

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1531: Success!

Chapter 1531: Success!

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The clock was ticking, seconds were fleeting, and they had no time to waste!

With the whistling orders given, the dogs began their staged performance.

In particular, the big Chrompo dog jumped towards the Burly man, allowing its skin to get brazed slightly.

Yet, it acted as though the enemy had almost pieces through its heart.

Grrrr~~~

It gritted his teeth fiercely, cowering away as though too afraid of the big man.

The others, seeing their leader 'injured,' quickly swarmed in to protect him while slowly backing away.

And with one final look, they made for the hills, with some limping and others supporting their 'heavily' injured comrades.

The Baymardians, who had been watching the battle unfold from a distance, would never truly allow the dogs take any big hits.

There were snipers on the go to tranquilize any who delivered a fierce hand.

And after the tranquilizer hits its mark, the dogs would secretly yank out the tiny dart mid-battle.

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They've trained them for this.

With several whistling orders, these dogs could do wonders... Especially the Chrompo dogs who are too spiritual and smart. (Thanks to Landon).

Sometimes, they didn't need to give orders, as these dogs knew exactly what to do.

As for the tranquilized guards that watched over the caravans earlier, they were long dragged away by the dogs after the women ran far.

These men were dragged to the woods and taken away by the Baymardians.

They wanted these men awake for questioning. Thus, they only give them the doses that would be ineffective after 10 minutes.

Now, these bastards were awake, though their hidden points were sealed, leaving their tongues too heavy to make a sound and their limbs numb.

As Lucy had said, they would need all the help they could get when trying to infiltrate the fortress. And though they weren't expecting these captured men to talk, the art of physiology was a beautiful thing.

Here people, no matter how tough they were, all had one weakness--- Their high and night Morg egos!

Though they might remain expressionless, the movements of their muscles and several other subtle actions can make one guess If the answer to the question asked would be a Yes or a no.

Morgan might be the biggest thing to many in this world.

But with Landon's blend of advanced knowledge spread across Baymard that integrated things from the ancient and the future, the aspects these Morgs had overlooked or not discovered in their Assassin/killer training were all studied by the Baymardians.

Of course, this was still a new world. And there were also some things Morgany did that were new to Landon and the Baymardians.

Bottom line, Lucy and the rest wanted to try their luck with these few T.O.E.P captives.

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Woooo!!!~~~~

The dogs barked and fled the scene.

'Damn wild dogs!!!'

The burly man wiped the blood from the corners of his mouth, inwardly cursing the pack of wild dogs.

Recalling the few powerful punches he received from the Dog King, leader of the pack, the burly man couldn't help feeling it a stain on his killer resume.

What will people say if they find out they got attacked and beaten up by a pack of mangy dogs and lost?

Yes!

Though the dogs fled, the burly man felt they still lost.

How shameful!

Who will assign them to do more killings or jobs if they can't even handle a pack of dogs fast?

F***!

The matter would make them a laughing stock, the pun of all jokes in the Society.

Mind you, these were dogs and not wolves!!!!

What's more, these dogs even managed to drag the bodies of their dead T.O.E.P men away, probably planning to defeat them in some cave or location where the dog pack resided!

He could already see it now... The others getting devoured by the baby dog cubs and many other mutts around.

Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!

How was he to explain this without losing his impeccable reputation?

The burly man felt his chest rise and fall severally as he tried hard to control his breathing.

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Too hard.

Bam!!!

His fist smashed into a tree, leaving a fisted print on it.

However, compared to the strength that damn dog from earlier showed, his hand strength was nothing to be in awe of.

'Now, even dogs dared to be stronger than I, a Level 6 killer?'

Bam!

He smashed his fists into the tree again, swiftly turning his attention to his men.

His eyes were morbid, his aura deadly, and coupled with the terrible scar across his face, the burly man seemed dreadfully mighty in a dangerous way in the eyes of his men.

"Listen up and listen well... I don't care what happened tonight. I don't care what you thought you fought against or what you conjured up had happened... I'm telling you that today, we were ambushed by a pack of Golden wolves, no more than 170... I understood?"

The men tactfully glanced at each other from the corners of their eyes.

"Hmmm..."

Yes. It wasn't dogs they fought with but one of the deadliest types of wolves, Golden wolves.

They even exaggerated the number. But so what?

If they say that's what went down, then that's what bloody hell went down!

After all, everyone here understood how important their reputation was as killers and members of the Society.

They were also inwardly glad they didn't reach a close enough place where T.O.E.P scouts could swarm in and spy on the matter.

If the scouts came in, saw them at a disadvantage, and went to bring backup over, do you know how much their current shame would be amplified?

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F***!

Were they damsels in distress in need of saving from simple animals like dogs?

No matter how fierce these wild dogs were, no one would take their story seriously.

A dog was a dog!!!

And they would be the biggest losers, who would have their positions degraded, with those above feeling they were too weak and disgraceful for their current ranks.

Others would want them impeached from their ranks, and domains would come in from people not finding them pleasing to the eye.

Though they, the T.O E.P members, were united against outsiders, they had great competition amongst themselves, with some people being their allies and some being their foes.

If this sort of thing went out, they would be kept in a corner, only used for the lowest of jobs, all in the name of giving them more time to rain since they couldn't even handle a group of little dogs.

So how could they let such n

Augh~

In under a second, everyone had a glimpse into what their future would be like if news of this nature went out.

As for the women, who would truly consider what those frightened ladies saw?

After capturing the women, they would instill the words Golden Wolves to their kinds in subtle ways, saying; they shouldn't dare to run away if they don't want to be eaten by Golden wolves.

It was dark out, with the trees blocking 80% of the moon's light.

So who can say for sure what they saw?

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The burly man squinted his eyes dangerously.

"Go! Find all prostitutes and bring them back!!!"

Whoosh!

The men vanished, leaving the burly man and a few others alone on site.

Again, only about 70% of the women fled. The rest either stayed because they were too scared to move or wanted to stay to prove their loyalty to these people and pave their way to grace the beds of the prominent leaders wherever it was they were headed.

The burly man thought it would take quite a while. But surprisingly, these fled women had been running around the same site since their big escape. (Thanks to the Baymardians)

These ladies didn't even know they were going in a loop.

In the end, they were all brought back and thrown into the caravans once again.

Bam!!

The barred doors were shut, and the culprits who opened them found.

"You lowly women dared to take the take off our deceased men and open the latches. Since you're all bold, I hope you can keep it up after we arrive."

His words were calm but left many's hearts thumping in fear.

What did he mean?

Would these few ladies that opened the caravans get tortured to death?

