

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1581: Shocking Skills: Fight!

Chapter 1581: Shocking Skills: Fight!

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh~

The screams of many bellowed, causing many to peer at the scene wildly.

F***!

"Am I blind? Or do I just see this guy vanish and reappear in the blink of an eye?"

"You're not alone. I was paying attention to the arrows, and some were all destroyed."

"Dammit! What type of fairy operation is this? Just who is this guy?"

Was this a swordsman or a legendary sword sorcerer?

Just what did they see?

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*** [Narrator]: Mr. videographer, rewind the tape for the audience.

--A few milliseconds earlier.--

The archers had just released the arrows. And the strange man only smiled and tapped his feet on the ground lightly. Yet, his actions were fierce.

With a blade he took from one of the giants, he ascended high and deflected the many arrows around him.

But this wasn't the most shoving thing of all.

Look closely.

He deflected several arrows, sidetracking these to hit the other arrows coming at the giants on the other ships, as well as those standing far away from him. And then, arrows began clashing one another mid-air like heavy collisions

Amazed?

Well, the mysterious man wasn't done with his show yet.

Some arrows also landed on the Morgs standing in the giant ships, while other arrows landed on the archers scattered around.

But how to say it?

Even though they felt they should've hallucinated, some could've sworn they saw afterimages of this guy on the other ship... Or could it be the sun was cashing them to see things?

Yes! That must be it.

They did admit this guy had good skills. But just how long did he think he would be able to hold on?

What's more, even though they were shocked, they quickly called down because Morgany also had countless powerful beings.

So they felt they shouldn't be so shocked, even if it were the first time seeing such a person.

For one, the legends about their Pirate leader were enough to cause many nightmares for years to come.

People with special gifts did exist. So they quickly took the mysterious man's strangeness to be similar. And from what they knew, no matter the unique ability, it was all limited.

So again, they ask... Just how long did this guy think he could hold on?

Cai~Pui!!

Long Bottom spat into the seas vow him. "Listen here, stranger...don't think you can intimidate us by showing these little moves. We have lived long lives and seen bigger fish. So if you think we will back off now, then you're more delusional than that silly Godmother title of yours.

No more silly dallying.

"Everyone... Attack!!!!"

"Yeah!!!!~"

In a flash, more and more pirates swing over fearlessly.

From the very start, most pirates had targeted the ship he was on.

Even when the arrows were fired last, it was roughly about 20% of arrows that focused on the 2nd ship.

Most only focused on this one, trying to kill Artemis.

If before, they didn't know who he was, now they knew and also understood the importance of killing him cleanly, not giving him a chance to stand for revenge one day.

Curse his injured body. Artemis panted heavenly, still shocked by the stranger's actions.

He thought they were all goners. But who would've known this guy has more abilities than himself?

Because Veinitta was one of Omania's closest neighboring continents, many learned their language at an intermediary level.

Omania's language was indeed different. But more than 80% of omanians could speak the languages spoken in Zohl, Veinitta, and Tenola.

As the most looked down continent, many a time, they had to beg other regions for help, resources, and knowledge, especially medicine—so they more than anyone, knew the importance of communication.

This was why they did allow foreign merchants and many others to live in Omania from time to time, to enable their people also learn how to speak the language of foreigners.

So yes... He could understand what these people said.

And it was only now that Artemis understood that the world might be more mysterious than he initially thought.

But was he going to let this stranger do all the saving?

No!

He gathered what little strength he had and voiced this command. "All Somas, heed my call. We fight till they're dead! We fight alongside our new friend!"

Fight! Fight! Fight!

The giants clenched their weapons and regained vitality, seeing the powerful ally they had by their sides.

And just like that, the battle resumed with pirates, giants, and Landon brutally tearing at each other.

But what was even stranger and funnier was that the all they trusted suddenly smacked their leaders and placed his big giant body over his shoulder.

(-_-)... Aren't you supposed to be on our side?

[Host. Please do not roughen the future monarch when he is in such a delicate state. If he does, you too will follow.]

F***!

You think he didn't know this?

It's not the first time he put these chosen sons and daughters of heaven to sleep. But Artemis' state was really bad.

However, Landon had to do this to make the damn guy settle down.

How many times had he said the guy could rely on him? Please! Respect your body, and don't distract him from doing his job.

There was a very old and wise saying many said in his former world.

The saying went like so:

'Time forced people to change strategies... If the famous wild boar has learned to dodge bullets, then the hunter must learn to fight with Kung Fu!'

Likewise, since these sons and daughters of heaven keep disrupting him doing his missions, then don't blame him for putting them to sleep.

[System]:(!_!)

... What sort of saying was that?

.

Everyone reached Landon carrying the faint protectively, laying him over his shoulder.

And following that, they saw him reach for a thick black stick and point at the nearby pirates.

Intimidating? Not really.

What would that little stick do?... Although... Why did it look familiar to the Morgs, as though they had seen some document about it before?

The corners of Landon's lips raised slightly.

Have they?

~Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!!

Landon unleashed an indescribable terror, with many dying with eyes opened in disbelief.

Some fell overboard, and some shook like fishes out of water.

Who am I? What am I?

Was this still the world of Hertfilia they were in?

~Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang! Bang!

Landon was on a roll.

Ahhhh~

Someone splashed hard into the water.

Huh.

"Have a nice trip down below... And keep the change, you filthy animal."

Chapter 1582: Do You Feel Lucky?

~Flip. Flip. Flip

Artemis flipped through the magazine with childlike wonder.

Oh! What was this?

A... Chiy-----ain?

Did he say it right?

You have to know that he was only 50~60% proficient in the language. He thought this was Viet. But since Pyron and Viet were similar, he glided through with moderate difficulty v

After all, he was just at the intermediate level. Simple words he understood and could piece out. But when someone starts being in heavy jargon and terms, that would leave him scratching his head.

