

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1751 A Hated Lady

Chapter 1751 A Hated Lady

It was amazing how quick they were to give her a good wipe-down.

If she weren't sick, they wouldn't bother cleaning her up.

Due to fear of infection spreading, they cleaned her up with a cleansing disinfectant fluid which was perfect for times like these.

What do you expect?

That they should throw her in a pool of water and carefully wash her clean like she was used to? Not a chance!

They wiped her clean severally before dressing her wounds.

Her neck, arms, waists and legs had wraps of bandages carefully placed over her injuries.

After cleaning and dressing her up in prison garments, they placed her in a wheelchair, pushing her put

If her enemies, especially those sluts from noble homes see her now they would be rolling on the ground in teary laughter.

Who is this?

The once proud Ezenia is now in a wheelchair.

But how can this be? What happened to her superiority?

Didn't she say her family was so powerful that no one would ever dare to go against her?

Well, well, well... It was a fine day indeed for many noble girls who have long hated her.

The moment word spread about her sentencing, many planned to be there with popcorn in hand, gummy bears and other delectable treats for the show.

Yes...

Ezenia who liked popularity and attention, would become the most popular lady of the season.

After all, as they say, all publicity is good publicity.

Some even planned to visit her when they next went to Baymard.

Hey...

They couldn't leave their poor little girl alone in there, right?

At least from time to time, they should go in and see how she's doing, updating her on current world trends, noble situations and politics, right?

It all seemed like a bloody good idea to them.

Perhaps this was the only time many felt they could get revenge for all the bullying they underwent in Ezenia's hands.

(^_^)

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Many women felt men were truly blind not to see Ezenia's pretentious mask.

She was a 2-faced b**ch who when in the presence of men, should the liviest and most innocent look one could imagine.

However, amid women, she didn't bother concealing her true nature, sometimes putting her cruelty on display for everyone to watch.

Why? Because she knew none of them would have the guts to leak out any information on whatever she did to them.

Are you kidding?

Her grandfather's forces were one, if not the most powerful forces you could find in the empire.

Anything said would later get traced back to its source, and the poor unfortunate lady who rattled would definitely get it hot.

Not just them but their families would be under a lot of pressure because of their silly mistakes.

This was why no matter what she did, everyone could only zip their mouths while secretly resenting her.

But boy have the tables turned!

Who would've known a person like her could fall so badly to rock bottom?

Sure enough, the Baymardian book of classical wise sayings was right.

The Bigger they are, the harder they fall.

Now, justice has finally been given to those ladies who died under her hands.

Some had their heads shaved because they went against her

Some lost fingers and others limbs, making them undesirable for nobles in the same class or higher.

Understand that because of Ezenia, they had to willingly marry down, since they were now seen as deformed during their injuries.

She, Ezenia, took their happiness from them.

She took away their hopes for a better future under Prince Charming's wings.

Don't you get it? She destroyed their Cinderella moment.

So how can they not gather to watch her finally fall?

(•m•)

Noble ladies of all sorts appeared on the scene causing many to be taken aback by the raw hatred emanating from their bodies.

First, it was strange to see so many noble ladies appear for criminal sentencing.

Even if a noble son turned into a criminal and was to be executed, these noble ladies were raised not to appear in places like these, and would never show up.

So their emergence shocked many.

One look and you tell these ladies were so happy they wanted to pop champagne bottles and throw in a band to sing celebratory songs.

Of course, these ladies didn't step out of their vehicles but slowly raised their curtains from time to time wondering when Ezenia would show up.

Damn!

Is that popcorn in someone's hand?

Thankfully, it wasn't snowing.

Thus, many gathered at the forefront while those with vehicles sat in their many vehicles.

Carriages sure have advanced in design over the years.

Now, all carriages had compartments for holding small TVs in them.

So even though they were waiting, they still had things to entertain themselves with.

The sentencing stand was so far up the grand palace walls that even if a vehicle was at the far back they would still be able to see Ezenia's silhouette.

This was why many noble ladies decided to stay in the vehicles and watch from here.

Sure they won't be able to see Ezenia's expression, but so what?

This much, they were content with.

