

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1571: Plan Alien Tech Begins!

Chapter 1571: Plan Alien Tech Begins!

Hmph!

Hmph!

Red Beard stretched his bow with 3 arrows firmly placed while waiting for his target to humor out the opening.

But soon, his confident smirk froze in place.

What was he seeing?

Red Beard was dumbfounded, staring at the hundreds of enemies defending from above.

So they were immortals now?

Bam!

The district gates opened, and out came hundreds and hundreds of Baymardians storming the scene on foot.

But that wasn't all.

To the seas, they spotted several speeding boats suddenly covering the entire coastline, pointing weapons at them.

Whether it was by sea, by land, or by air... They were all surrounded.

"Drop your weapons and raise your hands high where we can see them!"

Zppp~

During these few seconds of distraction, Red Beard's target had ziplined out of the scene.

Noooooo!!!!

Thup. Thup. Thup!

Red Beard desperately punched all arrows when thinking of this big day sheep fleeing his grasp.

Red Beard's face turned sunken, his heart tightening, and his blood frozen in his veins.

No. No. Just no!

This didn't make any sense. How can it turn out like this? How can Morgany lose to a bunch of nobodies?

'I don't believe it! I don't believe it!'

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In his life, he had personally lost to others, but they were all Morgs.

As a proud and big-name pirate, he dominated and configured uncountable times without numbers.

He had completed his missions and made many out of Morgany tremble before his feet. So this taste of defeat in a strange land was enough to smack his cheeks ruthlessly.

Red Beard clutched the bow in his hand, staring at the scene unwillingly.

He refused to give up without a fight. Someone must die with him. Or so he thought because soon, 5 tranquilizers generated his flesh from heaven knows where.

Thung!

Red Beard felt his consciousness grow dark.

What? Was he dying?

But how come? Where is the pain? What weapon took him out? And why did he not feel any injury or blood loss?

He wanted to live. He hasn't gotten his revenge yet. So how can he go down in this shameful manner?

Red Beard's struggle against his body yielded no fruits.

'Baymard... What a dangerous place.'

~Bam!

The giant red devil dropped on his belly, now fast asleep.

It wasn't just him, as the many others who refused to give in were now deep in slumber. Only the heavily injured were left awake.

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"Sirs!"

The soldiers and marines all lined up while watching Lucius step towards Red Beard.

The prison wagons were all here, as well as the prison dog escorts.

"Report!"

"Sir! 8 dead and 22 heavily injured."

They had over 400 people out here tonight on the ships alone. And though it worked out well, 8 people still died.

It made the hearts of many churn.

These 8 had just seen their families not too long ago. But in a blink of an eye, they were dead.

A moment of silence was offered for the dead, and plans were already made to ensure their families got all the honor they deserved.

Of course, tonight's stats were also excellent.

Those at the guard posts had taken out 1/3 of the massive army before they emerged. Additionally, those attacking the seas also dealt with another 1/3 of the enemy's population.

"Quickly! Transport the prisoners away!"

"Medics! I need medics over here! Prisoner fatally wounded!"

"Search the dead for any important info, and gather the rowing slave men immediately!"

"Collect all coinage and resources found aboard the enemy ship and send out now!"

"Maps!... Gather the maps and sailing routes!"

"Come on! More! Move! Move! I want all districts rid of all signs of war. Now hop to it!"

(*^*)

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Things were getting very chaotic, with most of the cleanup crew focusing on District I, the public port district.

Yes. For the private districts, cleanup could be extended far into the day since no visitors would dock their ships there.

But District I was also a tourist stop and a vital entry/exit point in Baymard.

It was also because of this that the Baymard hadn't used any extreme methods when handling those who invaded the district.

They didn't use any bazookas or explosives but relied on stun grenades, sleeping gasses, snipers, and other attack methods.

They wanted as little blood as possible staining the public sideways.

Again, it was also why they tranquilized the hell out of their enemy with heavy doses to get them to sleep in one go.

And just like that, the famous number 1 Art Society Member, Marcus Perquo, was also captured in this district.

Gary stared at him, first taken aback before chuckling.

This guy...

Wasn't this the guy who made a big spectacle several years back?

He came to Baymard, demanding manufacturing procedures of all things art related, saying they were going against some law by not handing it over to Morgany.

What's more, the guy even wanted his majesty Landon to bow before him.

What a joker.

"Take him away!"

Gary watched the men grab the snoring Marcus, wondering how the guy would react once he eventually woke up.

Imagine having the best sleep in your life only to wake up and find the war over?
Imagine blinking your eyes only to realize you've lost, and you're now imprisoned?

How would he feel?

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Like that, Baymard had won the battle. There was joy, sorrow, and reflection on what ought to be done better.

Technology was accessed, and strategies challenged.

But all in all, it was still a great victory. And Landon, who was almost close to home, couldn't help sighing with relief.

It's good they handled things well.

Morgany sure was getting restless. And so was he, especially when he got the system's notification about the blood of the 1st Key absorbed by the Holy core.

Landon wanted to cry. He hadn't even started on his plans, yet the enemy was already one step further. He thought it would take them time to realize the matters about the keys.

But now he knew he was wrong.

This was a battlefield. There were no certainties, and anything could happen at any time.

So his priority should always be on seizing the upper hand, especially since they don't know he is aware of the Holy Core.

Landon squinted his eyes thoughtfully.

The Airports were already built and put in place.

So what was he waiting for? Alien tech!

Chapter 1572: Some Happy, Others Miserable

Your majesty Landon was back!

When Landon arrived, phone calls were made by his secretaries, reminding many who had listed meetings on a waitlist that he was back!

Hahahhaha~

Many twirled their phone cords happily, laughing and slapping their thighs when they thought of how they would impress his majesty with the progress of their various projects.

And amongst them was Overseer Tim, who nearly did a front somersault over his table in glee.

Whenever his majesty returns, do you know what that means?

The true emergence of technology!

Hahahahaha~

Tim raised his hands and lifted his face to the heavens, screaming in glory for such a good day.

Yes!

Apart from his family, friends, and life for Baymard, his sole sense of belonging fell on his current industry.

Tim was in love with his job, never feeling it boring or tiresome. And the things he loved most about his career were the new and godly technologies that sprung out constantly.

It was always a zoo here, with so much to do and so much to explore.

Theories were bombarded, new books and editions studied, new problems to solve, and days never being the same.

Who wouldn't love such a job?

Tim felt his ancestors must have been heavily blessed for him to not only belong to Baymard but also gain his majesty's trust.

Fate... Fate sure was an amazing thing.

Who would've known that his first meeting with his majesty in his old blacksmith shop would've marked the start of a beautiful friendship and an even more amazing life?

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Ring~~~

Tim's phone went off.

He had just spoken to Landon's secretary. So who could it be? He tilted his head and stared at the caller I.D, suddenly taken aback.

"Your majesty!!!... Hahahhaha~... It's good to have you back and safe. You know, you're still our beloved empire's future."

Tim nodded, smiled, and teased Landon while listening to his thoughts.

