

## Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1541: Its True Greatness

### Chapter 1541: Its True Greatness

Holy Core! Holy Core! Holy Core!

Inwardly, many were chanting like children.

The going was like heavenly music to their ears.

All this time, they had been waiting for the Holy Core to be safely transported from its resting place in the well-secured research Academy to this hall.

As many would know, amongst all the various types of Morg academies, the one thing they had in common was their structural arrangements.

In these academies, there were prohibited zones only privileged by T.O.E.P members of certain ranks.

It was safe to say these places were guarded as though all the treasures in the world were found in them.

Some even joked that it would be easier to infiltrate the Morg royal palaces than to attempt sneaking into these places.

F\*\*\*!

It was even better to try sneaking into Adonis' capital city than doing such a suicidal job.

Even the royals worked hand in hand with everyone else to keep these places safe.

So many preferred the Holy core slept in the research facilities than in the palace or any other private site. And the royals couldn't agree less.

This was for Morgany's future as a whole.

That was how safe the place was.

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The gong went off, and in a blink of an eye, over 200 guards stormed into the open space below with massive sabers and weapons of the highest grade.

It looks like even till now, these guards were willing to die to protect the Holy Core from any who tried destroying it here.

Though it was doubtful and near-impossible, maybe a death-assassin or spy would have infiltrated the space.

Archers circled the open space, and swordsmen stood in formation, though not too close to and not too far from the core.

Luckily, the viewing booths were at least 2 floors higher than the ground floor. So everyone didn't have to worry about these people blocking their view of the core.

Alright.

The guards were in place, and the Holy Core was now pushed out on a table with small wooden wheels at the bottom.

The Holy Core was covered with several dark fabrics of the highest qualities. Yet, this much wasn't enough to cover its glistening shine.

And all that was missing was heavenly music to this grand reveal.

~LAAAAAA~~~~

So radiant...

(°Δ°)

Whether it was Crane, Zain, Kaven, or anyone else, they subconsciously leaned forward, staring at the covered object that needed over 30 people to push it in.

Yes!

It was standing on a modified wheelable table made very thick to carry its weight.

According to the reports from those who went ahead of the transporting team, the description of how the Core's height had pulled them down during extraction made Morgany prepare for its weight.

It's said no less than 5,000 people had gathered to pull an ordinary boulder-sized rock out of the volcano.

The letters painted a very fantasy-like image in their heads, making them understand just how Godly this core was.

But again, after the core was extracted from the volcano, it's said its weight wasn't as heavy as before... Though when they arrived on the coastal shores of Morgany, they had to ask the wagon makers there to create a special wagon to transport the stone.

The wagon was far thicker than usual, with reinforced wheels.

And the number of horses pulling the wagons was no more than 14.

With the information they received, they created the perfect wheelable tables for the core to stand on.

If placed on any ordinary table, the core would break it instantly.

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Everyone stared at the incoming air, swallowing their built-up saliva.

And soon enough, the host took to the stage when everyone was almost dying from impatience.

Good God, man... Just reveal it already!!!

(>\*π\*)

The host wore a knowing smile on his face.

"Gentlemen... We are glad--"

~Boom!

Someone broke something in their booth.

"Hurry it up, or you die!!!"

"..."

Erm... Wasn't it against the rules to threaten the host?

If it were another day, someone would stand up and put order to the scene.

But today, even his majesty Kaven wished to kill that bloody host below.

"Holy Core! Holy Core! Holy Core!"

Someone stopped their mallets on the tables in their booths, and everyone joined in, chanting the words [Holy Core] nonstop.

And at this point, the host didn't dare to speak anymore.

With a single flick of his wrist, those surrounding the table carefully removed the many layers of dark fabric covering the sacred stone.

1 layer off, 2 layers off...

Everyone watched the Holy Core underwear with glistening interest.

And with every layer off, the part of the light emitting from the stone was also revealed.

And soon, the crowd came face to face with the magnificent massive glowing shoulder.

All rise!...

Everyone stood with their jaws to the ground and their eyes falling out of their sockets.

It was... It was...

"Beautiful." Someone murmured, finding themselves drawn to the godly stone.

It was hard to describe, but the time had a strange and powerful air about it that made it hard for anyone to peel their eyes off the scene.

Good heavens!

Even from where they stood, they could feel the raw and powerful energy emitting from its glorious shell.

Plop!~

Someone went down on their knees in shock.

"The Holy Core of legend... It's finally here..."

(:TQT:)

Good!... Good... Wonderful!

In the massive hall with prominent men who all have their ways of knowing information, everyone had more or less heard of this Holy Core's history, though briefly.

There wasn't much to go in with. But from the few texts that survived, they knew this Holy Core was a thing that could topple all powers in the world.

They didn't know how to use it exactly, but wasn't that why they had assigned researchers and others to work on it?

Kavian stood majestically.

"Gentlemen... We have the Holy Core! So now, we can begin our long prepared plans for world domination!!"

Chapter 1542: Morgany: Plans For The Future

World domination!

Everyone clapped thunderously, already envisioning the future.

What? You think this was an intention they sprung up all of a sudden?

Hahahahaha~

Naive!

If one thinks that, they truly don't know how patient Morgany could be.

[Roll it, Narrator!]

[\*\*\*... Rolling tape.]

...

For hundreds and thousands of years, the 3 emperors belonging to the great continent of Morgany came together as one.

And with their new found unity, they began controlling the seas and recruited an uncountable number of lesser influential people belonging to the many worthless continents in Hertfilia.

But that didn't mean they weren't susceptible to defeat.

If everyone else ganged up against them, they would surely lose no matter how much they trained.

That's why they perfected the art of keeping everyone too fearful to rise up, while controlling world powers as they pleased.

They could probably take down 1 or 2 continents at once... But imagine all turning against them?

Morgany would surely lose.

And initially, things would've remained the same, with no hope in sight, until 700 years ago when the first ancient text was discovered.

Yes...

With this discovery, Morgany had spent the last 700 years planning and expanding their forces to an even bigger feat in the dark, all for the glorious day the Holy Core would be unveiled from its hiding place.

And now there was no stopping them!

All plans in the sacred vaults will be out of use, and anything or anyone who dared to stand in Morgany's way will only have one outcome to face... Death!

People~

Rise up for Morgany! Morgany is the way, the chosen ones of heaven, the truth, and the light!

No one, not even those Adonis worshippers, will be able to stop them now.

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Kavien smiled majestically.

"Everyone, it's the dawn of a new era... Morgany's era!"

Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap!!!~

A thunderous bang of claps resounded across the arena-style hall.

You look at me; I look at you.

Everyone had a tactful and knowing smile, clapping as hard as they could.

Their chests swelled, their bodies trembling with goosebumps, and their breathing hoarse with excitement.

Their hearts pounded with the roar of a thousand beasts.

Have you ever felt so alive that you felt your entire soul quaking in glory?

Indescribable... Unexplainable...

It was even better than the ecstasy a woman could give.

Can you feel it?... Can you feel it screaming in your soul?

Some elderly people in the group felt their eyes listen, happy to be able to see such a day before they died.

Who didn't love their continent and their empire?

This was patriotism at its best.

In this world, at the age of 50~65, a majority of people who survived till now were already Grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and great-great-grandfathers.

At 50, they didn't really need a cane, as their abs and bodies were still good.

But well-decorated canes were a sign of prestige. These few old men had heard from their own great-grandparents and even great-great-grandparents about the secret mission to finding this Holy Core.

And now seated in the space, these men were filled with the sort of excitement that came when one was watching history unfold before their very eyes.

That is, even if they died now, they would be glad to go, knowing Morgany would become the rulers of this world.

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For 700 years, Morgany had been working out a rigorous structural plan of power across the world.

That's right!...

They already had a system in place for when things change.

And to start off, only they, true citizens of Morgany, would be at the top of the pyramid.

No matter how hard those in the other continents work, they would never be better than Morg.

That's right. Even a Morg peasant would have more rights than a Pyno Noble.

All good things will first go to those at the top classes of the Pyramid.

And of course, those who surrender peacefully will get find themselves in the middle of the Pyramid, not being slaves and also not considered Morg citizens.

No... They would just be called the Outsiders.

Again, those from other continents currently belonging to the T.O.E.P Society would, of course, stand higher than these they dubbed Outsiders.

Doing this would make these fools feel the need to work even harder for Morgany, never wanting to be like the Ordinary Outsiders.

And last but not least, those empires who dared to defy them and eventually get defeated would become slaves to Morgany.

But to keep things interesting, every 300 years, they decided to give these people a chance to change their slave status.

Hehehhehe~

These slave empires would get a chance to send a group of their best warriors into a brutal competition against their Morgany warriors.

Hey... Would they lose?

Hahahahaha~

Not a chance!

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Thinking of it all, everyone knew Morgany would never lose.

And this was the beauty of this fun-filled opportunity.

Dangle a bone before a group of desperate people and watch them fall into despair even more.

Hahahahaha~

Every 300 years, these people would get desperate, secretly training their successors to fight Morgany.



But if even now, Morgany was superior in talent, do you think things will change later?

Naive!

Morgany had battle researchers who worked tirelessly to develop new skills, research and improve already existing battle techniques.

These old men smiled, wishing they could cheat nature and extend their lives for another 310 years just to see the first group of slaves beg and fight like bothered dogs.

Hahahahaha~

Kavien's words made everyone's blood boil.

"Gentlemen... Soon, the world will no longer be called Hertfilia, But Morgany!!!!"

Morgany!... Morgany!... The new world!...

Many chatted loudly as though cheering for Morgany itself.

Across the many continents, their plans were unfolding as they expected.

The only thing that irked them was the sudden emergence of this new place called Baymard.

But what did it matter?

What could such a puny empire do against them who now had the Holy Core?

Nothing!... Absolutely Nothing!

(V^V)

Chapter 1543: Strange Feelings

Zain squinted his eyes, thinking of all he went through to find this Holy Stone.

In the ancient text, it was sometimes called the Holy Stone. And other times called the Holy Core. Either one was right.

But all in all, the successful search and confiscation of this Core was primarily because of his particular ancestors.

Yup!

The recovered hidden texts from his ancestor were what triggered the search in the first place.

The story was quite a short one.

In the beginning, the holy core aided in killing a majority of beasts in the world, giving humans a chance to survive.

And after humanity's great victory, the ones called guardians placed the Holy Core at its resting place, agreeing to destroy all and any information about the Holy Core.

Why they did this wasn't clear.

In fact, how the Holy Core came into this world was also unclear. But there are a lot of strange things in this world, so who knows...

Maybe it fell from the sky, or perhaps it was a gift from their Abian God of War and destruction.

In truth, many, even Zain, believed it to be from the God of War.

He even believed it was solely bright for Morgany's use and also thought the other continents had cheated Morgany of their entitlement.

In his mind, all good things were for Morgany and Morgany alone.

Anyway, the other Holy guardians chose to destroy all information on the Holy Stone.

But in Morgany, the guardian here wasn't too happy about this plan.

And with his best friend, they tried to hide all they knew about the Holy Core.

But this was where things got messy.

The Morg Guardian was killed almost immediately as he hatched then, leaving only his friend, Zain's ancestor, to carry on the plan in secret.

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Greed... They wanted the powers from the holy stone.

Zain felt it should be so. Even he couldn't swear he wouldn't do the same if it were him.

And in the end, Zain's ancestor had died under the hands of these unknown guardians in the ancient text.

But before his death, his ancestor had already prepared for the worst, leaving bits and pieces of these ancient texts scattered like a riddle.

What was so amazing was that he left them not just in Morgany but on several other continents too.

He left a paper with just 3 lines in some hidden path in an empire in Zohl, others in Romain, and even in Lampe (now the enemy continent, home to Adonis.)

It was estimated that he got killed 3~4 years after his big quest, running about from place to place and hiding all he knew.

Hell!

There was even a secret scroll in one of their Morg royal palace vaults that even the monarch didn't know about.

And over the eras, centuries, and thousands of years, no one had ever stumbled upon the first scroll... That is until one of Zain's great-great~... So many~... great-grandfathers found a hidden passageway in their estate.

This estate was passed down from generation to generation. And every owner was told never to let the estate fall into the hands of others.

But why? No one knew until the hidden passageway was uncovered.

And thus began the hearty search for the Holy Core.

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It's funny to know that a small part of Zain's heritage was also tangled with Pyno since one of his ancestors married the true Morg lady who belonged to this powerful heritage.

If one could recall, the temple of Adonis made several Pyno pirates flee Deiferus and join forces with other pirates hated by their various empires to form the current pirate organization.

Hundreds and thousands of years have also gone by with all those people marrying Morgs.

And now their descendants were true Morgs, with some being just 1% Pyron or 1% Tenolian.

