Departure of The King

"You knew the truth... and yet you still couldn't deliver justice."

Kade's voice was low. And yet authoritative.

Jeffrey Sky lowered his head even further, his palms pressed flat against the cold concrete.

"I... I was ordered to arrest you," he said hoarsely. "From the first night, I knew something was wrong. The ballistics didn't match. The CCTV camera captured everything. But the report was sealed before sunrise. I was told to sign it... and stay silent."

"You obeyed," Kade replied.

It wasn't a question.

Jeffrey's shoulders trembled. "I had a family. A career. I was warned that if I spoke out—"

Kade's gaze sharpened.

"So you traded justice for comfort."

The words landed heavier than any blow. "Didn't you think about my own family?"

The two officers behind the Warden felt sweat beads at their temples. They had never seen their superior kneel before anyone. Never seen him look this small.

"Please," Jeffrey whispered. "I cannot change the past. But I can beg you now. My daughter is dying."

Kade turned away.

"Leave," he said calmly. "I'm not interested in this conversation anymore. Find another way to save her."

He stepped toward Cell 001.

"What if I grant you your freedom?"

The words echoed sharply through the corridor.

The two officers gasped.

"W–Warden?!" one of them stammered.

Kade Hollow had been sentenced to life imprisonment. With no parole or appeal. His case had been sealed under national authority.

Jeffrey's offer was outrageous.

Kade stopped mid-step.

He turned slowly.

This time, there was visible irritation in his expression.

"I would have walked out of this prison the moment I wished," he said evenly. "I remained here by my own decision. There isn't a single wall in Tartarus that can contain me. Not a thousand guards. Not electrified fences. Not the armed towers."

His eyes swept across the corridor.

"And certainly not you. Don't insult me by thinking my freedom is in

your hands."

The temperature in the hallway seemed to drop.

Jeffrey swallowed.

He knew it was true.

Tartarus housed over a thousand armed guards, surveillance systems, automated lockdown protocols—

And none of it mattered.

The real reason the prison was stable...

Was standing in front of him.

Kade Hollow.

The true King of Tartarus.

To the outside world, Jeffrey Sky was the man who kept monsters in chains.

Inside these walls? Everyone knew who ruled.

Kade had planned his departure long ago.

But after meeting the old man, everything changed.

He needed years to master the Five Dragon Claws techniques. He had only recently mastered the Fifth Claw technique.

The final movement that allowed his energy to stabilize at the Celestial Realm.

He had needed time to polish his foundation.

Time to ensure that when he stepped back into the world...

No one could stop him.

Jeffrey wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Offering freedom had been his final bargaining chip.

Any other inmate would have clawed at the opportunity. But Kade was different.

"If you have nothing else to say," Kade said flatly, "leave."

The officers stiffened, nearly losing control of their composure.

Jeffrey clenched his fists.

He had one card left.

"I can give you information," he said quickly. "About that night."

Kade didn't move.

But something shifted.

"...What information?"

"The case file was altered," Jeffrey continued. "There was a name in the sealed authorization order. A signature from above. I wasn't allowed to investigate further—but I saw it before the file was classified."

Silence.

For the first time since Jeffrey arrived...

Kade's full attention settled on him.

"How much do you know?" Kade asked.

"Enough," Jeffrey said, lifting his head slightly. "Enough to give you a direction."

Kade's gaze darkened.

For ten years, he had prepared. He had trained. He had endured.

But revenge without direction was a waste of time.

The organization that slaughtered his family had erased every trace of themselves. Surveillance corrupted. Witnesses silenced. Evidence manipulated.

Even with Celestial-level strength...

Hunting ghosts would take years.

But a name? That was different. Several seconds passed.

Then—

"Make arrangements," Kade said calmly. "We leave now."

Jeffrey's breath hitched. Relief flooded his face.

"Thank you... thank you," he said quickly, rising to his feet. "I'll prepare the release documentation immediately."

He turned and hurried down the corridor, the two officers scrambling

after him.

And for the first time in ten years—

The King of Tartarus was about to step outside its walls.

Within minutes the news spread through the whole prison block. Jefferey had prepared the necessary documents, which Kade signed declaring him legally free. He was offered new clothes.

The moment Kade stepped out to the yard, silence rolled across the prison like a wave.

Then it happened. One by one. Row by row.

Thousands of inmates dropped to their knees.

Hardened killers. Gang leaders. Former mercenaries. Men who feared nothing.

They bowed their heads.

"Farewell, King."

"We will miss you."

"Safe journey, King Kade."

The sound echoed against the concrete walls.

Even the watchtowers went quiet.

Kade looked over them. For ten years, he had lived among them. The world outside called them monsters. Animals. Trash that deserved to

die.

But Kade had seen the truth.

Some were born in war zones, some were crushed by poverty, some were pushed into crime by systems designed to keep them down.

Yes, they had blood on their hands.

But most of them had never been given a real choice. He understood them. That was why they followed him.

Kade stepped forward, his presence alone forcing the yard into complete silence.

"Listen carefully," he said.

His voice was calm, but it carried to every corner.

"I'm leaving. That doesn't mean chaos returns."

They all listened.

"No pointless fights. No killing for pride. No harming the weak inside these walls."

Several men clenched their fists, holding back emotion.

"You survived because you adapted. You endured because you disciplined yourselves. Keep doing that."

His eyes hardened slightly.

"I don't want to hear that Tartarus fell apart the moment I stepped

out."

A few of the most feared inmates, men covered in scars and tattoos, lowered their heads deeper.

Some of them were crying.

"Train," Kade continued. "Control your rage. Protect those who can't protect themselves. When your time comes to walk out of here, walk out stronger than when you entered."

His gaze swept across them one last time.

"Don't disappoint me."

A rough chorus answered him.

"We won't!"

"We swear it!"

"We won't disgrace your name!"

Even the guards were stunned.

Jefferey stood frozen near the gate. He had spent decades managing prisons.

He had seen riots, massacres, gang wars.

He had never seen thousands of violent criminals kneel willingly to one man.

He had never seen beasts tamed without chains. Kade was beyond a

man.

Then slowly, the giant gate opened as Kade and Jefferey stepped outside Tartarus.