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Story by Paul Michaels

I Got Isekai'd! Well Shyt!

Chapter 188 Prince Hilda Stoneworthh

A half-hour before dinner.

The two young men that were in the study, sitting on the couches with the door locked, were still talking away. While the older knight was busy going over all his notes he had just written down.

"I never knew how complex the female anatomy is. That was a very eye-opening talk, Prince Quinus," Johan said with a big smile.

"You're older than me. Didn't you read any of the books about the opposite sex?" Quinus asked.

"Ugh... My mother and sister always said to wait till marriage. And they forbid me from looking at anything that they considered unhealthy," Johan said in a hushed tone.

Quinus shook his head, 'Well, the information in those books is archaic at best. Talking about the humors in the body and other old ways of thinking. Not really helping much... Maybe I should write a book on the subject?... No... Who would believe a twenty-year-old man could know so much about a woman's body and not think he's full of shit...'

After Quinus finished his thoughts he noticed his retainer was still taking notes on everything he just said.

'Hold on? Maybe I can use my failure of a "Love Sage" as my frontman for writing my book. I can be the ghost writer and we will help the love lives of any man and woman in the kingdom... Yes, yes. I like this idea. But Sir George needs to stop his obsession with collecting women, like a dragon hoarding gold. I need to teach him the art of understanding women first and treating them as people before trying to court them. Then maybe he will stop getting slapped in the face by random women that he keeps insulting,' Quinus thought as he grinned.

Johan was about to say something, but then there was a knock on the door.

"It's time for dinner," Lester said from the other side of the door.

"Really? What time is it?" Johan asked.

"Six o'clock, my Lord," the butler replied.

Johan was stunned at how fast time flew when listening to Quinus, "Wow... I guess time does fly when you're learning new things."

"Yeah, now that he's mentioned it. I'm starting to feel hungry. Sir George! Are you coming," Quinus asked the knight.

"Hmm? Huh... What?" Sir George asked while he looked up.

"Are you coming or are you just going to sit there reading your notes," Johan teased.

Sir George quickly put away his notebook and said, "Hold on, I'm coming!"

After the three men got up from their seats they left the study and headed to the dining room.

'Hmm... I'm glad that we had our talk with General Douglas. It was annoying but in the end, it was worth it. He wasn't so bad after all. He listened and was willing to learn. And I hope Johan learns from my advice. However, I think Johan should learn the art of flirting and teasing from Rya. She'll really send home the message. Now, I just need to avoid Tayna trying to flirt with me. It sucks watching someone's partner openly flirt with a man, and they are not even ashamed of what they are doing.' Quinus thought as he followed the butler and his retainer.

Elsewhere in the Kingdom.

A carriage, with the markings of the Divine Three, pulled into the city of Tairal, the capital of the Fiafyr Kingdom. Riding in that carriage was a redhead beauty who was accompanied by her half-brother and one of the Council members of the Holy Alliance, who goes by the name Prince Terenthiel Marrell.

Normally Prince Terenthiel would have been known as a king in his small kingdom. But ever since their kingdom joined the Alliance of the Divine Three, they have become a principality. With the exception being High King Rolmund Aguilar the Third. His grandfather and the Kingdom of Nordland were the first to cast away their old Gods to accept the Divine Ones. They were rewarded for their loyalty by becoming the ruler of the Alliance.

It was an easy decision for King Rolmund Aguilar the First to join the alliance. After Prophet Paul cured him of a deadly disease, that no alchemist or doctor could cure. He prayed to his old Gods to save him, but his prayers went unanswered. However, a month later the ruler of the Holy Kingdom of Chalced, Prophet Paul, showed up at the gates of the city with his Paladins. And when he entered the palace the Prophet cured him with his divine healing powers.

When King Rolmund was told by Prophet Paul that the Gods wanted his line to rule over the new alliance. He gladly accepts the role of the High King of the Divine Three.

With Rolmund by the Prophet's side, they spread the faith of the Divine Ones when they started invading the surrounding kingdoms. The Holy Kingdom of Chalced grew its forces when adding a third kingdom to its ranks and made King Adam Stoneworthh the third head of the Divine Three. His line was demoted to a principality. But they were given the authority to rule over the Alliance if the High King and Prophet were away.

Within the first five years, the Holy Kingdom of Chalced was known as the birthplace of the Divine Three and was ruled by the Council of the Holy Alliance. Which had the three heads of the Order, the Principality of the Nine, and the Paladin Order.