His accent when saying these words was also a little hilarious. But so what?

As they say, if you have an accent when communicating with someone, it only means you are bilingual or multilingual.

So it shouldn't be them laughing, but you... Laughing at those who only know one language in these devilish times.

... I mean... Are you crazy?

Over 98% of the world knew at least 2 languages. Meeting people who only spoke one was indeed weird.

How do people learn and get aware of these different languages?

It's also because of the merchants, foreigners, travelers, as well as several situational gatherings like auctions that sell great pieces from the neighboring continents.

Those at the many ports and docks, sailors, crew members, porters, and whatnot, were the most fluent people one could find.

Even within the empires, parties, social events, and many gatherings occur, introducing influential wealthy foreigners from other regions.

People often learned the language to communicate with these people and reach a deal/settlement. Women were not exempt from this as sometimes, many a time, they had to marry out into another empire for political reasons.

Language wasn't taken as a high-tier subject like painting because anyone could easily pick up a language here.

This was why it was allowed for women to study it, as they too studied poetry, dance, and so on. Bonus points to women who could sing in another language.

To wealthy women, especially those marrying out, knowing the language could save their necks.

It was essential they didn't do anything to offend the people they were to marry. So they had to learn the language and know the rules.

It was funny to say that peasants didn't go to school for this.

But because they had to deal with all sorts of foreigners in the marketplace and all around, they also became proficient to a certain extent.

"Fish! Fish! You want to buy fish?"

"Yes! Yes! Give me 5! How much?"

... Peasants learn the basic words to keep a simple conversation flowing.

That is, how can you know just 1 language?

Are you sure you're alright?

People would take one as extremely lazy if they knew 1 language and nothing more.

F***! There are people with 7 professions, from sculpting to painting, astrology, and so on.

Language was but nothing. And yet, you can't even do it?

Even peasants who couldn't write could at least speak orally to a certain degree. So what about you?

Shame!

People in this world felt there was no excuse for it.

.

"Subway Chiy-ain."

***Translation, Subway train.

What was it?

Artemis' heart fluttered, seeing the image of the train with a large part of its body underneath a tunnel.

Ahhh!!~

It looks so cool!

He wants to try it out!

He had never seen metal so smooth, so curved nicely at the front (bullet-train style), with glowing eyes that called out to him.

"Chiyack... They call this a Chiyack (track)."

"Your highness, let's see! Let's see too!"

Everyone crowded over, wanting to see the images again.

You have to know that before, they had been holding on due to temptation, taking the magazine as a secret and godly document that should first be opened by his highness.

When they first received it, a part of them wanted to shake the slumbering Artemis, smacking him in the cheek left and right severally until he was eventually awakened.

It would've gone something like this:

"Your highness, please wake up!"

Pah. Pah. Pah~

(X_X) [the slumbering Artemis, being slapped on both cheeks.]

The group didn't know how they held back. It felt like they had an itch on their throat that wouldn't go away no matter how much they coughed.

Who understands this feeling? It was the worst!

.

"What? They have buildings made of glass? How rich are they?"

"Look! Look! Look here! It tells of their monarch! His majesty Langon Barn?"

***Of course they meant to say Langon Barn. But anyone hearing them would understand what they meant. Correct them once, and they will remember it.

Again, if one heard correctly, they kept mixing up their D' with G's.

Likewise, they indeed felt it a little hard to properly say the letter 'T,' substituting it for 'Chiy.'

The group gathered with glistening eyes, listening to Artemis read about several feats concerning this monarch, 'Langon' Barn.

It was said he wanted to offer another scholarship program funded purely by the royal family for everyone, but just nobles!!!

In another part, it spoke about the CELEBRATION DAY when Baymard became an empire.

No slavery, education available, food in excess, Baymard helping other empires in need with accessible medicines that can treat the deadly shooting sickness (the flu)?

What? There is actually a permanent cure for tuberculosis?

Are you telling the truth? Even in Omania, the death rate was high because of these many ailments.

Flip. Flip. Flip~

The group continued, listening to his highness talk about a charity program involving the entire Pyno.

Look! There were before and after images of several people who underwent treatment in the strange empire called Baymard.

Everyone stared at the images in shock.

So... So... This was a disability and not that the person was a cursed child?

Everyone felt their minds blown away. The portrait shows a patient with split (cleft) lips fully healed.

"Your highness... If that's the case, then we..."

--Silence--

For a moment, the room fell into silence.

Almost everyone in this world was guilty of thinking like this. And they weren't exempt.

In their case. They thought the vine God had cursed these people.

But if it were something more--...

Sigh...

Everyone fell in deep thought the more they listened.

His majesty 'Langon' was called the father of all peasants.

"Father of the peasants, father to the weak, father ushering humanity's strongest era... And lastly, the King Of Technology!"

Boom!

The words trembled in their hearts.

'Langon' Barn...

Would they ever be able to meet him?

'_' [Landon fixing their ships]

Chapter 1583: Awake!

Uhhh~

Artemis moaned, still in a state of dizziness.

What happened?

'I recall we were under attack before... Savior!!!'

Artemis' eyes shot open in worry.

Did they succeed? Or were they now taken into captivity by the enemy?

"Your highness!" A thunderous cry cracked the air.

It was Payne.

His face quivered with emotion as he gripped Artemis' hands tightly.

"Your highness... It's good... It's good that you're awake. Quickly! Someone!... Tell those in the kitchen to get his highness' food ready!"

In a flash, one of the men in the room headed out while Payne and a few others assisted Artemis in sitting up.

They all breathed a deep sigh of relief, happy to see him in good shape after sleeping for so long.

Well... He had been asleep for 6 hours now.

The sun had already set, and the darkness had come.

~Hiss!

The pain at the back of his neck was still stinging, but he didn't care much about this.

Chapter 1584: A Whole New World!

