

This story runs parallel with [\[Masu arc\] \[2\] \[Masu the sage\] \[8631\]](#). Therefore, it's strongly recommended that you read Masu's story prior reading this.

[Cecil arc] [3] [To Venus] [8631]

Rev 1.6 (Last modified on Sep 23, 2019)

Year 8631, Cecil was one hundred fifty-four years old.

One day, he was called by the headman of the Klisis family, Mikael Klisis.

Mikael and Beatrice were sitting formally in a family conference hall. Several female maids were cleaning the room diligently at the time of his visit to the hall. They were paying no attention at all to the affair that was happening in the hall and vice versa.

"Did you summon me, sir?"

Mikael nodded who was sitting down on a large cushion. His wife, Beatrice, was sitting next to him. "Please, sit down. This is an important matter."

One of maids quickly served a cushion for Cecil to seat on. As he sat down, three maids came and served a tea to each of them, Mikael, Cecil, and Beatrice.

"You are now one hundred fifty-four years old. And I believe it is the right time for me to pass the clan to your hands."

Cecil showed virtually no change of emotion over the supposedly big decision. Instead, he inquired calmly. "Are you sure of this?"

"We have three children, including you. But you are the only one that has reached a rank of class S. The other two children are on lower end of class A. Additionally I am quite old now. I would like to withdraw myself from society. I as well as your mother will become an elder to simply oversee your deeds."

"I see." Cecil's reply was stoic, at the best.

Beatrice spoke gently to Cecil, "Dear, are you accepting the inheritance?"

"It seems I have no choice. However, please do not misunderstand me. I am not meaning I wouldn't like the inheritance."

Beatrice smiled. "We understand. This is an unusual case."

What was unusual was that the headman being only two one hundred fifty-four years old. It was too young of age for a headman, at least in terms of the clan history.

Elders had almost the same power as headman. The only difference was that elders could only advise the headman on surface. The decision was completely up to the headman. If headman was not present or weak, elders would have the power of decision for their clan.

A group of elders would become a council but each clan had different ways to form a council. The Bau, for an example, had a council consisted of prominent insiders.

Mikael formally asked Cecil. "Do you or do you not accept the inheritance?"

"Yes, I do," Cecil answered firmly.

The maids in the room stopped what they were doing and their attentions were fixed at them. Mikael called one of the maids. "I want you to call all the family members including the outsiders."

One of the maids nodded at once and dashed out of the hall gracefully.

At this moment, Cecil was sitting on where Mikael and Beatrice were sitting. Mikael and Beatrice were sitting behind Cecil, indicating that they became elders.

The family members came in as they arrived. When all the members arrived, there were approximately one hundred and fifty family members in the room.

One of maids gave a hand signal to Cecil at one point, meaning all have arrived.

He cleared his throat and spoke, "Greetings, insiders and outsiders. I am now the headman of the family. I was given inheritance by Mikael Klisis. Mikael and Beatrice are now the elders."

All the family members nodded at once.

"Although the headman is young, he qualifies to be the headman. If you have any objection, please speak now," said Mikael. And no one spoke up.

No one could deny that Cecil could be the most powerful ESP that ever existed, and that fact alone was good enough for everyone to acknowledge him as the new headman.

The inheritance ceremony was smooth.

It was evening. Some family members were staying in the house for the night. Cecil was staring at darkening sky in a backyard of the house. Although it was referred as only a backyard, it was more of a large park.

"Brother," someone called out. It was Cecil's younger brother whose name was Konrad.

He slowly turned his upper body to face him.

"I congratulate you for being the headman," Konrad said with a big smile on his face.

"Thanks."

"I hope you do well."

Despite being brothers, Cecil and Konrad were raised differently and separately. Cecil was raised as a ruler and Konrad was raised as a diplomat. Subsequently, they spent most of their time apart from each other and they had no memories together to cherish as brothers.

The Klisis was one of the two independent clans on Earth. The first was the Bau. The Bau, for countless generations, had attempted to vassalize the Klisis. The only reason the Klisis was still independent was because of their high quality and quantity of EPSs within their ranks.

A single class S ESP was powerful enough to terrorize armies and the Klisis had almost always at least one of them. However, even so, the Klisis was on a losing side. Many members felt that it was only a matter of time before the Bau would swallow them.

Soon after Cecil took over the clan from Mikael, the headman of the Bau, Yuiriel II announced that he would like an audience with Cecil, which came as a shock to pretty everyone except Cecil himself.

Mikael wanted to know what the Bau was up to but Cecil wasn't concerned.

"Fear not, father," Cecil told him with a calm and assured voice. "It wasn't the Bau council that called for this meeting. It was the puppet headman. This can work for our advantage."

At this point, Mikael had no idea what Cecil was planning but his firm and assured attitude left him no choice. He was the new headman after all.

The meeting was arranged on Venice and Cecil was waiting for them in Venice city hall. Konrad was accompanying him in this trip. It would be his first real diplomatic experience.

They were in a conference room when they noticed a shuttle was landing.

“A lone shuttle,” Konrad commented, “A puppet indeed, brother.”

