

The Oros continent was an ancient land to the west of Mara, inhabited by an enigmatic race: the dragons. Majestic creatures with the skin hard as stone, they were renowned as the world's most powerful race. Even among their kind, there was a great variety in size, shape and power. You can find dragons at the size of a mountain but also those pygmies which were even smaller than human. Some had a serpent like body while others with a colossal body adorned with two wings. Because of this, it was quite difficult to discern between some dragons and monsters and some unfortunate accidents happened when adventurers mistook dragons for monsters and decided to slay them.

Of course adult dragons wouldn't go down easily but young ones were still vulnerable as their skin has not developed enough. Therefore, to protect its people, the dragon council which served as the government of the dragons, forbade any adventurer or everyone in general to enter Oros without permission.

And yet here they were, a group of a hundred adventurers making a camp on the eastern coast of Oros.

"All right everyone! As you probably know, we are here to hunt down a certain dragon. I know it sounds scary and while most of us here are no match for a dragon, worry not my friends! For this time not only do we have a great number of adventurers ranging from rank B to A, we also have the honor to be accompanied by three S -rank. I present to you ladies and gentlemen: the Sword of Justice party."

From behind the orator, walked up three individuals. From the left a dwarf with a long brown beard holding a giant hammer on his shoulder, from the right a sorceress with a floating crystal orb and finally a swordsman in the middle. The three formed together an S-rank party named Sword of Justice, a rather ridiculous name but mostly because of the captain swordsman who always proclaimed himself as a hero.

"There they are, as glorious as ever. Mind you that there are no more than a twenty S-rank adventurer officially recognized in the world. They are seen as the epitome of power, the hope of the world against monsters and demons. And here we are, three of them are helping us in this mission. How more reassuring can it be? Please give a round of applause everyone!"

The crowd joyfully cheered at the trio. At first many had doubt about this whole expedition. Dragon hunting was no easy task. The creatures were immortal, meaning they would live until someone actually killed them. There were of course exceptions but that usually was very rare. But then a member raised his concern.

“But what about the dragon council? Sure we may be able to kill this dragon but if this gets out and they come after us, we won’t be alive for long”

“That’s a very good question mate. There is no need to worry about any kind of retaliation as this is a request from a member of the dragon council itself. Therefore no need to worry friend!”

If you were wondering on why on earth would such a quest be accepted by the Guild, it wasn’t. This was actually an illegal quest as dragons were considered as a Prime race, meaning this would be counted as assassination rather than monster extermination, therefore forbidden under the law of the Guild Master. However there were many kinds of adventurers and since the reward was unusually handsome, not everyone could turn a blind eye to it.

“All right! Let’s do this guys! So which dragon are we hunting?”

“Hum....dragon lord Celdora!”

“.....”

“.....”

“The fuck man? I thought we are hunting some unknown dragon. Not only the guy is a hero, he is a freaking dragon lord for god’ sake. We will be slaughtered.” Shouted an adventurer.

“Now now just wait a minute! I did say that we are hunting Celdora but I never said we are going to actually fight him. I value my own life as much as you value yours, gentlemen. I have a very simple solution to our problem.

Celdora has a daughter who is barely ten. She hasn’t developed her scales yet. Even an A rank probably could take her on. Do you see where I am going?”

“Ohhhh! But kidnapping a kid is a bit I don’t know....wrong no?”

“Do you want the money or not?”

“I will sell my grandma for that kind of money!” another said.

“Well said! Although we don’t really want your grandma.” The orator turned back to the crowd
“With luck you probably won’t even need to lift a finger. She is just a kid. And if things go downhill, we still have the Sword of Justice by own side.

Now can I have a cheer for our early victory?”

The group raised their weapons together on air, hailing victory even when they just got here, unknown about the terror they would be facing on this continent, not just from Celdora but from someone else.

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“Hmmm. I need a castle!”

A figure was floating on the sky of Oros, looking down at its landscape. Aside from a tower at the center of the continent, Oros didn’t have any city as dragons, primal they were, preferred to live in their natural habitat with nature. They lived in clans or small groups, usually with dragons of the same family. Of course there were those who chose to live alone without care for the rest of the world.

As there were not as many dragons compared to the other races, they managed to divide the entire continent into many small territories to avoid conflict with each other. Often considered lawless, the only thing that a dragon feared was themselves, or rather the dragon council who dictated only a

few but most crucial rules. Anyone who refused to abide to it would be eliminated. Such were the world of dragons.

