I know. There must be more that meets the eye. All these perfect smiles…”
“Shouldn’t that be educational for you since you’ve forgotten how?” smiled Sebastian. Selima chuckled behind him while even Alette stifled her sniggers, knowing Ciel would be pissed if she laughed.
“Don’t be dull. Those smiles are fake.”
“Aren’t all smiles fake?” inquired Alette.
“Of course, my lady.” They entered the church with. Ciel and Alette’s shoes clicking on the stone
“Young Master?” asked Sebastian.
“Good evening!” welcomed the children “Another wonderful day isn’t it?” Selima shuddered.
“What’s wrong?” inquired Sebastian.
“It’s revolting. The purity… the happiness… the faith…” It was against her very nature. She felt the need to wipe them out of existence, make them just another miserable speck in the dust that coated the floor. He wrapped an arm around her in comfort, squeezing her shoulder as the children ran forth.
“I know. It will be over soon.”
“I despise most children.” She publicized.
“Oh? What will we ever do if I ever impregnate you?” He whispered, running a hand down her sides. She shivers, blushing a light shade of scarlet. He rested a hand on her hips, not daring to go any further for the time being. Not in public anyways.
“Sebastian, you haven’t even gotten past first base, and you’re talking about having a baby? Besides, maybe I’ll be different with my own children.” She sighed, burying her face into his chest.
“Everyone over a certain age is considered impure.” Apologized a nun, smiling as fake as everyone else. “I see from your clothing that you’re a new convert. Don’t worry, if you studied the teachings of our leader your bodies will be cleaned.” Selima was disgusted and offended. She was not impure, she was made of fire and hell, and had the power flowing through her veins to erase this place and everyone in it. To think that she, would want to be cleansed… Sebastian gives her hips a slight squeeze.
“I’ll handle this.” Declared Sebastian. “Unclean? A funny thing to say. I can’t believe a lady as beautiful as yourself is impure.” Selima’s chest dropped as she balled her hands into fists. Was he flirting with this broad? She backed up as he advanced, and she honestly had to question if he was about to kiss her. She blushed red as a tomato. “I don’t know anything about your sect yet. Would you mind telling me?”
“All right… but then why did you come here?” she questioned. Sebastian slammed his hand and leaned in.
“There was a bug.”
“I’ll get it.” Yelled Selima, she jumped, swung around and landed a kick that was inches away from the woman’s face. She squeaked and Sebastian just smirked that damn smirk that made her nonexistent heart pound. Oh, was she going to kick his ass later. The woman trembled violently as Selima yanked her hair. “I believe I know another way to get this information out of her.” She dragged the woman by her hair out into an old uninhabited stone house. “Grell. Watch the children.”
“Don’t piss off Selima?”
“What have we learned today, Ciel?”
“Exactly. Sebastian is going to get a beating.” Inside the house, Selima landed a punch that broke the woman’s nose. It broke with a satisfying crack that made Selima feel just a bit better. Only a bit. She screamed and had the nerve to begin praying as snot and tears rolled down her face. She kicked her in the stomach and began to spill information she caught her breath.
“The Doomsday Books of those who have lived a long time are impure, our leader cleanses the impure passages. And we’re told not only the past, but the future is recorded there.” She sobbed, and Selima pressed a heel into her hand, hearing the bones snap. “Only the children of the heavenly can be told it. I hear heavenly voices from the leader’s bedchambers.” Selima yanked the woman upright and tossed her out the window.
“You will recite everything you just told me to the children over there.” She instructed, then without missing a heartbeat, back flipped kicking Sebastian in the jaw; hard. He had expected it, but the pain wasn’t that bad. Demons did have a higher pain tolerance. Avoiding it which he could have easily done, would have only bought him more trouble. So, for the sake of his girlfriend, he took the kick
with ease, knowing it would pay off.
“What the HELL was that?” she questioned crossly.
“I wanted to see your reaction, darling.” He simpered.
“What were you going to do, if I hadn’t stepped in?” she growled as he pulled her close.
“You know I wouldn’t do anything to ruin a perfectly good relationship with a beautiful woman, now would I?” he asked, pressing his cold lips to her cheek, still red hot with rage. He planted another kiss on her jaw and the tension in her shoulders began to dissipate. He was about to dare to go for her lips when she grabbed his arm and flipped him on to the bed. That, had caught him off guard. Despite the non-lady likeness of her actions, and the fact she was wearing a dress, she planted herself on his chest, and interlocked their fingers together. She pinned him down, and squeezed his chest with her thighs. All he did was smirk. She leaned in real close, until they were nose to nose. “You will never pull something so trying on my nerves again, will you?” she snarled.

“No, I won’t” he simply stated, enticed by her.
She pressed their cold lips together, she meant for it to be a short resolution of conflict but his lips danced with hers, free flowing into everlasting memories. His kiss was addictive, and she didn’t want to pull away. So when he opened his mouth and ran his tongue around her thick lips, licking her, begging for entrance, a crack formed in her resolution and she figured nearly a year in their relationship was long enough to wait for this. She granted him entrance, and his tongue delved in to explore the recesses of her mouth. He kissed her with a passion, a hunger of a demon that had never loved. He slipped off a glove, and ran a hand down her back, resting on her hips. She moaned ever so slightly as his tongue circled hers. She moved her hands, running them through his long raven hair. Sparks turned to millions of fireworks as they snogged, they could only vaguely care about the moonlight that illuminated them, or the screams of Grell in the distance. All they cared about was now.
“I’m putting that wench on the To-Die list!” cried Grell.
Her Butler, Offering

Chapter Summary

The group witnesses the "cleansing ceremony" Alette plays the role of a boy.

“Ciel it looks like you’re the only one who can get close to the leader?” sighed Alette.
“What do you mean?” asked Selima, clearly disheveled from her recent make out session. This made Grell scream inside.
“Didn’t she tell you? Only boys can get close to the leader.”
“Have I taught you nothing? A woman can do anything a man can do.”
“I don’t see how I can magically grow a --.”
“I mean.” She cut her off. “It’s all about appearance.” She pulls out a hair tie, and puts Alette’s hair up into a pile on her head. “Sebastian, go fetch me some makeup, a hat and a jacket.”
“Certainly.” He obliges, returning momentarily with the requested items. Selima places the cap on top, covering Alette’s long hair, then wraps the jacket around the girl to cover her developing curves. Finally, she wipes off the light eye makeup she was wearing, and brushes a light coloring onto her face, making her jaw more prominent.
“This may hurt.” She warns, but before Alette can protest, she punches her in the throat.
“Ow!” complains Alette, her voice a few octaves deeper.
“There. Ciel, make sure she doesn’t do anything too feminine while you’re in the leader’s presence.”
’she instructed.
“‘I’m ready!’ sang Grell, appearing before them, appearing before them in short shorts and a white and blue crop top. She looked like a sailor went wrong. “I could easily get into the heavenly choir!”
Alette gagged, earning her a glare. “Who’s this little wanker?” she growled, making Selima smirk.
Her endeavor had been successful. Sebastian intertwined their fingers, chilled from the night air
“Wahl! You’re making me impure!” cried a little boy. Everyone looked up to the new source of light, intrigued as to what it could be. “Oh its time for our leaders cleansing ceremony!”
Cleansing?
“Alette, Ciel, that’s your cue. And don’t let anyone find out she’s a girl.” Advised Selima, shooing them off. Selima and Sebastian sat toward the back, not being the most comfortable with churches. Grell tried to cuddle Sebastian but was immediately pushed off by Selima, making it clear Sebastian’s arm had no room for anyone other than her. She barely paid the ritual any attention, for she knew Sebastian was and of course the young mistress would be playing close attention. She wrapped her arms around Sebastian and dully listened, inhaling his dark, flower like scent. Grell simply pouted next to her. Candles lit the interior, casting long, eerie shadows all over the chapel. People were wearing shrouds of pure onyx, and seemed to be in mourning. She sighed in comfort; it was almost like a funeral. A nun began to slowly play the piano, setting the mood to be even more grim. The leader approaches the candlelit podium, with hood covering his eyes, Ciel and Alette stare intently at the scene unfolding before them, as the man began to speak.
“Here, tonight, the sinful unclean shall be made pure.” He proclaimed, his voice boomed, carrying all the way to the back clearly, without any assistance. Selima shook a little with anger. These people deserved to burn. As the man and woman were uncloaked, Sebastian covered her eyes.
“Hey! I’m a grown woman.” She objected.
“Yes, but a lady should not have to witness such things.” He elaborated.
“If I can’t see, you can’t either.” She chirped quietly, covering his eyes as she struggled, he placed a kiss on her forehead.
“Would you two knock your nonsense off?!” hissed Ciel under his breath. Sebastian gave his master a whole hearted smile as a small vein pounded in Ciel’s temple. Books were brought forth, thick leather bound ones, that smelt of mold and years.

“Are those Cinematic Records?” probed Sebastian.
“Too far away to tell.” She answered, clearly disgruntled.
“I shall read the Doomsday books of these impure, lost children.” Boomed the leader. “Jill Peasant, the second daughter of a farmer, she conceived a child at fifteen. Thomas Atkins. No especially evil deeds, but he has spent his life meaninglessly. That is a grave sin.”
“Can you really punish someone for not having meaning?” queried Selima
“Apparently.” Responded Sebastian. Ciel watched as their bodies began to shake violently as a dark aura encircled the, almost consuming them A light gleamed through the stained glass, giving the place a more heavenly vibe that made Selima shudder again; Sebastian stared, his jaw firmly set. The entire life story of these two poor souls was spewed onto the window, splayed out for everyone to see.
“This is…” started Ciel
“Snuff out the unworthy! Snuff out the unnecessary! Snuff out the unfruitful! Snuff out the unclean!” he yelled viciously. It was then through all the commotion, that the glass shattered, and fell down unto the writhing bodies of the clan’s members. The light extinguished and everyone went silent. “Now nothing unclean exists on this dais. They are our brother and sister, made pure as snow!” Everyone began cheering as the man and the woman’s bodies were covered once more. Ciel watched coldly alongside Alette, both forlorn.
“Somethings off. Those books weren’t Cinematic Records.” Clarified Grell after they had left the scene.
“So if he doesn’t have the power to see the past, what was all that just now?” asked Alette. They were interrupted by a nun’s piercing scream.
“The heavens have frowned upon you!” she screamed. Selima’s eyes glowed a dangerous shade of olive. She was about to sharpen her nails into talons of her true form and take this woman out, when Sebastian gave her a small squeeze on her shoulder. She knew his message instantly, Not yet.

*S * *
“S-s-stop!” screeched Alette, almost too high pitched for a boy. Ciel tried fighting the women off as they tried to peel off Alette’s jacket. They had got him shirtless as well. He was not at all comfortable like this in front of Alette but he heeded Selima’s order “Don’t let them find out she’s a girl.” Well they’d sure be in hot water if they undressed her and found lady’s undergarments.

“Nonsense, you two have been chosen for the heavenly choir.” Plus, if they weren’t’ careful they’d wipe off he powder Selima had wiped on Alette’s face. “So we must cleanse you from head to toe. Such unblemished skin!” squealed the woman as she felt Ceils upper arm
“Don’t touch me either!” stuttered Ciel. Where was Sebastian when he needed him?
“Don’t worry, we’ve already been cleansed!” reassured one of the women.
“That’s not the problem!” whined Alette, clearly embarrassed.
“Pardon me, but we’ll take care of the rest.” Intervened Sebastian. “We can’t allow that, you’re still unclean.” they countered.
“Am I impure?” questioned Sebastian, with the sad puppy dog look no one could resist. Selima rolled her eyes at him.
“Maybe you’re not…” they trailed off, staring at him.
* * *
“We’ve brought them.”
“Leave us.” The leader ordered, everyone left, leaving Alette and Ciel alone with the mysterious man.
“You both look divine. Come this way” he praised.
“We’re honored to have been chidden.” Articulated Alette, clearly. The man reaches out and touches her, Ciel frowns. His actions were most suspicious. But he took no action for he knew Alette could
handle herself. They had to endure a lot for their jobs, this was just part of it.
“I’ll read you two a book.”
“Sir, what is a Doomsday Book?” asked Ciel ever so politely.
“I’ll read it to you…until you fall asleep. Tonight is a treat.” Alette notices Ciel tense up as he
remembers his last birthday with his parents alive, the man ruffles his hair like his father used to, and
suddenly Ciel feels violated. She steps back and pulls Alette with him. “Cleanse yourself of the sins
you have committed here and now.” Boomed the man, Ciel looks up, leaving his neck wide open.
The symbol in the stained glass had started to glow. What was going here? Just then, the man
be=gins to asphyxiate him. He cut his very life source off, unable to breathe, he struggled blindly,
why wasn’t Alette doing anything?” just as abruptly as it had started, it stopped and the man was on
the floor, gasping for breath himself. Alette had kicked him in the stomach, rendering him powerless.
“Selima, this is an order! Kill him!” commanded Alette, grabbing Ciel by the back of the shirt and
dragging him. As she went ahead, she bumped into Sebastian.
“I’ll take him from here, my lady. I couldn’t let you do the work; then what kind of butler would I
be?” Just then the glass shattered again, revealing Selima, eyes aglow.
“Yes, my lady.” It took only a few seconds for her to withdraw a kitchen knife from her sleeve and
only a few more seconds for her to slash it, giving him a red smile. Another figure arises but Selima
is just as quick, and tears it to bits revealing that there was nothing there after all. Soft ivory feathers,
the kind you might see if you cut open a pillow case, drifted downward.
“I thought it was you, Angela.”
“Hey what’s an angel doing in this realm?” inquires Grell. She swoops down, grabs the half
unconscious Ciel and the struggling Alette, and flies off. Alette punches, kicks, bites, but to avail.
Her self-defense training was useless against this entity. Mockingly, she pulls out a book, flaunting it
for Sebastian, Selima and Grell to see. “Look that’s a real Cinematic Record!” From the book
extended lines of film, pure white and twisting, grasping ensnaring Sebastian.
“Grell, your death scythe!” he yelled.
“Give me some time! I’m working on it!” she cried, using her scissors to cut one string at a time.
Then in jumped Selima.
“I kind of like seeing you all tied up like this.” She giggled “So helpless.” He smirks.
“Maybe one day I’ll let you tie me up.”
“Maybe I will.” She grins then takes out the two knives she always hides in her long sleeves. She
begins to cut at an ungodly speed, snipping and sawing the film to pieces until Sebastian is free, and
the film disintegrates.
“I shall show you the light and dark of your past.” Informs Angela.
“Here we go.”
Her Butler, Previously

Chapter Summary

Sebastian gets to see highlights of Alette's past, including how she summoned Selima

“This is your past Alette Vamphina. Some parts are clear as day while some are buried truths.” Alette felt woozy. Where was she? Her head was spinning; she could taste nothing but acrimony. She slowly began to recollect the rest of what had happened, how she had come to be here. She squinted; maybe if she pretended to be asleep Angela wouldn’t bother with her. But she began to fade, her entire being felt as if it were disintegrating, what had she done? Suddenly she was looking up at dark crimson clouds, the sunset tinted the sky red, everything was scarlet, that was what she was feeling. How could he leave her like this? She wanted to paint the sky anything other than this rage she was feeling. Her tiny little nine-year-old body shook with grief. As they lowered her father’s body into the ground, it was silent. A tear trickled down her face, as she couldn’t quite comprehend the fact daddy wouldn’t be coming home, ever. She inhaled the scent of roses radiating from the top of the coffin. Her mother crumpled down to her knees. Her sobs were quiet at first, so soft they were barely noticeable. Tears slid down her makeup stained face. Then, her cries and sobs got progressively louder. They were filled with loss, sorrow and hurt. Alette was distraught, why did this have to happen? Her mother was on the floor, bawling, sobbing her heart out for the loss she had suffered, her chocolate colored hair tumbling down around her red face. Alette’s mother was beautiful, once. Flames ate up the film as Alette’s chest began to throb with an ache to remember, her eyes felt heavy. She missed her father, she had always been a daddy’s girl, up until the end. When someone drove by, saw her father and gave him a bullet to the chest. That was the price of being the queen’s scorpion; you make a lot of enemies. It was the dead of night, everything should be silent, in fact nine-year-old Alette was sleeping soundly. Then came the crash. She shot up, startled. Her door slammed open, and Alette immediately knew what was about to happen; it wasn’t the first time. What had set her off now? She didn’t know but her instincts kicked in. Her mother's bloodshot eyes stared at her with malice, she was just prey to this woman now. She didn’t know how this started, or how bad it had gotten but she knew her mother’s tell-tale signs. It had been almost a year since her father’s death, and her mother had been progressively getting worse. Her sleeping patterns were askew, she was deadly thin, she had stopped bathing for periods of time. Her hair was dirty, thin and raggedy, falling around her face, nowhere near as beautiful as she had once been. Her breath smelled of alcohol, her teeth were yellowed and her hands shook whether from anger or from repeated use of alcohol Alette didn’t know. She darted out of her room, her mother hot on her trail. She was fast because of her small frame, and her mother was stumbling so she quickly sprinted into the bathroom, slammed the door shut and threw the lock into place. Fear infiltrated her body, as she began to shake as her mother began banging on the door violently, screaming and slurring at her. Tears dripped off the tip of her nose, she was terrified. How could your own flesh and blood be so cruel? She began to scream, cry and shout.

“Please!” She sniveled. “Anyone! Help!” she recurrently screeched, praying someone would hear but no one ever did. Except this time, she was not only heard, but listened to. She buried her head in her arms, until a little tickle awakened her from her distress. “A feather?” she questioned. It was inky black and smooth, and the bathroom was full of them. There was large writhing mass of obscurity in the middle of the large bathroom.

“She was such a tiny little thing.” Comments Selima. The two butlers looked upon these flashbacks as they were displayed against the stained glass just as they were during the ceremony. Ciel’s was
Alette stared with wide eyes at the mass as its pointed teeth shone in the dim light and heels clicked against the linoleum.

“You called?” The demon giggled. Alette continued to stare, “Perhaps I should take a form that suits you best.” She took shape, curly hair falling down to her mid back, eyes aglow with mischief.

“Um…will you, help me?” she stuttered.

“I’ll do anything my mistress desires, so long as you form a contract.”

“What do you mean?” The little girl asked.

“Let me explain, a deal with the devil is a deal with me, that deal will be forever, as long as you breath.” She whispered, playing with the girl’s wavy hair.

“Will you protect me?”

“Of course, I’ll do anything you need me to.” This was getting tedious, but the demon took pity on the poor frightened girl. “Do you wish to form a contract?” It was almost as if she were tricking the girl, for she had no idea what she was getting into. Her soul pulsed, stained with darkness no child should know. It was…enticing.

“I think so.” Just as she muttered it out her neck began to burn, skin bubbling and blistering. She let out a scream, grasping at her neck, the burning sensation was unbearable, tears leaked out of her clenching eyes. She must be dying; she’d never felt this kind of pain before. Then slowly, it began to fade. She got up from the floor; when had she fallen? She stood up, and examined the injured part of her neck. There was now what appeared to be a tattoo on her neck, it was glowing green and black, with what looked like five claws at the points of the stars. She ran her small hand over the skin, feeling it was soft and unblemished now and hurt not at all. The demon rolled up her sleeve, revealing an identical mark. What had she gotten herself into? The demon looks down at her new master.

“What shall be my name?” The little girl paused and considered this for a moment.

“Selima Lovelace, your eyes make you look like a cat.” She giggled. Selima found this almost endearing, knowing in time her spirit would be crushed. She ran a hand over the girl’s cheek and whispered

“I’ll give you all these things these liars never gave.” She mumbled to her. Abruptly, the door clicked; her mother had found the key. As she fumbled with the knob Alette began to panic, she knew what was coming. Her mother opened the door and with a raised hand, advanced toward Alette. She flinched but the pain never came. Selima had caught her mother’s hands and held them at bay.

“Never again.” She asserted.

Alette ran up to her and grabbed her hand. “We sin to live, and we die in virtue.” She whispered, The memory began to crumple inward, blackening around the edges and collapsing. A new one popped in front of her, she tried to resist its pull but to no avail. She was crying and screaming, now turned ten with new horrors to face. Her mother’s new boyfriend had her pinned down, though she struggled. She kicked she punched she bit she screeched until she finally wriggled loose. She ran, as fast as her tiny legs would carry her. She darted down the hall, and bounced off of Selima who was already on her way to inspect the scream. She stares at the girl with tears streaming down her face, and with two fingers grabs her chin.

“You don’t seem to be injured. Besides your mental state.” Selima stormed into the room where the man sat, and immediately pinned him down.

“An eye for an eye, isn’t that what you humans say?” She placed her heel to the man’s eyes; he began to yell and shout. “Who needs eyes when I can feel you bleed?” She then pushes her heel into the man’s eyes; liquid and blood spurt out as he yelps. The pain was unbearable as he was blind in one eye. She gets ready to deal the finishing blow, when Alette’s mother walks in. Before she can utter a word, she is slammed against the wall, with a blade up to her throat.

“It must be hard to breathe with this knife up to your throat.” Selima giggles. “You knew he was doing this to your daughter.” Her lighthearted bubbly mood darkens at once. “Your prayers will thank god for the mercy of me.”
It was midnight and Alette was cowering under her covers. The sounds of gunshots rang reverberated around her mostly empty room. Selima ran in, and slid to the ground, right below the window. She pulled out her gun and took aim, firing a few head shots with her sniper before ducking down.

“Damn, where is she?” they yelled. Alette shook violently, not knowing who was out to get her. She fired off another round, killing more than a few of the criminals after her young mistress. Selima saw the little girl shaking, and realized she was not used to the violence her father and his servants used to shoulder. Her servants left when her mother became useless, for they would not serve a woman nor did they believe a mere child could operate as a Vamphina. So as Selima sat there shooting, Alette trembled under a fuzzy blanket that used to bring her comfort. She uncovered the little girl and handed her a small stuffed toy, a little white bear with a tag copyrighted by Funtom company. She cuddled it, nuzzling its soft fur.

“Hush, little baby, don't say a word. Mama's gonna buy you a mockingbird.” She sang sweetly, petting Alette’s hair, which had now grown to cover her mark. She closed her eyes as she leaned out the window, aiming and hitting another target. Alette felt drowsy, but didn't want to sleep. He hated to sleep. One of the last times she slept, someone had taken her father. She didn’t want whatever she had, this new caring figure that took care of her, to disappear from her life too. But that morning when she arose, Selima was there with morning tea and a selection of breakfasts. As she was every morning after that.

There were glimpses of more, as she passed them, Selima brushing her now long wavy copper hair, showing her how to pin it up and curl it and place it so it flowed down elegantly. Teaching her how to apply little bits of makeup as she got older, teaching her proper table manners, Selima pushing her on the swing at a park while the other children were with their parents. Because in the end, Selima was not just one hell of a bloody good maiden. She was not just a butler. She was a mother figure.

“This demon does not care for you. She lusts for your soul only.” Angela’s voice echoed within the premises of her own mind. “Renounce her!” She considered it. She wanted to be good, clean a good girl. She did not desire the darkness that constantly encircled her. She hated summoning that demon. She always wanted to get rid of her. Just to be good again. But she could not let go. Selima had protected her, cared for her, taught her. Picked her up when she fell down. Even if it all was a facade, she could not let go of the lust she felt for her own redemption.

“No! I will not let go!” She screamed, and then everything went black.
Alette struggles with her future, and decides whether or not to renounce her contract with Selima.

“Where is the young master?” questioned Sebastian.
“Isn’t this…” Started Selima
“The Grim Reaper Library?” finished Grell. “This is where the Cinematic Records are kept.”
Sebastian started forward but Selima hesitated. She could feel her master’s soul aura, it was in there, but it was faint. Was her life at stake?
“Coming?” asked Sebastian.
“You could say that.” She snickered. Sebastian sighed, realizing his own double entendre. He gives her comment a smirk and a low chuckle.
“You’re such a naughty girl.” He whispered in her ear, she felt the warmth of his breath on her neck.
“Shall you punish me then?” she titters. Sebastian leans in for a kiss, and their lips barely brush before Grell begins to yell.
“Would you knock that off?” she wails. Sebastian wraps an arm around her and holds her close to him, making a bit awkward to walk but that was a sacrifice they were both willing to make.
Sebastian lets go of her reluctantly, and walks through the door to the library. Immediately he is met with flagrant hostility as Williams scythe whipped past him, nearly taking out Grell who was nowhere near as graceful as Sebastian was.
“Ah it’s you, I thought I smelled something unpleasant.”
“Will!” cried Grell with affection
“To think you’d have the nerve to bring a demon here!” he yelled.
“Boy are you not going to be happy about this…” replied Selima, stepping inside, William nearly lost his glasses.
“Two demons?” He squealed. “Well we’ll just have to burn the place after the amount of filth you’ve brought in.”
“Do not call her filthy.”Growled Sebastian.
“Will, wait! I’m looking for the Doomsday book on your orders!”
“Honestly. A grim reaper willingly bringing in such vermin… Grell Sutcliff…you appear to want a further demotion.”
“W-what will it be this time?” she stuttered, clicking her scissors together sadly.
“Exterminating vermin is all well and good. But are you sure you should let your lice infestation go unchecked?” snapped Sebastian; only he could snap in a calm tone.
“An angel…”
“Yes, very good.” Replied Selima
“It seems I’ll be late getting home tonight.” The grim reaper sighed, pushing up his black rimmed glasses, his well gelled hair not moving in the breeze from the open door.
Alette awoke with a start, Ciel right across from her on a satin crimson couch.
“So I see you’re awake.” Acknowledged Angela.
“Angela?” asked a confused Alette
“Angela Blanc.” Confirmed Ciel, rising.
“So how’d your past feel?” she smiled, almost giddy. “Was it soft like burnished velvet?”
“Shut up!” boomed Ciel “That hand… That was my father’s hand!” he accused. “You killed them,
“Didn’t you?!”
“Why would you do something like that?” shouted Alette
“Killed? What a disturbing thing to say. Am I the only one who harmed your parents? Didn’t your butler…? No, didn’t you hurt them? Or was it your friend, here? Did you know the Vamphinias helped carry out the order to burn down your estate?”
“You’re lying!” yelled Ciel.
“What is that motto coined just for you, dear?” Alette’s blood ran cold, she wanted to deny these claims but the problem is she didn’t know. She couldn’t say what her father did as the Queens scorpion, much less if he acted on an order to burn.
“I am no Spectator nor fiend nor phantom. Just a mere human with a venomous devotion. I may sing a fatal lullaby, but that does not mean you may hear my vicious melody. As the queen’s virulent scorpion I am her young silent disciple.” She whispered, but the words tasted bitter.
“That was brilliant. Ciel, you weren’t supposed to stay sane in the face of your distorted past.” Ciel is seething with rage as the angel stands up, extending her wings delicately.
“Why, you-.”
“You are thoroughly sullied.” Angela chuckles. She does a little jump and floats over to where Alette and Ciel have regrouped. “However, underneath the surface is a glow it would be a shame to waste. Alette, don’t you yearn to be free? I know you do. Wouldn’t you like to be pure as snow again?”
“Don’t let her crack your resolution!” commanded Ciel. But Alette felt weak, so weak it was pitiful. She’d been running for so long, trying to get out of this darkness, and now the light was right in front of her. She just wanted to live. Not to die, in bitter defeat, losing her soul to a demon she never meant to summon. But at what cost? She’d lose the mother figure she had…and not to mention Ciel.
“I can rewrite that unsightly past of yours, for you. I can make it all go away.”

“Angels have the ability to tamper with cinematic records.” Educated Will
“Does that mean they can change the past?” questioned Selima
“I doubt even a deity could do that.” Addressed Will. “They merely give you a false peace.”

“Stuff it! You’re the one who sullied me!” roars an agitated Ciel. “Leave her alone!”

“Those who have negative enough experiences to break their souls wish for their past to be wiped out. However, it haunts them forever.” Ciel’s vision faded to black. There was no one holding Alette back now. She could dissolve the contract, renounce her revenge, and live again as a whole human being, but would she?
And as Selima, Sebastian Grell and Will burst into the room, her choice had been made. She linked arms with Angela, after all beauty can’t blossom in darkness.
Chapter Summary

Selima takes revenge on Alette for renouncing their contract.

As Selima pulled up her sleeve, she already knew what she’d find. Her mark, was fading. She let out a ravenous howl. She was furious, her eyes turned from a glowing green to scarlet, her nails grew into talons almost; long and sharper. Black feathers whisked in a tornado around her.

“You promised me!” Her voice was deep and distorted, it sounded as if they had a bad connection. “You owe me a soul!” she screamed, her voice becoming more demented and frightening by the second. She shot the feathers, but Angela carried her upward, she felt as if she was dreaming.

Shadows extended from the darkness encompassing Selima and reached out to grab her, but Angela shot rays of light into the shadows, breaking them off.

“He’s rewinding the tape?” yelled Grell. Alette turned her attention away from the demon trying to kill her, and saw Ciel’s Cinematic record becoming smaller. He was rejecting the light? Selima threw a knife that nicked Alette’s ear. She roared, sending books flying off shelves. She crushed pillars, almost sending the entire library crumbling.

“Stop her, or I will!” threatened Will to Sebastian. But there was no reason to stop her now. She had shrunk down to her human form, and Angela had flown away with the young mistress. Will and Grell ran around frantically trying to repair everything. Selima fell to her knees, head in her hands. Knowing the young master was safe, he left the rest to the reapers. He approached her warily, knowing how dangerous his kind was. Especially in an unstable condition. As he gently touched her shoulder, she raises her head, her curls bouncing, and lets out a hysterical laugh that fills the room.

She looks up, and makes eye contact with Sebastian.

“I’m going to kill the hell out of her.” She chuckles to him. He smiles at her blood lust and extends a hand. She takes his assistance gracefully, after all if she couldn’t what kind of lady would she be?

“Undertaker?” inquired Ciel, noticing the man putting away his books.

“Hi!” he greeted enthusiastically. Sebastian gave Selima his jacket, as her dress was now in tatters.

“What is this?” questioned Ciel, pulling at the door, but it did not budge.

An angelic seal.” Responded Will.

“What will we do, now that our leader is gone?”

“You don’t have to feel sad.” Replied Angela as they entered the chapel. “Because the time has come for the coffins to serve their purpose.”

“What will we do, now that our leader is gone?”

“With a little girl?”

“We’re saved!” Alette looked down at the sinners with scorn. They needed to be cleansed.
"Yield everything to me. And give me the thoroughly sullied Doomsday books that shall never write the future."

Grell tugged and tugged but the door did not open. "It won’t open."

"No shit, Sherlock." Replies Selima.

"Good grief, it seems we’re trapped." Interjects Will in that perpetually monotone voice he had. Precipitously, a book plops down and flips to a blank page. Will picks it up cautiously, as he always instructed a reaper must always judge an situation swiftly and act accurately. "This is… the Cinematic Record of someone in the abbey."

"At the abbey?"

"I see... An angel of massacre paired with a girl descends on the abbey on the outskirts of Preston." Reads Will

"An angel of massacre?" asks Ciel

"Angela." Replies Selima.

"All of you who have gathered together have impure souls." Announced Angela. "Souls who lean on honeyed words, souls who lean on God, who have given up writing the future with their own hands." Everyone winced in agony at the angel’s words, like daggers were being thrown at them. "Snuff out the unnecessary, snuff out the unfruitful. Snuff out the unclean!"

"Ah yes I see." Chuckled the Undertaker

"Stop them!" instructed Ciel

"Is that an act of charity, my lord?" teased Sebastian. "Didn’t you intend to eradicate the abbey in any case?"

"I don’t intend to help them. I just don’t want her to win."

"But what are we meant to do about it? We’re stuck here." Reminded Grell.

"No, we have an option." Prompted Will "The ultimate reaper tool, which only managerial class of Grim Reaper association can use. We call it, the death bookmark."

"Bookmark?" asked Ciel. He seemed to be out of it; after all it took quite some strength and skill to rewind your own Cinematic Record.

"And it’s pink!" added the Undertaker. Angela stood before her partisans, still holding Alette. One battered woman stopped shaking and began to glow.

"If we use this to halt the story we can take a red pen to it." Explained the Undertaker.

"I think we can reach a mutual agreement as to who to send." Implied Will

"I have a score to settle." Agreed Selima.

"And so I add, “But then suddenly Selima Lovelace appears.” And then she was gone. As she appeared next to the woman she had brutally beaten, she withdrew two large kitchen knives. Before she could be noticed, she also extracted a pistol from her garter[1]. She would steal that girl’s soul, which she had so carefully cultivated, cared for and fabricated. It was years of seemingly tedious tasks only a demon could do. But she was only a demon, not a superhero and at the sight of her precious reward for all her sacrifices. She lost all moral standards.

"Angela! Get down here!" she growled, eyes aglow with malice. And then, Sebastian was in the picture as well.

"I can’t let you do anything reckless, now can I?” he whispers.

"I can handle myself."

"Clearly.” She tosses a glare over her shoulder as she advances, her heels clicking against the stone floor.

"You two pious demons want to die at the hand of an angel?” Sebastian jumped over Selima’s head,
landing where Alette and Angela had been, launching knives in their direction as Angela took off, flying above their heads. Selima took aim and managed to nick Angela’s wing, just barely. Alette saw her former butler was not messing around. She was here to kill. Whether she was out to kill Angela, Alette or both Alette did not know. There was something comforting in knowing she cared this much, but it was only her lust for a soul she had been undertaken that motivated her, Alette knew. She had sold her soul for tainted love.

“Do you really think a demon can compete with an immaculate winged angel? Wingless demons are chained to the Earth for eternity.” She was getting cocky, the perfect opening. Alette slowly withdrew her knife. What was it Selima always told her? Take the knife and twist it. Angela let out a beastly howl as the knife pierced her skin, red blood spurted out of the wound in her chest. But she was still standing.

“Where’s her heart?” cried Alette.

“You missed it!” scolded Selima. She knew demons didn’t really have a beating heart but what about angels? And the she was falling. Angela relinquished her grip on the girl, and she was plunging to the ground. And there was no one to catch her. Her contract was up. Selima had no obligation to save her.

Gravity can’t stop, the hope and the have-nots. Blood was all she was going to be in a matter of seconds. She was going to see concrete, bottles and bad dreams. At least she’d be anything and everything, a memory that will never leave. And as she tensed every muscle in her body, ready for impact, she felt two long arms encircle her, catching her; she opened her eyes. Selima was holding her, a small smirk formed on her face.

“Why?” she mumbled, in shock. She had been ready for death. What had driven this demon who had been set on murdering her moments before, catch her?

“Now if I couldn’t handle a temporary break of contract and an angel of massacre what kind of butler would I be?”

“One who isn’t worth her salt!” finished Sebastian as he tossed a knife at the now contained angel, the grim reapers had her under control. She put Alette down, though she almost crumpled, her knees were still weak from her recent scare.

“Let’s treat ourselves to a game of darts.” Suggests Sebastian, as he tosses a butter knife toward the apprehended angel. It pierced her arm and she let out a strangled cry. The front of her ivory outfit was stained cerise from the wound Alette had inflicted. “Hmm, I missed.”

“I won’t.” proclaimed Selima. She raised one of her large knives, her aim was always impeccable. But just as she was about to release, Angela let out the cry of a cornered animal. Her aura turned into pure white glow. She lost her pupils eyes a sickening white, everything was a sickening snowy color. As the light began to grow, the ceiling began to concave. Alette stared at the freckles of dust forming on the floor, the spider web cracks forming in the pillars.

“Does she mean to destroy herself along with us?”

“Of course. If she’s going down she wants to take us down with her.” Answered Selima.

“Snuff out the unclean! Snuff out the unnecessary!”

“The ceiling is falling!” whimpered Grell.

“You’re all free to run if you like.” Grants Sebastian.

“That means GET OUT!” yelled Selima as the faces stared at her blankly; they all began to run. The pillars began to give out, a piece of stone fell and crushed the body in the casket at the front. The sound of crushed bones was sickening to Alette.

“We’ll retreat as well, Grell Sutcliff.” Ordered Will. Within seconds Alette was scooped up as Selima sprinted out of the collapsing building. Sebastian looked over his shoulder at the angel once more, but then ran after Selima.

“You were really planning on killing me, weren’t you?” inquired Alette.

“Yes, my lady.” Responded Selima as she placed her down. Approximately, as Ciel ran toward Sebastian.

Alette slapped Selima across the face, leaving a red mark.

“If you ever try that again, I will set my soul on fire.” Threatened Alette. “From now on you will
abide by our contract until the day you may collect my soul. Understood?”
“Always, my lady.” [2] “Is it over?” asked Ciel. “The one who plunged me into bottomless darkness…I don’t even know why she did it.”
“A promise is a promise, just take it.” Commanded Ciel.
“Ciel no!” screeched Alette. She had grown close to the boy over the time they had spent. That stubborn little bastard was just going to give up?
“Calm down, my lady.” Exhaled Selima. Sebastian walked forward, and Ciel braced himself for the pain that never came. He peeked, to see Sebastian tying his ribbon. Alette sighed, relieved she wasn’t about to lose her friend. Ciel however, was distressed.
“Why, Sebastian? Why aren’t you taking my soul? She must be dead…or…” Alette realized this as well, and boy did she grasp how screwed she really was. She had stabbed an angel; what chances did she stand at getting into heaven with her father now? There was an angel of massacre with a grudge against her. Great. Ciel stumbled backwards as Sebastian smiled malevolently. “Is there someone else?” Sebastian folded in half, an arm over his abdomen, a perfect butlers salute.
“I’ll be serving you a while longer, young master.” He revealed

[1] Stockings
[2] Did anyone get my Harry Potter reference? In honor of Snape :(
Chapter Summary

The culprit behind the angel of massacre creates a diversion using Noah's Ark Circus. Meanwhile, Alette and Ciel entertain a man known to be selling weapons illegally.

In The Morning
Fog glided over the grounds of the Vamphina manor. It was eight in the morning, and the young mistress was still fast asleep. It had been a loud night, but Selima had managed as easily as she usually had. She squeezed into her corset, pulled up her stockings and laced up her heels, while slipping into a rubicund and charcoal dress, matched with dangly ruby earrings; tonight was a special occasion, after all. Sebastian and Ciel had a meeting with a man that meant to talk business, and Ciel had finally agreed to let the young mistress host the occasion. There was only one problem though...

"Jesus Christ Selima this place looks like a bloody crack house."

"Maybe it’s because we left it to your mother’s care in our absence. And may I comment on the irony of your use of the Lord’s name in vain?"

"No, just clean this mess up."

"Yes, my lady." So Selima began her work as any butler did, early, before anyone else. "And what color scheme would you prefer the mansion to be?"

"I don’t care as long as this place looks presentable." Spat Alette, choosing a pain au chocolat for her breakfast, and a cut up apple freshly picked from the gardens blossoming trees, which were overflowing with fruit due to no one picking them. The fecundity of the gardens was really a sight to see. "We really shouldn’t leave this place that often." Comments Alette, chewing the savory bread with care.

"Indeed." Selima bows, and begins to start her work. After she has serves her master Jasmine Phoenix Pearls tea, and has assured her master is comfortable in bed, she begins her work in repairing the manor. She was sure to watch the time as to avoid upsetting her master’s schedule, keeping it consistent and comfortable was part of a butler’s job after all. But before she could start, she walked into the kitchen and brewed herself a cup of coffee. Demons did not eat or drink besides souls but this was Selima’s guilty pleasure, besides snakes. After mixing in a bit of sugar and cream, she sips the hot drink and prepares to get to work. She peels off the midnight blue wallpaper, that was already starting to rot and peel anyways. She ripped up the once white carpet, now graying with various spills and age. There were holes in the walls she spackled shut, animals she had to remove, walls to repaper, so much to do and so little time, but that was the butler aesthetic. She colored the walls a violet shade, nailed down hardwood floor, then polished it. She burnished the chandelier, clearing it of all cobwebs. Laying out a crisp white table cloth, and arranging a bouquet of lavender and dark crimson roses. Everything was perfection.

As she tightened the corset on her master, she ran through the schedule.

"You have a literature lesson with me today, but that is all we’ll have time for, Master Phantomhive and Sebastian will be arriving early at approximately 3 o’clock.” She informed, all while Alette was grunting in reply, slipping on her stockings “Then at six o’clock you’ll be dining with Mr. Cedric Brandel of the Brandel Tea company. And Mr. Lau will of course be checking in with you as well.”

"Brandel Tea? Sounds familiar."

“They’re planning a tea salon, you looked over the paperwork last night. They’d like us to design the interior of their shop and the tea cups.” Alette paused to think for a moment, while Selima laced up her dress.
“It’s not as if I have a choice, I can’t refuse one of Mr. Lau’s acquaintances. We’ll remind them of what true Vamphina cordiality is!”

“Yes, my lady.”

“Must I really go through such tedious lessons today? I’ve analyzed the Raven several times already.”

“You’ve yet to reach a deep understanding of it, so you will continue at it until you do. If you wish, we may switch to the Pit and the Pendulum.”

In The Afternoon

After analyzing the hypophoras used in The Pit and The Pendulum and writing a forty-minute essay on such, Alette was craving.

“I’m sick of this drab work. I want something sweet.”

“You’re just like Master Ciel, you know this will spoil your dinner. I’ll make you some hot chocolate with some marshmallows mixed in.” says Selima Alette smiles; it was a drink Selima always made her in the winter as a kid. Selima departs, leaving her master to prepare and read over the proposal with leisure.

“Time to prepare.” She breathed. “First the dish selection must be precise; we’ll use a cobalt rimmed variety to match the design on the tea cups and to complement the wallpaper.” She announced, while polishing the silverware until it gleams. She was just about to move to the next task when the doorbell rang. She blushes, knowing the Vamphina Manor was not near as immaculate as the Phantomhive manor usually is, but nevertheless she opened the door to the Earl Phantomhive.

“Is the Countess Vamphina in?” He asked, already knowing the answer, she had been the one to invite them over.

“Yes, my lord. You know, you are permitted to call her by her first name.” He grunts in reply. “You may come in.” She invites. The Earl steps inside, wiping his feet on the door mat.

“I notice you have some vermin in your garden. Per chance you’d like some help disposing of them?”

“Yes, I would thank you.” She leers. Meanwhile, Ciel stumbles throughout the mansion, lost.

“Damn...” he whispers, trying another door, instead, he finds two low voices.

“Mother you can’t be serious.”

“It was your father’s work; would you expect him to disobey the queen?”

“No, but it was— “

“I know who it was, but he organized the arson nevertheless.” Her mother was slurring, and he could hear her take a swig of a deep amber liquid.

“Mother, for tonight I’d like it if tonight you were to stay hidden.”

“Why? Do I embarrass you?”

“You embarrass the Vamphina name, mother.” Ciel could hear her stand up shakily and advance. He burst into the room, and threw Alette behind him, and braced for impact. It never came. He looked up and saw Selima, firmly grasping her mother’s hand. Lenora Vamphina was showing all signs of an addict. From shaky hands to alcohol stained breath, she was the epiphany of a woman with a problem.

“Keep your filthy hands off my young mistress, Madame.” She sweetly hissed.

“Young master, you seemed to have gotten lost, this is Mrs. Vamphina’s bedroom. Come, I’ll show you to the office of Alette Vamphina.” Cooed the comforting voice of Sebastian. Alette shakes a little but holds onto her resolution. She’d forgotten, never again would she be hit. She followed Ciel and Sebastian into her office. Sebastian clears away the empty cup of hot chocolate and saunters down to the kitchen. Selima has begun to prepare the soup, gathering 60 g unsalted butter, 4–5 onions, finely sliced 50 g plain flour ,2 liters’ water, 200 ml white wine, sea salt and freshly ground black pepper, 100 g gruyère, ½ cut into cubes and ½ grated, and 1 baguette, all gathered from the French Market the day before, all fresh. She melts the butter in a pain and adds the onion, sautéing.

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Sebastian walks in, places the dishes in the sink, and takes a moment to stare as her hips rock back and forth. He slides an arm around her waist, and presses his lips into her neck.
“You look lovely tonight.” He breathes into her ear. She gasps as he drags his tongue along her neck, leaving a warm tingly sensation. He holds her tight, all while she continues to sauté. He kisses her neck, grinding against her. The friction was amazing for both of them. She turns around and nips his ear, nibbling while he groans. Their lips crash onto one another, kissing with a feverish need. This time it’s Selima who slips her tongue into his mouth, catching him off guard. She wrestles with him for dominance, her hands still moving in the pan. He slides his hands down her back, ready to test his boundaries, when the bell from the study rings. They both groan.

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Selima walks up to the office, her mind still in the kitchen. She can’t hide the snip of her voice when she reaches the two young masters.

“How, my lady?” she asks. Ciel is on the floor with a bright red mark on his face and Alette is on the desk swatting.

“There’s a fly.” She elaborates. It is quite the sight to see, and if it was anyone but Selima, they probably would have asked. Instead, she pinpoints the source of the disturbance, and squishes it with ease.

“So I’ve gotten past first base.” She returns to the kitchen, the appetizer already finished. Sebastian sets the table while she prepares the Pot-au-feu. Everything is going fine until the bell rings again.

“Yes, my young mistress?” She sighs, exhausted.

“There’s a spot on the window.” Alette points out. Selma exhales again, and pulls a handkerchief out of her dress, and rubs the window clean.

“I won’t commit a blunder so grave again.” She vows ardently.

“Good. It is not worthy of a Vamphina servant.” she leaves, and finishes cooking soon. Sebastian walks in, with a handful of white roses, finely clipped from the garden. He gives them to Selima, who blushes and smiles, thanking him graciously.

“I took the liberty of picking all the fruit in the garden.” He informs her.

“You didn’t have to; I could have done it.”

“But now you’ll have more time for this.” He wraps an arm around her waist and kisses her lightly at first, but then she deepens the kiss, draping her arms around his neck. The roses in the center of the table evoke a family pride and winter. The napkins are even folded in the shape of roses, courtesy of Sebastian.

At Night

Alette walked down, wearing her finest violet dress to show off the Vamphina pride. The butlers, Lau and Ran-Mao, Ciel and their guest waited as she entered.

“Thank you for coming today. I am the Countess, Alette Vamphina.”

“And I am Cedric Brandel, pleased to make your acquaintance. I never imagined you’d both be so young.” A small vein pounds in Alette’s temple. She was not young, she was three years Ciel’s senior and old enough to marry in some cultures.

“I told you no need to get worked up, they’re so small and cute!” gushes Lau. Both of them contain their tempers as Alette changes the subject.

“I’ve had dinner prepared for us. Shall we?” She gestures to Selima who takes it away, leading them toward the beautifully prepared table in the dining hall. Selima pops the cork on a bottle of cabernet franc[1] and begins pouring it in a tower, each glass filling and trickling down to the next.

“Oh, how lovely.”

“I thought simply setting out drinks would be a bore.” Recognized Alette, eyes on her guests, continuing walking.

“Alette look out!” Warned Ciel. And then the glasses were crashing around her; except they weren’t. Sebastian and Selima jumped into action, scooping up the fallen glasses and caught the plummeting crimson liquid with ease. They set down each glass with lightning speed, and soon were done. Selima caught Alette with ease.

“What just happened?” stuttered Cedric.

“A stumble on my lady’s part, she can be a tad bit clumsy. Please have a seat, I’ll bring you some
wine.” Ciel and Alette frowned as Selima served them grape juice, that could have passed for champagne but boy, did it make them feel like a child.

“Goodness, you two could be acrobats!” observes Lau.

“Really?” asks Selima, taken aback, she’d never considered doing anything but being a butler.

“You’re joking.” Finished Sebastian. “We’re merely”

“One hell of a couple.” Finished Selima.

“My lady, your home is simply splendid.”

“Thank you!” She sighs of relief, aware of how dismal it had been just hours before.

“This makes for dull dinner conversation.” Notes Ciel. “Let’s get down to business.”

“Well.” He starts. “I’d like my new company to market to children for profitability. And I’d like the Indicum company to design my tea sets and interior. Both of your companies are nationwide, admired by all. I’d like to work with you both.”

“Children are always undersold. They’re keener than adults realize.”

“Seeing you both makes me more convinced of it. It must be the secret to your company’s successes.”

“Are you implying that we only succeed because we’re children?” inquires Ciel, a tad bit irritated with the implication.

“N-no not at all!” he stammers.

“I’m only joking.” Laughs Ciel, Cedric laughs nervously

“You’re a wicked one, my lord.” He chuckles, the worried man excuses himself to the bathroom.

“My lady, you do know that—.”

“Yes, I can smell a rat from far away.”

“He’s playing us for fools.” Spat Ciel

“He’ll be eradicated soon enough” reminds Alette. Sebastian opens the door to warn them of their guests return.

“Oh? Where is Mr. Lau?”

“He excused himself, something about business he had to attend to.”

“As usual, he has no consideration.” Muttered Ciel

“We have a sweet to suggest for your tea salon.”

“And the plate design can be used for it as well.” Added Alette.

“Now I’m curious.” He replies, watching the clock tentatively.

“Here you are.” Serves Sebastian, placing the good in front of the smirking Cedric.

“A galette des rois.” Chirped Selima.

“It’s conventional, but we’ve done it up with a thick crème de marron to go with your flavored tea.” Explained Sebastian.

“In our tradition one piece contains a doll called la feve and whoever receives that along with the crown, will get God’s blessing.” Alette stifles a laugh. She’d thrown away God’s blessing long ago.

“Just the thing for us children, right Alette?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Brats sure think up things no adult would.” Mumbled Cedric

“What was that?” asks a bitter Alette.

“Queen’s scorpion or not you’re just a stupid little twat following the Queens Guard dog around! The two things I hate are cocky brats and bets that don’t make money! Drop dead, scorpion!” He dove under the table, fiercely willing the sound of gunshots to fill his ear. He almost believed this delusion for a second, but there was one thing he hadn’t counted on...

“Did you drop something Mr. Brandel?”

“I think I of all people can tell when someone’s had too much to drink.” Giggled Alette.

“Try some of this, and no more alcohol for you.” Calmed Ciel

“Yes, my lord.” A drop of sweat ran down his forehead Why? Why are my men not shooting? He contemplated while taking a wobbly bite of the dessert.

