

[The White Knight arc] [1] [Juun] [9483]

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"What's the point of winning me?"

A loud voice.

"What's the point of winning me?"

An annoying voice.

"What's the point of winning me?"

An angry voice.

Juun was hearing some repeated sentence in his room.

"What I was trying to ...," It was a female voice, but it soon was cut off by the male voice.

"What's the point of winning me?"

A stupid voice.

"What's the point of winning me?"

That fucking voice.

Apparently, Juun's parents were having a fight. He was pretending to sleep in his bed.

Whether he wanted to listen to them or not, he was hearing everything.

Whenever Juun's mother tried to speak, the father replied back with an annoying statement, "What's the point of winning me?"

Juun was thinking nothing. He wasn't grinding his teeth. He wasn't bursting out in anger. He wasn't crying or sniffing. He was simply on his bed facing the ceiling. He was staring at it vacantly.

Approximately, four hours passed and his parents became quiet.

Juun slowly raised his upper body and mumbled. "Why don't they get a divorce, fucking morons."

He stood up from his bed and slowly walked as if trying not to make any sound and approached his desk. He opened a drawer and took out a toy energy blade. He activated it and quietly swung in a rhythm.

"Blade is my only friend," he mumbled sadly.

Juun was seven years old at that time. His parents had never had a good relationship. Ever since he could understand words, all he heard was their fights. At one point, he no longer suffered from their arguments, it was when he began to train himself in swordsmanship.

"The most important thing to remember," Juun kept whispering to himself. "Is that my blade is my spirit." He was swinging his blade in a peaceful rhythm. "My blade and I are one."

"If it breaks, so will I," He continued in an utter silence.

"What are you doing?!" A high-pitched voice stuck Juun's ears. It was his mother who just entered Juun's room. "Where did you get that blade? I told you not to touch something like that!"

It was a toy blade. It cost him 50 credits.

She forcefully took his blade away from him. And she began to sniff a bit. "Why can't you be a good boy? Your father is giving me enough hard time already!"

Juun used to feel sympathy for her, but not anymore. His sympathy toward her was long gone.

"Yes, mother. I won't touch it again," He lied.

Just to be a good boy.

His mother left, slamming the door. Juun sat on his bed and leaned his head against a wall.

"It feels cold..."

He closed his eyes slowly. "What's the point of life?"

It was Sunday; People were outside, enjoying the warm sunshine. But Juun was not. He opened a window in his room. A gentle blow of wind touched his cheeks and forehead.

He began to hum.

Monday, leaving his parent's fighting behind, he left for school. But he did not go school.

He actually did go to school. He just did not enter the school. There was a hill behind his school. He went there instead. He threw his school bag away and laid down.

"The weather is good today," he mumbled.

When he returned home, he was faced with two angry people.

"Where did you go today?!" His mother yelled at him.

"Your home teacher called home today. He said you were not in classes," His father said rather calmly. Juun looked at them or stared at them. Without realizing, he intentionally told them.

"Sorry," was all he said.

Should I cry...?

Should I scream? Let out of everything...

For once, I would love to do that.

For once ...

"....un," A voice faded away, but it was repeated again, more vividly this time.
"...Juun."

"Juun!" Something stuck Juun's forehead. He opened his eyes widely and realized that he was in his classroom, and that everyone was looking at him. He looked down. It was the teacher in the class who threw his electrical eraser. Looking down at the electrical eraser, words echoed in his mind.

'I want to bleed...'

"Juun, answer the question on the black board!"

But he wasn't listening. He wasn't himself. Another words echoed in his mind.

'I want to ... bleed.'

"Juun!" The teacher shouted at him. And at the same time, he stood up from his chair and beamed a weird smile to nowhere. His smile was creepy and scary at the same time. It was almost as if he had just given up on life.

"Juun?" The teacher was sensing his weirdness. "Are you alright?"

"Bleed...., blood...," Juun's eyes were off focus and his lips finally moved. "The answer is" He was silent for a moment. "Forty...eight....X"

The teacher stared at him. "Correct, sit down. And don't slack next time!"

He sat down hopelessly. He felt disgusting from inside. He felt like vomiting.

"I am ho..." As Juun entered his house, he heard his parents fighting.

His head felt empty, no thought no anger or whatsoever. He simply went to his room.

Kids at school bullied Juun. He wasn't active at all. All he did at school was stare at nowhere vacantly. It was amazing that his grade was above average. He didn't talk at all unless he was forced to by teachers. Kids bullied him harder and harder. In some cases, it became quite violent.

And it happened.

Kids surrounded Juun and were running in circle with wooden sticks. Their bullying had become extreme.

"Hey! Speak!" One of the kids knocked him out by pushing him. "He is so scared." He began to laugh wickedly.