All in all, many generations have passed, and Zain also picked up the mantle titled to his Jone's Clan legacy --- the search for the Holy Core.

In this matter, he and his ancestors had contributed to 60% of the findings of this core.

So his Jone's Clan had much a say in this matter, though he also understood his Jone ancestor who wrote down all the clues was probably working under the plans and instructions from that dead Morg guardian

But who?

wished he knew the defendant of that

In the end, they found it.

But Zain still wasn't lax.

There was a single riddle-styled sentence in the ancient texts he still didn't understand.

[Stone, oh Holy Stone. You shine brighter with every special sign you meet.]

Special sign?

Zain was perplexed.

What special signs did the Holy Core need to shine brighter than it already did?

Was it a sign from the sky? Or thunder from above?

All ancient texts gathered began with this sentence.

And he, Zain, would be a fool to believe it was just a simple poem or riddle.

It definitely had something to do with the Core, but what?

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The thunderous outburst in the hall quickly broke Zain's train of thoughts.

His majesty Kavian had long left things to the host, who in turn called out a list of those who would be overseeing all concerning the core.

And not surprisingly, there were top specialists from all 3 empires who had long been waiting for the Core's arrival.

These few research leaders smiled broadly, already out of their booth and standing in the open space at the bottom for all to see.

So enchanting~...

'But what was this feeling?'

Crane stared at the core with glistening eyes the closer he got.

Its shining glory was truly indescribable.

But there was something else that made him draw closer to the core...

He didn't know why, but a voice in his heart told him to remove his gloves.

It was as though the core was talking to him. And at this moment, he felt he and the core were the only ones in the hall.

Touch it... Touch it...

The strange voice in his heart grew stronger!

Chapter 1544: That's it!!

What is he doing?

Before anyone could react, they saw the always calm yet bubbly Crane tremble with vigor, moving speedily towards the Core while taking off his right-hand glove.

And for a moment, everyone wishes to kill him with their eyes.

They only thought it was his sheer excitement that made him leap to the core like so.

Thus, even the knights and guards around the core hesitated whether to put Crane down or not. After all, Crane was one of the most powerful men in Morgany as a whole, working for the same cause as them.

So such a person shouldn't be thinking of doing anything stupid... At least that's what they hoped.

Nonetheless, their arrows and weapons were still drawn just in case.

Of course, they too understood the feeling of wanting to touch his holy stone that emitted a heavenly golden light.

Amongst the thousands of men who brought the stone over from its resting place, a few had touched the stone skin to skin.

Again, even when placed in the research facility, it would be a lie to say 1 or 2 didn't touch this core.

If possible, they would've loved to rub their faces in it too.

So Crane's actions were understood by many, though everyone else in the room hated his guts.

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What a joke!

They hadn't touched this precious baby yet, and this guy was so boldly rubbing it all in their faces like this?

Many gritted their teeth hatefully.

Damn you, Crane!

'As one of the top 15 men of power amongst all 3 empires in the whole of Morgany, can't you show a little bit of aura and dignity?'

He looked like a hungry dog staring at a juicy bone dangling before him.

All these thoughts circled everyone's mind for less than a second without anyone truly understanding Crane's sudden strangeness.

But soon... They were found to realize that things weren't always as they seemed.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!~

Everyone stood from their seats in shock, watching the stone shake and rubble the moment Crane's bare hands landed on the stone.

What? ('0')

Who can tell them what's going on here?

Blood!

Everyone saw Crane pull his hand back, only to see a thin strip of blood from his open wound float through the air and into the Holy Core.

But this wasn't all.

Crane began twitching vigorously, mumbling words only the guards and those close to him heard.

Keys? Special signs and gifts in the bloodlines?

"Repeat!!!" Kavien bellowed, and the host repeated his words into the massive megaphone.

Boom!!!

An explosion went off in everyone's mind, especially Zain's.

Now, he finally understood what the unsolved words in the ancient texts meant.

[Stone, oh Holy Stone. You shine brighter with every special sign you meet.]

Shine brighter with every sign it meets?

It was referring to every special and unique bloodline it came across.

Bloodlines... Special powers...

The more the cost resounded the mumbling words from Crane, the surer Zain and Kavien were about their thoughts.

Only one person belonging to the special bloodlines could activate the core?

Hold on... Hold on... The guardians in the Ancient text that secured the Holy Core... Were they the ones with the special bloodlines?

If that's the case, Crane should be the descendant of the Morg Guardian from ancient times!!!!

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Remember... Remember...

It says the holy core shines brighter with every special power/bloodline it meets, meaning it needed the descendants of these Guardians to make the core stronger than it already was.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!~

The core shook, finally floating in the air and giving off an even brighter golden hue.

Its aura became grander, and its size also shrunk a little too.

But everyone wasn't worried about this, knowing it seemed to be getting stronger instead.

"Heavenly... What a divine stone." Someone mumbled, feeling as though the God of War himself had appeared in Abian.

"This is a gift from the War God to our beloved Morgany!!!"

Plop.~

Many got on their knees, thanking their God for letting them see such a miraculous feat.

The old and elderly men had eyes filled with reverence and excitement, thinking of the unbelievable sight before them.

It was truly an honor and a blessing to see such a thing in their lifetimes.

And now, they were even more confident that once they died, the God of War would welcome them into his blossoms as one of his own.

Their bodies trembled, and their hearts grew firmer.

No! No!

Before their old flames of light ran out, they would work their hardest for Mornay, creating the biggest contribution in all their lives.

Only in that way could they be qualified to have a place before the Great war God.

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Descendant... Descendant...

Zain stared at the twitching Crane with narrowed eyes.

It was said that for some unknown reason, there were 2 Morg ancients with special powers that emerged back then.



And one of these Morg ancients became the chosen guardian, while the other was his friend, fighting alongside him.

Analyzing matters like this, didn't this mean he and Crane always had fate?

His ancestor was Crane's ancestor's best friend, dying for the cause of preserving these ancient texts.

And if his intuition was correct, he also guessed Crane's ancestor could control birds of all sorts... Maybe he could console tens of thousands too.

Again, one shouldn't look down on Crane's powers.

It's said that when Crane controls a bird, its body becomes stronger, making it difficult for an ordinary arrow to kill it.

And this was the situation at present. So imagine how stronger the bodies of these birds would've been when taken over by the Morg Ancestor?

Again, imagine if 10,000... No! 50,000 birds flew into a battlefield with bladed shape claws ready for the kill.

One man could go into battle and kill thousands and thousands of troops with a flick of his finger.

Scary... Truly scary...

