

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1651 The Helting Clan

Chapter 1651 The Helting Clan

Vitonio Helting.

The name rang dangerous bells to many in Czar.

He was the heir to his father's legacy, scheduled to inherit the title of Tow lord after his father's passing.

Unofficially, he already took over. But since the situation in Czar has been turbulent, no official documents or imperial edicts have been given.

His deceased father, Ivo The Terrible, was the Town lord of Klant Town.

It might be a town, but it was still his inheritance, and he would never allow anyone to take what was rightly his.

He, Vintonio, hailed from the great Helting Clan, a superior clan scattered about the empire.

In the Capital, his Clan owned several hills and regions that housed thousands of clan members, as though it were a sect.

Such were the designs for big clans. Everyone knows how the story goes.

His father was banished in his younger days, but given an overlooked clan branch to oversee. It also meant the clan had decided to abandon the branch since it was making little to no profits for the family.

Klant town was one of the poorest towns in the empire. Not only were the people poor, but even their surroundings were not blessed too.

No lines, no ores, no gold... no source of vibrant wealth to attract their eyes.

Its population was also too low compared to many towns, and even a majority of people refused to settle down there.

How to say it? It was one of those places exiled prisoners could settle in.

When one is exiled, it doesn't necessarily mean out of the entire empire.

Typically, the exiled people were never permitted to step foot in the Capital, or central regions of the empire.

Again, they were only allowed to settle in the poorest place with the poorest conditions.

Escort guards would chain the file people up, and have them march on foot for months if need be to get to their chosen exiled location.

Though the guards would whip them and give them a hard time, the guards also had an obligation to ensure that 4/10th of the exiled people arrived at their destination.

These could also be sent to military camps where they would work in poor conditions as blacksmiths, farmers, or workers solely focused on serving the knights.

Of course, this was what happened to people banished by the monarch himself.

If banished by one's clan, they might be banished from all clan locations or might be restricted from ever appearing in the clan's location in the Capital and other flourishing regions.

The clan was also shrewd, wanting to push them away yet also wanting to work them tirelessly since the clan's blood flowed in the banished person's veins.

Many could simply see it as a job Transfer from a prosperous front to a desolate one.

In his father's case, the clan didn't want to let him go. With their influence, it wastes hard to ask the royals to keep Ivo as Town lord of Klant, which was filled with poverty and diseases.

Though his majesty hardly cared for the place, Town lord meant they could always use an excuse for his failure to better the place to make him recover royal punishments.

The clan thought well but underestimated his then-young father.

The name Ivo The Terrible did not stem from thin air.

His father had risen to the top from the ashes, bones and blood of others, rooting his position across the South-Eastern Regions.

Heh.

His father might be a town lord but his forces were many, kept in over 5 hidden fortresses.

Over the years, he also made allies and his ambition for the throne grew too.

After all his majesty had put Ivo through, he had nothing but hate for the royals. His goal was to sit on the throne while watching the monarch dance as a court jester.

He would turn the monarch into a clown, whose sole purpose was to make them laugh.

It's a pity his father's dream was cut short by these damn Baymardians!

Klant town was the place the Zombie Virus originated from.

Long story short, there was a brief war between his father and these Baymardians. In the end, his father lost his life in the hands of these invaders.

As for him, he was known as the little Tyrant by many. Not because he was overly pampered, but because his actions were smooth, precise and always chilling.

Those his age who hailed from great claims had all fallen to his feet during his time in the academy.

'Father... I will take over your aspirations. I will make them all pay for what they've done to you.'

He, Vintinio Helting, will be Monarch!

"Ambros, Locke... how fast can the men arrive?"

"Young master, our closest camp is 3 weeks away from the capital. Even if we send for them now they won't be able to make it for the big finale by the end of the month."

After getting word, the men will have to prepare, which could take 2~4 days... and that's if they were preparing in a rush.

Typically it took 10~21 days to prepare for any heavy battle.

Thousands of batches of Medicine for poison arrows have to be concocted. The blades resharpener, the strategy for marching out planned, lest they got discovered and so on.

Even armor needs to be checked with the need to make new ones if lacking.

One doesn't just get up and goes to war. Failure to plan... was already an attempt of planning to fail.

In the end, it would take nothing less than a month and 3 weeks for their men to arrive in the Capital. That would be too late.

"Who said so?" Vintonio chuckled. "Have you forgotten what I said? We will only fight the last man standing."

The battle between the Baymardians and the noble factions might be close, but after that, all factions will revive and fight amongst themselves for the throne. So why show their ambition so early?

Hehehehehe~...

No one knew of his plans, and would never see it coming!

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Like so, another player entered the game.

During this period, the Capital was heated with many thinking things would lay low for a while until the big day. But who knew their dear Warren would play her cards differently?

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Chapter 1652 A Scary Woman

Today seemed like any other day in Czar, except they had a moment's rest from the heavy downpour.

It's been 7 entire days since the heavy rains began pouring.

Finally, they could have a little break before the next downpour began.

Still, the weather was cold, and the winds gave many goosebumps.

All the same, it was nice to have some time for many nobles to walk about their vast estates to ease their boredom.

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Lord Ichabod reclined on a plush, ornately carved chair within the comforts of his opulent private hall, solely used for meetings or as a relaxing spot for him.

His attire reflected his status, adorned with fine garments and accessories befitting of his noble rank.

The hall was dimly lit by the glimmering candles, casting a warm hue in the rich tapestries hung high.

As he settled into his plush chair, several servant girls chosen for their grace and gentle demeanor, enter the hall with modest attires, carrying trays of fruits, baked goods, and tea.

There were books on the corner of the table that would make a great addition to his entertainment.

Food and books were always a great combination.

However, Ichabod was a little tempted by the many beauties around him.

He knew his wives and 2 concubines would make things difficult for these girls once he touched them. But so what?

It was a man's right to enjoy all womanly pleasures in this world.

His wives would probably try their best to become relevant by overly dressing up for dinner tonight.

He knew all their attempts and felt pleased seeing them fight for his favor.

The servant girls wasted no time getting to work.

One gently looked over the tea from a small portable silver chest, while the other held the teapot and began pouring hot water into the ancient mug.

Soon the aromatic steam wafts through the air carting the pleasant scent of tea leaves.

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"You women are well trained." Ichabod complimented, enjoying the kneading and massages on his shoulders and neck.

The servant girl behind him slowly tested the waters, lowering the messages from his shoulders to his chest.

Ichabod felt his little man stand at attention but didn't stop the daring girl from giving him pleasure.

On such a cold day, it made one always feels the need to cuddle and perform.

Ah yes... This was the life.

Now that they had finalized their plans for attacking the Baymardians before the end of the month, Ichabod felt relaxed.

However it wasn't for too long.

Eh?

Ichobob's senses were heightened after years of being on the battlefield.

What is that? Who was causing such a commotion outside his door?

"No! No! You can't come in!" Someone yelled, and soon...

BAM!

The heavy wooden door was abruptly open, breaking its center into a thousand pieces.

"Ahhhhh!

The servant girls proved their agility to be true, as they screamed and jumped off their lord, hiding behind the long plush, reclined conch in a blink of an eye.

Lord Ichabob had long reached for the sword under the seat, tying his robe tighter, thinking it was some abominable noble who took him unawares.

Seeing the neat row of boots storming into the hall, how can he not know who he was dealing with?

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After an entourage of Baymardian prison guards entered in two rows, Alfred adjusted his tie, as though he wasn't the one who shattered the door just now.

Who was Alfred? One of the most powerful secretaries in all of Baymard.

He was on the list of the top 15.

(*^□□)

Alfred pushed his glasses back, and stepped to the side cordially, as his boss slowly walked into the room.

~Din. Din. Din. Din.

His boss had a unique set of footsteps he and many others could make out from afar.

Just stepping into the room his boss's presence had already filled the space with her authority.

"Well, well well... Having a nice afternoon, Lord Ichabod?"

"Damn you, Samantha! Who do you think you are? You can't just waltz in here and--"

Before he finished his sentence Warden Samantha had already thrown a dagger at his feet.

Bam!

Ichabod watched in horror, as the blade cut into the stone floors like cutting Tofu.

--silence--

It took time for Ichabod to register what he hosts saw.

F***!

What sort of strength did it take to do this? Are you sure you aren't a monster wearing human clothing?

Ichabod faltered realizing how bad his current situation was.

Son of a b**ch!

He cursed under his breath.

'If they can boldly storm into my home what's stopping them from killing me off now? Although it's not their style, it doesn't mean it cannot happen.'

Warden Samantha smirked, as though knowing his thoughts. "Well then, Lord Ichabod... you see... I am a woman of peace."

Woman of peace?

'I beg to differ.' Ichabod inwardly retorted, seeing his broken door and his beaten-up guards outside. And what's up with her men dusting off one of his couches in another close corner?

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Taking a seat, Samantha looked like an office boss, calling a disobedient employee to order.

"My dear, Lord Ichabod... peace is always the best option, don't you agree?"

What else could he say? Though he would never admit it, this woman scared the living daylight out of him.

"Yes, yes, yes... peace... peace is always best."

"Oh?" With her arms crossed over her chest, Samantha slowly tapped her left fingers on her arm.

"If you agree, then why do I hear that you're spearheading an operation to take me out?"

"MiSUNDERSTANDING! MISUNDERSTANDING! Who is feeding you with such blatant lies?!"

Don't blame Ichabod for turning white to black. The woman's aura was not a joke.

"Misunderstanding?"

Samantha's voice was calm but laced with an underlying threat that sent shivers down Ichabod's spine.

Dear Heavens, who will save him from this woman?

Slowly standing on her feet, Smanatha casually straightened her back.

"Lord Ichabod, misunderstandings have dire consequences. Remember this moment. If you're smart, you won't cross me again."

Turning away, Samantha walked out with her hands in her pocket.

Her entourage trailed behind, with one of them informing Ichabod to later send the bill for the door and other damages to them.

(-_-)

Well, at least she was nice enough to pay for what she destroyed. Right?

The hell she is!

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Ichabod fell on his couch, now soaked in sweat from top to bottom.

"What? You're still here?"

He completely forgot about the servant girls hiding behind his ouch. "Get out before I kill you all!!!"

"Ahhhh!"

The poor women fled for their lives, leaving the fire breathing Ichabod behind.

Whatever entertainment he had planned earlier was now canceled!

"She knows... They know... " Ichabod mumbled to himself in a daze. "But how? How can they--... A mole?"

A traitor in their midst?

No! No! They've come too back to back down.

Darting to the floor, Ichabod rushed to his chambers to dress up and go out.

But where to? Of course to warn the others and his Prince!

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Chapter 1653 Crown Prince By Default

All around the world, things were getting heated up, as seconds turned to minutes, minutes turned to hours, and hours to days.

There was unrest across Hertfilia... particularly in the land of the giants!

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- Central plains, Soma Empire, Omania-

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The sun hung high on the horizon, casting a warm golden glow across the vast plains surrounding the Royal Capital City.

When the rest of the world was facing rainy storms and hails, Omania's situation was the complete opposite.

This was their 2nd Dry Season, a deadly wind with terrifying winds and tornadoes that could destroy the homes of many.

The wind rush happened yesterday, so today, nature was bound to give them peace. However, that wasn't what concerned the locals.

The wind carried the scent of impending battle, with crackling tension that made everyone uneasy.

On the towering city walls, countless defending giants tightened their grips on their arrows, plunging them forward with every command.

"Steady... Steady... Fire!"

The giants were panicked, worried and fearful of what was to come. The enemy had got them good. They knew no way out of their current predicament.

The moment the first attack hit Soma, the 3rd prince sent word to the monarch.

Over time, they have been trying to eradicate these bastards to no avail. These people always had fleets and fleets of backup coming in from heaven knows where.

Thus, they kept losing battles against the enemy, with some mighty generals falling in battle or some fleeing back to the capital with whatever soldiers they had left.

It's said the enemy had strange weapons like giant arrows far bigger than they.

From how the enemy moved, they understood their plans.

The enemy only took down major cities, which were potential reinforcement sites.

These cities typically had Knighthood academies and other public barrack zones.

The enemy didn't waste time heading to villages or towns. All major generals and leaders resided in these major cities with their families.

Even if the generals and commanders were not around they still had a large fraction of their powers in their home cities.

Destruction was their goal.

The intruders worked their way from the main coastal cities before finally regrouping at the Capital.

The Capital meant hope for many of their uncounted warriors not yet defeated.

The giants dared to say that if the capital was lost, it would mean their Soma was over!

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On the battlefield, Ballista Siege weapons loomed large, with their massive wooden frames adorned with ropes, and pulleys, that aimed at the City's gates.

His Majesty, Timothy Lexx the Great, surveyed the battlefield with a pale face.

Today was a hot sunny day, yet for Timothy, it felt cold.

His face was watched with weariness, as his eyes, once filled with determination, now reflected a mix of anguish, frustration, and sorrow

The weight of their impending loss bore heavily on his shoulders, and the air around seemed thick with disappointment.

How? How do they stop such a terrifying force?

Were his people, proud Soma giants, going to live their lives in slavery because of his incompetence from here forward?

Bam!

He smashed his fists against the stony edge, not kindly the blood dripping from it.

"Your majesty, it's not your fault!" Commander Jackson exclaimed, seeing Timothy's bloodied hand. "The enemy must have been planning this attack for years. The bastards have been planning on taking our Soma for a long time."

Tomirhey nodded heavily. He knew they were right, but he still felt aggrieved and unwilling.

His fiery confidence which had fueled his every decision, was now replaced with gnawing self-doubt, questioning his choices, tactics, and leadership that led to now.

From the moment they received the word of the enemy's first attack, should they have counterattacked using different methods? Was there something they could've done differently to alter the course of the outcome?

Regret gripped Timothy's heart as he pondered the potential missed opportunities and lives lost under his command.

It wasn't just Timothy feeling this way.

Despair lingered in the eyes of the many commanders and generals.

Yet amidst the sorrow and anguish, a flicker of determination remained.

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Pah!

Timothy slapped his thighs, forcing himself out of his desolate state.

On the battlefield, morale was everything.

If they felt they lost, then the men would also feel the same, making mistakes and not performing their best.

Who were they? Giants! The proudest people to walk this world!

Their Vine God will never let them down.

From the ashes they shall emerge, protecting their land and people from these dastardly invaders!

What's more, it's not like they were completely out of hope.

From the time they got word of Adonis's many attacks on Soma, they had sent several people to their allies for help.

During this time, Timothy also bundled his wives, unmarried daughters and youngest son of 6, and spent them out of the empire.

He meant what he said by saying 'bundle-up' because they were so stubborn, refusing to leave. As giants, they didn't know the definition of cowardice; it was not in their nature.

If he didn't knock them out and tie them up with chains, these people would never leave the empire no matter how he threatened them.

As their monarch, he felt proud. But as their family, he felt helpless.

Anyway, he sent a few people out for help but did not expect the enemy to move so fast.

Timothy felt that even if he fell, his Soma empire still had hope for survival.

At the same time, he also wondered what had happened to his 3rd son, the one he was most optimistic about.

Though United against outsiders they too had internal strifes, especially since he hadn't picked a crown prince his oldest sons all fought against each other, secretly planning assassinations here and there. Only Artemis kept out of it.

Despite all this, he still loved all his children. This was a grieving time for him, as he heard these bastard Adonis followers had slayed his 1st and 2nd sons in their territories.

Timothy didn't know how he stayed calm after hearing the news. His first and third fainted from shock, wanting to wear armor and head out to fight when they awoke.

Automatically, this made Artemis the next monarch, seeing as he only had another 6-year-old son, and several daughters, over 11 of them.

Yes.

Third Prince Lexx Artemis, was now Soma's Crown Prince!

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Chapter 1654 Cornered

Sigh...

Timothy sighed wondering how his 3rd son was doing. The boy was the first to send a letter, saying he was going to get back up.

Typically, he should be the first person to arrive with backup, but since he was headed far out of Omania, any help he brought might not arrive anytime soon.

For the time being, they would fight to defend their beloved Soma, but Timothy didn't know how long it would last.

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On the opposite side of the walls, a formidable army gathered.

Banners fluttered proudly in the wind displaying the insignias of various Adonis symbols and blessed words.

"Wolololo~... Wolololo~"

Thamans raised their staff high and began their chants, hoping to sway incoming arrows from hitting their side.

Battlefords worked underneath their respective Holy Generals, positioning their small units for action.

In turn, the Holy Generals worked under their Holy Monkards, and the big man, Holy Kardinal Everett the VII oversaw the entire thing.

supervised their actions.

"We salute his Holy Kardinal Everett. May the light of Adonis shine upon us at this hour and for all eternity."

Several Holy Monkards and Thamans saluted, displaying strange eye symbols with their fingers.

Unlike the giants, they were relaxed and still had their chests puffed high with arrogance.

How can they not when Adonis has always been on their side? The evidence was how smooth things were going for them.

Their armored gleamed and their robes shone with a triumphant light, as he stood before Kardinal Everett.

"Kardinal, the battle is indeed fierce, but we are still in the lead, doing as told, breaking the enemy's spirit. Pfft~. I wonder how they would react if they knew that the number of Ballistas displayed today was only a small fraction of what we have?"

Everyone chuckled, feeling it fun and refreshing to see the enemy run around like headless chickens.

The plan is to indeed break down the city gate, creating an opening for them to enter. But why rush into it when you can have the enemy burn through their supplies of black powder?

Typically, the code of war in these times had little breaks in between battles, with both sides pausing and ceasing fire now and then.

But they purposefully made the enemy fight morning afternoon, and night till morning again, not giving them time to rest.

The siege on the capital has been going on for a month and a week now, day and night, day and night in rotation like so.

The giants were trapped in there with no way to get more supplies or fulfill their needs.

So what do you think will happen when they run out of black powder and other crucial necessities?

Even if they tried ringing their alchemists to create more black powder... they will still be working against time seeing as they were forced to burn through their supplies like water.

They, believers of Adonis, kept these people on their toes, not just with the ballistas, but with other sneak attacks and tactics.

Heh.

Many Holy Monkards were smug, knowing today would be the day they finally broke into the City.

Looking at the table, Kardinal Everett used a small staff to push the miniature wooden figures across the magnified hand-drawn map below.

"Victory is within our grasp. Holy Monkards Cletus and Detritus. On the left and right flanks lead the infantry to in square formations within the blessed box."

The blessed box was just a wooden box on large wheels.

The box was a little taller than the average man and was very wide enough to enclose a ballista and a few other people.

To ensure the box didn't catch fire, they attacked countless shields on every inch of its outer body.

Since the attacks were coming from the front the box had only 3 enclosed sides, with its back being completely open.

From their calculations, the enemy's supply of black powder should be very low now. So even if they disrupted a few devices from reaching the front at least 3/10th should still make it.

Once the gate gets blasted open, they have to enter the city with a loud bang!

Those with shields would be the first to run in since the enemy still had an ample supply of arrows. If their calculations were right, even the enemy's supply of poisoned arrows was limited. So even if stabbed they should be fine.

There should be alchemists and poison masters trying their best to supply these items on a steady basis. Too bad they, Adonis, did not give these people time to breathe.

Heh.

Kardinal Everett twirled his overly long mustache in satisfaction.

"The rest of you get your men ready. The first wave will enter the city as planned. It won't be long before we conclude this matter. Now go for Adonis!"

"For Adonis!"

"For Adonis!"

All men displayed the same strange signs with their fingers before going to their knees and looking to the heavens with triumphant smiles.

Yes!

They were doing it all for Adonis.

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BOOM!

The sounds of ignited black powder echoed disturbingly. Arrows with tubes of black powder hissed through the air, aiming for the many ballistic below.

Sweat stung Timothy's eyes like tiny vipers, dripping down from his sprayed face.

"Quickly! Aim for the giant arrow weapons! Our probate goal must be to stop them from getting close! Fire! Fire! Fire them all!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Arrows covered the sky like a blanket, as the archers did as told. If these giant machines get close enough to launch their attacks on the city's gate, it wouldn't be long before they destroy it... especially seeing the heavy tube of black powder tied to the giant arrows.

The gate was a thick, barred metal gate that had to be drawn upwards by chains on pulleys from the 2nd floor within the city walls.

No! No!

Even though they have thousands of warriors and calvary stationed within the front city gates, they must still never let the gate get destroyed!

As the battle got heated, so did the people on the walls and down below.

"More black powder! We need more black powder here!"

"Your majesty, it's bad! Apart from those few bags, we've run out of black powder!"

Timothy's face turned pale, seeing the ridiculous number of massive boxes covered in shields heading their way.

Is this how it ends?

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Chapter 1655 Vine God?

Was this their end?

Should they just give up now? No way! They still had fire!

The fire was lit on a mixture of torches and other objects to keep it flaming in the air.

Even if the odds were against them, they would fight till they dropped dead.

FIRE!!

From the walls, their giant defenders launched a torrent of flaming arrows raining on the assailants.

Thup. Thup. Thup!

"Ahhhhhhh!"

It was a scene to behold.

They managed to injure a few people's feet, and even got lucky, as the fire began burning some wooden boxes from the inside.

However, it still didn't stop the massive boxes from advancing.

Soon, the worst happened.

Several ballistas carrying huge amounts of black powder shot arrows at the same time. The shield covering the arrow's head was the only one that could be removed from inside the box.

BOOM!

The world fell silent, as smoke engrossed the scene.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The enemies didn't waste time ensuring the job was done. Should in case the frost launch didn't work, why not try another and another and another?

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"They've succeeded!"

One of the giants stationed on ground floor passed on the news, and Timothy's whole body trembled hard.

A hint of despair lingered in his eyes, raising his head to the heavens.

'Vine God.... your faithful servant is here. Please... please... send us a miracle and protect my people.'

Eh?

Timothy soon heard a strange but Godly and thunderous noise magnified from afar, followed by an even weirder explosion in the enemy's camp, one he had never seen before.

His eyes widened, between the scene and the heavens in shock.

'Is that you, Vine God?'

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VRMMM!~

The heavy roaring of tanks and heavy machines, gilded against the rocky terrain.

"Com'on Olivia! Show them what you've got!"

Di-di-di-di-dii-di-di-di-di.~

"Ahhhhhhhhh~"

Men screamed in shock and disbelief, recalling the sparks of light that flashed their way before death.

What was going on? What exactly were these metal things? No! They weren't metal monsters, since the doors opened revealing humans inside.

But how? How did these intruders manage to make a heavy metal box run so fast?

Questions, questions, questions...

So many questions, but sadly not necessary for a dying person.

Like a Transformer about to reveal its true Optimus Prime, one of the heavy vehicles opened and extended One of the Baymardian girls high.

She emerged seated behind her heavy machine gun, for being in all directions like a lunatic.

Di-di-di-di-dii-di-di-di-di.~

"Hold still. I promise to make it quick!"

F***!

Hold Still your mother!

Many people who faintly heard her words, dove away with full marks. 10/10.

Their dive was so meticulous, that one would think there was water on the ground. Several people broke a nose, but didn't care, after finding behind the few sparse trees and rocks they could find.

"Finx! Give me more juice!"

"On it!" Finx quickly recharged her bullets before they could run out, and Oliveir controlled both gear sticks on her side, pressing the middle buttons whenever she fired.

There were thin bulletproof frames around protective shields around her as she maneuvered diligently.

"Olivia! Get ready! We're going in!"

"Roger that, sir!"

What was her job? To cause chaos and disruption in the camp, while also making her way to the forefront of the battlefield to shoot down those moving wooden boxes before they enter the city.

That's Right.

They were fortunate they came before the enemy could enter, which made rounding up and killing them easier.

At present, the entire enemy camp was surrounded by them. And though the enemy had 30 times more people? They had ultimate technology that cleaned up a majority of Adonis's followers in one swoop.

Vrmmmmmm!~

Olivia's eyes narrowed, as the vehicles passed the majority of enemy troops, reaching the vast open space before the city walls.

There were 30 other military vehicles, teaming up to do the same.

In this boiling Dry season, the dust was plentiful, rising high as their vehicles dragged on heavily.

What's going on?

Within the wooden boxes, several men stared at the approaching metal vehicle, first with confusion before settling in horror.

Son of a b**ch!

Only the front and side corners were covered. The entire back region of the long rectangular structure was completely opened.

Wasn't this inviting the enemy to shoot them down cleanly?

~Sling!

They unsheathed their swords and raised a few spare shields they kept on the ballista. But before they could defend themselves, Olivia had already plunged deadly bullets into 2 people's heads

"Come on, we can defend! We can--"

Brah!

The bullet's effect was so crazy that it left fat holes in its victims, with them missing their mouths, eyes and noses altogether.

What was that? How come they didn't see any enemy arrows on the floor?

Was this the latest form of sorcery they were unaware of?

Humans instinctively feared what they didn't understand.

It was strange that they, who had Thamans and all sorts of beliefs, also showed such displays of fear when they thought it might be sorcery.

They all wore head armor, but the armor had an opening in the middle of their faces, allowing them to see all sides clearly, as well as to breathe and speak without obstruction. Of course, the mouth region had to be left out, lest they needed to cough up blood or something.

Bullseye.

Olivia patted herself on the back while working alongside her co-shooter in the same vehicle.

She was on the left, while he was on the right.

And as the vehicle gilded and drifted around the box, the duo coordinated beautifully to shoot any of the few archers and swordsmen within the box.

'Am I dreaming?'

Timothy stared at the strange scene, too confused to make conclusions.

It wasn't just him, as the sight of such deadly machines and vehicles was unlike anything the knights had seen before.

Towering high above the ground, these armored vehicles seemed impenetrable, reflecting the sunlight beautifully.

Their knightly weapons once deemed formidable, now appeared woefully inadequate against such mechanical monstrosities.

Timothy couldn't help thinking that their Soma was really backward with the times.

First, the enemy came with strange but mighty Arrow shooting machines. And now another stranger has come with even deadlier weapons.

So could it be that the times are changing so much in the outside world?

Timothy was frightened by the thought.

No!

Soma must not fall behind. It just must not!

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Chapter 1656 The Work Of Opportunists?

[Come in, Alcatraz. This is A0-52 calling in. The mermaid has legs! I repeat! The mermaid has legs.]

"Copy that, A0-52. Assist the others and move to phase 2."

[Copy that, Alcatraz. Over.]

Tut...

Several men and women with headphones on were working tirelessly in an open military vehicle.

The vehicle was designed like a small moving van, except it had computers and electronic devices stationed in all corners.

Above the van were solar panels that proved most useful in Omania, seeing as the boiling sun gave enough electricity to power several computers. Of course, most devices used Radio frequencies.

The van was the control center for all operations and was named Alcatraz.

After getting word from all teams, one of the men quickly deployed a countdown via Walkie Talkie.

[5 minutes Phase 2 initiation.]

Everyone should round up their activities fast.

Got it. Many inwardly nodded, becoming fierce with every passing second.

And not too far from Alcatraz, Landon, Lucius, Artemis, Payne, and several others, calmly checked their weapons and gears once more.

This was it!

This was the big moment they'd been waiting for.

Artemis, Payne and the other Giants trembled, thinking of all the battles they fought to push their way to this final scene.

After leaving that Coastal city, they fought in over 21 other cities before finally reaching the Capital.

Mind you, after leaving that coastal city, Landon sent several people in direct directions, be it east, west and so on.

The plan was to work their way to the capital from every direction.

Of course, they were the first group to arrive at the Capital, and they made it just in time.

Artemis was thankful for his luck. At the same time, he had immense hate for these intruders who left heavy trash of blood wherever they passed.

You have to know that they killed and destroyed so many famous and powerful Soma armies, that would leave their empire vulnerable to other enemies in the dark.

Luckily for them, Landon would be their ally once the treaty was signed.

After spending so much time with Landon, he had a good inkling of what this treaty entailed. To be honest, there was nothing harmful to Soma.

From the teary, he saw I would be Baymard losing. However, since Baymard's goal is world peace, it meant everyone was getting what they wanted, no?

Like so, things seemed to move as planned for the Baymardians. However, the same couldn't be said for the pitiful Adonis followers.

.

~Crack!

Kardinal Everett swept the items off his table in rage.

"Who? Who is it?! Who is trying to eat up the fruits of our labor?"

That's right!

They didn't believe Soma had such a powerful ally. Please!

They had done their homework and knew all allies that could potentially help this wretched place. So there was no way in hell that these intruders were Soma's allies.

This led to the conclusion that they were a group of opportunists hiding in the dark, watching them work hard to kill and take over Soma, only to come in the end to eat the fruits of their labor.

Shameless! Shameless!

Everett was so angry that he almost had a heart attack and passed out. What was so annoying was that every few seconds someone would run in before with something to report.

"Kardinal, it's not good! They've stopped our siege on the city's gates."

Kardinal! Kardinal! It's not good! They've killed Holy Monkard Ignatius and I dare say all his men."

"Kardinal! Kardinal! It's bad! They have strange weapons that can kill a person from a far distance... and it's not an arrow!"

"Kardinal! Kardinal! Their black powder is too strong!"

Kardinal Everett felt his ears ringing, watching so many people come and go as they pleased. Seeing another person rush in, he immediately lost it.

"What? What? What is it now? Do you want to report that they can fly? Or do you want to report they can chew iron? Can you all give me a moment's time to pray and think? Huh? Will it kill you?!"

Yes. Many inwardly retorted, hearing the eerie screams of their comrades from afar.

Every second spelled death. So yes. It would kill them.

Of course, they dared not contradict the Holy Kardinal, seeing as he was the closest one to Adonis now.

After all, if they want to escape today's deadly fate, they must rely on the Kardinal to perform his miracle and take them out!

Still, the messenger was aggrieved seeing as he was getting an earful from the Kardinal for something Holy Monkard Cletus sent him to do.

"Well, out with it then? What do you have to say? It better be good, or I'll grind your bones to dust once we emerge victorious. Now speak!"

"Well, well... Holy Kardinal... We have been surrounded."

" _ "

"Idiot! Why didn't you say so sooner? Quickly! Quickly! Pass on my message to the others! Behind 2-4-2 for nations around the central camp! They haven't gotten there yet so we still have time to make a defensive-..."

Kardinal Everett hadn't even finished his sentence when a man covered in heavy blood ran in unannounced.

"Kardinal! Kardinal! Kardinal!... it's bad! The intruders have breached the central zone!"

"You odio-"

BOOM!

Everett was flung back from a strange power that emitted a scorching heat far stronger than the sun.

The force was so strong that he almost broke his back on a tree just behind his tent.

"Get off me!" Everette exclaimed, seeing as he and several men were now entangled within the massive tent that fell on them.

As the lead commander here, his tent was extremely huge, consisting of a meeting space, his bedroom space and small private training space.

There were ushers cushions everywhere, and signs of good living to make one feel they were in an Arabian Night movie.

But when the force came it uprooted the whole tent, even burning some places too. And now Everett was swimming within the tent and its ropes that were binding him.

The most painful thing was the constant ringing noises in his ears caused by the strange force.

Blood oozed from both ears, as he finally wiggled his way out by creating an opening with his sacred dagger.

However, what greeted him was the sight he would never forget in a hurry.

"You?"

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Chapter 1657 The Culprit Is Here!

Pair of sleek boots lightly stepped on Everett's body, looking as though it exerted little to no pressure. Yet, Everett felt his lungs were about to break.

Looking at the group around him, he recognized 3 of them but was still in disbelief.

"3rd prince of Soma... Exiled Prince of Arcadina... Dismissed Commander of the Galligan Legion? How can you three be here?"

Everett was confused and began doubting his memory.

According to the news, the 3rd Prince shouldn't be able to come back this fast after he left.

Heh.

After searching for all Soma-eligible princes for the throne, of course, he got wind too late that Soma had already left in search of allies.

Still, the boy should've been here so soon, especially with Allies for that matter.

As for Landon and Lucius, they knew his information because Adonis, just like Morgany, did their best to keep up with the world's news.

It's true that Morgany made it hard for information to circulate without their approval, but thanks to the few double agents they had in Morgany, they could get out some useful information now and then.

The reason Everette was shocked was because he assumed Baymard was Adonis's own by now.

Close to 2 years ago when he was dispatched for this mission, others were also dispatched dot Baymard, Terique, and Carona in Pyno... with some getting dispatched several months before he left.

So with their Adonis strength, he didn't think small fires like those in Pyno would stand a chance.

Of course, he expected Morgany would be pissed once they knew. But even if Morgany chooses to step in, preparing for such a battle doesn't happen overnight.

What's more, just gathering the troops at a rendezvous place might take them 3~5 months to March. Talk less of boarding ships and sailing for months and months to get to Pyno.

Hey... it might be close to a year or even more before Morgany makes a big move.

By that time they would also have their reinforcements in place. So what was there to worry about?

But the question was whether they were ready to send such a high number of warriors to aid Pyno and fight them off.

Since sailing 2 years prior and arriving in Omania this year, Everett hasn't followed up with the times, only focusing his attention on Omania and its possible allies.

So imagine the shock of seeing Landon here. He was sure Landon was the one in the portrait shown as one of the members of Arcadina's royal family.

Though exiled he was still a royal they had to take note of.

The information he also had about Baymard was very old, 2 and a half years old.

He heard there were some strong improvements there, but many didn't think there was anything dangerous about the place since they only used that strange weapon that hits one with small discharges of thunder.

It's said a Baymardian wielding it must get very close to an enemy before it can work. So wasn't it best to just eliminate such useless Baymardians with arrows from their archers?

According to the news, the Baymardians focused their energy on creating entertainment items and other amazing works that were not beneficial military-wise.

This was why Everett didn't think anything of it. He thought by now, Baymard would belong to Adonis. So who can tell him why Landon and Lucius were standing here unharmed? And what was up with the crazy weapons behind them?

"You!... You're not supposed to be here! You're puny Pyno should've fallen by now!"

Fallen? This time, it was the Baymardian who were shocked but soon understood after recalling the many Adonis attacks launched.

Their attacks occurred every season, mainly of various backup fleets thinking they were coming to assist their comrades who had already made Adonis proud in Pyno.

Pfft.~

Many Baymardians laughed childishly.

"Hey, did you hear that?" Landon teased. "He says we are not supposed to be here."

Suddenly, the air grew cold.

"GRAhhhhhhhhh!" Everett gritted his teeth feeling the heavy pressure Landon added on Jo's chest.

"Damn you, pagans! Do you know who you are messing with?" Everett's eyes flashed to a corner, watching one of the Thamans secretly lift his staff viciously.

HMPH!

Don't blame him for being cruel. With the Thamans move, he can turn the minds of several people crazed!

The power of Adonis will soon teach them a lesson!

"Wolololo~... Wolololo~... Wololo--"

Bam!

Landon's secretary smacked the back of the Thaman's head so hard that he left a face print on the tree he hid behind.

Landon chuckled, seeing Everett's pale face. "Now, what are you going to do?"

What other tricks do you have? He wanted to see if the so-called Adonis would really appear to save them.

"Ypu... you... you bastards! Bahahhahahhahaha~... Now you've done it! Anyone who touches a Thaman will face the wrath of Adonis!"

Everett seemed crazed, spewing all sorts of ridiculous things that would happen to an enemy that makes a Thaman bleed.

Bahahahhahahahaha~

"Now, you've done it! Soon, Adonis will rain balls of fire and unleash fleets of locusts to plague Your lands!"

Now, you're putting any future locust plagues on Adonis' head? Locust plagues have always occurred in history. Even in Pyno, there are locusts plagues every once in a decade. So how does this stem from Adonis?

Landon rolled his eyes, snapping his fingers for Everett to be pulled out from underneath the tent.

Of course, the others trapped alongside him had long been pulled out.

"Hold on," Artemis spoke, as he slowly appreciated Everett.

Paaw!

Everett felt the heavy blow disrupt his system, but Artemis didn't stop then.

Thanks to Landon almost breaking his lungs earlier, as well as the injuries he sustained from the blast, Everett was weaker than he usually was.

"Let him go," Landon ordered, understanding Artemis' goal.

They, Giants, were a vengeful lot. Seeing the commander who was responsible for leading Adonis to victory in his own land, how can he not be furious?

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Chapter 1658 A Reliable Uncle

Hehehehehehe~

If Everett was in pique performance, perhaps he would struggle against Everett since the man had more experience than him.

After all, strength wasn't everything. Giants were naturally born with bigger strengths than others.

They might only use a battle because of experience or lack of skills. However, if it came to raw strength, no nation could compare.

Artemis smashed his fists together hard.

So what if he was fighting against a weakened Everett?

Artemis's eyes grew murderous.

No mercy.

His fist swung with all his might, causing one of Everett's teeth to fly out.

Bam!

Pouf~

Everett spat a mouthful of blood, furious at the notion of these little nobodies fading to touch him. Since when has someone ever laid their fingers on him in this way?

"You bastard! How dare you-"

Bam!

"You motherf**king--"

Bam!

"Adonis will hear of your--"

Bam!

"Wait! Stop, I say!"

Ban!

"You fool!"

Bam!

"You ingrate!"

Bam!

"You-you-you--"

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Blow after blow, Artemis Unleashed his wrath.

F***!

The man's face was completely covered in blood. His teeth were painted and even his hair was coated with a thick layer. In fact, if not for his pale opened eyes and constant cursing, they would think he was dead.

It was so gruesome that many couldn't help lightning candles for Everett in their hearts.

Hey...

They also pitied him because, after Artemis, there was still a long line of people wanting to beat him up.

Don't you see how Payne and the others are also smashing their fists together?

"Hey! No cutting the line! After his highness, it will be my turn!"

"The hell it is, not! We are far older than you and have known his highness the longest. So it should be us!"

"Screw you all! What does age have to do with this?"

"Blah, blah, blah blah, blah."

[Baymardians watching]: (■_■+)

Lucius coughed awkwardly, stepping closer to Artemis who seemed to be in his own world.

"Enough, your highness! If you continue, you will kill him!"

Lucius held his fists, waking Artemis from his stupor.

Artemis thinned his lips but complied. "Yes, Uncle Lucius."

Well, not everyone could deserve to be called Uncle by him. But after fighting side by side with Lucius, drinking with him and spending ample time together, he truly respected the old man

Lucius's stories of his days in Arcadina were also interesting.

But it's undoubtedly his time in Baymard that has made the man so happy.

Well, apart from the excessive times Lucius showed him pictures of his daughter, Artenis found Lucius was a really humble guy who didn't care about his identity.

He laughed, joked, and lashed out at Artemis when need be.

Artemis was a little envious of how Landon and Lucius were as father and son. He could never be so open with his father.

Dare to call his majesty 'old man?' Are you crazy?

Artemis wasn't sure he dared. But after seeing these Baymarfians, he wanted to give it a try with his old man too.

Which child does not yearn for more than a fraction of their parents?

As a royal child, they were prohibited from showing too much affection. Growing up, this was also to keep him safe because if his majesty showed him too much care, countless enemies would always plan for his kidnap or assassination.

When they come of age, most can show more affection since they could already protect themselves by having various factions and people under them.

But after growing up in such a manner, they don't know how to act affectionately anymore.

"Nephew...you must calm your fury and await your father's orders," Lucius advised like a wise sage, which almost made Landon's laugh escape his lips.

Old man, who are you fooling? loudly.

Well, seeing Artemis's eyes of awe whenever he looked at Lucius, Landon could only swallow his words. "As for you all lining up. We haven't finished our mission yet!"

Ah-

Payne and the others smiled awkwardly, seeing

Lucius's reprimanding eyes.

"Yes! Yes! King-Father Lucius is right! We have to get the good news to those in the city!"

"You think?" One of the calmer Giants grabbed Payne and placed it under his armpit, running his hair playfully.

If he was one of those in the city watching, he would be panicking right about now wondering, what the hell just happened on the battlefield.

They wouldn't know whether to face off against an even stronger opponent or prepare to welcome a potential ally.

Alright.

Landon clasped his hands hard. "Round up all survivors! And clean up the battlefield!"

"Yes!" Everyone answered, no longer acting playful.

This was business time.

They scattered through the tents that haven't been completely burnt off, collecting any useful information they could find.

All dead bodies would also have to be searched. Shields and armor must be collected, horses gathered, money collected, and dead bodies out in a pit to be burnt.

Here is the pit from? Of course, from the many deep holes caused by the grenades and bombs launched.

All Ballistas must also be tied in batches to the tanks that would pull them into the city.

Don't look down on these spoils of war.

These Adonis people had beautiful chariots and all sorts of good quality goods that Soma would love to receive... especially the Ballista. As for the money and other items here, they could have it all. The only things they wanted were the Adonis documents or useful information they could find.

Without a fight, they were willing to share this information with Soma. But he must see it first hand and get those in Alcatraz to photocopy them since any information of this sort must be shared by all UN nations.