The many women looked at the few pale-skinned ladies with pity, contempt, and all sorts of emotions.

'Poor things... I hope they can last through it all.'

'Hmph! Serves them right. So what if you're pretty? You dared to go against these big men. So it's only fair you get punished. Yes! Less competitors to fight against!'

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Now, with the horses retrieved and the women here, the burly man gestured his orders with his fingers.

Go!

In a flash, the caravan had hastily left the scene, not knowing they were carrying a few imposters within their midst.

Those in the air force units smiled.

"The eagles are soaring high! I repeat, the eagles are soaring high!"

Good...

Lucy chuckled. "Copy that, Air Force U23. Keep an eye on the passage."

Soon, it would be her time for action!

Chapter 1532: True Or False?

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop. Gallop.~

The caravans made their way through the hidden road passing countless trees that stretched their branches to cover the moon's rays.

Only a wee bit of moonlight illuminated the scene. Many would find it hard making their way in such conditions past the confusing road.

But the burly man and his entourage calmly advanced with their horse reins in hand, only keeping a vigilant watch on their surroundings for any more beastly attacks.

But so far, nothing had dared to attack them again.

And wouldn't you know it, an arrow with a white cloth tied on it shot through the air, landing its mark in a tree inches away from the Burly man.

Scouts!

The burly man's eyes shone in understanding.

As expected, their delay made the scouts rush forth to see what the issue was.

Any potential intruders or dangers must be reported A.S.A. P to the Fortress superiors.

The burly man inwardly praised his quick-thinking mind for acting fast.

Or else wouldn't these people see them at a disadvantage against mere dogs?

No! Golden Wolves! Golden wolves!

That was what he saw, and that was that.

He had brainwashed himself so much that he was starting to believe it.

"Halt!!" He ordered while yanking the arrow from the tree.

White cloth, he then slashed several specific points on the cloth and knotted them together before giving it to one of his archers, who in turn shot it into a tree further ahead.

Thap!

Communication established.

The burly man continued on to make several whistling noises in sequence as though they were codes.

He and his guys weren't imposters.

If they couldn't prove themselves, the hundreds of archers already swarming the place would waste no time killing them!

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After a series of confirmations, a slender figure in black descended from the trees like a ghost.

Only the figure's eyes could be seen.

The slender man walked towards them, keeping his eyes on the burly man at all times.

"Why the delay?"

"Golden wolves."

The slender man's eyes flickered.

And in under 3 seconds, he had taken in the appearance of the burly man and everyone else close by.

If the injuries were made by themselves, he would be able to tell.

Likewise, if it were humans they fought, he would also be able to tell too.

His level of expertise was higher than the built man's.

He shifted his eyes dangerously, concluding it should've been a beastly attack.

The clawed scar on the burly man's shoulder could in fact belong to a golden wolf. Such a fierce slash was enough to make one swallow hard.

And he figured the burnt man had dodged most of the attack. This was why the wound wasn't deep but still a fierce one.

Looking around, some evidence countered the story of the beasts being Golden Wolves, while some proved the story accurate.

So in this case, could it be that the pack of wolves had a mix of ordinary and golden ones amongst the lot?

Whatever the case, it was evident that beasts attacked them, not humans.

So the slender man decided to drop the matter.

Ultimately, all that mattered was that they were back with the goods (women).

Nonetheless, he still had to ask all he could as per protocol.

Like so, the caravans continued their journey. Only this time, they were escorted back by the many hidden archers.

And the leader of the bunch, the slender man, calmly took an unused horse, riding beside the burly man.

Yes!

He had noticed they were dragging along several unused horses, probably belonging to those already in the bellies of those 'Golden Wolves.'

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Again, for 12 to be lost meant they, T.O.E.P members, should've been swarmed and surrounded by an uncountable number of beastly enemies.

Yup!

As T.O.E.P men, part of their training involved taming down the many beasts of the world.

Back in Morgany, they would get thrown into forests filled with beasts of all sorts. They were to survive and kill a definite number before leaving.

They would be followed by higher-ranking members who would focus on assessing their training progress.

Sometimes, they would get thrown there, telling them only to fight using one fighting style.

In other times, they would get thrown on the many outrage islands too.

So even if they were battling with Golden Wolves, the slender man felt those 12 to die, the number of beastly enemies must have been too great to count.

Yes... That just be it.

The slender man's thoughts were good.

But if he knew they had battled mere ordinary, common, everyday dogs, he would no doubt take his arrows and shoot them all to death.

What a disgrace!

How can such useless weaklings be part of their great T.O.E.P Society?

The burly man inwardly had cold sweats but maintained a calm face, retelling all that went down.

95% of what he said was true. But the other percentage was made up.

As they say, a good lie has more truth in it.

And just like that, the caravan finally reached a strange point on the road.

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Here, there were over 300 scouts and archers surrounding the scene at all hidden angles.

The hidden road they were on continued forward.

So why did the caravans stop?

Why not continue further?

Heh!

From this point on, if anyone continued, they would fall into a loop designed by them. The loop would not only make one go in circles but also divert them to even deadlier places in the forest.

Additionally, it would lead them straight to several strange hills, they liked to call 'the Hills of illusions.'

The trees there twitched and moved their bodies hourly, stretching their bodies in various ways that made one question if they had passed through the place or not.

Moreover, it was hard to keep track of footprints and things like carriage tracks since the place was constantly swampy, with waters rising and falling between ankle and knee-length every 2 hours.

There were also swamp creatures that would love to drag and feast on those passing by.

Continuing on this same road they were on was no longer feasible.

Then in that case, where were they to go?

Where exactly was the hidden passageway to the fortress?

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1533: Finally found It!

Chapter 1533: Finally found It!

Halt!

The caravans stopped, and the slender man moved his horse to the left corner of the road.

And like so, they branched into the woods, leaving the path.

The trees were spread more openly in these regions, allowing the caravans to move in zig-zag manners about the scene.

--Silence--

Apart from the clanging of the caravans, the huffing sounds from the horses, and the nightly sounds from nature, the scene was quiet, with no one daring to speak.

And in the caravans, a few women were still shifting their tears away, some gloating, some seemingly tired and asleep from crying their eyes out, and of course, a few focused on other important aspects.

In the caravans, the imposters squint their eyes at the tent covering their caged caravan, inwardly making calculations.

'Roughly 11 minutes since we diverted from the path. The horses are suddenly slowing down, meaning we should be close, or there's some obstacle we must pass carefully.'

They took in all details, though they couldn't see anything.

And outside the caravan, the horses were indeed passing through a precarious path in the forest.

It was a gathering of thorny blue roses.