(^_^)

From the dark shadows of the castle's confinement room emerged Ezenia whose once-vibrant hair was now frizzy but clean.

Shackles rattled around her slender wrists, but her posture was upright with her chin raised definitely.

Do you think she would ever give the enemy a chance to celebrate? No way!

Although in a wheelchair, she was a vision of both vulnerability and strength.

'Dammit!... Where are you, Grandfather?'

Squinting her eyes and raising her hand over her eyes, Ezenia was still dazed by the first rays of sunlight she had gotten outside the main building she was locked up in.

All this time, whatever sunlight she got had to be done inside the building.

This was her first time in a while, stepping out and breathing the fresh morning air.

"Prisoner Ezenia, you are now in a wheelchair. So I suggest you behave and not try anything funny."

"I know," Ezenia replied with her green eyes still fierce despite her circumstances.

Secretly darting her eyes around, she continued searching, hoping for a sign or signal that her family or comrades would come for her.

Treason. The word echoed in her mind.

But in her head, she knew she had only tried to do right by her lover.

He didn't deserve to be kept in such an unsightly place like Baymard's prisons.

A person like him should be free to rule not just Deiferus, but the world itself if possible.

He was her beloved and for him, she could kill everyone... even her beloved grandfather.

Yes... That's right.

To her, he was the world. That's why she never stopped trying.

What's more, she felt Henry's oppressive regime had gone long enough.

Who was he to impose a ban on slavery?

Who was he to take their many rights as nobles?

Do you know that now, only vehicles called emergency vehicles are allowed to drive by with everyone clearing the roads for them?

Before Henry's takeover, people like her had never been held up in traffic before.

The world was theirs.

They never lined up for anything, and practically did as they wanted, lawlessly.

But with Henry's oppression and oppressive laws, now, they have to join commoners now and then.

Hmph!

In Ezenia's mind, Henry was just a tyrant... a lucky one at that who snuck in like a coward during that deadly heir battle after the monarch's death.

Henry only appeared after almost everyone was killed.

If that isn't a coward, she didn't know what is.

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Soon, Ezenia was placed in a transport vehicle and driven to the palace walls where she was taken out again and carried to the very top.

Bow the place was bustling with people now ominously quiet, save for the whisper of a few.

The guard in iron-clad armor gripped their spears tightly while ensuring order was met.

They were on the lookout for unexpected troubles.

"Your majesty!

Many quickly greeted with a burst of happiness in their eyes, seeing his majesty Henry well and alive.

You don't know how panicked the common people were once they heard an assassination attempt fell on their brave hero.

Many, especially former slaves and peasants, feared that without Henry, Deiferus would go back to how it was before.

Henry said nothing, only raising both hands over the masses, acknowledging their presence.

The crowd went wild again and soon, a lead magistrate who had a round belly and balding head, quickly stepped forward to begin the show.

"Ezenia of xxxx... You stand accused of treason against his majesty Henry Tudor. How do you plead?"

--silence--

Everyone's breath stopped momentarily, their ears all perked to hear what the prisoner had to say.

Yes... How will she plead?

Ezenia paused, ran in a deep breath and looked around cautiously.

Where are they? (^^?)

Do I have to keep stalling?'

"Not GUILTY."

What? Not guilty?

Instantly, murmurs rippled throughout the crowd.

Chapter 1752 Henry's Parting Gift

Not guilty!

Ezenia thinned her dry lips, refusing to admit to anything.

No matter what, she couldn't make it easy for Henry.

However, she failed to realize that Henry wasn't truly asking her opinion.

Chuckling at the side, Henry couldn't help thinking of Landon's many pieces of advice to him over the years.

Perhaps if it were someone else, her words would leave a lot of doubt and suspicion before the masses, with many thinking he was setting up a poor and innocent girl.

But who was Henry?

Just as Landon built his reputation to a God-like existence in Baymard, Henry's reputation was also high over there.

Although not as high as Landon's, many believed in Henry's character. They could swear on his character and nature.

Unlike other monarchs who could stay in the palace for years without ever stepping outside, Henry was different.

Whatever he invested in, he followed through with every fiber of his being.