With the power of the Divine Ones, the Kingdoms of the North were easily conquered. They were renamed the Principalities and joined the Alliance of the Divine Three.

The other Kingdoms in the South and West were harder to conquer. But with their combined efforts and the Paladin's holy magic were able to push back their armies. And the other kingdoms eventually surrendered.

In the South, the Kingdom of Lakora was the first Kingdom to fall. Followed by the Kingdom of Ebonia and the Kingdom of Tulvia.

While in the West, the Kingdoms of Zurath surrendered immediately after the Alliance army conquered the southern Kingdoms. There were only two Kingdoms north of the Alliance that couldn't be conquered by force. They were the Kingdoms of Kartoll and Fiafyr.

Kartoll wasn't a big Kingdom and could have been easily defeated, but the leader, at the time, of the Kartoll Kingdom, Queen Nefer, was a powerful Sorceress and was a force to be reckoned with. But she knew that she could only hold them off for so long. So she formed a formal alliance with the Fiefyr Kingdom. Which was the biggest and strongest Human Kingdom on the continent.

So the Council of the Holy Alliance had to wait for the chance to take the two Kingdoms. Prophet Paul was told that these Kingdoms would not be easily taken. He told the Alliance Council that they must wait a few generations and try to gain the trust of the people by marrying off the daughters of one of the nobles.

And so two generations of Prophets and High Kings have passed to the present. When the God, Paul the Wise, spoke to his Prophet, Paul the Seventh, about the miracle birth of Crown Prince Quinus Meredydd. They were to offer one of the Princesses to be betrothed to him.

Prince Terenthiel Marrell was used as an emissary to Marquess Duval Wrightwood. Due to him being related to the Marquess as a cousin once removed. They used the proposal as a peace treaty, and Marquess Wrightwood agreed to the terms and would bring the other nobles on board. Duval just needed to tell them what the prince's ideal type of woman was.

Duval didn't know they were going to use the prince's offspring to take control of the Kingdom. If King Cyndre was to find out about their plot. Then there would be war between the two. So, this was to be kept a secret, from Duval and everyone else in the Fiafyr Kingdom.

So, it came down to seven princesses that ranged from 14 years old to 22 years old.

(Two years ago.)

The sun was high in the sky and the heat was stifling, even in the shade. The Holy Kingdom of Chalced, a kingdom in the southwest region of the continent, had the most oppressive summers. And today was no exception in the Capital City of Istur.

The city was busy as always. The streets were crowded and the sound of a hammer clanging on steel could be heard in every direction. While the Paladins patrolled the city to enforce the Holy Church's rules. Which was unfortunate for the people of the Alliance who were forced to wear concealing clothing. To pervert the temptation from the eyes of men.

The Holy Alliance Council had decreed that the dress code of the populace be changed per the teachings of the Divine Ones. And women weren't allowed to wear anything that showed their cleavage or legs above the knees. The dress code for men was the same, but no one really cared if men wore tight clothes or shorts for work. Some of the women were unhappy about the changes, but no one complained, for fear of being arrested or worse.

The city had an impressive Temple of the Divine Order. The Temple was made from stone and had the symbol of the Alliance. It was a white triangle that looked similar to the Tri-Force. It shined brightly in the middle of the sun, with three white rays of light pointing in all directions.

This temple was dedicated to the Divine Ones, the Gods of the Holy Kingdom. The city was the birthplace of the Divine Three, who were Gods of purity, virtue, and wisdom. It was also the place where the Divine One, Paul the Wise, created the creed of the perfect world. A world

where humankind was meant to cleanse the world of all its impurities and restore it to its purest state. Where men could live in peace once they became the only religion on Tertius.

Inside the holy council room was a large triangular table. On the top of the table was the symbol of the Divine Three with light coming through the stained glass windows. There were a total of twelve members sitting around the table. Prophet Paul VII, King Rolmund Aguilar III, and Prince Dreyand Stoneworthh were sitting at the corners of the table, while Prince Terenthiel Marrell, Prince Kaindle Hull, and seven others of the principality sat in between each of the three leaders.

They were looking at the seven girls who were kneeling in front of the three leaders. They were waiting for the decision of who was to be the bride for the future heir to the Fiafyr Kingdom. The room was completely silent and the tension could be felt in the air.