“Congratulations, it seems, you’ve won la feve!” announced Sebastian, as the man chokes on and spits out a bullet.
“You friends left this behind.” Whispers Sebastian, on one side of him.
“We’d thought we’d be polite and return it.” Finishes Selima on the other side as she topped off his tea. “They arrived a while before you. I’ve already given them the proper Vamphina hospitality. They think back and show Selima and Sebastian, beating the vermin out of the bush and extinguishing the intruders properly. Ciel thinks back.
“I notice you have some vermin in your garden. Per chance you’d like some help disposing of them?” It all made sense now. By vermin he meant Brandel’s men. They had disposed of them with ease. Alette thinks back as well, how she heard gunshots ringing out from behind the manor after Selima killed the fly. Both times after she had been called Selima had sniped from the floor below them while Sebastian took a more direct approach. All his men were dead.
“Th-that’s impossible.” Stumbled the man, knowing it must be true, where else would his men be?
“There were at least fifty of them! You two fought them...alone!?”
“Lau informed us you were dealing guns on the black market.” Reveals Ciel.
“He sold me out?”
“No. He was never yours to betray you to begin with.” Snaps Alette. “Her Majesty is most upset about the gun related crimes among the underclasses.” Tsked Alette. Cedric twitched at she sips her tea.
“This tea is much too plain, brew me something with more flavor!” she demands.
“Of course, my lady.” He pulls out a gun, and Ciel jumps up from his seat as he fires straight at Alette’s face.
“For a moment I was almost worried.” chuckled Ciel. Brandel stares in amazement as Selima drops the bullets she had caught, clinking against the table.
“W-what is this? How?”
“We simply can’t be killed with such toys, I’m afraid.” Smiled Sebastian. He shoots at both of them, until Selima does a hand stand, kicks the gun out of his hand, all before gravity could pull her dress down. He runs for the door, but Sebastian walks in, already waiting for him.
“You’ve forgotten one more thing.” He places the crown on the shuttering man’s head, screaming about what monsters they were.
“Now now, is that such a thing to call a lady?” clucked Selima. The lights are extinguished as the man falls to the ground, in shock at his realization. Selima tugs off her glove with her teeth, as her eyes glow scarlet, along with Sebastian’s. Both of their marks glow as black feathers begin to shed around them.
“Yes. We are.”
“One hell of a couple.”
“St-Stay away!” he cries, as he is encircled with a cloud of darkness.
“Brandel, why do you suppose no one knows what happens to men who mess with the Queens Scorpion, or the Queens Guard Dog?” Poses Ciel, removing his eye patch
“It’s because dead men can’t speak.” Finishes Alette, giggling as she flips her hair over her shoulder. The man lets out a dying scream as The dark aura form both of them extends, surrounding him, getting closer, closer closer until it consumes him.
“And who gave this to you?” solicits Ciel, to Lau who has only recently returned.
“Some lads in white, they seemed to have taken me for a servant.” Alette, impatient, snatches the envelope form Ciel’s hands and divulges four pink tickets with a fancy font.
“Noah’s Ark Circus?” she read.
“My my, those are tickets to the traveling circus in town.” Explains Sebastian.
The next day Ciel and Sebastian were at the Vamphina manor bright and early. Alette climbed into the carriage sleepily, never quite being an early morning riser, while Selima shooed away the congregation gathering out the Vamphina manor for various reasons. As Alette tries to nap on the rough, vibrating carriage, Ciel reads the letter aloud.
“My dear children, How did you enjoy your Christmas? I do hope you two exchanged gifts, seeing as you don’t interact with family members that often.”
“This letter is a bit late. It’s late January.”
“It’s still thoughtful to ask.” Points out Ciel. “My attempt to make a Christmas pudding with Phipps was a great success and we have received a lot of praise from John and Grey. It will give me great pleasure to see you both try it. Now as to the enclosed tickets. Did you two know that the circus is expected in London soon? I’m told it’s a travelling troupe and a large amount of children are missing from towns they visited.”
“Is there a correlation or causation?”
“I’m not sure yet. ‘Although the police are doing all they can, they still haven’t been found. They always vanish without a trace in the middle of the night, The sorrow of losing a family member is hard to bear. I sincerely hope the children will return to their family members soon.” Finished Ciel.
“So she wants us to investigate the Circus.”
“That has to be what she meant. Whether she said it directly or not.”
“Where will you go first, my lord?”
“Hmm…first of all…” They reach the library files office in moments, so quickly Alette was only able to drift off for an instant. A man that looks very like their good friend Abberline back home greets them.
“Please sir!” he cries out as Ciel saunters past him with an air of authority “If the commissioner finds out…”
“That’s easy then just make sure he doesn’t find out then.” Interrupts Alette, shoving past him as well as Selima and Sebastian search the shelves.
“Listen, this is the third floor, how did you even get in here?” Alette thinks back to how Selima had tossed her through the open window then jumped and flipped through on her own. Sebastian had merely used the door, what a boring way to go.
“Well?” they both asked impatiently, Alette tapped her foot.
“Well no bodies have been found that match any of the descriptions..” concludes Selima. Sebastian nods in agreement.
“Well, we’ll leave when you’re done copying the missing persons reports.” Decides Ciel
“Take the pictures too.” Adds Alette, stifling a yawn.
“You can’t just do that!” squeals the man.
“If you’re caught, the solution is simple.” Shrugs Alette
“Just pretend like we forcefully took them from you.”
“That’d get me in more trouble!” he rumbles.
“Listen…er Underline is it?”
“No it’s Abberloaf.” Corrects Alette.
“It’s Abberline!” He amends.
“You’ve been a great help.”
“We appreciate your cooperation.” Sebastian smiles sweetly and places coins in the man’s outstretched hand. The man firmly grasps Sebastian’s hand, giving him back the money.
“I’m not for sale!” he claims. “I just want to do whatever it takes to bring them home!”
“Whatever it takes?” questions Alette. “Ciel fancies that term as well.”
“Very flexible of you, you have a bright future.” The four exit, leaving the Abberline lookalike holding a mop.
“H-hey!” he yelled
“Hurry up and get yourself promoted Abberline.” Selima courtesies and Sebastian shuts the door. They push their way through the throng, talking under their breath. “It seems they’re still being treated as missing persons.”
“By respectable society perhaps.”
“We mustn’t disregard the possibility that someone in the underworld has already disposed of them.” Reminds Alette, as she crawls inside the carriage right behind Ciel. “Are we going we’re I think we’re going?”
“I’d really rather not, but the situation requires it.” Sighs Ciel.
“So I guess it can’t be helped. Which one of us will it be this time?”
“Would you like to flip a coin?” he asks. Without an answer, he flips the coin and covers the outcome. “Heads or Tails?”
“Heads.”
“Ha! Your turn!” he snickers. Alette pouts.
“Are you here Undertaker?” calls Ciel. The usually morbid place is deprived of light, except for a few glittering lights from candles. They slowly advance.
“Welcome, my lord and lady!” welcomes the Undertaker. No one can decipher where the voice is coming from, until a skull rolls down the aisle of candles, scaring Alette, causing her to grab onto Ciel’s arm, thinking it was Selima. They both notice this action and jump away from each other in disgust. “Is today the day you’ll be condescended into one of my special children’s coffins?”
“Look here you-.”
“Please have a seat, I have a batch of cookies fresh from the oven.” Ciel goes over to Alette.
“Do you want to stay?”
“He’s offering cookies Ciel, I don’t even care if I’m being fit for a coffin!”
“Children’s bodies eh?” Alette and Ciel sit next to each other, while Selima sits in Sebastian’s lap.
“They’re regarded as missing by regular society and no corpses have turned up.”
“Well, dead children are an everyday affair in the Underworld. I’m sure you two know that.” The Undertaker grins, taking a bite out of his bone shaped cookie. Alette munches away on the cookies as Ciel stands up.
“I’ve brought their information, did you take care of any of these children?” asks the stubborn Earl.
“Hmm..did i?” Sebastian rubs Selima’s thigh. “Ohh my my your butler is getting as bad as that Lau fellow.” Ciel shoots daggers at Sebastian, only causing him to chuckle.
“Did you or did you not deal away with these children?” mumbled Ciel, ashamed of his butler
“I feel as though I could remember if I saw something entertaining…” he giggled. “You know what I want, my lord, give it to me!” he greedily demanded “Give me prime laughter! Do that and I’ll tell you anything!” Alette and Ciel both sighed,
“How do you even make a living off of this place?” asked Alette
“Very carefully.” He sniggered. Ciel turned to Alette.
“Fine, Selima.”
“Have you ever heard of Sandpaper Sally?” questioned Selima sweetly.
“Why, no.” replied the Undertaker, intrigued.
“Sebastian, get the children out of here. And cover their ears.”
Sebastian shoves ear plugs in Alette’s ears and covers Ciel’s, just as he was instructed to, until they heard a chorus of laughter.
“That was just awful!” he tittered.
“Alright your fee has been paid!” proclaimed Alette “Tell us about the children.”
“They’re nowhere.” He simply stated.
“Sorry?” they all stared at him blankly.
“None of them were my customers and there are no rumors either.”
“In other words, you don’t know a thing about this?” asked Ciel, a bit irritated by the fact he had paid for nothing.
“I beg to differ. I know that I don’t know.”
“Well that’s useless.” Sighed Alette
“Not necessarily.” Replies Selima
“True, if you don’t know, that would mean no one in the Underworld killed them.” Contemplates Sebastian.
“That’s a relief.” Exhaled Alette.
“If their bodies haven’t been found in either circle, that means they’re still alive.” Concluded Ciel.
“Does this mean we’ll go to the circus?” asked Alette
“Yes, I suppose that is our only option.”
“Let’s go then.”
“Undertaker, contact me if you hear anything.”
“My lady.”  Alette looks up, being the last one in the parlor. “It’s not too late.” He informs her with a grin. She nods, then takes her leave.
After about an hour, they arrived at a packed circus. The congregation moved slowly, annoying Ciel. The sign Noah’s Ark Circus was florescent and elaborate. There were acts of all kinds, jugglers tossing rings, masqueraded women giving out balloons, fire breathing men. Stars lit up the sky like little candles, making Sebastian think of Selima’s eyes. He went to reach for her hand, but found it already full.
“What is that?” he asked. She smiles immensely, clearly very happy about something. She takes the bag and shows the group a writing, slithering mass. Alette screams and runs behind Ciel, who simply sighs and shakes his head in dismay.
“And where did you get that?” he inquires.
“Well…” she starts before a man with silver tresses and shifty glowing eyes, coupled with pale skin and a small build sprints over to them. He looks like he got the wind knocked right out of him, and slightly panicked.
“That’s…that woman…..that took….Wordsworth and friends….says Emily.” He huffs and puffs. Selima squeals, walks up to the thick coiling mass around this mans neck and begins petting the snakes, with a childlike ecstasy.
“Oh she’s nice…says Keats.” Whispers Snake. Selima took an instant liking to this man, which did not happen often. She hands over his snakes and he departs, satisfied.
“Selima, you can’t just—.”
“Shh, it’s starting.” Scolds Ciel. There were several grand chandeliers hanging inside azure tent, Alette couldn’t comprehend the physics behind the fact that a tent could handle something so heavy without collapsing. The lights all began to dim.
“Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls!” called a man with fiery hair which stuck up in several places. “Welcome to Noah’s Ark Circus!” With a smile he began juggling balls of all colors without so much as a hindrance in his speech. “My name is Joker, Pleased to meet, ‘ee.”  He takes a bow, letting the balls topple down onto his head. The crowd laughs but Ciel stays silent as always. He comes up with a ball that matches the tent in his mouth. Alette then notices what Ciel has been so intently focused on; the man has a fake left arm.
“A prosthesis?” asked Ciel.
“Looks like it. It kinda looks like a skeleton.” She whispers back
“Tonight you’ll see performances to stun and amaze ‘ee!” he announces. The lights on stage brighten
to reveal an array of acts ready to perform.
“And now with a great broze from our fire breathing Jumbo, the show of the century begins!” he
yells, as a large shirtless man erupts behind him. Everyone takes cover as the man blows fire that
could pass for an explosion. Alette considers how lucky they are the tent didn’t catch fire. Next
performance is a trapeze act, all dressed in clothes appropriate for a circus. Adorned in neon stripes
and makeup, they swing back and forth. “First our trapeze artists, perfectly in tune with one another.”
The crowd oohs and ahhs as the girl is caught.
“This circus seems standard.” Comments Alette as Ciel nods.
“Peter and Wendy!” Introduces Joker.
“Our knife thrower, the perfect shot, who never misses his shot; Dagger!”
“This is nice, I’ve never been to a real circus before.” Informs Alette.
“Neither have I. But there’s nothing extraordinary about this. Could they really be behind the
disappearances?”
“And now a beautiful dance by the rarest of rarities, our own serpent man, Snake!” The man from
earlier can be seen, with a thin green cloth wrapped around his waist. He looks like a bag of bones,
his ribs revealed. Snakes wind around his body like garments.
“These acts are a bore. We could do more than half of them.” Remarks Selima.
“And they don’t seem to be forcing the children to perform.” Notices Sebastian.
“And next, look above ye, ladies and gents! A death defying tightrope walk by the circus princess,
Doll!”
“If they didn’t intend to force the children to perform, could it be a coincidence that the
disappearances were along the circus’s route?” Ciel considers, while the girl in ivory does the splits,
then a handstand, Even Ciel is impressed at that.
“Last but not least, the star of our troupe, I bring ‘ee the famous tamer of wild cats, Beast! We’d love
some audience participation in this act. Are there any volunteers?”
“There’s no children in the final act either. This was a waste of time.” Everyone stares as Sebastian
stands up.
“What is it? Did you find something?” breaths Ciel
“This gent in the tailcoat looks eager!” Everyone claps and Selima, Alette and Ciel stare in awe as he
walks onto the stage. “Step right up sir.”
Chapter Summary

Sebastian has an incident with a tiger, and touches a nerve with one of the performers.
Selima and Sebastian find a way into the circus

The crowd roars and claps in unison as Sebastian makes his way down to the colorful stage. Selima claps a little absentmindedly, mind still on the serpents snaked around the man’s body.
“So this is it, a chance to make contact!” clarifies Ciel.
“I thought you didn’t like it when he acted on his own?” questioned Alette.
“I don’t, but this time I’ll allow it.” Grumbled Ciel. “The only way to find a clue to these mysterious disappearances is through the circus.”
“How does he plan to investigate while all eyes are on him?”
“I’m not entirely sure, but I wouldn’t doubt him.”
“Now if you’ll just lay here--.” Joker stares as Sebastian dauntlessly walks straight up to the ravenous feline.
“Ah what lovely round eyes you have!” He exclaimed, caressing the cat. “Soft ears…” Selima giggles as Alette and Ciel’s jaws drop.
“Oh crap! Tigers are cats!” realized Ciel.
“I’ve never seen such vivid stripes!” praised Sebastian, stroking the tiger. “They’re adorable.”
“Selima, you’re going to be replaced with a cat.” Teased Alette
“Oh dear, your claws have gotten a bit too long. We’ll have to groom them.” Ciel’s head succumbs to gravity as his head falls into his hands in disgrace. “And your paw pads are full and plump! Very attractive!” It was then things took a turn for the worst, as the crowd rumbled in general concern as the tiger pried open its maw and placed Sebastian’s head inside.
“Betty! Let him go!” commanded Beast, whip at the ready. She goes in for a strike, but it is caught by Sebastian with ease.
“She hasn’t done anything wrong.” Defended Sebastian. “I was so overcome by her charm that I behaved rudely, that’s all.” Beast stares at him, clearly shocked. “Indiscriminate whipping isn’t enough to train her properly.” As tension grows between the two grows, Betty decides to break the tautness by biting Sebastian’s head once more.
“Betty! Spit him out this instant! He’s dirty!”
“Goodness, aren’t you a tomboy, my dear?”
“I didn’t tell you to go that far!” berated Ciel as they walked out of the tent. Selima just hummed, holding Sebastian’s hand as Alette ran to catch up with Ciel.
“My apologies, my lord. I’ve lived many years but cats are such whimsical creatures, I still can’t quite read their moods.” He recognized, positively glowing with glee from the encounter.
“Did you see the Snake man?” tittered Selima, as enthusiastic about the performance as Sebastian was.
“Yes, dear.” Smiled Sebastian. Selima was so innocent sounding when droning on about one of her few likes in this mundane world, almost docile. Alette knew better.
“What was the point of attracting all that unnecessary attention?” He is interrupted by a sneeze, which only irritates him even more. “You know I’m allergic to cats! Stay far back!” He barks.
Sebastian obeys and waits a few feet along with Selima, when someone else attracts his attention.
“Oh there ‘ee be! You there, in the tailcoat!” called Joker, wearing his violet jacket like a cape. He catches up to them, without losing so much as a breath. They waded through the crowd, there were
mothers with children holding balloons, groups of adults laughing, it was the picture perfect image of what a circus should be. “I’m so sorry about what happened, sir.” He apologized.

“No, I’m sorry.” He refuted.

“Gave me a scare traipsing right up to the tiger like that! All right?” Ciel grabs Alette’s arm and uses the commotion fabricated by the congregation to sneak in between the tents. They go unnoticed, except by their butlers. “We have a doctor on staff. Better have him take a look at ‘ee, I reckon. Please come on back.” Sebastian’s lips curl into a smile.

“I don’t mind if we do.” Imposes Sebastian. As they walk back toward the glowing tent, costumes can be seen taking off, makeup was being washed off, animals were being out away.

“Right this way. Sorry it’s so filthy.” Selima prudently steps over droppings. “Ah Snake, is the doc in the medical tent?” Selima perks up at the name and is immediately by the man’s side.

“Oh look the nice lady is back, says Emily.” Greets Snake. Selima puts a long digit along the length of the serpent entwined around Snake’s body.

“So scaly.” She squeals.

“Oh, maybe he’s making rounds.” Concludes Joker. Sebastian pries Selima away from Snake and they continue on their journey through the circus.

“Say, isn’t that the boy that got bitten by the tiger?” whispered one of the bystanders.

“That’s him. Stupid boy!” yelled the girl. Selima turns her attention to the small girl.

“All boys are stupid. Let that be a life lesson.” She leaves the little girl, a bit embarrassed. Sebastian and Selima trail a bit behind Joker, still locked at the hip. Joker gives them a smile then peels open the curtain, revealing light and a full tent being maintained by a handicapped doctor.

“Good, there he is! Doc!” The man known as “doc” had shaggy ebony hair and a pair of spectacles. He turns around.

“Hello, Joker. Is your had acting up again?”

“Naw, today I’ve got someone else.”

“It’s you!” calls Dagger. “You’re the one who just got bitten by Betty!”

“Betty? That’s terrible. We’ve got to get you to the infirmary!” shouted the Doctor, face gleaming with concern and fatigue. “Did you really get bitten by a tiger? I don’t see any wound…” puzzled the Doctor, examining Sebastian. Selima stood close by.

“Just an affectionate nip.” Chuckled Sebastian.

“Well I’m just glad you’re all right.”

“Too true! I was afraid the troupe leader’d kill me for letting a customer get hurt.” Confesses Joker

“You aren’t the leader?” inquires Sebastian.

“I’m more or less the hired replacement. The real one’s scary.”

“Don’t blame me if you get yelled at for saying that.” Jokes Dagger.

“Doc, would you take a look at my leg?” A new feminine voice interrupts the conversation before Selima could encroach upon the new source of information.

“Miss!” Yells Dagger with affection.

“You!” she scolds.

“I’m here for my leg too! Yet more proof of the red thread of destiny between-.” He’s cut off by the angry woman,

“You’re that dapper freak! What are you doing here? You wrecked my show.”

“You should have been able to control your animal. You could have hurt him! You’re lucky you don’t get sued.” Shoots back Selima, earning her a glare.

“Beast! You can’t talk like that to guests! This isn’t his fault! It’s yours for not being able to control Betty.” Reprimands the Doctor. Selima crosses her arms in victory.

“But he walked up to her without-.”

“No buts! You’re a pro, aren’t you?”

“Now doc, please don’t shout in front of our guests.” Reminds Joker.

“That’s right! Please just forget this and check Miss’s leg!” pleads Dagger. The Doctor sighs

“You’ll be retraining Betty after this, Beast. Is that clear?”

“Yeah.” She muttered, clearly bitter.
“Right, then. Show me your prosthesis.”
“Prosthesis?” solicits Selima.
“We’re a bit of an irregular bunch here, we’re a gathering place for people with certain problems.”
Everyone watches as the doctor slips off Beast’s panty hose. “I’m missing an arm myself, but Doc’s got me a fine replacement.” The doctor continues to work on the prosthesis diligently
“Good looking, isn’t it?”
“The design you picked is the reason you always need adjusting, you know. Put yourself in my shoes!”
“Do you make the prostheses for the circus, sir?” asks Sebastian.
“More or less. And it’s a big job! I do everything from carving the parts to the final fitting.”
“Carving them? They’re wooden then?”
“Nope, ceramic.” Sebastian leans in to inspect it, earning a gasp from everyone.
“Ceramic?”
“But I use special materials so they’re light and sturdy.”
“I see. They’re quite smooth to the touch.”
“Aren’t they? And I use spherical parts in the joints for nice fluid movement
“This is truly fine work.”
“Hmnn?”
“What’s this seal?” He inquires, meanwhile Selima is having a heart attack in the background.
“What are you doing, you pervert??” she slams her leg down but Sebastian is gone in moments.
“Oh I beg your pardon. You didn’t strike me as modest enough to be embarrassed by such trifles.” It is then she pulls out her whip, and goes in for a strike. She is intercepted by Selima, who grabs the whip and pulls her toward her. Sebastian dodges her strokes as the two girls tussle.
“Oi, Beast stop that!” admonishes the Doctor. “You two, stop them.” Dagger erupts in fury.
“How dare you lay a hand on my lady’s fair and tender skin! I haven’t even touched it yet!” he screams, tossing knives in the direction. Selima lets go of the whip and grabs the knife, catching one in her mouth without so much as a scratch. Sebastian, does a back-flip and lands on one of the support beams for the tent. Selima tosses the knives with care, pinning Dagger to the ground.
“I didn’t actually touch her skin…but I do seem to have touched a nerve.”
“Don’t get cocky!” screeched Beast. But before Selima could deflect her next attack, Joker was in front of Beast. He then pulls flowers out of his ornate walking stick, smiling with absolute delight.
“All right that’s enough.” Declares Joker.
“What? No!” cries Dagger.
“Here, Beast don’t be so scratchy.”
“Why didn’t you stop them sooner?”
“But he--.”
“Now now.” Sebastian flips down from the beam next to Selima.
“It’s such an ‘ansome leg I can understand why he’d want to touch it.” Coos Joker, rubbing Beast’s thigh. “Take these flowers and cheer up!” he smiles. She takes them and storms out of the tent.
“That was mighty athletic, both of you. I’d hire ‘ee both.” He proclaims. Selima sees her opening.
“Master? Be thee a servant then? I took ‘ee both for gentry, dressed up so fine.”
“Us, gentry?”
“Hardly.”
“We’re merely--”
“One hell of a couple.”
“If that was true, what you said, we’d very much like to join you.”
“Not having me on, are ‘ee?”
“I never jest.” Affirms Sebastian.
“Lord that’s funny! All right me lady and lord, sure join us any time!”
“Hey Joker, you can just decide that!” disciplines Beast, still stung by the past encounter.
“But they have such talent! They could fight off the both of you!”
“Pardon me, but, there’s two more people that come to mind from the palace we work at, that would be most fit.”
“If they’re anything like ‘ee, that’s fine. But I reckon we’ll give ‘ee an entry test.”
“Very well, we’ll return tomorrow with them.”
“Thank you for all your help today!”
“Oh, sir!”
“No need to show us out.” As they exit from hearing range, the speak in low voices.
“How many tents and carts were there before the medical tent?”
“Nine tents and ten carts.” Answers Selima. ”The further we go, the nicer the tents get.”
“As long as we’re here we might as well inspect them.”
“I don’t sense the children at all.”
“I don’t either.”
“But I have been sensing something, could it be?” He is interrupted by a Snake pouncing out form the dark, stopping only inches from his face; he does not flinch. Selima gets giddy, and strokes the snake.
“This area is off limits.”
“Okay.” They turn around and walk the other way, complaint but what could they do? Once they are far enough, Selima goes in for a slap, which he easily dodges
“What the hell was that?” she snaps.
“What a fair thought to lie between a maidens’ legs.” Jests Sebastian.
“Don’t quote Shakespeare to me! You said you never jest.”
“Only with you, darling. You know your legs are the only ones I want to lay between.”
“Don’t get cocky.” She huffs, he smiles, thinking on how everything she did was endearing. She smiles a bit and takes his hand.
”Did you mean it when you said all men are stupid?”
“Yes, especially you.”
Alette and Ciel must pass a test to get into the circus, but they don't have any special talents.

The two enter the carriage, letting the hired horsemen drive.
“We were…interrupted.”
“By whom?”
“And you were doing what?” asked Alette, knowing all too well what the two could have been doing.
“The nice snake man.” Giggled Selima. Sebastian smiles and gives her hand a squeeze. “And we were searching the grounds, as you told us to, my lady.” Selima bats her long eye lashes, as if that was all they could possibly have been doing.
“We need to get closer to the circus’ organization.” recognizes Alette
“Exactly what I was thinking. This is only the surface”
“Joker admitted he was only the hired replacement. He’s not the real ring leader.”
“Speaking of which, I have a request for the both of you.”
“What?” growls Ciel. Sebastian narrows his eyes and Selima tosses her hair as Sebastian explains exactly what they had gotten them into. By the time the story is finished and by the time Ciel had comprehended everything, they were back at the one of the Phantomhives many town houses. This particular one harbored a sleepy, yet alert Prince Soma.
“I’m asking you why this suddenly became the plan!” snarls Ciel. As Sebastian and Selima remove their master’s coats, Ciel’s being a light shade of blue to complement his eyes, while Alette’s was a mauve with black buttons. Ciel removes his top hat in frustration. “When did I order you to say that?”
“How mad can you honestly be? You wanted to get close didn’t you? Now we’ve infiltrated their ranks.”
“Not quite.” Reminds Selima. “You still have to pass an initiation, my lady”
“What? But I don’t have any special talent like you two do! Neither does Ciel, besides being a major pain in my arse.”
“What?!”
“She’s jesting with you, my lord. Does it inconvenience you two?” Ciel tosses a glare over his shoulder and grits his teeth.
“Well, we’ll argue about it later. I’m exhausted, I want to go straight to bed.”
“Certainly, but--.”
“Ciel! Ciel I’m so glad you’re here! I’ve been waiting and waiting!” yells the Prince with enthusiasm.
“Right, I forgot you were here…” sighs Ciel, not in the mood for this nonsense. All he wanted was a hot cup of tea and some sleep.
“Alette it’s been too long!” shouts the Prince, enveloping them both in a bear hug.
“Not to be rude, but why are they here?” asks Selima.
“This town house has been granted to him, as to allow him to stay in London.” Elaborated Sebastian.
“I didn’t expect you two at the townhouse so early. Did you miss me that badly? Poor lonely Ciel!”
“Sorry, but I’m tired. I’m not in the mood to deal with you right now.”
“Ciel, you need to develop some people skills. You’re always so blunt.”
“I don’t need any.” He spat, heading toward the stairs. Even the townhouse was ornate, with flawless wallpapering, paintings and polished railings. The hall was lit by two glowing lamps, and moonlight spilled in through a window above them.
“What?! But I’ve been so excited to play this “chess” game of yours! Don’t you care about dashing my hopes?”
“No!” answers Ciel
“What’s wrong Ciel? You look so grumpy! We finally get to see each other again, at least smile a little! Alette can do it!”
“Shut it! I’m tired! Keep quiet!”
“Right…you won’t attract good fortune if you don’t smile, you know…” mumbles Soma.
“I guess I’m going after him…” exhales Alette, climbing the stairs. She opens the door just as Ciel sits down on his bed.
“Now what?” he snaps.
“You should be nicer.”
“Does it matter?”
“It may not to Soma, but your attitude is going to get you into trouble soon.”
“Whatever.” He flops onto his back, laying down.
“It’s like talking to a wall. I guess I’ll go.” She turns around.
“What do you mean? You’re staying here.” She turns around.
“But my manor isn’t too far from here.”
“It’s late. And I don’t want you to go home to a place where you’re hit.”
“I’m not. Anymore…” she trails off. “Selima stops her anyways.”
“I don’t care; I don’t want you there.”
“What are you saying?”
“Stay with me.”
“What?”
“Live with me at the Phantomhive manor.”
“I can’t just leave….”
“You can though, you have no ties there any longer.”
“I guess, but. —”
“You know Sebastian and Selima would love to live together.”
“Since when do you care about how happy other people are?”
“I don’t but I also don’t want you to be in danger.”
“I’m not.”
“It’s not up for discussion, now let Sebastian in. I’m tired.” On cue, Sebastian, who had been listening in, opens the door.
“It’s not like you to be so thoughtful, my lord.” He observed.
“Shut it. I didn’t do it for you.” He snapped. “This is beside the point though. Why should I be forced to join the circus, too?”
“You aren’t being “forced to join.” Sebastian walked toward him, a bit annoyed with the boy’s disposition. He was as stubborn as always, and unappreciative of the work he had done to make this infiltration possible. “You’re passing a test and getting them to admit you. You joining should be enough.”
“I don’t fancy living in a tent!” he rumbled.
“Are you sure, my lord? I suppose Alette will have to do this one on her own, surely she can handle living in a tent.” That hurt Ciel’s pride.
“I never said I couldn’t handle it! I said I don’t fancy it, but if you insist on making a fool of me, well I suppose I must.” Sebastian smirks as he removes the boy’s shoes. “But circuses require tricks, don’t they? I can’t do any.”
“Oh? But you seem so good at stay and fetch.” There it was again, that snide attitude he had picked
up on from Selima.
“What?”
“Pardon me, my lord. At any rate, do your best at your entrance test tomorrow. As your butler, I’ll give you my heartfelt support.” He smiled, whether he was being genuine or mocking Ciel could not tell. His resolution was weakening. He crumpled like a piece of paper, furious at the helplessness of the situation. If he refused, he’d be shown up by Alette, but if he went he’d be made a fool of. Either way, he’d be made a jest of.
“Fine, I’ll join too.”
“Very good, my lord.” Complied Sebastian.

*                                                                                   *

“What lovely little children!” bellowed Joker. Alette fumed, did she look like a mere child to him?
“I’ve been in service as a pageboy.”
“I was employed at a local factory in my town, I did a lot of sewing there.”
“My name is er…Finnian.” stammered Ciel. They were surrounded by the various acts of the circus, both training and professional, familiar and foreign. They all stared at him, and he felt like a bum in these peasant clothes.
“That’s an imposing name! And what about you?”
“Antoinette Thornton.” She introduced herself, thinking on the spot. All the ladies were surrounding Sebastian as he smiled, Selima gripped his arm a little tighter and glared at the prowling women, like animals she was sending the message to back off.
“How fancy, you could almost pass for a noble. Well we’ll give ‘ee a stage name if ‘ee pass. What’s your specialty?
“Well...darts I suppose.”
“What about you?”
“I can...” she blanked out.
“She can do lots of things.”
“We’ll start ‘ee out with juggling then.” He decides with a smile. “Finnian, you’re first, you’ll be throwing knives. Dagger! Give him some knives.” The short man with an alabaster painted face smiled and sprinkled the knives into his outstretched hands.
“Here!”
“Thank you...”
“Now aim for the target.” Instructed Joker. Ciel squinted his eyes in fortitude, lifted the knife back, and whipped it forward. Even with all his strength, he only made it about halfway. He was about to frown, and shrug it off when the knife suddenly shot up, hitting the target. Ciel was confused, to say the least.
“You’re a mean one, sir. His skinny arms couldn’t even throw far enough!” Alette overhears. She frowns at the two, and hopes for Ciel’s success.
“I am not! There’s no show if the targets close!”
“Blimey!” They yell as they notice the adolescent’s success. He looks up from his recent victory, to Selima, who winks at him. He tosses another knife that appears to almost hit the floor, then, as Sebastian and or Selima would flick a stone, it would ricochet upward and hit the target. Ciel smirks, feeling better now that he was confident.
“Will that be all?” gestured Ciel, leaving Dagger gaping at him.
“Well, that’s fine control! You’re more talented than I reckoned, but the test isn’t over yet! Next is tightrope walking!” Before Ciel could even comprehend anything further, a girl was fastening a rope around his waist and he was staring down at Alette and their butlers.
“That’s tight!” he complained, everything seemed to shake as he stared across.
“Cope, do you want to die?” she replied bluntly.
“Doll! Do that lifeline up tight!” Joker advised. ‘He’s new, and he’ll be hurt if he falls!’
“Could you test me on something else, please?’" pleaded Ciel. He did not like the prospect of plummeting to his own death.
“What? Quitting already, boy?”
“N-no!” he stammered. “I’d just rather be tested on something else!”
“Then stank along then! Haven’t got all day, do we?!” Ciel gathered all his courage.
“Will you quit?” asked the young girl known as Doll.
“No, I’ll go.” Replied Ciel. He stepped out, and progressed slowly, shaking a little, struggling to keep his balance. He felt a tinge of fear go through his small body. He began to feel his balance shift to the left, and just as he was about to fall, a sharp pain hit his side, then as he tilted the other way, he felt another.
“Oh look! He regained his balance!”
“Damn I, I knew this would happen!” he muttered
“He’ll be okay won’t he?” Alette was antsy about Ciel and anticipating what they might have her do next.
“Of course, my lady. No harm will befall him while I am here.” Meanwhile Ciel was struggling to endure the sharp pains echoing throughout his body as Sebastian flicked rocks at him. He let out a sigh of relief as he reached the other side.
“Amazing! I didn’t reckon you’d make it across.” Clapped Joker, while Sebastian covered his mouth to hide his snickering.
“Thanks…”
“This cutie passes then, eh Joker?”
“Not yet! There’s something else ‘ee be missing!” Ciel felt himself fill with dread, what would they have him do next? “A great big smile!” Selima and Sebastian struggled even more to hide their laughter. “Come on, smile! What’s wrong? Don’t look so chuff! Here smile! Come come!” He seemed to be calling for a dog. Ciel was a guard dog after all, he had to live up to his name. He spread his mouth into an adorable smile. Next was Alette, she tried her hand at juggling, Selima taking a leaf out of Sebastian’s book, flicked rocks at all the balls so they did not move unwarranted.
“She’s good, but almost anyone can juggle. That’s more of an additional talent. She needs something to draw the crowd in, something unique!” claimed Joker. So they had Alette take a much longer test, where she stacked chairs, did acrobatics, and played with animals. But all were talents already possessed by the professionals. Alette was just about to be rejected by Joker, when Selima stepped in.
“I know what she can do. Just let me be paired with her, and I’ll show you.” Selima took a torch, and began to play with the fire, swirling her fingers through it, making shapes out of it, etc. Finally, she put the fire to her lips and blew. The spectators had to step back for a large colorful flame enveloped the circus. They were lucky the tent didn’t get caught up in the conflagration, but Selima knew her limits. The fire was an array of colors, cherry red, faded to rose, the blossomed into a fiery orange, which paled to yellow, then lit up to cobalt, then darkened into purple. The ball swirled around the tent and dove for Alette, right when it was about to consume her, a ball of water, spinning, conjured form seemingly nowhere.
“Whoa, did you see that?” cried Dagger
“That young lady just made water appear, and she spun it to put out the fire!” they observed. Alette was perplexed, she hadn’t done anything. But as soon as Selima gave her a wink, she knew that demon had many secret powers.
“All right everyone! We have some new mates joining us!” announced Joker. “This is Black.” Sebastian, who had a small purple line painted across his eye and a purple skull bow tie thing, smiled.
“I’m Black. Nice to meet you.”
“Then there’s our own Lady of Pyre!” Selima smiled with a face full of makeup. There was a light dusting of white, red lipstick, and light blue and black makeup all around her eyes, adorned with a few stick on gems. Her dress was black and green, and clung to her curvy figure. Straps went around her neck and arms, exposing he shoulders. Compared to Beast she was okay but for a lady in this day and age, she was indecent. Sebastian couldn’t help but notice as well. Her shoes were heels with straps all over, exposing her feet as well. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, Her
Victorian Updo was a new thing to her and she did not quite know how she felt about it. A necklace that matched her dress dangled around her neck, and crimson earrings from her ear lobes. Most women did not have pierced ears these days, but she was an exception. Her face was covered by a mini black hat with a veil, and her mark covered by a pair of laced gloves. She had a bracelet to match her earrings, and plenty of rings. One climbed the length of her hand, others just encircled her fingers. Sebastian had noticed long ago, she had a bit of an obsession with jewels and such. “Isn’t that a little too much?” scoffed Beast, examining her hands. Selima looked her up and down and laughed.

“As if you should talk.” Joker brushes over the tension with introducing the children next.

“The wee one here is Smile!” Ciel was dressed up in blue and light purple, he had purple diamonds painted under his right eye and his hair and hat was styled to cover his other eye.

“Sm--!” he nearly exploded right there.

“And the young lady here is Siren!” Alette wore a black lace dress that also bared her shoulders, with a small purple tie around her waist. Along with this she wore vertical striped thigh highs, small scarlet shoes, gold and diamond stud earrings, her family ring, and a small red hat. Her hair was done in an intricate French braid. On her right hand, she bore a small silver ring, a gift from Selima when she was only little. On the inside it says Don’t Forget. She wore a band aid over her neck, to cover her mark, a small purple heart was pained below her left eye.

“Give ‘em a warm welcome everyone!”
The four meet a grim reaper, ascertaining that something is definitely up with the circus

“Go on Smile, say a few words.” Chuckled Sebastian, as Ciel squeaked and began to twitch.
“P-p-pleased to meet you.” He stammered, breaking a sweat
“Come on Smile, smile!”

“Now I’ll give you a quick backstage tour. Follow me!” instructed a fervent Joker. Everyone followed and felt a bit uncomfortable in their new circus attire; all except Selima who was simply delighted by all the jewelry. “First the tents ye’ll be sleeping in.” Joker gestures with his walking stick. “This is where the ”second stringers” live—stage hands and newcomers and such. They sleep about, two, three to a tent. Over there is where we eat and where we store the food. Cooking’s a big part of the job when ‘ee be new, so work hard.” Selima sighs, she thought she’d get a break from cooking and cleaning while she was here; apparently not. “Furthest down the line is the infirmary, where Black was yesterday. And past here are the private tents for the main cast.”

“Private tents?” asked Ciel.

“The big names get places to themselves, you could say. Oh and the first one is Snake’s so best keep your distance.” Selima was up and over in seconds and would have entered, if Sebastian hadn’t snatched up her hand. “He lets lots of poisonous ones run loose. One bite and ‘ee be stone dead. Snake and his serpents are cruel shy of strangers so ye newcomers best be extra careful. That reminds me, Smile, what happened to thy right eye?”

“Er there was an accident. Same accident that burned Al-I mean Siren’s neck. We worked in the same neighborhood.” Ciel touched his eye unconsciously.

“Oh…poor things, with ‘ee so young.” Joker touches both of their faces, clearly sympathetic. “Well we’re all damaged here so let’s all be friends!” He smiles widely, Alette smiles back while Ciel stands stiffly while Joker gives him a half hug like gesture.

“Sorry, what?”

“Friends, Smile. What we are.”

“Did all the players join up during your travels like us?” asked Sebastian.

“Most yes, but us first stringer all come from the same place. We’re childhood friends, like Siren and Smile.”

“Childhood friends?”

“Yep!” Meanwhile all the circus performers prepared, doing makeup, practicing acts, dressing etc.”

“Tom tom, the piper’s son”, Mother Goose…?” Asked Ciel.

“Oh Well Spotted Smile! Not too many know that song.” Alette recognizes it as well, but knew to keep her mouth shut; it was mostly nobles that knew of it. Her father sang it to her when she was young. Ciel realizes his mistake. “It’s nothing, just my last master quite liked it.” Joker leans in, and Ciel curses himself.

“I must say, it surprises me all the first stringers are childhood friends.” Interjects Sebastian.

“Oh? Snake’s the exception though. His snake handling is tops, and we needed a snake man. So he took the shortest road to the top. First Stringers get to eat first, so they don’t have to fight tooth and nail for food. And they get their own tents. So everyone else has a friendly rivalry, trying to be first string. See ‘em all working? There’s some time before we open, so the newcomers are all practicing
Alette sees people doing all kinds of crazy things, and frowns, how could she compete? Selima was the one with talent. He was going to be left in the dust. “...taking every moment they can, looking to earn their public debut. Everything starts from the basics! You four get nice and ready before you--.”

“Joker! Got a moment?” interrupts Beast.

“Sure.” Beast sees Sebastian and huffs, still clearly irritated.

“Word hard!” advises Joker before he leaves.

“Isn’t it kind of dangerous to have the entrance tent filled with poisonous snakes?” asked Alette.

“Not guard dogs, but guard vipers, eh Ciel?” Sebastian stands behind Selima, massaging her shoulders.

“Young muscles are very tight.” He comments. Selima groans as he kneads her back.

“I suppose we’ll have to rise to the first string to access the private area.”

“Selima should have no trouble. Snakes apparently love her.” Acknowledges Alette.

“We need to know whether the children are--.”

“They aren’t here.”

“What?” inquires Alette and Ciel.

“Neither of us could sense them in the circus tents.”

“Not yesterday or during today’s tour.”

“We can’t rule out that their involved with the kidnappings either.”

“She’s right. Guilty until proven innocent. We can’t leave here until we’re thoroughly investigated them.”

“Indeed, after all, it’s possible they aren’t in a fit state for me to sense them.”

“Anything is possible.” Added Selima.

“Don’t say such awful things!” gasped Alette.

“The queen does wish for their safe return.” Admits Ciel.

“Very good, my lord. Ah, although I don’t sense the children at all…”

“What is it?”

“Hey, get to work” scolded Dagger.

“Mr. Dagger! Sorry, right away.” Ciel bowed and cringed a bit, he hated to show subservient behavior.

“It’s your first day, right? I’ll coach you through practice. First we need to know what your acts will be. We know Lady of Pyre here will work with Jumbo, and Siren can be paired with her.”

“I’d prefer something less physically demanding than the tight rope. Greatly prefer.” Asserted Ciel.

“Yeah, you do seem pretty frail. Right then, I’ll teach Smile all about knife throwing.” Smiles Dagger, whipping out a few knives between his fingers.

“What about you, Black?”

“I have no particular preference.”

“Yeah, you’re a real athlete! Try whatever you think you can manage, I’ll watch!” Sebastian takes off and Selima sighs.

“He always loves showing off.”

“First the trapeze.” Sebastian swings for one platform to the next with ease, doing all kinds of flips, hanging upside down standing on the little piece of wood. “Next, juggling.” He yanks up someone’s bottles and begins ardently juggling. “Pole climbing!” He runs up the pole and swings around it several times. “Rings of Fire.” Selima watches as he back-flips and flips through rings of flame.


“Enough enough!” chuckled a blown away Dagger. Everyone hoards around Sebastian, and Ciel sneaks behind him to scold him.

“Hey, you’re getting carried away! Act more like a new--.”

“Well I’ll be darned! Another bright new star? I better keep sharp.”

“Another?” solicited Ciel.
“There’s one more lad who just joined up. Look over there!” Everyone turns around, to see a man with glasses and a serious facial expression walking the tight rope. Selima’s heart sinks.

“That’s…” started Ciel.

“A reaper.” Finished Sebastian.

“Ah yes, I thought I sensed something foul. For goodness’ sake.” Will extends his death scythe and shoots it right in between Selima and Sebastian. He hops off the rope ever so gracefully and descends upon them. “I didn’t think I’d see you two again. What prey are you hunting for this time, you vile demons?” In one swift movement Will brings up his scythe and brings it to Selima’s face. Sebastian smacks it away.

“Demon?”

“What does he mean?” the crowd murmurs.

“It’s no good!” whispers Alette.

“They’re going to find out who they really are!” realizes Ciel.

“I say, what are you on about?” asks Ciel, trying to play it cool.

“As if it weren’t bad enough that reapers are in such short supply, demons have to pop up everywhere, too? I’ll have to work yet another late night!”

“Reaper?”

“Well, you see…”

“Look, you.” Dagger strides forward and knocks Will on the side on of the head. “Cut it out, you plonker. You say your gags with such a straight face people can’t tell their gags! This guy’s been cracking jokes since the day he got here. Going on about souls and stuff. He’s an incurable occult freak.”

“I’m not actually joking.” Declares Will.

“Let me introduce you to the rookies, the little man here is Smile, while the little woman here is Siren. This lady right over here is Lady Of Pyre and this gent Is Black! You’re our rising stars, so play nice!” Dagger advised, patting both the hostile men on the shoulder. Will, disgusted, walks away.

“I flatly refuse to play nice with vermin.”

“Flatly refuse? Circuses run on teamwork, you know!”

“What is a grim reaper doing here, Selima?” asked Alette.

“For reapers to involve themselves in this type of work is not unheard of, but it’s extremely infrequent. But it is certain, something is going on at this circus. There is no coincidence.”
Her Butler, Coworker

Chapter Summary

Sebastian and Selima confront William. Alette and Ciel have trouble without the assistance of their butlers.

“Somethings definitely dodgy about this circus. It seems worth trying to question him Sebas--” Dagger grabs him from behind, giving him an affectionate smile
“Come on Smile, look lively! Time to practice so you can keep up with the others.” While Ciel is locked in Daggers arms, Sebastian trails off toward William.
“Pardon me. I have a few questions for you, as my senior” Sebastian grunts this last part through gritted teeth as William adjusts his glasses.
“I have nothing to say to you.” William hisses. Sebastian grabs his arm as he tries to depart.
“Don’t be like that. Let’s step outside.” William resists his touch, feeling violated by the touch of the putrescent demon. Selima giggles as Alette and Ciel look on.
“Well, look at them! Best mates already!” chuckles Dagger. Beast peeks around the curtain, and grimaces, the slight incline of her eyebrows makes it flagrant that she is upset.
“All the new recruits are freaks these days.” She huffs to Joker.
“But so talented!” adds Joker. “Ah, right, listen Beast, and the rest of ye, too.” Everyone’s attention flickers to their makeshift leader. “Father says there aren’t enough sweets for the main event.” Everyone perks up in apprehension, anticipation, trepidation. “We’ll do it tonight. Tell Dagger and Doll for me.”

* * *

“Why am I here, you ask? Asks William, adjusting his glasses; light reflects off his chartreuse eyes as the lamp is lit. “To think I, an administrator, would be impressed into field duty to clean up after a certain prat Collection while he’s suspended! I curse my luck…” William sounds exasperated, and extremely tired. “I didn’t think graduating with him entailed travelling round fixing his mistakes.”
“I assume that a grim reaper personally doing undercover work implies special circumstances?” inquires Sebastian.
“Do you think I’d reveal soul related information to two demons? That would be like setting rabbits before a wolf.”
“As if I would feast on any inferior dirty soul I could get my hands on.” Huff Selima. Sebastian smiles and slips a comforting arm around her waist.
“We have no interest in cheap souls.”
“Fine words for two starving demons. I know you’re both half mad with hunger.” Selima rolls her eyes; true she had waited five, no now it had been six, Alette was fifteen now, years for one not so petty soul. But she still had her senses about her; this man obviously underestimated demons, which was a grave mistake.
“Some souls aren’t worth the trouble. It becomes a bore after a while, ripping into every possible soul.”
“The hungrier one is, the more satisfying one’s dinner.” Selima smiles as he licks his lips. She knew he was thinking of eating more than souls, and he was hungry in more than one way. But she was hungry too. William tilts his head and a smile tugs at his thin lips.
“How perverse.”
“Not as perverse as your temp worker.” Shoots back Sebastian. “You can rest easy.”
“I’m chained down at the moment, so is he.” Selima whips off her glove to reveal her glowing, pulsing covenant mark. It was evergreen and ebony, as usual, and complimented her eyes. Sebastian on the contrary removed his glove slowly, revealing his throbbing violet pentagram.

“Very well.” William trusts his death scythe into the ground. “I’ll speak plainly. In the next few days, we plan to review a large number of souls in this area. This is a very special case, so I’d appreciate it if you, her included, did not interfere.” Will and Selima make solid eye contact, she tilts her head and smiles, making Will shudder.

“That sounds very taxing, why don’t I assist you?” Will snatches up his death scythe and prods it forward, missing Sebastian by only centimeters. Selima nearly jumps into action, knives at the ready, but Sebastian holds up his hand, sending a very clear message; wait.

“I can’t abide unpaid overtime. If either of you interfere, I’ll cut you down.” he warns. “I don’t associate with reapers for the fun of it, in any case.” Responds Sebastian as his hat floats downward into his hand. “Particularly as we have no interest in cheap souls.”

“Ay! Show’s about to start!” Barks Alette. Alette and Ciel walk forward, Alette with hands on her hips.

“They don’t look particularly special.”

“Then your ignorance must be bliss.” Will frowns, he did not like demons but this woman and her sass were off the chart.

“Really, I’ll never understand demons.” He mutters.

“Are you daft?” spat Alette

“Don’t call them that there! They took it for a joke earlier but still. If you can’t blend in with humans, then you’re worse than that ginger riff raff.”

“Indeed. Now we won’t interfere with your work and you won’t interfere with ours, agreed?” “Excellent, since I despise the very sight of you.” He glares at Selima especially.

“Well then, Smile, Siren. Please keep your little dogs firmly reined in.” he growls.

“I don’t want to hear that from a man who can’t even properly go undercover, four eyes.” Alette stifles a laugh and Selima must admit, she did gain a bit of respect for the boy.

“I’m not Four eyes; I’m Suit.”

“Care to leave, Alette?”

“Certainly.”

* * *

“And now, the moment you’ve all been waiting for!” announces Joker. “It’s the tent assignments!”

“Right...” sighs Ciel.

“Well don’t ‘ee look down in the mouth. Smile, Smile!”

“Right!” Ciel fakes perking up and Alette notices it. Life here is even harder than I imagined Ciel thinks. He hated how close he was to Joker, he hated being touched in general.

“The results of our impartial lottery. Smile, ‘ee be in Tent eight, Siren ‘ee be in Tent 15. Here’s ‘ee roommates.” Ciel looks up to find a rather cute girl with freckles staring at him. Now I’m suddenly rooming with a stranger? This will be rough He thinks. Alette notices two people; one, a female who was fixated on her makes her think of an enraged bear. She has almond-shaped violet eyes that are like two windows on the evening sky. Her silky, straight, sand-colored hair is worn in a style that reminds Alette of a pile of shredded paper. She has an elegant build and her skin is cream-colored. She is captured by this older girls, maybe a girl of seventeen, eighteen...her beauty almost made her envious. The younger boy with the same almond shaped eyes look away, he is not nearly so bold as the girl. His iron grey eyes remind her of a storm, he was keeping something in and it was brewing. His fine straight ebony hair sways as the wind blows, he raises his bushy eyebrows as Alette stares.

“Black ‘ee be in Tent nine, and Lady of Pyre ‘ee be in Tent Thirteen” So they were completely split up, fantastic.

“Black isn’t rooming with me?” cries Ciel.

“No, why?” So much for staying cool, Ciel.
“Smile, you’re fairly tied to Black’s apron strings! Time to be independent!” Alette was not violent but even she would have hit the man called Dagger if he had said that to her, Luckily Ciel had some self-control.

“Th—that’s not what I—” This is no good, without a demon by their side how would they be able to snoop and not get caught?

“I’d really rather if Black...”

“And Blacks roommate is Suit!” Selima giggles, poor Sebastian, getting stuck with that uptight little...

“And Lady of Pyre’s roommate is Deep Throat!” Ciel chokes on his lemonade that he had been sipping, while Alette bursts into a fit of laughter. This woman has soft toffee colored skin that matches her eyes. She had the features of a scuttling lizard, bulging eyes included. Her luxurious, straight, soot-black hair is worn in a style that looks like a holy halo. She is very tall and has an athletic build, but most of all she has a wide mouth. Ciel shudders to think how she got that name. She spins a sword around then tosses it over her shoulder casually.

“Don’t worry, I’m just a sword swallower.”

“Look, they’re delighted!” exclaims Joker as the two exchange malice filled glares. “Right, let’s be off, Dagger. We’ll leave the young lads and ladies to it!”

“Good night!” calls Dagger over his shoulder. The wind blows, but the aura could not get any icier. Alette, sick of the animosity, steps inside the tent. For a chilly night, it is surprisingly warm inside the tent. She rubs her arms, embracing the warmth as the two stage hands quarrel over who gets top bunk. Personally she didn’t care and took the middle one.

“So you and that boy speak really proper English!”

“You guys must be from the same area, ay?”

“We’ve both been in service positions most of our lives. You cannot take on an informal attitude with a master.” Alette looks around and is shocked to see a jar of Funтом sweets. Everything else however, was branded by the Indicum company. The clothes, the blankets, the mattresses... everything. That night, Selima did not enjoy recreational sleep. She immersed herself in shadow, became one with the darkness and concealed herself in the treetops. She watched as the first rates gathered, led by none other than Joker.

