

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1591: First In Hertfilia!

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"Amazing! amazing!"

Truly amazing!

Whether it was Yusha, Gillian, or everyone else, they felt the Coastal Port and the Landport had nothing on this Airport.

It was just too huge and far more good-looking.

They stepped in and immediately saw Landon, Lucius, and ministers already waiting for them.

They saluted the group, and soon, Landon got the ball rolling.

" Everyone!... Today, we're gathered here not only to take one giant step for mankind but to also begin your training in one of the most important jobs of all!"

Everyone felt their heads swell.

What? How important?

"The lives of hundreds, thousands, and even millions will rely on your work... But this is not to put pressure on you all. I believe with the knowledge you've absorbed over the last few years, you will be able to make Baymard, as well as yourselves, proud!"

Yes...

They have been learning and improving in anticipation of this mysterious air locomotive.

A ripping effect took place in their hearts as they pushed out their chests and tilted their heads high.

They can do it!

~Click. Click!

The camera crew was already on the scene, taking videos and pictures.

It's evident that some of these images would be put in the museum and historical books.

They didn't know it now, but they would be the first group of aviation control officers to ever grace Hertfilia.

In the future, books will circle some of their heads in the then-considered 'old' photos and write about them.

Everyone has their name tags already given to them before today and their respective attire too.

So before their energy drained, Landon had them take photos, with some standing, kneeling, or sitting in large groups.

The ministers in charge of transportation, safety, and so on all gathered to commend this day.

One small step for man, one giant step for mankind!

Good...

Now, it was time to begin the tour of where the magic would happen.

They could enjoy the scenery and explore the massive airport later on when the doors opened for the public.

For now, their main concerns were with 3 particular regions scattered about the airport.

Of course, to get to these places, they would need to pass through the airport, having a mini tour.

Today, there were 200 people from the academy invited.

The airport was already running, though it had been running to train the many staff members.

Airport matters were a little more different than Coastal port and Landport matters.

What's more, amongst those who have experience with the other ports, there were brand new graduates out here too.

Vrmmm~

The airport golf-go-kart vehicles drive by, with the workers practicing how to transport goods or carry those who need assistance. Of course, before they got to the stage when they could drive these carts, they still required a special license.

To drive these vehicles, they had to take driving lessons in the government buildings within District C.

The training was all paid for by the airport. So it was a must that they learn this and get their certifications.

The airport would only pay for it once. To renew their license each time, they had to pay it out of their pockets.

This was a one-time matter for the airport.

[Attention. Flight AB 001 is now boarding at... Erm... Erm... Terminal C4.]

[Attention. Last call for John Doe, John Smith, and John Ralph, for Flight SL 020 to Carona.]

....

The voices rang out from time to time, and many understood these people were practicing for the opening day.

They really considered all scenarios, with all gate stations filled with people doing work and learning how to maneuver around any possible difficulties.

Landon smiled, stopping one of them.

"Excuse me... 3 of my friends have an injury and can't walk around for fear of the pain. They have to make it fast before their flight takes off."

The smiling person immediately reacted.

"Not a problem, sir. We can get them to their terminal gate on time. But mind me asking, what time is your flight?"

The person would've asked to see their tickets in order to aid them better. But since this was training, their response was also good and very professional.

"There was already a boarding call that rang out for their flight 4 minutes ago. They are to head to C57... So is it still possible for them to make it on time?"

"One second, sir... Let me contact those at the gates."

The lady quickly took out her walkie-talkie, and someone on the other side called those at gate C57.

It just so happens that they were still boarding those in zones 4 and 5... The last boarding zones.

The aircraft doors haven't closed yet.

Great!

Yusha, Gillian, and Lucius, now found themselves carefully treated and placed on the long karts, with the staff asking them if they had any discomforts.

" "

Goodbye.

Landon waved at the helpless people driving off. Lucius gave him a stink eye.

'Boy... Wait for me to deal with you once we get home!'

Why was it always him being used as a dummy in Landon's many 'vehicle test' simulations?

Ugh~

He felt he had been too soft with this brat over the years.

Landon chuckled, not having an ounce of guilt when sending the trio off.

Well, they could wait for him at that gate because from there, they'll use the staff-only exit way and head down onto the runway.

...

Like so, several people had their mini-tour until they met with Lucius, Yusha, and Gillian.

"Everyone, remember to zip up."

An advice to the wise was enough.

They wore airport uniform jackets earlier since it was slightly colder than outside.

After all, it's summer... So of course it would be hot, while the airport was air-conditioned.

However, they didn't understand why Landon was being them to zip up.

Many had already unzipped themselves, preparing to head out. So why should they zip up again when it is summery warm outside?

BRRRRRR!!!!!!!!

The blast of wind that smacked them when they stepped out left many with widened eyes and dropped mouths.

Eh?

Where are these terrible winds coming from?

Landon smiled, raising his voice higher amid the winds.

"It's the unlocked open runway!"

Do you know how big the runway was?

It stretched for miles and miles, being open, leveled lands with no trees, and nothing in sight to block or lessen the winds.

In this hot summer, it's not that the winds were cold, but that they were 'large,' coming, and everyone in such a high volume when on the runway.

If one left their ears to such winds for long, it would start to feel cold. And their bodies would get goosebumps.

Again, one should know that the runway was designed to allow winds to flow in and aid planes in take-off and landing.

One could stay shirtless if they liked under such winds... But not long after, their brains were bound to trick them into feeling cold.

The winds were too much., sometimes being a mix of hot and cold, just slamming and smacking people the moment they stepped out onto the runway.

Hey...

Say no more. They learned their lessons.

Zip!

Many zipped their jackets back up, though they didn't understand why his amnesty would build such a place.

Till now, no one has examined to them what sort of air floating device his majesty was on about.

It couldn't be a hot air balloon since that already existed. So what was it?

For the life of them, they never imagined it to be metal.

Can metal fly? Is this a joke?

The project had been secret for the longest period.

Of course, they only knew brief facts, like how his majesty promised the inventions would be able to allow hundreds to guy in the air within the contraption.

Airports have been built in the other empires... Mysterious news and propaganda had already exploded, but no one knew what the bloody contraction would be.

Many thought it would be a giant hot air balloon that would take them all away.

Of course, Landon had plans for giant balloons, wanting to use them in sports events and whatnot.

But that was another matter for another day.

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BRRRMmm!

The winds howled on their faces.

"Everyone, get on!"

There were also staff members in many 'train-styled-karts that would drive them to their first stop.

These large karts were put together like a train's body and could carry up to 60 people in one go, 30 on one side and another 30 on the other.

It's good.

They drove out, not to the Main tall tower, but to another stationed site which confused them.

But Landon was quick to answer their thoughts.

"Everyone... Your main functions will rely on 3 different departments: The tower up ahead, the SMC or surface movement controller/ground controller to your right, and the Aerodrome controller department."

Yes...

All these are essential in keeping the planes on the go!

Chapter 1592: No More Waiting!

Just like that, Yusha's team was introduced to the wonderful world of aviation.

For air traffic control, the most hired group was meteorologists.

Meteorology itself was a branch of science concerned with the processes and phenomena of atmosphere, especially as a means of forecasting the weather.

It included atmospheric chemistry, atmospheric physics, and many other matters concerned with the physical, dynamic, and chemical states of Hertfilia's atmosphere, including its interactions with Hertfilia's surface (both land and water).

In simple layperson's terms, it studied these phenomena focusing on the troposphere and lower stratosphere.

In the end, many of those majoring in meteorology were chosen. But that was to say there weren't other jobs for those in other academy departments.

All in all, a variety of people were chosen for the jobs of;

- Air Traffic Controller (A.T.C)
- Airport A.T.C (Air Traffic Controller.)
- Enroute A.T.C
- Flight dispatcher
- Flight service specialist (FSS)
- Terminal A.T.C
- Visual Flight Rules A.T.C

•Instrument Flight Rules A.T.C

The list went on for what sort of jobs these people would fit in with best. And all of them had vital jobs.

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In a flash, 5 hours went by, with everyone more or less getting the scoop on their new jobs. And within the last hour, they gathered in a large staff hall for a brief presentation of what type of air locomotive they would be working with.

F***!

Yusha was tempted to curse while standing at the animated presentation before him.

