

## Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1701 Training Begins!

### Chapter 1701 Training Begins!

Ezenia had now turned to sleeping beauty, as she was still unconscious until now.

She lost too much and was now undergoing a blood transfusion.

The bullets in her were taken out and until she was truly awakened, the verdict won't hold even if she was asleep for 2 weeks.

This was good since it gave the old man time to plan.

Of course, despite his anxiety to get her out now he wouldn't dare snatch her away from Baymardian treatment. Let the grip get free treatment before they whisk her away.

Seems fair enough. [novelusb.com](http://novelusb.com)

And just like that, Deiferus's capital blooded a deep sense of unrest that made even the common people feel uneasy.

However, they weren't the only ones twitching like ants.

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--District B, Capital City, Baymard--

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Within the shared barrack zones, several green army trucks drove mercilessly behind a group of tired soldiers of all colors.

Newbies.

The many veterans running in different directions could smell them from a mile away.

Just look at their faces that were filled with unwillingness, stubbornness and tiredness.

The veteran teams, on the other hand, ran in beautiful unison everyone's feet rising and falling at the same time.

They too followed their commanding officer through rigorous training, but they still kept expressionless stone-cold faces that neither rain nor storm could change.

One two three four!"

"One two three four!"

"One two three four!"

Everywhere one looked, soldiers ran, engaging in hand-to-hand combat and performing all sorts of stunts.

Don't think the shared barrack zones were small.

Driving through the many mountain ranges and hills, Timothy, Minister Jackson, Gordon and the others from the Soma empire couldn't help sucking in air from admiration.

The discipline here was impeccable

Even though there were a few stubborn peacocks here and there, everyone was more or less disciplined. You could tell that most dared not defy orders at all.

Why? Was it because they would get bullied and circled out by the tougher gangs?

This was what the Omanians thought.

After all, medieval barracks were more like harsh schools consisting of too many noble families with their squires who gang up on the poor or the less fortunate.

Many Omanians began wondering if that was truly the case, not knowing that the reason was one they would face soon enough.

Vrmmmmm~

It was a long ass drive across the many terrains within the Barrack zones until they soon a one of the reached the living and studying quarters for International soldiers.

F\*\*\*!

It was incredibly huge.

Mind you, this place was for all UN empires, including future ones.

Perhaps it was the strong and towering unique buildings, or the serious atmosphere in the jar that made everyone look around like people seeing a zoo for the first time.

People were always on the move, rushing for the next activity on their schedules

Even those who were free had long forgotten how to love slowly.

They always moved in haste, which was something they were ashamed to say their Soma barracks lacked.

Hell!

If you go into their barracks now, you'll find people talking and blabbing about tales from their best. I think you should take a look at

Other times it was juicy gossip. The only time they did get very serious was when wielding a sword or weapon to practice.

Most of them gossiped, lit fires, enjoyed meals, played with one another, danced, sang, or looked for someone to bully.

Of course, they also did the chores within the barracks too, but that was mostly done by the poor.

Where can one find such disciplines and refreshes in any of their barracks?

Seeing this scene, many felt they must change the way their men did things once they went back home.

As they say: better late than sorry.

Timothy squinted his eyes at the group dangerously.

"Remember, here we are just ordinary people. They must not know we have powerful positions lest they go easy on us."

"\_" [Baymardian Trainers who had no plans of doing so]

Are you thinking too much here?

They tortured Royals like Penelope's father Carmelo and many others. So why would they go easy on them

Please!

(~>\_>)

Everyone nodded, agreeing to keep their identity secret.

The diversity in the place was also amazing. It was refreshing to see people of different skin tones walk together, with some being long-time buddies.

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Getting off the vehicle, everyone saw a burly powerful man in a black uniform and a green hat standing firm.

Thanks to the weather forecast, they knew today wasn't going to be a rainy one.

At the front of the main building, they, including newly brought soldiers from other empires, were gathered.

"Fall in line!"

Fall in line? What does that mean?

They didn't fully understand but were surprised by how fast their legs reacted, especially after seeing others move.

"Listen up!" The officer barked with a tone that was not to be questioned.

His aura was menacing and his eyes too cold, as though it held the portal into a dark abyss.

Even Timothy felt this guy was not to be trifled with.

The giants were indeed an impressive bunch to stare at, as they were far taller than the rest. But so what?

Here, don't think you'll be getting any special treatment just because you are unique.

There were several warrant officers also standing beside the lead soldier. They too showed no expression.

"I don't care where you're from, what you did for a living or who your daddy is! In here, I am the law; I will be your new God! When I say move, you move! When I say jump, the only question I want from your smart mouths is how high you should jump!"

Timothy didn't want to admit it, but his heart skipped a beat when the soldier's gaze brushed over him.

This fact also shocked him, since he, a fierce monarch in his own right, wasn't so tense by single opponents very easily.

Timothy had the illusion he could see a fierce beast projected behind the commanding officer.

It was so big it made a giant like himself feel shrunken in size.

Maybe it was everyone's illusion, but they suddenly felt like toys staring up at a towering human, even though they, giants, were far taller.

'This guy isn't easy.' Many of them thought, not daring to get out of line just yet.

Sure enough, there was truth in what they said since Landon had specially requested One of the top 15 training officers in the Barrack's history.

He was so famous that many didn't even know his real name, only knowing the nightmarish names the soldiers called him by.

He was Major Mathew Johnson... A.K.A, the Devil.

Chapter 1702 The Difference Is Too Great

"Listen up, maggots! While here, you will refer to me and my officers as sir. When asked or spoken to, you will reply with: Sir, yes Sir! Is that understood?"

"Sir, yes sir!"

"I can't hear you maggots!"

Everyone's heart skipped a beat as their mouths screamed louder.

"SIR, YES, SIR!"

Is that okay now?

Don't blame them for being panicked. They just couldn't understand why someone would have such a grueling aura.

F\*\*\*!

Do you know for a second they forgot to breathe?

Timothy, Gordon, Jackson and the others who have graced the battlefield severally, also couldn't understand why this guy's aura was so intense as if he had the blood of a BILLION lives in his hands.

Erm~...

Did they just forget to breathe again?

"That will be all, so get your fat legs moving!"

Ah-

They scurried along the grand entrance that had a huge Fountain and a statue of the UN's global symbol on it.

Mind you, this was the space they stood on was a grand assembly region that could line up tens and thousands if called.

The grounds were flat, uniform, and intimidating.

It took several long minutes to move across the scene.

Entering the grand main building, they were quickly told to line up, stepping into one of the first rooms on the left.

It was a huge room, akin to a waiting room with several officers on the other side of a closed-off front desk space.

One by one, their names were called.

"Hexaply Timothy."

Wells Timothy used a fake last name, of course under Landon's approval. The other Omanians had fake last names too.

Stepping offers, he first listened to the general outline of the documents before him, signing his agreement for the barracks not to be held accountable if they go out for war and die.

Well, his wealth accumulated in his time within the barracks and other matters were considered.

Like if he wanted to be buried or burnt on a raft or have his ashes kept and given to their families.

His next of kin, emergency contacts and so on were things he had to fill out.

Everyone was given the same document, reading along with the officers while filling out spots they were told to do.

The explanation was done once everyone had gotten their documents to save time.

When it was all signed, done and over with, the group lined up again to hand the documents over; only this time, they were given tickets for barrack starter pack items too.

"Here. These are your tickets. Collect your items down in the B21."

B21?

Timothy didn't need to worry much about finding its location, he followed the line of people ahead of him who were also leaving.

No one dared to break the order of things, quietly marching along the hallways, down the stairs, and through several other turns and hallways before reaching B21.

"Hexaply Timothy!"

"Here!" Timothy loudly responded, rushing to the front.

There, he received 4 olive green uniforms that distinctively showed their ranks as newbies. I think you should take a look at

They were also given 8 white strips measuring approximately 2 inches by 4 inches.

But do you know the craziest thing they had them do next? ---- Sewing!

That's right.

Right there and then they had then sat on the floor and sewed each strip of white cloth on each side of their various trouser legs.

They had to see the strips just underneath the cargo pockets.

That way, it was visible to see.

Your left leg should have the strip sewn and your right leg should also have the strip sewn on it.

However, they weren't using ordinary thread to do it, but Dental Floss!

Don't forget that each of them was given a small sewing kit that could be rolled up and placed in their chest pockets.

Dammit!

Were they here to learn how to sew clothes?

Many people grumbled under their breath though daring not to make a squeak.

Have you forgotten that the scary commanding officer from earlier was still in the room, staring at them menacingly? Many people began sewing with trembling hands, doing botched-up jobs.

But so what? Since it's them who did it, even if it was hideous, they would have no choice but to wear them like so.

Ah-

Timothy pricked himself one too many times but fortunately succeeded after what seemed like an eternity.

Luckily, being on the battlefield, he has stitched up his own wounds before.

It's just that his sewing was ugly and too crooked on fabrics, compared to human flesh that would even out when constricted.

... Can he say he felt ashamed? (~v~)

After that was done, they were told to write their Rooster Numbers in large block characters.

Timothy's new identity was Rooster Number 101 and would remain like so for the next 18 days before having the privilege of getting his first name and the initials of his other names placed on his uniform.

It's important to know that the uniforms given to them weren't their true and final uniforms, and would be returned after 18 days.

That's why apart from the giants, the other recruits were given old washed-out uniforms handed down and used by those in the past.

Like their predecessors, they will stick their Rooster numbers on it and after 18 days they were to take it down and return the uniforms.

Timothy smiled wryly.

If he is going to be called '101' from today, then why did he go through the process of having a fake name?

Well, at least after 18 days, he will have his real uniform. It's just that a few days after that he will be leaving Baymard.



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The recruits were also given 2 boots for all weathers, a temporal military identity badge protected like an ID in a plastic coat, 4 olive tank tops, a military hat, one jacket, 3 pairs of socks and gloves.

Of course, the most important thing they were given was an envelope filled with documents like rule books and whatnot for them.

Oh? Timothy opened it with relish before smiling wryly.

Compared to Baymard's thoughtfulness, why did their Soma barracks seem like child's play?

Jackson and Gordon thought so too, as their expressions changed subtly.

"Soma must change."

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Chapter 1703 First Night

*novElUsB.cOmm*

Leaving the main office building, many people stood outside in a daze, wondering if they were going to be abandoned just like that.

"What's going on?" Several people asked.

"They told us to make it to the cafeteria before lunch, and even told us we must be in our dormitories before lights out. But who can tell us where to go?"

Many hurdled in groups discussing the matter further.

During the process of registration, the Omanians conversed with several people, shocked by the friendliness of many.

Couldn't be that the whole of Pyno is friendly?

Well, you can't blame people for acting friendly.

Even if they were harsher outside, once in Baymard they don't know why, but they were very relaxed, outgoing and in a better mood.

Baymard was the sort of place that allowed many people to do away with their scheming nature.

At least you don't have to worry about being killed or assassinated due to some despicable sort of hatred.

"Wow! You guys are really as huge as they say."

"They say?"

The bubbly man from Yodan nodded. "Yes. Years ago I heard there were giants in the outer world and thought it was a lie. But the more and more Baymard publicized it, the more I felt it must be true. After all, there are blue people in Zohl and dark skin people in Romain, so it must be true."

The man shrugged, not thinking anything of their appearance. If it were in the past, someone might claim them to be monsters or cursed beings. But ever since Baymard came into their lives, everyone realized that they weren't the center of the universe.

In other words, just as they found other people's skin tones weird, those said people might find them bizarre too.

Logic tells them that if there are different types of horses in this world, some with 3 heads and others with 1, then there must all be different humans.

Once again, the Omanians were amazed by how much the world, especially Baymard knew of them, yet they didn't know shit about the other people in this world.

Timothy massaged his chin thoughtfully. "They won't tell us where to go but instead tell us the deadlines for where we have to be... are you all thinking what I'm thinking?"

A test? A challenge?

"It should be." Gordon nodded in satisfaction. How can they be good soldiers if they couldn't even master the simple ways of gathering information to get where they have to be?

Luckily for them, they came to the academy very lightly.

The biggest bag in the group was the size of a gym duffle bag. Some also had simple but large backpacks.

Remember that from today, everything they will wear is given by the barracks.

Apart from their towels, toothpaste, PJs, locks, body sponges, slippers, soaps, underwear and other necessities, they had nothing else in their bags.

Some even had enough space to put the newly given barrack clothes in their duffle bags.

Welp. Time to ask around.

Very quickly, the group left the scene

This was probably why they were told to

They were told a majority of their bags were on the first floor of their dormitory building. All they had to do was ask the officers there for them.

Each bag had a name tag

Alright!

With a new goal in mind, everyone quickly headed out to ask around.

Yay!

What a simple task.

At first, they were happy with the many people who gladly pointed them in the right direction. But the more they asked, the more they felt something was off, especially with how long they had walked helplessly.

"Ah!... So you're looking for the dormitories? Sure, sure, sure... it's right over there. You just need to take 2 lefts after that cone-shaped building and you'll be there."

"Eh? Someone told you the dormitory is here? Aiy~... I apologize. They must be a newbie, or else why did they tell you that? The dormitory is on the other side of where you're coming from."

"What? Those damn newbies are at it again. It's completely wrong. You just take a left, 3 rights, 6 other lefts, follow the long winding road to Yorkshire Lake, skip 7 buildings and you'll get there. Trust me, you can't miss it."

" "

Okay now, they were sure these people were playing with them. But who can they blame but themselves for being too trusting?

Gordon nodded heavily. "In the real world when collecting information, one must know how to filter the right information from the wrong."

Timothy, Gordon and the others shook their heads, a little disappointed with themselves.

They did see the signs and had already found something a little strange with the many people they met, yet they shrugged it off, feeling that since they were already within Baymard and in the barracks, the many people had no reason to lie to them.

Baymardians and others here were just too friendly that they had dropped their guards down.

Wait!

Gordon's eyes suddenly lit up! "Everyone, open up your envelopes! Even though they rushed us out earlier, I took a sneak peek at what's in them and I think I saw a map there."

Ah!- I think you should take a look at

A map? If they have that, then why bother going around asking for so long?

Those officers also seemed to do it on purpose, as the money they gave them the envelope they rushed them to hurriedly keep their envelopes and clothes in their bags fast rushing them to leave the scene immediately.

One more thing to note was that the regular clothes they came in with were taken off there and then in less than, as they rushed them on the clock to strip and change into their new clothes.

After everything was done they rushed them out of the building as though they had some deadly infection on their skin.

What's more, after leaving, some officers stood outside, tapping their watches, reminding them that their time was running out.

"Look over there! The name of the road says Galactica.... this is it on the map, right?" One of their new friends asked.

"Yeah! Yeah!"

Everyone looked at the map booklet which was pocket size.

The first 4 pages were done in Pyron, the next 4 pages were done in Zohl/Roma, and the last 4 were done in Oma.

What?

Seeing the last 4 pages of Oma, the Omanians were truly pleased. It seems Baymard must have been preparing for their arrival for a long time.

(>^\_^<)

Everyone looked at their map booklets in satisfaction.

What was amazing was that the first 3 pages in each language could be unfolded and stretched out into an even larger form.

Once stretched, it went from a little hand sheet to the size of an A4 paper.

Alright.

The 1st foldable page map of each language showed the map of the overall place with just the street names and names of buildings.

The 2nd foldable page highlights the importance of all buildings. There is a list of the buildings and what street they were on, in what sector and in what zone.

The 3rd foldable page was all about classrooms on their schedules and where they can find them.

The 4th page was a normal page that wasn't foldable but contained a vital list of universal rules and holidays in this place.

For example, breakfast was from 7:30~8:45 Am; all buildings close at 10:30 PM, and on Sundays, there will be no classes.

Lights out are at 11 PM, but people can sleep however early they want since supper/dinner is from 7:15 to 9:20 PM, after which people could rush up to take a shower and sleep.

If you miss that period, there's no turning back.

Looking at the map, everyone once again marveled at Baymard's thoughtfulness.

It was amazing that the map also showed restricted zones within their UN region that they should never enter without the right clearance.

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"Look! Since we're on Galactic Road, if we go through Clayton Street and keep moving straight, straight, straight, taking a bend at Sycamore Road and continuing, we should be able to reach the dormitories."

"Great! Then what are we waiting for?"

Timothy Shook his head. "No. We can't head to the dormitories now. Remember that we must be there for lunch during the appropriate time which is just 5 minutes from now. So we should locate the cafeteria, eat before heading to our dormitories."

After all, they only carried little bags with them that weren't so unbearable.

Many nodded in unison agreeing to how hungry they already were.

And just like that, the many fresh recruits got their first real lesson. They thought with this little success, their days here would be smooth sailing.

So who can tell them why they were woken up to the sounds of whistles and gongs this early in the morning?

Pheeee~

"Wake up, you maggots! You only have 2 minutes 30 seconds to get out!"

What? So short?

"Hey, has anyone seen the left side of my boots?"

"Oh no! I can't find my locker keys! Dammit! Where the hell did I keep it?"

"Ahhh!-- Where are my pants? Can anyone help me find my pants?"

The struggle was real, as even Timothy hated himself for locking his things in his locker last night.

Should he have known, he would've kept them underneath his bed, pillow or anywhere close by.

"Time's up, maggots! Drop everything impure doing and line up now!"

"\_" [Jackson who still hasn't found his pants]

"\_" [Timothy who wore pants, his boots but only a tank top.

"\_" [Gordon who was dressed but had no boots, only socks.]

Chapter 1704 Happy Guests

Can they say they wished they suspected his majesty Landon did this knowing they would suffer?

Timothy and the others had bitter expressions the longer the days went.

At first, despite their obedience on the surface, they were very aggrieved and full of stubbornness at heart.

F\*\*\*!

Do you know how many years people of their status have felt this way?

Why... the last time they were treated like newbies was when they were way younger, around ages 7~10.

So one can imagine how much unwillingness people who stand at the top have when told to run on their 2nd day in their current states.

Dammit!

Many swore to only sleep with their clothes on or close by from now on.

Some even thought the PJs were useless, seeking as they would have to wake up this way every day except Sundays of course.

What a crazy experience!

Timothy and the others stayed within the barracks, absorbing the many routines and blending in as beautifully as they could.

They had to admit that their first week was rough.

It was also then that they understood just how important it was to follow instructions in this academy.

Why? Because just like their commanding officer said earlier, in here he was a God!

What? Do you want to argue with him when he gives out punishment?

Don't be stupid. Gordon once tried that but found that his punishment was quadrupled after speaking back with 4 words.

No one would be that stupid to speak again.

And what was up with the crazy exercises here like frog jumps?

Damn! They had never known their thoughts could get so painful before today.

It looked easy but was too difficult after a while.

Their bodies would tremble, their knees would wobble and their bodies would turn so red like juicy plump tomatoes.

Oh yes!

One of the most painful but easy-looking tasks asked was to perform a complete military pose for several long minutes.

Don't think it looks easy.

You have to stand upright, chest out, spine straight, hands at attention on one's side, legs together, and most importantly, head straight too.

Never in their loved would they have known it would be so difficult to stand in such a position off too long.

For the first 3 minutes, they felt almost nothing.

But the longer the time, the more their bodies trembled and felt like giving up.

Hell!

It turned numb, spon feeling as if someone wanted to break their spine into 2.

After 45 minutes, they dropped to the floor shakingly, still looking at one of their trainers who stood in that pose without flinching.

Unlike them, he didn't shake, his hands didn't move an inch, his eyes remained calm and his body only slightly red.

Amazing!

Timothy began doubting his physique after the experience, wondering why he couldn't go longer.

Damn, what an experience!

But that wasn't all that amazed them about the shared UN Barack they found themselves in.

For one, the courses here were equally amazing and well organized too.



From Ethics to health and first aid, to weapon handling (archery, swordsmanship, spears, blades), hand-to-hand combat, Military strategy 101, Military Law and so on... Timothy found himself assigned to 10 courses this semester.

Mind you, they also had basic courses like Math 101 and Math 102, as well as Pyron 101 and Zo-Ro 101, which were essentially Zohp and Roma languages.

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Some courses repeated themselves Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays, while some courses repeated themselves on Tuesdays And Thursdays.

On Saturday, he had just one course, which was an outdoor course.

The course was essentially Field operations, where they would be placed in teams, told their identities and allowed to go against each other for a duration.

Villain vs hero.

Which side would win?

Sometimes there were 2 enemy villain teams and only 1 hero team, but just because people are villains didn't mean they must work together.

Timothy felt those classes were his best, as he went against bright minds to claim victory.

They used the art of war, and other strategies taught in class to keep advancing.

You have to know that during the health and First aid class, some topics such as identifying poisonous plants were also contributed by many UN empires.

In that class, the only thing Baymard mostly contributed was first aid. Everything else was general knowledge that was very vital to many.

Of course, Baymard also added a few knowledgeable points that many were unaware of concerning the many helpful and poisonous plants out there.

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For this first week, they had only just begun learning about identifying the plant Leingumiere, a special plant that had a glowy tongue and pollination stick between its petals.

Only at night would one realize it glowed. Identifying it during the day was also helpful to them as it served as antibiotics when in dire need of medicine.

Timothy never knew such a plant existed since it wasn't home to Omania. I think you should take a look at

He was shocked how open-natured these UN empires were, allowing everyone to learn plants from other empires.

This way, if he had a mission to do in an empire with the plant and gets ambushed he could treat himself despite any limited medical supplies.

Whether it was him, Gordon or Benjamin, the first time they attended the class, their mouths were open in shock, knowing that such priceless knowledge alone was enough to make them drag their soldiers here for training.

Say no more!

They have never seen such an open barrack training camp before.

You have to know that even within the many other training camps they had seen, such knowledge would be held by the very powerful, refusing to share with those of lower ranks or status.

Knowledge is gold, and many people don't want to easily share what they learn, wishing to be seen as unique, lucky or special.

But here, every soldier was valued and taught the same.

Alas...

Gordon shook his head bitterly, knowing their Soma had a very long way to go.

In the end, what can they say?

There was also the Obstacle Course training that left everyone thrilled.

It was a good way of testing one's reaction time when dealing with sudden complications.

Baymard's motto of; One of all and all for one was also very inspiring.

Everyone saw how the soldiers helped one another from time to time.

Even if some conflicts do arise, it wasn't as brutal as the conflicts in their barracks where people could grab others in hiding places, beat them to a pulp and even stab some mercilessly until they were crippled.

No way! If you do that here, you will not only get suspended but might also end up being dismissed too, depending on the severity of the victim's injury.

*noVELuSb.coM*

In here there was no class distinction, just rank and merit distinctions.

You could be an Earl, a Duke or even a Prince. But so what? What does that have to do with the hellish trainers here?

Being stubborn would only make the reprimanding 10 times harder. So why bother?

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All in all, their time spent in District B was amazing. After their Saturday courses, they, in particular, could leave the barracks and return before Dinner time on Sunday.

Seeing as they were the only ones allowed to do so, many knew they had a special identity but didn't care.

What sort of people had they not seen within the barracks?

Of course, only Timothy, Gordon, Jackson and the other Oma high-ranking commanders and generals were given this privilege.

The rest of their oma soldiers who came along had to stay here, even if they brought their wives and children with them for this first trip.

Mind you, they came here as Guards for their masters and were not the true selected Oma soldiers that would come later on.

Just like Timothy, they too followed along into the barracks to understand the difference between Baymard and their Soma empire's method of training.

Long story short, they will be staying in the barracks, and would only get to leave once in 2 weeks until Timothy and his group are ready to head back to Soma.

They weren't so worried about their families because they were all arranged on the 1st and 2nd floors within one of the palace guest buildings.

These buildings were designed like hotels, only they were for royal visitors.

The higher one ascended, the more luxurious the floors.

As for their families, including Gordon's, the women weren't so idle.

With how long they were staying, being a tourist would eventually become boring.

Some found part-time jobs at the wildlife resort, others surprisingly, decided to work in uniquely themed cafes, and others, mainly Gordon and a few other noble wives, chose to enter the Academy of Beauty, Fashion & Arts instead.

Oh, dear!

It was truly thrilling for them to know what it's like to attend an academy.

Only men attend academies, mostly Knighthood academies.

They have to say that it was thrilling and fun.

In the academy, they found there were students of all ages there, so they didn't feel old at all.

At 29, 31 and even 33, many felt ancient.

Luckily, they met people even older than them there, and many of their ages too.

It didn't take long for them to become friends with some of these people, especially when sharing a dormitory too.

Wow!

Academy life sure is fun!

It made them feel super young again, as they found new passions and hobbies other than attending to their husband's every need.

Indeed, the entire experience was pleasant for everyone, including the children who worked very stress-free part-time jobs too.

They earned their own money and excitedly did shopping, buying new game boys and items they felt they couldn't live without now.

In short, everyone's time in Baymard was a complete success!

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However, they weren't the only ones thrilled to the bone.

Far far away in Tenola, many people were smiling heavily, seeing the grounds that were now dyed red.

"Don't stop! Keep moving! Victory is almost ours!"

Chapter 1705 Revenge, Oh Sweet Revenge!

"Victory is ours!"

Peetage raised his sword high, rushing with red blood eyes towards the heartless women ahead.

~Gallop. Gallop. Gallop!

His men were eight bodies, roaring their thunderous bellows in support.

By his immediate left and right sides were 2 of his most trusted aides, Nicko and Eric.

"Yahhhhh!" They exclaimed slashing and dicing the enemies' necks and bodies at every turn.

Dammit!

One of the quick-thinking women rolled underneath Eric's horse, tearing its stomach, causing him to fly off.

Bam!

The horse fell but Eric wasn't hurt, as he rolled away for safety before stopping on one knee, taking 2 long daggers from his back sheaths and forming a cross against his face.

Sling!

He just blocked a fierce attack from another woman with a sword.

"Yahhhh!"

Bam!

The woman was pushed back in a frenzy but did not give up, attacking Eric again and again until he finally sliced her throat clean.

"Witches... how I hate them all." The man looked at the body in disgust and continued running forth to deal with the other women.

Looking at the tower ahead, everyone smirked mercilessly. They had surrounded the entire hidden stronghold, attaching it from all corners.

Yes, there might be hidden underground passageways for some enemies to flee.

That's why they also had men strategically placed within the far stretch of forest regions, planning to catch any escapees from caves, tunnels and so on.

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Heh.

Everyone sneered.

Don't think escaping them who planned this for a long, long, long f\*\*king time now. novel *Usb.cOm*

The entire stronghold was covered in red, and even the current rains couldn't wasn't them clean easily.

Bang!

Thunder sounded and lightning filled the air too, but the many men did not care, rushing forth with blades, spears, daggers and weapons of all kinds, pointing them at the supposed witches.

In the few buildings not yet intruded several witches cursed loudly, wondering what sort of ill-fate their organization had for enemies to invade when a majority of witches have long left for Pyno.

What the hell?

"Mother Superior isn't here! The only ones here are Elder Misa, Elder Jill, and Elder Lydia." One of the girls pointed out, wondering if they should rush to the other building to meet the elders.

Many still hesitated as that building was somewhat off-balance and seen as a Holy place for only the most superior in rank to steal in.

Many sneered in disgust and rage, feeling that men were just too grateful and cowardly to attack them when they were unprepared.

"Hmph! Sure enough, Mother Superior was right! Men are just a bunch of wicked beings! How dare they come over to attack a bunch of women? Don't they have any shame?"

"Exactly! Men are all the same! I think if we lower their guard by dressing down seductively and awaiting them like caged prisoners they will not kill us easily. And then, it will be our time to strike!"

"Yeah!" Many agreed.

In the past, this has worked against men who caught them during missions.

All they had to do was pretend to be scared and pitiful, arousing the man's desire to either want them as playthings or enjoy the pleasure of seeing them in pain.

It will amaze many how many men changed their minds no longer wanting to kill their enemy women but choosing to imprison them and force them through all sorts of sexual pleasures.

The group thought that with their skills, they would escape during the journey.

After all, although they spoke of rushing to the other building to see their superiors, the enemy might be the one to reach their elders faster than they, so it's best to focus on saving their necks now.

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Everyone swallowed their disgust for men, quickly taking off their clothes, biting their lips, and running their hands through their hair for maximum volume effect.

They felt that no man could be able to withstand so many naked beauties shyly looking at them invitingly.

Be honest... who can resist?

(^v^)

In the end, it should be a f\*\*king easy, they won't even need to lift a finger, no?

It wasn't just them thinking so, as many superiors in the Mighty Tower building at the center, also did the same.

Of course, the Witch Elders who were above 45, went on their knees behind the bunch of younger naked witches.

The naked ones were those between ages 33~38.

Even though they were 'old,' their bodies were still young, youthful and their bodies still vibrant.

Bottom line, they were still very desirable.

Everyone was looking forward to their arrival, too bad they miscalculated because Peetage wasn't Your everyday typical man.

~Bang!

The large double-sided doors slammed open, as Peetage and his men.

They were drenched from head to toe, and the sounds of heavy rain and thunder flooded the scene. I think you should take a look at

Peetage's men quickly checked the entrance hallway, rushing forward to occupy every little hallway and path while Peetage slowly advanced, taking off his soaked gloves.

"Search from top to bottom. Leave no corner unturned. I want them rounded up in no more than 3 hours !"

Peetage was in no rush, sitting comfortably and awaiting his men to gather them all.

His men in other buildings should also be rounding up any captives they find too.

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Time trickled down like falling grains of sand, as his men worked swiftly, rounding up any women they met.

Tsk.

It was amazing how these women had already given up and rounded themselves up too.

They were so bold, always feeling they could never lose no matter what direction the winds blew.

Whether victory or defeat, they felt their chances of survival were extremely high, especially in this era when enemy women were mostly captured while enemy men were typically slayed on the spot.

Had they been men, their fates would have been determined.

But now, even in their moments of defeat, they could use what their Goddess of witchcraft and beauty had given them, enticing the enemy like fools that they are.



Hmph!

Even as they were escorted forward in full nudity, they still wore arrogant and calm faces to meet Peetage.

They perked their chests high, letting their bosoms stand afloat with heightened pleasure thanks to the cold weather.

Peetage swept his eyes across the group and sneered. "On your knees!"

What? Do you still want them to kneel after they have lowered their dignity so much by standing in full nude as a gift before a man?

If they were out on a mission, yeah sure, they could swallow it a bit. But this was their home, their lands and their territory.

They felt more than insulted to do so.

More importantly, what's with the face? Most men would have looked at them awfully at this point. So why was the leader still stern-faced?

Could it be that he was too blind to appreciate their beauty?

Many felt like complaining but dared not say a word, at least not until the enemy leader spoke his mind.

For now, they had to keep their act of pretending to be frightened chickens who couldn't even kill a fly.

Of course, the elders who were still fully clothed dared not act like demons in such a precarious situation.

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Obediently, all women went down on their knees, shaking like leaves falling off a tree.

One of the younger-looking ones at the forefront but their pink plump lips at Peetage.

"What... what do you want to do with us?" Her actions alone, coupled with her voice and body, could make a man's little thing stand erect. But sadly, she got no response at all.

Dammit!

'What's up with the leader? What's up with these men in this room? It should've worked by now. Their leader should have been tempted to stand and lift my chin lustfully. At least that would've been a good sign. So why hasn't anything happened yet?'

Confusion filled the air alongside silence.

They just couldn't understand why Peetage and his men were proving difficult. Or could it be all of them like only men?

Impossible!

Only 2 out of 10 men in every group are fully committed to being with men.

5 out of 10 are bi, able to enjoy both men and women, while another 3 out of 10 are only fully committed to women.

What? Do you think when men stay out in war for months in desolate areas and on the seas they don't get down with each other?

Please, be serious!

At least 50% of men are bi, marrying men or women of their choice.

Of course, marrying a woman was a must since they had to birth an heir to carry their lineage.

It doesn't matter if you marry a man later, but the first must be a woman!

Whether you treat that woman right or not is all up to you.

Look! Even the royal family of the Laboon Empire has a male consort as one of the monarch's wives.

Bottom line, it was impossible for all men here to like just women. So why weren't they responding to their advances?

(?~?)

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The corners of Peetage's mouth raised wickedly, after seeing how anxious they were growing.

He wore a mask which only covered his eyes and nose, leaving his mouth and chin exposed.

With a simple nod, his men did not hesitate to raise their bows at the bunch of stunning naked women.

"Why, you ask? Because you all touched my woman!"

What?

The women all turned grim, not expecting things to turn out this way!

Who was this man?

Chapter 1706 This Is Just The Beginning

1706 This Is Just The Beginning

Many had stiff smiles as countless thoughts began flooding their heads.

Firstly, who was his wife? And was he here solely for raging revenge?

One of the women didn't dare give up, blinking her eyes seductively and looking at Peetage as softly as she could.

"Pray kind sir, we do not know the wife you speak of."

"Yes, yes... we are people who love women more than anything else. So how can it be possible that we would bring harm to your wife?"

"Sirs, believe us! This must be a setup from our many enemies because poor weak women like ourselves can never go against strong, manly, handsome men like you."

The more they spoke the more the Witches regained their former confidence, especially after seeing that none of the men were stopping them from talking.

It meant they were beginning to soften greatly right?

Thinking like this, a wave of thrill and confidence washed over the group of elders at the back and nude women at the front. *novelusb.com*

Soon, one of the elders gave a signal, and the most beautiful and seductively looking woman slowly rose from her knees, allowing her long luscious fiery hair to drop below her shoulders, reaching the tip of her perky nipples.

Her eyes were olive and slanted seductively, her lips plump and full, and her body was a breathtaking beauty sculptured by the hands of the Gods themselves.

With a shy smile on her lips, she slowly made her way to the strange burly man with a half-mask, the one who was the leader of the group.

Of course, this was Peetage, sitting comfortably with his legs apart and his body leaned into his seat and one hand on his chin, not saying a word.

"My Lord..." the woman softly called, unmoving her hips toward the strong man.

It took all her might for her not to throw up in disgust when looking at so many arrogant men. But on the subsurface, her face showed longing for their touch and their passion.

"My Lord... Believe us, we would never harm your lady... How dare we? My Lord, if this is some kind of misunderstanding, I humbly apologize to my people and swear to investigate and give the perpetrator up... But my lord... look at us, we aren't bad either, right?"

Very slowly, the woman raised a hand, wanting to run it down his chest.

'Hmph! I'll see how arrogant you'll be once I'm riding you like a horse later! No man born of a woman can resist my fiery touch of lust!'

Why do you think they called her magic fingers? She could make a man wild with her caresses.

The woman thought well, and so did the other women who stared at the hand about to land its mark on its victim.

'Yes... yes... that's it. Touch him and let him bend to our will!'

Everyone's eyes bulged open, as they watched the woman's magic fingers descend on Peetage.

But just when it was inches from his chest, the woman suddenly rolled to the side, screaming at the top of her lungs and shaking dangerously with murderous intent.

Needless to say, the already delicate atmosphere had now become even more deadlier.

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh~

The woman looked at her trembling left hand and couldn't believe her eyes.

Blood! Blood! Blood!

There was an arrow plunged deep into her left palm with blood now oozing and squirting out from any openings around the arrow.

Son of a b\*\*ch!

The pain hurt like crazy, as she couldn't stop her hands from trembling.

All her veins now popped out in display, something she detested seeing as it reminded her of very very old age --33.

What woman likes being old?

At 33, most women are grandmothers; their children at 15 or 17 already have their first child.

With the new dawn, everyone turns into an old woman overnight.

At this very old age of 33, her veins started showing more than ever, which was why she took even more care of her hands and feet, not wanting a single vein to show.

But now, you can forget about it!

She saw all green veins staring at her as though reminding her she was so old she could turn to dust from being ancient.

Perhaps it was the pain, the fury of her being old or the audacity of these worthless men injuring her magic hands, but the woman suddenly flipped for just a few seconds before realizing herself and calming down.

"You lowly bastard! Do you know how much my hands cost? Do you--"

The woman caught herself, quickly making the fury on her eyes and replacing it with pain amazed gentleness. But all this only made Peetage's expressionless face men abruptly laugh.

Bahahhahahahhahahhahahah~

"What a foolish woman!"

"Would you look at that? They think just anyone can seduce the master?"

"Tsk. If everyone in the empire has tried and failed, then who are they to think they could succeed overnight?"

The witches who heard this twisted their faces deep in thought before abruptly turning their attention to Peetage with trembling lips and eyes filled with alarm.

No! No!

How can it be him? Not good!

Recalling what they did to his wife when she rejected their offer of joining their Witch crusade, many had cold sweats and jelly bones that made them go limp on the ground.

Peetage sneered, his eyes burning with a fiery light that couldn't be extinguished easily.

"What? You remember my darling wife now?"

"This... This..."

All the witches had a thousand words but couldn't get them past their tongues.

In particular, Mother Superior opened and closed her mouth so many times that you would think she was eating some invisible meal they couldn't see.

Can they say they didn't mean it?

Can they say they didn't mean to hurt her?

Of course not! When they attacked her, it made it clear that until she accepts them, they will continue making life difficult for her.

Chapter 1707 Hard Workers?

1707 Hard Workers?

Peetage's wife was chosen.

But why was she selected? Because she was his bloody wife and had access to his wealth, his home office and secret information.

She was so trusted by him that many, including them, believed she knew all his hidden fortress locations and the layout of his homes, including the ones she lived in.

With her working as a double agent for them, they would be able to not only finance many of their operations but will also gain access to stricter regions only the chosen nobles and royals could venture into.

In return, they were offering her the chance of a new life, one where she wouldn't need to be kept below her husband.

No! Rather, she would be the one always on top, so much so that she could even chain him, whip him and throw food at him like the dog that he is.

Yes, yes!

The future they wanted was one where men would be kept in cages (like in zoos) and only taken out for breeding and doing other menial tasks they didn't want done by themselves.

What they wanted was a world where women were banned from enjoying manly pleasures.

They wanted the entire female population to be disgusted by the touch of men; and quite frankly, Peetage's wife felt it was all ludicrous.

What was wrong with the life she was currently living?

Her husband married only her, pampering her, and giving her all the finer things in life.

He went to war for their family, he risked his life to make their money, and in return, all she had to do was manage his wealth, as well as ensure his many public homes and few businesses ran well.

In a way, she was like a secretary, distributing tasks to their many workers and checking up on each task every step of the way.

She wasn't the one doing the actual cleaning nor was she the one in their shops working.

In addition to this, she had her children, whom she cared for, and had a very fulfilling life.

She managed all, meaning all his wealth while he went out and worked for them.

For her, this was the easiest she could do to play her part as his partner, ensuring he needn't worry about them when he was far away from home.

But to the witches, they saw her as a caged whose freedom has been restricted to a single room in her home.