He would take random checks to the newly built orphanages, and even move around farmlands, villages and other territories to understand his people's plight.

Some people in the crowd have witnessed his kindness firsthand and can never believe Henry was the sort to frame up a little girl.

Understand that before today's hearing, Henry's side has already sent out word about his history with Ezenia.

Nothing was exaggerated.

Of course, as word of mouth spread, the gossip grew crazier, but everything passed from Henry's people were facts.

Ezenia hoped to cause mistrust within his people.

Even though some had doubts, a majority, including nobles, believed Henry's character.

Even some who despised Henry knew he never lies.

If he said he saw it firsthand, then it truly happened.

Besides doing the ball, they too saw Henry and Ezenia leave together, heading off to Henry's private gardens.

What's more, it seems Ezenia was the one who proposed to go there, saying she hadn't been to the private royal gardens in forever.

Ulrich used to take her there when they were younger.

Bottom line she was the one who proposed to go there.

She was the one who said she wanted privacy with Henry.

She was the one who initiated everything.

So although some commoners might think her innocent, they who were shrewd and used to power plays, already understood the truth.

What's more, they sent some of their dark shadow guards in to gather Intel, and personally confirm that some palace guards had ended up dead and were indeed replaced that night.

After getting the names of the deceased, they even visited these people's homes and confirmed their working schedules, knowing they were there on that fateful evening.

So how can she fool them with her fake tears and pitiful looks?

It's just that several people hidden in the dark couldn't help calling her trash.

Yes!

Trash!

You get so close to the enemy with all your advantages and you still can't kill or even leave a single scratch on him and you think you're not trash?

They felt they might have overestimated her in the past... or else why can't she at least leave a scratch mark on him to prove her assassination attempts?

Henry didn't care about Ezenia's shrewd thoughts.

"Continue."

"Right!" The magistrate nodded respectfully to Henry, throwing a brief mocking gaze on Ezenia.

Want to cause chaos among His Majesty's people? Naive!

"Lady Ezenia xxxx, again, I'll say, you stand accused of treason against our great monarch. Your ploys and actions have proven you guilty!"

Instantly, the mourners grew louder by the second the more detailed the magistrate went, examining her crime for all to hear.

Although the primary subject was treason, several innocent men died in her hands when she tried sneaking her men in to replace the identities of those they killed.

Those families have already been compensated and have been visited by Henry to express his condolences.

"We have all the evidence and all the witnesses. Whether you admit it or not will not stop justice from prevailing."

The Magistrate's voice was loud, roaring his words of justice to the masses.

"Now proven Guilty, Lady Ezenia xxxx, is sentenced to spend 40 years of her life in Baymardian Prison!"

Hiss~

The crowd was shocked, already imagining how she would be a 60-year-old woman in prison.

Yup.

Ezenia was already 19.

So if you add 40 years she will come out by 59 right?

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Of course, many who are used to the new judicial system knew that if one behaved well then might come out way earlier than expected.

There was once a story of a Pyno assassin guard who used to work for former Arcadinian prince Connor.

This man was one without any bottom line.

At least most assassins and killers had their bottom line.

Some don't kill babies, others don't like taking assignments from truly guilty people and so on.

In their line of business, everyone must have a bottom line.

But this guy didn't.

He would do anything and everything for money and fame.

At first, that man proved tough while in Baymardian prison.

But no one knows what they did to him that made him suddenly change so much.

Those who knew him in the past were so shocked by his new self that they thought they were speaking to a Baymardian priest.

Yes.

That's right.

After coming out, he shaved his head and joined the priesthood here in Baymard.

Those freed from prison cannot still leave Vaymard until another 12 to 15 years of observation and community service are over.

That guy now lives in the church's dormitory and also helps many orphans and children.

There was even a time when someone wanted to touch one of the children because the child belonged to a nobleman who was trying to get rid of this illegitimate child, his greatest shame.

Well, the newly made protest took down the killer and called the police with haste.

Since then, he has been guarding the orphanage and the church as though it were his territory.

Hey...

People do change and reform there.

So the only way she can come out early is if she has truly changed and is of good behavior.

Who knows, maybe by the time she turns 49 or 39, she will come... Only time can tell.