“A puppet for now,” Cecil replied. “Get ready, Konrad.”

Nodding, Konrad left the room.

A moment later, Yuiriell II entered. He was with a familiar face; it was Masu. Seeing Yuiriell II with Masu meant only one thing for Cecil. It was that Yuiriell II was attempting to break free of the Bau council.

He greeted the two men. “Greetings, Yuiriell II and Masu.”

“Greetings,” Yuiriell spoke and Masu bowed.

After they took seats around a table, Cecil was the first one to speak.

“Yuiriell II, it was quite bold of you to act against your council.”

Yuiriell II laughed pleasantly. “I was waiting for my chance. And it came. I was not going to miss my chance of life time.”

“I see.” Cecil assumed it was Masu’s idea.

Konrad approached them and asked, “Tea?”

Nodding, Cecil told him, “Green tea.”

Yuiriell II asked for the same whereas Masu refused.

“So, here we are,” Cecil said. “Ask away, Masu.”

He assumed Masu had questions for him. After all, his actions that led to his pardon was unreasonable and illogical at best.

Masu organized his thoughts while Yuiriel II and Cecil were conversing.

“This meeting means I assume you no longer wish to remain a puppet,” Cecil said to Yuiriel II who was curiously looking at him. “... And why are you looking at me like so?”

He responded with a laugh. “I’ve had enough of being a puppet, yes. I was looking at you because you look too feminine. You look like a woman, minus boobs.”

Konrad cleared his throat to warn Yuiriel II.

“Of course,” Yuiriel II was quick to respond with a shrug. “I do not mean anything disrespectful.”

Finally, Masu seemed to be ready and asked away and Yuiriel II caught the signal and silently stared out to a window.

“Why have you done so much for me? I do not believe you know me.”

Cecil’s attention slowly moved toward Masu. His hair turned gray. His stubble was also gray. It was an indication of how much stress he had to endure in such a short moment.

“You needed help and I helped you. Is it wrong to assist a man in need?”

He couldn’t argue with Cecil’s answer. Still, he pushed on.

“But you’ve gone beyond what a stranger would do for anyone.”

“True, but it wasn’t all for you. The Bau’s cowardice has been displeasing and I wanted to vent my anger at them. It worked out for you and me in the end.”

Yuiriel II laughed out loudly. "I wish I could do what you do!" He exclaimed joyfully.

"Because of the timing," Cecil explained while taking tea from Konrad. "The Bau council figured you were involved in my ire. I did not even ask them to pardon your charges. They did on their own accord."

"Cowards," Yuiriel II growled.

Cecil's answer wasn't exactly truth but it was true that Cecil did not make any direct demands. Azazzel and Vnil did.

Masu looked skeptical still. "Was it really it? I don't think so. You helped me out on Freedom colony even. It couldn't have been a coincidence."

Cecil looked into his eyes lazily. "Masu," He called out. "You are a Marian. Do not forget what being a Marian is about."

Narrowing and twisting his eyebrows out of confusion, he asked, "What do you mean?"

"Remember what I told you a long time ago?"

He replied promptly as he never forgotten what he was told, "You said that Marians were hard workers and they don't play lotto."

Cecil nodded and told him, "Not playing lotto means they want to have control of their destiny in their own hands. Those who play lotto are worthless pieces of garbage. They don't need to exist in societies." He dipped his tea and continued. "So, I chose an area with high focus on lotto and massacred the whole city."

Cecil was making excuses although, again, he wasn't exactly lying, either. Every action he took had a merit whether it was understandable by others or not.

Masu looked astonished at Cecil's reasoning. He looked shell-shocked for a brief moment.

He responded, "But there are those who play lotto for entertainment."

“No,” Cecil replied back firmly. “There are plenty other ways of entertainment. Anyone playing lotto has the same thing in their mind whether they admit. It is to get rich without trying. You change your destiny by working hard. That is how it should be.”

Masu argued, “Very well. Let’s say that you are correct, but did they deserve to be killed like that? You even killed children and those who were uninvolved. That can’t be right.”

“It can be and it is right,” Cecil, again, replied firmly. “It is my divine right to kill others.”

Yes, it was his divine right to kill others. He had always killed others and had always gotten away from his crimes.

He killed others because he could.

He was able to get away because, again, he could.

Anyone who had gotten in his way had always been killed. No one could oppose him.

It had always been his way or the high way. However, over centuries, he had come to a conclusion that manipulation was better than simply throwing around iron fists. Still, from time to time, enforcing through brutal might seemed required.

“You can try to put me on a trial but you won’t succeed because I will simply kill them all,” Cecil spoke out boldly. “I get away with what I do because I have the powers.” His attention moved to Yuiriel II. “The same kind of powers you seek, Yuiriel II.” And then his attention moved back to Masu. “You seek different kind of powers, Mr. Dandelion. Make no mistake; I do not disagree with your view. Your view is correct but so is mine.”

Masu was speechless but Cecil couldn’t care less and continued on.

“Your view is correct morally and is just. And the majority will agree with your view because you stand on the same ground as the most. My view is correct because I have the powers to enforce my view.”