Hey... Unlike others, he and Landon started their relationship in an overly friendly manner. So even though Landon was his monarch, Landon would sometimes place his hands over his shockers, and he would do the same, as though they had been buddies for a hundred years.

Their relationship was just like that. And sometimes, he forgot how young his majesty Landon was compared to himself.

"You're majesty, say less. Since you already stated you would arrive during this time, I had long placed the ads for hire and training as per project A.T... Interviews have been done, and chosen workers accepted. They received their correspondence letters via home mail and email. So they are very much aware of when the official training day begins."

[Good, Tim... For this project, I take it the priority has always been those with previous experience across the other industries within the Lower Region?]

"Of course, your majesty! As you said, this project has to be completed fast. So, for now, we can't afford to put those straight out of school for these. I gathered those from the Vehicle Manufacturing Industry, the ship manufacturing industry, and all the likes... Provided they had experience and accumulated specific skills, the priority went to them."

Tim felt it was just right.

As it stands now in Baymard, those who started working in the Lower Region 2~3 years back became part-time students within the Baymardian Institute of Science & Engineering.

This move surprisingly decreased training time because earlier, all training time started with theoretical knowledge they knew nothing about.

Those graduating and coming to age at 15 would enter the Lower Region, needing much theoretical knowledge alongside practical.

But now, after taking the academy courses, one doesn't need to overly explain things to them anymore.

This was a good breakthrough that made those in the various industries focus on practical work more heavily than before.

Of course, they would still give guidelines and step-by-step procedures on what to do, as well as why what they were doing was right.

But unlike before, those here understood the principles faster and worked more efficiently.

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Good guy!

Tim was too excited, thinking of the official project day being 3 days from now.

If his majesty hadn't returned, he would have started the project without him. After all, all this time, he and many other selected others had been studying and experimenting with all concepts on the project.

Additionally, a small manufacturing industry had already been completed, ready for project manufacturing.

So yes... He was waiting for the students/workers to teach and hop right to it.

To Tim, this might just be the biggest project he had ever worked on!

(^π^)

Hazar!... Hazar!

Tim was delighted.

And just like that, the days went by, with Landon having some 'peace,' spending his days signing off piles and piles of documents.

What the hell?

Landon felt his poor wrists swell with pain.

He stared out the window and sighed, wanting to leave his office badly. But how could he when others are sealing him up in here?

(:Y0Y:)

Landon didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

Who said running an empire was all about heroism and face?

Sigh...

He felt his secretaries were slowly getting out of hand.

Firstly, the 2 secretaries that followed him on his mission had brought... And this is no exaggeration... 2 entire suitcases of documents in eclipse and folders for him to sign.

He spent his hours at sea flicking his wrists away. And of course, he always had to read what he signed or at least get a brief explanation of what the document entitled from his secretary by his side.

So this again took time. And now that he was back, they piled all the documents he missed out on as a welcome gift.

Too brutal... He was out for close to 3 months.

And this was the thanks he got?

During these days, they ensured he never left the palace. When he said he wanted to move his feet, they offered to have a chest-level 'wheeable' table in front of him so he could keep signing the pictures during his so-called stroll out the palace roads.

Of course, if he wanted to stroll indoors, no problem. You can stroll in your office for 15 minutes, can't you?

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Augh~

Landon thinned his lips, feeling very bullied right now.

'I'm the monarch! I'm the ruler! So shouldn't I be allowed to do what I want? What's the point of having power when I can't use it?'

Landon grumbled and crumbled, knowing he was being petty. He didn't even mean the complaints he laid out.

He just wanted to stop flicking his twists already. Was that too much to ask?

Apparently, yes.

~Flip. Flip. Flip.

Papers turned one by one until a call came through.

It was from one of his secretaries in the room leading to his.

[Your majesty, it's time for your afternoon snack and your 15-minute break... And your majesty, at your usual speed, finishing 5 piles by now should be nothing for you, no?]

Tut...

Landon grumbled once more. 'Heartless things.'

Who is the monarch here?

Forget it... Forget it... He knew he had to finish it all before he could be free.

And he wouldn't want to begin his project with Tim knowing his heartless secretaries would be chasing him like demons. Though in all honesty, he knew they were just doing their job and looking out for him. And apparently, Lucy's situation wasn't different either.

The 2 of them were trapped in the palace like Rapunzel in her high tower. And here he thought he would spend these few days after returning, having at least one date with Lucy within one of Baymard's upcoming touristic towns.

But hey... one has to adjust to all situations in life. So he had already given her a picnic evening date after both had a long and tiring time with their secretaries.

They spent the evening in the main palace garden, eating supper alone and just dancing underneath the moonlight.

It was a simple yet amazing date for them. So he had no regrets.

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'So tiring...'

Landon massaged his wrists, staring at his secretary, who opened the food for the palace chef to bring in his late-afternoon grub and beverages.

The foods were always light and not too much, ensuring he had enough space for supper.

The trolley rolled in, and his belly sang loudly.

The food was really delicious, and he again complimented the chef for the tasty sandwich, slice of cake, fruits, freshly baked biscuits, and tea.

"Thank you, your majesty, thank you!"

This was the highlight of the chef's day, taking note of his majesty's eating habits and favorite snacks.

Landon of course had to taste them all and tell his thoughts before relieving the Chef. After he was done, he would send for the trolley to be taken away.

And this was how Landon spent his hours as an imprisoned Monarch.

Until soon, the day came when he finally regained his freedom

Time for Project A.T... Alien Tech!

Chapter 1573: [Bonus Chapter]First Day!

Hahahahaha~

Today was the big day!

Carl shot out of his bed, plunging between the bathroom and bedroom severally.

One minute he was in the shower, another minute he was dressed, and one minute more, he was combing his hair.

"Morning, dad... Morning mom!"

He quickly pecked his parents, who handed him a long sandwich. And before they could properly talk to their son, he was out the door.

Bam!

The couple looked at each other anxiously.

"Don't worry, Martha... Our boy was blessed to be chosen for this special project."

"But working in the Lower region is a high honor. And though our son is smart, don't you know how playful he can be at times? Aiii~... Don't tell me he's going to cause an accident. Please dear ancestors, remove the water from the boy's mind!!"

The husband opened his mouth, wanting to retort and speak up for his son, but found no words came out his mouth.

Alas...

"Maybe we should offer more prayers to our ancestors."

"Hubby, I think so too."

Like so, the couple lost their appetite, planning to begin a grueling period of fasting and prayers for their son.

'Dear ancestors, is it too late to hear our prayers?'

'...'

Go, Go, go!

Carl rushed to the nearest bus stop, reaching there 3 minutes before the bus's designated time.

His heart was pounding, his face flushed, his body slightly sweaty, and his feet tapping the floor in an action that relieved his tension.

Carl thinned his lips, looking at the large gathering around the bus stop.

It was 5:30 A.M.

And the gathering was already a big one.

Carl took deep breaths, squeezing the straps of his backpack hard.

'The lower region... The dream place for all engineers and scientists. How big is it truly?'

Carl couldn't help fantasizing about his expectations, feeling himself being a protagonist in a fantasy novel.

F***!

Do you know how many people would kill to be in his position?