(-\_-)

They saw her as someone who walked with chains on her hands and neck at every turn.

To them, how can someone enjoy the pleasures of being with a man?

To them, it was disgusting to allow a man to be with them.

Peetage's wife just couldn't accept such deluded thinking, especially since she had children of her own, and wanted her daughter to get married in the future too.

Additionally, she had a son and according to the laws of their new world, all sons will be taken from their mothers and brought up in some training camp where they will be ultimate slaves.

Heh.

You must be joking!

That was not the life she envisioned for her son!

With her unwavering rejection, they did torture and stab her leaving her to bleed to death.

They didn't want her to die fast, wanting her to understand that their will must never be shaken, and no woman has the right to reject them.

However, after they left her for dead, she struggled with all her might to hold on and survive before her husband came to her rescue.

She was smart, crawling and finding a safer location away from wild beasts.

Tsk.

She survived with all the knowledge these villainous women gave her thinking she would die.

It was amazing to say that she wasn't a person who liked war or killings but suddenly grew determined to get the witches exterminated.

Such a future must never befall their Laboon Empire, or else what would her children do?

Forst, they took down the sacs of grains and hastily rolled down several barrels of rum too.

13:56 *nOVeLusb.coM*

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Peetage looked at the arrogant yet helpless and slowly rose from his seat.

"Kill them all."

"No!" The witches exclaimed, jumping from their knees and bringing out weapons from their hair.



If the enemy has decided to take them down, then don't think they can do so without a fight.

They reached for their weapons as fast as they could... sadly not fast enough.

~Thup. Thup. Thup!

Peetage enjoyed the beautiful sounds of screams flooding the hall.

This was just the beginning.

"Finish things up fast. This is just one of their many locations."

With that, Peetage left the scene, heading upstairs with a few others.

Like so, the war with him against the witches was in motion. However, he wasn't the only one here, out to get them!

Far, far away in another lone town within the Laboon empire, several men women with darker complexions compared to the rest, all stepped down from their creaky wagons and rushed underneath the heavy rains into a nearby inn.

Dammit!

The rains had soaked them completely right down to their underwear but the group didn't care.

Forst, they took down the sacs of grains and hastily rolled down several barrels of rum too.

"Hurry! Hurry! If we don't get this to the Landlord, we might be sleeping in the haystack again with no food for the night!"

"Yeah!" The group answered after hearing what another group behind them said.

Yes!

They didn't live or sleep in this inn but were here to make deliveries for goods the inn had purchased from their landlord and their employer, a very wealthy baron who owned fields and fields of croplands.

They were the farmers and workers in his bog plantation.

To peasants, what was more important than food for their family and a roof over their heads?

No one dared to delay the orders, as they could get whipped and starved for weeks because of a single mistake.

Everyone worked hard, standing in a straight line and passing on barrels and any items to one another until it got into the Inn.

And wouldn't you know it? Among the group of hard workers were several Baymardians!

Chapter 1708 Nightly Mission!

1708 Nightly Mission!

The heavy downpour never stopped, as the darkness grew stronger and stronger by the second.

It was the last week of November, and the darkness came much earlier than before.

It was only 5 PM but the darkness was almost absolute and the skies were completely clouded with no presence of stars wherever one looked.

The night crawlers still whistled, sang and croaked in the dark, though no one could hear their cricket and bird cries when the rains fell so heavily.

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--Alabaster, Eastern Regions, Laboon Empire, Tenola--

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The little town of Alabaster was soaked heavily by the rains.

Many on the streets ran up and down, left and right and in all directions to get out of the thundering weather.

What can they do? If they don't want to get sick and maybe die from the cold, they must work hard to finish whatever it was that kept them underneath the heavy rains.

One by one, the many groups of burly strong bodied men transported their cargo to the inns and many local establishments around.

They worked for Baron Thomas Yanjia, a ruthless man who was known for his unique taste of cruelty among his workers.

No one dared to dilly-dally, rushing forth to complete their tasks.

And soon, their many wagons were empty and the group rushed back to the farmlands for a meal and finally some sleep.

Baron Thomas liked for his workers to live within the confines of his grand Plantation estate.

They were to live there with their families, so they could work even more hours a day if need be.

Even if some had homes in the towns, they were still to live within working periods, allowing their wives, daughters or sons to stay with them here to keep them company.

Of course, their families could move about freely between their real homes and this one, but they couldn't.

"It's all done, boys! Time to head back!"

One of the old (41-year-old) burly leaders called out, ensuring everyone went home at the same time.

The wagons had the Baron's family Crest on them and didn't belong to the workers, so they must be returned before any other issues arise.

Like so, everyone headed back home, with the Baymardians among the group.

It was easy to spot them since people born in Tenola have the fairest skins in this world.

They were so fair that one would think they could star in live-action movies involving the ICE Queen and her people.

It also seemed that no matter how the sun got hot, they couldn't tan so much.

They were so fair that any little blemishes would look like brutal injuries in the eyes of many.

Of course, the fairest group of people were the noblest while the peasants and others were indeed fairer than the rest of the world, but only slightly fairer than those in Morgany, Pyno, and Veinitta.

To put it simply, they looked so fresh like 4~8-month-old babies whose bodies have just adjusted to the world.

All in all, they looked very distinct, making it easy for people to spot foreigners in Tenola. [novelusb.com](http://novelusb.com)

Of course, the darker-toned Tenolians were those with mixed parents, like those whose mothers were from Tenola and fathers were from Veinita and so on.

Even then, it was still easy to shoot foreigners like the Baymardians.

Reaching the estate sleeping quarters, Major General Beri and several others quickly headed to their rooms after smiling jovially with their working comrades.

All 11 of them lived in a cramped small room, which by the way was described by many other workers as being much larger than usual.

In the room, they also had 7 women staying here. In public, these women were their wives.

Many people had similar situations, crowding up with others in rooms whether they knew the people or not.

Of course, because many don't want the nakedness of women or men to be seen by others, it was a must to only use the bathing houses when one wanted to change their clothes.

The bathing bikes were connected to the sleeping quarters by long outdoor verandas with well-designed roofs to shield them from rain and snow.

If a man/woman wanted to change out of their wet or sweaty garments, it could only be done there.

After all, who wants their daughters, sons, wives and husbands looking at other people in their presence?

Just as the name suggests, this ace was a Sleeping quarter, only there for them to SLEEP in.

If you want to have adult activities and feel the need to get jiggy with it, please do that out of the estate.

Some also hide in the bushes and farmlands to have wild escapades when they felt no one was watching.

Bottom line, the rooms/sleeping dormitories were just for sleep and nothing more.

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Seeing their 'men' open the door, the women did away with what they were doing and rushed over to welcome them home.

"Goodness! You're all soaked to the bone!"

"Are you tired? Come over and try this sweater I made for you, husband."

"Yes, husband. It's all hard work. I'm so happy to have you in my life, taking care of me."

clean up and come back quickly."

14:44

The Baymardians women said loudly, allowing their words travel across the thin walls.

"No! No! Husband, you must get out of these clothes immediately. What if you get a cold? What would I do then?"

"Yes, yes, yes! You just came back and haven't gotten a single thing to eat yet. So why not rush to change out of your clothes and come back for your meal? Look! We saved you quite a lot! Do rush up clean up and come back quickly."

The Baymardians women said loudly, allowing their words travel across the thin walls.

Those in the rooms next to them must've heard all they said. That was what they wanted.

Some men in those rooms who are single wished they could find partners right now while others who already had wives in their homes in town, wished they would have been here when they returned.

As for others whose wives were already here, they secretly thanked these Baymardian women who made their wives become more attached and carrying overnight.

You don't understand.

After being neighbors with these people for over 4 months now their wives who had competitive sports, suddenly became more considerate.

Likewise, they too changed, becoming more loving to their wives after seeing how these Baymardian men also treated their women.

Hey...

Once you've been forcefully given dog Food for so long, you also want a piece of it, wanting to see what it's like to live like that too.

Who can blame them?

(V^V)

They had to admit that this period was indeed one of the sweetest times in their marriages as they felt very close to their partners and families.

Hey...

It wasn't so bad to continue living like this.

Sure enough once they returned from a hectic day's work their wives burst out with excitement, hugging them warmly too.

The women also told them to rush out and change so they could eat their meals and spend a few hours together before turning in early for the day.

Today, they finished work at 5 P.M because the sun was out early and the rains were heavy. However, didn't mean they had more freedom in doing things.

As nice as it sounded they still had to wake up at 4~ 4:30 AM and get moving, having to go to the storage facilities to process their harvests in sacs until the sun finally rose at 7.

From there, they head to the fields again even if it was raining cats and dogs.

That will not be the Baron's problem when he sends his men for inspection by the end of the month.

No matter what season it is, some crops grow extremely well in rainy periods and winter.

Don't think just because the winter was coming, farming would suddenly stop.

It would indeed relax more, with them only tending to the fields once or twice a week in the heart of winter. But until then they must work according to schedule.

The Baron also dabbled in winemaking, so during the times they didn't go to the fields, they joined the ale-making team to produce as many barrels of rum as they could before shipping them out.

In short, no matter the season, they would be busy nonstop.

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Very quickly, the men went out to change, returned and ate bland porridge which quite frankly tasted like water and raw vegetables.

But what could they do? It was times like these that they wished they had a chocolate bar or something with immense flavor to satisfy their mouths.

"Hey, let's sleep. We have an early rise tomorrow."

"Yeah."

"Yeah!"

"Goodnight everyone."

"Goodnight..."

--Silence--

1, 2, 3...

The group sat up straight, sweeping their gazes over each other with a stern nod.

Finally, they were done with the pretense.

Time for business.

Lifting their fingers, they began conversing in sign language.

"Is everyone ready?"

"Ready."

"Ready, sir!"

"Ready!"

"Good..." Beri, as the team leader, raised his fingers in satisfaction. "We leave in 2 hours."

Tonight, they infiltrate one of the enemy Fortresses, surprisingly close to them.

Who was the enemy they were talking about?

Of course, the Witches!

Chapter 1709 Mysterious Stranger.

1709 Mysterious Stranger.

Silent night... Unholy night...

The rains grew even heavier with every passing hour.

The air was shrouded in a thick misty fog and the weather was chilly to the bone.

In such weather that beats the hell out of many, most people would find themselves slowly sinking into a deep slumber, cuddling with their partners, pillows or themselves.

Thus, the period of silence within the many sleeping quarters grew heavy until it seemed everyone was asleep.

8:30 PM.

Zzzzzznore~~~

Snores of all sorts were masked by the rain's loud drumming.

People slept in all sorts of positions though mostly curled in fetal positions in groups.

Even though some men here were single, they chose to pair up with others when sleeping in cold weather.

Body temperature could make up a lot for the very frail blanket.

Opening the creaky doors, Beri was glad for the heavy rains.

They could indeed escape without a sound creaking even in the summers, but it was nice to know that the rains were indeed covering their ashes too

Taking out a compact-size bronze mirror they made themselves, Beri peeked outside the hallways, ensuring no one walked around.

So far so good.

It didn't take long for them to stealthily leave the sleeping zone, using the fog to mask their movements.

Still, they dared not relax their vigilance, knowing that the people in Tenola were also very trained if not more than Pyno people.

This was why those chosen for this mission were highly stealth in stealth.



They couldn't take any chances of getting caught since the Baymardian team would only arrive at the end of next March to not only take them home but also bring new people to keep watch on suspicious targets in Tenola.

Until all Witch fortresses and hideouts are scouted and reported they won't stop.

Nonetheless, even though Tenola's guards were powerful, a mere Baron with his lowest level rank of nobility, can't possibly possess too many high-ranking guards.

There was only a handful they had to worry about, so bypassing the gates and leaving some sleepy guards behind was a piece of cake.

~Swish!

In no time they were on the streets, stealthily making their way to a forest zone within the enclosed town.

No one said a word, as half of them hid within their man-made underground bunker, stripping and changing into tight black attires from head to toe.

Remember, they were in Tenola, and wouldn't dare to use Baymard gizmos and spy gadgets.

The only things they were allowed to bring were a box of matches, a well-protected sachets of pills like Advil, a spy watch and pepper spray.

The spray was so tiny like a perfume sample.

As for the spy watch, there was a self-destruct button in it.

If they are scared it will fall into the wrong hands, just press the button and it will block up.

Another cool thing was that it had a micro camera in it, that would start recording at the touch of the upper left button.

This way when their mission is over, they could hand the watches over for the footage to be reviewed. And most importantly the watch also tells the time and date.

Heaven knows just how important knowing the exact time would save them a bunch when out on missions.

Last but not least, they had a good supply of newly designed, small and portable smoke grenades stored within their hidden bunkers.

The grenades were so small like the tiny balls babies play with in bathtubs.

All these were the only Baymardian items they got. The other items like their daggers were purchased here in Tenola.

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Good.

The first group changed, and the next group headed into the bunker.

Beri hastily kept watch at their surroundings before looking at his watch again and nodding to another, who in turn tapped the bunker floors.

Time's up! They must leave now if they were to leave through their usual escape route.

Running through the woods with daggers and all sorts of everyday hidden weapons on them, the group headed for the South-West town walls.

They knew the usual routines for particular guards.

They didn't want to focus on all, but just some that from months of watching, proved very lazy than the rest.

In every power group, even guards there are head guards and supreme guards who stand above the masses.

These guards typically had their squads or those they controlled.

Sometimes, their guards would patrol across the Northeast regions, and other times it was across another region.

The schedules often changed too, but once it changed they would maintain it as such for the next month or 2, sometimes leading up to 6 months without change.

Beri and his group had targeted 3 lazy leaders, who were equally too lax with their men.

These guard leaders were the sort that rose to their current positions due to currying favor with others.

They did have some skill, but they often tried taking the easy way around things, cutting corners when they could.

There were people deserving of their jobs, but they either framed them, paid for them to get injured or cheated their way into their positions.

As they say, you can tell a lot about a leader from his subordinates. *nOVElusB.com*

Among the many town guards, these 3 had lazy subordinates who often slept on the job more than others and also did frisky activities with the peasant women in the bushes and even within the town walls.

Sometimes they even had orgies and forcefully took the wives of the peasant workers here. But for some reason ever since the Baymardians came over, they have been getting one bad luck from another, no longer daring to risk touching the wives of these workers.

There was a time they took a woman, only to have the strange pink smoke burn within the room.

The smoke was too choking, making their eyes red and painful.

And then there was another time when their actions almost caused a large-scale revolt that made the Master ban them from touching anyone's wives!

They can do whatever they want out of his establishment, but not here!

Everyone had to learn their lessons, calming down for a bit.

Now the only frisky activities that go on are the ones done willingly.

After all, if a woman or man actively wanted to cheat on their spouse for some money or status, what can the Baymardians do to stop her?

That was not their problem.

Some people also had their daughters here who were already smitten with some guards, as they seduced them at every corner.

Of course, no one knew the Baymardians were from Pyno since they claimed to be from Veinita and had thick Veitt accents too.

.

Looking at his watch, Beri nodded.

The time was 8:51 PM.

It wasn't curfew yet, so the streets were still very busy.

During this time, they could easily walk in and out within the group of leaving men.

They only headed to the southwest walls to confirm that one of the lazy guards' teams was going to do their shifts now.

Waiting in the bushes they saw the team switch with the day team.

Great!

At least when coming back, they can be sure it would be this team they would have to bypass. While in this town, they were their own eyes and ears. So they have to always make sure and double-check things before taking any sudden steps.

"Move out!"

1, 2, 3!

The group used the fog as their cover, vanishing into the night like vampires and appearing underneath the sheaths and cloaks many peasants used to cover their goods in their wagons.

It was getting too late, and many peasant farmers from nearby villages wanted to head back home fast.

Everything happened so quickly one would think they were on the set of an Assassin's Creed movie.

Finally out of the town, the group secretly fled the wagons and rushed into the surrounding forests, running nonstop till they met 2 of their own waiting in a cave with horses.

"Let's go! We have limited time."

Don't forget the workers would be getting up around 4:30 AM to begin a day's work.

Before then, they must be within the Estate premises.

.

~Hyah!

Rushing like a devil, they deviated from the trail, heading into a dangerous and unsuspecting region, coming to a stand still 2 hours 21 minutes later.

Great! It was now past midnight.

They didn't have much time!

Getting off their horses, 3 people stayed back while the rest vigilantly continued on foot.

There should be Witch scouts around the premises but they had an inkling the scouts were all gone.

Eh? But why?

Having that weird feeling swell in their hearts they rushed forward only to see a charred hidden fortress with hundreds and thousands of lifeless female bodies scattered around.

Who would've done it? Just how many enemies did the witches have?

Everyone frowned.

"Check for clues." Any surviving documents must be taken in.

"Right!"

The group scattered around as instructed, knowing that they won't be able to finish the matter today.

Their time was limited as it is, so they only had 41 minutes more to scout before heading back.

Beri was about to step forward when he suddenly saw a thin figure in the shadows. It was a woman!

Who? A Witch?

"Don't move!"

"Calm down... I'm not one of them." The woman raised her hands calmly as if expecting them to catch her. "I come in peace. I came because I know who you are... Baymardians, no?"

Beri's pupils dilated in alarm. "Who are you? How do you know our identity"

"I?"

The woman chuckled, slowly taking off the wrapped assassin cloth on her head.

"If I smile, would it be easier to recognize me now?"

BOOM!

Beri's mind exploded, seeing a very familiar face, although he had never seen this woman before.

"Now, now, now... don't look so shocked. Come... tell me... How is my dear daughter doing?... Come

now, tell me how your Queen is fairing."

Chapter 1710 Still Alive!

1710 Still Alive!

She was alive?

(o\_o)

Beri couldn't believe it, seeing an older version of Lucy's clone in the flesh.

Immediately, he was dying to report the matter! But he knew he had to wait until 3 more weeks before he could pass anything along.

Once a month, a specific team of soldiers visit the town as passing merchants.

That was the only way they could pass any information collected by them back to Baymard.

This was the last week of November, and the next team will only come 2 weeks into December.

Beri had ants in his pants after seeing the woman who fell off the few paintings he had seen of her before.

To commemorate her, Landon had done a lot, like making a famous painting of her, as though it was the Monalisa.

He also made charity foundations in her name, so many had a glimpse of what she looked like.

In particular, Lucy used the portrait paintings of her mother when they were still living in the Gustav Noble residence.

Beri knew he shouldn't conclude on the matter since maybe this was a fake person wearing a fleshy mask.

Of course, to get a human fleshy facial replica of her, they would need her alive to skin it off her face.

What the hell is going on here?

Beri squinted his eyes thoughtfully "how are you still alive? Our Queen said she watched you die after you were poisoned."

"Oh, that. Let's just say, I made plans ahead of time." The woman chuckled, recalling her cartoons back then.

It wasn't easy but she knew to protect Lucy, she had to vanish from her sight. If she had stayed with Lucy all this while, the witches would have found out about Lucy's existence sooner than they did now.

She did what any mother would do to keep her daughter safe.

What's more, with her officially pronounced dead, the Witches would never see any of her attacks coming.

Who would expect a visit from the dead?

They really thought she was gone and no longer looked for traces of her.

As for how she deceived Lucy and the Gustav family, that was the easy part.

She had a handful of loyal people who worked with her to perform her greatest play of all time.

She already knew of the poison by Gustav's second wife sprung up.

It was someone from her side that have the woman the stupid idea. The silly fool ate it all up and even got the Poison from someone on her side.

To test the lethality of it, she had one of the servant girls take it in 5 drops, and sure enough, after 10 minutes, the girl started turning blue, choking hard.

This poison was slow, meaning the girl won't die now.

Of course, she will eventually die from the poison later, but if you want it immediately then you have to keep giving the girl heavy doses until she drops dead.

Seeing the effect with her own eyes, the silly woman was already smitten with this mysterious poison... especially when she heard there was no cure for it.

Wasn't this a good guarantee that the victims will die?

(^0^)

.

Not wanting to be connected to her death, the silly woman ordered the slave maid to be killed.

It was one of her people who took the order and gave the girl an antidote before sending her to the far Western parts of the empire.

What? Do you think that fool would still remember what that maid girl looked like after 5 or maybe 10 years?

It's not like that maidservant was unique to her for her to recall what she looked like.

In Noble estates, over 7,000 servants, both maids, butlers and stable boys work there, with some noble homes having 20,000 workers.

So was it possible to remember everyone? Why should they?

Unless that maid did something intelligent or outstanding to be remembered, everyone will treat them like dust.

What's more, don't forget how massive Arcadina's landmass and population were.

You have to know that Arcadina has a bigger landmass than many continents.

From the central part of Arcadina to the west, north, east or south parts would take one 4~5 and a half months.

If one wanted to go past the center from one far end to another like from the West to the East, one could take 8 and a half months to a year's worth of travel on horseback.

*novEℓusℓ.cOm*

Arcadina was too massive. So they sent the maid and her family to a small fishing village.

Mind you, not many people outside the capital city, and the central zones know what the royals looked like, except those who are knights.

But in a small fishing village, where can you find powerful forces and knights?

Many didn't know what the royals looked like, or what many of the nobles far away looked like too.

The only handful of nobles they have heard about are those belonging to the closest towns and cities.



After all, Village heads must answer to either a town lord or a nearby city lord, sending in their taxes and protective fees in the form of grain or crop yields.

struggling to survive.

10:50

But who would've known Baymard would spring up years later, helping the newly appointed Pyno People in the village didn't know who they were, talk less of who they were running from. Since then that family has continued to live in that small fishing village.

It's amazing to say that they, as well as everyone in that village, should've remained as poor people struggling to survive.

But who would've known Baymard would spring up years later, helping the newly appointed Pyno monarchs to bring advancement to the village's doorstep?

Things have changed.

Now buses stop at that village to take them to the neighboring towns and villages.

The village made a collective decision to send one representative to Baymard to apply for a merchant position in a merchant guild.

Getting their universally approved UN merchant license, the group focused on fish selling, and learning how to properly fish farm.

Do you know that since then they have built a sizable workshop among themselves, breeding fishes and selling in bulk to their many clients?

It was amazing how this group of people who used to be illiterate, could now read and write, although their handwriting was very crooked.

Nonetheless, they agreed to contribute and buy learning programs from Baymard, including a TV shared by many and kept in their village hall

That TV ran programs teaching them what to do and how to write.

Pens, pencils, sharpeners, erasers and paper were the cheapest things to get, especially when they were always on sale during school periods.

One could get a steal out of those deals.

Every 2 weeks, they shared the money profits and enjoyed their newfound ways of living.

Some also gathered enough money to get their children registered for school in Baymard.

They don't need to pay all the school fees now, so that was another matter that made them jubilant.

Baymard was truly accommodating because no matter what academy existed before Baymard, everyone must pay in full if they wanted their children to attend the first day of school.

This was why the illiteracy level was great since the cost was still high that only nobles or those sponsored by noble homes could be privileged to enter such academies.

Well, that was how that little maid who fled was fairing in that village.

.

Back to the matter of her 'death,' she began taking the doses given to her. But what the idiot didn't know was that after a few hours of poisoning, she always took the antidote.

Many times, she didn't even take in the poison, but had the healers tell the fool whatever she wanted her to hear.

Just like that, the day of her death drew close. It took a lot of work not to wake up and tell her daughter she was fine.

The healers also told the silly fool that before death, she had not only been poisoned but had also contracted a deadly disease that could spread like a plague if touched.

To ensure the disease doesn't spread, they placed her in a shed, sealed the doors and burnt it all to the ground.

That was when she made her grand escape with her people who already built a passageway underneath the wooden shed.

Her plan worked seamlessly, as now the world knew she was dead.

Long Story short, she left Pyno right after that and headed back to Tenola, the one place the witches would never expect her to be --- Right under their noses.

"Listen, we don't have much time. I figure you all are also on a tight schedule. So here's what's going to happen: We will meet 2 weeks later at the grand festival celebrating the monarch's taking of his 17th wife."

The man was so old yet he still wanted more women.

The celebration was the perfect time for them to talk.

With that, the woman raised her cloak, covering her head.

"The one who did this is called Peetage. He is a good man, who only came for revenge. This isn't the only Witch fortress he has attacked. He wants to sweep them all out." She said, finally vanishing into the night.

She is still alive! His majesty must hear this!

More importantly, he must find out what her goal was for making herself known to him now. Just because she was Lucy's mother doesn't make her story any believable.

Friend or foe? It must be confirmed first.

Who knows if she wants to use her daughter's influence as a means to get revenge?

Beri stared at the darkness with no one knowing what he was thinking.

But he wasn't the only one dazed by the sudden turn of events thrown their way.

Death lifted his brow playfully.

Who was it that was so determined to challenge him? Who cares to request a death match in a private arena with him?

Heh.

How interesting.

## [Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1711 Bold Challenger](#)

Chapter 1711 Bold Challenger

1711 Bold Challenger

Death stared at the letter in his hands with a playful grin on his face.

He was now within his guild, which happened to also be the number one information guild in Arcadina.

In this way he could also filter out news, finding out who wants to harm his master and who were their friends.

Not many people knew he was the leader of the Guild, so to have a challenge letter come for him indicating his name and position as Guild master meant the enemy was well-informed and also resourceful.

Within his office, his subordinates stood on the side in thick warm clothes with their hands firmly placed behind their backs.

The fireplace was lit and the air was warm.

No one said a thing as they sat in silence, watching their leader twist and turn about his seat like a child.

It was amazing how their leader, who was the most feared assassin in Pyno, behaved like a child whenever he felt like it.

No... they had to say it was all the time he acted like this.

Whose boss was like theirs?

"Eheh!" Death let out a playful chuckle, before bursting out in loud laughter.

Eh... Bahahahahahahahahahahaha~

He slammed his fists on his table severally, laughing till his belly couldn't take it anymore.

"Pfft~... Hey, would you guys look at this? When was the last time I got something like this?"

Holding the letter, he kissed it severally with twinkling eyes.

"That's the spirit! I like people like this! For them to challenge me means they must be an old driver in this game."

But who was Death?

Although he loved a challenge, he wouldn't be so foolish to think that his enemy was weak, nor would he feel conceited because he was number 1 in Pyno.

Truth be told, he was also getting up there in age, and there were several other new young blood who threatened to take his position after the Pyno assassination ranking competition.

Mind you, he was already 42 this year. When he gets to his 50s, how can he still keep his title?

Of course, even in his 50s, he would remain powerful but not the number 1 ranked.

What? Do you think men at 50 and 60 can't fight? Please!

He knew a lot of famous retired assassins in this category who could still make their enemies wet themselves.

What's more, even the Baymardians understood this, evidenced by their Baymardian movies of retired assassins who enter the assassin world when their wives or children get kidnapped... or their dog gets killed.

What was that movie again? Ah yes... <John Wick>.

It was a movie about a lone powerful assassin whose dog gets killed by the son of a wealthy noble to happen to fuck with the wrong person when bypassing the market square.

Poor John Wick was only there to buy food for his dog, only to get asked by the passing noble son to give him the dog.

The noble son fell in love with the dog at first sight, but John Wick refused.

Following this, John Wick slipped through the crowds and headed back home.

Everything seemed peaceful until the noble brought his goons to beat John Wick up and kill the dog.

John Wick should've died after so many beatings and stabbings, but he miraculously survived and was out for vengeance.

Of course for the movie, Landon had changed the scenery from modern to medieval times but kept a majority of the story plot the same.

You have no idea how many assassins suddenly wanted to own dogs after watching the movie.

Some even pampered their dogs, saying if anyone touched it, they would become a John Wick for it.

To Death, that was his favorite movie of all time followed by <Taken.>

He loved both movies displaying retired assassins or killers who could still kill several new blood assassins in a heartbeat.

Just because you're old doesn't mean you can't continue to remain powerful. It's just that defending his title as number 1 in Pyno would be challenging.

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Tapping his fingers on his table, the corners of his lips stretched even more.

"It seems my challenger belongs to the T.O.E.P."

The others in the room nodded. "That's what we think too, leader. Only a T.O.E.P person would be able to find out so much about you in Pyno and not run away from challenging you here."

"Yes. Even if it's not a T.O.E.P member, it might be a confident killer from another continent, who has been hired to take you down, leader."

"Maybe someone is trying to shake your position as the number 1 assassin, boss."

Death massaged his chin in agreement.

It was true. The Pyno Assassin competition had just ended this past summer, with some people still feeling salty after ending up in 2nd and even 3rd place.

Those in the top 5 and top 10 positions wanted nothing more than to shake him out of his position.

It could be that they teamed up to hire a confident mercenary killer from another more powerful continent to do the job for them since they never wanted it traced back to them.

Pyno was Death's playground.

If any hit was put in for any Pyno killer to take him out, he would know in a heartbeat with all the spies he had scattered about the various Pyno empires.

But if those who wanted to kill him remained silent and only sent out a request via their subordinates to those outside the continent it would be extremely hard for them to trace it back.

Why? Because other continents are other people's playgrounds.

You don't just go in asking questions and expect any direct answers.

It was so much trouble and too much of a hassle to bother with.

Death chuckled, slowly rising to his feet, throwing the letter into the fire.

"Whether it's the TOEP, outside mercenaries or random deluded people, my response will always remain the same --- I want to have fun."

"\_ " Some unknown killer wants your life and you still want to have fun when they don't even know who the enemy is?

The aides in the room could only shake their heads bitterly, knowing their boss was a lost cause.

He loved having fun in the weirdest ways.

Very quickly, Death wrote a note with nothing but 2 words, sending one of them out with the note.

He accepted the challenge for a fight to the death.

Some of his subordinates still thought it was very dangerous.

.

"Boss! I don't think you should. Firstly, we don't know just how powerful this mercenary is."

"That's right." Another nodded. "The enemy might have villainous tricks up his sleeves and can even poison you with his blade during a match."

"Boss, think about it. The letter says that should you accept, a place for the battle will be told to you a day before the fight. They said you should come alone. But who is to say they won't be there with so many enemies with them? Boss, I think it's a trap!"

Everyone couldn't agree more.

The conditions for the fight were too unfavorable to their boss.

Not only did the enemy get to choose the location, but he also had the upper hand in knowing more about them while they were in the dark on who they were going up against.

If their boss wasn't their leader and they were strangers here to gamble, they would definitely put all their money on the enemy mercenary.

What's more ordinary mercenaries would prefer to go for the kill and eliminate Death without saying a word.

However, this guy boldly challenged Death, letting them know there was an unknown enemy out to get them.

It's either this guy is too stupid or just too well-prepared. They didn't think it was the former, so it must be the latter.

In that case, was it truly wise for their boss to accept the challenge?

Death shrugged his shoulders and raised his hands helplessly.

"Do you really think we have any other choice? Think about it. Only by going, can we at least put a face to who we are up against....Bone Thug, you still can't find a clue of who it is right?"

Bone Thug nodded. "This was the first time he was so stomped.

Their network in Pyno was so impeccable, so it must be an outsider. They couldn't even find his assassin's name.

Everyone had to admit that Death was right.

Should they reject the challenge, they might never know who their true enemy was.

Additionally, what if rejecting him would lead to the enemy decisively coming at them from the shadows with everything they've got?

"Alright. That's enough! The battle is on the first day of Winter! That's 2 weeks, 3 days."

Death slowly faced them with a sly smile on his lips.

Since the enemy will obviously cheat on that day, why can't he cheat too?

In fact, he is expected to cheat.

If he doesn't, the enemy might look down on him too.

In this case, it's not called cheating, but using all resources available to him.

(^0^)

Hehehehehehehe~ *noVeℓ* *Usb.com*

"Everyone, listen closely... I have a plan."

---

Death vs Ghost, who will win? Who will emerge victorious?

For this matter, only the future could tell.



One week flashed quickly, and now it was already the first week of December!

And back in Baymard, many lit candles in their hearts, praying to whatever ancestors and gods they believed in.

To these people, whatever they were about to face was even 50 times more important than whatever Death might be facing... (if they knew Death's situation.)

No! This event caused many to lock themselves in their rooms, looking at their computer screens with pale faces and starved bellies.

December 3rd.

Today, the Final semester grades will be posted online!

Chapter 1712 A Chaotic Day

1712 A Chaotic Day

Listen closely...

Can you hear it? Can you hear the sounds of thousands of hearts churning like engines?

Good God!

From the moment Raven woke up, she felt swelled with anxiety that ate her to the bone.

When taking brushing her teeth, showing and even eating, she had been doing so in a daze.

It was only when she wanted to put it into her Frootyloops cereal that she realized she had used orange juice as milk.

Heading back to her room, she decided to rearrange her school supplies for the umpteenth time.

First, she placed all her pencils, pens, rulers, erasers, sharpeners, erasing ink, sticky notebooks, and calculators on her bed before rearranging them according to color again.

Her notebooks were also well organized, though her mind was still in full disarray.

Augh~

What can she do to calm down?

RING!~

Raven jumped back, not expecting any calls today.

Who could it be?

"Hello?"

[Raven, it's your father. You haven't forgotten that we were coming to visit you, right?]

Ahh--

Raven almost fell from the edge of her bed, shocked by the calendar date on the wall.  
**nOVElusb.cOm**

It was funny that she had indeed circled the date but had forgotten all about it because of the final exams and now this.

Yes!

The blue-toned Raven came from the Empire Femolia, an empire in Zohl that has already formed a treaty with Baymard, joining in as one of the UN empires.

It's been 1 year and 1 month since they joined, and everything has been going great for her people so far.

For Raven and many people currently in Baymard Femolia, this past semester was their first schooling semester here.

It started around August 4th and officially ended around November 5th.

Following that, they had 1 week of no classes, before exam week began and ended on November 23rd.

Some people's exams ended around November 18th, and some people's exams ended around November 20th.

It all depended on what courses one was taking and when their exams were scheduled.

For her, her exams ended on the 17th.

It was hectic for her since her exams were not spread out, as almost every day before the 17th, she would be taking examinations, sometimes 2 in one day.

After the last exams on the 23rd, the school would take 2 weeks to mark, score and tally everything up. At least that's what she and many have been told.

Compared to the many ordinary people who came here Raven was of noble descent, as her father was a prominent Earl in her home city.

So when she came, she already had the money to pay for her tuition and even get a luxurious 5-bedroom home in District H too.

It had an indoor pool, an indoor tennis court, great security she could control at the touch of a button from home, and so many features that made it all worthwhile.

One shouldn't also forget the luxurious and chic furniture pieces that make each room seem like a painting in motion.

Raven loved this 3 story high ceiling home very much.

She loved it even more than her courtyard home back in her father's estate.

Since she was one of the first to come here for studies from her empire, she wasn't allowed any maids.

For one, the maid system does not exist in Baymard. If one must bring a maid, it was best to define that maid as a HELPER.

There are specific guidelines for how helpers have to be treated here.

Baymard frowned upon the action of yelling at a helper out in public, beating them up for every little thing and treating them like objects rather than humans.

Baymard preferred people come here without such helpers

Guards are okay for only a short while, but maids... no!

At first, Raven was annoyed, thinking Baymard was so arrogant to demand such from her and other nobles.

But it was only after coming here that she realized just how useless she was.

She couldn't cook, she couldn't clean, and she couldn't even take care of herself without anyone doing it for her.

It's TRUE!

Do you know that she has never bathed herself before?

All she did was sit in the large bathing pool and allow the servant girls to scrub her with whatever oils and cleaning herbs they could get from the merchants who sold high-quality goods.

The first day she bathed herself here, she over-scrubbed her body till she was red as a tomato.

In school, she didn't want to make friends with people beneath her social standing, always carrying her snobbish attitude around.

But the more she stayed in Baymard, the more she regretted her earlier actions.

She felt so alone and ashamed, not knowing how to strike up a conversation with others now.

It was only after another girl approached her that she realized there were some nobles in her class who had stayed in Baymard longer than her and only spoke to her out of pity.

They advised her to change her attitude and helped her ease herself with the other classmates.

It was funny to say that after that, her best friend was a bubbly peasant girl from Carona whom she loved dearly as if she were her blood sister.

That wasn't all.

She also had other friends she valued, some boys and some girls from many UN empires.

It was amazing that they would go out to touristic sights and even play games in the arcade center.

Hey, they mostly grew closer because they were in the same class.

As a girl, she has never gone to school before, only taking etiquette lessons, calligraphy and various classes at home from female teachers.

Sometimes, she and other noble girls would head to a teacher's home for lessons but it wasn't like school.

Even the boys from here say Baymardian schools are different from their academy schools back in their empires.

For one, boys and girls can go to school together which is very strange.

She never knew such a concept could work at all, but it did.

The boys in her class were funny, and so were the girls.

She liked how free everyone was during lunch, as she always witnessed crazy scenes that made her laugh so hard milk came out her nose, like the time the school cafeteria was selling out the most valued lunch, every student loved it to death.

Immediately, she and her friends went into formation, planning how they would make their way to the cafeteria and hurdle past the mob of students who also wanted to eat it.

Raven never knew she could be an assassin until that day.

Everyone had red eyes as they jumped over each other with some even crowd surfing too.

With her gym pants underneath her skirt, she wasn't shy to crawl or jump, as she brutally reached the front with 2 others in her team, grabbing as many as she could.

Success!

They only got 4, though there were 11 of them in their group.

So they broke it even and everyone got a taste of what victory felt like.

Sigh...

Thinking of how she was before coming to Baymard, Raven felt her former self was too arrogant for no reason.

Her father's accomplishments were not hers. She should be proud when she makes her own money.

Her father can decide to give her money or give her nothing. She can one day fall out of grace and end up just like the many peasants she used to despise.

So if she cannot be self-sufficient and reliable for herself, how will she survive?

Living in Baymard taught her to think more about herself and what future she truly wanted.

She could now live without maids, and could even make a mean rice porridge too.

Well, she wasn't the best cook, as her foods typically taste too salty, but she was learning and this was all that mattered.

----

'It's today?'

Raven ran like crazy, cleaning up her messy room as fast as she could.

Her parents and her little brother of 6 were coming to visit her for the first time!

It would also be their first time coming to Baymard too. She would've loved to pick them up from the Seaport, but hey... who made her forget?

Who made her leave the house so messy?

They were calling her from one of the phones in the Coastal port, meaning it won't be long before they got a taxi and headed over here.

All they had to do was tell the taxi man the address she gave them and the rest was history.

Raven looked at her watch and didn't know whether to laugh or cry at their perfect timing.

Who would've thought they would be coming here on the same day the exam results would be out?

Crossing her fingers, Raven hoped her results weren't below an B+ range.

She knew she would pass, but she wanted to pass well and make them proud!

Like so, Raven rushed to clean up. And soon, she heard her doorbell ring several times.

~Zzzzipp!

They were here!

Chapter 1713 A Big Change!