That's right. This particular hill had one major attribute about it... It's many Blue roses of all shoes and sizes.

Some of these roses are ordinary, while others... Well, others bring quite a special surprise to any enemies who don't know its 'value.'

The caravan passed carefully until it reached a giant blue rose, with petals as massive as a single carriage.

Now, it looked sleepy and was relatively harmless.

But during the day, the sun wakes it up, turning it into a blood-sucking flower.

Any being that comes 15 feet close to it would get grappled around its many thorny vines.

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Yes...

It wasn't an ordinary rose, having over 20 long vines that could stretch out quite well.

And the moment it bruises one and gets hooked on their blood, it never lets the person go until they are mummified.

Such a beauty was the guardian of this hidden passageway during the day. And it had its many babies around the scene too.

This was why during the day, they had less people guarding this sight and also forbade any from using the secret passageway here.

Only at night when the beauty and her many children were asleep, could they move about in this manner.

That's why the caravans passed here when they did. At night, they posted 300 and sometimes 500 people here to guard the site.

Of course, even though the beauty and her children were weakest now... If one accidentally woke the snoring gang up, you best believe these plants would use all their reserve strength to fight till the very end.

This was why they carefully moved the caravans and horses, not daring to step on any vines belonging to them.

Ordinary green vines they could step on. But blue vines were out of the question!

The giant beauty had her petals plumbing down and even toll now, one violent see the hidden passageway, showing how gigantic she was.

Only when very close one could see the beauty was sleeping before a hidden tunnel.

Listening to the news from the air force teams, Lucy tightened her grip on her arm guard shield.

"Copy

that. Keep a close watch on how they act around the plant."

[Roger that, ground team. Over.]

Tut...

Alright.

Lucy took in deep breaths.

"Everyone take positions!"

Yes!

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Holding their weapons, everyone's heart more or less trembled.

No matter how many times they've gone on missions, facing life and death always brought out a wave of emotions hidden within.

Don't get too close to frighten the chicken.

Those were their thoughts while positioning themselves across the bushy forest region.

The air force units assisted, and the gang now surrounded the semi-circular formation the scouts had formed around the hidden passageway.

"Enemy surrounded!"

Good.

Steady... Steady...

With tightened grips on their sniper rifles, they squeezed the levers, secretly counting down in their hearts; 8... 7... 6...

The countdown was on, and heat vision mode was on lock.

And amidst the surrounding scouts a distance away, 2 scouts were leaning on a soaring tree, not knowing danger was fast approaching!

"Hahaha~... I can already see the crowning of the weakling coming to pass." One of them spoke out with a sly grin on his face.

"Hmmm... Now, we, the Society, will have complete control over this poverty-stricken place! Hah! Finally, we get to go home to Morgany for a breather after this!"

"Indeed. There's no place like home."

"Wait!... Do you hear that?"

The duo raised, only to hear a few of their people snoring away!

"These bastards!" One of them yelled angrily, calling into the few on other trees, dozing off.

"What the hell are you guys doing? Don't you know we're supposed to stay alert? Are you deserving of the elite positions you are giving?!!"

The duo had scrunched up faces and were just about to leap onto the nearby trees to smack the living daylight out of these sleeping buffoons.

However, before they could have, they too... Seemed to have been infected by some deadly sleeping insect.

Not good!

Their eyes drained in dizziness.

This one... They felt the bite.

It was an instant bite that made their hands and bodies too heavy to lift.

And on the towering tree, one managed to fall safely, sitting on the tree branch, while the other fell flat down 2-stories high.

Bam!

The sandman was here to take them to Sleepy Land.

Move! Move! Move!

The snipers far away had clearer the entering perimeter, allowing Lucy and the rest to swarm in.

Their focus?... Put everyone to sleep and infiltrate the hideout.

The Cleanup team will care for the sleeping enemies once they get in!

With her heat vision goggles, Lucy loaded her shots and delivered several sweeping hits.

The team wasn't going to let Lucy hug all the glory.

Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang~

Jump, roll, and run, all the while hiding behind the many trees along the way.

The scene was epic, as the pressure and the need to meet the deadline w
as choking them whole.

Everyone gritted their teeth, estimating the time on their hearts.

No time! No time! They had to hasten things up!

Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang!~

Good shots!

~Plop.

The snoring men dropped like flies in a drunken state.

But if anyone thought things here were already blockbuster, the chaos across the open
fortress walls was enough to make one lose all hairs on their head.

"Quickly! Ready the bazookas!"

"All teams, get ready to burst through the walls!"

Chapter 1534: The Ever Victorious T.O.E.P!

"Enemy! Enemy alert!"

"Enemy? Impossible! How can that be?"

"What? An enemy? Here? Who gave them the balls?"

With the warnings out, at least 50% of the T.O.E.P gang headed out in the open, running speedily to all corners of the walls to defend their territory.

Yes!

The fortress, though having buildings no more than 2 stories high on the surface, was also surrounded by 2 walls, creating a total of 3 sectors within the fortress; The outer, the mid-sector, and the Innermost sector!

And on all these towering walls covered by greenery, there were stony steps built against the walls and backup ladders for ascending or descending.

The walls had small crevices for the archers to take cover and shoot from behind the walls, though these archers would be standing on an in-built open stairway when making their shots along the various points on the walls.

And now, everywhere one looked on the outer-sector stairways, one could see archers taking positions and firing out at the enemy at will.

There were also those above who stood at the top before the wall's crowns, dicking strategically and shooting the enemy with everything they had.

But who said they were that defenseless?

On the high-up walls, they also managed to acquire a large number of Siege Ballistas, all positioned at the very top, ready to shoot at further angles than humanly possible.

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"Fire!"

Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!

The heavy rain of heavy siege arrows fell from the sky, like the utter nightmare they were.

The Baymardians took protective measures, not daring to get too close to the enemy.

F***!

They were also shocked that the Morgs had Ballistas too!

This... This... Since when?

Dammit?

Morgany was truly a dangerous place.

And though they had sturdy metal military trucks and tanks... their trucks in particular weren't all omnipotent.

With the speed and force of those heavy arrows falling, their vehicles would begin to wearily throughout the battle.

And once an opening is made, if arrows continuously poured in that same spot, they dared say those deadly arrows with black powder-filled tubes in their backs would do a whole more damage than one could imagine.

One has to admit it though these Morg ballistas aren't as powerful as the newly Improved Ballistas created in Pyno with the help of all UN nations, its effect was still enough to make them careful.

And now, it looked like these T.O.E.P men, though not knowing the real reason for their retreat, had at least gotten the clue that they should be afraid of their famous Morg Ballistas!!!