Hearing the magistrate's words Ezenia was in full disbelief, not accepting such a fate as hers.

'Grandfather... Grandfather... where are you?'

Henry chuckled, following behind as the guards pushed Ezenia away.

The whole sentencing ceremony took 45 minutes, and now it was time to ship her off to Baymard.

But before that, he had a little surprise for her.

Ezenia was now taken through several walkways within the cattle walls, wondering what they were up to.

But when she suddenly entered a specific room, she couldn't help leaning back in shock.

"Gr- grandfather?"

Chapter 1753 Reality Kicks In!

In the damp confines of the small room within the palace walls, a burly man with an awful scar underneath his left eye was now on his knees, tied up and in a bad state.

His body was badly bruised and covered with blood that mostly wasn't his.

Yet, he looked defeated, haggard and his hair damp from sweat and snow.

The man had always remained stubborn, but when he saw his granddaughter walk in, his body trembled and softened like jelly.

"Ezenia! Are you okay? Are you fine? You bastards! Is this how you treat my granddaughter?!!"

Worry gripping his throat, the man wished he could free himself now and gently rub his hands against his beloved granddaughter's cheeks to assure her that everything would be alright.

Regret bubbled in his belly, wishing he could go back in time and stop his actions as well as hers.

They had been fooled by Henry's kindness, underestimating his resourcefulness to save himself.

After Ezenia failed, he too swore to use his means to get her out.

He felt Henry could never properly defend himself if he made a move.

Yes...

He was overly arrogant and didn't think his TOEP men, who had been trained for longer periods than Ezenia's, could lose to Henry.

Everything was supposed to go well, but somehow, Henry knew of their plans, killing off all enemies within the blink of an eye.

Of course, he trusted his men very well, knowing that even if they were caught, they wouldn't dare reveal he sent them.

Why? Because when they invaded Henry's space, they didn't have any items that could associate himself with them.

If anything they only looked like assassins paid to do a job.

This way, no matter how suspicious Henry is, he cannot make a move on him publicly... at least not yet.

And if he suddenly disappeared, there would also be rumors, with all fingers pointing Henry's way.

He thought that with all his calculations, Henry wouldn't dare come at him so blatantly.

But that was where he was wrong.

Not only did the bastard send people over, but he also did it so loudly and publicly that even the commoners knew of his suspicions.

That day, the drama was heavy.

They picked him up like a common criminal, dragging him about with no respect for his high-standing title.

Hell!

Do you know they even placed him in barred wagons that were more or less a drive of shame, allowing everyone to take a peek at him?

Several times, he thought the distance from his home to the palace was considerably short (in terms of inner-city travel time for this era).

But after riding in the barred prison wagon, he couldn't help feeling the time was too long.

It felt like an eternity for him who was slowly driven to the palace.

And what was even worse was that some bastards still dared to throw rotten items at him in secret.

Indeed, old habits die hard.

There are laws against throwing garbage on the public streets.

Hence the many city garbage bins around.

You can get fined for littering.

But back in the day, prisoners driven in these sorts of wagons like these were typically stoned with rotten fruits along the way.

But now that littering is a crime, people only shoot at him in secret before running away.

Heh.

Looking at the guards, he was sure they too saw the guilty parties who threw rotten items his way.

Yet, they did nothing, acting as if blind.

Bastards!

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Alpantio was so posted he almost had a heart attack when moved around like a zoo animal.

Even some nobles he recognized, drove by, telling him to take heart, but deep down, they were mocking him.

Hey... It's not every day you get to see the great Alpantio in such dire predicaments.

When he finally got to the palace, they told him cleanly that he was suspected of attempted murder and would be held in their custody until they had further evidence to prove he was innocent or guilty.

With that, he kept him under house arrest within the palace.

Judging from Henry's actions, Alpantio knows he will only get released several days after Ezenia leaves for Baymard.

Don't you know how fast those Baymardian vehicles are?

In a few days, they should have already reached the Coastal zones and would be looking into boarding, bundling and shipping Ezenia off to Baymard.

So even if he sent his men after her after his release, it would be too late.

It was amazing how they still planned to release him after this, but not without repercussions.