His hands trembled, and his eyes shifted unfocused as he looked between Landon and the projected screen.

Gillian also wanted to scream from the top of his lungs, seeing the metal animation fly beautifully.

If it were before, they would have said such a thing was insoluble. But since his majesty said so, they believed it even more. He had blind faith in his majesty Landon. If anyone can do it, it would be him.

But after amazement came confusion and worry. Was this feasible?

Yusha's brows knotted. "Your majesty, though this plane thing has a stream-lined body, if it is to fly that high up in the air, I'm afraid the air will be apart in under a few seconds. So how do you counter this??"

Many nodded, also expressing their concerns.

They might not know the technical side of it more, but they have been studying the weather and using the hot air balloon to ascend high up severally.

Their studies showed that the higher one climbed, the colder it was. The wind speed was also terrible, and many other factors had drastic changes.

At the speed his majesty spoke of, visibility, wind shifts, precipitation, and overall sky conditions could cause this metal object to break apart, as simple as snapping a twig or peeling a banana.

Unlike hot air balloons that could float in a stationary position when high up, the same couldn't be said for airplanes.

These planes must always be on the move at a certain minimum speed. So his majesty can't lower the speed for fear of the plane crashing.

The only way to solve this matter was to come up with a unique solution that also took into account the plane's minimum allowed speed.

Landon smiled, massaging his chin slyly. His group of pupils was indeed smart.

"Everyone, your questions do target several major points. But I assure you that you need not worry about this matter. The aircraft's frame will have thousands of specially formed damage-resistance panels attached to a lightweight underlined base. The panels and frames together make a strong and lightweight craft to keep the plane's structure together under the attacks and pressure from the atmosphere."

What's more, after alien tech is mass-produced, the outer frame will be several times stronger... Of course, they don't need to know this part.

Oh~~ ('O')

Make sense.

Many nodded, putting their fears aside.

As they said, they might not know the technical or design parts, but they did know weather.

It's good...

Yusha's heart was drumming loudly the more he listened.

He couldn't wait to book a flight after the project became a reality. So what if he would be supervising airport matters? Did it mean he shouldn't take a flight during his off days?

Of course, because he was a very busy academy dean, Landon also tasked 6 people to supervise this project alongside him, 2 his disciples and the rest from other Baymard territories.

As for those from U.N. empires out here today, they wouldn't per se be working in the control tower but would be tasked with ground and runway control alongside other Baymardians.

There were many departments that would do many tasks like communicating and reaching out to aircraft on the ground, clearing up runways, assisting with take-off after factors like wind speed on the runway were calculated, and so on.

Many don't know that when they sit in their planes and drive along the runway, several experts do their jobs to ensure the take-off is successful.

The central tower would primarily focus on air control, aiming at matters during the flight. Of course, it also joined in during take-off and landing too.

All these calculations could be what delays a flight, especially weather.

If the current flight situation doesn't fit the flying criteria, the flight is stopped immediately. No boarding!!

Or if people have already boarded, they sit on the runway until more orders are given.

In other incidents, they might be told to exit the aircraft and reschedule for another time.

Some passengers might grumble and cry wolf that they had important places to go to. But it was for their good. It's better to be late and alive than rush and die.

All in all, Landon allowed the U.N nations to work in some air traffic jobs. They were all excited, still in disbelief by the opportunity presented.

You have to know that be it the Coastal port or Landport, it was our key Baymardians working there.

However, Landon had allowed them to work in these few jobs. It wasn't thanks to him but the system. The system had no qualms with them working in the jobs.

Of course, these were the only jobs they did in the entire airport. Every other job, whether it was Airline Food Service worker, passenger assistant, Airline baggage handler, and all the rest, was done by Baymardians.

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"Your majesty, so you're leaving in a few days?"

"Hmhm... I'll take up the training until I leave. I've left self-explanatory videos, manuals, and books that each department must follow. When I get back, I'll test everyone to see how far they've gone."

Yusha nodded, secretly bringing Landon's words to his mind. No problem.

They were used to Landon's style and felt his usual manuals were always easy to follow, like one counting to 10.

If you follow it accurately, you'll be able to do it well. However, the books would be stationed in the Academy library.

One has to know that within the academy, the library was incredibly huge, with different ones and regions, from public to restricted.

And even within the restricted regions, there were areas for Non-U.N nations, U.N nations, and Baymardians.

How to say it? Baymardians could visit all 3 restricted zones, and U.N nations could visit Non-UN zones.

In the Academy, there were already non-U.N students whose empires had heard about Baymard but were not yet ruled by the chosen sons and daughters of the heavens. So Landon dared not sign treaties with their current rulers.

Instead, he sent people to aid those chosen to sit on the throne. So until then, these places would remain Non-UN empires.

Some of them had been chosen to join minor research groups, earning them a pass into the Non-UN restricted regions.

Still... It was very good.

Weather was for everyone to study because Baymard also needed to gather experts, as well as ancient records from all over the world.

Alright.

"Brat... You did good this time." Lucius commented, seeing many smiling while seated on their new workstations.

Lucius looked at his watch, urging Landon to pick up his pace. Now that this matter was over, they had to head to the barracks for a final meeting.

Why? Because they would be leaving for Omania together!

The land of the giants...

Even Lucius was looking forward to seeing such people, though he felt Landon's information might have exaggerated their physiques.

That is... How can anyone be so giant?

The duo entered their latest BX24 Jeep Wrangler, storming off towards the barracks.

Time for business.

The duo was ready for war. But they weren't the only ones ready to raise a fire.

Heh...

A woman wore a foul scowl, staring murderously at the portrait before her.

That was it!

She was done waiting for the T.O.E.P to take action.

She missed the portrait lightly, swearing to make things right.

Yes...

It was time to eliminate the weakling on the throne!

Chapter 1593 [Bonus]Her Move!

--The Capital, Deiferus--

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The air was fresher than it used to be in the past, with many finding it difficult to recall how stinky the city was.

The roads were cleaner, and the people were more organized. Many jobs were sprung out, with job postings placed on various notice boards across the city, with a location, time, and interview requirements.

Word went around faster than usual, but many lived this sort of hustle and bustle.

The unemployment rate had decreased, with all sorts of positions getting filled.

What? Does the City need more street cleaners? Eh? The cleaners get paid from the tax collected?

What? So-and-so restaurant is looking to give 15 new employees?

Amazing! The tax structure had changed and was more organized than earlier.

People with jobs got their salaries with tax already deducted.

Many liked this method, as they didnt indeed worry so much about tax matters.

The many secretaries and office people in each establishment did these jobs, double-checking everything severally before it was sent to the Taxation offices.

Good...

Things were more structured, although people still needed to pay land taxes. The process was simpler than before when corrupt officials would tell what was owed by sight and greed.

Everything was fair to the best of their knowledge. They couldn't be happier.

Change had swept Deiferus like a storm. And while many jubilated, some were on the brink of despair.

Snap!

A pencil broke at its base.

A charming young girl wore a gloomy face while staring at the document before her.

What did they mean?

If not for her grandfather, she would've been inclined to believe these people were working with the enemy.

Her initial excitement concerning these people had diminished as the years went by.

That's right. It's been a little over 2 years... 2 whole bloody years since they promised to get Ulrich Tudor out of Baymard.

Fine!

From here on horseback to the many coastal shores closer to Baymard, it would take at least 3 months without a break.

It could go up to 4 months depending on what dangers one faced and how long their break periods were during their trip.

From there, there were already the Trans-Baymardian ships that would bloody hell take them to Baymard in a couple of days, not like previously when one would spend another 3~5 months at sea.

So yes!... At most, it should have taken them 6~9 months to and fro between Deiferus' Capital city and Baymard. Escaping by land would be difficult, especially since Baymard expanded its territories.

Other... Fine!

Let's say they did use a total of 3 months and 1 week (horseback + Baymardian ship) to Baymard but chose to flee using an ordinary ship with Ulrich so as not to get discovered easily.

Still, it should take them a total of 7 months to reach the capital.

3 months, 1 week, to go... Plus 7 months, coming back... That should've been a little over 10 months, not even up to a year.

Yet, these people had spent 2 years with no signs of her beloved anywhere.

Heh...