To fight the common enemy, they must know its strengths and weaknesses.

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Tock-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The clock ticked for what seemed like an eternity to those within the city walls. But for those in the enemy camp, only an hour and 42 minutes had gone by since they ended things.

3:37 P.M.

All enemy survivors were gathered, though most were injured and attended to by the Baymardian doctors and nurses. Those who weren't heavily injured were cuffed and boarded into a prison wagon, which was slightly different from the regular police wagons. These ones were sturdier and more intimidating looking.

Landon tapped Artemis on the shoulder. "Bro, you'll be riding with me. Let's go already. I'm so hungry that I can eat a cow. I just hope your father has something good to offer for my belly."

Saying he was hungry was an understatement.

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Chapter 1659 Was It Real?

Above the gates, many swallowed their saliva hard, stretching their anxious necks like chickens.

"I see nothing. No movements yet."

No invader would camp in a place that could be seen from the city walls. The enemy camp hid behind a small hill to the left.

Timothy strutted back and forth on the walls, mining from one point to another in hopes of getting a good glimpse at the hill's horizon. And soon, there was movement.

"Look! Look! Look!... the mighty metal carriages are moving again!"

"What's that? The carriages are pulling the giant bow and arrows too!"

What? Are they planning to attack them?

They didn't have enough firepower to keep defending the city anymore.

At least during this time when the strangers attacked their original enemies, they hastily sent for all blacksmiths to find a solution for the city gates that had massive holes in them.

"Your majesty, what are your orders?"

Several generals stared at Timothy in silence while the archers already had their arrows stretched.

The air was tense and everyone was heated.

How were they to face such monstrosities?

Gritting their teeth, many already knew today might be their death day.

However, something unexpected happened that made the situation flip 180 degrees over.

Eh?

"Your majesty, what are they doing?"

Everyone watched as the massive carriages steadily slowed down reaching halfway through the open fields.

And soon, the top of the vehicle opened, and a familiar figure appeared, waving at them frantically. He also had a small device close to his mouth.

"Father! Father! It's over! They are good people! I'm back! I'm back! I made it back on time!"

... (!●□●!)...

The 3rd prince?

Everyone was dumbfounded, looking at themselves as though forming their eyes and ears were still working the same.

You look at me; I look at you.

You look at me; I pinch your harms.

Sure enough, it wasn't a dream.

1, 2, 3...

"Hooray!!!!!"

Cheers of victory echoed throughout the wall, as the commanders, generals, and soldiers flared their hands merrily.

"Miracle! Miracle!"

"The 3rd prince has saved us all!"

The jubilant mood of the victorious troops was palpable.

The most amazing thing was that none of them had lost their lives today!

Such a victory was unprecedented and unheard of.

This was a story they would tell their grandchildren by the fire-side in their old age.

'Grandson... I tell you it was amazing! The third prince appeared with a formidable allure that swept hundreds and thousands of foes in a blink of an eye. In fact, they had superpowers! Just looking at the opponent, they managed to kill them with a single glare."

[Future Grandchildren.]: Grandpa, why do I think you're exaggerating things?

(■-■)

.

Bahahhahahahahahahaha!~

Timothy laughed loudly, shaking one of the Commanders to the point of dizziness.

"Look! Look at that! Did you see it? There! That's my boy! He did it! He really saved his old man and his people!"

Timothy has never been prouder of Artemis than now. He might be strict with his sons but behind closed doors, he would brag about them to the many ministers, nobles, commanders, and generals who were close to him.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Tell them to open the gates now! Open the gates quickly! You must not delay the 3rd prince and our esteemed guests!" Timothy bellowed, almost falling off the edge of the walls from excitement.

"Your majesty, please calm down." One of the monsters pleaded while grabbing his majesty who was about to fall to his death.

"What's wrong with you, old dog, let me go! Can't you see my son has arrived? Do you know how hard it is to contain the pride in my heart? Well of course you don't. Your son only spends time in bars. So how will you know?"

"_"

Your majesty, it's times like this that I wish to punch you in the face. You're lucky you're my old sworn brother or I would've sliced you to pieces. Commander Gordon inwardly cursed.

"Ah!- " Timothy slapped his armored thigh hard.

"What am I still doing here conversing with you? I have to go down and meet them! Hahahhahahahaha~... my son is back! My son is back!"

Those closest to Timothy smiled wryly, seeing his fleeting silhouette.

What else could they say? "Follow."

The group followed with calm faces, yet their hurried footsteps said otherwise.

Who are their allies? Where are they from? How did the 3rd prince manage to convince such powerful people?

The curiosity was eating them inside.

In the meantime, Artemis still had his head poked out of the main vehicle enjoying the freeze to the fullest.

Hey... why was this so comfortable?

With the awesome speed, the wind in his face, the sun high up, and the smooth no-bump feeling one typically gets in a wooden carriage, Artemis was really enjoying himself here.

Hey... wouldn't it be great to have a topless Baymardian vehicle for the hotter seasons?

Artemis didn't know that such a car existed and was called a convertible.

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"Give way! Give way! Give enough space for the godly carriages to drive in!"

Several lead giants ordered their units, as they watched the many magnificent vehicles storm in dashingly.

Well, they had to admit that the way these vehicles curved and drifted was so cool, awakening their genuine love for automobiles.

You have to know that since the dawn of time, men in particular, had a special love for locomotives.

When the discovery that horses and other animals can be used for transportation, men crowded the horses, talking about them, as though describing a vehicle's engine, horsepower and other internal factors.

And when the wheel was discovered, they did the same thing, amazed by its usefulness and power.

Whether it was a carriage, a horse, a wagon, or a trolley cart, men were fascinated by all modes of transportation, marveling that each improvement was done with them over the years.

Do you know how much people bid on the latest carriage style?

It was akin to someone buying a Ferrari or luxury car in modern times!

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Chapter 1660 Who Will Come?

Many people's eyes twinkled with excitement.

Seeing these never-seen-before Baymardian vehicles drive in, these giants felt their eyes explode with excitement.

"Awesome! Just look at the size of that beauty!"

(Fhee-Fheew~) someone whistled. "I bet it's really cozy too."

"Damn. Can anyone tell me how they made smooth beautiful wheels? It's not made of wood. So what is it?"

"Hey! Hey! Rodney! Your big head is blocking my way! I can't see what the wheels are made of."

"Damn. Can you imagine riding this beauty?"

"But how did they do it? How can it move so fast if there are no horses, riding wolves, or animals pulling it?"

"That is... How can they drive it with no coachman outside? More importantly, how can I get one of my own?"

....

The cars, the return of the 3rd prince, and today's victory made the crowd really pumped up.

"Father! This unfilial son is back!"

"Hahahhahahahha~... what unfilial?"

Timothy laughed warmly, controlling the tears that threatened to fall.

Well, as a monarch, it would be unbecoming to cry in front of everyone.

"Father?" Artemis was shocked when his father took him in a warm embrace.

Erm... What should he do? How should he react?

His body turned stiff, but it soon eased listening to his father's whispers of how worried he was about him.

Father and son seem to reconnect in a way they've never done.

The scene was so touching that some grown men almost lost their cool too, as their eyes moistened. But of course, some didn't bother hiding it, swearing they were crying because of the victory.

You have to know that the only true reason a man should cry in public was if they won or lost a war, or if they lost a loved one.

Do you know how many men shed tears on the battlefield after winning victoriously?

That was not a shameful thing.

Damn. The scene was truly beautiful, but Timothy knew this wasn't the time for their father and son to have their moment. Their guest was looking at them with sly eyes, as though asking them if they abated a room to continue their little reunion.

Timothy coughed to hide his embarrassment, looking at Landon's entourage kindly. Of course, he secretly scrutinized him too.

"Esteemed guest... On behalf of the Soma empire, I want to thank you for coming to our aid in our time of need."

At first, Timothy was afraid they might not be able to understand their language, but when Landon spoke, he was pleasantly surprised.

He also found that some of the Baymardians vaguely understood the language too.

Of course, Landon said that though his people might not be fluent in Oma, he was very familiar with Roma and Zohl.

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Oma was the language of Omania, and Roma was the language of Romania.

Of course, the continents of Romain and Zohl had similar languages, at least 97% similar.

Like many people in this era, it was impossible for someone to know just one language.

That was pure laziness!

Even if you can't write or recognize words, you must at least know how to speak other languages, especially since many merchants come and go from place to place.

Even peasant children, fishermen, farmers, and local people pick up words from foreign merchants in the markets. So what's a person's excuse for only knowing one language?

The Soma empire also had a few foreign allies out of Omania from both Zohl and Romain.

So how can they not understand the language of their ally people? Heh.

You must be joking!

Since Zohl and Roma were so similar, knowing one was like knowing the other.

Understanding Landon's hint, Timothy switched to Roma in a blink of an eye.

"It's an honor to meet you, your majesty Timothy. I myself am the monarch of a great empire called Baymard, in a continent named Pyno."

Eh? Pyno? Where is that?

Many were so confused wondering if Pyno was at the edge of the world or something like that.

How come they've never heard of it?

Could it be that they've been holed up in their comfortable Omania, thus missing the uprising of newly discovered continents decades ahead of technological advancements?

Heh.

If they knew Pyno was a continent as old as theirs, how would they react?

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"This is my father... King-Father Lucius, and my subordinates, which I won't mind introducing in detail once we settle down. After all, we do have many prisoners with us that need to be taken away."

Ah!

"Look at my manners!" Timothy exclaimed in shock. "Don't worry! I will have my royal chefs prepare a hell of a feast for you!... as for the prisoners..."

Blink. Blink.

Why doesn't he see anyone?

"Father, they are in the metal carriages. No need to search for them. We've spoken a lot here, causing a commotion. So let's go to the palace and show the guests in." Artemis suggested, reminding his father of the spectacle they were causing.

Landon smiled. "I'll be happy to be in your care. But to facilitate our movements, why don't you and your aides ride with us?"

Landon was like a devil, enticing them to the world of modern technology.

Of course, the vehicle he rode in with Artemis, though a military one, was for royal and noble guests to travel in.

It's also the sort Landon would use if he was going on a trip with his family through dangerous terrain.

The inside was exquisite and spoke of nobility through and through.

The question is... who were those his majesty Timothy would choose to ride with him?

"Immediately several people came forth, staring at Timothy with scorching eyes.

Whether it was Commander Gordon, Commander Jackson, and the others, they were too curious about what the interior looked like.

"Your majesty, as your long-time friend who has been with you since young, It's only right that I be with you."

"What the hell, you old dog! Who hasn't been with his majesty since young? I was his companion from the age of 5! So what are you talking about?"

"Pooh! You two are being ridiculous! This is not a matter of who knows his majesty the longest. As one of his Majesty's most diligent ministers, I must be with his majesty every step of the way. Besides... what's the use of you being with his majesty when your brain is the size of a bean?"

"Screw you! What's wrong with my brain? At least I'm not the one passing out in a gutter from excess drinking!"

"Damn old man! I don't care what you say. I'm going with his majesty and that's that!"

"No, me! I dare you to take my spot! Heh. Look at you! You have never seen me in a drinking match, but you dare compete with me for a place beside his majesty?"

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

[Timothy]: (-_-)

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Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1661 Heavenly Drive To The Palace!

Chapter 1661 Heavenly Drive To The Palace!

Timothy was embarrassed, watching his close friends bicker like local champions before their guests.

Hello? No matter how amazing it is, have you forgotten you are among the group of most renowned people in Soma?

Well, it's not like he could blame them.

Truth be told, he would do the same for a chance to ride on the godly carriages even if he wasn't Monarch.

Of course, he also felt set up, because he didn't know who to choose and who to leave out. But luckily, Landon's following words silenced his dilemma.

"Not to worry. All 10 of you can fit in comfortably."

After all, Landon had designed the vehicle's interior like a luxury sleeper, with 20 sleeping pods bunking each other. 10 to the left and 10 to the right.

But since they were bunking each, it was just 5 poses on the ground base to the left and 5 to the right.

Of course, between the 2nd and 3rd capsule sleeping pods on both sides, was a cozy and sizable cozy dining region with a mini fridge in it.

As for the bathroom, it was at the very back of the vehicle, consisting of a toilet, a shower, a small sink and a mirror for washing one's face or brushing their teeth.

The bathroom's were also very sizable, giving one the feeling they weren't on the road but at home. And don't get them started with how luxurious the interior designs were.

Hey!

This vehicle was purposefully made for royals, nobles, or those Landon deemed as esteemed guests. So of course it would be exquisite.

Seeing their anticipation, Landon felt if he did not lead them in now, they might truly stampede their way in.

But though he wasn't a show off, how can he let this opportunity to entice them to go?

"This way, please."

With the door opened, Landon, Lucius, and Artemis led them in. And soon, they felt they were walking into a whole new world.

Landon knew this wasn't the time to talk business, so he allowed them to move as they pleased, exploring the vehicle as much as they wanted.

They weren't the first vehicle in their entourage. So all they had to do was follow the first vehicle to the palace. One of Artemis's men was sitting in the lead vehicle, showing the way.

The other Giants who came with them stayed in other vehicles too.

As for the crowd... of course, they watched in awe as the many lineups of vehicles drove in.

It was truly a spectacle to behold, not just for them but for the entire Capital city.

Again, some followed the Baymardian vehicles out of the city, to do a last-minute sweep on the enemy camp, lest the Baymardians missed something important.

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"Are... are we in heaven?"

"Incredible!... So 3rd prince...This is where you slept these days?" Commander Gordon asked in a daze, feeling the deliciously soft bed against his bottom.

Oh my Vine God!

If he slept on such a thing, he was sure his insomnia would vanish in a blink of an eye!

Damn!

Now that he got a good taste of what heaven felt like, he couldn't help feeling envious of Artemis who had stayed for so long with these Baymardians. And what was up with how soft the pillows were too?

"Ahhh!" Commander Jackson exclaimed, recoiling his fingers back in shock.

"What's wrong? What's wrong?" Timothy asked in worry.

"Your majesty... your majesty... look! When I flip this thing up, the magic crystal object lights up like the sun... except it is white!"

WHAT?

How can that be?

Everyone rushed in disbelief, with gasping mouths that fell to the floors. They looked at the smiling Lucius and Landon, as well as the proud Artemis, wondering if they were truly seeing what their eyes relayed.

Artemis chuckled, feeling a sense of superiority knowing he saw these objects first.

"Father! Uncles!... This is called a lightbulb, while this is its light switch! Try it... flip it again."

Light bulb? Light switch? Good names!

Erm... can they be allowed to excessively play with the switch?

Like children, they stared at Lucius and Landon for approval.

It was as though if they got rejected, they would cry.

~Flip. Flip. Flip. Flip.

Their faces were filled with smiles, as they laughed maniacally, everyone rushing to flick the switches. But no. The fin didn't stop there.

Artemis dragged them to the bathroom, showing them the godly toilet, the heavenly sink that squirts water out on its own, and perhaps their favorite, the Fairy mirror that shocked them silly

"So I'm this handsome?" Timothy loudly propped himself, noting his friends were only slightly behind him in this department.

Well, as a Dragon sitting on the throne, how can he not be the most good-looking one here?

Touching his chin, Timothy just couldn't get enough of himself.

You have to know that all mirrors are made from bronze, silver or gold and were well-polished to reflect easier.

The smoother the polished mirror, the clearer the reflection. But no matter how much one polishes, it cannot represent their true skin tones, eyes and features accurately.

However, this fairy mirror was different. From the hairs on his eyebrows to the heroic marks on his face, Timothy felt it was a must-have item a royal such as himself must get.

Of course, he was most pleased with how his stature looked. Jo's chest was pumped against his clothes, his muscles exquisite, though still holding underneath his attire.

One look at him, and you can tell that this was a man!

However, his actions were taking too long, causing a few people to poke their heads desperately. And when they too saw their reflections, they almost pushed Timothy away.

They complimented Timothy while cursing at his shamelessness in their hearts.

"His Majesty is wise." Now get out of the way so some of us can have a look.

Timothy, having had enough for now, slowly walked out of the bathroom with his hands behind his back, feeling proud of being the first to see it before the others.

Hmph!

He saw the fairy mirror before them. Sure enough, being a monarch was great!

Everyone was amazed by the fairy mirror, appreciating its ingenuity. This also made them understand just how powerful this new ally of theirs was.

As though reading their mind, Artemis rushed to the nearest sleeping capsule, bringing out several Baymardian magazines in Soma in Zohl languages. Well, since the language was practically the same, it made no difference to the group of men who hungrily granted the magazines and pamphlets.

Now, they all sat in the dining region, hurdled up like school boys skipping classes.

"Hold on! Hold on! So these godly carriages aren't the only ones in this place called Baymard?"

Artemis nodded, showing them the various cars, trains, buses, bicycles, and other locomotives available.

"So-so-so..These Chy-ains can pass underneath the ground as well as above? And you say it's super fast and can carry hundreds of people at once?"

**Because of how they pronounce certain words, the group called Trains... Chyains. Some called it Tryains, while others called Ryains.

Amazing!

Flip. Flip. Flip. Flip~

Pages turned one after another, as they were amazed by the latest vehicles on sale in Baymard. Pictures of tourist sights also made them gasp, especially seeing how high some building structures could reach.

But how can they do it?

Everyone knows that if you build a building to a certain height above the ground, it would tumble and fall.

Yes. They could accept buildings around 10 stories high since one could find such buildings in particular areas.

But what they couldn't understand was how people could build block buildings over 50 stories high!

Was that even possible? Such a thing should only exist if one wanted to build the designs like a pyramid since a pyramid shape was the most stable building design for such.

Yet, these Baymardains made it possible on rectangular structures, making them shoot to the sky.

Again, they learned about cruise ships and travel boats made of metal that didn't rush or sink.

Such a thing defied logic, as even they have watched their metal swords sink into water.

It was common sense that the heavier the metal, the quicker it would sink. So why can these people's metal ships float?

Hold on... could it be the work of fairy magic?

What's next? People flying? Everyone inwardly questioned, not knowing in a few more minutes, their shock would be greater, knowing these people could truly fly.

That shock came after Landon and Luciis opened the little fringe to give them chilled beverages.

"I'll go! What was that magical box?"

(•◻•)

...

Vrmmmmmm!~

The vehicle drove steadily, not in any rush to reach the palace. But to Timothy and the rest, they felt the journey was all too short. After all, it takes them no less than an hour and a half on horseback when riding fast to leave the City Square in the central zone and reach the city gates.

If they went slower, it could take up to 2 hours. And this was time calculated without taking into account the distance from their homes to the City square.

So imagine their shock knowing they only took 47 minutes to get to the palace when the vehicles were not rushing?

Landon chuckled.

"We're here."

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Chapter 1662 So You Wanna Be A Gangster?

When the news of victory spread out, a messenger was quick to get on his horse and alert the palace.

However, Landon's group had long overtaken the messenger, so the palace was still on high alert, seeing the strange mechanical monsters run their way.

Of course behind these mechanical monsters were also various guards in the city who chased widely after them thinking it was an enemy attack.

Gritting their teeth, the guards pointed their spears and swords at the metal monsters now on standby.

It had only been 3 seconds since the strange creatures arrived, yet it seemed both sides had been plunged into a fierce face-off for eternity.

It was only after the Giant in the front Baymardian vehicle stepped out, that they froze, trying to comprehend the short and brief message passed out.

"Open the city gates! These are carriages belonging to our new allies. The war is won!"

Boom!

Fireworks went off in everyone's mind, still in disbelief that these were carriages and not monsters.

What was the driving force pulling these carriages forward?

Though the head guard at the front was dazed, he quickly woke up from his stupor, hastily slapping the back heads of several giants.

"Well? What the hell are you all waiting for? The war is won! Our allies are to be let in on His Majesty's orders!"

Move. Move. Move. Move!

Everyone quickly gave way, while raising hands to those on the 2nd floor of the palace gates.

Roll the gates up!

In a massive room above the gates, 8 men placed their hands on the 8 thick, horizontal staffs attached to a massive metal piece that could rotate in both clockwise and anti-clockwise directions.

With hands purposefully dusted with sand, the men took their stance, pushing the object in a clockwise manner.

Soon, the heavy sounds of clanging could be heard, as several massive chains began unwinding themselves from the heavy object at the center, thus causing the thick barred gates to rise high.

The guards who were vigilant to the vehicles, were all within the entrance tunnel with spears, swords and shields.

Now that they got wind of the war is won, they released collective sighs of relief, stepping aside for the grand procession of Baymardian carriages to drive in.

Hot Damn!

Knowing these were carriages, it would be a lie to say they weren't interested in owning some of their own.

VRRMMMMMM~

The vehicles drove in swiftly, but at times the windows were let down, allowing many in the palace to see their fellow Gaints inside.

Hey! Some giants even waved, as though telling the others that they were not held hostage or kidnapped.

The news quickly spread, but was never as fast as the Baymardians, since their vehicle could pack a punch in terms of speed.

Getting out of the wonderful vehicle, Timothy and the others were so obsessed with it all.

Why did the time go so fast?

Did you know that it was only during these last 11 minutes that the bastard 3rd prince mentioned there being a strange box in the vehicle that could show tiny people moving and speaking in it?

Do you know how drawn they were to the movie called 'Goodfellas'?

What's that famous line they were so in love with? Oh yes...

[As far back as I can remember, I've always wanted to be a gangster!]

The music, the style, everything about the movie was so cool! And just look at the outfits they wore. Were those called suits?

Of course, Landon would never put guns, as the original movie did.

No. Things like axes, hidden weapons and whatnot were what was displayed on the screen. But it's just the way he put it all together was too similar to the original Goodfella movie.

He replaced all gun-firing scenes with someone firing an ax or cool hidden weapons while still keeping the overall emotions and suspense of the movie.

Oh... and they insinuated the use of black powder in some explosive scenes too.

Damn.

Everyone was so in love with the Movie that they didn't want to leave when the driver announced they had reached the palace gates

What the hell? Why were they arriving so soon? Everyone cursed underneath their feathers, secretly blaming Artemis for only bringing the TV matter up too late.

Bastard!

Initially, they thought he suffered, doing his best to rush back with their ally. But after hearing he spent weeks enjoying such comforts, they really couldn't pity him at all!

'Screw you! Why we were busting our asses, you were drinking that champagne, apple juice, orange juice, Pepsi, and mango juice, while also

Eating Cheetos, Doritos, and all the other goodies?'

If eyes could kill Artemis would be dead by now.

How can they watch a movie without eating something? Landon and Lucius were good hosts, giving them snacks and drinks from the fridge.

Hey. There were even small cakes kept in a cupboard that was baked yesterday in the military kitchen vehicle.

That's right.

There was a vehicle just for cooking meals since their Baymardian group consisted of hundreds of people.

During this time, their caution towards Landon and Lucius lessened greatly. It was mostly due to Lucius who didn't have the demeanor of a king-father.

He was lax, very outspoken, and easy to get along with too.

Perhaps the most interesting thing was how he got along with his son, Landon. He rubbed the boy's head, slapped his back playfully, and father and son also came at each other most amusingly.

Soon, everyone laughed together, tasting champagne and whatnot.

Alas...

Many wished they could drag his TV box to their homes and watch till their eyes bleed.

"Erm... Nephew..."

Timothy nudged Landon on the sides whispering like a thief in the night.

"Nephew... after seeing your TV box, you won't be so cruel to let this old man be without one, right?"

"Of course not, uncle. I brought a few as gifts. My men will set them up tomorrow for you."

"Tomorrow?" Climbing up the many outdoor steps into the main mansion, Timothy felt tomorrow was too far.

Then again, they have to deal with all matters concerning the war now. Hopefully, time will pass quickly, right?

Although the others stayed silent, they could hear the whispers between Landon and Timothy.

If Landon brought many TV boxes as gifts to Timothy, does this mean they have a chance to take some back too? After all, what will Timothy do with so many TV boxes?

He sent his family out of Soma. Meaning, only he and Artemis would be in the palace. In that case, why not give them a few?

Everyone's mood was bubbly and calm, but not for long.

Reaching the top of the grand outdoor stairs, Landon turned to face the fleet of vehicles, taking out his walkie.

"Bring the prisoners out!"

Prisoners!

How did they forget?

Timothy grew cold, seeing the injured Adonis survivors in cuffs escorted out of the vehicles.

These men killed his sons, his soldiers and his people!

Commander Jackson, who also had his 2nd son killed, soon vanished from their sight appearing beside the survivors below.

Don't say it! Looking at the prisoner who was the most well-dressed and heavily guarded, he knew this was the true leader of the group.

Bam!

Everett wanted to cry with no tears, feeling the whole world was bullying him too much.

With how badly injured his jaw was, he found it hard to utter a single word.

Ban! Bam! Bam! Pah! Boom! Bam!

"Where the hell do you think you're running to?" Jackson cracked his knuckles cruelly.
"Get over here!"

Dragging the fallen Everett who was crawling away, Jackson's eyes were truly murderous. But lucky for Everett, Lucius was once again here to save his life.

"Let go of me, brother Lucius!"

"I won't. You need to calm down. The scum deserves death but don't beat him to it. He still has to answer for his life."

Jackson tried moving his hand but found it couldn't move at all.... not even by an inch.

Looking at Lucius's hand holding his, he didn't find any protruding veins or signs of Lucius exerting his all to hold him back.

What sort of monster is his new brother Lucius? Sure enough, to be King-Father of such a strong empire meant this guy was a force to be reckoned with.

The idea popped in Jackson's head only briefly before being overturned by his current grief and hatred when staring at the now passed-out Everett.

With the farce over, the prisoners were shown to the palace dungeon, where they would continue recovering Baymardian treatment, irrespective of whether they would get publicly executed or not.

As Baymardian doctors and nurses, it was their duty to save lives.

Like so, today's victory spread out like a plague, calming the Capital city in one swoop. And soon, the night was here.

Landon lay on his guest bed, closing his eyes cheekily. With Artemis already on his side, he knew tomorrow, they would likely complete their main task.

"Tomorrow, we sign the treaty!"

It was just that Landon wasn't the only one who had things going according to plan.

Far, far away in a dark room, several figures with black hoods, all sharpened their weapons in cruel smiles on their lips.

"Witches!... Tomorrow, we make the Traitor's Daughter face our wrath."

Tomorrow, Lucy must pay!

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Chapter 1663 The Big Moment Is Here!

-Douglas City, Arcadina, Pyno-

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"Quickly! Quickly! I need the room in tip-top shape fast!"

A loud bellow rang across the massive hallways, as several leading maids and butlers lashed out orders at every turn.

Some wore pocket watches glasses on, while others had their equipment in hand, running across the rooms like crazy!

"Oh, my ancestors! What's going on here? I said to use the lavender cleaning detergents and not the Strawberry one!"

"What are these drapes? The drapes are to be white, laced with gold ends! No additional colors, no poker dots! Who do you think we have coming over? A child?"

"Come on people! Get the 14 brand-new used towels and keep them in the bathroom! And what's this? A strain on sheets? Use the new sheets and send these white ones to be bleached! Honestly, do I have to do your jobs for you?"

"Bastard! Are these the guests' slippers o requested? If I say your brain is made of wallpaper paste, you will think I'm insulting you! I'm going to close my eyes... And when I count to 3 and open them, the sea sheets better be gone from the bed or you don't want to know what I'll do to you"

"Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah~"

The head maids and head butlers felt they have never yelled so much in their lives. Who will not be anxious in times like these?

As for where they worked, of course, it was in the famous 2-star hotel called the 'Grand Trigun.' Their hard-earned reputation was one they didn't intend to lose.

Before Baymard's arrival, it was called the Trigun Stay.

However, after Baymard established its ranking system for all hotels in Baymard, the outside world was quick to copy and follow through, enacting their own hotels to be assessed.... especially after many empires became part of the UN.

Thus, inspectors traversed to various regions of the UN empires ranking them, as well as giving enough benefits to those who crossed certain thresholds.

It was also because of this system, that many realized their taverns, inns, and stay seated were all too dirty.

Thanks to Baymardians protocol they now clean before and after a guest uses a room. They also swept and nipped frequently, not wearing for alcohol or dirt stains to build up.

They also realized that during this period, their furniture and other movable objects for guests were in better condition after meticulous care than before.

To protect them there were also certain rules for Guests to oblige, like killing in their hotels, no breaking furniture purposefully, and so on.

In this era, people broke things to show how furious they were. But not anymore.

At least if you do it now, you must pay a fine, so they could replace the broken items.

Previously, even if a guest breaks an item, the hotel or tavern wouldn't ask for compensation, for fear of driving their customers away.

In bar fights, people purposefully threw others on tables and damaged many items for the fun of it. For noblewomen, they sometimes broke vases and other expensive ornaments to make a point.

The inn, hotel, tavern, or stay house would let them go for fear of angering these nobles or important people. But not anymore.

There were rules to protect the establishment from making unnecessary losses.

All in all, Baymard's many inspections led to great awareness in all stay homes, inns, and taverns, focusing on cleanliness, customer service, and so on.

It was also amazing to get a raise in hotel star rank since the hotel in question will be featured in Baymard's newspapers for 2 weeks, and would also get interviews and free publicity done for them.

They would also get featured in the famous show called 'Star Quality: The Rise of Great Hotels.'

Once they enter an episode of the show they would also get paid for appearances too.

Again, those hotels that typically appear on the shows statistically see a 300% rise in customer visits during the next 2 years.

It's TRUE.

All these have been documented and proven.

In a nutshell, it meant more money for everyone.

With the hotel's prestige going up, you best believe the salaries of the maids and butlers also got higher raises and end-of-year bonuses compared to others.

So with all the benefits these Baymardian policies offered, who in their right mind wouldn't strive to raise or keep their hotel at higher star ranks?

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"CHOP-CHOP everyone!... In another 30 minutes, the Baymardian Queen will arrive!"

Can you believe it, the queen? Coming to their little 2-star hotel?

She could've lived in any of the noble's estates or even the City Lord's. But because she wanted to encourage businesses, she chose to stay in their hotel.

For assisting the queen, the head maids and butlers dared not anyone other than themselves to do the queen's room service while she was here.

No way! What if some idiot accidentally spills tea on the queen? They knew queen Lucy wasn't the arrogant sort. But they still didn't want errors!

Of course, Queen Lucy won't be coming alone.

The queen was so kind enough to send a letter to their establishment, especially how many people she was coming with.

There were 70 people in her entourage. The queen, 10 Baymardian ministers and biologists, and a news reporting team of 13 people. The rest of the people coming with her were guards and a few military personnel.

One might think 70 is a lot for their establishment, but that wasn't the case.

Their establishment was the size of an estate, with several towering stone buildings scattered around.

They could comfortably house 1,500 guests at once.

Mind you, their estate was regular-sized. Should they own the true estates that most big-shots nobles owned, those could house 8000, 12,000 and even more guards and servants all at once.

Those estates had private barracks built around various training courtyards, with each floor in a rectangular formation being able to take at least a thousand men.

All in all, dealing with Lucy's 70 guests wasn't an issue.

Like so, the group of excited and anxious workers scattered about the place like worker ants. But just when they finished Lucy's matter, someone brought in 3 other letters for them.

[If rooms be available, the Royals of Arcadina, would love to secure 60.... signed Queen-Mother Mona.]

Ahhhhh!!!

The wealthy merchant family who owned the hotel was crazy.

Though the Monarch wasn't coming, the Arcadinian Queen-Mother and Royal Uncle were coming to visit too.

Luckily for them, only 1,023 rooms were already booked. So they still had 477 free rooms. They quickly gave Lucy 70 and Mona 60.

The other 2 letters were from Arcadinian nobles who also wanted to stay in the hotel.

Altogether, they allocated another 230 rooms for both nobles.

That was it!

If someone comes along again, be it a noble or passerby, they only have 117 rooms left to give. Some were suites, some were those with double beds and some with single beds.

Hey... business was booming.

What else could they say?

The business was indeed booming, not just for them but for other inns, taverns, and Home stays too.

In bees following honey thousands of people swarmed in Douglas city despite it being Fall.

No one cared! Everyone wanted exclusive first-hand news on today's matter.

Even assassination guilds and other information-collecting agencies sent their people in disguise too.

You have to know that in today's society, information is key.

People would pay heavy coins for little information. These many guilds who claimed to know and see everything in the world, couldn't afford to fall short in grabbing the news firsthand.

They would know what nobles were here, who had an affair with who, who was secretly killed, who was threatened, who struck a deal with another, and so on.

Many people were also here to get a glimpse of their goddess and idol, Queen Lucy. But while some were here on hood behavior, the same could not be said for others lurking in the dark.

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Pah!

Several women slapped a few coins on the table hard, but the lady at the front desk still maintained her smile.

"Welcome to the great Trigon. How may I be of service to you?"

"One room." The lead guest spoke out, with a tune not to be questioned.

"Sure. I suppose it's a double-bed room?"

"Yes."

The lady at the front desk nodded, writing their information down in her book.

"It's important to know that each double-bed room is designed for 2~4 person-pay only. Since your 5, there is an extra charge of 68 copper coins for that. Is that alright?"

"Hmmm." The lead woman nodded, and soon, the group was shown to their room.

Bam! With the door closed they quickly rushed for their bags and went to work.

"Sisters... The traitor's daughter will stay here. Remember. No attacks. We are here to watch and trail the b**ch."

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Chapter 1664 Many Thoughts

Great!

Carmen was the group's leader, which was a stark contrast to her cute looks.

If anyone saw the group of witches, one would think of any of the other 4 taller women to be the leader and not a petite woman who looked like she hadn't advanced past the age of 15.

She was short, tiny, and had long pigtails swaying from both sides of her head.

Her lips were blimp and her face filled with freckles which did nothing to hide her good looks.

In a majority of cases, freckles were frowned upon, as clear glass skin was the norm. Those with freckles had powder on their faces during every outing.

It was certainly not a beauty statement for one's face to be riddled with tiny dots. However, in Carmen's case, her freckles complimented her beauty most breathtakingly.

Leaning against the wall, Carmen lifted the blinds and stared out the glass windows with narrowed eyes.

Her Companions also did the same, silently crowding before the other window in wait.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Their faces stared between their watches and the window, making several calculations in their hearts.

They had purposefully asked for a room that overlooks the entire front estate with all its fountains, ponds, roads, and open space.

And soon, they saw movements at the estate gates that were too hard to miss.

"She's here!"

~Vrrrrmmmmmm!

Several Baymardian trucks carefully drove in behind several carriages belonging to other guests.

Those driving beside the Baymardian vehicles were pleased and satisfied by how understanding these Baymardians were.

Although the outside world has changed immensely, there are still some jackasses who would purposefully cut the lines because of their superiority.

Yes.

Not everyone supported Baymard's style of handling things. There were still factions scattered within all Pyno empires that wanted to bring the old ways back.

Why should they have to wait in line behind peasants while in traffic?

Why is it only the emergency ambulance wagons that get the roads open for them when they sound their alarms?

Though many wouldn't dare to disrupt the steady flow on the streets, they still couldn't swallow the unfairness of it all.

So when entering such establishments, they always caused trouble, wanting those beneath their statuses to pull to the side and give them way in.

Some people were grateful to the Baymardians, who appeared when one of such people was causing trouble.

A few Baymardian guards stepped out, and 'kindly' asked the nobleman to follow the rules.

It was thanks to this that many could finally drive in without trouble irrespective of their status.

Such a small act from Lucy's entourage was to make their respect for her go up a notch.

Look! If even the Baymardian Queen is lining up behind them then who are you to demand they make way?

Hmph!

Many coachmen and wagon drivers puffed their chests proudly, feeling they were respected as people.

The farmer who was driving his vegetable goods through the estate tunnel underneath the towering walls held his breath and tightened his grip on his horse ropes, knowing the first Baymardian vehicle was right behind him.

Good God!

He has to tell his wife and children about this when he gets home!

(^_^)

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Carmen watched the Baymardian vehicles drive along the massive estate road until they reached the grand Fountain roundabout at the front.

"Good spot! We should've been able to kill her off now!" One of the women spoke through her teeth, watching Lucy get out of the vehicle.

Damn!

Just give her a poison arrow, and she swears she will be able to tale Lucy out without a synch!

Of course, they weren't the only ones watching the scene.

Many staying in rooms overlooking the front estate view, marveled at Lucy's incredible beauty, as well as her noble demeanor.

Lucy wore a stunning pale pink 2-piece suit skirt and black stockings with heels.

She had a pair of stylish black gloves and simple but expensive earrings that blended in perfectly with her attire.

Oh my God!

How can a woman be so enticing to watch?

~Click. Click. Click!

The professional! Baymardian photographers had already begun taking as many images as they could.

As predicted by the weather forecast today, as well as tomorrow and the day after that, it will be free of rain.

The rains have been falling for more than a week now without rest. It was as though these 3 days were its holiday period before it continued slapping them hard with its tears.

It was because of the many confirmed weather predictions that they chose to begin the Big Rescue now.

At least before the rains come in, they should have gotten enough footage too.

Another aspect they didn't need to worry about was their safety.

Many might think a majority of guards were brought for the queen, but that was far from the truth.

These guards were brought for them and the ministers and a few biologists.

The guards they brought were elites from the barracks and prisons, who were all in the top 400 ranks.

They didn't know how strong these people were. But if his majesty and several people had given the go-ahead for these people to guard their Baymardian technology out of the empire, it meant the guards by their side were by no means average.

One should know that even the Baymardians didn't know the full strength of their military. After all, what one doesn't know can't hurt you.

Don't look down on the number 400. One has to know that Baymard now had tens and thousands of recruits who were all king every day.

What's more, many of these people should probably be out on missions now.

So if you want those in the top 20 lists, maybe they weren't in Baymard at all.

Like that, the film crew and natural geographic channel crew were permitted to film an overview of the city, some monumental places, and many other aspects too.

The full video must include not just Lucy, the guests, and other nobles, but must also capture the opinions and thoughts of the layman.

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On the windows above ground floor, several people crowded by their windows to watch the famous queen Lucy make her appearance. And among them was a figure no one could expect.

"Damn, bro... That cousin of yours is enjoying a good thing. The videos I've seen of her don't do her justice." Rudolf commented, acknowledging Lucy's beauty.

Sebastian didn't say a thing, staring at Lucy thoughtfully.

"I've changed my mind... After seizing Baymard we'll kill him off."

"Eh?" Rudolf was confused. "Didn't you say that you would let that your weakling cousin live? You clearly said you'll let him live under your reign in house arrests after taking over Baymard. So what has changed?"

Rudolf was baffled by Sebastien's sudden change. He has known his friend for far too long, knowing he wasn't the indecisive type to suddenly wake up one day and change his mind.

Impossible! There must be a driving force to it. But what?

Rudolf was about to question him when he suddenly caught sight of Sebastian's possessive eyes while staring out the window.

It wouldn't be what he was thinking right?

"Her?... You fancy your cousin's woman?"

Was the sun rising from the West? His friend has never taken a fancy to any woman before. So could it be love at first sight?

But they heard she was pregnant!

Although her stomach has only begun to show slightly, even an idiot can see the woman is a few months pregnant. Perhaps 2 or 3 months in.

So why would his bro prefer a married woman to the many single ones put there? Can it be that such women suited his taste very much?

If Sebastien knew what Rudolf was thinking, he wouldn't waste time snacking the living daylight out of him.

What a joke! Whether pregnant or not, he has never been interested in any woman as he is in Lucy just now.

He didn't know how to describe it, but he was sure he wanted her at first sight.

Whether it was love or not, he didn't care. He was a person who took action fast, lest he regretted things later. And if it ends up not being love, so what?

It wasn't too bad to have such a beautiful woman by his side.

'Queen Lucy of Baymard... You are mine!'

Sebastian unwillingly pried his eyes away from the window, slowly making his way to the work table on the side.

"Appear."

Swish!

Several men in black revealed themselves, getting on bended knee before the desk.

"Your master, our lives are yours to command."

"Hmmm... one of you will keep a close watch on Queen Lucy. I want to know everything she does. I want to know what she likes, what he eats, what she hates, and what makes her smile. Understood?"

One of the shadows bowed solemnly. "As you wish, young master."

Whoosh!

He vanished from the group, leaving 5 other shadows kneeling.

"Any word from above?"

One of the men nodded. "Yes, young master. The T.O.E.P members in Glog Town await your orders!"

"Good." Sebastien smiled. "It won't be long before Arcadina is ours!"

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Chapter 1665 D-Day Has Come

"Your majesty, this room is called the Crystal Suite. It has all the latest amenities in Arcadina, boasting of 5 massive rooms which include your grand chambers, the dining rooms, your work office space... blah, blah, blah."

The head maid, head butler and 5 other prominent staff quickly lead Lucy's team around her suite.

Everything looked grand with an ancient touch, which Lucy admired. Except for the bathroom area, everything was fine.

