

CHILD OF DESTINY

Chapter 1 Only One Alive

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White Village, Rainbow District, Western Plain Region

January 17, year XX01

BANG! BANG! BANG!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Gunshots and explosions could be heard everywhere.

"Captain! Those b*st*rds are persistent! They have a lot of heavy equipment, so we can't advance any further. What should we do?", a soldier anxiously said to the man beside him.

"Hahaha! Jimmy what are you so anxious about? Those guys from Noel's group are about to make their move, so just relax and enjoy. And isn't this what we discuss in the meeting last night? Don't tell me you were dozing off again at the time?", a middle-aged man with a crew cut and blond colored hair beside him said.

The man had a very well built body. One could tell the muscles on his arms were strong by just by looking at them. He was wearing a black shirt with a military vest on top and camouflage pants partnered with military boots. There

was a half-smoked cigarette in his mouth. He squinted his eyes like an eagle that was ready to dive on his prey while he was looking at his subordinate.

"Wha- What are you talking about sir? O- of course I was listening at the meeting. W-what I'm saying is what should we do to those rats after we taken down their base!!!.", the soldier reply in panic after he saw his captain's eyes.

KABOOM!!!!!!

Few moments later, there was an explosion in the middle of the enemy's ranks. Those guys panicked because a lot of their comrades were killed by that explosion. Some tried to back off so that they could run inside of their base if the situation took a turn for the worse. But the moment they turned their backs, they were greeted by gunshots of machine gun rifles.

RAT TA! TAT! TA! TA! TA!

RAT TA! TAT! TA! TA! TA!

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In a dark room inside the base, a 9 year old boy opened his eyes. He had a slim body but not too thin to be called malnourished, his height was slightly taller than the kids of his age. His shirt was like a rag, there were a lot of holes in it. His shorts looked odd because of their uneven edge and they were oversized for his build.

But even though that was the case, you could notice that his face was quite clean. He had a pair of clear round eyes with a gray color, coupled with his naturally long eyelashes. His brows were in a perfect arc that matched his eyes. He had a sharp nose while his lips were rosy red in color. One look at him and you could see that this kid would become a handsome man in the future, which contradicted the clothes that he was wearing.

The boy frowned. He woke up not because of the commotion outside, but because of the metallic smell that assaulted his nose. After his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he realized that he was under a bed.

Then a drop of liquid fell on his face. He wiped it with a finger and discovered that it was blood. He didn't get shocked because of it, since he had been trained by the organization to get used to these kind of things.

He crawled out from under the bed and stood up. After taking a look around, what he saw were bodies, dozens of bodies of kids similar to his age. They had gunshot wounds on their heads, slit throats and stab wounds on different parts of their bodies. After a pause, he recovered quickly, which was unnatural for a kid of his age. He touched his chin with his right hand and trying to recall what had happened.

What he remembered was quite blurry. All he knew was that last night, the boss gave them their last training. All of them had to kill each other and whoever survived until dawn would be given their freedom. By the looks of it he was the one that survived. But would his freedom be given to him? And why didn't he have any kind of injuries on his body? Well, it was not important anymore because of what was happening outside. The hideout was being attacked.

Since he didn't know what the result of the battle outside would be, he found a corner of the room and sat over there. He leaned on the wall and waited for whatever was going to happen next.

A few moments later, the door of the room was sent flying by an explosion. Then two people in SWAT uniforms came in rushing while pointing their guns with flashlight everywhere.

When one of them realized what was in the room, he started cursing, "F*ck those b*st*rds! What have they done to these kids?".

"Call the captain and report what's in here.", said the other man beside him.

When the other guy left, he continued looking around the room. Suddenly, he noticed a kid in one of the corners of the room, sitting and looking back at him curiously. His heart almost jumped out of his throat, he even nearly pulled the trigger of his gun.

Fortunately, he regained himself almost immediately as he took a deep breath to calm himself down. And after a few seconds of silence, he shouted to his colleagues outside. "Tell the captain that there is a live kid over here!!!"

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In the temporary military outpost in the Rainbow District, Captain Springfield and his Lieutenant, Jhon, were sitting inside his tent and having a discussion.