Staring at her home, Raven couldn't help giving herself a pat on the back after seeing how fast she cleaned the place up.

She was like a Superman cleaner with how swiftly she did the job.

She finished 3 minutes before the doorbell at the gates rang.

Rushing to the device at the entrance hallways into her homes she quickly pressed one of the buttons and spoke into the device.

"Hello? Dad? Brother? Is that you? Press the first button to respond."

Eh?

Outside, many people were taken aback after hearing the voice echo from the gates.

What is this?

Many people had sweaty hands, feeling very anxious to touch the buttons. What if they touch the wrong one?

It took a lot of courage for Earl Clifford to press the button with shaky hands.

"Yes, yes... it's us."

[Alright. I'll be letting you in now. When you hear the buzzing noise, open the side door and enter.]

Zzzp!

A loud buzzing noise went off as Raven said, and all 11 people rushed into the house, afraid that once the buzzing noise stopped, they won't be allowed to enter anymore.

Who can blame them for thinking so? No one has ever seen such technology in their lives!

As for Raven, the device on the wall was pretty convenient for her.

She felt this was one of the best things to ever exist since it made letting in her guests a piece of cake even if she was in the shower.

Raven and many people in Baymard thought this technology was amazing and the best of its kind.

But how could they know that what they had was just the beginning of Landon's goal for the ultimate home security?

If they were already so excited about this, Landon began wondering how they would react when they get Gate cameras that allow them to see their guests.

Either way, Raven felt it a breeze to use such technology.

Additionally, there were several bonus points for it too, like the fact that if someone tried to move the outside device box without all 3 passwords only she knew, it would instantly send a signal to the company that makes these items, who in turn will contact the police of a possible robbery.

Don't even think of dismantling it because the police response time was also insanely good.

It was like calling 911.

They will appear before your doorstep with backup and weapons to check if the situation is good on your end.

What's more, the small answering and listening device outside the home was built into the wall.

All you need to do is press the buttons that extend out of the wall.

There are no keypads or anything like that, just a buzzer button to alert the owner of one's arrival and another button to reply when they hear Raven's voice.

----

"Dad! Little Gugu! Uncles!"

Raven welcomed everyone in, despite their shocked expressions when seeing her acknowledge the bodyguards.

'At happened to my daughter while staying here?' I think you should take a look at

'What happened to my sister? Usually, she is very mean and rude.'

'Is the little miss sick? Or else why would she bother talking to us?'

('0')

Words couldn't describe how shocked they were.

Could this be the effect that many claimed Baymard had on others?

Earl Clifford was a little uncomfortable with such a daughter.

Don't blame him for being so since she has always been haughty for as long as he could remember.



She used to break things just to get slaves punished.

At times he did worry about her but felt she had every right to be mean and could do whatever she wanted since she had a powerful backer by her side, him, her father.

It was only after she grew past the age of 10 that his worries grew increasingly by the day.

If she developed a purely vicious nature, who would marry her?

A man needs a virtuous and understanding wife to help him run the family while he is away doing war duties, risking his life to ensure they have food on their plates.

Even if that man isn't a knight but a merchant, store owner Scholar, or any other prestigious worker, a good woman is necessary to keep their sanity in check.

Everyone knows there is no such thing as a 'good woman,' but at least, they wanted one close to the bargain.

All noblemen were also once young boys who grew up in the courtyards of their mothers, while their fathers had many wives.

No matter how they pretend to be clueless, all men knew the truth and cruelty of women in their harem.

Occasionally, they did see some women who seemed so innocent they could be pure white sheep.

This made them blindly protect the woman against the others in the backyard, only to find out decades later that the so-called innocent woman was pretending all along. *ηovELusB.cOm*

But although men have fallen into this trap several times, they still continue to fall into it willingly.

Once you understand that there is no such thing as a good woman, it becomes an obsession to have such a unique woman, so much that they are willing to be deceived just for it.

Earl Clifford was panicked that with how blatant his daughter was, no man with clear intentions would want to marry her.

His daughter was so ignorant that she didn't even learn how to hide her true nature before guests and outsiders.

This much as a father, worries him.

In his case, Clifford has always been blessed with having sons.

He had 9 sons before Raven's birth. So imagine how thrilled he was to have a daughter.

Many thought he was insane for praying for a daughter so much but he just wanted one.

He wanted a cute girl he could carry about and tease.

Don't think boys are all great!

He used to think so too, until he had too many of them.

That's right, he Earl Clifford felt boys were just too much trouble!

(\*^\*)

Chapter 1714 A Happy Raven!

Boys were all fine and good, but when you have many, you always live in constant fear that they will kill each other ruthlessly for the right to inherit one's title and wealth.

All his sons before Raven were ruthless and did sneaky things to each other all the time.

They thought he didn't know, but how can he not?

He often tried to handle their matters in the dark, but as his sons grew older, they became more determined for his seat.

Only when he was with Raven and little Gugu that he could feel at ease and enjoy the glory of being a father.

With Raven, he admitted that his constant spoiling caused her to become the way she was, so he single-handedly raised Little Gugu by himself, not wanting him to turn up like his brothers or be blatantly arrogant like his sister.

Earl Clifford had been slowly losing hope of changing his daughter. But who knew that the remedy for all this was dumping her all alone without guards or maids in Baynard?

Looking at the warm beautiful face before him, Clifford was amazed by how much she has grown up.

Even the way she spoke was laced with true concern and care that it made him and everyone else speechless as they walked into her beautiful mansion.

"Alright, everyone just put your bags here and wait a while while I check the meal on the stove."

What? She cooks too?

*N0velusb.c0M*

Clifford placed his hand on his chest, feeling his body trembling heavily.

Has he done too much?

It wasn't just him who felt so, as many secretly gave him a hateful eye.

Little Gugu turned to his father and thinned his lips angrily. "Father, you're so mean. How can you let big sis cook for herself?"

Since when does the daughter of the renowned Earl Clifford have to do such chores?

For some reason, everyone imagined a poor girl huddled in a small corner of the mansion eating raw meat food because she didn't know who to cook.

For Raven to be able to cook now means she has gone through a million ways to cook and failed severally too right?

Her hands must also be covered with cuts and blisters from holding the heavy knife when cooking.

"Well? What the hell are you all waiting for? Follow her and take over her tasks fast!"

"Yes!" The guards replied firmly, also feeling it should be so, as they rushed into the kitchen as fast as they could.

A part of them was also touched by the fact that the little miss wanted to make them a meal too.

Wooooo~

Many secretly shredded tears when seeing the little Miss's transformation after knowing what she was like before.

No way!

From today onwards, they will be the little Miss's number one fan! (\*^\*)

[Raven]:...

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Like so, Raven helped the group settle in.

Luckily for her, the guest rooms had long been prepared for everyone since the first day she rented the mansion.

Back then, her father had already told her when he would be coming and how many people would be arriving.

Including her father, there were 11 guests, and this room is a 5-bedroom mansion.

She, her father and her brother will occupy 3 bedrooms leaving just 2 bedrooms for the 9 bodyguards.

Luckily, this mansion was also very wide and built for luxury and comfort, thus all rooms were high-ceiling ones with enough room in them to make one feel the luxury.

It was because of this that she had long bought bunk beds.

There were 2 sets of bunk beds in each guest room having a total of 4 beds in each room. I think you should take a look at

With 8 beds and 9 bodyguards, Raven also purchased a small foldable couch in the room that could also transform into a bed.

The 9th person could sleep on it.

With everyone settled, eaten and relaxed, Raven finally remembered what she was doing before they called her.

Everyone suddenly saw her freeze in panic, wondering what the matter could be.

It was only after she explained it, did they understand her worries.

Listening to how important these results were, everyone couldn't help feeling nervous too.

"Daughter... don't worry. Even if you don't do well, your father won't hate you. Even if you can't seem to find your talent and strength, I'm not so old that I can raise my daughter anymore."

"Yeah, yeah, big sis. No matter what, we won't despise you at all."

Raven suddenly felt warm, seeing how much her family cared for her. Her mother might be a disappointment, but her father and brother truly loved her.

"Thank you."

Her words were soft but conveyed all her emotions.

Earl Clifford and little Gugu never felt so sweet in their hearts as they hugged her warmly.

"Alright! Let's check these bloody results! I'm sure my daughter has nothing to worry about."

Everyone was amazed by the existence of a computer, as well as how fast Raven was typing.

Damn!

How can she use it so fast? Many swore to secretly practice when no one was around. At least for Gugu and Clifford, they had computers in their rooms.

All rooms had TVs since they were guest rooms.

Everyone felt their hearts fall into their bellies, as Raven opened the school's website and began checking for her class and ID number.

The wait was truly killing even them.

"B+... A+... A-... B-... C+... A... B-... A+... B+... B-..." Clifford read the grades despite not knowing what they all meant, but Raven knew.

"Final GPA is..."

Boom!

Raven jumped and hugged and hugged little Gugu and her father in glee.

Never have they seen their little miss so explosive before.

She was acting very childish and rushing around the room, kneeling to thank the heavens for her grades.

"You doubt understand! I really thought I failed miss's Lambra's course. So to see a C-grade there is enough to make me cry."

"Dad, her course is really hard. You don't understand... you can never understand!"

"..."

"I did it! I did it! I failed no courses and I did so beautifully!"

A C-grade is beautifully?

Clifford dared not voice his thoughts after hearing his daughter explain the grading system.

It's over... it's finally over!

Raven was rolling on the floor without a care in the world.

"Dad, did I make you proud?" (□○□)

"..."

Chapter 1715 [Bonus chapter]The Impact Across Baymard

1715 [Bonus chapter]The Impact Across Baymard

Today was a big day.

The skies were dull and the air was chilly, only adding to the sorrow many felt in their hearts.

"Papa... I've failed you. I didn't make it. I-I-I didn't make it. What am I going to do now?"

"Aiyy~... you cheer up. Life is not a marathon. It doesn't matter who crosses the finish line first because several years from now, you can be in a better situation than them. The important thing is that you do your best and acknowledge your weaknesses."

"Mama... I'm sorry, I passed but had the worst passing grade. I almost failed just there."

"So what? Every victory must be celebrated. My son, years ago, you were illiterate. You couldn't even hold a book the right way. But now, you're sitting in class and can understand what they are saying. Your grades might only be because, for one, Pyron isn't our language but Roma. If given some time, I'm sure you'll exceed your limits. Just know that I am proud of you. I will continue working in Baymard for your tuition, so cheer up! You passed the exams and that's all that matters!"

"Big sis, will you hate me? I wasn't good enough after all your efforts to send me here."

"Hate you? Is that why you're crying as though it's the end of the world? My dear Lily, do you know how fortunate you are? You're not the first to fail an exam and neither will you be the last. Have you forgotten that last year I failed the bar exam to become a lawyer? Did I give up? No! I spent another year studying hard and now I've made it with flying colors and a scholarship. "

"That's right! Listen to your sister. Do you know how many people get turned down every semester for the Culinary and Bartending examinations? Do you know how many people get turned down to become theater stars? No matter what your results are, she will be proud of you if you don't give up. So you better cheer up fast because, in 2 days, it will be Christmas!"

----

Across the Baymardian empire, both in the capital and other Baymardian territories, many found it funny to see their children cry so much.

In medieval times failure was a common thing to see.

In fact, a majority of the greats all failed uncountable times before crawling to the top.

Even when planning assassination attacks, 9/10 times monarchs would fail to kill their stepbrothers and siblings before getting it right one final time.

Do you know how many times farmers have had their crop yields fall below standard and made their families go hungry after paying taxes?

Do you know how many times they failed at starting businesses, even petty trades like selling tomatoes in a market?

Do you know how they failed to keep their children and loved ones alive during harsh weather, leading to the biggest regrets and knots buried in their hearts? Tsk.

Failure was too common for them when doing anything for the first few times.

So if you're going to cry for every little bit of failure in this world, then you'll be crying a river by then.

What's more, from what some people heard in Parent-Teacher meetings, it's said that over 99.9% of students never fail exams after their first 3 failures within the school.

Even Landon was amazed by the results.

You have to know that in some classes, there are no failures at all, with everyone's grades ranging between B- to A+.

Children of this era were far different from those in the future era.

They knew the importance of knowledge and knew the importance of never wasting any opportunity.

Take, for example, Momo's class.

Since they turned 9~10, none of the students in his class had ever failed a single course regardless of how many Grades they advanced.

Whether they were in grade 9 or Grade 12, everyone passed together and advanced to the next class together as well.

The only difference was that they would get distributed according to their grades, with some entering A class or E class.

It was funny that E-class consisted of people with mostly B- (minus) grades.

If it were back on earth, E-class would consist of those with C- (minus) grades or those at borderline D grades that struggled to advance to the next School Grade.

.

Many slammed the crying backs of these students, comforting them while also teasing them too.

Well, many men were not good at confronting their children so they could only buy them things and take them out instead.

It was hard for them to comfort their sons though comforting their daughters came easier.

They, men, grew up like that, never showing emotions easily.

It wasn't that they didn't cry, but they won't be in any public place unless on a battlefield or at a funeral of a loved one.

Well, it was truly awkward for many men since they have never seen their children cry at all.

They froze in shock, not knowing what to do for a second.

Seeing the tears in their children's eyes they understood how much the children worked hard on this, meaning it meant the world to them.



Even after going to Knighthood Academy, many have never felt so pained for failing compared to this. *noVeLuSb.coM*

This failure truly hurt them in their souls and guts. Even some in the many academies scattered around Baymard were stomped, crying underneath their pillows.

In the end whether it was their family or friends many quickly got out of their sorrow, knowing failure was only normal before great success.

Almost everyone in the Baymardian schools had failed at the beginning.

Even in the Lower regions, those working in the many industries failed numerous times to create the perfect products thus the prototypes that had been thrown into recycling.

But amid the sorrows of many were the jubilations of a larger group.

"Bahahahhahahahah~... Once again, I did it!"

"Grandpa! Grandpa! Look! Look! I made it! And my scores are one of the best in my Grade too!"

"No way! Mom, you said that if I ranked above the top 10, I will take me to Baymard's Universal Picture Studios. Don't forget that my idol, Kay Grodon is going to be there on the 18th for a grand fan meet-up! You promised!"

"Big brother! Big brother! I did it! Now, we can finally have fun and enjoy the Christmas season! Quickly, we have to get to the store and buy all we need. Don't forget that the day before and after Christmas are holidays too."

Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!

With the results out of the way, everyone focused on the most amazing time of the year.

It was a time of love, gift-sharing, and gratitude.

Chapter 1716 Time To Act!

December 7th is Christmas Day.

The schools began in August to ensure many had this entire 1 month of rest before schools resumed in the first week of January.

In fact, their vacation was 1 month and almost 2 weeks since some finished their final exams on November 17th.

Since then, they have been at home resting with many getting part-time jobs instead.

Of course, some who live close to the coastal ports in all Pyno, already planned to leave Baymard after Christmas.

By ship, the longest trip to the ports was at most 6 days, which was in Deiferus.

They planned to do quick trips to see their loved ones for a few days before returning.

But for those in further UN empires like those in Zohl and Romain, many chose to stay within Baymard instead. Some also decided to use this opportunity to explore the other Pyno empires too.

With the results settled, everyone quickly rushed to the stores, ushering in yet another crazy Baymardian stampede.

What? The stores will be closed from tomorrow for 3 days straight and you expect them to sit still?

No way!

In the stores, several people gathered and flew in the air, grabbing the closest last-minute Christmas trees they could find.

"Let go, lady! This is my mom's first Christmas and I want to impress her well."

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"Screw you! Do you think you're the only one with first-time Christmas guests? Believe it or not, I'll be walking out of here with his Christmas tree in my cart!"

"F\*\*\*! How can the Christmas light aisle be empty? Where are they? Where are they? What will I use to exchange the tree with now?"

"Wipe! Excuse me, old lady. I've got a better deal for you here. If you let me have this tree, I'll let you go on a date with my grandpa. I just overheard you say you're a widow. So how about it? How about giving me the tree in exchange for a one-time romantic date with my grandpa?"

"Bah! Who wants to have anything with your old man? Sure, I might be a widow lacking a little comfort, if you know what I mean... but that doesn't mean I'll allow any toad to eat my Swan meat! Instead, let me spin a good one on you. How about I save your lonely life by letting you date my 6th Grandson in exchange for the tree?"

(-\_-)

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All around the stores, many fought for the last items on the shelves scrambling for them like starved dogs thirsty for the hunt.

It was amazing that even the elderly were so nimble in times like these.

Some even brought balloons filled with water to threaten people with.

"Just put it down and walk away... yes... that's it... nice and slow."

Never have the youngsters felt so aggrieved with the elderly especially those from other UN nations who were doing Christmas shopping for their first time.

F\*\*\*!

Earl Clifford had his hands raised in defeat, still baffled by the fact that he was being threatened by a sweet old lady.

What happened to the peaceful Baymard he saw earlier? Where were they suddenly so aggressive?

Raven, who had experienced shopping in Baymard, had already fallen to the ground and crawled underneath others before grabbing the only angel star decoration left.

It was to be placed on the very top of the tree.

"Dad, little Gugu, uncles... What are you all doing? Follow my lead and my instructions or there won't be anything left for us!"

" \_ "

Daughter/sister/little miss... what happened to you here?

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"It's mine!"

"It's mine!"

"Hooray! I've got the last stockings!"

"Dammit! The store is all out of Christmas pudding cake! With how bad I am at baking, what else am I going to bring to display?"

"Mommy... mommy... don't forget the milk and cookies. It's only reasonable that we give Santa something to eat and drink after he has worked so hard to deliver my presents. I might be 3, but I must be polite with him."

"Amazing! This is the Ultra turtle ninja action figure set. I can't believe I'm getting my hands on one now. My little nephew sure will like this."

"Although I know Santa is a mythical being that doesn't exist, it's still nice to see presents under the tree every Christmas morning. Dad, I might be 5 years old, but I know you work hard. So can you give me money to secretly buy you a gift too?"

Ho-Ho-Ho!

Merry Christmas!

The stores and the malls were jam-packed with Santa figures waving their bells and greeting any who enter.

And thus began the great Christmas siege that plagued Baymard from its core right up.

On Landon's end the palace was also getting ready for the big festivities, especially since on Christmas Eve, which was tomorrow, the palace will always call its most prominent overseers, workers, ministers, and many others to come in and celebrate with the Royals.

Everything will also be taped and broadcast live too.

Out in the city Square, there was a mega Christmas tree out there too.

There will be carolers, and even a Christmas festival taking place around there for those who want to have fun.

You can take your lover or family to play festival games like whacking a mole or throwing a ball at a target or a Christmas prize.

There will also be indoor concerts nearby, and fireworks too.

One shouldn't forget the many Christmas foods and cakes that will also be sold during the festival.

Everyone was thrilled that tomorrow, there will be little to no chance of rainfall.

The weather forecast only said the day will be filled with cold winds, so everyone should have their jackets on.

As for what the weather would be like on Christmas day itself, well... they were expecting light rain in the afternoon till the following day.

It's said that the rains will only get super heavy the day after Christmas.

Many already saw it as a day to snuggle in bed and enjoy their last public holiday period before going back to work.

Snow usually starts falling around December 18th.

Christmas date was made this early because Landon didn't want the festivities to fall on a snowy period.

That's why rather than having Christmas on December 25th, it was done on December 7th.

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Great!

With everything in order, Landon finally headed to his office, waiting for his special guests to arrive.

Knock. Knock. Knock~

"Big brother Landon, you sent for me?"

"Yes, Tilda... come in."

It was time she fulfilled her destiny.

As Dafaren's future monarch, it was time she headed back in secret and built her forces!

Chapter 1717 Where Is My Son?

Seated in Landon's office, Tilda was very relaxed.

She has been here so frequently that one would think it was her second room.

Unlike the others, Tilda was 'homeschooled' by Landon himself, as well as several other military trainers and officials who gave her a strict overlay of what it was like to run an empire.

She not only focused on training her body but also primarily focused on the 4 main essences of life: Food, clothing, shelter and protection.

Without any, her empire would plunge into chaos.

If these 3 can be improved, she will be hailed as the greatest and wisest Dafaren Monarch of all time.

Dafaren wasn't part of the UN Empires and still yielded to the old system where 97% of its population was poor while most of the wealth was circulated among the rich.

In a nutshell, it depended on one's definition of <poor>.

Know that even though the Dafaren peasants are poor, they were still far better than what Pyno peasants used to be before Baynard's emergence.

At least, the empire had most of its roads laid out with stone which drove more merchants into the place.

They lived richer lives than those outside, but within their empire, the rise of prices and currency rates also made the people struggle.

Of course, everywhere in the world gold, silver and copper coins were used.

But in the old Pyno, if one could buy a Healthy cow for 500 copper coins, out in Veinitta, Dafaren, one would need to buy that same cow for 700 or even 800 copper coins.

Things were just more expensive there because people had higher standards of living there.

In a way, everything balances itself out, because more tax is requested of them.

But even though they paid so much taxes, they still had more food available and better homes compared to Pyno's peasants years back.

Many matters went into play in determining an empire's economy; good roads, accessible water, death rate, birth rate and so on.

The things Tilda studied were many, which also included how to manage people under her command.

Her classes with her many teachers were thorough.

Even her grandmother pulled her to the side to share her experience living in her former noble home in Dafaren.

Since she came here, she has been studying within the confines of the palace walls.

She had classes for 3 weeks every month since then, meaning each month she had a 1 week official holiday period.

She could also choose when this 1 week holiday would fall.

If there was a festival coming up and she wanted to be with little Momo and the others, she could choose to have her 1 week holiday then.

But just know that the first 4 days after the holiday would be a test period assessing if she forgot everything just because it was her holiday period.

This sort of schedule carried on from August to May 1st without a stop.

As for what she usually did from May 2nd to the last day of July she typically worked as an intern in government positions to see with her own eyes how things are run.

Sometimes, during her lesson period between August to May she would also be taken on trips across the many Baymard territories to brainstorm with other government officials and solve economic crises or situations concerning natural disasters.

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Understand this...

When she finally gets to Dafaren, she will mostly be alone without Landon or anyone's guidance.

She will be the decision maker.

She will be the one to lead her people forward for the next decades until she is ready to pass the throne to her children or someone worthy of the seat.

You can rely on Landon now, but you can't do so forever.

---

Landon tapped his fingers rhythmically with a smile on his lips. "Tilda, you turned 16 this past September."

"Yes, big brother Landon." Tilda nodded heavily. "According to the plan, I will have to go to Dafare and build my forces in the dark soon, right?"

"Yes... but not alone."

How can he allow her, one of the Keys with the ability to connect and locate other keys, to go out without protection?

He would've loved that she stayed in Baymard until he got the Holy Core but it would be impossible since the clock was ticking on his mission and he had to allow her to build her forces and sit on Dafaren's throne soon.

Heh.

Don't think he has time.

She is already 16, and next September she will be turning 17. Another year after that, she will be turning 18.

The system required he place her on the throne between the ages of 16~18, and no more than that.

So he had a year and 9 months to make sure she ascended with her own forces and her own people supporting her.

This was a requirement the system stated must be included.

Think about it.

Unlike Henry and other monarchs, he helped fit on the throne, at least these chosen sons and daughters had supporters on their side, no matter how small the factions were.

But for Tilda, she had no supporters at all!

Don't go get that everyone saw her as a cursed being, a disaster to their empire.

So for her, they had to work from the absolute bottom to get to the top.

If she can even gather up to 50 people, that would be a miracle seeing as how many people truly feared her 'cursed' abilities.

They can help place her on the throne but without supporters to work with her and protect her, Landon feared he would be appearing in Dafaren every single day to stop assassination attempts on her.

1 year, 9 months...

The time was short so they must act fast.

----



Tilda's eyes glowed in determination, understanding all that was requested of her.

"Big brother Landon, I'm ready. So what's the plan?"

"Little girl... I'll be leaving for a mission come January 7th. During that time, you will also be heading to Dafaren with a small team."

When she gets there, she will link up the teams already in Dafaren.

Don't forget that they had long sent another team to Dafaren to track down and destroy all hidden underground slave camps created by a big influential TOEP member.

This man was the one who showed the late Nopline the ropes on how to get things done.

The number of underground camps Nopline had in Pyno was peanuts compared to what that man had in Veinita.

With the plan set in motion, Tilda knew this month was her last in Baymard, till she returns later for visits.

She was sad but knew it was inevitable.

"Alright, brother Landon. I will prepare."

"Good. You will have no more classes from now on. Have fun and enjoy your time however you like... Go."

With that, their meeting concluded.

Tilda rushed out to find her grandmother to tell her the news while Landon calmly vanished into his immaculate special within the system.

Sitting on his table, he began modifying and revising his already existing plan for Tilda's rise to the top.

In the meantime, things in Dafaren were getting more and more heated by the second.

----

Boom!

Alexander smashed his fist against his armrest furiously.

"Answer me!" Alexander's roar made the scholarly advisors and ministers lower their heads in fear.

Their monarch could be quite scary when angered.

Everyone dared not raise their heads not wanting to be the unfortunate person he calls put.

"Well? Am I talking to the wind here? First, my son, Skye gets lost and I just got word this month that he has ended up in some barbaric prison... As if that isn't enough bad news, you now say the crown prince of this heavenly empire is also missing? Are you all kidding me right now? Who did I piss off to end up with such incompetent officials like yourselves?"

Is this some sort of joke?

You have to know that he has been asking of his son recently, thinking his son was in the far south end of the empire solving a major crisis he appointed the brat to do.

It's true that the boy left the job to his subordinates who did a fantastic job at resolving the problem while he was away. But is this the issue here?

When his subordinates reached the city he is supposed to be in, they saw he was nowhere to be found.

Immediately, he spread his forces to locate the crown prince while also capturing a few of Daniel's subordinates to get the truth out of them.

Many did know that Daniel went, only knowing that he left Dafaren.

So if he wasn't in the empire, where else could he be? Mind you, he planned to crown Daniel om 4 more years.

This time was crucial for Daniel to be in the empire. So what was all this? Why the sudden movement?

What made him so mad was that many of these ministers and people in Daniel's faction have been lying to him saying they had one on one meetings with the crown prince not long ago about certain political matters that he also entrusted to Daniel.

Who knew they were meeting Daniel's subordinates and not the Crown prince himself?

Looking at the group of weasels cowering in fear, Alexander wished he could behead them all here and now.

"I don't care how you do it, but I want the crown Prince found and brought back in no more than 12 months. Don't test me!"

Alexander's eyes glowed with a deadly light.

"Failure is not an option... And someone, do get that other son of mine out of Baymardian prison now!"

## Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1718 A Festivity For All!

### Chapter 1718 A Festivity For All!

In the meantime, the son Alexander was thinking of, was busy plunging through the woods on horseback, riding forward and never stopping for a second.

Dammit!

Daniel felt ashamed to be fleeing with his balls between his legs.

Well, that should be corrected.

After a swift and crude surgery by one of the local Caronian healers forced at sword-point, Daniel now had only one ball in his sac, thus the reason why he constantly leaned to his left.

It was such a painful and awkward feeling that made him wish he could wind back the hands of time and slice off Santa's neck when he had the chance.

His center of gravity had shifted which also made his attacks shift by several inches.

He could see that even when shooting an arrow, he was always off the mark by a few inches to his left.

He estimated that even when wielding a sword to strike his opponent, he would also have to recalibrate and estimate just how much to the right his feat should be to make up the difference.

---

Sigh...

Daniel was aggrieved by his situation.

This changes everything for him, especially in the bedroom.

Only a man can understand what he was truly going through right now.

But even though the pain was killing him, he and his men knew they couldn't stop even if it was for a second.

Threading through the vast Caronian forest terrain, Daniel gritted his teeth to bare it all.

What a pain.

'Just you wait, fatso. Just because I'm fleeing, doesn't mean k will forget our little encounter. Until then, I hope you stay alive and await my return!'

This was a promise he intended to keep even if the world was coming to an end.

"Hyah!"

Hee~hee-hee-hee-hee-hee~

His horse released a loud grunt, picking up the pace alongside the other horses.

And where was Daniel headed to? Of course back to his haven, Dafaren.

Since the enemy knows he is here and is clearly the lawless sort, it doesn't make any sense to remain in Carona.

He thought this would be a simple assignment, especially since he was a TOEP member with men trained in TOEP advanced arts.

But only now did he understand that without the approval of the TOEP superiors, it would be difficult to act on his own against these Caronians.

Mind you, his plans to take Penelope as his and become the new Caronian Monarch weren't known or approved by the TOEP.

If he reported the matter or made it known to them it could go 1 of 2 ways.

They could either tell him to step down and do nothing, or they could assist him by calling all already existing TOEP members in Carona to run to his aid and do a proper job at handling matters.

Daniel felt the organization wouldn't allow him to be monarch since he was already the crown prince of Dafaren.

This was why he wanted to grab it with his resources.

But here was the thing.

He left a majority of his resources back in Dafaren to look after his future empire and only came here with a fraction of his men.

He thought with his amazing brains and super assassin skills far above Pyno's, it should be enough to deal with these barbaric Caronians.

As they say sometimes, numbers don't exactly guarantee a victory at war.

A great battle strategist can deal with a thousand enemy troops using just a hundred like the Great Phelicipo, who poisoned the waters at the enemy camp, killing 20,000 men in just one night while he had barely 300 men to fight on his side.

Daniel thought he was such a strategist, and for a while, it did work extremely well.

Truth be told, if Santa wasn't blessed with such great strength, he wouldn't have escaped Daniel's grasp at all.

No.

Instead, he would've been a puppet, being to Daniel's will while his niece, Gwen, would've been shipped out to Dafaren at a snap of Daniel's fingers.

When that happens, what choice would he have but bow his head before Daniel?

Even if Landon and the Baymardians wanted to help, it would still take a while to find the little girl (since Landon didn't have a tracker on her or Daniel.)

It could take months and maybe a year before they finally get the girl back, and by then Daniel would have turned Carona upside down to his will.

---

Son of a b\*\*ch!

Daniel cursed recalling how close he was back then.

Soon, a long blue bird flew high in the sky, circling above them before landing on the shoulders of one of his men.

Instantly, everyone halted their horses in silence, allowing the man take the note attached to the bird's legs.

"My lord."

The man with a striking scar across his cheek handed the note to Daniel with a stern expression.

for the quick escape.

Holding the note, the corners of Daniel's lips raised high despite the burning pain between his thighs.

"Good. They'll get ships ready for us!"

Great!

Everyone breathed out with relief, wondering who Daniel contacted for the quick escape.

They dared not use their original ships, fearing that Santa and Penelope might enlist the help of Baymardian vessels to the regions they docked their elite Veinita ships.

No way!

They must leave Carona as fast as possible, and through a desolate path too.

Fortunately, one of Daniel's connections who owed him a favor was stationed in Carona on some secret mission.

Daniel already knew where he was within Carona, so he had one of his men head over there as fast as they could.

Luckily, the man was true to his words telling them to head for an outside region beside Lumen town.

There, there will be men, including rowing servants

There to take them back to Dafaren.

You have to know that Carona forbids slavery, so they had no choice but to use their soldiers to row the ships away.

You have to know that over the years, things have become a nightmare for many kidnappers and traffickers.

One cannot even leave the city, towns and villages without several checks being conducted.

Many people inwardly hated Baymard, seeing as steady news of traffickers getting caught flooded the scene daily.

In fact, the local police stations now offered payments for news concerning traffickers.

This made the peasants and civilians keep their eyes open, not wanting to miss any opportunity to make money.

Sigh...

Times are really hard for the wicked.

Many missed the days when Baynard never reeled its head above the waters.

Many missed the days when it was easy to traffic by kidnapping and getting slaves from many slave merchants.

Alas, good things never last.

-----

Daniel was thrilled to be leaving this barbaric dump and finally heading back home.

Now, his thoughts and next plan of action have changed.

Was he to wait for God knows how many more years before his father abdicated the throne to him?

No way!

Only by taking things forcefully can one enjoy the true spoils of the world.

Daniel's eyes turned colder the more he thought of it.

'Old man, don't blame me for being rude. If you don't want to step down then this son has no choice but to be unfilial.'

It seems he will have to take over Dafaren and make it completely stable to his will before he branches out to Pyno again.

Apart from Skye, there was another idiot, his half 2nd brother, Blariel who wanted his position as crown prince too.

This time he will clean off the bastard, as well as his father Alexander in one big swoop.

Alexander will never see it coming from young till now, Daniel has never plotted against Alexander even once.

All his half-siblings have done so except him.

This was also one of the reasons Alexander trusted him the most.

"Let it fly high."

Right!

The man with the visible scar across his cheek nodded before sending the long blue bird flying sky-high.

This was one of the reasons they valued the time and training the TOEP provided.

Something like message beast taming was a skill a select few learned while in Morgan.

Where in Pyno and even Veinita will you find bird tamers?

No way!

Morgany had so many powerful ways to make a bird obedient and loyal to its master, understanding each instruction the master gave.

It was far harder to train a bird than a dog, especially a messenger bird that also worked as a scout, alerting them if there was any danger ahead.

With a kick on his horse, Daniel and his men quickly took off with no moment to waste.

"Hyah!"

This was the last anyone would see of them until they reached Dafaren.

-----

Like so, the wheels of time spun widely with several forces moving in all directions, some in the shadows and some out in the open.

And in a blink of an eye, it was the 6th of December already, the day the Christmas festival would be held.

The stores were closed but all touristic places for excitement were all open.

Restaurants were busy, skateboarding rings were full, indoor snow attraction sites were flooded and many other options were available to the many people roaming the busy streets.

Of course, some preferred to stay home and only go out when the festival officially began at 7 P.M.

Ho-ho-ho! What a jolly day it was.



Holding the pregnant Lucy in his hands, Landon felt fulfilled.

It was already 12:15 P.M, and the Royal Christmas celebrations began at 2.

"Come now, my lady... Should we get ready?"

Lucy chuckled, urging herself deeper into his chest.

"I bet the royal staff are already waiting outside our bedroom to get us all dressed up. So how can we keep them waiting any longer?"

The 2 looked at each other tactfully and smiled.

Time to begin the festivities!

Chapter 1719 We Are The World!

Today was the day before Christmas.

Whether it was Timothy, Jackson, Gordon and the Other Omanians, or visiting royals and delegates from other UN empires, everyone stepped into the grand ballroom, sighing severally at how incredible the sight before them was.

Timothy and the others even began wondering if this was the same ballroom they saw earlier.

It changed so much that they briefly doubted they went to the wrong hall.

"Wahhhhh... It's so beautiful!"

"Dad, Dad, look! On the ceiling, Santa is delivering presents to the homes!"

"Amazing"

(^\_^)

Many people commented endlessly, enjoying the scenery very much.

Timothy had never seen anything like this in his entire life.

As if they were in Hogwarts during Christmas time, the ceilings came to life, and the many short trees strategically placed across the walls were all lit beautifully too.

All guest chairs also had red bows tied on them as well as small boxes of Christmas gifts before each seat.

Seats had names on them, as people had to reserve the number of people they were coming with before this grand event.

Don't think the number of guests here was small, as the number of ministers, officials, overseers, supervisors, and managers, especially for the banks, military personnel, police officers, head security members of the ports, coast guards, marines, Navy officials and their families already took up quite a massive number.

It was daytime outside, but the hall had been purposefully made dark, so the light shows and reactive projections could stand out more.

It wasn't only children who were fascinated by the decorations, but adults as well.

At the forefront of the room were 3 sets of elevated platforms above ground level.

The first elevated platform was a vast performance stage.

And just higher, was another wide elevated platform separated by 2 or 3 open steps.

This platform was for visiting royals or esteemed guests Landon felt should sit close to him. This was where little Momo, Little Linda and those living in the palace also sat.

As for Landon and his lady, as well as Lucius and Mother Kim, they sat on the uppermost platform on their thrones.

When it's time to eat, a table will be rolled over with the dishes already served.

Of course, if they wanted to eat by another guest's side, they could step down and do so too.

At the entrance of the hall, everyone was already told where they were seated after their names were announced.

"His Royal Majesty, Timothy blah blah blah or blah blah blah."

Ohhh~

Timothy held his chest high, knowing many were staring at him inquisitively.

He could mostly see the admiration in their eyes and envy in the eyes of other men wishing they were as tall and burly as Giants.

Since he was a special esteemed guest, a calm butler was there to show him the way, taking it further by leading him to his seat.

"Esteemed guest, here you are sir, P2-01L. Enjoy and have a merry Christmas." Platform 2, seat 01 on the left.

"Ah... Hmmm..."

Taking his seat, Timothy was happy that Gordon and Jackson were seated beside him too.

They were also amazed to see a prince from a Zohl empire they were not familiar with as well as a Princess from Romain and her fiance.

Children and families were men to sit close to each other, so Gordon also had his wives and children by his side.

However, he soon found that other children wanted their parents to switch with each other so they could sit together.

Parents have their own conversations to talk about and so do children.

Who wants here about your boring politics and rankings on a day like this?

Once in a while, they are allowed to be children, no?

It didn't take long for everyone to get acquainted, as this was truly the magic of Baymard.

In no time, the hall was filled to the brim and the clock struck 2 on the dot.

Pup-pup-pup-pup~

What was that?

Trumpets echoed across the hall, as a group of excited children stormed the scene from the side doors.

They were really very cute in their special attires.

They blew their trumpets and twirled in unison, as they engulfed the entire place in a stunning show.

Suddenly, the ceiling animation changed showing golden light and imaginary pixie dust fluttering down from above.

Gordon's children had their hearts tremble greatly, as they watched with relish.

But was it okay for the show to start without Landon and the other Baymardian royals?

Oh well... whatever.

(^\_^)

Oh my, what group is this now?

Everyone watched as group by group, several people emerged from the doors again and again.

This time, some came as elf ballerinas, and others jumped through hoops, twirling in elf tutus.

And then there was the strong!

They came with staff, stumped the grounds, did backflips, side flips and frontflips with martial arts and even spat fire out their mouths.

"Wow!!!"

"Dad! Did you see that? Did you see it? Je just spat fire from his mouth!!!"

"Awesome! 10/10!"

(>□<)

Gordon had never seen his children fan out this much.

It was funny that they spoke to him yelling g across the table. Yet when he wanted to speak, they would raise their hands to their lips and shush him without warning.

"Dad, can you keep quiet? Can't you see that this next scene should be a climax?"

" \_ "

The performance was quite nice, not only focusing on the spirit of Christmas but also showing the universal items that made each UN nation great.

In one of the UN nations, the things they are most known for are their rare grapes, some that grew in winter and were called white grapes.

They were a unique delicacy, though very hard and fragile to cultivate... especially in regions where the temperatures, weather, and soil types are not suitable.