“Time to go.” He instructs and everyone takes off at once,

“Most suspicious, am I correct?” Selima looks up at her man, smiles.

“You are correct.”

* * *

The next morning, Alette was not pleased. She hated mornings, so when the beautiful girl from the other night pounced on her like a wolf on a rabbit at around six a.m. she was not pleased.

“What do you mean we have to cook breakfast?” she groaned. As she dressed in her peasant clothes, smells from the outside tent wafted in, the uncooked vegetables and brewing stew. She could immediately spot Ciel, where everyone looked somewhat social and cheery, he sat shivering, in a corner peeling potatoes.

“Pull yourself together, man.” She instructed. He glares up at her. “If I can do it you certainly can.” She’d never admit it but he knew Ciel was much stronger than her mentally.

“You look a right mess.” Commented Sebastian, who had just arrived on the scene holding hands with Selima. “I see you can’t even dress yourself properly without help..”

“I was in a hurry.” He dismisses him. The next part seemed to happen in slow motion, Sebastian reached forward and slowly tugged at the obviously clumsily tied knot.

“Dear me, you’ll have a hard time untying this yourself if you knot it too tight, my lord.” Even Selima face palms at his lack of concern for appearances. Everyone stares and Ciel’s stomach does a flip as everyone bursts out into laughter; he was so used to be superior he never considered what it was like to be laughed at.

“Smile, Black isn’t your mum you know!”

“No… it’s just a habit, no a coincidence!” he squeaks out.
“You shouldn’t joke about that. His mother is dead. Black is all he had for a long time.” Alette leaves on that depressing note while Ciel scolds Sebastian.

“Sebastian! Don’t treat me as your master while we’re here. Leave me be!”

“Very well, I’ll start right away. Smile! How do you plan to use those potatoes? You peeled them to bits.”

“Smile! What’s wrong with you!”

“I’m sorry!”

“It cannot be helped.” Sighs Selima. “There must be some kind of meat.” Sebastian almost makes a very inappropriate joke, but if he did what kind of butler would he be?

“I know I saw some fish, so let’s fry these up and make some fish and chips!” suggests Sebastian. After nearly an hour Sebastian and Selima have prepared enough food to literally a whole circus.

“Foods ready!” sang Selima, it was as if an entire stampede of elephants was coming their way. By the time Alette and Ciel had fought through the crowd, they had managed to only retrieve scraps. Afterwards, training was rough. Everyone requested to see Alette’s opening act but she had to decline, no clue how Selima even did it in the first place. She could see Selima and Beast had developed a fierce rivalry. Selima’s costume was not nearly as showy, but left more to the imagination. But Selima did have an advantage, Beast’s talent was fairly limited whereas hers was universal. She worked the pole professionally, causing many to stare. When it came to shower, both almost fainted when they were faced with several hot sweaty men. A slow trickle of blood leaked from Alette’s nostril. To call it a trickle would give it some grace, it was really more a spray. And when Freckles told them to undress so casually, both nearly had a heart attack. Once Freckles revealed Ciel’s scar however and he took off running, Alette was every bit as irritated as she should have been.

“Now you’ve gone and done it.” She berated. She took off after him, snatched the towel and clothes from Sebastian, and trailed him. When she found him, she simply slid down next to him, and draped the blanket over him. They sat in silence for a while, until he finally laid his head on her shoulder. They simply sat like that, enjoying the others company for the longest time, until dusk broke.
Ciel searches the tents of the first stringers while the others perform, but soon falls to a mysterious illness. Selima and Sebastian have to deal with Will the Reaper again.

“Now if we can just search the first stringers tents, we can go home.” Decides Ciel. Selima covers Alette’s eyes as Sebastian redresses Ciel.

“I thought we would quietly work our way up the ladder.” Asks Alette

“That will take years and my sanity is silently slipping away as it is.” Points out Ciel.

“Personally I’d find brute force easier than infiltration.” Offers Sebastian

“But that reaper keeps you from moving freely at night.” Reminds Selima. Woe was her. He had been stunting the growth of their physical relationship. Every time they tried to sneak out, he would be at the ready, scolding Sebastian, saying something like two of them was bad enough, he didn’t need any baby demons running around.

“A reaper’s presence does not prove them guilty. Behave yourself.” Selima slips her arms around his waist, and rests her chin on his shoulder. She gives his ear lobe, one of his sensitive spots, a slight nip of affection.

“That means you too.” Points out Alette, slightly disgusted by their display of affection. Selima frowns and pulls away.

“Very good.”

“The time to strike is during the show.”

“They’ll all be too occupied to notice a small stage hand missing.”

“Exactly. First I need a way to slip free of that freckled chap who tails me everywhere.” Alette looks at him in confusion. Chap?

“If I can’t go, there’s no point. Alette and Selima will be one of the main acts. I want to get home and eat something sweet.” Ciel sighs as the nostalgia of the Phantomhive manor hits.

“I’ll prepare you some hot tea as well.”

That night the four ran about wildly, preparing and helping others prepare. Selima and Alette sat outside tents away from prying eyes and practiced.

“Anyone seen my headpiece?”

“Here it is.” Delivered Sebastian

“Oi there aren’t enough knives! Where are the spares?” called Dagger.

“Here!” replied Ciel, rushing over with a box half his size.

“It’s almost show time, so look lively!” Ciel sat down hard breathing heavily;

“Too much for you?”

“The question is whether I’ll collapse from exhaustion before I check the tents.” He almost smiles, more like half a smirk but Alette accepts it. He notices their opportunity, and runs up to Sebastian.

“Sebastian! Freckles isn’t watching. Let’s check the tents now.”

“If you move quickly you can finish in ten minutes.” Alette departs as the show is about to begin. Just as the other two were about the take off, they are spotted.

“Black! We’ve got trouble! Old Wendy twisted ‘er ankle! The show is already on so I need ‘ee to take her place!”

“But surely I’m not a fit substitute…” protests a modest Sebastian.

“Fit and ready me ‘ansome. We’ll count on ‘ee. Plus you’ll get to work with that pretty lady of
yours.” He runs past them still toting an injured Wendy. Ciel falters, his plan has gone to waste, “ee haven’t much time so be quick!”

“Nothing for it, I’m afraid. We’ll have to find another chance, young master.” Apologizes Sebastian.

“Young master?”

“We don’t know when the next chance will come. This may be the only time he isn’t with me.”

Sebastian smirks a little. If he couldn’t realize that Freckles was a girl on his own, what was there to be done? “You may be in the show, but I have some time. The only trouble is the snakes…right, come with me, Sebastian”

“At once.” Despite the fact they were short on time, they ran to the man named Snake’s tent.

Sebastian had them all tied up in knots and out of the way at once. Ciel silently thanked the cursed heavens that it was his own butler here and not Selima, for she would certainly steal all the snakes.

Hell, if even Alette were given the task she’d faint. “This is all of them.”

“According to the program, your act ends at 7:50 and the encore begins at 8:00. So you have about a ten minute window.”

“To do what?”

“As soon as your act ends, release all the snakes and go back for the encore. I’ll look through the tents.”

“Will you be alright by yourself?” Ciel shudders, genuine concern from a demon? No, it was concern for his soul.

“Fine. Now get back to the show tent- they’ll be suspicious if you’re late.”

“Very good, my lord” bows Sebastian. When he enters the tent, he is met with the pleasant sight of Selima adjusting her stockings. His view is then blocked by the reaper.

“I thought Miss Wendy was the only one injured?” Sebastian snottily asks, raising his nose at the reaper.

“Right, but old Peter obviously can’t hold your weight!” Damn, he was right. He was a 6’1 man and Peter was just a boy.

“I don’t see why I should have to pair with you.” Condescends Will.

“I don’t like it either, but It can’t be helped.” Sighed Sebastian, sucking it up and deciding to be the mature one.

“Honestly I can’t believe I have to collaborate with such vermin.” Selima and Sebastian both glare at the ignorant reaper. Sebastian pops open his pocket watch.

“Half seven…” he mutters. He looks up to see Selima swinging back and forth with another man who he did not recognize. This was a mundane task for her, her hair flew back and forth as she swung upside down. The man leapt from his position on one of the swings, for Selima to catch him. Midair, he makes squeezing motions toward her breasts. She frowns, snatches him up, and flips him over so they switch positions. The crowd stares in awe. When it is Sebastian’s and Will’s turn, things go less smoothly.

“What are you doing?”

“I’d sooner die than take the hands of a vermin like you.”

“That hardly makes for a good show!”

“Hmph!”

“What are those two doing?” huffed Beast. She knew this show would be a disaster if they put him in there. It was then her strings snapped.

“Miss please go change!” insisted Dagger.

“I suppose I’d better.”

“Oh dear.” Sighed Sebastian “Stop this nonsense and put out your hands!” yelled Sebastian.

“I told you, never!” He protested, threatening to use his death scythe if necessary. “My fingers would rot!”

“Very well.” Replied Sebastian “Then you’ll have no objections to this!” Sebastian then grabbed his death scythe and flipped Will the Reaper over. The entire crowd gasped, clearly horrified and concerned for his safety.

“Unhand my death scythe!” he called, dangling.
“I’m afraid not.”
“Let go!” Will demanded, hurdling toward Sebastian.
“All right.” Conceded Sebastian. Both flipped backwards and landed on their original spots. Everyone starts to clap and yell, Selima included. As if that reaper could outsmart a demon!

Later that night, Ciel relayed everything he had found out in the tent, including his own name, how he had accidentally touched Freckles breast, and how he was now apparently a thief. A heat rose to her cheeks for some odd reason she could not identify. She was usually so composed but something about his story made her…jealous?
“Words are tawdry. Let her prove she won’t say anything first.” Advised Alette. She then realized how heavily Ciel was breathing, the flush of his cheeks and the frequent coughs he emitted.
“The sender used the name Tom, the Piper’s son.” Revealed Ciel, still struggling to breathe.
“A Mother Goose character?” Alette remembered them, her mother would read them to her when she was well.
“Yes, though I don’t know why. And the sealing wax showed a crest with a horse and the initial K . Anything come to mind?” he sputtered. Alette wracked her brain but he could not think of any where both criteria were met.
“None, but are you sure you’re okay? You look a little pale…” It was as if she gave him permission to fall, for as he did so he collapsed into a coughing fit. He fell to his hands and knees, saliva dripping from his usually soft lips.
“Ciel!” cried Alette, and then Sebastian was there scooping him up. He then lost consciousness, the edges of his vision becoming blurry and then, sleep seemed so nice, so very nice. Alette sat by his bedside the whole night and when he stirred, she hopped up, but it was only a nightmare. She was surprised he had never told her about his asthma, after the year they spent together, but he was very secretive and even Sebastian did not know of his affliction. And after he gave the order, Sebastian made haste and exited the tent, where Selima sat, waiting. She remained perfectly still as Sebastian dodged the strikes dealt suddenly by Will.
“You again? Well this won’t do.” Sighed Sebastian.
“And where are you off to? I believe I told you not to wander about without your masters.”
“I’m afraid our masters are rather busy at the moment. As always, we have dirty work to do.” She smiles, exposing sharp teeth that are almost feline in nature.
“Return to your separate tents at once. I cannot allow a demon, let alone two, slip through my fingers.” He extends his death scythe, Sebastian ducks while Selima jumps. He should have known better, one reaper cannot occupy two demons at one, no matter how skilled. Selima strikes at him, which Will dodges with ease.
“Small mistakes can lead to extreme overtime, you see.”
“I apologize for the inconvenience, but really we have duties as servants. You will not interrupt our masters.” Affirmed Selima.
“And you really don’t want to cause a scene here, do you?” pointed out Sebastian. “Why don’t you and I make a deal? If you give us one hour of freedom, we swear to never eat another soul on your territory again.” Selima looked outraged at this notion, she had not agreed to this, but his look had silenced her. He was working on something here.
“No, thank you. Seducing your prey into darkness with sweet words is a demonic cliché.”
“I was afraid you’d say no. Oh well, I suppose I’ll explore other means then.” Selima smirks as he licks the blood from his hand from grabbing the death scythe, incredibly attracted to him.
Selima finds another way to get information out of Beast, and afterwards Sebastian and Selima share their first physical intimate moment.

WARNING: THE MAJORITY OF THIS CHAPTER IS SMUT

"Joker." Beast stands there, strangely covered up in a plain brown jacket. Joker spins around, surprised.

"What's wrong, can't 'ee sleep?" He too is covered up from the pelting rain, in a black trench coat and handmade scarf. Beast purses painted lips.

"Let's stop this." Joker narrows his eyes. "We have the circus. I know we can make a living!" She pleads, while advancing. "So let's wash our hands of this and run somewhere where father can't find us!"

"Over the hills and far away eh? We can't. And I ain't got no time to talk about it." He turns away and starts to depart.

"Wait!" Cries Beast, wrapping her arms around him from behind. Joker gives her a small smile and she almost blushes. She feels absolute despair, grief. She does not bury her face into his back, all too obvious and romantic but his scent wafts up; the sweetness of vanilla and the spice of ginger.

" 'ee sure ye be all right? This ain't like 'ee. Didn't we decide together? We decided we'd do whatever it'd take to protect what's dear to us." She digs her nails into him slightly. This was something that should be showcased in some play about heartbreak. Maybe, this is getting too pretty.

"But I can't stand to watch you suffer anymore."

Though she wanted to avoid cliches, she couldn't help but speak her mind. She was moments away from revealing her true feelings. Everything was in slow motion, she could feel her lips open, her stomach drop and chest flutter. "Because i--.

"Hast ye forgotten?" He grabs her arms and she feels her heart sink as rejection smacks her across the face, flagrant as day. "We can't go back now." Tears leak out of her clenched eyes. Joker gives her a pity smile, unwraps his scarf and hands it to her.

"The night air is bad for 'ee."

"Joker..."

"Goodbye." As he leaves her, she covers her mouth to stifle her sobs.

"Oh dear, are you crying?"

"None of your business! Piss off!" She tried to sound menacing but her tears streaking her makeup were counterproductive.

"It's no use, my dear. Pursuing men like that is a waste of time." He is there, arms around her waist. "They cannot return your feelings, so they decide to be kind. All the while hurting you more. Cruel, isn't it?" Selima is feet away, hiding behind a tent. Her hands are in balls of rage, her eyes clenched. She was seconds away from kicking this man's ass again. "How long have you been crying these sad tears? Carrying on a relationship that makes you maudlin?"

"What would you know about it?! "

"Nothing, yet." She goes in for a punch, not only does he dodge her attempted assault but catches her.

"Darling, won't you come out now? " he calls. He had sensed her presence long ago. But what fun would it be if he had not ceased his chance to not only tease her but infuriate her once more? Her heels click against the stone pavement. She was picking up speed, fury and he grasped the amount of
He smirks as the weight of her emotions came crashing down as her fist hurled toward him. He dodges her, using the woman he still held captive to shield himself. From the crack he hears from the abdomen and the oof! From Beast, he was sure even he would have seen stars had he not shielded himself. Sebastian releases the woman and she sinks to her feet once more.

"I can't believe you!"
"What's not to believe?" He chuckled.
"You were about to fuck her!"
"No I was not. Just keeping you on your toes, my dear."
"I'm going to hurt you." She threatens.
"You can try, but you know we are equally matched." She closes her eyes and a tear leaks out. It is then Sebastian pinpoints how much, he has actually screwed up. He strides over to her and wipes the tear from her cheek.
"You're a prick."
"But you love me anyway."
"I never said i--!"
"One can assume."
"You know what they say about assuming It makes a--."
"Anyways, my lord has ordered me to divulge a certain amount of information tonight. Get that information and I have a certain surprise for you, if you're willing." She frowns, and walks towards the woman, who had begun coughing up blood. Crimson spattered her jacket and hand. Selima kneels down in front of the woman and smirks. "You can either tell me about who your Father is, or I can make sure you never have children." Her eyes widen as Selima rolls up the sleeve on her jacket.
"Okay!" She squeals.

* * *
"Do you really trust me so little?" Asks Sebastian when the story is complete.
"I wouldn't have to if you didn't give me reason to."
"I do what I must to get my job done, but I'd never do anything to sacrifice what we have." He wraps his arms around her, though she was still mildly irritated, she had calmed down some. He had that effect on her. And she hated it. He rests his chin on her shoulder, and presses his lips to her cheek. "Come with me, my love. I have a surprise for you." In one swift movement, he bends down and takes her feet out from under her, picking her up bridal style. Selima let's out a giggle, and wraps an arm around his neck.

"What kind of surprise is it?"
"One I've been longing to give you for a long time." She smiles, and closes her eyes, feeling a lot more content in his arms. It is well into the night and most of the circus performers are asleep. They arrive at one of the tents that Selima recognizes is not Sebastian's or her own.

"Where are we?" She asks.
"My Lords tent. He is in the Infirmary and so is his roommate. I believe both of our roommates would be a bother and we do want privacy." She smirks, having an idea of what is in store for her. He lays her down on one of the beds and climbs atop her. She leans in and kisses him, passionately. He starts out kissing gently, lips slowly moving together. They melted into each other, slowly but surely. He raises a hand and runs it through her hair, playing with a curl as they kissed. She too wraps her arms around his neck, running her hands through his now messy ebony hair. Sebastian feels a hunger deep inside himself he had never known before. He wanted to take what he had no right to take. The kiss becomes heated, he presses her into the bed as things become intense. His knees pin her down on either side of her hips. He breaks the kiss, but not for long. He presses his lips to her squishy pale cheek, and can't help but smile. He moves down to her jaw, kisses the delicate yet defined outline of her face. His lips sink lower to her neck, as she gasps slightly at the pleasure; she never knew how sensual this could be. His lips are warm against her, he brushes his mouth against her neck, lower this time. She releases a small moan, Sebastian stops for a moment and looks up at her, usually so put together now a hot mess. He opens his mouth and drags his tongue across her.
Selima gasps again, as tongue meets flesh. Her breath had been stolen away, as he makes small circles around her sweet spot. She bites her lower lip, he slips his long slender arms under her, pulling her upward. She silently curses herself, realizing the indecency of her next actions. She wraps her legs around his waist, despite the fact she was wearing a dress. Even he was surprised by this; there were only a few cloths separating them. Sebastian feels a now familiar twitch in his pants at the thought of undressing her. He lowers his head and opens his mouth, sucking on her neck. He starts softly but gradually sucks harder; she tastes delicious. Of salt and smells of roses. He slowly gyrates his hips against her, feels a slight wetness. Selima realizes this as well: her cheeks flush. He smirks and she is overcome with a ravenous need of lust. She licks down his jaw, to his neck where she begins sucking hard. Sebastian closes his eyes, tries not to moan. She leaves several small hickeys, just as he had on her. Her tongue is enticing, licking up and down, swirling all around. A groan escapes him, Selima smirks in satisfaction. Again he pushes her into the bed, and presses his lips to hers. They move together in sync, bumping and grinding. It is Selima who licks his lips first, he is happy to oblige. Their tongues clash and battle for dominance. Saliva mixing, tongues wrestling they lay in Ciel's bed. Selima makes slow, small circles on his tongue as he goes into submission. He decides to take a chance, and let his hand wander. He pins her arms above her as her tongue explores his mouth. Sebastians hands slowly lower down her arms, he stops a moment to tug off his gloves, making eye contact with her and tugging them off with his teeth. His movements tickled her, he slipped his hands a bit lower and traces a hand along Selimas collarbone. She smirks a bit as he goes back to wrestling her for dominance. He lowers his hands and quickly runs them over her breasts, expecting them to be slapped away. But they are not. He does it again, not quite ready to squeeze. He continues downward, running his hands up and down her sides and waist. The heat between her legs was growing, she thrusts herself upwards a little into Sebastian. Their tongues around each other, finally she can take no more teasing, she grabs his hands and places them directly atop her breasts. He is so surprised he opens his eyes and stares. He gives it a slight squeeze and rubs a thumb over where her nipple is. Her eyes glow, changing from green to pink as he gently gropes her. He slides his hands downward over her stomach and stops at her hips. She runs her thighs together to soothe the growing heat between her legs. Sebastian gives her hips a little squeeze, breaks off the kiss and whispers "I can take care of that, if you'll let me." She bites her lower lip, in contemplation. It would violate everything she had stood for up to this point. But hell, she wanted it. So she thrust her body upward. He runs a hand over her smooth legs and up her thigh. It was as smooth as silk and pale as milk, he had dreamt about what it would be like for about a year now. She was always a lady ahead of her time. So he kissed her gently, gently as he could for a man full of passion. His fingers made small circles around her inner thighs. His own length was throbbing, needing to be touched but he would not ask such a thing from her, not until she was completely ready. He continued to tickle her inner thighs, then slowly runs a long digit over her covered clitoris. She sighs in pleasure "Please hurry..." She begged. He reaches up, and slowly inches her bloomers down, until they are around her ankles. She flushes, her entire body hot with desire. Sebastian takes a moment to stare, at first she keeps her legs crossed so he may only gaze upon her hairless vulva, but after some coaxing and prying he spreads her legs. It is beautiful, pale pink perfection. He runs a black nailed finger over her labia, teasing her. He can feel her juices seeping out. With one hand he runs it up and down he clit, she lets a moan escape. He notices her moans escape toward the top of his path and begins making small circular motions around the top of her clitoris. Back arched, eyes closed, she feels pleasure infiltrate her body. With his other hand, he licks a finger, making a show of it and positions it at her entrance. She braces herself for a slight pain but when he slips his finger into her she only feels an indescribable pleasure she had never felt before. She wraps her arms around his neck, moans lightly. He continues to rub her slowly, teasing. Sebastian thrusts his digit deep into her, feeling her walls tighten around him. She licks his neck again, and he almost groans. His member bulged, rubbing against her leg. He pulls out, licks his middle finger and thrusts them into her. He begins to speed up the pace of his rubbing, inside of her he scissors his fingers apart. That surprisingly evokes a bit of pain, but she embraces it. A foreign feeling begins building up inside of her. His lips touch all the right places, he begins to make a come hither motion inside of her, rubbing her clitoris eradicably fast.
She sweats, hips bucking she grabs a fistful of Sebastians hair. The knot in her stomach grows until it finally releases all over Sebastians hand. Selima would have screamed out, but Sebastian covered her mouth to muffle her cries of pleasure; they need not wake the entire circus. She pants, Sebastian is about ready to roll over and cuddle her until they both indulge in sleep, but suddenly he finds a long Raven nailed hand on his member. She rubs it slightly "You don't have to..." He muttered, but he could hear the clink of his belt being undone. He had created a monster, but who says all monsters are bad? Their lips crash into each other's once more, as she gently pulls his pants down until they are around his ankles, the bulge of his member is even more obvious then before. She places her hands on his hips, slips a finger on each side into his boxers. She smirks into the kiss, then tugs his boxers down. Her lips form a small o, staring at what is all hers. He was huge, long and pink tipped, veins popped out and there was a small amount of hair around the base. He takes her hand and wraps it around his length. She rubs it slowly, moving up and down up and down. He buries his face in her neck as she goes at a steady pace. With her other hand, she reaches down and massages his balls gently. A groan escapes him giving her enough satisfaction to go a little faster. She rubs his tip with her thumb, using his pre cum as a lubricant. He groans a little louder, the building feeling being heavenly. He thrusts his hips upward into her hand, moaning and groaning as she steadily got faster then slowed every time he would be about to climax. Finally, she rubbed him just right and he finally released. Her hand and chest became covered in warmness. He sighed in pleasure, rested his head on her shoulder. She moves his head so he may lay on her breasts, using them as pillows. After all shoulders were no pillows
Alette had finally slipped into the recesses of the slumber world. Her head had sagged and her eyes fluttered, her wavy hair fell forward. That was how the two demons found them, Freckles, or better said Doll, cuddled up to Ciel, Ciel knocked out and Alette with her head in her lap. Ciel’s face was still flushed, but his breathing had steadied overnight. Sebastian runs a hand through his hair, almost as a father would, waking Ciel from his seemingly endless sleep.

“S-Sebas-?”

“Good morning.” He smiled. As they had this small exchange, Selima gently picked up her master, who then jumped, as if she were having a dream of falling.

“What are you doing?”

“Taking you to your tent, my lady.”

“I, er can’t go back there.” She confessed. Selima raised a perfectly arched eyebrow, but got the message, not in front of them. She thought back to the night before.

There was a cool breeze blowing, ruffling both their hair. She was so use to bottling everything up, but at the prospect of danger embracing the only one she had grown close to… she had broken. Her resolution had crumbled once again, and who could she confide in? Ciel? He was cold and unconscious. Selima? She was a demon, focused on her soul, not her feelings. She’d say what she wanted to hear. So she turned to a complete stranger. They listened well.

“It sounds like you really care for him.” They commented.

“I guess I do.” She sighed, facing away from the mysterious comforter.

“He sounds like a difficult one to care for. He may never return your feelings.” She blushed, but at what?

“I don’t care for him that way! At least I don’t think…”

“Then you shouldn’t have a problem with this.” And as she pressed her lips to Alette’s, there were sparks, for one of them, at least. The other was just very confused. “Alette notices two people; one, a female who was fixated on her makes her think of an enraged bear. She has almond-shaped violet eyes that are like two windows on the evening sky. Her silky, straight, sand-colored hair is worn in a style that reminds Alette of a pile of shredded paper. She has an elegant build and her skin is cream-colored. She is captured by this older girls, maybe a girl of seventeen, eighteen…her beauty almost made her envious.” This was the girl she had been living with, Lucile Saunders. She had always been very kind and outgoing, the opposite of her shy brother. Her lips were soft, but this was not the type of comfort she sought. She was frozen in time, absorbing the affection of this woman she barely knew. The kiss was warm, but Alette couldn’t feel her fingertips. She was painfully aware of everything around her. And then she pulled away, as softly as she could, she then ran away. Far. She ran all the way to Ciel in the nursing tent until her throat was raw as she gasped for breath. She sat down on the chair she was found in, and contemplated literally every aspect of her life. Had she done anything in her time here to make her think she was interested? Was she interested? Girls together was almost unheard of in the nineteenth century and deeply frowned upon by her elders. She sighed then drifted off into sleep. That forever be her first kiss and there was nothing she could do to change that. Was she gay?

“You can use mine. It seems I’ll be here a while longer.”
“I’d advise against that, my lady.” Selima blushed, remembering her heated night in there with Sebastian.  
“And not necessarily, my lord. Your fever has come down.” Consoled Sebastian, changing the subject. Ciel inspects the empty spot next to him.  
“She must have gone to breakfast.”  
“Don’t worry about her. How are you feeling?” Asked a concerned Alette.  
“Not well, but better than yesterday.” He coughed, but not as bad as it was previously. Sebastian was there in seconds with a glass of ice cold water; the only temperature of water there was at the circus. Where he got ice cubes from was still a mystery to Alette. She then noticed he lacked gloves, and Selima’s sleeves were rolled up, both revealing their covenant mark.  
“Drink some water.” Instructed Sebastian.  
“Right. Where are your gloves? Your nails and the seal of our contract are on display.”  
“You too, Selima. What if someone were to walk in right now?” berated Alette.  
“Well, tattoos aren’t unheard of, and neither is nail painting, especially in a circus.” Alette frowns and Selima smirks a bit as Sebastian answers.  
“I got them a bit dirty, I’m afraid.” Selima rolls down her sleeves and pulls a fresh pair of gloves for both of them out of her purse.  
“More importantly.” Started Ciel, sensing he did not want to probe into the matter. “I assume you both got the errand done?” he sips his water slowly.  
“Of course. With ease.” Assures Selima.  
“No need to stay here any longer. Let’s leave while everyone’s at breakfast.” Alette sighs with relief, realizing she would not have to deal with the issue at hand from last night. Sebastian uncovers Ciel, and picks him up. “Ah that reminds me.” Alette pours herself a glass of water and sips delicately.  
“Not to worry—I’ll be sure not to tell Lady Elizabeth you shared you bed not with just one but two young ladies.” Alette chokes on her water and Selima giggles.  
“Wha--.”  
“Not to worry—I’ll be sure not to tell Lady Elizabeth you shared you bed not with just one but two young ladies.” Alette chokes on her water and Selima giggles.  
“Wha--.”  
“We’ll speak more once we’re home.” Replies Sebastian, picking up the remainder of Ciel’s peasant clothes.  
“Sebas--.” As they take their leave, they run into William, standing with back stiff, attitude full of rancor.  
“We’ve finished our business here, so we’ll be taking our leave.” Explains Sebastian.  
“Feel free, I don’t care where you go so long as your masters are with you and you are supervised.”  
“Ciel! Where have you been? You left for two days without a word.”  
“Welcome home, my lord and ladies.” Greets Agni.  
“That’s none of your affair.” Growls Ciel, still weary from being sick and having none of the patience to deal with this nuisance. He coughs again.  
“What’s wrong? You look pale.”  
“It’s nothing serious. Just leave me be.” Alette mouths the word ‘asthma’ to the Prince.  
“It is serious! You’ve obviously caught a cold, you probably have a fev--.”  
“No, my temperature is normal.”  
“You’re lying.”  
“No, I’m not!” yells a defiant Ciel. Alette simply follows the arguing Earl and Prince up the stairs as Selima went to prepare tea.  
“Ciel!” He frowns as Sebastian shuts the door in his face. Alette, goes to her room and tries to catch up on some much needed rest. She is interrupted moments from slumber by a knock on the door. She groans and Selima takes this as leave to enter. She serves her master her afternoon tea, then sits on the edge of Alette’s bed.  
“So you kissed a girl and you didn’t even like it?”  
“Shut up, Selima.” She snapped.  
“I’m simply saying. That no matter what you choose. I will be by your side. Always.” She
whispered. As if she was actually considering doing anything! Was she? “Think about it. I was planning on finding you a nice earl to marry you off to, but I can find a maiden just as well.” She winks, then presses her plump lips to Alette’s forehead, as a mother would. Alette turns over, then closes her eyes, and then Selima leaves.

On the other side of the townhouse, Sebastian and Ciel, who were attempting to leave the mansion, were met with a stalemate with Prince Soma and Agni.

“Not so fast Ciel! Don’t assume you’ll have an easy time escaping the house I protect!” reminded Soma, wagging his finger at the young boy. “I know you’ve caught a cold. As the viceroy of this estate and your dear friend, I cannot allow it!”

“Who made you my dear friend? Don’t be daft!”

“Agni, don’t let Ciel past you!” Agni unwraps his hand rapidly, making Ciel’s eyes twitch.

“Listen you lot. I have work to do! I haven’t got time to play games with you!” Ciel breaks into a small coughing fit, then raises his walking stick. “Step aside!”

“A sick person’s job is to stay in bed and be looked after!” argued Soma.

“I’m not like you. I can manage!” he sputtered, coughing.

“Lord Phantomhive! Please return to bed, my lord, these are symptoms of asthma, you can’t possibly be well!”

“Don’t presume to touch me! Sebastian get these two out of my way!”

“Very good, my lord.”

“Sebastian, you ought to be ashamed, and you call yourself Lord Phantomhives khansama?”

“Pardon?” drawls Sebastian.

“As a fellow khansama, no, as your friend I must speak my mind!”

“Did I ask your opinion?” interrupts Selima. “I don’t think I did.”

“The health of our masters is our first concern!”

“No, maybe in your country. But that is not the butler aesthetic in England. Butlers are hired solely to serve and to follow orders. Family and friends are for concern of health, and if you are truly so blissfully ignorant, you should shut your mouth and not presume to talk to my man as if he is failing in his duties.” Selima got closer with every bitter word spat. Then left in the midst of her anger, departed.

“What she meant to say was while your concern for my master is appreciated, we have different priorities.” Smiled Sebastian, cleaning up the mess Selima had left.

“I suppose the only way you can truly learn is from your own mistakes. My prince, we must leave Sebastian to his duties.”

“But Agni!”

“Come, let’s go.” Sebastian turns around, only to find Ciel passed out on the bed. He readies him for bed, then returns to Selima’s chambers. She sits on her bed, reading a book on asthma cures. He sits down next to her, and massages her shoulders. She purrs like a kitten as he does so.

“Both our masters are sound asleep.” He informs her, placing a hand on her knee.

“You’re frisky now, aren’t you?” she giggles. He places soft kisses on her exposed flesh. His hair hangs low, tickling her neck. She smiles, but then remembers… “I er...can’t.” He cocks his head to the left as his hand wanders up her skirt, only to be met with warmth, as he feels her tampon.

“Oh.” Was all he revealed, but she could tell he was upset. “But you’re a demoness. You have the power of the world at your hands. You couldn’t find a way to skip this?” She presses her lips to his, wraps her arms around him. This seems to rejuvenate him as he stands up.

“I’m in a human’s forms, my body acts as humans would.” He leans in a little and nips at her lip.

“Does this really mean we can’t do anything?” She chuckles a little.

“We’re not getting kinky. Not yet, anyway.” She winks.

“I have something for you.”

“If it has to do with the content of your pants, I just told you...”

“No it’s not that.” He disappears, then returns with a large snake plushy. She squeals and it is a miracle none of the other residents of the townhouse are alerted. She takes it, it is a slick poisonous green with raven spots, and red glowing eyes. She jumps on him, he falls onto the bed, chuckling,
arms around her slender figure. He presses his lips to her warm forehead, making her blush slightly, though not from fever like Ciel. She nuzzles his chest, feeling quite affectionate at the moment. They lay there in each other's arms, exchanging kisses and gazing into each other's eyes, making small talk. It was the perfect evening of uninterrupted affection. He kisses her, smiles then says “Let’s end this tomorrow.”
Her Butler, Careful Tending

Chapter Summary

Ciel heals, and they all go after the man behind the operation. Ciel is met with a grim surprise.

While the whole episode with Joker and Father played out, back at the manor Ciel stirred in his sleep.
“His fever seems to have gone down.”
“He doesn’t look so pale and his breathing isn’t as ragged as it was yesterday!” acknowledges Alette, optimistically.
“He should be all right.” Recognizes Sebastian. “They do say that sleep is man’s best medicine. I won’t wake him, then.” Agni then apologizes to Sebastian, as he already had to Selima. Though Soma’s speech about kindness got a much more alarming reaction from her than it did Sebastian. It was during then that Ciel awoke for a small bit, to Alette stroking his hair.
“Did your butler kiss you?” asked a bewildered Ciel, confused by the sudden affection.
“Wha— “She tried to deny it, but once she looked in the mirror and saw a huge lipstick mark on her forehead, she knew she was toast. She would make that butler pay, Sebastian included who hadn’t said a word to her about it in all the time he was there. Ciel then hopped out of bed.
“What time is it?”
“Just past seven in the evening.” Replied Alette. Meanwhile in the hallway, Selima let out a low titter.
“He told you to be kind as well?” she asked.
“Yes, and to coddle him.” Sebastian smiled.
“Oh, I dare you to go coddle him.”
“Sebastian! Why didn’t you wake me?” called Ciel. Sebastian sighed, and entered the room carrying candles in one hand that lit up the room, and food in the other.
“I judged that as your butler, I ought to put your health first.” He smiles kindly and wraps a blanket around Ciel.
“What?”
“Tonight’s dinner is a creamy three mushroom risottos, and a pork and wine pot au feu. For pudding we have warm apple compote with yogurt. Now young master…” Alette could tell from the smell that Selima had cooked this. She was wondering about her own dinner when Sebastian attempted to feed Ciel. “Say ah.”
“Wh-what are you playing at?” growled an uncomfortable Ciel.
“Oh, is it too hot? I’ll cool it for you.” He begins to blow on the ladle. “Goodness gracious what a spoilt child you are.” He chuckled. Selima heartily laughs, Ciel is appalled while Alette is just confused.
“You’re being revolting and I order you to stop this instant!” commanded Ciel, with a few twitches of fury.
“Prince Soma told me that the ill should be coddled and lavished with kindness. You don’t like it, my lord?”
“Spare me the coddling. It makes my skin crawl.”
“Why would you listen to that nutty Prince? Their relationship dynamic is much different than yours.”
“I suppose you are right. I do apologize, my lord.” Alette waited outside for a moment while
Sebastian dressed Ciel. She had felt uncomfortable being naked around Selima ever since she hit puberty. The only thing she was assisted with was the lacing of her bodice and sometimes her undergarments. But then a thought crossed her mind; had Ciel gone through puberty yet? He was just thirteen, the typical age… Then the door opened and out strode Ciel, clad in blue that matched his eye.

“Let’s get this over with and go back to the manor.” When Prince Soma tried to stop them, Ciel just talked his way right through him.

“Ciel! You’re trying to leave again, aren’t you?” he shouted.

“Great, the noisy one…” he whispered to Alette, causing her to snicker.

“You’ll ruin your health at this rate!” He argued.

“I hear you stayed up all night nursing me?” cooed Ciel. Alette scoffed, she had as well, where was her gratitude?

“Huh? Yes…”

“Thank you. I’m now as fit as a fiddle, thanks to you.” He seemed to take on a new aura, like he was glowing with health, as a baby would.

“Oh! Thanks to me?”

“I guess skilled nursing really speeds to recovery!” Alette was about to speak up when Ciel dragged her down the stairs and out the door.

*                                                                                          *
*                                                                                          *

“So this is their estate?” Ciel questioned, just as their butlers set them down. “Well, does it smell?”

“Yes, past my lady’s perfume, I can sense they’re here. Perhaps not all of them, but those that are here seem well.” Ciel ascended the stairs one at a time dramatically. Alette was ahead of him in no time. Joker creaked open the door, sending shivers down Alette’s spine; she had a bad feeling about this place.

“Welcome to the manor. We’ve been expecting you, Lord Phantomhive and Lady Vamphina.”

“Joker.”

“Please, come in.” he beckoned. Selima stepped in front of the children and led the way, just in case anything was to happen. He slowly shut the door behind them, immersing them in darkness. After an amazing display of fire and light, the real nature of the manor was revealed. Dolls and parts hung and lay thrown about.

“What is this…?!?”

“This way, please.” Alette was almost afraid, if she didn’t have Selima by her side, she would have run. They knew her true identity now. And they were obviously angry they had betrayed them, not to mention how creepy this place was and the fact that they were kidnappers. But Selima was there, and so long as that was true, nothing vital would happen to her.

“Would you wish us to ambush them and rescue the children now?” asked Selima in Alette’s ear.

“No, if we were to do that, it might cause too many unanticipated events, this must be carefully planned. Plus, I doubt we’d be able to find our way out.”

“Carefully planned?” You just woke up Lord Phantomhive and ran here, you do not have a plan, my lady.”

“It really is true. ‘ee can’t judge people by appearances. Kids like you? Villainous nobles, Queens Scorpion? Who would have thought?”

“I don’t tolerate servants speaking with me so familiarly.”

“‘ee be a noble all right. Though the lady here is much kinder and tolerable, noble or not. Dinner is ready. Please.” Joker seats them, pulling out two chairs for them to sit.

“Here he is.” The door swings open, revealing a very deformed man, covered in what must have once been ivory bandages but were now loose, brown with dried blood and encrusted in dirt.

“L-lord Phantomhive! L-lady Vamphina! You came! It’s like a dream, having someone of your status so close to me! I’m embarrassed to meet you looking like this…” Lord Kelvin twiddled his thumbs, the rose in his right pocket of his burgundy jacket was overly fragrant.

“You’re Lord Kelvin?” inquired Ciel. Alette half expected him to whip out a knife and go after him
upon his confirmation.

“Ah! That’s right! The formality makes me feel a bit shy…I’ve prepared a feast for you!” he wheels himself toward the other end of the table. Joker and several other children matching the descriptions of the police report walked in with dull, dead eyes, carrying immaculate, mouthwatering food. Wine was poured, except for Ciel and Alette. Selima would not allow them to drink, much to the irritation of Ciel. “This is an 1875 vintage! Wine from the year you were born! Too overblown, do you think?”

“It appears the police have not grasped the vicinity of how large this really was.” Whispers Selima. Kelvin grabs a juicy lobster and cracks it open.

“They seem--.”

“Oh I know!”

“A meal without entertainment will bore you, won’t it? Joker! Put on your show.”

“W-what? B-but--.”

“Just do it.” He ordered, taking a bite of the vulnerable meat he had exposed.

“Of course.”

“Welcome Lord Phantomhive and Lady Vamphina!” welcomed Joker, swinging about his baton.

“Tonight we’ll take thee to a world of enchanting imagination!” The curtain arises, revealing several children in a rainbow of colors and masks. Kelvin vigorously claps with enjoyment. “First our tightrope walker! No safety net tonight, me lovelies! Its bona fide-” He is cut off by a sickening crack from behind him as bone met solid floor and cracked, killing the little girl. As the cadaver is dragged off stage, a steady stream of blood trickles from the open wound in her head. “Next our lion tamer!” His voice wavers with reluctance. “Watch as he masters the savage beast!” Alette was horrified, she did not want to watch children meet their ends over lobster. She knew all too well the lion would maul the boy before it happened. The red separator was removed and the lion pounced, sinking its jaws and pointy teeth into his flesh. Kelvins laughs and claps were appalling, and only getting louder. “And now, our knife thrower. What will become of this maiden on the cross?!”

“Someone…please…anyone. Stop this…” mumbled Alette. Selima’s eyes widened. It was the words she was screaming when she was summoned. She moved before Ciel ordered Sebastian, before Sebastian so much as twitched, before Alette and Joker had uncovered their eyes to see the knife between her teeth, as a Spanish dancer would do so with a rose.

“You’re the Cornwall girl, aren’t you?” she asked, removing the mask to get a hint at her real expression. She could sense the girl’s heartbeat, it was racing.

“S-sorry! You didn’t like this either? Joker! Clean this up at once!”

“I’m done here.” Snapped Ciel. He saw the way Alette had flinched, shed a tear. He would pay for that. He hadn’t known her long, but seeing people like that, in a vulnerable state made him uncomfortable. “I’m not in the habit of sharing the table with riff raff lower than farm animals.”

“W-what? What’s wrong?!?” Ciel took on a dark aura, as if he were a demon about to feast.

“This will do for my report to the queen: I found the vulgar, unsightly, foul, perverted brute, and I disposed of him.” Alette jumped up so the chair fell. Ciel pulled out his gun, cocked it and put his finger to the trigger, aiming it at Kelvin, while Joker rushed to his aid, Sebastian placed a knife to his throat, threatening him.

“M-my lord? Joker! Don’t point that dangerous thing at the earl!”

“But— “

“You dare disobey me?” Meanwhile, Selima gathered the children. She removed their circus outfits and restraints. Sebastian smirked and pressed the knife a little harder into the mans throat.

“Lord Kelvin, where are the children you kidnapped?” inquired Ciel, as Joker dropped his sword.

“Hmm? Oh! You wanted to meet them? They’re in the cellar—I’ll take you there right now. There’s something down there I wanted to show you anyhow.” There was a special gleam in his eye, something dangerous, they could tell. But what could happen when their butlers were with them? “It’s like a dream, getting to chat with you like this!” They descended into darkness.

“Save your breath and take me to the children.” Knife still pressed to Joker’s throat and gun still aimed at Kelvins head, they descended into the darkness of the cellar.
“R-right, sorry. But I’m just so happy… I’ve been filled with regret ever since that day. I keep thinking “Why couldn’t I be by your side then?”

“That day?” “By my side?” What are you on about?”

“No amount of regret can turn back time.” What loomed beyond the door, Alette will never forget. It enticed her, scared her, but most of all scarred her. “But I realized something;” The children pushed open the door.” If we can’t go back, we can just do it again! Here, look! I’m afraid it took me three years to get ready.” Everything came at him at once, the flood of memories rendering him helpless. He began to violently tremble, head to toe, affecting even his walking stick. The children looked dead on the inside, as he had been. What had he done to these poor souls? In his memory, the gleaming brown table was stained crimson, splatters of it everywhere. There was a man with a sharp knife raised, a piercing white hot poker that seared his skin. His screams reverberated throughout the tainted room, he tasted metal. He was in a cage, reaching for someone, anyone…

“Now Lord Phantomhive, let’s repeat that day three years ago!”
Selima is ordered to defend the Phantomhive manor and in her absence Alette may come face to face with death

“You know my lord; I remember perfectly the first day we met. Yes, it all started on that day five years ago.” He briefly explained their minimal encounters and how he had fallen for the Phantomhive family. Alette became more and more appalled at this man’s desperation. “I’ve never been able to forget that pain. I, who gave up everything to meet you, was the only one who couldn’t. Why is fate so bent on keeping us apart?” I wondered. And then, on that day, they were all gone.” Ciel looked sardonic, absolutely irritated. “It was you who killed them wasn’t it, my lord?” Ciel could still taste metal, the crimson splattered all over the walls. “How I envy them. A beautiful end, with the cold moon at their deathbeds. Please, make me one of them.” He pleaded. Sebastian held a knife to Jokers throat, the cold metal kissing flesh, making scarlet bloom forth.

“Selima, go back to the Phantomhive estate.” Whispered Alette.

“But, my lady—”

“Sebastian will protect me. This is an order. Assist the servants.”

“I promise, Sebastian.” She whispered.

“Promise me, Sebastian.” He replied. Selima nods, then disappears into the night, running at an ungodly speed.

“Look! I’ve prepared everything just as it was then!” he extends his arms and welcomes death. “The ritual chambers, the lambs…And finally my lord, you!” And just as Ciel was about to pull the trigger, Alette tackled him.

“You fool! What If I had shot you?”

“Don’t do this!” she yelled. “It’s what he wants. And it’s not healthy.”

“Get off of me, Alette. “He commanded.

“I’m not your servant. I don’t follow your orders.” She growled, pinning him down.

“Sebastian!” he called, struggling. She leapt up, drawing a knife she always concealed. It was not a woman’s world, after all.

“Nooo! Please, my lord! Please let it be you—oh!!” He made a soft cry of pain as she plunged the knife into the soft squishy flesh of his stomach. Blood spread outward quickly as Kelvin clutched his stomach and fell forward. Ciel was shocked as well. He never knew she had murder in her.

“Father!” cried Joker. He rushed forward, evading Sebastian’s knife and pulling out his own blade. Within seconds, he slashed at Alette, who only moved slightly. Blood sprayed everywhere as he cut into her chest. She stifled a scream, she would not give him the satisfaction. It stung, throbbed, stabbed, it HURT. She collapsed to her knees, watching in almost slow motion as the blood seeped through her violet shirt; it had been one of her favorite casual clothing. She tried to dress up, but Ciel suggested she not, since they were dining with such vermin. Before Joker could proceed any further, his arm detached from his body, and burgundy stained his perfect white sleeve, pain extended up his arm, more so where his arm used to be. Sebastian’s’ knife sliced it clean off.

“Stay out of my master’s way please.” He growled, irritated he may have broken his promise.

“It hurts, my lord. It’s agony!” Ciel shuddered as the man crawled toward him. “Please! If you’re going to kill me, at least do it by your hand! Give me the death they had!” He felt numb, despite the fact maybe his only friend in the world was bleeding out, he could not bring himself to go to her side.

“The death they had?” Sebastian rushed in, realizing how screwed he would be if this girl died, he began to put pressure on her would, causing her to groan in pain. Her vision was growing hazy.
“Then you best prostrate yourself like the worm you are, and beg a demon.”
“Please! Don’t kill him!” screamed a desperate Joker, dragging his stumps across the floor.
“Whatever else he may be, he’s our savior! Abandoned by our parents, abandoned by the state… He saved us from the daily fear of starvation.” Ciel frowned, having no sympathy. He couldn’t help but wonder, though, what it was like to be saved by someone. He glanced at Alette and wondered if this girl had what it took to convince him to relinquish his revenge, and to let go of hatred. He’d never found out if she died here. For once, he would do the saving for her. “We have lots of brothers and sisters back at the warehouse who are still young! They can’t live without him! So--”
“So that’s why you kidnapped all those children? To save your own skins, you obeyed him and sacrificed others.”
“That’s right. England is a living hell for people born like us. We had nothing. No money for bread, no arms to shield our friends with. But father rescued us from the streets, gave us hands and feet to defend those we care about. That’s why we decided to live. Even if another hell is waiting for us… I’ve known all along what we were doing was wrong. But I--.”
“You aren’t wrong.” Asserted Ciel. “You fought to protect your world. What’s wrong with that? In the end, justice is just, an official line taken by those in power to serve their own ends. No one’s looking out for others. If you’re careless, you’ll be robbed. There are two types of people in this world. You are weak or you are mean. Those who steal and those who are stolen from. And today, I steal your futures. That’s all this is.” Joker fell over in a fit on hysterical laughter.
“Yeah, you’re right.”
“But guess what? You’ll lose something precious tonight too.” Ciel’s heart almost stopped as he glanced toward Alette, who now lay in a puddle of her own vital fluids. “Not only is she dying, but the troupe is on her way to your mansion! How do you think we captured all those kids without getting caught? All the witnesses disappear.”
Selima watched from the trees as the troupe approached on the horizon. Watching. It was in that moment, everything changed.
“Huh? A guest this late at night?” Jumbo glares at the small boy, greatly underestimating him. “I’m sorry, my orders are to not let any strangers in while the master is away. Could you come visit another time?” asked Finny sweetly, almost endearingly as he rubbed his eyes.

“We’re pros.” Gloated Joker. “If anyone crosses our paths for any reason on the job, we eliminate them. You two are the target, I wonder how many will be killed while they search for you?”

“Killed?” asked Ciel lackadaisically.

“Yes, everyone, even the servants.”

“My servants?” continued Ciel incredulously. Sebastian chuckled slightly, while Alette’s breathing became ragged.

“What’s so funny?”

“What do you take them for? Those are Phantomhive servants, and a Vamphina butler. Finny lay on the ground, seemingly dead.

“Forgive me.”

“Words cannot simply cleanse your soul, especially when you try to repent the sin of murder.” Jumbo swirled around, but found nothing. He returned to find the body gone, and a woman in all black, shorter than him, but with fire in her eyes. “Hello.” She greeted, before dealing a punch to the jaw that not only stunned Jumbo, but knocked him over.

“How can a woman have that much strength?” he wondered aloud. He tried to get up, to find Finny over him.

“You can’t do that, or I’ll get in trouble. The young master ordered me and I have strict instructions from Sebastian not to let anyone in. There was a pitiful scream, then a loud crash as Jumbos skull was crushed against the stone. In his dying moments he looked up, to see the dark woman again, her curly hair blowing in the breeze. That, was how he died.

“Yes, thanks for helping out while I recovering, Miss Lovelace.” She nods as Finny rubs the back of his head. “Aw, look at all this blood! That was mean, I hate being hurt, you know.”

“Peter, Wendy, run! This mansion isn’t normal!” he screamed.

“Jumbo! What happened?” called Peter and Wendy. They hop from tree to tree, until they see two people standing over a large hole in the wall. “Don’t tell me he got Jumbo?!”

“Please don’t shout at night, you’ll wake Lady Elizabeth.” Requested Finny, ever so politely.” They then stole his hat, he watched as it floated up effortlessly, seemingly like magic. Selma however caught a glimpse of the string,

“Dammit you’ll pay! How dare you kill Jumbo!”

“Dammit you’ll pay! How dare you kill Jumbo!”

“How dare you! I liked that hat.” Screamed Finny. In a fit of rage, he punched the tree. Cracks spread rapidly throughout the bark as the tree tumbled down. “Now I can’t hide it anymore.” He scratches at the ink tattooed upon his skin. “The young master gave that to me!”

“What the hell?!” yelled a confused Peter, Wendy and himself were not expecting such backlash.

“The young master never locks me up!” defends Finny, running after the acrobats with full speed.

“He never makes me fight death matches with my friends!” He thrusts his fist forward, breaking through the brick wall without so much as a scratch, not even a hint of pain. “I love this place!”