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On the walls, the many T.O.E.P warriors were going crazy with glee.

They had proud and arrogant smiles, watching the strange iron monsters retreat.

In particular, the one in charge of overseeing the safety of the outer wall smacked the wall excitedly, seeing their victory.

The others around him also commented boisterously too.

"Bloody monstrous bastards! How dare they think of attacking our great wall?"

"Yes! We, the T.O.E.P, have never lost to any beast or man. So how can we lose now?"

"Iron... I suspect that in those iron monsters, we might find enemy soldiers. I reckon they built some iron protective case and enclosed several fast animals in it."

"Same here! I don't believe there's any beast that's actually made of Iron. So it must be the enemy trying to confuse us!"

"Agreed!"

"Agreed!"

"Agreed!"

(*^*)

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On the walls, the burly prominent figures stood like soaring giants, overlooking the battlefield.

The enemy hadn't even attacked yet, but they still felt they had the advantage.

But even though they were fighting back hard, the whole thing had indeed come too suddenly.

What the hell?

This was the first time their base had been attacked!

But by who?

Who was it that knew of their existence and was hell-bent on coming for them with no fear at all?

Wait!... Or could it be those bastards from the mysterious place called Hamunaptra?

The few generals and captains were confident in winning, their priority was always to minimize their losses.

That is, even till this moment, they didn't pit the enemy in their eyes, feeling their Ballistas were the most powerful creations of all!

So what if they had iron-casings protecting them?

"I think they want to shield themselves and reach a close enough range to blow a gate open." One of the T.O.E.P Captain's said, feeling the enemy should also have a large amount of black powder with them in barrels hidden underneath that Iron casing.

Their goal was clear enough to see that even a 5-year-old could point it out.

But as fierce T.O.E.P warriors, how could they ever let that happen?

The Ballistas continued to shoot as many arrows as they could, driving the enemy back.

However, they would soon know how wrong their analysis was.

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Thup. Thup. Thup. Thup!

Boom!

The heavy Ballista arrows with black powder tubes on their backs, continuously made sizable explosions before the many iron monsters that were all too quiet and reserved during this time.

1, 2, 3, 4...

They stayed in that many, with no one knowing what was going on inside.

Until suddenly, the top heads of the iron monsters began to grow higher.

And those on the walls could only watch curiously, with a hint of anxiety stuck in their throats.

"This... This... What do they want to do?"

You ask me? Who shall I ask? &

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No one could answer the question, but everyone knew it would spell anything good.

Yet they didn't think any attack could reach them this far away.

"Hold fire!" Commander One-Brow Griffin called the shots, and many stared at the strange extending neck from the few iron boxes.

Of course, some other iron boxes already had long noses out in the open, that now spun to their direction, pointing at them cleanly.

And before everyone could react, several flashy lights blinked from the iron boxes.

Boom!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The entire world began crumbling down.

Chapter 1535: Successful Infiltration!

Boom!

The entire wall shook from impact from over 40 hits of all sorts.

And the men were the least prepared for such a monstrous attack.

"Ahhhhh!!!~"

Several fell far down the walls to their deaths from the sudden strange force that pushed them back.

The sudden heat, coupled with gravity, was enough to make their legs, heads, and few body parts get turned into gruesome splatters of pace upon impact.

The scene was just too indescribable!

There was blood everywhere one looked, and the smoky mushroom only made the already dark night turn darker.

Griffin hung on the side of a backup ladder, hearing the gruesome cries from his people.

His face was now covered with ashes and cinder, and his body weak from the explosive effects that happened too close to his being.

Blood dripped from his forehead downward, causing a very disturbing image.

Griffin's face turned pale, feeling cold sweat form on his back.

'How? How did this happen?'

How can the enemy have such strange black powder weapons?

No! It shouldn't be like this!

They must've stolen Morg technology. And are probably here to find out what plans Morgany has for Titarian.

'Then I must get the word out and warn my superiors about Hamunaptra's wicked thoughts!'

Griffin gritted his teeth and firmed his mind, planning to escape through any hidden tunnels and passageways, fleeing the fortress as fast as he could.

It was just that he would have to head past the middle and innermost sector to flee the fortress.

Indeed, he would love to stay back and fight these bloody sons of b**ches.

But he knew as per protocol that if something was wrong, he and 5 others were to immediately flee and pass things on, relaying all they knew about the enemy.

First, he had to get the word across about these strange iron boxes and their firing capabilities.

He was sure the technology was stolen from their Morg continent.

If not them, who else can accomplish such a feat?

(?V^V?)

For Morgany, he had to leave now!

But little did he know that things had indeed gone far out of his control than he thought.

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Boom!!!!

The outer sector's metal gate burst open. And in came the massive flock of iron boxes.

"Run! Run! Retreat into the 2nd sector!!!"

Someone exclaimed loudly as desperation stretched out on the faces of many.

Never in their lives had they thought they would face such a gruesome level of pain.

The metal boxes were vicious, shooting at every angle and every being without mercy.

Ahhhhh!!!~

The explosion sent many flying high and fast, so much that they smashed themselves into the 2nd wall, cracking their skulls hard in the process.

And maybe even scarier was the thick fog that occurred after the thunderous sound echoed out.

The fog was filled with screams and cries from the pits of hell themselves.

It was such a monstrous sight that though those on the 2nd walls were blinded by the smoke, they still decided to grit their teeth and fire their stationed Ballistas in any and all directions, even if it meant killing their surging colleagues below. Well, they did give them a 10-breath window before closing the gates on the 2nd wall, no?

At this point, those locked out were considered lost men though some were still alive.

And wouldn't you know it, Griffin was one of them.

Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!

He was trapped!

Trap led in here with nowhere to run!

For the first time, his face distorted in horror, feeling death's claws suddenly too close for comfort.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock...

In no time, his time was up.

Boom!!!!

The ground rose several feet high, many screamed, blood-splattered, body parts flew, and countless people closed their eyes for the last time.

... Dead.

Hamunaptra had struck again.

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Ahhhhh~~~

Down below, the many women in captivity screamed and tightly held each other while listening to the many hasty footsteps ringing a mock in the underground maze-like palace.

There were over 300 women, some on the brink of death, others injured with bruises, burnt and whip marks on their bodies, and some with nothing wrong with them.

"Oh, will you just shut up? Cry, cry, cry! That's all you know how to do!!"

'Stop it! Don't attack her! Why do you have to be so mean all the time?'

"The many women exposed their true natures in the face of danger around them.

Some had been here for over 3 years and had never experienced what was going on here today.

From the many footsteps one could tell the guards and the few conversations they locked up, it was clear an enemy was attacking the fortress.

