

## Hero King 37

### [Son of the Hero King](#)

#### Chapter 37: INTERLUDE 3: BIRTH OF A SAINT

Xx years ago.

She was born from a rather normal family, her father was a kind worker with few aspirations, and her mother a simple housewife whose greatest worry in life was cooking and taking care of the house.

She was born beautiful.

She grew beautiful.

A beauty of the like that shouldn't exist in such a remote village. A village so far away from the capital that they didn't even see the baron under whom the village was.

She had long and soft black hair, a gentle smile that seemed to wash away all problems, and a soothing voice that could lull even the worst beast.

She was loved by all, from her, an aura of grace and gentleness that shouldn't have existed in a countryside girl could always be felt.

This aura was so powerful that despite her clear beauty, no boy dared to court her and no girl dared to play with her.

If there was one problem in her otherwise perfect life, it was simply that she was blind.

No one could understand why. Her body suffered from no defects and she was in no way cursed.

Despite this, her daily life was in no way disturbed.

People loved her.

No, people worshiped her.

As such she never had to work.

No matter what they were, her wishes were always granted. From a simple snap of her fingers, the villagers were willing to lay down their life for her.

It wouldn't be a mistake to say that she was like a goddess and the inhabitants of the village were her loyal believers.

Thankfully, the girl was kind and so she never made any unreasonable demands.

If there was another thing that bothered the girl, it was that she was bored.

She was only 10, but the world had nothing left to offer her. After all, in her mind, her world was only the village and her surroundings.

She wanted to go out.

She wished to be able to see, to explore the world. Eat delicious food, know new people, live adventures, and perhaps fall in love with a beautiful prince.

She wished to have friends, not the fake ones who only followed her orders, but true friends with whom she could laugh and share her feelings and worries.

Such was her life. A boring life, full of yearning and unfulfilled wishes.

But one day, her daily and boring life was shattered in the cruelest way possible.

On that day, she woke up to the scream and cry, to the obscene laughter and mockery. The sound of steel clashing and horse galloping.

She couldn't see, and this might have been a blessing, for what was happening in front of her was simply hell.

\*\*\*\*, Death, Pillage, Humiliation, Anger, Pain, and sadness.

This was the ugliest side of humanity.

The cause of this carnage was surprisingly—soldiers. Deserters. People who initially swore to protect the citizens but fled during the war were now once again trampling on their vows by doing the very opposite of what they swore.

But the girl had no way of knowing that back then.

Nor did she need to care about it at that time.

All she knew, all she could understand, was that her paradise was about to be destroyed.

All she knew was the cause of this destruction were filthy beings worse than any demons.

The girl of no more than 10, who never once raised her voice, who never felt anger nor hatred, for the first time in her life, became angry.

She found those laughs disgusting, those screams disheartening, all those sounds confusing. As such, she screamed, "Silence!"

And silence fell.

The bandits were confused.

They tried to open their mouths but could not.

Still, no matter how confused they were, no matter how vile they now were, they were once soldiers. The years of discipline and training kicked in as they calmed down and found the source of their predicament.

"Kill her!" The leader ordered with a sign. He didn't need to speak, for his soldiers understood his signal.

The girl, who has never been angry nor ever wished to hurt anyone, as if guided by the hand of fate, gave an order she would never forget.

"All of you—Die."

She murmured in a low voice, even regretting giving such an order the moment it left her mouth. But it was too late.

With an empty expression,

With a crazed smile,

With a feeling of elation,

The soldiers who were comrades both during their time in the army and during their time as bandits, gleefully, methodically, killed themselves.

It was perfectly silent.

In this world where no voices could come out, only the ripping and cutting coming from the sword resonated in her ears.

And for the first time,

The girl who lived all her life in darkness,

Opened her eyes.

The first thing she saw,

Was the blue sky devoid of clouds and the shining golden sun?

The second thing she saw, was the fanatical expression on the face of both the dead bandits and–The dead villagers.

Her order had been indiscriminate.

She asked for silence, and they all closed their mouths.

She asked for death... And they all died.

That day, her long black hair changed to a lustrous golden, and her eyes, always hidden in the past, were of a beautiful blue.

As tears gathered in her eyes and her mind was about to break, a voice suddenly sounded in her ear,

[My Beloved child, would you like to serve me?]

That day, the young and innocent girl who wished for nothing more than excitement in her life died. Her young mind, unable to accept the weight of the crime she committed, even if unintentionally.

In her place was born the young girl who would become known as the greatest Saint.

A few weeks later, the church of Castitas officially announced the appearance of the new Holy daughter.

The news of the appearance of a blessed one swept past all the zones of influence. Commoners knelt down in prayer while nobles cursed in frustration.