For the estate, there were no true bathrooms per se. There was just a moderately sized powder room with a uniquely designed wooden toilet.

You have to know that indoor plumbing hasn't come to the rest of the world yet.

Thus, to solve this matter, Baymard created 'biodegradable poop bags, meaning they could be thrown away without fear of waste pollution.

They were not like plastic bags that would cause pollution to the environment. After a while, they too will break down.

The special toilet was a wooden toilet seat attached to the wall.

One has to securely attach these special bags to the toilet seat before doing their business.

And when done, use the special bag straps to seal the paper.

Immediately after that, they have to place the bags in one of the Baymardain EXTRA-sealant power containers.

The seal from these containers was super amazing, preventing the smell from escaping the room.

These Sealing containers could take up to 4 packs of 'poop' and urine.

One might think these containers would be expensive, but that was a lie!

They were extremely affordable, roughly sold at 12 for 2 Copper coins.

Yet, they still give Baymard a ton of money yearly. However, Baymard wasn't the only one making money from this

Do you know that every day, room service takes out the sealed poop and gathers it in storage for paying merchants and buyers to collect?

What was poop? It was just manure!

Since Baymard introduced 'manure' to the world, the yield of crops skyrocketed.

Cow dung, horse dung, swine dung, and even human dung were collected by all and stored in the Baymardian Extra-sealant containers.

Even peasant farmers were buying these containers like crazy.

It's very important to know that just like everything in the world, Poop needed oxygen to begin breaking down.

But the sealant was done in a way that it kept it vacuumed, just like astronauts storing pop in space.

Of course, little air did slip in, but it wasn't enough to change the poop's contents.

These extra-sealant containers ensured the products sat on the shelves for years.

That being said, once exposed to air, it can take 3 to 5 months in ideal conditions for poop to turn to manure.

But it could also take a year or more if the starting material contained a wide carbon: nitrogen ratio.

All this depends on the species the poop belongs to.

For humans, their pop takes a year to become biodegradable.

For horses, it takes a shorter time. And for pigs, an even shorter time. For chickens... Well, if done in ideal conditions a few months was all it took.

Poop needs soil, oxygen and other parameters to break down.

Additionally, some species like humans have harmful pathogens in their dung that would be harmful to crops instead.

That's why after marking and labeling their delayed poop, the merchants, farmers and many others send them to Baymard to get treated.

After treatment, the manure is similar to soil in texture and placed in store-based manure bags.

One could go to the store and pick these bags up anytime.

In the end, farmers could exchange some of their manure for processed bags, while taking cash as payment for the rest after Baymard purchases them.

Everyone wins!

Poop has become a very lucrative business now, so much so that even the big establishments all rushed forth to sell their contained poop to merchants who traded with Baymard regularly.

It was also because of this that homes no longer smelled of feces, and the roads were also cleaner, with people loving the clean feel in the air.

Just a few years ago, everyone felt the scent of feces was very normal to behold every waking day.

But now their nostrils were so sensitive to poop, that they would squeeze and distort their faces when they picked up the scent.

Who can blame them? After experiencing such a clean Capital city, they dared not go back.

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Lucy nodded at the many arrangements, also very versed with the pooping system in the outside world.

It was better than she remembered growing up. So this alone was an accomplishment.

As for the lights, she had already been told that in each room, there were Lights powered by Solar energy and those powered by Batteries.

With the dark fall weather, of course, she would use the battery-powered lights.

The lamps on her bedside tables were battery-powered.

There were also several ones attached to the walls that she could control with a remote. If she wanted blue lights they would change. If she wanted white lights, they would also change as well.

Lucy chuckled, happy with how her Baymard had influenced the outside world.

"Ramsey, you stay for a bit. The rest of you will stay in your rooms. Today, you can all go out and explore the city if you like, but you must all be back 2 hours before curfew. Understood?"

Everyone nodded sternly, leaving Lucy and Ramsey to themselves.

Although Lucy booked 60 rooms, the hotel didn't expect her to arrive with almost triple the number of people. But that's okay.

The rooms she booked could house 2~3 people in each.

For security and safety purposes, Lucy wanted everyone to sleep in pairs.

When out of their territory, they must have each other's snacks, with everyone accounting for their 'partners' during this time.

In every room, there should be at least 1 Baymardian guard resting in it. The exception is her room.

Lucy didn't think it would be a problem given her true strength. As for what outsiders think, they might assume she has hidden guards with her since they couldn't see anyone around her.

This would also make them cautious, not daring to attack her with an absolute plan.

Again, some Baymardian guards will also have to sleep in the vehicles to guard them too.

These vehicles indeed had heavy security systems in place in case anyone attempts breaking in. However, as an additional step, they had these guards stay in them in rotational shifts through the day and night.

After finishing up some documents, Ramsey left and Lucy quickly took a steamy bath.

In such estates, they had massive bathhouses in one of the buildings.

There were those for females, those for males and those unisex.

Each Section looked like a massive hall with multiple circular pools scattered around.

The ancients were truly amazing.

Till now, Lucy has never been able to understand how they could keep some massive poles bunking jog like a jacuzzi, while others were slightly warmer instead.

Could there be that there was a space underneath each pool that was somehow heated up by steam from somewhere?

The mystery was indeed thought-provoking.

For Lucy, because she had a VIP suite, she was given access to one of the private Bath Spaces, which was the size of a grand bathroom, with its own pool at the center.

Lucy and 3 female guards were quick to jump in.

In the end, how could they let her majesty come to the Bathhouse alone?

The experience was indeed relaxing, as they swam across the wide pool of steamy water.

On another end of the bath space were several stools and buckets for washing.

Sitting on the stool, Lucy quickly foamed herself with soap before throwing water over her body.

So cold!

The first Splash was cold but the rest were slightly warmer.

Touching her tummy, Lucy had a smile, feeling extremely relaxed with her little bun in her oven.

She felt she was on vacation rather than work.

Can she say she truly loves her job as Queen?

Laying on her bed, Lucy closed her eyes, drifting away to Lala Land. And soon, the skies changed and a new dawn was here.

Rise and shine!

Today was the day many have been waiting for!

How busy was the city?

Well, imagine this... The street food sellers were already swamped, with some of them having sold out their 5th batch of goods already!

"What the hell do you mean?! I came out for some Baymardian-style Chimichangas and you're saying you're already sold out? What? Your son has gone home to grab another batch of ingredients? Then what do you want me to eat for the time being?"

"F***! These Baymardian-style Frikadellers are awesome! The meatballs are just too juicy. I wanted to buy more, but the owner said they were all out. Hey, today must be my lucky day."

"Dammit! Look at what good deeds you've done, brother! Thanks to your slow running, I've completely missed my usual breakfast! Who can tell me where I can find Baymardain-style Tripas around here that taste so good? F***! It's all over! How am I to live through the morning without it? Brother, you better think hard on getting me a Tripas, or else don't even think of asking me for pocket money anymore!"

" "

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Chapter 1666 Open Sesame!

Though it wasn't raining, today's weather was still cold. Yet, many didn't feel its chilliness, as the dense crowd mingled along the streets.

The crowd had a life of its own, as vibrant clothes of passerbys shone in the morning light beautifully.

If it were before, it would be hard to find people wearing colors other than black, brown and -dirtied-white. Dye before Baymard's arrival could cost a fortune.

But now people can be seen wearing all sorts of colored clothing, bringing the picturesque sights to life.

The people moved like enchanting shoals of fish.

Everywhere one looked, there was chatter between sellers and buyers, new friends made, and old friends catching up.

It was busy for sure, but the hustle and bustle was exactly what brought the scene to life.

"Ahhh! Look at the time! It's 7:16 now!" Someone commented in a hurry.

"What? 7:16 so soon? But I just got breakfast not too long ago at 6:12. So how can time fly so fast?" The man's pace grew anxious, as he quickly dashed off to the volunteer office.

Damn!

Don't think today's matter was done half-heartedly.

No way! The plan to rescue these birds had been made known to many for months now. And during this time, Arcadinian workers, alongside hired Baymardian workers, had come to the site to make a path from the city gates through the woods to the targeted rescue site.

Trees were cleared off to create 5-lane roads: 2 for heading to the site and another 2 for leaving the sight. The middle lane was for making turns, in case someone decided to head back.

There were also 2 pedestrian sidewalks too.

Just after the sidewalks, one would meet protective wooden rail-fences that didn't go higher than a vehicle's window.

The road was remodeled like a wide highway way road and also had the surrounding trees around the highway cut down too.

This way, people could see any beasts attempting to sneak up on anyone.

These wooden rail fences also had gates strategically positioned along them, lest vehicles, horses or people wanted to leave the highway altogether.

Of course, in the clearing outside the highway, there were small log cabins also built, with tall watch towers at their center.

City guards stayed in the cabins, ensuring the roads were safe. Archers also kept weapons at hand to shoot any prey that dared reveal themselves.

Still, the official time for Rescue was at 11 AM.

Don't think they had time just because it was 7:16 AM now.

Even with the road, it would take 2 hours from the city gates to get to the site. And that was if there was no traffic.

Again, one must take into account the time to reach the city gates from the zone they were in.

Luckily for the man, he was 47 minutes away from the city gates. Imagine those in zones that took them hours?

Estimating the time, including the possibility of being stuck in traffic on the way, the man knew he might be there after 3 hours or so in the worst-case scenario.

That being said, if he had already left by 7, it meant at 10 A.M he would be there, 1 hour before the Rescue officially began.

Today, even finding a cab or taxi to take one out might be difficult since a majority of people were gearing for the same thing.

Dammit!

There was no time for this!

The man dashed swiftly, making his way to the volunteer office in his zone.

There were scheduled buses for volunteers, free of charge. All one had to do was show their volunteer token, tick their names, and present their volunteer approval letters too.

The Baymardians had already provided the volunteer tokens, shirts, jackets, hoodies, beanies, cardigans, and gloves upon approval.

Hopping in the bus, the man quickly took his seat and began unraveling his burrito. Well, during such long road journeys, he was the sort to eat, drink, and fill his eyes with the newly released comics in the city.

Hey... he might be an 18-year-old grown man with a 2-year-old, but he couldn't help himself from getting drawn to the amazing world of what the Baymardians call manga. And the creation that made him so excited, was the one called 'Baki Son of Ogre'

F***! As a manly man, how can he not love the ridiculousness of Baki's world?

Damn!

He couldn't wait to get a son, so he could name the brat 'Yuujirou Hanma' A.K.A Ogre.

Yes. Yes. Yes!

His family name isn't Hanma. But so what? He was going to add it all in and there was nothing anyone could do about it.

Of course, because there were people in this world with crazy strength, Andonhad created the Baki series to display even more ridiculous strength.

For example, in one scene, Baki's father made a fierce massive boggle (whale) unconscious with one punch when he was fishing out on a single canoe in the middle of the ocean.

F***!

He wasn't in some place that was close to the shores.

No! This guy went out into the far, far, ocean to fish on a small boat that could barely fit 2 people.

He wouldn't even call it a boat or canoe looking at the images.

What was a man? This was a man!

The man on the bus was laughing and chuckling while reading. Soon, his burrito was finished, but he dared not open his pack of Lays and other snacks since they were for his time on the rescue site.

Hihihihihihihih~

The man smiled happily on the bus.

As they say, when occupied, time seems to flash fast in the blink of an eye.

Hearing the unrest in the vehicle, the man looked up to see a vast clearing ahead.

The clearing was more like a grand Baymardian shopping center for all vehicles.

Again there were small log cabins scattered around, some were shops selling water and snacks, while others were guard posts.

The wide clearing was also fenced in a way that didn't take away nature's stunning beauty.

And ahead of the clearing was a massive mountain of dirt caused by a landslide.

According to the news, the peculiar birds were trapped in the cave.

These birds were super rare, with only a handful of the Arcadianian population ever seeing them.

From records and investigations, these birds were most likely going extinct. They were not your ordinary birds but were a little more prehistoric.

From the drawing in the newspaper articles, they should have 4 limbs... which was incredible since birds only have feathers and legs.

Yet, these prehistoric birds had wings, as well as 2 limbs.

Some records said the first pair of limbs were hands, and other records said all 4 limbs were feet.

Either way, the good biologists and others who study animals across the UN nations, have all come together to observe and understand these strange birds.

It's said they also had multiple sets of eyes, strategically placed on their foreheads like spiders.

The grown version of these birds should be the size of a bat.

Their beaks were incredibly long and their eyes were blue.

They also had strange systems compared to other birds and humans too. But I guess that's the thing with 'prehistoric creatures.'

All beings now were evolved versions of the original. Even humans evolved from what they were before.

Thus, the systems, be it immune, digestive and whatnot, were far different.

For these birds, they hated the heat, tending to hibernate like bears during the end of Spring and the entire of summer.

They usually chose cool caves to hibernate in and could sleep for weeks without food or water. Once up, they of course had to eat. And thus, they begin eating their stored rations.

But here was the thing... Summer has long been over, and their nocturnal sleeping habit has faded.

Due to the landslide blocking their way out, they have no choice but to eat whatever they find in there or eat each other.

At least, that was what the specialists speculated. Again, if they are still alive, it means there should be some small cracks or breathable spots in the cave that kept them going.

But how do they know these birds were trapped in there? A few local hunters to the city who were more than familiar with these birds knew their habits of staying in the caves during the hit sessions.

Word went around when the hunters noticed the landslide. And because Baymard often paid for news stories like these, the hunters decided to make cool cash to report the matter.

Of course, Baymardians rushed to the landslide to confirm the matter through rigorous investigations and site equipment tastings before giving the hunters money.

The hunters never could have imagined such a thing could turn out to be global news.

What? These birds they saw once in a while during hunts were actually going extinct? ('0')

In the end, the matter evolved into a big one.

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11 A.M.

"Alright! Everyone, gather around. Bring your hoes, shovels, and buckets, and assist in opening up the cave! It might take a few days to open to the sight, but we will not stop till we get those birds out!"

"Yeah!!!!"

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Chapter 1667 Rewards?

Like so, many worked hard to clear the path. Thanks to the strange Baymardian equipment, they could scan what the front insides of the cave looked like, seeing where it started and how much soil had to be removed before reaching the cave's mouth.

Of course, the volunteers and everyone else working didn't know how the Baymardians knew so much.

All in all, the city provided 40 barrels of black powder, which was strategically placed across several hard-to-dig areas.

And soon...

BOOM!

The hardened soil was softened, with chunks flying into the air.

The air was cold, but everyone was feeling hot.

With how rigorous their job was, the work sweaters they wore at the start were already causing their armpits to soak.

Some even took off their sweaters, drowning their faces with water from their bottles.

Tsk.

It was times like these that they prayed for rain. Not heavy rain, but light drizzling rain.

At least one would feel cooler during work times.

Although the volunteers did not expect to get paid for this, they were very motivated after hearing about the possible Baymardian vouchers that would be given to them.

Hey! After the rescue, they will be given gift baskets.

Some gift baskets included a 1000 Bays gift card for Baymart. (Like Walmart).

Hell!

Do you know how many packs of toilet paper, kitchen utensils and necessities they can stock up on with that? What about buying drapes? Can they get fresh new bedsheets?

Hey! They should be able to get good school supplies for their children and even get new outdoor hiking boots too.

But for sure, some men were thinking about the latest grills that came out in the Baymart catalogs.

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Other gift baskets included 1200 Bays worth of travel expenses on the high seas.

Maybe the one some were excited about was the 7-day stay in the famous Underwater Aquarium hotel right next to the Zoo.

Damn! Do you know how high on the tourism list that place is?

Standing at a whopping 17th place out of hundreds it was a must-see place that people queue up to stay in.

The voucher includes free breakfast and lunch, and 10 passes to the many aquarium, scuba diving and other in-water activities offered.

What's more, do you see the location? It was by the Zoo! And also by the famous face-carved mountain called Mount Zion.

There, the faces of Landon, Lucius, Mother Kim, Lucy, and Little Kora were.

The site was surrounded by a sizable forest and involved a lot of hiking for people who liked to get away from 'technology.'

The great thing is that the underwater hotel voucher is for a maximum of 4 people. So if they had family they could go together as well.

The Voucher was valid for a year and a half only, after which it will expire. In truth, it's not a loss because even if they couldn't go, they could sell these vouchers for high money too!

Well, some vouchers included 30 free meals in the famous Gods of Olympic Restaurant.

Some vouchers were for 9 days' worth of go-kart racing, and others offered a 3 times free visit to the Baymardian Motion Picture Studios, to see the many streets, buildings and sites used for their favorite shows and movies.

Such vouchers also included food and a chance to meet a celebrity too.

There were vouchers to visit 'Queen Lucy's secret Gardens of Mystery,' where they would go on scavenger hunts.

Some people have found priceless necklaces and other royal artifacts that would be seen for big bucks.

There was also 'his majesty Landon's manhole which did the same scavenger hunts. But it required a lot more thinking as though one was in the Baymardian movie 'National Treasure.'

Good God!

You have to know that it is so popular that several blogs and pages were created by many sharing their experience and excitement about it.

No.

It was a combination of the movie 'National Treasure' and 'Indiana Jones.'

There were moving walls, trap doors, nets that hooked one and took them to another floor above, and many more.

Damn!

Someone once tripped on a trap wire that sent the door closing and the walls are slimming.

Although they knew they wouldn't die, 'death' here meant they would have to start from the beginning of their journey again.

Bear in mind that every hour, the entire place changes its hidden traps, moving them to new positions.

Sometimes, they would see completely new traps instead.

Well, what they didn't know was that every part of the walls and floors were all trapped doors and potential threats. It's just that those in the control rooms changed which one would open and which ones would close.

There was also an underground waterway, mimicking a situation of someone swimming underground in a cave.

This was why everyone was given a costume before the start of their adventure. And when they swam to the other side, strange brown adventure jumpsuits of all sizes hung on the walls, and to the side was a well-disguised bathroom on the side.

There were towels for them too.

Once changed and out standing beside the underground waterway, a strange person will appear with a riddle. There were 3 paths to take. Only one path was right.

Fail the riddle, the person will try to convince you to take any of the 2 wrong paths.

Sometimes, you know the person is trying to trick you, so you end up going to the one place they did not point at. But who would've thought the place you took was also wrong?

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In the end, you find yourself in a crazy loop that takes you back to any of the 'square 1' zones. There were 3 main starting zones. "The garden, the fake U-shaped 2-block street with houses on both sides and the elastic favorite place, the desert oasis.

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Daily, many people go there just to attempt the entire thing!

But his majesty Landon was truly a crazy ingenious person who made everything super hard to a fault, combining knowledge and adventure. They wanted to cry but had no tears.

No matter how many times people played in his 'Manhole of Adventure and Treasures,' they always felt like beginners when his majesty came up with more crazy ideas.

Did you know that just 5 months ago, he added a room called 'the Ancestor.'

It was announced on the website that there was a hidden piece of paper that would lead many to one of his most prized treasures.

But here was the thing. The room's difficulty level was insane. Make one wrong move, and you annoy the 'ancestor' statue.

It was only 2 months ago that the first clue on how to advance towards the statue was discovered.

The entire room had checker floors like a chessboard. Many have of course attempted playing chess to find a way. But it was to no avail.

Only recently did one person discover that although the squares were all the same size, a few of them made slightly different noises.

If one isn't paying attention, one would miss it since the sound difference was almost nonexistent.

But someone worth a hearing aid would quickly do something wrong. Stepping on the floor squares with different sounds, she realized the ancestor statue didn't seem to be angered anymore.

She was the first person to cross the sea of checker floors.

But you know... after her attempt, many who tried the next day, found that the concept isn't working on that day.

Hey. It looked like there were many ways to reach the ancestor statue and they just had to find them out.

His majesty was a genius!

He made bloggers famous and rich from his Manhole.

Some people never expected such fame and were taken aback when they got recognized during their adventure time in the manhole.

Hey.

Some even had scheduled fan meetings and were making money from their blogging content.

Of course, the manhole in the palace was just Stage 1.

Only when Stage 1 is completed can players access Stage 2~5 in District D.

That's right.

Landon acquired a vast land just to expand and build his manhole into a real Indiana Jones thing.

Treasures could be found in all location sites. Sometimes people would have to go back and forth between places too.

It was epic, insane, and they were all here for it!

For people who can't swim, their attire was a different color from everyone else. This way those in the control rooms could know who they were sending down.

Before playing, one must answer several questions.

Additionally, there were zones in all sites called 'Little Manhole' for those below the age of 9. By 10, they could play the big ones.

Don't think 10 is too young here.

10-year-olds here already knew so much about the world like 30-year-olds back on Earth.

10-year-old people worked for their families, worked in dangerous places and even killed or injured their first man during training and mock battles.

Mind you, the coming-of-age year in Pyno was 14 (in Yodan and Terique) and 15 (in Arcadina, Baymard, and Carona).

Additionally, if Landon didn't allow 10~13 year olds to play in the big leagues, do you know how many students would protest?

Hey! 10~13 was like their 20~25 year period before getting married.

They were adults and didn't like being treated like children!

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Chapter 1668 New Academy Emerges!

All in all, many volunteers were looking forward to receiving their gift basket, wondering what goods they might get. Especially the women who prayed to get vouchers from the many Baymardian clothing store brands they recognized.

Damn.

They really wanted those Fall and winter clothes in the catalogs. Their eyes shone with fierceness, swearing to exchange any other voucher they got with others if they didn't see what they wanted.

Heck! They also wanted the 5-spa voucher package which included 10 free services for the selected services highlighted.

They could get their nails done, they could get their body hairs waxed in certain areas, could get massages, they could get their eyebrows threaded, they could get Beauty facials, and finally, they could get their eyelashes or eyebrows tinted for free!

Can you imagine that?

In the end, all this only made them more motivated to rescue the birds!

Seeing how much work was left to be done, the leaders estimated the digging to be done within 4 days.

After which the official search will begin.

All in all, Lucy might stay here for a week and a half, which made the Witches boil in hiding.

Because they underestimated how fast and in control Baymardian vehicles traveled, Lucy's entourage passed their little disturbance on the way.

So their plan for giving her a surprise attack was a failure.

If not for the fact that Lucy had to stop by in 2 other cities before reaching here, they would've never caught up to her so

Luckily the place where they planned their surprise attack was only 1 day away from this city.

So they were able to rush fast without sleep to barely make it 50 or so minutes before Lucy entered the Hotel.

Change of plans.

They decided to watch the attack when Lucy was leaving. That was the only way. Leaving but of course, they couldn't do it when she was in that vehicle. The piece of heavy metal was so thick and secure that arrows, spears, and hidden weapons couldn't penetrate it so for a surprise attack. Again, with how fast it could go, their arrows would most likely miss aim too.

Luckily for them, Lucy had vaguely given out her itinerary about the roads she would use when coming here and the tone she would take when heading back.

From what they knew, she would be stopping in a few more cities and towns when going back. So they had to attack the town called Guildford, which was the least populated place among all the places she intended to stop in.

Here, she was too well guarded not just by her men, but by the many Arcadian nobles and important personnel who came here from various parts of Arcadina for this occasion.

Anyone who attempts to assassinate her here would be a fool!

No.

They had to kill her in another town or city. That was the only way. And if they still couldn't do it... well, it seems they would have to go back to their initial plans... - Infiltrating Baymard and taking her down!

Although the earlier group that went into Baymard was mostly killed with only 1 survivor making it out, they understood that they were defeated by Lucy alone.

From how easily the group handled matters then, it showed that Baymard was still not strong enough to take them out.

Bear in mind that for their trip to Pyno, 2/3rd of their population came over to settle the matter once and for all.

At present, their massive group was scattered in their various taverns and pubs for peasants, working in disguise while laying in wait to receive orders.

Yes. Receiving orders was what they had to do.

They were waiting for the day when they had to storm over to Baymard to make their move!

from women during pillow talks in bed.

Thinking about their next move, the witches sat back and relaxed, only observing That was their last alternative if the Surprise attack on Lucy doesn't work.

Of course, even though they hated the Traitor's daughter, they intended to take her alive so she could make their Organization wealthy with how smart she was to be able to come up with all these Baymardian technologies.

Yes. Only a woman can come up with them. Men were pigs who liked stealing ideas from women during pillow talks in bed.

Thinking about their next move, the witches sat back and relaxed, only observing Lucy from a safe distance. Watching from the distance were also Sebastien's men who relayed everything that went on daily.

As Lucy was already determined to be their young master's future wife, they dared not miss any information when speaking.

Seeing Lucy, Sebastien clenched his fist, wishing he could speed up matters involving taking over Arcadina.

Only when Arcadina is his can he reveal himself and take over Baymard too.

Patience was all he needed, but right now he felt he had none.

Like so, the oblivious Lucy went about her day not knowing what dark forces plotted against her.

But just as she was focused on her goal, those not too far away also did the same.

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--Code B, District B, Capital City, Baymard, Pyno--

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Code A was the entire left side of District B... and Code B was the entire right side of District B.

Code B was a military zone mostly filled with army personnel and barracks. And in another area further into the zone, far, far away from the many barracks, was a grand property with newly built structures and clear vast roads where one looked.

The property had over 15 incredibly huge buildings, with the tallest being 3 stories high. Mind you, from the looks of things, the first floor should be a high-ceiling floor, and the buildings also seemed to have underground floors too.

However, though they don't look so tall, they made up for it by their width which took up the space of 7~12 homes lined up along each other. And in one of these buildings, several people waited anxiously, their eyes darting around in confusion.

Can anyone tell them why they were in a brand new academy when they only came for a job?

The Baymardian AVIATION Academy of Excellence!

That was the name.

62c5b2942708fd12a9ad975e

Chapter 1669 A Strange Occupation?

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap~

Julia couldn't stop tapping her very low-heeled boots as she and many others crowded within a massive waiting room.

The grand clock on the wall was no help in calming anyone's nerves.

What exactly was this new job all about? Julia felt uncertain, recalling the strange questions asked during the interview.

She was just a fresh 15-year-old graduate who was a little confused about what she wanted to be despite having so many tours done by the school.

While she felt all those jobs were great, she still felt something was missing in her heart.

Well, not all jobs felt that way. Working as a crew member of a cruise ship was the only thing she hastily wanted to apply for. Sadly, after graduation she didn't go job hunting immediately and missed the opportunity to apply for the position she wanted.

What she wanted was a job that took her to new places. She had a love for adventure and a yearning to see what the other UN nations looked like.

Hey. Did you know most of Romain had the worst winters ever? Did you know there were areas in the sea with different mysterious currents traveling their own place? Did you know that Zohl had the most unique land terrains, making the people have stronger hind legs? Did you know there was a UN nation in it called the Land of Hills?

What she wanted was a job that lets her visit these territories even if it's just for a day, just like cruise ship members do when the ship docks on sight.

After docking, the ships don't leave immediately, and spend a few days before leaving.

Her older sister works as a cruise staff and gets 2 days to visit their docking city whenever they arrive.

Of course, that's only when she and her group have completely stripped down the beds, changed the sheets and cleaned up after the leaving guests.

When a ship docks, it doesn't leave immediately. It might sit on the waters for 4~7 more days before leaving.

It all depended on the ship's size and how much cargo they had to take out and keep for people at their destination.

Don't forget that with Baymard using the dock port buildings as a mail center, many people who ordered shipment from Baymard, also had their goods kept for them until someone on their side came over to receive it.

Again, letters and items from loved ones also circulated as such.

Some people wrote letters in Romain and had them delivered in Zohl just like that.

There was so much that went behind the scenes in running the ship.

All in all, by the time the ship leaves on schedule, every new guest won't even know the hassle the crew members went through to keep things this way.

Julia's yearning for adventure came from her elder sister's many adventurous trips. Her sister who was now 19 years old, single-handedly raised her after her parents passed away 8 years ago.

Julia yearned more and more for such a life, seeing the perks her sister got as a cruise member. Paid vacations once a year for her and her family, hefty end-of-year bonuses, and so much more.

Add the fact that she was seeing new territories every trip and that was a steal.

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"Hey... the name's Eleanor." A bubbly girl who just entered the room said while taking a seat beside Julia.

(^_^)

"I thank the ancestors it hasn't started yet. But do you have any idea why we are here in a new academy? Could it be that our job is to become students?"

The girl didn't know it, but she hit the nail on the head hard.

"I'm not sure either. I'm Julia by the way." Julia introduced, as Eleanor soothed her anxiousness away.

"Do you remember that during the interview they asked if we feared heights, or if we got motion sick? They even had us placed in strange devices that spun wildly, wanting to see how long we would last." Julia paused. "I think our job has to do with some new vehicle his majesty has created. Maybe it's a wickedly fast one that will make one dizzy."

The bubbly Eleanor with bangs nodded her head vigorously. "I think so too! Or else why would they ask us so many bizarre questions and also put us through such physical tests?"

"Hey! Are you guys talking about the job?" One of the guys nearby asked, having unintentionally eavesdropped.

He and his body were also confused too.

Soon, the group joined heads, coming up with all sorts of possibilities. And before they knew it, the massive double lesided door on the other end opened.

--Silence--

The loud waiting room turned into a silent zone, so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.~

Footsteps echoed steadily, as a group of people wearing black pants and unique white shirts with eye-catching black and yellow zebra-crossing strips on their shoulders, calmly stepped in.

They had a black tie, and unique hats too.

Some wore suits that also had black and yellow zebra strips along the sleeve area. And their hats also had golden designs that made them stand out even more.

Seeing their attire, Julia couldn't help questioning what it is that they would be doing here to dress so dashingly.

Well, she was promised the opportunity to see the world with this new job. So would be an on-the-move vehicle driver, stationed in various empires from season to season?

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"Welcome recruits." One of the men in attire spoke. "You have been chosen because you possess particular sets of skills we look highly on. We also know you are all confused by the many tests we put you through during the interview. And now that you've all succeeded, congratulations on being Pilots in training!"

Pilots? Like those controlling the hot air balloons in the amusement park and during festivities?

Sensing their thoughts, the man, as well as the others in uniform smiled mischievously.

"Congratulations! You are Baymard's first batch of First years in the Academy! Now, follow us to get a glimpse of your future."

Chapter 1670 First Day!

Following the group, Julia's heart pounded greatly.

Bubuum. Bubuum.

Julia placed her hand on her chest, feeling her heart was about to fly out any moment now. She wasn't nervous but excited.

What future could await her behind those doors?

After passing through several hallways and classrooms, they finally went down the stairs by one floor, before passing several other hallways and classrooms to reach the massive doors leading to the outside.

The building was built on slightly inclined terrain, so the ground floor on this side was the first basement level if one was entering the academy from the main doors on the other side.

Wow!

"What is that?" Someone exclaimed with bulging eyes of awe and disbelief.

What sort of massive vehicle was this? Are they going to be driving people on the streets with such giant beauties?

Damn!

They dare say it was by far taller than trains and any other locomotives around!

But the people earlier said they were to be pilots, like those controlling the hot air balloons at festivals.

So what's going on? Could it be they were to fly this work of art in the air?

No way! How can metal fly? Why... doesn't that go against some laws of the world?

Too late!

Everyone's hair stops erect on their bodies as goosebumps quickly covered them. And the more they looked at the smirking people in the uniform, the more they wanted to shake out information from them.

Come on! Tell them what they were doing quickly! At least confirm it, dammit!

Seeing how slowly these people took things, they wished they had the power to smack their gloves on them severally.

Again, they noticed how windy the outside place was.

Hell!

So this was why they gave them earmuffs and gloves? It was strange that when they were coming here, the wind wasn't this powerful. So why is this place so damn windy?

Someone in their group had already unintentionally figured it out. "Could it be because so much there's have been cut off from the place that it was so airy?"

Yup.

They were standing on the academy's runway that stretched a far distance too.

There were also small control towers and designs that mimicked the newly built Baymardian Airport which they would soon find out about later.

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After gathering them, everyone knew the real show was about to begin!"

"Dreams..." The lead man in uniform spoke. "Dreams are ideas and thoughts that can become reality with a little work and ingenuity. Today thanks to his majesty and the money who worked tirelessly to create these masterpieces, people like us can not only fly in our dreams but also in reality!"

The man's words caused a stir in their hearts, as he gestured to the 2 massive 'vehicles' parked on the equally giant roads.

"Aircraft! Planes! Those were the general terms for them. Unfortunately, we can only show you the smaller versions of the true aircrafts all of you will eventually fly."

What? These are these smaller versions?

Several people in the crowd felt their bodies heat up and tremble with disbelief and faces that said it must be a joke. But more than anything else, their excitement came from confirming they were indeed going to FLY!

Hahahhahahahha~

Can you believe it? They, in metal vehicles... no! Metal aircraft flying sky-high? Well, even they didn't believe it.

(^w^)

"All 3 aircrafts before you're commercial ones. To the right are 2 aircrafts called private jets. One is called a Corporate/business jet, and the other is a Twin Turboprop plane. And to my left is a relatively smaller aircraft called a private single-engine plane."

Wow!

All 3 were stunning, but many people's eyes quickly landed on the Corporate/business private jet.

Its design was so slick and cool that it left the other 2 eating in the dust.

A private corporate jet. These are the sort rich wealthy folks who would pay to ride all by themselves. The entire aircraft smelt of wealth and luxury.

Already, they knew this was a plane for the rich, and sure enough, they were right.

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From what was explained to them, one will have to book a private for themselves. It wasn't like the other aircrafts that could allow people to pay per seat.

It was crazy to think that one person would book such a large structure to travel in all by themselves.

Of course, they could bring their families, friends, and lovers along too. Still, they had to admit it was showy.

Again, the Private jet differed from the rest in that its propeller blades were well hidden while the other 2 had visibly large exposed propellers.

Take the single Engine Plane as an example.

It had a propeller for a nose, and would most likely be recognized by people back on Earth as the sort of plane as the ones used to pass over jungles in movie scenes where the main character wants to go onto an island by air but no local planes would take them there.

Welp. One could also find them in the Earth version of Indian Jones movies and other adventure flicks.

Of course, it can also be used in the city for sightseeing tours. But rather than paying for the entire plane those touring only pay for a seat and the experience.

Depending on its design, it can fit at most 6 people, including the pilot in it.

As for the Twin Turboprop plane, it has no visible propeller on its nose but has 2 on its sides.

It can also fit 19 passengers at most and is faster and more lightweight than the private jet. So travel time would be shorter too. Nonetheless, the distance it can travel falls in comparison to how far a private jet could go.

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Good Guy!

Everyone was blown away when given tours of what the planes like on the inside.

To get things moving fast, they split the group into 3 and led them to the various aircrafts.

For Julia's group, they started off with the smallest plane here -- The Single engine Plane.

Amazing!

Once one enters, they are immediately met with a space that divides the pilot's space and the passenger's space.

There were 8 seats in total on the plane. 2 seats for the pilot (s), and 6 seats for passengers. The design was just right, ensuring everyone could at least get a glimpse out of the small windows.

Of course, everyone's main attention was on the cockpit.

What the hell? Why were there so many buttons?

How were they to remember so much about what was what and where?

What do they press? What do they do?

"You need not think too much." One of the people in uniform advised. "When I started, I was just like you. I thought I would never be able to completely what these buttons do. I'm still learning now. But the good thing to know is that most of these buttons are the same on any type of aircraft. What's more, for your first time flying, you will always be a

co-pilot, assisting the lead pilot. Only after completing your standard required flying hours, can you become a Pilot.

There were no shortcuts.

It was now 6 days before the start of November.

According to the schedule, the Airport will officially launch commercial flights in late Spring which was around May.

So now they had 7 months to train and fly to earn their positions as Co-pilots.

Don't think they'll be in classrooms and flight simulators all the time.

No way. Come December, they will start joining in on public delivery missions.

The planes adhere aren't the only type of planes available. They have Cargo planes and also amphibian planes that would have to do trips and runs across the Capital cities of all Pyno-UN Empires, taking cargo and doing swift deliveries for those located at the central regions of these empires.

But it should be warned that although the aircraft cargo carriers could transfer a hefty load of goods, there will be a limit to what can be done per person, which is different from what the Baymardian ships offered.

When doing shipping via the ships, there were no such constraints on items. Even weapons could be shipped from one empire to another... excluding Baymard.

But in the planes, they might have to deny some items that could go aboard.

In the end, these trainees will have ample time to feel confident about their flying skills. Even if they weren't so ready yet, once Commercial planes get launched, they will still play as co-pilots for another 6~7 months before finally getting the chance to become Pilots.

Soon, it will be them training later recruits.

Of course, the reason why Landon made Cargo planes start flying in December was because of publicity.

The more people look forward to it, the bigger the business!

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Today was a miraculous day for Julia, after seeing so many awesome features each aircraft had.

Their blood swelled with adrenaline and their heart raced chaotically.

She could feel it.

This was it! This was what she was looking for!

"Today, and for the next 3 days, you will head home, gather your things and report to the academy to be given your assigned sleeping quarters! You will study, work, and train your bodies too. Just because you're pilots in training does not mean you need to be weak! Now follow me to get your uniforms, registration badges, and rule books!"

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1671 Regret? Too Late!

Chapter 1671 Regret? Too Late!

Finding her keys, Julia excitedly pushed open the door to her 2 bedroom apartment, looking left and right to find her sister who was on a 2-week vacation.

It was very rare for her sister to be home, but Julia was always ecstatic to see her older sister, especially since her sister was going to marry one of the men on the crew ship next year.

The times they have together will definitely reduce once her sister starts her own family. And obviously, she will also have to move from a 2-bedroom apartment to a single-bedroom one.

It was strange, but she didn't like living alone, thus she had already planned to move in with a friend later.

She also felt it was more economical that way... of course, that was before she joined the Academy!

F***!

Haven't you seen their curriculum? She was to be in school for the entire first semester, and the other 3 semesters. So why should she be paying for a place she wouldn't use?

Obviously, after her sister marries, she will still have a few more years of school left to go. Her sister can put all her stuff in storage in her new family home, while she went to the academy with peace of mind.

On vacations, she could then choose whether to stay with a friend, her sister or rent a temporary place outside too. Of course, she could always choose to stay in the academy and would have permission to go in and out as she pleased.

It's just that all districts were very far from each other, meaning even if she wanted to leave District B and head to District C or heavens... District G... it would be time-consuming, especially if there was traffic.

How to say it? It was like cities merged over her as one.

Landon would best explain it like the situation in British Columbia, where massive cities like Vancouver, Surrey, Burnaby and a few more were separated by bridges. Thus, they called them the islands. But people in these places could live in Surrey And drive every morning to Vancouver for work, though it would take no less than 45 minutes depending on where they were headed. Some places were 1 hour and 40, and some places were 2.

Such was how the many Districts were divided here. It was a hassle but doable since there were sky trains, double-decker buses and Bay-Cabs/taxis ready to take people places.

What's more, the public Transportation system was so on point that if a person came late for an appointment, people would look at him or her strangely if they say it was traffic.

Did you know that the schedules on the bus were made with the concentration of traffic in mind?

That's why during rush hour periods, you'll see the bus travels have been stretched out a bit. A bus could be late, but she never heard of one being late over 6 minutes.

Bah!

Why was her head already filled with things she will do later on?

(^□^)

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"Elder sister Lilly, I'm Home~" Putting down her bag, unzipped her boots and flung them in whatever direction she could.

"Elder sister Lily! Elder sister Lily... where are you?"

Soon, a vibrant red-haired busty girl opened her bedroom door with sleepy eyes.

She was jet-lagged from getting used to the time zone of her last voyage. "What's the matter with you? Why did you shit the door so hard?... wait! Are you back so soon? What happened? Come on, tell me quickly!"

The moment she saw Lydia's face, she understood something great must have happened.

"Well, it's like this.... blag, blag, blah, blah.~"

Sitting with her sister on the couch, Lydia went on and on about all that happened. Of course, she didn't tell her sister what she would be piloting. She only said it was a new sort of air balloon. This was the only way he could put it. After all, the first rule stated that until the cargo shipping launch in December, they were to keep a tight lip on the matter.

It was also to protect their loved ones since sometimes knowing something was more harmful than not knowing.

"Great! Source going to stay for 3 days before leaving?" Lilly was both happy but worried. "So soon? What about supplies? Do you need more pocket money? What about clothes?"

Oh my!

Lilly's mother mode came on, as she acted as though she was sending Lydia to kindergarten.

"No. No! We have to go shopping now!"

"Yeah." Lydia agreed. What woman didn't like shopping?

Although she would be given uniforms, blankets, pillows, and a mattress in the academy she still needed to buy bedsheets in 2 colors.: Dark, Navy blue shade for Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays... while pure white was for the other days.

There were strict rules to be followed. And those who didn't have money to buy sheets could also apply for used, passed-down sheets from the academy's storage units.