“What is he, a monster?!” shouted Wendy.
“He’s slower than we are though!” reminded Peter.

“So I made up my mind to protect it!” explained Finny, they fly over to the top of the enormous estate, away from the enraged Finny. He then charges the wall, defying gravity.

“Let’s go!” yells an alarmed Peter. “We’ll cut you in half!” It was then that the bullet fired. Peter did not realize anything had happened until he felt the warm spray of blood on his cheek. “Wendy!” He tried to run to her corpse, but was met with a shower of bullets. Selima sat perched with her sniper rifle, right next to Mey-Rin. Selima took aim again at Peter who was darting around, while Mey-Rin shot round after round at him without aim. She was a perfect shot without glasses.

“Damn it!” His flips and tumbles were the only reason Mey Rin and Selima missed so many times.

“From the roof of the west? Bloody hell, how big an army does he have!? I’m sorry Wendy, but the brat will have to wait.” He took aim and flew upward toward the West tower to confront his enemy. “What is this? These rifles don’t have scopes…But they still got her in one shot at this distance?” He walked around warily, searching for the enemy. He sees a flash of movement, then a bullet whizzes past his ear, nicking him barely.

“Always follow the young master’s instructions.” Muttered Mey-Rin. “Welcome the master every day with a nice clean mansion…that is a maid’s job. When there’s filth here, I get rid of it!” He puts up his arms in a futile attempt to shield himself from their bullets. He feels a hot flash of pain in his shoulder then a trickle of liquid as he realizes he’s been hit.

“We missed.” Sighed Mey-Rin

“It’s not over yet!” assured Selima. They reload and start firing once more. He clings to the tower by the threads of his string. Ruble flies down, hitting him in the face. He coheres to the tower for dear life.

“I can’t get close! How many shooters can they have?” he ponders. Peter peeks around the corner to see only two figures, one with bright red hair and the other dark curvy figure from earlier, the one that hovered over Jumbo. Was she death? “Two?! Then all those rifles were there to cut loading time. Jumbo was right! We gotta clear out for now!” He realizes. He swings his string to a nearby tower, then flies off. He thinks about the first time he ever flew like this. It was with Wendy. “These people are crazy!” he yells. “No, they’re not crazy. A roof full of rifles couldn’t hit Wendy at that range. Which means it must have been the sniper that killed her…” He makes eye contact with the dark figure, then feels the bullet pierce his skin. Then it all went dark. And that was the end of his life.

“Sounds like he has bodyguards.” Acknowledges Beast, clinging to the scarf given to her by Joker.

“Yes, I s’pose we should expect that from nobles.” Relies a stagnant Dagger. “Let’s let our elders handle ‘em, and we’ll find the target.” They run in, stealthily sneaking into the estate, only to be met with the resistance of Bardroy, who lights a cigarette.

“Hi. I’ve been waiting for ya. Finny took the back door. Mey-Rin took the sides. Which means you could only get in from—“ Dagger had had enough of talk; he was going to save and impress Beast. He throws a blade that would have been dead on, if Bard hadn’t moved. “Hey, that’s dangerous! I was still talkin’!” He continuously blocks the blades with his lighter, while Beast attacks from the left. He hadn’t done much in acrobatics or dodges in his life as a cook, but that didn’t mean he had forgotten how. He does a handstand then tumbles over, so that Beast’s whip evidently misses.

“Sorry, I’m not into that kind of thing!” He then dodges another strike. This girl was fast. “Damnit, everybody’s a Solomon Grundy! Tryin’ to live fast and die young! It’s a real waste, don’t you agree?” They look up, to see three ominous figures from above. One short and stout, one with bright red hair, one with glowing fuchsia eyes. “Finny, Mey-Rin, Selima, give ‘em what for.” They can hear the sound of stone scraping against the floor, and guns cocking.

“Who gives a maid and butlers guns?!”

“We do!” replied Selima, taking the time to polish her knives.

“Upsy Daisy!” yells Finny as he pitches the statue toward the two intruders. Dagger dodges as it lands right between them. He flings a few knives toward the one called Mey-Rin. She immediately shoots them out of the air. He is beginning to wonder where the third one is, when he dares glance up. She hangs form above, unscrewing the chandelier
“Miss, we have to run!” instructs Dagger. They take off, dodging Bards strikes and Mey-Rin’s shower of bullets. The chandelier comes crashing down where they were.

“All right, we’ll kill them later! First, the target!”

“Got it! Guess we better just check every room.” He decides. They twist the golden door knob and then hear the slightest ding; the ring of a bell. “It’s a trap?”

“Mey-Rin, the rats are in the drawing room. Go at ‘em from the west wing.” Commands Bardroy.

“Yes, sir.”

“Finny you approach them from the central staircase. And don’t get lost.”

“Yes, sir!” squeals Finny,

“I’m sorry, Miss!” Yells Dagger as they run. They then stumble upon the maid, guns ready and loaded.

“Dagger, get back!” She takes her whip, wraps it around the nearest painting and yanks it forward at the maid. She shoots it to bits instantly, not so much as flinching. Dagger throws a couple of blades in her direction, but she steps aside around the corner. Then the other dark figure is there. Selima, smirks at such a simple challenge. The daggers were losing their momentum; she catches them all without a problem and whips them forward. Then Mey-Rin is back, shooting the vase behind them to pieces. The knives barely miss, and would have hit them had they not dove. They turn to see the weapons stuck in the wall where they once were.

“Found the rats!” they hear a childish voice call. They turn to see the smaller one that had taken on their elders carrying two enormous statues.

“Him again?”

“Here we go!” he calls, throwing the first statue. Daggers weapons do nothing to the hurdling stone.

“This way!” screams Beast, diving into a nearby room. Instead of meeting a soft landing, they are met with hardwood stairs. “Ouch! Who are these people?” she wonders aloud.

“Please don’t run away!” pleads Finny as he throws another figurine.

“Hurry, Miss!” They plummet down yet another set of stairs to evade inevitable desecration by the pile of rocks. “All right, Miss?”

“Yes.”

“This place just isn’t normal!”

“Yes, the way things are going, the earl’s probably in hiding somewhere.”

“Just this once, we ought to retreat and regroup. Let’s get to the roof and meet up with Peter and Wendy.”

“This just had to be the day Joker’s not here!” She sighs. “Joker…” They peek into the kitchen and are surprised to find it occupied.

“Yo.” Greeted Bardroy. “Poor goose and gander. Must be rough, wandering all over the mansion! Guess my line is, welcome to the end of the world—the kitchen.” Dagger pulls out a few more knives while Beast lashes out and cuts the basket Bard is holding in half with her whip.

“You’re pretty cocky, facing us unarmed!” Dagger tosses one of his daggers and Bard blocks it with a metal bowl.

“Idiot! The kitchen is a chef’s sanctuary, where even a butler can’t interfere. It’s full of tools even a butler doesn’t know about! For instance…” He uncovers a large gun; one no one is quite familiar with.

“What’s that?” questions Dagger.

“Here I go!” He begins mercilessly shooting. “It’s the latest weapon. Ol’ Hiram brought it over from the States. With this baby, war will be totally different than it was in my day.” He fires off another round, and Beast is frozen in fear. She thinks to herself, asking why she was so conscious of everything at this moment, why she couldn’t move her feet. “You’re gettin’ a special personal meal from the chef—better savor it!” hemocks. He then takes the time to stop, after he has run out of bullets. Shrapnel lies everywhere. Including in Dagger. “It’s got great destructive power, but the accuracy needs some work.” He acknowledges. “Better tell the young master it’s not ready for mass production…” Beast opens her eyes; she hadn’t even realized they had been clenched shut. Her pupils shrink in horror at what she sees.
“Dagger!” she yells, noticing that his back is sticky and wet with blood. Even his hair was matted with it. He had saved her life in exchange for his own. “Dagger, you idiot!”

“Thank…goodness…you’re all right… Run…tell Joker…”

“Why? Why would you do that for me?” she sobs, she can’t help but let the tears fall at this point. She knew she was gone as well as her friend. Blood trickles from the corner of his mouth as her tears drip down onto his face.

“Miss…” She thinks back to the time when they were all cold, homeless, abandoned. She can’t help but sob for the loss she had not suffered. A tear leaks from the corner of his eye. “I wanted to take you…over the hill…” he explained. He noticed he was having trouble breathing. His hand falls limp and she screams out of pain.

“Dagger!!”

“I’d rather have met a pretty girl like you at a pub over some warm beer.” She turns around and with scorn spits

“I’ll make you pay!” She, in a desperate last attempt for her life, whips at him in anger. He dodges it by any means necessary, ducking, using flour…

“You think you can get away that easily?!”

“Nope! Finny!” And then the effigy came crashing in. Bits of glass shards pierced her arms and legs but that was nothing compared to the rage and sorrow she felt.

“Now all the prep works done! Told ya didn’t I? The kitchen is full of secrets. I’ll tell you one of them; the finer you grind a flammable powder more easily it ignites. When you get the right concentration in the air it might as well be an explosive gas. Have you heard of the flour mill incident in Minnesota that sent eighteen men to their maker?”

“Wait I’ll take care of her. Then you can blow the place up.” Pipes up Selima, who had been silent during his little monologue. She jumps down, feeling the impact shoot up her legs. That only motivated her. She had never liked this woman, for several reasons. And now, she’d finally get to do what she’d been wishing she could do all along. She whipped a few knives forward, but Beast whips them out of the air. It is clear that that will be no way to take her down. She allows her to think she has the upper hand, by not dodging her next attack. The whip wraps around her wrist but this only works to her advantage. She grabs the whip and yanks so that Beast loses her balance and falls. Then, she reels her in. She struggles, but ironically, that only makes it worse. Once she is in arm’s length she picks her up and slams her against the stone wall. She groans in pain, which spreads throughout her whole body. She feels nails, digging into the flesh of her neck. She chokes, as Selima removes skin, flesh, blood from her with her very hands. She couldn’t even scream in pain anymore, just choked on her own blood until her vision was blurry. She died painfully, her throat ripped out. She looks back scornfully.

"The only reason you've made it this far is because you've never faced any true opposition."

“Sorry, lady, but this is our job.” She apologized, not meaning it. Selima climbs out and as Beast clings to life, Bard strikes a match and throws it. The last thing she sees before the fir snuffed her out was Joker. Selima takes a picture of the scene, capturing the gruesomeness of the scene. Then she perks up, away from her satisfaction.

“The young mistress. I can’t sense her anymore.”
Her Butler, Serene

Chapter Summary

Selima returns to find her master near death. The Doctor reveals a secret that shakes Alette and Ciel to the core

Alette lay bleeding on the floor. Kelvin lay in a puddle of his own vital fluids as well. Ciel huffed and puffed with frustration, not knowing what to do. His only friend, lay dying at his foot while his two enemies still clung to life. Looks like he’d have to finish the job after all.

“Private...soldiers...?”

“Phantomhive is a shadow which exists solely to dispose of Her Majesty’s worries, aided now by the Queen’s Scorpion.”

“It’s sink or swim and you’re swimming with sharks.” Added Alette.

“Shut up!” growled Joker.

“You’re in the world of wolves and we welcome all you sheep.”

“You sure have a lot to say for a dying little girl.” Smirked Joker. He was so wrong she couldn’t even reply. She was not little; she was almost a woman grown. And she wasn’t dying…. was she?

“Once you enter our den, you can never return to the light.” She frowned at that. She always believed that, despite her sins, she could somehow return to the light. But not according to him. Did he believe in redemption?

Joker’s violet pupils shrank with fear at this realization.

“They’re pros too! They won’t be easy to--.”

“You’re free to believe what you like, but don’t forget, I choose them.”

“My butler was there as well, and she matches his abilities.” And as he watched his adoptive father bleed out, he couldn’t help but think of them.

“Please…live…” he muttered. “Even if I can’t…” It was then the sound of heels clicking against linoleum reverberated around the room. Selima approached, emotionless. She strode past Alette, to the bleeding men. She drops a handful of pictures. At first Joker doesn’t know what he’s looking at. Then he realizes, and let out an awful scream.

“I killed your children. I killed your friends.” Her voice was deadly quiet, almost dangerous. Tears leaked from the corners of Jokers eyes. There were pictures of bloody holes in Peter and Wendy’s heads, Jumbo’s body was covered in multiple lacerations and contusions. Beast had her throat ripped out, lying a puddle of her own blood, Dagger’s bones were charred from the explosion.

“What should we have done?!” he yelled out. “Like Tom the Piper’s son, we can only play one tune. We can only do one thing. But…maybe if we had been born in some other country…If we. If our bodies weren’t like this… We wouldn’t…” Tears streamed down his face as he sobbed, voice cracking.

“Don’t cry; it’s pathetic.” Chastised Ciel. “Crying won’t change anything. The world isn’t kind to anyone.”

“Smile?” It was now Alette could see how hard he had become on the inside, the loss of everything, his house, family, pride, had changed him, molded him into something dark. Would she be able to change that?

“I only have one name, and it’s Ciel Phantomhive.” It was then Selima walked over to Alette, who lay still, breathing slowly. She placed a cold hand to her master’s jaw and tilted it upward.

“Arise, and be all that you dreamed.” She whispered. Alette felt a sudden surge of energy, was this what it was like to die? Everything became clearer, she was more aware of her surroundings.
“Sebastian, you had one job.” She growled.
“I know, my lady. And I have failed you.” He fell to his knee in a deep bow. She nodded.
“Should she live; I shall forgive you for this misdemeanor.”
“Sorry I’m late! I brought more! Hmm? Black, Smile, Lady of Pyre, and Siren? What are you doing?”
“Stay away, Doc! They’re the Queen’s servants!”
“Hmm? You’re the ones?”
“Run, please!”
“What? Why?” Joker’s mouth dropped as he stood up, legs perfectly fine. “You’re the kidnappers and I only did what the baron hired me to. I have no reason to run.”
“Doc…your legs aren’t…lame?” stammered Joker as he quivered.
“My legs? Oh yeah, they’re perfectly sound. I’ve just been sitting in that chair…kids like you trust me more easily that way. Lord Kelvin!” He rushed to the bleeding man, putting a hand over the knife wound created by Alette. “Well, he’s done for. That’s just cruel. I’d finally found a patron that understood my ideals!”
“Ideals?” asked Sebastian, who knelt beside Selima. She was stitching Alette’s wound as she drifted in and out of consciousness.
“Right, my ideals! I’ve been working for years to make the perfect prosthetic.” He elaborated, a crazy gleam in his eyes. And after all that research, at last I arrived at the finest material. Lighter and stronger than wood, and with the unique sterile beauty of ceramic. I created what no one before me had been able to.” He saunters over to Joker and wistfully picks up his detached prosthetic. “The only problem with my material is that it was a touch difficult to gather.”
“Yes, your prosthetics did have a lovely texture.” Noticed Sebastian. “Almost like bone china.”
“You can appreciate this beauty, Black?! But you’re off the mark! I wish you wouldn’t rate my work the same as cattle bone china!”
“I do recall you saying you used special materials…”
“That’s right!” the doctor seemed ready to explode. He was busting to talk about his work, it was clear he didn’t get to often. “Special materials I can only get here!”
“D-do you mean?” asked Ciel. As Alette arrived at the same realization, she retched violently. It felt as if her entire insides were coming out, which only put pressure on the stitches, sending white hot pain through her chest.
“It saves the trouble of dumping them somewhere.” Smiled the doctor manically. “Brilliant recycling, don’t you think?” Alette looked up from her vomit to see a small girl, looking emaciated and sad. She wanted to puke all over again. Joker thought back to all the innocent children he’d lured to their deaths.
“It can’t be.” He lets out another scream filled with emotional turmoil, then slams his prosthetic on the ground multiple times.
“See? Another patient rejecting it.” Blood resumed flowing from his lost appendage.
“I can’t…believe…what we’ve…” Tears trickled down his face smearing his purple paint.
“And you were so happy to have this right hand too!”
“If I’d have known, I wouldn’t have…”
“You wouldn’t have wanted it? Are you sure?” It was then he lost the will to live. Traumatized by the truth, his family dead, he simply gave up and let the darkness take over him.
“Well, that’s the end of my job here. Oh I say! Lord Phantomhive! Would you hire me? In fact, introduce me to the queen! She is getting on in years, surely she could use some maintenance? I’ve got a record of successful experiments, and I do excellent work.”
“Shut your mouth, you scum.” Growled Ciel.
“Aw, are you another pigheaded type that cares more about the process than the results? What about you Lady Vamphina? Everyone sings my practices until they know!” He opens a cage and drags out the red headed girl that was looking at Alette. ”But the baron was different. He was highly motivated to seek beauty. And he spared no expense covering my materials and costs. He was a top class patron. Making top class product takes top class ingredients.” He picks up the girl and places her on
the table. “It’s just common sense don’t you think? “ Ciel’s mouth dropped to the floor as he raised the knife. He saw himself on that table, struggling. But the girl did not have the energy to struggle. He stumbled backward, shaking, eyes wide. “A cow’s bones are fine to use, but a humans aren’t?” He saw himself, reaching out, pleading, for someone, anyone! “Who decided that?” But then, the doctor let out a scream as did Ciel. Ciel began to gag. No one had been paying any attention to Alette. She had crawled over toward the doctor, opened the drawer, and stole a knife from it. That knife was now in the doctor’s stomach. He screamed as she raised the knife again, and plunged it into his soft flesh. Repeatedly. She screamed as well, in pure sorrow. She had killed two people tonight. Even when the doctor was dead, she could not stop stabbing. Ciel walked over to her, shaken. He placed a hand on her shoulder. It was then she dropped the knife, looked at her outfit, mixed with her blood and his. “It’s okay.” He whispered. And that was all she needed, she broke down sobbing. “Selima, get them out of here.” “Alette, they’re too far gone.” “No one is too far gone.” “That’s foolish to think.” “Not everyone is you, Ciel!” she yelled, a mess of tears and snot and blood. Ciel gently squeeze her shoulder, then fell to his knees beside her. “Sebastian, make sure everyone is dead.” Sebastian went around, cracking the skulls of everyone who lay around. They sat there, until she stopped crying. “You have nothing to fear now, Ciel. You’re outside the cage. Selima. Get the children out. Burn it.” The children were unlocked, carried out until all that remained was a hollow shell. Selima picked up Alette, and Sebastian did the same with Ciel. They both walk over to the flame, and soon the conflagration is swirling around them, hot to the touch. Sebastian’s mark glow purple while Selima’s glowed green. They interlocked their hands as fire shot up and around them. Alette buried her face into Selima’s chest, to avoid the smoke and ash. Sebastian leaned in and pressed his lips to Selima’s, sharing a passionate kiss before they exit the burning mansion.
Doll confronts the group about the murder of her family, Alette receives her own surprise

“What is this?” Doll sat atop a brown stallion, followed by two other people. “What the hell is this? Joker!” screamed Doll.

“Doll. No!” pleaded the other two figures. The taller one hopped down and tried to stop Doll, but was not fast enough. She got as far as the doorway before a wave of fire swelled forward. Sweat beaded upon her forehead, fire swirled around her causing her to feel the burn, she took a big gasping breath only to find solace in smoke, which made her cough. Then there were arms around her, pulling her away from this fiery hell. She looked up to see a girl with messy sandpaper colored hair and violet eyes, holding her, her younger brother staying back. It was then the pair of black butlers emerged from the conflagration, Ciel in Sebastian's arms and Alette clinging to Selima’s back, legs around her waist. Both of their marks were glowing fiercely, though Alette’s was the most luminescent, being able to be seen through her hair. Ciel’s hair was matted with sweat and clothes stained with soot.

“Smile? Siren? What are you doing here?” asked Doll, suppressing a coughing fit.

“Siren?” asked the girl. She ran toward Selima, and Alette loosened her grip and fell to the ground.

“I’m ok…” she replied weakly. Doll climbed to her feet, as Alette lay in the girl that had been her roommate’s lap.

“I’m so glad you’re alive.” She whispered to her, tears of joy glistening at the corner of her eyes.


“He passed away, I’m afraid.” Answered Sebastian. Alette was numb to everything by this point. She didn’t care that she’d killed. She just wanted to die in peace.

“What are you saying, Black?” Doll shook in her boots. “Smile, talk to me!”

“Don’t presume to touch me!” lashed out Ciel. She smiled, he was himself again. But then she realized; every time she touched him, he never yelled at her. That made her smile. And then the girl kissed Alette, her violet eyes closed, hands running through her wavy brown hair. But something just wasn’t right. There was no spark. No fireworks, like what she’d read about. It felt like fitting two puzzle pieces together that didn’t fit. Ciel stared, eyes wide. Everyone but Selima did, who smirked.

“Sebastian, what’s going on?” asked a very confused Ciel.

“I’ll explain what it is later, my lord.”

“Did you know there have been several child abductions along your circus route?” mocked Selima.

“We’ve been investigating them on the queen’s orders.” Elaborated Sebastian.

“You really are with the yard? You came to catch us?” prodded Doll

“Not quite.” Answered Sebastian.

“We came to eliminate you, erase your very existence form this planet.” Smirked Selima.

“In the name of the queen’s guardians.” Finished Sebastian. Both their eyes glowed a deep blood red.

“Queen’s guardians… Vamphina? Phantomhive?” What puzzled Alette most was why the woman holding her looked so confused.

“They’re just stage hands don’t hurt them! They never accompanied us” breathed Doll.

“I’m afraid we must be certain in all our endeavors” sighed Selima, whipping out her knives. “I’d say
your deaths would weigh on me but I’d be lying.” Smiled Selima maliciously. Alette closed her eyes, and imagined she was floating away. Days and nights just passed in front of her. She didn’t open her eyes when she felt the warm splash of red squirt across her face. She didn’t feel anything anymore. She opened her icy eyes to see the woman, impaled in the stomach, a line cut straight across so that her insides spilled out onto Alette. She wanted to cry, she wanted to scream. She wanted to be anywhere but here.
“Siren…” she gurgled.
“I never did learn your name.” whispered Alette.
“Charlene.” And a small smile appeared on her stained face. After all these weeks, she still did envy her subtle beauty. Even in death. “Please, protect Cory.” She turned around, but the small boy and his horse had fled long ago. “Alette.”
“Yes?”
“I love you.” And those were her last words. And all Alette could do was stutter. She did not know what love was. No one had loved her before. Not her mother, not her servants, not Ciel, not her butler. Not that she knew of. It then occurred to her how transient and evanescent everyone in her life was. Parents were dead, father on the outside, mother on the inside, her friends abandoned her, Ciel would die as soon as his contract was up, and so would she. When it came down to it, she had to buy her love.

She did not know how long she held the body for.
“We killed them.” She announced. “I killed Kelvin and the Doctor, Selima killed Jumbo, Dagger, Peter, Wendy, Beast. Sebastian killed Joker.” Tears overflowed Doll’s cobalt eyes as she stared at the girl with no pity. She had killed her family without a second thought. Her eyes almost spark with ire. She falls to her knees in front of the house and screams for her loss, sobs for her fallen family, all the emotion swirling within her added up to one thing; vengeance. They would lose something precious tonight too. She pounds at the ground, cursing the world for always taking everything from her.
“You’ll pay…Siren!” she knew exactly who was the weakest link, and went straight for her. She grasped the knife with shaky hands, and ran like her life depended on it. Her burn caught cold air and stung, but she didn’t care. Alette opened her arms and welcomed death; she would finally atone for all her sins. She would see Ciel, Selima and Sebastian in hell where they all belonged. But then she heard a sickening crack and a thud as the body hit the ground. She opened her eyes to see a shadow with glowing red eyes move quicker than the speed of sound. Doll fell, just beside Alette and her fellow circus worker. She thought of Joker, of Beast, of Dagger; all her family. She looked up to the stars and swore she saw them smiling down at her. She let one more tear leak and then smiled as she accepted her death.

“Foolish girl, if your seniors could not leave a mark on us, what makes you think you could?”

Alette awoke on a moving train.
“Ciel.” She groaned. “Where the hell are we going?” she attempted to sit up, but the wound in her chest sent white hot pain up and out her body. She repressed a scream.

“The warehouse. Are you alright?” he asked, as Sebastian peeled an orange. She realized her head was on Ciel’s shoulder, and she hopped up, causing her to yowl at the pain that caused. “Hey, quit being stupid and just stay still.” Ordered Ciel. Selima sat across from her, legs in Sebastian’s lap. He has two oranges in his lap, one peeled, one yet to be. Selima smiles as he feeds her bits of the orange. Demons did not need to eat but it could be a luxury sometimes, and not to mention romantic. Ciel stared out the window stoically.

“Might I ask you something, my lord?”
“What?”
“Why visit their old warehouse?” Ciel raised his eyebrows as if the answer is obvious, but Alette was glad someone asked. She wanted to know as well.
“It’s patron is dead; it can’t possibly stay open without one. Lord Burton or one of his lot will probably be willing to donate. And I don’t mind introducing them. And that’s all without the
assistance of the Vamphinas, which we do have.”
“Out of pity?”
“The aftermath is a Phantomhives job.”
“Really? You seem more accustomed to making messes than to cleaning them up.” Teased Alette
“That’s what butlers are for.” He shot back, smirking. He looks up to see Sebastian’s reaction but
only finds him and Selima with their lips locked. “What a revolting public display of affection.” He
comments. “Anyways, there is no need to sacrifice those in regular society to underworld affairs.”
Sebastian places a hand on Selima’s thigh causing her to giggle.
“I think you’re only talking to me now, Ciel.”
“Hey! You’re being unprofessional!”
“They’re too far gone.”
“How much strength do you think it takes for someone weak, let alone a child, to recover from a
situation like that?”
“It’s different for everyone. With the proper treatment they’ll be fine one day.”
“Sebastian is the only reason I got out alive. He brought the necessary strength.”
“No, he brought the strength out in you.”
“At least I’m not arrogant enough to assume I can save others,”
“I believe in redemption. Call me a fool.” She smiles.
***
“Less than
Do you believe in redemption?
Because all I know is contempt
I've been known as relentless
I'll come back from defenseless.
I've been told that I'm senseless.
But these tragedies are endless
I've been told that I'm reckless
And these words are aimless.
Been feeling pretty colorless
Meaningless is what this is
Powerless is the adjective
Do you believe in redemption?
Because all I feel is tension
Been feeling pretty restless
Been less than perfection
Summarized as deception
This feeling called apprehension
Known to lead to depression
This feeling is infection
I've Been less than your perception
All I need is redemption”
Alette closed her journal and locked it. She had never been much for writing but she figured it might
help her cope. The train came to a halt, and she stood up, journal tucked away. The butlers held
hands, and carried their master’s luggage. It was evident that this was a small village.
“Alette. I have a question for you.” Ciel strode forward, catching up to her. The butlers hung back.
“Yes, Ciel?”
“Did you love her?” Everyone goes quiet for a moment, as she contemplates the answer.
“No, she loved me. But all I found in her was a friend. At least that was what I think it was. I don’t
know.” she sighs.
“Alette. Don’t you dare think no one gives a damn about you.”
“What?”
“Renbourn workhouse?” asked a stranger with a five o’clock shadow.
“Yes.” Replied Sebastian “Would you be kind enough to take us there?” His smile made Selima’s nonexistent heart flutter.
“I’ll take ye since I’m on me way, but what’s a noble want with a place like that?”
“Just a trifling errand.”
“I won’t promise ye a comfortable ride.” Selima and Sebastian strode alongside the carriage. Alette could almost hear the echo of the song the troupe would always sing. The guilt weighted on her heavily. It got louder and louder until she thought she was going mad. Then the two children passed her and she realized it was them who was singing it.

“Oughta be on top o’ dis hill.” The stranger instructed as the carriage came to a stop. Ciel climbed the hill vigorously, and Alette lagged behind, finding it hard to breathe. Selima and Sebastian trailed behind leisurely, making small talk and enjoying each other’s company. They climbed and climbed as they fought the wind. Ciel and Alette’s jaws dropped upon seeing the ruins of what was once a warehouse.

“It appears Lord Kelvin was lying.” observes Sebastian. “Judging from the state of disrepair it’s been empty quite a while.” Ciel stare out at the unkempt grass, almost up to his knees, rustling in the wind. Sebastian picks up a lost teddy bear and hands it to Selima. “From the way the doctor talked, I would venture a guess that the orphans here were…” Ciel drops his walking stick and walked into the wind. He thought back to Joker’s pleads and an irrational smile creeps across his face.

“Ciel?”
“Young master?” He breaks out into a slow, maniacal laughter
“Okay first of all— “starts Selima
“Shhh, my love. He’s having an epiphany.” He breaks his laughter to talk once more.
“We’re just like them, Alette. We’re full of the same ugliness they were! This is how humans are. It’s how we are, Sebastian!”
“Yes, indeed.” It was then a strong gust of wind blew, swirling his ribbon up higher and high until no one, not Ciel, Selima or Sebastian, who was the tallest, could reach it. Alette looked up to the clouds and swore she could see them all staring down at her.

“Tom, Tom, he was a piper’s son,
He learned to play when he was young.
And all the tune that he could play
Was over the hills and far away;
Over the hills is a great way off.
The wind shall blow my top-knot off.
Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they all stopped to hear him play,
'Over the hills and far away'.
Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still;
As soon as he played they began for to dance,
Even the pigs on their hind legs would after him dance.
As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took his pipe and began to play;
So Dolly and the cow danced 'The Cheshire Round',
Till the pail was broken and the milk ran on the ground.
He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.
Tom saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and he played them a tune,
And the poor donkey's load was lightened full soon.”
“This weather is so unstable.” Notices Mey-Rin.
“This country gets nothing but stormy weather. Gloomy and overcast like this every da--.” And that was when the wall caved in. Mey-Rin exploded into a coughing fit from inhaling the drywall, making her façade as a clumsy maid look even more believable.
“Pardon the intrusion.” The smoke semi cleared to reveal two porcelain colored men, dressed in ivory. “Is Earl Phantomhive home?” The man had a choppy haircut, and feline eyes. He sounded like a child wishing for Ciel to come out and play.
“Who the hell are you?” asked Bard, assuming a defensive position.
“What, are you two going to entertain me?” He draws his sword and charges, and the next part is a blur. Mey-Rin throws the stew she had been cooking, but the mysterious white man knocks it aside instinctively. It spills all over the freshly clean floor. Boy, was Selima going to have a fit about that, she had just cleaned it. The man towered over Bardroy who was now on the floor, and raised his sword. He’s fast… It was flagrant that these were no ordinary intruders… Then again they were no ordinary servants. Mey-Rin cocked the guns she had stashed away and rapidly pulled the trigger. The man looked merely annoyed, as If this was just a big inconvenience. Shells hit the ground.
“Ah…Duel wielding pistols that’s so cool!” He grabbed a pot and ran at her, using it as a shield. And as he reached her, her guns shattered to pieces. “But at close range, I win.” As he was about to strike again Bardroy appeared behind him, wielding a sharp kitchen knife but he almost had a sixth sense, and back flipped over him. “Too bad.” He smiled. Before his sword could make contact with anything else, an unknown figure whipped a pot to absorb the impact. Bard got away, very nearly. Both men stare at the black butler.
“These custard cream puffs were made with fresh eggs from our household chickens. Please enjoy.” Smiled Sebastian. The man bit a chunk of the pastry off his sword then considered it carefully.
“They’re alright, I guess. Passable at least.” He begrudgingly admits. The other man kindly helps Mey-Rin off the floor.
“Sebastian, who the hell are these guys?”
“My name is Charles Grey.”
“And I’m Charles Phipps.”
“Together we go by Double Charles.” It was then Selima walked in. And all hell broke loose.
“Oh no…” whispered Bardroy.
“You should be afraid.” Chuckled Sebastian. She charged Charles Phipps and was on him before he could even blink.
“Hit her Charles!”
“But she’s a woman!”
“I’m more than a woman I’m one bloody good maiden!” she growled, as his face connected with her fist. He swore he saw stars and went down hard. Then it was Charles Grey’s turn. He pulled out his sword but with a loud snap and he was amazed to see it fall to the floor in two pieces.
“Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.” Smirked Sebastian
“Squeal like a pig, you little shit.” She muttered, pressing the heel of her boot into his back.
“Ouch!”
“You come into MY kitchen and screw up MY floor.” She roared. Sebastian interlaced their fingers
to calm her.
“Her kitchen? Don’t tell me we got the wrong house?”
“No, the Vamphinias live with the Earl Phantomhive as of recently. This is Miss Vamphinias butler, Selima Lovelace.” Explained Sebastian.
“I’d say pleased to make your acquaintance, but honestly I’m not too pleased.” Mumbled Charles Grey, as they both regained their balance.
“And who are you?” she snapped, hands on her hips. Sebastian placed small kisses on her hands and cheeks to try and calm her down. The men didn’t notice any difference but Sebastian could feel the anger melt away inside of her.
“We’re part of the Queens guards. Secondary butlers, if you will Nice to meet you.”
“That’s passable.” She turns on her heel and saunters out.
“Let me take you to the Earl of Phantomhive.” Smiled Sebastian, as the butlers got up and dusted themselves off.

“A banquet at the Phantomhive manor?”
“We’d like you to entertain Lord Georg von Siemens. He’s a German personage, distantly related her Majesty. And he’s expressed interest in British industry and private enterprise. We thought you’d be able to call the right of guests.
“I always host the balls. Alette, you do it.” Droned Ciel, examining a chocolate covered strawberry served by Selima.
“What? But I don’t have any of the right people or supplies or--.”
“I expect you can pull it off. You won’t be alone. But still, I doubt Mr. von Siemens would be comfortable being entertained by a stranger.”
“Yes, wouldn’t her Majesty rather entertain him herself?”
“Watch yourself, Vamphina. Are you sure you want to say that? The murders of those kidnappers sure do look suspicious. There was nothing in your orders about murder, was there?” Alette’s hands twisted into fists as she scrunched her eyes closed, regretting almost everything about that night. That awful night. “Isn’t this order a chance to redeem your image?” Ciel stares at her intently.
“Ok. I understand and accept. I will give him the complete Vamphina hospitality.”
“By the way, I’ll be participating as an overseer, so I hope you don’t mind.” Smirks Charles Grey.”
“I have no objections.” Sighed Alette, feeling utterly defeated.
“We’ll then we’ll be on our way.” Says Earl Grey, standing up along with his partner. “No need to show us out.” He turns around before exiting completely. “We look forward to seeing you in two weeks.”
“Selima, I need you to prepare for the banquet. Collect information on the most elite nobles and professional, clean up the manor and— “
“Wait. Sebastian. Find out everything you can about Siemens, no matter how trivial.”
“Certainly.”
“Why should we worry about Siemens? Isn’t he an acquaintance of the queen?”
“Those two have no credibility. We only know as much as what they told us. After the Jack the Ripper case, I suspect everyone.” Confessed Ciel, while watching as the two encountered Finny. “It looks as If Her Majesty intends to test us again.”
“She questions our loyalty, and our competence.”
“There’s a hidden meaning in this letter.” Noted Ciel, fingering the corner of the letter.
“And if we can’t predict the meaning of this letter…”
“It’ll ruin us.”

It was after MUCH preparation and research did Alette hold a ball. The Vamphina manor had fallen into much disarray since they had taken their leave and roomed with Ciel Phantomhive. Selima cleaned it leisurely over the course of two weeks, while preparing a menu and guest list with
Sebastian. It looked immaculate, with violet and ebony stripes on the walls and curtains, the Vamphina crest flagrant on the wall behind the two way polished wooden stairs, portraits of Alette’s predecessors and their accomplishments decorated the walls. Phantomhive servants decked out the place, since she had not had any of her own since her father’s demise. It was around eight when they descended the stairs.

“So what’s the Countess like?” asked the ophthalmologist/ writer with reddish brown hair and sincere eyes; his features were extremely meek.

“Oh, she’s a nice, ambitious little girl with bright blue eyes. But the real stunning one is her butler, though, she has a huge— “

“Mr. Lau, care to finish?” snarled Sebastian in Lau’s ear.

“Well. Uhm…oh look at that, It’s Miss Vamphina.”

“Lau, did you just call me little? My ears are burning.” Lau’s stomach was churning. He had no business getting tangled up in what was Sebastian’s. Alette was dressed in a blue dress covered in black lace, high in the front and low in the back. Her long hair was curled and in a high ponytail, she wore little makeup and jewelry. By her side stood Selima, in a simple red dress that highlighted her curvaceous figure. She wore more makeup and jewelry than Alette, her curls were all piled on one side.

“A child?” asked the writer, just loud enough for her to hear.

“That child is Lady Vamphina.” Replied Lau, trying to redeem himself. “the one who invited you to this ball.”

“My lady.” Interrupted Selima, trying to veer off her raging master from the innocent man. “Why don’t you address the crowd?”

“Fine.” She huffed walking away. She clinked her glass, which was filled with grape juice instead of wine, since Selima refused to serve the children alcohol. “Excuse me. I’d like to start by thanking you all for coming. I assure you while you are here you will receive the finest hospitality there is to offer. So if you need anything please don’t be afraid to ask!” She smiles widely and whispers to Selima. “Where is our guest of honor?”

“He’ll be arriving late, due to the poor weather, my lady.”

“Well. Ciel, you’ve done this before. Now what?”

“We can’t keep everyone waiting in the entrance hall…” he pondered aloud. It was then Mey-Rin rushed over, cheeks pink and hair tousled.

“Our guest has arrived.” The man walked in stiffly, Charles Grey behind him, smirking. He seemed unhappy and had a thick grey beard.

“Pleased to make your acquaintance. I’m Georg von Siemens. I appreciate the invitation.”

“Hey! Got everything ready for the party?”

“You’ve traveled quite a way, I’m glad to finally meet you.” Greeted Alette. “I’m Alette Vamphina.” She extends her hand. He reluctantly grabs her hand.

“We took the liberty of arranging a buffet style meal tonight.” Prompts Ciel.

“Who are you?” frowned Georg.

“Ciel Phantomhive, the Queen’s Guard Dog.” Ciel tried his best to keep his voice form wavering with anger; how dare someone talk to him that way!

“Mutt should be kept outside.” Growled Georg.

“If you’ll please follow me!” interrupted Selima, trying to dissipate the tension. The man follows Selima and Sebastian steps up.

“Now then, when I call your name, you may enter the dining room. He does not even have to squint to read Selima’s loopy cursive. “Mr. Patrick Phelps.”

“Y-yes.” He stammers

“Mr. Carl Woodley.”

“Pardon me.”

“Mr. Grimsby Keane. Miss Irene Diaz. Mr. Lau. Miss Ran-Mao.”

“See you later, then.” Departed Lau.
“Would you care for a glass?” offered Selima.

“Thanks.” It was then the man looked up and noticed her. She looked straight out of a romance novel, long curls and eyelashes, red lips. She had radiance, something about her that glowed (and no, it was not the gleam of the light on all her jewelry.) She was enchanting, it was no wonder the other butler was so taken with her.

“Nobles get the best of the best, even when it comes to servants. Can I sit here?” asked Alette.

“Sure, please—Countess?” He jumped up in surprise, but was careful not to spill any wine.

“Having fun?”

“Y-yes.”

“Please, take a seat. It’s much more comfortable, Professor. At least for me, it is.” She groaned, rubbing her, muttering about those damn heels.

“Ah, I’m really in no position to be called Professor. Yet, anyways.”

“I give credit where credit is due. So Professor it is. Unless it bothers you, in which in that case I’ll stop.”

“No, not at all.” He smiled, rubbing his neck. “This may be rude, but why did you invite someone like me to today’s party?”

“My friend, er…partner Ciel Phantomhive read one of your works. He was really quite a fan, so I decided to invite you as a surprise to please him. In fact, if you could autograph his copy, I think he’d really be pleased. His birthday is next month.”

“S-seriously?” he hopped up again, as if he was sitting on hot coals.

“Yes, if you could.” He sits back down and takes a gulp of his wine.

“Even so, that novel was extremely unpopular. I’m surprised he reads such common magazines with his high social standing.”

“Nobility has nothing to do with it. He’ll read anything that interests him.”

“I really want to write a historical novel, but…” He sighed as the bitter truth hit him. “It’s been rejected by many publishers already. It just won’t sell.”

“I can perhaps, assist?” she offers

“What do you mean?”

“If Ciel reads it and says it’s worth publishing, I happen to own a publishing company myself.”

“But it won’t sell.”

“Perhaps not. Maybe we should make a name for you first. Several authors are good for nothings, but get recognized because they’re in high standing positions.”

“Exactly! That’s exactly right! It’s simply unforgivable.” Yelled Grimsby Keane, getting way too close to Alette for her liking. “Obstinate old fools love to throw their weight around in our industry. But if acting was just reading lines, any amateur could do it. Don’t you agree?”

“Well, I suppose…” considered Alette. “I’ve seen a few of your plays. The set and costume design really are amazing.”

“Ooh, you appreciate my work? Just once, I’d like to work with such a discerning producer! You own a theatre, what do you say?”

“Sure Maybe, one day…” And that was when the night started to get interesting, just as Lau had predicted.
Her Butler, Grieving

Chapter Summary

Things get rowdy at the ball; Selima receives a devastating shock

“I said stop it! Touching me with those indecent hands! I can’t stand it anymore!” cried Irene, backing away, her mauve dress bunched in her hands.

“Oh, I’m so sorry.” Apologized Georg, red faced. Patrick stood in between them, looking awfully awkward. “But when you’re dressed like that.” He went in for a hug.

“Somebody stop Lord Siemens!” whimpered Patrick. Irene’s hand made contact with Georg’s scruffy face, the echo could be heard around the ballroom as all eyes were on them.

“Insolent lecher! You should be ashamed!”

“Sir, let’s escort you to your room for the night. Yes?” intervened Selima. And as the man saw Selima, he went in for a fondle. And as he went in for a fondle, Sebastian almost lost his shit. He swooped in, throwing himself in front of her to block the man’s hands. So instead, he squeezed Sebastian’s chest, which happened to be very uncomfortable.

“Mr. Siemens, please be decent, this is a banquet, people are here to enjoy themselves, not to be groped.” Carelessly interjects Alette.

“You conniving old man! Don’t you dare touch my woman!” Grimsby yelled, throwing a wine bottle at full speed toward Lord Siemens. Alette could feel her reputation slipping away; the queens relative getting hit with a champagne bottle at her ball? Then, Selima flipped over Sebastian, yanking the bottle out of the air and landing just in front of her beloved. Still in wedges, she runs over to, as the man flinches and everyone gasps, to the stool, hops up, and pops the bottle open. She pours the sparkling liquid into the spotless cups, and it drizzles down smoothly.

“This is a fantastic wine from the village pf Bvlgari in southeastern Moldavia.” Explains Sebastian. “I do hope you all enjoy it.”

“How elegant I didn’t even notice this structure! And this fragrance! It’s like I’m in a field of wildflowers!”

“It smells good! Will you give me a glass?” asked Charles Grey, approaching the structure with a smile.

“Me too.”

“And me.” After everyone is watered, Sebastian pulls Selima aside and examines her.

“He didn’t lay a hand on you, did he?” asked Sebastian, interlocking their fingers.

“No, you made sure of that.” She giggles, pressing her lips to his cheek, leaving a bit of a mark. He smirks. He wraps an arm around her waist, pulling their bodies close together.

“Do you think the party would be okay without us?” whispered Selima in his ear, her ear minty breath, making his entire body stiff.

“I’m sure our young masters would suffice without us…for an hour. Or two.”

“Oh, you plan to take that long?” she grins.

“I plan to do a lot of things with you tonight.”

“Honestly that man seems so austere, but this is how he behaves after a couple of drinks?”

“That’s nothing. You should see Selima when she drinks enough.”

“Demons can get drunk?”

“I didn’t know that either until she started drinking. She says it’s because I stress her out.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Snapped Selima, slightly slurring. She blushes as she realized.
“How much have you had tonight?”
“How much have you had tonight?”
“How much have you had tonight?”
“How much have you had tonight?”

“Enough to get a normal human drunk.” She muttered, sipping on a glass. Sebastian gives her a look
of endearment. She crosses her arms over her chest.

“You don’t know what it’s like to deal with a teenage girl!”

“Whatever.” Droned Ciel. “From the looks of it.” Everyone glances over to see Lord Siemens
holding onto Ran-Mao and Mey-Rin, Mey-Rin looked very reluctant and disturbed. “I’d say he’s a
repeat offender.” It was then the author, named Arthur, picked up their conversation, at least noticing
it's in French.

“Il est très insolent, s'il la touche à nouveau i willl retiens pas.”[1]

“Je comprends, mais ne fais pas une scène.”[2] Advised Alette.

“A en juger par son manque complet d'auto-discipline, il est eitther un imbécile complet ou
parfaitement impudique.”[3] Added a scornful Sebastian

“Je dirais qu'il souffre d'une condition qu'aucun médecin ne pouvait espérer guérir.”[4] Alette had
grown up in France, for the first five years of her life she lived in Paris. Selima and Sebastian were
fluent in many languages. French was one of many languages Ciel had been force to learn by
Sebastian.

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The party was starting to settle down, after Lord Siemens fell asleep.

“Selima, escort Mr. Siemens to his room.”

“Perhaps I should do it.” suggests Sebastian. But as he turns around he is awestruck to see she has
already hoisted the large sleeping man over her shoulder and was walking up the stairs as everyone
stared. Sebastian follows her up the back stairway, hoping he would not be missed. He catches her
after she lays the man on the bed and exits the room. She doesn’t even jump when he places a cold
hand over her mouth. She notices he has ungloved his hand as well, so she licks his hand. He pulls
away, so she can speak.

“I knew it was you. You’re not slick.” She whispers, so not to wake Lord Siemens. Before she
knows it, she is pinned to the wall, him staring down at her lovingly. He reaches in his pocket and
pulls out a box, and for a moment she thinks he is unbuckling his pants. He removes the silver box
from his pants pocket and pops it open for her. She grins, for even in the dark the glow of the red
gem could not be stifled. Her eyes glow the same shade of ruby.

“I thought it would suit you.” He whispers in her ear. He smirks a bit as he slips the ring onto her
index finger. Her lips crash onto his, and for a moment he is taken aback. Her lips told him what
words could not. She was immensely pleased. He places his hands on either side of her head, and
kisses back until she licks his lips, gaining entry almost immediately. She licks around his wet
cavern, running her hands up underneath his tailcoat, only the thin cloth of his white button up shirt
separating her hands from skin. They separate, both panting, he rubs the soft sensitive skin of her
inner thigh. She groans as he grinds against her. She trails kisses down his jaw to his neck, sucking
lightly. She is just about done leaving a love bite when Ciel and Alette appear.

“Sebastian that’s a revolting display.”

“Selima, be decent for once!”

“Why are you even up here?” sighed Selima, smoothing out her dress, clearly irritated.

“We’re children. It’s time for bed.” Explained Ciel.

“You’re only a child when it’s convenient.” Adds Sebastian.

“Shut up.” Mutters Ciel. Sebastian leans in toward Selima and kisses her with passion one last time.

“Don’t forget me.”

* 

That night Selima and Sebastian, along with the rest of the servants sat in the kitchen preparing for
tomorrows feast as well. Alette had ordered Selima to take the leftovers and make pierogis out of
them, a popular Polish dish that was spreading everywhere. It had been about five hours of long
work, but they were almost done. Sebastian was frying them now, he refused to let Selima do it
because he knew the burns that could be caused by the splashing oil. They were both covered in flour, even their hair looked as if they’d aged a few decades, because of a flour fight Selima had started.

“Ohh now I’ll never get married!” whined Mey-Rin
“‘You’ll be fine. A woman can have as many partners as she wishes.’ Advised Selima, boiling the dough. Both Sebastian and Selima had their sleeves rolled up, Selima’s covenant mark was visible. Everything was peaceful until a bell rang.

“It’s Lord Siemens room!”
“He probably woke up and wants some water.” Reasons Bardroy.
“I’ll go.” Decides Selima, hopping off the counter,
“No I’ll go.”
“You can come with me.” And so they walk up the stairs and through the hallway, hand in hand as the servants follow behind.

“Lord Siemens, you called?” A glass shatters on the other side of the door.
“Lord Siemens what’s wrong?” called Mey-Rin, wriggling the door knob
“What’s wrong?”
“What’s all this noise about?”
“Great, now everyone is here.” Sighed Selima. Sebastian give her hand a reassuring squeeze.
“I’ll kick it down.” He kicks it down with ease, but Selima can tell he is holding back. What they find, shocks everyone. Lord Siemens lays there, motionless. Rain pelts the roof and slides down the window. Lightening illuminates the room. Some of the women scream, but none have a higher pitched scream than Patrick Phelps.

“He’s dead.” Pronounces Arthur, the writer.
“Oh, we are so f*cked.” Whispered Selima, realizing how pissed her master would be.

It was around that time Alette walked into a sleeping Ciel’s room. She yanked the covers of the peacefully sleeping boy, causing him to fall out of bed.

“Sebas-! What are you doing in here?” enquired Ciel, searching for his eyepatch.

“Lord Siemens Is dead.”
“What are you on about?”
“Didn’t you hear? We are so screwed, Ciel. The queen’s relative died under our watch!”
“Oh young master, you’re awake.” Greeted Sebastian, he got on his knee and bowed.

“My lady, we may have done messed up.” Confesses Selima.

“I know.” He sighed.

“What the hell is going on?!” asked an agitated Ciel. He hated not knowing things.

“I told you, Lord Siemens is dead.” Ciel strode toward the scene of the crime and Is taken aback by what he finds.

“I’m pretty sure this chest wound is the cause of death.” Proclaims Arthur
“At a-any rate, we ought not to move anything until the Yard arrives.”
“But this room’s pretty hot, isn’t it? I heated all the rooms in advance, but…I suppose he might have been cold. I hate to say it like this, but at this rate, he’ll decay in no time. Even if we put the fire out, he won’t last long next to this hearth.” informed Bardroy.

“Decay?” asked Irene.

“I think we should keep him someplace cool until a specialist arrives to examine the body.”

“Well then we’ll move him to the cellar until the Yard arrives.” Decides Arthur.

“Finn, Tanaka.” Commands Sebastian. After a while, the body is transported without much hustle and everyone gathers around in the drawing room.

“But, I doubt the yard will come for quite a while.” Realizes Lau. “I mean, look at this storm. This area is completely inaccessible right now.”

“There’s also a good chance the culprit is still in the manor.”

“And hey, if you think about it logically, wouldn’t one of us be the culprit?” inquired Charles Grey.

“Why us? Don’t be ridiculous.” Questioned Grimsby.

“In the first place, most of us have just met.”
“When we arrived at this door, wasn’t it locked?” wondered Irene.
“Yeah, that’s right.” Remembered Mey-Rin.
“Doesn’t that mean someone came in through the window, locked the door to buy some time, then escaped back out the same way?” asked Irene
“But in this storm, wouldn’t you leave footprints if you were outside? The window’s locked, too.” Recognized Charles Grey.
“So they must have locked the door from the hallway before escaping?”
“That’s unfeasible.” Declared Selima. “No keys have been passed out to any of the guests. Instead, you may lock it from the inside using this latch. From the way its broken, it seems flagrant that the door was locked before Sebastian kicked it down.”
“In other words, you mean we have a locked room murder?!”
“Don’t be ridiculous. This isn’t some penny dreadful.”