... You see the power he loved clinging to so much?

Don't you think most of it should be taken back?

MOST is the word.

He still planned to let Alpantio keep some of his men and continue staying in power because was the bait to catch the many TOEP fishes in his beloved empire.

Henry needed Alpantio moving and desperate.

Such a wonderful bait must not get locked up in the dungeon cells.

No way.

It's best to let him roam free and lead them all to the enemy's promised land.

Many might think he was too scared to kill Al pantio but only he and his aides knew who he would leave him be.

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With his voice degenerated into a childish whimper, Al pantio almost wept seeing his beloved Granddaughter in such a state.

But on Ezenia's side, she couldn't help opening and closing her lips severally with all sorts of emotions warped in her heart

Waste!

Worthless waste!

Was this what her grandfather truly was? A piece of garbage who couldn't even get a simple job done?

(^`)

Ezenia was inwardly condemning Al pantio, forgetting she too failed to do another simple task of killing Henry a while back.

This... this... this...

Was her all-powerful Grandfather this weak and worthless?

'What a fool! A dime rescue mission and he can't get it done? Doesn't he know I have to get out fast to ensure my beloved is rescued from Baymarfian prison too?'

No matter how Ezenia looked at it, her former filter for her Grabdathef had fallen off and now, he looked like regular, regular, worthless trash to her.

What love?

So what if he truly loves her? In her world, only Ultich was worth locking.

He was the only one she could sacrifice for.

If you tell her to keep Al pantio now for more power, she will do it without hesitation!

Bastard!

Ezenia wanted to curse but knew she had to keep her grandfather's love for her at a maximum so he could one day get her out.

'Well, even if he was worthless, maybe, just maybe those bloody scamming TOEP people will miraculously save me later.'

Thinking like that, Ezenia's eyes turned warm.

"Grandfather..."

Chapter 1754 The Pitiful Al pantio

"Ezenia..."

Al pantio choked on his voice, looking at her reassuringly. "Good girl... everything will be alright."

Al pantio felt a pang in his heart seeing tears trickle down her cheeks.

He thought she was sad because of his pitiful state, not knowing Ezenia was sad that she placed her trust in such a worthless old man!

'Old fool! Can't you do anything right?'

The separation made her forget all the many things he did for her growing up till now.

Henry sneered, seeing their little interaction.

Seeing her broken-down look, he knew she would be more obedient on the road knowing her so-called helper was kept in the palace under investigation.

Hehehehehehe~

It was good to see her crumble after knowing all the headaches she gave everyone.

With a flick of his hand, he commanded. "Take her away!"

Boom!

The realization struck Ezenia when the words exuded in her ears.

"No! No! No!... I can't do this to myself! Get your filthy hands off me! I am a Deifer! A noble Deifer! You can't do this to me!"

Taking her off her wheelchair, the group began her true prison experience, lifting her and dragging her away.

"Grandfather! Grandfather! Save me! Save me!"

"Bastards! You let her go now! Let her go! You're making her injuries worse!"

Alpantio and Ezenia's voices flooded the scene, each side looking at one another desperately.

Ezenia was especially frightened, knowing that once she entered Baymardian prison, escaping would be harder than anything else.

They will need to come with the cavalry to free her!

And so far, she wasn't even a true ToEP member since they hadn't fulfilled her wish of saving Ulrich yet.

So how will they send thousands and thousands of elite men for her sake?

They told her to stay put, saying headquarters had something planned for Baymard. And only then will they free Ulrich.

Their words were clear and precise, but she couldn't accept it, choosing to take matters into her own hands.

Now look at where it has gotten her.

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Regret was the one thing he felt the most knowing that if she had just been patient enough, it would have been she who stepped on Henry, stomping him hard to the ground until his eyeballs popped.

Another regret she felt was putting all her fucking eggs in 1 basket.

She should not have only relied on her Grandfather for rescue.

Although her soon-to-be mother-in-law (Ulrich's mother), has long been dissatisfied with her failure to keep her promises, Ezenia felt she should've reached out to her for help, sending a message during the few times her grandfather's people visited her during confinement.