They had the guts to keep writing to her, telling her to regain calm and that everything was under control. What Under control?

Bah!

She swept her hand across the table, knocking off her documents and bowl of fruit to the ground, her cheeks trembling vigorously.

What happened to the promise that taking him out would be a piece of pie? What happened to the purpose that they would treat this matter as a top priority?

She knew the T.O.E.P was indeed powerful.

This made her conclude that they might have been neglecting her matter, probably not taking it as seriously as she did.

They probably felt they could rescue him easily and didn't bother to do it yet, probably helping other members fulfill their wishes first, right?

Damn! Damn! Damn!...

She had been played for a fool.

Ezenia's chest raised up and down severally, squeezing the document into a ball that took all her fury.

The worst thing was that her mother-in-law was getting tired of her empty promises.

You have to know that even though she didn't mention a word about reg T.O.E.P, she arrogantly swore before them that she would get him out in less than a year... Mind you, she said this 2 years back.

Now, when her mother-in-law, sister-in-law, and other inlaws saw her, their initial excitement and warmth were no longer so vibrant... Especially after hearing that she posted herself onto their miss hated enemy, Henry Tudor, the current monarch of Deiferus.

Even if it were her, she too would feel uncomfortable with someone chummy with the enemy.

They even began thinking she was a double agent planted by Henry from young to this day. Many thought Henry was a scheming one.

Yes...

First, he watched the many competitors kill and eliminate themselves. And when it looked like a final victor was to emerge, he suddenly appeared, surrounding the Tudor palace, taking the throne without even breaking a sweat.

Such a person was truly scary in their opinion since they long forgot his existence, not thinking he would be so daring.

Even Ulrich, who hunted him during the last year before his capture, didn't think Henry would be the one to have the last laugh.

It happened like a dream. No one saw it coming. And that made Henry's ultimate victory one history would remember amongst the other great throne battles.

What's more, Henry's era in Deiferus led to many things, like signing the treaty, more food in the land, and so on.

It's clear to see he would become one of... If not the most famous Monarch in Deiferus' history. But in Ezenia's eyes, he was just a thief, stealing her beloved's throne.

...

"Wait? Wait? Did they just ask me to WAIT SOME MORE?"

Ahhhhh---

~Crash!!!!

A large vase shattered into a million pieces as Ezenia breathed heavily with her back hunched and her hands spread out like a werewolf's.

She blew off the few strands of messy hair away from her face.

Are you now calm?

"Come out."

Swish!

All 10 hidden guards appeared one knee to the ground.

"Mistress... We are here."

Ezenia narrowed her gaze, looking out her window.

The sunny atmosphere outside was a stark contrast to her foul mood.

"We're done waiting... I've decided we will do it ourselves!"

Everyone wore no expression, understanding her words. They couldn't blame the mistress. It seems these T.O.E.P people weren't taking her request to heart. And even her grandfather, the one who cleared the path for her acceptance into the T.O.E.P, also advised her to wait.

Maybe there was indeed something going on that caused them to delay fulfilling her request, or perhaps they certainly looked down on her... But they knew her mistress was under stress on this matter. Her to-be inlaws were growing less friendlier, and every time, she had to put up an act when meeting her enemy.

No matter who it is, they would get annoyed by it all, especially if those who were meant to help her weren't doing so.

Ezenia's voice was cold.

"It's a good thing we continued building our forces, irrespective of the promised 'help' along the way. And after these few years, our forces had grown stronger and stronger by the day. With this, we will no longer wait!"

Very quickly, she picked several pieces of unused paper from the chaos on the ground, writing up several short notes

"Take them... Contact our allies... They have no more than till March to gather and send their forces to the Capital.

There was just no way... The news would take several months to reach the many forces scattered about. Again, these forces will have to take at least 2 weeks to prepare their armory and whatnot before using several months to head back to the Capital.

This was already the 1st week of September. And 7 months later was March.

Winter officially ends around the 20th of March. But many a time, the snow still carried on till April before the rains poured in.

She planned to take advantage of this and strike when the room was hot.

There was no better time to strike than in terrible weather, everyone knows this. And while these forces were preparing for the bug war, she was going to have several special teams of assassins and killers rescue Ulrich.

By 7 months or so, he should be here, right on time before they make their big move.

Kill Henry, put Ulrich on the throne. Ezenia's properties were clear.

For that man, she was willing to cross a burning mountain if it would bring him out. But whether he would do the same for her was uncertain.

"Go!... Tell them to prepare... Their true ruler will return. And no one... Not even Baynard can stop this movement!"

This time, it would be as the Baymardians say...

CHECKMATE.

Chapter 1594: Leaving Again!

Like the fleeting summer, time went by in a flash.

Lucius kissed mother Kim and the sleepy Kora in her arms.

Though Kora was now 2 years and a few months old, her little body prevented her from keeping a good wake-up stance after knowing her father was leaving for some time.

She tried to pry open her eyes, but it was too heavy.

Alas...

Blame it on this baby body.

She was very aggrieved, knowing she was limited in several matters. All she could do was pray for her father's return, as well as her big brother's.

Her big brother was one of her favorite people, who always snuck her away for fun.

She had been to the zoo, the aquarium, the fun house, the trampoline hall, and several other places that made her very happy.

Her parents were always too overprotective. And though they did take her out very often, the fun activities mostly involved her running around in some Park or playing with several other little kids.

Augh~

Sometimes, Kora felt it took much of her energy to deal with their sense of logic. Mind you, she died as an adult in her former world, though she didn't reach 13.

Nonetheless, dealing with their logic always made her speechless.

She once comforted a crying child. And all of a sudden, that child began calling her his wife.

' '

She once fixed a girl's hair, and that girl dumped her 'boyfriend' to be with her.

' '

Forget it... The world of toddlers was too confusing. But oddly enough, she somehow understood mumblings from a young age, as though babies and very young children had their own unique universal language.

It was all very interesting. But from what her brother once said in passing, when seeing her take care of everyone, she knew she would forget this secret language.

That's right. Everyone forgets their baby language. Who remembers that?

Kora wanted to remember it forever but knew the heavens might not allow it since it went against the natural flow of things.

Once passing a certain stage, she would forget all this and become like one of the many adults around her --- Clueless.

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"Be safe."

"I will," Lucius replied, pecking Kim's lips and giving the sleepy Kora a light kiss so as not to wake or disturb her.

Everyone around the scene was used to the couple's display of affection, so they gave the family ample time to say their goodbyes.

"Little Landon, you be safe too."

"Really, mother. Now you remember me?"

Kim didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Cheeky brat. Come here for your mother."

Of course she loved him as dearly as she loved Kora. With how long they've grown and been together, do you think her love for him can diminish?

It was just that she also gave him time to say his good eyes to Lucy first. And now, he was teasing her?

Mother Kim gripped his hand and kissed his lowered forehead lovingly.

"I know you head out on these emissions very often and have more experience under your resume... But I still worry for you because you will always be my little boy... The one that peed his--"

"Mom, mom, mom!" Landon was desperate to stop her. He was monarch. So why bring out his embarrassing moments, especially in front of his woman?

Landon felt aggrieved. How can it be his own mother that 'burns his cable'?

"Mother, mother... We have to leave. I love you; I'll miss you... Goodbye."

Mother Kim chuckled, seeing Landon's fast reaction.

"Hey.m. now, you're getting old, and you don't want your mother anymore."

"Impossible. Don't talk nonsense, mother. It's just that if we don't leave now, we'll be running late." Landon replied, shoving Lucius into the back of the vehicle.

4 vehicles were standing in straight lines, tasked with taking him to the Coastal region.

A soldier had already opened the door, and Landon just shoved Lucius in without a word.

Bam!

The door was shut, and the vehicle took off with the duo watching the waving gang standing outside the main Palace building.

Gone.

They left the glamorous building and speeded through the open highways.

Lucius sat cross-legged, thinking of the current matters involving Pyno. He had a document handed to him when he got into the limo. There were also 2 others waiting inside, seated opposite Landon and himself.

"Prisoner Marlo no longer bellows for human flesh."

"Really? Could this be another trap of his?"

Everyone thought so.

Who was Marlo Jones? A pirate nicknamed the Baker, the one they apprehended on Magoon island.