She also needed enough underwear and basic necessities too. A few sets of towels, her favorite moisturizers, and so on.

Very quickly, Lily looked at the list, dragging Lydia out of the house for shopping.

"Listen to me. When I was training to become a cruise member, I had a moment of regret aboard the ships because I forgot things."

Like so, the ladies came up with a well thought of list, and shopping immediately.

Socks, panties, soap, and so on.

Of course, some things can be gotten from the academy store. However, isn't it cost effective to get a bunch now than get singles later? And academy stores were typically pricier too by 1 By or more too.

Hey... she found this the hard way when she forgot shampoo and other items, and she was guessing more than half the students would also forget 1 or 2 things, too focused on the good news they received.

Like that, Lydoa spent her next 3 days in bliss and turned up at the academy's doorsteps with her sister seeing her off.

But it wasn't just her sister.

Today, parents were allowed to only grace the dormitories which were a long way in front of the main buildings.

What's more, the main buildings were on inclined terrains, which quickly hid the few enormous structures behind them.

So from a distance, people could only see the buildings standing tall and spread.

Parents, family members and friends quickly helped their loved ones, talking and advising them to be sensible while aiding in making their beds and having small talk with other parents.

Lydia was amazed to find out Eleanor, the bubbly girl from earlier, was also in her dormitory.

There were 40 girls in her dormitory.

Every dormitory had bunk beds lined up on both sides of the room.

There were also several iron lockers at the far back too. Some already had locks on them.

The center space was kept wide open for people to walk past easily, even if carrying something wide.

From what they gathered some rooms had fewer bunk beds and even had single beds in them. But to sleep in those units one must earn their place and rank up through the many tests and examinations.

Just the thought of ranking up made everyone boil. Ranking up can give one foray priority for delicious meals, and many more undiscovered perks.

So who wouldn't want it?

The more Julia heard, the more thrilled she was. And soon, goodbyes were said, with her sister acting like a mother again. But she didn't mind.

It only proved how much her sister loved her.

"Remember, if you're short of money, don't forget to call me or Rufus. Before I leave for my next trip, I'll send you a letter or call you up again."

Lydia waved warmly, watching her sister poke her out of her taxi, like someone who has been abandoned.

Pfft~

Smiling, Lydia headed back to her dorm room to meet her new future.

"It's going to be amazing."

(^_^)

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Well, it didn't take long before she cursed at her naive thoughts.

~Zzzzzzzzz~

In her dormitory, everyone was sleeping sweetly. It was a brand new day.

The sun hadn't completely risen, but the bugs and light rain already did their job of singing sweet lullabies in everyone's eyes.

The students slept and snored peacefully within their dormitories. So what could go wrong?

'Phiiiiip!!!!'

A deadly whistle blew like a devil's cry.

"Get up! Get up! Get up! Get up!.... you all have 5 minutes to be fully dressed and assembled at the center of the rooms!" Yelled someone in uniform.

What the hell?

Lydia initially thought she was dreaming, but after listening to many screaming alarms after seeing strangers in their dormitory, the sleep quickly faded away. And her feet took over, jumping down from the upper bed and rushing to follow the herd.

Seeing everyone rushing to get dressed, what did she not understand?

Oh no! She locked her clothes yesterday!

Keys! Keys!

Luckily, she kept her locker key tied around her neck.

Tick-Tock. TICK-TOCK!

The clock was ticking against her.

"Time up!"

Chapter 1672 Day 1

It was a nightmare!

From waking up early to training doing training she had never encountered, Julia was shocked to realize they, pilots in training, had to go through such rigorous practices.

Under the light rain, they ran their hardest

"5 laps around the field. Student Ashly, keep up with the rest!"

The emotionless voice of their trainers echoed up, making Lydia's blood pump faster.

With her hands on her chest, Julia began regretting she ever chose such a bra for today's matter.

"Ladies! These dark dangerous times! All pilots must be trained in basic hand-to-hand combat and dagger-wielding skills. You must learn to defend not just yourselves but

your cargo and passengers in the cases of Hostage takeovers, emergency landings in unknown jungles, and so on."

Yes.

Baymard might be safe, but the world outside was still dangerous.

Even within the UN empires, although the crime rate had gone down a bit, one must know that there were still many factions who believed in the old ways of having whatever they wanted without consequence.

Rape, kidnap, slavery and many other crimes still happened behind closed doors, usually from those in high-standing positions.

Baymard is still small and easier to manage. However, for places like Arcadina which is the landmass size of a few continents in Hertfilia, you best believe it will still take a few years to completely bend everyone to the new ways.

For pilots, anything can happen. It would be foolish for them not to prepare for the worst.

That's why apart from basic training they must get first-aid licenses and a wide variety of understanding about how to solve minor technical difficulties.

Of course, no matter the flight, for the first few years, Baymard will always have at least 1~15 military guards aboard the planes, as well as 1~15 technicians and 1~15 doctors aboard every flight.

Take for example the Jumbo planes with 300~500 seats.

In such planes, Landon would make sure to have 7~15 people from each category also board the planes.

In smaller planes of 100 seats, 15 will be reserved for them, and so on.

So them learning combat training was just so they could protect themselves if an enemy bypassed all the well-trained guards.

They had to think fast and be very resourceful to get out of any emergency.

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Julia looked down at her chest in regret.

No wonder they were recommended to mostly bring sports bras that would bind their chests for the occasion.

She did bring some, but sadly, in the rush of today's awakening, that wasn't the first thing she grabbed. However she wasn't the only one regretting it too.

Eleanor who was running beside her, wanted to cry seeing as she was wearing a recognizable brand bra called Kimberly's Secret, named after Queen Mother Kimberly.

It was really a cute one. But now, she feared that after today, her gorgeous bra might stretch out in ways she never expected it to.

Do you think it was just running they did? No.

They did push-ups and frog jumps across a purposefully made shallow muddy lake while listening to the potential dangers they could face out there.

Day 1 already started so brutally, and here they thought they were only in the academy to study and fly planes.

After the whole fiasco, everyone collapsed to the ground breathing heavily like dogs in heat.

F***!

What sort of devil instructors were these? Apparently, they were from the military, here to train them until the semester was over.

Everyone wished to stare hatefully at these evil trainers till holes bore in through their heads but dared not do so.

Hell!

It's only been a short time since they met these instructors, but their bodily instincts told them they would be the ones who lost if they went against them.

Don't think they didn't try.

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At the start of the charade, some people, including her, voiced their revolt against going out and running under the light rain with 1 or 2 clothing items missing.

Of course, there were no boys or men in their group.

Once a person enters the academy, they will be able to see the girl's dormitory to the far left corner, which is just a 4-minute drive from the gates.

Likewise, the boy's dormitory was situated in the far right corner too.

The girl's and boy's dormitories were built facing each other, though there was ample space with large open fields, slopes, and roads between them.

At present, there were 5 buildings on each side, some buildings were 2 stories high and others 3 and 4.

The buildings were also wide, already making room for future students.

To have a better room, one must rank up and prove themselves. It's that simple. And at the back of the dormitories were open plans with several man-made features like sandy fields and rocky grounds.

Initially, they didn't know why someone would go through the trouble to make so many contrasting features, but now they did.

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Julia felt like beating her former self to death when thinking of the little protest they had earlier.

A majority of people here were missing one or two clothing items.

For her, he forgot her pants, and for others like Eleanor, they forgot their shirts, boots, belts and even bras.

Some also had their nightgowns and PJs on instead.

But sure enough, there were a few smart people who quickly picked out a special military-style outfit that had the same colors as their pilot-in-training attire.

These military outfits were designed for training and were the most suitable get-up for anyone to wear.

In the beginning, they protested against the instructors because they didn't want to go out like this, but the more they protested, the heavier their punishments.

What was even more shocking was that even those who didn't protest were grouped up and joined in their group, with everyone doing additional pushups, frog-leg jumps, and so on.

This was Julia's first true lesson about dealing with her training instructors.

Just because they were women, don't think they would go easy on them.

Heh.

Though their morning trainers were all women, even if Baymardian military men stood before them they would still get the same or even a worse fate than they already did.

"Rise Maggots! Although you're all done with routine training, who says we are done with you yet?"

What? Not through?

Eleanor's face twisted so hard that it look like she was forcefully fed dog shit.

What more is there to do?

"Ashley! Kyra... Blah, blah, blah... You 5 lagged behind the most, failing to complete today's tasks." The lead female trainer stood with her hands firmly behind her back, standing in a military position like an unshakable rock alongside her were the other 7 female trainers who looked expressionless too.

"You 5 will stay back and run two more laps around the field."

"What?" The one called Ashley exclaimed in shock. "3 more laps?!"

"Yes. Is there a problem? Would you like me to add a few more?"

The leader's voice was calm and steady but somehow sent chills down their spines.

Problem?

"No. No. No! No problem at all, ma'am!"

(:T^T:)

How dare she continue to protest?

Everyone looked at Ashley's group pitifully, not knowing they too wouldn't be able to escape fate's plans either.

"As for the rest of you, you will run 2 more laps!"

What? Why? Didn't they complete their tasks on time as told?

"What? You all think you're right? McGregor Tina! You performed the best out of everyone and made it through the last lap 5 minutes earlier than the rest. You saw your comrades fall and didn't move to help. Remember this motto... All for one and one for all... that is the motto you will live by here."

In real-life situations perhaps Tina would probably turn around to help others. Which means she wasn't treating this training practice so seriously.

From today henceforth, everything was as though they were on a battlefield.

Treat your fallen comrades like injured ones who need rescue when surrounded by dangerous lands.

Teamwork makes the Dreamwork.

Only if it was suicide, should they look away from their fallen comrades... at least not until more reinforcements come to aid them all.

They will also teach them how to stall the enemy if captured.

Why? Because Baymard will always come for its kind no matter where they are.

That was a promise!

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Listening to their trainers, everyone fell silent.

That's right. They needed to take this more seriously. The harder their training, the safer they will be when they finally fly out of Baymard into the outside world.

Accepting their fate, everyone rose and did their punishment calmly.

At this moment it seems they had truly grown up to become real women.

Their earlier stubbornness was now replaced with obedience. What shocked them more was that their trainers didn't seem so harsh anymore.

During this time, their trainees taught them how to control their breathing and how to run without feeling so tired.

Oops.

Spoke too soon.

"Alright, maggots! You sissies are done for the day. Sadly, you've eaten up into your bath time. So you best hurry up, get cleaned and head to the cafeteria before mealtime is over... or else your next meal will only be at LUNCH."

Ahhh!!!!

Many people exclaimed, as they quickly headed to the dormitories for a quick wash.

How could they forget the strict rules in the academy? If they miss lunch, they'll only have to go to class on an empty belly.

To make teaching go faster, they all had different schedules.

For some, their first class was on First Aid and Theoretical Rescue 101. For others, their first class was Federal Regulations 101 and Aviation Geography 101, Aircraft Control Communication 101 and so on.

Both boys and girls mixed in all classes.

After 45 minutes of lunch, they still had another 2 and a half hours of classes, which were typically a mix between practical and theoretical.

And by 4:30 PM, they all begin hand-to-hand combat training or weapon handling, though it depends on what day it was.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, they had heavier days, with all classes, including training classes ending at 6:30 PM.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays, their classes ended by 3:30~4:20 PM.

And on Saturdays, they focused on conquering terrains and accomplishing rock climbing for 4 hours.

After lunch, they were free to do whatever. Sunday was a free day for them too.

Of course, smart people should do their assignments during these times.

Such was the daily life of the new group of Pilot-in-training.

Soon, the world will see the wonders of Baymard's latest invention.

But in the meantime, far away in the Lands of Omania, Landon finally had a smile on his lips, staring at the newly signed treaty!

Bahahahahaha~

It's done.

It's finally done.

Now, to me to move on with his plans!

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1673 Omania: Signing The Treaty

Chapter 1673 Omania: Signing The Treaty

"Hey! Hey! Hey!" Timothy yelled out to the shocked servant standing before him. "Do you think you're invisible or see-through? Move, so I can see what happens to Rick O'Connell next. Why didn't I realize that you've added a few stones on you? Why are you so broad all of a sudden?"

[Servant]: (-_-)

Chewing his new favorite snacks, Timothy was too engrossed in the movie.

Even the guard who was sent to call him over also didn't want to go. But alas... What else could they do?

Looking at the magic box of people, the guard wished he could own one of his own too. Such a heavenly box must surely cost a fortune, right?

(*^*)

Sun was what they had plenty of in Omania.

It didn't take long for the solar panels to trap enough energy.

All over across the homes of those closest to Timothy, such scenes occurred severally.

In Commander Gordon's home, his 2 wives, and his children who hadn't come of age yet, were now crowding in his bedchambers this early morning.

Who invited them here?

Gordon didn't recall summoning anyone over. So why didn't he notice that his family was full of shameless, thick-skinned people?

No matter how he tried to drive them away, even his children who were once cautious around him did not show any fear if it meant they got to watch the portrait/picture box.

Gordon, who had been summoned to the palace, stepped out of his dressing chambers to see his wives and children sitting in front of the TV while eating fruits and laughing till their lungs were full and their eyes teary.

His wives were Twins, who married him on the same day. They had a strange bond that honestly helped him since there were hardly any backyard troubles from the both of them.

I was very fearful of his grandfather's decision to wed both of them to him.

Unlike other people's homes, their wives were always secretly against each other. Even His Majesty Timothy wasn't exempt from this.

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"I'm leaving."

"Okay... okay. Sure, sure."

"Goodbye Father."

"Goodbye Father."

Everyone answered with murmuring voices, not even turning to look in his direction.

What a joke!

Just now, they saw the climax and big revelation was about to be done. So they can't miss it because of Gordon's departure.

Some even frowned, wondering why their father was still here.

Staring at the TV, some gritted their teeth, watching their favorite character almost die.

"No! No! You can do it, Merlin! Get the flower and shave Arthur's life!"

"Dammit! Who said magic is a bad thing? I really hate this Uther guy. What a terrible father!"

"Yeah. Why is he so hell-bent on controlling his son's life? Even the decisions he makes are ridiculous!"

"That's right. He makes me feel like punching him. Oh, Vine God. I hope the dragon gives Merlin more answers. Every Time, he leaves us in suspense over his riddles."

"Come on, Merlin. Just tell Arthur you are a Warlock already. With how many times you've saved his life, I'm sure he won't kill you."

"Blah, blah, blah, blah.~"

" "

...

Watching the famous TV series called Merlin, the group had been sitting there for 3 hours now, binge-watching over 6 episodes now, and no one was thinking of getting up.

They still had another 10 more episodes before the first season ended.

Damn.

They wished it didn't come to an end so fast. And that Lady Morgana... Why did they feel she will become Arthur's one and true love after the entire Merlin Franchise ends? They really liked her a lot!

Gordon looked at his family aggrieved.

What happened to seeing him off?

Sigh...

Gordon stepped into his carriage and headed to the palace, only to be told to wait for his Majesty's arrival too.

(-_-)

He had a hunch the bastard was watching TV but had no evidence. Luckily, it didn't take too long for Timothy to appear. Al

Soon, the duo was headed for the Grand Hall in another building, several blocks away. And as they walked, they met with others like Minister Jackson and Minister Obuno.

"It's truly unbelievable, isn't it? Who would've known there was a great Empire like Baymard out there?"

"Yes. After the public execution of those bastards, we've spent 3 days going through the treaty." Jackson said, with his hands firmly behind his back.

"No slavery, free education and public transportation for all children from ages 0~5, and a well-grounded system that makes our Soma ashamed."

"Hmhm. And there's more. Training in the barracks, for us to learn their skills, opportunities for their people to work and live in Baymard, and of course, exportation and importation of well-needed goods."

"Don't forget that when we join the UN, we will also get information about any plans Morgany or these Adonis people have for us. They promise to deliver all messages urgently. We will also have the privilege to access knowledge like the creation of Siege weapons like that giant Arrow shooting machine."

From what Landon said, there were also several other equally powerful siege weapons circulating amongst all UN empires.

What's more being in the UN meant they would also get access to the official library for UN empires.

There, they might even pick up better farming methods or see how people solved similar problems they might face in the future.

What's more, being in the UN meant that if they should be under attack, you best believe the UN will come to their rescue.

They also have many advantages in many UN empires compared to Non-UN members.

Education was the one that touched them hard. That's why they must endeavor to sign this treaty and send batches of skilled people to Baymard to learn all they can and come back to better Soma.

From what they could see, Baymard had several public Academies, like the Baymardian Culinary and Bartending Academy.

There was also the Baymardian Institution of Law and Order, which was helpful for those who were trying to understand Baymard's ways of handling crimes.

These were just a few academies from the many public ones available.

What's more, their people could also work part-time or full-time jobs in any of the jobs listed in Section 7, article 41.

The pay was good, and it will help some people pay off their tuition too.

In short, this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, one they wouldn't miss for anything.

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Additionally, a selected group of children could also head to the schools to learn a thing or two too. But there was a role on this matter.

People who want to study in Baymard must learn Pyron. They must at least pass the Beginner level examinations before they can head to Baymard.

This way, they'll be heading to Baymard with an Intermediate language level.

Landon has always said this time and time again. Don't underestimate these people of this era who had sharper minds.

In most UN empires, their people passed the test in under 6 months, with some even threatening to pass the intermediary level.

Learning a language to them was one of the easiest things they could do.

And to make things easier, Baymard already had recorded and taped teaching lessons and classes on TV for those in UN Empires.

Additionally, Baymardian teachers would be deployed for the task since they would be the ones overseeing the final examinations.

Those who pass will get to go to Baymard for further education. They will go alongside the official Guardians appointed by Timothy who will take them to the Soma Ambassador who will be already there in Baymard.

He will be the one to look for homes for them to stay in if they weren't staying in the academy.

All in all, the 6 month period was meant so that parents or family members could start saving up and preparing for the departure of those who passed.

Chosen Soma soldiers will also be going to the barracks around this time too.

The Baymardians and many others indeed spoke Roma/Zohl, but Baymard's academies and schools taught in Pyron. This was why their people had to know the language of these Baymardians.

In truth several people did understand a bit of Pyron, but not too much of it.

Why? Because of Morgany.

You have to know that during the times in the past when Morgany tried to give them headaches, they attempted to learn Morg.

Sadly, those sneaky Morgs seemed to change, as they never once spoke Morgany more whenever they came into Omania.

They deliberately didn't want them to learn their language.

But what was shocking was that this mysterious Pyno place had the same language as Morgany. How come?

At first, they thought they were being duped but Artemis confirmed they had nothing to fear.

You have to know that even though Morgs have come here, they have never known where these people come from.

Omanians only know Zohl and Romain.

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All in all, they were looking forward to signing the treaty today.

Landon had also spoken about gathering teachers from here to teach Oma in schools too.

Oma was Omania's language.

Everyone was happy with the treaty, though that wasn't all that made them smile.

It seems that when leaving, Landon will be able to take The chosen Oma teachers and chosen Ambassador will also go as well, so they can start learning how to do their jobs properly when the time comes.

And finally, he will be taking a few of them to Baymard to see for themselves just what sort of place he was running.

Finally, they" see just how great Baymard truly is.

Say no more.

Timothy prepared to throw everything to Artemis and leave at once.

After all, as the future monarch, shouldn't he be preparing to take up the throne?

Of course, not all of his dear friends could go. Some have to stay behind and aid Artemis. But with the eyes his friends shot him, it was as though they would murder him if he told them not to go.

(==)

Who should he choose?

Chapter 1674 Mission Complete

Sitting in the hall, Landon, Timothy, Artemis, and Lucius sat at a long table facing over 50 people seated in the opposite direction on chairs.

Some crossed their feet, others leaned forward, and some leaned to the side while holding the documents before them.

Flip. Flip. Flip~

Pages turned, as everyone silently listened to Lucius's secretary, Emilia speak.

Amazing!

They, Omanians were not like the rest of the world who looked down on women so much.

Yes. It's TRUE that women didn't go to war and whatnot, but that was because women were men with naturally less strength than men.

Those were just simple facts.

What's more, the conditions in this ear were so bad, with women seeing their periods or menstrual blood once or twice a year.

This meant the body was already taking too much in these harsh times, making childbirth very hard.

Any little accident might permanently damage their wombs.

What's more, menopause came to them before they were 30.

In some cases, by the time they were 22, their bodies refused to get pregnant.

βαῖδαςηθεν| A man's lineage rides on this.

This was why most women were in a hurry to give birth before the dreadful 20.

At 20, both men and women are already considered adults, very old.

20 to them was like 40 back in modern times.

People expect you to have more wisdom and so on.

At least for the Omanians, this was why they held their women like eggs, afraid they would break.

Today's harsh society has beaten the human body to what it is now.

According to Landon's statistics, almost 35% of women are 'pronounced' barren.

Even When Baymard Started medical care years back, many Baymardian women were shocked to find themselves pregnant for the first time in their 'old age' of 31 or even 37.

Throughout their existence, they never once got pregnant!

Do you know how many sleepless nights they had praying and crying for a child to come?

It was thanks to Baymard's education, more and more women were opening their eyes realizing that it's okay to do other jobs meant for men, so long as they ate well, and treated their bodies with utmost care.

Women can work without issues for so long among men?

Even the Omanians were shocked to see female warriors, doctors and so on working alongside women so easily within the Baymardians squad. And just take a look at that discipline.

How did they get the women to become as obedient as their men when doing assignments?

Anyone who has been with a woman would know how complicated their thinking patterns were.

Women placed emotion in every little thing.

This was why it was harder to tell them to obey a command.

Many were talking from experience.

Men would do it and charge on the battlefield silently

But women would always question it all.

Why this? Why that? Why, why, why, why!

It wasn't a bad thing to be curious. However, excessive curiosity can put dangerous thoughts into one's head.

All in all, they were shocked to see women among the Baymardians.

When asking Lucius if the job didn't affect their wombs, Lucius gave them a brief lesson on why most women experience menopause earlier and childlessness.

Listening to Lucius's stories, many widened their eyes in disbelief, swearing to visit Baymard's hospital once they got there.

F***!

Didn't you hear what he said?

Baymard had a way of making deaf people hear.

The list of surgery procedures they could do was alarming and unheard of.

Just exactly what sort of place was this Baymard?

Everyone looked at Secretary Emilia and was pleased with her work ethic.

Hey, if they too had a female secretary who did such efficient work, they wouldn't care whether she was a man or not.

If most Baymardian women worked like this, then it was no doubt the men didn't care what gender they were.

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Concerning how these Byamardians had their meetings, everyone was secretly pleased with how organized it was.

Look.

Everything they were supposed to talk about was already printed on the Agenda.

Time allocations were also made, and periods for Q&As also added.pandas `novel com

Every day, the last segment of their meeting was left for Q&As.

There were also water bottles and a set of pens and pencils placed on small stools to their left.

People who felt parched drank the water and secretly in marvel at how refreshing it tasted.

Even stream water has an outdoor taste to it, even if it was drinkable. But the water they drank now was truly tasteless.

Alright.

Briefly looking at her watch, Emilia flipped to the last page of all, which was a general outline of everything they spoke of over these 3 days.

"To conclude, Baymard will honor its promise with the great Empire of Soma, ensuring everything written is strictly followed... Moving on to the next segment, it's time for questions and answers. Please, you may raise your wooden plaques in an orderly fashion as we've done enduring these past 3 days."

With that Emilia left the stage, joining Landon's secretary who was focused on taking meeting minutes.

The duo sat on the side as quietly as possible almost as though trying to make themselves invisible.

Almost immediately, everyone failed their wooden plaques like students in a classroom except their plaques had their first names, as well as their titles written on them.

This way, everyone would know who they were.

It was also very convenient for the Baymardians too.

"Minister Cletus, the floor is yours."

"Thank you, your majesties." The long, golden beard man expressed, before coughing to clear his throat.

"Although it's been explained, I would like to confirm the matter again. In Section, blah blah, Article blah blah... the speaker spoke of Education. Now, from what you said, there is free education for those before the ages of 6 (0~5)... But from what I've gathered, this is the case only for UN empires, correct?"

Landon nodded. "That is true. Baymardians and UN empires get free Preschool education... But for non-treaty signed empires, Preschool costs 2500 Bays for an entire year. That's 2 semesters."

"I see." Minister Cletus replied, thinking of his sister's family in another Omani empire.

Listening to the benefits they had over non-treaty signed empires, everyone was also pleased with such special treatment.

After all, it wouldn't be fair to put them in the same position as non-treaty signed empires.

Their perks didn't stop there.

Even with library access, they could go to higher floors in the public and libraries compared to non-treaty signed empires.

Their Visas/passports were different, their credibility in Baymard was higher and so on.

This made them know that no matter whether they were there or not their people won't suffer in the slightest.

Good. Good. Good. Good.

Timothy smiled broadly. "Okay! Let's sign this treaty!"

Boom!

The words were like fireworks in everyone's hearts.

It wasn't a loss to have such powerful backers.

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"Nephew, you said you are heading back tomorrow?"

Landon nodded. "Yes, Uncle. But don't you think it should be <WE> heading back?"

"Of course, I know this!" Timothy happily retorted, looking at his eager ministers. After Landon leaves, he will finalize his list of those going and those staying.

Those going will have to pack up fast. Landon has said each person can bring at most 10 family members. He didn't mind.

So if they wanted to leave with their family, they had to hastily prepare for departure tonight.

On this trip, the chosen Oma teachers will also be taken, as well as the newly appointed Soma Ambassador alongside his wives and children.

His family will only be visiting for a while because when Timothy and the rest return, they will follow back too.

Someone has to keep the ambassador's home running in order.

Most chosen ambassadors who had many wives, did rotational ships, with some wives coming for 4~6 months and leaving before another wife came over.

Those with only a single wife, had their wives visit as many times as they liked. The only thing is that the visits must not be long as their home needs tending after.

For others with grown children, they quickly left the home to them and stayed in Baymard with their wives.

All in all, Timothy had everything planned.

"Nephew, I can't wait to see this Baymard of yours!"

Landon grinned harder too. "Don't worry, you won't be disappointed. That, I can assure you! And while we're away, my people will stay back and help you all secure Soma, until the Baymardian Seaport structure is marked as satisfactory."

Yes. Soon, they too will have the privilege of taking ship cruises as they liked.

However, that wasn't the only thing making Landon Smile... or should he say cry.

Ding!

[Congratulations host, for repelling Adonis forces and signing the Soma treaty.

For your reward, you have escaped death again.

Clap for yourself]

'T^T'

For once, can his system be nice?

Chapter 1675 New Mission!

With his mission complete, Landon wished to celebrate and drink till he passed out.

F***!

What a close call!

Don't look at him who has been easygoing all this while and think he wasn't sweating.

After today, he just had another 24 hours to sign the treaty or else it would be game over for him.

Luckily, they did it today, and the great thing was that he wasn't even the one who wanted to rush things over.

Damn!

(:TwT:)

As a grown man, he must not cry.

(Sniff. Sniff)

Time to go home, but first, he had to check his current missions, as well as his latest.

Of course, in the tech area, launching aircraft and opening the amusement park was all that was left.

No...

If he was right on the money, the indoor amusement park should be open sometime next week.

The amusement park wouldn't have extremely high roller coasters yet.

Of course, there would be various themed carousels, like the ones in Mary Poppins.

Bumper cars are also a must. Some will be named after beloved Baymardians kids shows like Initial D, Formula one and Speed Racer.

Again, the famous Teacup style attractions will also be available.

One sits in a teacup that spins and moves in an opposite direction from the other nearby teacups.

Haunted houses, houses of mirrors, log river rides, tilt-a-whirls, and many others would be available indoors.

The system gave him designs for both indoor and outdoor Amusement parks.

The indoor one will be launched next week, and the outdoor one was meant to be opened in the summer.

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All in all, everything was going according to plan in the technology area.

His main concern came from his babysitting plans.

Next year, Tilda will be turning 16. He had just a handful of years to aid her build her own faction of supporters and take over Dafaren.

What's more, she also had to train and aid little Ren in taking over the Empire of Abian in the future.

Luckily, Ren was still a little kid and had a long way to go before he could head to Morgany, rescue his mother and fight to rule the empire.

Landon wiped his invisible sweat, thanking his lucky stars that he didn't have to complete Ren's mission anytime soon.

No way!

They weren't ready for Morgany just yet.

Soon, yes. But not now.

Landon felt his tasks were becoming more and more heavy on his shoulders.

But just when he felt the relief of having one done, the system seemed to sense his mood, plunging him back to hell.

Ding!

[Host, you have a new side mission.]

'Tell me something new.'

Landon rolled his eyes heavenward at his annoying slave-running system.

A part of him had known this was coming.

[Side-Mission: Visit the mysterious and hidden continent of Kilangia. Get first contact with them and sign a treaty with 1st Prince Raymond of the Lotus Empire.

Deadline: 11 months.

Punishment: Death.]

'(-_-)'

'System, why can the punishments for my side missions also be death? Are you sure you're not just bullying me?'

[Nonsense, host. This system is the fairest and most honest you can find. The host should be warned that if he doesn't head over before the deadline passes, Prince Raymond will die of illness... one Baymard can cure. I'm sure the host knows what that means for you.]

Know? Of course, he knows!

Should the chosen child of the heavens die, he might follow behind that person. And who knows... maybe another body snatcher will take over his position as Landon Barn, enjoying his wife, his mother, his family, his people and all his hard work.

No way!

He would be insane to let that happen.

Even if he had to die, it had to be in his old age after enjoying the life he built for himself.

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Sigh...

Landon shook his head, focusing on the task at hand.

How odd... there seems to be a small but mysterious continent that not even the Morgs knew of.

Strangely enough, it was close to Zohl, Romain, Lampe and Dania (2nd Lampe).

It was at the center of the massive oceans that each continent faced.

But if one can recall, its location seems to be the place worth the dangerous waters, where thousands and thousands of whales mate.

What's more the waters have been proven to be impenetrable by ship.

Once a person gets too close to that area, their ships will be destroyed.

But from the system's words, it seems humans loved inside, in a small continent of their own, probably having never gone out to see the world.

From time to time, things in the outside world will wash up ashore on the continent. Sometimes even bodies that have swelled up beyond belief.

This was probably how the people inside there knew other humans existed outside their little world.

But how to get out? No one could ever seem to know.

They have been trapped there since the beginning of time.

But as they say, when the heavens close one door, they open another up.

Unlike the rest of the world, they had the fewest number of ancient creatures in their continent from the start.

Thus, humans quickly eradicated the giant beasts and took over the lands.

It's just that in terms of civilization, they were still so far back, especially after reading that it was only 350 years ago that they discovered bronze.

Are you kidding him? Bronze in the outside world was long discovered and used frequently for over a thousand years now.

Well, at least they knew how to build ships, though it was only for traveling around their continent since any step further and their ships would get destroyed.

It is also because of a lack of information and lack of trade resources that they really didn't advance much.

What?

Do you think every empire in the world could advance without the help of others?

The main reason why human growth was strong was primarily because of merchants and those who go to outside places and return with things and knowledge never seen before.

Once an invention is known, people flock like birds to understand it.

Do you think all technology you see on the streets, be it a butcher's knife, a unique building, or even a barrel for storing rum, came from the people living in that empire?

No.

Humanity circulated their discoveries.

That's why no place can be an island on its own and expect to advance faster than the rest.

Morgany also understood this.

That's why they stole talents across the world and gave them education in Morgany.

Of course, while also brainwashing them into believing Morgany was heaven itself.

These talents create inventions in Morgany. However, though their names will be credited the majority of it will go to Morgany itself.

Even back on Earth, Landon recalled some documentaries of primitive people in modern times living in isolation.

If you do not mingle with others, no matter how smart you think your people are, they cannot 'invent' everything.

At least, these people here have tried to see the outside world but failed.

Again, Landon was shocked by how many skin tones the goddess of this world was obsessed with.

If Landon didn't know better he would say these people looked like Goblins, except they didn't have ugly faces or long teeth.

Their skin was green and their height was between that of ordinary people and the giants.

They were really strong too.

Landon had to say that out of all the many people he has seen in this world the people of this continent were the most endowed in terms of their bodies.

Their women had the smallest waists he had ever seen. The hip-to-waist proportion was just insanely perfect.

Their hair colors were either dark green, black, white or red.

Landon has never seen another good-looking group of people than them.

Whether the women were slim, big, or average in weight, their bellies couldn't grow bigger.

Even the men weren't easy either, having physical advantages others would dream of.

Tsk.

Landon had to say that in terms of overall appeal and beauty, they would take first place in all of Hertfilia.

.

Alright.

Landon reviewed his mission, knowing that it was because of their trapped situation, they couldn't even get help if sick.

'If I'm going to save him, it must be after the military aircrafts are modified and completed.'

Entering a new continent, they will need not 1, not 2, but 10... but over 200 helicopters, and smaller aircrafts like the Twin Turbo ones.

They needed to bring over military supplies as well as food and other items too.

Finding these people to sign a treaty with them might take longer. So he had to give it at least 4 months for them to warm up to him.

In the meantime, he had to start teaching their language to his people.

Sure enough, Oma will not be the only language taught.

Like so, Landon closed his eyes, seeing as the night was no longer young.

Finally, he could go home.

With a satisfied smile, he slowly entered Slumber town

But unbeknownst to him, some people couldn't sleep at all!

Chapter 1676 DANGER!

"Where are they?"

"Aunt, I think they're at their old ways again."

Penelope frowned, holding the little boy's hands delicately. "It's times like this that I wish I could throw your uncle over a bridge."

The boy said nothing, only furrowing his forehead.

He might think he looked fierce, but for the many servants who tidied him up daily, he would always look super cute to them.

Oliver sighed like an old man with countless thoughts.

He did love his uncle with all his heart. But he was closer to his aunt and looked up to her more.

As for his twin sister, Gwen, she, on the other hand, seems to have inherited his uncle's unreliable nature.

Oliver doesn't remember much about his birth and his younger self, but everyone says that when he was born, he hardly made a sound growing up.

He only cried when he was hungry or in need of clean diapers. In short, people only heard his wails when necessary.

And even then his crying wasn't so dramatic but something moderate.

On the other hand, his sister was the complete opposite.

From her birth till now, she always acted as though she had ants in her pants.

She always tended to stage a prison break.

It's said that whether they placed her in her crib, she would find a way to escape no matter how tall the crib was.

Indeed, she had inherited her uncle's love for climbing over palace walls and fleeing.

Penelope had the most headaches because of the uncle and daughter pair.

She, a soon-to-be mother who was heavily pregnant, and Oliver had just returned from a vital outing.

They expected to see the uncle-daughter duo at home. So who can tell them why Santa and Gwen were nowhere to be found?

No. Strike it.

One of the hidden guards protecting them just informed them of the duo's escape.

Penelope already had a hunch of where Santa was taking Gwen.

They should be heading for the Carona Airport which was almost done with its final checks.

Sigh...

Penelope and Oliver sighed at the same time before smiling wryly.

"What about it? Are you up for another outing?"

Oliver shrugged. "Royal aunt, I don't mind. Anyway, it's great to get my sister back. As for my uncle, I feel I must ensure he doesn't disturb or destroy anything there. After all, we don't want what happened last time to repeat itself."

Oliver sounded very mature.

At 3 and a half years old, he already showed signs of being responsible.

He might be a good helper to her son when he grows up.

Don't look down on 3-year-olds.

As a general rule of thumb, just know that children in this era matured top fast compared to the future era.

At this age, some could already cook and boil water for their sick mothers, crippled family members and siblings, especially if they were the only ones who could do these tasks right now.

Some were the only children of their parents.

If something happens to their parents, who do you think will take care of the parents?

From the moment children could walk and talk, they began learning how to manage their homes and take care of their loved ones.

Such was life.

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Oliver and Gwen were the twin children born to Penelope's second brother.

Hey.

They have indeed come a long since the days when her brothers plotted against her.

After throwing them in Baymard, they not only sat up but changed completely.

Now, each of them has returned to Carona and is helping her govern the place.

Her 2nd brother married a while back and gave birth to her cute nephew and niece.

If it were before, twins would have been seen as an ominous sign.

But thanks to Baymard's medical modernization, everyone understood it was a natural phenomenon.

Penelope and Santa loved this pair of twins very much.

One could say the twins also felt they were their second parents.

In the case of their studies, Penelope has always been a fair person, giving them both the chance to take up a position beside her son.

Penelope expected Gwen to be somewhat motivated. But who knew it would give an opposite reaction? Gwen looked like she had been given the death sentence.

Don't think you can fool her because she's a child.

She has seen how much work her aunt does constantly, from staying in the office and signing documents to going there, doing this, doing that, and so on.

Standing in office close to the future heir in her aunt's belly also meant she needed to study harder than anyone else.

She needed to learn the art of war in more detail than others.

Don't look at the throne and think that all that glitter is gold.

Her aunt worked too hard around the clock.

Just thinking that her future might be to follow the heir till she dies in old age was enough to scare her skeleton out of her body.

Penelope didn't even finish her sentence before Gwen raised her hand to opt-out from being a candidate.

What a joke!

She liked to be free like her uncle.

Okay. Okay.

It's true that her uncle also had his duties as aunt's husband. But they were nowhere near what her aunt did.

As royalty, she knew she would have to shoulder some responsibility. So rather than choosing a route that gives her more duties, why not choose the latter?

To be honest, her dream was to live like her other aunt, Queen Lucy.

She has stayed with her aunt for 4 months once, going to several jobs and meetings with her aunt.

Sure, some were boring. But the ones like the fashion hosting events, hospital visits, charity red carpet events and humanitarian events were very intriguing.

Lucy's work, just like her uncle's, was a good balance between 'serious' tasks and 'fun' ones.

As for Oliver, apart from his father and aunt, he also looked up to his Uncle Landon, Uncle William and the other rulers too.

But it would be a lie if he said he knew which one was his favorite.

Spending time with Sirius, Landon, Williams and even Astar taught him different values.

They each had something important to give.

Again, he was most looking forward to attending classes in Baymard when he turned 7.

Once in Baymard, he will not only go to school but also take up sword training 4 times a week in the palace.

That's right.

He will be staying in the palace while studying.

Like so, the duo stepped into their carriage, once again heading out of the palace.

Many stared at Penelope's cold face and lit candles in their hearts for Santa.

Sigh...

Some people never learn.

.

--Carona's International Airport--

.

It was rare for the sun to come out on such a day.

Holding Gwen with one hand, Santa placed another on his hips and stared at the massive estate with an unstoppable smile.

"Little girl, uncle will tell you right now that the estate looks nothing like it does now."

Gwen's eyes shone brightly. "Really?"

"Of course, it's true. When did your uncle Benjamin ever lie to you?"

"Many times, uncle. There was the time you promised me Strawberry candy but tricked me into eating ginger. Don't think I will forgive for that yet."

Santa wanted to cry wondering why this little girl's memory was so good.

Are you sure she's not the true genius here? "Little girl, little girl. Uncle has already apologized for that. So why do you keep bringing it up?"

"But aren't you the one who asked me when upriver ever lied to me?" Gwen had an innocent look as though she didn't mean any of it.

Penelope might believe her, but Sanat who spent most of his time with the little brat knew about her cleverness.

"Okay. Okay. You win. I'll give you one wish token. You can ask me for anything and I'll deliver. So what do you want?"

"Hehehehehehehe~... uncle, you know I'm just a little child. So what can I need now? In another 15 years, I'll hold us accountable for this promise."

" "

Santa felt the girl had dug a hole for him but had no evidence.

Again, he asked...

Are you sure this girl is not purposefully hiding her cleverness?

How badly did she wish not to take up an official government role by his son's side for her to fool everyone?

The girl knew what she was doing.

It seems she was very interested in the Entertainment business.

However, being an entertainer doesn't mean she can also fulfill her royal duties.

Knowing the little girl, she will probably do both exceptionally well. It's just that she didn't want many royal duties.

.

Wow!

Gwen was pleased by the many runway roads and sights shown. Only she knew what she was thinking when asking to tour the place.

'Will I be able to fly the air balloon soon?'

She really wanted to learn, but cursed at how slow bodily growth. She didn't want to admit it but she was jealous of adults who could go wherever they wanted. As a royal child, her movements were limited.

Alright.

The group toured around merrily and were about to head back when suddenly, Santa felt something cold strike his back.

Bam!

He and the little girl were now unconscious.

Chapter 1677 Rivals Meet

Three hours had gone by and Penelope's face was turning morbid by the second.

"Heheheheheheheh~

Her laugh was evil and her expression was akin to a person who was about to slaughter the world.

"Your majesty, you must please calm down! You are carrying a dragon in your womb. Please, for the future young master's sake, you must not fall prey to your emotions."

Several people sang advice, afraid Penelope would have a miscarriage.

The doctor has said no one must get the queen angered in this crucial stage of her pregnancy.