It's true that in his last year of public school before coming of age, every Saturday, the school arranged field trips across Baynard's Capital and other upcoming sites in the many Baynard territories.

Sometimes, the field trips would include both Baymardian students and international students when visiting public places that internal students would potentially work in.

And in other times, the field trips were strictly for Baymardians students, taking them into the Lower region, the army, and other places of top secret interest.

Many had even seen the Navy headquarters too.

All in all, during everyone's last year, these field trips were meant to allow them to see what sort of jobs they would like after graduating and coming of age.

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Carl ran his fingers through his hair nervously.

He, Carl, came from Banjo village, one of Baymard's territories.

Every weekday, he would board the school bus punctually before taking a 1 hour, 15-minute ride to the closest town for school.

Because the bus made a few stops on various routes along the way, it took that much time. But if one were in a private vehicle driving, it would be a measly 20 minutes.

20 minutes!!!

It was amazing how short the time was when remembering how one could spend 6 hours walking at a steady pace between both regions without any rest.

A big emphasis on the word 'rest.' Because if they were to factor in the fact that the times they stopped to eat or even rest due to the uneven terrain, Carl had never used less than 9 hours to get to the closest town from his village.

And yet, a car could use just 20 minutes to get the job done.

Amazing!

The power of technology was indeed a divine entity.

Going back to his past, he began schooling when he was 13 and 10 months old.

Baymard built impressive schools from wood that looked like lumber castles.

They were tall, sturdy, and robust, with strange wood that hardly caught fire.

Just how did they do it? How could they stop lumber from flashing so much?

If it were back in the past, many residents would have begun carrying people to burn on stakes as witches and sorcerers. Or they would have taken the wood as some treasure dropped from the heavens by their ancestors.

But now they knew better, knowing it was all the work of science.

Baymard had built many such schools around.

Again, if one wants to transfer to the school in the Capital, they must meet the requirements. This was put in place to keep people steady.

After all, if everyone was to leave for the Capital, then who would better these other regions?

The schools would be empty, and that wouldn't make sense. So in the end, Carl graduated from the public school in Gagetown.

In his last year of public school, he had a brief tour across the Lower region, as well as several vital other regions scattered about Baymard's many territories.

Development was coming at full speed, and there were opportunities for many of them here. And after graduating from public school, some decided to work in their local post offices scattered about, others chose to work at the branch banks opening up, and so on.

Some also worked at the wild center resorts in other towns and cities, while others worked within the many government-built branch offices scattered about

But for Carl, ever since he stepped into the Lower Region, in particular, Overseer Tim's industry, he had always yearned to be an engineer.

And that's why he began applying to the Baymardian Institute of Science and Engineering after graduating.

The entrance examination was indeed tough. But before the exam, he packed his bag and stayed in the Capital for 3 months, having access to some books the school in gauge town didn't have.

Yes! This was what made the Capital, the Capital!

He went over several aspects and secured a spot in the academy. From there, he studied for 2 years rigorously.

The academy had rules. Only in one's 3rd year could they become part-time students.

Yes!

It's already late August, and the academy resumed classes in the first week of August. So he was already a 3rd-year student!

But before the academy resumed, he used the holiday period to apply for all sorts of part-time jobs within Tim's industry. And that was how he got his first job in the Lower Region.

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Vmmmm!!!!

Carl woke from his stupor.

The bus was here.

How exciting!

Chapter 1574: Carl's Jungle Experience

First day, first day... First day...

Carl hopped on the bus with a newbie attitude.

Do you know what bus he was on?

These particular buses were only for those working in the Lower region.

He showed his badge and quickly took a seat.

Before today, he and many newbies had already met with people from the Lower region in the academy.

Their pictures were taken, and their badges and rule books were personally given to them in school.

These rules weren't so different from many academy rules.

Don't leak secrets out, don't intentionally harm others, and so on.

As long as one stayed on their best behavior, whether it was the academy or the Lower Region, they would treat them well.

(^_^)

~Vrmmm!

The bus took off, taking everyone to the main station.

Arrived!

Carl's heart drummed loudly as he jumped off, only to see over 100 other buses stopping too.

With the slight dark sky and the many people storming out, Carl suddenly felt he was Harry Potter jumping off the train when arriving at Hogwarts.

The inflow of people was astronomical. No wonder the station was this massive.

[Train Lightning McQueen will depart in 10 minutes.]

[Train Thunderbolt will be departing in 25 minutes.]

[Train Spirited Away, will depart in 40 minutes.]

Many announcers went off as Carl walked into the station, which made him feel like an ant trapped in a massive tower.

Maybe because of the aesthetics, Carl felt he was moving through a fantasy world within a clock.

So cool!

The interior theme was clockwork, which made many feel they were in another world.

But wait. Carl's brain was spinning rapidly.

'Each train has a 15-minute gap... One is leaving 10 minutes from now, another 25 minutes from now, and another 40... So every 15 minutes, does a train leave the station? Or is it because of the high flux of workers during such times?'

Yes.

The trains would only get used from 5~ 9:30 A.M (mornings), 2~4:30 P.M. (afternoons), and 6~8:30 P.m. (those going for evening shifts).

Those were the busiest times and the period when many typically left for the lower region.

Of course, if one wanted to head to the lower region during times not shown on the train schedule, they could always board the buses, which would be available then to take them down.

Statistics have proved that during those times, the trains had small numbers of people boarding in, which was not cost-effective.

But gathering their few and putting them in a bus was better. So buses from the station to the lower region only ran during those times, not showing in the train schedule.

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Carl had long passed security, holding a sheet of paper in his hands.

'Though all trains stop in the Lower region, it says there are 3 train stations in the lower region. And the ones heading to the 2nd station are closer to the industry I've been assigned to.'

Very quickly, Carl ran his hands through the trains listed while also looking at the massive digital screen that showed all trains, their time of departure, and if they were delayed or not.

Trains: Dasher, Heartnet, Britannia, Miracle train...

Lightning McQueen!

That's the one separating in... Carl checked his watch. 6 minutes now!

C7!

That's where he was supposed to be!

"Excuse me... Coming through... Excuse me... Thank you!"

Carl felt his muscles bulge and his feet take off like the Flash.

He didn't want to wait for the next bus in 21 minutes,

Run Carl, Run!

Din. Din. Din. Din!

His massive backpack slapped his butt with every swaying leap he took.

Up and down the many moving escalators he went, also utilizing the leveled moving floor along the open paths. Until soon, he reached his final destination, once again feeling lucky to have survived this doomsday experience.

Yup.

He felt he had just beaten hundreds of zombies before heading into the train, taking him away from it all.

He placed his hands on his knees and panted heavily.

No wonder one of his school seniors advised him to come earlier and take the first trains. Along his journey, he found many were also running by themselves, causing a stampede more terrible than one could imagine.

At some point, he swore that the sea of people almost carried him in another direction.

But who was he? Carl felt he was now the sin of luck.

~Shmmmm!

The train doors closed with him inside and some not making the cut.

Sorry. Before every door was a train guard controlling the traffic and the many who entered. Or else won't they all be sardines in here?

~Phew.

Finally, it's over!