Soon, the Christmas tale that began warmly, suddenly grew dark as the music changed.

The audience was so immersed in the change of events, that a few children couldn't help shedding tears.

"Dad, how can it be so sad?"

Gordon's little girl of 6 bit her lips, thinking the unfortunate people in the story were really pitiful.

It was amazing that this intro show took no more than 3 minutes, yet it managed to plunge the audience into worry and despair.

But just when all hope seemed lost, little children holding a variety of flags stormed the scene.

"Bahahahahahaha~ That's our UN flag! We are here to save the day!"

"Look! Spearheading the whole operation is Santa and his elves!"

"Yes, yes, yes! But what are they singing? It's really catchy."

(^W^)

----

[There comes a time~...

When we heed a certain call~...

When the world must come together as one~...

There are people dying~...

Oh, and it's time to lend a hand to life~...]

----

Many shook their heads from side to side, very immersed in the song they heard.

The message was beautiful, as projections of Santa and his elves swooping in to save the day in various parts of the world now showed up on the ceilings and walls.

"Look! That's definitely my empire! When did Santa get there? Aw~... that girl is so pitiful. I'm glad Santa appeared with a teddy bear, some warm clothes, and medication for her illness."

"Over there! That's our Zohl people for sure! Santa appeared in the nick of time when the boy lost all hope. But Santa didn't give the boy his present, but channeled his caring spirit to the humans besides the boy, using them to spread kindness in the world."

"Didn't you hear the song say that there comes a time when we must all come together as one?"

Many people felt a tug in their hearts, feeling they should do more for their society. At least, they should do what they can and not always blindly bypass those in need.

There's a choice we're making~

We're saving our own lives~

Perhaps Santa or even the heavens would use them to bless other people.

After all, if someone didn't give them a chance would they be in the high positions they were in right now?

----

We are the world~

We are the children~

We are the ones who make a brighter day, so let's start giving~

There's a choice we're making~

We're saving our own lives~

It's true we'll make a better day, just you and me~]

----

The group sang this marvelous song while helping the pitiful people in the story and also giving additional gifts to the children in the audience too.

Gordon's kids held their additional gifts with trembling hands, feeling very special to hear the elves and Santa themselves say Merry Christmas to them!

(>◦<)

"Dad, I'm never washing this hand again!"

" \_ "

Pfft~

Their mothers laughed and many others also joined in, liking to see their children revert to their playful natures.

After all, once back in their empires, even 6-year-olds were serious.

Some even joined politics behind their fathers too.

They watched as enemies got tortured and also learned the true cruelty of the world as such.

But here, they could truly be the kids they are.

And soon, just when everyone was getting comfortable, the royals finally showed up in even more magical ways like fairy godmothers.

WOW!

Many in the crowd had their mouths open from excitement.

The Baymardian Royals were here!

Chapter 1720 The Best Time Of The Year

The Royals were here!

(^\_^)

Wow!

They looked like Disney princes and princesses, as they stepped into the hall accompanied by performers who once again gave yet another stunning performance.

The group

Landon's group appeared accompanied by dancing teens in Reindeer attires.

And today, their royal cloaks were all Christmas-themed, as the reindeers held the bottom ends as if holding the train of a bride's wedding dress.

Of course, the cloaks were just for show, as they light up on their own, dazzling the crowds even more.

And when they stepped on the elevated platforms, they took off their cloaks, gave them to the reindeers and warmly greeted their esteemed guests on the 2nd platform.

Timothy felt honored and happy, seeing Landon come his way to give him a manly hug and a strong pat on his back.

Lucy, Lucius, and mother Kim also came one by one, greeting everyone from all directions.

They showed no favoritism, making everyone there feel special.

Many were amazed by how humble Landonn was.

If it were them, they would first reach their thrones before proudly nodding at the visitors to show their might.

This was how it usually was since no one wanted to be seen as weak by their allies or foes.

But Landon's case was peculiar and odd because even though he did this, no one could see him as weak.

He had reached that level that the many UN empires could never see him as weak, especially when he saved their empires from disasters time and time again.

No way...

Who would see such a man as weak?

---

All in all, the festivities for the brief celebration went by in a flash.

The food was great, the drinks abundant, the crowd was always busy mingling among themselves, enjoying their Christmas Dinner together.

After all, this was what this meal was all about.

It was a Christmas meal to celebrate them being a family and seeing the end of another year together.

With enough alcohol to go around, Landon allowed the children to step into the game room prepared for them.

It was better than seeing your parents drunk.



The game room was extremely large, with trampoline rooms, massive Hot Wheel control cars and roads for competitions, arcade games, computers, a few TV booths, Karaoke booths, and all other sorts of entertainment.

The very small children also had a kindergarten section with people to look after them there so the parents could enjoy their celebrations to the fullest.

Although Landom would prefer it if parents knew their alcohol tolerance and stopped when necessary.

It was still broad daylight now.

So if they got drunk this early, won't they miss the festival they were clamoring to see today?

"Hahahahahahahahaha~ ... Today, I've had a good show."

"Yes yes yes, I think I can now understand what this Christmas thing is all about."

"Hey... today, they've truly opened my eyes to issues in my empire blindly ignored by many."

"Yeah, today's festivities not only did that but also provided us with good food too. Can anyone tell me what his massive red bouncy thing is? Is it alive?"

"Pfft~... Newbies! I can tell you that this is Christmas Jelly! The taste is so exquisite and unique, hitting all the good spots the moment it touches your tongue. Trust me, it's heavenly Dessert!"

"Waaaaaw... heavenly dessert..."

(+0+)

----

For this party, everyone rated it a good 11/10 as all their needs were met, with the staff solving some things they didn't even think about before coming to the party.

lives and empires before they left with their gifts in hand.

In the end, the party was a huge success with Landon giving a closing speech, wishing everyone blessings upon blessings in their lives and empires before they left with their gifts in hand.

So this is what a Christmas party is like?It was really fun.

(^0^)

Many were happy, though for some people, this was their 2nd Christmas party of the year from around December 1st to the 5th, many companies and industries hosted their Christmas parties then, allowing the workers to have a night of fun.

It was also during that time that the top 10 best workers in all departments and areas were called out, and given certificates of excellence for the year, as well as additional bonuses for their efforts.

Of course, everyone had a yearly bonus during Christmas time, but theirs was more to thank them for a great job.

But the top 10 people of each department were not the only ones celebrated.

Those who took their time over the year to help as many people in their jobs as possible, and those who proved extremely resourceful were also called out.

Again, some people who deserved promotions were told of their new offices which will be effective on December 15th, giving them enough time to clear their current desks, pack their stuff and head to their brand new office areas.

Everything went peachy for the many industries across Baymard who had their Christmas parties not too long ago.

Bottom line, whether it was the company parties or the royal parties, everyone was content, as they also took on Landon's closing speech, feeling their hearts boil with excitement for the upcoming year.

Hahahhahahahha~

What did they hear?

Did his majesty just say that Baymard would change again?

Damn!

You have to know that every year some people come over, the Baymard of the previous year they knew was now nowhere to be found.

Understand this...

Baymard was an instant creative and resourceful place that made all sorts of inventions almost every few months.

What's more, have you forgotten about Research Mania?

It was a period within the lower region when all suggestions and ideas placed in the suggestion boxes or sent by email since the last Research Mania, are gone through one by one, with companies choosing the top 2 or 3 great ideas with potential and making it a reality for the people.

That's even without Landon, some modified versions of the current technologies still emerge from time to time,

Take, for example, the electric kettle.

After Landon made the electric kettles, the workers who slowly got used to knowing how its components were made, had bright ideas of their own.

They now made Battery operated home kettles and even had some that won't boil or heat up if no water is sensed in the kettle.

It wasn't him who came up with those ideas but them.

Again, take for example the first 3-in-1 electric breakfast maker Landon created.

This 3-in-1 appliance included a coffee maker to its left, a large griddle for cooking eggs, bacon, and pancakes, and a toaster oven below the griddle that can hold up to four slices of bread.

Sure enough, when he sold it, it was a huge success not just for the many customers but for the worker who now took this idea, breaking each component down and selling individually, like creating a massive Griddle for outdoor use too.

They also made separate small toaster ovens for those outside and inside Baymard too.

For Landon, once he made a specific product, he hardly went back to modify it because the workers already thought of them for him.

Well, everyone was looking forward to the changes Baymard would have next year.

But many would've never known it would be so great!!

-----

"Farewell!!"

"Goodbye, and merry Christmas!"

Like so, many left the party with smiles as they waved endlessly to those around them, but today's fun had only just begun.

Rushing home, many took 1 or 2 hours to relax before taking another bath and dressing up in their Christmas costumes for the festival.

Just like Halloween, they could choose to dress up as any of the characters in the many Christmas stories that they knew.

Some choose to dress up as Scrooge, and others choose to dress up as in all green like the Grinch.

There were some like Krampus, and there were others like Jack Frost!

No matter what they wore, every costume bought from the stores was warm, with a majority having hoodies.

One should know that even though they were dressing up for fun, this was still Christmas time and not Halloween time.

The weather was colder and it wasn't advisable to dress lightly.

In a flash, the night took over, and the streets became crowded, especially the city square in District G.

The enemies free stood high, with a giant angel on its top and beautiful decorations all around it.

Vendors sold Christmas treats and games commenced as told.

"Look, mistletoe."

Many married couples smiled as they pulled up their scarves and kissed in hiding, not wanting children to see what they were doing.

But though they were cautious, the overflowing love in their eyes couldn't be hidden.

"Thank you for being with me through another year."

"Silly... if I'm not with you, who else can I be with?"

Holding hands Love was in the air so much that it made the single people envious.

Alas...

Who wouldn't like a good partner to share the moment with? Some who left their partners in other empires also sighed, promising to never spend Christmas alone again.

Food, festival possessions, and games.

In a flash, the night grew old, with many taking their families home.

And when their children or loved ones woke up, there were presents underneath the Christmas trees.

Gordon watched his children dance around excitedly with a warm smile on his lips.

He wished all days could be like this.

Christmas... was undoubtedly the best time of the year.

Yes!

Many could agree to this, even those who had no knowledge of Christmas outside the empire.

Particularly in a far, far away empire, several people beamed with joy, staring at the young man seated before them.

"Everyone it's time we go to war!"

## Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1721 Adonis' Brainwashings

### Chapter 1721 Adonis' Brainwashings

Today was a glorious day in the Adonis's holy empires.

Good things spread like wildfire, with many forces smiling merrily despite the heavy blizzard outside.

While some places on the world haven't seen Snow yet, a majority of Lampe and Dania, Adonis' 2 empires, had long seen snow since after Halloween period in late October.

At first, the snow was fluttering and cute, but soon took off to heavier feats the moment December arrived.

Snow and hail storms smooshed in left, right, up, down and in other directions no one would've thought of.

The seas surrounding the empires were extremely rough during this time, and the days were darker so fast that by 3:30 PM, the sun typically held two fingers up in deuces, vanishing before anyone could enjoy the day.

All around, people fell to the ground, never rising again.

The streets were littered with piles and heaps of snow with dead bodies buried underneath.

Close your doors and keep the fires at home burning nonstop for days, weeks and months.

This was what many typically did, as at the center of their home, was a sizable circle dug deeper than ground floor and lined with nothing but rocks and nothing flammable.

The circle's top edges on ground floor were also surrounded by bigger rocks, creating a protective fence.

At the bottom of the circular and uniform-based hole created, fires were lit and never put off till the end of Spring.

There was always someone at home to keep the fire going, typically the women who stayed back cooking, cleaning, sewing and doing other chores.

Each family already had a sizable portion of firewood stored in a cellar underneath their kitchens.

All they had to do was pull open the trap doors made of barks of wood and step down with lit torches to grab the wood or any other winter supplies and food stored down there.

The fires provided some level of warmth within the homes that kept them somewhat warm.

In the daytime, they also hung their blankets on the large stones surrounding the fire pits, wanting to keep them warm before use later.

Everyone ate frugally, afraid they wouldn't have enough to last them throughout the entire winter time since no matter how much one saves, Winter taxes must also be collected.

And believe it or not, Taxes were typically much higher in winter than in any other period as Soldiers needed more food to keep their bodies burning after doing assignments in the harsh weather.

Many people didn't understand science, but they knew for a fact that in cold seasons, humans eat more than they would in hotter seasons.

This is very true, especially if one lived in regions that were cold all the time.

The best example of those is in very cold regions like Alaska and Polar regions.

To be a Polar explorer or researchers camped out there, isn't an easy feat.

Firstly, understand that the average recommended calorie intake for an ordinary adult living in normal conditions is between 1500~2500 Calories per day.

But for these people, they need to eat no less than 6500~8000 calories per day.

And even then, they would still lose weight.

In extreme cold, the body burns fuel at an alarming rate. This was why people in extremely cold places hardly grew fat.

It was near impossible to see such a person unless they were nobles who could consume 10,000 to 15000 calories a day in such a place where food hardly grows.

I mean... When winter takes up close to 6 and a half months in these areas, what time does food have to grow?

Some places are also constant Ice lands, never seeing summer or clear mountains. All they saw was snow no matter what season one visited.

They say it's always snowing in Santa's home in the North Pole. Well, this much was true.

Like so many in Adonis' empires could only silently pray that the winter will flash by fast.

Some stared out their windows, wishing they too could become true Adonis followers, becoming knights for the cause.

In the face of impending death, lack of food and crazy blizzards, who wouldn't want to become an Adonis warrior?

These warriors, no matter how low their ranks were, enjoyed incredible benefits.

Be it medical, food, clothing and housing, they got the best of everything in the eyes of the masses.

Even the few commoners who didn't fully believe in the power of Adonis wanted to join in just to ensure their longevity during winter.

Of course, some wanted to join because of the bodily perks Adonis offered.

It wasn't a surprise to many that every month, women are captured in groups and sent to the nearest Temple for cleansing.

These women were either those who defied their husband's orders at home or those who refused to give their husbands sons.

What good is a woman if she can't even birth a male child?

Many peasant men quickly reported their wives wanting them to go for cleansing before having them returned.

In there, Adonis warriors and temple priests would lay down with these women forcefully, having their way with them until they birth male heirs.

They would only let these women go if the women birthed male children.

So no matter how many times they were pregnant in captivity if the child was a girl, then they would stay there for years if that was what it took to cleanse them of their stubbornness.

It was also funny that when these women typically returned home, their husbands had long married other women, who had them make heirs.

When they did return, the same husbands who sent them for cleansing were now disgusted with the notion that a thousand and one men had their way with these women.

They would start calling them whores and taunting them even to the point of suicide.

Many a time, these women turned into maids and slaves who did all the chores in their own homes while the new wives enjoy a spoiled and lavish life, even as commoners.

Heh.

A majority of people did not pity these women who were adamant about not giving their husbands make heirs.

As they say, you reap what you sow.

Should they have prayed harder and controlled their wombs, wouldn't the issue be solved a long time ago?



In the end, their current situation was their doing.

Many people in Adonis were brainwashed into believing all this to be true.

Thus, the money they sensed the spirit of disobedience in their women, and they wasted no time reporting and having the women dragged away to the temple for clenching.

Some wives also never came back, as they died there after having numerous men forcefully touch them every day even when pregnant.

Some had miscarried severally and had deep internal injuries to the point that their wombs were utterly destroyed.

To such women, they were immediately shipped out as Army whores to keep the forces entertained.

As for their humans, the temple simply told these men that their wives had proven very stubborn, refusing to birth them to make hers by destroying the wombs themselves.

In this way, the women were no longer needed by their husbands at home.

In fact, many men already brought in other wives and could care less about the lives of these women taken by the temple.

In the end, the status of women in Adonis was very low, almost the same as cattle.

And the ones typically called in to cleanse these women from sin were, of course, the Adonis warriors and priests.

Tsk.

The perks for joining Adonis' armies were too great that even its haters would feel tempted.

This was how many men saw it, after years of Adonis brainwashing.

All in all, many had long grown accustomed to Adonis' influence... And you see, today was yet another day when Adonis could make many smile.

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Java had a smile on his lips as he calmly walked across the vast Holy Grounds with his hands behind his back.

Like the Vatican in Rome, it was truly a breathtaking sight to behold, one that made many Adonis followers hold their faces up high with pride.

While walking up the grand 50-step outdoor stairway, Java has often felt that if Adonis had a palace in the heavens, it would be so similar to this.

The outdoor stairs looked like they were made for giants, which only enhanced their uniqueness even more.

Java could only sigh in delight, thinking that soon, his coronation would begin and all this would be under his control.

Many passed by, quickly stopped and dropped to their knees when seeing his mask.

"We greet the Holy heir."

"Hmmm..." Java tried calmly, as he proceeded forward till he reached a majestic building at the center of the Holy Grounds.

Looking at the building, Java couldn't help smiling victoriously.

Today, he was here to witness the power of Adonis's new weapons.

But why was today's demonstration so important?

It was because the weapons were made with the blessings of the HOLY feather!

Chapter 1722 Adonis's Happy Day!

Stepping into a grand Sacred arena, Java was quickly saluted with the greatest honor, as they led him to his private booth.

Typically, he would wear-any sort of mask when out of Lampe's Holy capital city.

However, once here, the mask he wore was designed specifically for the heir.

Thus, everyone who came into contact with him dropped to their knees without a moment's waste.

If their Adojis had a royal system he would be the crown prince and his father monarch. But of course, they don't practice such, only following Adonis's true ways.

Stepping into his booth, he quickly glimpsed at the 20 naked virgins holding water, food and other edibles around the booth.

No matter how cold it was, the women didn't care, feeling honored to be nude before Adonis's most powerful men and those closest to Adonis himself.

Who Wouldn't want to be close to a God in the heavens?

These women have long been brought up and brainwashed in this way, living only to serve the cause.

Many of these girls were female children born from stubborn mothers in temples.

Once a female child is born, the child gets sent away to a female training camp or nunnery, where all they would know was on matters concerning Adonis.

All their lives they have been led in the ways of Adonis, and knew nothing else.

If told to kill themselves now they would waste no time drawing a dagger and slicing their own throats if that's what Adonis wants.

No regrets, just happiness to one day unite with their God in the heavens.

Landon far away didn't know that even if someday he took Adonis down, the people would be unconvinced, giving him the most headache he could ever imagine.

For thousands and thousands of years, they have been brainwashed.

Destroying their very foundation of what they thought was right was the most troublesome matter.

Indeed, a majority of people in this world believed crazily in some divine god looking out for them, but these Adonis people were taking theirs too far.

Feeling their hearts beating uncontrollably, the stunning naked women in the room were quick to fall on their knees the moment Java entered the grand booth.

"Your Holy Eminence, my father, our great guide, the one who knows Adonis best... This son has come as planned."

At the forefront was a man in a peculiar golden mask.

He didn't turn his face but only stretched his right hand out, allowing Java to go on one knee and kiss all 8 giant rings on his fingers.

"Sit."

The man's imposing voice commanded, and Java obeyed.

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Like so, the duo sat in silence, only snapping their fingers from time to time commanding the naked girls to serve beverages first.

How dare these women speak? They only nodded, before taking a holy towel and wiping themselves clean again.

You have to know that before any meal is served, they must wipe themselves clean with as many sacred towels provided.

There were over 50 towels here, and if they ran out, someone would bring in more for them.

How could they serve his eminence and the holy heir with their filthy bodies?

Even if they were standing stationary the air around them carried dust.

How do they know this? Because it's common sense.

If you close your door and do not open it until another day, you'll find dust piled up on the counters and everywhere else.

Scholars across the world have proven this fact, so who were they, ordinary women to argue?

In short, one must clean up severally to ensure absolute cleansing.

Using a special grape-infused cleansing potion, many quickly rubbed themselves with it before using the holy towels in the tall box at the corner to wipe their bodies.

Clean, shiny, nude and beautiful.

That was how they have been trained to always appear.

Good.

Now that they were clean, many quickly carried special sacred rum, reaching the duo's front.

Alright.

Java looked at the selection of women his father didn't want before picking 3 out of the lot.

He didn't speak, but only pointed to each, assigning tasks to them before calmly looking away.

Understand? Yes, they did!

The girl with the biggest bosoms, who softened paid breast taxes, was quick to squeeze her jugglers together before letting rum spill in between them and flow towards Java's mouth.

So you want breast milk in the form of rum? No problem.

Java chugged on the rum, biting a little bit into her soft blossoms in between his chugging sessions.

It wasn't his fault, as another one already had her mouth hiss lower part, giving him an incredible wave of pleasure.

But there, the 3rd girl was focused on his feet, managing them and licking his toes the best way she could.

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In this manner, both father and son calmly enjoyed themselves, while waiting for the host below to finish his opening speech.

With Java's arrival, the event had to begin.

The duo wasn't the only ones enjoying such pleasures, as within the many booths across the arena, many men also had such privileges, although not as many women as in the duo's booth.

It was amazing how they could both enjoy this practice to the point of 'explosion,' yet they still had the mind to talk business within the pleasure segment.

How do you talk business with someone who has his eyes closed, his face tilted upwards and his mouth mostly trembling?

Well, only the newbies in the arena had such expressions

The seasoned veterans who had trained themselves to have more composure still maintained expressionless faces and spoke business despite their bodies exploding from ecstasy.

"Hmmm... I hear today's show is going to one to... hmmm... die for."

"Indeed... hmmm... our great Adinis Empire will finally.... hmmm.... see the light."

If Landon was here he would be dying of laughter now.

Pick one.

Do you want to explode with ecstasy or converse business seriously?

Well, in a way, this was a form of a test to see what men were weak among them and what men were strong.

A man that can hold on and talk business amid so much distraction meant this sort of person wouldn't be swayed by a mere woman blowing pillow darts in their ears.

A man must learn to control their libido if they want to control the world!

It was as simple as that.

Even the host was not exempted from enjoying such pleasures as women crowded him while he spoke.

Should he dare to release any unbecoming noises amid his speech, you can be sure he would never host such a powerful and important meeting like this.

He was allowed to pause from time to time, but not allowed to make strange noises.

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"Welcome, your Eminence... Welcome Heir... and Welcome esteemed guests."

The host took a quick breather, feeling sweat forming on his body despite his expressionless face.

"Now everyone knows why this urgent meeting has been called."

"As you all know, a while back, we were fortunate to capture the Holy Feather before those pesky Morgs could."

Morgs! Morgs! Morgs!

The mere mention caused the ecstasy some were about to feel suddenly die down.

Kill! Kill! Kill!

With red eyes, a unison chant swiftly passed across the scene in a matter of seconds.

The raw hatred emitting from everyone was enough to cause a tsunami.

"Order! Order, everyone!"

The host's helper was quick to smash a metal hammer on a steel plate to call for silence.

"We all hate the Morgs, so let's not get carried away and forget why we are here."

Well, the host had a point.

Rather than wasting time, it was best to focus on today's agenda which would greatly help them take down the Morgs later on.

Hmph!

Soon they will have their revenge on those despicable Morgs.

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With the arena regaining its former silence, the host calmly gestured for his men to wheel in a massive giant rectangular board display with a cloth thrown over it.

Each rectangular side had the same items displayed on them so everyone around the arena could see.

Feeling the anticipation from the crowd, the host couldn't help grinning playfully.

Of course, part of his grin was due to the work of the women still sucking below him.

At least, he stood on a podium that only showed his upper half.

The women were hidden by a wooden bottom, or else he would have to show his bottom nude self to the crowd.

Alright.

The host had gestured for not only 1, but 20 of the same tall rectangular display boards to be brought in and stationed across the arena.

Somewhere close to the audience, while clothes were closer to him at the center.

Of course, he had one brought right beside him too.

Whoop!

With a snap of his fingers, his helpers took off the fabrics on the tall display boxes, causing many to lean forward with trembling faces.

"Esteemed guests, I give you the future, Adonis' first set of Divine weapons!"

Chapter 1723 The Shocked Audience!

Wow!

When the veils were removed, everyone was smacked in the face with glistening weapons that shone so brightly even within the enclosed arena.

"What a great sword! I haven't held it yet, but I tell from his blades that it isn't easy."

"Amazing! What great craftsmanship! Is it my illusion or does the shield look swollen with power?"

"Look! Look at the dagger. Its edges are sharpened so nicely they won't need any additional pressure in taking down an opponent."

"Awesome!"

"Great!"

"Amazing!"

Many commented nonstop as they couldn't hold themselves back any longer.

What was going on here?

Each and everyone one of them was no stranger to weapons.

Even without touching a blade, one could assess its craftsmanship from afar.

It was like admiring cars driving on the streets.

You would know the difference between a luxurious car and an ordinary one.

What's more, they were not joking when they said the weapons looked swollen.

They didn't know how to describe it, but these weapons suddenly looked bigger than they were used to seeing.

But how?

How was it done? And was the weapon any heavier?



Many secretly asked these, but only a handful of people knew that they had soaked newly made weapons into a vast pool containing the Holy Father.

It has been months since the holy feather was dropped in that pool changing its color to golden while constantly radiating heavenly light.

The weapons were stoked in the vast pool, some soaked for only 10 days while others soaked for over 2 months now.

Of course, with their need to control power, how can they aim all weapons for the same amount of time? No way.

Lesser-ranked people would get divine weapons soaked in lesser periods.

If you want to blame anyone, blame yourself for not working hard to be closer to Adonis.

Seeing their eyes light up, the host's smirk grew even wider.

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"His Holy General, Gustal Von Trap Arkamides.... you are one of the strongest ones here who won the battle at Creegshaw Lake against the Morgs, as well as the battle at Hondal coastal city, Wondo, Romain against them too."

"Hmmm...." Gustal nodded calmly, massaging his Captain Hook mustache pridefully.

His resume had too many victorious battles not only against the Morgs but against other regions that proved stubborn.

"Then, I suppose you've brought one of your blessed swords here today?"

"Hmmm..." Gustal agreed.

What sort of warrior would he be if he didn't have any of his trusted weapons with him?

They were made of the highest quality, a secret blacksmithing formula that created thunderous weapons.

As everyone knows, every empire does its best to hide its blacksmithing techniques, only sharing the common ones one could find in every empire.

You can tell a lot about an empire's strength from the strength of its weapons.

Even back on earth, many forging techniques were lost in history, as even modern people couldn't replicate them.

Some of these swords are now seen as historical treasures because they were the only proof to show that such techniques existed.

It amazed modern people, as they couldn't understand why some weapons made from ancient techniques were far stronger than what they forged.

Some blades seemed to be crafted out of fairytales, as even their weights and precisions were something modern people found extremely hard to manage, yet these ancient people carried such heavy weapons regularly in war.

It was a fact that many lost forging arts disappeared alongside their empires and dynasties with people preferring to carry the secrets to the grave than share with the enemy.

Likewise, people in this era took weapon forgery very seriously.

There was no way they would share their forging techniques.

No one knew what ores were combined apart from iron and very basic ores.

The secret ore ingredients were always hidden.

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Additionally, how they forged, including hammering, cooling and heating of the blade, was also made secret.

Gustal prided himself in knowing that his weapons were all forged using the top 3 most secretive and powerful forging methods in Adonis.

Don't look down on Adonis who was 2nd in this world after Morgany and think they couldn't hold up in battle with the Morgs.

Gustal is living proof that their forging techniques are as equally amazing as those made in Morgany.

He has fought and won uncountable battles with Morgs and hasn't had his weapon broken or chipped badly.

It was funny that when he fought wars in lesser continents he ended up breaking their weapons due to their trashy forging techniques.

Take Pyno for example.

The general weapons forged were so light in weight and had less sturdiness to them in his opinion.

People in powerful continents like themselves use weapons that were incredibly heavy from young.

As they grow, their bodies get used to the weight.

When they meet people on the battlefield, their swing is enough to destroy the flimsy weapons the enemies hold.

Even their punch force was deadly.

Ever since powerful continents like themselves Morgany had known about the existence of Giants, of course, they had been striving to make themselves equally powerful, even if they weren't as towering and intimidating as those giants.

Well, Gustal understood the host's meaning, as he calmly jumped down his boot, hopping onto several booths below until he landed on the vast arena stage.

Bam!

He landed with a loud thud that sounded like a rumble.

What a burly man!

His hairdo always looked like he was shocked by lightning, as it stood heavenward no matter how he combed it, and his mustache also seemed to like curling heavenward too.

His back was ripped and massive, showing all his muscles and physique through his clothes.

The host couldn't help admiring this man who had built himself into a giant over the years.

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Unsheathing his sword, Gustal asked the host. Tell me, what do you want me to do?"

"Well, nothing hard. It's something you'd love to do. But first, we must bring you a lesser opponent to be your match."

"Oh?" Gustal raised his left brow staring at one of the arena stage doors with interest.

A man with an exposed upper frame with leather straps crossed over his chest and a black mask on his face, calmly approached them while swinging his sword confidently.

The host then slowly backed away, giving them the rules.

"Remember, any one of you is to stop the moment your weapons break. As you can see, our friend here is wielding a sword of lower enhanced qualities (10-day soaking period)."

Gustal's eyes turned cold, as his entire body went into battle mood the moment the host gave the signal for them to begin.

Bam!

It didn't take long for him to overpower his opponent, fiercely pushing the masked man back with his might.

But just when he thought things were getting interesting, he alongside many others soon heard a cracking noise that shocked him greatly.

Gustal widened his lips in horror.

Just after his sword had clashed with his opponents, even though he pushed his opponent back, he would still be at a disadvantage if his sword was crumbling, leaving blunter ends.

Just look at the tip of his sword.

His sword looked like several metal mice that had bitten chunks of metal from them.

This wasn't good.

It would only make things harder in battle.

Try imagining yourself holding both a good knife and a chipped knife to cut meat in a kitchen.

You will have more difficulty using a chopped knife, meaning you'll use more energy to take down your opponent, that is if you get lucky.

In this way, even an opponent weaker than you has an increased chance of defeating you.

Oh, my Adonis! What is going on here?! Are you sure they're not blind?

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A majority of people stood in their booths, too dumbfounded by what they were seeing.

This... this... this...

Their bodies trembled, their hands stretched forth and their eyes burned with greed, knowing just how insanely good such enhanced weapons were.

Gustal, who was on the arena stage, could only stare at his chipped weapon with dropped jaws before throwing it aside like the worthless garbage it was.

No way!

In with the new and out with the old.

Don't you know new was always better?

Seeing the many weapons on display around him, Gustal felt he was in heaven.

"When can we have them? How many will we be getting? What fees will we be paying?"

The money he spoke, Java and his father couldn't help smiling in satisfaction.

Smart man.

They indeed planned to bestow these weapons, alongside the many in their storage units to those listed as guests here and those far away with significant titles.

But like they said, they will be distributed according to rank with some getting barely 500, while others getting thousands.

Either way, although their bestowing seemed free on the surface, it still came at a cost.

Everyone will have to pay a certain fee to have such divine weapons in their grasp.

What?

To run an army needs money to sustain. They must also take money for the items they give out.

If you want more than what's allocated to you, then double the price and pay up!

Even Adonis' powers bestowed on them from the heavens came due to their unwavering devotion.

Nothing in this world came free.

The sooner people understood that the easier life would be for them.

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Hehehehehe~

Java smiled, pleased that everyone understood this much.

Great!

With the demonstration over, they could finally talk about other important matters---  
BAYMARD!

Chapter 1724 Baymard! Baymard! Baymard!

With the main agenda out of the way, the host quickly steered the audience towards a new but weak force that was treading on thin ice these days.

Baymard.

Bam!

"Those bastards have messed with us for the very last time!" Some angrily spoke, blasting his fist in the slap in front of him.

"Yes, yes! I agree with Holy Kardinal Julius. Can you believe the nerve... the audacity... the effrontery... the guts... the LIVER of those inferiors, daring to lend a saving hand to those who planned to enslave?"

"They disrupted all our plans in Romain, as well as those in Zohl and Pyno. From what I heard, they created some bloody UN thing that promises to come to the rescue of any attacked nation and allies."

"Indeed. It will be impossible for Baynard alone to do all this. It makes sense that it was the hand of all these empires combined."

Everyone thought so too.

Perhaps the first place they attacked, they did so with the help of one or two Pyno empires.

The more empires they saved the more allies they gathered who later joined them in war to drive invaders from other enslaved empires.

This was what many concluded.

Please!

Do you know how many arrows, barrels of black powder and other machinery and weapons it would take for one empire to drive their forces alone?

To them, a miracle was needed for such a thing.

No one believed the news at all.

"They must be using Baymard as the frontman for dirt work to hide away in the dark." One of the guests started thinking of how Baymard was also pushed forward in Pyno when everyone knows bloody well it is only secured thanks to the combined efforts of all Pyno monarchs who sent guards to Baymard regularly.

There have been reports of seeing not only Pyno Guards, but other guards from UN nations entering Baymard and not returning too.

This only confirmed their suspicions, but knowing these guards were only headed to Baymard for training.

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It was a viable conclusion to make since they couldn't make heads or tails on why in Heaven's name Baymard would allow so many foreign guards stationed in its place of not for protection.

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They also thought it was a dumb thing to do since in their heads, the ratio of Baymardian warriors to foreign was 1:3.

This was their rough estimation because out in the Baymardian streets, no one ever saw those in the barracks moving about like so.

Again, don't forget those in the Marine, Coast Guard and Navy corps that also spent their time in their training units within the coastal districts.

Many times even if one saw them moving about on the streets in uniform, people typically assumed they were from other Pyno empires.

All in all, no one except the Baymardian forces knows their true numbers.

Again, unlike many in this era that relies on crude weapons, a single high-grade explosive from Baymard was enough to destroy tens and hundreds in one swoop.

Maybe one would need to gather and compact many barrels of their current black powder to produce that one explosive power.

Of course, no one here knew this, as they were in deep hate with this pesky Baymard.

"It's one thing to know you are weak, and another to keep poking your nose in other people's business. Since this Baymard doesn't know what's good for them, I propose we strike the iron while it's hot!"

Many smiled tactfully before turning their attention on the most honored booth, belonging to the man in a golden mask and his son.

As per usual, when a problem is thrown out in the open, they are allowed to debate and talk about it.

However, the one who makes the call is the Grand Supreme Leader here, his Holy Eminence.

Being the person closest to their God, only he can truly lead them in the spirit to that which is beneficial for them and their Adonis empires (Lampe and Dania).

"Tell them what your thoughts are, heir, and I'll make my decision from there."

With the many women still gluing on his body, Java nodded as calmly as he could before taking another deep breath.

No way!

He couldn't count how many times he released white milk from his little man.

But he would be foolish to release all at the very start.

As said, this was a test.

A man that allowed everything to overflow right from the start was labeled a weak man who shouldn't be given heavy and highly rewarding jobs.

You want a man who can control his bottom half, releasing bits and ounces of fluid if he does release at all.

Some hadn't even released yet, planning to let it all out at the end of the meeting.

That was the only time it was allowed. No one will judge you then for letting it all out.

---



Cough, cough~

Java coughed to hide his choking gasp stuck at the back of his throat.

"Everyone, your thoughts are not wrong. For this many empires to join forces with such a puny empire means it has something great items to the group.

The scene unfolded similarly to how the Morgs carried out their to offer that might not necessarily be related to Militia."

Java paused, raising his fingers to the host below, who in turn signaled his men.

Immediately, hundreds of servants entered the booths, delivering items to the group.

The scene unfolded similarly to how the Morgs carried out their meeting on Baymard.

A great number of never seen items were displayed in front of everyone.

Mostly pens, pencils, books, catalog magazines, pamphlets and simple carriable items.

You have to know that after sending so many forces to Pyno with no results for 5 to 6 years back, they began growing very suspicious and decided to send a smaller fleet of scouts told not to attack.

They were told to lay low and gather information, sending news as fast as possible.

That was the best thing any of them could do for Adonis' sake!

Chapter 1725 Final Decision!

The current situation was as one saw it.

The scout team sent way back, only docked in Arcadina 2 Februarys ago.

The items they got now were the first set of items these scouts found in Arcadina's many marketplaces.

In short, many of the catalog magazines and pamphlets found were those more than 5 months to 1 year older than those in Baymard at the time.

These items were shipped alongside the news of Baymard's interference with one of the Romain empires they were currently trying to take over at the time being.

It was the secret note that told them all about this UN alliance though they agree they don't know much about it anymore since the scouts haven't sent any more news.

It's been 4 months since they received the last report of items.

It's troubling to wait to hold back before sending more news knowing the agreements the scouts made before departing for Pyno.

So they could conclude that their scouts were either taken care of or in a compromised situation that they couldn't communicate back.

Don't forget that the Morg vermin were also in those places, so they must be extremely careful.

What more could they say?

If it was spies belonging to other empires the Morgs might let it slip under their watch.

But just as much as they hate the Morgs, the Mirgs also have a bloodthirsty instinct to kill them on sight.

Many times, it took all their waits for the Morgs to resist the temptation of killing them during torture.

Likewise, the feeling is mutual for them since they accidentally killed many captured Morgs too during torture.

What can they say? Each side hated each other's guts with a passion.

Welp.

At least although they did not have news from those in Pyno, they still got news from their forces in Romain and Zohl.

Bear in mind that Romain was incredibly close to Dania, one of their Adonis continents than any other continent.

So they got news very fast on several occasions about their defeat.

You have no idea how many times they sent backup to places like Zalipnia but had the backup sink in the seas before they could even dock.

After losing over 30 rounds of vital military fleets for one puny rubbish Empire like Zalipnia, Romain, they also had to play smart, sending scouts there too.

Well, they did get the message.

The reason their ships sank was because the smart Baymardians miraculously built gigantic metal ships 3~7 times larger than theirs, menacing it housed far more people too.

It's said the bastards ambushed them in a heavy duel with swords, killing every single of their people before sinking their ships. (That was the plausible speculation.)

Damn.

The advantages of such a ship were great.

No one heard of any super great military weapons Baymard had.

They relied on their swift, wicked-fast, and large Transportation to get the jobs done.

Also, they heard the Catapult system is widely circulated in Pyno, so such a ship must also have them aboard.

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With a clear understanding of what potentials the brainy Baymard had, they knew they had to give it for themselves before those pesky Morgs got to it.

Java smiled, seeing their glittering eyes.

"I propose we fall back from conquering other empires and continents, focusing first on Baymard. With their technology, as well as our power harnesses from the Holy Feather, we will be unstoppable!"

Pausing and taking a deep breath, Java turned to the man in the golden mask.

"So Father, what do you think?"

Yes... What does Adonis's great spirit say?

The golden-masked man closed his eyes and raised his head high on deep chanting while everyone stayed so quiet one could hear a pin drop.

Everyone swore they had incredible goosebumps covering their skin.

So powerful! They could feel the wind.

