

Interlude: Estelle Eclipse

Estelle Eclipse, better known as Lord Eclipse, slid open the coffin above her. A fire lamp cast a dim light on her face.

The boy's figure weaving through the Void flashed in her mind. Instead of traversing the Shadow Realm as every Shadow Aspect user did, he entered the Void. What's more, the Void twisted itself to open a path for the boy.

As far as her knowledge went, only one race could achieve it. It was better to call it one individual rather than a race since the rest already perished inside the very Void they came from.

"Interesting," she muttered under her breath. "I couldn't see his features..."

She climbed out of the coffin and patted her dress. "Goblin!"

"Coming!"

The bootlicker hurried and kneeled, practically slamming his head on the concrete.

"My Lord, please forgive me. The boy you requested somehow escaped the cell."

It really was that boy.

"No problem. I will promote your tribe rank to D... no, C."

After all, he allowed her to see that Void had a consciousness of its own—the ability could increase their chances if the *Outer Gods* ever tried to return. She might not be able to lay a hand on him if he turned out to be *her* son. That woman could shake the world with her

name, the last Dragon Queen holding the title of Empress of Annihilation, the current Royal Guardian, the Saint's Consort—her titles were too many to count.

"My Lord, thank you!"

Estelle shrugged her shoulders. "Whatever. Just don't let anything like this happen again. And what's the status of Blooming?"

"The servants of Phoenix are not around to help this time. It's hard to fend off the wild beasts around the *Brias*."

"What did you say?"

The goblin repeated the same words. Estelle's eyes went cold and she stomped his head further into the ground. "You fool! Why did you not mention this earlier? What if the beasts take the fruit? My family won't survive another generation if that happens."

"I am sorry," the goblin whimpered.

"Get lost. Don't ever come before me again."

"Lord, about my... promotion."

Estelle yanked Gryven's head up with his hair, her crimson eyes emitting an ominous light. "I only promised the promotion of your tribe."

Gryven's eyes widened in horror. "P-Please, Lord."

"You don't know how many black knights I have to sacrifice now. Each one of them costs hundreds of times more than a pathetic goblin like you."

"Tyrell."

A knight clad in pitch-black armor rushed in and flung Gryven over his shoulder. The goblin tried to beg for mercy, only for his tongue to twist and burst into the blood.

"Throw him in the core of the forest. I want the vile wolves to consume his flesh and blood."

The guard nodded at Estelle. "It shall be done, Lord," he declared in a deep voice and strode out of the tent.

Estelle, now alone in the tent, leaned against the wall before sliding all the way down to the ground. "Luna will kill me if she knows of my blunder... why is Lady Azar going back on her promise to assist us?"

Did she also find the boy?

"Wait a minute... Lady Azar used to be the Royal Guardian's contracted Spirit Beast. The boy and Lady Azar know each other?"

Estelle clutched her head. "Must I don my armor again? If I went berserk again...?"

Staying at home and researching magic spells was more appealing than handling the family's dukedom.

She dragged her body out of the tent and gazed up. The sight of the ray moon in the orange sky soothed her heart.

"I should pay a visit to Flying Fortress and ask Lady Azar for reinforcements."

A long fight didn't favor her, or rather the longer the battle went, the more her cravings would be elevated.

"So troublesome... who made me and my father like this?"