Carl took his hanky, wiping his what off, only to see a buddy of his standing next to him.

The duo pointed at each other with gaped mouths 'O'.

"You--"

"How come I didn't see you bef--?"

"Hahaha!... Buddy, you have a sandwich sticking out your chest pockets."

"You're one to laugh! Just look at your hair? Why is it running away from your head?"

"Well, it looks like there was no point combing it today."

"Pfff~... Me too. I look like a mess."

"Hahahahahaha~"

Laughter, joy, and excitement.

The duo laughed, and many around them also smiled.

Newbies. They were always so entertaining to watch. And anyone could spot them easily. They weren't used to the fast life of those in the lower region.

They too used to be newbies. And you know what, they wouldn't change their current style for anything.

It gave a sense of adventure and excitement for the day ahead.

Carl listened to his friend's hilarious start, trying his best not to laugh so hard.

Sure enough, work-train-life sure was a mysterious thing.

Next stop, the Lower region!

Full speed ahead.

~Drmmmm!!!

Off they went, into the land of Narnia.

(^_^)

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Like so, Carl and his friend reached station 2 within the lower region and hopped on their prospective buses.

His friend was working in the oral care and toothpaste industry while he was working in a new industry he hardly knew a thing about.

All he knew was that it was a branch industry from overseer Tim's.

However, judging from the assessment and interview, it primarily accessed topics involving mechanics!

The bus pulled up, and soon, Carl saw his number one idol in the world.

Ahhhhh!!!!~

Landon stepped forward alongside Overseer Tim to welcome the bunch.

Looking at the group, Landon was pleased with their enthusiasm.

Good...

Today, they start Project A.T!

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1575: Finally, Here!](#)

Chapter 1575: Finally, Here!

Are you impressed? Are you filled with the spirit of the working God in you?

The crowd gathered all had a variety of expressions plastered on their faces as they got out of the buses and headed to the front of the roundabout.

Some couldn't keep their eyes from darting about, while others only left their mouths hung wide open in disbelief.

Yes. By now everyone was used to modern buildings for many years now.

But one thing to note was that though the industries had similar buildings amongst themselves, each Industry had 2 or 3 iconic ones.

The oral and toothpaste industry had a few key buildings designed like a squeeze of toothpaste on a brush.

The paper-making industry had a particular beholding that resembled a giant sticky note from all angles.

One could say within these industries, they all had iconic 'monuments' that made many admirers.

Whether it was Carl or the many others, their attention was first drawn to the giant structure before them.

"Wahhh!... Look at it!"

"Oh, my ancestors! Those construction workers have outdone themselves again."

"Spider... The building is shaped like a spider. So could it be we're here to make bug spray?"

The newly arrived workers were stunned silly.

Bug's spray? Was that why they were here? (?~?)

The exam they took placed heavy emphasis on physics and mechanics. So what's the situation here?

Wasn't Bug's spray more about chemicals?

Erm... who can tell them what this was all about?

(° _ °)

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Everyone swallowed their many questions while advancing to the forefront.

There, they saw his majesty Landon, overseer Tim, and 10 others standing with stoic expressions.

Subconsciously, they quickened their pace.

Landon nodded, seeing the excited but confused.

"Congratulations, you've all been selected as workers for this newly developed industry. Now... I want to ask... What is it that you think this industry is for?"

Several people raised their hands, and Landon gestured to a girl in red glasses.

"Amelia Fullbuster, reporting to your majesty... As per your question, the newspapers, radio stations, and Tv ads only stated the job requirements and not what the actual job entailed. However..."

The lady paused, adjusting her glasses. "Your majesty, from the requirements, my guess is we are here to build things."

Many nodded in agreement.

They couldn't have said it better... Though the giant spider building behind his majesty made them second guess what this whole thing was about.

The entire industry was a mystery wrapped in a doughnut.

What exactly were they doing here? And why so secretive?

The corners of Landon's mouth raised in a broad grin.

"Metal... Zinc, stainless steel, aluminum... You name it... I take it everyone knows the basic properties and strengths of these?"

Yes. They bobbed their heads, watching Landon lift a cutlery piece high.

Eh? What did he want to do with it?

"A fork... A common everyday, essential tool. Many of you can bend it and twist it to change its appearance... But it's not the fork I'm here to discuss, but the material is made from. ---Stainless steel.

Everyone listens attentively, starting with widened eyes at the fork as though waiting for a magic trick to unfold.

Landon swayed the fork playfully. " stainless steel... General properties, Go."

Swish!

Several hands went high again. Enobasis in the word 'General properties.'

Once again, Landon gestured towards many raised hands.

"Stainless steel is very strong even at high temperatures."

"Resistant to salt and wash in dishwashers."

"Resistant to rust/corrosion!"

"High tensile strength, hardness, yield strength, Durability, and very malleability."

"Bingo!" Landon was happy with the answers he had.

"Take 304 steel, for example. Already, its ultimate Tensile strength is 505MPa... And its Hardness is at 70 metric... So what will happen if we boost these numbers times 2? Or maybe 10?"

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Boom!

An explosion went off in everyone's mind as they looked at Landon in shock.

Was he joking?

Good, heavens... How was that even possible?

No. No!

If the strength factor went up that much, won't the modulus of elasticity keeping the iron together also fall apart?

All properties were correlated to one another!

If they boosted the strength so much, the backlash would be incredible.

It can't be done. It can't be done... This was what common sense had them believe after years of studying in the academy, as well as working here in the Lower region for some.

Landon smiled, seeing their jaws drop in disbelief.

Yes... That's right.

The Metal Enhancer was for sure a thing of advanced worlds far from that of his former world, Earth.

Even those on Earth would swear to the heavens that such a thing was fantasy.

Of course, one other thing to note was that even though the metal enhancer would be made, basic appliances like forks and kitchen knives would stay the same.

The enhancer was only for steel frames, planes, ships, building rods, military gadgets, and other public needs.

Why would he enhance a fork so it would be sharper for people to use and kill themselves with?

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Everyone was already blown away by Landon's insane idea of a metal enhancer. But when they later heard of him talking about a high-hoer mechanical builder, they were suddenly lost for words.

Alright.

Now, they understood where the spiders came in. But what's more, the Spiders would have something in them called an anti-Gravitational belt?

If the spiders could fly in this way, does that mean they too would one day fly about in Baymard?

(°Π°)

Crazy! Crazy!

Everyone felt the world spinning around them the more they listened.

No wonder the job was kept secret.

The group flowed his majesty in, changing their attire within the 1st sector, before stepping through the 2nd gated sector after showing their IDs one after the other.

It was official

The welcoming Session is over. And now, it was time for the real work to begin.

Landon had a broad smile on his face.

He was most excited about the Anti-gravitational belt.

(^v^)

To infinity and Beyond!

Chapter 1576: Industry Ready To Go

Step by step, Landon, Tim, and the other supervisors introduced the group of recruits to a whole new world of tech.

Though the industry was small compared to the rest, it was still impressive in its own way.

Everyone wouldn't help feeling amazed, looking around the industry's many features.

Wow! Check out the production line!