Yuiriel II said while clapping casually, “You are mad, seriously mad, but I fucking love it.”

“Know where you stand, Masu, and do what you can. Do not do your best however, for doing your best makes you predictable,” Cecil said.

Cecil stated that he’d do Yuiriel II a favor by making an announcement very soon. And their meeting was concluded.

Soon after he returned, he informed Mikael of his decision to relocate to Venus. That was a bombshell and that was an understatement. To make it worse, it just came out of nowhere. Not once had Cecil indicated that he was planning to relocate his whole clan to Venus.

Mikael and Beatrice were shocked to their bones.

“Excuse me?” Mikael exclaimed while Beatrice was silent but her widely opened eyes indicated that she was just as shocked as Mikael.

“I do not see the family thriving under the Bau’s influence,” He explained. “We need to get out of their sphere of influence, and Venus is a suitable planet to start over.”

Mikael was vocally against the idea. “The family has spent all their years on this very planet. All previous headmen did everything they could to repel the Bau’s influence. We cannot, I repeat, we cannot run away.”

“We are not running away. Consider it a tactical retreat if you will, but as I said, the family will not thrive as long as we stubbornly stay on Earth.”

“There is the O’ren on Venus,” Mikael argued back. “They wouldn’t welcome our presence.”

“They will not mind our presence,” He replied, “Well, they will mind but probably not as much as you claim because we are not going alone.”

Mikael narrowed his eyes. He felt as if Cecil had been planning this for a long time. He dared to ask, “Who else is going?”

“The Vues.”

The Vues was a minor clan under the Bau. They had some connection to the Klisis due to arranged marriages in far past. Number-wise, they were a much bigger clan than the Klisis. They had few thousand members whereas the Klisis had barely two hundred. However, the Vues wasn't neither an ESP nor a hyper human clan. Therefore, in essence, the Klisis was much more powerful.

“Have they agreed?” Mikael asked.

“They have not. But they will agree. Trust me, sir.”

Both Mikael and Beatrice sighed deeply. For their entire life, they resisted the Bau from swallowing them. They entrusted the role of headman to Cecil to fight better against them, but he was choosing to run away from them.

Cecil knew what they were thinking and told them, “A tactical retreat, I said. We must know where we stand. Yes, I alone am powerful enough to take them on, but what would be the point if I am the only survivor?”

Although he did not tell them, Cecil had reasons to be fearful of the Bau. He felt Yuiriel II would eventually overthrow the Bau council and he wasn't timid like the current Bau council. To prove his worth, he might do everything in his powers to vassalize the Klisis. Besides, Masu being with him wasn't going to help.

In short, time was running out.

“Trust me, father,” Cecil attempted to assure Mikael who was doing nothing but sighing. “We need to leave before it is too late to leave. The Bau is weak now and it is the only time to get away from their grasp. It will be too late when the Bau restructures itself.”

Both Mikael and Beatrice could not picture themselves to be on Venus. It was more than just their pride. It had been their creed to stay on Earth.

“Father, you had no choice but to let the clan stay here. The Bau wasn’t going to let the clan leave anyway. But we can leave now. In fact, I believe now is the only chance. We cannot let this chance slip.”

Taking a deep and long breath, Mikael closed his eyes slowly. He couldn’t argue Cecil’s points. Perhaps, it was time to leave. The clan had been dwindling in numbers over generations. They had less than two hundred members at the moment and it was only going to dwindle further. He wasn’t obviously convinced by Cecil but he couldn’t deny his stance. The clan was going to face extinction at this rate.

“Very well,” Mikael spoke as he opened his eyes. “Perhaps, it is time for a change. I will be honest and will say that I am not pleased by this decision, but I cannot deny your points.”

Beatrice reminded silent as if she was going with Mikael’s decision. They could overpower Cecil as elders but they chose to see where their son was taking them to. It was too early to simply ditch Cecil’s idea.

Soon afterwards, Cecil made an announcement that the Klisis clan would relocate to Venus within a hundred years. He stated that the decision came from his meeting with Yuiriel II. He also stated that, while he did not apologize for the incident that earned him the nickname “the Crimson wizard”, he was “deeply saddened” by the event.

As soon as the announcement was made, he ordered all family members to prepare for the grand relocation. He ordered family members to quit their current jobs and stay at the family manor in Manchester for the time being.

It wasn't obviously going to be an instant relocation and he did inform family members to take their time while they quit their jobs and make preparations. Meanwhile, Konrad had been given a task of finding a suitable ground to rebuild their manor on Venus.

Once that was done, he paid a visit to the Vues.

Being a minor clan and having been always looked down upon, the Vues had to settle down in a far remote corner of Earth. Their house was located on Iceland but they remained fairly content in their life style. On surface at least, they were happy as long as the Bau did not bother them.

However, Cecil's arrival was unexpected and it shook them. They weren't, or couldn't afford to be, as ambitious as he had been. They did not have the powers.