It'd appear that the kid was the leader of the bully. The kid began to swing his wooden stick on Juun. But he didn't defend himself and eventually collapsed from

beating. And the kids started to gang up on him. When bone cracking sound was heard and Juun's left side of rib began to deform and bleed, the kids realized that they've gone too far. As if confirming their fear, he began to cough blood. The kids screamed and ran around. However, no one seemed to bother calling a teacher.

While coughing blood, Juun noticed wooden sticks on the ground. He slowly picked up one that was closest to him. The kids who beat him to his current condition were astonished by their own actions and outcome. They were afraid and didn't know what to do in the situation.

He slowly stood up. He groaned as one of his rib suddenly collapsed and collided with his internal organs. He slowly looked down at the stick. "My ... blade...," He mumbled and then looked at the kids who beat him. He practically stared at the leader.

"You are going to pay..." He approached the kid slowly. His voice was dull and was devoid of any emotions. The kid lost his balance and fell. His pants were wet.

"What is going on?!" A teacher had arrived at last. "What the?! You!" he pointed at Juun. "What the hell do you think you are doing?!" He quickly ran to him and punched his face. He was thrown away and, at the same time, his broken rib went through his chest skin.

He lost his consciousness shortly after.

"Your child has been bullied for some time. This was bound to happen sooner or later. Have you noticed anything unusual from your child lately?"

Juun's home teacher was having a conversation with Juun's parents.

"Not that... I've noticed..." His mother replied slowly. His father said nothing but sigh. They would have not noticed anything.

"His condition is bad. The broken rib went through several vital organs of his. Internal bleeding is making him suffer greatly now," said the teacher.

"So..., the kids did that?" His mother asked with a shaking voice.

The teacher sighed deeply and nodded. "Hard to believe, isn't it. I mean, they didn't even bother to call an adult for help. They were just watching. If a teacher wasn't passing by, your child would have died. Kids these days..." He sighed again. "I am really sorry. Juun has been acting weird, but I didn't think it'd become extreme."

The teacher had nothing more to say and neither did Juun's parents. The fact was that they had not been paying any attention at all to his child was enough.

Before his parents leave, the teacher asked them. "He should transfer to another school. I don't think he wants to come to this school anymore."

His parents bowed to him slightly and left without saying a word.

He went through an extensive surgery and regained consciousness two weeks later.

"How are you feeling?" A nurse asked him softly.

'White ceiling and walls...'

"Am I in a hospital?" He inquired softly.

"Yes, you are. You went through a pretty intensive surgery."

"Wh...," He was going to ask why, but answered himself soon enough. He recalled what happened. He looked around. It was a shared room. There were two other patients in the room. There was no sign of his parents.

"Can I leave now?" Juun asked the nurse who was replacing flowers from a vase next to his bed.

"No, you can't. You are not fully recovered yet. Besides, I don't think you can even walk. You had no exercise at all for two weeks... You will need to go into a rehab center."

He slid his body through quilt and put his feet on the cold floor. Attempting to stand up was demanding work but he managed to stand up fine.

"Oh, wow...!" The nurse was amazed. "I can't believe that you managed to stand up. I've seen no one walk right away after two weeks in bed."

It wasn't only that. Juun felt light. His body felt light as if it was a feather. He was only a child, but he had a well-polished appearance. He was already quite popular among nurses and nurses took turns while looking after him when he was unconscious.

"Is there a library?"

The nurse nodded. "Yes, follow me." She looked behind few times to check on Juun. He was walking fine.

His recovery was beyond a normal rate. Frankly, he recovered almost instantly after he regained consciousness. Before he was released from the hospital, a doctor called him.

"You may have noticed...," The doctor gave him a cold look. "You are not normal. You are a hyper human."

Juun took it well, actually too well. The doctor began to wonder his sanity.

"You were originally born as just an ordinary human being. But there are few cases like this. Apparently, your body was convertible.

He narrowed his eyes. "Doctor, doesn't a complete conversion require awareness? If you didn't tell me, I might have led a normal life. Do you have a right to change the path of my life?"

Although it was rare, there had been cases where a completely normal person became either ESP or a hyper human in their later stages of life. Such transitions required awareness to complete. In other words, if one was left without knowledge that he had become either ESP or a hyper human, he could lead a normal life without ever being able to utilize their newfound powers.

Although in Juun's case, he was instinctively aware that he had converted. No one needed to tell him.

The doctor narrowed his eyes. "How do you know that? It's been bothering me... that you are matured despite your age."

He grinned bitterly. "I suppose I had to mature quickly. My parents aren't exactly perfect parents. I couldn't stay as a kid. I had to reason myself and grow up."

"Hmmm...," The doctor looked at Juun, "If what you are saying is true, it's amazing. It's simply amazing. By sound of it, your mental age is an adult's."