Carl couldn't help fidgeting when seeing the many processes involved.

'This is it... This is the big leagues!'

It was one thing to tour the industries before graduating and another to study in the academy and read about production lines without working on them.

For a moment, his palms become sweaty, and his throat parched.

Will he do a good job? What if his actions cause disruptions within the production line, leading them to more money loss?

Dammit. They were getting more and more fidgety. Luckily, Landon's following words calmed not just himself but many others too.

"Before real production begins, training is essential. And that's why you will not only build the final products by hand but also learn how to operate the production line correctly."

"Yes," Tim added. "His majesty has said it all. Only by training and building it yourselves over and over will you stumble upon issues and understand why things are built the way they do."

Their training was one that everyone in the Lower region, irrespective of their industries, always did.

Training was like cooking.

Only when making a dish multiple times would one understand why putting too much pepper or too little salt could affect the dish's overall taste.

In this case, physics played a very important role.

So you best believe they would calculate it all using the industry computers and whatnot, understanding these formulas.

That way, when they input data or arrange things in the control room, they would know what pressure, temperature, heat capacity, and whatnot were correct during production.

Of course, the computer systems would show a red warning if something along the production lines went wrong.

But due to the knowledge they learned now, correcting these issues would be easier, seeing that they understood the theoretical and practical processes well.

That's why training was necessary.

For training and hand-to-hand building, they would have to do it over and over again, repeating the same monotonous actions until the information stuck on their brains like glue.

In this industry, there were 2 main products... The metal Enhancer machine and the High-Tier mechanical builder, A.K.A, the spiders with anti-gravitational systems that could fly up and build a car, a ship, or even a plane all by themselves in the future.

This was revolutionary technology.

And just like in the other industries, everyone here would be divided into many groups.

Some will be tasked with designing the product's outer frame, while others may be tasked with understanding just the anti-gravitational belt.

The group they found themselves in corresponded to the positions they would end up in within the production line.

Like so, the industry had finally begun work, though not officially yet since the group was still in training.

For the first week, Landon, Tim, and the rest agreed to help them as much as possible, answering any questions or hiccups they might have. But after that, they were on their own, more or less making their own mistakes.

To kickstart things, it's important to know there were 2 main production lines in separate buildings for the 2 main products. And within those production lines, everyone would be scattered about there.

So for training, they gathered them into various groups, allowing each group to build as many prototypes.

Within each group, some would only be concerned with building the spider's internal framework, others concerned with its energy source, and so on. And at the end of each day, what they did would be accessed by their superiors and feedback given.

This was daily.

However, by the end of the week, they would be told to demonstrate just how functional what they created was.

Even if the product they were making weren't completed, their current works would still be accessed.

For example, how does it withstand xx pressure? If the current product was used, what does the estimated wear and tear look like?

To keep them on their toes, the industry will access every prototype made.

Additionally, the test would also involve their understanding of the new doors opened by the upgraded physics shown.

There were 3 new never seen theories Landon introduced.

It sounded so bizarre but made so much sense!

It was as though the doors to Pandora's box were now open, with many having their eyes light up, as though they were finding the answers to some perplexing matters they faced when studying physics and mechanics.

Damn!

So the answer has been right there all along?

In the end, everyone was arranged in prospective groups.

For today in particular, they weren't going to start work but tour the industry.

The industry has 2 sectors.

The first sector was where the cafeteria, infirmary, and business departments were. And the 2nd sector had all production buildings, distribution trucks, travel golf carts, and so on.

So good...

Many were happy.

(^_^)

.

Alien tech... Alien tech...

Landon inwardly sang in glee as Tim walked him to his vehicle.

"Hahahahaha~... Your majesty, by September 20th, we can begin work on the production line. Only a few recruits are from the academy. A majority have already been working in the lower industry for 3~4 years now. So it should be easier for them to pick things fast."

Land slapped Tim's shoulders lightly. "Hmmm... I'm confident in you, Tim. No matter what, we must get production started fast. After all... We still have Project Take Off pending."

Project Take off!

Tim's eyes shot like rockets. "Your majesty, I more than anyone, want to see that day come fast."

Only by getting this done can they bloody well fly through the sky.

Can you imagine it? Man flying in a heavy metal box?

Hahahahahaha~

That would be a die to live for!

Chapter 1577: Sudden Mission

Vrmmm!

Landon drove off with a smile on his face.

Things would now have to move fast, especially with the enemy already gaining sight of all matters concerning the Holy Core.

'More points... More points... I have enough points to upgrade my space.'

The space needed an upgrade for him to be able to put the Holy Core in once stolen from the Morgs.

Landon realized that even if he completed Production of these Alien techs, the points allocated by the system wouldn't be enough for a space upgrade that could hold the majesty of the Holy Core.

This was why he also had to complete most of his main missions to gather enough points for the big upgrade.

Building aircrafts wasn't enough. He also had to complete Amusement park construction.

As for DNA sequencing, it was added as a new department under the industry which manufactures medical appliances.

With DNA sequencing, various machines were made, and distribution started a week before he arrived.

On the ship, he had already gotten the system's notification about it being used in the hospitals.

That's right. Now, people could do DNA tests, verifying if one was the father/mother of a child.

This era was truly turbulent, with many daring slaves and midwives deriving children, letting imposters live the lives of nobles.

Many still had crooked thoughts. But with this, the matter was solved.

There were adverts making the world aware of this genius technology.

What's more, DNA sequencers could also study genomes and viruses.

DNA sequencing allows clinicians to identify genetic diseases, improve disease management, provide reproductive counseling, and whatnot.

And for forensics, DNA fingerprinting and many other identification aspects were made easier thanks to this.

All in all, DNA sequencing had too many benefits. But the points allocated by the system were still not enough.

For now, he had to wait for aircraft manufacturing and Amusement park completion to garner enough points.

For the amusement park, construction had long started 3 months back.

For the park, he chose to focus on 8 different types of attractions. Those were the minimum for mission completion. In the future, he could expand it more. But for now, he desperately needed it built fast.

Again, he had to emphasize the words '8 Types. '.

A roller coaster was one type. So maybe there would be 3 roller coasters with 3 different themes.

A carousel was another type. So many he would make 4 difficult Carousels.

A spinning teacup was one of the types, bumper car rides were another, and so on.

All in all, 4 types would be relaxed, and the other 4 types would be for adrenaline-junkie-filled people.

That said, the current construction going on focused on building all commercial buildings within the park.

One shouldn't forget he was building both an indoor and outer park

And as for the actual rides, of course he was also waiting for the high-tier mechanical builders to build these attractions using enhanced metal parts.

That's right. He wanted to lower the risk of attraction accidents by all means.

What was even more impressive was that these mechanical building spiders could build so fast that one would doubt whether they were in a sci-fi world or not.

Just thinking about it made Landon giggle.

The future sure was bright. But another matter troubled him.

It's sad to say, but he will be leaving Baymard 3 weeks from now. Why? Because there was trouble in the land of the Giants. – Omania.

He had another hidden mission there!

.

[Host, this stent would like to remind you that the clock is ticking. Omania is still under attack from the Adonis' followers. Should the deadline pass, the host will get ripped apart in the void for 7 days, experiencing hell repeatedly.]