"How are our casualties?"

"Not bad Capt'n. Unfortunately, Felix died, but the others just have some minor injuries.", replied by Jhon almost instantly.

"How about that 'Snake Guy'? Have you found his body?", said the captain while frowning his brows.

"Unfortunately, it is a no, Sir. I think that guy got lucky escaping this time.", said by Jhon while looking down at his feet.

"Got lucky? This time? If you're saying that that guy just got lucky, then shouldn't we at least see some of his traces? But there's NONE!!! WE GOT NOTHING!!!! And 'this time'??? It has happened EVERY. SINGLE. TIME!!!! That guy managed to dodge us EVERY SINGLE TIME!!!!", the captain shouted out of his frustration due to the repeated failure of capturing the Boss of Black Serpent Mafia.

After calming himself he said, "How about the boy that we found? Did you discover anything about him?"

"Based on our investigation of the site, he should be one of the kids that had been kidnapped by the organization and raised to become one of their killing tools. And based on the traces that were left in the room...", the lieutenant paused for a few seconds before continuing, "Based on the traces that were left in that room, they should have been left in there to kill each other. That kid is the last one that managed to survive. But there is something strange, that kid didn't have any injuries on him."

"It's fine, just let me monitor him for the time being. How about his identity? Anything about his background?", said the captain while putting a cigarette in his mouth.

Jhon immediately replied, "We verified the identities of the other kids, most of them are missing kids that have been reported for the past years while the others don't have a clear background. Some of them are maybe sons and daughters of the mafia people. Unfortunately, he is one of those that don't have a clear background or worse, son of one of the Mafia guys".

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In the canteen of the camp, there was a boy that was eating... no, no it should be sweeping the military food off the table.

The people of the special force that were watching started talking about the kid.

"Whoa! This boy really knows how to eat."

"How many servings has he had already? Five? Six?"

"Is there some problem with my taste buds? Or is the food that Old Lu makes really that good?"

"Oh! Look at that mountain of plates!"

"Say, will our food supply last until tomorrow?"

"It doesn't matter anymore. The operation is already over and we are going to leave tomorrow."

Suddenly, Captain Springfield entered the tent and frown his brows when he saw the commotion. But when he saw what was on the table, the cigarette in his mouth almost fell out. He choked on the smoke because of what he saw.

After few coughs he said to the agents, "*Cough* *Cough* OK boys, that's enough! Go to your tents and pack your things. We are going to leave when the Federal Army comes to take over of the things here."

When the crowd dispersed, he looked at the boy and said, "Not done yet kiddo? You almost consumed all food that was meant for an entire squad."

The boy paused for a few moments before continuing his eating spree.

The captain laughed out loud when he saw the kid continued eating and was not afraid of him. If it was one of his subordinates, they would already be trembling in fear. But this kid was not in the least bit afraid of him; he was being completely ignored, just like air.

"OK, kid tell me about yourself, what is your name? ", said the captain while taking a puff of his cigarette.

"How about introducing yourself first before asking someone else's name?", the boy said while not being intimidated by the captain's presence at all.

The captain burst out laughing when he heard the kid's reply to him. "Hahaha! I'm starting to like you more and more little kiddo. OK, I am Captain Bernard Springfield of the Brutal Special Force Unit of the Federal Special Action Force. How about yours, kid?"

"They called me 'Uno' or 'First' in the camp because I was always ranked first in any activity that was held at the base. But my real name is Shin Kinghad, I guess?", the boy said, not really sure about his name.

"Your name 'you guess'? You're not even sure about your own name?" said the captain while frowning.

"For as long as I can remember, I grew up in the organization since I was 3. Unlike the other kids that knew a little bit about their background, I don't know anything about myself besides the name that is engraved in this necklace. ", replied the kid while showing a black lace around his neck with a tiger's fang as a pendant. And on the surface of it, there were the words 'Shin' on one side and 'Kinghad' on the other.

When the captain saw the necklace, he fell into a deep thought. He felt that this thing was quite familiar to him but he couldn't recall where he had seen it. After a few minutes, he gave up on thinking about it.