Standing in front of a gigantic gate, Cecil took a good look at their house. It resembled more of a giant high tech science lab than a clan house. Two heavily clothed guards were present when he arrived there by teleportation. Snow flurries coupled with fierce wind, it was by no means a good place to live.

"I am Cecil Klisis." He immediately spoke to them. "I've come on behalf of the clan Klisis. I seek to see your headman."

The gate guards wasted no time and showed respect by firmly saluting and they let Cecil in.

Inside was basically a large green house. It was how they chose to have “greens” on Iceland. Who appeared to be a clan elder approached him at once as soon as he entered.

“Greetings, I’ve come on behalf of the clan headman. We are all delighted to have you here,” The old man told Cecil kindly and carefully. “Though we wonder the purpose of your visit.”

He had to wonder because no one from the Klisis visited them for hundreds of years. He certainly did not see Cecil’s visit as positive news.

“Take me to your headman and gather your elders. I have an important announcement to make,” He told them gravely.

The elder wasn’t going to waste his time and was quick on actions. Cecil was taken to their family conference room which had grass floor and wooden stools that seemed to have been made of live tree roots. Live tree roots were carefully manipulated to create stools apparently.

He waited in there for only a brief moment before men entered. Five elders were following their headman. Their headman was a big man and perhaps credit to his big structure, his name was Hercules.

He sat down on a decorated tree root stool at once and declared, “I am Hercules Vues, the current headman of the clan.” His voice was powerful and clear. “Cecil Klisis, I welcome you to the clan.” Elders stood behind him in a horizontal line.

Cecil gave him a respectable nod. “Greetings. I believe my visit has unsettled some.”

“Yes, after all the Klisis hasn’t visited the clan for God knows how many years. I shall be straightforward because I am sure you are a busy man. What is the purpose of your visit?”

He was glad that he didn’t have to go around to make his point.

“I want the Vues to join us and relocate to Venus,” He declared.

The elders were shocked, and even Hercules’ eyes were widely open. “Excuse me?” He had to ask again. “You want us what?”

“You’ve heard me.”

Hercules and his elders were silent for a moment. Elders eventually whispered to each other and Hercules closed his eyes for a moment. Eventually, he rose his hand to stop elders from whispering.

“The Bau won’t let us go even if we want to,” Hercules said. It was more of an excuse.

“Fear not. The Bau will let you go.”

“Have you informed them already on our behalf?”

Cecil shook his head weakly. “No, I have not, but they will let you go. The big question is, do you want to go?”

Hercules crossed his arms and sighed. He wasn’t sure. He had never thought about leaving Earth, so he wasn’t sure.

“You can become an independent clan,” Cecil spoke to sway his mind. “And prosper. Let us be honest. What is the point behind living under the Bau’s shadow?”

Hercules nodded in agreement. “True. There are other small clans but they all suffer from the Bau. The Vues isn’t an exception. We were forced to come to this icy land two hundred years ago because the Bau apparently felt we didn’t deserve our original fertile land.” Looking behind, he asked, “Elders, any words to add?”

He was asking for their opinions.

“Do we need to decide now?” One of the elders asked to which Cecil replied right away.

“Yes, you should. The longer you drag this, the harder it will be to make the decision. You gain nothing by staying put.”

“Has the O’ren agreed to let us be there?” Another elder asked.

“Does it matter?” Cecil talked back. “Granted, the O’ren is the dominant clan on Venus, but they aren’t like the Bau who claim that Earth is theirs. The O’ren has never claimed that Venus is theirs.”

It was true although it was partially because there had been no other clans on Venus and the O’ren didn’t have to set such a tone.

“Are you sure the Bau will let us go?” Another elder asked.

“Fear not. They will let you go. You can trust my words on that. If they don’t..., I shall wipe the Bau out.”

Everyone, including Hercules himself, was shocked to their bones to hear that. Cecil’s calm face indicated he wasn’t kidding. Elders resumed whispering to each other again, and Hercules looked confused.

“Why us?” Hercules asked. “Of all other smaller clans, why us?”

“Why not you?” Cecil asked back. “The Vues is one of few clans that had arranged marriages with the Klisis in the past. It may be faint but we share blood.”

Some of elders seemed to have been moved by Cecil’s statement that they shared blood.

In the past, two of the Klisis insiders married into the Vues. No ESP was born from the arranged marriages however which was the Vues’ goal at that time. Therefore, Cecil was correct that their blood was shared. As faint as it may have been, but the two clans were connected.

At last a smile emerged from Hercules’ face. “I see no reason to reject your proposal. I do admit that I never saw this coming, not even in a million years, but this could be a chance of life time.”

“A chance to become independent,” An elder added.

“A chance to finally prosper,” Another elder added.

“No more hiding in snow,” Yet another elder added with tearful eyes.

Standing up imposingly, Cecil ordered them, “Prepare to relocate.”

The elders nodded at once and responded, “...Aye!”

Cecil specifically told them to act as if nothing happened and instructed them to voice their desire to move exactly four years later.

And they did just that. While the Klisis was busy preparing for relocation for years, the Vues voiced that they wanted to go with the Klisis. The Bau council, as expected, denied their request firmly at which point Cecil made an announcement to the Bau council to expect “dire consequences” if the Vues were denied of their request.