Landon shuddered. One shouldn't think such a punishment was light.

This bastard system of his has now found another way of killing him.

He thought after being ripped by the void, he would be fine. But who would've known after getting ripped, his mortal body would stay in a comma for 80 years?

(!π!)

He was already 20. So if he were to wake up in 80 years, wouldn't that make him 100?

What's more, who knows if he would die naturally before then?

Landon felt the system was pretentious.

Why not just say death as the punishment rather than first torturing him in the void before letting him stay in a coma and eventually die?

Landon didn't know whether to laugh or cry for his current state.

Forget it... Forget it...

He not only had to save those in Omania but also began treaty-signing with their many empires.

The land of the giants was the most accurate way to call these Omanians.

They were too tall, with the shortest women being 6'2 and the most men being 6'8.

But even though they were tall, they didn't look lanky by nature.

How to say it?

They looked like giant gods of Olympus when standing next to non-omanians.

No body parts looked lanky or overly long. And because of their tall structures, their homes and city walls were even talker.

Landon couldn't help wondering if he should start making vehicles to accommodate which people. Buses and public transport already had ample space to accommodate their heights.

But personal vehicles would have to be modified for them in future.

Just listening to the outline of what these Omanians look like, Landon was looking forward to seeing them in the flesh.

That is... The shortest adult woman was 6'2... Then what of the tallest? He dared wonder if they were above 7 feet.

Their children should also grow astronomically too.

Damn.

What a place!

.

Landon drove into the barracks, still thinking of them when suddenly, a loud ringing noise echoed in his mind.

Ding!

[Urgent Side-mission: Save the Captured Omanians at sea.]

What? Some Omanians were captured at sea? Say no more; he felt it should be the work of Morgs, stopping ships passing by.

Landon thought he would have to make a plan and head out with the soldiers. But who knew fate had other plans?

~Warning! Warning!

[One of the Omani Chosen Monarchs is about to be assassinated in 7...]

No!

Landon froze in place, parking his vehicle fast and storming for any nearby building.

Washroom... He had to find a bathroom fast.

[5...]

The countdown continued as Landon entered a building, acting like Clark Kent about to change into his superman costume.

[4...]

Washroom sign found.

[3...]

He entered the washroom.

[2...]

What stalls were available?

[1...]

Finally, he was in.

[Zero...]

~Pouf!!!

Landon vanished into thin air.

Alright.

It was time to play the part of a Fairy Godmother.

Chapter 1578: Surrounded!

Far away, around the waters between Carona and Veinitta, a fleet of 2 broader ships were surrounded by 6 others.

The weather was hot, yet those in the 2 vessels felt a chill crawl up their spines.

They held their swords and stood back to back each other on the deck while helplessly watching the enemy surround them.

Where was Omania located?

It was a continent below Veinitta, Tenola, and Zohl.

This was the world the giants knew.

They hardly knew anything above this, not even knowing that a Continent such as Pyno existed.

They had been strategically separated by the Morgs controlling the waters.

Of course, apart from these continents surrounding them, they did know of Morgany, though not too much.

Morgany brought their godly healers from time to time to impress them with their skills.

To them, Morgany was akin to heaven's garden, a place too expensive for them to visit.

So yes...

Many had never returned out so far.

However, their current situation wasn't something they expected.

The 3rd Prince of the Soma empire had gone to visit Romain last year for some diplomatic matters and was currently on his way back to the empire.

But what did he see when arriving close by?

He ran into the son of one of the city's sons in another coastal city far from where his father was posted.

Payne relayed the battle that went down, with countless Adonis warriors attacking the city he fled.

Initially, he wanted to go to the royal palace but suddenly had a strange dream telling him to head to this coastal city instead.

He knew it was bizarre, but his instincts were just too strong.

To play things safe, he sent his aides to rush the news to his majesty while he followed his intuition.

And shockingly, the moment he arrived, he saw the 3rd Prince's fleet arrive too.

Of course, the news was too devastating, especially after hearing the number of ships the enemy had brought over.

He was afraid they might also send backup later too.

In this way, their precious Soma empire was in trouble.

3rd Prince Lexx Artemis was not at all comfortable.

So he sent 8/10th of his guards to head to the Capital and protect his Father, as well as join the battle, while he did a U-turn to any nearby Allies to beg for assistance.

At least, that was the plan.

But who would have thought a strange storm would appear out of nowhere on a hot summer to shift them off their course?

Terrible!

They spiraled and spiraled and even entered the most deadly water territories of clouds that could only take one towards one oath.

It was like a fierce waterfall, pushing them in one direction. And as many say: once you get on this water current, don't even think about escaping it.

The most fearful thing was the constant Boggles invading their space.

Throughout their journey, they saw many Boggles shoot out of the water in an attempt to shatter their wooden ships.

However, luck was always on their side, as Boggles would have one accident after another.

Some accidentally collided with each other, causing them to faint, while others met strange occurrences down the waters.

There was a time when they even thought a boggle would swallow their ship.

It opened its massive mouth but got knocked by another boggle fighting to eat them.

Just how big were these boggles?

Well, one could say when they opened their mouths, they could swallow 1~10 ships all at once, depending on the boggle's size.

Some were baby boggles, and others were old Boggles.

It was strange that no boggle swallowed them from below, maybe because of the fast spinning current moving their ships around like crazy.

It was like trying to catch a slippery fish with one's bare hands.

One moment they were here, the next, the current had twirled them too far away.

In this way, they danced away while watching the goggles fight to swallow them all.

One could say the rapidly changing current indeed saved them. But if the damn storm hadn't sent them here, would they be in this predicament?

Everyone had to admit that this adventure was one they would never forget.

Because the current was carrying them too fast, they had traveled a great distance in a shorter time than one would deem impossible.

Of course, sometimes, the current wasn't as fierce, as though giving them a break from the craziness.

They slept and woke up in a dizzy state. The ships were always moving.

The ships had broken down severally. And 3rd prince Artemis had to rile up his sleeves and join the crew in sealing the leaks with tar.

As for food, they never worried about this.

Every time the waters swished, food fell onto the decks and the rooftops.

They ate fish so much that they suddenly detested them.

Meat!

What they would give for a juicy leg of poultry, boar, or swine.

Hiss!

Their mouths always watered when thinking of this. The experiment had left them a little homesick.

But other than food, they also found another way to get water. Sailers primarily relied on Rum.

But when the rum is gone, and they are held hostage in a fierce loop of current, were they to never drink a day in their lives?

No.

Taking into account the swishing moment from the ship, 3rd Prince Artemis had put together a little set-up with the many barrels they had.

They couldn't let anything dry outside; water always washed along the deck.

First, they boiled the salt water, allowing its vapor to soak the blacks above. Following that, they squeezed the water out and referred to this severally.

The filtering method wasn't that clean. But for them, it was very close to spring water.

Good.

They then used the salt residue at the bottom to flavor their boiled fish.

Because of the sea's movement, they were too scared to create any massive kitchen fires. So roasting anything as they typically did was out of the question.