"Terenthiel... What child of light does the Crown Prince enjoy? Does he prefer a woman who is gentle, and innocent, or perhaps he likes them more mature," the Prophet asked.

"From what I've learned from the Marquess. He prefers a girl with a curvy body and a... healthy bosom. The Marquess also told me that he is interested in a woman who's like his mother, Queen Rianna, Holy One," Prince Terenthiel answered.

"Is that so... He prefers the sin of the flash... That is unfortunate... But the Divine Ones will judge him when he passes on to the next plane," Prophet Paul said, and then his eyes turned towards the girls.

All the princesses were wearing conservative dresses and had veils covering their hair.

"Does he prefer them younger? Older? Or the same age as him," Prince Kaindle asked.

"He prefers them in their late teens to early twenties... From what I've heard he had a crush on his wet nurse in his youth. She disappeared eight years ago with one of their best knights. There wasn't much I could find out about her. Except that her son is the Prince's retainer," Terenthiel said.

"So he wishes to have one of a similar age," Prophet Paul said while stroking his short black beard.

He looked over all seven of the girls. He noticed the three younger girls in the group, then glanced at the oldest one who was in her mid-twenties.

"Princess Gwendolyn, Raven, Gloria, and Elizabeth. You are dismissed, you may leave," he said.

"Yes, Holy One," the four princesses said.

The four princesses got up from their knees and bowed, and then they turned and left the room.

Hilda was nervous, she was the daughter of her father's mistress. And would have been sent to the monastery if not for the birth of Prince Quinus. She was only five months older than the Prince and tried to do everything she could to stay out of the monastery. She would have been forced to become a nun, which did nothing but serve the priests and the Holy One.

Her father was Prince Dreyand Stoneworth and he is the third in charge of the Holy Alliance. His official position is the head of the Principality. Hilda barely talked to her father growing up, since he spent most of his time serving the Alliance. But he did make sure to see her at least once a week when he had the chance. Just to check in on her. He was a very strict parent and did everything in his power to make sure she was a possible candidate for Prince Quinus. He would tell her what her responsibilities were, and make sure she took care of her body in hopes of being chosen to marry the Crown Prince. Because if she wasn't picked, then she would be sent to the monastery, and become a nun.

Hilda had to learn the hard way that she didn't have any close friends in the Alliance. She would talk to the servants, but the other nobles in the court didn't like her. Some would treat her poorly because she was born out of wedlock, and she had to grow up with the constant reminders that she was the child of the prince's whore. As she had her mother's looks and her father's hair.

She would spend most of her time with her nannies and tutors to avoid ridicule. But her stepmother, Princess Aelene, made sure to put her down whenever she had the chance while keeping her children away from their half-sister.

And her half-sister, Princess Gwendolyn, was the worst of them all. She had hated Hilda for being born and did her best to make her life miserable. Especially, when she found out that her half-sister was one of her potential fiancés. She would always bully her, and tell her that the prince would love her, just because she was the daughter of the Prince. Even though Hilda was just her half-sister, due to her being the product of an affair.

But she wasn't selected. And now that Gwendolyn was out of the running, she was going to give her a piece of her mind once the Holy Court chose the new bride for Prince Quinus. She was just happy that her half-sister was a failure of a princess. She had no magical talent and no useful talents. The only thing she had going for her was her good looks and the fact that she was a princess.

"Looks like your daughter's out of the running, Prince Dreyand. It's a shame," Prince Kaindle Hull said with a smirk.

Dreyand kept a stoic face and didn't look at the prince.

"Prince Kaindle... This isn't a competition. And his daughter from his mistress is still in the running," King Rolmund said.

"Of course, your Majesty. But this is an opportunity to give birth to a possible Demi-god. If the Divine Ones will it. Then the Alliance will become unstoppable," Prince Kaindle Hull stated, which got some nods from the Holy Court.

"The Paladins don't have mana veins and are just as deadly as a Demi-god ranked hero. The Paladins are the chosen of our Gods and can use their Holy Aura to purify the sinners. The Gods do not need the children with a Demi-god vein to fight their battles. They're mortals, just like the rest of us. They're no better than the Paladins and how would you know if Quinus' child will have a mana vein stronger than our Palidins? There's no guarantee that he will.