“Stop it with the bogus accusations old man!” boomed Grimsby. “Who would kill someone over that?” Selima and Sebastian exchange looks.
“Now now you two. Why don’t we just clam down and check everybody’s alibis?” suggested Lau.
“The Lord was killed after retiring to his room. To be precise, the murder occurred after he rang the servants bell, but before the staff reached his room. You need an alibi for that time window.”
“Irene and I were in the billiard room.” Started Grimsby.
“That’s right.” Confirmed Irene.
“I was there too.”
“So was i.”
“And Mr. Phelps. None of us left.”
“What were you two doing?” asked Alette
“We were drinking in the lounge with Mr. Woodley.” Answered Lau, petting his beau. “Right, Ran-Mao?”
“Yeah, we were together until the disturbance.” Sanctions Carl.
“We were all cleaning up after the banquet!” blurts out Mey-Rin.
“Which means, I hope you’ll both pardon the implication, but what were you two doing at the time?”
“I was writing in my room.” Replied Alette.
“And I was sleeping in my room.”
“Can you both prove that?” Alette and Ciel exchange a look of concern.
“Well…no…”
“Then for now, that makes you the prime suspect.”

“Ugh this has become troublesome.” Groans Ciel “You have my apologies Professor.” Meanwhile, in the other room, Alette sat on her side of the bed, while Irene lay on the other. “I suppose all this needless suspicion has caused you quite the inconvenience.” Continued Ciel to Arthur.
“No not at all!!” The storm raged on, Alette lay in bed, now tossing and turning. Selima was in the kitchen, lit by only a few candles. Usually they would have romantic talks at night, even indulge in human things such
as sleeping in each other’s arms or feeding each other, even though it was not necessary. She waited for him to return for a long while. Until eventually she rested her head on her arms, and dozed off.

That morning, everyone knew something was wrong. Selima woke up in a cold sweat, stomach churning, she felt like she’d been doused with holy water. Where was her love? She ran to where all the noise was coming from.

“Oh god no, it’s too soon!” cried Alette, hearing her butlers heels. “Selima, please don’t look.” But it was too late. What she saw, could never be erased form her memory. It had become a stain. She saw the man she loved, doused in his own blood, unmoving, unbreathing, still.

[1] He is very insolent, if he touches her again, I will not hold back.
[2] I understand, but do not make a scene.
[3] Judging by his complete lack of self-discipline, he's either a complete fool or perfectly shameless
[4] I'd say he's suffering from a condition no doctor could hope to cure.
Selima mourns the loss of Sebastian. Alette and Ciel are freed of suspicion

She did not have a heart, but it was shattering. She did not need to, but she could not breathe. She had never shook so hard before. Selima fell to her knees in a puddle of her beloved’s blood. “What the hell is this?” asked Grimsby as Irene covered her mouth. “How horrible.” “I didn’t expect this…” “We’re so sorry Miss Lovelace!” sobbed Mey-Rin. “How will we tell the young master?” Ciel burst through the crowd, and stopped dead by Alette. Selima was a mess, she touched her face; it was wet. Why was her face wet? “Sebas…tian…” stammered Ciel, taking in the scene. He edged closer but Mey Rin grabbed him. “No you can’t! You can’t be in here, young master!” she squealed. “Get off me!” “Don’t, young master!” Selima encircled closer, then rested her head on the cold, unmoving chest. She was aware of the blood staining her pale legs and dress, but she did not care. She ran her hand and ensnared their hands together one last time. “Don’t order your master around!” yelled Ciel. “Sebastian!” He ran toward the cadaver, but Alette stopped him, enveloping him in a hug. He stopped, body going limp. “It can’t be… I thought he’d be by my side to the very end.” He whispered. “If we leave him here he’ll start to rot. It’d probably be better if we moved him.” Drawled Charles Grey “Right.” Affirms Bardroy. “Selima…” She got up, and left the room. Alette was worried, she had never seen her butler so distraught. “Oh right! The earl and countess were locked up all night so they couldn’t be responsible for this murder.” Realizes Lau. “This is getting interesting.” Alette lets go of Ciel and he freezes, staring at his dead butler. Finny drapes his jacket over the Earl. “There are signs of trauma in the head.” Examined Arthur. “He might have been hit from behind while clearing the ashes.” “But that didn’t kill them so they tried again. So that means the killer finished him off with a poker to the chest.” “Or they just attacked twice without checking his pulse. Two blows would definitely be more effective.” Suggests Charles. “Or maybe, there’s more than one killer.” Proposes Arthur. “Even if the blow to the head wasn’t fatal, I can’t see why they would stab him from the front.” “In that case, it’s natural to assume there were two killers. Hmph, I see.” “With or without an accomplice, I don’t sense an ounce of mercy or hesitation.” Notices Lau. “The culprit managed to kill that butler so they must be pretty—” “Stop it already!” interjected Finny. “Talking like that when the young master is here, think how he must feel!” “Finny!” Scolded Mey-Rin. “Please excuse him sir.” “Well, he does have a point.” Muttered Charles, scratching the back of his neck. “We can’t stand around this corpse forever. Let’s just take it to the basement for now.”
“You’re right. Haste will get us nowhere.” Specified Lau.

“It’s decided then!” declares Charles, stretching. “You guys take care of that thing, okay?” He began walking away, as everyone stared. “Oh and you guys better make breakfast too.” Tanaka bows and Alette has immense suspicion about the man, maybe it was his lack of giving a damn about this shocking death. Everyone followed Charles out the door, eventually leaving the servants, Ciel and Alette alone with the corpse.

“They’re right.” Sighs Ciel coldly, splatters of blood on his pale skin. “Take Sebastian to the cellar. Sorry for losing my composure.”

“That’s not—!” Alette silences Mey-Rin with a look, letting her know that she would handle it.

“Young Master…”

“Tanaka. Sebastian is dead.” He starts. The detached tone he uses makes Alette want to cry. “As of today, you are my butler. I entrust you with managing the manor and its servants. This pin, is yours once more.”

“The head butlers pin?” croaks Tanaka. Mey -Rin and Finny dab at their eyes. “How nostalgic. I’m not sure a dotard like me can fill the position…”

“It’s just until I find a replacement.” Assured Ciel.

“Understood. I will keep it safe for you. Then, first, we shall prepare the morning bath. Mey-Rin, the hot water. After you two move Sebastian, please carry the hot water to the young master’s bath.”

“Yes!” Tanaka bows at their obedience.

“Young master, let’s start with a change of clothing. The master of the Phantomhive manor can’t afford to waver at the mere death of a servant. My master would never lose his composure over something so trivial.”

“You’re as strict as ever, old man.” Smirks Ciel. This expression makes Alette a smidge less worried.

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Selima rolled over, cuddling the plushy snake that smelled of him. She did not breath. Simply lay, somewhere in between the world of veracity and the world of slumber. She saw gray fog, her window creeping open. She felt conscious, but her body was not. It was a state of sleep paralysis humans always hated. She saw him, his wet ebony hair matted to his face, red eyes glowing fuchsia. His pale skin was dotted with beads of water as he slipped off his white gloves. She could feel his cold finger tips touch to her chin, lift her face up. His lips brushed against her own, spreading warmth throughout her now cold body. The kiss was long, but to her it felt so short, it should have lasted for an eternity because she was not ready to let go. Her hands were searching for him, her arms were outstretched for him, she felt him on her fingertips.

“Don’t forget me, my love.”

She awoke, sitting up with her arms extended. Had it all been really a dream? As reality hit her, she fell back into bed, clutching the snake and squeezing her eyes shut. After Ciel has been bathed and dressed, Alette approaches him.

“You know I would offer the protection of my butler.” She offers. “But…”

“But?”

“But she’s a bit of a mess.” She grabs Ciel’s arms and pulls him back up the stairs to the butler’s room She pushes her servant’s door open, inside there is a lump of flesh on the bed emitting the scent of roses.

“Is she...?”

“Just asleep.”

“But she doesn’t have to.”

“Exactly. She is willfully sleeping, just to get away from the reality of what is happening.”

“Try ordering her.”

“Selima, I order you to.”

“Please don’t.” Alette and Ciel were so taken aback; the squeak of a voice that had emitted from the once formidable butler was out of character. She rolled out of bed, looking as if she detested every movement she made without him. She had lost her purpose. Alette sighed as her butler entered the
bathroom, and exited the room along with Ciel.
“This smells good! Let’s eat!” boomed a joyous Charles. Alette was sickened; could he not feel the tension? The heartbreak?

“Please wait.” Instructed Arthur. Selima entered the room, listless, wearing the same dress, now free of blood. She had been sitting at the bottom of the shower for what must have been at least an hour. Everyone watched as she went straight to the bar, where Tanaka poured her a glass of wine. Usually it would be Sebastian pouring the wine. “That seat is…” Everyone turns their attention to the vacant spot.

“How strange.” Comments Irene. “We’re all here, aren’t we? Oh! Mr. Phelps isn’t here!”
“He’s so quiet I didn’t even notice.” chuckles Grimsby. Alette, Ciel and Arthur seem to be the only ones taking the absence seriously.

“He’s having quite a lie in.” Smiles Carl.

“Excuse me!” interrupts Arthur, standing up. “Would you mind…if we check? His room, that is.” Everyone rushes upstairs, minus Selima who sat, sipping the red wine. “Wasn’t Mr. Phelps…” started Alette

“He refused to stay next to Lord Siemens, so he should be sleeping in mine.” Confirmed Ciel.

“Mr. Phelps! Mr. Phelps!! If you’re in there please answer.” Yells Arthur, jiggling the knob.

“Countess, where is the key?” Alette ponders for a moment then frowns.

“Usually it would be Selima who managed them, but she and Sebastian split the work since the party staying the night was so large. SELIMA!” she calls. Selima appears behind her, languid, almost immediately.

“Yes, my lady?”

“Where was the key to this room kept?”

“I’m afraid only he knew where it was kept my lady. Now that he is no longer here, even I have no idea.” There was once a fire in her eye but now there was not even a spark. Her voice was monotone, and did not even choke up once. Just…void of emotion.

“Move.” Commanded Charles, his pure ivory hair in his eyes. Arthur jumps on top of Alette and Ciel, protecting them from the lashes made by Charles.

“Well.” Exhales Alette. “That was reckless.” The doors fall to pieces

“Hurry it up. We haven’t had dessert.” He growls. And again, Alette can’t help but feel annoyed.

“Mr. Phelps!” pleads Arthur. Everyone’s pupils dilate at the sight; the sickly, pale and frail man is clutching at his bed sheets, not breathing. “Mr. Phelps…” Arthur take the pulse, and shakes his head. Everyone gasps, except Selima. Now that the one person she had a genuine connection with was gone, she had no will to care. She had one goal. She would stalk the investigation and once it had come to fruition, she would shred the man or woman that had killed her beloved.

“Why…” wonders Ciel.

“Rigor Mortis has already set in.” Observes Arthur. “So he’s been here a while… I don’t see any signs of physical trauma like the others, but it looks like something pricked his neck.” Alette peers in, seeing two parallel marks with crimson around the edges. “These are…from a needle? Was he poisoned?”

“Countess, you live in such a nice room!” compliments Lau, going through her drawers; Ran-Mao has a bra on her head. Alette blushes and Selima, instinctively covers Ciel’s eyes.

“Who said you could search through my room?” she barks.

“Hey, the Earl gave you the dress I gave him? Did he at least try it on!”

“Of course I didn’t!” snarls Ciel. “LISTEN WHEN I’M TALKING!”

“These wounds…” continues Arthur. “Also resemble a bite mark.”

“But who would be that kinky?” asks Lau

“LAU!” shouts Ciel.

“Bite marks on the neck…It’s just like Carmilla.” Notices Irene.

“Le Fanil’s, Carmilla?” asks Alette, familiar with the story.

“Yes…You’re familiar with the tale?”

“You’re saying he was killed by a vampire?” Alette glances at Selima, silently asking if they existed.
She sends back an incredulous “you figure it out” look. Great. Demons, Grim Reapers, and now the possibility of vampires? What was next?
“Don’t be absurd! It’s the nineteenth century!” reminds Carl. “It couldn’t be anything so blatantly unscientific!” Selima whistles while Alette stares at her feet.
“2:38. He probably knocked it over while afflicted.” Considers Arthur.
“Which means, Mr. Phelps died at the time shown on this clock.” Arthur picks up the clock and analyzes it. “Why don’t we take a moment and analyze the situation?”
“We need to go over the time and order of each murder. And discuss who had the opportunity.”
“As you wish.” Obeys Tanaka.
“Piecing the testimonies together, we know the first murder was Lord Siemens. Time of death was approximately 1:10 a.m. The second was Phelps. At roughly 2:38. That makes Sebastian the last murder.” Perceives Arthur
“The butler was last?”
“Yes. That’s because…” Finny raises his hand, as if he were in a classroom setting.
“We all saw Mr. Sebastian that night!” he intervenes.
“It was about 2:50.” Remembers Bardroy.
“What did he want that hour?”
“He asked me to check the food stocks.” Recalls Bard. “and told Finny to clean the fireplaces.”
“He brought me a carrier…owl?” Evokes Mey-Rin, she had been so sleepy at the time she had thought it had all been a dream. Then scolded herself for dreaming about a taken man. The things Miss. Selima would do to her if she knew! “And asked me to release it at dawn.”
“An owl?”
“Owls can fly through storms, unlike pigeons.”
“Well, yeah, but I’m just trying to think of where we had an owl. And how I didn’t know about it…” contemplates Alette.
“That guy really knows what he’s doing.”
“What was in the letter?” questions Charles.
“I already released it without looking.” Confesses Mey-Rin.
“He might have sent a letter to the police.” Suggests Arthur
“After all, the telephone would be useless in this storm”
“If we list everyone’s alibis with the time lines. This is what we get. Lord Phantomhive or Countess Alette is the only one who could have killed Lord Siemens. Sebastian or Selima must have killed Mr. Phelps, because they had the Earls room key, and was the only one who could lock the door. After that, anyone but myself, the Earl, Selima, Alette or Irene could have murdered Sebastian. In other words, no one could have killed all three victims.” Everyone looks surprised, but this is where the plot thickens.
Ciel merely sips his tea and Alette stares.
“Then how on earth…” starts Grimsby, only to be cut off.
“That’s enough. I’ve had enough of this! If it can’t be one person, it has to be the pair that came together. Just get them!” accused Carl.
“Sod the hell off!” shot back Grimsby, clearly annoyed. “We’re stuck in this awful place and you’re treating us like killers?”
“Grimsby, calm down!” Pleased Irene, holding him round the middle.
“Yeah…Besides I’m not saying it’s as simple as adding an accomplice.” Added Arthur.
“Shut your face!” screamed Carl, slamming ring encrusted fists on the table. “I can’t stay here another minute.”
“Really, where are you going to go?” snapped Alette. “Look outside. Do you want to get into an accident? Recklessness would be your undoing, so sit down”
“I’m being reckless?! This all started with you!” She looks up, as If she were bored. “I know about you, you and the boy planned everything to kill us off, didn’t you?! Guard dog and Scorpion working together to eliminate--!”
“Woodley, the lady asked you to sit down. Do be polite now.” Reminds Ciel
“Don’t tell me what to do!” he yelled, raising a fist to the Countess. What catches Arthur’s eye though, is how hard the Countess flinched. Carl Woodley is on the ground in moments, flipped to the ground by Selima, who did not take too kindly to people touching her food.
“You were about to hit a woman. How utterly tasteless.” Growls Selima, pinning his arm behind his back.
“What the hell is wrong with this place?” groans Carl. “Damn it!”
“What on earth was that? I barely even saw her move…”
“Selima, you may let him go.” Relented Alette, trying to keep her cool. She had hoped no one had seen her flinch. “Mr. Woodley, would you be so kind as to listen to me now?”
“Tch!” grunted Carl.
“Well then. As of right now, there is only one man who can be completely absolved of any crime. That is the Professor.” Concludes Alette
“I think having him determine our next move would be the safest and the fastest solution.” Decides Ciel.
“You want me…to decide?”
“Yes, how about the rest of you?” asked Ciel.
“Certainly, if it’s the professor--.” Started Grimsby.
“We have no objections.” Completed Irene.
“Then it’s settled. After all, we have plenty of time before this rain stops. We might as well hunt down the killer at our leisure” agrees Ciel, smirking. “Wouldn’t you agree, Professor?” Arthur noticed something in that moment, that the Earl and Countess looked very composed and mischievous, exactly how kids their age should look. He considered it for a moment, but then dismissed it.
“Professor?” asked Alette, interrupting his thought. “Please, give us your insights.”
“Countess, would you mind guiding us through the manor?”
“Of course, but…”
“I want to look for the missing room key Sebastian had in his possession.”
As they descended down the spiraling staircase, the Professor couldn’t help but get a chill. The basement of the Vamphina manor had been used for adverse activities by Mrs. Vamphina, but Selima had cleaned up the mess left behind and saw to it that she had stayed in her room the entirety of the night. Selima led the way down the stairs, advising everyone to watch their step.
“With the mood in this place, I wouldn’t be surprised if we saw a ghost.”
“I assure you most of the supernatural beings have vacated the premises for tonight.” Replied Alette jokingly. Selima gave her a sideways glance; that girl was one hell of a nuisance sometimes.
“D-don’t say that! There’s no such thing as ghosts.” Stuttered Charles. “I only believe stuff you can kill with a sword.”
“In that case, do you mind walking on your own?” smirked Ciel. So this was what made him vulnerable.
“Yeah, you’re breathing down my neck!”’ sighed an annoyed Alette.
“I thought you two might be scared, so I went out of my way to--!”
“We have arrived.” Announces Selima from the bottom of the stairs.
“Well then, let’s be respectful.” Everyone watches as Arthur pulls on a set of white gloves. He begins to examine Lord Siemens. “Miss Lovelace, I think it’s only appropriate you examine Sebastian’s body.” Selima nods, then uncovers her beloved's body.
“Well, he’s wet.” She observes. “I believe we had a leak in here, but I thought I sealed it. Must have missed a spot.” She determines.
“Poor Sebastian! We should move him!” recommended Finny.
“You’re right. If he’s wet, he’ll decompose more quickly.” Selima runs a hand along his cheek lovingly.
“D…e…compose?” inquires Finny.
“If we try to examine him, he’s in rigor, so removing his clothes will be difficult. But I believe Miss Lovelace can manage to do it.”
“Stop it! Don’t treat Mr. Sebastian like that!” shouted Finny, “Mr. Sebastian was very important to us, especially Miss Selima and--.”
“Finny. Control your prattle or get out.” Ordered Ciel. “It’s distracting.” Finny fell his knees a moment, before ascending once more. Bard ruffles his hair.
“We’ll move him later. First let’s find the key. It’s not on his Albert chain. Would he keep it on his neck? Let’s take a look.”
“Actually, I’d prefer to search for this alone. He would hate to be exposed like this to anyone else.” Interjects Selima.
“That’s understandable.” Everyone waited at the bottom of the staircase as Selima unbuttoned his stained white shirt, carefully, as if he might shatter if she weren’t careful. She found his bare white chest alluring as she always did, but it was bare; no key.
“I suppose another likely place would be his bedroom?” presumes Arthur. “We might as well check.” The Vamphina manor had several guest bedrooms, two of which were occupied by Sebastian and Ciel. They enter the bedroom of Sebastian, which was painted a light blue, with a few paintings on the wall and a dresser. Selima hoped they didn’t check the dresser…
“It’s pretty big.”
“And if we try to examine him, he’s in rigor, so removing his clothes will be difficult. But I believe Miss Lovelace can manage to do it.”
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“It’s pretty big.”
“He was an upper level servant, after all.”
“Finny, Bardroy, do you have any clue where he might have hidden the key?” questioned Alette.
“This is my first time in here, so…” replied Bard.
“I haven’t ever been in here; it was Selima who showed him to his room.”
“Well for now, let’s just look for places likely to have valuables and stuff.” Proposes Charles.
Everyone begins examining the room, checking under beds and in drawers. Selima casually stands in front of the dresser, staring at her feet.
“Can you step aside?” requests Ciel. She plays with her curls as if she does not hear him.
“Selima, move.” Commands Alette. She steps aside, and as Ciel goes to open the door, Selima feels
a small bit of anticipation. As the cats sprung out, all hell broke loose. Everyone screamed, and danced around as if they were rats, Ciel started sneezing, while Selima just stared at her feet and played with her hair.

“CATS?!” shrieked Arthur.
“That bastard was keeping them behind my back!” blamed Ciel.
“Wahh! Such a cute kitty.” Comments Finny. Alette, not irritated in the least, pets the cat sitting at her feet.

“Young Master?”
“Finny, keep that cat away!” he orders, fighting the urge to sneeze. “My allergies!”
“What did you say?” asks Finny, getting closer with the cat.
“Selima, where did these cats come from?” inquires Alette.

“I may have or may not have gifted him one. Or two, my lady.” Alette sighs, she liked animals and all, but seriously, how many cats did one demon butler need?
“But seriously, I don’t see any personal effects, besides well, that,” perceives Charles, pointing at a picture taken of Sebastian and Selima together. “Where’s he from, anyway?”
“Beats me…” Selima, Alette and Ciel all share a glance, as if asking what they should do. “I don’t know anything about his private life. All we know is he was an impeccable butler, and exceedingly good at his job.”

“The young master might know something, but—“ Starts Finny,
“I don’t know either.” Interposes Ciel. “Where he came from. What kind of master he served previously, and for what purpose. I wasn’t interested. And it didn’t matter, anyway. Back then, I would have taken anyone, so long as they were loyal and would grant my wish.”
“Back then…?” probed Charles.

“If we haven’t found it after all this, I doubt its here.” Intervened Arthur, feeling the tension starting to mount.

“That’s too bad then.”
“All we can do now is—.”
“So to see if anyone has the key to the Earls room, we’d like to look through everyone’s rooms and baggage. Would that be alright?”
“Of course, we’ll have the ladies check each other’s belongings!” answers Grimsby.
“I understand, in that case, by all means.” Rejoinders Lau.

“Knock yourself out.” Drawls Carl, bored. Everyone begins to unzip bags and search, each of the genders to their own.

“Find it?” asked Bard.

“No.” Meanwhile in the girl’s room, Ran Mao was trying on hats. The girls went through Selima’s room first, and were surprised to see that she had a few more possessions than Sebastian did. Dress and shoes, the plushy snake, the massive amounts of jewelry bought for her by Sebastian.

“He must have really loved her.” Commented Irene. When they searched Alette’s room, they found more of the same, lots of pictures of her as a child with her family, lots of clothes and books on various subjects. Even a few drawings made by Alette in her free time. But nothing suspicious.

Everything was fine until they reached Irene’s room, a certain photograph caught her eye.

“Oh my! I can’t believe I left that out.” She examines it with care.
“Yeah, I hadn’t heard you two were a couple. So yesterday was quite a surprise.”
“I’m so sorry. I’m twelve years older than Grimsby, so I’m a little embarrassed to tell people.” She blushes lightly, touching her smooth cheek.

“Twelve?!” She don’t look that old!”

“Oh thank you.” Thanks Irene. Mey Rin is astounded to find, as Irene is busy staring at Ran-Mao and her nonsense a bottle tainted with a red liquid. She ponders its contents, jumping to the conclusion that it is blood.

“After all that, we didn’t find it.” Sighs Arthur.

“In that case, Sebastian must have hidden the key somewhere else.” Concludes Ciel.

“Or the culprit may have tossed it out the window.”Hints Lau. “It’s so small, you’ll never find it In
“Excuse me!” interrupts Finny “I’ll go look outside!”
“I’ll go too.” Agrees Mey-Rin.
“If found, the key might help identify the culprit, but… you don’t have to.” Ponders Ciel.
“I want to solve this murder!” resolves Finny. “I’m not smart like you or Miss Alette, or talented like Miss Selima. I can’t find the killer through reason or logic. But if the key might solve the case, I want to find it!” They both nod, then run out of the room.
“Ah, you guys! Please excuse me.” Bardroy runs after them as well, curious and wanting to help.

*                                                                                         *

“Where do you think you’re going?” indicts Carl.
“I’m just going to grab some things for work. I do have a deadline for my script. I’ll be right back” replies Grimsby.
“Please wait,” burst out Arthur. “We don’t know the killer’s identity yet, so to avoid more casualties it would be safest to travel in a group.
“True.” Agrees Lau. If the guilty party is among us, that would be best.”
“What do you mean?” inquired Grimsby.
“Exactly what I said.”
“If they’re not here with us, where the hell are they?” asked Charles
“Do you mean they could be hiding outside?”
“Even so, they couldn’t enter a locked room, or wander in from the storm without leaving footprints all over the manor.” Points out Ciel.
“What if there’s a thirteenth person that made the impossible possible?” supposes Lau.
“Ridiculous. Someone like that could never exist!”
“Never? In this world, it’s the idea of never that could never exist.” Answers Lau.
“If someone who could overturn the impossible…” considers Arthur. “Is hiding in this estate, waiting patiently to pick us off, they may already be at our door.” And that was when the knock echoed throughout the hallway.
“Young master, We’ve captured someone suspicious.”
Her Butler, Destroying

Chapter Summary

Selima takes care of some vermin, Jeremy inspects the bodies

“Hello Jeremy, it’s been a long time.” Smirks Ciel
“Earl, do you know this old guy?” asked Lau suspiciously.
“Old guy?” questioned the man called Jeremy, slightly offended.
“Yes.” Replied Ciel, to both questions
“Well then everyone, call me Jeremy.” He introduced, maintaining his usual politeness.
“You’re a priest?” asks Charles
“You expect me to believe this suspicious guy? The thirteenth man is the only one without an alibi for all three murders!” accuses Carl. “It’s got to be him!”
“That deduction is complete nonsense, Mr. Woodley.” Retorts Jeremy.
“H-how do you know my name?”
“With those rings it was perfectly obvious. A diamond that large...” And while all the formalities were taking place, Selima was nowhere to be found. Alette had no concerns, in fact she barely noticed her absence. It was Jeremy who noticed her, a flash of crimson in the rain. She stood, staring down at her wedges, curly hair matted and forming a curtain around her face.
“Hey there she is!” called one of the intruders, pointing out the cerise woman. He charged her, while his comrades chided him for not waiting for them. Beneath her hair, she smirked a little, and stayed perfectly still as the man approached her, weapon at the ready. He had pocketed his handgun, and pulled out a switchblade. He had broad shoulders, and pale skin that was dotted with sweat, stubble and rain. She was very analytical; this man was obviously very naïve to the way of the Vamphinas and to the ways of murder. One did not simply charge Selima Lovelace and live. To the normal eye, she did not move and the man may have succeeded, and for a moment the man even believed he had prospered. But then he felt a white hot pain emerge as blood leaked from his abdominal region. He places a hand on where the cut is, and is surprised to feel his own pulsing organs, ready to spill out. His intestines were slippery and the smell of agony and death was upon him. He screamed out, but his coworkers had already gone to plan b, they were reforming, leaving him behind. This could not be happening. He had so much left to live for; his own vital fluids poured out, he coughed some up, he felt it forming a puddle around him. The pain was excruciating, he screamed out.
“You’re creating a disturbance; my mistress need not know of your presence. Don’t you know how to die quietly?” sneered Selima. She put a foot to his head, creating a muddy footprint.
“Please, god, no!” he pleaded. And those were his last words. She crushed his skull like a melon, blood splattering all up her leg and over the ground. It took no effort at all for her. She whipped around to find all four men left, pointing their guns at her. She smiled, winks at them then flips over with ease; she was very flexible. Everyone watches how quick she moves with awe, and with fear. Two men and a woman fire at her. Bullets whiz past her twisting body. And she lands behind a woman with strawberry blondish hair. It was rare to find a woman in this industry, so they must have been getting desperate. She places a sharpened knife to her jugular.
“Please, don’t cut me!” she whimpered, tears beading up in her eyes.
“Okay.” Agrees Selima and for a moment the woman relaxes. Until she feels two long clawed hands, take her by the face softly, and snap her neck. The sound was sickening, causing even the men to flinch. She drops to the floor like a rock would sink in water. Three more left. She had malice in her eyes, and larceny of life in her heart. This was her element. She, a younger demon, had less
control than Sebastian. She still loved to rip into souls, to tear apart human beings.

“This woman can’t be human…” screamed one of the man, firing off a few rounds at her. She grabbed them out of the air and chucked them forward, piercing the man’s heart. He fell to the ground as well, blood pooling outward, staining the mud and

“Not human you say? I’m simply one hell of a bloody good maiden.” She retorted, smiling malevolently. Before she could even so much as look up, she was grabbed by the shoulder. This man was burly with brownish hair and tan skin. Obviously not from London. His fist rocketed toward her but she bent backwards, almost in a bridge position. She shot herself forward, head-butting the man, drawing blood from his now broken nose. He yelled out a string of swear words, calling her a few choice vulgar terms. “You need to wash your mouth!” she exclaims, grabbing a fistful of his hair, flipping him down and shoving his protesting mouth into a tarn of muddy water. He gurgled and choked, inhaling the water into his lungs until he eventually lost consciousness. Drowning was one of the worst ways to go, she knew. The man fell limp in her hands, and she dropped him like a child bored with a doll. She turns to see the last man in the distance, just breaking through the trees that outlined the forest. She takes to the trees, and waits patiently there until the last man with hair like shredded paper and grey eyes like the moon ran past her. She sprang onto him, the man collapsed to the ground, not sure what had happened. A knife protruded from his chest, he stared at it in horror, abhorring the woman that would be the end of him. She took out the blade and thrust it in once more, then again again and again. She vented her anger, her sorrow and loss into each thrust. It wasn’t fair after all. Life had taken something precious from her, now she would take something from it. Rain poured down on them, as she climbed off the dead man, she could see red, everywhere. She wanted to cry, to scream, to fall to her knees. But instead she let the rain wash her clean again, and trudged on.

“That’s my girl.” Muttered Jeremy.

“What was that?” snapped Ciel, irritated.

“Nothing.” He smiled.

“And that’s everything that has happened between the first murder and your arrival.” Announced Ciel.

“I see. That is quite intriguing. First, may I examine the bodies?” Ciel looks surprised, what was he playing at? “They speak most eloquently, and they tell nothing but the truth.”

“Well then, let’s go down to the wine cell--.” Begins Arthur.

“Stop.” Instructs Jeremy.

“Hm?”

“Move each individual body to a separate room. The scents of a murder offer important clues. If the victims are kept together, the smells will mingle.” Arthur took vigorous notes on what the wise man inferred. “The smell of wine is especially strong in the cellar. If I have to use my nose, I’d rather only smell the mysteries.”

“Very well. I’ll have the rooms prepared.” Agrees Ciel. Alette nods, crosses her legs and glances at Selima, still sopping wet. She nods, a look of determination on her face. Jeremy turns around and is captivated by the woman. She stares at him, a look of confusion etched into her nearly flawless face. Something about his eyes made her stop and stare, it was like she had seen them before. It made her chest ache, she knew it was not possible. She had seen them before, it seemed like. He gives her a wink and she shakes her head in dismay, trying to think clearly. She descends into the wine cellar, still pondering the mysterious man.

“Surely you can’t expect a woman to lift those bodies by herself.” Patronizes Jeremy

“I’m sure you’ll find my butler is more than capable of performing all the tasks a man can.” Replies Alette.

“Meanwhile, would you mind if I change clothes?” questions Jeremy politely.

“Reverend I believe my dead butlers clothes might fit you.” Alette thinks this is a rather morbid thought, especially since Sebastian had not been dead twenty four hours. How would her butler feel about it? She may only be a butler, but with everything she had went through Alette thought it was only kind to consider her thoughts and feelings as well. “I’ll take you to his room.”
“Well then.” Started Jeremy, clasping his hands together and smiling reassuringly. He seemed like a man to be trusted, at least he had the credibility. “Why don’t you show me the victims in the order they were killed?”

“Then we should start with Lord Siemens.” Articulates Arthur.
“I’m going too!” booms Charles. Everyone is silent as a mouse as Jeremy examines the first stiff, cold body.
“This chest wound seems to be the only external injury.” Notices Jeremy. “One thrust with a sharp blade.” He pulls out a gilded pocket watch with care. Selima stands in the hallway, inspecting his every movement. Something was off about that man. Something different. She could see it in his eyes. “It seems our man was quite a vicious drinker.”
“How’s you know that?” inquires an incredulous Charles. He sensed that something was up.
“Lange pocket watches are quite valuable, but there are scratches all around the winding mechanism. To do something like this, you’d have to be an absolute boor or a drunk.” He explains. “And this overbearing scent of alcohol…he was drinking strong liquor up until the moment he--.” He stops mid-sentence, and looks up straight at Selima.
“What?” asks Ciel
“It’s faint, but I smell of the ocean.”
“The ocean?” asks Arthur, making sure he had heard correctly.
“Ah yes, Professor. Do you have a handkerchief?”
“Oh yes, here you are.” Arthur digs in the pocket of his copper colored pants to pull out a wrinkled but folded handkerchief. “WAIT A--.” Jeremy dips the handkerchief in the man’s saliva and sniffs it. Arthur is thoroughly repelled.
“Thank you very much.” He hands over the moist towel cloth to Arthur, who merely stares at it in revulsion. “I believe Mr. Phelps was next.” They exit the first room and as they head toward the next, Jeremy trails behind them, next to Selima. He snakes his old, wrinkled hand into her soft smooth ones. She looks at him, the nerve he had! But there was something that tugged at her heartstrings, something that made her want to keep holding on. She then felt repugnance with herself, the man she cared about deeply was dead and here she was, holding another man’s hand. They arrive at the next room and she slowly, almost reluctantly pulls her hand away, pained by her conflict.
“This is the only instance where the killers method differs. I believe the wounds on his neck indicate he was injected with poison. I’d like to see the room in which he was killed in.”
“Of course, Selima, lead the way.” Instructs Alette. Selima is calmed to be relieved of the old man’s presence next to her. She needed to examine him, but how could she when he kept trying to make a move on her?
“With his keen observation skills, Jeremy might pick up on something we missed.” Realizes Arthur as the ascend the cobalt colored stairs, clinging to the railing carelessly.
“Huh? The old guys not following us.” Comprehends Charles.
the second killer as quickly as possible. At any rate, no human could leave in this storm.” And then he looked straight into Selima’s eyes, and smiled. Alette’s heart beat quickened a little. He knew.
Jeremy is able to shed some light on the case and catch the culprit. Or so it seems.
Selima comes to a realization

“I’m afraid I don’t catch your drift. If you’ve got something to say, say it. I’ve got no time for beating around the bush.” Spat Alette, clearly annoyed by this trifle.
“There are two conditions for catching Mr. Phelps killer. First,” He declared, sticking a finger up. “We must wait for nightfall. And the second, is your cooperation, Countess.” Selima raises a fine eyebrow at the man. “I’ll explain everything tonight.
“Well, the butlers next, let’s go back.” Announces Charles. Ciel and Jeremy exchange a glance, reassuring each other as they enter the next room.
“I heard the butler was stabbed to death after receiving a blow from behind. Ah, well, if you’ll excuse me.” He lifts up the thin white sheet to reveal the butlers arm. Selima can’t help but feel as if something bout the body was off.

“What about you Miss Lovelace?” questions Jeremy. “Does seeing your dead lover upset you?”
“I’m perfectly fine. And I don’t know if you could call him that, it’s not like we actually--.”
“Selima!” scolded Alette.
“It seems the butler’s murder was quite simple.” Observes Jeremy
“You’re done already?” asks Charles.
“Yes. I’ve seen more than enough.”
“Oh, it’s almost time for dinner. I’ll be going back then.” Proclaims Charles.
“I have to prepare for this evening so you four should head back without me.”
“Of course.” Nods Selima. They turn around, and follow Charles until he takes off around the corner.
“What the hell?” Alette swears. As Charles rips off the sheet covering Sebastian’s body, he turns around and finds Selima at his heel.
“You should have more respect for the dead.” She hisses in his ear. He turns around and sees she has fire and blood in her eyes, before turning on her heel and following her mistress down the stairs and to the dining room. Jeremy is there, waiting at the door.
“I know they’re in there.” He smiles politely, despite the urge of wanting to pin her against the wall and kiss her.
“Then you do this.” She answers, putting a heeled foot to the door and kicking it open without a second thought. Bardroy almost drops his cigarette.
“Mr. Jeremy! Miss Lovelace!” squeals Mey-Rin
“Can we help you?” asks Bard. “If you came scrounging for food, there’s nothing left.”
“There’s got to be something left.” Insists Selima
“One of the party guests consumes a massive amount of food.” Explains Mey-Rin. “Sebastian prepared enough for three days, but—”
“I suppose I’ll have to whip something up.”
“But what? The only thing we have in excess is beans and flour.”
“Oh that’s quite simple. You’ve got just the right ingredients, along with the herb garden here.”
“She’s right. Herbs have medical virtues and many even act as a hunger suppressant.
“Like fennel, which I’m positive we have, will subdue appetite when used to season certain foods.”
“Herbs can do some amazing stuff!” exclaims Finny.
“Can’t you make soy meat out of soy beans as well?” asks Selima rhetorically.
“Yes, a meat substitute made of soy beans. If prepared well, it may not even be noticeable that it is
not authentic meat.”
“With the amount we have in excess, we should be able to make thirty servings.” Added Selima.
“Thirty servings?! they all yelled in inclination.
“Cooking is a science that can change infinitely depending on the combined materials.”
“You two are a great team! Almost as good as Mr. Sebastian and Miss Lovelace!” squeals Finny.
Jeremy winks at her, and Selima blushes lightly.
“Don’t waste time on admiration, move!” orders Jeremy.
“He’s right, dinner is approaching quickly. Start by boiling the soy beans in a large pot of hot water.”
Instructs Selima.
“I’ll get the herbs!”
“I’ll boil the soy beans!”
“I’ll go with Tanaka to get some wine! -Ah!”
“What’s wrong?”
“I just remembered something bad I saw earlier while checking the women’s luggage!”
“Something bad?” Selima tenses up as well.
“Yes! Irene had a bottle filled with a dark red liquid!”
“I see, that’s certainly intriguing.” Responds Jeremy

* * *
“Don’t you think it’s time you stopped stalling and gave us the truth about this case, Reverend?”
investigates Lau.
“No need to be hasty.” Procrastinates Jeremy. “Before that, Countess, I wonder if you’ll indulge
me?”
“What?” asked Alette
“Remove your clothes.” Selima jumped into action, pulling a knife out of her sleeve and pinning the
man’s sleeve to the tale. She had a look of extreme indignation in her evergreen eyes.
“What was that, Jeremy?” asked Selima, voice extremely low and dangerous. After five, almost six
years how could she not have grown protective over the girl? Ciel stood up, almost as vexed as
Selima. Alette’s mouth simply hung open as her steak fell from her fork. What had he asked her to
do?

* * *
After Alette had stripped down to her underwear, she heeded the man’s words very carefully. You
must not make a sound. You must not even tremble Keep your eyes closed. And if she didn’t, death
would surely come. How had things escalated so quickly. She was enjoying a nice hot meal less than
an hour ago and now, she sat nearly naked in her bed, waiting for the murderer to reappear.
Everything then seemed to happen at once. A slithering object entered her bed and everyone seemed
to jump on it at once, Jeremy arriving first, stopping Charles from slicing the serpent to pieces.
“That’s a valuable witness. I can’t have you killing him.”
“This is…the culprit?” questioned Arthur, staring at the wriggling sheets in awe. Alette shuddered,
she felt humiliated being surrounded by so many people when she was barely clothed. Ciel was the
most awkward about it, standing in the corner, as far from her as possible. Alette looks up as the
small group that had been absent a few moments before returns.
“We’ve brought the killer.”
“This is the culprit.” Just about everyone flinches, except for Selima who is desperately trying to
touch the snake wriggling in Jeremy’s arms.
“A snake?”
“It’s hard to believe, but it really did come after this young lady while she was in the Countess’s clothes.”
“Black Mamba, It’s a South African viper with a potent neurotoxin.” Elaborates Jeremy. “The killer must have primed this snake to target the Countess’ scent, training it like an assassin.” The viper hisses at everyone, and Selima strokes its middle. “But in the end, a snake is a snake. By tracking its scent, it could sneak into the Countess’ bed. But it couldn’t have known if the victim was the Countess or not.”
“I see; the killer didn’t expect the Countess to be sleeping in a different room.”
“And we switched rooms up! Mr. Phelps was the one using my room!” realized Alette.
“Trained behavior doesn’t break easily.” Selima continues petting the offender with affection that rivalled what she felt for Sebastian.
“Selima, stop that! What if it bites you and you die?” commands Alette
“What if I bite it and it dies?” replies Selima
“What if you bite it and no one dies?” Retorts Alette.
“That’s just called kinky, my dear.” Explains Lau.
“How about no one bites anyone and no one dies?!?” yells an agitated Ciel
“Anyways.” Begins Jeremy. “I was sure it would try again, so I stood watch, and sure enough. We’re lucky this lady fits the Countess’ clothes and agreed to stand in.”
“Well, I wouldn’t say they fit her…” mumbled Selima.
“If worst came to worst, you couldn’t dodge the snake, could you, Countess?”
“I’m sure I could, but it wouldn’t get that far. Selima wouldn’t let just anything enter my bed.”
“That is true. I will follow her to the ends of the earths, and protect her from every danger she should ever encounter.”
“If the Earl or the Countess died, we’d be in trouble, wouldn’t we Ran-Mao?”
“Yes.”
“Inseparable since the beginning, those two. Mutual beneficiaries, if one falls the other suffers as well.”
“You had me wear Selima’s blanket to mask my scent?” questions Alette.
“Quite convenient, was it not?” smiles Jeremy.
“More importantly, how he got the snake might be vital to the police. After all, transporting venomous snakes is prohibited on trading vessels. Points out Arthur.
“It was probably smuggled in.” smirks Lau, an arm around Ran-Mao- griping her waist tightly.
“Bribing a privately owned freighter would be fastest, I think.”
“But in that case, we have to assume the culprit has connections with African enterprises.”
“Careful Ciel. Assuming makes an ass out of you and me.” snickers Alette.
“My lady!” harangues Selima
“If we’re talking about African imports, there’s gold and diamonds…” Everyone turns to look at Carl Woodley.
“Y-you’re wrong! It’s not me! Kong-Rong is in the trading business too!”
“Unfortunately for you, we don’t have any business in Africa.” Rejoinders Lau.
“Anyways, concluding its him just because he does business in Africa, seems kind of unreasonable, doesn’t it?” inquires Charles lazily.
“Exactly. What about Lord Siemens murder? I have an alibi for that one!” defends Carl.
“There may be little meaning in that alibi, I’m afraid.” Informed Jeremy.
“What do you mean?” asks Grimsby.
“What if the corpse the servants discovered wasn’t actually a corpse?” poses Jeremy. “Are you familiar with the tonic taken by Juliet in the classic Romeo and Juliet?”
“It can’t be!” opposes Arthur.
“Yes, it actually exists.” Carl’s face falls. “Recently scientists have discovered a substance called tetrodotoxin. When purified, one can feign death just like Juliet.”
“Amazing what scientists can do these days.” Smirked Selima.
“Tetrodotoxin….” trailed off Arthur. “As I recall, it’s a toxin found in blowfish and octopi.” Jeremy
nods, pleased someone is catching on.
“Earlier when examining Lord Siemens, I detected the smell of the sea. That was most likely purified blow fish venom. Well then, here’s a question; why would our victim smell like poison if he was stabbed to death?”

“It was a ruse.” Concludes Ciel, feeling utterly stupid for falling for it.
“Exactly, after creating a false stab wound on his chest, he drank the poison himself and discarded the vial, and then faked his death. Most people have no desire to examine a corpse’s wounds, so it would work as a short term trick. But the corpse I examined earlier was most definitely stabbed.”

“So he meant only to fake his death, but then he was really killed?” questioned Lau.

“Judging by the circumstances, the culprit may be trying to frame the Countess or Earl.”

“But why?” asked Alette.

“I’m not sure Lord Siemens was involved. He seems like a man who might lose himself under the influence. Or, the killer might have roped him in by saying “Let’s give everyone a little shock.”

“I had never met the Lord before, he has no reason to frame me.”

“That you know of, my lady. Think back. Mr. Brandel wanted to murder you and he had previously never encountered you.” Everyone turns back to Carl, who puts his hands up defensively.

“W-wait! Anyone could have gotten him involved!” He pleads. “Everyone’s alibis are worthless now too!”

“Indeed, but then the same goes for you Mr. Woodley. Humans are dishonest creatures, after all.”

“But if Lord Siemens drank form a vial, where is it?” inquired Charles.

“It’s simple.” Drawls Ciel. “He would just toss it somewhere we wouldn’t look right away. “In a fire, for example.”

“Oh yeah! There was a ton of wood in that fireplace, wasn’t there?” remembers Bardroy.

“It’s true, we wouldn’t find it there. Then, once the dust is settled he could sneak back in to retrieve it…”

“But, things didn’t go his way this time.” Picks up Ciel. “Because of Sebastian. Before he could dispose of the evidence, the butler came to rake out the ashes.”

“If found, the vessel would indicate a ruse… and his alibi would be useless.” Alette takes all this in, gripping her butler’s blanket in her fists. She had to ac the part, for her ad Ciel’s sake. She just hoped Selima had figured it out by now.

“In that case, whoever has the bottle in their possession is the murderer! But I don’t have it! You searched through my things and this room thoroughly, right?!?”

“Yes, we did.” Agrees Ciel. “Except the hearth, that is.” Ciel almost lets a hint of a smile sneak into his face, but as soon as It comes, it is gone.

“That’s a false allegation! It’s not here!”

“Then show us! Prove it’s not there!” shouts a fed up Grimsby. He shoulders past Carl and stirs up a mess, Selima sighs, knowing she’ll have to clean this room yet again. Everyone gasps as the sparkle of a shard of the bottle is seen.

“Glass shards?” inquired Arthur. “But we can’t tell what is was…”

“We’ll just have to put the pieces together.” Sang Selima.

“Eh? That’s impossible, it’s completely shattered.”

“Nothing is impossible.” Hint Selima.

“All done.”

“Incredible! It looks like a medicinal ampule.” Recognizes Arthur. “Finding it in this fireplace can only mean…”

“So, you really are the culprit!” blamed Grimsby “You murderer!”

“I’ve never seen that thing before!”

“Why on earth would you try to frame children?” Alette huffs, muttering about not being a child.

“I-I wasn’t!

“Diamonds. The leader in the diamond industry, the Roze company has agreed with both the Funтом and Indicum companies to collaborate and expand into the field of jewelry.”
“If Carl knew about it, his company would most definitely take a hit.” Elaborates Alette
“A few days ago, the president of the Roze company was murdered and our plans put on hold.”
Completes Ciel. “So while he had the chance, he decided to kill us both.”
“What poor taste.” Comments Selima.
“I didn’t do it! You’ve got to believe me! I’ve been set up! These little children are Satan’s spawn! The queens--.” Charles jumps into action, Selima alongside him, before Carl can complete his sentence, he has a sword to his throat and a revolver pointed at him.
“Shut your mouth.” Hisses Charles. “I don’t need your excuses. We’ll have plenty of time to talk while you’re in prison.”
“I-I didn’t do it! I really didn’t!” sobs Carl. Sweat seeps through his tweed jacket.
“Whatever, just shut up. I’m in a really bad mood right now.”
“Earl Grey, would you like these?” sings Alette, gesturing to the cuffs she’d been chained to Irene to with.
“We’ll let the police handle the rest of this.”
“I suppose this means the case is closed.” Concluded Ciel
“What a relief.” Remarks Alette.
Chapter Summary

The truth about the murders is revealed, Sebastian and Selima are reunited

The storm had cleared up by morning. Alette yawned loudly as the guests loaded into their carriages. She was never quite the morning person. The grass was soggy with leftover rainwater and morning dew, but the sky had finally lightened to a light blue with puffy clouds to compliment it. Arthur was pondering the case, which was supposedly closed, when a knock reverberated through his carriage. He lowers his window to the smiling man.

“Mr. Jeremy…”
“Why the long face? We just solved the case.”
“You were extremely helpful, Mr. Jeremy. Thank you very much. I can’t help but feel bad for the Earl though. And Countess’ butler. They lost someone very close to them.”
“Likewise. I doubt we’ll meet again, but I wish you well, Professeur.” Arthur hesitates, recognizing the foreign language. Suddenly, the woman is beside him, red lips stretched into a smile. She was grieving not hours ago, why would she be smiling now.

“Ne vous inquiétez pas, professeur. Mon amour et je serai bientôt ensemble, une fois de plus.”[1] As he comprehended, his carriage began moving.

“Merci de veiller sur le jeune maître.”[2] As the carriage left, the clever man began to ponder. Pondering turned to thinking, thinking turned to questions, and questions turned to conclusions. Soon, he was bursting through the doors to the Phantomhive estate once more. Selima and Jeremy quickly broke apart, hands untwisting from one another.

“Why are you so flustered?” asked Jeremy, alluding to the man at the bottom of the steps, panting fiercely. “Did you forget something?”
“I returned to confirm the truth, Reverend Jeremy.” Alette’s heart plunged into her stomach; if this man screwed up all their hard acting and work, so help her…” No! The butler, Sebastian.”
“God damn it…” Whispered Alette.

“Excellent!” he praised, mouth quirking up into a small smile. “It seems we’ve rather underestimated you.”

“Mistress, it appears he knows. Would you like me to eradicate him?” asks Selima
“Not quite yet.” Replies Ciel, interrupting before Alette can answer.
“You’re really far too clever.” Sebastian acknowledges, ripping off the mask. Selima smiles at the handsome man she was dating; she had known for some time. “Professor.”
“I-I can’t believe it! There’s no way anything that implausible could be true.”
“Oh?”

“Did you not come back because you suspected what was going on? And now you can’t believe it?” sighed Selima, irritated that their plan had gone to waste.
“If you had just been on your way, you could have returned to that tranquil reality, so why come back?” inquires Sebastian. “Why, when you’re shaking so badly?”

“Because if the misgivings I felt weren’t just misgivings, I’d have to chase the Yard’s carriage immediately!” He almost salutes through his passion; Alette can sympathize with his sense of morality.