They only boiled in controlled fires, with many watching while holding empty buckets in case of emergencies.

They had seawater stored in a drum nearby just in case.

.

One word: Terrible.

Life during that time wasn't easy.

Even the water they struggled to gather would often stop whenever the waters became chaotic.

In the end, they had to tar/glue each barrel to the floor.

Of course, another important aspect to note was that they managed to survive not only because of his highness's intellect but also his special powers.

Yup.

His highness the 3rd Prince was blessed by the Vine God since birth.

His highness could grow and manipulate plants to twist and harden like vines.

If you have him a basket of flowers, he could produce a thick and powerful rope with them all bundled up. But there was a limit to his powers.

What was so amazing was that they were only now realizing that his highness had this power.

It appears the entire Soma empire was oblivious to this. Maybe only his majesty and a few others know.

If not for their current situation, they too might never know.

No one can blame his richness for protecting himself. After all, it's no secret he faced assassination attempts frequently.

All in all, their life at sea was tragic. And during this time, many thought they would never make it out if this hellish current alive.

Many thought their mission to get allowed had long failed.

But when they thought they would be trapped in the current forever, another strange, crazy 2-day storm pushed them out to unknown waters.

Saved?

They looked at the night sky, as well as all other signs around them in confusion.

Where was this? What was going on here?

Immediately, they knew they were out of their bubble.

These were waters they had never heard of before. And what scared them the most was that they might be sailing straight for the sharp end of the world.

Everyone knows the world is flat. So wouldn't they be headed for the edge? ('0')

They were too scared and wanted to turn back while cursing at the mysterious storm for pushing them far out in the middle of nowhere.

It was strange that the storm was as strong as a winter one.

So how can it appear in summer?

They wanted to understand but had no one to ask questions to.

Too late!!!

Before they could move a muscle, several strange ships had spotted them and headed their way within warning.

And that brought them to their current situation. – Surrounded by enemies.

.

The pirates aboard the surrounding ships licked their blades and sneered at the defensive giants.

"Omanians? Fancy seeing you out here. It's rare... It's truly rare. Typically, I would've demanded your treasures alone. But you see, you Omanians are rare to find, even as slaves... So since you brought yourselves to my doorstep. So how can I let you go?"

Chapter 1579: What Just Happened?

The Morgs all snickered in unwavering glee when seeing these giants cower like so.

Omania...

Though it was the poorest continent, far more backward than Pyno, it still made Morgany tread cautiously with these giants.

Why? Because their stubbornness was like no other.

Omanians may fight one another brutally. But they would never invite outsiders into their territories to kill their enemies.

That's right.

Even after so many years, the T.O.E.P had found it near-impossible to get members from them.

It can be seen that even if they did manage to become members, they would never ask the T.O.E.P to kill their Omaniian enemies.

Only if it was truly a final resort could they stretch their hands to outsiders for help taking care of their opponents.

Don't get them wrong. They could have diplomatic agreements and trade of all sorts with other regions. But they knew where to draw the line.

They could turn their eyes and evade Morg temptation because of this belief. And this was why Morgany specifically made things 10 times harder for them than anywhere else.

.

Alright.

Since you want to play tough, then let your continent be the most uncivilized... Let your people, though giants, feel small in this world compared to others.

Your knowledge is only what they, Morgs, allow you to know.

Your water borders are limited, as you don't know what lies beyond the bubble created for you.

You will live in ignorance for as long as you remain stubborn.

Even if they ever go to other nearby continents, the T.O.E.P members there would make things challenging for them.

It was why even when it came to trading, they always got the shorter end of the stick.

One shouldn't forget the many powerful people in the other surrounding continents were double agents, citizens by day and T.O.E.P members by night.

If Morgany wanted a certain group to pay the price, they would feel it in their bones.

This was why most Omanians felt the outside world didn't like them.

The segregation was real, and they were always at a disadvantage.

All this could change if they just let Morgany in more. But No~... They chose to prove stubborn.

Again, it's hard getting Omaniian slaves.

There were indeed slave traders in Omania. But did you know these traders never allowed Omaniian slaves to leave the borders?

No matter the price, they were unwilling.

For one, the law would come down on them 100 times more if ever caught.

On the surface, they did visit Omaniian from time to time, only having a cordial relationship with these giants.

The group of people were a very cautious one that took years to study people before willingly allowing them to be friends with themselves.

Of course they had foreign Friends from outside and a few more allies too. But do you know how much scrutiny they took before nodding their heads?

Omanians were like that. And that's why Morgany suppressed them greatly.

So seeing this group of people who were so hard to catch them this far out, how could they let this opportunity go?

'Good slaves!'

With taller frames, bigger bodies, and thicker calves, these Omanians naturally weighed more and hence had more strength since birth.

Look at those hands... One punch and a person would find themselves in a terrible predicament.

They make good rowing slaves. If they torture and train these groups of giants well, they didn't believe these bunch won't turn into obedient dogs that pee where they told them to.

If man could train a wolf to become a dog, then these against were no different.

...

"Boys... It looks like they're still unwilling, not knowing how much of an honor it is to work under us." The round-faced man playfully teased.

The man was called Captain Longbottom.

"Huh! Captain... What choice do they have?"

One by one, the many rough-looking pirates mocked the punch.

Everyone was still in playing mode when the Captain, who had been heating with them, suddenly turned serious.

"Kill the leader, and the headless chickens will be lost."

Kill the leader?

They do believe their coating had just given his order. In that case, don't blame them for being rude.

They stared at the giant that other giants tried to protect with menacing scowls.

They could rain arrows down less they kill their future slaves.

Or it can be said that even if they wanted to kill him with their arrows, they had to get very close to him.

Alright.

They found the leader of the giants. And with broad firms, they 'tarzaned' from their ship to the giants.

Typically, their ships were always very tall compared to others in this world.

But because the giants were too tall, their ships and floor heights were also elevated, making them almost similar in height to their Level-3 pirate ships.

One could say the height difference between both decks was 5 feet at best.

Damn.

This was an insult of the highest order.

Yahhhhh!!!!!!~~~

The Morgs swung over and landed aboard the Omani ships. And in a blink of an eye, a fierce battle began.

.

"Come here, Omani boy!... Let me show you the might of a true Morg."

~Ting!

Artemus clashed swords with the strong ruffian.

Artemus' sword was far heavier and longer than an ordinary sword because, with height and weight, typical blades would be too light for him and his people.

But what stunned him was that his opponent was able to handle his force.

Most foreigners like those from the neighboring Zohl would've been pushed back or blown away completely by his explosive force.

So what was going on with this man?

More importantly, his blade should have cut or damaged the enemy's sword. So why was it still intact?

The veins on Artemus' hands bulged overwhelmingly.

Something didn't add up.

Retract!

Both sides retracted their swords, with Artemus confused and the ruffian proud.

"Hahahaha~... You didn't expect it... Didn't you."

~Ting!

The swords clash again.

"Foolish Omani. Don't you know for Morgans to be the number one, we trained using weapons heavier than any place in this world?"

~Ting!

"We've studied your kind for ages... Knowing what you use and what type of fighting styles you're most familiar with. So how can you be our equal?"