And from all the commotion, it seemed like a big enemy too.

Now, they had several worries to fear.

What if this enemy does worst things to them if they succeed tonight?

For all they knew, it could be cannibals that ventured into the space.

To many, better the devil they knew than the angel they didn't.

With their luck, many didn't think it would be anyone better.

Ivanka and the other Baymardians undercover suddenly rose to their feet, walking towards the entrance of the sleeping space amidst everyone's grumbling.

As planned, those above should have already crossed the 2nd wall by now.

But for them, it was time to head to the hidden chambers and find all they could before the enemy destroyed anything beneficial when realizing their defeat was inevitable.

"Hey!" Someone saw their suspicious acts of rolling up their pants and taking out a dagger from nowhere!

F***!

Weren't they all checked before being sent in? So where did these people get these daggers?

And more still, why was one of them reaching for her hair?

The woman watched the few Baymardian ladies lure the few guards closer, like honeycomb traps.

Wait... Wait...

Knife?... Guard?...

The woman's hairs stood in fear, hoping it wasn't what she was thinking.

"Hey! What are you guys trying to do? You'll get us all ki---"

Slash!!!"

Ivanka gripped the guard outside the door, first tapping his mute points before plunging her dagger into the back of his neck.

... Alright.

They seemed to have gotten everyone's attention.

('0')

Chapter 1536: The Golden-Haired Man.

F***!

What did they just see?

Everyone was more than taken aback by the boldness of the few women before them.

And before they could reach, these women had not only knocked down the few guards standing by, but also began unlocking the many places across the barred door.

With the trouble above, most of those guarding them had fled, leaving a mere 3 standing guard.

But Ivanka and her girls didn't stop there.

In a blink of an eye, 3 of them switched attire with the killed guard.

Seeing all this, the many women were more than afraid of these strange pale-faced women... Especially after listening to the orders from the leaf one.

"Ashley... You know what to do..."

The one named Ashley nodded, knowing she and a few others would be in charge of leading these women out as planned.

As for Ivanka and the rest, they were out to find all the information they could get.

But for this, they couldn't do it alone.

Ivanka looked at the 27-year-old lady before them.

There were others older and maybe more experienced than this lady. However, through their little time here, they concluded that this woman posted more trustworthy attributes compared to the other older ones.

"Are you sure you know your way about these parts?"

The ginger-haired woman nodded vigorously: "Yes... Yes!... I've served here for 4 years and am one of the oldest survivors. It is near impossible for someone to last here for more than 5 years."

"Good... Your service is much appreciated. But don't worry, nothing ill will come to you with us around." Ivanka assured.

And though she didn't need to go into detail, anyone with a brain could see that the attacks from above might have something to do with them.

Now, hearing her affiliation, the shifting ginger-head woman couldn't help but sigh with relief.

Maybe it's because she always wanted revenge, or perhaps because she felt tonight the heavens were in their favor, that she boldly volunteered to show them the way.

Over her time here, she had served the few most powerful men in this fortress severally.

So she knew the path to take, even if her eyes were closed.

And just like that, Ivanka's team left the site while Ashley's gang began their grand escape.

Of course, some were unwilling to leave with this group, secretly an inn to alert any T.O.E.P men they met along the way.

But after hearing that this place might get blown up with black powder after this... Who would want to stay any longer and risk getting buried to death?

No way!

Now, they only hoped these ladies could bring them out quicker!

.

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din.

Ivanka's gang stealthily rushed out, looking left and right at all times.

"You there! Halt!... What are you lot doing out at this---"

Fhup!!!

Ivanka plunged a few pebbles onto the man's throat with her supernatural strength.

And before the man could fall, he was caught by the other ladies.

They dragged him to the corner and began taking off his clothes.

"Quickly!" Ivanka urged.

And soon, they were running once more.

And because of the chaotic enemies also running amok, they blended well into the scene, with the ginger-haired woman being the only one in prostitute attire.

Anyone who saw this scene would think maybe on their way to bringing her to the big bosses for some fun, the attacks from above began.

And now, maybe they were trying to keep her in another quiet corner until things calmed.

In the end, the woman was escorted by many of their T.O.E.P men. So what harm could she cause?

Many weren't focused on her but the constant cries for backup from those above.

"Dammit! Who the hell dares to attack us so blatantly?"

"F**king bastards! They've really hit us in a tight pinch."

"Hurry! Hurry!"

Send all the barrels of black powder out!!!"

(*π*)

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Like so, Ivanka was ahead, but Lucy wasn't far behind too.

What?

A few standing guard at one of the tunnel exits into the fortress were shocked beyond belief, seeing the strange people storm in.

But before they could smack their lips in warning, a sudden rush of pain flooded their senses.

Peuu! Peuu! Peuu!~

Lucy's silencers went straight for the kill, taking down as many as she could.

"Your majesty, 9 O'clock."

Peuu!~

Lucy took care of the last one, nodding tactfully to her gang.

Very quickly, some pulled the bodies to the sides, while others rolled to the corners, slowly inching their way forward with sharp vigilance.

3 of the men leaned tightly along the stony walls, slowly crouching down and taking out compact mirrors to take a peek.

But though the many fire torches on the walls gave off dim lights, which should've been enough, the torch's reach created many dark corners along the paths... Especially with how they were strategically placed.

So for all they knew, there might be hidden guards lurking in these shadows.

1, 2, 3... 6 spotted in the dark.

Maybe the heavens bless his majesty Landon for inventing Heat vision technology.

Peuu! Peuu! Peuu! Peuu!

What?!!!!

Everyone happened so fast that those falling to their deaths felt it too surreal.

What was fast? This was fast!

They hadn't even heard the whistling sounds of an arrow to react and protect themselves.

So how exactly did the enemy shoot them down?

Many didn't understand, struggling for air as suffocating quickly took hold of them.

And soon, they closed their eyes for the last time.

Dead.

It had come too fast for these omnipotent T.O.E.Ps.

Lucy kept her expression cold.

"Let's go." Though they were winning, she wouldn't be so confident just yet.

The enemy... The enemy might have a higher trick up their sleeves once they find themselves cornered.

And sure enough, her guess was right because, at this very moment, a man with golden hair and a powerful aura listened to the reports with a calm expression.

In fact... one might say he was too calm.

Chapter 1537: Women?

Tap... Tap... Tap...Tap...

The strange man tapped his armrest, listening to the reports from the few around him.

"My Lord... That is all."

"Oh?..." The golden-haired man chuckled, not feeling threatened by this sudden enemy.

Instead, a sudden playful smile emerged from his calm lips.