~Flip. Flip. Flip

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'Langon' Barn...

Would they ever be able to meet him?

'_' [Landon fixing their ships]

Chapter 1585: To Believe Or Not To Believe?

The room was tranquil.

It's said the entire Pyno came to donate and help the lives of those in truly dire need.

There are interviews with those helped. And volunteers from all Pyno empires wore similar attires in a portrait, standing beside those they helped.

It was indeed moving, with the 'reporter' detailing how the families went down on their knees and thanked the U.N, the 'world health organization, the salvation army, the Feed The Children organization, and many others.

There were several people interviewed those helped by different organizations, some focusing on powdery, others focusing on illness, and there was even a case of disaster relief far away in Romain!

Wow!

Since when did this empire's hands stretch to Romain? And how come they didn't know of this?

They saw the dark skin tone people, as well as several blue-skinned people who lived in Romain, all here interested.

Everyone's focused on Artemis' words, never wanting to miss a single scoop.

You have to know that news like thos was too phenomenal.

How can these people put their news on display like this? Aren't they afraid of greedy people who would see their Chiyains/trains and try stealing them?

Aren't they afraid that helping others this way might make several greedy healers come together to stop them?

On the flip side, it also made sense to let everyone know that their donations were going to the right place: clothes and even hats.

Education also came into play, showing a classroom filled with a mix of people with different skin tones.

There were also publicities for many academies like food and so on.

It was also then that they realized how good-looking Baymard's food was.

Oh, my Vine God!

Blame the painter for painting the few delicacies, cakes, meat buns, grains, and other foods in such a mouth-watering way.

~Gurgle. Gurgle. Gurgle.

Their bellies rumbled. It took all their energy to pry their eyes off the page.

Flip.

Next page!

They saw the giant ship shown, and their minds instantly exploded.

"How can a metal ship stand on water? Is it true or just an imagination painted out by the painter?"

Even now, they thought all this was pointed on by a massive factory of painters in one hall.

Such a thing was too expensive to make. So how rich was this Baymard?

The ship's design and luxury sweets made everyone envision themselves on the vessel.

Hey... They could already see it now—the good life.

"What? Can the ship cut down at most 9/10th of travel time? But how? How can rowers paddle at such speeds? Or could they have peculiar animals that could row for longer?"

Everyone was perplexed but knew they wouldn't be able to find answers unless they met with others there.

The matter of the treaties was briefly mentioned, giving them an understanding of how these ships moved back and forth from one empire to another.

Again they ask... Have they been living under a rock not to know that such a place existed at the edge of the world?

Or could this be a temptation to pull them in before pushing them to fall over the edge?

(?^?)

.

In no time, they finished their 'brief' look on the 60-page magazine.

They rushed through everything because their savior was still down below. Done.

Artemis carefully placed the magazine in a drawer beside his bed. His cabin was the biggest and most luxurious of all.

"Thoughts."

He needed their thoughts.

Could it be that everything they've seen was all made up?

Artemis and his group had never seen such a thing exist in these wicked times!

Today's world was too cruel. So reading such a thing would undoubtedly make anything think it's fake.

It has to be fake!

Can such a place truly exist?

On the flip side, if they brushed it off and its existence was truer than gold, wouldn't they have missed an opportunity of a lifetime?

The things they saw... They would want to meet with those in Baymard, if only for the matter of medicines and cures.

Plagues were rampant in these times. And people falling sick was always an issue no matter where one went. So how can such an opportunity be missed?

It's also said the pose for the 'flu pills' were very cheap too!

The price for consolation, talk less of healing the patient, was a cost peasants struggled with. Many peasants preferred to sweat it out, even if they died.

Hence, it was called sweating sickness.

They of course would try wiping the patient down or feeding crushed foods they believed would help... That is if they had enough food at home to continuously care for the patient.

They often had no choice but to eat foods that had begun to rot, especially in cold seasons when the grounds were frozen, the environment too cold and hard to farm. In that case, their rations they stored were mostly their surviving grace.

This was why grains were more expensive.

Starvation, sanitation, mold, bad air quality, and several matters made most people die from things like the flu.

Again, one shouldn't forget the deadly weather that wouldn't let them go, killing off even more.

So yes.

It would be good to have medicine for the peasants to take once they fell ill.

.

Payne thinned his lips. "Your highness... Everyone... I know it might be silly, but I think the Vine God brought us here to meet this man... I think this Baymard might be our only hope!"

What were they to do? Turn back to Omania without allies?

Even if they wanted to head back to their original route and then head onwards again to find allows before turning back to save Omania, more than 2 years might have gone by.

They needed help, and they needed it now.

What's more, if these do exist, they would be able to reach Omania faster.

Payne felt his intuition right, as did everyone listening to him.

Their journey had been too strange and unexplainable. So could this be the reason? Was this a sign from above?

To take a leap of faith or turn around and find their way home?

Ahh... F*** it.

Their hearts were beating loudly, staring at highness in wait of his decision.

Artemis chuckled.

Payne had stolen the words right out of his mouth.

He too believed it to be true. So why waste more time?

"Help me up!"

His decision was made.

And now, it was time to meet the savior!

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1586: Finally Leaving!](#)

Chapter 1586: Finally Leaving!

"Amazing! You're right. If we scatter the broken pieces like so before pouring the tar, it builds up a good layer like a solid wall!"

"Hey, this technique is quite good. I estimate it will also hold up better during storms. Hahahahahaha~... Now, we don't have to worry too much about meeting strange weather during our journey."

"That's right. The hold is more solid than before."

"Tar!... Tar!... Bring out the tar!"

The crewmen all worked merrily with Landon to fix the many damaged parts they could find.

What? Do you think about a battle with all that throwing around and stunning, they weren't already damaging their ships?

Additionally, they hadn't completed previous repairs from the terrible storm.

Don't forget it wasn't long before they arrived and were immediately spotted by the pirates.