Back to our stranger who just realized something he missed completely. While he saw himself as a king, he had no subjects, no castle, not even a throne. Kaiser only thought of taming the dragons before arriving at this land but now that he thought about it, how should he proceed?

It has been a few days but still no sign of a dragon, only a bunch of humans, dwarves and elves who came out of nowhere wandering in the forest. Luckily they did not detect his presence, although it was unsure if it was lucky for him or them.

But then from afar, he spotted sever figures flying toward him. At first it appeared to be tiny dots. As they came closer and closer, their forms started to become clear: wyverns. Dragons who could not develop their scales, leaving them only a protective skin nowhere near powerful as a true dragon were called wyverns.

Although not as much as a threat compared to a real dragon, these creatures could kill any unsuspected warrior in an instant thanks to their sharp claws and enormous body. And now a few dozens of these were coming at Kaiser.

“Wyverns. Hum, miserable creatures who fail to become a true dragon. I guess I would have to start with you first!”

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“Hey, why do you think we are hunting Celdora? I mean he is still a hero after all. Shouldn't we like praise him for defeating the demon lord for us?” an adventurer asked the guy next to him.

The group has separated themselves into small groups of a dozen people each to search for the daughter of Celdora. One such party has just spotted a little girl walking in this forest and was on their way to capture her.

“Beat me. Probably some kind of political play or something. The request did come from the dragon council after all.”

“What do you mean?”

“Celdora is the kind of guy who pissed off everyone he met. He doesn’t care who you are or who you are affiliated with. He just does whatever he wants, which led to the fact that he has many enemies. I am not surprised if he pissed off a member of the dragon council. And being a troublesome hero makes it even worse.

Hey why are you stopping?”

“Shhh. Up ahead!” the guy made a silent gesture and shut his friend’s mouth with his hand covering it. He then pointed to the direction in front of them, toward a small girl with short emerald hair playing by herself near a waterfall. Poking from her hair were two small horns, still developing. And her eyes, green eyes with pupils like a snake. Though such features would not deny her cuteness.

It seemed she was the one responsible for the piles of pebbles next to her. Holding one in her hand, the girl threw with all her force the small rock on the water surface, wishing it would make as many jumps as possible. But she always missed it, throwing the rock onto the other side of the small lake.

The scene did seem typical of a normal clumsy girl throwing rocks, until the two actually saw what was on the other side of the lake. Just some trees standing as part of the forest. Yet something was strange about these trees: it was covered with holes.

At that moment they realized that this was no normal girl. She actually managed to throw the pebble all the way across the lake and pierced the trees on the other side. She must have put too much force into her throw. However her actions suggested otherwise. The slow movement of her arm, the gentle motion of her hand meant that she wasn’t even putting any strength into her hand. Imagine what would happen if she actually tried to throw a pebble toward someone. A bloody mess would be what was left.

One adventurer was so scared he actually pissed himself seeing how a simple pebble actually made a hole in such a huge tree. They understood now that it was a mistake to underestimate the daughter of Celdora. But one of them remained his calm. An old soldier but also an A-rank adventurer who was seasoned after countless battlefields. A simple child wouldn't scare him at all. After all a child was still a child.

"All right listen to me! She may be strong but we have numbers and most importantly our wits. We can win this if you listen to me.

Each of us has been given a special net, made from the silk of the arachnid, unbreakable even by dragon' standards. What's interesting is that the more the person trapped inside struggles, the tighter the net gets.

We have six of us here. Make three pairs of two! Each pair will sneak up on her from each direction. Even if she spots us, her only option is jumping into the lake and that would slow her down.

Use the net and it will do the rest! Just make sure not to hit your own people with it. Come on courage men! Or are you implying that six A-ranks can't even beat a little girl?" explained the old soldier. Thanks to his years of experience, he quickly devised a plan that could work in a short instant. Truly worthy of a veteran.

The men, slightly provoked by his words, decided to follow the elder's words. What could go wrong? Didn't people always say to respect and follow the wise words of an elder? Certainly! However things never went as plan, especially when there were wyverns fighting a strange dude right above your head.

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"Come at me lowly creatures!" shouted Kaiser as he was surrounded by a horde of wyverns.