But what Ezenia didn't know was that even if she did ask for help, Ulrich's mother would act like she hadn't seen the secret note, not bothering to send her a helping hand.

Heh.

You must be joking.

So many years have passed since her baby was sent to Baymard. So many years and Ezenia hasn't fulfilled any promises of getting him out.

So now that Ezenia is backed into a corner, why should she spend any resources or money on rescuing the useless trash

Why not use those same resources to get her baby, Ulrich out?

Of course, throughout these years, she has also sent in several Pyno assassins, scouts, and killers to get her baby out.

But what she didn't expect was that the Baymardian prison would be so heavily guarded by all UN empires that it made it too tricky to safely extract her son.

The assassin might succeed in breaking into the place, but extracting her son successfully seems to be the tricky part.

Till now, no one can honestly describe what the true prison layout is.

This wasn't a joke.

Many Assassin guilds have purposefully sent their men in there, to get locked up and treated like common criminals.

Yes.

They purposefully allowed themselves to get caught so they could be sent as undercover criminals there, gathering as much information as they could.

Yet, till now no one knows the true layout or floor plans for the place.

At least the only knowledge they know is who is in whose gang and who the top dogs in prison are.

Honestly, the information sent out was too crazy and bizarre because Baymardian's prisons were truly one of a kind.

Prisons in this era kept their prisoners chained to walls 24/7, allowing them only a few feet of walking distance in their cells.

What's more, they poop in buckets and eat in the same place all the time.

Although some neighboring prisoners could talk to each other behind their cells, it was impossible to know things outside the little bubble around their cells.

Sometimes, up to 20 people could get locked up in the same cell depending on how massive the cell was.

So at least, they would be able to keep each other company, making new alliances and new enemies for themselves.

However, basic prison life kept people in this era in true solidarity.

But Baymard's prison system didn't.

There, it was like a whole new world, one that hardcore prisoners might truly love and never want to let go of.

This isn't a joke.

In there, there are gangs, cliques, rules, and all sorts of undercurrent drama occurring day by day that is bound to keep one up almost every night.

Baymardian person was a very peculiar thing.

It could either break you so fast you change for good in a blink of an eye, or make you tougher and more resistant to the outside world.

Understand that although several prisoners reformed, choosing the path of great change, there were many who felt at peace in prison, slowly finding they never wished to leave anymore.

Think about it.

They have built their reputation as Kings in this crazy underworld prison society.

They climbed to higher echelon positions here after building themselves up from the ground floor.

And now, you tell them to drop everything and live an honest life in Baymard under supervision and community service duties for several more years before they will be allowed to leave Baymard for good and you expect them to do it?

No way!

They just can't do it!

Chapter 1755 [Bonus chapter]Henry's Final Action!

Who can do it?

Some of them have 20 years to serve. And after 35 years, they must still stay in Baymard for AT LEAST 15 years, where they will be watched like hawks ensuring they didn't go astray.

Thinking about it... isn't that 50 years in Baymard?

Of course, on good behavior, their 35 years could get reduced to 20.

But so what?

F***k it!

They didn't want to live like that in the outside world.

How can they be kings here but leave to be ordinary gardeners and community service workers outside?

BAH!

They reject such a future for themselves.

It's because of this that many secretly didn't want to leave prison.

You will be surprised how fast the years go by when you're here.

So isn't it alright?

Anyway, once in Baymardian prison, escape seemed impossible.

There Ulrich's mother was, trying to use her wealth in getting her son out. And poor Ezenia was still thinking she had some value in the woman's heart.

Dammit! Dammit!

It shouldn't be like this!

With bloodshot eyes, Ezenia's hatred grew to even higher heights the longer she struggled to break free.

"You bloody, good for nothing, son of a b**ch!... Do you think you truly deserve to sit on that throne?"

Ezenia Unleashed her thoughts.

"Yes! I said it! You are a waste, birthed from a useless whore you call mother! How dare you feel yourself worthy of the throne? It should be Ulrich! It should be Ulrich on the throne!"

"You coward! Let my granddaughter go and face me like a man!"

"Grandfather! Grandfather! Save me! Save me!"

Watching Ezenia getting dragged out, Henry said nothing.