F***!

The place was a mess.

There were beams needing reinforcement, floors in the deck that broke, and many structures needing sealing.

The great thing was the many supplies they now had. They took out many crates and even kitchenware from the pirate ships.

Yes...

To recap on what happened earlier after the battle was won, they searched the ships and hoarded countless items like crates, rum, and whatnot.

Treasures were also taken.

And as for the slave rowers, they were all placed in a single ship headed for Pyno.

A substantial amount of wealth was given to them. And the strange guard (Landon) also instructed them on the way to pass if they wanted to evade the many Morg/pirate checkpoints.

Now, it would be up to them to save themselves.

Of course, it would be best if they reached land fast so as to stop using these pirate ships.

Even now, their sailing away was still a risky deal.

But no matter how one looked at it, their fate was doomed if they stayed here.

So why not take a chance at absolute freedom?

Provided they followed Landon's words, they should reach their destination safely.

Some wanted to head to Veinitta and Tenola since they were people initially down those territories. But he told them plain and simple.

If they wanted to take up one of the pirate ships and head there, then be his guest.

But they should know how difficult it was to sail without bumping into another Pirate checkpoint.

They were rowers enslaved by the Morgs.

They had sailed to several points without ever seeing where they were going clearly. So they were of course clueless.

Nonetheless, they still had a little understanding of how difficult it was to space Morgs out in the waters.

So could they confirm that if they sailed, they would be safe?

They only know the small regions at sea that their Captain, Long Bottom, was ordered to patrol.

What's more, the Morgs changed their patrolling patterns every few months.

Many who didn't know this eventually fell into the hands of pirates after traveling with very old patterns.

Heh.

Landon could only give the slaves a safe route to Pyno.

Once they arrived, they could then pay and board many merchants or traveling ships headed for where they wanted.

He gave them enough coins from what the Morgs carried. So they should be able to pay their fare.

In that way, the freed rowers were sent off, leaving them behind with the remaining pirate ships.

So what did they do?

They continued hoarding all they could find, especially the food. And they have to say... After eating fish for so long, it felt so good finally eating something else.

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Good!

All barrels, be them empty or not, were brought over.

For them, Omanians, they didn't like the notion of having slaves row their vessels. They believed it brought unity for the crew members to all row in turns and shifts.

Moreover, maybe because of their stature as giants and pride, even a captured Omani would rather die than row when forced.

To have an Omani as a slave was 5... No! 10 times more difficult than the ordinary person.

The crew members worked together, taking all they could from the pirate ships.

Everyone seemed to be a little worried that another storm might come and carry them away to heaven knows what other place.

So shouldn't they stock up on supplies fast?

Hmmm...

They also broke down pieces of wood, using them to fix their ships.

As for the many important documents aboard these ships, Landon didn't hide them much, allowing the giants to read and fill their eyes with whatever they saw was necessary.

Of course, he took the ones vital for his future plans.

Hey... At the end of the day, if these giants join the U.N, some of this information would again reach their hands. So they might lose them now but gain more information in the future.

As for the pirate ships... After they were done with them, they sunk these ships, making many holes underneath.

Yes.

One must hide the evidence as fast as possible.

And that... Was the recap of all that happened while his highness Artemis was out cold.

"Your highness!" The many crewmen saluted, seeing Artemis appear on the deck.

"At ease."

The men quickly rose, giving way for Artemis.

"Savior... On behalf of the Soma empire, I thank you for everything you've done for us."

Landon waved his hand casually. "No need for any thanks. The pleasure was mine. What's more, I was coming after them originally. Like I said... I was sent by my monarch on this assignment. And now that it's completed, I must be on my way."

Everyone was taken aback.

On his way?

They had already destroyed all pirate ships. So how would he be leaving?

And even if they didn't, there were no people to row the ships any longer. So what would he do now?

Everyone gave Landon an unfathomable eye.

Bro... Be honest... Do you have a suicide wish?

Just how was he supposed to leave, if not by swimming with all the deadly sea creatures underneath?

Chapter 1587: An Incoming Storm

Landon chuckled, pointing at a very tiny canoe below.

Eh? When did that get there?

"Don't worry. With my strength, I can row farther in that small ship than you can imagine. Tis' how I snuck into the pirate ships in the first place."

This...

Everyone didn't know what to say.

It was the first time they met someone who didn't play according to common sense.

Artemis thinned his lips, looking at the masked man. "Savior...I know it seems abrupt, but I need your help."

Bullseye!

Artemis didn't even know he was along with Landon's strategy.

It was always good to let one think it was their 'idea.'

This way, things would be a whole lot easier.

Good.

Landon listened to their issues, acting like this was his first time hearing them.

He was a good listener till the end.

"No problem. I agree. My monarch would be more than pleased to assist you. We have a world organization called the United Nations for world peace and prosperity. So how can we turn a blind eye to your concerns?"

Everyone was beaming the more they listened to Landon's words.

"All you need to do is sail towards Baymard's party, following the instructions I laid out for you. I will inform my monarch. And I guarantee you that in no more than 3 weeks, we will meet at sea. From there, we'll head to Omania together!"

Everyone had no choice but to believe, watching him jump on the tiny canoe and row out like a boggle.

His speed was too incredible. And in a blink of an eye, he vanished.

Everyone stared at the night seas deeply.

Gone.

Alright... It's time for them to prepare and set sail just as instructed.

In 3 weeks, they hope they won't be met with disappointment.

In ordinary times, they wouldn't be so trusting to sail toward the direction their savior pointed.

But now, they were stranded at the edge of the world. From what their savior said and what the freed slaves also mentioned, it seems the pirates were roaming these parts too.

Hey... It wasn't their first time seeing pirates since the waters they also sailed had such people.

But maybe because it was in their bubble, the pirates acted accordingly, only requesting certain toll fees.

