

## DARK KING

### 4 NIGH

Jura pulled out a ring of keys and unlocked the door.

Dudian started taking note of the room, knowing that this is where he would be living here for some time in the future.

"Dean, come in." Said Jura from behind a small closet door. She appeared suddenly swinging a pair of adult cotton shoes in her hands as if to tease him.

Dudian was startled, but also relieved. This was another one of the conditions for adoption; Marriage.

"Come, I'll bring you over to wash up." Jura warmly said.

Dudian expected to be able to soak in a bath, but we quickly disappointed. The result was Jura soaking a

towel in warm water and using it to help wipe his face and arms. This way of bathing was exactly the same in the orphanage.

Nonetheless, the color of this water was much purer.

What Dudian did not know was that even the nobility of the world used this 'dry cleaning' method for bathing. People generally believed that the water would weaken their bodies and harm their immune system. Even members of the aristocracy that were plagued by hypochondria would only bathe once or twice a year.

After washing, Dudian was given new clothes to replace his rags as Jura made him more familiar with his new home.

Things were as expected as Dudian looked around the house. There were no scientific or technological

items found, not even a simple alarm clock. The only trace of the former era he could find was a fairy tale only seen in the books. The story itself seemed to originate from the European medieval period where not even the steam engine was created yet.

As he thought of all he had seen these past three months, Dudian became more and more convinced in his heart that this post-disaster world's civilization should have just developed into the bronze age. They barely knew how to use metal.

This discovery caused some ideas to emerge within his mind.....

The evening sky once again darkened. The chilling air seeming as if it was inviting the rain to come again.

Jura was worried Dudian might be afraid of darkness so she lit an oil lamp early on. She was filled with an

amazing feeling every time she saw his face lit up by the flickering flame.

"It's going to rain again. What about Uncle?" Dudian said as he glanced out the window.

Jura smiled at this boy's worries and said, "Uncle has a lot of work to do these days so he will not be coming back tonight. Are you hungry?"

"What's for dinner?"

"Good boy. I'm going to let you taste this craft of mine. I guarantee you will love it." Jura said with confidence.

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In the blink of an eye, a month had passed.

Dudian met his new father, Gray. He was a tall, thin middle-aged man. His looks were quite ordinary, but he had a gentle character. Gray was a tailor by profession. The sewing machine in the house was used by him. 'Black Snow' season was coming so he brought his sewing machine from the factory to the house, as there was no heating at the factory.

They had apparently discussed the adoption of a child beforehand. However, Gray was surprised at Dudians good extraordinary looks when they first met. Aside from the introverted personality, Gray greatly approved of him.

As another common storm of the rainy season was pouring down, Dudian had the sudden urge to use the restroom. He got out of bed, put on his shoes, and gently opened the door to leave. He was passing by his 'parents' when he heard their voices. "So late, why

have they not gone to sleep yet?"

Suddenly Dudian's heart jumped.

Apparently, this world did not consider noise when building houses. He heard subtle voices from the room.

"Do you really want to do this?" Dudian heard Jura's hesitant voice sounding from inside.

"I know you are quite taken with this child. To tell the truth, I am as well. I can't bear to part with him.

However, this is a rare opportunity. If the Avril house has a good impression of him, we can move to the business area to find better jobs. If you still feel lonely, we can adopt another child. It's quite the good deal."

"It's not the money I'm worried about. If he goes to Avril house and refuses to speak, they will bully him.

There are two types of people in this world... I once saw a doctor get into a large family and only became a servant and... and..."

"A deathly silence struck the room before Gray continued. "Jura, you know that he was just an orphan in the slums. Even if we didn't adopt him, he would be adopted into another family as a serf. Also, a servant's life in the Avril house is an enviable position to many people."

"But---"

"This is decided. There is no more room for further discussion."

Silence fell upon the room once again.

The small figure in front of the room had his head down. He lightly clenched his hands into a fist and

then slowly loosened them. He dragged his body back to his room as if he were a corpse. Even his previous intention of a restroom break was forgotten.

Dudian was listening to the rhythmic sounds of the rain splattering outside as he sat on his bed. His heart felt pained. Although he had only been with the couple for a month, Jura had always meticulously cared for him. It touched him the bottom of his heart. He never expected those feelings to be shattered in a matter of seconds. It was as if the world was mocking him and throwing his heart back into disarray.

He suddenly felt very lonely.

He began to miss his harsh and gentle mother and father, as he reminisced about he would always punch his sister's ear.

"Why...?" He wanted to cry for a moment.

He clenched his fists while an idea slowly began to surface in his mind. "Since he was never going to see his parents or sister again... then... then let this strange new world.....

Nobody knew that on this one rainy night, a small figure slowly made up his mind to alter the gears of history forever.

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