

## Chapter 2978 The Road to Sovereignty

As soon as Zedbar heard this revelation, a sense of doubt began to take root in his heart.

"What happened next?" he inquired eagerly.

Zedran closed his eyes wearily. "After that, His Majesty couldn't bear to witness the demise of his bloodline, or perhaps he had developed feelings for the maid.

"So, he entrusted me with safeguarding her until she successfully delivered the child, after which His Majesty intended to reclaim the child for the palace."

He continued, "However, events took an unexpected turn. That year, following a brutal conflict that left His Majesty gravely injured, the royal consorts seized the opportunity to dispatch numerous experts to assassinate the maid.

"With my limited abilities and under immense pressure from various quarters, I could only clandestinely switch my newborn child with hers.

"Regrettably, while the royal bloodline was preserved, the maid couldn't evade her fate."

As Zedbar processed this information, his body began to tremble.

"So, I am the child of that maid, aren't I?" he asked, seeking confirmation.

Zedran nodded, his expression tinged with complexity.

"Yes, you are the deceased Fourth Prince!

"Had I not feared that you might delve too deeply and bring calamity upon yourself, I wouldn't have divulged this to you."

Zedbar's eyes widened, his expression growing complex as excitement, indignation, happiness, and sadness flooded over him.

At that moment, a graceful figure flashed through his mind.

Suddenly, his aura became intense, and his expression became incredibly ferocious, akin to a demon from hell.

"If that's the case, why did you deceive me into getting close to Princess Iris? She's my half-sister."

With a roar, Zedbar seized Zedran by the collar and hoisted him up.

At that instant, repulsion surged within him.

However, Zedran simply smiled in response to Zedbar's anger.

"I did it to protect you. You are under constant scrutiny. As you grow older, your features increasingly resemble His Majesty's.

"To dispel their suspicions and ensure your safety, I had no alternative.

"His Majesty's directive was for me to protect you and ensure your welfare."

Zedbar's expression softened slightly as he processed the explanation. Gently lowering Zedran to the ground, he smoothed out his attire.

"I'm sorry, Father. I acted impulsively."

Addressing him as "Father" carried significant weight.

Zedran appeared surprised.

"Your Highness, do you aspire to vie for the throne?"

A confident smile graced Zedbar's face, and ambition took root in his heart.

"Now that I possess the means to claim the throne, I must pursue it! Be it for vengeance or ultimate renown, I must strive for it.

"Father, will you lend me your support in this endeavor?"

Zedran felt a chill in his calm tone.

Is this the inherent power of royal lineage? The desire for power arises effortlessly once awakened.

Gazing into Zedbar's intense eyes, Zedran knelt without hesitation.

"Your Highness, I'm prepared to pave the way for you!"

He understood that refusal would lead to a dead end.

Zedbar chuckled and grasped his arms. "Father, what are you doing? We are still father and son.

"Even if I ascend to the throne in the future, you will forever be the patriarch of the nation."

At this moment, Zedran felt as though he faced a monumental decision, one he had no choice but to embrace.

After rising to his feet, he took a moment to collect his thoughts before addressing the situation.

"Your Highness, although you may appear to lag behind the other princes, we have our advantages. While they bask in the limelight, we can quietly fortify our strength and steadily advance..."