“You certainly have a strong sense of justice, Professor.” Comments Ciel. “But then you do claim to be a fan of medieval knights in your writing. Once you know the truth, you may not be able to leave. Didn’t you consider that?”
"Huh?"
"He’s only joking. He can be a twat like that sometimes.” Clarifies Alette.
"Woodley wasn’t behind the murders.” Reveals Ciel. “At least, not in this case.”
"But he deserves what he got. We did not act without reason.”
"What do you mean by that?”
"Long story. Let’s discuss it over tea and sweets.” Alette follows Ciel up the stairs and Sebastian wraps an arm around Selima’s waist.
"Today I’ll be serving Fortnum and Mason’s Darjeeling second flush.” Announces Sebastian.
"Along with petite fours.” Adds Selima, placing a few plates sin the center of the table. There is an awkward silence, which annoys Alette.
"Well someone say something!”
"What made you think he was alive, Professor?” questions Ciel.
“I didn’t have any real conviction. Just a persistent sense of vague incongruity. He was just well… too perfect. And the way those two kept flirting. The butler Sebastian and the butler Selima that is. Sebastian and Reverend Jeremy. There were so many inconsistencies and, yet there was absolutely no room for doubt. They were flawless. They were so perfect, it was unnatural!”
“And by that you mean…?” probed Sebastian
“To prepare for death, no, your own murder, with such accuracy is impossible. That goes way beyond the level of premonition.” He pauses, considers himself and continues. “Then along comes Reverend Jeremy, and even though he was unquestionably suspicious, he had an airtight alibi. And then their parting words, the instant I heard those words, I found the root if my unease. And realized that a single irrational possibility would overturn all our reasoning. The possibility that the butler, Sebastian, was not dead. Once that occurred to be, I couldn’t keep still.”
“To think that one simple phrase would convince you to return…I blame you, Selima.”
“Me? You’re the one who called him the young master.”
“Yes, but--.” She cuts him off with a soft, loving kiss; their first reunited kiss.
“Darling, you’re not going to win this, so you might as well stop now.” She tittered.
“Oh my gosh, you both screwed it up!” exhaled an exasperated Alette.
“So what did I do to arouse such suspicion?”
“First of all, when Siemens was killed…you can practically do anything, but you just stood there. Both of you did. When the Earl and Countess were suspected, neither of you defended them.”
“We must let them fight their own battles sometimes. What’s more, is who would take the word of their butlers? Its expected we’d defend them, no matter what the cost.”
“You knew there’d be another murder and they would be cleared.”
“Yes, I knew.”
“I knew there would be, I just didn’t expect…”
“You certainly did mourn for me so.”
“All acting.”
“Sure it was.” He smirks
“Shut up.” She growls.
“I thought so.”
“We knew ahead of time that one of our guests wanted to bedevil the children.” Confesses Selima.
“You knew there would be a murder?”
“Yes, and that Mr. Siemens would be the likely victim. And that I would be killed.” Sebastian explains, and soon Arthur is standing up, outraged.
“Hang on! Why didn’t you say that right away?”
“The young master seemed to be monitoring the situation, so we followed their lead.”
“A murder under those circumstances…”
“After talking it through, we first concluded it was a swindle.”
“Life and death aside, I assumed Lord Siemens had poisoned himself. The rest is as my butler said.”
“I see. So that’s why you sent him to replenish the coal. That bothered me as well. There’s no need o rake ashes in an empty room. Yet he was killed because of that.”
"Yes, the truth of that order was to inspect the hearth. But, my master really is quite cruel. “He looks down at the boy, sipping his tea and nibbling on the dessert. “He knew I’d be killed if I inspected the hearth yet he did so regardless.”
"Well, no one expected things would go this well.”
"This well?"
"Yes, the night I was murdered, it was not god or fate."
"We don’t believe in such things.” Chimed in Selima.
“I died according to my master’s scenario, at the time of his choosing. By the hand of the intended culprit.”
“I swear; I will be the death of him. Mercy is not a virtue I possess.” Swore Selima, clenching her gloved hand. Sebastian wraps an arm around her, pulling her close and giving her shoulder a reassuring squeeze; it felt good to be cared about.
“In good time.”
“You’re lying!” cried Arthur, incredulous. “You mean you knew the killer’s identity?!” shouts Arthur, knocking over his tea. Selima quickly replaces the table cloth and pours the man another cup.
“And yet you willing cast aside your life? Because your master ordered it?”
“Yes, I do not lie. You see, the strain our masters place upon us deserves a Royal Warrant.” He goes on to explain the rest of the nights ongoings as Arthur and Selima listen carefully. Everything falls into place.
“The look on that little shit’s face really was amusing.” Giggled Selima, as he explains the part about stabbing himself through the front.
“Both of you put on quite a performance.” He continues, explaining how he snatched the owl, and returned to the wine cellar, leading to how Selima undressed him. “You were quite touchy, or someone who was searching for a key. I had no idea you were into necrophilia.” He teases, earning him a glare form Selima. “After that, I gather the pieces…” He resumes his story about gathering the ampule, planting the evidence and returning as Reverend Jeremy.
“Then, that ticket was a fake?!”
“No, it’s a genuine ticket I purchased in London. I only got to see two minutes of the show, but….I slipped out during the banquet and purchased that ticket.”
“No fair, I wanted to see the show with you!” pouts Selima playfully.
“I promise I’ll take you there, dear.”
“But that’s impossible...”
“If you doubt me, you’re welcome to verify the ticket stub at the box office.”
“The owl and the ticket were both ploys to make Jeremy convincing,” Explains Ciel.
“That’s right, what was in that letter Ciel?” asks Alette, curious.
“It was just one of his ridiculous pranks.”
“Well your studies were put on hold during the case, so it was a bit of a mental exercise.” Chuckles Sebastian.
“And from that moment on my double role began—.”
“Hang on! I examined your corpse with Mr. Jeremy!” Sebastian smirks, then describes the rest of his journey, switching out the corpses and more rushing around the mansion.
“Thanks to the young masters stilted acting and your character we dodged that bullet. But...” He depicts the fiasco where Charles came back to examine him. He rubs his cheek at the remanence of the blow dealt. Selima presses her plump lips to his cheek and
“Anyone who crosses us…”
“Will have hell to pay.” He finishes, a small smile playing on his lips. “You know the rest. As Reverend Jeremy, I supported my young master and comforted my girlfriend. Mr. Woodley was arrested, and both our masters avoided incrimination.
“I don’t understand. Even after hearing your explanation, this whole ordeal makes even less sense. Because doesn’t that mean, if what you say is true, the whole affair was contrived by Earl Grey, Queen Victoria’s butler! He had Earl Phantomhive and Countess Vamphina arrange everything and then tried to frame them for the murder. Despite that, you both made elaborate preparations with your
butlers and cleared only yourselves form suspicion. Even then, you covered for Earl Grey and pinned everything on Mr. Woodley, who had done nothing wrong.”

“Yourself should always be your priority, putting others before yourself recklessly can be foolish. Little MR. Woodley isn’t so innocent either.” Snarled Alette, who had been quiet for some time.

“It was all her Majesty intended anyways. Siemens, the guest from Germany, to say that banker was a central figure in German heavy industrial development would be no exaggeration.”

“He and Germany posed a threat to England, thus Her Majesty set out to terminate him and stagnate Germany’s growing military power.” Informed Alette.

“It’s the Butterfly effect.” Shrugs Ciel.

“The phenomenon whereby a minute localized change in a complex system can have large effects elsewhere.”

“But why would Earl Grey try to pin the blame on you?” Ciel and Alette exchange glances, Alette stares at her feet afterwards.

“It’s a bit of a long story…” she sighs.

“It appears she may have discovered a small misconduct of ours.”

“Sure we expected some punishment, but being framed for murder? Who would have thought?”

“Why use Mr. Woodley when he was innocent?” Alette grinds her teeth.

“He was not innocent. He was using the profit he made off of diamonds to buy and sell illegal weapons to troubled regions. We were also able to deduce that Woodley was behind the murder of the Roze company’s head.”

“Who are you two?” solicits Arthur, shuddering.

“We are the Queens servants.”

“We find those who are wicked and snuff them out.”

“There was some doubt as to where our loyalties lie.”

“But now she has ascertained our devotion.”

“If everything you’ve said is true, that butler can’t be.” Selima is there in moments, sleeves rolled up, forearm to the man’s throat as she presses him against the wall.

“The truth is; we are not human.” Confesses Sebastian, eyes aglow. Arthur can barely breathe, his heart is racing, something that only feeds Selima’s drive. Her eyes glow a blood red, mark illuminated as well.

“I could crush your windpipe right now.” She smirks. Sebastian darkens the room, eyes also glowing, darkness radiating off of him like fog.

“I trust you understand what would happen if you reveal our little secret?”

“I’ll never tell! Not a word!” he promises Selima, willing himself to look into her eyes.

“Remember. We are always watching.”

Sorry, this must have been confusing if you haven't seen the second episode of book of Murder.

[1] Don’t worry, Professor. My love and I will be together once more.

[2] Thank you for watching over the young master,
Chapter Summary

Selima and Sebastian have a date that ends in a steamy night.

Alette stared at the man tied before her. “Who is this?” she asked, the man had eyes that shined like two exploding suns, though he appeared kind of dead on the inside, and hair colored of ashes. What really got her though, was the scales on the sides of his neck.

“It’s you!” squealed Selima in delight.

“Snake?!” asked Ciel. “You were behind Mr. Phelps murder. Why would Snake want to murder Alette and I?”

“Isn’t it obvious Ciel?” asked Alette, feeling immensely sick with herself. It had been a growing feeling ever since the night of the incident. She never knew she was capable of murder, but now she knew. There was no chance at redemption for her. And for some reason, with that hope snuffed out, she had been becoming increasingly miserable. “What we did…”

“The day after you four broke into the first tier tents, everyone disappeared! I know it was you, Siren! So I followed the scent of your costume to this manor, says Wilde.” Recited Snake.

“So you think it’s our fault?”

“It really kind of is our fault.”

“I knew that Joker and the others were hiding something from me! But—despite my appearance, they called me their friend!” Alette tears up, a pressure weighing on her chest. She had been trying to hide it for some time now, but this had been really weighing on her conscious. “They called me their family! You stole that away from me! I’ll never forgive that!” And Alette was gone. Over the edge, submerged, drowning. She did not run off, or so much as reply. Simply sulked off, so quietly, oh so quietly that even Selima barely noticed. Ciel on the other hand, maintained his composure fairly well.

“Says Wilde.”

“The circus you were a part of was kidnapping children from each area they toured. To investigate that, we infiltrated the circus.”

“Kidnapping? You’re lying! That’s nonsense, says Oscar.” Denied Snake.

“Nonsense, that may be true. What we did may have been wrong, but I assure you we did it for the greater good. We wanted to save those children that were suffering because of their actions. I want to save you too.” Now he was very well aware that this act of generosity was very out of character for him, but he had to take Alette into account. She had once told him he was reckless, and to make more friends than enemies. He may have brushed it off at the time, but after careful consideration, he had concluded that this man was most likely a better ally than foe. Plus, it would delight his friend’s demon butler to no end to have this man around. “Come to my manor, Snake.”

“What are you saying, says Keats” He reaches down and unties Snake, loosening the almost impossible knots Sebastian had tied.

“Just as I said. I want to save you. Joker and the others may be gone because of us, but that doesn’t mean you have to be alone. You can choose to hold to your hatred and let it eat you alive. Or you can resolve your conflicts with us directly, and live a happy life once more, with a new family.”

Snake outreached his hand and took Ciel’s, accepting the offer.

* * *

After Sebastian’s staged funeral, which Alette had been absent from, everyone was content. Almost everyone, but that is for the next chapter. There was still a bit of nip from the winter air, so Selima slipped into a long sleeved dress that clung to her figure. The evergreen of it brought out her eyes,
her makeup was as always, perfection, not too much, not too little, the perfect amount for her shape and color. Her raven heels clicked against the tile of the Phantomhive manor. As much as everyone was thrilled to find out Sebastian was alive, he had to bid them farewell for the night. What was even more amusing to the pair of them was seeing how their helpless masters would get along without them for a few hours. She took Sebastian’s arm as they stepped outside, the night was theirs. Stars sparkle in the sapphire sky, spotted with the occasional wispy cloud. Selima stares out the window, then lays her head in Sebastian’s lap. He smiles down at her, and she is, for the first time in the last few days, perfectly content. He notices the hairpin curve of her lips and how her hair spills into his lap.

“Do you remember when we started dating?” she inquires, curious.

“Of course. I remember the first time I ever laid eyes on you.”

“Yes?”

“Yes, you came to the door with your young mistress and requested to have an audience with my young master. I couldn’t refuse such a beautiful lady. She giggles as he smirks, clearly flattered. “I knew I wanted you the moment I saw you.”

“I recall you told me so on the rooftops, during the Jack the Ripper case.”

“Yes, I did.”

“You do always get what you want, don’t you?”

“Of course I do.”

“You really would have torn up that reaper had ha touched me.”

“Of course I would. No one touches what’s mine.” She runs the back of her hand over the outline of his face, caressing him lovingly. They arrive at West’s coffee house, a large green building decorated elaborately. Ever since the Curry incident, it had lost some business and fell into the hands of a new owner. But nonetheless, Sebastian always fulfilled his promises. The inside was not at all crowded to say the least, and decorated in a mild manner. There were paintings adorning the striped gold and jade walls, and railings around the perimeter, separating the line from the seating area. They settle in, Selima sipping her coffee avariciously, earning her a few looks since it was obviously steaming hot. But pesky things such as temperature never quite bothered demons much, so she drank her coffee in peace. Sebastian arrives across from her, a bag full of sweets for the young master in his grasp.

“Do you happen to know what became of those kittens you gave me?”

“I uh, believe your young master had an allergic reaction to them, then ordered the servants to dispose of them.” He looks a bit upset at this, so she grabs and interlocks their gloved hands. “It’s really not fair, you get to keep snakes out in the garden now, yet I can’t even hide a kitten.”

“Ai I not enough for you?” she laughs, playfully scratching him; she was a cat demon after all.

“No darling, you’re purrfect.” She frowns, pain coming with the severity of that pun.

“Sebastian, if you make one more damn cat joke, I will end you.”

* * *

"You really scared me back there." Selima sighed burying her face into his warm, hard chest. "Of course I did, love." He purred, rubbing circles into her back. She groans a little.

"You could have at least told me about it."

"I couldn't risk anyone overhearing." He explained. She Huffs and drops it, nuzzling him slightly. "You know you're not allowed to die on me." She scolds. He chuckles slightly, pressing his cold lips to her warm forehead. It was funny really. She could almost pass for a human, except for her glowing fuchsia eyes. He feels a twitch of something in his chest, something like endearment. What was this feeling? "You know, if the young masters find us here, they're bound to be upset." She reminded him, breaking him out of his contemplation.

"Doesn't that make it all the more fun?"

"Not when I think my beau has been murdered."

"So now I'm your beau?" He chuckled.

"You've been my beau. For a year now." She reminds him. He envelops her in his long arms, pressing his body to her."

"A year goes by so fast." He sighs. "And I don't get a prize for sticking around so long?"
"You don't deserve one for what you've put me through."
"I don't know what you could be referring to." She giggled and presses her full lips to his thin ones. He kisses back, slowly at first. Their lips just moving together naturally, they enjoy each other's presence. The wind blows as they sit on top of the roof. Her hair blows in his face, and they break apart, only so he can get the hair that had blown into his mouth out. His lips are as soft and smooth as butterfly wings, and warm, wet and filled with passion. He wanted to give her the world. She deserved it. A beautiful demoness has stumbled into his life and now he questioned everything he once knew. Demons couldn't love. Could they? If they couldn't what was this feeling, then? His nonexistent heart fluttering, his cold body flushing. He was a mess yet perfectly comfortable around this woman. It was unheard of. It was different.

He continues to rub small circles in her back. She had been really tense as of late. Probably because of the whole murder fiasco. He holds her tight, nuzzling her neck. He is perfectly content like this, but she then makes the first move. She places a hand on his thigh suggestively, then looks at him with raised eyebrows. He decides, despite his sudden slight stiffness, to pretend to play hard to get. "I don't know what you could possibly want." He drawls, looking the other way.

"Oh no, you're not doing this to me." She groans
"Hmm...doing what?" He smirked seductively, tilting her chin up.
"I think you'll find I can be very persuasive." She giggles. She pecks his lips, leaving him wanting more. He leans in, but she lowers her head to his chest region.
"Nuh uh. My lips have other places to be." She teased. She was irresistible. She plops down into his lap and leans in. He expects to feel her warm lips against his pale cheek but is instead met with a warm wet sensation. Had she licked him? That was new

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She kisses his jawline, lips painted perfection created the Perfect sensation against his skin. He understood, ever since he met her. The only thing a demon lusted for more than souls was pleasure and she gave that to him. She gave more than that too. Affection and care. Something demons were not used to. But they were figuring it out together. She trailed her wet tongue down his jaw to her neck, where she started placing butterfly kisses all over, until she felt him tense as she kisses a spot close to his jaw. She gives this sensitive spot a lick. And watches him close his eyes and sigh. Her foreplay was amazing.

She starts to suck, lightly at first as he groans. As the intensity of the suction increases he lets out small groans that may have been considered moans. She pulls away, admiring her work. There is a large, purple, very noticeable love bite on his neck. He was not used to being so submissive. But they were of equal power so he couldn't dominate every time. He had grown quite hard as she pressed against him, the friction created as she rubbed against him was wonderful. He wanted her. Now. She lowered her attention to his chest, as she slowly unbuttoned his tailcoat. She pulled off his coat with ease, leaving him in just a thin white button up shirt. She played with the buttons as she lay atop him, making him groan with impatience. She smiles a little, she bites on the edge of his shirt and uses her tongue to push the button through the small opening. She repeats the process until his pale, well-toned chest is bare. She starts where she left off, kissing and dragging her tongue across his bare collarbone. She chances a nip and his back almost arches. The sudden slight pain was a surprise. She bites again, drawing a bit of blood. He doesn't mind though, she swirls her tongue around the wound she fabricated and laps up the blood.

"Oh darling, you're so kinky." He teased her

"Shhh." She pressed a finger to his lips. She moved lower, leaving sporadic love bites all over until she reached his nipples. This took the demon by surprise, this was unchartered territory for him, he hadn't even fondled her in the flesh yet. He wanted to save the best for last. She ran a thumb over his left nipple while swiping her tongue across the right. Both instantly get hard. She feels him for a few more moments, then rubs it slowly, her fingers making circles around them. He groaned and pressed his body into her. She felt herself get poked with something large and hard and smirks. She sits octopus style in his lap and grinds against him slowly. Finally, she starts to suck on his left nipple, the suction felt oddly wonderful as did the generous amount of friction and attention she gave to his most
sensitive area. She squeezed his right nipple pinching it. She did not hold back and used a large amount of force. He could not suppress a large moan. Selima stops, then switches her position so she is upside down, crotch in Sebastians face and her face in his crotch. Sebastian laid back and enjoyed the sight of her wet lace panties. She slowly unbuckled his belt. He looked up at the stars. He was so stiff it was almost painful. He was in need of a release. She frees his throbbing cock of its constraints and slowly pumps her hand. He moans, tracing a hand up and down her smooth legs. She chances a lick of the tip, tasting the cum that had leaked out.

"I like seeing you like this. All vulnerable." She whispers. His black hair lay sprawled behind him, blending in with the roof. He decides she deserves reciprocation, he wanted to make her moan as well. She is sucking on the tip lightly, when he Yanks down her panties and she feels a sudden draft on her nether regions. "Sebastian, what are you do-- oh!" She moans, pumping her hand whilst she talks. He surprises her by taking a big slow lick of her clitoris. It is a most strange feeling, warm wet and pleasurable. It tastes salty yet sweet.

"You taste so sweet, darling" he compliments.

She swirls her tongue around his tip, and he mimics her movement, swirling his tongue around the top of her clit. Soon, they are both moaning messes, immersed in pleasure. She takes most of his incredibly large length into her mouth and sucks, bobbing her head back and forth. He takes her clit into his mouth and sucks, it becomes a competition as to who can suck harder. Soon though, he is on the brink of losing it. She bobs her head back and forth, she then returns to the tip, flicking her tongue across it. His hips buck a little.

"M-more!" He grunts, even though his mouth is full. She continues this, while massaging his balls. Selima then takes one testicle into her mouth and sucks, while massaging the other. He groans loudly, panting while taking long slow licks of her. She repeatedly flicks her tongue across them, giving the sensitive part of the man special attention. He groans and thrusts his hips upward. She takes his entire length into her mouth and deep throats him, despite her gagging.

"I'm gonna...!" He manages to choke out, until he finally releases his salty load into her mouth. She swallows gratefully, he pants. He then catches her off guard by thrusting his tongue into her. He goes at an inhuman speed, tasting her and thrusting in and out. He takes a moment to tug off his gloves quickly, then thrusts his tongue back in.

"Ooo!" She Moans. He returns his attention to the clit, flicking his tongue over it repeatedly, while inserting a few fingers into her. She moans, riding his face. Her juices get all over his face, neck, chin and nose. "Ahhh!" She nearly screams.

"Shhh, love. You don't want to wake our masters. They'll be upset if they found us having fun up here." He thrusts his fingers into her and swivels them around inside her, making come hither motions, all while licking her clitoris. She bites her lip, then arches her back and moans. She feels a knot forming in her lower stomach, then she almost yells

"Ohhh Sebassstiannn!" As she reaches her climax she looks up at the glowing starlight and swears she sees white. He sucks her dry as she sighs, riding her orgasm out. She climbs off him, and pulls up her panties. "You're a messy eater." She giggles at the sight of him. He dresses himself and then wraps an arm around her, pulling her close. He nuzzles her, inhaling the scent.

"Sebastian?"

"Yes, my love?"

"When will you make love to me?"

"When the ashes start to rise, and the moon falls from the sky. And a thousand candles burn into the night. When the angels softly cry on the flames below the sky. When a thousand souls still pray for you and I. I will make it just perfect."
Alette is acting strange, what could be this new affliction? Ciel vows to find out the secret of the mysterious rising of the dead

“There will be an increase in servants at the mansion.” Announces Sebastian.
“What?!” all three collectively gasped.
“Ho, ho, ho.” Accepted Tanaka.
“Please enter.” Instructed Sebastian. All everyone saw was slinking, scaly, twisting and writhing masses of hissing serpents, causing everyone to erupt in screams. “Please calm down. They won’t bite unless he orders them too.”
“He?!” they all harmonize. An especially odd man peeks around the corner modestly. Sebastian immediately snaps into action, becoming as stern as ever.
“Straighten up! Introduce yourself loud and clear! Since you’re here you’ll have to obey our rules!” he orders. Selima, who had snuck around the corner and was currently leaning against the wall, snickered; her man was as sadistic as ever.
“I’m S-Snake. N…Nice to meet you, says Oscar.” Stumbles Snake.
“So it’s Oscar?” inquired Finny, confused as ever.
“No! This one is Snake and I’m Oscar, says Oscar. That one over there is Emily, next to her Is Bronte, and round that lady’s neck Wordsworth.” Everyone turns to see Selima sitting in the corner with a serpent coiled around her neck, looking absolutely giddy. “She’s friendly, Says Wordsworth.” The servants catch Sebastian smiling a little at the woman before him. He then begins his work, Bardroy next to him.
“Are you for real about hiring some shady guy like this?”
“No matter who he is, if the young master has made his decision, I will simply obey. Also, couldn’t I say the same thing about you? However, if he bares his teeth at our master then…” He chops the head off the fish he had been cleaning, symbolically explaining Snake’s end.
* * *
“Is she staying in bed again?” asked Ciel
“I believe so.” Alette had not left her room for days. Whenever she was seen, she was in the dark, lying in bed, usually immaculate bruneous hair in tangles. She refused to have Selima dress her, bathe her, in fact all she did was sleep.
“She should be taken to a doctor immediately.” Decides Ciel. Selima exits to makes preparations, and to prepare her mistress for the ride.
“How is he?” inquires Ciel, curious about the new help.
“It will take some time to train him. He is a fast learner though.”
“You are quite good at making people learn though, aren’t you?”
“Indeed, well that’s what I was going to say, but when I see the young master dance, it appears my teaching skills only go so far.” Ciel is mildly irked by his butler’s snide remarks, but his attention is caught by a newspaper headline.
“FUCK!” screamed Selima, causing Ciel to spill his Earl Grey.
“Honestly, what could— “
But Sebastian was already gone, running to the room. He recognized the sound of a distressed demoness. He walks in to quite the scene. Selima’s cheek is red, her face angled slightly to the right. Alette’s hand is raised.
“This is an order; we are not going anywhere. Now back off!” she snarled through gritted teeth. Something was definitely wrong, and Ciel knew it; she had not been herself lately yet he had chosen to sit by idly and wait for it to pass, and like spoiled milk, the longer he let it sit, the worse it became. Selima was enraged, paged, caged by this damn girl! Her eyes were glowing a dangerous shade of red. She chooses her next words very carefully, weighing them. By now even the servants had noticed something was amiss.

“Mistress, it is in your best interest—”

“No. Va te faire foutre, démone.” Kiss my ass, demoness. Selima

“Répétez s'il vous plait. Je ne crois pas que je vous ai compris correctement.” Repeat, please. I don't believe I understood you correctly.

“Va. Te. Faire. Foutre. Démone.” Kiss. My. Ass. Demoness. Sebastian gasped, the servants listened in, pretending to be working, Ciel was flipping through a book of translations to figure out just what the hell they were saying; French was one of his shaky languages.

“Vous pouvez me sucer--.” You can suck my—Sebastian covers the young master’s ears, just in case but Selima never gets to finish.

“SELIMA! Pourquoi es-tu tellement ennuyeux aujourd'hui?” Selima! Why are you being so annoying today?

“Pourquoi es-tu une telle petite merde aujourd'hui?” Why are you being such a little shit today? Her gloved fists were clenched, since Sebastian had shooed the servants on she had been radiating obscurity.

“Est-ce que ça importe? Vous ne pouvez pas faire quoi que ce soit à ce sujet. Je vous ai ordonné de me laisser seul, ai-je pas?” Does it matter? You can’t do anything about it. I ordered you to leave me alone, did I not?

“Bien.” Fine. She whips around and looks straight into Sebastian’s cardinal colored eyes. “Sebastian.” He sighs, knowing an especially trying task is about to emerge..

“Yes, my love?” He does not dare toy with her when she is in this kind of mood; there was going to be hell to pay. She storms past Ciel, taking Sebastian with her. He places a hand on her shoulder, she was still seething with rage; he can almost feel her fury pulsing inside of her.

“You got so lucky. Teenage girls are a bitch.” She hisses.

“Yes, I believe i have noticed.” She crosses her arms, and he presses his lips to her warm squishy cheek, right where she was slapped. “Would you like me to take her to the doctor?” He offers.

“Yes, please.” She replies, brightening up a little. He loved the glint she got in her olive eyes. Alette watched warily as Sebastian walked in; Ciel simply sat at the end of the bed, a little bit at a loss for words. He had several things he wanted to say. But none would be too wise at the moment, when Alette was clearly fuming. Sebastian walks in and promptly picks Alette around the middle.

“We are going to the doctor.” He proclaims. Alette’s eyes revert back to Selima who smiles maliciously from the doorway.

“They found a damn loophole!” realizes Alette.

“What?” questions Ciel.

“Let me get this straight. We have no contact, so you are under no obligation to obey me. And you’ll obey Selima because if you don’t, you don’t get any booty. “

“Essentially, my lady.” Agrees a sheepish Sebastian, who would rather it have not been put so brazenly. He carries her out to the carriage, where Selima waves from the doorway.

“If you touch him I’ll cut out your ovaries and feed them to the snakes!” she yelled cheerfully. Ciel chokes on his tea. She smiles malevolently, then states “I have the best boyfriend.”
They return around tea time, after Lau has briefed Ciel about the hospital that had been given the gift to revive the dead. Ciel was most eager to discuss this new found information with Alette. He had decided April was enough time for Alette to pull out of whatever she had been stuck in. Was it supposed to be him and Lizzie? Well yes, but he had much work to do and quite frankly, he preferred Alette’s company to Lizzie’s? Was it rude? Yes. Did he care? No. “That, was an ordeal.” Sighed Sebastian as he walked in, looking quite handsome in a doctor’s uniform.

“Well, don’t dawdle; what did they say?” solicits Ciel as Selima pours his tea.

“She’s possessed.”

“What?!” synchronized Selima and Ciel.

“Yes, they say she has “demons in her head.” And want to do an exorcising as soon as possible. Ciel and Selima’s jaws drop. “Of course I said no, thank you, collected the records the young master requested and left.”

“Then what took you so long?” demanded Ciel.

“I had an errand of my own I had to accomplish.” He simply answers.

“Was she difficult?” asks a concerned Selima

“No, the difficult part was explaining my relation to the lady.”

“And what’s with that outfit?” intervenes Ciel, patience at its end from dealing with Lizzie for the day.

“Well as they say, when in Rome do as the Romans do.” He smirked, Selima saunters over to him. He is surprised when she grabs him by the collar and pulls him into a deep kiss. Her lipstick smears against his pale lips, he feels a strong dark pull toward her, something much more than lust, but that’s what it materialized as. He pries her lips open with his tongue and massages her mouth slowly; she stands on her tip toes and wraps her arms around his neck. She bursts to life, tongue dancing with his own.

“Ok…. ok…. that is ENOUGH! Sebastian!” Alette walked in and sat, still a bitter, disheartened mess. They break apart with reluctance.

“You look nice like that.” She compliments.

“What did you learn?” interrupts Ciel.

“It is about the aforementioned Karnstein Hospital. It seems that the upper rank doctors, including the direct, Ryan Stoker, have opened an association called the “Aurora Society.” According to a nurse that squealed, The Aurora society holds presentations for the results of their experiments regularly and collects donations from nobles. The Aurora society’s true face is that of a secret society that consists solely of doctors who have the complete salvation of mankind through medicine, as their motto… it has been confirmed that the members conduct illegal experiments within their hospital daily. There was no signs of slaves in the hospital and there was nothing pertaining to human experiments or the revival of the dead.” He recites this all in one breath, all while Selima hangs onto his arm.

“It couldn’t get any fishier than this, huh?”

“Yes, I’m certain there is some definite clue to be found in this Aurora Society.”

“When is there next meeting?” Ciel looks up; Alette is staring at the ground, usually she’d have some input. But alas, she seemed the same as before.

“It is scheduled to be on a passenger boat departing form South Hampton port on the 17th of April.”

“Hmph, meeting on a ship sounds like something nobles would do…April 17th!? What’s the name of that boat?!” he exclaims, standing up. Sebastian glances down at his clipboard.

“The Blue Stars line’s luxury ship…”

* * *

They were boarding the Campania, Alette dressed but not thrilled to be there. After a while of talking with Sebastian, because after their little spat he had refused to talk to Selima, he had given her an (unofficial) diagnosis, which everyone had guessed, but no one dared say. It was quite uncommon of the time, and it was no physical affliction that had befallen her. Ciel, was the only one who did not
know. Why? Because, knowing how he was, Sebastian and Selima judged him to not be fit to help her in the present situation. To put in terms, the reader may understand, Ciel could be a bit of an ass sometimes, and may only make matters worse.

“Second class is over there.” Directed Sebastian, Selima by his side.

“It’s cool that Mr. Snake gets to go too.” Squeals Finny

“It’s because it’s part of a footman’s job to accompany the master on his outings. Please do your jobs properly while we are gone.”

“Yes sir!” they all salute.

“Well then, we’re off.” Broadcasts Ciel as he ascends the smooth rickety silver incline that lead to the boat along with Alette.

“It seems we will set sail shortly.” Elsewhere, a mysterious man wearing mostly inky colored clothes and a hat bustles through, seemingly harmless, no one notices. He climbs aboard the sailing ship, very scarcely escaping disaster. He pokes through the congregation, and sits, watching the people wishing others well get smaller and smaller. The ocean air felt good, salty but pleasant in a way. He pushed up his spectacles, and watched. That was his job, after all. To watch, and to collect.

“Wind in the sail! The future is looking bright! For us, that is.” And that mysterious man, who had so very narrowly escaped a catastrophe was the grim reaper, Ronald Knox.
Her Butler, Confessing

Chapter Summary

Sebastian has something he has to tell Selima. Alette and Fuel sneak into the meeting

“I…I thought I’d surprise you…” Ciel begins to panic as tears glisten in Lizzie’s eyes, threatening to fall. Alette rolls her eyes; what an emotional girl. She was as well, but she maintained a calm and collected frontier. She feels a tinge of something as the flaxen bouncing pigtailed girl enveloped her business partner in a hug.

“I’m so happy! Even though you said you couldn’t come!” She squealed.

“Elizabeth!! Please do not display such indecent behavior in public.” Chastised a tall woman, her hair was pulled back into a tight bun, and she had a few wrinkles adorning her cream colored skin. She wore a permanent frown, and the rest of the family appeared as uninviting.

“That’s right, Lizzie. Moreover, I still haven’t acknowledged you as my brother in law yet! So get off her already!”

“He’s thirteen, and she’s on him. Maybe if you taught your sister the lady aesthetic, she wouldn’t be so clingy.” Muttered Alette. Ciel stares at her; she had been hostile lately.

“What was that?” snapped Edward.

“What I said, was--.”

“What is she?” snarled Mrs. Midford.

“My…business partner.”

“A Vamphina?” She sneers, her thin lips curling into a contemptuous deride. She turns to her husband, who had up until this point, been glaring at Ciel viciously. “I hear both her and her mother are disgraces to the Queen. And just look at her butler! As if a true noble would allow a servant out in those rags!” Selima whirls around, having just enough of this woman’s acrid attitude. She opens her mouth, about to launch a tirade against the Midfords. Ciel was about to have a heart attack, when Sebastian whirls into action. He picks up Selima and buries her face into his hard, warm chest, stifling her cruel words. He whirls her around in circles, as if dancing, then exits the room with her.

“Marquis Midford, I haven’t seen you in a while.” Stutters a nervous Ciel. Why was his future in laws so difficult?

“Long time no see, my future son! You’re as cute as ever.” Alette can’t help but stare. So that was where she got it from. “Ohh Francis, Edward don’t be so hard on the boy and his friend!”

Meanwhile, Sebastian finally relinquishes Selima, in the nearly empty dining hall.

“Why would you do that?” she questions,

“My young master looked like he was about to have a panic attack.” He replies simply, extracting a comb from his breast pocket and combing his hair back.

It was then Alette and Ciel heard Selima yelp “Oh Sebassstian!” And for the second time in the last twenty minutes, Ciel’s heart sank like a rock in water. Alette and him rushed to where they had run off to. Please let them be clothed. Thought Ciel, almost praying. Lord, please don’t let them be having sex! Pleading Alette in her mind. They both peek into the dining hall to find Sebastian with his hair slicked back, grasping a few of Selima’s onyx curls and desperately trying to run a comb through it. Sebastian looks up at his young master, positively puzzled as to how this could be such a difficult task. There were broken comb teeth mixed in with Selima’s tresses. It was sat this moment he was glad he didn’t have a female master.

“Ow! Sebastian!” She barked. He gives up and places a vermilion bow in her hair.

“So you’ll be with us the whole three weeks?”
“Yeah.” Selima stands beside Sebastian, her hair a little tamer and still embellished with the bow Sebastian had given her.

“We’ve never been together so long before.” Alette smiles, knowing she and Ciel had been together for much longer periods of time. “Escort me to the dinner party, okay Ciel?”

“I was going to escort her!”

“Now now Edward.” Chuckled Alexis Midford. “You can escort this lovely lady.”

“The meeting will be held on the nineteenth.” Whispers Alette.

“Three days to prepare, my lady.”

“Ciel, look, look! That cake is so cute!” shrieked Elizabeth, dragging Ciel all about the ball. “I’ll go get some for you, okay?” She rushes off before he can so much as stutter.

“You need to stick up for yourself. It’s unworthy of a Phantomhive to be treated so poorly.” Advised Alette, fork in mouth as she tasted the sweet frosting from her slice of cake.

“I know.” He sighed.

“Why do you put up with them?”

“I don’t want to hurt Elizabeth’s feelings.”

“Going soft on me, Phantomhive?” She giggles, taking another mouthful of cake as he huffed. His mouth went into a straight line, clearly irritated. “Besides, you have no actual intention of marrying her. You have no romantic interest in her.”

“Say it louder, why don’t you?” He growled. Ciel presses his fingers to his temples. “I care for her as a family member, but I suppose there is some truth in your ramble. My soul will be consumed before I ever get married.” She shudders, she always tried to avoid the thought of the boy’s untimely death. Alette had worked up all her energy to attend tonight’s ball, all for this stupid boy. And now he had the nerve to bring up that. Lately, there had been a lot on her mind. She didn’t know where this stemmed from, or how deep the roots have grown but this was blossoming into a real problem. She could barely ever get out of bed some days, and malicious voices haunted her once safe haven. It was like a cloud constantly hovered over her, she no longer had the drive to do anything. “Nobles really don’t do anything other than gather every day and talk about irrelevant things like what family did this. It feels almost stupid to have left work for this, wouldn’t you say?” He interrupts her train of thought. She gives him a weak smile; he just didn’t understand.

“Quite.” She replies. Sebastian, hair falling in his face stylishly as usual, approaches the young master.

“Well then, will you accept the Marchioness’ invitation to give you an introduction to fencing?” He inquires.

“Are you not going to let me see the goddess of freedom at all?” He japed.

“It’s tonight, Ciel.” Informed Alette.

“It seems to signal for the opening of the Aurora’s Society is a waiter, walking around the hall and carrying empty glasses.” Educated Sebastian. “The attendees take on and go to the meeting place.”

“Don’t let the signal out of your sight.”

“As you wish.” Meanwhile Snake, was enduring some rather crude comments.

“Look, did you see that skin? It looks just like a snake, doesn’t it? When did this place become a freak show.” Selima, who just happened to be sauntering past, audibly hissed.

“I believe it became a freak show when they let you two women in.” She scoffs. Snake looks down, feeling dismayed at the cruel woman’s comment.

“I look different from everyone else, and since I’m with you, people will laugh at you too, says Dan.” He sighed, embarrassed.

“So what?”

“Huh?”

“You’re another person so of course you look different. What do you need to be ashamed for? Besides I’m free to be with whoever I want. No one has the right to say anything about it.” Alette gapes at him. That had been the nicest, most sensible thing that had ever fallen out of that noble’s
“That’s right, right now you’re the footman of a distinguished noble family.” Adds Sebastian. “So straighten up and have some confidence.”

“How about a glass?” They overhear. Sebastian snatches up an empty glass for each of them.

“We’ll follow him! You, clean up!” He instructs to Snake, who merely eats the rest of the food. Selima and Alette pin their hair up and Alette places a bandage over her neck, while Selima does her editing her features slightly. Selima wore a pair of thick rimmed black glasses.

“We can’t be recognized.” The other two had disguised themselves as well, Selima having put Sebastian’s hair in a ponytail as well and Ciel bandaged his eye. “That’s quite an extravagant price for water…” acknowledges Ciel. “Which probably means…”

“If you can’t afford it, you’re out.” Paraphrased Alette.

“Okay, let’s go.” Alette follows Ciel, trying to act natural, while their butlers exchange a loving glance.

“You may want to wait, unless you wish to get us thrown out.”

“According to my info, the Aurora Society has a fixed greeting. Those who do not know it will be made to leave. “

“Say such things sooner!” Grunts Ciel, clearly exasperated. “So, what’s the greeting?” Sebastian whispers it in both noble’s ears, making Alette blush at the prospect of having to do something so ridiculous. “I can’t believe it! Do we really have to do that?” Alette looks to Selima to search for any trace of a joke, this would be one of their ploys to make their masters look stupid.

“If you can’t, we’ll be seen as outsiders and will have to leave immediately.”

“Better get moving.” Sighed Alette, swallowing her pride.

“Are you first timers?” asks a man with a scratchy beard.

“T-the flame in our chest…” She started

“Shall not be extinguished by anyone.” Finished Ciel

“We are the Phoenix!” they all harmonizes, raising limbs and opening jaws. Alette is beginning to have her doubts and is about to ask Selima about her humiliation theory, when the man cracks a coffee stained smile.

“The Phoenix! Welcome to the Aurora Society. Here are your membership badges.” He sprinkles a few pins into Selima’s outstretched palm.

“I’m never doing that again…”

“Neither am I…” They hear a slow cackle erupt from behind them and are mortified to see the Undertaker.

“To think you’d ever do something like that!” He shortles, hat askew. “Saying that with such a serious face!”

“You bastard!”

“Selima! Why didn’t you inform us he was here?”

“You never asked, my lady.”

“Now, now, young master. Moreover, what are you doing here?”

“My job. The hospital Is a regular customer of mine.”

“We’re investigating a series of revivals of the deceased.” Explained Alette. “What do you know about it?”

“Perhaps if you do that pose one more time, I’ll remember.”

“The Phoenix!” Alette’s heart positively sinks; her stomach doing a flip as well.

“Is that…?”

“Of course it is.” Sighed Ciel.

“Sorry, I arranged a pose in my own style!” apologizes the Viscount Druitt

“Come to think of it, he did have a medical license…” Remembers Sebastian.

“Oh my, are you beginners?”

“Yes, we saw the article in the newspaper--.”

“Oh, Madame Samuel’s light lippedness is quite troublesome.” He discloses with a flourish. “To think she’d leak our secrets so easily…Have we met somewhere before? You both look, very
familiar.” Alette sweats; please no….
“I’m certain this is our first time meeting!” cries Ciel, clearly as worried as Alette was.
“Indeed, I surely wouldn’t forget a beautiful boy and girl such as yourself.” Alette shudders as he
caressess her cheek. Selima Is about to swat him away like a fly, when he shifts his attention to Ciel.
“What pitiful bandages though, both of you.”
“My-my father said if I came here they could heal us!” lied Alette through her teeth.
“That’s right, I’m pretty sure Ryan will heal it for you, I’m already looking forward to staring into
both your eyes, and seeing all of your skin, my lady and lord.” Alette suppresses a gag, Selima, was
about to smack the Viscount, when Sebastian grabs her raised hand and interlocks their fingers.
“Shhh! It’s starting!” scolded someone. Alette gasps as she sees a rather handsome man with
windswept hair climb onto the stage, she knew instantaneously who it was.
“That’s the founder, Ryan Stoker.” She recognizes.

The flame in our heart, shall not be extinguished by anyone. We are the phoenix!” They all salute,
doing the ridiculous pose once more. Alette feels like a fool.
“Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming to today’s research presentation of the Aurora’s
society ‘Complete salvation of mankind through medicine.’” Selima scoffs; humans were so delirious
sometimes. Sebastian’s mind was elsewhere. The previous night, had been the best of his entire life.

*                                                                *                                                      *

The waves crashed against the side of the boat, a soothing sound to Selima. Sebastian leaned both
forearms on the edge of the railing. Selima snaked an arm around his waist, pulling him close. She
looked up at him, a twinkle in her eye. He couldn’t help but think back. He remembered the dress
she wore the first time they met, how captivated he was with her onyx curls and smaragdine eyes,
how she had curtseyed when introduced. How he had been afraid of her being as incompetent as his
own coworkers. The sexual tension that arose between them, how he had discovered she was no
mere mortal. How he venerated her pure skill, the little smile she would get while cutting open
someone’s throat, or breaking bones. How she had ridden on his back and taunted the men when his
master was kidnapped. How they had worked together so fluently, how she held him when he was
almost shot. How they had danced in the midst of night, him caressing her. How they had acted like
a married couple, and solved the Jack the Ripper case. How passionately she had beaten Grell after
she had hit on him, and then confessed her feelings for him. Every kiss on the cheek she had given
him made his non beating heart race. He remembered their first real date in the graveyard, how
elegant she had looked, her long lashes batting at him. How she had tackled him and confessed she’d
never had sex before. How they had disciplined the dog together, how they had solved mystery after
mystery together. They were an unstoppable duo. When the young masters tried to capture them in a
photo together, how she had seduced him so. Their first kiss, how warm it was for someone without
body heat and passion filled. How jealous he had gotten when he believed Agni was trying to woo
her. How motherly she was to Prince Richard. Her kind yet evil demeanor, her blood lust. How she
would blush when he kissed her neck. How she had beaten the women that flirted with him. The
angelic smile yet demonic motive. The way she exploded in a fit of rage when Alette had temporarily
renounced their contract. How she had kicked him in the jaw for teasing he. Their first sexual
endeavor together, feeling her voluptuous body. The way she moaned, her voice that encircled even
the vilest words and made them beautiful. The mercy she lacked, the dedication to her master. The
circus, how she had embellished herself in jewels. How she broke down when he faked his death,
how intelligent she was yet strict. Her sass. Her confidence. Her ambition. Her everything. The way
she made heart beats stumble and backbones crumble. She made his chest feel like an exploding sun.
It was in the small things she did, like play with a curl when bored or how she sipped her coffee.
How she ran her hands through his hair. How she made him want something more than souls. He
wanted her, and only her.
“You look deep in thought.” He looks up, and cracks a small smile.
“I have something to say.”
“What is it?”
“I…I…” For the first time in forever, Sebastian Michaelis was at a loss for words. “I love you.” He
“What was that?” She was perplexed. He wraps an arm around her curvy waist and leans in to her ear.
“I love you.” He whispered, regaining his composure. She felt flustered, overjoyed, surprised. She crossed her arms and pouted.
“A gentleman should never say it first.” She teased. His heart sank. Was she rejecting him?
“Honestly, you’re so soft for a demon.” He felt a sharp pain in his chest, as if he’d been stabbed. She then broke into a small smile, and leaned in very close. She brushed her lips against his and he felt as if he could take on the world. She places a hand on his chest and the other around his neck. “I love you too, Sebastian Michaelis.” She breathed against his lips. He never cared for such tedious things as emotions until he met her. Now, she was his everything. “How could I not? With hair as dark as despair and eyes that shine like red wine.” She smirks as they both look up to the stars glittering down on them.
“Sebastian!” cried Ciel, and it was then he noticed the revived woman, maw open, sinking her teeth into her father’s flesh.
“Yes, my lord!” He obeyed, whipping forward a few knives that pierced her heart.
“Did you get her?” screamed Alette, hanging onto Selima.
“Stay back!”
“What on earth is she?” wondered Ciel
“I’m sure I stabbed her in the heart. It is a being that I do not understand.”
Her Butler, Brawl

Chapter Summary

Ronald steps in to help, but things get messy real quick.

“The Aurora's society's revival of the dead may not be occult.” Ciel remembered.

“Shit! It failed!” There were screams, grunts and cries of terror. Ciel, however was only mildly irritated. “What are you doing? Take her down!” Instructed Ryan, frantically looking about at his co-workers who were modeling in the form of the club's signature Phoenix pose. The next thing Alette heard was the crack of gunshots. She saw the recoil of the silver weapons, the bullet piercing skin and cracking skull. Blood splattered against the white backdrop, the woman's skull whipped back. She felt sympathy for the woman's family as she thought the woman's unnatural heartbeat faltered. But instead she returned with even more vigor, bits of flesh exposed due to the gunshot wound. Alette felt abhorrence as she watched the monster sink her teeth into the skin of a participant.

“Ehh?” He made a soft noise as confusion as he was bit. Most the members had fled by now, yet the group of butlers and masters were standing their ground. “Damn these useless guys!”

“How about I dismember them so they can't move?” suggests Sebastian.

“These guys can't be killed unless you smash in their heads, ya know.” Selima swivels around on her heel, knives, Recently sharpened, at the ready. “Like tthhiiissss!" He demonstrates, slamming into the walking cadaver with what looks like...a lawn mower. “Ya should pay more attention to important stuff.” Selima Huffs as Sebastian snatches up her hand.

“You're...”

“Ahh, see this chicks totally dead after all.” Interrupts their mysterious savior. “I so told them I collected her properly.

“Well what is he?” Snapped an inpatient Alette. She just wanted to go to bed and ease the edge off but instead, here she was.

“Surely with your advanced experience with grim reapers, you would be able to recognize one, my lady?” As soon as she heard 'grim reaper' her stomach sank. She should have known, the chartreuse eyes, the spectacles, the unique yet casual personality. She sighed, exasperated. “This one has it, Alright. There we go.” and then the cinematic record burst forth, swirling and encircling Ronald Knox. “Shezanna Connor. Born on the 23rd of 1841. Died of shock due to blood loss on the 19th of April 1889. Remarks….none.”

“A grim reaper…?” Concluded Ciel

“Oh no...that get up. Are you the rumored Sebas-chan?” Selima balls up her fists, that whore. Sebastian gives her hand a small reassuring squeeze before returning to the Shinigami.

“I have quite the aversion to that name. However, I am the head Phantomhive butler, Sebastian
Michaelis.” He smiles innocently at the man. “You are?”

“The Shinigami dispatch association, Ronald Knox. Thanks for taking the care of my senior.”

“You just said you can't kill them unless you smash their heads in. But do you shinigami know something about the revival of the dead?”

“Nope, we don't know the details either.”

“Well if you don't know, who does?” Ronald smirks.

“Good question. That's what I'm trying to figure out. Anyways. We've had reports of some soul activity on recently deceased corpses. Administration is saying it was our miss, so I came to investigate. This thing here is a very unique specimen. A soulless corpse, yet it walks. Because I definitely collected this woman's soul about 2 weeks ago.”

“Her soul has vacated the body, yet she walks of her own accord.” Alette deduced

“So the dead have not been revived. The corpses are just moving.” Finished Ciel. “Is it possible for a soulless cadaver to make around?”

“Obviously.” replies Alette.

“My bosses say it's totally impossible, but the fact remains they are up and moving, so the Shinigami dispatch unit is looking into it.”

“The only thing you've ascertained is ‘if ya want to kill it, ya got to smash it's head in.’”

“Well, it's not really killing. More like stopping it's movement.”

“Looks like our only option is forcing Ryan to spit it out!” Ciel grabs her arm. There had been a change in her demeanor. Ever since her episodes, she had lost her will. Her drive. Her ambition. What was once a fire, was now a tiny spark. She made Ciel look eager. “Let's go!” it was as they turned around, Ronald revved the engine of his death scythe, and lunges for the two demons. Sebastian immediately pushed Selima out of the way, grasping the machine, blades inches away from his face. Selima yanked out her knives, her lack of consideration causing her to slice her sleeves open. Her mark was aglow. Sebastian loved seeing her like this; her eyes shined with rancor, hair tussled, mouth in a firm line. She was at her peak when ready to kill.

“If administration gets wind of there being not one but two demons on board, you betcha they're going to be all “aren't you just hiding the fact you let them snatch all the souls away?” Don'tcha think those types of false accusations will get me in a loooooot of trouble? And I'll totally pass on any overtime, so won't you two just vanish?” Explains Ronald. Selima lunges toward the attacker, he moves just in time but the front of his shirt is slashed.

“We'll go on ahead. Follow us when youre done playing.” Calls Ciel over his shoulder, pulling Alette along with him. Sebastian continues to dodge advances made by the Shinigami, while Selima goes on the offensive, stabbing and slashing.

“Darling don't fight, I want this to be the happiest moment of your long life.”

“What are you prattling on about? Anyone that tries to hurt you will be stabbed, repeatedly.” She yelled back.
“I know we've only dated for a year and a half. But being with you, makes me the happiest demon alive. I have never been so certain of anything. I love you, Selima Lovelace.” He forces Ronald Knox backward, for even he was stunned at this profession of love. Could demons love?

“I love you too!”

“So the time we've spent together shouldn't matter!” He tosses a small, silver box toward her, that rolls and falls to her feet. She needs down and picks it up. Sebastian sends a kick Ronald's way, he bends backward and barely dodges it. As she opens the box, time seems to slow down. She flips open the box, seeing a crimson ring mixed with an inky black. She couldn't quite process what was happening. “I want you to be my bride!” This time, it was her heart beat that stumbled. Her mind worked slowly, processing that Sebastian Michaelis had just proposed. She flushed, her pale face turning cramoisy. Selima was flustered. Was overjoyed.

“Of course I will.”

“How touching. But you know the saying 'Sebastian and Selima sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G. First comes love, then comes marriage, then comes baby in a baby carriage!’

I can't allow any babies. Or it'll be my ass.” He revs the engine one more time and lunges for Selimas womb.

“SELIMA!” Sebastian screamed
She grasps the edges of the mower, holding him back. Sebastian did not hesitate, his fist connected with the Shinigamis jaw and his mower went flying. Ronald was pretty tough for a Shinigami. But he saw stars when Sebastian punched him. His jaw throbbed as he pulled himself up. He couldn’t even remember falling.

“As expected of a Shinigami.” She mocked. Sebastian was seething. You may come at him, you may attack his young master. But you never lay a hand on his now fiancee. Ronald stood up, wiped the steady trickle of blood from his mouth and turned to face the happy couple.

“Ya know. It’s a bit old fashioned for grim reapers to be all about their death scythes” he shakes away the onset of dizziness and unsheathed a knife.

“Kids these days sure are nasty.” Noticed Sebastian, and then he lunged. Selima drew her own knife and ran at him as well. Then they collided.

“They sure run fast….”sighed Ciel. Alette huffed and puffed as well, and then he felt a brush, so soft it could have been the wind. He swirls around, cocking his revolver and aiming right at his fiancées face. Alette had extracted her own weapon, a dagger strapped to her thigh.

“Kyaaaa! Woah!” She yelled.