There were always many ships sailing about in the bubble. So the pirates had to behave slightly, lest another sailing fleet of Omanians steps forward to help.

But now that they were out here, far away from their safe zone, these pirates began feeling itchy.

They also got to learn that these waters were more vast than what their bubble had.

So with many pirate checkpoints, they had no choice but to believe Landon and meet up with him 3 weeks later.

Provided they sailed in the direction he showed, they would definitely meet soon.

Of course, for backup, Landon had placed a tracker on Artemis.

Everyone watched the marked guard leave, rowing and disappearing into the night in a blink of an eye.

Phew~

Landon quickly took off his mask and wig before stomping his canoe.

Break!

Water flooded in like crazy, and the boat began to sink.

And the next moment, the figure standing in the boat vanished like a ghostly sport in the night.

If sailors saw this, they would describe the occurrence as such.

F***!

They just saw the ghost of the famous Captain Toothless.

(°Π°)

....

~Whoosh!

Landon appeared in an empty bathroom stall, curly of the system.

Hell.

It would be awkward if he appeared in one with another person in it, no?

Landon flushed the toilet, calmly stepped out, washed his hands, nodded, and exited the scene amidst the jaw-dropping gazes of several soldiers, primarily recruits.

Was that his majesty?

'I think it really was, his majesty.'

Many froze, disbelieving that they had seen their idol in a bathroom used mainly by recruits since it was close to their residence.

Someone circled the bathroom, still not believing.

And then, he raised his hands to call for silence as though they were all in some cult meeting.

"Men... These are holy grounds."

Vrmmmmmm~

Landon was back in his vehicle, leaving the barracks and heading home.

It was already 11 P.M.

He had not only missed her but had probably missed several calls too.

But since his vehicle was in the barracks, many knew he should be there doing something urgent if he hadn't responded till now.

He got back to see Lucy 'waiting' up for him on their couch.

She was focused on several documents while having reading glasses on and a cup of tea on the side.

"You're back!!"

Her smile was so warm it could melt a frozen popsicle.

"Hmmm... I'm back."

She hurriedly closed her folders and hugged him deeply.

The 2 didn't need to say a thing but tactfully smiled.

They have been together for so long and have understood each other's nature.

Landon rushed to take a bath while she calmly collected her documents by the couch before keeping them safe in her bedside drawer.

Though Palace security was tight and very secure, there was no room for laxity on her part.

So it was better to lock these documents up than to be sorry when someone breaks in and steals them.

Both people were exhausted, deciding not to do any adult gymnastics.

They hugged and cuddled, saying sweet words before drowning in the sea of slumber.

Tomorrow was yet another busy day for the duo.

Zzzzzz~

Night, night.

Light's out.

Baymard was quiet and peaceful as the night breezed by.

But far away from them, another dark force arrived at Arcadina's shores.

The fleets were massive in number, all led by a dashing young man with looks that could make many breathless.

The man squinted his eyes playfully.

"We haven't heard a word since last... It's weird... Tell the men to stop. We'll be going in batches towards the capital."

The young man commanded, with his hands secured behind his back.

The man smiled underneath his mask, looking forward to his encounter in the capital.

He knew something was wrong.

But what of it?

The corner of the man's lips raised slightly.

'Cousin... It's time to see what you're made of.'

For Arcadina's throne, he was going to go all out!

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1588: It Was All Wrong!

Chapter 1588: It Was All Wrong!

In the South-West waters of Arcadina, the massive fleet broke into several pairs, knowing their rendezvous point.

Yes...

They had Arcadina's map and several T.O.E.P members to meet.

The various captains commanding their teams nodded in understanding, breaking the massive fleet apart.

Initially, they planned to sail straight for the Capital and take down William Barn in one swoop.

But as it stood, they hadn't heard a word from the messenger sent to meet up with William.

They didn't think William would have the guts to kill him since no one in their right mind would boldly go against people from Veinita.

It's true that they were T.O.E.P members in hiding. But out in public, they were Viets.

They were born and raised in Veinita, a continent superior to Pyno.

Many wouldn't dare to bring about war in that manner.

However, they still had to consider whether this William Barn was a sane person or not. No sane person would attack the Viet messenger. But what if he did?

Things had to be observed from a different angle.

The original plan of slaughtering him and his family A.S.A.P might be prolonged for several more months.

Everyone was showing, only their leader seemed to smile with a hint of playful excitement in his eyes.

Oh?

It would be fun to see how well other Barns fair to him.

In this cat and mouse game, he looked forward to William's fall... Especially when he had the 3rd most powerful Assassin in Veinitta working for him.

Heh.

Pyno's number 1 assassin was nowhere near Veinitta's number 10, talk less of number 3.

So imagine how much of an edge he had?

The number 3 assassin in all of Veinitta was called Ghost.

As his name described, he could be a shadow or one's dreadful imagination, only appearing like a ghost in the night.

He also had a powerful guild and an entire force that could make one feel dismayed. But here was the good thing.

He had been working for their family since Sebastian was born.

No matter how high up there Ghost was, he always worked for Sebastian, the heir and the prime young master of the Barn household in Veinitta.

Many didn't know he was Sebastian, with some people hiring him to kill Sebastian.

Ignorant.

They were fools to think a dog could kill its master.

In truth, Ghost came from a brutal clan of assassins.

The entire Clan's purpose was to serve others as assassins.

They were a proud bunch of assassins who could do tasks and chores dished out for them without a problem.

However, to earn their respect, one must truly deserve it.

How Ghost recognized the Barn family had to do with his past.

Ghost was the unwanted and illegitimate child of the then-current clan head.

At 13, resources were hardly given to him, and the hatred in his heart grew to no bounds. His mother also despised him for being born before the clan head could marry her. Thus, making many discover their affair.

With all that hatred, he held his strength and did the most to fight for any resources he could. It was during this journey that he met the then-father Barn and Grandfather Judd Barn.