"I have no intention to be your guinea pig. I know my parents aren't coming here to take me home. And I have no intention to go back."

"But you have to. They are your legal guardians. Besides, they are your real parents also."

He snorted. "The fact that they are my real parents is something I cannot shake off. But I can shake off their rights as my guardian."

And that was coming from a seven years old kid.

"What?"

"I've voice recordings of my parents' fight. I am going to represent myself in a court and win my right as an individual. I have a good chance."

"You are kidding me..."

He turned around. "Keep your eyes on me if you wish. You are going to watch something you don't see every day." He laughed casually as he left.

Juun refused to be released from the hospital, and the hospital became a temporary home for him. During most of time, he stayed in a library of the hospital, reading law related books and others.

The doctor who Juun talked to previously was the head doctor of the hospital. He was observing his behavior. He could have forcefully released him from his hospital, but he was interested in his progress as a doctor, so he let him stay.

After slightly over a month, Juun had finally made his move. He had sued his parents and brought himself to a court. However, he needed a temporary guardian, and the head doctor, Harrwin, agreed to be one.

Juun's action became national news. A child who was fighting against his own parents in a supreme court: it sounded interesting enough to grab anyone's attention. The media focused on Juun and his parents' case exclusively. Everyone talked about it and people's opinions were divided into two groups.

"What are you doing?" Harrwin approached Juun who was sitting casually in middle of a hospital garden. He was whistling quietly.

"Just doing some thinking."

"You know, I am not going to be your legal guardian. I am just a temporary."

"I know."

"Good, I just needed to make certain."

Juun didn't reply.

"You know, I've been watching you. You've spent a lot of time in the library. You've been reading law books and swordsmanship books."

He nodded. "Now only if I can get a hold of an energy blade..."

"The fastest way to earn money is become a bounty hunter," Harrwin was becoming afraid of Juun's existence. He wanted to get rid of him as fast as he could. "I will give you an energy blade also."

Juun snorted. "You want me to be gone as soon as possible."

"Correct."

"Don't worry. I will be gone as soon as the lawsuit is over."

Most people cannot resist their emotions. If one feels jealousy, the chances are they can't resist the emotion and will be driven by it. They are the weak. Those who are strong willed drive their emotions instead. Emotions are a powerful source of energy. Why let it go waste? You use them to fuel yourself instead of letting yourself become fuel.

"Integrity of one's spirit...," Juun mumbled.

He had won the lawsuit, and his parents' right as Juun's guardian was stripped away. Due to the law, he had to have a guardian. He'd be sent to an orphanage otherwise.

As a result, He was confined until he could find a legal guardian. However..., he disappeared. He simply disappeared from the surface of society. The police initiated a thorough search, but he was nowhere to be found.

Ten years passed. (9483)

A man was on his four. "Please! I don't have enough money! Please give me some more time!" He was begging for mercy.

A teenager approached him slowly. "I've given you enough time already. I am sorry, but your choices have run out." It was Juun. He was seventeen at that time.

His polished appearance had matured and he looked like a man, a handsome man rather.

"But...!"

Juun activated his energy blade. "Time to die. Any last words?"

"My children...," He shattered his words. "What will become of them?"

"The debt is on your name. Your life insurance will be able to pay most of the debt."

"Most of?!" He crawled and grabbed Juun's pants desperately. "No! I cannot pass the debt to them! I simply cannot!"

"There is nothing you can do... except..."

"What is it?! I will do anything!" He sounded desperate.

"You could sell your organs. You are going to die anyway. You might as well make some extra money off your fresh..."

He became pale.

"Will you or will you not?"

His cold voice reflected what he had been going through. It wasn't an easy road for him to walk on as a runaway child. He needed a source of income to stay independent and needed to prove himself. He took dirty jobs and proved himself by completing his given task no matter what, no matter how brutally it ended.

"I... will..."

Juun was a bounty hunter. Collecting debt was one of his most common tasks. His ID was fake. His whole profile was fake. The government was no fool. They had already tracked him down, but he had been able to fight back agents.

One day, when he returned to his small apartment which was acquired illegally, three men were waiting for him. They were in black suit, men in black so to speak.

"We've been kept our eyes on you. You've done well. Past five years, you've evaded our agents well. I believe some agents may have tried to seize you," One of them began to speak.

Juun nodded. He looked relaxed despite the situation.

"Well, it's just a misunderstanding. Let's not go into that. Anyway, we'd like to employ you."

"You can't beat me, so you want to hire me?"

"Well..., to be blunt, you are right. We figure that it would be more resourceful to use you rather than terminating you."

"Attempting to terminate me, you mean."

"... Right."

No agents from Andromeda union could defeat Juun, and the agents were fully trained professionals who were mostly class A and B ESP and hyper-humans.