The Bau council reluctantly allowed the Vues to break off. And on that day, everyone from the Vues cheered and cried of joy.

And soon after, Hercules paid a visit to the Klisis clan in person. He came alone just as Cecil visited them alone. The first thing he did when he met Cecil was getting down on his four.

“I thank you!” He exclaimed. Cecil was with Mikael in a family hall. There were also few maids who were cleaning the hall with great care.

He continued, “Not in a million years have I thought of being able to leave Earth! Not in a million years have I had hope that my clan would get a fair chance to thrive!” Because his face was facing down, they were unable to see but it was apparent that tears were dropping from his eyes to the bamboo floor of the hall.

“My clan is in forever debt! We will never! Never! Stand against the Klisis!”

A chance to prosper.

Mikael felt ashamed. For all his life, his primary objective was hanging onto their place on Earth. He thought that it was the only way. However, seeing Hercules acting the way he did, seeing him crying out loudly that he was glad to have a chance to thrive even if it meant leaving their home planet all together, he felt ashamed.

He realized he hadn't tried harder as a headman. A headman's job was to make his clan thrive. All Mikael did in his life was insisting to stand still, refusing to leave home and look for new opportunities.

He wasn't simply desperate enough and had too much pride, pride of the old. Until this moment, he had never felt in agreement with Cecil's decision. His mind changed with this event however.

Hercules eventually calmed down and was laughing with a blushed face.

"Hahaha, I believe I went a little overboard but you should have been my elders. They cried their eyes out."

"How has your preparation been going?" Cecil asked.

"Actually, we haven't even begun," He answered bluntly. "We actually did not believe we would be able to relocate, so we simply did not begin anything. Now that it is official, I suppose they will get to work."

"Time for them to get to work then. A lot of works ahead."

"Aye!" Hercules exclaimed joyfully. "They will be so busy for sure for years to come. I bet they won't care about being tired one bit though!" He laughed pleasantly afterwards.

Hercules' visit had a purpose and he carefully stated his real purpose for the visit.

“An arranged marriage for you?”

Hercules replied with a nod. “Yes, we should show to the world that our clans are working together, and what would be a better way than me getting married with a lass from the Klisis?”

Hercules was over three hundred years old but he had remained single.

He added, “In return, we will send one of our finest lasses to you.”

Cecil felt it was a good opportunity for Konrad.

“I need to remain single,” Cecil responded, “But my younger brother, Konrad, might welcome this chance.”

Hercules’ moment of confusion indicated that he was hoping Cecil would take the lass. Cecil saw this and quickly added, “I need to remain single to negotiate with the O’ren. I am sure you understand.”

He did in a moment. He nodded in quick succession. “Oh! Yes, yes, of course, I see where you are coming from.”

Cecil himself was the best negotiation card to the O’ren. As long as he remained single, the O’ren would be more willing to initiate talks with him. The O’ren wasn’t yet aware of their relocation and the talk would have to start eventually soon. If the O’ren would refuse their relocation, they weren’t getting off Earth and Hercules was well aware.

After receiving a candidate list from Mikael, Hercules left. Clans maintained a list of unmarried and fertile men and women. They did so for an occasion like this where arranged marriage talks took a place. Since Hercules was a clan headman, the list Mikael gave to him was a list of very good candidates. They were all clan insiders and were all class A ESP. Hercules had more than 10 women to choose from, and once he chooses a woman, a talk would take a place between Hercules and the chosen. If both agreed, a marriage would take place.

Such a list contained virtually all kind of information, pictures even including half naked pictures, height, weight, throughout profile, and even sexual preferences.

The next step was initiating a talk with the O'ren. Everyone at the clan assumed it was going to be hard. The O'ren enjoyed their dominance on Venus for thousands of years. The idea of sharing their home planet with someone else wasn't going to go down well.

And there was another aspect that was going to trouble the O'ren. The new ground Cecil had chosen according to Konrad's scouting was inside of the Great rivers region which was where human inhabitation was forbidden. It wasn't forbidden by laws yet, but it was forbidden by the O'ren. The region was where all fresh water came from and the region was deemed very important. And Cecil chose there for the new clan house to be built.

Yes, it was going to be hard.

Meanwhile, a list of candidates arrived from the Vues. It was for Konrad.

Beatrice was looking over the list on her son's behalf in the family hall. Konrad was present as well as Cecil. The list had more than forty suitable women and they were all daughters of prominent insiders.

"They all seem nice." Having said so, she handed the list over Konrad. "Have a look, son."

Konrad looked over the list briefly. "Do you have any recommendations, mother?"

"The number 17 looked good to me," Beatrice responded.

Konrad tried to hand the list over to Cecil but he refused promptly.

"May I have some time to think over?"

"Of course, take as long as you want. You are deciding on your wife after all," Beatrice responded with a smile on her face.

Nodding, Konrad left the hall, leaving Beatrice, Cecil and few maids in the hall.