They saw his potential and helped him grow. However, he wouldn't be quick to work with them unless he truly respected them.

Because of them, he joined the T.O.E.P, growing to his current strength.

He was 11 years older than Sebastian. And from Sebastian's birth, he swore to follow and protect the next lineage of Barns.

There was so much the Barns have done for him that Ghost had long seen Grandpa Barn as his own father.

He took them as family, taking it as an honor to serve them all.

What's more, whether it was in Veinitta or out here in Pyno, Sebastian's future was very bright... Especially with the T.O.E.P deciding that he would be the monarch of Arcadina after Alec Barn's death.

Well, it made sense, didn't it?

A Barn taking over after the death of another Barn.

They didn't for one second recognize William was monarch. To them, he was just someone warning the throne seat until the rightful monarch came along.

The T.O.E.P had decided, and that was all that mattered!

That's why Sebastian not only came with his forces but also had a whole lot of

They sent their fleets to assist, sending word to some members already in Pyno.

The hour of reckoning has come.

All hail the king!

.

Heh.

The massive fleets all broke apart, sailing in various directions, knowing they would meet up in a city 2 weeks away on horseback from Arcadina's Capital.

They would act as servants and guards in a certain undercover family.

Yes... That 'family' was just a front for public appearance's sake.

The family owns a massive estate at the far edge of the city, having hills and open greenery all to themselves.

The family is widely known as an upper-class merchant family, with stores, farm fields, and many other properties in their names.

This was also one of the ways the T.O.E.P made money.

Everyone only saw things from surface level, not knowing the estate was sitting on top of an undergoing tunnel leading far into the woods.

One could wall for 8 hours, following that single tunnel until they reached another space in the deep forest terrains.

And there, they would meet an Underground T.O.E.P fortress.

That was where they were headed for.

And breaking apart into small groups was the best so as not to alert the enemy.

Sebastian didn't care about what route the group wanted to use. He only cared about seeing them at the rendezvous point at the appointed time.

Break!

The group sailed towards their many chosen routes, with some sailing along the massive rivers that led into the Arcadina.

According to the map, this River was one of the biggest in Pyno, having over 100 various Toll stations, with guard vessels strategically positioned on every coastal town, village, or city bed along the way to observe those failing across the waters.

If the guards were suspicious, the fleet would have to be stopped for questioning.

At the same time, word would be sent to the Capital to alert his majesty.

"Young master, what are your orders?"

"Dock the ships at the forest coastal city along the shores. We will not be sailing up the river... Ghost... Our group will travel via road to Karu City."

"Good..."

Ghost nodded and vanished in a blink of an eye.

And now, all 6 ships sailed towards the first city closest to them.

With 6 ships, they looked more ordinary. And soon, they not only docked but also took their goods, waiting along the docks for a few of the men to bring the carriage and wagons over.

.

Rudolph, Sebastian's longtime friend, and T.O.E.P member, also came along with him.

But there it was Rudolf, Sebastian, Ghost, and several others, the scene they saw took them aback.

How can this worthless place be so organized? The roads along the docks were clean and broadened, with several people owning establishments that not only rented out transportation but also allowed one to buy horses, gains, and so on.

If a deal were made, the dealer would ask the assistance to take them to an estate not too far away. There, they could pick out the goods they bought.

Even more alarming was that these transport sellers/renters had strange painted portraits of all types of goods they had.

People just needed to pick what type they wanted from the catalog, and the rest was history.

Of course, they placed an order with Baymard to print these Catalogs after Baymard sent a team to take pictures for their businesses.

It was truly amazing that since Baymard came into existence, the unemployment rate has gone down, with people starting their own transport businesses and whatnot.

Everyone was dumbfounded and lost for words, seeing the island's traffic control and the many strange portrait/printed images around them.

Banners were up, business people also had flyers about, special traffic police on the roads, another group wearing uniforms picking litter... Everything was too crazy!

Rudolf smacked his lips in disbelief.

Who said Arcadina was a dirty and ugly dump? Who was it?

Come out and taste his deadly long blade!!!!

So terrible.

The information they received was wrong!!!

Everyone looked at the scene with countless thoughts racing in their minds.

...

"Hero saves lady! Hero saves lady!... Quickly! Only 1 copper coin for 4 papers!"

"Here you are!... Take your meat in a bun! Step right up and get your meat in a bun!"

"Here! Here! New shoes from Baymard! I repeat, new shoes for Baymard, 30% off!"

"You there! You look like you have a woman in your life. This is the new perfume, Beauty in a bottle! Just buy her one, and she will love you forever!"

"Solar light bulbs!... Get your solar light bulbs here!"

"Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah."

...

Chapter 1589: A Glorious Day!

"Ghost... Are the supplies ready?"

"Young master, it won't be long for everything to be saddled."

"Good... We'll leave first thing tomorrow morning. We have to reach the appointed city as fast as we can. We still have several months of journeying to do. So tell the men to quicken things up."

"Yes, young lord."

"Good..."

The sooner they can get to the rendezvous point, the faster they can make plans on William.

"Dismissed."

~Swish!

Ghost vanished, leaving Sebastian and Rudolf to the TV series they were fascinated about.

"Ahh... Finally, he's gone." Rudolf muttered, quickly clicking the pause/unpause button.

Now, they were watching Daenerys Targaryen, queen of the dragons, introduced into the series for the first time.

"Is she going to marry that mighty warrior? It's said his hair is long because he's never lost a battle!"

For the first time, Rudolf didn't feel so bored staying indoors for hours without doing anything.

He threw a piece of Doritos in his mouth, crushing and chewing away the savoring taste with delight.

Sebastian sat beside him, taking the pack of Doritos with a calm expression.

Rudolf was aggrieved but still allowed him to have his way. "Bro, aren't you bullying too much?"