"And here I thought Titarian was boring."

Everyone didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Though they would never admit it, they inwardly felt their Lord had many pins loose in his head.

That is, who would pray for such a situation?

(?0?)

Maybe because of their Lord's need for crazy adventures over the years, the T.O.R.P had stationed him in this region, overseeing all matters pertaining to the base.

Though blue-skin Lord Mushu was Titarian's Number one man in all society matters... One could say their pale-skin Lord indirectly oversaw everything these Blue-Toned Titarian people did.

This base was the Society's main headquarters in Titarian. So of course, a powerful and high-ranked Morg such as their Lord would be sent over.

And as time passed, their lord had always been restless because of the inactivity and 'boredom' around these parts.

He badly wanted an enemy that would make him think and bleed blood.

If it were before, they would say such an enemy didn't exist since anyone in their right minds would dare go against the Society, except they were Adonis bastards.

But who would've thought there would be a new contender in the mix?

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"Hamunaptra..."

The man murmured the name amidst everyone's silence.

"My lord... You must make a call now... We don't have much time."

"He's right, my lord." Someone added. "It's impossible to take everything important out in this short time. So we must destroy it all before the enemy can get their hands on them."

"Right!"

Everyone in the room had sullen faces, thinking of all the essential documents and items they had in this base.

You have to know that even those executed a while back still had reported documents about them that were stored here for the time being.

That's right.

Every year, those in Morgany send powerful fleets to Titarian to collect these documents and items... Even if there were reports on cases closed by them, the T.O.E.P.

History must be preserved and studied by their famous Morg Historians and strategists who would analyze things detailly.

To become the powerful continent they were, it wasn't by luck.

Even matters 10 and even 50 years ago were still their possessions located in the few safest and most well-guarded vaults in Morgany.

It's said one would have to be a God to break in.

Morgany was a very organized place!

And wouldn't you know it, they hadn't dent out this year's reported documents on all matters back to Morgany.

Though many of these matters were closed ones, the enemy will definitely pick up on a few hints and spell out trouble for them.

It was unfortunate, but as it stood now, they had no choice but to burn everything to the ground!

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"My Lord!... Our chances of winning are slim. They have us surrounded and should be long thought of counter-attacking us. The forest regions might be surrounded by thousands and thousands of Hamunaptra knights. So we must act fast!"

"Hmmm..."

The Golden-haired man hummed, slowly standing, making his way to his armor with calm steps.

"Light! Shadow!"

"My lord." 2 lead men knelt.

"Bring all 3 Ghoul cases and destroy the rest."

The men tactfully nodded once, leaving the space.

They stepped out, and those under their command waiting outside followed them.

Their lord didn't need to speak much for them to know their instructions.

Light was to hurry to grab the specific documents, burning everything else to the ground with his team.

As for Shadow, they didn't need to blow up every part of this place.

No!

There were some columns and structural parts that held the entire thing together.

And once destroyed, the entire underground palace would come crumbling down.

It was unfortunate that in doing so, they would also be killing their other T.O.E.P members.

But as they say, desperate times called for desperate measures.

There were already barrels of black powder buried around these columns and structures for events such as today's.

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The golden-haired man raised his hands, allowing the others to put his chest armor on.

And when done, the man walked towards his bed, snapping his fingers at the men.

Brmmm!

The bed was pushed away, revealing a small wheel initially covered by the headboard.

Immediately, many could see it had sturdy ropes passed along it.

And with several turns, a trap door on the ground opened.

Many had never seen this passageway before!!

Wait!...

Don't tell them this was how their lord used to sneak around before.

Sometimes, they thought he was a ghost.

But who knew he had his own private passageway just for himself?

Well... Now that the entire undergoing palace was to crumble down, there was indeed no use hiding this path anymore.

The lord's eyes flickered. "Let's go."

He wanted a fight but knew now wasn't the time.

Soon enough, he would have his opportunity to come for Hamunaptra.

Din. Din. Din. Din~

The gang calmly walked down a set of stairs before reaching a leveled path.

The men kept their paces fast, with slight smiles on their faces.

How good it would be if these bastards would get buried underneath!

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Like so, a thousand things took place all at once, with the Baymardians infiltrating the underground fortress from the many hidden tunnels as well from above.

Soon, the kidnapped women met with Lucy and her team, who sent a few to escort them out, while Ivanka was almost there, reaching the most Fortresses' vault.

But as fate would have it, they seemed to have arrived at the same time Light, and his gang did.

"You!~~~."

Both sides stared at each other.

And instantly, Light, a far superior Morg, knew they were frauds!

But what made them feel dumbfounded were the faces of these masked fraudsters.

What?

Women?...

They didn't think these women were the same as those who attacked them.

These women should definitely be the ones they f***ked hard over the years.

Yes! They should have disguised themselves, looking for a way out during the attack? Or maybe they first thought of stealing some treasures before leaving.

What was even more irritating was the fighting stance these women took against them.

A group of weak women want a piece of them?

Everyone felt disgusted, feeling it was beneath them to fight women seriously.

Even Light subconsciously relaxed his guard for a bit.

They were women... Lowly spawns born for the single act of Childbirth.

So how tough can they be to handle?

Light sneered.

"Knock them down and get those documents!"

Chapter 1538: Courting Death!

"Hehehehe... Boys, would you look at this... A bunch of women thinking they can take us down."

The group of burly men chuckled, finding it too funny.

Light, who was always known for having no expressions, also cracked out a smile, only showing how ridiculous the matter seemed.

Women... How hard can it be to defeat them?

The ginger-haired woman was shivering in fright, while Ivanka and the others only tilted their heads with a playful air around them.

And with both daggers in her hand, she twirled them like DC's Elektra.

One step forth, another step forth.

She and a few walked with smiles on their faces.

But when the more they advanced, the more their footsteps speeded, until they were now running.

And by the time the men realized their actions, the ladies had already killed 6.

Slash!

Ivanka slid on her knees, taking on 2 burly men all at once.

And at this moment, time froze in its tracks, as the men couldn't believe these lowly women dared to fight against them, towering giants.

What strength and stamina can a woman have except for f**king?

Yes... There were organizations like the Witches who believed themselves to be strong.

But even to this day, Morgany hadn't put them in their eyes.

To die at the hands of a woman was the most insulting thing any of them could think of.

And as they watched the bodies of their 3 fallen comrades drop, every man's brain went numb, and their jaws hung wide open in disbelief.

"Cloud!!"

"Blue Fish!"

"High Sky!"

They bellowed the codenames for the few dead while drawing their weapons fiercely.

And like so, the battle between men and women took place.