"Well," Juun's mind was already made up a long time ago. "I wasn't going to be chased forever anyway. It's time for me to settle down."

"I take that as a yes?"

"You could say that."

He was past his legal age to be an adult. His ID was renewed and updated, and his charges were dropped. He became an agent of Andromeda union. They had a central center for agents on every developed planet. He was on the planet, Creg's. Therefore, he was ordered to report in at the central command center of the planet.

He stood before a tall and futuristic building.

Juun let out of a short laugh. "I can't believe I can be here without being chased by agents," Saying so, he walked toward the center.

As he entered the building, a quick scan was initiated and his identification was almost instantly verified. A young woman approached him.

"Welcome, eh..." she was watching her computer which was implanted on her wrist. It took a second or two before she faced him.

"Juun, right?"

"Yes," Juun nodded.

"Welcome to the central command. It says it's your first time coming here. It is my duty to guide you through this place."

"Sure, lead on."

She bowed to Juun and inhaled.

"Welcome to the central commander center. This is where all agents gather who are assigned on Creg's.

They come here to take on missions. Our job is mission-based. So, if you want to be safe, you can simply pick easy missions. Hard missions pay a lot more but, at the same time, more risky. Every agent receives a minimum wage of ten thousand credits by end of every season. The credits will be deposited to your account automatically."

She pointed at one of countless terminals in the lobby.

"You use one of the terminals to access the mission database. Any questions?"

Juun could see that she was out of her breath. "You are also new, aren't you."

She blushed and that was enough answer for him.

"I have no further questions. Thanks for the info," He passed the woman and raised his left hand as in Good-bye.

'Let's see....'

He inserted his ID card into one of the terminal and began to search for missions. There were about a hundred people in the lobby. The layout of the place resembled a bank except with a lot more guards.

'The easiest mission... reward is ten credit...'

He almost laughed out loud. *'And it's about throwing out garbage...'*

It turned out that there were five levels. Juun was agent level one which was the lowest. The higher level, the more difficult missions they may accept.

He accepted few easy missions as he whispered to himself. "So, my new life begins."

It took Juun mere 30 days to become a level 2 agent and took him a year to become a level 3 agent. By the time he turned thirty one, he was a level 5 agent on Creg's.

He became quite known on Creg's for zero failure on missions and also for taking on the hardest missions. One day, the administrator of Creg command center summoned him.

"You are the best agent on Creg's." he said.

"Thanks."

For stating the obvious.

"A moment ago, I've received an order from the headquarters. They want you on Heaven of Order or AKA New Earth."

He quietly grinned. "I see. They want me at the capital."

The administrator nodded. "Yes, you've grown too big for us to handle. I've bundling my letter of recommendation along with your profile. You should do good at the capital."

"I see," Juun and the administrator exchanged a hand shake. "Thanks for everything so far."

"Good luck to you, agent."

Time was year of 9504, Juun had went back to New Earth once again. He was born there was raised there by his parents. He had apparently left there illegally when his fighting against his parents in the lawsuit was over.

As Juun took his first step on to the plate platform of a shuttle port on the planet, he sniffed.

"The air hasn't changed, I see," he said.

He knew where his parents were living. He found it amusing that they did not get a divorce after what happened. However, he never bothered to pay them a visit. After all, it was him who broke the bond. He also knew that they were having a hard time financially and that they might relocate to another planet where housing was cheaper.

The command center was huge. The center on Creg's was nothing to compare. The number of agents was also vast. He reported to the administrator of the center directly.

The administrator looked up and down on Juun. "So, you are the one who he has been speaking highly of," He scoffed. "We will see how good really you are."

He showed no respect for Juun. But he could care less. He saluted and left.

Next thing he did was look up through the mission database. Many of hard missions were about killing, assassination so to speak.

It was not much different from what he did on Creg's. The only difference was that he was on the capital planet and that he was in a bigger pool to swim.

Juun was exceptionally good at keeping a low profile. It was why it took so long for agents just to track him down. He didn't change his attitude of keeping a low profile as an official agent either back on Creg's and he wasn't about to change that still.

He would lead a very uneventful until ...

The time was 9592. Over almost 90 years of his career as an agent, he earned a reputation of an eagle. He never failed a single mission. He had earned numerous invitations from other various departments from the government itself, but he refused all. He even refused all special missions given. He only did missions that he chose. Unfortunately, his attitude blocked him from advancing further in ranks which he seemed to care less.

By this time, he was a millionaire.

Juun had just refused another special mission given by the center.

"An agent of your caliber would have no problem with this mission," The administrator spoke to Juun in his office. "You should really reconsider it."

"My answer remains the same, sir."

He sighed deeply. "You are a weird one. Every agent would love to do these missions. These give you special points for your advancement. You could join the newly formed Knights if you do few of these and survive."

