

## DARK KING

### 6 IDEAL

"There is no common language between us." Annia indifferent eyes swept over Dudian's face and continued: "If your mother didn't help to cure my father's disease, we would have never met. Do not try to think that by virtue of this kindness, you can climb over the social barriers and join our family. I, Annia, will not marry an incompetent husband and lose face."

"Although you desperately imitate elegance and noblesse while pretending to be an aristocratic gentleman, you cannot hide away your roots in from of real aristocracy! Civilians are not nurtured from birth and lack noble blood. Practicing for a day or two cannot cover up your natural stature."

Annia looked at Dudian coldly. "You may look clean, different from those smelly neighborhood workers, but it is not anything surprising. The ideas that I would

ever fancy you, let you into our Avril house, or help your parents join the commercial district are nothing but a joke! It is only wishful thinking on your part."

"My father's kindness to your family is out of politeness. It does not mean they should act shamelessly and throw away their self-respect! You cannot even grasp the severity of the consequences!"

Dudian quietly watched and waited for her to finish.

After saying so much in a single breath, she could not help but frown seeing that Dudian's calm expression did not change at all. Again, with a cold face, she continued. "I said all of this so that you may understand that you are not good enough for me, and I would never allow you to be my husband. Stop fantasizing about unrealistic dreams!"

Dudian still quietly looked at her and spoke.

"Finished...?"

Annia sneered. "Finished. If you have anything to say, go ahead."

Dudian laughed and looked in to her eyes, softly speaking. "First of all, I must thank you."

Annia expression turned to one of confusion and disbelief.

Dudian ignored her reaction and continued. "First, thank you for rejecting me! This way I can avoid being in conflict with my parents."

Annia had a doubt in her heart. Was his father not trying to stuff him into their house?

"Second, thank you again. Thank you for letting me know that even a little girl like you cannot be ignored."

Annia's brows pricked up. She matured early in comparison to the other kids who were still playing around. She already had her future planned by the time she was eight years old. Nevertheless, this child in front of her spoke in an old-fashioned tone, as if he had experience a lot in life.

When she was ready to speak again, Dudian turned his body to leave. He didn't pause or look back.

"Maybe I am not competent with a sword, nor am I a fine equestrian, but I do have my own ideals and ambitions!"

She was not able to react until his shadow had disappeared from sight. Never would she have expected such actions from this small child. He even dared to leave first! Her red face displayed the anger in her heart. However, her excellent childhood education and training allowed her to quickly control

her emotions. She grit her teeth and stamped her heels. She moved to keep up with her fastest speed while maintaining a lady's composure.

As Dudian return to the hall, he slowed his pace down so that Annia could catch up. He paused and did not look back. Soon, Annie reached his back with her aristocratic lady-like grace. "Wait a minute! If the adults ask, tell them that you have someone else that you like."

Restarting his pace, Dudian replied, "Why would I do that?"

"If I have not guessed wrongly, your father should have already agreed to the marriage," he said indifferently. "But you did not. That is to say that, if I agree we are getting married, aren't we?"

Annia's aggressive expression suddenly paled. If

Dudian chooses to agree, her father would go on with the marriage. Today, she and her mother planned on deliberately put pressure on the Gray couple so that they would not ask for her hand in marriage.

"How did you know?!"

"You pretty much old me." Dudian said lightly. "If you have the option to decline then you can simply reject the marriage with a 'no'. Moreover, you would not have to say so much or even threaten me. Your mother, on the other hand, is a bit tricky though. I think she will be able to get a direct refusal from my adoptive parents."

Annia was shocked. Dudian had repeated the plan she and her mother had come up with almost word for word. For a moment, she felt as if she was completely seen through by this little boy who was still as calm as the moment she met him. However, she did not regret

her choice. After a moment of silence, she continued, "If I decline, I am worried that your parents will go to my father."

Dudian shook his head slightly. "No, as long as your refuse this 'marriage', things will pass. Everything would have been very simple, but instead you made it more complex.

"How would you know?" Annia frowned. She was irritated by Dudian's confident tone.

"You overestimated their guts and underestimated their self-awareness," explained Dudian. She was not convinced and did not expect too much, but had to have the patience to try.

Annia frowned, thinking for a bit. "Why do you not just say there is another girl who you like?"

"Are you not a noblewoman? Do you not understand the fact that you can refuse, but I cannot?" said Dudian as he looked directly at her.

Annia looked at him and smiled in realization. "By my refusal, you want them to assume that you were just not good enough for me so that they are not angry with you."

Dudian knew his plan was seen through, but he felt no embarrassment. "Anyway, I have already told you what you should do. I am in no position to decline, so think of the consequences on your own!" Finished speaking, Dudian went towards the entrance without waiting for Annia.

"You...!" Annia only stared at his back. She angrily stamped her feet and followed into the mansion.

"Welcome back, Miss." The black suit servant was



relieved when he saw Dudian and Annia appear. His face sported a huge smile.

Annia was indeed of noble birth. After a few steps, her anger was replaced by calmness.

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A carriage bearing the banner of a white flower drove through the commercial area to the residential area. Dudian's family alighted from the carriage and proceeded to their home as soon as the carriage stopped.

Jura looked at her husband's gloomy face. Holding Dudian's hand, she opened the door.

"What a lame excuse!"

"Clearly they despise our identities! Aristocrats...  
haa.... group of hypocrites!"

At home, Gray vented the anger in hear heart.

"Hush!" Jura said. "You have to whisper; don't let  
anyone else hear you!"

Gray stifled up, sitting quietly in bitterness. Speaking  
ill of the aristocracy was a massive crime.

"Dead, go back to your room and rest. You must be  
tired. I'll call you out for dinner." Jura said to Dudian.

Gray looked at the child. His lips slightly moved, but  
he did not speak. Although his heart was heavy, with  
these months together, he knew that Dudian was a  
good kid that would never day anything impolite. He  
could only blame himself and his wife for setting their

sights too high. Dudian nodded and went up to his room.

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After four long months, the rainy season had finally ended and revealed the sunny skies.

Gray looked at Dudian who had woken up early. He smiled and said, "Dean, various schools will be starting soon. Would you like to go to school to learn reading and writing?"

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