They have been friends so long to know of Sebastian's 'rudeness.'

Ugh~... Blame him for never winning against Sebastian in a fight before.

The duo acted like brothers, with Sebastian consistently above Rudolf's head. Each was loyal to themselves like this.

Rudolf gritted his teeth, looking at his pack of Doritos finishing fast.

"Earlier, I asked if you wanted me to buy some for you and said no. But now, you shamelessly take my pack and eat it all without mercy?"

"Hmmm... I changed my mind."

" _"

Crunch~

Sebastian chewed on the amazing snack with focused eyes on the interesting TV show, not bothering about Rudolf who now became a puffer fish, his cheeks encoding with anger.

It was just not fair!!!

That was the only pack he bought. In all his years, he never knew his sworn brother could be this shameless!

He didn't even let him take any more Doritos after seizing the pack.

Woooooooooooo~

Rudolf felt like crying.

"That's it. I'm breaking up with you!"

Sebastian shrugged. "Suit yourself."

~Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

" "

Woooooooooooo~

Bully! Bully! Bad bully!

Rudolf had no choice but to grumpily sip his Baymardian Tropicana sachet. But soon, even this wasn't spared.

Sebastian took his last remaining, unopened sachet to quench his thirst.

[Rudolf]:... (//*İ€*)

Are you looking for a fight?

He had no years but felt like crying out a river.

He had never been bullied so much!

To think that after all the battles and chaos he had experienced in his life, the thing that would make him close to crying was food and drinks.

He continued watching Game of Thrones, protecting the 3 other snacks he bought; 'Original' Pringles, Bounty, and cheese puffs.

Don't blame him for being stingy.

These things were just too good to be shared indiscriminately.

...

Like so, the gang of intruders settled very well into Arcadina.

By this time tomorrow, they should've already been on their way.

They found many carriages sold in Pyno that seemed to have been modified to have 2-layer windows.

The outer layer was wooden, with the interior layer being glass.

They also found that the carriage itself was slightly bigger than what typical lowlife Pyno people used.

No... They found that the carriages were now allocated a small spot for a solar TV.

That's right.

1/3 of the original seats on one side of the carriage were now taken out and a Tv cabinet built into the spot.

The built-in frame would hold the Tv through any tremors.

What's more, the frame was cushioned on the inside thanks to the hold of the Baymardians so as to protect the Tv from slamming against the frame through any rigorous travels.

They really thought it through.

The Tv cables went through a tiny hole bored above the carriage. And if one looked carefully, one would see several Solar panels attached to the upper parts.

The nobles were the ones who clamored for such inventions to be made, not wanting to spend months and months on the road bored to death.

Before, they would knit, sleep, gossip till tenor mouths turned sour, and wait to arrive wherever they were headed.

Now things have changed. They had books, Tv shows to watch, puzzles, and other things to keep them busy.

It was amazing that the small TV stand in the carriage also had a lower compartment where they could place books and other items to serve during their travels.

Many in high society had already changed their carriages for the latest models, wanting to never be bored again.

All in all, Rudolf was also pleased with this invention. He felt Veinita should quickly pick up the pace and do the same.

Once he started such a life, it would be BORING to expect him to sit in a carriage for months and months without any TV or entertainment once he revisited Veinita.

Sorry... He has tasted the good life.

So you can just forget about it.

Even sailing for close to a year can sometimes get hellish. So why not have a tv aboard one's ship?

Hey!!! That wouldn't be a bad idea!

Rudolf felt he should be the first person to think of such. (^0^)

"_" [Baymard with Tvs aboard their cruise ships]

Whatever rocks your boat.

....

In this manner, time flew swiftly, with 1 week vanishing in a blink of an eye.

Landon's time to leave for Omania was soon upon him. However, there were still several more things he had to iron out.

The night went down, and the sun came up again. And as usual, Baymard became boisterous in the wee early hours of the morning.

Many woke up feeling as they typically did. But for some, today was an amazing day worthy of history's recognition.

Many wore uniforms, feeling proud of how far they had come.

Hehehehehe~...

Are you ready?... Are you f***ing ready?!!

Today was going to be glorious.

Chapter 1590: A Mistake?

Wake up, brush your teeth, and take morning showers.

It had been a sleepless night for many, not because of troubles or some unforeseen incidents.

But because of the sweetness and honey-suckled feelings they experienced.

And the only reason they finally managed to sleep was because they talked themselves into doing so.

F***!

They woke up hours before their alarm clocks but didn't feel tired or sleepy.

The adrenaline fishing into their heads was enough to keep them smiling like silly dolls on a shelf.

But why?

What was the whole hullabaloo about?

Lalalalalalla~

Humhumhumhum~(^_^)

Overseer Yusha chewed on his Captain Crunch cereal, swimming and enjoying his meal.

His shoulders couldn't stop shaking, and his smile was very hard to put away.

Ring!!!!!!~

Ah-

He grabbed his bowl and hurried to the phone on the wall.

"Hahahahaha~... Old man! I see you're up!"

"Of course! You think I'm like you? By the way... It's also shocking to see you up so early."

"Hey... Who can sleep when history is about to be written? Who dares to do so? If you give me 10 balls, I won't come late to today's matter!"

"Damn. You're eating up my time. I see you over there. So get off my line!"

"Rotten bastard! I'll see you over there too. M"

Tut...

Yusha smiled, shaking his head wryly.

It was amazing that in just over a year, he had become swell friends with the famous Gillian Torres, a powerful Astrologist from Arcadina.

Back when Baynard's territory still belonged to Arcadina, everyone in this field had heard of Gillian's feat.

And now, he and the genius were chummy and rubbing shoulders with one another almost every day!

Times sure have changed.

But he didn't have them to dilly dally.

.

No time!!

Overseer Yusha quickly finished his breakfast, having toast, scrambled omelet, and a cup of tea he would take while driving out.