First, he seems to have some special identity, as other pirates feared the mere mention of his name. And from what they gathered from White Beard's overly loud mouth, it seems the 2 are blood brothers.

It seems they have a 3rd brother who was some very, very high member of the pirate organization. (Heh... He was the head of the organization!).

It's been several years since the famous baker was apprehended. They apprehended him just after dealing with Nopline's matters.

It has been a long time since that happened. Yet, for these many years, he had been clamoring for human flesh.

At first, he refused to eat, starving himself for weeks, only drinking water.

But though it was a little harmful to do so, Landon told them not to intervene yet.

What a joke!

They sent food in, and he refused to take it. What? Do you want them to also force his mouth open every mealtime?

This was likely a trap to get a guard closer and bite chunks of meat off.

Moreover, Landon had seen people fast for weeks in his former world.

So if you want to fast, drinking water alone, then that's fine by him. The only thing he requested was that the water should have electrolytes to keep this guy going.

In case he might not know it, water-fasting was a thing. So by all means, go ahead. At least the guy still worked out daily while fasting.

He began his journey by starving himself for several weeks before finally grabbing the meal they continuously sent him.

At the start, he probably felt their emphasis on his life, banking they wouldn't let him suffer too much since he hadn't gotten any form of torture.

In this world, how rare was it for someone to imprison you and never inflict physical pain on you?

It was like a dream, which led Marlo to think he was some top-priority person they dared not touch. They should be afraid of his big brother's wrath.

With these thoughts in mind, he schemed for what he wanted, thinking they would meet all his needs and demands.

But for weeks and weeks, everything remained normal, as though they didn't care so much for him.

Marlo gritted his teeth, knowing to keep his worthy body build, strength, and everything else, he needed to eat the meals sent his way.

There was even meat in his meals which was what almost every warrior in this world relied on.

Vegetables were good, but meat would really get one's strength and punch force up there. And that's how he ended up biting the bullet and eating what was given to him, though a stronger part of him only desired raw human newt.

He felt even if they threw him here with his most trusted aid Ratcliffe in with him, Marlo knew he would devour the guy without mercy.

Of course, all these were his thoughts during the first year in Baymard's prison.

The following years after that, Baymard managed to eliminate his cannibalistic instincts to a certain extent, allowing him to put other meats on the same line with human flesh.

Before, Marlo would have sworn human flesh was the best. But after having various other types of meat in Baymard's style, he was dissuaded, though there were still dark thoughts on human flesh.

Of course, there were also psychological means and conditioning he passed through to get him out of the cycle of eating human flesh.

It's been several years since then, and though he no longer hammered for human flesh, they still couldn't be sure if he was faking it or not.

"We'll have to put him through a series of tests... But we can't let him know or sense our ideas. Besides, even if he fails the test now, his sentence is still far from complete. So they still had a long time to figure things out."

He had 63 years more to go. And if he behaved well, then it might be shortened.

Hmmm...

Everyone agreed with Landon's thoughts.

Landon chuckled, listening to the many matters surrounding Pyno.

.

Like so, the gang made their way toward District K.

In no time, they boarded the ships after roll call was conducted.

Landon looked at the open waters, which had now become his 2nd home.

Alright.

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It was time to meet his newly found friends, the Giants!

Time to go to war.

1, 2, 3...

The ships took off in formation.

But just as they were leaving, another force had just docked its ships along Arcadina's shores once more.

The ships were filled with women with overly fair and beautiful skin.

"Ladies!... We have arrived!"

The witches were here!

Chapter 1595: The New Era Approaching

In the dead of night, the dark skies engulfed the lands, and the streets were desolate except for the few people moving about the place.

After 2 A.M, no one was to be seen walking about the sight. The guards would patrol the many streets, and any caught outdoors without permission would get locked up. This was a way to easily capture assassins, spies, and whatnot.

So it was expected that no matter how much one drank in an ale parlor, they must stop around 1 A.M and leave if their homes were far. Some people's homes were 40 minutes by horse within the same city. And some were over an hour's worth of time.

In the end, people know themselves. Of course, some drunk people never make it home, passing out in gutters and streets. The controlling guards would take note of these people, with some hidden guards watching them lest it was some ploy by an enemy to pretend.

Of course, they were also those who prepared not to leave the taverns, ale houses, pleasure homes, hotels, and many places they chose to stay.

After drinking for so long, at 2 A.M, when some establishments choose to close up for the night, some people would book a single room in pairs to split the cost. There were new policies that no more than 2~4 people could stay in one room.

Aye...

Many have been splitting the cost for over 15 years with their good drinking buddies. And once they've gotten a room, they pass out immediately.

Other times, they got 1 or 2 ladies to join them in the rooms.

There were also several establishments that stayed open 24 hours throughout the day and night.

These places allowed people to stay indoors and drink and have their fill till morning. But the catch was that they were never to get on the streets during this time.

They were to remain indoors until morning, when the city gates and docks were typically open.

For most cities and towns, that would be 5~6 A.M.

....

Stepping out from several vessels were women with large black hooded clothes.

Looking at the moon, its shadows, the luster of the night sky, and all its stars, they quickly determined the time.

There should be 2 quarters before 1 A.M... In other words, 12:30 A.M... But this was just their guess, though they were truly close, as it was already 12:23.

But hey... That was still impressive.

Within each nightly quarter, the moon acts differently, positioning itself at different heights.

Good...

They had an hour and a half before the streets got completely deserted with nothing but controlling guards around.

They came here quietly and didn't want to be noticed.

Their numbers were indeed large, so they had almost all their ships sail far out at sea, a good distance away, while just 2 ships sailed to Arcadina's shores.

They purposefully came in smaller numbers.

Luckily for them, there were many services around the shores that sold, rented carriages, or offered transport services to any arrivees.

Tsk.

This matter was very impressive, making the witches feel it should have been the wives of these men who came up with the ideas after blowing pillow farts at them.

It was almost as though these witches had a filter, never acknowledging anything men do. Even the mighty Morgany was a fraud in their eyes.

History has consistently proven that women were smarter than men thought. They were more in control and could manipulate men puppets if they wanted to.

They were powerful and naturally born quick thinkers. Their ability to multitask and keep things in order far surpassed men's, maybe because they had more nurturing spirits since they gave birth.

All in all, these witches felt women of this world hadn't realized their potential, allowing the men to undermine them.

But soon, the glorious day will come when women rise to power all over the world, locking men up in cages to be displayed like the beastly animals they were.

The witches had disgust for men. Men were only there to assist in planting their seeds. After that, what was their use?

The witches almost gagged, talking to the men doing business beside the docks.

So disgusting!!

....

"Lady, my people can drive you to whatever destination you want since we know all the roads in the city. "

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The witches found it hard to maintain their smiles but still showed a flawless, gentle look.

The men at the docks didnt discriminate their business between men and women, which was very rare. Of course, it was all due to the influence of Baymard, as they attended business seminars and gathered money from both men and women.

If it were before, they would offer their business to men first, and women... Only nobles and those women looked like they were loaded.

Ordinary women won't get a chance to ride or use their well-made carriages and wagons to transport items.

But now, things have changed, and they also got a good reputation amongst the locals, which boosted their sales and productivity.

Damn!

The owner regretted the years he had discriminated against the most pleasant women. Or else, wouldn't his pockets be fuller than now?

Women populated the world by more than a half, and though most were peasants, what of it?

If they had money, then that's it.

Now, those doing business dared not discriminate as they did before, not wanting their competitors to go ahead of them.

They respectfully explained and showed them a booklet with images and prices for whatever they needed.

But the witches did not think these people were showing them kindness because they wanted to have a taste of their flesh.

Their insides churned with disgust, almost running out of patience.

Was this another way of trying to woo them? By offering to drive them through the place like some kind gentleman?

Heh.

They sneered inwardly.

"Sir... I'm afraid that can't work. We'll rent."

"Of course! Of course!... Just tell me the number, as well as the type. And it shall be done. As for a guarantee, it collected all that you won't run away with my carriages, you need to present items or money of equal cost."

They ran a fair business here. How can they rent their carriages just like that with no guarantee?

What many visitors did was that they would give the gill market piece of everything they rented to these people.

That way, if the carriage didn't return, the money would be enough to buy another carriage, wagon, and so on.