“I hope he will find someone of his taste,” Beatrice remarked as she also stood up. Cecil remained on his cushion and looking down on him, she said, “We need to deal with the O’ren now, yes?”

“Yes. I will be heading over to Venus in next few days.”

“Alone?”

“It is the best for me to go alone.”

The reason was simple. Going with anyone else could prove to be a liability in case he have to cut down few.

Beatrice knew Cecil’s methods. When she was attempting to educate her son, she was surprised that he already knew everything that he needed to know. In fact, he knew more than she did. Beatrice, as a mother, had always wondered what Cecil really was. For some odd reasons, she didn’t feel like that he was her own child. She did feel Konrad was hers but it wasn’t the same for Cecil. Something had always felt amiss with him.

“Your methods...,” She spoke carefully. “I cannot agree with your methods although I will admit that it is working wonderfully.”

“I understand your point, mother,” Cecil responded in a collected tone. He had no reason to alter his methods. He knew his methods would work.

Konrad eventually chose the woman Beatrice initially chose, the #17. And Hercules made up his mind as well. While the two clans were occupied with potential double marriages between the two, Cecil quietly teleported himself to Venus.

The first thing he did upon arrival on Venus was checking the site which Konrad scouted prior. He felt it was a good spot. The area was a plain full of Vie, bio-engineered moss that were responsible for photosynthesis. The view was clear and the area was pure.

After having inspected the area, he proceeded to Fallen crater city hall where he demanded to see a representative of the O'ren. They asked Cecil to reveal his identity and, when he revealed who he was, a state of panic occurred and emergency was declared.

Fully armed guards were aiming at Cecil in the city hall lobby when Azazel appeared at the scene.

"Lower your weapons!" He shouted to the guards. "I repeat, lower your weapons!"

The guards reluctantly lowered their rifles.

"I saved your asses," He grumbled as he walked toward Cecil who remained calm and collected. "Cecil!" He exclaimed. "Welcome to Venus!"

"Thank you for the warm welcome." It was clearly sarcasm.

"Oh, come on. You know you can't just teleport from one planet to another."

Indeed, planetary travels were regulated and permits were often required to visit another planet.

"What brings you here?"

"It's a very sensitive matter."

Azazel didn't want to hear what Cecil had to say. Alas, he had no choice.

"Fine, allow me to lead you to a conference room."

"....."

Azazel was speechless after what Cecil told him. He was speechless for a while. He felt like a bomb had just exploded and his hearing had gone. He felt dizzy and was sweating.

“You’ve got to be kidding me...,” He muttered. “Please, tell me you are.”

Cecil’s silence said otherwise.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” He uttered and repeated. “For fuck’s sake...”

“I don’t think you are going to like what I am going to say now.”

Sighing and shaking his head in disbelief, He replied. “There is more? Fine, let’s hear it. What could go wrong?”

Cecil told him that he has chosen to relocate to the Great rivers region.

Azazel started to laugh hysterically. He couldn’t stop laughing like a madman for a bit. When he finally calmed down, he shouted at Cecil.

“Are you sure you are not drunk? Do you even realize the gravity of the requests you’ve made?!”

“The O’ren should allow the requests.”

“What if they don’t? And I know they will refuse. I don’t even need to ask.”

“Very well,” Cecil smiled faintly. “I will just have to wipe the O’ren from Venus.”

Azazel’s face twitched. He knew Cecil wasn’t joking. He already had a history of wiping out a whole city. He did once. He’d do it again. “Oh, give me a break,” He muttered.

“I am not requesting those without something in return, if you are willing to hear it and relay it to the O’ren council,” Cecil said.

Azazel felt Cecil’s requests would be rejected no matter what kind of compensation deals he could come up with.

“I am willing to take a lass from the O’ren,” He declared.

“That isn’t enough!” Azazzel exclaimed right away. “You do know what you are asking, don’t you?! The O’ren rules this planet! You just can’t decide to move in here!”

“No deal then?”

He pointed at Cecil boldly and raised his voice. “No deal!”

The next day, Azazzel was standing before a gigantic pile of debris of what was once Fallen crater city hall. Six hundred were buried alive. He didn’t need to ask who was responsible for this tragedy.

According to witnesses, the city hall simply collapsed at once. There was no explosion of anything. The forty-two story building simply collapsed out of nowhere without any warning.

He visited a hotel where Cecil was staying. He found Cecil lazily enjoying his tea in a hotel cafeteria. As he approached him, Cecil inquired quietly, “Are you ready to negotiate?”

He gritted his teeth and growled toward Cecil. “I’d love to punch you now.”

Cecil’s response was unexpected. “If that makes you feel better and if that will make the O’ren listen, you may hit me. I won’t hit back.”

He took the offer and threw a punch right onto Cecil’s face right away. He was thrown out of his chair and tumbled onto the ground. The table fell and his tea cup was shattered. As he said he wouldn’t, he did not fight back. He simply stood up and dusted off his robe.

“Are you ready to negotiate?” He asked as if nothing happened.