[Of course, it was all in their heads. They wanted to believe in what they wanted to believe in.]

His communication with the Holy God lasted for a full 3 minutes.

"Our mighty God agrees! Hear me now and hear me well! Before the 4th month of the upcoming year, we will lead a mighty Army to Baymard, one never seen before!"

The crowd went wild, instantly full of smiles and laughter, as though they'd already won.

"Yeah!"

"It's about Goddamn time!"

"Power to Adonis!"

"Power to Adonis!"

"With our newly made divine weapons that can cut through the current sword technology, they will be no match for us on the battlefield."

"Yeah! And once we conquer Baymard, we'll use the technology and our mighty weapons against Morgany as soon as possible!"

"Oh, my Adonis! This might truly be the time we rule the world! I can't believe I will live through this historic moment. But for now, let's focus on Baymard."

"Yeah! All we have to do is get our numbers together and storm Baymard at once. I don't believe those nosy jackasses will see it coming."

"That is... no matter how fast their ships are, even if they have to round backup fast, it might be too late for them to say a thing when backup eventually arrives."

"So true! What's more without divine Ballista arrows, I bet we could take down these so-called giant ships of theirs."

Well, everyone could speak since they haven't seen the real deal.

In truth, they still believed it was exaggerated.

Maybe it was indeed made of metal and somehow floated but didn't you know such a large floating ship was bound to sink?

What's more, aren't you scared of rust? Do you know what it will take to maintain such a massive metal piece if it indeed existed?

For the first time in their lives, they felt their scouts were exaggerating things a little bit too much.

But hey... who knows, maybe it truly existed. It's a possibility but highly unlikely.

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"Adonis is great!"

"Adonis is mighty!"

"Adonis!"

"Adonis!"

"Adonis!"

Everyone spoke in unison, chanting Adonis' name in all its glory.

It was a beautiful sight to behold in their opinions since they were also releasing all their body urges seeing as the meeting was concluded.

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Some people yell their partner's names when releasing in ecstasy, but yelled Adonis' name instead.

It was amazing while it lasted.

Many waited for the Man in the golden mask, alongside Java to first leave their booth before following behind.

Everyone had true smiles on their faces, all except one.

The moment he left Holy grounds and entered his carriage, his smile turned grim.

'Not good. I must warn my superiors in Morgany... Dammit! They are always wearing masks. If I can know the true appearance of the Holy Heir and the Holy Leader, it would save Morgany half the trouble!'

The man cursed inwardly.

Yes. He was a Morg Spy.

'I've got to get word out somehow, for Morgany's sake!'

Chapter 1726 Turbulent News

With one Spy thinking of reporting his matter to the Morgs, another Spy was rushing back home as calm as he could.

One must be very careful in these dark times surrounded by enemies everywhere and walls that had ears too.

~Gallop. Gallop. Gallop.

All 4 horses carefully pulled on his grand carriage across the snowy roads.

The blizzards this time of year were harsh, bringing nothing but death wherever they swept.

In winter, his carriage tires were different.

Although flat, they were made slightly rough and thicker than usual.

The horses also had to be careful when moving because if they should slip, his carriage would also go into disarray, causing a heavy tumble and rubble for its carriers.

Sigh...

The man calmly massaged his aching head, only he knew what he was truly worried about.

His guards on horseback riding beside his carriage out in the snow were patient, never complaining and guarding him diligently.

The journey from the Holy Grounds to his home lasted for an hour and 15 minutes.

The grand estate doors opened and he, the master, was ushered in respectfully.

"Welcome back, master." The head butler, the head maid, and the other maids, slaves and servants were already standing in 2 adjacent lines with ample space to greet him.

Their backs were still bent deeply as they welcomed their master, Eliticus Graymond the 7th, back.

"I'll be taking my meal in my chambers. But first, get my bath ready."

"Yes, you command, master."

With quick feet, many dispersed, while the head butler hastily took off his master's cold jacket, as well as his gloves and hat.

"After tonight no one should wake me up until later in the day. No morning meals until he says so."

The butler nodded heavily. "As you wish, master. Unless it's a call from the Holy Leader or the Holy Heir, I will ensure you are undisturbed."

"Good."

With that, the man calmly walked through several hallways on the same floor, headed for his private bathhouse.

Sure enough, the servants and slaves were still heating the water, and preparing for his arrival.

But Eliticus didn't want to wait any longer.

.

"Master!"

2 of the girls hastily took off their clothes and jumped in with soap and cleaning rags to wash him with.

The water was warm but not the right temperature yet.

However, since their master had taken off his clothes and stepped in, how dare they delay any further?

Sitting on a built-in slab within the bathing pool, Eliticus closed his eyes and leaned back, allowing the servant girls to do as they pleased.

Unlike other times, tonight's bathing session was quite silent, with everyone seeing Eliticus had a lot on his mind.

25 minutes later, the bath ended with a happy ending and a clean Eliticus who headed for his bedroom chambers for his meal.

This was winter, so many fruits were hard to come by.

Still, they did secure grapes and apples for him to eat alongside soup filled with plenty of meat.

This was just right since he said he wanted to eat very light.

In a flash, he had people take the empty dishes away, leaving just the bowls of fruits behind and the jug of honey rum too.

5 minutes... 10 minutes... 30... 1 hour.... 2... 3 hours went by before the entire estate was silent.

~Swish!

In a flash, Eliticus took off his beddings, getting on his feet and stealthily moving towards a section of his wall.

Pushing a stone brick in, a hidden doorway suddenly slid open.

Throwing his head one last time behind his shoulders for the umpteenth time, Eliticus ensured no one was hiding in his room before pulling up his hood and vanishing with a black mask on his face.

.

Vmmmm~

The door closed with Eliticus inside.

This was no time to waste!

Clashing both stones at hand, Eliticus quickly lit a nearby Torch and proceeded down the hidden stairway that led far deeper below the estate grounds.

Today's matter sounded alarm bells in his heart, Especially when recalling the powerful weapons he saw.

Goodness!

If Adonis was allowed to wield such weapons, it will only be a matter of time before they rule the world.

By then, their cause would be a complete and utter loss!

With every fiber in his being, Eliticus cautiously ran through the space, reaching the very bottom of the stairway before moving across steady grounds.

From there it took him another 2 hours and 48 minutes on foot before he met with several others in the city.

Understand that this was the Holy Capital city.

Do you know how incredibly large it was?



If they had a tunnel that took them out of the city on foot, it would take no more than 1~13 hours depending on where one's starting point was.

On horseback, the hours were halved.

Again, bear in mind that this destination did not take into account the hours it will take for one to tunnel underground their vast estates.

Some estates required 2~3 hours of walking from the furthest points, as though one were going to Disney land itself or a grand zoo.

When people say one can get lost in places, it wasn't a joke.

The higher one's status, the bigger their estate.

Luckily for Eliticus, even though he had a high-ranking position, it wasn't as crazy as those belonging to the majority of the guests seated in the booths tonight.

You could say the maximum walking distance from one wall to another wall surrounding his estate was 1 hour, 24 minutes.

Of course, if you factor in the fact that his Main manship was located at the center of the estates it should only take him 37~48 minutes depending on his walking speed underneath the tunnel.

As said, he already spent 2 hours and 48 minutes tunneling underground, meaning in roughly 45 minutes he had long left his estate and was now roaming underground in the city.

After escalating ungrounded, he maneuvered his way despite the curfew and faintly met his comrades at the rendezvous point.

They too wore hoods and masks.

Their skins looked very ordinary, with rough skins and dirtier clothes but he didn't mind.

"Is everyone here?"

"Yes." A burnt man replied before turning to face the group. "Everyone, reveal your symbols."

"Yes."

The group, including Eliticus, was quick to reveal the hidden tattoos the burly man made himself.

Even in this era, every tattoo artist knows what Tattoo they did.

Even if you replicate it, they would know if it's there or not.

Many also remember the skin of the people they tattooed, whether it was rough, it was prone to graining, or filled with veins.

This was one of their ways of confirming they were real and not enemies wearing skin masks.

For the burly man, he tattooed himself under their watchful eyes, so everyone also knew what his Tattoo looked like and how it should be.

Moving on, they said keywords that only they could understand, asking one another for the meaning behind them.

As a last precautionary step, no one dared remove their masks.

After all, one could never be too sure if there were no enemies within their midst.

.

"I heard strange news from my master," Eliticus said with a slightly raised tone. "My master returned from some meeting, very excited and so drunk he babbles about great weapons that could change things for us."

Yes.

Even now Eliticus was pretending to be a servant in his own manor.

How dare he say he saw it with his own eyes? No way.

When posing as a double agent, one must leave a way for themselves to escape.

He has been a double agent for over 5 years now, working for the Rebellion!

That's right!

Although a majority of people in Adonis were completely brainwashed, a few of them still retained their senses, fathering in the dark and forming their plans.

Over the years, they had attacked several under the guise of being Morgs but were just people who wanted their freedoms back.

They didn't want their wives or sisters taken away, nor did they want to live in a world of constant tyranny, where they can't even lift their heads for fear someone would report them for the littlest things.

Sometimes they even send messages to Morgany hoping they will come and fight the enemy alongside them.

But the Morgs were also very smart.

They would take the news but never engage directly.

Still, everyone was happy with the changes that happened during these past 2 years, with news of this strange Baymardian empire giving Adonis all the headache they could get.

They thought that one day, Baymard might be their new savior and ally to help them rid this place of Adonis' influence.

But tonight's news not only shattered their dreams but left them weak and disparate on how to fight against enemies wielding such divine weapons.

Could it be that they were wrong and Adonis was the true God... the true future of the world?

"What do we do now?"

Chapter 1727 Eliticus's Decision

Oh yes...

What can they do now, should be the question.

What's their next mode of action?

The rebellion was but a tiny fraction of people who had been battered in one way or another by Adonis in both the continents of Lampe and Dania.

In these 2 continents, the rebellion carefully gathered and set their bases in areas they deemed fit while selecting a few who could infiltrate Adonis's circle and gather information from the top.

Sometimes, these people worked hard to become leading butler's in the homes of these people, and other times, they became Adonis warriors to stay close to the scoop.

Although it was extremely rare, there were also times that some Adonis followers woke up from their deranged thoughts, seeing Adonis's reign for what it truly was ---- Tyranny.

Some woke up to the truth, and couldn't unsee the cruelty around them anymore.

The number of people who awoke was very few and rare but managed to be contacted by the rebellion.

Don't think the rebellion existed just now.

No.

For tens, hundreds, and close to a thousand years, the rebellion has grown.

There were times they were exposed and times they fled in hiding after their locations were compromised.

More or less, the rebellion has grown steadily over the years, though it was nothing compared to Adonis' rapid growth.

Thinking of the future with Adonis wielding such powerful weapons, everyone couldn't help shivering.

"If your master is right, then we must act fast to stop them from being overpowered! We must acquire their secret-enhancing techniques and make weapons of our own to counter them."

"You say that as if it's easy." Another commented pointing out the obvious. "We all know that any method they are using to enhance their weapons must be safely guarded in the Holy Grounds (a place thrice as big as the Vatican)."

"Hmmm..."

.

Everyone frowned knowing the seriousness of the matter.

The Holy Grounds was no joking matter.

It was the most secure place in both Lampe and Dania continents.

Each continent has its own Holy Grounds, though the Holy Ground in Lampe was the true one, the real headquarters.

Thus it was the biggest and most guarded.

With every single step one takes, they will see crustless guards swarming the place like bees.

They also heard that every room, every corner, including rooftops were filled with guards no matter the weather.

There could be a blizzard outside, but that is not the concern for those guarding the place.

There were also over 200 Scouting towers made of stone positioned strategically across the space.

The scouting tower was unique in that it was designed like small cut-off sections of a stone wall.

What did they mean by this? Simple.

Most scoring towers only had one scouting room, which was at the topmost part of the tower.

Most Scouting towers had ladders to get the scouts up or build hidden stairways within the structure itself.

But for the scoring towers here, from the ground floor to the topmost area, they all had 3~6 floors with scouts.

Although it was risky to have scouts positioned on floors so close to ground level, they still did so, knowing it was a vital part of their scouting routines.

If one looked at the scouting towers, they won't even know there were floors so close to ground level with scouts listening closely to whatever they said.

The camouflage on and around the towers was magnificent, enough to fool even the veterans.

Many would only think the tower has the topmost floor for scouting, only to be plunged into despair when giant arrows are plunged their way.

As of now, they had incorporated ballistas at every floor and angles around the tower to ensure maximum siege.

Bottom line, everyone in the room knew just how difficult it was for anyone, talk less of enemies to infiltrate the Holy grounds.

Recalling the past some hundreds of years ago, some of their rebellion tried infiltrating the Holy grounds but all died at the entrance steps with all sorts of arrows and attacks coming their way out of nowhere.

It was so sad because they didn't even know which direction they were hit from.

It was all over the place as if these Adonis people had magical abilities to reign destruction on them from the heavens.

It was tragic and hard to recall since they lost so many good warriors to the battle.

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Again, it was important to know that this was an attack done in Dania's Holy Grounds.

Dania was the 2nd continent Adonis took over.

So imagine how many times more their attack force would've been in the rebellion plunged into the Holy Grounds here in Lampe were the Homy Leader resided?

You must be joking!

That was definitely a suicide mission. ('=')

But in the face of impending disasters that will come their way, they also knew they must act now or face complete rebellion extinction once Adonis' Influence rules the world.

There was no doubt in their minds that should such Divine instruments exist, then all other weapons they had would be useless.

And hold on... if it could cut through the current metal technology like butter, then it can also splice into their armors, right?

The realization was enough to leave everyone's face horrid.

"Are you sure? Are you absolutely sure they have already succeeded in making it and not in the process of figuring it out?"

Eliticus nodded heavily. "As sure as the blood in my veins. They have it. My master said he saw a live demonstration in their secret meeting. Their words were vague but it seems they smoked it in some special divine pool that enhanced the newly crafted weapons even more."

Everyone took a moment of silence, once again coming to terms with the fact that it wasn't some fantasy item but a real treasure these Adonis bastards had found.

Dammit!

"And they're ready for mass production and distribution?"

"Ye-yes," Eliticus responded, making himself weaker in confidence and strength than he typically was.

.

A cunning light flashed through Eliticus's eyes.

As he said, one must have a means of protecting themselves in this game.

He was faithful to the cause but has lost so many people that he dared not do things blindly anymore.

In his mansion, he did have 5 pleasure concubines, who had no wombs to give.

This was a guarantee since he didn't want to bear children who would be under the watch of Adonis's every move.

In truth, he moved his real family a long time ago to Dania and relocated them to an area with the last Adonis influence.

There, his true wife, an ordinary peasant woman, was known to many as the wife of his brother-in-law.

They were siblings but had to play the part of a couple to keep them alive.

His brother-in-law once had a woman he loved, but she was taken forcefully by the temple and since then, he has been searching for her

It's been 15 years now and he still absent given up.

All they knew is that she was transferred to Dania, prompting his decision to move there.

Like any powerful organization, the people and the warriors could get shuffled between two continents regularly.

This wasn't anything new.

As for his real children, they too were in Dania with his wife and brother-in-law.

No regrets.

Anything Eliticus was doing here was for his own risk.

He had no one he loved around him.

He was a very careful man.

Even now when posing as a slave working in his own mansion, he didn't specifically state which mansion he was staying and working as a servant in.

You can say he was overly cautious since he also changed his voice and his manner of walking.

In this game, they too, as people of the rebellion, have faced betrayals from their own.

That's why they advise everyone to guard their identities well.

There will be a time when they can proudly show off their faces. But not now.

----

Many rubbed their chins when confirming Adonis' readiness for mass production and distribution.

"Tell us, slave FX, when your master gets a hold of these weapons, can you sneak 1 or 2 out for us to see?"

Instantly, Eliticus's heart skipped a beat.

F\*\*\*!

Are they staying to kill him? In the meeting, it was said that each weapon would be marked. (Sort of like a serial number.)

It could be LS-0000001 or Long Spear 0000001.

Or maybe Twin Sword (TS) 0000000.

Hey, he didn't know how the markings would be done but according to the host, this was so if the weapon is found in enemy hands they can trace it back to which camp had the weapon.

From there, finding rats and spies would be easier.

Eliticus himself was going to order these weapons.



Don't you see? They will be under his fake name, under his identity here in Adonis, and under his control.

Adonis does not smile nicely to any general, monkard, battlefield, Thaman, Kardinal or any in high positions that show signs of weakness like losing such important weapons.

Even if he wasn't the one who took it, he would be sanctioned so heavily, it would shock the masses.

No way!

No matter what anyone said, Eliticus knew he had to prevent these people from the rebellion from hitting his corner!

## Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1728 The Challenge

### Chapter 1728 The Challenge

Immediately, Eliticus said he would try, but gave no promises.

F\*\*\*!

He wasn't ready to die yet without spending more time with his real family.

Soon, the meeting was concluded with everyone agreeing they would all find ways to get these divine weapons or find out the real reason why there is a divine pool in the Holy Grounds.

Even Eliticus, who was invited to the grand meeting a few hours ago, didn't know how the Divine pool came about.

As of now, only a handful of people and special forces know of the Holy Leaf's existence

You must know that even during the mission of acquiring the Holy Leaf, the team in question were top elites belonging to the most powerful Kardinals, Adons, and ArchAdons.

Adons were like Adonis' bishops, and Arch Adons were like Archbishops.

There was ranking in everything Adonis did.

The HOLY leaf was tightly closed and secured when shipped here.

Apart from these forces and those scholars and scientists working on testing the holy leaf's capabilities, only a handful of people know of its existence.

Many only speculate that the Holy Pool came about because the Holy Leader had a revelation causing him to bless the pool.

Thus, resulting in the miraculous Golden hue they keep hearing about.

Well, as a pool that means a lot to them, it was so heavily guarded one would think they were walking into a commercial airport when looking moving outside the building.

Guards were packed like sardines, protecting that building with their lives.

Even when stepping in everywhere one turned, they would see guards wherever they looked.

It was important to know that the guards shown were the public ones.

Believe it or not, there were also shadow guards of the highest order within the building too.

No matter what, the HOLY leaf must not leave the premises.

That was the HOLY leader's intention, but this didn't stop the rebellion from wanting to find out how exactly the holy pool came about.

If it was truly through Divine prayers, then won't they be so fucked and far up their asses they wouldn't even know how to take a shit again?

Over the years, they wouldn't lie when they say they were afraid as hell when it came to the Holy leader. F\*\*\*! They have heard deadly stories of how the Thaman protests used their Adonis powers to control enemies on the battlefield.

Some have even witnessed it with their own eyes saving their last breaths to report the matter before passing out.

Think about it.

If Adonis could give Thamans, Cardinals and all the others such Godly powers then how much stronger do you think the Holy Leader himself is?

(●0●)

If the rumor is true, then the fact that his power has increased again changes the whole battle should they ever face him in the future.

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Again, if word goes out, some people on their side might have their faith for freedom shaken.

Don't think just because they were part of the rebellion, some people didn't regret their decision for joining.

In life, there were always those who did things because of necessity.

Like they said earlier there have been many who betrayed the Rebellion.

It was funny because some of these people initially betrayed Adonis to join the rebellion.

Adonis had taken something from them they held dear, forcing them to join Eliticus' side due to anger.

But then, after a while, these people loved the life of a true rebellion member with no perks and excessive enjoyment.

Believe them, it was easy to move from suffering to an easy life, but far more difficult to move from comfort to suffering.

Why must they tire themselves so much, with some degrading themselves by working as servants when they used to be proud knights?

No way!

These people were quick to betray the rebellion and were never heard from again.

Who knows, maybe they are still alive and maybe they are dead.

Once the word of the Holy leader's powers grows, some might feel there was no point fighting the HOLY leader if the heavens were on their side.

If the heavens smile on everything that has happened in Lampe and Dania, then who are they, mere mortals, to object?

The morale of an army was important before their big fight. If they were already feeling everything was useless, then they might as well not fight.

Their defeat would not only come swiftly but very effortlessly too.

Bottom line they had to confirm what makes the Holy pool so special.

Additionally, they needed to find a way to steal even a barrel of this water so they could keep enhancing their weapons too.

Of course, the safest way would be to steal a few weapons for their use.

Still, they can only do this after the weapons are distributed.

Maybe they could plan a heist, and hijack the escorted carts and wagons of weapons before they reach their destinations.

With that, everyone nodded leaving the left with their hooded cloaks and capes like Batman.

Eliticus made circles severely to ensure he wasn't been followed, before finding his secret entrance and heading back underground and to his bedroom chambers again.

Around 5:30 AM, he returned.

So far so good.

Seeing the leftover wine he purposefully left behind he spilled some on a serving cloth and wiped his body clean before changing into his night garment and heading to bed.

Thank the heavens he requested for no one to disturb him until the later part of the morning.

Phew~

Eliticus slept heavily knowing he had to keep up his act as a good Adonis-loving follower.

Like so, all was turbulent in the land of Adonis.

Some were happy and some were worried, seeing their future growing bleaker by the day.

However, they weren't the only ones at the edge, at this moment.

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directions.

Location: Huljin Forest, Arcadina, Pyno

Date: 24th December.

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The snow was quite relentless, falling on the soggy grounds in all directions.

It's been a few days since the first snow fell.

And since then, some places have become winter wonderland while other places were left slushy and damp with only a few heaps of snow piling up.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop. Gallop.~

Horses rode with vigor, as their dark inky mane danced beautifully in rhythm.

They rode in a V-formation, with the lead horse at the forefront.

On its back was a man clad in full black, who looked like a Grim Reaper.

His cloak also danced fiercely in the wind, and his body was arched forward for maximum speed.

Despite the heavy snow falling around him, the man showed no signs of slowing his pace.

After traveling nonstop for a while, they reached a point where the forest trees became thicker and more packed than usual.

The trees seemed to be suffocating here as even their tree branches stretched out and intertwined with each other as if hugging and holding hands.

It was winter so there were hardly any leaves on the trees and most of the bushes were also very bare too.

But this didn't mean they weren't being watched.

Seeing they were at the right location, the lead man yanked his reins back.

Hee~heehee~

The horses grunted, stopped and pulled back understanding the order they received.

"They're here."

"Hmmm...." Death's men hummed cautiously.

Since that challenge letter arrived, they've been preparing for this day for weeks.

Assassins had a code in today's world.

Once a challenge letter is given, both assassins might fight to the death honorably in a battle sight or arena.

How to say it?

It would be a disgrace and unacceptable for either one of them to take cheap shots at each other by killing the other prematurely.

Like right now.

The enemy can have his men ungenerous arrows at Death, killing him on the spot.

Once done, even the assassin's men would not respect him.

Lack of respect leads to eventual betrayal and disorder.

Everyone knows this is a fact.

Once word gets out of how they prematurely killed their competition, one's reputation they worked so hard to build for years now would have been ruined.

After all, didn't it ultimately boil down to fear?

You must've been so afraid of your opponent that you dared to make such a cheap shot at him.

Worse you're the one who sent the Challenge letter, and you still act that way?

Trash!

That would be the name the world would give Death's opponent if he should attack Death now.

Even the TOEP might demote his master because of his actions.

So shameful!

No one dared to attack their opponent unless within the battle arena to the chosen site.

At the same time, unless the competition officially begins, his opponent's men cannot start engaging Death's men.

The rules were as clear as stream water.

Failure to oblige could result in a forfeit.

All in all, only when the match begins that anything could go.

.

Getting off his horse, Death smiled playfully.

"You all stay here and await my return... Oh, and do be careful."

With that, he continued moving forward, seeking another silhouette also approaching his way at a far, far end.

Hehehehehehehe~

The corners of Death's lips couldn't help raising higher than before.

Now then, it was time to see who it was that was so daring enough to challenge him!

Chapter 1729 An unpopular Death

Today, the snowy winds seemed agreeable as if knowing a dangerous battle would soon come underway.

The forest was quieter, with only the faint sounds of the crumbling snow whistling underneath the feet of the opposing duo bearing each other with calm smiles hiding heavy murderous intent.

They hadn't even fought, yet their auras could freeze a vicious tsunami on the spot.

Both men wore elegant robes, and pants that portrayed their readiness to fight.

Death wore black while his opponent wore dark ocean blue.

This was a competition to the death.

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Although poison wasn't off limits, it was seen as a coward's way of ending things.

Thus, both parties didn't lace their weapons with poison.

'He is strong.'

Death thought, carefully examining his open from head to toe.

Both men wore masks, so it was hard to see what each other looked like.

Still, to ensure they weren't fighting fake people disguised as themselves, they had various ways of checking things out for themselves.

The killer world was strange and peculiar.

Before the fight, they both had a moment of peace and solitude, with both sides almost acting like friends, visiting each other's side for pre-verification.

Although they didn't see each other's faces then, they still did a lot together to know if the people they were fighting today were fake or not.

Raising their palms to face each other, they confirmed that the markers on their palms were still there in the positions they each sewed on the opponent's palms.

Don't think this was a child's game.

Before today, Death had sewn a special fabric on his opponent's palm using magician rope.

It was a type of fiber made from plants that when sewn and knotted could stay in place for a month at most on human flesh before undoing itself.

How to say it?

One could think of the fiber as being a strange living being that differed from other plant fibers.

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Understand that on its own, the plant is harvested from was known as the Janjular plant, a vicious, ferocious plant that even ate wolves for breakfast.

If a child was unfortunate to get swallowed into its trap, that child would have at most 2 minutes to break free before dying from strangulation.

The plant ate beasts and humans, before spitting out the undesirable parts.

Adults had more chances of survival, though a good fraction of people still die from the struggle.



Nature sure was brutal.

From this magnificent plant came the fiber loved by assassins that acted like worms since they loved dancing even when the plant was not in motion.

One strand of harvested fiber could go as long as 1 and a half meters. But that wasn't the best part.

Do you know that even if you buy this fiber onto 10 or even 30 pieces each piece would still act the same as the others and could still be alive, squirming like worms?

Yes.

They will become their own, and also grow longer too.

It is from these parts that the plant germinates from.

Understand that if one should knot their tails or ends together, the fibers wouldn't mind that much.

But should you try to undo the knots or cut them when in the knotted state, they will break into many pieces, turning as stiff as blades and flying in all directions they could travel.

The stiffness could last for a month to 2 months, rendering the hand useless for the time being.

That's why when it happens, many would immediately make a bigger mess of their palms to get all its pieces out.

Hahah!

Doing so was proof they tried to temper with the fiber death sewed in.

.

Again, even if they tried to see in the same pattern anand ways death did on another person's hands, Death who was at the top of Pyno's assassin world also carefully studied his opponent's hands and would know if he was facing a fake or not.

Using the fiber, death had sewn a piece of his favorite dark green handkerchief on his opponent's hands.

One shouldn't underestimate this fiber they used to sew with.

Even when wielding a sword, it would stay put without breaking. But if you use the blade's tips to forcefully try cutting the fiber, that would be the issue.

The fiber was also great for identification because in a month or so it will undo itself, coming out of the knotted stage and swimming freely again like worms.

That is the time one can pull it out without fear of it breaking into their skin.

All in all, the fiber was a classic Challenger identification method to ensure both parties were the right people doing the fighting.

For obvious reasons, one can choose to still wear a mask when fighting.

For one even if the opponent is dead, it doesn't mean his subordinates will all die.

Maybe one will escape.

Now that they know what you truly look like it's only a matter of time before your hidden identity gets blown.

There was too much at stake for both parties that they dared not take off their ads in headgear that only revealed their eyes and kept their faces in a wrapped mummified state.

No way.

One must always stay cautious.

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"We meet again, my dear challenger." Death greeted playfully, not minding the fact that his opponent didn't look friendly at all.

"Now then... you know my assassin name and my reputation... so... now that we are at the crossroads, don't you think it's only proper you tell me yours now?"

Ghost inwardly sneered behind his mask. "Know your place. You do not deserve to know this one's name even upon death."

Sling!~

Ghost's blade whistled in the air as he unsheathed it coldly.

Do you deserve to know his name?

Hehehehehehehe~

Instantly, Death's smile turned vicious, after more or less confirming this guy wasn't from Pyno.

There wasn't any assassin he had fought from here who didn't at least put some respect on his name, DEATH.

No one would dare talk so disrespectfully, even his enemies.

"Alright. Outsider, I'll play your game."

Sling!~

Death took out his twin daggers that were half the length of swords.

They were his favorite weapons and the ones he was most comfortable using in any location.

"Is this it?"

"No." Ghost replied, with a cruel smile underneath his mask.

He asked Death to pick a battle location, which was this area within the forest.

But for the specific battle arena, it was him, Ghost, who had to pick it out.

Here, there were too many trees, menacing there were too many aces for Death to hide.

No way!

He, Ghost, was far superior to a puny Pyno rat!

(//\*^\*)

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Ghost was inwardly upset though he never showed it.

He didn't understand why his master Sebastian Barn wanted him to fight a Pyno runt in a challenger battle.

Hmph!

Was he, Death, worthy?

Ghost felt this would undoubtedly be a stain on his reputation since he went to this length to fight someone so beneath him.

It was okay if he was the one receiving the challenge, but it was he who sent the challenger letter.

In the eyes of others, it showed that he respected Death and saw Death as a hurdle he must overcome in his career to be greatly recognized by the masses.

The thought alone made him want to puke.

Who the hell has so much adoration for Death?

Wasn't this giving Pyno a right to arrogantly brag later on?

Understand this.

Even if he wins, Death will still die victoriously known as the killer who was so respected by Veinitta's number 2 killer, so much so that Ghost had to leave Veinitta to Pyno just for the challenge.

F\*\*\*!

No matter how you see it, many in his empire and continent would mock him to death for this single match.

This was why he was so on edge and increasingly angered by just being in Death's presence.

If eyes could kill, Death would be long dead by now.

Again, what's with this guy's laid-back attitude?

Doesn't he know to show fear in the presence of greatness?

Since he guessed he, Ghost, was an outsider, why not show a little respect and start showing fear? Or did he think he could win?

The more Ghost thought of things, the more irked he became.

'Young master, I'm only doing this for you. Luckily, I don't plan to tell him my name even upon his death or else if a passing enemy in the shadows here's it, how can I live with myself later?'

Ghost had thought long and hard about the outcome.

He indeed had this place surrounded by his men, so no matter what tricks Ghost has up his sleeves, he and his men were all destined to die here.

Even so... who can guarantee one would slip away and live to tell the tale another day?

That's why he swore not to tell his name no matter what.

.

With countless thoughts racing through his men, Ghost calmly led Death to the arena site.

It was a vast space devoid of trees, ensuring death would have no place to hide.

Perfect.

Now, they fight!

Chapter 1730 The Unhinged Death

Seeing the place Ghost picked, Death clicked his tongue in interest.

His most careful thoughts were focused on the uneven, open terrain that was filled with a film of slippery ice and snow.

Although most of the open space is leveled, some noticeable parts went up and down like slopes and were perfect locations for tripping an enemy.

Death chuckled, knowing his enemy had put a lot of thought into this space, ensuring that none of that there only be one victor at the end-- Him (Ghost).

Suddenly, the air became cold as both parties quietly circled the open space with eyes that dripped with murderous intent.

.

1, 2, 3...

Woosh!

A powerful explosive force echoes from their feet, as the duo plunged forward with all their might.

They were moving as though the floor wasn't slippery at all.

Ting!~

Death was pushed back after their weapons clashed, a look of surprise flashing through his eyes.

It's been a long time since someone had pushed him back this way.

It's not only strength that matters when it comes to pushing an opponent back.

All killers understood this, but the most failure came from procrastinating about your opponent's counterattack and skill sets.

Death had never seen anyone block his moves like this.

Death didn't know what technique it was, but he was sure Ghost created a powerful ripple block when stopping his attack.

The ripple effect transferred to his twin daggers, causing him and the holder to tremble unexpectedly.

'What a distracting technique.' Death thought, as he hastily ducked for his life when seeing the swift blade aim at his neck.

Had he been careless after the ripping effect touched him, he would've been long dead.

With Ghost's speed and attack force, Death was sure many Pyno killers would have been killed just now with that unexpected move.

Ghost had immediately gone for his neck after that rippling attack, giving no space for breathers.

But this was just the beginning.

Ting! Ting! Swish! Bam! Boom! Pah! Bam!~

1 2, 3, 4, 5...

Death felt the menacing of his name was now coming to fruition for him the longer he fought this powerful beast.

He had almost no space to think, as Ghost had him on a cusp, letting him fall, roll, slide away, crawl, block and never have a chance for attack... And then, it happened.

Ahhhhh!

Grrrr~~~

07:36

Death trotted his teeth, feeling blood oozing out his mouth, the Death inwardly hissed, feeling his veins pound with blood as Ghost gave a deep cut on his upper left arm.

Grrrr~~~

Death trotted his teeth, feeling blood oozing out his mouth, the backlash his body was facing caused him to spew unwanted black blood.

Of course, the blood wasn't just from the wound but was also pent-up blood from the few punches he took on earlier.

Things cannot continue to go on like this!

(\*^\*)

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Thinking that, he launched a Baymardian attack and it worked. And then, he launched another attack which caught Ghost by surprise, almost working too.

At first, he was happy, but then his face turned cold.

'Hold on something isn't right.'

Since the start, he has only been using his Arcadinian-born method.

It's not that he looked down at these techniques but after years and years of using his regular killer techniques, he was more likely to begin any battle with his old skills than any new ones.

If the enemy, this outsider, then he must've also known about many of his usual techniques.

Ghost was now a hundred percent sure this bastard belonged to the TOEP somehow.

So it wouldn't be strange for them to have a list of skills and techniques he was capable of.

Thinking like this it was no wonder that every time he lifted his weapons, his every move seemed to have predicted his every move and how it would play out.

'Bastard!'

Death was furious, knowing the TOEP now had a list of his attacks.

In future did it mean that even if he survived some other son of a b\*\*ch might come his way to challenge him after cheating so obviously?

Yes!

This was a form of cheating no matter how you look at it.

What was the point of challenging an opponent if you already knew all their moves and skills?

Heheheheheheheh~

Death's entire body trembled with even more murderous intent, as he now did away with his usual smiles.

If his men were here, they would say this was the version of Death no one had to face.

.

When Death was truly angered he would become a very volatile person who was even more cruel than psychopaths.

At this point, pain was numb to him, and his eyes would turn lifeless, as though everything in the world was no longer of interest to him.

Sensing his change, Ghost was also taken aback by the strange alarming feeling in his heart but didn't think anything of it.

What can go wrong now? He was already winning and was one step away from finishing the bloody battle.

However, Death proved him wrong, expressively rising from his knees when blocking Ghost's blade with one dagger.

Ghost was standing on his left. Death had blocked the attack with his blade on his injured left arm without even looking up.

The pain seemed nothing to those dead eyes of his.

Slowly turning his head and body like a puppet in a horror movie, Death stared Ghost in the eyes.

"What was it you said earlier?... ah yes... You said I don't deserve to know your name."

Ting!



Death's right hand moved its blade in a fierce attack many in Baymard would very much recognize – The 3 headed-Snake illusion!

Ghost swore he saw 3 right-hand blades coming his way, swirling like serpents.

He aimed for the 2nd, middle one, thinking the rest were mirages.

Pff~

Ghost widened his eyes in disbelief, looking at the dripping blood from his left side belly.

This... this...

"His can a Pyno bastard like you touch me? You—."

Death stared emotionlessly at Ghost, not attacking anymore. Rather, he took several steps back.

"Is this it?... How boring. I expected to fight against superior skills. But maybe because your master is too eager for success, he had you learn all my moves to ensure you don't mess up your tasks."

Ghost thinned his lips not saying anything while also rising to his feet.

It wasn't a lie that he was in disapproval of his master giving him documents containing all of Death's moves.

It was cowardly, but because they were in foreign lands, even if they do have TOEP around they needed enough guarantee for every move they made.

The deadline for Sebastian to take the Arcadinian throne was next summer

So whether by hook or by crook, it must be done.

However, Ghost wasn't ready to sacrifice his reputation for the cause just yet.

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'This is bad.' Ghost thought, feeling the color drain from his face.

Understand that the matter of knowing Ghost's moves was something only discussed between him, Sebastian and Rudolf.

No one, not even his men knew he stopped so low due to orders from the master.

With the cat out of the bag, Ghost even wished he could kill all his men right now.

Sure, they might still respect him for the time being, but this is a permanent stain that would lead to lack of respect somewhat down the line.

So can Ghost admit it? No way! Never!

Ghost's heart skipped a beat.

"Shut up, Pyno waste! Do I need to learn your skills to defeat you? Do you know what sort of training I've gone through to get to this point? Instead of saying you are useless and predictable, you would rather say I've learned all your moves instead? Trash!"

Ghost was not only talking to Death but also to his men nearby, trying to confuse them and use reasoning to deal with the matter.

Yes!

This isn't the first time they've seen their leader take down enemies.

Their leader has dealt with mightier enemies than this Pyno runt. It was unlikely he would waste his time learning Death's moves just for counter-attacking.

On the trees and surroundings, many sneered in disgust, looking at This is Pyno's best?

Tch!

Death like a piece of garbage who could only give excuses when cornered.

Such killers were the worst of all.

A true killer should die honorably and not cower and blame everything on his opponent like a weak chicken.

This is Pyno's best?

Tch!

How disappointing.

Death narrowed his gaze with a slight smile on his lips.

'Indeed, it was disappointing.'

The only way to force Ghost to use superior Morg skills was for him to use Baymardian techniques Ghost never knew he possessed.

What he, Death, wants, is a real battle!

And trust him, he always got what he wanted.

"Drop your weapon. We'll be taking this old school."

"Hand-to-hand, combat?"

"Indeed." Death replied, wrapping a torn piece of fabric around his injured arm.

"Show me what you've got, outsider!"

Ghost seemed relieved, also not wanting to resort to tricks anymore.

This time, he was fighting for real.

No more tricks

## [Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1731 Anything Goes](#)

### Chapter 1731 Anything Goes

Loosening his muscles, Ghost took an arrogant defensive stance, knowing he was bound to win.

Forget the stabbed injury on his lower side belly.

He has fought with bigger crowds under such injuries before.

So what was one Pyno trash that he couldn't handle?

Death seems unfazed by Ghost's intimidating pose.

His eyes remained empty, as deep as an abyss for at this moment, he couldn't feel pain at all.

Baymardian techniques vs Morg techniques... which one was superior.?

Ready... and... Fight!

Boom!

Both landed swift attacks on each other, going back and forth in an epic display, leaving those watching from the surroundings with dropped jaws.

What?

Were they blind or was that Pyno scum keeping up with their leader?

How can this be? This wasn't a dream, right? In the surroundings, many felt their hearts stop.