Of course, if they returned the carriages, the money would also be given to them. And the carriages had to be returned in the same condition it was given, or less maintenance fee cost would be deducted.

Many can say this option was a hassle. But think about it.

For those staying in the city for only a few days or so, it was the best option, rather than buying and later reselling them when leaving. Sometimes, you resell them for way cheaper than the original buying price.

So why not just rent?

...

"Here you are, 12 Grand/Large carriages. They are the latest carriages, having space for TVs and storage. I know you're going to love them."

Eh? TVs? Weren't those the strange block things that Number 5 reported to have seen when she escaped the Baymard with her life on the line? She described it as a box that kept people trapped in them.

The witches narrowed their eyes, seeing their carriages drive toward them.

Some of the ladies quickly took the position of coachmen, and off they went.

They drove for 50 minutes, barely making it before curfew time.

Mind you, they had spent an additional 30 minutes at the docks, renting and waiting for their carriage to be brought over. And when they finally arrived, it was already 1:52 A.M.

The ladies folded their maps and exited the carriages.

Bam!

They stepped into a moderate-sized establishment, seeing many drinking merrily and having a good time.

But suddenly, a strange light shone in the eyes of the female witnesses and staff frolicking around.

"Excuse us, missies... But what do you want to drink?"

"Red blood Moon Ale flying over the skies."

"How many?"

"As many as the stars. The Night is still young, but the lady of the night begins her feast."

"Yes... She does indeed. Please, right this way... Lynda! Get their carriages before curfew time is over."

The one speaking quickly led the gang in. And soon, the council bow deck promptly bowed their heads, seeing the mighty women walking in.

"Welcome, Head Witch."

Since they got the secret letter, they've been expecting them.

Hmmm...

Jamilla nodded, taking her seat on a high chair.

"We proceed as planned. Ladies... We are not only after Baymard but also after the traitor's daughter. The girl has a gift of strength and intelligence. And with her, we witches will rule the world!!!"

"Witches!"

"Witches!"

"Witches!"

Bahahhahahahah~

The witches began rattling their fingernails as a way of clapping. Their eyes were crescent, and their smiles true.

Finally, the time has come.

The era of the witch.

Chapter 1596: Plans Set In Motion

Hahahhahahahahahaha~

The Witches smiled, already planning how to handle the traitor's daughter.

Of course, their first mode of action would be to capture the traitor's daughter before taking down Baymard.

Truthfully, they felt they should be able to handle Baymard without a problem. But to maximize their chances of winning, they had to choose the most efficient route for handling this matter. And for this, they had to use the information already gathered.

Heh.

Elder Yanji and Genius Edna had a strange light flicker in their eyes.

'This is our chance!'

You have to know that though Jamila was the head witch, there were council elders with factions that opposed her rule, wanting her to step down before her appointed term of office was over.

For years, they have been trying to yank her off the honorable position of Head Witch. Many already preferred the genius Edna, a younger and more aspiring witch than Jamila.

They believed with Edna, the witches could have the greatest success in life.

What's more, Jamila's deceit made everyone angered.

For heaven's sake! She wrote to them long before the festival that she would bring the traitor's daughter.

Do you know what such news symbolizes?

Everyone in their witch world was boiling when the news passed. The traitor's daughter was worth all the sacrifices in the world.

So how could they not be looking forward to it?

That was the gossip of the year, with many even buying special attires for the ceremony.

But when they arrived, they realized Jamila not only failed to do as promised but lost to the traitor's daughter woefully.

.

Yes...

To the witches, it seemed as though history had repeated itself, with them losing to the Traitor herself.

Dammit!

They weren't fools.

They also understood that Jamila must have gotten the terrible news several weeks before they arrived. So why didn't you send them word?

At least if during their travels they saw the message, they would've already let out a bag of steam during their long months of travel.

Of course, it didn't mean they would let her go after that. But at least it would seem more honest than breaking the news to them on the day of the festival! And mind you, they arrived probably a week or a few days before the festival's night.

So what the hell?

Why didn't you look them in the eye back then and spew it out?

Why do it on the morning of the festival? Was she trying to anger them to death?

Believe it or not, during that period, it was easier to handle anyone when they were in an absolute raging state.

They would most likely let a part of their emotion override their sense of judgment.

Yes! They did give her hell when she arrived. However, she did accomplish what she wanted. And then was to get everyone aboard this mission while still being the head Witch.

Jamila knew that if she had sent word during their travels, after their raging, they would've calmed down, coming at her with a sharper force than before.

For years, she had been losing supporters from the plots and schemes of the opposing factions.

If she didn't do it like that, she would've been forced to step down and her name written in witch historic as the most disappointing head witch.

Mind you, she was already down in history because of the loss she suffered from Lucy.

But at least when still in power, she had a chance to make a comeback and get rewritten as a fierce head witch who changed her fate and subdued the traitor's cunning daughter.

Some might even write a few bold and exaggerated sentences for Future witches to see her brilliance, praising her to the moon and back.

So how could she let herself get yanked off her position without redeeming herself?

What's more, she didn't want anyone to start the era of the witch without her. Such a thing would be another great event in their history. So if she stepped down now, the appointed head witch, possibly that b**ch Edna, would take all the glory.

She was the one who suggested they capture and pry every manufacturing secret out of her mouth.

She was the one who first thought of using Lucy to their advantage. So why should it be someone else who gets all the credit?

Jamila was unwilling, and that's why she acted the way she did, letting them explode on that fateful day.

Hehehhehehe~

She, Jamila, was never an easy person to bully!

...

The eyes of Yanji, Edna, and several important witches from the many factions and Council of elders all saw this matter as an opportunity.

Completing this mission was more likely to solidify their faction's chosen member as the next Head Witch after Jamila was forced down. But until they had Lucy in their grasp, they would go along with everyone's overall plans.

As it stood, their trained killers had long arrived in Pyno months before them, gathering information too. This information they won't share with the group.

Why? Because any Head witch candidate who caught Lucy first would likely step into power at the snap of a finger.

They were going to do it all on their own in hiding while still going along with the general plan.

Even Jamila had long sent her forces here too. Everyone did...

But what some of them didn't know was that their forces had long been subdued by Lucy and thrown into the female prisons to serve their sentences.

Alright.

Everyone focused on the matter, acting cordially with Jamila, even if they didn't like her.

"Head witch, as we've agreed, we must take the most efficient route to complete this mission. That is why I propose we don't attack within Baymard yet." Edna spoke out, making many nod in appreciation.

Jamila's plan was to go to Baymard with a surprise kill. She believed this time, she had more people and more knowledge from Number 5 and several other spies here to take them down.

From number 5's telling, they successfully infiltrated Baymard,

Even going far as torturing many men without being discovered. It all went all, and the only reason they lost was because of Lucy's inherited witchly strength.

Yes!...

They were so close but lost because of this, showing how weak Baymard's defense was.

From Number 5's words and that of the many spies, she again confirmed that these people were too weak, relying on their neighboring allies for defense.

It's said every year, during the many seasons, a large batch of ally knights would enter district B, setting up their base there, temporarily stationed to wait for wars.

If there were wars, these ally knights would rush out and help. But what they didn't know was that Baymard was training these allied knights and not the other way around.

Bottom line, Jamila and everyone else felt they could still take Baymard down if they avoided those strange pack sticks that could leave a person trembling as though hit by a lightning fish (electric eel).

But what Edna said just now made them take several steps back in their plans. Her words were filled with more wisdom than Jamila's, causing them to compare the 2 again.

Edna smiled. "Head witch, elders, council women... My fellow witches, I don't think it's wise to take the horned wolf by its horns just yet. I suggest we attack her out of Baymard's territories... Maybe an ambush?"

Good one!

Their eyes lit up. Yes. In this way, they could confirm all factors leading up to the ambush, from the surrounding roads to the battle.

Jamila sneered, not wanting to be outdone. "Witch Edna... Though your plan is good, you need to know that the Witch's daughter is a Queen herself. Her traveling should be

secret. So how can you guarantee that we will meet her in whatever place we wish to ambush her in?"

Edna's smile broadened, dropping a newspaper with eye-dropping headline news at the forefront.

"Head Witch, take a look at this."

She had taken this newspaper from the bar upstairs before they were led away.