“Lizzie?!” Ciel was astonished.

“Uff! Were you planning on shooting your fiancee?” Alette rolled her eyes, thoroughly annoyed with this little girl. Desperate times called for desperate measures and yet here she was, bitching yet again.

“Why are you here, anyway?” shouted Ciel, just as irritated as Alette was.

“I saw you run off, so I followed you.”

“That was stupid.”

“I told you to wait and you ran off! I was looking all over for you!” She whined.

“Is now the time to be bitching about it?” retorted Alette. Lizzie looked hurt, but quickly perked up again. “Heres your cake!” Ciel rubbed his temples, making Alette smile a little.

“I can’t be fussed with you right now! Go back to Aunt Frances!”

“Ciel!” She called. Ciel ignored her, still holding onto Alette as they ran towards devil knows where.

“Why would they run to a freight storage?”

“I'm just trying to follow where the sounds are coming from.” He jumped almost sky high when the
sound of scuffling against against the wooden floor.” Who's there?” Alette pulls out a small but painfully bright flashlight from her heliotrope colored purse which matched her floor length dress.

“This is your newest servant. Is it not?” Drawled Alette.

“S... snake?” The scaly man flinched as if she wielded a weapon at him.

“Too... bright... says Wordsworth.” Replies Snake in a breathy voice.

“What are you doing down here?” Asks Ciel, getting over his initial shock.

“The food was really good. So we thought we'd share it with everyone.” Alette cracks a small smile, a now rare expression. “Says Dan. The cake was even better than the food.”

“Hm. I see.” he turns around to see a petite figure with bouncing pigtails. “Lizzie?!”

“Come on, I said don't leave me!” She complained.

“I told you to go back!” Growled Ciel.

“But I wanted you to eat the cake! It's the cake with the strawberries you like so much. I even got you the biggest piece, se-” Lizzie didn't finish.

“Are you really so oblivious? You can't seriously be this simple-minded. All he wants to do is protect you, and you are so selfish you won't even consider it. You don't care about his happiness, all you care about is your own!” spat Alette. Elizabeth immediately burst into tears, cheeks turning to splotchy mess, snot dripped from her nose.

“W-w-why are you being so m-m-mean?” She stammered. Alette looked down at the porcelain doll looking girl with contempt. “I'm being realistic.” Alette had had enough. This girl had everything. A loving family, a bright future, Ciel. Everything she wanted. Alette was tired. She had no father, a sick mother, a demoness and a cold business partner, none of which truly cared for her. She had felt this way since the angel, but what really got her questioning herself was the murder of the doctor and Lord Kelvin. Her depression was not sadness. She could not get over it, it was like a cancer. Spreading, controlling, multiplying. It didn't eat away her cells. It ate away at her very essence.

Her ambition. Her feelings. Her aspirations. It was gravity, pulling her down. Down. Down.

It was the writing on the wall, the feel before the fall, the run that starts to crawl. She was sick.

It was then Ciel tackled her, she was about to yell at him for making her hit her head, when she saw another one of those undead creatures right where she was, bearing it's teeth at her.

“So there's more than one? What idiot would bring such an unstable experiment onto a cruise and endanger so many lives?”

“Ryan Stroker. Snake! I'll take care of him, so long as you protect Lizzie and Alette.” He waits a moment, as the man stares off in the distance. The only sound that could be heard was the soft hiss of snakes and grunts of the undead. “Hey! Snake! Are you listening to--” Snake interrupts him, pointing toward the corner.

“That bird mark, there's a lot more over there. Says Oscar.” Ciel and Alette stare in horror as the caskets start to creep open.

“Could all of these be…?”
Her Butler, Unparalled

Chapter Summary

Ciel and Alette confront Ryan, after allowing their butlers to handle the undead.

“There can’t be this many!” Denied Alette.

“No way, all of these can’t be…” Ciel stopped short as another undead peeked out of a coffin. Slowly, they advanced, breaking their constraints. Maws gaping, arms outstretched they began to limp over toward the group. Where were the butler's?

Selima whipped forward a knife while Sebastian took a more direct approach.

“You're as good as the rumors said you'd be.” Complemented Ronald.

“Thanks.” Replied Sebastian, throwing a punch. Fighting a demon was fine. But fighting two at once? Nearly impossible. Ronald was struggling. Dodging knives and punches was difficult. He needed to get out before he loses his vigor.

“Whoops! It's almost time! I wasn't supposed to be playing around...No way am I writing an apology for being late! One should know how to do their job, Right? So anyways. See you later, Sebas-chan Selim-san. Congratulations!” There is a moment of silence, both demons cocking their heads and mouths agape.

“What?”

“Did he just call me….?”

“I believe so.” But there was no time for talk. Sebastian pulled her into his arms, sweeping her off her feet. He presses their foreheads together, Selima wrapping her arms around his neck. He holds her like this for some time, simply basking in the moonlight and enjoying her Japanese cherry blossom scent. He gently presses his cold lips to her painted ones, she wishes this moment could last forever. Until that shrill screech pierced their ears.

“Well, I know her scream, and that wasn't it.”

“Meaning it must be Miss Midford.”

“They’re in front of the exit too!” Groaned Ciel. Alette had her own knife drawn, but was very well aware how useless it would be since they had to bash the heads in. Ciel aimed the revolver, trying to protect both women. The insurgent hoard kept writhing, twitching, advancing. “Snake, take Lizzie and Alette to the top of the carriage, quick!”

“I can fend for myself.” Argued Alette

“With a knife? Hardly.” sneered Ciel. Even now, he had to be an ass.

“I have my own butler that will be here any minute. She won't let any harm befall me.”
“Alette!” Ciel grabs her by the shoulders, looking into her jewel blue eyes. They were like tiny diamonds, always a little shine in them and rare. “Stop being so stubborn and let me protect you for once!” Alette stares at him with wide eyes.

“Fine.” She sighs, following Snake up luggage. “But, you better kick ass or I'll kick yours. Get hurt and I'll never forgive myself.” He nods before pulling the trigger, brain matter splattered against the wooden floor and in the mouths of the undead congregation. Shit. There's too many. He thought as he loaded more bullets into the gun.

“Behind you, you fool!” Warned Alette. Ciel saw the hand searching for him, and flinched. Alette stared, feeling helpless. Lizzie covered her eyes. After no contact was made, Ciel peeked to see a thick, amazon green twisting mass with beady black eyes, entangled in the body.

“These are…”

“Smile! Come quickly while we're restraining them, says Oscar!” Ciel considers it a moment. He didn't want to be a martyr.

“Yeah..” he grasped Snakes hand firmly, and was yanked upward until he was by Alettes side.

“It seems as though they can't climb up here.” Realized Ciel.

“What are they? Aside from our poison not affecting them, they have an awful smell. Says Webster.”

“They appear to be an undead being, capable of movement even with the vacancy of a soul.” Answered Alette as if it was the simplest a answer in the world.

“You mean corpses?!” Screeched Lizzy, positively revolted and confused.

“From what we've gathered.” Continued Ciel, rather irritated with both girls now. “They don't seem to harbor any intelligence, sense of pain or sight.

“How can you tell, says Oscar?”

“Well, the snakes had no affect on them. An ideal human would try and shake them off. They didn't. Also... if they had intelligence they would leave us and head to the stairs. There's more food that way.”

“Food?” Alette nodded.

“They've been chowing down on human flesh, if you haven't noticed.” Educated Alette. “So that leaves hearing, right?”

“You're right.” grants ciel

“Why don't we try distracting them?” shrugs Alette

“We have this, says Emily.” Snake holds up a porcelain plate, void of anything but crumbs.

“Ok. Try throwing it.” Suggests Ciel. The china shatters against the solid floor, but the undead do not so much as flinch among this meaningless madness, maniacal massacre.

“No use, huh.”

“It can't be smell, some don't even have noses…”
“Wha-” they are cut short by a sudden jerk. Alette peeks over the corner of sagging luggage to see them fighting, quite literally, with teeth and nails.

“We're going down pretty soon!” Announced Alette

“Snake! Can your snakes do anything?”

“Not with this many, says Oscar.”

“Why are they taking so long?!” Wonders Ciel

“You know damn well what they're probably doing!”

“Do you really think so poorly of me, that I would seduce a man in your time of crisis, my lady?” Selima stands, hands on her hips, Sebastian trails behind her with a hint of a smirk lingering on his face.

“Honestly I don't put it past either of you.” snarls Alette, clearly irritated with her butler's leisure.

“I'm hurt.” Selima feigns broken trust and pain. “It appears you'll have to handle this on your own.”

“SELIMA I SWEAR TO SATA-”

“My lady. If you request my help. You must only call my name.”

“Selima Lovelace! Selima!” Alettes mark was glowing a fierce green; luckily she was facing away from Elizabeth. Selimas eyes glimmer a light carnation colored.

“Shall we make them beg any more?” she teases.

“Sebastian, this is an order. Clean this mess up at once!”

“As you wish.”

“This isn't very lady like. But if destroying the heads is what it takes, then-” starts Selima

“This is what we shall do.” finished Sebastian. It was when they were murdering they were at their peak. It was then Alette could see the blood lust, the true nature of her demon. Even Sebastian allowed himself the bit of violence, the cracking of skulls, the snapping of bones underneath him. Their eyes were radiating, and it was then Alette knew, this was the embodiment of evil. But who was she to judge? She had committed the same sin, the transgression of murder. She had killed two men. And for what? A boy she loved.

Selima smirked a little as they cracked bones like splinters, blood splattered looked like wine.

Crack crack crack

It was a massacre. Crimson doused the dancing demons.

Snap snap snap

He was there again. The weapon wielded overhead, his eyes watered. Metal kissed skin and suddenly, searing pain rolled up his body. Flesh bubbled and blistered. The fiery pain licked up his body, like a parched kitten. White skin Turned rose to cardinal as it became more and more irritated. Sparks flickered and spat forward, the metal so hot it bloomed forth, his breathing slowed and nausea came forth stomach churning at the thought of his flesh burning. His body curled into a fetal position
as the branding tool pulled away, forever marking and scarring the defenseless boy.

Crunch crunch crunch

And so the devil's carried on. It was then Ciel realized he was being held. Alette's embrace was warm. Shaky but tight.

“You're outside the cage now”

It was then, while Elizabeth covered her eyes and shuddered and Alette held him that it first occurrence to him maybe Alette was more than a business partner.

“Mistress.”

“We're done. Young master-”

“Don't tell me you're afraid of a little blood after everything you've been through?” Asked Selima

“Of course not.” Denied Ciel. “But you're both filthy.” Sebastian and Selima slip off each other's gloves, revealing inky nails and a flaring pentagram. Selima pulls out a fresh pair for both of them.

“Both of you are positively rabid when let run loose.”

“Savage. Quite beastly.” Adds Ciel. Selima's eye twitches sightly. She had ruined a perfectly nice dress, for this type of treatment?

“Are you saying you would have rather us have leisurely handled it? Considering your lives were in danger, I don't think it's proper you nag us about the manner in which this task was done.”

“After all, the job was completed rather flawlessly.”continues Sebastian “The bodies seem to be softer than a regular humans.”

“Why are there so many on this ship?” Presses Ciel. Selima grabs a knife by the tip of the blade, pulls it back and whisks it forward. The tip of the knife plunges into the wall, right by Ryan Stoker's head.

“It would be good to ask him.” Suggests Sebastian.

“Ryan Stroker?!” Gasps Alette and Ciel.

“I-its not like that! That was an incomplete salvation and...i didn't plan on reviving them in this unhealthy state!” Ryan sputters. Selima saunters over to him, Sebastian behind her. “Please listen to me! I'm in a hurry and-- ow!” In seconds Sebastian has flipped him over, twisted his arm while Selima places a spiky heel to his groin. Panic flashes in the man's cobalt eyes.

“No need to worry. There is plenty of time before we reach New York so we shall listen to your story leisurely.” He twists a bit harder, Selima applies a bit of pressure, all with a perfect smile.

“Wa-wait a second!”

“We already disposed of all your little toys.” Sneers Selima.

“Its not that!”

“What?” Inquires Sebastian.
“This ship has the latest gigantic boiler with reciprocating steam engine installed the center. This place is divided into two sections. The boiler separates them.’

“What of it?” Probes Ciel. Alette realizes what is happening

“For fucks sake! How many did you need?”

“This place is divided into a front and a stern. There are two freight stages!” Confesses Ryan.

“What?!”

“And in the front freight storage, we have stored ten times as many samples as there were here!”

“Ten times as many?!!” Squealed Alette and Ciel
Ciel and Alette interrogate Ryan, the ship begins to sink.

Alette banged her head against the nearest wall.
“‘Well this has turned into something unpleasant, hasn’t it, young master?’”
“Unpleasant doesn’t seem to cover it!” Snapped Ciel
“This is a more of a ‘this sucks ass’ situation.” Adds Alette.
“Oh, my lady. Always so flagrant as of late.” Teases Selima.
“Even one of those monsters is a hassle.” Sighed Ciel, clearly exasperated.
“This was a massacre.” Ponders Alette

“Imagine ten times this!” Gasped Ciel. As the undead besieged the passengers, people were running jumping screaming diving. They were cornered. They were desperate. They were done for. They tried taking the offensive, grabbing whatever weapon they could find. They hacked bodies to pieces, tore limb from limb. The Midfords were amongst the chaos, seemingly defenseless. They watched as meat was torn from bone, teeth sunk into flesh. Death caresses them each as pure adrenaline rushes through veins. Blood that had once flowed through bodies, thick and scarlet, bending and turning like a river, now seeped out of open wounds.

Meanwhile

“‘To my dear Mary’? What kind of lame telegram is this? Uh..?”

Beep beep

The man's eyes widen at the prospect of this devastating news.

“What happened?”

“It's a warning signal from the ship preceding us!” Warned the man, sweat rolling down the side of his face.

“What?!”

“This is bad! The ships going to--.” he fiercely scribbles down something on a piece of paper. “Go tell the captain!”

“Yes!” Obeyed the subordinate. He exits the room, and is met with a rotting body, maw agape and teeth sinking into brawn.

“So basically this ship is most likely infested with a hoard of them at this time.”
“So we're screwed.” Concluded Alette.

“Sebastian, go-ahead and take my aunt and the others to a safe place.” Instructed Ciel.

“What are you going to do?” squealed Lizzie.

“We’d just be a burden.”

“Besides, Selima is still here.” reminds Alette.

“I have a gun, you have a knife. Together we'll be fine for a little. And with your butler here I'm sure no harm will befall us.”

“Come back as soon as you are sure they're safe!”

“Certainly.” Sebastian gives Selimas hand a small squeeze before running off.

“Now, then” Ciel swivels around on his heel, to face the man encaptured in the poisonous green serpent. “I believe you owe us an explanation. Be brief, i'm not very patient.”

“What is the proper way to eliminate them?” Alette decided information would be most valuable as of the moment: it had to be more complicated than smashing in the head.”

“Eh?”

“There is no way you decided to transport something so dangerous without some kind of insurance.”

Decided Ciel

“Well, there is one way…” Selima presses the heel of her boot into his most sensitive area, his eyes widen in fear.

“Spill.” Commanded Alette. “Or.”

“The prospect of your having children will be very low, should we get out alive.” Completed Selima.

“Th-there is a device that allows you to render patients subjected to complete salvation inactive again by exposing them to special supersonic waves.”

“And where is it?”

“In my room, in first class.”

“Lead us there. Selima will protect us.” Protecting three little brats, a deranged man and serpent whisperer would be a challenge. But if she couldn't do it, what kind of butler would she be?

“There is a freight elevator in the boiler room, we can use that to go upstairs.”

“I have a question as well. How can corpses move?” Probes Ciel.

“We transplant a special device into the heads brain, that generates a weak electric current. This way we can send signals to various parts of their bodies and they recover the healthy physique of when they were alive, basically..

“ Answered Ryan

“That's enough.”
“Did you honestly believe you could have the power of god?” Accuses Alette.

“Better yet, what is the purpose of all these corpses to America?”

“I... can't tell you that.”

“I see. I reckon you want me to pierce your ears?” Ciel forces the gun to his temple, causing the man to panic

“Wha--”

“Oh perhaps you'd like a red smile?” Alette presses the blade to Ryan's Adams apple, just hard enough for blood to spout and trickle down, the uncanny warmth causing him to shudder.

“Wai-”

“Oh maybe... you'd like to lose your testicles?” Selima applies a bit of pressure and suddenly a stabbing pain shoots up from his crotch. His gaze becomes has become shallow, as he fears for his life and his balls.

“Wait wait! If you shoot me you won't be able to use that device.”

“He's right.” Sighed Alette.

“But I could always stick to crushing skulls.” Countered Selima.

“A certain company bought our complete salvation technology!” Confessed Ryan.

“What company?” Solicited Alette.

“It's called 'Osiris'! Rumor has it they're developing a new drug.” Alette couldn't help but doubt the authenticity of this company. After all, what man wouldn't want the power to bring back the dead?

“If it doesn't harm the queen, then it's none of our buis-.”

“Speak for yourself. Guard dogs may be specifically trained for one purpose, so I can understand why you're so narrow minded. However, us scorpions can adapt to almost any climate. So I suppose I'm fit for this task.” Ciel glares at her. “Some of us have morals, Ciel.”

“It's in here.” Directs Ryan.

“Snake, take your snake off Ryan.” Alette raises a thin chocolate colored eyebrow at him, curious about his motives. “It will go smoother if we pretend to be his comrades.”

“All right says Webster.”

“Damn it's noisy!” wailed Alette.

“Hey passengers shouldn't come here!” Berated a employee.

“The complete flame in our chests...” began Ryan.

“Shall not be extinguished by anyone!” Completed the staff.

“We are the Phoenix!” synthesized the men.

“Would you let me use the elevator, my friend?”
“Ok...who are they?”

“They’re comrades as well! Right?”

“The Phoenix!” They yelled, yet posing again. Alette shook her head, knowing she'd never regain her dignity.

“Here ya go.” He ushered.

Sebastian was rejected by the English knights, told to return to the group. Ronald began to worry about overtime as his task was nowhere near complete. And then, as of hundreds of undead penetrated the ranks, stealing away lives like thieves, it made contact. The iceberg was large, formidable, dangerous. It rammed into the stern, cracking and reducing the mighty ship to shambles.

“It's like a great guilt trip of death.
Waves licked up the sides of the ship, with varying power and speed. The ship groaned as it began to sink, the oceans hunger was like that of a rabid dog. Leaks spurted out in random places on the boat. People's heads bobbed up and down, limbs growing tired of peddling. Some gave up, and sunk so far they could no longer see the moon speckled water. Lungs ached for oxygen, every cell in their body screamed for it. It wasn't dramatic, splashing and screaming. Death was a subtle sweet embrace. It was almost peaceful.

“The pitch black sea reflecting the twinkling stars, dyed red like my favorite roses!” Admired Grell, using her chainsaw to slash and behead numerous undead at once. “This situation is perfect for me to play the heroine. Seems like tonight will be the best!”

“Impossible!” Whispered Sebastian staring out into the stained abyss.

“Hey Butler! Edward called

“To prevent flooding... water tight the doors.” He had just gotten engaged. He was not about to allow any harm to befall his fiancée, or his young master. “This should prevent flooding for now. But for all the crew to have been taken out...seems like tonight will be the worst.” The first thing that hits him was the scent of rotting flesh, perfumed with blood. In moments he kicked the undead woman backward, her skull cracks like someone cracking a crab's shell and sucking the meat out. Her brains spilled out against the hardwood floor. Everyone hears the crash. Even Ronald turns around, distracted from his work.

“Hm?” Ponders Ronald

“Hey don't look the other way! Why don't you try feeling it? It's like my whole body is being caressed!”

“Uhm... Sutcliff-senpai…”

“A sky full of stars! A luxury cruise ship! This is the perfect stage for a big actress to spread her wings!” gushes Grell.

“Are you trying to torment your new subordinate?”

“That's rude! And well... you know I'd rather do it with a more handsome guy than some brat like you!”

“By handsome you mean....” He knows she is thinking of Sebastian. It then hits him, she does not know of his recent engagement. Should he be the one to rain on her parade?

“I'd better keep my mouth shut if I don't want him to slack off on the job…” decides Ronald.
“What?” Asks Grell.

“No, nothing.”

“Anyways, I Just can't get excited with you as my partner! I give up, i give up!” she sighs.

“Woooooww.”

“Anyways, we really shouldn't be doing something like this.” Ronald returns to the duty hand.”Tom Lumis. Born October 8th, 1868. Died April 20th, 1889 as a result of heart failure. We still have 1034 more of these!”

*Meanwhile*

“What was that shock just now?” Dirty aquamarine water bursts forth with a flourish as the ships seams crumple inward.

“YARRRGGG!”

“KYAAAA!”

“URGGGGG!” The children scream was water swirls around them. Ryan began to panic as well.

“That alarm means the watertight doors are closing.” realized one employee

“Hurry up or we'll be locked in!”

“Lizzie!” Called Ciel. Alette, who was in Selimas arms, looked back to see an iron clad door slamming down, between Lizzie and Ciel. She knew those puffy, frilly dresses would be the death of her.

“It's too late, kid!” croaked the man. And then they were on the other side, this new divide separating the from the workers.

“Selima what the he-”

“If one of you dies, I'll never hear the end of it.”

“Saving your own ass, again?”

“Of course, my lady.” and as she saw the way he looked at her, she felt alone, shattered. This depression was like an eternal symphony. Sometimes it would be quiet, and let her think and function and it would be okay. Others it would crescendo getting louder and louder and louder until she couldn't breathe. This was the absence of sadness. The vacancy of happiness. The truancy of emotion. It was insatiable fire that burned up all her energy, leaving her gasping for breath. And through the thick black smoke, she could see before it got any better, she was heading for a cliff.

“We'll escape via the air duct!” Decides Ciel.”Your friends can't be soaked in the cold water too long right? Go!” Snake after some debate, throws a serpent upwards. It coils around the vent.

“Smile! Keats will guide you through the duct! We'll meet up later, says Emily.

*Yeah! We'll definitely see you later!” exulted Ciel.

“Lizzie! Alette! Strip!” commanded Ciel
“No?”

“I don't think you understand, I am a lady.” Snarled Alette.

“i didn't take you for a pervert, Phantomhive.” Giggled Selima.

“Stop being so stubborn! Lizzie your dress will only slow you down and Alette you'll catch a cold!”

“He's right, my lady.”

“I suppose it can’t be helped.” Ciel turns away as Selima helps peel off the soaked dress, leaving Alette in a damp bodice and bloomers, while Lizzie continues to argue. Eventually she does as she's told, and as Ciel turns around, he finds a modest Alette arms crossed over her chest. Clothed you wouldn't know, because of how she dressed. But she did harbor some curves. They were slight, but curves nonetheless. You'd never know what you were missing. This was the first time Ciel had even realized, she was a female. She wore a smattering of makeup, and her hips jutted out slightly. Her jaw was not prominent. Her waist was small yet she had a cute smile. She had long wavy chocolate hair, a pale complexion and luscious lips. Indeed, Alette Vamphina was a girl. Ciel becomes slightly flustered, he had never thought about seeing his friend in her underwear. He pulls off his jacket and drapes it over her well rounded, bare shoulders. She raises thin eyebrows. “This must be uncomfortable.” He grunts, feeling quite awkward. Selima during this encounter, comes to a realization.

Sebastian rushed to where he could sense young master. It was almost as if he was directly above him? As it clicked, Ciel was falling. He peeked open a cobalt eye to find two lanky arms around him

“Sebastian!”

“Pardon my tardiness.” Excused Sebastian. He sets his young master down, helps Lizzie down and beginning to wonder where Selima had gotten off too, when a low feminine voice echoed through the vents

“Phantomhive, catch!” Now it was Alette’s turn to plummet.

“Selima don’t you dare!” She tried to cling for life to her butler, but soon the half naked girl was crashing into Ciel.

“Oof!” Groaned both of them. She quickly got up, stretched to inspect damage.

“Thanks for softening the fall.” recognized Alette

“Thanks for possibly breaking my ribs.” Retorted Ciel. Selima dropped from the ducts like a cat, right onto Sebastian's back. Her thighs squeezed his hips as she astraddled him.

“Are any of you injured?” questions Sebastian

“No. What about my family?” answered Ciel

“I tried to guide them to a safer place but they refused my assistance, saying they had to help the public.”

“That sounds just like my mother! As long as they're together they'll be just fine! Thank you, Sebastian!”
“Not at all.” He does an infamous bow.

“Hatchoo!” Sneezes Ciel. Even he was starting to feel the chill; that wasn't good.

“I never thought you so chivalrous, young master. Here, please take this.” offers Sebastian, pulling off his onyx jacket and handing it over.

“Im fine. I’d just get caught up in all the tails.” refuses Ciel.

“But if your body remains cold like this your cough will-”

“Don’t mention that now.” orders Ciel. Lizzie cocks her head like a dog confronted with a foreign sound. Alette frowns, remembering his asthma.

“Certainly. Well the life boats are being prepared as we speak. Let's go to the de-” had he not been a demon, and had Selima not sensed them, they would have been done for. Grell revved her chainsaw and Ronald throttled his lawnmower.

“Nfu!” grumbled Grell coming down exactly where they had been. “Found you, hottie.”

“You're…” began Sebastian

“Grell Sutcliff!” Gasped Ciel

“Shit.” gawked Alette.

“Bitch.” Whispered Selima.

“Yesss! Long time no see Sebas-chan! It must be fate for us to meet again here!” Sebastian sighs, exasperated already by this man's antics.

“It's just a coincidence” shrugged Sebastian.

“Ah! So cold! That side of you is lovely as always.”

“Ah, man he found him. Just don't forget about the souls. Okay?” exhaled Ronald.

“Ronald! Please tell me sooner when Sebas-chan is around! I would have put more effort into my makeup.” Berated Grell

“I didn't tell you because that's exactly what I thought you'd say.”

“Wait a minute! What's that rock on your finger?”

Everyone stops. Sebastian glances over his shoulder at the two women. Ronalds stomach drops. Alette and Ciel eyes widen.


“To who?” Selima relishes the moment she makes this cardinal woman's heart drop. She pops a smile that can only be described as devilish.

“Sebas-chan.” Her voice is honey sweet, and Just like a bee, it stung. Then there was no room for talk as Grell came at her weapon wielded. Selima held her knives at an angle in battle stance. But she never came into contact with her. Sebastian was in front of her, grasping the spinning blade and pushing back.
“If I couldn't do this, what kind of future husband would I be?”

“Wait future what?!” Exclaimed Alette.

“Is now the time to concern yourself with such trivial matters such as the relationship status of your servants, my lady?”

“How rude! Setting my body on fire and then neglecting me!” Complained Grell.

“Please refrain from catching fire by yourself.” suspired Sebastian.

“The last thing we need is another tragedy on this ship.” agreed Selima.

“We need to hurry on now, would you mind opening your way?”

“And if I say no?”

“Then we'll have to use force.”

“Oh I won't mind you getting a little aggressive.”

“Oh, it will be me who will be getting aggressive if you don't shut your lopsided mouth!” Snapped Selima. Grell pulls her chainsaw upward from Sebastian and toward Selima.

“Who is he?” squeaked Lizzie.

“Just a pervert. I'm afraid it might be contagious. So please step back and keep away from him!” Warned Sebastian.

“That's rude! I'm just honest about my feelings!” The fight commenced. Everyone watches, eyes flickered back and forth between the two parties, Selima adorned her face with a invitational smirk; she was indeed pugnacious when let run wild. Grell was fast but not agile, Selima dodged her pathos filled swipes with ease. Eventually after a particularly clumsy blow, Selima deals an uppercut. As fist connected with jaw, Grell saw stars flash before her eyes. There was power behind the fierce attack. It was clear the women did not simply hate each other. They wanted to destroy the other, smash the other into the earth until they are no more than a freckle of dust on the ground. Grell tasted blood.

Ronald decided now was the time to attack, no more idly standing by. But Sebastian had the same notion, and soon they are clashing as well.

“Oohoo two demons and two grim reapers battling it out! How fun!” Selima is slammed backwards and dodged another blow. “What do you say the winner gets Sebas-chan hmmmm?”

“Don't i get a say in this?” Growled Sebastian, fighting off Ronald. And then as Selima rolls away, Grell’s chainsaw plunges into the iron, creating a hole. Water spurts out, Ciel throws himself in front of both ladies to protect them from the incoming splash. Sebastian and Selima occupied with the reapers. His gun was jammed. And then the undead made their appearance, creeping toward Lizzie.

“Don't be a fool! Fight, you idiot, I know you can do it!” Encouraged Alette. Ciel stared, what did she mean fight? Lizzie was possibly the most cowardly girl he knew not to mention non violent. And then he saw her withdraw her sword and stab it straight through the eye socket of the nearest undead member. There is no hiss of pain but hot blood does squirt out and drip down her sword. Ciel is so stunned by this sudden outburst of ferocity he doesn't even notice the undead behind him. Not until Alette got up close and personal, gouging the eyes out of one with her dagger. Both women moved quickly and gracefully, for both were taught by exceptional women. They fought to protect the boy they loved. Both suffered internal anguish. One for exposing her true self. One for the murderous
acts she had been forced to commit yet again for unrequited love. And so they fought.
A confrontation with an unforeseen foe arises.

Sebastian grasped the sword.

“My lady, no further.” he asserted.

“Sebas...tian...?” questioned Elizabeth.

“To have forced a lady to go through so much trouble, I have failed as a Butler. I am deeply sorry.”

“Don't be!” Argued Alette, fighting another undead.

“Huh?” Asked Sebastian and Ciel.

“We are more than ladies! We are warriors, we are made of fire and blood!” Supported Selima, kicking Grell back.

“Our gender does not constitute our capabilities!” Confirmed Alette.

“Nevertheless, I shall assist you.” vows Sebastian.

“I guess my entrance was ruined! Well. Whatever. Let's continue!” Interrupts Grell, as Sebastian sprinted away.

“Wait Sebastian! We have no time to worry about those guys!”

“He's right! One of you should go after Ryan, he could stop all of this!” Agreed Alette.

“Wait a second, you! You're saying if we put the screws to this guy, we can learn about these walking corpses?”

“Senpai, look.” Instructs Ronald

“Hmm? I see. Indeed, we have no time to waste. It's too bad, but it appears we’ll have to leave it at this for now, Sebas-chan! I'll wrap you both in the red of roses next time for sure! Bye ❤  ” babbled Grell

“We should hurry- ugh!”

“Young master!” Sebastian hurries over and inspects Ciel's twisted ankle. “It's quite swollen.”

“Oh no!” Squeaks Lizzie. “I'll carry you on my back!”


“Ciel, you had one job, and that was to stay okay while we kicked ass.” Sighed Alette
“Shut it, you!”

“Lady Elizabeth, I'll take care of that.” Offered Sebastian.

“Ah! That's right, yes... oh no... I... I... I'm the type of scary wife Ciel hates!” She sobs. Alette rolls her eyes; what a foolish and tedious girl. Then again, she was at times too. She tries her hardest to not let Ciel's words get to her, but she still felt a soft pang in her chest when their marriage was mentioned.

“We don't have time for this! Let's go upstairs already!” Chattered Ciel, feeling awkward.

“Even the young master can't help himself in front of a lady, how amusing.”

“Shut up!” Growled Ciel.

“Well then, let's go.”

“Bastard. Stop laughing already.”

“Siren! Smile!” A faint call can be heard. Only one person on the sinking ship knew them by that name.

“Snake!”

“I'm glad you're all okay, says Emily.”

“Where's Ryan?”

“I'm sorry. He managed to get away, says Oscar.”

“I see... in any case let's meet up with the Marquis for the time being.” Edwards outraged yells can be heard from far away. Alette and Selima sit by idly as Ciel gives his spot to Snake, and as Sebastian knocks Lizzie out to keep her from arguing. Soon, they are running again, Alettes least favorite thing to do. They sprint through the sinking ship until they are met with an unusual, unwanted presence.

“The Viscount of Druitt?” Inquires Ciel. Alette shakes her head in dismay. Why, of all people, did it have to be him they ran into?

“Hmm? Who are you? How do you know my name?” Solicited the Viscount. “Oh, well considering I'm well known as the incarnation of beauty, I suppose it's rare for someone not to know me.” Alette was about to pipe up, and ask what the hell he was doing on a sinking ship still, when Sebastian took over.

“Please, allow me to ask, why is someone like you in such a place? The ship is full of living corpses prowling around.” the Viscount Druitt cracks a small smile, swirling his red wine around in its cup.

“You know, there is something I absolutely want to protect, even if it means risking my life on this sinking ship. Actually, those corpses are just like puppets to me. Oops, I guess I said too much. Well then, excuse me…”

“The complete flame in our chests!” Blurts out Sebastian.

“Shall not be extinguished by anyone! We are…” completed Druitt

“The Phoenix!” they harmonized. They assume position together once more, Alette feeling more and more like an idiot each time.
“The saying is rather cool. It'd be great if it didn't come with that damn pose…” breathed Alette.

“So you were comrades. I do remember seeing your faces before.”

“That device! Could it be something to stop the corpses?” bursts out Ciel

“Where did you get that information?” Asks the Viscount, darkly but not impolitely.

“As I thought, is it you then?” Alette was rather perplexed as to what Ciel was talking about but she played along as well.

“If you want to know, just follow me. I will show you too.” He swivels around, swirling his wine around and saunters away. “The coming of a new Aurora thanks to medicine...fine?”

“We could take him by force.” suspired Alette.

“No, then we might not know how to use it. We should wait until he activates it.” answers Ciel. They follow the Viscount until a chilling laugh that's all too familiar to the both of them makes them stop on their tracks.

“The Undertaker?” Questions an incredulous Alette.

“Hiya.” He greets. “While I was escaping, I was asked to help carry this. And then you both did that Phoenix thing again!” He lets out a croaky laugh.


“Do you have any clue how to work this thing?” Inquires Alette, gesturing to the device.

“Who knows? How will this thing be of any help, I wonder.”

“Please be careful. That's worth more than your lives!” Ordered the Viscount. Alette ponders what could possibly be worth more than a human life.

“Aren't you going to activate it?” Probes Ciel

“Not yet. The cast is still incomplete.”

“The cast…?” asks everyone

“Ah!” Everyone turns to the sound of the disturbance, to see a man dashing toward them.

“You bastard! Why did you take the device?” accuses Ryan.

“Welcome, Ryan! I was waiting for you! Tonight the empire you built will collapse like Pompeii! And in its place, my new realm will be born!” Proclaimed Druitt.

“Eh?”

“With the power of this device, I will create a new empire!”

“Huh?”

“The one who conquered eternity shall rule over everyone else with corruption and decadence...it will be called...the Aurora Empire!” rambles The Viscount

“Would you just explain already?!” Snapped Alette.
“Sounds kinda complex…” interjected Ronald.

“I'll paint him red right away!” promulgated Grell.

“Don't you care about the device?” threatened The Viscount, tipping his wine glass.

“Wait a sec, senpai!” realized Ronald, restraining Grell.

“This is the real power! I can win against all you with one glass of wine!” Laughs Druitt.

“I am getting quite irate. Can we kill him?” Sebastian asks, Selima smirks, cracking her knuckles.

“No, wait. Though I understand your feelings…” answers Ciel. A crash from behind alerts them, Selima swipes up Alette, then whips around.

“What?!” screamed Alette and Ciel

“Wait! There are too many!” effectuated Ronald.

“Please activate it, Viscount!” Begged Ciel

“You'll kill us all!” hollered Alette.

“I'm not a Viscount anymore.” professed Druitt. “Caesar...i will activate it if you call me that way, with that pretty little mouth of yours, cock Robin.” Alette could not tell if he was talking to her or Ciel, either way she was repulsed. That pervert was going to get his ass kicked when this was over. Alette and Ciel exchange a look and immediately they know:kill him.

“Let's kill him now.” Voices Ciel

“Please wait,though I understand your feelings.” Replies Sebastian

“Oh ohh! How many paladins putting their fleeting lives at stake! This is a Colosseum of corruption! And I'm watching them all from above, slowly enjoying my wine. Just….like the emperor Nero!”

“ARRRGGG! Can we kill him now?” Yelled Ronald.

“You just stopped me from killing him!” Complains Grell. “Hey, you! Make that thing work, already!”

“Fine...It's time to found my new empire! Come on, everybody! Show me the dance of the Phoenix to pledge your allegiance to your new emperor!”

“Let's kill him!” Decides everyone.

“Oh no. Are you sure you don't want to know how that device works?” Chuckles the Undertaker.

“What are you doing? Come on!”

“The complete flame in our chest…”

“Shall not be extinguished by anyone…”

“We are…New incarnation of….the Phoenix!” Legs and arms out, they pose once again.

“Well done, gentlemen and gentle ladies! Now I will show you, how the dead armies prostrate themselves before me.” Activating the device, everyone glances over at the advancing horde
expectantly. They wait. And wait. And wait. But nothing happens.

“Uh?” Questions Druitt. The Undertaker bursts out in laughter.

“What the hell?” Asked Alette.

“R-ryan! The device you built isn't working!” Stammers the Viscount.

“So it wasn't you who built it?!” questions Ciel

“How could I build something like this? I just decided to borrow it.” Confesses Druitt.

“Bastard! So you fooled me?” Alette rubs her temples. This was getting rather ridiculous.

“What a useless farce.” Commented Grell, hopping over a balcony and crashing down into the congregation of undead, swinging her chainsaw. Everyone stares in awe as Grell decimates the crowds of undead in her way.

“That's like... wow...wait senpai! We mustn't kill people!” Grell lunges for the Viscount. But then, they are being swept away, as a mysterious new figure protects Druitt. Both masters check to see their butlers still by their side.

“Then who...?” Ciel's question is answered as the man with long liard hair that masks his eyes stands up.

“What?!” Everyone gasps at the Undertaker.

“Heheh. It's been awhile since I've laughed so much. To lose such an amusing man would mean losing the world to me. Don't you agree, Shinigami?” Everyone recalls the reveal back at the monastery with Angela, who was still on the loose somewhere. The Undertaker, was in fact a Shinigami. The only one that wasn't up to speed was Ronald, who looked thoroughly confused. He whips out some type of weapon, nobody's quite sure as to what it is

“The death scythe's blade can't cut it?” Grell comprehends.

“What's even going on…” breathed Alette

“I believe two Shinigami are fighting, my lady.”

“Ugh!” Grunts Grell

“Ahh...how sad.” observes The Undertaker.

“Young master!” Shouts Sebastian.

“How sad would it be...should laughter disappear.”
The Undertaker explains his actions, and manipulates everyone into a trap.

As the Undertaker pushes his bangs away, Ronald comes to same conclusion as Everyone else had already known.

“A Shinigami?” He questions.

“Ahh I haven't been called that in at least a century!” giggles the Undertaker.

“He's retired.” pointed out Alette.

“What's the meaning of this, Undertaker?! Didn't you say we could control the corpses as long as we have this device?” probed Ryan, as the Undertaker presses a long raven nail to his chin.

“Is that so?” Responds the Undertaker.

“Did you fool me?! Was it all a lie?! All that about going to America and spreading complete salvation?” The Undertaker cocks his head at him, bangs slide to the side, revealing chartreuse eye. He looks at him like an injured puppy.

“But you see, I thought it was funny, since you were trying to bring the dead back to life in all seriousness. You were the perfect person for my purpose.”

“So our goal of making the entire world healthy was…”

“That's your goal, isn't it? Also…” The look on his face makes it flagrant that he is about to drop a bomb on Ryan. “You couldn't perform the resurrection of human beings with the kind of medicine you possess. In my book, the moment you relied on my skills, that can't be called Medicine anymore. The of guy that would use a treatment he doesn't even understand on his patient is no longer a doctor, you see.” Ryan drops to his knees, completely devastated by what he had become.

“No….no way.” Typically, Alette would want to comfort the man. Lately, not so much. She wanted this man to suffer as she had

“You were a good boy who believed in my story.” Patronized the Undertaker, placing a large hand on Ryan's head, almost in a comforting manner.

“It's all you then. You're the one responsible.” Accuses Alette.

“That's a secret.” Teases the Undertaker, placing a long nailed finger to his lips, eyes almost glowing. “...is what i'd like to say, but by doing that Phoenix pose, you've paid for more than enough information. “Especially with that mortified look you had, Miss Vamphina.” Alette cringes just thinking about that damn pose. There goes her dignity. “It's true that I was the one who made these moving corpses.”

“Why?!” Barked Ciel.
“Ah, the million dollar question. I suppose at first it was my curiosity towards humans. To put into terms you'll both understand, humans are split into two main parts. The “flesh and body”, and “the soul.” If you bring these together, one can exist among the living, and keep on documenting their life's memories as a “cinematic record.” And when the flesh and body withers, and the Shinigami collect their soul, the record ends and the living becomes dead. Shinigami collect the souls based on list, causing an end to the kaleidescope. Day in, day out. Peacefully. Indifferently. I had lived that Shinigami life for a long time before I had a thought. What if the end had a continuation? What would happen to the flesh and blood if you were to connect a continuation to the memories that had come to an end without a soul?” While she hated to admit it, her interest had been peaked. And so had Ciel's, she could read him though he tried, as usual to masquerade his emotions. “Shinigami only hunt souls, after all. The body and the brain that hold these memories are left in this world.”

“No way! You edited the records?” Asks an incredulous Grell.

“Well then, why don't you take you take a look at their records with your own abilities?” Challenges the Undertaker. Grell shrugs, then slices across the chest off a close undead being

Things are standard, until the end, which just as they expected, there is a continuation, a rather odd one at that.

“Wha- what is this?!” cried Grell

“This is…!” answered Sebastian

“Well shit.” drawled Selima. Ciel and Alette, who couldn't see the record spilling out of the undead chest, were thoroughly confused.

“What's going on?” Solicited Alette.

“The end mark of a cinematic record that arrives with every death. By connecting these fake ends to them, I made it so the end will never come. And if you do that...somehow, the body mistakenly thinks that life is still continuing. And starts moving again without a soul! All living beings will instinctively try to fill up whatever they lack. If your body gets wounded, it will close up. If the spirit feels lonely, one will seek others in order to fill the emptiness. That's why they also instinctively seek what they lack. In order to find a soul, they will try and open up the bodies of the living to settle the balance of the never ending cinematic record, you see.”

“So they came after our souls.” Realized Alette

“Even without any seeing it hearing…” Continues Ciel

“It's impossible for them to make another soul theirs though. I can tamper with records but I can't create a soul. I experimented a lot, but most of them never became anything more than flesh dolls without a self. That's why I call them not living, and not dead. The bizarre dolls.”

“How perverse can you be…” wondered Ciel. Alette nudges him; insulting would get them nowhere.

“That you can't understand this beauty, Just means you're still too young, Earl. This beautifully stitched skin as white as wax, just like when they were alive. Their mouths that cannot clamour noisily or tell lies any longer. Aren't they all far more beautiful than when they were alive?” The Undertaker intertwined his fingers with an undead, almost like they were dancing. His words are almost romantic in nature.

“It makes me sick!” Gags Ciel. Alette was more tolerant than Ciel, and was able to disguise her
disgust.

“That’s what you say, but... they're humans who want these bizarre dolls, you know. These dolls, don't feel pain or fear. They eat the living, craving their souls. What do you think? It's the best animal weapon there is, right?” Everyone stares, taken aback by such a harsh notion.

“Wha-”

“That eccentric bunch said they wanted to see to what extent they could use them. So we decided on experimenting by throwing the same amount of bizarre dolls and humans together on a luxury cruise ship. Let them kill each other and see how many survive in each end.”

“Quite deranged.” Notices Sebastian.

“Hee hee, but I never thought we'd crash into an iceberg. Having quit being a Shinigami, I don't own the list anymore. Well, considering it saved me the trouble of making it sink, it's like catching two birds with one stone.”

“Ahh. Our destination was never certain.” realized Selima.

“But because of you guys, a lot more humans survived. I wonder if I should be angry…”

“The more he says, the more I know i can't let this pass…”adds Grell.

“I know right. Shinigami altering the way of death is totally impossible. Though he doesn't have glasses, is he one of those deserters you sometimes hear about?”

“He can be anything for all i care. It's against the rules for a Shinigami to come to the human world and meddle in life or death matters! The quickest way to get him to cough up how the moving corpses work is probably just to tie him up and hand him over to the bosses. Also...even more than this being against the rules, the crime of hurting a maiden's face! No matter how hot you might be, I can't forgive you for that!” Roared Grell. Selima put her head in her hands, she just wanted to end this. Grell comes at the Undertaker, chainsaw swinging. The Undertaker dodges, easily.

“I'll take your bac- Argh!” Ronald is met with pain as Selima kicks him in the jaw, sending him flying backwards.

“What the hell?” Growled Grell.

“We'd be in trouble if we let you haul him off.” explained Sebastian

“It's our job as the Queen's servants.” shrugged Alette.

“Its our job to present the truth to the queen. We can't let him get away!” affirmed Ciel.

“So you see, we'll be the ones to take him into custody.”concluded Sebastian.

“Sorry to rain on your parade, but we have our duties as butlers.” asserted Selima.

“This is a problem between Shinigami! Stay away outsiders!” retorted Grell.

“It's our job, so stay away outsiders, please and thank you.”

“Fascinatingly stoic as always, Sebas-chan. And you, you're just being a twat.” addressed Grell. “Fine, if you're going to be like that, then we won't hold back!”
“The fact that something like “hold back” exists in your dictionary surprises me more than anything else today.” Drawls Sebastian.

“Okay, we'll keep it simple and have the fastest be the winner. But I don't intend to lose against two old geezers!”

“What did this little shit just call me?” Asked Selima darkly.

“Hee hee, it's almost like a rabbit hunt. Well then, I wonder which rabbit will be hunted?”

And with that, both demons and reapers lunged, each with a different approach. The Undertaker was fast, Sebastian and Selimas knives would land right where he used to be. Ronald carelessly lunged for Selima’s womb, only for Sebastian to jump in front of her. He grasped the lawnmower, then threw it backwards, almost sending Ronald flying.

“Oops, I slipped.” He lied.

“Your eyesight is pretty bad, isn't it?” Leered Sebastian. Ronald nearly misses his next move, just barely dodging the kick.

“Shinigami are all heavily nearsighted, you know.” educated the Undertaker, who was dodging swipes from Grell.

“You're at a disadvantage then, aren’t you?!” Cackles Grell. She stares in awe as her weapon goes through it easily, as if gliding through water. “Huh?!” She wonders why she couldn't cut through it before, the Undertaker grins sending chills down Alettes spine. Grell is sent flying as she is kicked in the back. Ronald revved his engine and speeds ahead, only to be attacked from above. He grunts upon impact.

“Crap! My glasses!” Everythinga outlines become blurry, clarity is lost; he couldn't fight like this. As Grell retrieved the glasses, it is the demons turn.

“My my, are you sure you'll be able to take me down with such small tableware?” Inquires the Undertaker. His eyes widen as Selima whips out her much larger and dangerous looking knives.

“We may not have death scythes…” yields Selima

“But our silverware has top grade sharpness!” completed Sebastian.

“I seeeee…” giggles the Undertaker. “Hey, hey, what's up? Can't you do any better with the four of you? Weren't you going to hunt me down? Hee hee..” his taunts do not go unnoticed. The reapers attack, swiping and striking from all angles. Then again, the death scythes won't cut. In their moment of confusion,Grell and Ronald suffer a blow from the Undertakers own death scythe. The demons both arrive at the same conclusion; death scythes cannot cut other death scythes.

“Well then, how about I hunt you guys now? Like the pitiful rabbit in a hunting game.” Alette frowns, this was all just a game to him. He swipes, almost making Alette and Ciel fall from their safe viewing point. Before they can comprehend any more of the fight, The are both in an iron grip. Selima and Sebastian watch as the Undertaker holds their young masters hostage. Selima cracks her knuckles, Sebastians eyes glow a light pink. They exchange a glance and immediately know what to do. Sebastian charges at the Undertaker.

“I knew you’d come at me.” He smirks as he throws both children over the balcony. Selima catches them both with ease, and turns around to see Sebastian, impaled. Blood runs down his front, spurts out of his mouth.
“They may be weak and fragile, but a human life is quite hard to drag out, butler.” Selima reaches out as much as she can with both children in her arms. “I always wondered, why two vicious beasts would dress up and play butler. Show me your record.”
Her Butler, Devoted

Chapter Summary

Everyone sees Sebastian's cinematic record, the nightmare comes to an end

Selima's eyes glowed fuchsia, she calmly set the children down. Sebastians record revealed the beginning of what everyone knew. The meeting, the start of butler and Earl. But towards the end, it showed the ravenette demoness, she was bowing, presenting her mistress. She was clad in black and red, dancing with him as they pretended to be husband and wife. She was declaring her love for him on the rooftops as they fought a crimson reaper. She was feeding him cake in a graveyard. She was kissing you him as they floated on their ice creation, Noah's Ark. She was fighting the embodiment of Kali. She was tearing apart the reapers library as her master renounced her. She was performing in the circus. They were messing around in Ciel's bed. She was in the rain, mourning her lost loved one and murdering infiltrators. They were at a coffee shop, getting intimate on the rooftops. She was his embodiment of love. He never knew such mundane human things could capture him so. But she was no human. She was lovely. She was his.

“How touching.” Giggles the Undertaker.

Sebastian falls, straight into Selimas arms. She holds him. Ciel runs up to him, frantic.

“Sebastian, hey, Sebastian!” He yelled.

“You're loud, I can hear you just fine.” Groans Sebastian. He attempts to sit up, but Selima holds onto him. She kisses his forehead, plump lips meeting warm skin.

“Your record was pretty interesting. But...it seems you just make the Earl miserable after all. So maybe I'll just have you disappear.” He raises his scythe, Selima throws her body in front of Sebastian. Then, the boat creaks as it lurches upward, sending almost Everyone sliding towards the water. Selima holds on, Alette clinging to her back. Sebastian reaches out with a free hand, and Selima grabs his hand. Ryan loses his grip and the couple and masters watch as he plummets to his death. Alette almost feels a twinge of sympathy for the gullible man that had gotten them in this mess.

“Sebas-chan, as you can see there's really no time. I'm sorry, but I'll be taking him. You two just stay there and watch.” ordered Grell

“I'm afraid we don't follow your orders, reaper.” replied Selima.

“Senpai is stronger than me, so I'll let her handle this. I'll finish off the weakened one.” But he had forgotten, there were two and one was out of sight. Selimas ringed fist met Ronalds cheek, sure to leave mark and perhaps a welt as well. He flew backward, face snapping back. He felt pain genuine, throbbing pain pulsed through his body as he landed.

“You're not going to lay a finger on my fiancee!” Declared Selima, flexing her hand.

“Even injured, I could win against you.” affirmed Sebastian.

“What arrogance, to assume you could win so easily.” Insulted Selima.
“Oh man, a woman and an cripple. It's like I'm picking on the weak.” provoked Ronald. Sebastian lunged into action, making Ronald see stars. His fist made contact with his chin, Selima attacked from the side, knocking the wind out of him. They came at him both at once, in the end, even injured with one injured, Ronald had no chance. Dark contusions were forming all over his body, he ached, blood leaked from his mouth and nose. He felt like he had been run over by a truck. Sebastian pulls him up by the collar of his shirt, smirking.

“What did you say about picking on the weak?” mocked Sebastian. Selima sends a heel into Ronald's side, making him gasp. They continue to attack him until he is nearly half dead. One does not simply insult Selima Lovelace and get away with it.

“Gha! Why are you still moving?” Ronald asks, swinging around his lawn mower at the pair.

“We have our orders to obey.” Reminded Selima.