No. No...

It shouldn't be like this.

Not even they can keep up with their boss when ur cane to fighting one on one. So why was this Pyno trash doing any better?

(^~^)

So what if he was Number 1 in Pyno?

Number 1 in Pyno lands you a mid-grade level in Veinitta.

Heck! It might even land you a lesser title than they estimated.

So why was Death so powerful? And what were these techniques they were witnessing?

.

Blink. Blink...

Wipe!

You can do that too?

(-0-)

Everyone saw their leader send a powerful swing at Death, only for Death to become flexible like an eel, putting both hands on the floor and twirling his legs manically.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

A triple hit!

Death struck their boss on his injury, opening his wound under his side belly even more.

"I'm going to kill you!"

Ghost in his pain and anger, grabbed one of Death's, forcing throwing him to the icy, rough grounds that tore his back and pieces of his clothes.

Bloody son of a b\*\*ch!

Ghost's eyes were red with pain, feeling tremors erupting from his heart.

Ghost didn't need to look down to know an intestine was almost flying out.

Hiss!~

The air inside one's belly wasn't supposed to mingle with the standard air outside, especially with winter's frost here.

Good boy!

You're not that dumb after all.

Death must've known that the only way to truly take him down was to target his injury.

He, Ghost, was 5 years younger than Death, having more strength than the old fleabag.

He also had better stamina and endurance than Death, so everything is estimated to be advantageous to Ghost unless Death targets his injury.

Slowly rising like the walking dead, Death rose despite his bloodied back, wasting no time running towards Ghost.

And then, round 2 began.

.

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

Many in the surroundings were once again refreshed by Death's bizarre techniques, some shameless, some slippery and some straightforward.

F\*\*\*!

Can you be any more shameless as to poke their leader's eyes mid-fight?

Wasn't there some global understanding that eyes could only be stabbed by daggers, swords and other weapons in manly ways?

Have you no shame when poking your 2 fingers in the leader's eyes that way?

Death sent a swift-fisted hand toward Ghost's face. And when Ghost grabbed his wrist inches away from his nose, everyone thought that was it.

However, no one could've prepared them for Death's shameless move of releasing 2 fingers and poking Ghost's eyes with them.

This... this..

Shameless!

Indeed, it worked because for a split second Ghost's brain was empty in disbelief until he received a fierce attack on his injury again.

"You cheater!" Ghost bellowed in a crazed state.

Cheater! This is definitely cheating somehow!

He also hated Death for pushing his eyelashes into his eyes, causing his eyes to turn moist and his vision to struggle.

But Ghost remained calm, as he no longer relied on his sight but on his hearing to deal with Death.

Waiting for the right opportunity to strike, he gathered his aura and released it on Death's ribcage, almost breaking a few bones in the process.

"Iron Fist Magnum!"

Boom!

Death flew back, rolled in the snow and scratched his face severally from the blow alone.

Pouff~

A mouth chug of blood flew out his mouth, acknowledging that Ghost was indeed very strong.

He and Ghost had roughly the same battle experience so it boiled down to their techniques, strength and body abilities to know who could be the last man standing.

Death could feel his entire body twitching drastically, as the blow from earlier was still rippling within his body.

It was amazing that Ghost could still put up a strong fight despite his true pain with his intestines nearly hanging out.

Death had tried grabbing the intestines and yanking them out, but Ghost was super protective of the area.

Sure enough, after pushing him away, Ghost hastily took off a layer of his upper garments, tying it around his waist, stopping his intestines from protruding out.

.

Fhoooo~

thrown so many times Ghost had failed to count.

Taking a deep breath and calling his sweaty body, Ghost's cold eyes now fell on Death.

Death was covered in blood from head to toe. He was beaten and thrown so many times Ghost had failed to count.

Ghost was also bloodied, but not as much as Death.

Ghost had to admit that he had a deep fear of Death's new techniques.

From a spectator's point of view, they seem like nothing.

Only when one faces them himself do they know the lethality of each attack?

Do you know how many times Death has come close to ending him?

Ghost's most feared attack from Death was the one where he was pinned on his belly.

Death sat on his butt and pulled his legs back.

Ghost didn't know why his body's reflex was to tap on the icy floors as if wanting someone to take his place.

The pain was so unbearable and Ghost couldn't figure out why it was so heart-stopping.

It was only when Death paused to reach for his intestines did he have a chance to break out.

But here was the thing. He broke out and found his legs had gone to sleep.

Honestly, fighting as a crippled man was the most troubling thing he had to do.

Luckily, after a short while, he felt the sensation back on his feet.

Ghost was sure that if death had continued pulling his legs for longer, his legs might've gone to sleep for several minutes and even hours.

By then, Death would have killed him.

For a moment, Ghost couldn't help growing in annoyance with those bloody bastards who gave him the list of all of Death's techniques.

What a bunch of incompetent pricks!

Okay.

If you were going to let him cheat, why not gather everything in one?

They assured him the list was complete with all moves Death was known to use. So what was this?

What were the many techniques he faced that almost took his life right now?

Are you sure you guys aren't hiding some for your amusement?

Ghost's face looked like someone owed him a million Vyns.

Earlier, Ghost hated the idea of cheating. But now that things had come to this with his life threatened every few seconds, Ghost now cursed the TOEP for their sudden incompetence.

If he had a true list of all of Death's abilities he would've counterattacked more easily, knowing how each move would flow rather than being supported every few seconds now and then.

Don't you know in that moment of surprise, Death would always plunge deadlier attacks his way?

Ghost knew that if not for him the Morg techniques he learned and his bigger strength compared to Death, he would have long been dead.

But now, this is the end of the line, isn't it?

---

Behind his mask, Ghost smiled menacingly, after seeing Death lay on the ground, breathing hard in defeat.



"If you had more strength than I did, I would've been the one laying there."

"Hahahahahahahahaha~"

Death, who had been in an abyss state, soon regained his former playful demeanor after enjoying the rigorous and tough battle.

That was all he wanted, to face his opponent in a true sense.

"You're not bad yourself... though you cheated earlier."

"Again, you're talking nonsense. I don't know what you mean by cheating, but shouldn't it be you who cheats with those shameless techniques of yours?"

Ghost would never admit it before his men.

Impossible!

(V^V)

It was okay to know one or 2 techniques your opponent has. But to gather a lot of so many was indeed cheating. But so what? Who will know?

As of now, his men might assume he cheated by having them surrounding the vicinity when they both swore to not bring any of their men close to the arena zone.

"You look terrible."

"Really? That's too bad. I would've loved to look my best before I die... But hey... do you recall the last rules for challenges?"

"Yes... " Ghost replied calmly, with his sword raised above Death's neck. "In the case of obvious cheating, anything goes."

"Well now, you said it yourself, ANYTHING GOES."

"What do you--"

A terrible premonition flashed through Ghost's eyes, as he hastily swung his sword to end Death.

"DIE!!!"

## Chapter 1732 The Official Day Is Here!

"Die!!!"

A crazed expression flooded Ghost's face, waiting no time swinging his blade towards Death's neck.

Tome froze in this very second, as Ghost's thoughts grew more and more menacing the closer the blade was to reaching its aim.

'I can do it! I can do it! I'll kill the son of a b\*\*ch before he--'

Ahhhh!!!!

Ghost screamed in horror, dropping to his knees while watching Death roll away in a nick of time before the blade descended.

What... What's happening?

Immense pain took a large portion of his brain, making it difficult for him to think.

Poufff~

Blood sprayed like a tap, causing Ghost to feel cold all over as his body descended on the snow without warning.

Never in his life had he gone through anything like this.

Where were the arrows that shot him? Can anyone explain why he received hits in his knees and palms, yet there was no arrow or hidden weapons in sight?

Sorcery?

Gahhhh!

Ghost couldn't believe he lost a finger from the invisible attack.

A heavy throbbing noise filled his ears, seeing as he didn't even hear the sounds of his men falling from the trees like flies.

Forcing himself to turn his head and face Death, Ghost only hated the organization for not being very prepared even though they bloody well cheated.

"You... what... no...How did you do it?"

Death chuckled, releasing a tired sigh as he too lay close to Ghost.

"It's not me... in fact, it's not any of my master's men. As for who did it, you'll know soon enough. Don't worry, I'll be sure to visit you when you get there."

Almost immediately, the faint sounds of strangers emerged from all corners like daisies.

"Move! Move! Move!"

"Team Wolverine to Control Tower. Left zone secured. 10 spotted fleeing Northwest. Over."

[Copy that Team Wolverine. Team Storm will be ready for them. Over.]

....

What in the-

Where did these people come from?

Ghost almost couldn't believe his hazy vision, feeling several people gathering around him, some with strange medical supplies and others body tying him up.

As for Death, he was given the friendly treatment, and allowed to wall as he pleased, though he was also supported for medical procedures.

Death chose to lay on the stretchers raising 2 fingers in deuces to Ghost.

'I bet your master and organization didn't see this coming, right?'

'...'

Ghost only felt like puking more blood unwillingly, when thinking of how close he was to finishing Death.

"Dammit! Dammit! You damn cheater! You broke the rules! This was a fight to the death! You, you--"

Puoff!

More blood flew out from the crazed Ghost's mouth.

"That's enough talking out of you. Don't interrupt me when I'm doing my treatments, or else... Heh-heh-heh!!!"

The medic laughed wickedly, very angered by this idiot who kept undoing the job he did so far.

Ghost didn't know it now, but the military doctor treating him was known to many as Doctor Pain.

He was a no-bullshit doctor who didn't care about giving you the nice treatment with some lollipop at the end.

Well, it made sense since he was mostly assigned to treating criminals.

With these criminals, you had to be tough with them or else they would make them 50 times more difficult.

Don't think he started out being Doctor Pain.

.

In the past, he too was bubbly with them.

But every time he did so, they would easily break needles in their bodies, but his hands with all their might proved very tough and arrogant with him.

Understand this.

These prisoners needed a tough person to also subdue them.

In today's world, the strong are more valued and respected by the masses.

So the more quirkier and arrogant their enemy was, the more they too felt their worth in it all.

That is why, even if the military doctors were secretly kind to these people, they couldn't show it on the surface.

They must remain equally rude to not only put these prisoners in place but also give them a sense of worth too.

It was strange but it worked.

Just look at how obedient Ghost had become when Doctor Pain stared at him with menacing eyes like the devil's.

To Ghost, it was the treats that left him humbled.

"Look here. You're in my hands now. I can make your bones turn to jelly with this simple formula in my hands. Believe me, when I turn you into nothing, all your glorious martial arts will be lost forever... You will be nothing... a simple drop of water in the ocean. Even a beggar on the test will have more strength than you."

" "

Well, Ghost felt he should be obedient to live and fight another day.

He preferred immediate death or other forms of torture he was most used to.

If the enemy wanted to pluck his eyes out or even his tongue, at least he would still have his limbs and strength and could rely on his hearing in the martial arts world.

Fine.

If they took his limbs, they wouldn't take all at once, menacing he would still have a chance of fleeing and escaping.

But what was this strange form of torture he was hearing?

If the strange potion could make his body and bones turn into jelly, scientifically, there was no way he would have the strength to flee.

It was a matter that terrified him greatly.

No way!

(!0!)

.

Ghost almost sweated buckets from the thought alone.

For a person who has practiced from the ripe age of 7 till now, crippling him in all areas was the heaviest form of punishment he could ever face.

Ghost knew that if he couldn't escape he would have to find a way to kill himself, not wanting to become a future liability to his master and the cause.

For now, despite his grumbling about the TOEP, he knew it was only a matter of time before he got rescued.

So why not try to hold on tight with a majority of his strength with This was what Ghost feared the most right now.

So when threatened with the mysterious potion, he calmed down, him?

Seeing these people, he knew they were from Baymard.

Hell, they might not even torture him, is what he was thinking.

They might use such special potions to weaken him so much that he wouldn't have the strength to flee.

This was what Ghost feared the most right now.

So when threatened with the mysterious potion, he calmed down, while watching the doctor put the strange vial away and continued treatment.

Ghost only felt it was pitiful he was captured now as the Grand plan was still underway and needed his help to make it happen.

Remember... his master Sebastien is to become Arcadina's monarch before the deadline in summer ends.

That is the organization's plan.

He, Ghost, was to play a key role in assisting the young master.

But now that he lost, he could only pray his second and third in command beside Sebastien wouldn't disappoint him.

Ghost's eyes flashed with hate, wishing he had a way of warning them about the strange weapons Baymard had.

Yes!

It was all a lie!

They had been lied to!

.

Boom!

This realization made Ghost's face turn pale.

Baymard itself should be very strong, with a Shaman that creates mysterious attacks like the one he faced just now.

There was no way Ghost wouldn't leave it to be the work of ordinary human hands.

Don't rush to deny things so fast.

Ghost has seen a fair share of mysterious things in this world that were purely magical.

During a visit to Tenola, he once fought a witch who could control metal with her mind. She made his arrow stop mid-air and turn directions towards him.

In this world, there are those with unimaginable powers, so it wouldn't be far-fetched to say these Baymardians had a powerful Shaman who plunged their deadly attacks his way.

Yes...

This was probably the realm for his fall.

But how to tell his master and the organization?

'Escape. I must find a way to escape before reaching Baymardian prisons.'

Ghost concluded, not forgetting to give them the stink eye.

'mph! Just you all wait. Soon, I'll have my revenge. My master will come for me and so will the organization!'

[Baymardians]: (~\_~)... whatever.

Eyeballs rolled when seeing his threatening gaze.

Do you think you're the first person to threaten them?

Everyone went about their jobs with no fear, while also keeping sedatives close by too.

Should Ghost try anything funny, they would put him to sleep so fast he wouldn't even know how it was done.

----

Like so, the battle between Death and Ghost was concluded.

Some people far away (Sebastian), laid back into their seats, confident the victory was theirs, while others (William), sat in his office anxiously awaiting the news from the battle site.

Was it all too late? Who won? Who died? Who survived?

All these questions could also be answered in the future.

However, a more interesting matter was taking place in Baymard!

Hahahahahaha~

Can you smell it? Can you smell the excitement in the air? Of course, you can!

After all, today was the day Cargo airplanes would officially fly!

(^■^)

Chapter 1733 The Great Betting War

It was a white season.

Snow was everywhere, turning the entire forest zones within Baymard into a white Winterland.

It was a miracle!

Many tourists and first-time visitors stop dumbstruck on the streets, not feeling the snow's impact at all.

It was amazing that snow was never left to pill up on the streets

Now and then, massive sweeper vehicles would pass by, clearing the sidewalks and the roads from any build-up, especially after a storm.

Had it not been for the many Baymardian homes that had still on their roofs and surroundings, one would think it was still Fall when passing the commercial districts.

Today, the weather was quiet, no longer snowing heavily just as the weather forecast predicted.

Now it has become a habit for many to sit by their radios waiting for the weather before heading out.

Some chose to watch the forecast channel on TV, others chose to get the information from the Newspapers, while some did so from the official Baymardian weather reporting online site on their computers.

Hooray!

The storm won't be back till tomorrow evening.



(^\_^)

Busy, busy, busy.

All around the Capital city, people buzzed like bees, everyone heading various ways in with their unique agendas in mind.

The City of Happiness.

That was one of the Capital City's many nicknames since many who came here found solitude and serenity the moment they stepped into the Capital City.

Who can blame them? Baymard wasn't one to shove noble hierarchy down one's throat.

It was very fair to them, peasants, and also seen as the Land of Opportunity by the masses.

Peace engulfed the land like a cloak, and now and then there was always some eye-popping news that made many fall in disbelief, wondering whether there was something his majesty Landon couldn't think of.

Right now at this very moment, many were crowded in their homes and public dinners, bars, gaming homes, and hangout spots by the TV, watching with relish for the official news to begin broadcasting a moment said to be once in a lifetime.

They had their popcorns ready, their toes curled, as talks about today's matter quickly flooded their atmosphere.

Whether it was foreigners or locals, everyone was curious to know what exactly they would be seeing today.

"Damn! I can't think of it. They say cargo transport will be made easier between UN empires, and soon, people transport will also be possible by Flight. This is really good news!"

"Yes, yes! I've always wished I could travel from here to Carona by flight. It's just that o there at this time of year, isn't it very cold for that? What's more, it should be dangerous too, no?"

"Exactly! This isn't the season for hot air balloons! So how will they do it? What new Hot air balloon model will they be unveiling that will change the Flying world for good?"

"Ahhh!~ Why am I getting nervous the more we wait? I always feel like his majesty Landon will have something up his sleeves when the time for the grand revelation comes."

"Me too! But I can't think of anything else except for a modified hot air balloon that will go up in the clouds."

"Hold on guys, why don't we place bets on what we think it will be? Hehehheheheheh~ I think it's time we play our famous Baymardian guessing game. You newcomers are in for a real treat."

"Wait! Isn't that unfair to us?"

"No way! Don't think we have the advantage because we, Baymardians, don't know how his majesty's mind works. How can anyone know the mind of a living messenger of the heavens?"

"That's right. With how kind, noble-hearted and amazing his majesty is, I wouldn't be surprised if he was a fallen ancestor/angel who came to Baymard out of pity for us all. Damn! If his majesty opened a temple for his worship I will show up day and night to throw myself deep in prayer."

"Awesome! His majesty is amazing!"

"A great man!"

"The father of the sick, weak, and poor."

"The Father of Peasants."

"The father of peace and prosperity!"

"The father of agriculture and opportunities."

"His Majesty is the greatest human in existence! Augh~ just saying his name gives me happy chills."

"Without His Majesty's intervention, where will we be today?"

...

Very quickly, the topic across Baymard shifted back and forth between today's grand show and praising Landon.

No matter how many years go by, the people still praise Landon as though Baymard's growth just started yesterday.

Many times Landon was often shocked by how these people never got tired of singing his praises.

But well, he was indeed like a celebrity, a favorite idol in their eyes.

And the more he did, the more collective awes of worship and adoration he got from them.

Unlike true celebrity Idols, he was very much involved with their lives knowing he has saved so many people it would be impossible to count.

He created medicines that in their own words, brought the dead back to life.

It was because of him that the common flu that killed and swept away the vast majority of people in uN empires, was controlled and treated as though it was just a little bump in the road.

He made childbirth 30 times easier. And made many women across these empires get their desired feeling of being mothers after many years of steadfast prayer.

The fact that women only saw their 'periods' or blood discharges once or twice a year was on its own a very jarring problem that also predicted signs of early menopause.

It was because of him that many women began seeing their priors 5 to 8 times a year.

When it first happened they were so shocked they thought something was wrong with them.

At first, they saw their periods 5 times a year, and the following year, the number of times increased, to the point where some now saw their periods 9 months a year.

The majority of those who did see their blood discharges every month of the year were those living in Baymard.

Now women could get pregnant in their 30s and even early 40s, making younger girls no longer feel the rush for early childbirth.

Initially, both women and men rushed to get pregnant early since after 20~21... most women couldn't get pregnant anymore.

It was possible but with how broken their bodies were before, it was indeed a rare feat.

By the time they turned 25-ish, menopause kicks in hard for them blocking their chances of being mothers.

Just as much as men looked forward to carrying their heirs, women also did in this era too.

Thanks to his majesty, many women found out they weren't barren, just broken down and in need of good nutrition, good body rest and medicine.

In the end, his Majesty had helped both men and women over the years, treating incurable diseases like chickenpox, ensuring they didn't die from it.

He also birthed numerous job opportunities, made Transportation easier, gave the chance for peasants to go to school without sky-high prices, and many more.

In short, everything his majesty did affect them in their real lives, and that's why they hailed him with praises now and then.

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What Monarch have you seen that is as kind and considerate to his people as his majesty Landon?

They had to admit that new UN monarchs were also amazing.

Still, the Baymardians felt no one could be better than their monarch, his majesty Landon.

(^o^)

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"All right everyone, time to place your bets! We have 3 main categories submitted."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah! Tell us already, my booze is getting hot just from waiting."

"Alright, shut your pie holes!... Number 1, a hot air balloon with a double-balloon mechanism having a bridge connecting both hot air balloons."

"Oooow~ That sounds good. Next!"

"Number 2, a mega-sized Hot Air balloon, which is the same balloon we know, but a super large one that can take up to 300 people. After all, the news said that in the future hundreds of people can get transported at once. So we have to think big."

"I don't know who, but I'm not buying the 2nd one. It just seems a little too impractical and easy."

"Number 3! An even grander version of number 1, having 30, or 50 hot air balloons attached to each other by empty transport baskets... Ladies and gentlemen, unlike number 1, where passengers flaming hot air balloons and the bird's body being the empty transport basket."

will be underneath the flaming balloons, the 3rd option allows only pilots to stay under the flaming balloons while passengers stay in the empty baskets in the middle."

"Care to explain more?"

"Well, think of number 3 as a bird, with the bird wings being the flaming hot air balloons and the bird's body being the empty transport basket."

"Not bad... I like this one very much."

"Now then, what's it gonna be? Everyone place your bets now!"

"Number 3!"

"Number 1 "

"Number 2!"

"3!"

"3!"

"2!"

"1!"

"1!"

"2!"

"3!"

(^w^)

----

Like so, the great betting war was in full swing, as everyone rushed to place their bets before the grand show officially began.

As for those at the airports, they couldn't be happier to be here.

Hehehehehe~

Landon smiled stupidly.

Today was the day!

(>□<)

## Chapter 1734 Solved Mystery!

What a grand day!

The airport was buzzing with thousands of people who ventured into the scene for the first time.

Yes!

Although commercial planes haven't been launched yet, the airport was opened today for the first time to allow many to witness the flying scene.

In a way, today was also a welcome day celebrating the airport itself, allowing many to tour and see what was special about it compared to the Coastal Port and Landport.

Oh, my heavens!

Many exclaimed when pulling up into the scene, as it was too grand and many times larger than any port (land or coastal), Baymard had to offer.

International flights, local flights... departures, arrivals, everything was as clear as day.

Luckily, many already understood what the labels meant since the Coastal port had the same dividing system too.

In the coastal port, arrivals had their sections, departures had their sections and of course, there was a grand waiting space that occurred all floors above the main floor.

A majority of ground floor and underground space was for security teams, bag and weapon storage, check-ins, check-outs and so on.

Thanks to their familiarity with the coastal Port, everyone more or less understood the main signs and layouts of the airport.

Looking out of the limo windows, Gordon almost became one with the glass in awe.

Why was this airport far bigger than the Coastal Port? What was the essence of the large open space he had a preview of when they were driving here?

Placing his hand on his heart, Gordon felt his chest grow so tight it was almost difficult to breathe.

Bubuum. Bubuum. Bubuum.

Gordon could hear his heartbeat in his ears.

What was this feeling of anticipation like, you ask? Well, let's just say the butterflies in his belly have been rumbling chaotically, as though he was lacking a meal or 2.

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In his limo vehicle were Timothy, Jackson, and 2 others.

As for their children and families, they followed in an official Royal bus behind.

No one said a thing, as the vehicle's radio was on, talking endlessly about the excitement spread across Baymard.

[This is SUSAN Walker reporting live from the Downtown District G pub, the Grizzly Bear. Today, an uncountable number have stormed the pub, either taking several seats or standing around in anticipation of another Historical moment. Hahahahahaha~... I tell you now Tim, they are really something.]

Gordon had to hand it to these media reporters who knew how to hook their audience with just a few sentences.

Damn!

It was only now that he realized he was sitting at the edge of his seat with fidgeting legs the longer he waited for the host to spill the beans.

Come on... Come on...

'You must know what it is right? You shrewd media people must know what type of flying contraption it is. So why not just spill it now and stop this old man from having a heart attack?'

Rolling his eyes heavenwards, Gordon felt the urge to curse.

The wait was killing him

But he wasn't the only one on the cusp of dying.

"Driver, can you turn that up a bit?" Timothy requested as though turning up the Volume would make the media host on the other end spill the beans faster.

With a calm and slight smirk, the driver nodded. "Of course, esteemed guests."

[What was that Tim? Everyone wants to know what the bets are and what are the current odds in the Grizzly Bear pub. Well then, why don't we interview the manager and the people?]

Gordon and the others waited in silence, listening to the many thoughts of those in the pub/bar.

All in all, everyone concluded it should be a hot air balloon. But what style or intricate design would it follow?

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[Number 3!!"]

When the host placed her microphone on a vast crowd in one direction they all yelled number 3.

Placing her microphone in another direction the majority yelled number 1! And in another direction, the majority yelled number 2!

Crazy!

It was amazing that such a thing made many stand from their initial seats and pick locations close to those betting on the same idea as them.

What? Haven't you heard that like-minded people stick together?

Of course, some still stayed put, though they argued the hell out of the other ideas with the opposition.

The scene was similar to how many in public areas react in Landon's former world whenever a football/soccer match was on.

Real Madrid vs Arsenal?

Many would wear their team jerseys and argue out on why their team would definitely win and why their team was the best.

Amid a goal, people would jump out and hug each other while the losers even went as far as crying in woe.

No matter what sport was invented in the world, no Sport can beat Football.

The dedication the fans have for football was legendary. Some even divorce their partners because their partners jumped sides mid-marriage.



How can I trust you when you are a confused person who can even support a team like Chelsea?

Say no more!

The marriage is off!

(\*X\*)

The feeling was the same for many right now.

In the bar, their eyes remained glued to the TV while talking about their bets.

And in the vehicle, Timothy and the others also chose sides, with a majority of them picking number 3.

"All of you shouldn't forget that we had the privilege of getting on one of the Hot air balloons while in Omania. Although it's amazing the cold high up is no joke."

"That's right. You would expect that with how hot our Soma empire was during that time, the air up there would also be boiling. Didn't you notice it was slighter colder and breezy too?"

To be honest, the air there wasn't cold but felt more like the start of summer in other empires.

At least compared to the scorching heat below that could even crack up the land, it was far cooler up in the clouds than down.

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Jackson rubbed his chin in thoughtful confusion. "If the air is like that above our Soma, then imagine how icy it will be for places like Baymard. Is it even possible to have it go so high up, or will they be flying at a distance not too high from ground floor?"

Pah!

Gordon slapped his thighs excitedly.

"Old Jack, I think you've solved it! It will be a new hot air balloon design that will fly very low, solving the cold air issue.

(□0□)

That's it.

That's gotta be it because they couldn't think of any other invention that could travel sky-high.

It's amazing that even though metal ships have been miraculously proven to work by Baymard, many didn't think massive chunks of metal could fly.

You don't understand.

Although it was a Michael that metal ships could float, it was indeed very acceptable because water was a substance.

When you look at it, air was basically imaginary.

With water, you can feel it, measure it by pouring in buckets and even grasp a bit of buoyancy laws when dropping wood and other items in it to float.

Water was THERE.

They can swish it about, ripple it, and control it with the naked eye if need be.

But air was another matter on its own.

Please!

There was nothing holding anything from dropping to the ground.

At least water was like a cushion that supported the ships from sinking to the bottom.

But air... you can drop a wooden stake and it will fall. Drop a ball and it would fall.

Heck!

Drop a human and they too will fall!

No one was excepted from the gravitational pull air possessed.

So how can they picture metal flying?

At least with hot air balloons, the ballot itself was like a large parachute with hot air working against gravity.

Don't you see that Baymard had done its best to ensure the hot air balloon was very lightweight so it could fly up easily?

Metal was heavy, thus impossible to sustain high up.

No way! No way!

Many didn't even think in that direction. Only those who designed the many cargo planes smirked in the crowd with mysterious glints in their eyes.

They didn't even participate in the betting, since all options were wrong!

They acted like hermits who knew everything underneath the sun, saying nothing and only focused on watching the good show.

For sure, a majority of them were in the airport site itself, wanting to see their creations touch the skies before the world!

At this moment, many thought that this must be what <Q> in James Bond felt whenever he saw Bond use his creations.

Of course, when 007 destroys them, that was another matter on its own.

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Vrmmmmmm~

The vehicles ventured into one of the many parking spaces heading straight for the high-end reserve space for royals, nobles, overseers and top ministry officials.

Their parking zones were different and more expensive since, as they came with many other perks, especially for those who owned Baymardian vehicles.

Stepping out of the vehicle, Timothy and the others wasted no time meeting Landon and the others who drove in front of them.

"Well? What are we waiting for? Let's go in now!"

(+□+)

Chapter 1735 Is It A Bird, Is It A Beast? No! Its--

Several minutes later, the group now stood before the many vast windows several feet above ground floor, overlooking the vast open space outside.

The boisterous crowd was rowdy, with some sitting at the back and others standing behind them in various terminals.

Everyone was told to gather around terminals A14 to A34, and C30 to C70, only within the even number sections.

All Gate/portal-As were one floor down and Gate Cs was a floor up.

Of course, when standing far high above along the C gates, one would think they were 3~4 stories high from ground floor depending on where they were.

With the airport's built-in connections, they will be able to hear the host's voice no matter what terminal they waited in.

For Landon, his esteemed guests and those with high positions like Overseers, they stayed within the space between Gate C42, C44 and c46.

At the same time, the media outlets were already prepared for the event.

"This is Adrian from the BBC, channel 3 news. I tell you this Chris, the crowd is going wild, with thousands of people, including lower region workers, many of whom helped build the airports, gave his majesty Landon and Queen Lucy a warm reception."

Hooray!

The crowd's cries of excitement were deafening, as they watched His Majesty and his many guests drive in Airport vehicles while standing tall and waving graciously.

His Majesty began his drive through from the A-portal gates, before going backstage through staff and security passages and appearing at the C-gates above.

There were many of them driving, so it didn't make sense for them to stop and take the elevators now and then.

The back staff stations had inclined moving floor escalators, in case they had to move massive giant boxes and crates of supplies up to various floors towards the many stores and so on.

They could sit in their airport cart vehicles and drive up the space without worry.

"Ahhh!~... Did his majesty just smile at me?"

"No way! Who would look at your Hangol face and smile at you? Obviously, his majesty was flashing his teeth at me!"

"Damn! How can Queen Lucy be so good-looking? No way! My idol is too stunning. Where can I buy the dupe for her dress? Does anyone know? Even in pregnancy, she is so radiant, it's blinding!"

"Wow! Its King-Father Lucius, Queen-Mother Kim and little princess Kora. Picture perfect! They look no older than 20!"

"Princess Kora! Princess Kora! Over here! My little boy loves you! My little boy of 5 is your biggest fan!"

"Oh, my ancestors! How can Princess Kora be so cute? I heard she can now talk, and write and is very smart just like her brother, his majesty Landon."

"It's over! It's over! The royal family carries the smartest brains! Anyone marrying them can be sure their children will be amazing!"

Many waved and greeted the royal family with warmth, while also acknowledging other royals and esteemed guests from other (^\_^)

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Many waved and greeted the royal family with warmth, while also acknowledging other royals and esteemed guests from other regions too.

"Look! That's His Highness Fabian, from my Eritory Empire in Zohl!"

"Good Looking! Very good looking! Wow! I don't know him but I think I'm about to fall in love."

"Ahh! His Highness Fabian, please look this way! Look this way!"

"Oh, my~... These are Giants, right? How very manly. I feel I can sleep on their chests without worry."

"His Majesty Timithh, please shake my daughter's hands!"

"Mommy! Mommy! I shook his majesty Timothy's hands... Hahahahha~ I'm never washing my hands again! No! This dress must be preserved and passed down from generation to generation, known as the famous dress I wore when greeting his majesty Timothy!"

"Daughter, you are right. Look! The media have also taken pictures and bodies of me shaking his hand. So how can I wear these clothes casually again?"

"Sir Gordon, please look this way!"

"Sir Jackson!"

"His majesty..."

"Queen-mother..."

"Princess!..."

Everywhere one turned, they were being called.

Timothy has never been so shy before today.

The love and general acceptance these foreigners have for him and his people was unbelievable.

Several weeks have gone by since he came here, and not only has he done countless photoshoots and interviews, but he also began receiving fan mail too.

This wasn't a joke.

He received mail from men asking about his workout routine and what he does to stay fit.

Some women were even more brazen, wondering if he could grace them with just a wink before they died.

His Majesty Landon called them thrust mail, which he could ignore.

Years back, many could never say what they were saying so publicly within the crowd. However, now... especially when one can send fan mail with no name on it, people are coming out of the woodwork, saying some very, very embarrassing things that made even Timothy blush.

Was he that attractive? Sure. He knew he was good-looking. But after coming to Baynard, he felt he was walking on clouds.

The ego boost was not a joke. It sure made an old man like him feel good.

(^v^)

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Just like that, the masses gave Landon and the others a warm reception, until they stepped out of the airport vehicles and took positions in their designated terminal zones.

Very soon, Landon took a step forward when everyone was settled, allowing the media and his many guests to stare his way with enthusiasm.

"It has been a journey hasn't it? In the past, mankind used to marvel at the invention of fire. But if we now should go out there on the streets."

Landon leaned forward on his desk with a playful smile. "Today, can anyone think of us dancing around a bonfire in awe? Hey, if we did that wouldn't we be daft?"

Hehehehehehe~

Low chuckles echoed from the crowd, as everyone no matter where they were, ground floor or above, laughed merrily at his Majesty's jokes.

Only he can be a Monarch who never gets too serious in times like these.

"Yes. We would be a little coo-coo to jump over the invention of fire about tens, hundreds and thousands of years ago. So you see, technological evolution is only part of human existence."

"I have always said, humanity's greatest strength is its mind. We came from inventing fire to creating towering structures, carriages, cars, ships and all sorts of wonderful treasures our ancestors considered sorcery."

Many nodding heavily.

It was very true because records prove this fact time and time again.

Do you know that the first inventor of the ship construction concept was tortured and practically stoned at some point because it was believed he had dark magic that allowed the ship to float on sea?

Landon grinned from molar to molar, looking at particular people in the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen... When I first thought of the concept of creating towering buildings so high in Baymard, many believed it could be done... When I thought of metal cars, many thought I was coming down with a fever and talking nonsense... And when I finally decided to make man fly, even my team asked if I wanted to check into a hospital for rest to make sure I'm not losing it."

Chuckle. Chuckle~

Many overseers smiled awkwardly, recalling how many times they counted his majesty in the past.

Some foreigners who heard his majesty's media talk about letting people fly during festivals, also said if man can fly, it would be the day the world was round.

It was just that they probably didn't know his majesty and had already proven that the world was indeed round and not flat.

The more Landon spoke the more everyone's heart bubbled with expectancy.

Miracle worker! Miracle worker!

His Majesty has proven time and time again that humanity can do anything!

(+v+)

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Hehehehehehe~

With a broad smile, Landon concluded his speech, knowing he had hooked them too deep, they were already at the feet of the seats.

With a secret wave of his fingers, he gave the signal to a few airport security staff hidden at the back of the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this time, I bring you the first flying cargo carriers in Hertfilia's history! We call them Aircrafts!"

Almost immediately, many saw tiny dots above the skies grow larger and larger by the second.

Eh?

"Look up! Look up to the skies!"

"Is that a bird? Is that a beast?"

"No! It's Superman!"

"You idiot. It's the legendary Aircfrats!"

"Everyone remembers your bets. Which team is going to win?"

Imaginary Drum roll, please!

(>□<)

Chapter 1736 Error... Does Not compute!

This... This...

"Impossible! How can hot air balloons go so fast?"



"No! Even if it's not a hot air balloon, I have never seen anything fly so fast before."

"Someone, pinch me, to make sure I'm not-- Ah! I said pinch not slap!"

"Hahahahahaha~... It's turning in the air! It's doing a little dance in the air for us! Wow! There are over 10 of them flying around."

"Amazing! Now, all that's left is for my little brat of a daughter to get married and I can finally die in peace knowing I have seen the true height and potential of the human brain."

(^◇^)

The display shown was just too great, causing many to shake like fallen leaves on a windy day.

Understand that today, humanity was taking yet another giant step forward!

Today will be undoubtedly recorded as the day humans flew in metal boxes!

Sure, only cargo would fly now, but the ones piloting the aircrafts, weren't they human too?

The world will never be the same after today's display!

Looking at their bodies, everyone noticed a thick layer of goosebumps on their skin.

Can you feel it? Can you feel the wheels of success turning in motion?

As they continued watching the display, an entertaining host was quick to tell them public facts about these cargo planes, so it was only then that they realized the planes were made of metal!

"What??!"

The masses exclaimed unanimously, opening and closing their mouths with no other words echoing.

Metal? Metal?

Like the cars zooming about on the roads?

BOOM!

Many had their brains blown to pieces with the little information shared.

[Error. ERROR! Does not compute.

Error. Error. Error... DOES not compute!]

You, how, when, this, who... eh?

( ■□■ )

Blink. Blink.

They began blinking excessively, as many honestly found their brains empty, with no thoughts treating them.

Good God!

Baymard has broken them.

Many held onto themselves and their seats for support, feeling 40 years older than they were.

Sigh...

At this rate, what else can Baymard not do?

What's next? A trip to the moon?

Well, many shook their heads wryly, pushing out such a thought as it can never happen in their heads.

'...' [Landon who plans to build Satellites next year.]

It looks like they will soon have collective heart attacks when he does. But that was something only the further could tell.

For now, everyone had officially stamped Landon's name in their hearts as the World's greatest Genius born in Hertfilia.

No way.

Who asked him to release blockbuster technologies time and time again?

Everyone else's discoveries, although great, fall too short in comparison to what his majesty Landon could do.

Many have already begun making plans of how to protect his brain when he dies.

And you know what? His Majesty Landon is also part of this group of protectors.

Who wants their bodies picked on by enemies and lunatics?

.

It wasn't very long ago that his Majesty Landon had a peculiar assassination attempt by a new but small hidden organization in Pyno, that emerged intending to harvest his intelligence.

They posted a bounty on his brain, not his body, wanting it dead or alive.

They were very willing to pay 3 times more if his brain was brought back alive (meaning they wanted to capture him alive.)

Landon couldn't help feeling the creeps, imagining his brain being picked on and used for rituals that might implicate innocent people too.

It was crazy, as they believed diluting his brain with some weird potion and drinking it will give them part of his knowledge, IQ and brain capabilities to think of new technologies time and time again.

Say no more.

Landon had to protect his future dead body, no matter the cost.

This matter reminded him of a similar situation back on Earth where someone stole Einstein's brain for research after his death.

The brain was stolen during the autopsy period, not even a few days after his death.

The thief stole the brains and researched it for so long only to find out there was nothing special about it.

Landon dared not wish that upon himself, knowing this era was a hundred times worse than Einstein's era.

They might use his brain for all sorts of voodoo rituals and even for evil cults centering around his brain.

Heaven forbid he did not protect his future dead body when he was still alive now.

Some fell to the ground, knowing they were witnessing history in motion.

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"We must treasure this onset in our hearts."