The newspaper was published 3 months ago. Some news reported there should've passed. However, the one at the front headline was still relevant.

[Baymardian queen set to visit Douglas town, Arcadina, for the saving of a thousand trapped birds in a discovered underwater cave.]

Everyone looked at the headline news, several thoughts racing wildly in their minds.

If she was going to be there, this was indeed a good chance.

They had to access all roads leading to Douglas city, as well as determine the most likely for them to pass through from Baymard's direction.

What's more, it should be showing by then... So they could also use the weather to defeat Lucy too.

Many massaged their chins thoughtfully.

This was a better way of handling this matter. Even Jamila had to admit to it. And like that, their plans were set in motion.

For now, they would have to continue staying in Arcadina. In this way, time vanished in a blink of an eye. And out at sea, Landon finally met his newfound friends.

Lucius and everyone else stared at the group in shock.

These... Are you sure these aren't Gods?

Indeed, they deserved to be called giants.

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Chapter 1597 [Bonus]Predestined

The seas were quite good, but the weather was getting a little colder.

The 2nd week of September had just arrived. And though the sun was up, one could see that the land and seas were preparing for Fall, as the winds blowing were no more that of hot air but slightly colder air instead.

The fishes and many sea creatures jumped from the waters from time to time, and the seas around ushered a calming sense, except for the sloshing waves that smashed against the ship's side.

Din. Din. Din. Din~

A young man calmly stepped out of his cabin, heading down to meet his crew members, all standing on the docks of both ships too.

They had adhered to the advice of their newly made friend, sailing via route at particular appointed times. And wouldn't you know it? Their little friend was right!

Since sailing, they had yet to meet any more troubling Morgs.

Of course, they saw several passerby ships with travelers on them. These ships mostly belonged to merchants who made side money by charging any and all peasants who intended to hop aboard.

They did see some ships belonging to several power factions. But no one bothered with them. As a protective measure, they either docked or made a U-turn back, avoiding people like the plague.

The only thing they felt happy about was that they didn't run into any bloody pirates.

Since then, they had been sailing safely toward Baymard's direction, and their hope still ignited, especially after seeing the mysterious guard's instructions accurately.

And now, it looks like their journey was finally over.

"Your highness! That should be the Baymardian ships!" Someone exclaimed excitedly, seeing the giant ship approach.

Initially, they thought the ships were a school of great big boggles sailing to them at dangerous speeds.

From the far blurry horizon, the first image they picked up was smaller than their pinky. But as it came closer and closer, the group informed those rowing to stop. And now, everyone was standing outside, watching the many beauties draw closer.

Payne smacked his lips in disbelief.

F***!

This has got to be the tallest ship he had ever seen, right?

They kid you not, 3 of their ships would need to be stacked together to reach this ship's height.

Mind you, this was a Navy ship that was supposed to be moderate.

So if they saw a cruise ship, what would they do?

This was too exaggerated, right?

The group stared at the towering ship with jaws dropped to the ground.

Sweat, Mother of Pearls!

Though they had initially seen that the ship was made of metal, seeing it float live in the flesh was far different than seeing it in a magazine.

"Well, I'll be damned... It's really true." Payne commented, feeling it difficult to pull his eyes away. And just then, a voice echoed across the space.

No doubt, the person speaking should be using a megaphone. But which megaphone was so powerful?

The voice quality projected was clearer and calmer, showing that the person wasn't shouting.

But this wasn't right. When using a megaphone, one had to shout to get the message across.

And then, they saw 2 faces they had seen several times in the Baymardian magazine.

They were his majesty Landon and King-Father Lucius.

They are really here!!!

Landon stared at the group below, showing his friendly side.

"We mean no harm. We heard about your situation and are here to help if you let us."

That's right. 'If' they would let them. The ball was in their court.

Artemis nodded and exchanged a broad conversation with Landon and Lucius.

In the end, a connecting walkway was opened from the side of Landon's ship, and the Giants all stepped in.

****Shock****

They were gasping loudly while looking at the ship's insides.

It was true that there wasn't much to see here since the space they first entered was one that led straight to an elevator and stairway.

But who made them never see an elevator before?

Ding!~

The sound and automatic opening doors caused them to jump.

There was no one in the elevator to force the doors open. So what was this sorcery?

They thought maybe the side door on the ship that brought out the connecting path should've done so by having people lower it with ropes.

This was their original thinking. That's why they kept searching for the ropes when passing by. But they didn't see a thing. And now, the elevator door opened on its own.

So could it be these Baymardians had mastered some level of sorcery to make it happen? Could it be a gifted person who controlled the doors?

Eh? Did they use their gifted people as door openers?

In that case, just how powerful were these Baymardians truly?

('0')

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Like so, the Giants had their ridiculous thoughts on the matter.

"Welcome, aboard, your highness Artemis."

The moment they stepped into the ship, a group was already waiting to escort them up. One of the people in the group was the person who pressed the elevator button.

"Your highness, Artemis, please, right this way."

"Hmmm..." Artemis, Payne, and 1 other all rode the elevator to the decks while everyone else took the stairs.

Of course, with how big and mighty these following Giants were, having too many of them at a time in the elevator would seriously be a problem.

They have weighed themselves using the scales yet. But one shouldn't forget the elevator had a weight limit.

These were some of the essential things Landon wanted to change once Alien Tech was mass-produced.

All elevators and their cords pulling and holding them would have to be changed.

With the metal enhancer, these elevators and the weaved metal cords holding them would be stronger than before.

What's more, it would also feel lighter than its current state.

Stronger and lighter? Who doesn't want this? Before any ports were made in Omania, all ships, elevators, and every other major equipment would have to be changed/switched for enhanced ones.

Landon didn't want the cords snapping and killing people left, right, and center.

The only good thing he was pleased with was that most things in Baymard were made taking their height into consideration.

He always wondered why the system made things so talk until he took a look at Omania.

They would have no problem when it concerns their height.

.

"Rest assured, your highness... Everyone will meet at the decks above."

Inside the elevator, Artemis, Payne, and the other all moved their eyes like confused chickens. At times, their eyes would widen, and their lips would shake.

What was this? Where was the light in the elevator coming from? And why were the buttons lighting up after being pressed?

Eh?

Artemis stretched his hands and held onto the elevator walls as he felt a strange force pulling down the higher they went.

He had never gone upwards with this speed before. So of course he was shaken. The 2 others accompanying him were no different.

Damn.

Was this what happens when one goes high up faster? And what was that strange force just now?

Gravity!

He and many others had jumped downward, never feeling the weight so much. But when you go naturally upwards at this speed, your body starts feeling heavier than usual.

Artemis' mind was going around his circles as he wanted to explore and understand this strange force better.

To him, it was a heaven-defying matter that many Omani philosophers should study.

The group carried on with their many thoughts until their elevator ride came to an end.

~Ding!

The invisible pressure vanished, and the doors finally opened.

So big!!!!

Those were everyone's first thoughts, never having seen a deck this long and wide before.

.... How can something be so big?

What are they storing down here? Small submarines, military trucks, military tanks... Well, what can they say?

Their military ships here were also slightly bigger than what those in Landon's former world were

Why? Because they always had to travel with their vehicles and other heavy artillery.

What's more, this world was nowhere near as safe as his former world. So it felt better to travel with everything, including medical supplies.

The smaller ships were used mainly by the Coastal guards, whose jobs were to guard and patrol the Baymardian waters and seashores.

Bigger boys like these were for the Navy.

.

Artemis stepped out, seeing Landon and Lucius standing opposite him.

Lucius was still astonished by the true height of these people, especially with them standing so close to him.

F***!

He seems to understand why Mother Kim would always accuse him of having her neck in cramps.

Just looking up at these people also agonized his neck.

Landon had a warm smile.

"Your Highness Artemis... Welcome aboard our ship. We've been looking forward to meeting you."

Artemis' tensed heart calmed, seeing Landon's warm gaze. He felt no malice from these people.

"It's good..."

Artemis looked to the sky, feeling it all predestined.

Vine God... Is he the help you wanted us to meet?

Alright.

Then it was time to save his people!!

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Chapter 1598: New Home?

Like that, Artemis and the others were taken into the ship.

After a warm welcome, Landon spoke briefly before taking them to their rooms.

F***!