"I am not interested, sir."

Juun's answers were short and firm, leaving no room for any further negotiations.

Once you reach top, you can only go down.

“Hello, there.”

An agent greeted him as he just left the office.

“Hello, Sevn.”

“Thanks for remembering my name.”

“Your reputation precedes you,” Juun replied carelessly as he walked past him.

Sevn was also an agent of good reputation, though he wasn't as high ranking as Juun was. Regardless, he earned a nomination to be a member of the Knights.

The Knights

It was to be an elite force who'd serve the emperor directly. Currently, Lord Arnkle had been appointed to be a leader. The high council of Andromeda union had been recruiting able agents throughout the country.

Andromeda was originally a republic when the nation had just formed by Achell, the liberator. After Achell simply vanished, one of his generals, Richard Bau, took over his government. With the support of Achell's inner circle, Richard had successfully turned republic into a parliamentary monarchy. The Bau attempted to establish a communication with Richard Bau who was a Bau exile. However, Richard firmly refused any sort of a talk.

Since then Richard Bau ruled Andromeda union fairly well so far.

The Knights system was proposed by the high council which was equivalent of senate and was approved by a decree.

Personally, Juun could care less, and while every agent attempted to earn a nomination, he simply chose to do missions. However, by doing so, he drew attention from the top. The high council asked Sevn to evaluate Juun.

Sevn had once worked with Juun before. It was a co-op mission where they were chasing a hardened ESP criminal on loose. There were a lot of casualties during his escape, and the agency sent two of their best guys available in response.

The criminal was an ESP specialized in mind attacks. He was a class A ESP with lots of experiences. He managed to escape from a prison and was on loose. His ultimate goal appeared to be getting off the planet by overtaking a transport.

“Another brain dead victim found!” Sevn shouted in the driving seat of his car.
“Uploading the latest location to you!”

It was only a matter of time before they would find him. He was obviously heading toward the nearest shuttleport from his location.

“I see him,” Juun said, “On a roof.” He was chasing him from ground.

A shadowed figure was rapidly making jumps through roofs.

Confronting him was as easy as ascend the car and stop it on his path.

Neither Juun nor Sevn attempted to speak to the suspect. He was drooling and was bleeding from his nose, ears, and eyes.

He was in an overexertion state and, at the same time, was berserk. He laughed out loud and spoke to them aloud, “Two more to kill!”

Juun and Sevn felt as if freezing gust of wind was fiercely blowing toward them. He was attempting his mind attacks.

Sevn moaned as he attempted to resist him from entering and reading his mind whereas Juun was seemingly standing idly.

“Juun, watch out. This guy is stronger than I thought-” His sentence was disturbed when he managed to open his eyes and had a glance at Juun who was seemingly unaffected by what he was experiencing.

Sevn was experiencing what could be described as a live nightmare where he was having a vision of his worst possible fears. It was like having a bad nightmare but cannot wake up from it. If a normal person was hit by such attacks, he would instantly enter a panic status and would end up becoming brain dead in minutes. Sevn was shielding himself but was having a hard time resisting fully. His consciousness was slowly being invaded and drenched by darkness.

“Hang in there. I will take care of him,” Juun said indifferently.

The suspect shook his head in strong denial and muttered, “This, this is not possible!” He started to flee which Juun responded with chasing. “Everyone has fears!” He uttered, “There is no exception!”

Sevn was becoming free of mind invasion as the suspect started to flee. As an ESP, the suspect had no chance of shaking Juun off especially in his current condition.

“Ugh!” The suspect groaned with pain as his leg was wounded by Juun’s energy blade. He stepped on his neck. “Don’t resist or I will break your neck.”

The suspect breathed heavily and rapidly. He wasn’t really himself since he was overexerting and was berserk. Ignoring his warning, he attempted to get up.

Showing no hesitation, Juun crushed his neck.

“Are you alright?” He asked Sevn who still hadn’t fully recovered.

“Yeah, I am fine. He almost got me though.”

“He was in an overexertion status.”

“True.”

Sevn had to wonder how his attacks had no effect on Juun. There was a theory that could explain the situation.

The perfect mind, it was.

ESP mind attacks exploited weakness in people’s mind. If one had no weakness in one’s mind as in a completely stabilized mind, such attacks would not work. However, it was only a theory because no one could prove and present a case, and no one believed such was even possible.

Sevn was seeing such a case at the moment, though he didn’t realize it at that time.

He decided to have a talk with him friendly which was calling him for a drink after work hour was over which Juun didn’t refuse.

“Why don’t you join the Knights?”

He asked Juun directly.

Swirling around his screwdriver, Juun tasted his drink and replied, “Why should I join rather?”

“It is a privileged position. Everyone wants to get in.”