"That is why Paladins are better than a mortal with a Demi-god vein. They've been chosen and it's their devotion that makes them different, and that's the only difference that matters," Prophet Paul said, in a cold tone, and everyone nodded in agreement. While making Kaindle nervous.

"O-Of course, Holy One. It's an old habit from my childhood, please forgive me," Prince Kaindle apologized.

"It's fine, child. Just remember to keep the Gods' will first, and then your own wants second," Prophet Paul said.

"Of course, Holy One," Prince Kaindle said with a bow.

Prophet Paul looked to the final three women kneeling before him.

"Disrobe your veils and dresses," he ordered.

Hilda kept a still face even though she was shocked on the inside. She slowly reached up to remove her veil, and let her hair fall free.

Her hair was venom-red and reached the center of her back. Her hair had a slight wave, and she had a heart-shaped face with purple eyes. The other two women did the same. One had blonde hair and the other had black hair. All three were hesitant to remove their clothing for it was a sin to show their bodies in public.

"You will not be judged by the gods for removing your clothes in the presence of the Holy Court. For you are all pure and chaste," Prophet Paul said.

With a heavy heart, the three women removed their clothing and laid them down next to them. The blonde who was 16, had a small bosom, but a round, plump ass.

The black-haired princess was 20 years old. She had a modest bust and an okay ass, but her strongest asset was her wide hips.

Hilda was thought to have a similar body to Princess Alexandria, who was the black-haired woman to her left. Hilda had the same wide hips but her ass was bigger and shapely. And her breasts were wrapped in bandages, making them look smaller than they actually were.

"Princess Hilda, why are your bosoms covered?" Prophet Paul asked.

"I am embarrassed by their size, Holy One. My sister says that the Divine Three would punish me for having them," Hilda replied while trying to control her blush.

"Hmmm... Remove the bandages," Prophet Paul ordered.

"Y-Yes, Holy One," Hilda replied with a stutter, and she reached up and started to remove her bandages. She slowly started unwrapping the tight fabric and was barely breathing due to her anxiety. She had always kept them bound when her body developed during puberty.

Hilda had barely started unwrapping her breasts when all of a sudden her breasts sprang free from their restraints. It happened so fast that she didn't cover them at first. The Holy Court watched as her breasts bounced around the air with such force that they swayed a bit before settling. Her breasts were pushing past DD-cup and they were surprisingly perky. Her areolas were dark brown, and her nipples were light pink and were about one inch long and a quarter-inch thick. Hilda tried to cover her breasts up with her arms.

"Don't be shy, Child," Prophet Paul said.

"Y-Yes, Holy One," Hilda said in a quiet tone. She slowly lowered her arms and showed the fullness of her breasts. Her bust size was big enough to rival the Queen of Fiafyr, and with her wide hips and amazing ass how could any man resist.

"Ohhh..." Prophet Paul gasped.

"They are beautiful and big enough to feed ten children," King Rolmund said.

Hilda couldn't help but feel creeped out by all the men staring at her naked body. Even if they were the most powerful men in the Alliance of the Divine Three. She had never seen so many men stare at her without clothing. Some glared at her while others had lustful gazes.

Kaindle gritted his teeth when he noticed that the Prophet, with everyone else in the room, was ignoring his daughter, Alexandria, for this girl of a mistress.

"Who in their right mind would want to have a woman with such unwieldy assets," Prince Kaindle said with anger and envy but stopped when the prophet glared at him.

"She isn't being married to one of our flock, Prince Kaindle," Prophet Paul reminded the Prince, who just sat there with his mouth open.

"My apologies, Holy One. But could the reports from this Duvel Wrightwood be correct? Are we sure that Prince Quinus is really this perverted of a man?" Prince Kaindle asked, with a snarky tone, which earned a few chuckles from the Holy Court. His comment made Hilda self-conscious and blushed with embarrassment.

"He is a man born into a kingdom with a false Goddess. They don't understand that they are damned to an afterlife of pain and misery," Prophet Paul said, as he turned his head back towards Hilda and the other women.

"So, shouldn't we save him by having him marry a proper woma—"

"Enough... We have come to a decision," Prophet Paul said while raising his hand to quiet everyone. To Kaindle's dismay. While Hilda flinched in surprise.

"Princess Alexandria, Princess Raine, you are dismissed," he said, as both women got up and gathered their clothes, before quickly leaving with tears in their eyes.

