

I lift my hand up to the doorbell, but the door opens before I have a chance to press it. A butler stands before us wearing coat tails and a bow tie. Over his shoulder, I catch a glimpse of Quenton, stepping into the foyer.

Our eyes meet and I'm instantly taken back to the first time I laid eyes on him over two hundred years ago.

"Lila," he says. It comes out more like a breath than a word. "You're even more beautiful than I remember." Quenton takes my free hand, bows and presses it to his lips. "Your youthful innocence has been replaced by a mature elegance. It suits you!"

"Thank you. You have not changed at all. Other than the fact that you are not a lifeless corpse in a wooden box as you were the last time I saw you," I respond, biting.

Quenton winces at my words. "Amorcito, please, don't be angry with me!"