Plop!~

Some fell to the ground, knowing they were witnessing history in motion.

Many from the Weather, Hert and Atmospheric Academy also appeared with streaming tears and smiles on their faces.

Because right at this very moment, there were many of their people in the Control Towers communicating with the pilots every step of the way.

All in all, everyone was thrilled by the show. But soon, their expressions turned to worry.

"Hold on! Everyone, wait! It's getting closer!"

"Ahhh! It's about to descend too fast. Is that safe?... How is it going to land?"

"Good God! It won't come running into us here right?"

(OOO)

Without knowing it, many had taken several steps back in fear.

Even though the runway descent slope was very far from them, they felt that with the plane's flying speed, even if it crashes it will glide on the floors and eventually smash them here.

Of course, this wasn't true.

Even in times of a crash, the plane won't be able to glide all the way to the airport building if it descends to the right spot.

The airport was designed as such.

Ahhh!

How is it going to land?

Panic, awe, turmoil and amazement were emotions all felt by the masses, as the question resounded in their brains heavily.

But it didn't take too long before giant pairs of wheels emerged from the plane's bottom and everyone held their breath, watching the live feedback on the many Airport display screens scattered around.

Yes.

The display screens that were supposed to show flight changes and schedules now showed the feed from cameras stationed outside.

Hearts beating, people forgetting to breathe, and silent terminals.

No one said a thing, as they thinned their lips in prayer.

Hold on... hold on...

'You can do it... you can do it...'

Screech! Screech!~

The tires made a sound that caused temporal panic to flood their brains until it eventually began rolling on the open path at a steady and relaxed pace.

1, 2, 3...

"Ahhhhhhh!!!!!!!"

The entire Baymard jumped in jubilation.

They did it.

They successfully landed.

Chapter 1737 Another One Found!

Hooray! Hooray!

They did it!

They landed safely!

The entire Capital city was going crazy, with some even offering discounted prices because of the safe Landing.

Hip-Hip-Hip... Hooray!

Couples who were hesitating on taking the big step, suddenly hugged and kissed romantically, feeling so thrilled to witness such a sight with the person beside them.

Children had twinkling eyes filled with passion for the future swearing to one day grace the skies like the pilots shown on the screen.

Yes. It wasn't just the tires that were on display, but live footage of the pilots, who made <okay> and <thumbs-up> signs to the cameras.

The cameras were at an angle that doesn't show the complicated buttons in the cockpit, in my showing the many pilots' side view faces from neck up.

"Ahhhh! That's my daughter! That's my little girl!"

"Son! Son! That's my son! My son is one of the first people to make history and touch the skies!"

"Wooooooooo~... I just want to say, as the only second child in our family, I inherited all my father's raising characteristics. Just look at how heroic my father looks on TV. Ladies... ladies.. no pushing. I will be fair when deciding who to go out with on a date, so please sing PUSH."

Carefully hugging Lucy, Landon helped her slowly ease into her seat, before jogging his mother, Lucius, Kora and many others.

"Hahahahahaha~... We did it, your majesty! Today, we made history!"

Whether it was Overseer Tim and the others, everyone was full of smiles, waiting for the day they too will hop aboard these planes for themselves.

You don't know how they felt when seeing the tires screech on the runway grounds, as though going to break off or crash.

Phew~

Many secretly wiped their sweat, thankful nothing had happened especially on live TV.

Landon was amused by their secret actions.

If they felt this way when watching the footage, then how would they feel when sitting on the plane itself, looking outside the window and watching the wheels touch the ground?

Trust me, everyone on board would feel the jerk.

So if their hearts were already running thin now then how will they handle it when on board?

Landon chuckled, looking forward to the day public planes would fly.

For now, it was indeed worth it to celebrate today's success, but the show isn't over just yet.

signaled the host to get on with the show.

Landon still hadn't forgotten his purpose for today's launch.

Feeling that he has given everyone enough time to be merry, he signaled the host to get on with the show.

"Hooray, for mankind. Hooray for mankind." The host examined clapping alongside the regroup while taking his stance at the forefront.

"They say a picture says a thousand words. Today, everyone has witnessed the speed and power behind these aircrafts."

Many, including Timothy, nodded heavily, still shocked by what they witnessed.

It was times like these that they were thankful they were Baymards and not foes.

Or else who can survive their wrath at this point?

Sometimes strong soldiers, armory and troops did not necessarily mean victory.

The time it takes to regroup and call for reinforcements would make a whole lot of difference in a war.

Hell!

With the speed they just saw these aircrafts fly, they can be sure these Baymardians would be able to bring in cavalry and even more when they realize any slight disadvantages at their end.

In that case, even if they lose more soldiers than the enemy after the war has ended, at least they still ended up victorious.

Today's show wasn't just for the Baymardians but for the allies and potential enemies hidden in the dark.

Baymard was indirectly saying that before you betray or come at them, think twice.

They had the technology and were ready to unleash hell on them should they ever dare cross the line.

Terrible!

Many clapped and gave each other tactful stares with only one conclusion coming to mind -- Baymard must never be provoked.

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"Ladies and gentlemen. The true motive behind cargo Planes is transportation. Now, you can send your goods or letters via air travel to those living close to regions around the Capital city! No longer will you have to send certain goods to your empire's Capital via ship? And guess what? The time of arrival is fairly fast too."

Instantly, the screen changed showing travel times between Baymard and every Pyno empire.

A direct flight between;

- Baymard to Arcadina: 6 hours, 24 minutes in summer. Can vary depending on weather conditions.
- Baymard to Carona: 9 hours, 47 minutes.
- Baymard to Deiferus: 7 hours, 8 minutes
- Baymard to Yodan: 15 hrs, 13 minutes.
- Baymard to Terique: 15 hrs 5 minutes.

-----

That was the estimated flight time during summer.

Seeing the short time intervals, many widened their eyes in disbelief.

You have to know that even from Baymard to Carona's Coastal city, is 2~3 days via Baymardians ship, before they pack things up, load them and send them traveling for months to the Capital.

But with Cargo planes, in just under 10 years their goods will arrive. This also made things good, and easier for those sending letters.

You have to know that back in modern times one of the greatest uses of Cargo planes is FedEx deliveries.

You can get the parcel you order online fast, and even letters and government documents too because most items relied on fast air travel for delivery.

If it's by ship, it will truly be delayed way longer than you expect



The concept of Cargo planes opens up many doors for merchants, who can now get the latest Baymardian clothes shipped faster to the capital than before.

Cargo planes carry a majority of goods that need to be moved, even coffins and the dead.

Of course, there was a list of prohibited items that can only be shipped via sea.

Again they stress on allowing heavier and cumbersome giant crates to get shipped via sea.

Well, when everyone is leaving today, they can pick the list up on their way home.

The list will also get posted in tomorrow's newspapers, and even the TVs, online sites, radios and other news outlets will touch on it a little.

Great!

Many people already fell in love with these cargo planes.

And just like that, the host concluded his thoughts, allowing everyone to head to the many airport eateries and take orders whatever they liked.

Today, the event of course had free food.

How can it not?

Everyone sat in groups, with some even carrying their to-go food at hand and touring the airport for the first time.

Success!

It was a great success!

(^w^)

—

Landon smiled from molar to molar, not knowing he wasn't the only one with celebratory news.

Far, far, away, several people rushed to the palace with arrogant smiles on their faces and weapons at their sides.

"Your majesty! Your majesty! We know who the 2nd Key is!"

## Chapter 1738 Seeing is Believing

Bahaahhahahahahha~

They found it!

They found it!

Snowflakes descended from the heavens, painting the world in hues of white and gray.

The once familiar roads were now claimed in a blanket of freshly fallen snow glistening under the pale winter night light.

Amidst the icy tapestry, the rhythmic clapping of hooves resonated, breaking the hushed serenity.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop!~

Horses rode with force lights in their eyes, as their owners kicked their sides sending them forth in a frenzy.

Their horses rode with Ghostly lights as if they were the horses belonging to a headless horseman on Halloween night.

Go. Go. Go~

A lone group of 3 messengers bundled in thick furs spurred their sturdy horses with arrogant smiles.

With breaths misted in the air, they clutched their leather-bound bags in hand with determination.

Woowww~

The riders yanked their horses monetarily, to stare at the breathtaking silhouette of the palace emerging from the distance.

It was a sight to behold, with its towering spires piercing the overcast skies with radiance, even during the night.

As they say, winters often led to early darkness.

It was a little over 6:30 PM, yet the entire land was covered in darkness.

Torches lit the palace's entrance path, casting warm, flickering glows against the snowy paths leading visitors toward the entrance walls.

The grand structure ahead was an epitome of grace and beauty yet at the same time an imposing fortress against the snowy backdrop.

Power was all one could think of when staring at the grand Castle structure hovering high on elevated plains.

.

~Hyah!

The men rode forward with no more delays, bypassing groups and groups of guards in heavy armor whose breaths formed icy mist around their vicinity.

The men wasted no time taking out their seals. "Urgent matter for the great monarch."

Urgent matters? This is serious!

The lesser-ranked guard quickly left the group and headed to his superior, who then approved of the matter, with a few more confirmations and secret checks done.

After all, they can't leave everyone who has the monarch's seal and special identities in without checks no?

Who knows if it was stolen or not? Hey... these people could also be wearing human masks.

Understand that if they let any criminal pass in, the day that criminal reveals themselves, it will be their heads on the plate too.

Urgent issues are all serious and all, but not as serious as keeping monarchs alive, and more importantly, keeping their heads on their necks.

As they say, the bigger you are, the heavier the fall.

The supervisor in a bigger position would be the one to take the biggest fall.

The little guard who went to check things out with him will receive punishment, but not as much as his superior.

The higher you climb, the more is expected of you.

The superior dared not let them in without doing checks of his own.

"Go."

Hmph!

All 3 men were annoyed by the guards' actions of double-checking their identities, swearing to report the reason for their delays to the monarch once they got in.

"A small fry like you dares to stop us? You will hear from the monarch once we are through!"

.

Hyah!

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop~

The palace roads, though swept with brooms and sprinkled with salt, still had thin slippery layers of ice coating them.

But with many years of horse riding under everyone's belt, this much was nothing, as they decreased their speeds a bit, showing no fear for the matter.

From the main palace gates on the front walls to the Innermost zone took over 58 minutes to accomplish.

Mind you, they had decreased their speeds in this bad weather and icy floors.

In the summertime, it would take roughly 45~47 minutes to get to the innermost zone if riding at full horse speed.

Of course, the inner zone was the central zone.

So if one was leaving, let's say the west walls to the east walls, it would take double the time, taking 1 hour 30 minutes.

But don't forget that this was when traveling at full horse speed.

If slower, it could take 2 hours and a little over that too.

One should never underestimate how big these palaces were.

Again, reaching the inner zone took them 58 minutes now, but it also took an additional 10 minutes to head to His Majesty's private quarters after entering the central Zone and bypassing so many open fields, buildings and gardens just for his private entertainment.

--

"Halt! Halt in the name of the monarch! Who goes there?"

Who cares to run so wildly in the monarch's private territory? Look around you.

This building and the immediate surrounding space didn't house any bloody concubine and is the private territory of the monarch that even his children, wives and concubines dared to venture in unless granted access before they could.

They would wait far away at the edge of the space, waiting for a guard to return with GRANTED permission.

Yes.

To the monarch, this was his sanctuary, his Holy ground.

So who dares run amok here?

(?^?)

Swish!

No less than 100 hidden heavens appeared at the foot of these horses, causing them to rise, flare their nostrils and pause for their safety.

Where did these weapons come from?

Looking left and right, the 3 men didn't see anyone other than the 4 guards arrogantly coming their way.

"Forgive us, but we have a reason."

running their way.

Scary...

1, 2, 3.

Bam!

The giant massive golden double-sided doors were thrown open, and in came the 3 men who were taken to a small waiting hall and told to stand in what for the monarch's arrival.

Urgent news you say?

Emperor Kavian, raised his brow, looking at the 3 kneeling men before him.

He recognized them, as disciples of the several renowned academy teachers and elders who he specifically talked with about certain matters concerning the Holy core/stone.

"Your majesty, we know who the 2nd Key is!"

"He hails from Zohl, the empire of Titarian to be precise."

"What?"

Very quickly, one of them stepped forward to present a rolled-up document that had a red seal stamp on it.

Well... would you look at that.

Kavain stood dumbfounded for a split second.

This... this...

According to ancestry, it is no other than the newly crowned Titarian Monarch, his Majesty Gregory!

.

Kavain stood dumbfounded for a split second.

This... this...

Bahahhahahahhahahahha~

Oh, fate just likes to play with their strings, knowing they almost killed him not too long ago.

Luckily they failed, or else wouldn't they be in a Goddamn pickle without him?

Bahahahahahaha~

Emperor Kavian was so thankful to the God of War for ensuring their earlier plans failed.

Yes.

It was all destiny that Gregory should survive so they could pluck him alive and bring him here to Morhany!

"Alissimo!"

Swish!

Over 10 advanced hidden guards appeared on the scene, shining these disciples of famous academy teachers who thought their martial arts were already something to brag about.

You won't understand.

At their level which was already very great, they couldn't even perceive the aura or breaths from these hidden guards at all!

This only made them look at Emperor Kavain with more awe and twinkling eyes of worship.

Tsk.

As expected of one of the most powerful men in Morgany.

"Allismo."

"Master." All 10 replied.

"Send word to the 10 Token Lords... The 2nd Key must be brought back without heavy injuries. Any who defy my orders will have their heads shaved, their bodies slashed and their bottoms defiled by a thousand horses in front of their men."

Hiss

Many felt their butt cheeks clench in horror at the sound of such punishments.

How to live with the shame after that?

Kavian was about to send them off but paused. "Inform the Organization of what we found. To ensure no slips, it must be done."

The pirates and they are one and must continue to act as one to keep Morgany growing.

"Now go."

Swish!

In a flash, all 10 vanished into thin air as though never there in the first place.

'The blue-face Gregory of Titarian, Zohl...' Kavian chuckled playfully.

'Destiny has once again tied your fate with our Morg continent. And this time, you won't be able to escape!'

As for the one they called Tilda of Dafaren, Veinita, don't think they will give up on her search just yet.

No way!

Before they understood the matters of the HOLY core and keys, they knew her bloodline and that of her grandmother's, was important. It was the whole thing connecting all pieces of the puzzle together.

So of course they now speculated she was a Key.

Thus, unless they find her body or remains, no one was putting a certainty on her death yet.

Seeing is believing.

That girl and her grandmother must be found, no matter what rock their bodies are buried under!

That was a matter, Kavian would never let go of.

Chapter 1739 A Threatened Group

Just like that, time flew by in a flash, with many gearing up for the ultimate battle for domination.

Meanwhile, the many representatives from many UN empires, invited to watch the awesome Cargo plane launch, had long left for their prospective empires to hastily share the good news.

Hurry!

They must hurry back to the Capital, see their monarchs and make plans as fast as possible, not wanting to miss this rare opportunity.

Of course, only Pyno empires had this privilege for the time being, seeing as the distance to other UN nations was too far for the planes to do right now.

But as promised, at most a year later, the good news will surely spread their way.



This was a promise Baymard intended to keep.

Many were jubilating, but in the shadows, a smaller lot were panicked, sweating buckets and buckets of cold sweat cover they thought of things.

In the small town of Oshire, Baymard, several men wearing head wraps and turbans, now gathered with cold glints in their eyes, seated around a single but elegant-looking Pentagonal table.

Among them, was a future many could hardly recognize, yet if he wore his famous Bronze mask with silver and gold studs, many in Veinita would be shaking in their boots, too scared to make a sound.

.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.~

Very calmly, the man tapped his fingers on the table, causing the others around him to lower their gazes, no one daring to speak.

If not for the many documents on the table, they wouldn't dare sit at the same table as their master.

Only his 10 most trusted aides knew his true identity and face.

He could be standing before his army of killers without a mask, and they will never be able to tell it and him.

Understand that in this gloomy era, there were public influential figures and hidden influential shadow figures who were equally well-known too.

Just like how Death, a well-known assassin with legions of killers under his belt never showed his face to 99% of his men,... their leader who controlled over 350,000 assassins scattered about the Veinita also never showed his face to anyone other than his 10 most trusted aides and another distinct group of his hidden shadow guards.

Among the 10 trusted aides, 5 of them were here today, because the bizarreness concerning Baymard and Pyno was just too great to pass out verification on.

Bloody hell!

What was their Wing Claw assassin guild built on? Information gathering.

Understand that even though they were killers, nothing was more important than gathering information.

Any info might from their guild, must have been thoroughly investigated and proclaimed true enough that they could bet their lives on it.

Over the last 2 years, they have been getting a few missions involving Pyno, particularly this place called Baymard.

At first, it was a seamlessly easy mission, only one of its kind in the past 6 months.

Some merchants wanted the formula for telephone manufacturing.

Eh? (~\_~)

Telephones?

What was that?

They honestly never knew of such a thing and had never heard of it before.

And when the merchant went deeper into examination, everyone in the room laughed so hard they dropped to the floor with some even rolling like babies on their backs.

Excuse me?

Do you think such a godly communication artifact exists and they would still be here sending messengers with letters for months before the messages arrived?

They almost locked him up, wanting to give him a good thrashing for attempting to pull a prank on them.

But the merchant was quick to take out a Baymardian catalog booklet, displaying not just the latest waves of telephones but also so many more artifacts that made their skin twist in disbelief and shock.

Damn!

So it was all true? The merchant also gifted them 2 solar TVs and a few cassettes for them to watch.

Alright. They had to admit that the first time they turned on the first TV, the Volume was so high they almost shot hidden weapons on it.

Some even ran into hiding, fearing the TV was a monster unleashing itself on them.

How embarrassing.

No one was calm when the TV was put on, and they soon found themselves watching it for 8 hours straight, too absorbed in the anime TV show called Naruto.

Ninjas!

Isn't that what they do as assassins?

Damn!

Some people even saw their moves displayed on TV and were so shocked they stood up, pointing it out like fanboys!

(^\_^)

....

Everything about what they saw made them realize just how true the merchant's words were.

The merchant seemed also very salty with the fact that prices for wholesale exportation were different for non-UN empires.

In truth, Baymard sold everything far too cheap in his opinion.

What's more, their exportation process is also very reasonable and very cheap compared to the ruthless ways many nations and empires did things.

Heck!

If it was Morgany who owned everything Baymard had, you best believe no peasants would ever be able to touch a pencil in their lives.

Baymard sold 15 pencils for 2 Bays.

Now, the price of 1 Copper coin is equivalent to 0.73 Bay.

(1 CC = 0.73 Bays.)

So 15 pencils cost 2.74 CC.... roughly 3 CC (copper coins.)

This was too cheap, something everyone in the world, even beggars could afford.

What's more, the whole pencil set can last six months to a year or 2, depending on how frequently one uses it.

In the end, you would be paying 3 copper coins for a minimum 6-month-use duration.

Tsk.

If it were the rich owning such pencils, they would charge no less than 5 silver coins for just 1 pencil on the set.

Don't forget that 1 SC = 100 CC.

So 8, would no doubt cost 800 Copper coins!

F\*\*\*!

The monthly wages for commoners across the world outside Baymard is between 250~450 copper coins.

If you charge 800 copper coins for a single f\*\*king pencil, it's no wonder peasants would remain illiterate.

Baymard, Baymard, Baymard... it was all them!

Chapter 1740 Decision Made!

Indeed, the world has truly changed.

Before Baymard, calligraphy and writing brushes were priced at 20 Silver coins per brush ( that's 20,000 CCs).

But now... heh.

In Pyno, a single ordinary brush cost 10 copper coins.

Now, these merchants who sell brushes, also stock up on Baymardian books, pens and whatnot, selling all writing materials too.

The one thing one has to appreciate about Baymard was that it still held Calligraphy very important, by hosting Calligraphy competitions and ensuring the tradition of Calligraphy writing continued.

So you could say that at first, the prices dropped tremendously.

But after a while, they slowly started picking up again, with people heading for auction houses to purchase incredible brush sets at a whopping 1000 silver coin price sometimes.

What Baymard did was to normalize the use of calligraphy brushes, by having Calligraphy taught in schools as a mandatory course.

And just like how one spends money to buy designer bags, clothes, cars and famous paintings, those in love with calligraphy also go out of their way to spend on expensive brushes.

But ordinary brushes cost between 10~15 copper coins for 1.

At first, these brush makers thought they were losing money.

But it was only over time that they realized they now made far more money from brushes than before.

Think About it.

Even if they priced their brushes very high from 5 silver coins and above, understand that the population of rich and capable people will always be far below that of the commoner population.

No.

What they realized was that opening their doors to commoners gave them a far greater yield than before.

All in all, these calligraphy brush makers soon realized the benefits of marketing to all classes of people.

Why only sell to one class?

If they could go back in time, they wished they could slap themselves silly for such stupid mistakes.

Like so, Baymard helped many understand the truth of marketing to the masses.

.

As for the merchant who was spiteful, inwardly, he admitted the exportation prices were very cheap and fair for him.

But so what?

He was still annoyed by the fact that Non-treaty UN empires had different proxies to pay than treaty-signed empires.

The taxes paid were different, as well as several other wholesale aspects that irked them greatly.

(:T×T:)

Dammit!

He couldn't help wondering when his monarch, Alexander Lockhart would finally head to Baymardand sign the bloody thing.

Everyone is doing it, so what're you waiting for? Do you know how much he and others will stand to benefit from getting the treaty signed?

He wasn't just talking about exportation taxes, but other perks within Baymard as a whole.

Do you know that only UN empires can join the merchant association?

Dammit!

So much gusts and vital information is passed out there.

He learned that once a member, seminars will be held frequently to help merchants boost their businesses.

Ticks and many other aspects will be taught to them, ensuring they keep making that dough.

And sure enough, many who attended, were quick to become departing signees for these seminars.

Their business boomed, and awards were also given to those who excelled the most, with some having their businesses advertised in newspapers and even the radio and TV.

Heck!

A camera crew even visited their business, making TV specials too.

Tsk.

When thinking of it all, he wished he could strangle Alexander's neck, wanting to question what the bloody hell he was waiting for!

Don't you know UN empires have access to Baymardian ship transportation?

Don't you know UN empires get first dibs on everything new?

Don't you know how much money he would have saved up if he came from a UN empire?

For the first time, the merchant was disgusted to be from Veinitta.

...

All in all, jealousy and greed made him turn to one of the best Killer guilds, wanting them to sneak in and steal the secret manuals for telephone manufacturing.

The merchant thought about it long and hard, realizing that if he became the first one to make telephone communication a thing in Veinitta, he would automatically become the richest man in the world.

(^o^)

Do you know how valuable modes of communication are in this delicate era?

Rather than wait 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and even sometimes 6 months for messengers to bring letters on horseback, why not have your message delivered in a few breaths via phone?

Sometimes, a simple 3-month trip can turn into 5 or 6 if delayed by heavy snow and other disturbances on the road like assassination attempts and injuries that force one to hide for weeks in the woods, hoping your chasers have long gone.

It was never that simple. No journey was.

Thenmetchat felt the telephone was his big break to absolute riches, not knowing there was so much more involving telephone Communications he could never dream of doing alone wires buried underground, control rooms, the making of actual wires, understanding electricity, making resistors, and so many aspects.

For electricity, he asked them to also steal the means of making solar panels, hoping to charge the phones like charging the solar TVs.

Well, he thought they were the same.

All in all, it's been 2 years, and 4 months since the merchant requested their help, and since then, no killer sent to Baymard had ever returned.

Everything was getting more and more worrying, seeing that every Wing Claw Guild member they sent never returned.

This was when they, including their boss, decided to head to Baymard personally, not to steal the manufacturing tech inquest but to see just how dangerous this place was if it could deal with their well-trained men so easily.

Seeing the giants and many other people of color here, they once again confirmed that Baymard wasn't strong but well guarded by these UN empires.

Yes.

They came to scout the place for themselves before heading back to Veinita and devising a good enough plan for their next attack.

But just when they thought they saw it all, Baymard launches giant birds into the air, causing them to fall silent, but not for too long.

They felt their earlier failures stemmed from the fact that they didn't take their opponent seriously, only sending 1 killer at a time.

But now, if they go back and send tens and thousands of their men here, who do you think will win?

Hehehehehehe~

Seeing their eyes glowing with uncontrollable greed, the group looked at each other tactfully.

"Leader, I guess we'll be dropping the telephone matter and stealing aircraft manufacturing for ourselves soon, right?"

With a light chuckle, their leader leaned back very relaxed, already seeing himself flying sky-high in one of those planes.

"Yes... And they will never see it coming."

Hmph.

Who was Baymard to own such technologies?

Only people like them deserve to have aircraft!

(\*^\*)



## Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1741 Plans For A Future Monarch.

### Chapter 1741 Plans For A Future Monarch.

Time flew by too fast.

Days and weeks flashed in the blink of an eye, with many not knowing where the time had gone.

4 A.M.

It was still dark outside, yet Tilda was rolling restlessly on her bed.

Sigh...

'There's no use trying.'

Till now, she still couldn't believe she would be leaving for Dafaran in just 3 days.

Once home, it might take years for her to return.

'Now that I'm 16, Big Brother said the plan is to have me on the throne before I turn 18.' Tilda thought, massaging her fingers thoughtfully.

She was already 16 years and 4 months old.

So at most in a year and 8 months, she will ascend the throne.

It could even be earlier, if everything goes according to plan.

Even then, she still might not be able to return to Baymard until another year when she has properly stabilized her position.

Tilda couldn't help feeling the pressure of monarchy already pressing on her shoulders.

Self-doubt sometimes etched its way into her heart. But as her brother Landon often said, if you don't do it, how do you know you won't succeed?

Sigh...

Heading to her bathroom, she decided to wash up and prepare for the day.

After all, today is indeed a special day for her.

....

2 hours later, Tilda headed downstairs and straight to the kitchen for a meal.

Breakfast was typically done for everyone by 6:30~9 A.M.

"Good morning, Miss Dina!"

"Morning, miss Dina."

"Good Morning Uncle Nathan, Aunt Daniella."

Tilda greeted the couple warmly, allowing Daniella to pat her head.

Well, the couple were Gary's parents.

Although their son, the Navy Admiral, moved out of the palace a long time ago and married, the couple still stayed in the palace.

After all, they were the palace's head butler and head maid overseeing everyone here.

It was amazing that not long after Mother Kim gave birth to Kora, they too were expected a baby of their own.

Yes.

The 'old' couple now had a 14-month-old son, Despien, Gary's little brother.

When Gary got the news after returning from a mission, he was shocked and in disbelief that his old mother could have a baby.

Well, any woman or man above 25 was seen as very old by the general public.

Tilda felt the little boy was very cute.

Although Daniella had been on maternity leave in the palace, she was very restless, since she lived in the same place she was working in.

Firstly, her job as head overseer of all maids did not require her to do the work like laundry, cleaning, dusting, cooking and whatnot.

Nope.

Daniella even had secretaries, who would make schedules, do paperwork and other activities concerning the maids.

But she had to do so with the consent of Daniella.

Here, Daniella was like the boss of her palace maid 'company,' sometimes handling meetings on what detergents they must use... what brand sponsors have requested they partner with them, and what blinds should be used in guest rooms for particular guests.

How do these guests like their tea or coffee? What are their habits? Do they like the room cold or hot when they arrive?

What are their schedules like while staying here?

Do they need bigger beds like the Giants?

Do they eat spicy foods? Everyone who walks into the palace, even if it's just a day visitor, must always be pleased with their experience.

This means the floors must always be immaculate, the walls exude brilliance, and the atmosphere fresh without any foul scents.

Hell!

Do you know how massive the palace is?

(;>T^T<:)

.

It's not a joke when one says Daniella might be running a cleaning company here.

Every day, there was tons and tons of work to do, especially during the night after lights out.

That's Right.

The cleaners maximize the nighttime to ensure all public areas are squeaky clean. So you best believe the cleansing was 24/7.

There were 4 main shifts, depending on whether they started in the Early Morning, late morning, Afternoon and evening.

So while Daniella did not necessarily have to touch a broom, it was still busy for her who always ensured everything was organized and done properly, since the royal palace often had guests, especially foreign royal ones.

That wasn't a lie.

At least 3 weeks in a month, there were always guests staying over.

There was a time when she was on maternity leave, and everything almost went haywire.

It was funny to see her carrying the baby while running back and forth in the nick of time.

As for Nathan, as the head butler, he oversaw all garden works, answered calls to the household phone, and greeted guests at the door.

He also assisted in the planning of events and dinner parties, oversaw table settings, served drinks and food, worked with his wife to budget for items they needed before sending the list to the accountant and so on.

In addition, he handled matters like calling plumbers, construction workers and other maintenance projects around the house.

The official drivers and stable workers also answered to him.

Yes. There was a royal stable at the far back, surrounded by open plains for the royals to ride around.

.

All in all, the couple were very busy people. And sure enough, they are here at 6 AM to ensure breakfast is going according to today's menu options.

"Well, you're up early, little Dina. Breakfast is almost ready. So why don't you look at the menu and tell us what you want?"

Tilda nodded warmly.

Dina was her makeup name while in Baymard.

Looking at the menu, it didn't take long before she was served according to her choices.

Looking at the maids rushing with trolleys away, she knew some of the foreign guests in the many guest buildings should be up by now.

Stuffing her mouth, she ate quickly, waving at everyone before leaving the scene.

6:55 AM.

Standing outside, she saw 2 men in uniform, one seated at the front, and another standing outside, holding the door open.

"Miss Dina. It's time to go."

"Yeah...."

Tilda replied, taking a deep breath and stepping into the vehicle.

Alright.

Time for her mission briefing!

In 3 days, she will be leaving Baymard for good.

Chapter 1742 The Road To Leadership

It was a snowy day in Baymard.

Snow blew crazily, flying in all directions sometimes forming little snow tornadoes on the ground.

Rooftops had icy cones dropping from their sides, and everywhere seemed to be covered in a white blanket of frost.

With her hands kept in her winter jacket, Tilda made a run for it, accompanied by the trained military personnel beside her.

From the parking lot to the destined building, Tilda was careful not to slip.

Her heart was pounding and her emotions chaotic, seeing as this was the first time she had entered the barracks since she arrived at Baymard years ago.

It was ironic that the time she was entering was also the time she would be leaving.

Taking off her jacket, she gave it a wiggle before giving it to one of the men beside her.

"Miss Dina, don't worry, you will be fine. Remember not to smile, keep a stern face, breathe in, breathe out and never show weakness... These are the brave men and women who will follow you on your journey. So first impressions matter."

"Right!"

Tilda nodded, agreeing with the lead man escorting her.

Like Big Brother Landon said, there is a time for everything.

At times like these, one has to be serious, showing in laughter. But it isn't all the time that a monarch should drown.

Take Big Brother Landon for example. Sometimes, he is goofy, other times, so stern you can wet your pants.

In the future, she will have enough moments to smile and bond differently with these brave people following her on her mission.

But for now, she had to prove she was worthy of leadership, or else they would end up babysitting her while taking control instead.

Understand that no soldier goes to war to die.

If she can't handle the heat they will take over and let her sit back.

This might look good on the surface but was detrimental to her because once their task is done and they leave, she will be all alone and everything will come crumbling down.

That's why Landon had told her severally that no matter what situation they found themselves in, she must be assertive and very involved, taking control respectfully and not forcefully.

You don't want to insult these people, by forcing your chain of command on them.

Rather, admit your lack of experience and allow them to guide you, by giving you their feedback and thoughts.

From there, you can choose which option you wish to follow.

But before you ask them for their thoughts, you must first tell them your conclusions on the matter, so they too know of your brilliance. In short, there were a lot of lessons she learned from Big Brother Landon.

And now was the time she was finally going to put it all into play.

To test her, Landon wasn't going to appear today. So it was just her taking charge.

Chin up, chest out, mind cleared.

'I can do this. I've gone through the agenda, I've practiced, and I know what to say and how to address the crowd.'

----

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din. Din. Din.~

In the vast hall filled with 5000 people, many quieted down, when seeing the lineup of high-ranked military personnels following behind a woman no older than 17.

Bear in mind that once a girl passes the age of 15, she is no longer seen as just a girl, but a full-grown woman ready and ripe for marriage, childbirth and adulthood.

'Who is she? And what does she have to do with the mission?'

Many inwardly questioned, though showing no signs of confusion on their faces.

Navy officers, Marines, Soldiers, pilots, military doctors... Everyone concerned was here.

Like rocks, they stood still with chins high, staring at the podium.

They had been selected for this hidden mission they knew nothing about.

Such was military life.

Surprising unexpected missions pop out which may require swift action.

Maybe word only got in now hence leading to their hasty preparations and fast exit from Baymard.

But they weren't so anxious because they were trained for such types of missions, and already understood that in their line of duty, one must be prepared for anything.

Of course, some felt their hearts continuously beat out loud against their chests, knowing this was their first big mission.

'Amazing! I can't believe I'm sitting close to these big guys with reputable names.'

'Wait. That haircut... isn't that the famous Arrowhead standing 3 paces ahead of me? I heard during one of his missions, he used the famous Shaolin techniques to sever the

heads of a 3-headed Bastian Wolf in Zohl. What a legend. Look! It's Said he even wears the tooth around his neck too.'

'Ahhh! They're here! They're here! Isn't that General Izenburg, the one who was rumored to pluck the enemy's eyes out with one poke? Lying trough! Is he also joining in on the mission?'

'Oh, my ancestors! That's Spider Queen Leticia, a former Noble lady of the Casteel Family. I heard she thrashed 10 burly men during training while in the Purple Spider Brigade. Damm! What is she doing here?'

'Oh no! I can't show my nervousness. Act cool... be cool! I have just become a special soldier of the Black Beetle Brigade!'

(\*^\*)

----

Except for the knocking sounds of the many rugged winter military boots, no other sound could be heard echoing across the space.

Everyone immediately gave a firm salute, once they saw their superiors stand on the high podium and face them.

Tilda was at the center. There she raised both hands with a cold voice.

"At ease."

Brentford, one of her teachers who guided her in the palace, secretly gave her a nod of approval.

In the meantime, the projection screen was lit up, showing the Baymardian flag, before switching to the main course of today's meeting.

Standing high above the massive group, the anxiety Tilda' faced earlier, slowly dissipated the more she spoke.

"Let's begin."

Chapter 1743 The Peculiar Miss Dina

"Welcome everyone. Many of you do not know me, but I have lived in Baymard under a code name, Miss Dina."



Tilda paused, sweeping her eyes across the room just as she had practiced.

Big brother Landon said one must speak calmly, and give pushes not just for the audience, but for herself.

She can use this time to recollect and adjust her mood as she deems fit.

"As of now, my true identity will remain hidden from you all though with how smart everyone is, I'm sure it will be a matter of time before you figure out who I am."

Everyone listening had to admit that they were now intrigued by this bold lady who faced them so fearlessly.

Of course, if they knew Tilda's palms hening her back were sweating heavily, they might not think of her as so fearless anymore.

Still, it was pretty impressive how she faced a massive crowd of intimidating people, yet she didn't stutter.

Well, this is also thanks to Landon who had her practice for years now under his terrifying aura.

Sometimes, he would unleash brutal killing intent, allowing Tilda to make speeches there and then.

You don't understand.

Landon alone had the intimidation level of a thousand men!

Tilda will never forget the day she secretly peed on herself when staring at Landon's fierce eyes.

It was cruel, but she had to prepare for the worst, even torture.

She will be leaving Baymard, this safe bubble, and heading back into the cruel world she once knew.

She more than anyone else knew how cruel her empire and even the entirety of Veinitta were.

As for her identity as a dead princess of Dafaren, Landon advised her to keep that secret for now, even from her men.

If they figure it out on their own, fine and good.

But she didn't need to tell them, at least not yet.

For now, they could think whatever they want to think.

Rebel? Lady of a fallen noble household, enemy of the Dafaren Monarchy... you name it.

That was their choice.

Likewise, when out there building her forces, she will only be known by her people as the girl in a mask.

Only the Baymardians will know her true face.

The people she gathered will not.

She will build up her army, and her forces to a stronger level, while also gaining her trust and belief in her.

Only when she feels she has enough trust in them, can she decide to reveal her true face.

But when she does the reveal and to whom, is entirely up to her.

At the same time, she must be careful not to accidentally reveal her cards to a spy pretending to be a close friend or subordinate.

In the end, there are some things only she can learn.

Landon couldn't possibly teach her everything in life.

-----

Click!

Tilda pressed the little controller in her hands and the projected image immediately changed.

"Everyone, listen carefully. Today's briefings will be short, and deep, but not as detailed as you are usually used to. This is because 3500 out of the 5000 of you gathered here are Navy officers and pilots whose tasks involve taking us to the designated mission drop spot and returning to Baymard."

It's amazing that all these 3,500 Navy officers and few pilots, are just the number required to man and operate 1 Battleship.

There are those checking the engines like technicians, those assessing the weather and the best routes to take, and many more involved in ensuring the ship not only reaches its destination but successfully returns to Baymard too.

Again, since the missions for those going into enemy lands and those many the ships were different, it made no sense for each other to know the other's detailed mission specifics.

That's why everything would be very vague for this first meeting briefing.

"Location: Dafaren, Veinita... This is where we will be headed. Specifically, we will be dropped off in Galilee Forest."

X marks the spot.

After one enters Dafaren through Loopin Coastal City, one will have to either bypass Sycamore Village or Jaja Village to get to Galilee forest.

Typically, they would have to go by sea since it was unsafe to use hot air balloons in winter.

But now that they had military aircrafts, who would bother going by sea again? Well, to be specific, the first lineup of Military choppers is ready!

They chose a forest because the chopper's nose was indeed loud.

Any aircraft is typically loud due to the massive engine breathing heavily and in the chopper's case, it was its blades.

-----

"GROUND TEAM: We have 3 main missions. First, to assist me in building my forces in Dafaren... Perhaps I haven't made myself clear yet, but in no more than a year and 8 months, I will be on the throne as Dafaren's next monarch."

Tilda said it casually, but her words made many almost fall in shock.

This... this.. this...

So they were now addressing the future monarch of Dafaren?

Was she friends with his majesty Landon?

Understand that his majesty Landon had an almost Godly eye for talent.

Anyone approved by his majesty Landon was someone with boundless potential, someone with investing in.

Any monarch his majesty Landon fought to get on the throne, and proved to have a zeal for prosperity, peace and harmony, making their empires flourish more than before.

So for this codename Miss Dina lady, they knew she too was bound for greatness.

Thus, in a way, they would be watching history in the making, the rise of the world's next female monarch!