“Not everyone apparently, I gain nothing from joining the Knights.”

“You gain recognition.”

“Which I don’t find valuable.”

Sevn paused and had a thought.

“What do you value?” He asked.

“I value the peace of mind.”

Sevn considered his choices at this point. It was obvious that Juun wasn’t going to be convinced to join the Knights in conventional ways.

“Would you have peace of mind if they can add a clause that you may leave the Knights without any penalties if you find it unsuitable for you?”

But Sevn himself wasn’t sure if Lord Arnkle would allow such a contract.

“If the Knights would value me that much, yes, I could reconsider. Are you sure about this though? I am sure you have no power to make such a contract. You will have to talk to your boss about this most likely.”

Juun was right. Sevn, at the moment, wasn’t even a formal member of the Knights.

“That will be my job to do. You shouldn’t concern yourself with that.”

“If you say so.”

Fortunately for Sevn, Lord Arnkle wasn’t fully in charge and he was able to talk to the council instead. The members of the council were quite offended by Juun’s attitude and were reluctant to even listen to Sevn speaking for Juun’s defense. However, Sevn was able to convince the council that Juun could be an irreplaceable member for the Knights. Although highly doubtful, the council nevertheless granted Juun’s one-sided contract. At the same time, Sevn was also accepted to be a full member of the Knights.

Above progress had taken one and half season (roughly 5 months). A man named Iuny had also been recruited into the Knights at this time.

The year was 9593 at the moment.

After informing Juun of the news, he told him that he'd show the HQ of the Knights, also known as the Knights association building.

While Sevn was taking Juun to show the Knights association building for the first time, he received a call.

"Hello? Oh, hi, what's up?"

Sevn had a short but casual conversation.

"I have to stop by somewhere before I take you there. Do you mind?"

"Go ahead."

Where he stopped was a school.

"I will be back in a sec." And he disappeared into the school quickly.

Seeing a school reminded him of his old days. Smiling bitterly, he took off the car and took a good look at the school. Classes were in session, so there was no student wandering around.

"Well, this certainly brings back memories."

Sevn didn't really take long time. He was back already.

"What was that about, if you don't mind telling me?"

“My sister lost her purse, so I had to give him some money,” He said as he drove away.

“I didn’t know you had a sister.” Having said that, Juun recalled that he was in 200s. “That’s a lot of age difference.”

Sevn laughed casually. “True, my parents had a late child.”

They stood before the Knights association, enormous eighty seven story building.

“The whole building for just the few of us?” Juun remarked.

Laughing, Sevn responded, “Actually, the Knights uses only few floors. The rest of the building is used for military R&D.”

“Right now, there are only three members, including us,” He added.

The lobby floor belonged to the Knights exclusively. 20th and 21st floors were used for the Knights as well. Rest of building was used for other purposes.

“Smells like a tax evasion to me,” Juun commented.

Indeed, the Knights was tax-free private organization. It was Lord Arnkle’s idea to choose the building and it was also his idea to set up private “R&D” departments within the building.

Lord Arnkle was father-in-law for Richard Bau. Arnkle had “donated” his daughter to him, thus earned the title of “Lord” and was given ¼ of Andromeda union under his command. He was one of the most powerful figures in the union.

“Welcome, knights,” A receptionist in the lobby. “Lord Arnkle is waiting for you on the 21st floor.”

Nodding along, they went to the 21st floor where Lord Arnkle was talking to lunny for the first time.

“So, you two must be the other two knights,” Lord Arnkle remarked as he loosely glanced at Sevn and Juun. “I can’t say I am pleased with the council’s decision to let you in, but oh well.”

“Lord Arnkle, may I be dismissed?” said Luny. He was a big boned man.

“Yes, sure, sure. You two don’t need to introduce yourselves. I got your files.” Having said so, he left the floor by taking an elevator.

“The glorious and privileged Knights,” Juun remarked with sarcasm.

“Your sarcasm is noted,” Sevn said weakly.

Lord Arnkle didn’t seem to care for the Knights. He was instead doing something else with the Knights. To be more precise, he was doing something with the Knights association building. Sevn launched a secret investigation on Lord Arnkle and he soon found out that he was using the Knights association building to rent out R&D space to companies for a fee. Tax on R&D in Andromeda union was very high. As Juun commented out, Lord Arnkle was misusing the Knights association building for personal gains since the Knights was a tax-exempt.

“No wonder he could care less about who joins the Knights,” Juun said while he was reading through Sevn’s report. “It looks like we need a new leader before anything else.”

Sevn shook his head in disgust. “This is a disgrace.”

“Is it even possible to discharge him from his position?”

“Yes, I have some connections in the council. It will take some time, but yes.”

It would take Sevn nearly 4 years to take Lord Arnkle out of the Knights and Wemer would take over.