Artemis cursed loudly for the first time in his life.

As a prince, how dare he curse or speak foul language in public?

He was trained to speak his thoughts more elegantly. But after seeing the scene before him, his mind went blank, and his mouth moved obediently.

There was also someone by his side to explain a few things to him while the door was opened and his baggage was brought in from his ship.

"Your Highness, Artemis. This is called a light switch. For light, flick it upwards. And do the latter to turn it off. You have several light switches scattered around your suite and one by your bedside."

Artemis' mouth was opened as he flicked the switch severally, like a child.

Flip. Flip. Flip~

On, off, on, off, on, off...

Sorry.

Artemis was embarrassed, but the soldier showing him the way only smiled, inwardly chuckling at his reaction.

Hey... They've all been there.

The soldier then took him into the living room/parlor space.

It should be noted that typically, military ships aren't supposed to be luxurious, allowing the navy, marines, and soldiers to sleep on bunk beds as they did in their respective training camps.

In truth, it was so for the many Navy ships.

But there were 4 Navy ships in the entirety of Baymard, which were far bigger than the others, and were meant to transport rescued people in them.

They designed them with cabins like those on cruise ships, with some cabins being ordinary-styled, ranging up to Royal Suites.

There were also A-framed rooms and rooms with 4 beds or more.

Some of the rooms have ocean views with no balconies, while others did have a balcony.

.

Anyway, they built these 4 particular Navy ships to cater for rescued people or important guests traveling with them during missions.

So the Royal Suit Artemis was in, was a true depiction of a solar one on a cruise ship.

F***!

It was a Royal loft suite.

And when one stepped in, they would immediately enter a massive space, with a 10-seat dining table in the far end, a couch region with Tv, and a kitchen several feet away.

There was also a balcony door leading to what looked like a massive outdoor Patio with a jacuzzi and 2 outdoor beach-styled chairs for laying back and relaxing.

If not for the weather soon getting to Fall, there would also be tables and chairs out where one could have dinner or meals if they wanted to eat while taking in the view.

Of course, the dining table was also by a glass window overlooking the seas. But there was a difference between sitting outside on the balcony compared to inside, watching through a window.

There were also light-weight chandeliers high up that dropped downloads like drain drops

Beautiful.

'Was this where he would be staying?'

Artemis felt he might dirty these good-looking things.

They all oozed luxury and comfort.

Stepping in, the soldier showed him around.

"There is a fridge with water, juice boxes, and a few of our favorite Baymardian beverages. There are also ice trays in the freezer. And for alcohol, you'll find that in this drawer."

What?

Artemis has never seen so many glass bottles or glass in his life for that matter.

The bottles stared at him, each looking very enticing. There were also glasses for wine, beer, and many more.

.

"His highness Artemis... This is called a telephone. Ring us using the numbers displayed here, and request whatever you need."

There was a colorful design paper with bold numbers and words on them.

If they need food or anything, just call the 3-digit number. But first, he must add a # before punching the numbers as instructed.

There was also a schedule list, which showed the general just of things like mealtimes, and any other activities he could access.

That's right.

There was a basketball court, a tennis court, a field track around the deck, and a gym. This was the most they were willing to take from the cruise lines and add on this Navy ship.

Well, track fields and Gyms were on all Navy ships, that way everyone could do their runs, as well as train their bodies while out at sea.

In the early mornings, one would see many waking up to run for a mile or so before bathing and starting their shifts.

Another feature that the baby shifts had, which the cruise lines didn't have, was the many training rooms, some strictly for the Baymardians and others for anyone else like those dorm Carona or guests like Artemis.

In the end, there were many ways they could stay fit here. And the hours when guests could access these places were also added to the list.

This way, Artemis would know where to go and what time he could... Especially for mealtimes.

In the kitchen, there were no stoves. Just an electric kettle, microwaves, fridge, glasses, and all the other essentials.

"Right this way, your Highness."

"Ye... Yes... " Artemis was still in a daze while being led upstairs.

Once up, one could stand on the terrace and overlook the parlor and open space below.

The view from here was stunning, but that wasn't the only thing that caught his attention.

What a room!

The bed was surprisingly okay for him.

Yup.

Again, he had to thank the system and insisted that Landon scaled all beds to certain lengths compared to how they were in his former world.

What is king-sized here might be an extra-extra king-size back on Earth.

The beds were always made spacious, as though preparing for Omania's arrival.

Artemis nodded in satisfaction. It was the size of his total bed back in Omania. But this one was too soft. And when he sat, he sank nicely with no clumps for unevenness anywhere.

You have to know that pleasant beds were filled with layers of straws and twigs that needed to be dried and changed severally.

For nobles and royals, their beds were essentially well-made wooden structures with fabrics or feathers as mattresses.

Though softer than straw, there were always lumps in the rolled-up mattress when one slept on them.

Again, though the pointy tips of feathers were cut off, not all of its rigid structure could be eliminated. And with that, one could get prickled when they rolled.

If it were before, he wouldn't have felt anything from laying in an uneven bed. But now, he thought it was trash compared to these Baymardian mattresses.

That is, how can anything be so soft? And what did they put in it?

('â†')

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Artemis was now in Wonderland.

Ahhhhh~

He screamed inwardly. He had seen these tvs in the magazine!

He was actually seeing it in the flesh!

Sigh...

What a heavenly thing!

The soldier showed him how to insert the tapes and watch Tv, as well as how to use their computers there. But there was no internet.

However, they could play the many games available to them.

Yes! There were built-in games like Solitaire, as well as adventure games with CDs.

On the corner was a bookshelf with books ranging from children to adults, with some being public science knowledge and newspapers showing current world matters.

Hmmmm...

All in all, Artemis was pleased with his room and the giant bathroom.

There, he had a sauna, a bathtub, and a massive shower with a stone slate within it, where he could sit or lay down while letting the waters from many massive shower heads fall on him.

There were bars of soap, as well as liquid soaps too. With conditioner, shampoo, and many essentials one would find in a hotel.

They also gave him 3 toothbrushes, 2 combs of different sizes, a hairdryer, a shaving kit with instructions, and over 12 towels of various sizes.

The soldier also warned him that electric appliances like hair dryers must never touch the water. So he shouldn't enter the shower with them.

Well, the warnings were already pasted on the walls, showing a before and after drawing of what would happen if he did.

Good to know. Artemis though.

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That was it for the tour.

The soldier stood at the door. "Your highness, Artemis... It will be lunchtime soon. Is majesty will grab you then, will that be alright with you?"

"Yes." Artemis agreed.

It was time to talk business.

But first, he had to explore his new home.

Shoo. Shoo~

He wanted to drive the soldier away.

Bam!

The door closed, and a childish grin on his face.

They said this room was soundproof?...Bahahahahaha~

He rolled on the couch, jumping like a child while grabbing the Pringle snack he was holding.

He also turned on the Tv and began watching Indiana Jones.

(^0^)

Erm... Could he say he never wanted to leave his room again?

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Chapter 1599: Down To Business!

Amazing!

Payne looked at the menu, swallowing his saliva in anticipation of what his eyes were fed with.

Oh, my Vine God!

This was torture, seeing the menu options before him.

They, giants, had a roughly bigger appetite than many in the world.

The good thing was that their full-course meal palate was indeed filling to one's belly, as though taking into account their existence.

Payne wasn't the only one who thought so. Even Artemis felt so. And soon, everyone's meal was brought over.

So good looking!

Just the dish arrangement alone made their mouths water. And what was that divine smell that kept comparing their senses?

Artemis' eyes bulged in disbelief when the piece of juicy stake was crushed and mixed with his saliva.

Taste Explosion.

Boom!

He felt his state buds tingling and his mouth chewing faster and faster.

Eat. Eat. Eat...Eat?

(0_0)

Artemis stared at his now-cleaned dish, wondering what the hell type of meat tasted so good.

This was the best he ever had! He even wanted to give a personal thumbs-up to the cook who made the dish.

As expected of a Royal cook.

They felt the cook should be a one-of-a-kind, a rare talent never seen before in the past hundred years to have made such divine delicacies.

But where would he have known that many chefs back in Baymard had such good cooking skills?

Artemis chewed merrily, even thinking of how to fish out such talents and pay them to teach his palace chefs.