It was hard to guess whether this Miss Dina was royalty at all because his Majesty Landon had placed non-royal people on the throne in some treaty-signed empires.

Well, only time will unravel Miss Dina's true identity, but they still have a long way to go.

"Apart from aiding me in building my forces, we will also work together with the current teams in Dafaren to destroy all underground and on-ground slave camps... My future empire must do away with such filth."

Everyone couldn't agree more.

"And lastly, we will collect all and any information related to the TOEP!"

Tilda did not hide her disgust for these TOEPs who liked to spread their infestation everywhere they went.

No way... Not in her Dafaren!

Chapter 1744 A Troublesome Mission

With her chest high, Tilda boldly spoke with authority not to be questioned.

As she said, this was a short meeting.

"Alright. That is all! Please look under your seats, get the envelopes with your serial numbers on them, find your respective teams, and report tomorrow for what requirements you think will be needed for this long unexpected mission."

Everyone nodded.

Remember, they are going undercover. You will not be needing 99% of the things you are used to using in other missions.

Many who have gone undercover already had their go-to must-have list of needs at the top of their heads.

For those who were going undercover for the first time, although they had training, they still planned to ask the pros in their teams for guidance.

Although everyone was named collectively as Ground team, the 1500 were grouped in Platoons consisting of 50 troops.

Thus, there were a total of 30 Platoons. Lieutenants command platoons. ( $1500/50=30$ ).

Again, 2 platoons make up a company ( $2 \times 50=100$  people).

Captains or Majors lead Companies. Meaning there will be 15 Captains in charge.

These 15 Captains are the ones Tilda will speak directly to.

The chain of command must always be followed.

"3 days! As said, we leave in 3 days. Tomorrow, turn in your list, go home, spend time with your families and return here on Thursday at 21:00 for roll call... That will be all... Dismissed!"

Tilda and the other superiors watched the group lead quietly, still staying on the podium in silence.

As for making detailed plans on how they will operate, they decided to do so while aboard the ship.

For now, their only concerns were supplies and needs they could possibly want.

Old sac-like bags used in Veinitta, clothes, etc.

They also had Veinitta profile specifics in their archives, as well as a heap of resources often sent back by those undercover in Veinitta.

There were current-trend clothes, sandals, boots, commoner jackets, bags, and many other essential items they could pick from.

They know the current hairstyle trend and even know the new slang used by the people over there.

Money isn't a problem.

Gold coins, silver coins and copper coins are still widely used in the outside world.

It was amazing how everyone in the world used the same coins thanks to ancient humans who teamed up with one another during the Holy Core period to free the world of the terrible monsters that plagued the lands.

During that time, an agreed currency system was made, and everyone began using the same currency.

That's why the coins are produced the same no matter where one goes.

It also helps merchants, making it easier for them to buy items worldwide.

Of course, for their services of aiding Tilda, don't think it comes for free.

Heh.

Baymard soldiers get paid from Baymardian taxpayers' money.

Their services involving helping foreigners, also had their rewards because once these monarchs took to the throne, their bills were calculated and paid odds from the money belonging to the captured or deceased monarch they put down before sitting on the throne.

Take William for example.

After Alec Barn was finally caught and killed, a good amount of pay left his private treasury and entered Baymard's pockets.

Hey... it costs money to feed soldiers.

It's not free.

So once the deed is done, PAY UP.

Well, in truth, the wealth these monarchs often hoarded was unbelievable.

Even in tens and thousands of years to come, many didn't think 1 person could finish all the mountain loads of money and treasures accumulated by them.

Mind you, some people had separate massive halls filled just with exquisite paintings that cost a fortune.

Some paintings had been collected thousands and thousands of years ago.

So if each generation collected treasures do you know how big their current treasury was?

No way!

The amount Baymard took didn't cut a slice of meat from their skin.

Well, to be honest, Landon funded all military campaigns involving his personal matters like helping monarchs ascend the throne.

So the pay came right back to him.

----

"Well done, Miss Dina." Brentford and several others commended.

Apart from his majesty Landon and King-Father Lucius, they too had been training Tilda since her arrival years ago.

Although being a Company leader was beneath their current military rank, they still chose to take on the tasks, so they could follow Miss Dina to Dafaren.

Remember, 15 Companies make up the team.

All 6 of them would be Company Commanders, alongside the other chosen 9 Captains specifically picked out for the mission.

Releasing a deep sigh of relief, Tilda felt a heavy weight leave her body.

'Not bad,' she told herself, staring at her teachers merrily.

"Thank you, teachers. But while everyone is gone, I know my part isn't over yet. So what is next?"

"Inspection. Food for sea travels, clothing and all the rest."

"Good." Tilda clenched her fists hard. "Lead the way."

"As you wish."

Like so, the ball was rolling, and Tilda was well on her way to becoming a powerful monarch.

And Landon, who got a full report from his office within the barracks, only smiled with relief too.

Great.

'The kid didn't mess up... Now, I won't have to be looking over her shoulders now and then.'

(^\_^)

Hooray!

Landon jumped onto his table in celebration.

Hahahhahahah~

This was the start of his life of freedom!

No more Turing the brat, no more afternoon and late night sessions at home teaching her endlessly.

Well, at least he could mark that time for something else to do like going on a date with his wife, his mother or his cute little sister.

Hmph!

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!

Free--

Ding!

[While the host is jumping like a deranged monkey in a Zoo, this system hopes the host knows of the impending deadline drawing close.]

'O'

Buzz kill.

Landon murmured under his breath, recalling the mission involving the Green Goblin, Orc-like primitive people hidden away on that mysterious island.

With one leg on his chair, another leg on his table, his head lowered and his arms crossed over his arms, Landon fell into deep worry.

'It's time for me to act like a savior again. But these people are very defensive and will attack before allowing us to speak. So how to handle the situation?'



## Chapter 1745 The Mysterious Island

### 1745 The Mysterious Island

--Mirvana Island.--

Surrounded by mysterious currents, tides and impenetrable winds, the magnificent island stood the test of time for decades and centuries, without any knowledge of what was going on in the outside world.

To call it an island would be a mistake, for it was the size of no less than 60 cities put together.

It could very well be a small continent and empire on its own.

But, its current surroundings and troubling quarters kept the people from ever leaving the place.

Well, history speaks of one of their kind who was blessed with holy powers in ancient times.

This man was sent out by the Heavens to aid the outside world and his people.

And not long after, the man returned and became the ruler of their great Mirvanna Island.

Following that, his descendants have always been rulers, overlooking the lands.

But as astonishing as that seemed, it indeed took a great length of time for them to eliminate the monsters in their Mirvanna.

Why?

Because some monsters adapted well to the turbulent waters.

And from time to time, would hide in the waters before coming back on land to slaughter them again.

For as far back as their history can recall, they suffered this plight, only permanently getting rid of all giant monsters roughly 300 to 400 years ago.

The people were mutilating at their victories, not knowing the outside world had long gotten rid of their own overly giant monsters thousands and thousands of years back.

Well, it was a cause for celebration that began the great era of revolution, as they now began building more and more structures advancing up the ranks of civilization.

But again, they were greatly slow compared to the outside.

While they were in the Bronze Age, the outside world has long stayed in the Iron Age.

Don't get them wrong.

From time to time, iron swords would indeed wash up at the shores, only those iron swords were so rusted and falling apart that these people thought they were made of bronze since bronze itself was coated brown.

It's amazing how such an empire was overly blessed, yet the people had no clues of what their land had.

Yes.

Almost everywhere one looks, there are mines and mines of crystals, precious gems, and mineral ores that would make one call Mirvana the land of the rich.

This was no joke.

Everything was here concentrated in crazy amounts, as though the heavens were trying to make up for trapping these people here.

There were ruby mines in people's backyards, gold lines started around travel routes and so on.

It was amazing that the people didn't value some of these items greatly, since their focus was mostly on food, shelter and prosperity for their kind.

With no outside merchants to trade with, they didn't even know they were sitting on piles of riches that would make Morgany invade their homes in a heartbeat.

Yes...

Should Morgany or even Adonis get wind of their location, they can finally kiss their peaceful days Goodbye.

There were also strange medicinal trees never seen before, that probably only grew in their strange peculiar lands.

There were beasts of all sorts, those that were not gigantic like the ones they made extinct.

If people back in Landon's former world thought dinosaurs were gigantic, imagine having animals 3 times the size of dinosaurs roaming the land.

No way.

It was probably why the Heavens gave them powers to fight off these creatures and get a chance for survival.

Perhaps even the heavens didn't predict these giant creatures would grow so big over time.

Rather than evolving down to smaller sizes, they evolved to larger ones, almost sinking the lands with their monstrous sizes.

Well, they had to go.

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As for the current creatures roaming about, they were indeed slightly bigger than those outside the Mirvana but were still acceptable and were different breeds from those outside.

For example, the Hangol's here were very different.

Hangols outside were like a crossbreed between cougars and lions.

Their fur was purplish, and they were twice the average size of a piece back on Earth.

But the Hangol's on this land were 3~4 times the size of a lion back on earth.

Again, unlike the other Hangols outside, these only had manes at the top of their hair. The appearance looked more like a feathery fur than the actual mane of a lion.

They had 2 tails, and longer fangs protruding out the corners of their mouths.

But it was amazing how these people in Morvanna had even fought barehanded with these beasts, winning vigorously at times.

This only showed how strong they were.

Understand that unlike the rest of the world that did away with their giant beasts and focused their fighting on other humans... These people had been fighting monstrous creatures for so long like primitive people that their fingernails and palms were still so sturdy and powerful like blades.

Remember that it wasn't long ago that they did away with their giant beasts.

300-and-something years have passed since then.

And even though evolution had slowly changed them from generation to generation, one can still see a few deadly features from their great-grandparents passed onto them.

Like Goblins and orcs, they had immense strength from birth, though not as powerful as the Giants, but slightly similar.

Their green-colored green was magnificent, and their burly and curvy bodies were shaped so beautifully.

Another amazing thing about their women was their tiny waists.

This was a feature from birth, one anyone could find in all women picked out from a crowd.

No matter how their upper bodies and lower bodies expanded, their waists always remained so small and slender, giving them the perfect hourglass figure.

Their internal bone structures and body parts made them this way.

Yes... The people had blessings of all sorts, from their beauty to their brown hair, sharp teeth, sharp nails, rich lands and peaceful times.

This was Mirvana... The Hidden Island, the Morgs knew about from the ancient texts but could never prove existed.

This land of milk and honey should be filled with laughter and joy. But as it stands, all that could be heard were the constant weeping of many.

How can they when their chosen heir is dying?

## Chapter 1746 Trouble In Paradise

### 1746 Trouble In Paradise

In a magnificent and uniquely built palace, several people hastily walked back and forth in a massive waiting hall.

Their expressions were grim, their faces pulled down and their sharp vampire-like teeth clenched revealed when they opened their mouths to roar in fury and helplessness.

Roaring seemed to take off some of their edge, as it was the only thing they knew well to do to calm themselves.

Their clothes were made of animal skin, and their weapons were spears made of bronze, though coated in gold and sometimes black paint made from crushed bone parts, dirt, and particular flowers.

Everyone listened to their current monarch yell loudly, expressing his grief.

Ruler Tacholla.

That was their current ruler's name.

He ruled the lands with great fairness, and everyone was more than pleased with him.

In fact, in the history of Mirvana, there have hardly been any bad rulers.

Their people were the sort that one couldn't surprises

So any ruler who dares to cross the line would find themselves thrown into the seas faster than they think.

Their people were a no-nonsense sort of folks who hated unfairness to the bone.

Of course, there were always squabbles here and there, but they all settled things the old-fashioned way.

As per tradition, if they don't squash their beef before a certain deadline, they have to fight each other until a victor emerges.

The fight wasn't to the death.

Only when one side gives up can it be over.

The winner of course takes whatever it is they were arguing about and the loser has no choice but to shut up and let it go.

For people like them, fighting was the best way to prove a point.

They were people who didn't know how to communicate properly, only resulting in their fists now and then.

Even the women were like this.

Do you want to argue about whose food is best? Well, their fists will tell you which one is the best.

For some reason, they don't think of letting everyone taste the food to decide the victor.

Nope.

They choose their fists to say it all.

And over time their minds will brainwash them to truly believe the winner's food is the best even if it's garbage.

What?! You've got something to say?

Do you dare say their good isn't amazing?

(\*^\*)

Well, the people resulted in their fists in everything.

Thus, they were always convinced of the results.

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On the other side of the hall behind a grand bronze door, a few more people gathered around a small bathing pool, watching the healers treat the heir who was now immersed in a soup of medical potions.

Ruler Tacholla was roaring severally, as though being the voice for his son's pain.

From the incredible amount of veins in his forehead, it was obvious that the body was in so much pain.

Yet, he couldn't even utter a word from his lips, as his mouth was now too heavy for him to talk.

Day by day, they watched the boy's strength leave. And no matter how they tried, it was all for naught.

Step-siblings, concubines and everyone else gathered around the boy in worry.

It was amazing how united they were, with no happiness or jubilating laced in their eyes.

Are you kidding them, they have single-handedly fought their Elder brother and lost.

So they were more than convinced he should be the future heir.

That was that.

No more concerns over the throne.

That was how they solved their matters.

Once they were convinced, they worked hard alongside him and had their bond grow stronger too.

So of course they loved their elder brother.

He has also helped them in many ways, even when they were almost killed by beasts while out hunting.

Their elder brother was a true strong man, one who was blessed by the heavens and chosen to lead their empire by the Great Wind Gods, the ones they follow.

Yes.

Their elder brother had the power of their ancestors, the power to control the wind, sending sharp wind blades at any opponent who dared to test him.

They have all seen his powers in action like the time he slashed off all legs on the 6-legged wild board with ease.

With moistened eyes, everyone watched him faintly stare at them, as if he was trying to say his last words.

"Big brother Bilthozar... save your energy. We Mirvans don't like to talk."

"That's right. Have you forgotten how the sacred waterfall chose you to be the next ruler? Once you stepped in, the winds began growing thunderously around you at birth. You are the chosen heir that the heavens are pleased with. So how can you leave this world now?"

Although the situation did say he was dying, many firmly believed the heavens wouldn't choose him only to have him die before serving his purpose.

No!

The ancient winds he manifested when she was birthed underneath that waterfall, proved he was a person who would change Mirvana to something greater than they can see.

Yes.

It's said such winds mean change was coming. A good one.

But as for what change would blow their way, they had no inkling of it at all.

----

In the pool, Balthazar, who was ready to give up, soon felt a thundering urge to hold on and not let go of his life just yet.

It might seem odd, but those words indeed reminded him that his purpose and future still awaited him.

He opened his trembling lips, revealing his thick long canines, and released a loud roar for the first time in months.

"Grahhhhhhhhh!!"

Everyone was taken aback, tears spewing from their eyes uncontrollably.

"Hahahahahahahaha~"

"That's my boy! A true Mirvan! Don't give up the good fight yet." Tacholla said, smiling proudly at his son.

Balthazar's mother, Queen Abigail, slowly reached his head, caressing it softly.

"You are detained to rule us all. So don't give in to your illness. A miracle will come. I don't know why, but I can feel it."

A miracle?

Many looked at each other, wondering what the queen was talking about.

Could it be that she was the calmest because she felt a miracle underway?

Don't ask Abigail Why, but she had a sharp intuition her son's rights would end sooner than they think.

She had a powerful inkling similar to spidey -senses that often proved true.

Her son will not die any time soon.

Chapter 1747 Hateful Change

Yes!



Queen Abigail believed in her heart that her precious son, Balthazar, had a strong life and would not be dying anytime soon.

Hiding her tears away, she regained her calm and warm demeanor, massaging his damp forehead softly.

The boy had screamed so much, he passed out again.

But with the healers by his side, everyone knew his breathing was steady and surprisingly, he was out of danger for the time being.

Wooooh~

Many released collective sighs, staring at each other tactfully before slowly exiting the room while the healers took him out of the heated waters, wiping him clean and transporting him to his bed chambers.

The Heir will live!

It was amazing how he, who was almost pronounced dead, suddenly had a boost that would keep his life longer for the time being.

Emphasis on 'the time being' since he was still critically ill.

From this morning when he began shaking crazily till now, everyone has gone through a rollercoaster of emotions that made their poor little hearts jerk crazily from time to time.

In the Holy Sanctuary of the Wind Gods, Tacholla was on his knees, looking up in prayer with true tears falling down his cheeks.

Never has anyone ever seen him cry... And they WON'T ever see that side of him because as a ruler, he could never show weakness.

The long-time injury to his knees still hurt that hell whenever he put pressure on them, but Tacholla didn't care, kneeling with trembling knees while begging the heavens for a way out.

"Please... please... save my heir. Save my heir, Wind Gods. I beg to trade my life for his. Please, just let him live, long and strong as he always did."

There in the Holy Sanctuary, the once proud and tall Tacholla, now looked withered and low... his heart was pounding with pain and his eyes blurred from the salty waters flowing out.

Tacholla was desperate.

But while he was praying for mercy from the heavens, Tacholla didn't notice a mysterious ruse of wind swirling around the lit candles before him.

A miracle was on its way, and he didn't even know it.

The waters around the island suddenly began fiercer, with winds crazily blowing, and even the massive boggles and sea creatures separated from the island by the winds, quickly fled from the scene, sending the bizarreness of it all.

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Just like that, the heavens heard the cry of a pained father and his subjects. But while they were in a hurry for a miracle, far, far away, several people hid on top rooftops with expressionless faces.

It was late evening, and the city curfew was still a few hours away before closing time.

Snow accompanied by terrible winds blew in swirling motions across the land.

People on the streets moved with caution, and vehicles drove slower than usual.

The city was coated in white and the darkness had long taken over since 6 PM today.

The newly designed street lamp posts were now lit by diligent government workers, who went corner to corner, lamppost to lamppost, switching on the lights.

In Winter, the city chose to switch from solar to Battery power to power up the street lights.

If one looks at the poles, one will see several solar panels attached at the very top though enclosed in a ridiculously thick and powerful glass box designed by Baymard.

You could throw chairs, knives and several objects at the box and it wouldn't break.

It was well fortified against thieves.

The poles were designed like popsicles on a stick.

The upper parts are the circular glass popsicle with the solar panels on the inner ceiling of the popsicle, facing the sun.

As for the light source itself, of course, it was at the center of the Glass globe. It was like a light bulb standing on a cube black box. The black box allows them to switch between Solar energy and battery power.

Of course, they still couldn't see the cables, since when one opens the box, all you see are 3 separate switches, as well as a place to insert the particular batteries needed for illumination.

One switch was to power the device on or off, another switch was to have Solar energy on or off, and the last one was for Battery power.

Well, the whole setup was particularly designed by Baymard for street light purposes, a way for many UN nations to light up their streets at night.

Each of these devices can last 15~25 years before one needs to be changed or replaced.

Many don't know exactly how well this simple invention has helped the police forces belonging to other UN empires to catch criminals, thieves and thugs late at night.

The crime rate had gone down tremendously, with the emergence of street lights.

But stopping crime isn't the only reason the street lights exist.

There are far fewer accidents because of these lights.

Now one can gauge the roads late at night, knowing there wasn't anyone they were going to crash into.

Understanding that better street lights became a thing, people only relied on the lights of many establishments and homes to get a good look at the roads.

Some places were deserted and other places had establishments built a little too far from the roads for these establishments to light up the path.

So these areas were more accident-prone.

Even with traffic police, it was still a little troublesome.

Now, with street lights... problem solved.

No longer do they need to munch off the light of other buildings like thieves in the night.

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Again, to create a third option... after each black-painted Baymardian Light Post, one will find an Ash-toned light post with overly large torches in it.

These torches would be lit up for emergency cases, like if one of the Baymardian street light posts between them has to be out for maintenance or needs light bulb changes like during festivals when they wanted more colorful street lights in some places.

Yes...

Change had come to the world, making many feel safer and secure in their empires, no longer getting mugged in dark corners like they usually did back then.

But for criminals, assassins, killers and scouts, this damn technology was truly a hassle, one they wished they could destroy all together!

On the rooftops, many people moved more carefully than they usually did, looking at the hateful streetlights from time to time.

Dammit!

(\*~\*)

Very stealthily, the group of masked men traversed the scene with "It's that damn Baymard again!

Why can't they ever keep their damn technology to themselves?

(\*~\*)

Very stealthily, the group of masked men traversed the scene with annoyed expressions but still did so effortlessly.

Hmph!

Just this puny Arcadina wants to pose a threat to them?... Keep Dreaming!

Through the rooftop of a particular Tavern, the men took out a few loose tiles and jumped in with some keeping a lookout... only jumping in when the coast was clear.

Immediately, they landed like cats, positioning their hands and feet on the floors in ways that barely any noises from the squeaky floors.

Hmmm...

The lead man cleanly rotated his wrists before acting his hands behind his back and leading the men down the secret passageway to a massive underground space filled with 3 giant halls, 2 massive, luxurious bathing pools and several grand resting chambers.

Once below, the men turned lax, throwing part of their vigilance away as they calmly headed toward the largest hall.

"Leader!"

In the hall, several others went on bended knee, while staring at the slender but tall man leading the group in.

It might be hard for anyone to tell who their leader is when they are all dressed the same.

But apart from their leader's slender figure, he also had a faint darkish blue threaded line on his black leather hand wrappings that was easy to overlook.

No one knows why the thin piece of fabric is important to him...

Who will dare ask?

Their leader oversaw all matters concerning Arcadina's Central territory.

He was stationed here like the Grand Puba, ensuring all tasks given by the higher-ups were met without fail.

And any TOEP member who enters the central regions must send word or report to him.

Failure to do so... there will be consequences.

Taking his seat at the High Table, Lord Isaac, Lord and overseer of the TOEP central plains, quickly scanned the many people gathered.

"Something is wrong."

His icy voice caused a chill to spread within the hall.

"Ghost, young master Sebastien's right-hand man... He is supposed to report back now, is he not?"

"He is, Leader." One of the men stepped forward and replied without waste.

"Leader, according to plans he should have been back 4 days ago to begin phase 2 of our plans."

"4 days... And not one person sent out to cover the battlefield has returned?"

"Yes, leader."

Bam! Isaac slammed his fists hard, gritting his teeth till his gums almost bled.

No need to ask any further.

These bastard Arcadiinuans were receiving too much!

How dare they touch so many TOEP brothers?

"How many?"

"400... 400 not yet returned."

Hehehehehehehe~

Isaac laughed diabolically.

Good... good... what a Good William Barn!

"Send word to Sebastian. Our plans will no longer be so kind... Phase 2... We will give them 10 times what we planned... GO!"

Chapter 1748 Sad GoodByes -1

It's amazing that when you're having the most fun, things often come to an end.

Where has the time gone? No one could answer.

Letivia, Commander Gordon's 2nd wife, stared at the group of new friends she made, not wanting to leave soon.

4 days...

That was the time she had left to spend in Baymard before going back to Omania.

Tilda, who she knew as Dina, might be leaving tomorrow, but they will be leaving 4 days from now.

Letivia was a little heartbroken and always in a daze these days.

What to do?

Sigh...

Before coming, she never knew she would miss Baymard so much.

"Sister Letivia! Sister Letivia!"

Seeing her, several children rushed her way running around her like furry pets.

Yes.

All this time, she had been working in the orphanage.

Letivia didn't know she was an emotional person till she worked here.

The children were so sweet and nice.

When they got sick, she would take them to the hospital, and visit them from time to time too.

The more she worked in the orphanage, the more she grew to appreciate how kindly Baymard treated its people.

The children had healthcare and the right to education.

And when they reach adulthood, they can slowly pay everything back.

Orphans were eligible for certain perks that canceled between 5~15% of their total debt.

No matter what, every child must be literate.

the law.

The time she came was around mid-November, so the children That was Baymard's rules that couldn't be broken.

If any parent did not send their children to school, it was against the law.

The time she came was around mid-November, so the children were taking their exams.

Letivia has never been in such a rush in her entire life as she was back then.

"Oh my God! Where is James' lunch box?"

"Marinda? Can you please stand still darling, while I put on your cute shoes?"

"Erm... Abraham, please don't chew your shoelaces, they're dirty."

"Hold! Hold! Has anyone seen Kevin? He wouldn't be home alone, right?"

Damn!

Nanny Letivia to the rescue.

(\*^\*)

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Don't think her job was easy.

During exam times it was the duty of all staff to ready the children to take them back and forth from school to the orphanage.

At first, she was very disoriented, forgetting things here and there.

She once left a job in the sleeping quarters after counting a head twice.

However, as time went on, she began a proficient supernanny, rushing in with spare shoelaces, spare pencils, hair ribbons for the girls and so on.

She knew the traits of the children she took care of, knowing who was likely to lose what and who was likely to cry to not fall asleep at night.

Well, when she did her rounds, she sometimes acted like monsters in the stories she read to them at night, causing the children to hide underneath their blankets, not saying to poke their heads out anymore.

Well after playing the bad guy, she would follow up with a good guy act, acting as though she had successfully driven the monster away.

It was embarrassing to see the children stare at her with twinkling eyes filled with awe.

Can she say she was guilty?

Of course, she was. But she dared not say anything, letting them learn their lessons and go to bed early.

It's just that the kinds of monsters that scared these children were kidnappers and those sort of monsters.

Please.

These children, like many other children in the world, feared the terrible nature of man more than some made-up fantasy story.



Spending time with the children made Letivia wish she could turn back the hands of time and personally raise her children.

In noble homes, it is mostly the chosen wet nurses and maids who raise the children for them.

Don't get them wrong.

They see their children during mealtime and also during some personal time frames.

Just like they are busy their children are also busy, doing sword fighting, learning etiquette, needlework, poetry, dance, instrument playing, and other aristocratic lessons.

At home, the children also had separate courtyards from their mothers when they turned 9~10 (depending on the empire).

By adulthood (4~15), they are either married off or given private properties outside their father's estate.

In other words, it's time for them to move out, learn to live on their own and start a family.

In truth, only the chosen heir can continue staying in his father's estate, even though he still has properties outside.

And of course, if the father hasn't chosen an heir yet everyone will move out until he does so.

But this example is only for people who come from open Clans.

Closed Clan groups, owned countless hills and closeby territories within major towns and cities like the Capital.

There, everyone stayed in the Clan's enormous sect-like territory.

Everyone will be given the same space no matter what.

That's why each courtyard is like a vast mansion with various wings, northwest, south, east, you name it.

This is for maximum privacy.

And when someone dies, for example, a brother dies with no hero to take over, his wing is now free and replaced by someone else.

In many cases, people die during war and even their entire courtyard is free for the can to pass it on to someone else.

That's why newborns never lacked places to call a home of their own.

These clans also had open lands and small forest terrains in their properties all for expansion.

But of course, the property where the main clan members reside is vastly different from the properties the Branch members live in.

They typically acquire other properties in the Capital city, having their branch members live further away from the central zones.

Such is the way things are done.

That said, even when living in the same courtyard with her children when they were younger, she still didn't see them so often.

The noble system was very strict, fearing to make a child too soft.

Things are never so simple as they seemed.

Chapter 1749 Sad Goodbyes -2

Thinking of the past, Letivia sighed.

Even now, she didn't think there was anything wrong with it since making them too soft could lead to her children getting accidentally killed by the enemy.

No... what she regretted was that she didn't input herself more frequently than before.

Baymard had a good balance, teaching the children about the cruel realities of life while also keeping a part of their innocence intact.

Children here did not fear their parents to the point of trembling whenever they saw them.

No... children here used rational thinking and other trained abilities to ensure they stood firm no matter the challenges.

They didn't believe in putting others down to succeed.

They were taught the world is big enough for many geniuses. So why fight and scheme when you can use your brain for other things?

They were taught to never provoke but fight back hard when provoked.

These per se, might be the true differences between them and the children of the outside world.

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"Sister Letivia!"

"Sister Letivia!"

"Sister Letivia!"

(^\_^)

Looking at the little ones, Letivia wished she could have spent more time with them growing up.

Ironically, it was only when her husband brought in a Baymardian TV to his room back in Soma, that all of them gathered and acted freely for the first time.

That was the first time she saw childish expressions on their faces.

Thinking of it like this, can she say she was grateful to Baymard? Yes...very grateful.

Her time on Baymard taught her that life was too short to keep regrets.

She always wanted to get very close to them, so why not start now? There are more important things than wealth and power in this world.

Letivia was glad she followed her heart because her daughters and nephew were now closer to her than ever once she put in the effort.

Her Twin sister, Gordon's first wife, also had the same results with her cute little son.

Unlike other households that had wives tearing themselves apart, Letivia and Octivia were Twins who had always been inseparable when they were younger.

That's why they wanted to marry Gordon, ensuring they stood close.

So why would they ever fight themselves over him? Sure they both fell in love with him, but so what?

It's TRUE that 99% of twins in these times turn against each other, sometimes killing the other to get a man's attention.

But not them.

They worked together, ensuring peace reigned in their new home.

And sure enough, Gordon never married another woman.

Only they were his brides.

Although they were twins, Letivia had black hair with golden highlights while Octivia had golden hair with black highlights instead.

Letivia's eyes were dark blackish-brown, while Octivia's were very pale and very light brown.

She had a mole on her upper left brow while her sister had a mole on her lower right brow.

Their eyebrows were also slightly different shades of black.

Again, her voice was a little deeper than Octivia's.

So even though they had exactly the same face, it was quite easy to tell who was who.

She treated Octivia's children like hers, and Octivia did the same with her children too.

Before Baymard, she thought she was complete and satisfied.

Only after spending time in the orphanage did she know how much she missed during their childhood.

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"Sister Letivia..." A soft voice called out from within the crowd. It was her favorite little girl.

"Sister Levitia... Is it true that you're going away?"

Tears hung in the little girl's big googly eyes, as she couldn't believe what she overheard.

Why? Why does sister Letivia have to go? The other children were also shocked, soon feeling their eyes turn moist too.

"This..."

Letivia was helpless, and also a little unwilling to leave too.

It was strange how these children all had places in her heart in such a short time.

"Alright. You caught me. I'm coming, but not for good. You see, I have family to take care of back home, so I must rush and do that fast. And when I have time, I will return... So this isn't goodbye, right?"

Wooooooooo~

Everyone hugged her hard, crying till they began choking on their tears.

Sigh...

Letivia said nothing, rubbing the backs of some.

These children were 3~5.

All very cute and warm.

After putting them to sleep, Letivia quietly went to back her things from her workstation.

She wanted to spend more days with them, but she knew that if she did, parting might be harder on their little selves.

Luckily, during these past 5 days, she has even worked closely with her replacement, telling them what the children like and what to do when they're naughty.

Once she was done, she quickly headed to the bank and completed her final gifts for them.

With Landon's aid, she was able to open a trust fund with all their names written on it.

Only when they turn 15, will they be eligible for their percentage in the fund.

Every year, she will try to send in more.

They won't even know they have it till they turn 15.

She wrote letters for each of them and even bought their favorite toys too.

When they get older, they might no longer play with toys, but the memory will always be there. She also left several pictures of her and all of them during Christmas time.

With everything set and done, Letivia went to pick up her daughter from Part-time Stable caretaker duties.

Her sister should still be attending lessons at the Baymardian Theatre, Arts, & Beauty Academy.

As for her nephew, the little brat was working in the place she seemed not to be able to get go of.

That's right. He was working on the set of Fear Factor!

Every day, he would watch people eat worms and complete ridiculous challenges to win big bucks.

Her little nephew was already drawn to the world of movie and TV making.

Anyway, with 4 days left, the family planned to go shopping and visit several sites for the last time before leaving for good.

Indeed, their time here was the best they've ever had in their lives.

Looking up to the dull sunlight piercing through the clouds, Letivia let out a warm smile, feeling blessed.

'Thank you, Baymard... Thank you, Your Majesty Landon for making our family grow closer than ever.'

Chapter 1750 Not Saved Yet?

They say goodbyes are often the hardest.

Everyone who was leaving shortly, felt a pang of pain in their hearts, swearing to return to Baymard at least once in 2 years.

The good thing was that with the Bay-trans ships soon ready for launching in Soma, the journey by sea would be extremely short, taking only several days for travel.

And if they finished their business in Soma earlier than usual during their periods at home, they might be able to make it here once a year rather than once in 2 years.

Even though fall and winter were beautiful and grand here many felt they wanted to see how Summer looked in Baymard.

Don't blame them for being overly curious.

It's said that in summer, several indoor activities are carried out outdoors full scale.

What's more, some attractions are only open during the summer. So do you know how much they have missed out on coming here in late Fall with all the rain?

They also want to walk along the sidewalks on very sunny days, lick ice cream, and go to outdoor concerts and other grand festivals.

What?

Do you think Baymard doesn't have concerts?

Then you're thinking too naively.

With Baymard having actors and movie stars, do you think they won't have musicians too?

The incredible demand for music skyrocketed when the music players and headphones were mass-produced.

Now, one can listen to music in their bPods (iPod style mp3 player) as they please.

But as Landon had said, the bPods can't go over a certain Volume threshold.

With the maximum volume on you can still hear your surroundings when walking on the streets.

Sorry, but he wasn't taking that risk yet

After all, the people here didn't know the feeling of blasting music so high in one's ears like those back on Earth.

Essentially, they would take what he gave them and be so grateful, happy, and content with it.

Even now many felt the current highest volume setting was too high.

The people in this era were instinctively vigilant.

So without his instructions, a majority wanted to hear what was going on in their surroundings.

That's why even when listening to music, they keep the volume lowered in a way that allows them to listen to music while also engaging with people they meet if need be.

Again, understand that in traffic and pedestrian street laws, it was against the law to play music above the '70' standard Volume mark.

Look!

Even the decibels and frequency levels were recorded in case future developers try increasing the volume capacity of the bPods.

It's true that at the current 100%volume mark one can still hear their surroundings.

But just to be safe the volume must always be kept no more than 70.

To make it easier, if one looks at their settings on the devices they will see a mode called Pedestrian/Street mode.

Once clocked, all settings will readjust to ensure you abide by the law since once caught, the fine was incredibly heavy.

It could go from 1000 Bays to 5,000 Bays.

No matter how you look at it, it's best they stick to the law and be honest.

The laws also went serious, saying it was illegal for those above 9 to be on the streets listening to bPods when alone and unattended.

Although people here matured way faster than on Earth, Landon still feared that younger brains were likely to get very distracted on the roads and sidewalks as they skipped and jumped around merrily.

Although security in Baymard was efficient one never knows who was thinking of kidnapping these little ones.

That's why he preferred they remain alert at all times with no music unless they were with their guardians.

And if a child below 9 is caught listening to bPods while walking on the streets, the parents or guardians get fined 2000~8000 Bays.

Now people tell their children the following;

- Always look left and right before crossing the street.

- Green light means go, red light means stop and yellow light means wait.

- No bPods on the streets till you turn 9.



The laws were simple.

To ensure everyone understood these facts when burying bPods, the sales clerks will always tell the customers these simple facts.

Now even foreigners know what to expect.

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All in all, Baymard's safety was greatly emphasized with each invention made.

Everyone understood that rules must always change, especially now that cargo planes have made headlines.

A whole set of plane rules and regulations were set in motion, and no one thought there was anything wrong with it.

Lile so, the bPod, like many great inventions, created a skyrocketing demand for music.

Musicians from all UN empires have long gathered signing with any of the current 3 Bay-studio records showcasing the music from their empires.

Some people from Zohl were shocked by how many fans they had in Romain and Pyno.

Oh my God!

The turnout was incredible, and the money they got from just one concert in the summer was insane.

This only pushed them further, with many quickly working harder to produce their next music album.

The world here had various unique and never-seen-before genres that did so well it almost turned into a cult following.

Apart from traditional music displayed by various genres, they had Moxing, a genre that was taking the UN empires by storm.

Other genres also appeared and were well-received by the masses.

And of course, Landon had to add Pop and RnB to the mix.

Well, he was a true Pop fan.

All 3 record labels were sponsored by him.

So at times, he would write the same songs from Earth, making them hits here.

Tsk

If Celine Dione was reborn in this world she would hack him to death.

He copied several albums from her that made quite a few stars so popular people were crying and weeping in their concerts when the song 'My Heart Goes On' played.

Well, after watching the Baymardian Titanic version, it was no wonder their eyes were bulging with tears.

And how can you forget the king of Pop, he turned several Micheal Jackson albums into hits, after finding a dark-skin Romain teen whose voice was too similar to Micheal's.

No way!

The moment the boy came for idol signup and audition, Landon immediately requested he be sent up to the main office.

Now, that boy's fame is so big that people faint when they touch his hand.

(>>> >□<)

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In the end, after listening to the many good things Baymard had to offer in the summer, everyone who wasn't leaving secretly swore to return in a year or 2 during the heated season.

For now, everyone was leaving Baymard with content, knowing the trip was truly worth it.

But in another corner in Pyno, a certain group of Baymardians was finally getting ready to escort the prisoner out.

Ezenia looked at her cuffed hands, still initially believing it was truly over for her.

She woke up 2 weeks ago and has been stalling greatly, secretly stabbing herself and doing the opposite to stay in the Deifer palace.

Henry gave her the courtesy of getting healed to some extent before her sentencing came.

But Ezenia who woke up, got word from her Grandfather's people that they would be coming to rescue her soon.

Soon?...

How fast is their so-called soon?

At first, she was ecstatic, knowing she would soon get out and give Henry hell.

But as time went on, her promised freedom never came.

She stalled and stalled her time here, only to relapse that nothing was happening.

(^`)

'What is going on? Why hasn't Grandfather sent people yet?'

Captured?

Ezenia quickly her thought, feeling the thought too impossible to be true.

Do you know how powerful her grandfather is?

Even the late monarch, Henry's father, was too scared of her grandfather's power.

Thinning her frail cracked lips, Ezenia couldn't help worrying knowing what day it was.

A while back, Henry calmly walked into her narrow confinement telling her that no matter how much she tries to delay, her sentencing will come down today.

He told her cleanly that he knew of her actions when she injured herself and fainted severely.

For the first time since knowing him, Ezenia saw a cold, murderous intent in the way he stared at her.

[This is my last courtesy to you. If you like, faint again. That will not stop me from sending you to Baymard.]

[If anything, I will gladly pop bottles in celebration knowing you will wake up from your fainting spree and collapse. You are already in a Baymardianvejviel on your way to prison!]

"Bastard!"

Ezenia smashed her fists on her bed hard.

She was chained to her sick bed and left in this tiny but clean room with guards stationed everywhere.

Catchack!

The door opened without warning, and in came several women, some female guards, came to dress and clean her up for today's sentencing.

Looking at the dreadful fate looming above her, Ezenia felt her heart skip several beats.

'Grandfather... where are you?'