And the worst part was that he, Zain, felt there was more to Crane's power than what they saw on the surface.

Crane... Crane... Crane...

Many squinted their eyes thoughtfully.

This guy might be more powerful than they thought.

Chapter 1545: Meeting Concluded!

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble~

The stone twirled mid-air, and Crane also spasmed continuously on the floor.

So powerful!

The blood from Crane's old palm wound flowed out with every twitch he made.

And in no less than 30 breaths, the stone finally dropped

Bang!!

It appeared to be lighter than it was before.

Gasp!

Crane took in all the air he could.

Breath in, breath out... Breath in, breath out...

He looked like he had just been saved from the seas.

His clothes dampened on the chest and back regions, his neck, hair, and face sweatieer beyond belief, and his body still quivering slightly.

"Lord Crane!!"

A few guards quickly rushed to support him. But before they could arrive, his eagle appeared underneath his armpit.

What?!!!

Everyone stared at the eagle in alarm.

Just how powerful was it to support such a big, burly, and powerful man like so?

This... This... This...

F\*\*\*k!

Today, they were once again refreshed by Crane's unique abilities.

But more than anything else, their focus was now on the Holy Core.

At this moment, the entire hall was submerged with a deep brooding tension that seemed to gnaw on everyone's soul.

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Alright.

Kavien calmly stood. Yet his heart was anything but calm.

"New task!... We must immediately send out the most elite of elites to head out into the many continents and find all descendants hailing from the ancient guardians."

As T.O.E.P manners, of course, they had suddenly turned this place into a T.O.E.P meeting.

Those here were all in the higher classes on the society pyramid. Either that or they worked directly under those in these higher classes. (A.K.A the guards and the event host.)

"For this matter, my Umbra Assassins will be willing to assist in this quest!"

"Yes! My Elite Jaguars Killers can guarantee success if given a chance!!"

"F\*\*\* You! When choosing those to go, do you think your damn Jaguars would be better than my Silver Killers?"

"No! Take my RedMoon Assassins instead!"

"Damn you, Clayton! Was I talking to you?"

"Oh, you bunch of bastards better shut up for me! If anyone is going, my Golden Tower Elites should be the ones!"

"Blah, blah, blah, BLAH!!!"

In no time, the place turned into a market site with many voicing their opinions and slamming their mallets onto their tables.

Typically, they were a very organized bunch.

But after such a heavenly display from the Holy Core, how could they not be itching to contribute to the cause?

In their opinion, this was an opportunity not only to aim for more power and influence in the Society but also to better Morgany and let their names be written in historical texts.

They felt no other mission would be greater than this.

So how could they let others gig all the glory for themselves?

Hehehhehe~

You lie!!!

They, top T.O.E.P Members, must be a part of this matter, be it by hook or by crook!!!

Damn.

They were even happy that other Top members weren't here to fight them on this matter.

One could say that even though there were hundreds of them here, a larger number of core Morg members were either out on missions or in other Morg empires attending to important matters.

Take for example the monarchs of the other 2 empires.

Though they sent their sons who had lesser positions than themselves as representatives, it was still a fact that these people were absent.

The Society had 10 classes, each with 5~7 positions/ranks one must pass to move in a class.

And in Morgany, many stayed in the top 3 Classes of the pyramid.

But even at that, one could be in Class/Level 3, position 7... The lowest position in Morgany.

They would have to fight, climbing from 7 to 6, 5, 4... to 1 before moving to Class 2, rank 7.

And when ranking up, it could take years and decades to move anywhere.

So in the end, those who truly got to Class 1 were seen as Godly.

Even if they were at Class 1, rank 7... It was still way better than the others.

And in this meeting space, those attending were all Class 1... With only a handful of Class 2, rank 1 members attending.

To be invited to such important meetings, one must at least be a Class 2, rank 1 member.

Climbing to the top was still a competitive feat even in this promised land called Morgany.

And in Morgany's entire existence, only 30 people reached Class 1, rank 1 before they died.

It was made in this way to keep everyone constantly working and on their feet because once humans teach what they felt was absurd power, some greedy thoughts would

always come in, making many feel they shouldn't be working for Morgany but colonize and turn the entire place into theirs.

Hehehehhe~

The ancient founders developed the system to make the Morgs work till they died striving for that glorious top position.

If even the Monarchs and those like Zain were only at Class 1, rank 4... then one could understand how challenging the demands were the more a person advanced in rank.

For Zain, he needed at least 1 million Society points to advance to Rank 3. Initially, it was 2.7 million.

But over time, his 40-something-year-old self had brought it down to 1 million.

And as for how the points were given out, the ancient had also formulated various books and charts on rules and awarding protocols to follow.

So no matter the task, they would place it under a certain danger criteria, a certain scope criteria, and so on.

Additionally, they would assess how great this matter was to Morgany.

Again, they had special bonus protocol books that gave them away in adding more points to the task rewards and so on.

In the end, everyone knew this take involving the Holy Core might be their ticket to pushing them several ranks high. So who wouldn't want to be a part of it?

Chapter 1546: Meeting Concluded - 2

The rambles of many echoed out, with everyone wanting a piece in on the action.

And for a moment, those in lesser ranks in the hall seemed to have forgotten where they were, what rules were in place for talking, and who the f\*\*\* they were speaking boldly to.

"Enough!"

Kavien commanded, having had enough of their mumbles.

His icy cold voice, though echoed through his megaphone, still gave many chills.

Hmph!

Kavien sneered.

"We, the Class 1s rank 4s, will delegate on this matter and send task letters to those chosen for the missions. In 4 days, you will all get your answers!"

And so it shall be. Zain and a few others in this rank nodded, knowing it would be their duty to assign who will head out and find these descendants.

If it were other times, he, Kavien, and many other top tank 4s would use this opportunity to favor those they liked.

But the matter of finding these descendants was too important to afford any slip-ups.

So yes...

They would be sending only the most capable elite assassins, warriors, scouts, and shadows out, even if the said elite group belonged to those in other factions.

As for the others in the hall of lesser ranks, they inwardly fitted all Kavien said.

4 days...

You look at me; I look at you.

Everyone tactfully calmed down.

Faith enough. They would wait patiently, hoping to receive a message from the Society deciding whether their elite teams would be called to go out or not.

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Again, though there were even more top T.O.E.P meters not in attendance today, these rank 4s wouldn't bother sending these people's elites after the Descendants.

Why?