"Your highness Landon... Your cook is truly an extraordinary person. Do you think you could--"

"Lend them to you?"

Artemis felt embarrassed but nodded after seeing Landon wasn't angered.

"Yes. But not for free. I will pay whatever amount is needed."

"Oh?" Landon smiled meaningfully. "I have a better option. How about you send others to my academy to learn? The dishes here can be made by many in my academy."

"Really?" Everyone was shocked.

How can such holy cooking be common? Was there some sort of mistake? Or was it just that Omania's cooking was so bad that everyone else had overtaken them?

No... It can't be so because he had traveled to the neighboring continents before. And though their food was indeed superior, it was nowhere near as good as this.

So it seems the answer lies in Baynard.

Landon calmly wiped his lips with a cloth, taking his glass in one hand.

"Hmm... My academy opens its doors to all. So cooking these meals is nothing new. Also, why don't we drop the formalities?"

Artemis understood what he meant, Also nodding too. "Then I'll call you brother Landon."

Landon was 3 years older than himself.

Landon was still 20... And this November, he'll be turning 21.

Time sure does fly by since he arrived at 15. He too was getting old.

The 2 conversed during dinner alongside Lucius, Payne, and the others. And soon, they were more or less familiar with each other... Though everyone felt a little more familiar with Landon instead.

But why? This was probably because he was the 'hidden guard' that saved him last time. Of course, they didn't know this, only feeling he was very friendly towards them.

Like so, their fellows got full, and their minds soon fell into deep thinking.

They had long left the dining and were in a private meeting space.

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"And that's what happened."

Payne narrated everything they went through with a distorted and pained expression. They might be eating delicious meals here, but their people were out there suffering.

Payne would never forget the day he escaped the city with his family and several others, leaving his father behind.

His father refused to leave, choosing to fight to the death. He wanted to join his father but was knocked out clean and taken away through the secret vine passage.

When he woke up, his heart was heavy.

He was a child. His father had chosen to stay back with those who also decided to stay and buy everyone time.

Yes!

If everyone left, who would hold the enemy and give them room for escape?

Those Adonis bastards came for their empire. Thus, it was important the message reached his majesty on time!

He sent his subordinates off while following the strange dream that plagued him after his father's men knocked him out.

The dream weighed heavily in his heart, and he decided to follow it, leading to him meeting the 3rd prince Artemis. And then, the story became fantasy-like moving forward.

What? They went through all this?

(0_0)

Lucius' eyes shot open when listening to the mysterious journey the group went through.

Indeed. It was as if something was forcing them to head for Baymard.

As for the hidden guard who met them, Lucius had a clue of who it was.

One should know that right from the beginning when Baymard was formed, Landon did have some unknown spies working for him who brought him information about Nopline and many other matters.

So Lucius and everyone else felt the hidden guard should be the same person.

The guard didn't want to be seen and didn't want his family to be in any sort of complications, so he liked to remain as a shadow.

This meant the guy could walk past Lucius in broad daylight, and he would never know.

If it were someone else, Lucius would reject such a situation since it was vital for all soldiers and guards to be accounted for.

But since it was someone who has always been with Landon from the very beginning, Lucius turned a blind eye to the matter.

He had also seen the person appear in full black before. Not even the person's eyes and lips were shown.

Anyway, the person had a deep voice. And sometimes, Lucius also sent some work for the person to do.

Over time, he understood how this serious hidden guard operated.

But where would he have known he was talking to Landon all this while?

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Chapter 1600: He's Back!

Artemis' heart was filled with gratitude, seeing how easily Landon agreed to help his people.

Though Landon had arrived and initially promised to help them, Artemis and the others were still not at rest because they hadn't fully told Landon all the dangers ahead.

So seeing him agree now, finally dropped the heavy stones in their hearts.

After all, the task itself was indeed a ghoulish nightmare to accomplish. So they wouldn't blame anyone for turning around and not helping them.

The event was also foreign to them because they had never heard of any place like Adonis/Lampe before.

In truth, they were inwardly suspecting it was Morgany trying to play a fast one on them.

At this point, they don't know what to think. It's funny that they know of Morgany but don't know where Morgany was located. The Morgs forcefully created their bubble, and they weren't privileged to go beyond this.

They had indeed gone to other continents and even tried to broaden their horizons about the open seas. But for some reason, when people see them, the Giants, they refuse to tell any more than they already know.

At this point, even they knew they were bullied by a bigger force.

They had speculated that Morgany shouldn't be a continent but a place within their neighboring continents.

Yes! It should be an organization.

Some Omanians do know the truth but would never tell their people, lest some war breaks off with them ending up in a disadvantageous position.

Who were Omanians?

They were proud giants. And should they know the culprit in charge of putting them where they were, they would unite to fight.

No matter their enmity with each other, they would take down the common enemy first!

They may be a small continent. But they were also mighty in pure strength! And the enemy had long been afraid of them too.

Artemis grinned. "Thank you, brother."

"You're welcome. And now that that's out of the way, then it's time we prepare."

Right!

In no time, a massive paper was laid out before them.

Everyone was silent, with deep tension filling the space.

Their hearts were thinking loudly, and their throats were dry.

"With all the time already gone, it's safe to assume the enemy might be down not just one city but other nearby towns and villages too. Again, they might have decided to attack many coastal regions across your Soma Empire... Nonetheless, our starting point remains at the Coastal city you first reported."

He was talking about the coastal City Payne escaped from.

"Since time is of the essence, this is how things will go. Our main team will begin operations on that Coastal city while the other teams scout around the other Coastal Soma waters."

Their task is only to scout. They won't be engaging even if they notice something wrong.

Collection info would be their priority.

"Sir Payne, I don't suppose you have a map of the territory, do you?"

"Regrettably not, your highness Landon. But I know it right off the back of my hand. I can sketch it out for you in my sleep."

The corners of Landon's lips tucked upwards. "Good... That's exactly what we need."

As the future heir inherited his father's position, the lad should've been shown his territory a million times by now.

Like Landon had stated a gazillion times before, people in this era were too smart. With danger always one step closer, they had to keep on their feet by absorbing as much knowledge as possible.

Payne should have been shown his territory from the age of 7 over and over again.

It was almost like the scene in Lion King when Mufasa shows Simba their territory.

[Everywhere the light touches is ours.] (~_~)

Well, in this case, he was taken across the city borders, as well as through all footpaths, roads, and every part to ensure he knew his land.

As an aspiring City Lord, he must always know all about his city.

Mind you, coastal regions were most likely to be in danger compared to other territories within the empire.

They were at the forefront of it all. So security could never be lax!

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Scribble. Scribble. Scribble.

Payne's brows were together as he finished drawing the layout of his territory.

Even more impressive was that he could recall how many minutes it would take to walk from one point to another.

This was how he measured his distance. And with this, they could also calculate a rough estimate of the distance too.

In some places, he estimated the time through horseback riding or carriage use. But on footpaths, he of course, did so by walking or running distance.

He also highlighted the many terrains, be they rocky or not.

It was also important to note that in the land of giants, the trees were also far taller and thicker around the middle than other regions in Hertfilia.

Over 95% of Omani regions had never experienced snow before. They had just 4 weather seasons:

- First Dry Season.
- Rainy Season
- Second Dry Season.
- Hail Season

Those were the only 4 seasons they had.

Yes. Though there was no snow. They had a whole season where Hailstones would fall on and off again for roughly 3 months. The weather would be foggy, and the raindrops would turn into stone drops before hitting the ground.

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Their 1st Dry Season was at least better than their 2nd Dry Season.

During the 2nd one, the heat was delicious for one to bear if they hadn't adapted to Omania's climate.

Even the cattle and animals there had developed adaptive features over the centuries to face the boiling weather.

And wouldn't you know it? When they arrive in Omania, it should be the 2nd Dry Season.

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Scribble. Scribble. Scribble.~

Payne drew to the best of his capabilities. And soon, a plan began to form.

Good.

In another week and a half, they should arrive. Landon took several breaths, somewhat anxious to complete his mission. But he wasn't the only one anxious to death.

Far, far away, several people stood by to welcome the young man in a carriage.

The group had broadened smiles seeing the many carriages pull into the estate.

Hahahahahahaha~

The boy was finally home...

The Adonis Heir was back!

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