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Slash! Slash! Pah! Slash!

What?!

One of the men was shocked, seeing how his attack had failed, and made way for his opponent to strike him instead.

Slash!

A deep cut swooshed across his chest, tearing open the flesh for all to see. Luckily, he dodged most of it, or that could've been his end.

"Damn you, woman! You dare attack, I, Iron face Billy?"

Angry. Angry. Angry. Angry.

The man punched the woman in her belly, causing her to jerk painfully.

Such a force should have at least pushed her back a bit.

But the woman gritted her teeth, grabbed the same hand that punched her, and wrapped herself on the man's body like a snake.

What?!

The man was dumbfounded by the woman's flexibility and swift moves.

What sort of fighting technique was this?

The man set his hand towards his back, trying to stop the woman's actions.

But it was already too late.

Pouff!!~~

Blood squirted out uncontrollably from the back of the man's neck when the woman yanked her dagger out.

She still stayed piggybacked, again stabbing the man in the same spot while he ran amok in pain.

No... No... No!!!!

The man held his neck, feeling the air in his body deplete.

His heart struggled to pump all the blood or could, and his body began turning colder by the milli-breath.

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Bam!

He fell to his knees with his hands still on his throat.

Cwack!~

It was hard to say whether the man was coughing or quaking like a duck.

His pain was evident to all as his face turned into a disturbing bluish-pink hue of color almost instantly.

His eyes grew heavy, and he soon lost control of his body.

His hands were no longer working under his control, his legs gone, the feeling around his back vanished... And many more frightening changes occurred that left him unwilling.

No!

He was a proud Morg who had a long time of glory ahead of him. So how could he be willing to die now?

What's more, dying at the hands of a woman!!!

Cwack! Cwack! Cwack!

The man coughed and struggled for survival as blood gushed out his mouth.

And in a blink of an eye, the man struggled no more.

... Dead.

He died with his eyes wide open and his body unwilling with a thousand curses placed in those eyes.

But the culprit, on the other hand, was fighting off others, planning to send more company to the man on the other side.

Hey... At least she was kind, wanting them to all die together, no?

.

Ting!

Light and Ivanka clashed weapons, each side putting up a fierce battle.

Their moves were so fast that it seemed like some fantasy blockbuster movie.

Their blade dance steps only get faster and faster with every attack.

Ting. Ting. Ting. Ting!~

Both had 2 long daggers, blocking each other's attacks whether low, high, or even at the sides. "Hyah!!!"

The duo pushed each other back but didn't rush to attack.

Light looked at Ivanka squarely, burning her image in his mind. "You're good."

A comment of acknowledgment from him didn't come easily.

He hated to admit it, but such skills were on par with their Morg ones... Though in some areas shown by this female warrior, Morgany still prevailed.

However, one shouldn't overlook the new moves he saw her play out, which showed they made up for what they lacked with these new techniques.

Witches?

Definitely not.

He has fought and killed quite a handful of witches.

They weren't this skilled. Plus, he doubted they would have a way to steal and improve Morg techniques.

That's right.

Light recognized a few of her techniques as high ranking techniques in Morgany that not just anyone could learn.

These techniques were exclusive only to Morgany.

So what does this mean?

A traitor!

Someone in their midst had leaked the info and was maybe also involved in tonight's charade.

Spies...

It appears they had long had spies in their midst.

'I must survive and report this matter fast!... But not before I destroy or take the documents away.'

Those documents...

Light stared at the vault chamber with a murderous glint in his eyes.

Those documents must not fall into the enemy's hands!

Chapter 1539: Finally, It's Here!!!!

Running out, Lucy's heart was heavy.

One could say they hadn't lost a substantial amount of people today.

But still, a loss was a loss.

If they had anticipated the enemy's final move, the results would've been different.

Lucy didn't know how she finally fled the underground cave.

But all she knew was how heavy her heart was for the families of these people.

Was this how it felt?

She didn't know how Landon and the others did it, carrying so many people's lives on their shoulders.

It wasn't that this was the first time Baymardians died during battle.

No...

They weren't omnipotent.

And even now with Lucy overseeing a team of 2,000... Having 16 people die wasn't bad.

It was a good statistical number compared to anywhere in this world.

Even Morgs when out in battle, couldn't seem to get such a number no matter how skilled they were.

Maynard had technology to shoot their enemy before they could react, as well as spot their event no matter what hiding place they hid.

Additionally, they had good body shields and strong fighting abilities too.

Such advantages like these lowered the death rates. But it didn't mean people won't die.

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All 16 were buried underground.

And right before their moments of death, they spoke to those in the 'Control tower,' passing messages to those they loved.

It's impossible for these bodies not to be retrieved!!!

After the treaty was done and finalized, excavation teams from Baymard would come over, dig out all piles of rubble and bring these brave soldiers home.

Additionally, they would have to retrieve any Baymardian weapons and items on them.

One needn't worry that the event would dog it out.

Firstly, excavation in this era could take 2 or 3 years, with people relying on slaves and builders to carry the blocks and rubbles buried so deeply into the ground.

Do you know how deep this underground palace is?

It's like a tomb raider setting, too impossible to accomplish in any short time.

The things one might find first would probably be things in the buildings out and above on the surface.

Death was something all marines and soldiers were ready to face, with everyone having a will made should in case they didn't come back.

The families of the dead would be compensated and given certain privileges and glories that belong to the deceased.

Lucy lowered her head, feeling pain erode her heart.

"Your majesty, it's not your fault. None of us predicted their final move, showing we still have much to learn."

This was the first time they had been taken unawares like this.

They also thought the T.O.E.P would value such a place too much to destroy.

In the end, it proved they didn't know their enemy as well as they thought.

Lucy's face was covered in dirt, and her entire body gloomy.

"Round things up for tonight, fast. We leave for the Capital tomorrow."

She didn't want to stay here for another second.

Everyone looked at each other tactfully. "As you wish, your majesty."

"Good..."

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Like so, victory was Baymard's, but no one smiled at such accomplishments.

And that very night, the rescued ladies were blindfolded.

They didn't even know whether they entered a carriage or a wagon, but soon, they reached the forest's perimeters and were set free.

It was already 4:20 A.M.

And by 6, the town's gates would be opened.

They could go in then or stay in the forest if they liked.

Ivanka had given the bag of gold she took from the chamber vault to these ladies.

They distributed it amongst them equally, and now they set them free.

Sometimes, the more one knew, the more dangerous their situation would be.

So they tried their best for these ladies not to know much about them.

Why?

Because in this nearby town, it's clear that some people might be undercover T.O.E.P members.