"Princess Hilda. You may get dressed," he said, and the princess grabbed her clothes and began putting them back on in a hurry. Hilda sighed in relief when she was no longer naked. Her Father smirked once his daughter was chosen by the prophet. When someone's bloodline gets chosen by the Holy One, then it is seen as a great honor.

"Arguing with the Holy One is futile, Kaindle," Dreyand told the Prince.

"Tch!... Who said I was arguing?" Kaindle scoffed.

"The Divine Three don't take kindly to liars and hypocrites. Do you wish to join the people who practice the false religion, Prince Kaindle?" King Rolmund said with a smile while making the Prince uncomfortable.

"No, your Majesty... I know that the Divine Ones' version is far grander than ours," Kaindle said.

"I'm glad you've come to this understanding. But remember that the Divine Three's forgiveness can only go so far," King Rolmund warned the Prince who bowed his head to the table.

"But it had to be Dreyand's child. It should have been my line to bring the Fiafyr Kingdom to the Alliance. Then I would have become the new head of the Principality," Kaindle muttered under his breath before raising his head.

"I couldn't hear you, Prince Kaindle. Can you speak up," Prince Dreyand asked while looking at Kaindle with a cold look.

"I was reminding myself to check in on the farm yields in the north, once we are done of course... That is all, My Lord," Kaindle lied as the blood drained from his face.

"Is that so... Well, may the Divine Three bless us with a good harvest," Dreyand said with a stoic face.

Kaindle looked away from Dreyand and the King as he tried to calm his heart down from almost getting caught. At the same time, Prophet Paul walked up to Hilda after she was dressed.

"Your body is a gift from the Divine Ones, and you must use it to bring life into the world. This will be the first step in bringing salvation to the people of Fiafyr," Prophet Paul said, with a serious face.

'Is that all I am to the Holy Order? A broodmare. An object to be used as a tool for the Gods,' Hilda thought as she looked down at her feet.

"Your body will be the key to unlocking the future," he added.

"I understand, Holy One," Hilda said, her voice slightly cracked.

'I-It's fine... As long as I don't end up going to the Monastery. I can bear this burden for a short while. At least I have a chance of marrying Prince Quinus and saving myself from a life as a nun,' Hilda thought, as she wiped a few tears from her eyes.

"What is the matter, child? Is there something wrong?" Prophet Paul asked with concern.

"N-No, Holy One... I was just crying tears of joy. I didn't expect to be a part of a plan so grand and amazing," Hilda lied while forcing a smile.

Prophet Paul smiled and nodded his head.

"Good, very good, child. We will pray for your success," Prophet Paul said, and he turned and walked back to his throne.

'It will all be worth it in the end... I'm sure,' Hilda thought.

"We will have to update her wardrobe to match the Fiafyr Kingdom's standards," King Rolmund said, and Dreyand nodded.

"I'll send a tailor to prepare her for the journey. And I will have her maid, Gretchen, join her as well," Dreyand said.

"Who will make sure things go smoothly, once they reach the palace?" Kaindle asked.

"I will send my son, Prince Zane. He will make sure everything goes as planned," Dreyand suggested.

All the princes of the Principality nodded.

"Then let us pray to Paul the Wise, Joseph the Pure, and Michael the Virtuous. For they will watch over our Princess Hilda," Prophet Paul said, as everyone in the Holy Court put their hands together and closed their eyes.

"Let us pray..."

"Amen," everyone said in unison.

With that, all the Principality stood up and made their way to the exit. While Prophet Paul, King Rolmund, and Prince Dreyand remained on the raised dais. Hilda was still standing there waiting to be dismissed.

"We will make preparations for offering the princess to the Kingdom of Fiafyr. But they won't accept her until the Crown Prince turns Twenty years of age," Rolmund said, while the others nodded.

"Such a strange tradition... If a woman is on her cycle, then she's old enough to get married. But the heirs of nobility and royals have to wait till they turn Twenty years of age to marry. How odd," Prophet Paul said.

"It was a law put in place by the First King of Fiafyr. So, their sons could grow to their full potential. They can marry a woman at any age. It just turns out that my daughter was born the same year as him," Dreyand explained.

"Well, we will start the preparations in the morning," King Rolmund said as Dreyand stood up from his throne and walked towards the exit, but stopped next to his daughter. He didn't look at her when he spoke.

"You can go back to your room, Princess," Dreyand told his daughter.