Because by the time the message was passed, it could be months and even over a year for these others to get word, talk less of them planning to gather the few T.O.E.P members and guards scattered about before heading out for the mission.

Too long!

With the holy core in their possession, they didn't want to wait so long.

That's why the elites likely sent out wouldn't belong to those in the hall.

For each ancient guardian, they would send no less than 4 elite teams belonging to 4 different rank members to attack the descendants.

At least in this way, more people will get a chance to perform and make outstanding contributions, right?

Everyone was optimistic about their elites, thinking they would be chosen.

But at the end of the day, there must be winners, and there must be losers. So amongst the hundreds and hundreds of leaders gathered here... Just how many would get the go-ahead to send their elite teams out?

Hehehehehe~

Many inwardly thought of bribing the top leaders or secretly giving them visits during these next 4 days to facilitate their matters.

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Bottom line, only those here would probably get chosen for the task.

And if they left hastily, some should arrive on the other nearby continents like Tenola in 10~14 months, depending on how they survive during winter, the waters, and what dangers unfolded for them.

Firstly, from Abian's capital to the closest coastal shore was at least a 3 and a half months journey nonstop with no rest.

Factoring in sleeping times, it could stretch for 4 months and a week.

And then, one has to also account for the fact that the closest distance between Tenola and that particular Abian coastal shores was also 6 months of sailing at the start of spring (arriving in mid or summer end.)

But as of now, this was August, and summer would soon end. So by the time they actually reach the coastal shores to sail out, it would be close to winter's beginning.

The seas were nothing but rough with various storms, creatures, and many other windy attacks that forced them to dock in the portal islands along the way.

They had no choice!

These pirate islands were also used by many of them as temporary ship repairing sites during harsh weather.

What? Did you think they sailed straight on without stopping somewhere during the winters?

Impossible!

There was only so little that lumber could do against the heavy forces (pressures), dangerous winds, terrible creatures, and ferocious icy storms of the seas during winter.

So rather than 6 months, they might spend 8~10 months at sea.

And combining it with the initial 4 months worth of travel via Abian, it would make a whopping 14 months.

But that wasn't all.

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Once in Tenola, they had to march into the various regions, taking several months again.

And during this time, they would have to scout and search for these descendants with the little blues they had.

So in the end, it could take 2 and a half years just to find these descendants.

Sigh... And after that, they would sail back to Morgany as planned.

Indeed... Transportation was such a bummer!

This was why it was important that those chosen were those here. Or who would have time to wait for the other members scattered about Morgany to react, gather their forces, and head out?

These would even take longer than needed.

But thinking that the teams they sent to Baymard would soon destroy those bloody thieves and even take hold of those beautiful carriages and ships... Maybe they should be able to finish it faster than they thought, no?

(^\_^)

Everyone thought beautifully, especially when recalling the strange carriage these Baymardians called cars, trains, and buses.

As of now, everyone had realized the danger of Baymard.



That's why they were even more serious about eradicating them all and mass massacring everyone there, be they women, children, or men.

The only ones they would keep as prisoners were those who worked in the Lower sector.

And after extracting all they knew, they would destroy these people so much that not even their corpses would be recognizable.

Hehehehehe~

Many chuckled.

... Soon...

Soon, Baymard will fall!!

This, they were sure of.

Chapter 1547: A Finder!!!

Many lesser rank members were content with what they heard so far.

But for the deciding members like Kavien and Zain, though they were confident in the skills of the elite teams, this matter was just too important for them to place all their eggs in one basket.

That is, once these elites have successfully docked on the continents, they were to meet with the top T.O.E.P members there and work with everyone to collect info.

Take for example, Titarian, Zohl.

The T.O.E.P had disguised hideouts in 4 different Titarian coastal zones.

There were top Titarian members like # 2 who watched over these coastal sites, while some like Lord Mushu, #1 watched the Capital.

Once these elites met those along the coastal shores, word would fly out faster than one could think.

And before these elites could even reach T.O.E.P headquarters, many would've picked up the matter and might have even gathered info before they arrived.

The T.O.E.P had people they called Sleepless messengers who moved and acted speedily in delivering the word.

What's more, the T.O.E.P's in Titarian would definitely know almost every little thing happening there. So they should be able to pinpoint the ones they were looking for fast.

Everyone was to help collect info.

And once the target(s) are found, the elites would move out!

Point, blank, simple.

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Good...

Seeing everyone finally calling down, Kavien narrowed his eyes, staring at the Holy Stone deeply.

"I've said it all. As for the chosen researchers, Morgany expects weapons as fast as possible. To take over this world, we must be fast!... We must gather all guardian descendants, even if some are in Adonis!!!"

What?... Adonis?

Tsk!

Tricky... Tricky... Tricky...

That was the 2nd most powerful continent that had been their nemesis for as far back as they could recall.

Many faces turned distorted, listening to Kavien's words. For now, it's only a hunch, but they felt it likely.

One should know that at present, Adonis had 2 entire continents under its rule... Lampe and Dania.

It's said that each guardian was chosen from each continent.

So it's only fitting to assume the descendants would also hail from Lampe and Dania.

Many didn't shy away from the task, feeling it was tricky but still doable.

After all, they had infiltrated Adonis on several occasions and even had their spies still lurking about the place as they spoke.

Their only wish was for the descendants not to be in Adonis' Capitals... Because those were the most heavily guarded places of all.

If it were back on earth, one would take the entire capital as the Vatican with the pope and many religious figures.

Only, these religious figures would not only know how to kick ass but also have uncountable hidden shadows, factions, and elites roaming about the scene.

(Q\_Q)

Even they, Morgs, had to admit that infiltrating the many Capitals wouldn't be a normal or easy feat but a hellish one almost on the same level as infiltrating theirs.

But the challenge also made many feel their eyes shine and twinkle greatly.

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Alright.

Many in the room already had countless thoughts spinning about when it came to finding these descendants.

At present, the ancient text only gave out one clue about finding a particular descendant.

Of course, at the time, they didn't know that the one they were looking for was a descendant.

It all started not too long ago when they traced a certain heritage, finally ending their investigations with a certain old woman who fled her pursuers and hid in plain sight in another empire within Veinitta.

The woman lived her life, married, died, and even had a granddaughter in Veinitta.

Of course with her dead, they turned their focus to the old lady's granddaughter, who married a noble and got badly abused for decades.

Now, this granddaughter had her daughter, who married Alexander Lockhart, current monarch of Dafaren.

And in the end, Tilda Lockhart was born.