Penelope had also wanted to join the search for Santa and Gwen, but how could they allow her with such a big tummy?

Oliver clenched his fists, feeling very helpless too.

It was also his sister and his uncle that was taken.

If something happened to them, he didn't know what he would do.

Oliver swore an oath to the heavens that should he get them back, he would do more than help Penelope ground them.

Should they return, don't even think of ever escaping the palace or their homes without permission again!

He will be ten times stricter and 20 times more annoying if it will get them to sit in one place.

"Aunt, can I see the note?"

Penelope didn't respond, only giving him the note with trembling hands.

[Queen Penelope, you may not know me, but I know you... my future wife.

If you wish to see that fool and girl again, you will come to xxx place at xxx for my terms and conditions.]

Oliver felt strange reading the note.

Who is so bold as to call his aunt their future wife?

Who is it that is trying to prune his uncle's corner?

Oliver didn't think anyone in Carona had such balls to do it.

So could it be the work of foreigners?

(?~?)

.

Hiss!~

Santa felt his consciousness return to him, as a deep throbbing pain ticked in his head like a clock.

His face was heavy and his eyes blurry.

"What happened? The last thing I remember was... LITTLE GIRL!!!"

Santa forced his eyes open with all his might, wanting to find his little niece.

Where was she? And where was he?

Santa stared at the dimly lit space with a million questions circulating in his mind.

The dungeon had damp walls and a chilling aura.

Chains hung from the ceiling, swaying with an eerie creak.

Perhaps the most conspicuous thing was the sound of dripping water echoing through the confined space.

'Am I near a large water source?'

Though it's raining now, castles and sturdy stone structures like these weren't built to drip or have ways for leakage to pass through, unless the water was forced in through the force/pressure of a massive water body.

Do you know how thick the walls and ceilings were?

It's not like modern structures that would skim out here and there.

Some stone walls were over 1 meter thick and some 2.

It would be like letting water flow through the eye of a needle.

It's possible but the water force must be great for it to drip continuously.

Wanting to get more clues about his current location, Sanat continued his observation.

The outside air smelled of Tahmil bushes, and the sounds of the birds he heard signified he was still within the Capital city.

This is good.

Santa squinted his eyes dangerously. Even Penelope has never seen him get so serious.

He blamed himself for his negligence, thinking the capital was his turf and he and his naivety would be fine.

Santa swore that if so much as a single scratch touched his niece, the son of a b**ch in charge would feel more than just his wrath.

Looking at his chains, Santa chuckled.

Except for Penelope, many don't know that after he married Penelope, he noticed a strange increase in his strength.

It wasn't so great as those Baymardians, but he could indeed pack up a heavy punch.

Unbeknownst to Santa, Landon had indeed blessed him with a teeny weenie bit of strength seeing as he was indeed too weak.

Landon also did this so he could protect Penelope and babysit if the need arises.

Hey...

It was like killing 2 birds with 1 stone.

Santa was the only non-Baymardian he blessed with strength, and Landon didn't regret it for a second.

The other chosen sons and daughters of heaven had their own blessings that came with them, like Astar who was born with super strength, Penelope who had super reflexes in battle, and all the rest.

Look at each chosen person

Either they were one of the 'Keys' or possessed unique abilities.

Tilda was a chosen person and she had the power of a seeker, who could locate all the keys needed to unlock the Holy Core.

As a seeker, she also could tap into everyone else's power too.

Indeed, she was a dangerous little girl.

Luckily, after another 3 or 4 generations, her bloodline will no longer carry these powers.

.

Santa quickly scanned the space, keeping his eyes and ears open.

--silence--

No prison guards standing close by.

Santa concluded, as he hastily twirled the thick chains around his wrists. Read

~Shrrrreeeee!

The chains cried in pain the more they were strained.

Landon only gave him a little bit of extraordinary strength.

So unlike the blessed Baymardians who could snap the chains apart in under 2 minutes, Santa figured he would need 10~15 minutes to completely break free.

The chains were as thick as his ankles.

'Come on!'

Santa inwardly yelled, as he gritted his teeth and forced his trembling mouth to stay silent.

Not a word must go out until he destroys the chain's strength by 90%.

His lips were pressed together, his face as red as a tomato, and the little fat on his cheek was still jiggling uncontrollably.

'Niece, hold on a bit longer.'

Never give up.

Santa chanted his mantra in his heart.

Never give up!

The chain was now 60% loose.

Never give up!

70%

Never give up!

83%

NEVER GIVE UP!

91%

Santa could tell that just a bit more and he will completely break free.

But just then, a set of heavy footsteps could be heard coming from afar.

Is it them?

Hastily taking the position of a helpless prisoner, Santa closed his eyes in wait.

.

~Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

Though even, the footsteps told of several men with several weights.

One could tell a lot about a person from the way they walk.

At the front of the group was a man in a bronze mask.

With a slight nod, the man gestured to one of his men who quickly opened the prison door.

The bronze-masked man smirked dangerously after seeing his prisoner's state.

His dear victim was disheveled and passed out, sitting huddled in a corner with his hands bound and his face pale as paper.

"Wake him up."

"Yes, Master."

Splash!

Salted water was poured on Santa, penetrating and stinging his wounds like a viper.

The masked man was a ruthless and calculating leader, dressed in black from head to toe.

Every part of him spelled dangerous to any who saw him.

Heh.

The masked man's eyes gleamed with an unsettling mix of determination and malevolence as he approached his trembling victim with a twisted smile.

Read How can he not be happy?

Seeing Santa's confused and fearful look only fueled his arrogance even more.

"Ahhh!"

Santa released a heavy grunt feeling the bastard pulling on his hair.

"Weakling!"

Bam!

Santa's head mercilessly smashed into the wall behind him.

"You know... the first time I saw your portrait 5 and a half years ago, I didn't like it."

Bam!

Santa was smashed again but did not care about the pain.

5 and a half years ago? Who was so hell-bent on scheming his demise for long?

How did he offend this person?

The masked man stared at him in disgust.

"When I first saw your portrait, I thought... How can a swine want to taste heavenly meat? You are clearly below her class. Yet, you managed to wiggle your way to her bed like the fat worm that you are."

So that's it. Santa thought.

In the end, it was about his woman, right?

Alas...

Who asked to marry such an enticing woman?

Over the years, people have come to him for her hand.

And though he was no longer fat, they still saw him in his former light.

Santa was now a burly man and not a chubby Santa Claus person. Yet, the most popular portraits circulating about him were those from his past.

Bam!

The masked man delivered a fierce blow to his cheek.

Suddenly, the air grew 10 times colder than it was before.

The masked man finally took off his mask, and both men stared at each other in deep silence.

"Listen up, and listen well... From today, you will no longer be her husband. If you want your niece to live, you must willingly step down... She is mine!"

Chapter 1678 Where Is She?

Trash!

Daniel Lockhart stared at Santa with burning eyes, wondering how in heaven's name such a weak, useless, ugly bastard climbed on Penelope's bed.

What's more, his family background was also too weak.

He didn't come from the upper-class noble society, but the middle class.

In fact, he was barely pushing the middle-class ranks.

From the reports, his family bounced between the middle class and lower class before he ever got together with Penelope.

So how did it happen?

Could it be Penelope, his future wife was blind?

No matter how Daniel saw it, that must be the only logical conclusion.

You have to know that though he hated his half-brother, Skye Lockhart, he had to admit that the bastard was still good-looking.

Yet, Penelope not only turned him down but also battered him up and locked him in some prison.

Daniel knew where Skye was, and didn't care about rescuing him.

Don't think he didn't know how much Skye had done to kill him when they were still in Dafaren, Veinita.

As brothers with different mothers, they were bound to be at each other's necks, especially since he was the current Prince of Dafaren.

Daniel felt he had given the old man enough time to warm the throne.

1 year...

One year was all he was Giving his father, Alexander Lockhart, to get his old ass off the throne.

Daniel was already pushing 25.

He had 2 wives and 1 son who was 2 years old. As for his daughters, they were not in his scope of consideration.

In the future, he would sell them off in political marriages or sacrifice them for his greater good.

That was the only use Royal females had in his opinion.

Do you know how long he has been planning to take Penelope as his? He was 19 and a half at the time when he first saw her portrait.

He should've gone to her since but wanted to see how she would respond to his half-brother.

As for love, he had no considerations or that. What he wanted was her body, her loyalty and her power.

Who says he can't rule 2 empires?

He planned to rule Dafaren as well as Carona.

Although the T.O.E.P behind him didn't know of his ultimate plans, if he succeeds in the end they will have to choose but to agree to fate.

After all, the rules stated that no members should kill other members.

So after he governs, they will have no choice but to watch.

The only way they can truly retaliate is by getting more people to kill him during the 'open killing period.'

Once dead, they will vote and choose one of their own to rule Carona.

As for Dafaren, they might allow his children to take over the throne if he initiated them into the organization.

All in all, Daniel had his plans concerning Penelope. But as for Santa, heh... that was another issue on its own.

.

The air was tense and the cold winds were sharp.

Both men stared at each other, as though there were no other people in the space.

Daniel was a little shocked to see that Santa had a little spark in him but didn't take it seriously.

"Like I said... After today, you will step down and declare yourself unworthy of my woman or your niece will pay the price."

Cough, cough~

With a pained and tired look, Santa coughed and spewed a mouthful of blood on his lap.

"You... You make it seem so easy. How am I supposed to do it and make it believable?"

Daniel raised his brows calmly. "I take it you've already accepted my terms?"

Santa nodded heavily. "Yes... yes... so long as you don't hurt my niece."

A sly smile appeared on Daniel's face.

It was going to be easier than he thought. Sure enough, the worthless bastard was as useless as he seemed.

What sort of man gives up without a fight?

He expected to get resistance from Santa, so he could torture the bastard in places people couldn't see.

With the tools and buckets the few guards brought with them, Daniel hoped to use at least one on Santa.

Sadly, the bastard was too weak-livered to put up a fight.

.

Daniel slowly crouched down before Santa, slapping his chin playfully.

"Now, now Benjamin. If you can deceive my wife into letting her marry you, then I believe you're a bloody good actor. Remember, you're the one trying to save your niece, not me. So why should I help you in that aspect?"

"Fine," Santa replied hoarsely. "I said I'll do it. But before that, I need to see my niece! How am I sure she's still alive?"

Baynard hostage lessons 101. I think you should take a look at

Before agreeing to any evil scheme, one must endure the hostage is still alive or else everything they do would be for naught.

Recalling the harsh days he spent in Baynard's barracks years back, Santa couldn't help being thankful.

Had it been the old him, he might have rushed to do things without thinking much.

Looking at Daniel squarely, he revealed a hint of determination amidst his 'fear.'

Daniel slowly rose to his feet, taken aback by Santa's words.

It was the first time someone he was interrogating was asking for proof that their loved ones were still alive.

When people get their loved ones kidnapped, the hostage could be placed in hidden mansions 3 or 4 months away by horseback.

Some are even in other empires.

So don't you think it's ridiculous to ask for proof? What? Do you want them to bring those people all the way over before you confirm it?

Sorry. That's not how hostage situations work in medieval times.

You just have to believe they are alive. Only the future can prove whether they are truly dead or not.

You want to say they should bring a lock of her hair. That's stupid because they can find anyone with the same hair to deceive you with.

You want to say they should give her clothes to you so you can be sure she is alive.

Again, that's stupid.

They could have killed her in her birthday suite after stripping her.

Really and truly there was no way to prove anyone was alive other than seeing them eyeball to eyeball.

So if Gwen was already several days ahead in travel to a hidden location, where they would quickly send word for her escorted to turn around just to please him?

Sorry. Things didn't work this way.

.

Santa's words stumped not only Daniel but everyone else.

Are they sure they didn't hit him too hard in the head earlier? Or else why would he ask for such a bizarre request?

Daniel looked to one of the guards and nodded deeply.

"Ugly bastard. You're lucky we haven't shipped off the little rat." One of the guards said hastily, as they left the cell.

It's true.

They Were supposed to send the girl off immediately but because she purposefully injured herself, they first had to give her medical help to keep her alive for the long journey.

You have to know that the girl was their bargaining chip.

So how can they let her stay here for long?

No way!

They planned to ship her out of Carona, sending her to Dafaren to be a disguised, orphan servant girl. If she proved stubborn, he had more than one way to make her yield.

Hehehehe~

So what if she was a 3-year-old child?

He had some of his subordinates who liked the taste of really young flesh. She was going to fit tightly just as they wanted... If you know what he means.

As they say, the younger they say, the sweeter the taste.

Knowing how much Penelope, Santa and the other royals valued the girl, they will have to tread carefully for fear that he will injure her wherever she is.

They also have to say that the little runt is also very clever.

Knowing that she will be shipped away, she fiercely grabbed a dagger when they didn't expect it, stabbing herself in the belly without fear.

And then... thump!

She has had a high fever since then.

Luckily they had their own healer with them who worked fast in taking care of the brat.

It's been 2 days since the incident.

The brat's life seems to be too blessed, as she didn't stab any vital parts.

How dare they allow their bargaining chip to die?

Of course, if she did die they will still continue lying to Penelope's group. But the thing is, such lies don't last for long.

On a day they least expect it, perhaps the truth will be revealed, and they in Carona will be surrounded and killed in a blink of an eye.

Don't forget no matter how strong they are, they can't compete with Carona as a whole.

At least not until Daniel takes the throne.

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Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Santa listened to the ticking sounds from Daniel's watch feeling every second weighing heavy in his heart. And soon, the guard returned as planned.

Only this time, he was dragging an extra person along.

"Niece!"

Santa's face grew pale seeing the weak figure appear.

"Bastards! What did you do to her?"

Chapter 1679 Last Chance!

A bunch of monsters!

Santa's eyes turned red, seeing the battered-up Gwen.

Her eyes were purple and swollen like walnuts, with one side visibly bigger than the other.

Her cheek had visible slap marks on them and the clothes she donned were now old peasant attires rather than her royal one.

The clothes were bigger than her, sagging on one side of her shoulder.

Her hair was a mess and her lips were cracked beyond belief.

Santa's body trembled vigorously, thinking of all the things she might've undergone.

Fear paralyzed his legs, as his heart lurched uncontrollably, too scared of his imagination.

Santa couldn't imagine what would've happened if his niece was no longer here.

If they shipped her to a faraway location, the damage done to her would've been irreversible.

Seeing her facing smile, Santa knew she stalked the matter.

Between uncle and nephew, they had their secret way of communicating with each other.

Twisting his fingers, Santa gave her a signal.

Gwen inwardly nodded, knowing she too had to play her part well.

It's been days and her aunt's people haven't found them yet.

It meant the enemy was sneakier than they thought.

If they don't find a way out soonest, escaping would only grow harder in the future.

"Uncle..."

Gwen's hoarse and teary voice blew, showing everyone how scared she was.

The less confidence she showed, the more the men subconsciously lowered their guard against her.

It seems that after seeing her uncle, she too gets emotional, with all her smartness jumping out the window.

At least that is what it seems to the guards who had seen her stab herself just to stay longer.

.

Daniel smirked.

~Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.

"What a happy reunion. As you can see, she's still alive (for now.) So... I take it you now know what to do, yes?"

Santa nodded heavily. It looked like it took all his strength for him to open his mouth again.

"I... I... I will step down."

"Good. I like a smart man. But why do I feel you have another request in that filthy mouth of yours?"

Daniel wasn't wrong. Santa had another 'but' coming up.

The typical Daniel wouldn't even Entertain Santa so much.

Perhaps it was because he was curious to see what Penelope sees in Santa had he agreed to the bastard's requests.

Sadly till now he still didn't see what made Santa special in her eyes.

Daniel frowned. "What is it this time?"

"I..." Santa's eyes grew red as though he was about to cry. "I... I just want to touch my niece."

That's it?

Daniel almost rolled his eyes heavenwards, once again cursing at how weak Santa was.

Don't you know that even if the enemy holds you for interrogation and brings your loved ones before you, you are not supposed to make them know how much you care for your loved ones?

A smart person would pretend as though Gwen meant nothing to him but Santa was doing the opposite.

It's a wonder how he managed to keep his position by Penelope for so long.

Nodding, Daniel allowed his request to be fulfilled again but this was the last time.

It was getting too exhausting talking to the fool.

Daniel felt that the more he spoke to Santa the more his intelligence lowered.

"Niece!"

"Uncle!"

Woooooooooooo~The duo cried loudly, as though mourning a loved one.

Even the guards and Daniel were ashamed on Santa's behalf for seeing such a big man cry like a little girl so much.

"Uncle!"

"Niece!"

"Uncle!"

"Niece!"

"Uncle!"

"Niece!"

"Uncle!"

"Niece!"

The duo hugged and touched foreheads, getting stickier as they called each other's names.

Santa ran his trembling hands across Gwen's hair, and Gwen in turn tried to wipe the blood from his face and eyes with a pitiful look.

[Everyone]: (-_-)

Have some dignity! Many inwardly cursed Santa in disgust.

However, what happened next not only shocked them silly but made Daniel open his mouth wide, not wanting to believe his eyes.

The duo who were calling each other lovingly, now broke free unscathed.

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"Niece!"

"Uncle!"

"Niece."

"Uncle."

Brack!~I think you should take a look at

"He's free!"

"He has broken free! Quickly, stop him!"

Santa's eyes grew cold, looking nothing like before.

"Gwen, get behind me now. You know the drill."

She did. In no time, she climbed on his back like an octopus, holding into his clothes with all her might.

Her hands quaked and her body trembled, but she knew she must not fall until her uncle cleared them all.

Santa still had his heavy iron cuffs around his wrists, with each cuff attached to a long thick chain.

The guards did not dare waste time, all plunging his way to take him out.

"You bastard! Go to hell!"

Pah!

The guards were sent flying by the heavy chains that landed on their cheeks.

F***! What was going on here?

How can those heavy chains move so fast?

According to their calculations, the chains should've been moving slower, which was why they didn't put too much effort into dodging the attack.

Why, what, when, he... who am I? Where am I?

One of the guards hissed in pain, slowly rising from his knees and touching his jaw in disbelief.

His face now has a deep massive open wound that revealed his skeletal teeth and insides to the outside world.

Just how powerful was this son of a b**ch's attack for it to leave such damage?

Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!

Santa aimed for the necks, killing them cleanly.

The sheer force from the chains coupled with their weights tore off chunks from people's necks, as though some huge monster had taken a nibble from them.

And the best part was that Santa did this all in 4 seconds.

Was this their end? Was this how they died?

Many people held their throats, struggling her air in pain and fury.

As T.O.E.P moments, they were far above the level of these Pyno people. So what was happening here?

Indeed, Veinitta members were still nowhere stronger than Morg members. But compared to the worthless Pyno, please!

They could be Gods of fighting here.

So why was reality not matching their beliefs?

Unwilling and in despair, many clawed at their throats wanting to force the air down in, even if it was to fight just for a little while longer and prove their worth.

Despicable!

They blamed Santa for attaching them unprepared like a coward. If given another chance, they swore they would defeat him easily!

Everyone cursed at Santa with the last ounce of their strength, dying with open eyes of fury.

Just 4 seconds had gone by and Daniel also couldn't believe it.

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"You lowly frauding son of a bastard whore! You were pretending the entire time?"

Santa shrugged. "Shouldn't I have done that? If I didn't, how could you have brought my niece to me so easily?"

"You-you-you-you---"

They were all fooled!

No. Maybe the entire world was fooled by his act, thinking he was some weak punk they could pick on at every turn.

Even at this, Daniel still didn't think he would lose. But he, on the other hand, had a higher level than them.

~Crack. Crack!

Daniel twisted his legs, letting a loud crackling noise fill the space.

When he stomped on the ground again, Gwen could swear she heard more than just his joints cracking.

Yes! On the stone floors, there were small visible lines that though not deep could still make anyone sweat with fear.

Imagine if his legs landed on you.

Won't your ribs be cracked and your bones get broken?

If Gwen and Santa had never seen Landon cracking stones and buildings with his feet before, maybe she would've been impressed.

Compared to their uncle/brother's force, this guy was like a mosquito busting in the wind.

Still, they had to admit that his technique was also commendable.

Seeing them freeze, Daniel smirked confidently. "What? Scared now? Well, it's too late!"

As Daniel spoke, Santa slowly curled a few loops of the chains around his wrist.

Everyone moved slowly, circling the space with vigilance.

With unhinged ferocious gazes, everyone locked contact, no one daring to take their eyes off each other for even a second.

Gwen felt her breathing grow heavier and more difficult as she felt the choking atmosphere stiffening.

In these few moments of silence, her mind couldn't help being worried for her uncle.

What's going to happen? Will he be alright?

From what she saw, although her uncle was physically stronger, the bastard on the opposite side was also far more experienced and had more cards up his sleeves too.

So how will this end?

Gwen felt dizzy from overthinking things. All she could do now was pray for her aunt and people will find them soon.

As for the men, they seemed to be in a world of their own.

After circling for what seemed like an eternity to Gwen, both men suddenly stopped, each man looking extremely calm.

Daniel sneered.

"I gave you a chance and refused to take it so don't blame me for being rude."

"Likewise," Santa replied.

And soon, both parties kicked their feet and the world became silent.

Boom!

Chapter 1680 Go To Sleep

"I'll show you what happens when you try to act smart."

~Swish!

Santa quickly dodged Daniel's powerful and wild swinging kick to his chest, but that wasn't the only attack Daniel had prepared for him.

Ahhhh!

Santa was pushed back, crushing Gwen behind him.

Daniel was equally fast and was a brutal close combat fighter.

Looking at the chains dangling from his hands, Santa knew he was never going to win this battle unless he completely cut them off.

Luckily, he had also seen pulling them earlier in preparation for when he had to run away.

After all, dangling chains would only make louder noises and be hard to carry and handle if they had to flee.

"Niece, hold on a bit longer. I'll finish this quickly."

Daniel smirked sisterly. "You? Finish this quicker? I don't think so!"

Pah! Pah! Boom! Pah! Bam! Bam!

Daniel did not give Santa any time to breathe.

On and on he went like a killing machine, rushing to slaughter Santa at every opportunity he found.

Good Heavens!

Santa was almost at the end of his ropes, trying to dodge his opponent all at once.

His focus was still on tipping off the dangling chains from his hands. So how could he have the time to make attack moves of his own?

'Almost there.' Santa said inwardly, ensuring that Gwen was safe behind his back.

It was hard for the little girl to hold on, but she didn't have much of a choice.

Should she get down, the bastard might find a way to get a hold of her again and that's something Santa would never allow to happen.

Suddenly, Santa's eyes lit up as he knew he was successful.

Alright.

Time to get serious.

He side-stepped forward planning to use Baymard's most 'deceiving' hand-to-hand combat techniques called the Tactical Y.

Come on!

The technique was so good that even seasoned veterans who were well-versed in the technique still fell for its pitfalls.

First, he imagined the letter Y itself, imagining he was starting off at the bottom end of the Y, while Daniel stood between both branches of Y.

At this point, they were both equal.

But when Santa dashed forward, he began playing a scheming and deceiving game and cat and mouse between each Y tail.

The trick was to get Daniel to shift his equilibrium to the opposite side before delivering a cool sneak attack when he least expected it.

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What?

Daniel was shocked to see the chains drop to the ground when Santa was barely a few inches from punching him.

Still, he quickly recovered from his daze, leaning to his right in an attempt to block the attack. But who would have known the true attack was coming from that end instead?

Pouf~

Daniel spat a mouthful of blood, not wanting to believe the bastard had struck him.

His eyes bulged animatedly as though trying to say: Cheater! Cheater!

What sort of scheming attack was that?

If you want to fight, fight like a man and come straight on!

Bluffing and scheming attacks were the works of cowards!

(*Q*)

Daniel was so furious because Santa struck him when he was the least stable, causing him to almost tumble and fall.

And the worst part of it all was that since he lost his stability, Santa refused to let him gain it back as he continued attacking and plunging him into greater instability.

Dammit

Cold sweat soon began to form on Daniel's forehead, as he wondered if he would fall into the hands of this cheat who couldn't even win him in a proper battle.

Daniel was so aggrieved that he wished he could find Santa's ancestral grave and torch the corpses of his ancestors to death!

How can they give birth to such an unworthy descendant?

And what was up with his attacks?

Santa gave him the old Eyeball pinch, poking his eyeballs with his fingers when Daniel least expected it.

Mind you, Santa's fingers have been rolling in the dirt for so long that the moment they touched Daniel's eyeballs, he began feeling teary.

Who can tell him why he met such a weirdo here? Who taught him such spineless attacks?

Daniel felt the person should be torched and his ashes thrown into an active volcano to be burnt again

[Landon]:...

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Dammit!! think you should take a look at Read

His eyes! His eyes!

They swelled up in a matter of seconds after a few runs, though Daniel still tried to keep his composure, wanting to rely on sound to defeat his opponent.

However, Santa seems to have read his thoughts, sending bluffs here and there while attacking him in cowardly places.

Looking at his boot, Santa smirked playfully.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!~

This was the first cry Daniel had let out.

Looking upward to the heavens, an image of 2 cracked eggs appeared in his mind when feeling the pain engulf him below.

"Bastard! Motherf**ker! You son of a b**ch!"

Daniel cursed in all languages he spoke, as he felt his manhood escape him.

No need to ask, from the loud gush of blood flowing, he knew his balls were gone.

No.

The sac had been torn and his balls were now out of his body.

What sort of boots could remove a dagger from them?

Daniel had never heard of such a shoe.

But little did he know that during a UN meeting, Astar was the one who thought of the idea of wanting a retractable dagger in his shoes.

But they didn't want everyone to have it since it might be stolen by enemy forces.

So only the leaders and those in top positions had a batch of custom-made shoes they kept in their safes and most secure locations.

Surprisingly, the system allowed it since the idea wasn't thought of by Landon.

And thus, all royals and the most trusted nobles now had these shoes for extra protection.

Hehehehehehe~

With a triple click of his boots, Santa sent the blade into Daniel's bottoms, wanting to see how he would think of his Penelope anymore knowing his twin eggs were gone.

Looking at the wailing Daniel, Santa quickly threw a pebble into his mouth causing him to choke.

Good.

No more wailing.

.

Santa was afraid of draining more attention than they already did.

Perhaps the guards from afar might think he was the one getting tortured. But after a while, if no one leaves the scene, they will become suspicious, thinking something might have gone wrong.

Tearing a piece of fabric from the clothes of the dead around them, Santa hastily wrapped it in a ball and forced it into the mouth of the choking Daniel.

What's going on here? Why was he who had the upper hand lose in the end?

Daniel's chest grew tight with unwillingness, as his chest rose and fell vigorously.

The choking, the swelling of his eyes, the loss of his balls, the stab to his inner thighs... every attack Santa launched was not only meticulously but also very savage and cowardly too.

Don't blame Daniel for losing.

In all his years, Daniel had never known people could fight dirty like this.

Everyone knows a man's bottom part was off-limits. It was a standard code that people knew from birth.

In any battle, he could expect to have his head torn, his limbs severed and even his eyes plucked out. But no one will bloody hell take his balls away from him!

As a T.O.E.P member, he felt the shame greater, already imagining how people in the organization would laugh at him when they found out his balls were gone and his tentacles injured too.

Hey...

They might come up with nicknames like Ballzy or Ball-less Crown Prince.

Read Even a little thing like this could make his faction dissatisfied, looking at him in disgust that he couldn't even take care of a person from Pyno.

He will also stop getting important missions and will have fewer chances of ranking up too.

Hell! They might also degrade him, feeling he was unworthy of his current seat.

A downgrade was terrible since it also meant most of his men would have to be taken away from him and given to others who truly deserved them.

Yes.

Even if he brought the men in, once they entered the T.O.E.P not as leaders but as 'workers'... meant they could be transferred and dispatched at will if their current leader didn't step up.

Do you know how important reputation is for people like him?

At that time, even people under him might be willing to opt and leave on their own, not wanting to have him as their leader anymore.

After all, it also affects their reputation as workers too, having to work under such an incompetent boss.

All in all, it would be bad for Daniel.

Daniel only blamed himself for underestimating Santa's shamelessness.

Just thinking about it made him momentarily forget about his pain, wanting things to end like this.

He tried spitting out the blood in his mouth while struggling to stand with all his might despite his weak legs.

But how could Santa let him have his way?

Santa plunged Daniel's own dagger into his chest with a cold glint in his eyes.

"Go to sleep."

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1681 Pack Up!

Chapter 1681 Pack Up!

Striking Daniel hard, Santa turned to his niece.

"We don't have much time left. This is what we're going to do... "

Gwen listened attentively, watching Santa strip one of the burly guards and exchange his attire with his.

Well, the man was already dead, so skinning his face wouldn't be painful.

He was the same guard who brought Gwen in earlier.

Though Santa didn't know much about him, the ever-sharp Gwen had been keen on listening to the man's arrogant words when hurling her over.

Additionally, she knew what the other guards called him.

Everyone still called him 'fat,' but he had long lost his chubby waistline and was now a burly man who was bigger than most.

It's just that their prejudice won't let them see past his past looks.

After skinning the man's face, he hastily but carefully scraped the excess blood and blotted it clean using the clothes of another.

Observational skills were a must in this line of duty. With a few steps, he managed to imitate how the dead man walked.

Looking at Santa who was completely transformed, Gwen would have sworn it was the enemy who came back from the dead if she didn't know any better.

Gwen rushed to the prison bars, leaning close to listen to any peculiar noises.

"Uncle, hurry up! I have a bad feeling that if we don't leave now, someone will come over."

"I know," Santa replied, rushing to hide the card bodies.

First, he wrapped the broken chains on the dead body that resembled him the most and strategically hid the other bodies behind the huge man.

Of course, Daniel was also thrown in the back too.

The man at the front in chains was the same person whose face was skinned.

If any guards arrive after they're gone, it might still take them time to realize the one on chains is their comrade since he and Santa had the same build. What's more, he was wearing Santa's clothes and was faceless.

Alright.

All done.

Gripping Gwen's hands, Santa calmly stepped out of the cell, locking it before dragging Gwen along.

"Move your feet, you wench!"

"Let go of me! Let go of me! My aunt will definitely come to save me!"

Up ahead, a few guards guarding the entranceway threw their heads back and smirked arrogantly after hearing Gwen's threats.

Pooh!

Who is coming to save her?

Cah-Pui!~

One of the men spat in a manly fashion, enjoying the show Gwen was putting up.

Seeing the duo bypass them and go further and further away, the guards finally spoke amongst themselves.

"Heh. The little brat can dream. Who are we? Veinita T.O.E.P members! How can anyone in this dump, tall less of a woman compare with us?"

"Exactly! Here, we are Gods! I don't even know why the leader is so cautious with these people. To me, they're all tall and no work!"

"I think so too. If it was us, we would've long since found out the location of our enemies if our leader got captured."

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"

"Hmph. I can see the little brat still has the energy to put up a fight. After she's shipped out, I'd still like to see how much energy she'll have then."

Hehehehehehehe~

All 3 men stared at each other tactfully with large grins on their faces.

"Too bad we won't be the ones breaking down her walls. I bet she'll be tight. Tight enough to have her pass out and lose strength in her legs for weeks."

Bahahahahahahahahahaha~

Everyone laughed in amusement, already feeling their blood pump from imaging the 3-year-old girl in their bed.

So what if she's young? Although 7/10 girls at that age die during such an experience, she might be lucky to fall in the 3/10 category of those who survive, no?

Besides, do you know how many women in Veinitta want a taste of their little men below and aren't so lucky to get chosen?

Heh.

The girl should feel honored she graced the beds of Veinitta members like themselves who were also hidden T.O.E.P members.

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Everyone laughed and taunted but didn't know they were the fools instead.

For in the cell far behind, several dead bodies belonging to their comrades could be found in a cell they swore to watch over.

For Santa and Gwen, there was another surprise unfolding in the cell which they didn't expect.

The fingers of one of the dead suddenly twitched.

Shuuuuh~

Daniel weakly sucked in his breath, refusing to die just yet.

Never in his life had he come so close to death.

Pain... pain... I think you should take a look at Read

The pain was indescribable, feeling as though someone had reached for his heart and grabbed it hard with their sharp pointy fingernails.

With a vigorously trembling face, Daniel struggled to create an opening and crawl out from underneath the pile of dead bodies hidden behind his huge burly subordinate.

Damn!

It was the first time Daniel noticed how big his subordinate was.

Water, he needed water.

Daniel wanted to scream, shout, and yell for help at the top of his lungs but did not have an ounce of energy in him.

His breathing was weak, his eyes heavy, and his entire demeanor extremely frail. Daniel knew that if Santa escaped, it won't be long before Penelope and her people come over to take them all.

Daniel tried to drag his body to the front of the cell, wanting to put his hands outside and wave for help.

Even if the prison cell was far away from the hallway entrance, there should be guards doing patrol shifts now and then.

Estimating the time the fight took, as well as his time spent with Santa earlier, Daniel knew it would still take another half an hour for the next patrol guards to circle the prison floors around the cell.

Half an hour!

That was a lot of time, especially after seeing how much blood he was losing.

He had deep stab wounds on his body, as well as a heavy tap-flow of blood gushing out from his severed ballsack.

Of course, the flow isn't as heavy as when it was first severed, but it didn't make the situation any better.

Read Daniel could feel his body growing weaker and weaker.

He knew that if he did nothing about it, he might truly die before the patrol guards came over.

Dammit!

Stopping himself from crawling, he hastily used his trembling hands to tear off a piece of fabric and shamefully tied his turn ballsack as tight as he could.

Well, at least he didn't feel a painful draft down there any longer.

Everyone knows that air in deep open winds was just a nightmare to the injured.

What's worse, he has been dragging himself, rubbing and irritating the open cut, as well as getting it dirty too.

If not for him having no strength to scream, he would've long done so after a few grains of dirt and pebbles brushed against his soft and irritable ballsack.

Son of a b**ch!

It stung like a thousand bees.

Daniel swore with every drop of his blood that he would definitely kill Santa when he got his hands on him next.

Now, it was personal, no longer about a woman!

Daniel's eyes turned cold despite his shaky jaws.

'Mark my words, Benjamin Hamilton. You will die by my hands. So you better stay alive and wait for me to be your executioner!'

Hmph!

After Daniel managed to stop the excess blood flow, he attempted to crawl toward the cell board again.

Sadly, he had drained all his energy halfway through his journey and now lay there staring at the ceiling, thinking of his reputation.

It's over.

His reputation in the T.O.E.P was going to be affected.

He could already see himself called Ball-less Daniel.

(:T^T:)

The thought alone was so gut-wrenching that Daniel puked blood from his mouth and soon passed out with Santa's face being the last thing he thought of.

'Damn You, Hamilton! I'll get you for this!'

...

Just like that, Santa had left a powerful and revengeful opponent alive.

However, this wasn't his concern right now.

They had to rush as fast as they could before the enemy found out their scheme.

So far, they had already left the many floors of underground dungeons.

It was thanks to this guy's face that they were able to do so.

You have to know that the person he wore was a person of high status around these parts, meaning no one could question him easily or stop him since he was above their ranks.

Rather, when they spotted him, they adjusted themselves, puffing out their chests and acting more seriously on the job.

It was because of this that Santa could casually walk to blind spots, carefully tie Gwen to his crack and wear overly large and thick medieval raincoats to leave underneath the rain.

Never in Santa's life could he imagine it would be so simple to escape these people.

Again, his burly size also made hiding Gwen easier too.

It was just that after Santa left the gates for 3 minutes, the entire hidden estate was going crazy looking for him.

It was only after another 30 minutes that someone said they saw him leave the gates.

Dammit

"Pack up! We must leave immediately! They know our location!"

Chapter 1682 Changes In Titarian

Flee! Flee! Flee!

Those were the only words ringing in the ears of the men.

It was an abomination to have lost a weakling like Santa right under their noses.

Their arrogance had led them to this moment, thinking Santa couldn't even fight.

Everyone's face was grim, realizing their information was all wrong!

Who said Santa was useless?

Who said he was a no-good troublemaker who makes every minister and even his wife want to kill him?

Lies! All a bunch of lies!

Laying weakly behind another man on horseback, Daniel vaguely woke up, feeling Santa was a scheming man who could act and pretend for a lifetime.

Perhaps even Penelope never knew his true side.

Thinking like this, Daniel felt even more hatred toward Santa.

For now, they must leave as far as they can lest the royal Caronian forces come after them.

And sure enough, they were right because once Santa contacted others, they hurriedly stormed into the hidden fortress, searching for clues to who these people could've gone.

Their accents proved they were Veitts, and from the little time Santa had with Daniel, he knew Daniel was Skye's brother, meaning he too was royalty.

It's just that they didn't know what Dafaren Prince he was.

Could he be the 2nd prince? The Crown Prince? Or any other prince?

For now, they had to keep things quiet while staying vigilant.

After all, it was no good startling the enemy.

Seeing Gwen, Penelope hugged her tightly, saying no words.

Feeling her aunt's trembling body, Gwen gently rubbed her hands behind Penelope's back.

"Aunt. It's okay. I'm alive, aren't I?"

"Yeah..."

But from today onwards, your movements will be strictly controlled. Penelope concluded inwardly.

Never did she want to go through such a thunderstorm of emotions again.

The same goes for Santa.

Don't think because she has been going easy on him that he could move as he liked.

This time, they really frightened her.

Seeing his wife's stern gaze, how could Santa not understand her plans and thoughts?

Sigh...

Santa wanted to protest but knew he had no say in this matter.

Who asked him to get kidnapped?

(:-w-:)

Like so, the matter had come to an end with both Gwen and Santa returning alive. At least now they knew there was a lurking shadow hovering around them.

Portraits were placed of Daniel with and without a mask. Now, he had become a wanted man in Carona.

But while rest filled Carona's central regions, the same couldn't be said for others in faraway lands.

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--South-East Titarian, Continent of Zohl--

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7:17 AM

Mitch stared out his window, smiling at the now-calm skies.

It's been raining cats and dogs for the past 7 days with little to no breaks in between.

Finally, the sun was out and a majority of dark clouds had resided away.

The trees were now bare, with only a few still full of leaves.

But though the rain had stopped, the winds still blew fiercely as they harshly caressed his cheeks.

Yet, Mitch still held a bright smile on his lips.

"Morning, Mitch!"

"Morning, Mitch. Off to a late start, are you?"

"Well, what can I do? Today's products are special. I'm afraid of carrying them under the rain so I can only wait for the weather to get better before heading out." Mitch replied to his neighbor through his window.

Although it says in the introductions that the product won't be damaged from rain due to its impeccable delivery package, Mitch still couldn't be sure.

As they say, better safe than sorry.

Taking one last look out his window, Mitch closed his window and gently pecked his own on her cheek.

It's funny that they were the only ones home now since their children were away in Baymard studying.

Mitch had never felt so alive than in these times.

Without the children, they lived as they did when they first got together.

It was fun, exciting and most importantly, peaceful.

Their beds were no longer made of straw, but soft cushions mattresses that could soothe anyone's aching back.

They ate cereal for breakfast, though they used the milk from their goats. I think you should take a look at Read

Yes. That's right.

They now had goats and Poultry. Can you believe they could afford to have so much livestock?

Mitch found he could suddenly do whatever he wanted.

He bought Baymardian paint brushes and pallets, learning to draw and becoming an artist too.

Another day, he decided to be an author, so he began writing a book mostly inspired by his life.

Though he didn't feel it worthy to be published, he has to admit it felt amazing having done something one would've thought impossible a few years back.

Now paper was cheap, pens and pencils were even cheaper and books were everywhere one turned.

Many nobles who used to hoard the creation of paper and price them costly, learned their lessons, and quickly dropped the prices.

Gell! Did you know that a single sheet of paper used to cost the same amount a peasant family got paid per month?

Hell!

Some merchants sold paper at the cost of a peasant's 2 months' salary.

This kept illiteracy rates and levels up in the empire, not until Baymard came with their high-quality paper that was so cheap it felt like spring water.

Food prices were also controlled, making them reasonable too.

The economy was booming with more and more people getting unbelievably amazing jobs like becoming traffic control officers, secretaries, improved food side sellers, street cleaners, and so on.

Now, jobs were springing up everywhere, and even an official Job Service building that took in job requests and posted them on the notice boards.

Hell!

The times have changed and Mitch was all for it!

The best part of it all was that slavery was abolished.

Can you believe it?

Mitch had never known that such a thing could be possible.

You have to know that even though he was a peasant, it was easy to fall into slavery, especially if he got targeted by the wrong group.

Where do slaves come from? Apart from war, they came from the rich or those kidnapping the peasants.

Everyone had to live with this fear in their hearts for the rest of their lives.