One day, Sevn had a very troubled face. Juun was encouraged to inquire why.

Sevn laughed very nervously and told Juun, "My sister... wants to see you."

Quite unexpected indeed. "How come?"

"Uh..., I don't know?"

"Pardon?"

"I don't know."

"What's gotten into you?"

Sevn appeared to be really troubled. "Just meet her, alright?" He took Juun to a park where he introduced his sister to Juun.

His sister was fourteen years old at the moment. She was wearing a school uniform which was a dark blue firm formal shirts and pants. She looked more like a military cadet in training rather than a cheerful schoolgirl.

"Hello, nice to meet you, Juun."

She struck out her hand for a handshake.

"My pleasure, Miss..."

"Ah!" Sevn realized he never told him her name.

Giggling, she replied. "It's Serin."

"My pleasure, Serin."

Beaming a smile at Juun, she casually told him, "Will you marry me?"

Juun didn't seem to be surprised and responded right away. "Sure."

“What the hell were you thinking?!”

Sevn and Juun were back at the car. As soon as Juun replied, Sevn rushed to take Juun away from the scene, leaving his sister behind in the park.

“She asked me to marry her, so I replied.”

“You should have rejected!”

“It sounds like you foresaw that she was going to ask me that. Care to tell me what happened?”

Sighing and shaking his head at the same time, he responded, “Yes, I saw this coming.”

According to Sevn, his sister, Serin, had seen Juun on the day when he had to give her some money. She had been asking him about Juun. Eventually, she asked him to set up a meeting for her, which he eventually agreed to.

But he did not expect neither her to ask such a question nor Juun to reply positively.

“She is just a kid,” Sevn said in her defense as well as his. “She doesn’t know what she is doing.”

“She, as an individual, made a choice, Sevn.”

“A wrong choice!” Sevn replied vigorously.

“Perhaps although I am not sure whether I am a good man for a marriage or not. Still you should respect her decision.”

“Are you kidding me here? Are you telling me that my little fourteen year-old sister wants to marry and I am simply going to sit and watch that to happen?”

“A fourteen year-old cannot marry without consent,” Juun replied. “She made a choice that can easily be reverted. It’s your job to make it happen.”

Sevn sighed again. “It would have been a lot easier if you have simply refused.”

“I find her quite attractive actually. I wouldn’t mind marrying her.”

Sevn grabbed him by collar. “She is fourteen!”

“I’ve made a far dire choice as a child, and you know what? I haven’t regretted my decision. Fourteen is old enough in my book.”

Sevn had run a background check on Juun before, but the check didn’t go into his childhood. He only checked his performance and records ever since he became an agent. Therefore, he didn’t know Juun’s childhood.

“Talking to you is like talking to a wall.” Having said so, he let go of Juun. “I am going to take my sister home. I am sure you can manage on your own.”

Sevn’s sister, Serin, insisted that she was serious about the marriage proposal. Sevn and her parents were obviously angry and torn by her action. She was ignored and was grounded. She fought back by refusing to eat. Her parents didn’t take her protest to be serious until 9th day of her protest. She hadn’t eaten and drunken for the whole time.

Meanwhile, Sevn did a throughout background check on Juun and found out what he meant by “a far dire choice”. He found it hard to believe that someone with such a past was able to achieve “the perfect mind”.

He recalled what a researcher told him about “the perfect mind”.

'The perfect mind' refers to a status of one's mentality where it has no faults. What I mean by faults is doubts and fears. When people have too much doubts and fears, they are called insecure or unstable. Normal people have doubts and fears to a certain degree. Even great people have some doubts and fears. Someone with the perfect mind is probably a psycho, but a good psycho. Also someone with the perfect mind will be extremely, if not immune, resistant to most of ESP attacks. When an ESP uses fire, he makes his target to believe that it's fire which is hot and will cause burns. Someone with the perfect mind won't believe what an ESP wants him to believe.'

At this point, Sevn was on a crossroad. It seemed Serin was quite serious. Starving for nine straight days was no easy task, especially since she was neither an ESP nor a Hyperhuman.

He sat down with his parents in living room of their house. Serin was still in her room, protesting.

"Father and mother, we have to admit that she is serious."

His parents looked no older than Sevn himself.

"Marrying at fourteen? I won't allow that!" The father talked back fiercely.

"What kind of man is this, Juun?" The mother asked.

"We don't even need to know what kind of man he is!" The father bellowed, not expecting a response.

"He was an agent. He was one of the best agents in the union. He has recently been chosen as a member of the Knights. And... he is my co-worker."

The father was speechless while the mother nodded along.

"So, you know him a bit," The mother said.

"Yes, I do know him quite a bit. I've worked him before also."