As for the T.O.E.P scouts they tranquilized, these scouts had long been gagged and locked in the trucks.

Head counts were already done, and everyone knew the death result for tonight's operations.

The dogs were back in their vehicles, and the injured reported their status while the many vehicles drove off.

For now, they had to get as far away from here as possible before stopping to attend to the injured and have breakfast.

The Capital was only a 12-hour drive away from here.

So they should be able to see his majesty Landon tomorrow.

Sigh...

Lucy fell to her bead, in no mood for breakfast.

She took a single protein bar, chewed on it, and thought of the fallen Baymardians.

This was her first time having someone die under her hands. So how could it not trouble her?

She closed her eyes and prayed for her ancestors to teach over those who left.

She also swore that when she got back, she would see the families of these people, personally sending her condolences.

The only thing she was grateful for was that the loss wasn't out of Baymard's scope.

In recorded times, the biggest loss Baymard had encountered in a single battle was 21... And that was when Landon got over 10,000 people to assist Henry take the throne.

Baymard's losses have always been small, with sometimes having only a single person dying and in other times (most of the times), having no one dying, just injured.

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Alas...

Lucy closed her eyes, feeling her tired body sinking deeply into a sleepy abyss.

Operation Destroy Titarian Headquarters Completed.

And now, it was time for her to reunite with her beloved husband.

Things were indeed going as planned.

Not just for the Baymardians but for many others far away too.

For you see, in another glorious empire, several people of high importance had gathered around excitedly.

In particular, one of them was laughing hysterically, not holding back in his lively banter.

Hahahhahaha~

"Everyone make way!!!... It's here!... It's finally here!"

The Holy Core has arrived at Abian's Capital city!

And now, Morgany's powers will grow.

Chapter 1540: The Holy Core Has Arrived!

--Capital City, Abian Empire, Morgany.--

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The plain was still not at its highest peak, but the weather had long been boiling.

It was still 9 A.M. in the Capital.

The well-structured stone roads glistened beautifully, the tall street poles now had people on them with ladders, changing or checking the wax wick from last night.

Yes...

These poles were their street lights, only lit every day at 6 P.M~9 P.M, depending on the season and when darkness began.

Special wax mixed with many substances was created by the many genius Morg researchers. This wax could burn throughout the entire night brighter than others but also long-lasting.

Taxes were cut out for public illumination. And the people enjoyed lit up streets at night.

It goes without saying that Morgany was far ahead of its time, with Litter boys (trash pickers) also in place, keeping all parts of Morgany clean.

Littering was a crime here, and several aspects in tune with a modern society were out in place, though in Morgany's way.

The structural and organizational skills of these people were astronomical.

Yes... They were truly advanced compared to the many regions in this world, though they still hadn't thought of traffic issues yet. (V_V)

Ah~... Morgany, Morgany...

The heavenly dreamland for many was now in a state of constant bliss as several powerful and influential men gathered in Abian's grandest arena-styled hall of all.

Everyone took to their seats in each booth, having their guards stand behind them.

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The Core...

They got word as early as 5 A.M of its arrival.

Hahahahaha~

It looked like luck was still on their side, seeing as those Adonis bastards hadn't intercepted their precious Holy Core.

His majesty Kavier of Abian, as well as the other royals, were here.

And seated in another booth was the one and only Zain Jones in his usual iron mask.

Of course, apart from the emperor and a select few, no one truly knew his name but only recognized from his mask that this man was the leader of the entire Pirate Organization.

For sure, everyone here was a T.O.E.P member. Some were powerful researchers, others healers, some political commanders, others poison masters, and so on.

In this room, there was a gathering of terrifying people with forces one couldn't even imagine, all from the 3 Morgany empires.

As agreed, all empires would work together in understanding this Holy core and making Morgany greater than it already was.

But besides these select few, there was again another unique individual from the empire of Andorian.

The man wore no mask, only a simple smile.

But make no mistake.

As warm as his smile looked, was as dark as his heart truly was.

And who was this 'bubbly' 39-year-old man?

Well, he had many, many, MANY names.

Some called him the Night Whisperer. Others called him the devil's son. But many do prefer to call him Mr. Crane.

Why? Because his mansion was riddled with uncountable types of cranes and exotic birds.

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Heheheheh~

Mr. Crane... Mr. Crane...

Many who don't know better wouldn't think he was doing this because of his love for birds.

But that couldn't be far from the truth.

For you see, this Mr. Crane had a natural gift just like Zain whose body couldn't be poisoned, naturally tougher than iron, and couldn't be easily killed.

In Crane's case, he could control birds of all sorts to bend to his will.

His eagles could fly high for miles, with him connecting to their eyes and ears.

This man was dangerous, knowing all enemies before they marched on.

And in his younger days, he once went to battle, controlling 50 birds all at once.

They say this is the limit of his current powers. His ancestors could control tens of thousands. And as the eras and centuries turn, the control and capabilities of these powers diminish.

But being able to control 50 was already a grand feat.

Tis' the reason Zain and his majesty Kavien hated birds so much. They always felt like they were always being watched.

But apart from his bird-taming cavities, Mr. Crane was one of the strongest warriors Morgany had ever birthed.

He had the power, the army, the connections, and everything else that could make one shiver.

And just like Zain, he was a legend in his own way, with 4 professions, all at top-notch degrees.

He was a renowned warrior, a famous weapon manufacturing master, a powerful Astronomist, and of course, a great Agricultural Developer, creating a more advanced version of their current plow.

Ah yes... His name has already been written down in the history books, no doubt about it.

His contributions to Morgany were all noteworthy.

And now, he was here as a famous weapon manufacturer to get his hands on the holy core and create something spectacular for Morgany once more.

Hmph!

So what if that thieving place called Baymard stole their technologies and created them there?

Once he worked on the Holy Core and made super weapons from it, he didn't believe those bloody Baymardians would be able to raise their heads high anymore.

Thieves!

What belongs to Morgany, they will get back using their latest weapons of destruction!

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Crane had his usual smile on his face, pushing back his bronze-colored hair and leaning into his seat.

"What do you think it would look like?"

His guards stood in silence, knowing he wasn't really talking to them but asking himself the question everyone in the room wanted to know.

Everyone's muscles were clenched, their bodies quivering and their hearts racing uncontrollably.

What to expect? What to expect?

The murmurs from all the booths drowned the space for what seemed like an eternity until suddenly, the massive gong was wrong thrice.

Gong!~... Gong!~... Gong!~

His majesty Kaven had long arrived, so the massive golden gong wasn't struck because of him.

Great!

Everyone was ecstatic.

It was here... Their baby was finally here!!!