Azazzel, at this point, realized Cecil wasn't some madman like gossips said. This was a guy who was trying to achieve what deemed to be nearly impossible. Massacring a city to make the Bau fear him, thus earning the right to move off Earth. Destroying a city hall to demonstrate his powers to the O'ren so that they'd listen. His methods were brutal and absurd. At the same time, his methods wasted no time and were effective.

"Fine." His ire quickly died off. "I will tell the O'ren council your requests and your offer. I don't personally believe they will approve your requests. I do admit that they will love your offer but what you are requesting in return is way too big."

"They will be livid, I am sure," Cecil responded while correcting his robe. "But do kindly tell them that the reason they can't fight the Bau is because they stand alone."

The O'ren was a big clan. In fact, he was the second largest clan in clusters, but they had always been confined to Venus and never managed to expand further unlike the Bau. They did attempt to expand beyond Venus but their attempts were always blocked. The clan lacked connections to make expansions possible. In contrast, the Bau had numerous vassal clans under their mantle and had far more connections than the O'ren ever did.

Azazzel knew what Cecil was talking about, and it was precisely why he and Vnil had been working for the Bau. While working for the Bau, he had hoped to make connections. It didn't work out too well however and he was back on Venus to take a break.

"Fine, I will do as you say," He replied and left the hotel. He had no reason to drag the conversation and he was actually kind of curious what kind of reaction he'd get from the council.

As expected, the O'ren council was livid to hear his requests but they were deeply tempted by his offer as well. Connections they desired, and Cecil had offered them the highest quality connection they would ever see in their life. Cecil's offer was too good to turn down. At the same time, Cecil's requests were too absurd to approve.

Azazzel was a prominent member of the O'ren. His words often meant a great deal to the council. He wasn't a councilor but he was respected and his stake in the clan was big. The council asked for his opinions since he was the one who had been dealing with Cecil.

"An arranged marriage with Cecil, the headman of the Klisis, would be the best deal we've seen in thousands years." He made his speech in front of numerous councilors. "It is an offer we can hardly turn down. At the same time, we all know what he wants in return."

"He wants the Klisis and the Vues on Venus," A councilor responded, "And he wants both of them to remain independent."

Azazzel nodded. "Indeed. Granted, the Vues is a minor clan and we shouldn't even fear them but they will be deeply indebted to the Klisis if they can get away from the Bau. I wouldn't be surprised if the Klisis vassalizes the Vues shortly after their relocation."

"How about we get a word from him that he won't vassalize the Vues?" Another councilor suggested.

"That is certainly a possibility, but they will be indebted regardless."

The council chamber became silent. They obviously wanted the deal but Cecil's requests were deemed too much. At this rate, the council was going to reject the whole thing, and Azazzel knew Cecil wouldn't take no for an answer and would do things his way. Thus, he came up with an idea that might stall him, giving them some time.

“I do have a counter offer we could make to Cecil,” He told the councilors.

The councilors murmured. “What is it? Tell us,” One of them demanded.

“We grant Cecil’s requests. In return, we ask Cecil to convert to O’ren.”

The council chamber became louder. It’d be a very bold counter offer.

“Do you seriously think he’d accept such an offer?” A councilor was skeptical and he was speaking for everyone else in the chamber.

“He has two younger brothers. If he truly desires this to happen, I don’t see why not,” Azazzel claimed although even he believed Cecil would reject such an offer.

“What if he rejects the counter offer?” Another councilor asked. “What if he simply decides to come after us? He is certainly capable of doing so and has done so in recent past.”

“We will just have to deal with whatever outcome there will be,” He answered promptly. “I do not believe we lose anything with this counter offer. We can always delay him with diplomacy.”

However, the council decided not to test Cecil’s temper.

“No, it is too risky. If he decides to take us down, he certainly can,” A councilor stated and others agreed.

“What do you suggest then? Are you going to reject the whole thing? He’s not going to back off.”

The council eventually came up with a counter offer. They wanted Cecil’s younger brother to be converted to O’ren as well as the marriage offer to Cecil himself.

Azazzel felt it was fairly adequate. It’d be a heavy price to pay for the Klisis.

“Well, that deal sounds far less risky than mine for sure,” He said. “Very well, I will talk to him.”

“Absolutely not,” Cecil declined firmly.

“Hey...” Azazzel was becoming frustrated. “You just can’t have your way. What you are demanding is too much, so we also have to demand something adequate from you accordingly.”

There was a reason Cecil would decline the counter offer. He knew he could not procreate. And, if even Konrad was to convert to O’ren, that’d leave only one out of three from Mikael and Beatrice. For a declining bloodline, the more, the merrier. Besides, Konrad’s marriage to a Vues lass was confirmed and signed. He wasn’t going to break the agreement although he felt the Vues would be understanding even if the marriage agreement was broken. After all, it was the price to relocate to Venus.

“I see I am not going to get anything productive,” Cecil concluded. “I will simply relocate the clans here.”

He was leaving but Azazzel stopped him.

“Woah, woah, hey, dude, wait.”

“There is no law prohibiting clans relocating to another planet,” Cecil stated, which was truth. “In essence, a clan is just a bunch of people.”