Each watched carefully at the strange individual in front of them. Wearing a luxurious white robe and a crown but most unusual was his faceless feature, the stranger gave off an aura of incredible

power, making the wyverns shaken in fear, hesitating if whether or not they should attack as it wouldn't end well if they did it.

But Kaiser wouldn't lose time for such futile behavior. A king acted through his actions and that was what he would do. He clapped his hands together, making an air shockwave, pushing back the cloud. But it was not an attack, only a forecast of what was about to come.

Nonetheless, like mindless monsters they were, the wyverns saw that as a hostile action and decided to attack. Better to eliminate the target before it could do something. Yet it was too late.

Kaiser raised one of his arm toward the sky. Black clouds started gathering above them, signaling the coming of a storm. And indeed a storm was coming.

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Thunder started echo the sky as lightning struck Kaiser's hand. It was as if it was drawn toward him. Because of the continuous current of lightning, it looked almost like he was holding lightning in his hands.

And then it hit. All the wyverns on sky were struck down by lightning. Some couldn't have time to scream as their flesh were instantly incinerated. And they fell.

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The adventurers have already positioned themselves and waited for their captain's orders. Each has prepared their weapon. They intended to finish this in an instant, making the girl unable to strike back. The element of surprise was after all an art of war. But what if you encountered something even more surprising and disturbing than what you have prepared?

Hearing the sound of thunder, an adventurer instinctively looked up to the sky and saw the black

clouds gathering right above them. How could it be possible? The sky was clear just a few seconds ago. And it didn't end there. A storm was to be expected with rain, only this rain was a bit different.

"IT'S RAINING DRAGONS!!!!!" the adventurer shouted, making everyone, including the girl looking at the sky.

Indeed it was raining dragons, or rather wyverns. But such detail made little difference now. Their plan has been unfolded. The girl has seen them. They have lost their element of surprise.

Spotting some strangers with weapons, even an idiot would understand what was happening. Ignoring the bizarre rain, following her father's words "Be careful of strangers!", the girl poked out two wings from her back and flew away. But no before she checked what was causing this curious phenomenon. As the girl flew high above the clouds, she finally saw the one responsible. And it applied to the stranger who spotted the girl looking at him.

However he paid more attention to her wings and horns than the person itself. The two features of a dragon. Yet she had a human body. It could only mean one thing: a draconian. A crossbred between a dragon and another member of the prime race. If you wondered how it was possible physically, some dragons had the ability to transform into a human form, making things much easier. But of course these dragons were rare and crossbreeds were even rarer.

Draconian used to much more in numbers, having a society building from peace between dragons and the others races. But such ideas were considered blasphemy by the dragon council and so they were wiped out from the pages of history, known nowadays only as legend and myth. If it was any normal dragon, it would have been executed along with its offspring. However Celdora was a dragon lord and a hero, therefore practically untouchable in term of power and he has already resigned from politics so the council left him alone. But that of course left some animosity between the two parties, along with the fact that Celdora would no longer be under the protection of the dragon council. Not that he really needed it though.

And here stood a live draconian in the flesh in front of Kaiser. He must have her. But Kaiser followed a few number of rules set by himself. One of them was to never force anyone to serve him. If someone tried to hinder his plan, he would eliminate them without hesitation but as a monarch, he had to be an example for the people to be willing to serve. Without the respect of its people, there would be no king.

"Who are you mister?" the cute voice awoke Kaiser from his thoughts.

"Hum what?" he said.

"I ask who you are. What are you doing in my house?" asked the girl.

"What do you mean your house? I don't see any house on the sky." Kaiser retorted.

"But this land belongs to papa. And he says that if I see anyone I should tell him."

"Ok...then why are you telling me this? Aren't you supposed to go tell your father?"

"But you save me from those guys earlier. So I won't tell on you."

'Wait what? When did I save her again?' but he decided not to ask her. If she already felt indebted to him, it would just make things easier. So why not play along?

"Uhm yeah! You are right! I did save you from....those guys. So that means that you own me a favor no?" Kaiser stuttered. He had no experience with kids, despite being one himself who was just recently born. Although his birth was a little strange and he saw himself as an adult, if not an old one.

"Mum said to repay my debts whatever it takes. What do you want mister?" asked the girl.

"Do you have a castle?" Priority number one: a place to live.