At the time, they were only searching for this unknown granddaughter (Paula) of the strange old woman, not knowing what Paula looked like or what purpose she had with the Holy Core.

At the time, they didn't know why they had to find her but did it anyway because of the ancient messages.

However, just when they thought they had her in her grasp, word came that Paula and Tilda had suddenly vanished on the wedding eve with no bodies recovered.

Initially, they felt they didn't need to pursue the truth so much.

But now, they understood that this woman definitely carried the special bloodline in her!!

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In all the ancient texts, this was the only clue they had to finding the other descendants.

Wait... Wait...

That's it!

Kavien and Zain had their eyes light up the more he thought about it.

Finder... This bloodline should be able to find and connect all descendants!

She can probably pinpoint and find those they were looking for, limiting their search time!

Good heavens!!

A few who noticed this had obvious shock in their eyes.

This woman... They had to find her fast!

She... She held the key to it all.

As for the matter of her being dead, huh!

Many sneered, not believing it for a second.

How could there be such a coincidence?

Her body wasn't recovered, and they didn't think such a person with special powers would die so easily.

Escaped!

The woman probably escaped with her granddaughter.

But where?... Where could she be?

(?~?)

Kavien looked at the bunch, feeling he had said all he needed.

"Meeting over!... Now, get the Holy Core back to the research academy and assist Lord Crane immediately... Morgany wants weapons, and it wants them now!!"

Dismissed!

Many stood with trembling bodies.

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Just like that, the wheels of fate had once again spun wildly, with many in Morgany feeling like the chosen sons of the heavens.

Today was undoubtedly a good day for them, though they weren't the only ones feeling gleeful.

Back in Baymard, things were also getting heated up, too!

Chapter 1548: A Good Day

--The Royal Capital, Baymard.--

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The sun was up, though not at its fullest.

It was 8 A.M. The summer sun had long risen by 6 A.M.

And now, the streets were filled with people smiling and saluting one another, some whistling merrily, others rushing to work before the clock struck 9, and some busily running stands on their days off.

Yes...

The day was busy, bubbling, and vibrant.

And the heat, though so way in the morning, was already eminent.

Ugh.

Many could already imagine how hot it would be once midday arrived.

On the trains, some held their newspapers, reading all important information they found.

"Ahhh... Here it is, the weather forecast for the next 2 weeks!" Someone mumbled to himself, piquing the interest of those seated around him.

Baymard was such a magical place in the eyes of many.

Whether foreigners or locals of various statuses, information like this could make them all gather and converse like old friends.

In truth, some had conversed before and became travel friends as they always seemed to be on the same train at the same time, either heading to work or doing other activities.

Some people knew the stops that strangers would exit just from traveling alongside them for so long.

And today, on the train, several strangers who were familiar with each other had once again gathered in their 'spot,' going through the many jaw-dropping pieces of information laid out in the newspapers.

Some of these people were temporary visitors who had been staying in Baymard, working hard to assist in covering their children's tuition fees.

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The group of men and women, some husband and wife, while others single, all held their daily newspapers firmly.

"Wow!... Look at this! It says, "Emergency Heat Warning for next week!"

"Yeah! She's right! It's right here!"

"What? A heat warning?"

(?0?)

Many dropped their jaws dumbfounded but dared not take their eyes off their newspapers.

[•Threat: Daytime high temperatures of 28 to 30 degrees Celcius near the waters. Early morning low temperatures 15 to 18 degrees Celsius.

When: Tuesday, August 5 till Saturday, August 9th.

•Locations: The Royal Capital, Histon Town, Whistler village, Greendale City, blah, blah, blah~

•Remarks: A Strong ridge of high pressure continues to bring a heat wave to Baymard.

A pattern of change is expected Sunday 10th, as an upper trough brings a cooler air mass.

Temperatures near or just below heat warning criteria are forecast today.

The hottest time of the day will be late afternoon to early evening. The coolest time of the day will be near sunrise.

•Effects: The risks are greater for young children, pregnant women, older adults, people with chronic illnesses, and people working or exercising outdoors.

Watch for the effects of heat illness: swelling, rash, cramps, fainting, heat exhaustion, heat stroke, and the worsening of some health conditions.]

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This... This...

So detailed?

Many were still in awe at Baymard's ability to pass on such vital information from many.

You must know that even if the many empires had astronomers, astrologists, and all the like, matters like the weather would never be made known to the public.

Why?

Because generals and military personnel relied on their forces to decipher whether to attack each other.

Initially when Baymard began discussing weather issues, many in power thought it foolish.

Who in their right minds would show their weakness for the enemy to take advantage of their situation and maybe one day corner them to defeat?

Years back, many shook their heads, feeling Baymard foolish, saying they wouldn't survive a few months after that.

They waited and waited for disaster to strike.

But what did they see?

Why was Baymard still sound and may? Why was no enemy sailing to the shores to take advantage of their weather changes to launch full-scale attacks?

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Blink. Blink...

This was too unnatural.

What happened to those Council people in Deiferus who were so against Baymard?

What about the opposition in the many U.N nations against Baymard?

Why hadn't they teamed up to prove their point?

(?~?)

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Many spies and enemies of Baymard could only swallow their thoughts while still inwardly collecting information on Baymard.

It was funny because some also benefited from Baymard's weather reports while on spy duties.

But for the ordinary folks, they had nothing but gratitude.

In this selfish and greedy world where poverty, famine, plagues, and other occurrences happen weekly, the monarchs may gather their ministers to discuss how to solve the matter only when it reaches a very above-average pique.

Death was too common a thing.

So even if they estimated certain dangers to emerge, if the dangers were likely to kill only 100 or 200 people, it was nothing to worry about.

But once the threat could kill tens of thousands, that's when the monarchs become anxious.



Don't you know that using money, power, and resources to solve these matters would make them less powerful at the end of it?

And who knows... Maybe their enemy would take advantage of it, cutting them down too.

Of course, a majority of ministers were corrupt. So most taxes elected weren't properly recorded, with a fat majority entering their pockets.

Now, you tell them to repay all they collected over the years... How was that even possible?

In the end, the common folks were the ones to suffer the most during natural disasters.

But in Baymard, everything was reported truthfully, once again proving how noble his majesty Landon was.

Every day, they now knew what the weather would be like, also preparing them for how to dress, what shows to what, what items to take out, and what foods to eat during these hit times.

Even businesses benefited from this.

So how can the common folks not see his majesty as a pure soul?

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"This dangerous? I can't believe this year, we also have another heat wave. But this year's heat wave seems to be heavier."