He looked at Shin and said. "From the looks of it, you don't have any relative to contact for now. Do you want to go to the 'Federal Orphanage'? Or if you are willing, how about come with me to my home?".

"Why would I go with you? Even though I am just a 9 year old kid, I'm not an idiot, ok? I've been through a lot of training in the organization, so despite my small body, I have a sharp mind you know?", Shin said, trying to sound like a wise man.

Captain Springfield almost laughed again when he saw the little kid acting like an adult. Then he tried to tempt the kid with his weakness. "Kid, there's a lot of delicious food in my house and much better than that crap you are eating."

Shin almost started drooling when he heard the words 'delicious food' and 'much better'. The food that was given to him in the organization had always been boiled sweet potatoes and dried meat. Sometimes, there were some salted vegetables.

When the captain saw that kid's reaction he smirked.

But when Shin saw that smirk, he refused right away, "No, I'd rather go to the orphanage than go with a cunning old man like you. At least there, I don't have to make many adjustments, because being there doesn't differ much from being in the organization."

"Kid! Didn't you say that you were always place first in the organization? Coincidentally, I know someone that is always placed first in my house and is the same age as you. How about having a match with him? If you win, I'll do whatever you want, I can even treat you to any food you want. But if you don't manage to win, you'll do what I say. How's that?", said the captain when he heard Shin's reply.

After some hesitation, Shin nodded his head slowly. Even though he had a lot of training, he was still a kid, and what was more, he couldn't fight the temptation of food even if he wasn't confident that would not lose to anyone at his age.

When the captain got Shin's answer, his lips formed a huge grin and he thought to himself 'I can't wait to see that little rascal's reaction at home when he sees his match.'

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Central District, Royal Capital City of the Main Region of the Soaring Continent.

There was a huge Villa beside the Taal lake. And in its backyard garden, a 9-year-old boy was practicing his martial arts. He had blonde colored hair with sharp golden-pupiled eyes, sharp jaws and an average height. One look at him and you would know that he was a young master of an aristocratic family.

Not far from him you would see two old men watching his moves while drinking their afternoon tea.

The one on the right had the same color of hair and eyes as the kid. He had a muscular body and was wearing a military uniform; you could see five star badges on each of his shoulders, signifying that he had a very high rank in the military, a General of the Army. The pressure that this man gave was heavy, as if you were being buried alive even though he was just standing there.

On his left was a not so ordinary old man, because he was wearing a traditional white daoist outfit. This old man had a head that is full of white hair while his beard almost reached his belly. When you looked at this old man, he gave off a very mysterious feeling, like he could become a part of the nature at any given moment.

While he was fondling his beard, he said to the man on his right, "Old Demon, every time I see this grandson of yours, I'm always amazed to think that he can do those kinds of moves at such a young age. As expected of the young master of 'Springfield Family'"

.The General that had been addressed as 'Old Demon' gave a side-eye glance to his old friend. "Old Monster, if you are jealous of me having this kid as a successor of my skill, just say so and don't go beating around the bush".

He then took a sip of his tea before continuing. "And if you want to teach that kid a few moves of yours. I don't mind lending him to you".

"Bah! Although that grandson of yours is amazing, he is not suitable to learn my skills because of his personality. It will only destroy his foundation if he does. What this kid really lacks is a suitable rival that can grow alongside him. If he can't find one, then sooner or later he will be stuck at a bottleneck that is hard to overcome", replied the old man in the daoist shirt.

"Too bad there is no one that can rival this kid's talent in this region. I can't bring him to the other regions or else that grandma of his will get mad", the old general sighed when he talked about this point.

"Hahaha! The famous 'Demon Fist General' is sighing because he is afraid of his wife. I'm sure those people of the council will laugh at you when they hear about this", the old daoist burst out laughing when he saw his old friend is acting like this.

The Old General gave a deadly glare while rebutting, "At least I'm not a forever single old man like you! At least go and find a disciple of your own so that you can you know the feeling of having a family! Or else no one will learn your skills and your so called legacy will be buried by history and will be forgotten in the flow of time!"

"*Sigh~* Too bad I can't find a suitable candidate to inherit my skills". The Old Daoist said after finishing his tea and continued watching the kid practicing in the garden.

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