

732 The Final Confrontation

The situation had turned dire. Just as Maxwell gave the order to arrest Caitlin, a sudden commotion broke out near the checkpoint.

"The King has arrived! Make way for His Majesty!" a guard shouted breathlessly.

The soldiers immediately steered their vehicles aside, clearing the road. Maxwell's scalp prickled. The King—here? Now? His arrival couldn't have come at a worse time.

The officers around him stiffened, exchanging uneasy glances. Meanwhile, Caitlin and Magnus felt a surge of relief. If their father was here, Maxwell would no longer have the upper hand.

"My father's here," Caitlin said coldly. "You'd better let go of me."

Magnus tore free of his captors and stepped forward to greet Leif VI as the royal convoy approached. The father and son exchanged a brief nod before Magnus took the handles of the King's wheelchair and pushed him forward.

Every soldier on-site, including Maxwell himself, immediately saluted.

"Your Majesty," Maxwell said through clenched teeth, "what brings you to the base at such an hour?"

Leif VI's calm gaze swept over the tense scene—the vehicles, the weapons, the restrained soldiers. "Magnus has just been appointed Supreme Commander. It's his first inspection. I came to ensure everything went smoothly. But tell me, Maxwell—what exactly is happening here?"

Hearing that, the officers looked at each other in shock. So it was true—



the King himself had granted Magnus the highest military authority in the country.

Maxwell's heart sank, but he forced a smile. "Your Majesty, I didn't realize the appointment was genuine. I assumed His Highness was impersonating a commander for personal gain. My mistake. But Magnus has misused his authority—assisting criminals and attempting to remove a classified test subject from this facility. That, I'm sure everyone here witnessed."

Leif VI's eyes hardened. "I sent him here under my direct orders. Everything he's done has been with my authorization. As for your so-called 'criminal'—you mean her?"

His gaze fell on Caitlin, still in her soldier's disguise.

"Yes, Your Majesty," Maxwell said quickly. "She's the one who attacked me before. She should be imprisoned and interrogated."

Leif VI's expression turned icy. "Release her. She is no criminal. She is my daughter—my princess."

The soldiers froze. Then, realizing who she was, they released her instantly. Murmurs rippled through the ranks—since when did the King have another daughter, and why was she disguised as a soldier?

Leif VI extended his hand toward her. Caitlin stepped forward, taking her place beside him.

"This is my daughter," the King announced. "I have yet to formally introduce her to the public, but now that the misunderstanding is cleared, let them pass."

Magnus quickly ushered Caitlin into one of the vehicles. The driver



started the engine, and the convoy pulled away under the stunned gaze of the soldiers. Maxwell could do nothing but watch helplessly as they left.

Leif VI turned a cold stare on him. "You dare defy a royal command? Do you intend to rebel against your King?"

The words hit Maxwell like a whip. Trembling, he lowered his head. "Your Majesty, I am loyal to you and the crown. This was all a misunderstanding. I only acted because Magnus's new title came so suddenly—it hasn't even been ratified by Parliament—so L.."

Leif VI cut him off. "As sovereign, I have the right to grant emergency appointments. Magnus is the rightful Supreme Commander, and I will formally announce this before Parliament. From this day forward, every division of Aegis, every officer—including you—will obey his orders without question. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," Maxwell answered stiffly.

The tension broke. Magnus accompanied his father back to the royal convoy, and under the escort of royal guards, they departed the base safely.

When Maxwell was sure the royals were gone, his composure shattered. He kicked his aide aside, fury boiling in his chest. Gunnar's betrayal, Kelly's rescue, the loss of every advantage—he wanted to kill someone.

What now?

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****Sanctis Royal Hospital****

"Father... Mother's face has been destroyed," Caitlin whispered. "She's... she's unrecognizable."



Leif VI's chest tightened painfully. He could still remember Kelly's youthful beauty. For her to be disfigured—what kind of agony must that be?

After a long silence, he said softly, "May I see her? Just once."

Caitlin's eyes softened. "Of course. I'll take you."

She wheeled him to the door of the hospital room. Through the window, they could see the frail woman curled up on the bed, her back turned toward them. Her hair was completely white.

Leif VI's heart clenched like a fist. "Her hair... it's all white..."

"She suffered too much," Caitlin murmured, wiping her tears. "It turned overnight."

To ensure safety, Leif VI ordered the entire hospital sealed off. Royal guards surrounded the perimeter. No one could enter without his command—not Maxwell, not anyone.

Sebastian's and Zeke's men also remained on alert nearby, ready for any attempt at retaliation.

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The day of Parliament arrived. Everything moved according to plan.

Caitlin donned her uniform as a royal guard, accompanying her father to the National Assembly Hall. Sebastian, Zeke, and their allies also disguised themselves as guards within the royal escort.

Magnus had already mobilized trusted commanders to secure Sanctis in case of unrest.



Nearly nine hundred members of Parliament filled the grand chamber. The main item on the agenda: the formal abolition of the Queen's title.

Though the King's separation from Heather had been public knowledge, the official decree had not yet been passed. It was an unprecedented act—the first royal divorce in Aegis's history—and it had thrown the nation into uproar.

Many opposed the motion, fearing instability. Maxwell's faction was the loudest among them, determined to block it at all costs, for the fall of the Queen would mean the collapse of their power.

As the hall buzzed with tension, the doors swung open.

"Minister Maxwell has arrived!" someone announced.

Heads turned. He strode in with his entourage, his face calm, his eyes glinting with calculation. His loyalists filled the chamber. Today, if the King insisted on proceeding, Maxwell planned to surround the Parliament, seize control, and declare a new regime.

He could almost taste victory.

But before his fantasy could take shape, the main doors opened once more.

"His Majesty the King!"

The entire hall rose to its feet.

Leif VI entered, seated in his wheelchair, pushed by Shane. Caitlin, Zeke, and several guards flanked him. His sharp eyes swept across the chamber, noting every expression—who was loyal, who wavered, who hid behind masks of obedience.



Caitlin's gaze followed his. She spotted Maxwell among the crowd. He met her eyes, smirking faintly, his look promising that after today, she would belong to him.

Magnus appeared beside the King, signaling for silence.

"The session will now begin," he declared.

Everyone expected the King to open with the Queen's dismissal. But the words that followed stunned the entire hall—

and left Maxwell frozen in disbelief.