"Damn! Last year, I was so sluggish at work then."

"Me too! It got so bad that we had 15-minute breaks every 2 hours... What's surprising is that the hospital reported a case of a wealthy chubby noble son who lost several carries after the heat slapped him thin!"

"Hahahhaha~... I heard about that. The boy became a poor man after being robbed on the way to Baymard. And after finally arriving, he used up all he had in his Baymardian bank account in a short time. So of course he had to find a job!"

"Pfff!~... I reckon the heat wasn't the only thing that made him become a thin man... Hahahaha~"

Many on the train chuckled and laughed, seemingly having a good time.

And seated in the corner, a man who wasn't part of their group also smiled, feeling the story funny. But soon, the pleasing voice echoed out again.

[Next stop, Dumbledore Street.]

Ah!--

This was his stop.

Chapter 1549: [Bonus Chapter]A Great Day For An Anxious Man

Exiting the train, a man no older than 26 promptly left the small station.

District C.

This was exactly the place he wanted to be. There were uncountable government buildings scattered about, as well as several sites for the many academies and schools the Royal capital had.

And on a far corner, one could also spot the main hospital.

Each district had several clinics and hospitals, but the one he stared at was the largest.

Of course, the police official headquarters was also located in District C (with the police training academy found in District B not too far from the prisons.)

Each district also had several police branch offices, as well as fire stations, gas stations, etc.

With how far the royal capital city was, each district mostly maintained itself.

And for where the anxious 26-year-old man was going, he needed to get there fast.

Ah!-

The man woke up from his stupor.

He had to admit that the newly elected building not too far from the train station was enough to stop a flying ball in mid-air.

'Just how did they do it?'

The man shook his head wryly, feeling by now, he had asked himself such a question no less than a thousand times.

Oh no!

Time!

The man quickly looked at his watch before rushing to the bus station as fast as he could.

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Tick-Tock.

Time was going.

And with his gray suit on, Cyprian gritted his teeth, dashing past the already busy walkways.

"Excuse me... Coming through... Excuse me, please."

Very politely, he bypassed many.

The bus stop was but a 2-minute walk after stepping out of the train station.

Yet the walkways between these points were fled with streams of people following back and forth. Some ran, some walked casually, some stood at the corners, and some squatted.

Swish!

Cyprian threw his head high, getting a glimpse of the bus driving forward from behind him.

Dammit.

It was here! His ride was here!

Time for his most explosive run.

His muscles bulged, and his body swayed amid the crowd with precision.

F\*\*\*!

He didn't even think he had powers within him.

Maybe it was his illusion, but he felt he was moving faster than time and could even catch 50 arrows in midair with his super speed (All in his head).

Pitsh!

The bus doors opened.

And the heavily breathing Cyprian jumped in after showing his bus pass.

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Success!

He got in and found no seats. But that was okay.

The bus he stepped on was a double-decker bus. So even if there weren't any seats, there was enough standing space around, though not a lot.

Phew~

Cyprian stood at the far back, wiping his sweat and trying to look presentable.

This was his first time in Baymard.

And to ensure he knew his way today, he had tested out this same route to and fro his destination and his apartment residence no less than 3 times.

He... It would be a lie to say he wasn't nervous as hell!

He, a dark-toned person from the empire of Gallia in the continent of Romain, couldn't express how shocked he was when he arrived at Baymard 6 days ago.

And for a moment, he thought he died and was now in heaven. That was how blown away he was.

From the magical doors that open on their own to the moving rooms (elevators) that take one up and down a building, Cyprian was left convinced Baymard was a heavenly empire.

For the past few days since his arrival, he found an apartment in District H (the residential district for foreigners if they planned to stay for longer than a couple of days.)

But what was he really here for?

Why was he here in Baymard from Romain?

To see his children, of course!

This was the first week of August. School was back on track, with this period being orientation week.

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One should know that for U.N empires like his, parents could work hard and pay the tuition from their prospective empires.

Trustworthy people were scattered in various parts of these memories with the help of the Baymardians, who showed them how to run matters concerning the school properly.

At the moment, some Baymardians were in his empire of Gallia. At the same time, some of his people then had come over alongside the Gallian ambassador to intern in various government offices, particularly those involving agriculture and transportation.

In this world where poverty reigned supreme, everyone's first thought was agriculture.

What to do during famine? What to do when plagues like the yellow fever sweep their crops, turning them sickly yellow and dry?

Without food, everyone would die no matter how strong they were.

The armies need to eat, workers need to feed, and households need strength to go about their days.

Of course, with greedy monarchs kicked off the throne and those with good hearts put in place, the many U.N empires united to decrease poverty in their territories.

As the bus swayed along the bubbling streets, Cyprian smiled when thinking of how efficient these Baymardian were at handling these matters.

For them simple folk, all they hoped for was to never get duped.

And at the end of every month, he would rush to the collection officers, paying 30% of his earnings to them.

Of course they in turn would not only give him a signed and stamped receipt but also an estimate of what he had left to pay off.

From there, the money would find its way back to Baymard.

So from the start of April last year, he had been paying his children's tuition.

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Cyprian's firstborn, Moj (10 years old), and his last born, Maggie (7 years old), were sent to school last September with fully paid tuition for the first semester.

The tuition varied depending on whether one was in preschool, elementary school, or Junior high. Also, one's status could affect the piece too.

Take for example Maggie and Moj's cases.

Maggie was 7 years old, an elementary school girl and Moj was 10, also an elementary school boy.

If they were Baymardian, they would pay 1,800 Bays for each semester.

Treaty-signed territories paid 2,650 BAYS, and those from non-treaty signed territories would pay 3,200 BAYS instead.

For Cyprian, he had long begun keeping money aside to pay for their tuition. And even if it wasn't completed, his children would still apply for educational loans via the Gallia ambassador in Baymard.

The premise is that after they reached the official coming of age, 15, they would have to start working here and pay off everything they owed.

This was one option.

Another was for one of their parents or family members to temporarily stay in Baymard and work with paying everything off in installments.

In the end, there were a lot of roads one could take to pay the tuition off.

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Additionally, scholarships and many opportunities to lessen the tuition did arise now and then.

For Cyprian, his children studied Pyron for a year before taking the official language examination to determine their proficiency.

And sure enough, the ancients were indeed scary people.

Cyprian's children, as well as many, adapted fast to learning Pyron, though to an oral beginner level.

Indeed... They made many mistakes when talking, maybe because they were nervous, or perhaps because they hadn't had enough talking experience.