"Yes, Father," Hilda replied as she followed her father. They left the Prophet and the High King alone.

"She will need a tutor on how to please a man," Rolmund said while thinking out loud.

"That is unnecessary, Your Majesty. I'm sure her beauty will be more than enough for the young prince," Paul said.

"And what if she isn't?" Rolmund asked with a raised brow.

The Prophet smiled, "If she can't please a man, then why did the Divine Ones give her that body? She will not fail us. For the Gods will be watching her."

The High King smiled and shook his head, "That's not the point, Holy One. There could be outside forces that could harm the plan. We don't need the princess becoming a laughing stock, just because of her inexperience."

"If she's unable to fulfill her role. Then we'll send another," Paul said, as he walked to his private chambers.

"It would be a shame to send her to the Divine Ones at such a young age. Regardless, I'll have Terenthiel inform the Prime Minister about the peace treaty and we have chosen a bride," Rolmund said.

"I will leave you to it, your Majesty," Paul said before he left the throne room.

'Let us see if the boy's parents raised him right... It will make it easier for Divine Three to guide him to salvation. If not, then I wonder if we'll need to purge them of their sins,' Rolmund thought.

Prince Dreyand walked through the open door with his daughter in tow. Just as they entered the room, an angered woman walked up to him.

"I can't believe you allowed her to compete," Princess Aelene said, while her daughter, Princess Gwendolyn, was glaring at Hilda.

Hilda has never seen her stepmother so upset.

"Silence!... You come to me and dare to defy the Divine Ones' orders? She may have been born a mistake but she's still my blood," Dreyand said, with anger.

Hilda felt numb. But this wasn't the first time her father had belittled her existence in front of her stepmother.

"That mistake has prevented your true daughter from getting the attention of any royal suitor. I won't stand for it any longer," Princess Aelene yelled out.

"What is done is done, Aelene. I will not change the path the Divine Ones have laid out before me... She is not to be harmed and will be living with us until she has to leave," Dreyand said.

"This is ridiculous! She's a filthy commoner!" Aelene screamed out before Dreyand slapped her.

SLAP!

Aelene was hit so hard that her head turned, and she almost fell on the floor.

"Do not forget your place, Aelene. I'm the one that makes the rules... And no matter how many times you try to call her a commoner, it doesn't change the fact that her mother was a conquered royal... I grow weary of your complaining. Do not tempt my patience again," Dreyand said in a dark tone.

Hilda was stunned. She has never seen her father this mad before.

'Is this what my life is going to be?... Stuck as a broodmare to the Divine Ones. I-I've been a fool...' Hilda thought, as the tears came to her eyes.

"And I expect you to support her, Aelene. Or do you wish to meet the Divine Three," Dreyand threatened.

Aelene didn't respond as she glared at Hilda.

"I'll do as you wish, My Lord," Princess Aelene replied, with a hint of sarcasm.

"Good. Now take her home and get her fed. She will be learning Fiafyrian etiquette," Dreyand demanded. The Princess Mother bowed and left with Gwendolyn, who was also bowing to her father. Hilda just stood there, lost in thought.

"What are you waiting for, Hilda? Get out of here. And don't cause me any problems. If you do, I'll toss you into the Divine One's Monastery," Dreyand warned as his wife put him in a sour mood.

"Y-Yes, father," Hilda said, not wanting to test her father's patience as she walked towards the hallway where her stepmother and stepsister went.

Dreyand rubbed his forehead and sighed.

'Why must women be so difficult? Aelene has been nothing but a problem since I brought home Hilda... They know their place but they keep trying to act like they are the same as men,' Dreyand thought, as he walked to his room to be alone.

Hilda learned to survive in a hostile environment over the past two years. Her stepmother and stepsister would take their anger out on her. At the same time, her father was too busy to stop them.

Hilda had learned how to outwit her stepmother, as she was smart and crafty. And the more time she spent in the palace the more her stepmother resented her. This just made Hilda more calculating and cunning, which was a trait that her father loved about her. He knew she would need it to survive in the Fiafyr Kingdom.

Hilda knew that her stepmother would try to sabotage her at every turn, so she had to plan ten steps ahead of them. Which was the best lesson her stepmother and stepsister had taught her. Even if that wasn't their intention.

She had become a formidable woman. But in the Alliance, she was just a woman who had to play a role. For they must serve men as foretold by the Divine Three.