

DARK KING

3 NEW BEGINNING

"Doctor?" Suddenly, a young woman dressed in a gray gown asked Dudian: "Child, I am a doctor. Are you willing to be my son?"

Dudian noted this woman in his mind once he heard her take the initiative to speak. Originally, he held an adventurous attitude by refusing the gardener. The other were afraid of offending the gardener of the Mel family so they did not dare to choose Durian. This doctor's identity seemed to hold some weight.

What Dudian did not know was how rare doctors were in this world. Although it was still a civilian occupation, it was an exceedingly rare one.

In a manner of speaking, it could be classified as a senior occupation. With the Mel family's gardener present, those with basic civilian occupations would

not dare to choose this child, but compared to a doctor, a mere gardener was only at the level of ordinary civilian jobs such as minors and tailors.

Dudian had a good impression of this young woman. Her cheeks were framed by soft lines. Shallow dimples appeared on her face as she vividly smiled. The way she looked at Dudian was as if a mother was looking at her son. His cold heart began melting under her gentle gaze as he nodded. "I am willing."

The middle-aged gardener's face turned unsightly, but as he looked at the young woman, he held back and did not say a thing. He secretly felt sorry for Dudian. After all, Dudian was very young and short-sighted. Doctors are good, but not every child of a doctor had the ability to learn their parent's trade. The occupation itself had a very difficult entry barrier and required a lot of energy and dedication. If Dudian could not succeed, he would be left as a low-level nobody.

Gardening, on the other hand, was different. You would be able to start as long as you had a good memory. As a gardener for the Mel family, Dudian would be living far away from the slums. In the future, he would be able to inherit the gardener's place. Working for the Mel family and staying at their home is the dream of many commoners.

'Ah, how unfortunate, how unfortunate!'

The middle-aged gardener shook his head.

The normal children's expressions turned ugly as they saw the doctor choose Dudian. Barton and the other deformed kids were much better, albeit a little jealous. Nonetheless, Dudian stole a valuable opportunity, causing the rest of the children to hold resentment and envy in their hearts.

Dudian held an auspicious smile on his face. He was one of the few in the orphanage that caught the doctor's eyes. Moreover, his calm attitude and the look of his clean white skin cause made people feel more comfortable around him.

Aunt Dai turned to the young doctor and said, "Dudian has always been very well behaved here. We hope that you take good care of him and wish the two of you lead a happy life.

"I will", said the young woman as she smiled. "It fills my heart with joy."

Aunt Dai instructed the woman next to her. "Mina, take them to apply for the household registration procedures."

The woman called 'Mina' waved at Dudian and the young woman with a laugh. "Come with me please."

"Go on Dean!"

"Dean, do not forget us!"

"Remember to come back and see us!"

Barton and the rest of the deformed children cried out reluctantly.

"I will be back, but do not be discouraged," said Dudian as he remembered how he was taken care of by them for three months. "Maybe you will all be adopted by the time I return."

Although they knew in their hearts what the results would be, they still laughed.

As he was getting ready to leave, Dudian suddenly heard the middle-aged gardener's voice. "I will choose

you." Dudian could not help but look, only to see him pointing at Lisa. He smiled and spoke. "Little girl, you have quite the clever mind. How about being my daughter?"

Lisa stared at him with a look of disbelief painted on her face.

She looked around at the other healthy children around her.

After a glance, Dudian withdrew his gaze from Lisa and faced Aunt Mina. He left with Mina and his soon-to-be mother shortly after.

He and the other children of the orphanage will soon live in their own respective homes. Perhaps they would never meet again.

...

...

The household registration procedures for the orphanage were very simple.

First, verify the identity of the adopting parent.

Second, verify the occupation of the adopter to prove their capability to support the child.

The purpose of these verifications was to determine whether the adoptive parent met the requirements set by the law.

If you did not work or if your wages were too low, you would not meet the specifications for adoption.

Third, a contract would have to be signed to confirm the adoptive relationship.

Finally, and of course most importantly, the money had to exchange hands!

In this world, adoptions were an orphanages main source of income. In the past, the registration procedures would be finished with the signing of the contract. No money was involved. But in this new day and age, it was different. Adoption was the same as selling a 'product'. The only difference being that it was now legal for orphanages to 'sell' children.

Dudian had never seen the new world's money. As his 'mother' took out a thick stack of green notes, the only noticeable difference he could discern was the picture of the giant wall of Silvia printed above. It seems as if the city of Silvia was covered by this giant wall.

As Dudian watched his 'mother' handing the stack of bills to Aunt Mina, things became clear. Why else

would children be accepted into the orphanage so easily? The orphanage selflessly provided food and shelter for the children, knowing that they would be adopted in a few months and bring in a large sum of money.

Dudian sighed. He felt as if he finally understood the difference between the new era and the old one: Survival of the fittest. Either adapt to this world or be crushed under it.

Once the payment procedure and signing of the contract was finalized and put away, the young doctor bent over to caress Dudian's hair.

As he looked at her pale brown eyes, he knew that this woman would be the only person he would be able to rely on in the future. He was silent for a moment before speaking, "May I call you Aunt Ju?"

Jura was slightly confused.

Mina spoke as she heard Dudian's words. "Do not bend the rules. She is your mother now and you must be good to her. Do not disappoint the reputation of our orphanage.

Jura smiled as she stroked Durian's hair in a gentle manner. "You can call me Aunt Ju until you are able to get used to it.

A trace of warmth flowed to Dudian's face as he softly said, "Thank you."

He was grateful for her gentle temperament because he knew that once adopted, his life and death would be entirely up to his adopted parents. He had already heard from the other children that in this world it would be legal even if the parents decided to kill their child!

Jura smiled. "Let's go back and take you to your new home.

...

...

Jura's home in the neighborhood...

All of the inhabitants of this neighborhood had ordinary jobs, but the environment here was totally different from the slums he was used to. The air was much fresher and he could no longer sense the rotten odor of the slums.

Even in this huge residential area, Jura's living conditions belonged to the more upscale lifestyle. The price of land here was twice as high as the slums due to its distance from the slums in the north and

closeness to the commercial area in the south.

Anyone living in the commercial or military area was one with either a large amount of wealth or influence. The cost of housing in these areas amounted to an astronomical figure that most people could not earn in a lifetime.

Each area had a high wall barrier. The gates that divided Silva only opened once a day. The gates of the residential area in the south did not face the gates of the slums in the north.

This meant that people in the residential area were free to go to the slums, business people were free to go to the residential area, but residents of the slums could not. The status of the dwellers of the slums was nowhere near enough for them to access the upper scale areas.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.