“Besides, if I couldn't do this much, what kind of butler would I be?” Solicited Sebastian

“One who isn't worth his salt!” Answered Selima, holding back the mower.

“Trying to look all cute together when you can barely stand! So disgusting!” Sebastian deals a blow that makes Ronald lose consciousness for a few seconds. He opens his eyes to find everything blurry, he hears a snap as Selima breaks his glasses. They fall beside him, leaving him vulnerable. Grell tries finishing off the Undertaker, but finds the task more difficult than anticipated. Soon, a blind Ronald is sent flying into Grell. Lumps, bruises and blood decorated his face.

“Younglings these days really are so feeble.” teased Sebastian.

“What'd you say earlier? Isn't it kind of old fashioned for a reaper to rely solely on their death scythe?” Inquired Selima. The ship careens again, almost completely vertical now.

“This is bad! The ship is sinking!” Realized Ciel

“No shit Sherlock.” Muttered Alette. She was really indifferent. She didn't care much about these days, if she died. Everyone would eventually. But she was fairly sure they'd get out of this alive. He butler was more than competent and it was her destiny to die by Selimas hand. The butler's protected their masters as water poured onto them.

“Well then, it's finally time to say goodbye. It was pretty interesting.” addressed the Undertaker. Grell charges at the Undertaker one last time, only to be knocked down by his death scythe. Selima sends a few knives his way, he knocks them down easily. It is Sebastian's final attempt to catch him does he waiver as a mysterious necklace like object spills out of his pocket. Ciel snatches it up,

“Earl, I'll entrust that to you for a while. Take good care of it. It's my treasure.” admitted the Undertaker.

“Wait, Undertaker!”

“See you, Earl. Take good care of the Countess. Let's meet again.” He swipes his scythe, simultaneously snapping the boat in half and disappearing. The next part is kind of hazy. It is a mess of running, screaming, searching.

“My lady, please hold your breath. I can't have you drowning.” Warned Selima. Water shoots up her nose as she is immersed. She struggles, unsure of which way leads to the surface. Her chest feels tight, oxygen was on short supply. Was she drowning? Sparks of light appear behind her eyelids, Alette was getting dizzy. She feels arms around her, and she takes a gasping breath as she breaks
through the surface. Once she composes herself, she opens her eyes, expecting to see Selima. Instead, she sees Ciel, huffing from holding his breath for long.

“Why'd....you...do...it?” She panted.

“You're one of the few people I don't want to die.”

Sebastian grabs Ciel by the collar and yanks him into the boat. Selima mimics his action, Ciel coughs violently. Alette remembered his asthma attack, and nudges Selima. Extracting an inhaler from Selima’s purse, Alette saunters up to Ciel and offers him it.

“Why...do you..”

“I've had her carry it ever since the Circus. Just take it.” He uses the inhaler, then Alette turns to Sebastian and Selima. “Where'd this boat come from?”

“The attendants neglected to properly lower all lifeboats. So we assisted them by lowering this one for our own usage.” Answers Selima. Alette sighs, relieved they had not pried this from some poor passengers.

“I'm sorry we cannot prepare some hot tea for you.” Apologizes Sebastian. Alette hugs Ciel's now wet jacket to her chest. Both are shivering from the night air. Alette closes her eyes, trying to block out the screams and gurgles of people drowning. People with dreams, aspirations, children. All dead because of her own ineptness. Her head looks forward, sleep was so inviting...darkness almost overtakes her she vaguely heard Sebastian yelling for them to stay awake. Then she hears a crack and feels pain throb around the area.

“Ow!” Groaned Ciel. Selima had smacked their heads together to wake them up. She stood, hands on her hips expectantly.

“Darling, that might have given them a concussion.” chided Sebastian gently.

“It got the job done didn't it?” Everyone is awoken by a sudden splash as a surviving undead chomped on Sebastians leg.

“They can swim?” Questioned Alette. Sebastain attempts to wiggle her off, but Selima is way ahead of him

She jumps in the water, and drags the undead off by her hair. She growls and opens her maw almost in a ln aggravated scream. But Selima squeezes her head like a melon. Her skull cracks open and blood squirts into the water. Sebastian pulls Selima back into the boat just as the water begins to look like it's boiling. Undead heads pop up, all hungry for a soul. They cling to the boat, reaching desperately for both children. Selima steps on them pushing them back while Sebastian wields a paddle.

“How many are there?” Growls Ciel.

“I don't know, but they will probably keep going after souls until their body rots away” concludes Sebastian

“You two are likely the only humans left around here.” Finishes Selima.

“We can't escape, or the rest of the survivors will be targeted!”

“Selima, put an end to this immediately.” Commanded Alette.
“Certainly, my lady.”

“You can both take them, can't you Sebastian?”

“There is no need to ask a servant anything. Give me an order, and I shall obey.”

“Eradicate them!”

“Yes, my lord!”

“Hold onto the boat!” Advised Selima

Alette reaches out for the edges and brushes human flesh, she jumps back, but it is only Ciels hand. Selima tears meat off of bone and flesh was flying everywhere. Cracking skulls sounded like baseballs getting hit out of the park. The boat wobbled, waves pushed them around like a bully would.

“How interesting. Even in death, humans will drag each other down in order to get what they want.” points out Sebastian

“What truly hedonistic, revolting creatures.” agreed Selima. Soon, the bloodbath is over

Alette finds herself clutching onto the boat.

“Alette, that hurts.” Wait, it was Ciels hand she was holding. She immediately let's go and looks to her demon. She is holding Sebastian, who is clutching his wound.

“A death scythe is incredibly powerful.” Informed Selima.

“Even for someone like me, it can do damage.” confessed Sebastian.

“What do you think his goal was, the Undertaker?” Solicits Alette to Ciel.

“I can't comprehend, but as long as I hold these lockets, i'm sure the answer will be revealed next time we meet.”

“Though his intentions did not seem harmful, I'd rather not encounter him anytime soon.” disclosed Selima, staring down at her new ring. She had a wedding to plan, no time for silly funeral directors to rain on her parade. Blood trickles out of the corner of Sebastian's mouth. Selima wipes it away, she places a light kiss on his lips. She tastes his blood, metallic yet mixed with something so sweet it was toxic.

“I've never seen you like this before.” comprehends Ciel.

“I am deeply sorry for my unseemly state. I have failed as the Phantomhive butler.” atoned Sebastian.

“Look!” Cried Alette.

“A rescue ship?” Questioned Ciel. “Sebastian. I can't have a Phantomhive butler looking like this. Take a good long rest when we get back to the manor.” Grants Ciel. “You did well today.”

“Young master...please stop...for you to say such a thing…” Selima silenced him, kissing his cheek. As soon as they are spotted, they board the boat and are treated and changed. Selima shares a room with Sebastian. She tends to his wounds, carefully dressing them.

“How are you feeling?” Asks Selima
“Sore.” Answers Sebastian. She runs a hand over his bare chest. He pulls her down, placing a kiss on her cheek. She smiles, pressing her own lips to his nose. “I apologize that you have to see me in this unseemly state.”

“Nonsense. You're the perfect butler, you did amazing today.” He turns away at this compliment.

“I would not have done it without you.” She leans in and kisses him softly. He feels regenerated as they kiss. She always made him feel like that. She pulls away, keeping their noses touching.

“I love you.” She mutters. He smirks, then brushes their lips together again.

“I love you too.”
June 6th, the tentative wedding date for Selima and Sebastian has arrived. And soon so does the wedding night.

June 6th had finally come. Where most humans needed a year in advance to plan a wedding, it only took this demoness a month at most. And only that long because she refused to postpone her duties as a Butler. Demons did not have many attend their weddings, besides their masters. Especially in this case, considering their masters were essentially the only ones who knew of their true nature as demons. Alette had even worn a deep violet dress for the occasion, Selima had straightened Alette’s hair. Ciel was rather indifferent, wearing something slightly more fancier than his typical attire, but not willing to be pampered over as Alette was. The two masters had flipped a coin to see who would perform the duties of the third party needed. Alette ended up losing, which she didn't quite mind. June 6th. The date had approached quickly, no doubt about it. Nina had made Selima’s dress especially for the occasion. She smoothed it, the ebony and emerald working together to bring out her hair and eyes. Instead of following human tradition and wearing white, demons choose colors that represented their relationship, and what they stood for. White typically represented purity, innocence, goodness, light and they were tainted with darkness, made of sin. Never would Selima Lovelace wear white. She wore evergreen, the color of her eyes, the first thing he ever noticed about her. It represented, ambition, prosperity, growth, stability, endurance. Black, representing power, mystery and strength. She had her hair and makeup done, though she could have very well done it herself, she did not feel it proper for a lady to preserve her own maintenance on her wedding day. Curls twisted into a wedding updo, lips painted red, eyelids brushed with purple, she was virtually flawless. Sebastian stood in the ruins of a building, stone piles encircling them. He wore a newly tailored suit, no gloves to hide his true identity. Ciel looked mildly irritated and bored, as if he had better things to be doing. Dark brooding music began to play, no lyrics. Alette yawned as she took Selimas arm and then they walked. Slowly. Behind them, inky feathers began to cascade down. Selimas heels clicked against the stone, echoing. Sebastian smirked slightly, so not to reveal the fact he was astonished at the sight of her. She reached the pile of rubble they were standing at, grasping at a bundle of Amaranth Globe flowers in her hand. They stood for immortal love. Alette began her duty, placing each candle on the shape of a star, surrounded by a circle. Scents were carefully selected, with the appropriate meanings of love and affection, scents such as lavender, clove, and Jasmine. The rings clatter to the middle of the pentagram, and Sebastian willingly extends his arm. Selima smiles a little, before grasping his arm and allowing him to grab her own. He doesn't flinch as she began to dig her nails into his flesh. The music continues, enchanting and captivating. Blood seeped from claw marks, drizzling downward, staining pale skin, flowers and seemingly tarnishing the rings. But as these vital fluids covered the jewelry, it seemed to dissipate. These symbols of eternal devotion were absorbing the thick liquid, and as this occurred, they seemed to take on a new glow.

Not only was the blood falling, succumbing to the pull of gravity, but it mingled, mixed, fraternized into the others open wound. Some of it darkened into blacker than night, while the rest stayed bright. Selima looked into Sebastian's glowing crimson eyes.

“I take thee damned
To live in sin"
To capture darkness within
To live and love
From hell to up above
The wickedness in you is the wickedness in me
And forever in love we shall be
Fate has destined us to be together
In your arms I lay forever
Through contracts and iniquity
We will live with serendipity
And by my side you will remain,
My crow demon, forever in my veins.”

A slight flush comes across her face but it is indistinguishable in the light of the night and candles. Sebastian’s deeper voice begins to echo throughout the empty ruins.

“I take thee damned
To live in sin
To capture darkness within
To live and love
From hell to up above
The wickedness in you is the wickedness in me
And forever in love we shall be
Fate has destined us to be together
In your arms I lay forever
Through contracts and iniquity
We will live with serendipity
And by my side you will remain,
My feline demoness, forever in my veins.”

The ritual is complete. There is a pattering of applause from Ciel and Alette. But the demons are not paying attention. Lips drifted toward each other, then crashed onto each other. Sebastian bends over, picking up the rings. There is no evidence blood had been spilled, but both know that the rings carry bits of the other within them.

“There will be a carriage arriving. You are both to go to the Vamphina manor for the night.” Reminds Selima.

“Yes, yes. We've been over this.” groaned Alette, rolling her icy eyes.

“Young master, your lessons will resume once we return.” Chimed in Sebastian.

“Hurry up. The Queen's concerns do not cease just because you decided to get hitched.” Selima's smile almost fades and eyebrow twitches at such crude terminology. But Sebastian wraps an arm around her, and the clicking of horseshoes on gravel can be heard. They see they are safely off, and then they too are on their way. Sebastian scoops Selima off her feet, and begins their travel to the suite.

WEDDING NIGHT

He carried her, emerald and ebony dress clinging to her. Her hair cascaded down, curls tumbling to perfection. The sight was exquisite. The curtains were blue, the right shade of blue to keep light from coming in but not too dark as to shroud the room in darkness. The walls were fabulously decorated
with tiny swirls with ivory-colored half-pillars jutting out on every side save for the one with the large window. The bed was of a fine silk sheet with a soft mattress. The pillows and sheets being mostly black with little hints of golden detail. A candle was lit next to bed with a rose petals lining the top of the bed, adding to the golden detailing.

"It's so pretty." Admired Selima
"If I couldn't get a perfect room for my bride, what kind of husband would I be?"
"One who isn't worth his salt."

There was something electric in the air. Some primalistic about them now. All the pent up sexual energy they had stored, just for the other was about to be released. Sebastian laid Selima down on the smooth bed. Not a crinkle to be found in dress or bed. Her heavy lidded eyes fluttered closed as he crawled atop her. For the longest of times, it seemed she had contained herself. Seductive yet prudent. Make them work for it. Prove you were worth the wait. That was the lady aesthetic. And she had held herself to it. Almost agonizing the wait had been. But he had also proved himself to he worth the wait in the moments of their lapse of judgement. And now that their moment had come, she felt barbaric, driven mad by desire. Something sweet, addicting. Something you weren't supposed to have, you'd tried your damnedest to quit but here you were again, stuck on something so sweet could be forbidden. He was intoxicating, and she never wanted to be sober again. Lips moved together, Not needing to breath, their kiss had no end in sight. As always he had a hint of a smirk. But right now, Selima couldn't care less about his snide demeanor, all she wanted was to touch him, and get a grasp of how he felt. Especially in this moment. She ran her hands through his ebony hair, the feeling being rather soothing to him. The way they kissed was exhilarating, something neither had felt before. Nipping at his lip, Selima was almost growing restless. Sebastian enjoyed the slight pain she elicited. He pretends to not know what she wanted, kissing her lightly still. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she deepened the kiss, and then to Sebastian's surprise, pries open his lips. She licks around, swirling around his tongue. But before long, he withdraws from her, just to continue teasing her. Brushing her long dark curls to the other side of her neck, he exposes her sensitive flesh. He starts at her jaw, pressing delicate kisses to her. Selima gasps as she feels his tongue snake out and drag across her jawline. He sinks a little lower to her neck, she gasps as she feels his tongue flickers like a flame in the wind, fast, then slow. He could have gone all night simply feasting on her taste, but both of them had waited far too long. Sebastian had finished the troublesome task of unbuttoning the back of her wedding dress, now stroking her back with one finger and tracing the back of her corset. She withdraws her arms from the dress allowing him to pull it downward, revealing a raven corset with milky breasts almost spilling out of the top. Selima kicks off her heels, wiggles out of the rest of her dress. He stares at his half naked wife, until she yanks his tie, pulling him closer into a passionate kiss. It becomes heated quickly, Sebastian runs a hand over the silky smooth texture of her hairless legs. He felt his pants become tight at the idea of what was about to occur. She opens her mouth as his hand inches its way up her thigh. The start would bring her pain, particularly if she had not been properly prepared. Tongues battled for dominance as he let his index finger brush against the area that was barely covered and desired his attention the most. Selima paused for a moment then continued their tongue
dance. Slowly and methodically he stroked her clt, the only thing between them being her panties. She could feel herself begin to become even more aroused. He could feel a bit of her juices seeping into the bit of clothing separating them. She lured his tongue into her mouth then trapped him, sucking. Sebastian becomes harder, the warm wet feeling being amazing. She feels a slight draft from below as he pulls her lacy underwear aside. Her entrance is glazed with arousal. But nothing that would be properly lubricating. She gasps, her body filling with pleasure as he slips a digit into her. He uses this opportunity to escape her mouth, biting her lip as he exited. Slowly, he pushes his finger into her. With his thumb, he massages the top of her clt which causes her to bite her lip to suppress her sighs and moans. Sebastian made a ‘come hither’ motion inside of her, driving her crazy. Selima worked on loosening his tie, as he stroked, and rubbed her all the right ways. His slow rubbing pace was making her restless until both could feel her hand slip down between them, and quicken his pace.

"Such a naughty girl." He purrs.

As usual, he lived to please and obey. With her free hand, she stripped him of his tie then started easing the buttons of his shirt through their holes. He loved to feel her, and the thought of having her warm wetness around his member soon almost pushed him over the edge. He ceases his movements for a moment to pull off his shirt. As he did so, Selima grabs at his crotch then rubs slightly at his hardness. Lowering his head, he drags his tongue across her clt, making her mouth turn into a small o. As he licks her, her hands travel around his newly exposed chest. He groans as her hands glide across his skin, stopping to pinch his nipple. He extracts his finger, but continues to eat her out. Even down here, she tasted sweet. His hands began to unlace the back of her corset, eager to see what lies beneath. It loosens, as his fingers expertly unweave the laces until he is down to the last one. The article of clothing falls away and between Selima's breathy moans and Sebastian's slurping, there is a small silence as he gazes upon her chest for first time. He tries to maintain intimacy by continuing eye contact, but before long his eyes sink to her collarbone, covered in love bites, then lower to her nearly naked form. Her breasts were pale, as was she, and sat slightly lower without support. They were perfection, not monstrous but not at all tiny. He kisses his way upward, hands getting there first. She is soft and warm, at first he hovers over her, but even he could no longer wait as he delves down and squeezes her, suppressing a groan.

"So squishy." He whispers, rubbing her breasts and massaging. Sebastian runs a thumb over her nipple, watching as she squirmed. She was sensitive here, and her body couldn't help but respond to the stimulation.

"Ahh!" She cries, as he lowers his head and takes one rosy nipple into his mouth, massaging the other breast. Her sucks on her lightly, pinching the other nipple. Making sure to alternate and leave his mark behind on both boobs. This goes on for quite some time.

"How hard do you intend to fuck me?" Pants Selima.

"Hard enough that your throat will become raw from screaming and your entire body will tremble." Replies Sebastian, rolling her nipple between his teeth. Selima can take no more teasing. She pushes Sebastian off and before he can so much as open his mouth, she is unbuttoning and removing his belt. She unzips and unbuttons his pant with surprising speed and precision. Soon they are both left in only underwear and even that does not last for long. Sebastian sneaks a few kisses before she manages to pull down his last article of clothing. She almost blushes as she comes to an abrupt realisation as she stares at his swollen length.

"This isn't going to fit." She muttered, causing Sebastian to chuckle. He eases down her panties, leaving both exposed.

Skin to skin

Thrust to thrust

Your sensations, my own lust

He kisses her tenderly, positioning himself at her entrance. With his size, it is flagrant that this will be
painful. She grips his shoulders as he begins to attempt to enter her. Intense pressure overtakes her, pain infiltrates her body. Not so much as to make her want to stop, she did have a higher pain tolerance than humans. But it was enough to make her cry out. Sebastian waits for her to ease up, for her to give the signal it was okay to continue. She leans in and licks his neck, letting him know she was ready. As he begins to thrust, the pain Selima felt was ebbing away, replaced instead by an indescribable pleasure. Her muscles tensed, if she had a pulse it’d be racing and her breathing became heavy. It was like having an itch scratched just right. She bit her lip as their bodies rocked back and forth, contact had never been so stimulating, so captivating. She was aware of every touch, skin seeming so much more sensitive. Pressure was building as he stroked her, a knot forming in her lower stomach. He continues to place gentle kisses on her face as she tries to suppress her cries of pleasure.

“Deeper.” She ordered. And as always, when given an order, Sebastian obliged. He deepened his thrusts, and soon she could not take any more. It was an eruption of pure felicity. It was euphoric, blissful. Her body spasmed and tingled, her head was spinning and vision blurry.

“Ahhhh Sebastian!” the explosion made her thighs quiver. His caresses of her skin make her feel a frenzy of static. As she comes down from her high, she feels warm breath on her neck.

“You needn't hold in your moans; you sound so beautiful.” Not pausing his thrusts. He leaned on his elbows, and intertwined their fingers. They are a mess of moans and groans. She felt so damn good around him, warm, tight, wet. She gives his hand a squeeze, legs wrapping around his back. Selima’s full lips brush his neck, teeth nip at his ear. Each sensation added to his satisfaction, and made him only want to please her more. Love bites decorate his neck and chest, she didn’t cease as he continued. He switches positions, letting her legs rest on his shoulders as he penetrated her deeper. It felt as if he was drilling into her core, the feeling was amazing and deep within her. He picks up his pace, thrusting at an inhuman speed. The slap of skin on skin echoed throughout the room, Sebastian began to tense, her teeth sunk into his flesh, a bit of blood rising to the surface, his grunts became more frequent, his movements become erratic but do not lack speed or power. Each time they come together, Selima emits a low feminine moan. Both are so immersed in making the other feel good, neither of them thinks when Sebastian releases inside of her. It is a warm, blissful release. His semen fills her up, runs down her legs. They lay like this for a small moment, panting and feeling the other. Then he pulls out, and lays next to her. Sebastian runs a hand through her hair, rose petals now scattered at the end of the bed and floor.

“I didn't expect one hell of a butler to be one hell of a lover as well.”

“I'll have to punish you for doubting me. Surely you should have expected perfection from me by now.”

“I suppose I should have. Perfection and more.”

“I suppose we can't call you one hell of a maiden anymore. You're no longer single or a celibate.”

“Yeah.”

For some time, they sit in silence.

They let their bodies do the talking once again. His hands lightly fly over her skin, jump starting her heart with the electric sparks they sent through her body. It is her turn now. Rubbing, pinching,
licking, touching him, his chest and neck were peppered with love bites and bite marks, marks carefully seasoned to perfection for their budding love. Her hands inch lower, and lower until they hover around his abdomen. Nails trace over skin, sending chills up his spine. She flips off the blanket, revealing his semi hard length. She firmly grasps him, stroking and rubbing. Selima's emerald eyes never left his crimson ones. As she rubs him, he leans in. Lips brush and soon their tongues are dancing. Continuing to fondle him, she parts, and let's her tongue slide down, flicking over his nipple. Her hand runs up and down his cock, until her mouth wraps around his tip. Warm and wet, tongue flickering over and over the most sensitive part. He buries his hands in her curls, her hands now gently massaging his balls. Selima takes as much of him as she can into her mouth and gags a bit, but continues to shove his length in her mouth. Sebastian groans and pulls her up. Before she can process what is going on, she is on all fours and he is behind her, pushing into her. There is slight pain, but nowhere near as much as before. It still takes some shimmying to get into her, but both sigh in satisfaction as he enters her again. They stay like this for a moment, just enjoying being together. Selima rocks her hips back and forth and he lets her. But then, he takes control, gripping her hips roughly and beginning to pound into her.

“Ngh! Ahhhh, Sebastian!” She is approaching an orgasm quickly, the knot building at her core again at the brushes and strokes at her g spot. Her breathing becomes ragged, He reaches forward and plays with a already erect nipple.

“Call my name.” Selima moans, then as he threatens to slow down, she begins to yell.

“Sebastian!” He slams into her. “Sebastian!!” Her mouth becomes dry from all her yelling and moaning. “Sebastian!!” She can feel herself lose control. Body shaking, mind quaking, she reaches her climax. She almost collapses, but maintains position for his sake. In, out. In, out. In out. For hell knows how long, they go on. Changing paces, power, movements. Sebastian holds her hips down with one hand and reaches down to rub her clitoris, which he does until she reaches her end again. And when she tightens around him again, he tenses up and releases within her warm, pulsing walls again. They go on like this all night, making love.

How could you describe love in a single word? Passion? Unique? Essential? An ocean of ink could not explain their feelings for each other. Humanity was still absent but they adored each other. It was more than mutual desire, it was an eternal burning fire. Sparks and embers would fly and sometimes die down, but never go out. And would always, reignite
Her Butler, Attending School

Chapter Summary

Selima is unusually moody, Alette and Ciel are late for school.

“Oh fuck off, Selima!” screamed Alette

“You’re being such a little shit. You know, the only thing that gets me through days with you is knowing I will get to devour your soul at the end of this horrid ordeal!” growled Selima

“They’re at it, again?” Questioned Ciel, nursing a cup of Earl Grey.

“It appears so, my lord.” Alette slams the door to the kitchen, plopping down beside Ciel.

“She's really fucking moody lately.” complained Alette

“If I hear you swear one more fucking time I'll shove this fucking iron up your ass!” yelled Selima.

“You're one hell of a role model, aren't you?!”


“Young master, would you look at the time?”

Ciel jumps up, straightening his uniform.

“We're going to be late!” He sprints outside the mansion. He skids to a stop to wait for Alette, disguised as a young boy. She catches up, and he grabs her arm as he shoves a biscuit in his mouth. Neither butler is in sight as they take off, narrowing avoiding collision with several people on more than one occasion. Once they pass a iron clad gate, they slow to a stop. Ciel's hands fall to his knobbly knees as he pants. “We made it!” Alette is also breathing heavily, sucking in the cool morning hair made her raw throat scream and her lungs want to collapse. Once they have regained their composure, Alette turns to Ciel.

“So… We're actually here.”

“Weston College.” Alette stares up at the immaculate eloquent building. Several people here were quite literally, looking down on them.

“This is the finest public school Britain has to offer.” Recited Ciel. Alette spins around, examining the premises. The school of the elite. It was extremely complicated, large and overbearing.

“There are four dormitories.” Remembered Alette.

“Ah yes. For each sect of the school. Each with an incredible history. They value tradition above all, don't forget.”

“A lot of what they believe may be rubbish. The best ideas evolve with the times as so to keep up.”

“Its best you keep that quiet while here. Nobles send their sons here to become the perfect
gentlemen.”

“I still don't understand why I had to be dragged into this.” The hat she was wearing that had all her hair pulled into it was hot. The makeup job Selima had done to make her look less feminine (talk about irony) felt thick. She wore a larger uniform to hide the curve of her hips.

“Oh please. You'd be complaining if I ever left you out of a case from this point on.” Alette cracks a grin

“You're sure you're not dependent on me now?” She japed.

“Oh, shut it. This is a school based on status. We have to make a good impression.” frowned Ciel, carelessly stepping forward. His toe crosses an invisible line, breaking a secret barrier that everyone swore to uphold.

“He stepped on the lawn!” burst an onlooker

“I can't believe it…!” cried another

“What a guy, he's not even one of the P4.” judged another one of the monochrome, identical “gentlemen” that crowded the courtyard. Alette lowers her head, to stifle a giggle.

“Ah look, there they are!”

Alette turns her head, and notices four strange men. It was a strained combination, like forcing two puzzle pieces together that had no intention of fitting together. One was shrouded in darkness, long dark hair acting almost as a curtain, hood hiding most of his face. Lips and eyes lined with raven makeup, he was quite a sight. The next man looked like he had a stick up his ass, in Alette's opinion. His posture was impeccable, face stern and tight. He could only be a teen, however stress seemed to have aged him. Golden hair was combed back and severe almond shaped eyes scanned the crowd. Beside him, was another astringent looking boy, reading a book. He was bespectacled, tall and would have been a lot more threatening if he hadn't had a bowl haircut. He had the looks of a professor, serious and intelligent. The last one, toward the front, and presumably the leader was a sight. Every move was a flourish, long flaxen hair trailed in a loose ponytail around his shoulder, so his hair cascaded down his chest. Hand buried in his pockets, small smirk blooming on his flawless face, he seemed overconfident. All of them shared a rather dull but nonetheless fancy uniform, the same except a slight variation in color.

“It's the P4!” yelled a stranger

“Who?” squawked Alette.

“Don't be a dunce, the Perfect four are well known here. You need to conform, or you'll be their prey.” scolded Ciel.

“How fantastic.” muttered Alette. The leader strode forward, right past Alette so fast he left a little breeze, smelling of roses and something manly, like cologne. He grabs Ciel by the collar, and Alette tries to muster up the energy to do something.

“He's in trouble!”

“Serves him right!” the oblivious hoard exclaimed. This man then smiles politely, adjusting Ciel’s tie. Ciel, who had braced for the worst is confused.

“Your tie is crooked.” He calmly explained. “What's your name?”
“It’s Phantomhive.”

“Never heard of it.”

“Who’s your friend?” Alette almost blurted out her real last name, but anyone with the faintest knowledge of the Queen’s defendants or of the nobles in the area would recognize her as female.

“Ravenswood.” Improvises Ciel.

“Ah that's right. I had heard from the principal we were to receive two new students today. Is that who you two are?”

“Yes.” The way Ciel was talking, you’d think he was talking to a military general.

“Weston college rule #48 states “the only ones allowed to cross the lawn are the prefects or those granted permission by them.” At least remember the school rules before you enter.” educated the boy with glasses.

“I'm very sorr-”

“Hurry up and get inside.” spat the cloaked boy. “The sun is too bright today.”

“Look out from now on, Phantomhive. Good day, Ravenswood.” The flamboyant boy advised. Ciel does a half salute and half wiping his forehead motion as they all walk away. Before he can relax, a younger boys bounds up to him, and claps him on the back so hard he coughs.

“Aren't you lucky!? You walked on the lawn and didn't even get punished! I'm McMillan. I'm a first year from blue house as well.” introduced a new boy, looking to be about Ciels age with glasses and tousled dark hair beneath a top hat

“Y-yeah...what exactly does “Y” mean?” asked Ciel.

“Y are penalty points. If you get one Y, you have to write a Latin poem 100 times.” Alette almost laughs; compared to Selima's regimen, that was nothing. Curious, she steps forward, deepening her voice.

“What exactly are the P4?”

“You saw that those four were wearing different colored waist coats, right? At this school, only prefects can wear those, with whatever pattern they like.” explains McMillan.

“Prefects?” Questions Alette, feeling rather behind. Ciel rolls his eyes.

“They're sort of like dormitory leaders. There's Herman Greenhill, he had the green waistcoat.” Alette recalls this as the boy with a stick up his ass. “He is the leader of the green lion dormitory. Students who excel in sports and martial arts go here. Then there's Gregory Violet, he's the one with the purple waistcoat. He leads the Violet Wolf dormitory. Students who are accomplished in the arts gather here. Next is the blue tailcoat, Lawrence Bluer. He leads the Sapphire Owls, students who excel academically go here. Last there's Edgar Redmond, the red tailcoat and leader of the Scarlet Fox Dormitory. Students of exceptionally high birth gather here.” This kid that recites this all as if it is textbook information. “Together they're the four prefects of the dormitories at Weston College, P4 for short!” He almost swoons over these four boys.

“Ah.” Simply states Alette.
“I really admire them.”

“Evidently.”

“Maybe one day I’ll be a prefect… if only!”

“But not being able to cross the lawn is a pretty inefficient rule.” countered Ciel.

“Ah well, it’s tradition after all. Oops, let’s hurry! We’ll be late to class!”

“Yeah, that’d be tragic.” Muttered Alette.

To my adorable children.

What misfortune you experienced on the Campania. I hope you have recovered and are enjoying Easter.

As for myself, even though I have some days off for myself for Easter, I find that I cannot fully enjoy it, as there are some worries on my mind.

I’m worried about Derek, the son of my cousin Duke Clemens. Derek is a fifth year at Weston College, but for some reason he has not been returning home for holidays since last summer vacation. He used to send letters home almost every day, but even those suddenly stopped coming. He still won’t come home, even after his mother contacted the dormitory. Because his only son is acting like this, Duke Clemens is acting rather depressed as well… I’m very worried. I just wish for the people closest to me to happily enjoy Easter together again, as soon as possible.-Victoria.

“So essentially what she is saying is she wants us to investigate this college and find out why Derek won’t come home.” Deciphered Alette.

“Precisely.” Agreed Ciel, rereading the letter.

“So what if this is just some case of teenage angst?”

“Oh, hell… we talk it out. I don’t care, we get him to come home. Public schools are independent institutions that refuse government intervention, so it’s hard to get involved…”

“But not impossible.” noticed Alette.

“Yes, though I suppose it’s more like they don’t want to make matters worse and let everyone know about their private affairs.”

“Thinking about their appearance even at times like this...this is why I dislike humans.” Confesses Sebastian, holding a silver tray.

“They’re trifling beings, Darling.” Selima saunters in, pecking Sebastian's lips before setting down a new set of tea before the kids.

“I’d like to have someone infiltrate, but since Weston is made up entirely of sons of nobles…”

“They all know each other so we’d immediately be figured out.” Finished Alette.

“Then will you go in personally?” inquired Sebastian.

“It can’t be helped.” Decides Ciel, causing Alette to sigh. He sips his tea and considers. “Well it wouldn’t be bad to have the queen indebted to me.”
“Well I suppose it's important to check if there's a spot available…”

“Two spots. You're coming too. I don't know what you have been so angsty about, but you shouldn't let it affect your work life.” Ciel chides. Alette crosses her arms and closes her eyes, breathing deeply. Her thumb brushes over the parchment of her own personal letter from the queen, one she had chosen not to tell Ciel about.

To my sweet girl.

I realize you have been having a hard time. You have been such a good child, you deserve none of the tragedy that strikes you so. I greatly appreciate your service. Take your time, keep calm and carry on. You will make it through this stronger than before.

-Victoria

“Whether there is room is of no matter.” Offers Selima, changing the subject to ease the tension. “We can make room.”

“It'll be better if we investigate the inside of the school as well…you will support us inconspicuously. I'll leave you two to figure out the rest.”

“Yes, my lord.”

The bell rings, indicating class has started. Alette has separated from Ciel, she had been placed in the Violet Wolf dormitory. Fantastic. This would be twice as difficult with them split up. Insignificant chatter surrounded her, as she takes a seat toward the back. She did not want to get too much attention, she had to keep her head down so not to be recognized. She waited, drawing a flower in her notebook until the door slammed shut. She peers up and nearly falls out of her seat. The woman is curvy, black curls tumble down her back, light makeup covered her pale face. She is in a black dress, that was casual and probably not appropriate for the situation, but no one was stopping her. Grass colored cat-like eyes find her in the crowd. Selima Lovelace had wormed her way in as well. The boy's eye her up and whisper to one another. Fools Alette thinks.

“Alex Ravenswood.” Calls Selima, winking at her. Alette stands to attention. “Welcome to Violet Wolf Dormitory. I'll be your dorm supervisor, Selima Lovelace.”
Her Butler, Cleaning

Chapter Summary

The investigation begins at the school, while Selima and Sebastian have fun cleaning.

Alette yanks Ciel back by the collar, just before his toe crosses the grassy border of hell.

“Did you not learn your lesson?” She growls.

“Right. ‘Only prefects and those with permission from them can cross the lawn’ I believe.”

“Yes, now hurry or we'll be late.” She adjusts her uniform, she looked pretty shabby next to these other students, her uniform looser. Ciel blends in perfectly, though shorter than the rest his walking stick and swagger, he knew he belonged. He made it clear he lived in opulence. Alette liked that, the unwavering confidence he had. When they arrived, Bluer was and Greenhill were all straight spines and narrowed eyes. Redmond was sashaying about, and Violet was quietly sulking. Greenhill adjusts his uniform before speaking.

“It's been a day since you've arrived, how are you feeling, Phantomhive? What about you, Ravenstein?” His tone sharpens at the fake name.

“Feel free to come to red house if you can't get used to Blue house. We'd welcome anyone of your status anytime, Phantomhive,” tempted Redmond. Alette frowns. Her name was fake, and since no one recognized her name, she was assumed to have no status. As such, she was ignored mostly. Probably for the best, since she didn't want anyone to get suspicious. But it still wasn't great that everything depended on status. Bluer pushes up his glasses.

“Only the principal can decide one's dormitory. No exceptions.”

“All the dormitories are the same, though.” Reminded Violet. He turns to Alette. “How have you been enjoying your stay?”

“It's been very nice, thank you.” Alette replied. Bluer, who seemed to run things behind the scenes clears his throat, presenting the vice principal. He had narrow ash colored eyes, thin lips. Atop his head he was a hat that made him look scholarly.

“This is a high class public school protected by tradition and discipline. From the moment you enter, you have to obey the rules. Normally the principal would give you this speech, but since he is busy...I am the vice principal, Johan Agares.” introduced Johan

“The principal decides all matters within the school.” Greenhill explained.

“These decisions are absolute.” Stated Redmond matter of factly.

“And we, the prefects, have been chosen by the principal to govern the school.” Flaunted Bluer.

“A rather unpleasant job in which we have to subdue all the trouble.” Confessed Violet.

“This has been our tradition since the school's founding. And…” began Johan
“Tradition is absolute!” Shouted the four in harmony. Alette thought it like a military school, follow orders with no regard to fairness or justice.

“Do you two swear to keep to the rules of our school and obey our tradition and discipline?”

“Of course.” Alette replied, hoping she was not already labeled as a deviant.

“I do.”

“Then sign here.” As he extends the book, he loses his footing and takes a mighty tumble. He almost does a flip and lands on his back, sprawled out.

“Mr. Agraes?!” Yelled Ciel, concerned. Alette was unsure of what to do, so she made a move to help him up. He waves her off.

“Sorry, sorry, sorry.” He repeats. “Sign here.” Ciels signature is stretched out and loopy, and oddly neat. Alette’s is barely legible and compact, but it’ll do.

“Welcome to Weston College, Phantomhive and Ravenstein. I welcome you.” He shakes both of their hands, his eyes linger over Alette for a moment and she worries, but he then averts his eyes from hers. The shake feels like the sealing of a perpetual deal, just as her own contract was. “Well then, may you have a pleasant life at school.” Ciel looks smug, then Alette remembers.

“Ciel. What are we here for?”

“Oh! Hey! When can we meet the principal.”

“The principal is very busy and does not meet with regular students.”

“Shit.” Muttered Alette. “Looks like we’ll have to get creative.”

“That shouldn't be too difficult.” Bluer turns around and for a moment Alette worries they have heard them.

“The only ones who can have meetings with the principal are us prefects.”

And that next morning was awful. Alette despised waking up early, and on top of that she awoke later than expected. She wiped the remnants of sleep from when eyes and hustled to throw on a uniform, throwing her hair up under her hat. Ciel muttered something like “about time” as he sipped his morning tea. The bell rang at seven thirty sharp, Selima began a lesson on the old poem Ozmandias. They worked in pairs on deciphering it. Her stomach was rumbling by the end, so she was glad when breakfast came.

“I can't wait for fag time!” Alette nearly spits out her tea. Were these kids so sheltered they didn't know what the word meant on the street?

“Yes, I love fag time!” Alette felt she had missed the memo, so she choked down her biscuit and spoke.

“What exactly is ’fag time’?”

“It's one of our important traditions here at Weston. The younger students are allowed to help out the elder students.” By allowed he meant they had to. And they thought it was a privilege.

“And what does helping out entail?”
“Sometimes cleaning their rooms or even ironing their clothes!” Alette hated how they fawned over them. It was ridiculous. Your elders were not always right, and they shouldn't always be worshipped. But it seemed seniority ruled here. She she kept her mouth shut. She was a mere servant here. The boy that was speaking to her, looked up and lowered his voice to a whisper. “And I heard Violet is looking for a new one!”

“And what is being the fag of a prefect like?”

“You do the same work, with a few privileges like getting to wear a dormitory flower on your chest and maybe even cross the lawn!” She deadpanned at this.

“So you get to cross some grass and wear a flower.” The boy falters, clearly unhappy she is not so enthralled with the idea of being a fag.

“Well this may just be a rumor, but… I also heard that you can go to their midnight tea parties, and even the principal would be there!” This snags Alette's attention like a sleeve on a rose bush. The investigation would begin with casually questioning the person in charge.

“Seriously?” This boy, who Alette now identified as Felix Brooks, by his ID on the table.

“Well it may be just a rumor. But it's not really important. Only the P4 and their fags are allowed, so I guess we'll never know.” Alette shifts, then hops up, intending to reveal this newfound information to Ciel. Felix catches her sleeve, freckled face revealing concern.

“What are you doing? You can't talk to other people in other dorms!”

“Well why not?” Alette crosses her arms and Felix looks side to side, unsure if it was a taboo to be spoken aloud.

“It makes our dorm look bad, to associate with the others.”

“Why?”

“That's how it's always been.” Alette rolls her eyes then stalks off away from the Sapphire Owl form table, so not to ruin the Violet Wolves precious reputation.

“Ravenstein! It's fag time, let's go.” a tall lanky boy stands up, with eyes like discs of wood. He attempts to tame the wild locks of hair that deviate from the rest, and even though it is apparent he has tried many methods of slicking it, there are still light chestnut strands all over. “You don't have an upper year, so you're on cleaning duty. Mop and sweep the halls, and wipe down the tables.

“Yes, sir.” She complied. She knew it would take a long time and a lot of hard work but she had to climb the ladder to become Violet’s fag. So she broke her back sweeping the crumpled remnants of students rushing to class (she must have found over twenty pencils).

“My lady, you make such a good servant.” A feminine voice purrs. Alette searches for her butler, checking behind her but finding nothing. Selima fades into existence, black wisps tracing her curvaceous outline. She grins like the Cheshire cat. Alette is sweating, in no mood to fool around.

“Fuck off.” She growls.

“If you are so insistent upon acting like a little brat then I suppose-”

“You'll suppose nothing.” Ciel spat, appearing out of the dining hall, Sebastian tailing him (ironically in a outfit similar to a priest's) “You'll do exactly as she commands.”
"My lord, so rude to a lady." Chuckled Sebastian.
"Not just any lady either. She's like... Your butler in law." Ciel deadpanned at Alette's question, before giving her this to ponder
"If she's my butler in law and you're her Countess, what does that make us?" Alette's eyes widen.
"I'm going to need to sit and think about that one."
"Alette, what are you even on?" Alette, for the first time in a while, giggles.

“I believe Selima and I will gladly take your place in cleaning the dining hall.” Ciel nods, then Alette follows him out of the door. Selima begins to clean, clearing plates, and silverware. Sebastian closes and locks the doors. Creeping up behind her, he presses his lips to her neck.

“Such a diligent woman. Do you really intend to work this whole time?”

“Hmm...And what if I do?” She playfully asks. He rubs himself against her, and she presses back. He raises a hand and a sensation of tingles rises up her thigh/backside as Sebastian's hand makes contact with Selima's ass.

“Not even if I say please?”

“Hmm...In the dining hall? Where children eat?”

“Yes.” He purrs, nipping at her ear. He gropes her, massaging her breast.

“And if we get caught?”

“Then I'll deal with it.” Setting the plates down, she turns around and bites his lip. “You're such a tease.” He mutters against her. He picks her up, placing her on the table. Hand slides down his torso, rubbing his length which had swollen by this time. He smirks, doing the same to her. Selima wraps her arms around his neck and indulges herself in a passionate kiss. Sebastian lifts her dress, slipping down her panties. Soon he is pulling into her, pumping and moaning together. Her tight walls clench around him, she licks his neck. The table creaks with their movements, she sinks her teeth into the flesh of his shoulder to keep from moaning too loud.

Meanwhile…

“I heard that Derek was transferred.” Ciel was gawking at the Violet Wolf Dormitory. It was the same in structure, however very different. It was evident this was home to the creative kids. The whole front of the building was painted with all kinds of pigments and images, and there was no doubt it was accepted by the community, a form of expression. He was amazed by it, that a place that seemed so strict on rules and tradition allowed vandalism.

“It was explained to me. It's a tradition for every member of Violet Wolf to leave their mark on this place. Whether that mean physically or leaving a legacy, or something entirely different is up to them.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I haven't decided yet.” Alette strides in and Ciel follows. Immediately, whispers trail behind them.

“An outsider…”

“It's the crest of the blue house!”

“What business does a member of Blue house have with us?” An idea spawns in Alette's head. Abruptly, Alette snatches up Ciel's hand, and kisses him. It is just as she imagined, soft but cold. It
was uncharted territory. Gasps follow, Ciel blushes the color of the Scarlet Foxes Dormitory. Everyone immediately backs off, too uncomfortable to do anything.

“What the hell?” Whispers Ciel once they are inside.

“We're in, aren't we?” She growled, pissed at how oblivious this boy could be.

They found nothing

Not a trace that the boy had ever been there

“Ravenstein! Phantomhive!” Shit Thought Alette. They were going to be scolded, maybe even kicked out. As far as the others knew, she was male. Homosexuality was deemed taboo. And they haven't even found out anything yet! Clayton approaches them.

“I don't give out praise easily. But just this once, I'll grant you some. Our regular dining room looks completely new!” Sebastian and Selima arrive, both with a glow. Alette has a sick inclination as to why they are both so happy, and mentally reminds herself to eat when in there again.

“Mr. And Mrs. Michaelis!”

“What is it?”

“Look at the dining hall!” Both smirk, sharing their own private joke. “Phantomhive and Ravenstein cleaned it!”

“Oh, really?” Chirped Selima, faking impression. “Good work, you two” praises Sebastian.

“Of course. If you ever need anything, just let us know!” declared Alette, hatching a plan to socially advance.
Selima is noticing some changes in her life, and she's not the only one. Alette and Ciel receive the invitation they have been working for.

Selima jumped up at the slightest touch from Sebastian.

“Darling, you fell asleep.” Sebastian peered down at her over his spectacles. This was an odd occurrence. Demons have no need for sleep. But she had been so tired lately. She then remembers what had happened. Class had ended for the day when Alette, otherwise known here as Alex, strode down and asked for a word. They waited until everyone was gone, not a person in the wing for it was dinner time.

“Here you go.” Alette began setting down several slips of paper on the desk. Selima raises an arched eyebrow, then picks them up.

Clean the dining hall

Sew costumes for the next play

Prepare tomorrow's meals

Restock the school supplies

The list went on. A small vein pounded, Selima rubbed her temples.

“What the hell is this?”

“Exactly what it looks like.”

“You better not expect me to complete all of these tasks on top of my normal duties.”

“I should think so. You are the great Selima Lovelace, are you not?” Smirked Alette, before departing. Little bitch thought Selima.

She had taken a small break from her tasks to rest, for her body ached and her mind was weary. And here she was.

“She has been overworking you.”

“I'm fine.”

“On the contrary. Something is wrong, it is not in our nature to become so exasperated at menial tasks.”

“Tch. I am perfectly fine.” She jumps up, and resumes her task of sewing. “She has been blindly accepting all kinds of work, just because she knows I'll do it!”

“I know, the children are worse than usual.” He places a kiss on her forehead. “I can carry out your
tasks. Please, rest before your next class begins.” She nods, and heads to their shared chambers.

After some time, He stares at the finished room.

“I reckon this will do.” Selima shows up to her class just before the bell rings. Alette sits in her usual spot near the back.

“You and the other new kid from blue house must be overwhelmed! The amount of work you've been taking on is tremendous.” avowed one of her fellow first years,

“It's nothing.” Brushes off Alette. Selima pases out tests gracefully, the young mistress downstairs even realize she outstanding score on the test. Violet wolves had dual roles as artists and as students. They took all the normal tests and learned mundane lessons. But their homework would be to paint something, or to write a poem. It was graded upon completion, Because how could one accurately measure and grade creativity. You can't. So some said that was why the Violet Wolves had higher grades than others, because of the buffer of their homework. But the creative process was no easy feat as well, and they do forget that an artist is their own greatest critic.

“So it looks like you'll be getting someone pretty high ranked out of Violet Wolves senior class, with all the work you do.” Recognized Felix. “Violet himself might even want you!” Alette smirks. He better she thought. Selima raises an eyebrow, looking agitated as the lesson begins.

The P4 Saturday in luxury, with their fags all doting on them hand and foot. All except of course, for Violet. He is mixing things together gingerly, as if making a potion. Redmond chuckles at Bluer, being a stickler for rules as always as they discuss the two newest members of the school. He listened carefully.

“What would you say, Violet?” probed Bluer

“Pertaining to what?” relied Violet, playing dumb.

“Are you saying you haven't been paying attention?”

“Well no. If you're asking what I say, I say that Beethoven is overrated, and I much prefer the works of Fredric Leighton over William Blake.” Redmond sighs with a smile.

“That's Violet, living in his own world.”

“You need a fag. What do you think about the new one?” inquires Greenhill.

“New one?”

“Alex Ravenstein. Violet Wolf dormitory. Sewed all the new costumes for the oncoming play?”

“Ah yes, I'll take him into consideration.” The topic switches off of Ravenstein and to Phantomhive. Odd, doing the same amount of work, but Phantomhive received more recognition, due to the fact his name was recognizable. Redmond blathers on about how he should have come to his dorm. Bluer contemplates how he knows how to complete his tasks so efficiently when his status in society is so high. Greenhill however, converses (quite loudly) with his fag.

“What do you know of him?”

“He's well...He's my cousin. And Lizzie's...Er… my little sister's fiance. Excuse me sir, who did you say is with him?”
“Alex Ravenstein.” It is evident in his facial expression that he is grasping for some faint connection. But he comes up short.

“I didn't know he entered this school.”

“Rich boys from all over England enter this school, it's not all that surprising.” pipes up Clayton.

“Maybe he didn't tell you because he doesn't like you.” Suggested Redmond’s fag.

“Well…He was also on the Campania, the ship that sank not too long ago.”

“Ohhh that luxury liner that sank! I'd really like to invite him here to chat.” voiced Remond

“Redmond! You're taking that too lightly, many people died on there!” Berated Greenhill.

“I just want the cute boy to tell me about his vacation!” Defended Redmond. “Let's invite him. And Ravenstein as well. That way Violet can review him and see if he's fag material, right Violet?”

“Hm?”

“We'll just take that as a yes.”

“Good things should be done quickly! I'll go tell him right away!” Redmond's fag waits for his leave, then sprints off. Violet looks up from his writing, then encloses what he wrote into a envelope.

“Midford, deliver this to the Ravenstein boy for Violet.”

“Certainly, sir.” Ciel is yanked out of class, everyone squawking about how the Scarlet Fox fag wants to talk to Phantomhive.

“Are you Phantomhive? Pleased to meet you! I'm Maurice Cole, Redmond's fag.”

“Ciel Phantomhive.” Ciel is painfully aware of how this boy towers over him. “Can I help you?”

“Well you must know prefects and their fags often meet at the swan gazebo. And the other day we were discussing the two amazing new students. One is obviously you. Everyone agreed we would love to have a chat with you! Would you come to Swan Gazebo Tomorrow?” Ciel inside feels relieved that his plan is working. “I would be glad to!” He replies, not too quickly, not too slowly.

“Really? That's great! We'll be waiting for you at the swan gazebo at 4 p.m.!” And as Maurice departs, everyone bursts into a frenzy.

“That's wonderful, Phantomhive!”

“Aw, I want to go too!”

Meanwhile, Alette is being taught about how to write a Haiku when a boisterous knock interrupts Selima. Mrs. Lovelace-Michaelis answers the door and if her heart was beating it would have stopped. Edward Modified stood there, she turns her back on him, and allows him in. He does not notice how she tries to not face him.

“I need a Mr. Alexander Ravenstein.” He announces

Shit! Think both Selima and Alette. Alette makes her way down to him and follows him out the door, everyone's whispers explode as soon as she leaves.
“Settle down.” Demands Selima. Though she continues to teach, she can’t help but worry about her young mistress. If he recognizes either one of them, he’d talk. And if he talked they were done here.

“Well, I was tending to my duties as a fag of Green lion Dormitory and the topic of the two new students came up. And I was designated the one to extend this invitation to you.” He extends the envelope, but does not let go once he gets a good look at her face.

“Don't I know you?”

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That night Selima slinks into Sebastian's office just as she finishes advising her last student. He however, is not done. She sighs and nearly collapses into his desk as he explains the difference in translations. She patiently waits, after all what was a butler without patience?

The student thanks him then leaves, eyeing the both of them before leaving. Sebastian scoops her up and places her in his lap. She rests her head on his shoulder as he runs his hands through her tangled hair. He strokes her, as they sit together when Ciel comes in. Sebastian shushes him, much to Ciel's dismay. She had been so tired lately, easily exhaustible and perpetually unrested. It concerned him, but it was most likely to the new environment and amount of work she had to perform.

The next day was ruinous for Ciel

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