But now, slavery was finally abolished. And though many rich folks and nobles wanted to object, the current Crown Prince Gregory who just took seat not long ago after his father's death, was adamant about it.

Hooray! The people were happy, going to their knees and thanking the heavens for letting them see this day.

Mitch was one of them. His sister had once been kidnapped when they were younger. It was only 8 years ago that he realized she had been working as a slave in the house of a lower class Baron's family.

They might be lower class in high society, but they were still giants that could squeeze a peasant's life at the cost of nothing.

With slavery abolished, his sister was free and was now working as a street cleaner.

With his help, she was able to get a small cottage not too far from him.

Yes.

Things were really looking up for everyone.

(^_^)

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"You're going out already?"

"What do you mean already? Woman, do you know how late in the day it is? The early bird leaves their home at 5 AM. It's already past 8." Mitch said, pointing at his watch.

"Woman, you kept me up all night. Don't you think you should take some blame for my tardiness?"

Mitch's wife blushed with a gentle smile, pushing her husband away before he could pounce on her again. "You old man. Why do you act like you're 14 again? In case you've forgotten your already 32! A very old man!"

"I know... but can you blame me for feeling young again when you look so good?"

Sigh...

His wife gave up, slowly rushing from the bed and kidding him gently. Afterward, she adjusted his tie and led him to the kitchen.

Typically, she would have made something for him to eat already. But because she kept her out of commission all night, he was the one who woke up earlier than she.

Their house looked entirely different than it did a while back.

No matter how many times she admired the house, Mitch's wife still couldn't get enough of it.

"Hubby, these wallpapers from Baymard are truly amazing! It has brought our full house to life."

Read Mitch nodded. "Exactly! Ever since I escorted the children to Baymard, I saw the potential in it. It's why I decided to be a merchant even though we are farm folk."

Mitch couldn't believe how much wealth he had accumulated in such a short time.

After registering with the merchant association he decided to sell home supplies, wanting his store to become like the Baymardian Home Depot store.

For now, he sold paint, lightbulbs, wallpapers, tools, and other handy necessities one would need around the house.

Although his store was still small, Mitch believed in his vision.

With an apple in his mouth, he kissed his wife, hopped onto his wagon and set out immediately.

As he left, he stared at the skies, thanking his lucky stars to be born in this era.

Thank you, his majesty Gregory... thank you, his majesty Landon, wherever you are.

The changes in Titarian were evident for all to see. And soon, more days flew by in a flash.

Landon stared out at sea, with a warm smile on his face.

He was home.

Chapter 1683 Home Sweet Home

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The waves swished against the massive ship, hastily rising and falling as each wave rolled in strong and bold.

Though dangerous, it was a sensational work of art to capture.

The waves were angry, the air was filled with a salty taste, and the skies were dark and dull.

Yet, the many guests above the ship stared wide-eyed in wonder when seeing the scene before them.

"Old Lucius, are we there?" the impatient Gordon asked impatiently when seeing the sight grow larger and larger.

Everyone was restless holding the balcony rails and clenching hard with every ounce of strength in their bodies.

Over the past few days, the many features aboard the ship have truly opened their eyes to what technology was.

However, they knew this was just a mini-paradise, the tip of the Iceberg of what awaited them in Baymard.

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"Good heavens! Someone pinch me, I must be dreaming."

One of the chosen Oma teachers exclaimed.

"This... This... Just how did they do it? How can their harbor and docks be so beautiful? And how did they get it built so far out into the waters?"

"Amazing! If I didn't see it for myself, I would've never thought it possible."

Don't blame them for exclaiming.

Like tentacle claws, the docks not only stretched far toward the ocean but also occupied a vast amount of land along the shores.

Even within the visitor docking zones, there were different categories, some for merchants, some for tourists and so on.

The docks took over 80% of the shorelines within the district.

It was grand yet very organized. And as the ships closed in on the harbor, everyone's eyeballs popped out and their lips quivered slightly from the overwhelming sight.

Many who had other professions like builders and carpenters, almost felt like slapping themselves in the face to make sure it wasn't a dream.

Timothy placed his trembling hands on Landon's back, with his lips saying nothing, yet his eyes had told of his true feelings.

"Nephew, I haven't even gone in and your empire has already impressed me from afar."

Very quickly, a small Coastal boat speeded its way, shocking everyone silly.

F***!

They initially thought the speed of this military ship was already insane. But who would've known Baymard also had ships and boats that ran so fast that it seemed they never touched the water's surface?

(*0*)

Awesome!

The sounds of the boats felt like music in their ears, as they listened to the smooth engine noises that just made sense.

Vrmmm!

The boats were not headed for them but doing their regular routine patrol along Baymard's waters.

Any suspicious guests would be reported before they could say 'Nickel.'

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Very quickly, the ship docked right on schedule and many wish they could develop wings and fly out.

The ship docked in a military zone in the district meant for releasing saved passengers, guests, and whatnot.

Read "Welcome esteemed guests. Welcome to Baymard! Pleased right this way for Check-in."

Standing before them was a beautiful Baymardian Harbor guide with a classy but elegant attire.

The woman wore a dark shirt, a blue V-neck cardigan, black pants, a black blazer, and a good pair of stylish working boots to deal with the rain.

Her hair was tied in a ponytail and her name tag was highlighted with a gold background.

Lydia was the name on the tag. I think you should take a look at Read

Everyone had to admit she looked good, and her professionalism made everyone respect her more.

Hey... why is it that these Baymardians are not like others who would grovel on their feet to please them?

From the most insignificant person to the highest, it seems these Baymardians had the courage and a bold sense of pride in them.

They won't cause trouble, but they won't also stand by to get bullied.

Timothy massaged his chin, appreciating all he observed.

Hey... they were just like their Omani people.

"Please, take in any of the carts and we will arrive momentarily."

Oh?

What sort of carriage is this?

Everyone stared at it with utmost curiosity.

People in modern times might recognize the vehicles to be airport passenger carrier vehicles that could take passengers from the ground floor to the coastal port entrance when they arrive via small planes.

It was like a golf cart, though it had been elongated to a limousine version of it with multiple carts attached to one another.

Of course for VIPs or esteemed guests such as themselves, the go-karts used were more sleek and luxurious, taking in every aspect of comfort even if it's just for a short while.

"What about our bags?"

"Don't worry about them, they'll get to the palace before we do," Landon assured.

Ohhh~

Many answered back like tourists seeing some safari sights for the first time.

From time to time they would say: Ohhhh~ or Ahhh~ to the littlest thing.

Soon, it didn't take long before they found themselves standing before an enormous giant port building made of glass!

Once again, many wished to slap their former slaves for thinking glass was a rare thing.

Lying trough.

Don't you see that these Baymardians were obviously using glass-like natural spring water?

So who was it that told them that glass was scarce?

Before, he bragged about his collection of broken shard glass pieces on his drunken nights, making many envy him to death.

Thinking of the dark greenish broken shards of glass he bought for thousands and thousands of gold coins several years back, Timothy wished the floor would open up and eat him now.

So embarrassing!

(//-□-)

Timothy swore to never mention the matter again.

If someone should mention it, don't blame him for using his fists against them.

Hmph!

Who asked them to make fun of him behind his back?

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The building was indeed a beauty, with the name 'Coastal Port' at its center, as well as a recognizable Baymardian and UN flag flying around the building.

~Shoop!

The doors opened on their own and everyone gasped in silence, jumping back like cats dunked in water.

What's going on here? How can it just open on its own?

(°□°)

Chapter 1684 New Love

Gulp.~

Many swallowed hard, staring between the Baymardians and the doors again.

Passerbys saw their reactions and knew they were newbies.

Hey... weren't they just like these strangers years ago?

Many shook their heads with playful smiles, puffing out their chests and walking through the magical doors that kept opening and closing on their own.

Look! This is how you do it.

Some even walked by and waved at the group of giants too.

Well, the other aspect that gave their newbie status away was their giant figures.

Many have come to Baymard several times and have never seen people so huge. But it didn't mean they weren't knowledgeable.

If one could recall... When Landon started his UN mission years back, he initially began by creating dolls and toys modeled after people in this world like blue and dark skin Barbies.

Diversity was a must for world peace so he had long begun opening up the minds of many, not wanting them to see a certain nationality as beneath them or inferior.

Even now, he used people of other skin tones as lead characters for movies and TV shows.

Hell!

Even some anime main characters now had different skin tones from what people on earth knew.

Light Yagami in the Death Note was a blue-toned 13-year-old boy.

People are even crazier about Death Note because, in a way, it resonated with medieval times when people nowadays all claim to be gods and chosen ones to save humanity.

Do you know how many cults exist? Do you know how many people who worship particular humans as divine beings, reach to pluck their eyes out and give to their 'God' to use?

The Baymardian Death Note Anime passed a message to many, with one person even waking up from their cultish pits.

Why Should they sacrifice their children or loved ones for some Human God?

.

Anyway, thanks to Landon's influence, many didn't think too much after seeing the giants.

Rather, they were wondering if the NBA would be willing to take in the giants and if it would be unfair to the rest of the world who are shorter.

Well, they were indeed impressed with the build of these giants.

As for the giants, it was indeed their first time seeing automatic doors that open on their own from sensors.

You have to know that even though the guest Military ship had luxurious features and amenities, it wasn't like the cruise ship that had automatic doors at every turn.

No.

Because this was still a warship, everyone was required to open every bloody door for themselves manually by turning the handles or using the card keys.

What if an enemy comes aboard? At least they shouldn't make things easier for him/her.

Hiss!~

"Scared me to death." Someone murmured with their hand still on their chest.

Seeing as many passed through the magical door and survived, Timothy glared a loud humph, glared at the smiling Landon and walked through courageously.

'Damn brat! Who do you think is so scared?'

Timothy scoffed at Landon, moving through the magical door despite his nervous heart.

Gordon, Jackson and the others looked at each other tactfully, before pulling their heavy legs across too.

They were doing it! They were really doing it! I think you should take a look at Read

Time seemed to freeze in its place as their excited hearts began pounding loudly.

And when they finally stepped in, they were introduced into a whole new world.

(•◉•)

The floors were layered with gray and white Terrazzo epoxy, with distinctive lines across certain sections within the vicinity.

[Welcome to Baymard]

That was the message displayed on the moving screen.

The words dissipated every now and then, before showing departure and arrival times, as well as Delays. And from time to time, a calm but loud voice rang out across the space.

[This is the final Boarding call for the Lightning Mary, leaving for Terique. Please head to Gate C15 to board now.]

Everyone had no time to comment as they were brought to a large private waiting room with 5 VIP stations desks at the forefront.

They weren't the only VIP members here so they had to wait their turn. In the meantime, snacks, and other goodies were available for them.

Once in the room, everyone was already assigned a number. So all they had to do was wait to be called up.

Of course, top VIP service was done faster than usual... so fast that just after their butts touched their seats, it wasn't even long before they were called up again.

"Remember. This is a temporary Pass. Once in Baymard, you must get an official passport before the deadline on your pass."

"Yes!" One of Gordon's wives nodded vigorously, as she took her pass.

It's amazing that even though this was a pass they still managed to describe her features like eye color and other visible traits.

Additionally, they wrote her password code with invisible ink at the back of the pass before covering it up like an ID card.

Staring at it hard, Timothy grinned broadly.

Can he not be proud of his son for finding such capable allies?

Just the security they have in place before entering their empire was impeccable.

Timothy massaged his chin, agreeing that even he would have a hard time breathing all the security in place, especially after they passed through several strange machines that beep loudly if they passed with any metal item.

Seeing the dogs staying at everyone vigilantly Timothy almost laughed.

Why were these dogs so human? They were even more serious than the guards. But what Timothy didn't know was that these dogs were trained to sniff out chemical weapons used in this era like poisons and black powder.

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Success!

After finally passing through the rigorous check-in, they were finally led to several incredibly beautiful limousines.

Everyone almost fell to the floor in awe.

Mommy...

Read Have you ever seen something look so beautiful?

"Just look at how smooth it is. Damn! It's even smoother than a woman."

"Tsk. If I have one of these, I will definitely be able to die happy."

"F***! So this is VIP treatment? My heart can't stop beating. Please, someone, help me. I think I've fallen in love with a carriage!"

(○□○)

Gordon's son stared at Landon with twinkling eyes. "Uncle, have I ever told you that you are my hero?"

[Landon]: ...

Chapter 1685 A Marvelous Place

What a place!

Can they say they entered a wonderland of fun and adventure?

Ouuu~Look at that! And that! And that over there!

Cars, buses, trains, and strange buildings that went to the sky!

What's this? So you call this an ATM card?

Hell yeah! It made buying things too easy.

Well, it was better than carrying heavy bags of coins everywhere one went.

You have to know that the rich had servants whose purpose was to follow them carrying their money while also being protected by guards.

But with the bank card, no one worried about being jumped.

All their money was on their card.

If it should get missing, they could immediately head to the bank and get a new one.

What's more, their card could only be used with their secret pin codes.

Very quickly, everyone got their cards. Even Gordon's children had cards too.

In Baymard, those under 9 needed an adult or guardian to sign.

For students who were sent here to study and other foreigners, their respective ambassador offices would handle the matter of being their guardians.

Although 9 years of age wasn't the official adult age in this world, it was still akin to a 16 or 17-year-old having a debit card back on earth.

One didn't need to wait for the official 18/19-year-old adult mark before they could get a card back on earth.

Same here, people didn't need to wait until 14/15 adult age to get one.

It's just that below the age of 9, they would have to do so under guardians.

Between the ages 9 to 13, they can open a bank account all on their own but their cards had restrictions and less privileges and opportunities than those who were officially adults.

In this intermediary stage, they couldn't make any major investments with their cards and their spending limits were lower.

It was almost as though the bank was trying to force them to save.

The bank could also make monthly payments for them like paying a certain percentage of tuition and so on.

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Wow!

For the past 4 days since coming to Baymard, everyone couldn't get enough of it.

With the help of little Momo and the other children around their ages, Gordon's kids, as well as the children binging to the other giants, were thrilled to go go-kart racing and places like Trampoline World.

Of course, it's only been 4 days since they got here, so how can it be possible to enjoy everything Baymard has to offer?

Impossible!

Even if you have them for a year, they felt it was possible to visit every single entertaining place in Baymard's Capital city.

And mind you, over the years, Landon has been opening other tourist sites in other Baymardian cities and towns.

There were 'Tarzan adventure' parks that were basically optical courses and zip lines, where people could move on single tiny tanks no wider than 3 toes.

There were even several 25-meter Tarzan jump zones for those daring enough to face such heights.

If that wasn't enough for you, what about visiting the old cursed estate in one of the cities?

Thanks to Baymard owning the place, they turned it into a spooksville scene that tickled the buds of many Scooby Doo lovers.

Jinkies ... they found a clue! The sweet old lady was the one who did it! I think you should take a look at

No way. Who saw this coming?

(*O*)

All in all, no one could enjoy everything Baymard had to offer in a short time.

The giants felt these past few days were blissful.

However, it wasn't just the thrilling sites that left them dumbfounded.

Doing an overall health check, they were shocked by the many services offered by the hospital.

What? You can turn their teeth pearly white? Hold on... can you also cure chicken pox? But isn't that a deadly disease that killed half the population of those affected?

It's said only fate can save them if they get chickenpox.

If they survive they will never have it again, but it's fearful since they would be battling with fate for their lives.

At least that's what they thought until they heard Chickenpox had a cure.

And what about the flu? Are you saying hardly anyone in Baymard died from the flu?

How can that be?

Is it the same flu they were talking about but a different one? Seeing the pills of vitamins in Timothy's hand, he only felt his brain malfunctioning even more.

"Error. Error. Cannot compute "

(□_□)

.

In the end, Timothy had no words to tell them. Rather, he had a bitter face recalling his many comrades and friends who fell from all sorts of 'simple to cure' diseases for these Baymardians.

"Jackson... if we knew sooner, do you think--"

Minister Jackson sighed, patting Timothy's back heavily. "Your majesty, there's no need to think about what has already happened. Neither you nor I could've known such a place existed in the outside world."

"Yeah," Timothy replied weakly.

Before Landon came over, who had ever heard of a place called Pyno? What was that? A fruit?

They were completely oblivious to it. But it seems these Baymardians were far more knowledgeable about them instead.

It's TRUE! While the children choose to visit places like go-kart racing sites, they choose to fill their heads with knowledge, by visiting the Museum, libraries and other scholarly places.

Additionally, they were also given a tour of the public school for those below adulthood.

In the upcoming days, they still had to visit public academies like the Culinary one, the weather forecasting one, and so on.

Of course, thanks to the fact that Timothy was the current monarch of a new UN nation, they had access to another library separate from the public one.

This library was for UN delegates, housing shared material in all subjects.

Hertfilia Sciences... 6th floor.]

The place was so quiet that everyone dared not cough.

What was supposed was that the library was jam-packed and full to the brim.

F***!

If not for Landon being with them, they swore they might not have been able to enter anytime soon.

How can it be so full?

(0•0)

Chapter 1686 To Infinity And Beyond!

Blink. Blink.

(0□0)

What were they seeing?

The library wasn't a small one but a mighty huge one that should've been able to accommodate them all.

Yet, it was flooded on such a day with people sitting on the floor with water bottles beside them while leaning against the walls deep in reading.

Some even brought blankets over since this library was a 24/7 library, open every day and night.

It was also extremely guarded and didn't allow for books to be taken out of the library.

Whatever you want, look it up here and put the book, articles, or documents back.

It was so highly controlled that when entering, one must first do several checks, confirming the items they came in with.

When leaving, those items will be checked, alongside them hoping they didn't rip a page from a book to steal away.

Don't blame them for rudely checking.

Some of the information here involved building siege weapons and other major aspects that they didn't want the enemy to have.

Of course, if one wanted to check any section, they must have approval letters or passes from their superiors, the ambassadors, or the monarchs themselves.

Even if delegates came from UN empires, only those approved could venture into the library.

Its security was similar to how the catholic church controlled the visitors who wanted to enter the exclusive Vatican library.

It's said the real bible is only a small version of the thousands and thousands of hidden records in the Vatican.

Not everyone can have access to those records.

The same was said for the UN Library.

It's only full mostly because a majority of Agricultural delegates were here looking for methods to solve the many grain issues that have risen in their empires.

A majority of them were from Romain and Zohl, looking for more solutions on increasing crop yields and whatnot.

Although the basic methods were taught in several Baymardian public institutes, the advanced methods were kept here.

This library was truly a blessing to them.

Timothy thought so too, as he spent an entire night in the library, refusing to leave.

Honestly, it felt like only an hour had gone by, yet he spent 18 hours there.

That was how interesting and intriguing the information there was.

Imagine if they learned a few things and carried them out in Soma?

Just the topic of Sanitation alone was something Timothy swore to change.

All trash must be collected. He didn't want the place smelling like poo and waste.

The fresh air in Baymard was the first thing he noticed stepping in.

Never in his life had he seen such a clean place before.

If it's doable then why not give it a try? Didn't you hear that most diseases were caused because of sanitation?

No! He must at least start the process before handing things over to Artemis.

During his reign, he wanted to have this title, being the one to bring Sanitation awareness to the people. The rest, he would leave for Artemis.

.

This group would be staying in Baymard for 4 weeks.

If they wanted, the children and their wives could find regular jobs to gain experience.

After all, living as a tourist for so long would get tiring if one didn't have any purpose or line of duty. I think you should take a look at

As for the Oma teachers next week, they'll begin studying how Baymardian teaches students.

Baymard's teaching methods were different from a minority of medieval teaching methods. This must be consistent.

Thus the Oma teachers must learn how it's done. Contracts will be signed with them on how much they'll receive bi-weekly.

Baymard was hiring them and would never cheat them out of anything.

They even helped them find homes and apartments in the city.

Some chose to live in a single apartment while others chose to live with others in 3 and 2-bedroom apartments.

However, they all had one thing in common. Everyone wanted apartments that were so high in the sky, wanting to know the feeling of flying.

(^o^)

How does it feel to live so high up there?

The teachers were quickly given their learning schedules, as though they were students.

They have monthly tests and superset tests too. They also had assignments, presentations and whatnot to be assessed before they could get their Tier-1 teaching certificates.

It was already November, and the next semester started on January 5th.

January 5th~9th would be orientation time for new incoming students. Classes officially began on Monday, January 10th.

They had 1 month and 3 weeks to master and learn vigorously.

At least, for the first semester in Oma language, they won't have to beat themselves hard since they would be focusing on simpler things like nouns, adjectives and so on.

By the end of the semester, the students should show how to write personal Pronouns like Je, she, I, you, they, me... in Oma language.

They should also know about genders and number counting and writing too.

Simple sentences like 'The cat jumped over the moon,' should also be understood by the students.

For the next 3 months of the semester, they will learn and at least somewhat understand Oma when spoken by them.

As Landon said, people in this era were like sponges absorbing knowledge.

It Would amaze you how many people would pass the beginner level just after that semester.

In school, they will also have Oma days, when all conversations must be made in Oma.

On Baymard this was a common phenomenon, as there were days in the entire Baymard when everyone only spoke Roma or Zohl.

Such practices kept the people's literacy levels high.

In Romain and Zohl, many uN empires also began the practice of declaring one or two days a week to Pyron.

Hey... Pyron was more or less Veitt and Morg. So it wasn't a loss.

As for Timothy and the others... Well, Landon had a scheming schedule made for them too.

Hehehehehehe~

Next week, they will all be thrown in the barracks!

So what if you're royalty? Go in there and face the music!

For him, well... he too would be going to the barracks, but for a completely different reason.

Listening to the voice on the other end of his phone, Landon couldn't help smiling stupidly.

[Your majesty, it's done. The prototypes are ready. Our soldiers will now be able to fly during battle!]

To Infinity & Beyond!

Bahahahhahahahah!

Alien tech here he comes!

Chapter 1687 New Battle Gear!

Vrmmm~

Landon drove his Jeep Wrangler through the full streets with his windows up.

Today it was raining cats and dogs.

The street was filled with all sorts of umbrellas that seemed like multicolored blankets from a bird's view.

Some held their umbrellas and others chose to rely only on their trusty raincoats as they ran through the streets trying to catch the next buses or grab a cab.

Heavily rainy days like there were always dull to him though many would disagree, seeing as Baymard isn't your typical place.

No matter the weather, there were always things to do to keep one entertained.

From reading the latest edition of comics to going online, and even playing video games on the computer.

Some people even preferred rainy days, wanting to stay indoors and enjoy their solitude.

"A large French Vanilla, 2 sunny side bagels, a large blah, blah, blah, and blah."

"Coming right up, sir. Please drive to the front to recover your order."

Yup.

Landon was in one of his favorite fast-food drive-through spots closest to District B.

He had just left District C, attending a government meeting involving the spread of fake goods.

That's right. Some people are trying to trick him off!

He didn't have a problem with copycats.

After all, he too was a copycat taking ideas from Earth and other alien planets.

His problem came from people who bought Baymardian liquid medical goods and diluted them in water to sell.

The thing that irks him was the audacity for them to sell these botched-up goods using Baymard's original medical bottles.

And now a few people have stormed Baymard asking for refunds.

Thankfully, the Ministry of Health and Welfare also acted swifter than expected as they put the matter in newspapers and also educated the public to please read the warnings that come on each bottle and drug container.

It's clearly stated that if the seal on the bottle or capsule container is removed, then do not purchase or consume that medicine if it wasn't you who took it off.

The warning wasn't written in small hard-to-see letters.

No.

The warning was massive and in red too.

From the guilty faces of those who asked for refunds, they could tell these people had read the warning but probably wanted to be cheap.

The fake goods were sold relatively cheaper so they decided to go with it, especially after the seller used his ultimate marketing skills on them.

Some even have side effects, as some sellers even combine different drugs, while also adding their local ones in, as though they were like alchemists.

And now, they run to Baymard seeing there was no hope of curing them outside.

It seems that no matter the era, there will always be people who like to go the long and unnecessary way to get things done.

What made him dumbfounded was that the drugs these people wanted weren't even expensive and very affordable for peasants.

However, rather than paying a few more copper coins, they chose to purchase the cheapest, which turned out to be the most expensive route seeing as they now used more money for their side-effect treatments.

Landon shook his head wryly, not pitying such people. He wasn't a saint. He had already made goods affordable for ordinary people and even former slaves.

So if you want it any cheaper, then you don't want the workers to get paid. Some people just believe it should be free thinking he was Santa Claus.

Tsk.

Not wanting to think on the matter any longer, Landon raised his cup to his mouth, getting the fresh and enticing smell of his French Vanilla.

.

Vrmmm~

The wrangler drove through various security checkpoints the deeper he proceeded.

Although it was raining hard, the men never relaxed their vigilance. And soon, he was in!

Pah!

He slapped his wrangler shut and dashed for cover from the rain with his coffee.

There were already 3 people running beside him who were initially standing under the rain with umbrellas, waiting for him.

The men wore stern expressions with sharp hats and cold eyes that said they meant business.

"Your majesty, because it's still in the experimental stage, we implore you to not partake in the test."

"I agree with Major Callahan. If something happens to you, what should we do? Your identity represents Baymard's present and future!"

His majesty was the brains behind Baymard. How could they allow evil to befall him? Why would he want to try the prototype when they had so many able people willing to take the risk for him?

Don't you hear what it's called? I think you should take a look at

P-R-O-T-O-T-Y-P-E.

Recalling the last few berserk instances that occurred when testing new military gear and equipment, the 2 couldn't help breaking out in a sweat.

Luckily, all testers must wear testing suits, so no one was killed or heavily injured. They just had sprains and aches. But that didn't make the men worry less.

Those former tests were done on the ground floor or very high in the sky, allowing ample space for parachute safety.

But this test fell in between a tight ensure space that their heads tingle.

Landon didn't think so.

"You all think too much. You have to believe in the power of our Baymardian technology. I'm not only testing the new merch but also testing its safety operations should any of our soldiers go down."

The 2 men did not Express anything after listening to Landon. All they could do was thin their lips and force a hum out of their mouths.

"In that case, we wish you good luck, your majesty."

"Okay, okay! Why are you both acting like my mother? Can I get injured from something like that? Have you forgotten how strong I am?"

Both men didn't say a thing. What does punch force have to do with landing force? You can't win against gravity!

The men thought that because Landon was adamant that he was staying anything and everything to calm their worries, but little did they know that Landon meant what he said.

Of course, if it's falling from a high plane and helicopter height without a parachute, he would die.

But at slightly lower heights, he was like an anime character who would survive intact.

Believe it or not, if he jumped from a 4 story building, he would survive. Any higher and he would be pushing it.

To the men escorting him, Landon was only trying to calm their worries which made them touched.

Their eyes shone with determination to protect his majesty if something went wrong, even if it was to try calling him if he fell.

It warmed their hearts that his majesty was trying to soothe their worries.

Indeed, his majesty was truly a humble and amazing person.

[Landon]:...

.

Taking out an access card, one of the men swiped it, opening the doors which led to a vast dome-shaped room that had all sorts of gear and merchandise on the tables.

Lucius wasn't here as he had other matters to attend to. But look who he saw. His sworn brothers and good buddies Josh, Mark, Gary and Trey.

These 4 brothers of his were equally busy people since they had to oversee his various armed force units like the Marines, Coastguards, Police officers, and Soldiers.

With Lucius not around, it fell on Josh to run things here, especially since Lucius had already spoke of retiring his position to Josh in 3 years.

Don't think it was long.

Time flew fast like a jet when in Baymard.

Although Lucius will be retired from his barrack position of police Chief position, he was still king-father and had duties to perform for the empire so he would still be busy.

And if there was a need for him to fill out any war or military positions he would gladly help too.

Mark will be the one taking over his chief of police status in Baymard's Capital city. Other towns and cities had their own chief of police officers though everyone still had to report to headquarters.

Seeing Landon, Trey quickly placed his arms around Landon's neck, dragging him in a choke position under his armpit. And then, he did what he always did since they were young.

He roughened Landon's hair and even playfully smacked him on his cheeks too.

"Hey, hey, hey. Look who we have here. The monarch finally arrives. Tell us, what should we do with you when you're so late?"

"What do you mean by so late? I'm only 2 minutes late!"

Pah!

Gary smacked his back playfully. "Don't you know you're supposed to be here at least 15 minutes before the official start time?"

Mark and Josh chuckled, seeing the 3 act like 5-year-old children.

These were also the rare occasions one could see Landon acting childish.

"Alright, alright. Break it up. We are already 2 minutes 39 seconds late. People are waiting for us to start. So no more teasing."

"Right."

Landon, Trey, and Gary replied like Juniors listening to an elder brother.

Soon, everyone turned their attention to the peculiar suits hanging on display.

All 5 tactfully looked at each other with smiles plastered on their faces.

"One for all?"

"All for one."

"Com'on! It's time to test these bad boys out"

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1688 The Greatest Suit Of All Time

Chapter 1688 The Greatest Suit Of All Time

Alright.

With their little play done, everyone wore their 'stern-face' mask again, looking at the group of developers and military scientists before them.

"Doctor Watson. It's a pleasure to see you again."

"Likewise, your majesty. With you, my job is always a thrill." The 45-year-old Doctor Wattson in a white lab coat and thick glasses, shook Landon's hand excitedly.

He wasn't lying.

Every time Landon comes up with an idea, it's bound to be ground-shattering.

It was the thrill of falling deeper and deeper onto a web of mathematical equations that did it for Wattson.

He swore it was hard to pick which one gave him more pleasure between his job and his wife.

Aye...

Sometimes, the job is that good.

What more could he say?

Adjusting his glasses, Wattson greeted the others. The ministers and other barrack personnel were there too.

And soon, Watson's entire demeanor also changed to business-like.

"Now then, shall we begin?"

[*□^□]

"Please, go on, doc."

"Great." Watson then gestured to the group of people in white lab coats who were rolling a large glass case box a little taller than Landon.

In the box were hanging suits displayed for all to see.

Of course, Landon could see it with his super vision eyes since it was hidden behind a red cloth.

"In all my years of living, I would've never thought Immortal objects like these could exist. You say man can't fly? You say man can't soar the skies and touch the birds?... Then that is where you are mistaken!.. Today, I will show you all the flying artifacts we created with our own hands... Today, I bring you the Digma Gundam Flying Suit!"

Brp!

The red cloth was taken off, and several people gasped at the stunning display they saw.

"Oh, my pearly mother! Is this truly a fighting suit? Beautiful!... hist breathtaking...." Gary exclaimed, his saliva almost dripping down his lips.

Gentlemen... ladies... Nothing couldn't prepare them for this moment.

It's one thing to know what they expected on paper, but another to witness it with their own eyes.

Minister Abigail, inched closer as though hypnotized. Her hands were almost touching the glass box before she could reel herself back to reality.

Another minister dropped to their knees, prostrating to their ancestors in gratitude for letting him see this day. "Ooo... Ancestors... this is truly a miraculous object. We must protect the technology at all costs! Should the enemy find out we have such, they will waste no time launching a full invasion on our empire."

Although they were somewhat confident they could put up a big fight, what they didn't want were casualties.

Even if it's just 2 people who die, it would still weigh heavily on them.

That's why they must always choose the safest route.

The casualties they were most worried about were civilian casualties.

No matter how strong they have grown, they must always ensure minimal damage to the people.

If anything, they shared to be the ones who stroke first.

Doing so would give them the upper hand. And heaven knows they needed a lot of it when dealing with these scheming Morgs and Adonis fellows.

Don't think they weren't aware of the Holy Core.

Thanks to his majesty, they learned of its existence which was so powerful it could delay with their current technology with a flick of its wrist once it was fully activated.

Why does such a thing exist?

They knew the heavens gave humanity a chance to fight against the many monstrous creatures in the past.

It was thanks to its powers that they, the later generations, could live in peace and build homes for themselves without too much fear of attacks from beasts.

Indeed, there were still incredibly large and dangerous creatures in the world, but most have gone extinct which was already a good sign.

You have put know that in the ancient records in Arcadina, Carona and all the other Pyno empires there are texts which indeed tell of the great era when humanity was saved by the heavens

However, it doesn't go into detail, as though holding something.

It's only now that they know how humanity won.

Of course, such vital information was only told to a select few in the various UN empires.

They didn't want it going out. So only those on the exclusive list knew of its existence.

Greed they say was an enigma that could tempt the kindest of people.

Although everyone trusted their people to not betray them, one never knows who might be watching or listening in on their plans.

The T.O.E.P has already proven itself to be a frightening existence that has spies in the many UN empires.

Don't mind as they don't talk a lot about the matter but it's true.

In Terique just last month, 4 spies were discovered working in Astar's palace.

The terrifying thing was that they had been working there for more than 2 years now. I think you should take a look at

It seems that after Astar took over, the T.O.E.P couldn't sit still, knowing Nopline was dead and Astar and his father were alive.

How did they get in so seamlessly?

In Yodan, the same situation was found when Sirius became suspicious of a few people in his cabinet.

Phew~

Luckily, he only shared plans with those on the exclusive list.

Should any news leak, those on the list will be brought on and questioned heavily.

Once your name is on the list, there is no room for treachery.

Everyone on the list watches their back, very careful of what they say. Some have even abstained from taking more than 2 glasses of alcohol a month just to keep their mouths shut.

The times have changed and now, there are options of things to drink, unlike the past when all one could drink was rum, water and other versions of alcohol.

Now, there are a variety of non-alcoholic tasteful drinks to occupy their bellies when they eat.

The chefs even learned how to make enticing fruit punch that left their mouths very satisfied.

Now one doesn't need to drink alcohol all the time.

Please! They've got choices now, okay?

(~_~)

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Anyway, those on the list knew themselves and would only talk about matters publicly, AFTER the project or situation was handled.

If they had to go out on missions concerning the matter, they would only inform their soldiers when it was almost time to set out.

They didn't want information to spread before they made their move.

Due to the lack of telephones outside Baymard, information would definitely take several months and even a year to reach their enemies.

They had to ensure that if any leaks do happen, it should be within this period.

His Majesty had already told them that soon, they will be taking marching to Morgany to destroy the Holy Core once and for all.

Such a thing must not be allowed to exist anymore as it could tip the balance of power favorably to the wicked.

For that mission, all UN empires will play their part.

It seems that in Adonis, they too have found a secondhand source of power. His Majesty said the power should die and fade away later, but who wanted to take chances?

No way!

They had to locate that Holy Leaf and destroy it too.

Everyone agreed on the matter.

Luckily, his majesty was smart enough to think of a way to enhance the strength of their metal weapons.

Yes! The current enhancement percentage was 60.

For now, this was enough to shield them against the Holy Core's powers that haven't been fully activated yet. (According to His Majesty's spies.)

60% would be able to back the enemy until the Holy Stone/Core unlocks 50% of its powers.

That's why they too must always advance their enhancement percentage to stay one step ahead of the Holy Core.

Of course, they dared not let the Holy Core reach 50% at all.

Heck.

They didn't even want it to reach 40%.

According to his majesty, the descendants of the great heroes were keys to unlocking the Holy Core.

Sadly, his majesty couldn't find a single descendant.

So they must work hard to grab the Holy Core before the enemy who obviously has more information gets to the descendants and unlock the core's potential bit by bit.

Landon had lied about not knowing the descendant KEYS, thinking the lesser people know the better.

In this way, he would also be keeping the Keys safe from outsiders too.

.

Back to the present, the group stared at the magnificent suits, wishing Watson could hurry along his talks and let the testers try the bloody suits already!

As they say, a picture speaks a thousand words. Their eyes will capture the picture and their brains will have a thousand things to say.

At least they were somewhat pleased, inwardly agreeing not to cut any budgets for the project.

Well, the people's taxpayers' money is going to good use.

Josh, Mark, Gary, and Trey looked at Watson with burning eyes that said: if you don't hurry it up, you might be 6 feet under soon.

How scary...

Watson was used to people glaring at him during his epic reveals.

Welp. It was normal in Baymard.

"Testers please step forward. It's time to put on the suit."

Chapter 1689 The Future Is Bright

Landon and the others had already stepped forward, allowing the people in lab coats to suit them up.

"Fleet Admiral Gary, imagine the suits as a mummy coffin that opens and closes from the back."

One of the research scientists said while guiding Gary.

And soon, a clicking sound went off on Gary's back, indicating he was sealed into his Gundam suit.

To be honest it looked like a mix between Buzz Lightyear and Iron Man's suit.

It was also very fitting and too similar to sci-fi mecha.

Once the suit opens from the back, one just needs to step forward and place their hands where the suit's hands are.

The Suit automatically detects if their head, hands and feet are in the right position before sealing up as though there is a zip behind the suit.

In this case, the inner seals close them up like a cocoon and will only release them once they want to leave the mech.

After being sealed, Gary clenched his fists and released them severally to test the response. Gary's suit was a cool green camouflage color that could make him look like a chameleon in the wild.

Following that, he lifted his feet, which in turn lifted the mecha legs. After wearing the suit, his height had increased by only a few inches. The suit wasn't some big chunky item but was slimming like Iron Man's getup

"Amazing! It feels so light. I feel like my usual self." Gary commented, doing squats, though he found he squat far lower in the mecha.

"That's because the suit is designed to become one with its wearer."

It's like being in a car. You aren't the engine driving the car forwards. There are many micro and advanced technologies in there that drive the mech forward.

The wearer is like the person turning the steering wheel, only with Alien technology, steering the mechanism was far smoother than steering a vehicle.

It almost came naturally to them.

Josh looked at his smooth blue shield arms, before finding the communication board on his left hand.

To say his heart was beating fast would be a lie.

Just like their precious shield armor, one needed to press down the upper later to open the communication board like Buzz Lightyear.

There, he found their typically inbuilt frequency walkie-talkie dial. There were buttons for pepper spray and Tasers.

There were also safety buttons like Eject and detonation modes.

Should a person feel the suit will be taken by an enemy, they could choose the detonation mode and a countdown will begin.

The countdown is 40 seconds, so they better Eject themselves out of the suit fast.

"Eh? The eject mode 2 sub modes we can choose from?" Trey exclaimed, taken aback by the new changes.

"Yes," Watson confirmed. Underneath it, you can choose a parachute or bubble. Note that for any reason whatsoever... 1 minute after ejection, the self-detonation mode will commence... To stop it, you must use your special watches to cancel the self-detonation mode if you still think you can use your mecha."

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Yes.

There were many protocols in place to ensure the enemy didn't get the mecha.

Mind you that ejection wasn't the same as the OFF button.

The off button simply opened one's suit like a cocoon, allowing them to store their mecha back again.

Ejection was for serious cases like knowing your mecha was badly injured with no hope.

If in the air, you can choose a parachute mood that will eject you with a parachute strapped on you that will open upon release.

If you're at a height where parachutes would be deemed useless, the bubble mechanism was the best, creating a thick bubble around you, like Firefighters catching falling victims with their inflated beds.... Only this one was a sphere that would keep you safe from impact.

It was also floatable should you land in a river, lake or large water body.

What sort of advanced technology was this? Some people even pinched themselves trying to see if they were dreaming.

As for the watch Watson spoke of, it was a simple watch with a tracker that allows one to search for their suits.

The tracker shows no maps, just 2 dots glowing red the further they are from each other.

The device won't know if there is a river dividing both parties or even a vast canyon.

All it can do is estimate the distance and work like a compass pointing the way.

After all, there were no GPS satellites up yet. So you can just forget about it.

The only things that worked out in the open world out of Baymard were radio frequencies.

The watch had several buttons on its side too for canceling detonations and sending help signals to any nearby mech wearers.

At least everyone will know your position and come to your rescue if you really need help.

What was even more amazing was that the watch also had a self-detonation bottom of its own too, which isn't easy to press since it's underneath a small protective case.

One would need a tiny twig or something sharp to push the button down and destroy the watch. I think you should take a look at

Hey... they took great pains to ensure the enemy would never touch their Mech.

Lastly, if someone should find their Mecha after ejection, you won't be able to wear it without inputting its 6-digit pin code.

Every mecha has a unique 6-digit code that wearers must remember if they want to take it out for missions.

You must burn the pin code in your head and input here was another important matter.

Sometimes the code will have special symbols like # and x.

It was a tedious thing for the scientists to configure every single mecha, but very necessary.

Should you input the code wrongly more than thrice, the suit automatically goes into detonation mode with no questions asked.

Detonation, detonation, detonation... Those were words they heard every little step of the way.

(^■^)

This satisfied the ministers and military personnel who would rather the mecha never leave Baymardian than fall into enemy hands.

Good guy!

You all deserve bonuses!

Sure enough, the future was bright... brighter than they could eveever imagine now that they had mechas!

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Heheheheheheh-

Watson smiled victoriously. "The mecha is made with the latest technology and materials, as we used enhanced metal to form its outer protective shells."