Great!

Today was a Saturday.

On weekends, he mostly spent his nights in his private home with his wife and family.

Of course, he could still drive from home to the academy daily.

But during retracting periods, he found he was too drawn into his work to sleep at home during weekdays

Yes!

He was the Dean... the head and Overseer, in charge of Baymard's Academy of Atmospheric & Hert sciences.

Here was what they used to require to the ground, similar to how people in Landon's world would've said Earth sciences... Here it was Hert.

The academy took up an incredible amount of space, owning several hills in its path.

It was massive, with a research Zone, for those with access passes only.

And at the back of the academy, not too far away was another separate structure still in construction.

That would be the headquarters for all weather, atmospheric, and Hert-related matters.

Studying and researching these matters wasn't an easy feat.

They had developed many big and small instruments for these reasons alone.

It took a lot of work, education, dedication, and focus on getting accurate numerical ranges for everything they tested, be it wind speed, cloudiness, perception, and so on.

Yusha was both excited and nervous about today's matter.

It was something his majesty had always mentioned over their time together.

Flight...

Not hot air balloon flight, but one that his majesty said was a surprise.

They had been tasked with gathering all information, overlaying them to depict and predict climate and weather changes accurately.

As many will know, Climate was the study of these changes over a long period, while weather was the study of them during a shorter period.

For climate, if one looked at the records for the last 100 years, 1000 years, and so on, one would see that on this particular day, the weather was roughly the same.

There might be times when it deviates slightly. But 99% of the time, it remained somewhat similar.

.

Yesterday was a sunny day.

If you look at the records for hundreds and hundreds of years, one would still see that temperatures were roughly the same.

Of course, before Baymard, they had their way of knowing what temperature was what.

And now, they covered it all to degrees Celsius or Fahrenheit, also doing tests in controlled spaces with thermometers to ensure they were accurate.

That's why they won't give a specific temperature but estimate the hourly range based on years and years of records.

For example, they can tell you that at 8 A.M, expect the temperature to be between 10~12 degrees Celsius.

At 9 A.M today, 10~15 degrees Celsius.

The temperature could fall or drop during the hour within these ranges.

Anyway, for over 2 years now, the people of Baymard have been used to getting their weather reports 2 weeks ahead of time for hourly reports.

They could have daily reports for the next 6 months that told them the overall temperature range during the specific day they targeted.

At least people would know if it was just likely to rain heavily on the day they wanted to travel and so on.

The people relied heavily on the weather, checking the newspapers, their computers, and the news reports on Tv.

They also bought weather booklets that came out now and then.

The little booklets were cold and could also be used as small pocketbooks.

Some people used them as phone books, keeping the numbers of those they valued most close to heart.

Hey... Baymard, as well as the other U.N Empires, also relied on this matter.

There were departments tasked with assessing weather for all U.N emperors.

Most people outside Baymard got daily reports rather than hourly ones.

Though... The most difficult, coldest, rainiest, or hottest periods were written alongside each day's overall description.

They could be told to be wary between the hours of 2 PM to 6 PM, based on historical data.

.

All in all, the information from the last was more than helpful.

But they didn't just rely on this alone.

They had machines and people recording weather every day.

Though the results mostly tell within the range predicted, there were sometimes when the weather shocked them immensely.

One should never forget that they, humans, were on a small planet. And matters from out of space could also affect them... Whether it's the sun's radiation that melts the ice caps fiercer than ever or other unforeseen circumstances.

They were all just little fish in a large sea of galaxies and universes.

So anything could happen.

But overall, the matter of weather, atmosphere and the ground itself was studied within the academy.

Hum-hum-hum~

Yushu was humming and tapping his steering wheels, seemingly talking to himself.

'This is it... Today is the first for Project Take-off.' He murmured, thinking of how far he and everyone had come.

What if they do a bad job? What if they mess it all up? What ifâ€

No! He can't afford to think negatively.

It's too late for that.

Vrmmmmmm!!!!~

Yusha drove for another 47 minutes before reaching his final destination.

Made it.

"Teacher!"

Someone called out, seeing Yusha step out of his vehicle. It was one of his disciples and academy teacher, Gregg.

Yusha had 2 main disciples, Gregg and Ben. These were his core disciples when he was the lead Astrologist of Riverdale City. Yusha had 8 more disciples.

"Teacher."

"Teacher."

They greeted him respectfully, and many other academy students followed suit.

"Good morning, Dean Yusha!"

"Good morning, Overseer Yusha."

"Good morning, Dean!"

Hmmm...

Yusha nodded at them respectfully.

Don't mind as they were all students of the academy. Some were famous people across their respective empires.

If not for the fact that his majesty had found Yusha first, how is it possible for him to be their senior and dean?

"Yusha, you crazy bastard," Gillian called out, approving Yusha. "How is it possible that I came before you after all the fussing you made over the phone?"

Yusha was also helpless. He too would like to know.

Gillian placed his hand over Yusha's shoulders, and the duo continued to walk closer to the massively broad structure before them.

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Yusha stared at the building, feeling its beauty sucking out the living daylight out of him.

The building looked similar to the Coastal port and the Landport.

However, it was incredulously huge.

Just look at this.

Why did it stretch so far out? Was it supposed to be this big?

Strange... Oh, This was so strange!

It wasn't just the size that puzzled him.

Why was every main entrance so far apart? Could it be a mistake?

[Air Baymard-- Local Flights Departures]

[Air Baymard -- International Flight Departures.]

[Air Skylands --Local Flights Departures]

[Air Skylands -- International Flight Departures.]

What?

He felt one would have to drive through the massive place to reach each main entrance.

Can it be like this?

Why isn't everything in the same place?

"Buddy... Look over there..."

Gillian pointed at the towering figure far back.

Was that it?

The control tower?

Boom!

Yusha's brain exploded.

Today, they will enter the tower!