What?

Artemis felt his blade slip away from his hands as the ruffian sent it flying.

Splash.

It went overboard. And now, he was defenseless.

Tick-Tock. Tick... Tock!

Time seemed frozen in place as Artemis felt his life flash before his very eyes.

He had fought such a short but powerful battle that made him lose all his strength.

His breathing grew heavier, his stomach ached, and his many cuts sizzled from the salty air.

Beads of sweat washed over his face, falling into the crevices of his eyes and making them appear teary.

His mission... His mission...

Artemis didn't want to lose hope and truly felt despair.

And even in a time like this, his thoughts first settled on his family... His wife of 3 years and his father.

He left the shores of the Soma empire on a mission for more allies. But instead, fate dragged him here, like an order from above.

.

Artemis knew it sounded silly. But everything that happens on their journey was too bizarre, as though they were being led here on purpose. And if they tried to escape the path fate laid for them, their ships always placed them right back on the route.

But why?... Why were the heavens sending them here to die?

Artemis didn't understand.

Why was any of this happening?

His Omania needed him; his Soma empire needed him... And most important, his family needed him.

So why was he returned to die now?

No!

Artemis forced his heavy eyelids open.

No matter what? He wouldn't be dying here!

He had his vine powers. And even if he couldn't take them all down, he would make sure to give a good show that frightened them off!

He, Lexx Artemis, 3rd Prince of the renowned Soma Empire, was never one to back down when cornered.

Artemis charged up his fingers, ready to grow the small stalk of plant underneath his sleeves.

It has always been a habit of his to do so.

He thought his actions would be faster than the enemy's blade dining at his neck.

Little did he know that if not for 'divine' intervention, there would only be one outcome for this collision... Death.

The pirates were smiling, but the giants were already mortified, watching the sword move in slow motion.

But just then, a strange puff of smoke appeared.

What?

No one saw the collision happen. The smoke covered it all. But this didn't stop the giants from worrying less.

.

"Your highness!"

"Your highness!..."

"Your--... Eh?"

--Silence--

Both pirates and giants stared at the scene in silence.

'I'm sorry... But who is this?

Chapter 1580: Mr. Fairy GodMother's 2nd Debut

Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo.

The thick pink fog vanished as quickly as it altered, and everyone was stupidly staring at a very unexplainable sight. ('0')

The pirates were flabbergasted, and the Giants had even more animated expressions.

Everyone couldn't help voicing the same question loudly.

"Who the hell are you?"

"I?"

"Yes, you!" Many couldn't help retorting, seeing the mysterious man pointing to himself as though confused.

Please!

He knew damn well they meant himself. So what was his acting all about?

(///*â-i*)

Just answer the bloody question. Who the heck are you?

The mysterious man lifted a twig from heaven-knows-where and flickered it lightly in the air.

"Who am I?... Well, I'm here to make his highness Artemis' wishes come true. For you see... I'm his Fairy Godmother.... Or should I say, father?"

" "

Does it matter? What the hell was a fairy Godmother in the first place?

'In the end, you're just making things up to help the giants, aren't you?'

The pirates inwardly cursed.

Of course, they were still cautious about the emergence of this mysterious man.

(**After coming of age, everyone was a man, where they were 16, 17, or 25)

They stared at the nonchalant-looking man vigilantly.

For one, he had just made smoke not only appear and cease but also made the smoke go out in a very natural color... Pink.

A sorcerer? This one showed he was not ordinary.

Moreover, around him were 10 of their pirate comrades, all lying motionless on the deck floors. And the Giants these lots were fighting against were all safe... Especially his highness Artemis, the leader they were trying to kill.

What's this? What's going on here?

Where did this guy appear from? Could he have been living in the ship of these giants all this while? Or could it be that he truly popped out of nowhere like the Sorcerer they suspected him to be?

For a moment, time was once again frozen in ice as the once-arrogant pirates now contemplated whether to rush toward or wait for an attack opportunity before plunging in.

.

Long Bottom's face was cold.

"Mr. Fairy Godmother, are you sure you want to butt in on this matter? Being nosy can indeed lead to one's death. Are you aware of this? Are you going to take sides with them?."

"Duh~... Why are you so slow in the head?"

"You!---... Good. Good." Long Bottom's lips quivered in fury. "What a good Mr. Fairy Godmother. No matter who you are, you are just but one person. We have you and your giants outnumbered. There is no way under the sky that you can take us all down. So since you like the feeling of dying so much, I'll take a page from your book and grant you this wish as 'your' Fairy Godmother too!"

Long Bottom was done talking with this infuriating person. Now, he didn't care whether the giants were injured or dead.

In the face of such a dangerous but annoying person, his most important priority was showing the bastard the true might of Morgany.

He wanted to see the arrogant scoundrel fall into disfavor with his thing dangling between his legs.

Heh.

He wondered if the fool would do his vanishing act with smoke again when they began their deadly attacks. please visit

A part of him also wanted the son of a b**ch to vanish, so the giants could fall on their knees and beg for their lives. But he wouldn't forgive them at all.

Yes! If they had been good slaves from the start, obeying their orders, this situation would've never begun in the first place.

The giants and Artemis were also stunned.

Who was this man? And why was he willing to die for them?

They had never seen him in their lives, nor did they ever do something to owe him a favor. So why was he going all out for them?

It's strange to say they typically guard against outsiders. But for some reason, they felt it wouldn't be bad idea to become friends with Mr. Fairy Godmother.

However, this wasn't the time for friendship.

They were surrounded from all angles by enemy ships.

And high they hated to admit they, the villain captain was right.

They were outnumbered, and the outcome was evident. So they had already conditioned their minds to fight with everything they had, knowing they would either die or end up as slaves.

Even Artemis saw no way out.

His vine powers were limited, and couldn't save every time or fight every enemy. So he knew the outcome, though unwilling.

If before he was anxious, nuke, he was desperate but comfortable having a stranger die for him and his people like this.

He placed his tired big hands on Landon's shoulders.

"Quickly... Get behind me... I'm grateful for your help. But I don't need it!"

Don't die for me!

Landon almost rolled his eyes but dared not show it.

He lightly tapped Artemis' giant hands. "It's alright. This much is nothing to be."

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"Archers!!!"

Long Bottom's cold orders followed out. And in a blink of an eye, both giant ships had countless arrows pointing toward those on deck.

How to evade such attacks? The answer was impossible. But for some reason, the man they focused on wasn't fazed.

"For your own safety, I hope you don't shoot because, under my watch, no one from either ship will fall."

Dreamer! Who do you think you are? An immortal?

Long Bottom sneered, raising his hand to give the signal.

"Fire!"

Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!

Hundreds of narrows plunged thoroughbred air in a flash. And the many swordsmen pirates only crossed their arms with victorious grins.

"Heheheheh~... It serves them right."

In their next lives, these giants and that bastard Fairy Godmother will learn never to be presumptuous before their enemies.

Everyone saw the arrows fly mighty. And soon, they heard screams... Only, it wasn't the enemy who cried out first.

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!~

The Pirates looked at the scene with numb scalps.

What's going on?