The current shields were stronger than any metal shields in existence.

Even their former ultra-high-molecular weight Ballistic shields and armor were nowhere near the potential of these.

Their armors, just like these Gundam mechas, were made from Kevlar, Steel and Polyethene.

But the difference was that these were the 60% metal-enhanced versions.

A bus can run into these suits and get damaged instead.

His Majesty said that after a while, all buildings must be done with advanced steel and building materials.

It would be great if they could last longer.

Again, what was amazing was that these suits could pack a crazy punch force but weighed very small compared to what they could do.

Mechas were basically moving tanks.

The current Mecha also had the option to release high fiber ropes with hooks on the ends for spy climbing over major walls and whatnot

As for firearms, none had built-in systems for that yet. His Majesty didn't wish for them to be included for now.

Their primary role was to act as armor... the kind of armor that would leave no soldier dead.

If Watson had to use their old metal quality and percentage to build mechas, it would've been so bulky like a car since one would need a lot of steel to carry its many features.

With this 60% quality improvement, he found they could create compact steel that could take on a far heavier burden than ordinary steel could do.

What's more, it could also heat up or cool down the wearers depending on whether they were in a hot cooling region or a cold Iceland.

Mark frowned. "So how long does it take for its juice to run out?"

"Good question! If the mecha was a weapon shooting one that released missiles and fire-blasts, it might take 10~15 hours for it to get low on juice. But it's mainly an armor now and would take 72 hours when fully charged."

Everyone nodded, satisfied with the answer.

"Mind you... you don't have to wait for it to drain before charging since it has built-in air panels in it. Your shoulder blades, upper arms and upper backs may look cool but they are disguised solar panels. We also have charging vehicles that use the power of the wind to generate electricity."

Really?

So that means they might never truly run dry of juice in warmer places and colder places.

You would be amazed by just how crazy the winds in colder seasons get.

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"Before we get to the matter of flying, we must carry out several final tests. All testers please jump!"

Jump?

Gary stared at the very high ceilings, wondering if he could touch them. The ceiling was as tall as a 3 stories high in this dome-shaped space.

Should he go for it?

Chapter 1690 Ca-BOOM! It's A Miracle!

Hoop!

Everyone kicked their feet, jumping so high they were 2/3's the way up toward the ceiling.

Mind you, the dome-shape structure was as high as 3 stories tall.

Of course, the one's ground floor was far underground too.

Amazing!

"With the latest Bay technology, the kick power can help you climb higher heights and scout your targeted regions if your anti-gravitational belt isn't working.

Hoop. Hoop. Hoop!~

Like Super Mario, the video game character, Trey, Josh, Mark, Landon and Gary and the others jumped about crazily.

The amazing thing was that when Landing from such high heights they didn't feel any pain in their soles at all.

The impact felt like they had only jumped an inch from the ground.

Great stuff!

Up next, they tested how much load they could carry in this state.

After all, they must know if the suit was suitable for rescue missions.

Landon already had the answer but still wanted to try.

A dummy stuffed with weights was given to him and the others, as they carried their 'rescued' dummies in princess-style and other ways that would be convenient for them during missions.

Success!

They hardly felt a thing.

In truth, Watson had just confirmed that they should be able to lift moderately boulders, about Landon's height, and as wide as an 8-seater dining table.

Once again, everyone was impressed.

They also did communication checks, before walking to one end of the dome that had an extremely thick protective glass.

"Ladies and gentlemen, now we will test the detonation capabilities of these suits. If the ministers would be so kind as to assist, that would be great."

Say no more.

Many people almost raised their hands anxiously like school children, wishing Watson would pick them.

They said <almost>, alright? Coughing to hide their enthusiasm, a few spoke out swiftly, though acting as though they weren't in a hurry.

"As they say, time is money, so I shall do it."

"Yes, yes, yes... I too hate the notion of wasting time. Let me join in on the fun."

Watson chuckled but said nothing, as he gave the volunteers, watches for the few suits in the

Protected safely.

People in protective suits went in and took off the red covers, revealing the mecha suits in the space.

Looking at their watches they gave an okay signal with their thumbs to Watson.

They checked the conditions of each suit, ensuring everything was functional.

Their protective suits, though baggy, still fitted into the mecha suit.

"All Close!"

Vmmmm~The Mecha closed them in from the back like a cocoon.

"Eject now and evacuate!"

Brrrrmmm~

A smooth noise echoed and the gang left without nostalgia, heading out of the protective space as fast as they could.

[40 seconds to detonation.]

The words appeared on their watches.

[38 seconds to detonation.]

"STOP!"

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With Watson's instructions, they opened a small tiny safety cap above a blue button and pulled out what seemed like an overly thin needle/nail disguised as the watch's top left button.

Very quickly, they used it to press the impossibly small blue button.

No fingers can press it. Only something so tiny, it looked even thinner than a hospital needle.

At 27 seconds to detonation, they all stopped the process.

Phew~

If anyone from Earth saw this scene they would say they acted similar to movie characters who were defusing bombs in crazy limited time frames and conditions.

The ministers also admired the button designs, making it impossible for anyone to press them by accident.

Even if you don't stop your suit from detonating, big deal... at least the suit won't fall into enemy hands.

Of course, training will be in order, to get the soldiers to respond swifter than they did when clicking the buttons.

Don't look down on this kind of training.

It was akin to knowing how to dismantle and regroup the parts of a gun in the fastest time frame possible

Why? Because in the field every second counts.

The longer you spend doing something like this the more opportunity you give the enemy time to shoot you when you're not paying attention.

Hidden arrows smeared with poison were still a problem.

Don't think you're omnipotent because you're got technology.

Laziness, arrogance, and disregard for time were the biggest sins one can commit against themselves.

The many military personnel frowned.

Too slow.

They weren't happy with their actions.

.

Very quickly, many also checked the poisoning with their watches, getting a better understanding of its capabilities.

Yes!

Watson examined it very well. Read

On the watch's screen space, all they could see were 2 green triangular images now facing each other.

When the volunteers turned, one of the green triangles would have its lead pointy end turn too.

Like a compass, it was looking for the right way to go. Of course, the moment it turned in the opposite direction, the triangle also changed from green to yellow.

Eh?

Why not red, as Watson said earlier? "If it's red, then it means the distance between you and the suit is farther than you think. Once you get close enough to the suit, the triangle turns green."

"Incredible!"

Everyone's face trembled in amazement

Never in their lives had they believed such a thing was possible.

Seeing them like this, Landon wondered how they would react when he finally created a Real GPS that showed roads, lakes, hills, and even the vast their workplaces.

With how much they easily dropped to their knees to worship the heavenly device, Landon wondered if he wouldn't cause them to have blissful heart attacks by then.

As Watson said, the screen showed nothing else but the 2 dots so you won't even know if the suit is surrounded by enemies until you get close enough to its location.

This means extra care must be taken when looking for it.

Welp

If you do find the suit and it's in enemy hands just continue detonation and walk away.

It's not your problem anymore.

.

Alright.

Time to move on.

Watson was pleased, as he sent his subordinates back into the protective space again.

They were to impute the code... the unique code each suit has.

They only had 3 chances to get it right before the suit does self countdown to detonation again. And this time, the volunteers won't be able to stop the countdown once it begins.

Leaning closer to the protective glass screens, everyone watched the group do as Watson instructed.

Everyone except 1 person, imputed the right code, allowing the suit to open again.

Finally, it was the last person's turn.

She purposefully did it wrong thrice, activating the self-detonation mode before leaving the ace as fast as she could.

Great!

Now they could finally see things blow up!

(^_^)

Could they say it's part of human nature to like watching explosions, demolitions, and other modes of breaking things down?

For some reason, it was very satisfying and thrilling to watch.

[13 Seconds to detonation.]

[10 seconds to detonation.]

9.... 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2...

Everyone wished they suddenly had popcorn in their hands.

[1]

Tack! Tack! Tack! Tack! Tack!

The suit started smoothing up from the inside.

The smoking phase lasted for a full 2 minutes and 20 seconds.

You look at me; I look at you.

The ministers and military personnel all stared at themselves in confusion.

Eh? Shouldn't there be some sort of explosion happening by now?

BOOM!

Many jumped back, not expecting the explosion after their initial disappointment at all.

Sweet mother of Pearl!

Brilliant!

Should an enemy see if smoking, they might think of running away first. But After a while of nothing happening, they'll come closer, only to have it exude in their faces! (+0+)

Take that, Morgs!

Some might see the smoke and pour water from their jugs and dirt into it, thinking there was a bigger inside to be put out.

Heh.

Either way, it's a great surprise.

But the reason for the long delay wasn't particularly for the enemy but for the Baymardain soldiers instead.

It gave them even more time to go as far away as they could.

.

Boom!

The explosion sent the highly modified metal parts flying so fast in the air that if they met any human, they might be sliced in half so cleanly they wouldn't even feel the pain till their last breath.

It's normal for explosions to cause injuries and death.

Even the world's current black powder did some damage, sending shock waves that could throw daggers into passerbys or close in close enough ranges.

It's TRUE that the force was weak and not near what Baymard's missiles and cannons could do, but it was still dangerous... though you might not necessarily die from its attack, but have deep wounds instead.

However, Baymard's gunpowder can leave your limbs exuding and flying about maniacally.

Sometimes, swords could also be sent slicing their opponents too.

However, the slicing force was nowhere near what would happen if any of these enhanced metal parts touched a person after the suit exploded.

So yes.

With the initial 40-second countdown, as well as the 2 minutes and 20 seconds of the smoking phase, the soldiers damn well had enough time to find a large tree or surface to take cover.

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1691 Presentation Over!

Chapter 1691 Presentation Over!

"Sacré Bleu!" One of the ministers exclaimed already used to the expression which was commonly used by his majesty

Hey.

It's in the book of Baymardian slang.

Good Dammit it!

The explosion made some people exclaim loudly like frightened children.

How embarrassing.

But can you blame them? It came from nowhere!

Smoke filled the confined space, and a mechanical sound soon echoed, as the smoke in the place was sucked out.

What was even more amazing was that from the moment the room detected the heavy heat waves, emitting from the explosion, a thick sheet of enhanced metal dropped before the protective glass.

And after the system did not detect any more explosions, the sheet was dropped, as though to be discarded.

Thang!

The sheets, just like window blinds, were now on the floor, and the room was no longer smokey too.

Great.

Everyone could now see clearly what exactly damage was done by the explosion.

Hiss~

How can anyone survive such an attack?

Watson had strategically placed various objects of different weights and sizes at different distances from the explosion.

Of course the further the object, the lesser the impact.

What they saw made everyone's skin tingle, making them secretly light candles for their enemies.

This was too powerful, right?

"Good job, Watson. You've really impressed us all."

"Thank you," Watson replied, having them do a few last operations with their watches.

The first was sending out a signal.

One person sent out a signal and the others with watches could now see, not only themselves with a green triangle, but also the person who sent the signal out in a green square.

So square was for others and triangles were used for themselves and their suits?

Good to know.

Finally, they had to self-destruct the watches.

After pushing the button, there would be no way to stop or pause it.

Just like in the case with the suits, the watch first smoked up for a long while before exploding.

The impact was minimal, but everyone still felt they should keep a good distance from the watch once the button is pressed out on missions.

Didn't you see how one of the watch's buttons shot out like a bullet?

Maybe they could use it to stun an enemy once captured.... who knows...

.

Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap.~

Everyone was more than impressed. But now it was time for the finale.

The money they have all been waiting for.

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"Testers, please push in the large circle on the suit's built-in waist belts."

Although he didn't show it, Landon was so excited he didn't even let Watson finish his instructions.

Although the others couldn't see it, Landon could see a very frail and thin coat covering the suit.

Now, all he had to do was understand how to actually fly.

Don't think it was easy. Can't you see Gary rowing his hands as though doing a backstroke? Mark also even began swimming, while Josh and Trey flapped their hands like birds.

He hadn't fully accessed this part yet, but he knew flying was about controlling one's center of mass and movements.

Thinking hard, Landon's eyes suddenly lit up.

Many felt they had the illusion of seeing a lightbulb shine brightly above his head.

Leaving a bit forward, he found the suit seems to lead him forward.

Superman! Superman!

Everyone watched Landon zoom around like Superman. And when he wanted to stop, he lifted his chest, and the suit also stood, suspended in the air erect.

Looking at his sworn brothers and the attentive people on the ground, Landon decided to share his thoughts.

"Think about it. When you want to run, what's the thing you instinctively do?"

"Place one leg behind you and one leg ahead?" Someone answered.

Landon nodded. "Yes. You do, do that. But not before pushing your shoulders and chests forward first."

Try doing it.

The moment you're about to lift your legs, your brain has already sent your chest, shoulders and upper body to lean forward.

Think of the suit as your true body. While you are the brain.

If you want to step to the side, lean slightly to the side and the suit will follow your thoughts.

One must understand how the body reacts to fully operate the suit.

This was also amazing and good since it will give others a better understanding of human moments too. Read

Perhaps because of this, some people would better interpret an enemy's next move from their little gestures.

Is it really as Landon has said?

Everyone's heart throbbed severely.

Zooming in the air in a struggling manner, the others also calmed down, stopping all movements no flaring or hands and feet.

Sure enough, though suits froze suspended in the air, waiting for their orders.

Trey acted as though he wanted to kick a ball.

Indeed, the suit followed his thoughts, kicking an invisible ball as he wished.

But because he did not control his strength, he not only kicked the ball but somersaulted too, going into a spiral turn until he calmed down once again.

Shaolin Soccer?

Everyone frowned.

The suit was amazing, but without proper training and control, their soldiers could never take them out.

Since the suits could fly, it was also necessary to see them as vehicles.

Just like any other locomotives, one must know how to drive it well or accidents will occur.

Be it a bicycle, a skateboard, a scooter, or even a polo stick, everything had a manual for control.

.

On Josh's side, he landed a punch to a non-existent opponent, realizing his hit landed exactly where he wanted.

It was odd to say that for hand movements, that can be very easy for them all. But for legs, maybe because there was no ground or hard surface underneath, and no film layer like water, it was harder to gauge.

However, with time they were sure they would learn.

The feeling reminded them of the first time they drove a vehicle during driving classes.

The first day is often rough, with no one mattering it perfectly. But after a while, it becomes too easy.

For the last rest, Landon's group flew to the very top of the dome.

On the corner a metal staircase attached to the walls. There was also a lathe elevator too.

Don't forget that the dome was built 3 floors underground, and the ceiling was ground floor outside.

So the group walked up the exposed stairs, reaching a balcony above and stepping out the giant 2-sided doors.

Landon and the others followed them too, flying as efficiently as they could.

Well, Landon was the only one flying well.

Everyone else looked like newly hatched birds learning how to fly.

Alas...

If the soldiers had to practice, they just do so indoors, lest somebody accidentally flies to the moon. (:0□0)

Only those who pass the Tier-1 exams will be able to practice with the suits outdoors.

Well, at least even if they were outdoors, they must never practice using the anti-gravitational system until they pass the test.

If they really do fly away, please, you can eject, and safely return on a parachute or bubble.

The cry would be to damage or waste such an expensive suit when it could've been avoided.

Do you know that all this is taxpayer's money, as well as his private funds he was injecting into it?

Do you think money grew on trees?

The manufacture of a single unit of suits could make the dumb talk again.

Watson and the others in lab coats ticked various items on their lists, as they instructed Landon's group to lift boulders and other outside objects of varying weights.

And then, it was time to test punch force, kick force, and other racial matters.

Parachute!

Since Landon was the most proficient driver, he was of course the one who went high up and launched his parachute.

The suit wasn't like Iron Man's suit that could go so high above the ozone layer.

Well, for now the highest they could go was at a height of a 40-story builder.

Still not enough.

In the future, Landon would love for the fly height to be equivalent to the Chrysler Building which had 77 stories/floors... or the Empire State Building in New York with 102 floors.

Landon clenched his fists already defended to turn this world into a Sci-Fi advanced world before he dies!

It's not enough.

Today's mecha was useless compared to the ones in super-advanced worlds.

.

With that, the presentation was over with everyone smiling and shaking hands excitedly.

Bravo! Bravo!

"Watson, you and your team have made your empire proud! We will keep in further contact with you all, sending you more instructions on how much to manufacture. Now, with the super advanced Spider builders, I take it you'll be able to produce thousands in shorter periods, no?"

Watson nodded. "Yes. Before the deadline, 2000 suits will be sent to the barracks!"

That's good. Everyone agreed.

The faster they trained the suits arrived the faster they could train soldiers.

From the demonstration, they understood that the most challenging thing to do was to fly!

Chapter 1692 The Lady In The Hole

Everyone left with smiles, happy with the work done.

However, there were still some dissatisfactions even in this moment of greatness.

Watson and the others opened their ears, as the monitors, military personnel and observers bombarded them with thought-seeking questions.

Can you make it fly higher?

Can you add an adhesive film like how the spider builders are? They wanted the suit to also be like a spider, sticking to the sides of the walls.

The Spiderman comic has inspired them to do such activities. But not now.

At least it was good to keep the idea out in the open. Maybe one day in the future, it will be added.

For now Landon didn't want too much on the suit since its primary objective was armory.

Are you happy? Are you fulfilled?

Everyone nodded and left after shaking hands.

The rain had become heavier than before, causing them to run to their vehicles.

Landon would have waited for an umbrella and had no time to waste.

He had another vital meeting with Overseer Lyore. And what was it about? Airplane Meals!

Time skip; 1 hour 43 minutes later.

Landon's vehicle was stopped by stern security men who, although courteous with Landon, did their job of checking his vehicle without delay.

Landon's weapons were also noted down.

The guard

"All clear."

The guards gave word and Landon drove in heading straight for the International flight section for major airlines.

As of now, there are 3 main airlines, just as one would have Air France, Air Canada, Emirates, Brussels, and so on.

Each airline Zone has 2 main categories: Departures and Arrivals, as well as 3 main sub-categories: Domestic flights, Pyno Flights, and International Flights.

Although all Pyno flights are in themselves international flights, Landon still felt the need to distinguish them.

Think about it.

When you head to the airport and are looking for your arrival entrance, you will always see your continent's international flights grouped in one place.

For example, in Asia, you will see domestic flights, Asian flights and International.

In Dubai, you will see domestic flights, Arab flights and international flights divided into various sections.

Airports typically did so, since those in their continent gave the airport paid for a majority of tickets.

Additionally, it was easier to maneuver, for those traveling to areas within the same continent.

For now, there were no domestic flights since the airport here was the only one in Baymard.

However, Landon planned to open another one of Baymard's second most popular cities in a few years.

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Anyway, no Domestic flights until another major airport was built somewhere in Baymard.

That said, don't think there won't be private jets flying about the scene.

The domestic flight region would still be open, but for wealthy folks who wanted to take a jet to other regions within Baymard.

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Runways and mini-private airport estates have already been built in the chosen areas.

No plane would ever sleep out of the Capital city, so the flights were mostly to drop off and pick people up.

As for international flights out of Pyno... as Landon said, no planes would be heading out for now... until another 2 years or so.

The distance was just too long and the thought of struggling to refuel the planes that far out was just so troublesome.

Anything could happen that far about from hijacks to bold natives thinking they were vulnerable since the plane staff were so far from home.

Thus, for now, only the entry region dubbed "Pyno Flights" will be commercially open to the mass public.

Vrmmm~

Passing by Air Phoenix, and Air Royal, Landon finally reached Air Baymard.

Landon swirled his car along the path, inclining up a slope while passing the section labeled domestic flights.

Taxis and loved ones would definitely have to drive by here to drop people off.

Up next, he drove past the sector labeled Pyno flights before passing International flights.

This road will be used by taxis, cabs and loved ones here to drop off their families or customers at the airport since the whole region was for Departures.

Ah yes...

Arrivals were on the other side of the airport. There were 2 ways to get there, but Landon chose the longest route just to admire the airport since he had arrived a little earlier than expected.

Soon, he saw the words in white written on a green background board that hung above the road.

"Arrivals!"

There Were even arrows pointing forward too. The entire 3 lane road was a one-way path.

He still bypassed a sign that said, Domestic flight.

This meant those who arrived by domestic flights should be here. Taxis, cabs and other vehicles could easily park and wait to pick up passengers easily.

Hey!

The airport hasn't opened, yet people were moving in and out. Read

They were of course the workers because whether this place is in use or not, they must never let dust pile up, especially in an airport for that matter.

Landon dropped by and finally stopped outside the Pyno and internal flight zones before descending the slope and taking a right turn on the fork that split the road.

The left turn was to leave the airport and the right turn was to head to the parking regions.

Landon didn't want to park underground so he chose to enter one of the parking buildings, swirling around till he parked his vehicle on the building's 3rd floor.

It was amazing how the 1st and 2nd floor was already filled with vehicles belonging to the staff working here.

He was sure that within the many other parking buildings, the 1st and 2nd floors should also be full. So imagine how crazy it will be when the place finally opens up.

There Was also underground parking underneath the airport itself.

Luckily, Landon chose this region and also purchased the land surrounding the airport reserved for future expansion.

.

"Welcome, your majesty!"

Several people had already been waiting for Landon, as they led him in through one of the many staff entrances.

Soon, Landon found himself in the majestic space which was like a factory built within the airport.

Can you guess where he was? Of course, it was the kitchen!

Do you think it's easy for airports to produce 8~10,000 omelets a day?

Lyore didn't see Landon walk in, as he was murdering about his fixation on still building a house made of food.

"..."

If eyes could kill, Lyore would be dead by now.

Don't think over the years he hasn't seen Lyore's news on the papers.

How can a grown man be so childish?

Lyore built a house of chocolate and all sorts of sweets, like a witch trying to entice children like Hansel and Gretel.

Sadly, he didn't think very much about temperature, as the noise began building crazily during the boiling summer.

Legend says the neighbors can still hear Lyore's anguished cries when they sleep.

Who does that? What grown man do you know cries for something like that?

They say Lyore cried his eyes out like a 2-year-old child, sobbing on his wife's shoulders while pointing at the small candy land house he built in his backyard.

Landon thought he had gotten over it. So why was he now hearing Lyore murmuring about doing it again but this time hiring the technicians to get a cooling system in the place?

(x-_-)

... Forget it... everyone has a dream.

Landon decided not to bother with Lyore, coughing loudly to get the bastard's attention.

"Ah!... Your Majesty, you are here!"

Lyore's eyes lit up excitedly to see Landon.

"You're majesty, I saw the latest corrections made to the meal plans I approved... your majesty, don't you think if we change it, it won't taste good?"

Landon shook his head sideways while walking with Lyore. "If we let the original meal plans slide, the outcome will be even worse."

High up in the sky, everything changes.

"Lyore, due to lack of moisture, the human sense of smell reduces and this affects our judgment of food."

Everyone around listened attentively as if discovering a new world.

Really? Does it truly happen like that?

"Yes... At the same time, lower air pressure will also affect the sensitivity of our taste buds. Our perception of saltiness and sweetness also drops. "

This is why no matter how well food is done, it will always taste plain and bland in the air.

Don't blame the airlines.

Who can they blame for mother nature who changes the taste buds of humans high up in the air?

All they can do is try to make it as tasty as possible.

And that was why Landon was here.

Today, they will experiment with a series of first-batch airline meals, take them high up in the air and allow these cooks to understand the difference.

For the airline, there must be no errors!

.

Just like that, Land spent his days busying around in preparation for the day when airplanes would grace the world.

Things seemed bubbly in Baymard as expected. But what he did not know was that in one of their UN nations, an evil scheme was slowly hatching in the dark.

BOOM!

Camilla smashed her fist into the ground in fury.

They were so close! They were so close to finally eliminating that bastard who called himself a new monarch.

But luckily, the TOEP had sent her word, ensuring Gregory and his little friends from Baymard will soon be eliminated. It was just that how long could she wait?

Her situation was dire and she, one of the most beautiful and powerful women in Titarian, now found herself, hiding in a sewer hole like a rodent.

What was that?

She heard something.

Camilla knew someone was there. But who?

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1693 New Assignment](#)

Chapter 1693 New Assignment

Camilla, the great beauty, now reduced to this level of living on the edge of desperation... Can you believe it?

One of the--... if not the most dangerous woman in all of Titarian, was now forced into this state of mystery.

Should she bow her head in fear because of her current predicament? No, she wouldn't!

Squaring her shoulders and standing tall, she slowly unsheathed her dagger and pointed it forward.

"Show yourself. Who goes there?"

The stangant ones didn't move, and the only noises that could be heard were hers and the sounds of water dripping in the distance.

A layman might truly believe they were alone. But who was she?

A rare female member of the T.O.E.P.

Though it was possible for women to train and have their factions, it was still very possible in the organization.

Most female members will only focus on their guard getting training, not wanting to train intensely and make their bodies masculine.

But Camilla has always believed she was a defendant of the goddess of beauty herself.

So no matter what she dies, she felt she would always be the fairest in the land.

Sure enough, she was right since no matter how she trained her body remained the same, unlike some Pirate Morg females who developed manly looks and arms that could crush their partners in one go.

Doing arm wrestling competitions and losing to one's woman was so humiliating and grounds for a breakup.

It wasn't a joke.

Many men who used to be lovers of these burly female pirates were quick to break up, feeling their egos bruised.

It got so bad that these female pirates had to take in a harem of slaves as lovers since these slaves would never be able to escape their grasp on their respective shared islands.

Hmph!

If these slave boys wanted to live, they best be knowledgeable about eating their wives, dishing out compliments here and there and making these women feel that their bodies were the most beautiful of all.

Camilla always raised her chin boldly, when bragging about how skilled she was despite her current sexy figure.

Who can be more blessed than her?

Seeing as her body hadn't changed from training, Camilla went crazy on it, working hard to make herself strong.

She had to admit that even though she worked hard, she was still slightly above average compared to the many TOEP members.

But if it's a fight here in Titarian she was confident to have the last laugh.

.

"I hate repeating myself."

Swish!

The blade whistled in the air, and what followed next was the muffled sound of a man in pain.

Bam!

A loud thump echoed in the space, as Camilla's attack successfully landed its mark.

Slowly advancing toward the dying figure, the air pressure around her also increased by leaps.

Her eyes were menacing, her face expressionless and her overall demeanor resembled that of a grim reaper.

Tilting her head to the side, she watched the masked man struggle for air, slowly dying in shock and filled with unwillingness.

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Who would've known Camilla had such skills?

Neither his master nor the entity of Titarian were aware of her skills.

Sure. Most noble women had guards and units of knights in their forces who did their bidding.

Most fathers gave these knight units to their daughters after their coming of age.

The women in question don't know how to fight yet they could control such a vast number of forces.

How to say it? The knights were not per se loyal but had no choice to be since they not only swore an oath to do so but also had their children's life at stake if they dared to disobey.

Who cares about the wife? They can marry as many women as they like.

The problem was having their heirs killed for their mistakes.

War does terrible things to a man.

Do you know some lost the ability to give seeds to their women after returning from war?

This meant their current children were the only ones they would have for the rest of their lives.

So imagine hearing about the beheading or death of those said children?

For some, it was the thought of their mothers or fathers getting beheaded that made their stomachs churn.

Whether it was for love or inheritance's sake, they didn't want such a thing to happen when they were far away.

In a nutshell, these female masters held what they valued the most in their palms, letting the knights know that should they betray them, their families, aspirations, or what they desired most would be taken away from them.

.

"How.... you, you, you--"

Pouff~

The masked man in black coughed a mouthful of blood, slowly and unwillingly losing consciousness.

He wished he could magically send word to those in the capital about Canilla's true strength. But it was too late for him now. Read

Camilla watched him take his final breath, not bothering to interrogate the fool.

After all, she already recognized a few things on his body that insinuated he was sent by those bastards in the Capital.

No one knows she could fight.

No one knows she was as good as the top 50 rank killers in the empire.

How disgusting.

Camilla pulled her dagger out of his neck and slowly wiped the blood strains off.

Now then... time to keep keeping.

Putting her hoodie back on, she hastily walked through the dark underground tunnel caves.

Although she hated Baymard, she had to admit that their jackets were the warmest and most stylish she had ever seen or used.

With her heart trembling heavily, Camilla ran as fast as she could through the space for 30 minutes before reaching a wider space.

"There!"

She saw the horse kept for her, as well as a note of instructions on where to go next.

"Hyah!"

Camilla slapped the subsides of her horse with her legs and continued her journey onwards.

Although she would've been safe in the Capital, it was still hard to say how long that pretentious peace would last.

It's been a while since the late incident when the TOEP attacked Gregory on his coronation day.

Everything should've gone perfectly right, except they didn't account for Gregory's surprise visitors from Baymard who stormed the place and killed many of their forces.

Camilla was extremely glad she didn't pump a majority of her forces for that battle.

Though skeptical, there was no true proof to say Camilla had something to do with the assassination attempt on that day.

Her hands were thoroughly clean by the death of the men she sent in. No one could even identify these men as hers.

They were all classified as people from a mysterious unknown order.

How very convenient for her, since she cried and showed public love for Gregory.

That being said, she should still be able to live a happy life, knowing they would never have anything to tie her to the matter.

But Camilla was on the edge, always feeling it will only be a matter of time before their patience for her ran thin.

For now, they kept sending people to watch her every move.

For now, all they did was watch. But who is to say watching won't soon turn into assassinating?

Camilla will never wait for such a day to come. She left most of her guards by her children's side and fled in accordance with the TOEP's instructions.

She wasn't fleeing per se, but heading to get the latest updates on when the T.O.E.P would finally strike back.

Additionally, she heard there were special tasks specifically designed for her to take up. So how can she still stay in the Capital?

"Dammit!"

Camilla cursed under her breath.

"If that one bastard could trail me so closely, it means there is an enemy close by. I have to leave this area fast!"

It's off since she recalled blowing up the cave's underground entrance with barrels of black powder after getting in.

So could it be that in her moment of carelessness, that scout snuck in before the place was sealed?

If so, the enemy might not know that there is a hidden tunnel here.

Either way, she would dutifully report everything to the T.O.E.P as per usual

It will be up to them to investigate further.

.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop. Gallop~

Camilla's thighs were beginning to burn.

Her hair was fizzy, her looks were haggard and her riding clumsy.

It's been 12 hours of riding underground nonstop.

This was a T.O.E.P's exclusive tunnel path. There were wild creatures living here.

Even if a few do get in, Camilla was still confident in her jet skills of taking them down.

The tunnel had torches strategically lit along the walls.

Finally, she was out at last.

Camilla ran through the woods for an additional 14 hours nonstop, before reaching a lone cottage in the woods.

Finally, she saw her mission.

[Head to Baymard and prepare for the Organization's Grand Arrival]

It seems they too have had enough of Baymard!

This time, their big finale was near!

Chapter 1694 The End Is Near!

Bahahhahahahahahaha~

Camilla was thrilled, reading the letter while boiling water in a black cauldron suspended above the fireplace.

How exciting!

The end was truly near for Baymard, though it won't be as brisk as she hoped.

In Camilla's mind, Baymard would no longer exist after 2 years. It seems that despite knowing Baymard's inventions the organization still had supreme confidence in smashing them all.

It was times like these that made Camilla proud and glad he wasn't the organization's foe.

You have to know that after Baymard did their little show and rescue back then, she was indeed terrified of their power.

Seeing them move from a distance isn't the same as witnessing it inches away from one's face

I'm telling you, she was right there with her burden, seated high up on that royal balcony overseeing the ashes as they gathered to watch Gregory's coronation.

The organization's assassins should've unfinished him off then, but who knew Gregory had a super assassin who not only caught the arrows and spear attacks but also destroyed the hidden enemies in one move?

No way!

Camilla had never seen something so terrifying yet so hot and steamy too.

She knew the guard belonged to Grefory but his actions could indeed make her open her legs for him.

Of course, she loved her husband, and wouldn't dare think of cheating. No... what she loved doing was staging an act for her husband to 'almost catch her' making love to another man.

Her husband was so jealous that he would kill on sight and then make love to her by the dead body too.

She loved a man who knew how to put her in her place.

How many men have died because of her? Maybe more than 10,000.

Some were even innocent, having only come because she promised a job opportunity for them.

Sadly, it was all a trap since when they arrived at her mansion, they were led to her chambers where she lay naked. And before they could reply whether to accept or decline, her husband would choose them down and display their heads on stakes for all to see.

Who cares if their families mourned for them?

Camilla once heard that the daughter of a person she had killed, was now living a pitiable life where no man wanted her thinking she carried her father's blood and was therefore a loose woman who didn't know how to close her legs for anyone.

In the end, the girl raped and bashed her head on a wall to end her life.

How weak.

If she were the one she would rise to power and sell all those who spoke badly of her to slave traders.

No... the best fate was having them sent in as true slaves belonging to the organization.

There, they will live on secluded islands with no way out until they prove themselves in deadly competitions and get selected as crew members for the many pirate fleets.

Of course, the week would end up being rowers, spending tenor lives chained up until they died.

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Look... wasn't such a fate better for her enemies than having her die with no one still feeling remorse?

Even after death, they still laughed at her, saying she was better off dying than living such a disgraceful life.

Heh!

Camilla sneered feeling she didn't do anything wrong.

For one, even if people did turn her down she still felt they should die for insulting her.

After all, wasn't it an insult to see her heavenly body and not have dirty thoughts?

Who are they fooling with that crap of saying they love their peasant wives and didn't want to cheat?

It was rare for men to turn her down but there were indeed a handful out of the thousands who from the moment they entered her bedroom chambers, their eyes already rejected her though they said nothing.

However, as proud as she was, she would never allow such men to walk out alive.

Even if she detested and loved down on them, who were they not to get turned on by her magnificent body?

They were simply courting death!

.

Reading the note for the umpteenth time Camilla slowly made her way to the fireside, throwing the note in without nostalgia.

"Before I go anyways I must see my husband." She said to herself.

Her husband was with his brother in another neighboring empire.

Yes!

Her brother-in-law was the smart one who managed to marry a princess from the empire, and later taught his way to becoming monarch.

Hehehehehe~

Many people from that empire hated that an outsider was the one to rule them. But what could they do? I think you should take a look at

They didn't know what sort of ecstasy soup this foregone had given the nobles, but it was enough to keep him on the throne for over a decade now.

What was so amazing was that after marrying the princess from that empire, he quickly kicked her to the curb once he got the throne.

Tsk.

Her brother-in-law was truly an amazing man, almost as amazing as her husband, a loyal Tyrant in Titarian.

Before leaving for Baymard, some things have to be looked after.

That's why she had to meet her husband face to face since he was the only one she truly trusted.

Hey...

They might not see each other for a while, so at least let them have a couple-moment together.

Thus, Camilla's mind began to spin, as she made a detailed plan of her journey.

First head to see her husband in another empire's Capital, before leaving for Baymard from there.

Had she left straight from Titarian, reaching Baymard would've been way shorter since the Baymardian ship cruises were very operational, and according to the rumors, swift too.

Yes. That was undoubtedly the easier route to choose had she not had other matters to do before leaving.

Luckily for her, the deadline the organization gave her was 1 year and 4 months.

At the end of this period, she must be in Baymard. Someone will be there to ensure she 'checked in' or so to speak.

1 year, 4 months...

She has to live fast.

From where she was, it would take another 1 month 3 weeks to reach the borders before taking up another 3 months 2 weeks to reach the next empire's Capital city.

That's 6 months and 1 week of travel time.

Mind you, she will then have to leave that said empire and board a ship, staying afloat the seas for months before reaching Baymard.

No matter how she saw it, she was really cutting it close by going to see her husband.

However, Camilla didn't think too much.

Provided she was there on time the organization wouldn't care about how many stops she made on the way.

Her journey was long but necessary.

Camilla estimated that her overall travel time would be approximately 1 year 2 months and 3 weeks if things went according to plan with my delays.

This meant she would have 1 month and 1 week of free time, which she would generously use during her visitation time with her husband.

She will give him 2 weeks, keeping the other 3 weeks for unexpected incidents that could delay her travel time.

As for what she would be doing in Baymard, the organization didn't care so long as she kept busy and stayed there while gathering information too.

Pouring the boiled water into a wooden bowl, Camilla set the bowl on the side to cool down a bit, while tapping her fingers on the worn-out tables thoughtfully.

It would be a lie to say she wasn't thrilled to see just how accurate this Baymard was from the many portrait (magazine) images shown around.

As for when the T.O.E.P were truly going to strike, Camilla thought it should be 2 years from now but who knows... it might be 2 and a half or 3 depending on when they could gather all major forces to deliver a deep blow to Baymard.

Here's the thing.

They had to gather as many forces as they could because once Baymard is under attack, the other Pyno empires will come to its rescue.

Don't forget that with those insane Baymardian ships the many Pyno forces would arrive in an hour or so rather than in a few days.

So backup will come quicker than usual.

In other words, they will be fighting Pyno as a whole and not just Baymard.

This was why the organization had to come in hard, showing these lowly Pyno people just what they were made of.

Of course, their many Pyno members will also have to work hard to destroy the enemy from within too.

But what Camilla didn't know was that the reason might be due to something else... The matter of finding all keys and unlocking the core's ultimate potential!

However, that was a matter for another time.

~Pah!

Camilla slammed the empty bowl onto the table, wiping the corners of her mouth with her handkerchief before grabbing some food in the cupboards kept for her and heading back into the light rain to continue on her journey.

Baymard, Baymard, Baymard...

Their time was near.

Many thought so, as the organization sent word to hundreds and thousands of people all at once.

One thing was certain -- This was the end of the newly sprung empire.

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1695 Going All Out

Chapter 1695 Going All Out

Bang!

The thundering claps from the heavens echoed in the ears of many, as the many bright streaks of lightning flashed in the sky chaotically.

The weather was foul, with numerous dark clouds hovering in the sky, as though they were signs of ominous predictions.

Yet despite the heavy rains and dull atmosphere, the Royal Capital of Deiferus still had occasional parties hosted by the many nobles.

Oh, dear!

What a glorious day it was for many to be invited to the Annual Fall Ball, the last thrilling ball of the year.

Don't be ridiculous in thinking it was an ordinary ball.

Typically, most 'mating' balls were done at the end of Spring and the entire summer, allowing young people eligible bachelors and married youngsters to look for first, second and even third wives.

But the mating balls didn't just bend with summer's dying breath.

In Fall, they had 3 last balls, for those who hadn't caught up with prospective partners, or those who are still looking to add more partners to their harems.

Of course, some women were looking for second and third husbands to add to their harems too.

Just like a man, provided a woman could show she was equally strong like Penelope, people wouldn't bat an eyelid if she married 10 to 20 men of her choosing.

If she wanted to be the breadwinner, then she better be able to support them and their excessive needs.

Because just like how many noble women loved shopping and burning money in the vaults till they dropped dead, mist harem husbands loved buying expensive, limited supply and unique booze in barrels, sending hundreds and thousands for a single barrel.

Others loved spending money on uniquely bred horses, wagons, carriages and other forms of transportation so they could brag about them later.

Don't think that one could belong to a noble house and not spend.

They were obligated to do so, so as not to raise any negative rumors about their clans and households.

Do you want word to go about that they were suddenly poor and now undeserving of their current nobility rank?

Even in business, some might not want to invest or become partners with them seeing them as a sinking ship.

All nobles must spend money to keep the masses envious of their lives.

The more money they spend, the more scared people will be to cross them.

.

Today was the day for the last big ball of the season!

Many were secretly crying tears of joy, feeling this was their last true shot at love.

Even those who already found partners still had to attend in case they found someone better than their current partners.

After all, some eligible youngsters had just arrived from expeditions and would be attending this last ball too.

Goodness!

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"Have you heard? Young master Damon will be returning for good from his 4-year study in Baynard."

"Heavens! Are we talking about the dame Damon Grey from the prestigious Grey Clan, a well-known High-ranked clan?"

"That's the one, the one and only. I heard he is still unmarried since the passing of his fiancée. He is now 20 and must marry soon according to his mother's wishes. This means we all have a shot!"

"Blah, blah blah, blah."

(^_^)

In many clan estates and noble homes, many noble ladies began the great spa rituals that enhanced their beauties mixing traditional spa methods with the ones purchased from Baymard.

Face masks, toners, scented oils, and many other items were used during this period.

The many store owners were almost bombarded by the maids and servants of these wealthy noble girls who caused them to be out of stock on various products way faster than they predicted.

Whether they were products for the hair, face, skin and even toes, these noble women went all out with their purchases.

For balls like these, only, Traditional clothes of this period would work.

Baymard seems to understand this as they designed several ball pieces of their own too. But to make all cloth makers earn a sizable income too, the Sewers Association had meetings with associates from all UN empires, releasing new clothing styles never seen before.

All Landon did was make a few designs used in the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th-century ball gowns.