“Ohhh I have one! You want my castle, I will give it to you. Come with me!” the girl took Kaiser’s hand and dragged him away. Although Kaiser had quite a big stature, about twice of a normal adult, he was towed quite easily. Of course it was because he didn’t resist at all, just a bit surprised by the girl’s enthusiasm.

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“So this is your castle....”

“It is. Don’t you think it’s beautiful! It has a dark ambiance of secrecy like the evil hideouts of a villainous sorcerer. And no one would suspect a thing.” Explained the girl proudly.

“Of course no one would since it’s a cave!!! Why did I even trust you?” Kaiser left out a long sigh.

Indeed it was a cave but a very large one. This cave went into the side of a mountain and probably served as a dragon’s home in the past. Kaiser guessed this because the entrance and the ceiling was unusually high and there were traces of someone living here, with the cave itself divided into multiples sections which could be considered as rooms. There were also several smaller passageways which led even further but it was roughly covered with either stones or leaves trees. Perhaps the owner didn’t want any unexpected guests coming from those holes.

“Hey, you are being rude. It’s my hideaway whenever I want to run away from home.”

“Why do you want to run from home?”

“Papa and mama never let me go out and play. They say it’s dangerous since I am different. Even the others kids refused to play with me. They threw rocks at me, saying mean things to me.” The girl sobbed.

Inside Kaiser’s mind, he understood. It reminded him of his Father Alastor who also suffered from

this difference. The demons were different and because of that, they were slaughtered. Just how different were they exactly? Did it justify the dead of billions of demons throughout the course of history?

But it was not like Kaiser didn't understand the thinking of normal men. They tended to fear the unknown, rejected what they didn't understand. That led to the fear of the unknown. And fear could cause disastrous consequences and desperate actions.

"Difference means individuality. Just because everyone is the same doesn't mean you have to follow the flow. Throughout history, men with talents were always those who were different. If everyone feared the enemy, how could victory be achieved?"

Take pride in your difference little one! For that would one day save your life!"

"..." The girl remained silent. Perhaps she was surprised to hear something like this from a complete stranger. Perhaps she felt a small comfort in his words. Or...

"What are you talking about mister? I don't understand..." Or simply it was too much for a ten years old to understand.

"* sigh * I guess it's was too complex for a kid. Never mind! Forget what I just say!" Kaiser shrugged.

"But thank you! You just want to cheer me up right? Hi hi!" the girl smiled brightly. How quick she changed from sad to happy like that. A word rang inside Kaiser's head "Youth!".

For an instant he almost cracked a smile, not physically because of his faceless feature. Now that he thought about it, this girl didn't seem to be bothered by it. Perhaps she understood too well how it felt to be different, to be unique so she decided to ignore it all. So then the girl might not be that childish after all if she already understood that concept.

"Oh I have to go now! Or else daddy will just get mad again! I will come back tomorrow. See you later mister..." The girl didn't finish her sentence. Instead she tilted her head, looking for an answer from the stranger himself.

"...Kaiser. You may call me Kaiser, the True Monarch!" the stranger presented himself proudly.

"Monarch? What is that?" asked the girl.

"Someone who rules over a certain territory. An example is your father who rules over this land. But in my case, one day, I will rule over the world little girl." Explained Kaiser.

"So you are a king? Where is your kingdom or your people?" the girl asked further. While she seemed persistent, she did raise a point.

"I have none yet but there will be...soon!"

"Then how about me being your first subject? You can play as the king and me your secret agent."

"Play....Listen I am not playing around here..."

"Oh I know. I need to find you a chair don't I? You are a bit big but I will see what I can find."

Kaiser gave up. He really had trouble with kids. Especially those like her. This was the first time he actually spoke with someone ever since he left Alastor in Ragna. And so far it felt like she was the one leading the conversation at her own pace.

"Don't you need to go now? Else your father is going to be angry." Using her father as an excuse, he

could finally get rid of this talking machine.

“Oh yeah you are right! Bye bye mister Kaiser!” and she was gone. Truly it was a refreshing experience for the True Monarch.

“Oh by the way, my name is Syralth. But you can call me Syra! Have a good day mister Kaiser!” the girl poked her head inside the cave before disappearing again.

And so began a long friendship between two beings, completely different from the rest, which would shape the worlds for millennia: Syralth, the Emerald Sovereign and Kaiser, the Everlasting Monarch. However this would be a different story for another distant time.

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