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Chapter 71 71: Aethelarion, The King Of Oland Kingdom

One of the high-ranking nobles, a man named René, spoke up. "Your Highness, with all due respect, I believe that we should not dismiss the possibility that something truly remarkable has happened in the Waydale City. Perhaps we should send a delegation to investigate the matter further."

King Aethelarion pondered this suggestion for a moment before nodding. "You have a point, René. We cannot ignore such a significant event in our kingdom. I will send a delegation to Waydale City to investigate the matter further."

Aethelarion tried his best to look majestic and concerned, but in his mind, he just wanted this to be over quickly, and go back to his harem to indulge himself.

Dryden looked at the current king deeply, since he was busy all year long trying to breakthrough the Golden Core Realm, He didn't leave his chamber for almost five hundred years, so a lot has happened in the kingdom. He doesn't have the time to look after the kingdom.

After all, this is a kingdom built from the blood and sweat of a lot of people, not just him, a lot of people died and sacrificed just to make this kingdom stand tall in those chaotic times. So, he won't let it scramble to the ground, as long as he was still alive.

But now, he can see that the kingdom he built from scratch was getting gnawed slowly by these corrupt people.

Dryden read the report, and the next moment, he became quiet. The people in the room also didn't make a noise.

It's true, that the report was absurd. Even he, can not believe it, but he still needs to go there and found out the truth.

Dryden opens his mouth, and everyone in the room fixes their gaze on him. "I will personally go there myself."

King Aethelarion raised an eyebrow at this, and immediately act worried. But on the inside, he wanted nothing more than for this old man to leave the kingdom, and never come back. "Are you

sure, Ancestor? You have just recovered from your injuries. It may not be wise for you to undertake such a journey."

Dryden said dully at Aethelarion. "My injuries have fully healed, You don't have to worry." he paused and turn his sharp gaze to everyone. "I want everything to be prepared tomorrow, understand?"

"Yes, ancestor!!" everyone said in unison.

"Ok then, the meeting is over." Dryden exited the room first.

At the corner, Aethelarion was burning with anger. Although he becomes a king, but more like a king in name only.

He was fully aware of the power that Dryden held, and the loyalty that many of his subjects had towards the old man. Aethelarion knew that he could not confront Dryden openly, as that would only result in his own downfall. Instead, he began to devise a plan to rid himself of the old man once and for all.

He knew he lacked the true power and influence that Dryden held in the kingdom. The old man was revered and respected by the people, and had a loyal following among the military. Aethelarion knew he had to find a way to get rid of Dryden if he ever wanted to have complete control over the kingdom.

He couldn't do it openly. So, he needed a plan that would get rid of Dryden.

Aethelarion called for his most trusted advisor, Malcom, and began to discuss their options. After much deliberation, they came up with a plan.

They would frame the evil cultivators for an assassination attempt on Dryden during the delegation's journey to Waydale City. They would make it look like an evil cultivator had infiltrated the group and killed Dryden.

Everyone didn't know that, Dryden brokethrough the Golden Core Realm. Aethelarion just knows that after Dryden repelled the one that wreaked havoc in the palace district.

He immediately left, and come back with a battered body, seriously injured.

So, this was the only chance to get rid of Dryden, as he was seriously injured. And Aethelarion won't believe that Dryden will be fully healed tomorrow.

"Your Majesty, what about hiring mercenaries to carry out the assassination?" Malcom suggested.

Aethelarion shook his head. "No, I don't want any loose ends. We need someone who will not leave any trace of their involvement behind. Someone who can make it look like the work of the evil cultivators, but without actually being one of them."

Malcom nodded in understanding. "I see. Then, I suggest we look into hiring an assassin from the mysterious assassin organization."

Aethelarion raised an eyebrow in curiosity. "What mysterious assassin organization?"

Malcom leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a whisper. "It's a secret organization that operates in the shadows. No one knows who they are, or how to contact them. But they are known to be the best assassins in the world, and their services don't come cheap."

Aethelarion's interest was piqued. "Tell me more about this organization, Malcom. What is their name?"

"They are simply known as 'The Shadow', Your Highness. They are shrouded in secrecy, and only a select few know of their existence. They are said to be very expensive, and their success rate is unmatched."

Aethelarion nodded, deep in thought. "I see. Find a way to contact them. We will hire them to eliminate Dryden during their journey to Waydale City."

Malcom bowed. "As you wish, Your Majesty. I will do my best to contact them and arrange for the assassination."

Aethelarion smiled wickedly. Finally, he had a plan to rid of Dryden and he can't wait to gain complete control over the kingdom. The Shadow would be his key to success.

After all that, Malcom bowed and left the room, leaving Aethelarion alone to ponder his plan. He knew it was a risky move, but he was willing to do whatever it takes to gain complete control over the kingdom. The Shadows may be mysterious and dangerous, but they were exactly what he needed to achieve his goals.