Whether one liked the clothes in *Pride and Prejudice* or *Gone With the Wind* and other classics, it was their choice to make.

Hear batches of different era attires, allowing the women to choose the designs they wanted, and leave the rest to the tailors to make for them.

Baymard had a lot of fabric sold out to various merchants in the various UN nations. So all tailors had to do was buy the fabrics they wanted to stitch their client's desires.

For such balls, many women invited famous tailors in the empire, allowing them to design unique outfits catering to them alone.

Who wants to dress up like another for the same ball?

The tailors came with a book of inspiration released by Baymard. It was then their chance to get inspiration from these pieces and design clothes of their own that brought out their client's unique features.

. I think you should take a look at

Just like that, a cloud of excitement and craze filled the noble society, with some still daydreaming of someone getting the monarch's attention since he still hasn't had any woman by his side.

No. That's not exactly true.

It's said their monarch, his majesty Henry, had eyes on his imprisoned brother's woman, Ezenia though no one knows how true the rumor is.

Many also said Ezenia seems to be throwing herself on his majesty Henry, seeing as he has never made a move on her, not even a shoulder touch.

His Majesty Henry always kept the right amount between them whether they were sitting or walking.

Hmph!

Many people didn't like Ezenia, knowing she was an overly arrogant and rude woman when men were not around.

She was also not in any relationship, making them feel she was waiting for his majesty Henry to ask her out.

All season, many have gambled, betting that before the end of the year, his majesty will make her his queen.

All through the many ball seasons, many have kept an eye on the duo but saw no progress.

However, some believed this ball was the one Henry would make a move in. Even if he didn't, Ezenia would surely do seductively to keep face.

Just like that, time flew in a flash. And one of the most talked-after women was now sitting before a grand mirror, allowing her maids to style her hair.

"Miss, you will knock his majesty off his feet with your looks. I don't think any man will be able to resist you after a single glance."

"You think so?" Ezenia asked, lowering her eyes shyly.

"Of course, Miss! I definitely think he will do it tonight!"

No one was praying for such a thing to happen more than them.

Who doesn't want to be a maid working for the future Queen?

As people who were no longer slaves, their pay would boost to an incredible number after Ezenia sits beside Henry on the throne.

Although his majesty has tried to deny the rumors, Ezenia, their employer, always blushed when thinking of him, giving the impression she never wanted the rumors refuted.

The maids chuckled seeing Ezenia's expectant gaze.

It seems she wanted Henry so badly it could no longer be hidden.

If Henry doesn't make a move, their Miss might be the one to do it instead. But what they didn't know was that the moment they left the room, Ezenia's shyness vanished.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she had the urge to take everything off and shove them down Henry's throat, as well as the throats of that bastard organization that was yet to meet her conditions.

Wait, wait, what, wait, wait.

That's all she hears from them these days.

It's been over 2 and a half years now with no news of Ulrich's successful prison break from that godforsaken Baymardian prison.

What are they doing? Don't they say they were the most powerful people in the world? So why were they delaying so much?

In the end, the organization simply told her they were dealing with other important matters that were causing the delays.

How dare they say they've attacked Baymard's prisons several times and lost?

If they did so, Ezenia might feel the organization wasn't as strong as they said.

Nonetheless, Ezenia felt she couldn't wait any longer.

Her mother-in-law, Ulrich's mother, had long been disappointed in her since she couldn't fulfill her promise of rescuing Ulrich.

At least, to compensate her, the organization gave her a rare chance of training her men in Morgany, despite her situation being on a standstill

Ezenia's face was gloomy.

"Out."

Swish~

"Master."

Several men clad in black appeared.

"Is it all set?"

"Yes, master. Tonight, His Majesty Henry will breathe his last."

"Good."

Hehehehehehehe~

Ezenia smiled cruelly.

No one wants him dead more than she.

Tonight, she was going all out.

Chapter 1696 The Death Hour Is Here!

In no time, several people did last-minute preparations, with their targets in mind.

However, they weren't the only ones rushing to get things done.

In the palace, the head butlers, cooks and maids were almost plucking all their hair out during inspections.

"Stupid is what you are! If stupid was a person, it would look just like you!"

"Yes, Chef. I am stupid."

"Dammit! Where are the candle boys? We need more candles here. With the dull weather, we cannot rely solely on electric lights! All ballroom candles will be lit alongside electric lights!"

"Say it with me, you are a potato. Say it! Say: I Am A Potato... because that's how you make me feel right now!"

The palace's bustling state only grew heavier and heavier as time sped up.

Even the gardeners were in a pickle, rushing to reshape the many visible lawns and paths one will have to drive through to get to the massive ballroom.

The ballroom would indeed take place at night, but so what?

The royals must never give the chance for anyone to ridicule them.

When entering the palace, one's face must always be that of awe and sometimes envy.

This meant everything must be in tip-top shape.

The roads, the nearby lawns, the trees, and the many roundabout fountains strategically placed at the start of every zone from outer to inner, must be awe-striking.

Likewise, the gardens surrounding the ballroom were typically used by the guests to stroll about when they wanted some air or privacy.

Don't think the gardens were small.

If not for the various flowers planted within the gardens, one might get lost if not careful.

In some regions, only roses were grown, and in other places, only tulips were grown.

The gardeners purposefully did this to give the many guests a sense of direction.

Apart from that, there were bushes and rocks carved and chiseled to look like people.

All in all, everyone was preparing hard for the day. In no time, the grand tour had arrived.

In the many noble homes young girls all lined up before the many carriages, entering as carefully as they could.

For the balls, they used their grandest carriages, wanting to make a statement on their wealth.

Gallup. Gallop. Gallop. Gallop.~

The night people stood by the streets, playing the game of guessing who is in the many carriages.

Many no doubt recognize the family crests and symbols of these nobles, but still joined in the fun, wanting to see if they were right or not.

Hey... the rainy seasons like this were somewhat slow in business unlike in the summer.

Many shop owners looked at the time, noting it was still 5:37 P.M.

Dont, think it's early because, by the time these noble carriages reach the palace, it will almost be 7 PM.

And as everyone knows, for balls such as these, carriage parking and name announcements were done from 5~8 PM, after which the doors will be closed.

Some people could still arrive late and would be allowed to enter, but it's just that their names won't be read.

To a noble, this was a huge blow.

For one, if any of the daughters or sons were looking for marriageable partners without the announcement, who would know they were here in this gathering of thousands and thousands of people?

Sure, maybe a hundred or so people could spot them, but their chances were greater when their names were announced and people were actively looking for them.

Do you know how many people this ballroom could fit comfortably? 10,000!

That's right.

10,000!

Don't underestimate the number of nobles living in the Capital, as well as in neighboring towns and cities around the Capital.

Nobles from neighboring places came to the capital just to attend this final ball, hoping their children, nephews, nieces and descendants would catch a bigger fish than the options presented to them in their home regions.

From 5~8, all nobles mostly arrived within this period.

After 8 P.M, although the announcements for those late won't hold, those who came at 7:59 or even 7:51 will still have their names called out.

So from 8~8:44 PM, their names would still be called out while the group of nobles chatted and mingled with each other briefly. And by 8:45~9 PM, his majesty would make his appearance.

A small show will follow after that, and by 9:15 to 12:45 AM, dance time and mealtime will be combined.

For those who wished to eat first before dancing, they could do so. For those who wished to first strike a bond with their potential partners, they too could make their move before eating.

But of course, some had no inkling of eating, as they did not wish to add even an inch of belly fat.

One could easily get bloated from the many delicious palace foods if not careful.

Well, that was how many of the young girls felt but the boys were another matter altogether, with many planning to eat their fill.

And of course, for the parents who already have partners... Please! How dare they not eat? They were ready to devour anything in their plates with class, poise and style. I think you should take a look at

(~^~)

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On the streets, many cab drivers and taxi drivers gave priority to these carriages though they knew they didn't have to.

With the new traffic laws and road regulations, all carriages, horses and wagons carry equal weight of importance, so they didn't need to show favor to these noblemen.

But hey, these people were on a tight schedule today, they decided to let them have their way just this once.

Security at the palace gate was tight, as everyone's weapons were registered before entry.

How many bows and arrows do your men carry? How many swords do your guards have?

Are any hidden weapons found after a deep search?

Thanks to the UN's shared suggestions, all monarchs did thorough searches for balls such as these.

In the past, searches were never made. So assassinations, poisonings and all sorts of conspiracies often transpired.

But now, with searches being made, it was far more difficult for one to slip something in.

Even the servants, maids and other staff were checked by another team before they entered the ballroom.

The security check was the thing that delayed them the most.

After all, even if they drove on toward the ballroom, the driver would only drop them off and that was that.

In conclusion, they were the ones who had to worry about parking.

The guards and drivers they brought over will sort that matter out.

All they knew was that 30 minutes before the partner typically ended, their carriages should be already standing outside the vast space before the ballroom.

At the doors, there will also be 2 or more guards wearing their official uniforms with their crests in them. These guards were there to take them to where the carriages were parked in the vast space.

The open space in front of the ballroom was akin to a car-park zone before a Walmart or massive superstore. It was even bigger as some people came with 10 carriages, carrying their family members in them.

Finally, they were in!

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~Swish!

At 5 PM exactly, the massive double-sided golden opened, revealing the lavishly decorated ballroom.

As the guests began making their way in, the herald stood near the entrance, announcing the arrival of each guest, their names echoing throughout the hall.

"Lord Charles of Staffordshire, his first wife, Lady Emelia of Staffordshire, and their sons and daughter... blah, blah, blah."

A man's first wife and the children born to her are all superior to the 2nd wife and her children.

Likewise, the 2nd wife is also superior to the 3rd wife and her children.

Thus, the names must be read like so.

Again, for those who entered the hall 45 minutes earlier, their names would be reread at 5:45, as a courtesy since they were the first people to enter.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock.

The clock ticked heavily, and soon it was already 7:45 PM.

Ezenia slowly followed her grandfather in, taking a seat in a high position deserving of her status.*no vEŁUsB.cOm*

It was times like these that she was glad she and her grandfather killed her mother. The woman was such a disgrace, one she felt shameful of having.

Many noble boys stared at Ezenia with interest but she pretended not to see them.

What a joke! Apart from her beloved Ulrich, who else is deserving of her?

poup-pouppop-poup-poup-pouppop-poup~

The tumblers suddenly blew and soon, everyone rose to welcome the true man of the hour, their monarch, his majesty Henry!

Today, many women wished to become his queen!

Heh.

Ezenia sneered viciously at the incoming silhouette above the garbed platform.

'Enjoy it while you still can because tonight will be your last! How dare you take what belongs to my baby?'

As the party continued Ezenia slowly made her way to Henry.

The two laughed and chuckled for a while, before heading for a private corner in the gardens.

This place was left exclusively for Henry. Heh.

How perfect.

Ezenia's smiles could light up the stars.

His majesty Henry... It's time for you to die!

Chapter 1697 Ezenia The Great!

Before stepping out with Henry Ezenia purposefully dropped her handkerchief by a waiter, before gracefully bending down to pick it up.

"How much time do we have?"

"30 minutes, Mistress." The waiter said in a low whisper.

By now, their forces who were already within the palace, should be moving towards the targeted location.

"Good."

With their discussion concluded, Ezenia suddenly smiled, telling the waiter to be careful, since he almost 'bumped' into her just now.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye and no one thought anything suspicious of their actions.

And soon, Ezenia, who caught up with Henry, wiggled her way into a private audience with him just as they typically did whenever she came to the palace to see him.

At first, Henry used to be defensive like a porcupine about to blow its spikes. But you have to know that it's been well over 3 years now and Ezenia was still kind to him, as though turning a new leaf in her life from her monstrous past.

And although it doesn't erase all the pain she caused him, it did make him drop his guard a little.

Tonight there was no rain, just dull clouds and chilly winds.

"Are you cold?" Henry asked, seeing her rub her shoulders softly.

Inwardly, he had no intention of taking off his Jacket for her.

What? Do you want to say it's the right thing to do? Please! If you knew it was going to be cold, you should've prepared one for yourself.

Landon never loses when he says Henry and Astar were one of the densest people he knew.

A girl could be throwing them a cue, and they still won't be able to grasp it.

(-_-)

Idiot. Ezenia inwardly cursed, once again reminding herself of her mission, lest she got carried away by her anger.

Although her smile looked a little cracked, she still performed her best, looking at Henry shyly from time to time.

"Your majesty..." She called, reaching for one of the towering flowers on her side.
"Every time I see your garden, it blooms even more vibrantly than before, despite the harsh season."

Henry nodded. "Yeah. The royal gardeners are truly something else."

That's it? That's all you have to say?

Honestly, whenever Ezenia spent time with Henry, she would often doubt her beauty.

If not for the thousands of boys and men who swooned over her from time to time, she would've thought she was ugly.

She might not like Henry, but that doesn't mean she doesn't like receiving attention from him. Those are 2 separate matters.

Bah!

What was she thinking?

Seeing as they were venturing deeper into Henry's private garden space, a smile slowly crept onto her face.

From time to time, she looked around, with a sharp glint flashing through her eyes.

Suddenly, she 'tripped,' causing Henry to support her.

"Are you okay?"

"Thank you, your majesty... without you, I don't know what this little one would do."

"Nonsense. Without me, of course, you will survive. After all, I didn't meet you on life support, so you must still be able to live pretty well without me."

"..."

This bastard deserves to be single. Can't you see her puckered lips, her glistening chanting eyes and her soft pearly face?

A normal person would blush and get tempted to land a soft kiss on her lips.

Of course, she would allow him one kiss if it would facilitate their plans.

So long as her baby, Ulrich never finds out, it should be all good.

Estimating the time left, Ezenia knew her people should be ready.

In the stunning garden maze, Ezenia slowly faced Henry with big googly eyes.

"Your majesty... Can it be possible for us to truly be alone? I... I have something I wish to tell you. It's been weighing greatly on my mind, and I feel I must tell you this before I regret it later."

Listening to her, many hidden guards felt she should confess her feelings for Henry.

Over the years, Ezenia made no effort in hiding how she felt about his majesty.

She would blush at the mere mention of his name, sometimes also waving her hands on her eyes and shaking her head in she after getting asked about her feelings for him.

For noble ladies, they must wait for a man to be the one to first say how they feel about them.

It was also a safety mechanism for them too.

Who is marrying who? A majority of the time, it's the men who marry.

So if they don't come forth to make their intentions known, a woman will remain single unless she wants to marry beneath her class.

So if a woman stands before a man and gives a passionate confession, let's say the man agrees but later never comes to propose or make his intentions known to the family, do you know what sort of shame that woman will face?

Her reputation will be that of an abandoned woman.

Thus, for the woman's sake, just zip your mouth and wait for the man to come to your family and make his intentions known.

After all, in today's society, men could lose to 50 people if they liked, and marry 20 should they please.

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Who goes to war? The men.

Who gets rewarded the most for such feats? The men.

A majority of wealth stays with the men, who then circulate it to their wives.

Even Baymard itself always strives for equality and has often said there can never be true equality in the world.

Think about it. I think you should take a look at

In Baymard, and in several UN nations, female soldiers have begun emerging.

Yes. Now, men know women are also capable.

But if you truly want equality, then why should women and children be given priority in rescue instances? Say a ship is sinking.

Why must we rescue the women and children first?

Children they get.

But if it's true equality, then after the children are rescued, let both women and men fend for themselves.

Likewise, even in war zones, after an empire is captured by an enemy, the enemy will never kill the women, but waste no time killing the men.

Look! You can't eat your cake in everything and have.

For the men, their compensation for risking their lives steadily and always being the first to get targeted was more money and power.

You can't want the wealth but not the responsibilities that come with it.

Even the very rich are assassinated every day. Meanwhile, their women stay alive, unless being targeted by other women.

A majority of assassinations are targeted at men.

Whether one refused to admit it or not, men could never be equal to women, and vice versa.

What Baymard mostly pushed forward was the belief in EQUITY.

Meaning, one will be paid for exactly what they have contributed.

So let's say a man works ten hours a day and a woman works 8.

You will be paid for your 10 hours and the woman will be paid for her 8 hours. Let's say it's the woman who makes 12 hours.

Then she will be paid for 12.

Back in the days before Baymard, women could work for up to 14 hours and get paid chicken change and almost nothing just because they were women.

All Baymard was saying was that if you did the work, then you should get paid for that. Simple.

EQUITY was the real deal since there could ever really and truly be equality in the world.

From the moment you were born, not all 10 of your fingers were equal. So don't expect it to remain the same in real life.

The one thing Landon was most pleased with was that people now, both women and men, never believed in the matter of true equality at all.

The difference between men and women was what made humanity so interesting.

Everyone's gender had a role to play in society.

The heavens made it so and that was what.

All they wanted was a way to make money fairly. And Baymard solved this issue relatively well.

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"Blah, blah blah, blah."

Ezenia was almost counting 100 sheep in her mind, trying to make this man of steel send his guards away.

She spoke and spoke and was almost out of saliva before Henry finally waved his hand, and she heard several rustling noises fleeing the scene.

Phew~

Finally, alone at last.

Her throat was beginning to run dry.

Of course, to ensure she was truly alone, she gave a light cough, and soon got a bird's reply, twisting away in the bushes.

Heh.

How can Pyno's guards compare to her men trained in Morgany?

After they returned from their training, the first thing she noticed was their improved deadly aura.

They were like unhinged beasts, ready to pounce on prey whenever she gives the signal.

Their techniques, skills, methods of torture and other aspects had greatly improved to a height she didn't even know was possible.

This alone showed just how powerful the true Morgany guards and men were if her Pyno were far below them.

~Twit-Twit-Twit.

Ezenia smiled knowing she and a few of her guards were all alone with Henry.

Deeper and deeper into the maze they went, until Henry was hastily given a push by Ezenia.

Henry's face turned cold, as he stared at the snobbish woman raising a dagger at him arrogantly.

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING?"

"Know?" Ezenia sneered. "Of course, I know! What? Did you think, I, the mighty Ezenia, your brother's one true love, would call you here for a confession?"

Seeing her crazed face, Henry was reminded of how lunatic-driven and mad she was when they were younger.

"Ezenia, I'll give you one chance to redeem yourself. Put down your weapon or this might be your last."

Pfft~

Ezenia felt she heard the biggest joke of her life.

What gave him the impetus to think he could pull a power card on her?

"Come out!"

~Swish!

All her guards appeared, and Ezenia couldn't help smiling even more.

"I think you have something mistaken, fool... I am the one with the people. I am the one with the weapon. So what can you do to me?"

Chapter 1698 Henry's Disappointment

Hahahahahahaha~

Finally, Ezenia felt liberated after many years of pretending.

The distance between her and Henry was at most 2 meters, but the distance between her many guards and Henry was just several inches away.

Like shadows, the man clad in black appeared, with daggers and weapons placed so close to his neck, chest and other body parts that any sudden movements and he would for sure be a goner.

Yet, no one spiked the monarch, allowing their mistress to vent her anger.

Tilting her head, Ezenia still pointed her dagger at Henry crazily.

"Gosh. You are such a fool! An idiot... A stupid existence for you not to have seen this coming, otherwise why didn't you ask yourself how a goddess like myself could have a true man like Ulrich and go for a cockroach like you?"

The more Ezenia spoke, the crueller her face twisted into a hideous distortion.

Her body trembled with ecstasy and excitement the more she rambled.

Hahahhahaha~

Ezenia's joy couldn't make her disgust for another group too.

'What powerful? A simple task I gave, you all haven't been able to complete. But now look at me. With my connections, abilities and men, I am to take down this bastard easily,' she thought, feeling that the T.O.E.P aren't as strong as her grandfather thought.

Waste!

That's what they are. If not for their superb training methods, she wouldn't even want to bother with them after this is over.

As for Henry, this rodent, Ezenia found him to be simply idiotic, wondering if he had gone bonkers amid her fear.

For him to still have the audacity to order her around in times like these meant he truly had a death wish one she would gladly fulfill.

The cold winds

But no matter how much she rambled, Henry kept his thoughts somewhere else.

'Sure enough, they were right. She will never change.'

Henry inwardly sighed, realizing that despite his changes over the years, he was still a soft-hearted person who couldn't bring himself to take care of Ezenia years back especially after she lost her fiancé and a half of her support.

Maybe this betrayal hurt him since he was most looking forward to Ezenia's change.

It was he who held her hand, aiding her to take baby steps when she first urged herself on the floor in tears, begging for a fresh start years ago.

Today's betrayal, despite his expressionless face, made his body vibrate, feeling his heart throb loudly.

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"Lady Ezenia..." Henry calmly called. "I did give you a last chance to drop your weapon."

"You? A past chance?" Ezenia was made as a hippo. "Who the hell needs your last---... Ahhhhhhhh!"

Ezenia screamed, feeling both legs lose their strength, as blood gushed out from them like a pressurized tap.

"You bastard! Bloody son of a b**ch!"

Ezenia fell flat on her side, as she dug her fingernails into the dirt and yelled in agony, as bone-chilling pain suddenly engulfed her being.

It hurts! It hurt so bad!

'Good God! Why can't I feel anything in my legs? I'm not crippled, am I?'

Ezenia almost lost, thinking she was crippled without even trying harder to wiggle her toes for confirmation.

No way!

With the sort of pain she was feeling, she had already concluded she was crippled.

But what about her men?

Each of them fell with widened eyes, staring at Henry in shock until the darkness soon enveloped them.

How can this be? How can they die in the hands of these Palace guards who have not been trained in Morgany at all?

Baynard did offer its worthless training methods to the UN nations; but in their minds, how could any of it be better than the methods given by the Godfathers of the world?

No way.

If Morgany was a mobster/gangster, it would be the Godfather with everyone else being its minion.

How can a minion and a Godfather be equal? They felt no threats after returning to Deuferus, feeling they were far superior to the rest of Pyno, and could possibly take Mr. Death, A.K.A the strongest assassin, in one go.

But now, reality allowed them to understand that even before a mountain, a bigger one must exist.

Dammit!

In their final moments, they all grumbled and gritted their teeth at how useless the T.O.E.P was for promising to overdeliver what it couldn't.

What a bunch of Scumbags!

If they had just left them alone, wouldn't they have eventually tried to let Ezenia get them into Baymard for training instead?

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Plop!

All the men surrounding Henry fell like flies. And in a nearby slope filled with foliage and shrubs several men in black laid on their tummies, with long black rifles at hand.

"Beta squad calling in. Targets neutralized. Primary target is still alive. Waiting for the signal to complete elimination." The lead sniper reported, as he and several others aimed for the now-bloodied Ezenia who was crawling desperately on the ground.

Poof!~

Ezenia puked a mouthful of bad blood that couldn't stop climbing up her throat. Gathering her strength in her hands, she was just about to fling a dagger at Henry when suddenly...

"Ahhhhh!" I think you should take a look at

Both her hands were shot, causing a whirlpool of even more pain.

Hereyes were full of resentment and her teeth, though bloody, were gnashing against each other, wishing for a piece of Henry.

Yet, a piece of her also cried in despair, knowing she had lost.

But why? Why did she lose? What about her beloved? What about their plans to reunite and live as one family?

"You coward! Why don't you fight me like a man if you're so powerful?"

Despite the agonizing pain, Ezenia's mouth went off like a machine gun, firing shots at Henry in tears and humiliation.

Her heart felt like it was being ripped apart, and all her senses streamed for destruction, wishing to destroy both just Henry, but the entire world as well.

Honestly, it was very sad watching her struggle like a fish out of water, with all her limbs numb with pain.

She struggled and wrestled, proving she had more hidden strength within her than expected.

Ezenia just didn't want to give up, wrestling her way toward Henry despite her situation.

The mighty Ezenia had finally fallen, but Henry couldn't get any satisfaction from seeing her like this.

Ezenia felt choked up with countless emotions, as her chest rose and fell.

Tears flowed down her dirty but beautiful face, as she slowly lost consciousness, having lost the battle with her own body.

'Was it all a dream? Yes!! It must be,' she thought, not wanting to give up her dream of raising a family with Ulrich.

All she wanted was a family of her own with the man she truly loved.

So why was fate so against her? Why had the heavens turned their backs on her, a lonely woman in need?

In Ezenia's final moments before she fainted she seemed to have visualized a warm family, with Ulrich, conjuring up images of a little boy and girl running and playing in the royal gardens. And their parents, she and Ulrich, were standing and hugging beside him blissfully.

Aiy~

What a nice dream. It would be good if she could live in this dream world forever, her husband being monarch, her being queen and her children being very happy.

Of course, even in her dreams, she still visualized her children running around the gardens with daggers as they played Hide and Kill with the many slave servants in the palace.

Her little children killed quite a lot, and she couldn't be prouder!

(^_^)

—

"What do you suppose she's dreaming of?" Henry asked one of the guards, who was also taken aback by the warm smile on Ezenia's lips.

"Probably about killing you, your majesty."

ηOveLusB.cOM

"..."

Yeah. That seems more likely.

Phew~

Thank the heavens he had enlisted spies in Ezenia's home, though he dared not place them very close to Ezenia or her grandfather.

No. These spies were placed around her father's other wives.

Even then, it was so hard getting any news from her side.

Luckily, 8 months ago, they made a small breakthrough, getting some clues of her grand scheme, all of which circulated around Ulrich.

For him to get on the throne meant he would have to die. It was that simple, even a baby could understand that logic.

So from then on, every time Ezenia was to enter the palace, Henry was more than prepared to handle her.

Don't think that an unmarried woman like her can come to the palace as often as she wanted even if she was friends with Henry.

Except he called for an audience, the only opportunity she had were in balls of these natures and celebratory occasions.

She could also attack him outside the palace, so he hardly went out unless it was necessary, and even then, his itinerary wasn't so easy to get since he made fake itineraries entrapping enemies at many points.

Thus, the only way she could get to Jim was in the palace.

That's why he also hired Baymardians in his protection wagon, having them secretly attend every ballroom party hosted in the palace.

They already knew Ezenia must want to use the element of surprise to take him down. Thus, the best way is often during such occasions.

Think about it.

Ballroom occasions were perfect since after the deed gets done they could leave the palace as her escorts, taking her back home without suspicion.

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Shaking his head, Henry watched the group carry the unconscious Ezenia away.

"Get her treated and presentable for sanctioning. As planned, she'll face her Verdict 3 days after she wakes up."

For her, Henry had long decided to toss her to Baymard's female prison.

He knew from today onwards, her Grandfather, one of the most powerful ministers in Deiferus, would also tear face with him.

If there was one thing that crazy old man loved, it was his Granddaughter, Ezenia!

Just thinking about the trifles to come made his head throb. But did he regret it? No.

He too wasn't the little naive boy he was years ago. Now he had also become a cunning Fox.

Heh.

Let the battle begin. Henry thought, sharply turning to one of his aides. " Watch that old dog. I want to know what he does, where he goes, how he eats and who he meets."

Chapter 1699 Ezenia's End

"Splendid ball, if I do say so myself."

"Marvelous! The entire thing was a huge success!"

"Right, you are, my good chap. Tis a marvelous occasion to gather and what the young ones prance around in dance. But tis' most satisfying seeing my daughter getting interest from a very reliable suitor."

"Yes, yes, yes. My son also tells me he fancies a lady Bridget, one of Earl Knighthound's 19 daughters. Tis a marvelous occasion indeed."

With high spirits the men and families of high society bid several farewells to one another, getting on their carriages with many smiling, some weeping, others in a dazed

lovestruck look, others singing merrily and most giggling and gossiping with their families about what their crushes said to them.

Oh, dear.

Everyone now seemed to be a love expert overnight, giving their one and two cents on the matter.

Some were sad that the people who came up to them were those they never had crushes on, while others met new people who gave them new bubbling feelings that made them.

Well, a majority of people agreed that Fall's final ball was a huge success, leaving many of them with potential marriage suitors.

From now till the next ball sometime in late spring, you best believe many men would pay visits to many families to talk about marriage.

Of course, some boys/men already had wives but wanted 2nds, 3rds, 4ths and so on.

After all, it was to be expected in this era.

Likewise, the daughters of some powerful wealthy women who already had several husbands were still out here fishing for more.

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Both men and women laid their cards on the table allowing their chosen partners to decide if they wanted to jump aboard their ships or not.

Only you know if you can handle the baggage it took in dealing with a man or woman with multiple spouses.

Over 99.9 % of women in this era were comfortable with that.

With the night no longer young, it was time to turn in.

Everyone thought the success of the ball would be the biggest news to engulf the city come morning. So how could they know that just after waking up, the entire city would be flooded with Ezenia's assassination attempt on his majesty Henry?

"I knew it!" One lady exclaimed loudly in her boudoir. "I knew she was pretending! One day, I caught a glimpse of her evil eye when she thought his majesty wasn't staring at her. But every time I say it, everyone calls me crazy. Hahahhahahahaha~... Crazily right is what I am!"

"I still can't believe she will still go so far because of the former Crown Prince, Prince Ulrich. Does she have brains at all? Why keep jumping in a sinking ship? I heard his highness is still kicked to in Baymard and will stay there for several years to come before getting released. So if she truly wanted to go on the whole love thing, why not wait for him to get out and then be with him?"

"My God! You want her to wait so long? Haven't you heard that the human body isn't firewood? A woman needs the touch of a man to keep warm at night."

"That's true. But then again... if our men don't want to touch us, women, what can we do but grow cobwebs underneath our legs? I don't understand that girl at all. There are hundreds of men who would die just to lick her feet and marry her home. Obviously, they would treat her like a queen yet she prefers to hang on a dead tree in the name of love."

"Pfft~... Love my foot. She might be in love but do you honestly think Ulrich, the famous Ulrich we all know would keep just her as his wife? It's possible, but I doubt it in their case."

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

The news was everywhere and was the number one top between sisters, brothers, friends, and even the old fogies.

Meanwhile, in an overly luxurious home with grand buildings, a well-maintained middle-aged woman slowly woke from their beauty rest, slowly taking out the soft eye covers.

Her hair was in a silky hair bonnet, and her soft

She had to admit that since she began using these Baymard.

She had developed a rich lavish night and morning routine that left her face supple and soft like a baby's bottom.

In all her years of maturity, this was the period she began using Baymard's targeted facial products for the first time, would subconsciously freeze, giving her many stares, some of envy, some with curiosity and some filled with lust.

Goodness!

She never knew young vibrant men below the age of 25 could still loom at a woman her age (39).

Luckily for her, her husband was long dead and she was free to get jiggy with anyone she desired, although it must still be behind closed doors lest the press get a field day with the news.

Don't think only Baymard had official news gatherers.

Before such news was only circulated in information and assassin guilds people had to buy off every little bit of news.

But now thanks to Baymard's openness, the world also followed along with the change.

Although many dare not post things about those in power, they could bloody well sell the information to Baymard. And you bet provided it would be posted, provided it was news that didn't harm One so badly they thought of committing suicide.

Baymard wasn't a bully.

Should they dare to post something truly horrendous, it meant the other party was just too much and had to be stopped.

Like one of the nobles whose house was seized because he was a psycho.

Do you know they found over 7,000 skulls buried in his gardens?

It's said he loved killing day and night just catching people on the roads and taking them back to his private quarters for a fun game.

There were times that he even had ecstasy from the pleasure alone, standing naked before his victim's body and enjoying himself to the fullest. I think you should take a look at

What a sicko.

Who would feel safe knowing such a man in power was free and on the loose?

Again, if Baymard did have to post a cheating scandal or any eye-boggling matters they would leave the names anonymous since the story was just too interesting to pass up on.

Of course, the real culprits or those involved would know themselves once they see the article.

Hehehehehe~

The guilt in their hearts would bear heavy on them, wondering if they would one day be found out or not.

All in all, the gorgeous woman was very careful with any lover she had.

Slowly rising from her bed, she grabbed the sheer red see-through robe with feathered outlines and wore it over her satin nightgown.

Looking at the bell beside her bed, she raised it chest level and shook it calmly.

Ring!~

Bam!

Almost immediately, 10 maids plunged into the bedroom with morning necessities already in hand.

Some rushed to make her bed while others hurried to another small room within the main bedroom chambers.

It was akin to a private bathing room just for herself.

They called it small, but it really wasn't.

The madam had a fixed morning schedule and routine, no matter what time she woke.

And of course, while laying in her massive bathtub for a scrub and wash, the maids would bring her up to speed with all the juicy topics they heard about.

Although they as servants couldn't get precious information like the nobles, you have to know that just this morning while moving across the vast estate, the guards and many others had already passed on information they heard from their colleagues and so on

It was hard to hide such news as the royal palace was the one that released the news to everyone including peasants.

Splash!

A load full of water spilled from the corners of the tub, as the woman abruptly rose in monetary shock before cruising loudly to the skies.

"Waste! Trash! Idiot!"

So this was the big plan Ezenia had been promising her for years now?

This was the big plan she had in kicking Henry down and putting her son, Ulrich, up.

Was she so draft that she couldn't come up with anything more brilliant than this?

Of course, if the man had worked, she would've been praising Ezenia to the skies. But now that it turned sour, all she had were horses and curses, wondering what she ever saw in such a stupid girl to make her Ulrich's fiancée.

"Get out." Her voice was low but terrifying.

The woman only felt she must have been affected too much since she and Ezenia were somewhat close.

Biting her bottom lips, the woman quickly rose, having no inkling of taking any bath again.

What should she do now?

Don't think she has given up on freeing her son.

What woman gives up on a child she carried and pushed out of her belly for 9 months? Of course, if that child is a daughter, well... giving up is easy.

Daughters will eventually belong to someone else. So why care too much about them?

In her opinion, sons were the only children things a woman should truly care for.

Leaving the bathing room, she hastily commanded the servants to dress her up.

No!

She had to leave as soon as possible.

But to where and to see whom? This was her biggest secret.

"Don't worry, son. Mother won't rely on that bitch and her family anymore... not her has her own unique way of getting you out."

With that, the carriage left the estate; and in just a single day, everyone knew Ezenia was over!

Chapter 1700 The Angered Old Man

Like so, Ezenia's news shook the Capital for a while, making her allies and enemies confused by what could've gotten into her to pull through such a daring move.

The shock was mostly because many people didn't see it coming.

It also made many have a new fear of women, seeing as they could bend over backward and pretend so much in the past.

Lying through, she could be a movie star, you know?

Her acting was so flawless some never believed in love again. But while the news was shocking, many still looked forward to how her beloved Grandfather would react to all this.

And sure enough, he was furious.

Boom!

A middle-aged man slammed his fists on a well-polished table, shaking so hard that his sunken cheeks began jiggling and lips quivering uncontrollably.

He always felt something was off with his genius granddaughter these past few weeks.

If he had known that this was what she was cooking up, he would have definitely stopped her, even if it meant locking her up for a while.

Indeed, the goal has always been to pull Henry off his high horse.

However, because of the organization's delay, he cautioned her to wait.

Wait, wait, wait.

For 2 years, he has been telling her to wait. Even he didn't expect it to take this long.

The T.O.E.P are never late in their promises, so this was the first time he experienced such a thing happening right before his eyes.

He could also see that the longer he spoke, the less and less his granddaughter believed in the organization.

Her faith was dwindling by the day, and she even began badmouthing them, saying they were dupes who defrauded people like them in lesser continents.

He would never forget how he almost had a heart attack from those words, fearing it would somehow reach the organization's ears.

You can act arrogant and preposterous all you want, but you must never talk ill of the organization.

If they wanted to wipe her out, they could do it as easily as snuffing out a candle.

Try as he might, Ezenia didn't seem to believe him... that is until a few months ago.

She suddenly changed her deposition, agreeing with everything he said, and even went as far as joining him to make plans for their future too.

To be honest, he didn't see this coming.

That's what irked him the most.

From what the Royal palace issued out, she will be sent to the Baymard's national prison for treason.

It's said that in a few days, she will be tried and sanctioned before they send her to Baymard.

Only then will they know how long she will stay in prison.

Is it 10 years? 17 years? 20 years? 50?

Who can tell?

She did make an attempt to the highest supreme being in the empire.

Although she didn't kill him, it still wouldn't be overlooked lightly. But what did her final verdict have to do with him?

No matter what they say he must rescue her before she reaches Baymardian grounds.

Although he didn't know much about why the organization delayed her promise to free Ulrich, he did a little understanding that it most definitely had to do with how much security is kept in place there.

It's not that the Baymardians are powerful, but that guards from all UN empires reside in District B, guarding the place like hawks in the night.

Even if someone was extremely skilled, they won't be able to take Ulrich out without raising a few flags.

This wouldn't have been an issue in any other empire, since one could more flee the empire than in Baymard.

Hell!

Baymard had its crazy landports and Coastal ports that checked everyone as though examining newly born babies.

What the hell?

The organization felt taking Ulrich out of Prison was the easy part while escaping Baymard as a whole was the most difficult part.

Even when leaving, one must prove their identity and undergo strict security checks.

Only Baymard does that.

Out in empires like Deiferus, people could flee the capital through private and secret tunnels, as well as through bribery and threats.

What's more once out they could run into the woods, sneak away to a far-off village and take a ship from there, leaving Deiferus for good.

Don't forget that the Organization had its eyes everywhere.

You Will be amazed to know that the organization had a hidden tunnel underground the Capital city that was unknown to the many nobles and even royals.

The tunnel's entrance was in a scalded farming estate, fenced with towering walls that shot to the sky. I think you should take a look at

Many of the workers there were ordinary people, who were hired without knowing the true nature of their bosses.

No one would expect a fenced plantation to be the entrance to a hidden tunnel.

The tunnel's entrance was in a dungeon zone no one wanted to ever venture into.

On the floor of one of the always vacant dungeons, there was a thick stone slab hidden underneath a layer of hay.

Of course, to make people even more afraid of the place, the dungeon was in a lone part of the underground dungeon zones, as it occupied the entire west section.

Sometimes they also tortured real prisoners there, allowing the screams to frighten the masses even more.

Still, people could be tortured there, but no prisoners were allowed to be locked up there.

Anyone tortured there would have their body parts chopped by the end of the torture.

The men would also walk around with the severed body parts for other prisoners to see.

One should bear in mind that the prisoners down there were mostly ordinary people who would get locked up maybe for a week, a month or a day because they either stole from the estate or were framed.

In the end, once released, they spread the word of how gruesome the lone dungeon cell was, praying never to be dragged into that particular cell.

Many call it a Ghost cell since everyone who went in there was killed and butchered with no one spending the night there.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

It was really scary, so who could expect that it was all done to keep people out of that particular mysterious cell?

Of course, no one actually knew what the cell looked like since it was, as said, in a desolate far back corner separated by a hallway.

It's strange to say that sometimes they see strange people walk out of those hallways but only think those people are guards doing their patrol rounds across the dungeons.

Bottom line, the organization has its private way of getting the hell out of the Capital without being seen. And for his precious granddaughter, he would utilize it to the fullest before she gets taken away and locked up.

He didn't want to rescue her while she was on the road since Baymardian vehicles were faster than horses.

It would make no sense to chase after her when he couldn't catch up.

Typically after one's verdict is read, they will be immediately hauled away by the prison guards to whatever prison they will be transferred to.

This was why it must be in the capital before the verdict is read.

As her grandfather, he just couldn't take any chances. He had to get her out of there before Henry did something unspeakable.

Who knows... maybe he might change his mind and get her executed instead.

Living this old, he has long learned never to trust any monarch.

They were all a bunch of old liars like himself.

After rescuing her, he was sure Henry would probably know it was him. But so what?

Without clear hard-cold evidence, you couldn't pin him down to it.

Yes. Yes... that's what he will do.

Having calmed himself down, the old man tapped his fingers on his table lightly. Before him were 2 men of different sizes, one burly and one thin as a twig.

"Claydon, Ralph... what is her situation now?"

"Unconscious, master... the little missy hasn't woken up yet."

The old man showed a pained expression amid his fury. "What about our people?"

"My forces are already within the palace's inner zone, keeping a watch around the prison."

"Master, my people have infiltrated the palace gate posts, and are ready to lead her out whenever you say the word." The thin man stated calmly, with a lazy glint of confidence in his eyes.

He blamed the little missy's downfall on her weakly trained guards.

So you've only gone to Morgany for a 5-month training session and you now think you are all that?

Please!

They have had such training done severally, for the past 20-something-years. It's just that depending on one's rank, one might have only one of such training sessions every 2, 5 or even 7 years

Of course, the higher their master climbs up in ranks, the lesser the time between each session and then more advanced skills will be available to them.

Heh.

They weren't scared of the Baymardians... especially when these people were put out of their safe Baymardian haven.

No way.

When out here, it was they, the T.O.E.P, who ran these streets and not Baymard.

The duo felt that had it been them attacking Henry, they felt it would be a synch.

"Worry not, master. We will get the little missy out."Read