“The O’ren won’t just sit and watch you move!”

“It shall be a war then. Do you think the Klisis will lose?”

The Klisis had three class S ESPs. The O’ren had none. If anything, the O’ren would lose and quite swiftly. They’d be wiped out as Cecil mentioned.

“You can’t be serious?!”

“I kid you not. When I gave you an offer, you should have simply taken it. I was being nice but I now see that you don’t care.”

Azazzel didn't have anything more to add. He tried to make it work and expected Cecil to drag the negotiations but he realized that Cecil was simply waiting for an excuse to drop the deal and do it his way.

"The council will not just sit by," Azazzel warned.

"Hah," Cecil replied with a laugh while he casually walking out of the hotel cafeteria. "Your council will sit by. Trust me."

When Azazzel returned to report the outcome, the council was surprisingly at ease.

"As expected, tough to deal with," A councilor responded. "I would expect no less."

The mood in the chamber was in agreement.

"So what, you are going to just let them move in?" Azazzel questioned the councilors after getting a feeling that they were just going to let Cecil have his way.

"Do you have a better idea then?" A councilor asked him.

He didn't. Still, he spoke out of frustration. "We should have gained something at least." He raised his voice. "We've made it too easy for him!"

"We have gained something," A councilor responded.

"Indeed, a chance to negotiate later," Another councilor responded.

"The Klisis will be under our watch from now on. We will have our chances. We will have plenty of time," A councilor spoke in agreement.

They made sense although Azazzel wasn't clearly pleased with how it turned out in the end.

Cecil returned to Earth and gave a green light for relocation. The Vues cried of joy once again. And members of the Klisis were fairly happy to hear the news also. The relocation was clearly on and preparations went on swiftly.

On year 8639, the first wave of relocation was about to begin. The first wave was led by Mikael Klisis. He was taking roughly half of clan members onto a group of transports. He was to secure the build site for the new clan house in the region chosen by Konrad

“Alright, I shall be going.” After exchanging a hug with his wife, Beatrice, Mikael walked toward a transport. There were also Cecil and Konrad watching him leave.

“The Vues reports that Hercules is also leaving to Venus with one third of clan members,” Konrad told Cecil. He had recently married a Vues insider whose name was Clare Vues, and she was already pregnant.

“Have they decided on their new clan ground?”

Konrad answered with a nod. “Yes, I believe they’ve chosen a place in middle of nowhere. They are planning an underground base, or so I heard.”

“Did Clare tell you?”

“Yes.”

Cecil glanced back. Clare was a distance away from them, seemingly watching the group of transport taking off in distance along with other Klisis members.

“Is it a boy or a girl?” Cecil asked out of blue.

Konrad hadn’t informed his parents yet of the baby’s gender.

“I won’t tell them,” He assured him.

“It’s a boy.”

Cecil was glad. It was a good start for the couple.

Mikael contacted them few weeks later, confirming their safe arrival and also confirmed he met no resistances. He also informed that the construction had begun and gave a green light for the second wave.

Meanwhile, the Bau was going through a fierce internal conflict between Yuiriel II and the Bau council. They were too busy with their internal conflicts that they had no time to mind other affairs. In spite of having been given the right to leave Earth, the Bau could still have interfered if they could but the timing was just bad for the Bau due to their internal conflicts.

Cecil wasted no time and prepared for their second wave to Venus. This time, almost everyone was going. Only Cecil and few maids were remaining.

Beatrice and Konrad were leading the second wave to Venus.

“I shall take care of last bits of left-over businesses and quickly head over to Venus,” Cecil told Konrad. Beatrice was with Clare who belly had become significantly large. “Once I arrive, our relocation shall be done. Our lives will begin anew on Venus.”

Konrad nodded and told him with a grin. “It’s still hard to believe, but everyone is getting excited. A whole new life is ahead us.”

Nodding, Cecil said to him with urgency, “Leave quickly. We cannot let the Bau interfere. We must leave before they restructure and alter their mind.”

Konrad nodded back firmly, finally fully understanding Cecil actions. When Cecil destroyed a Bau city, killing thousands in progress, everyone back at the clan questioned his sanity. Some of them even voiced that he was unfit to be the next headman and wanted to nominate Konrad instead.

No one, none, understood reasons behind Cecil's actions at that time. It was only recent that few started to understand why Cecil did what he did, planting fear into the Bau council, and unsettling the Bau by backing Yuiriel II, thus earning the right to leave Earth without further ado. They also earned an old ally in progress in the Vues. Some thousands of "innocent" people had been killed but Cecil avoided a war with the Bau. A war would have cost far more lives than some thousands.

When Konrad realized all those, he had to praise his brother in silence. He pulled off the impossible with probably the least damage.

"To Venus!" Konrad told the others as he turned around.

"To Venus!" The members roared in sync.

There was one more thing Konrad was really happy about. It was that he really liked Clare, and if Cecil took Hercules' offer of the arranged marriage for himself, he wouldn't have a chance to meet Clare.

To Konrad, Cecil wasn't "the Crimson wizard"; He was the wizard of Oz.

- *Fin*