Either way, their reading and comprehension were at an intermediate level despite this fact.

And relying on the many Baymardian learning cassettes, books, and teachers, many adapted quickly.

And the moment they passed the official language exam, they were then qualified to head to Baymard and further their studies.

Of course, they also had an official math examination finishing on addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

Everyone was expected to know this much to enable them to learn bigger matters like fractions when they got to Baymard.

Of course even Cyprian and many others learned Pyron, hoping to visit this famous place during their children's study time here.

But why?... Why was he here today?

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Gururur~

'Didn't I eat?'

Cyprian felt the butterflies in his tummy rumble.

At this point, he had to admit his nervousness was slowly getting the best of him.

Today, he was here for something the Baymardians called a Parent-Teacher Conference!

Conference... So formal...

Cyprian felt the pressure already.

Depending on the school term: fall, summer, or Winter, the parent-teacher conference would be held either at the beginning of the semester, mid-way past the semester, or at the end just before the final examinations.

And it was just so-called that this semester, the parent-teacher conference was taking place at the start of the semester.

~Swish!

The bus doors opened, and Cyprian jumped out, nervously adjusting his clothes.

'I hope I look presentable.'

With his anxious fingers, he wiped off any layer of sweat with his hanky.

So... So big...

The school, no matter how many times he saw it, looked like a heavenly studying ground for the most elite of elites.

No!

He didn't want to embarrass his children by showing up looking unprofessional.

Breath in, breathe out.

Taking deep breaths, the young Cyprian clenched his fists in determination to look dashing enough for his children.

Too bad his wobbly feet greatly contrasted his firm upper body.

(-w-!)

Chapter 1550: A Great School!

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din.

On the warm sunny morning, a massive influx of people stormed into the Baymardian P.E.Jh Institute of Higher Education.

The abbreviation for P.E.Jh stood for Preschool, Elementary school (from Kindergarten, grade 1~5), and Junior High (Grade 6~9).

So massive!

Everyone's eyes lit up as they stared at their very massive surroundings.

Stepping in, one would first meet a massive roundabout with flowers and all sorts of bushes shaped and carved into letters.

Even the lawn was more than perfect, spelling the school name.



But this wasn't all.

Fountains, statues, stylish black street lights, and the many slabs and outdoor seats were also well positioned, making the place look more massive than it already was. And from a distance, one could also see that the buildings were designed differently too.

Cyprian and many felt the images captured by the portraits and pictures did no justice to seeing the actual site before them.

And yes... They had already done security checks before getting this far in.

As parents and relatives to those studying here, how can they not be pleased seeing this?

Good.

In these times when assassinations and murders were rampant, this much eased their worried hearts. And coming in, they hadn't seen a single student, except for the first years and newly accepted students who seemed to be having an organized tour.

From what they knew, this was still orientation week, though a majority of school classes had already begun.

It was now 9:23 A.M.

Typically, all classes begin at 8:30 A.M.

And on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the students had morning assembly at 8 A.M.

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"Welcome, guardians."

A welcoming and audible voice echoed out, calling everyone's attention,

The man wore black pants, a tie, and a gray shirt.

His hair was tied in a high ponytail, and his sleeve rolled up to his elbow neatly.

His voice was very calming, making many feel less tense than they already were.

How did he do it?

One minute they felt a choking force on them when stepping onto the site, and another minute, the man made them chuckle with his few silly remarks.

He had mastered the ability to control the scene with his every word and action.

That is, they couldn't see through him at all. He only showed what he wanted them to see.

Instantly, many influential people's eyes lit up in acknowledgment. Even the common folks subconsciously gave the man respect without realizing it.

Was this the strength of Baymard's Institute? In that case, would their children learn such skills too?

The man spoke not too slow and not too fast, yet very entertainingly, with a certain charm that captivated them all.

One might think he looked yet. But they also felt a sudden wolf lurking within him.

Many of noble breed inwardly nodded, appreciating the man's talents.

Well, at least their children/relatives had such outstanding teachers to guide them during their time here.

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With a broadened smile, the man clapped his hands as though ending his fun with them.

"Now then, it's almost time for the conference to begin. So please listen carefully."

At present they stood in the massive roundabout with the gigantic school fountain behind them.

This roundabout had 4 main roads branching off it that led to several other roads and pathways moving forward.

And as the man spoke, he gestured towards 3 of the main 4 roads branching off the Roundabout.

"All preschool guardians, please follow the path to my extreme left. And remember, do not branch off or stray away from the path."

There were over 20 different small roads that branched out along their way.

So if they took a wrong turn, they might head into the maze gardens, the sports fields, or someplace else.

Hmm...

Everyone nodded vigorously like obedient squirrels.

Who would want to be late or miss the conference because of their carelessness?

"Elementary school Guardians, please follow the 2nd Path till the end. And for Junior High Guardians, please follow the 3rd path in a similar manner."

Yes, yes...

"Thank you, sir." Many said respectfully, quickly meaning their way through the various paths shown.

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Cyprian's children were both Elementary school ones.

And once again, Cyprian was blown away by how big this school was.

The roads all grew further and further apart, so much, with each region now having a distinct decorative aesthetic about them.

For example, the purple lotus trees differed from the pink lotus trees he spotted earlier at the beginning of the Preschool path.

And as for the trees along the Junior High path, they were also Lotus trees, but yellow.

Though he didn't know what the other regions inside these different paths would look like, they could also tell they were made and designed differently.

Maybe to prevent others from getting lost?

Anyway, from the little information he knew, Preschoolers had their facilities, Elementary schoolers had their own facilities, and Junior High students had theirs too.

There were thousands and thousands of students from over the many U.N empires.

So of course the school had to be made this gigantic. And even their morning assemblies were done in their various sectors too.

But let this not fool anyone.

The morning assemblies in the great announcement halls were full.

Junior High students (grade 6~9) filled their halls in their region, and so on.

Only during sports and other public activities would everyone see one another.

Again, the school was arranged this way, primarily because of the preschoolers (ages 3~5).

In the end, they were just children. And if they cried next to others who were trying to study, it would affect the mood of many students.

Thus, the preschoolers had their own world, the elementary school students had their own world, and the Junior school students had theirs.

It was as though Landon had combined 3 different school grounds to create this massive one.

From the unused land at the back of the Academy, one could see there was still Room for expansion if the school became overcrowded.

After all, in the future when every nation in the world joins the U.N, the influx of students will be even greater.

Yes!

The school was indeed massive, like an elite academy but for the young and developing!