“Is he a good man?” When the mother asked that, the father raged.

“You are considering him?! You can’t be serious! What kind of sick man chooses a fourteen year-old girl to marry?!”

“From what I can tell as a co-worker, he is a perfectly fine man. He doesn’t cause troubles and does his job professionally. He doesn’t have any criminal records, either.”

The father refused to listen and attempted to leave but he was stopped by the mother.

“Our daughter chose him. I want to believe that she had a vision,” She said. “So, Sevn, how old is he now?”

“He is 120 years old now.”

“That’s frigging 106 years of age difference!” The father exclaimed.

“It’s not much,” Sevn said unexpectedly for Juun’s defense. “He is a Hyper human. He will outlive Serin anyway.”

“Has he married before?” The mother asked while holding the father’s hand who wanted to leave.

“No, he has been never married.”

“I wonder why he hasn’t married. I assumed he married at least once. What is his wealth?”

Sevn narrowed his eyes and cleared his throat before answering.

“I believe he has over ninety million credits.”

The parents froze momentarily. “That is ... a lot,” The mother said, “Were his parents wealthy?”

Sevn shook his head firmly. “No, he has all earned it by himself.”

“Has he done any shady business?”

“No, mother. He has earned all of his credits from missions. As far as I am concerned, they are all clean.”

There was a silence in the living room, a long silence.

“What do you think, dear?”

The father calmed down a bit although it was clear that he wasn't pleased with the situation.

“I don't know,” He responded. “This is awkward. I can tell you that.”

“What do you think, Sevn? It seems you are the only one here who knows him the most.”

Sevn shut his eyes for a moment. He just couldn't figure out what Serin saw in Juun, but he had to admit one thing. It was that Juun wasn't ordinary. His abilities and philosophy weren't normal in a rather positive way.

“I can call him here. Why don't you meet him and see him for yourself? You can judge him after then.”

“Fine,” The father responded right away. “Let me see the perv.”

Juun arrived shortly after Sevn called him.

When he entered the living room, it was as if a breath of fresh air swirled the area. He was dressed in a white formal suit which was one of his usual outfits as an agent.

He bowed deeply toward Sevn and Serin's parents.

“Hello, nice to meet you, sir and madam.”

The father narrowed his eyes and seemed to be confused. The mother, on the other hand, seemed to be pleased with what she was seeing.

“Oh, my, you are a very handsome man,” The mother remarked. She was speaking truth.

Clearing his throat, the father spoke, “So, you are the guy who said he’d marry my daughter. Do you realize that she is fourteen?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Don’t you believe it is awkward for you to marry such an underage girl?”

“She has made the decision and I’ve chosen to accept. The age difference is a moot point as long as your consent is given.”

“What?!” The father stood up at once and approached Juun. “What part of ‘underage’ do you not get?!”

“I would have not been able to be where I am if I played by rules, sir. I’ve made painful decisions that changed my life, and such decisions didn’t make sense. Whether she is underage, that is her own decision. As parents, you can either support her or deny her.”

“Why you!” The father was about to hit Juun, but Sevn stopped him.

“He can kill you in a second, father!”

“Like I care!”

Juun beamed a smile at him. “You are a good parent. You actually care for your children. I can see why Sevn is such a good man.”

The mother who has been silent all along spoke up. “I see. You went through a horrible childhood.”

Juun didn’t answer but grinned as a response. The mother looked at Sevn. “Sevn, do you know his past?”

It took Sevn a moment to answer. "Yes, mother."

"Was it horrible?"

He nodded and said, "Yes, it was horrible, but he overcame the situation by himself by making a dire decision."

The mother looked back at Juun. "After going through all your hardships, you collected such wealth. What for, if I may ask?"

"To have peace of mind, ma'am. Money is foundation of stability in human society of this era."

"Do you mind telling me why you've chosen... ,let me correct myself, why you've accepted Serin's decision? You must have had a reason."

"Because she has made a decision and stepped forward, instead of simply imagining and admiring what could, might, would happen."

At the same time, Sevn sensed that Serin's lifeforce was rapidly weakening by ESP. He immediately ran upstairs and rammed door to her room open. She collapsed, and he called an ambulance.

Consent was eventually given and carried few conditions. One was that they would not have any sexual contacts until Serin would turn eighteen. Second was that Juun was required to support her financially after the marriage. Third was that, even after marriage, she would stay at her parent's home until she turned eighteen.

All conditions were accepted by Juun, and a marriage form was filled out soon after. Sevn became a witness and submitted the paper. He also made sure that no media would get a hold of the news. Being a member of the Knights, he had enough authority to stop any media attention.

Serin married Juun at age of 14. Juun was, at the time, 120 years old. They would be married until death took them apart when Serin died of age at 405. Juun himself lived for more than one thousand years.

/End