His face remained unchanged as though he hadn't heard the many insults hurled at him.

Why get upset with a loser?

In war, there was always a victor and a loser. He won. So why give the loser any satisfaction?

Watching the duo display their so-called affection, he looked at the show with relish, finding it amazing how blind each side was.

A grandfather blind to see his granddaughter didn't care for him, and a granddaughter who was also blinded by her love for his half-brother.

She was so blinded that she didn't care about anything else in her life.

The day she wakes up to realize how foolish she has been, perhaps she would have already chilled her grandfather's feelings for her.

Though Henry felt he should give her credit for being a faithful woman to her man... he would describe Ulrich's feelings for her as barely passable.

Overlooking the vast inner courtyard facing the Palace walls, Henry stared at the Baymardians dragging the struggling Ezenia into the fortified prison vehicle.

Time to go.

Vrmmmmm~

The vehicles left without a moment to spare, making the stone hanging in Henry's heart drop.

"Finally gone," Henry murmured to himself, slowly turning his attention to Alpantio and the guards keeping him in place.

"Take him to Draymon Tower for further investigations!"

Everyone inwardly chuckled, stepping forward in a stern but relaxed manner.

"Your wish is our command, your Majesty!"

"You---"

Before Alpantio could speak further, the guards threw a sickness in his mouth and bundled him away in big strides.

"_ " Alpantio.

Who can tell him how things have gotten to this level? Again, he was questioning how unfair the world was.

Finally, with Ezenia shipped to Baymard and her old man being taken care of by his people, Henry couldn't help smiling stupidly.

'I did it!... It's finally done! I can focus on aircraft deliveries!'

Very quickly, Henry rushed back to his office, knowing he had another appointed meeting to attend a few hours from now.

Sure, everyone wants to sit on the throne. But if they were truly doing their jobs right, they would know that as a monarch, he, Henry Tudor, had little to no time for himself.

He was always signing papers, looking over new policies, tackling security and crime issues, tackling employment issues, opening up new industries and so on.

He had a shit load of things to do, so don't think he would be free just he had Ezenia's matter to handle publicly.

The moment he stepped out of the palace walls, his secretary, Alberto, was already waiting for him in a carriage surrounded by several of Alberto's guards.

Make no mistake.

Alberto himself was extremely strong, with high martial arts skills.

But even so, he must have guarded around him to ensure his safety since as Henry's secretary, he knew too much on Deiferus's matters.

Those in higher positions trusted by Henry, were given far more public guards and shadow guards too.

The carriage below was uniquely designed only for palace purposes alone.

This carriage was never to leave the palace, allowing Henry to drive around the massive palace as much as he wanted.

Its real purpose, of course, wasn't for entertainment, but for business. Hence the foldable wall table in Henry's front.

How to say it?

One side of the carriage had normal cushion benches, which was the side Henry and Alberto sat on.

On the other side, was of course a small but sizable built-in station that held things like books and other TV appliances like remote controls.

And locked in a forced position on top of the built-in station was the TV. But this wasn't all.

To its right was an open space which many might think was just a space giving even more leg space to the passengers. But that would be wrong.

It was a foldable wall table inspired by Baymard's many designs.

If one is on a train, the table tray would be on the back of the front seat.

There, one could take down the foldable tray and place their drinks on it.

But in this carriage, the table was quite large and long, occupying 2/3 of the space in front of Henry.

There, Alberto placed several documents on the table with a calm but respectable look on his face.

Soon, Henry found himself absorbed in his work, with Alberto aiding him through from time to time.

And just like that, peace reigned in his heart... However... he wasn't the only one feeling calm.

Chapter 1756 Surprising News

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

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The snow was a dangerous one, she was.

Up, down, left, right, side to side, she thundered and hurled with blistering hails and ice storming the lands.

A mighty one she was, for she once turned several wagons upside down on a fierce windy, snowy day.

Bodies piled up in corners but were quickly hidden underneath the snow.

Illness followed, the cold killed and the flu reigned supreme in times like these.

But what can they do? Many expect death in the cold seasons. So it was nothing strange.

Going about their busy days, they shrugged when passing the few who fell and were not covered by snow just yet.

Such was like in the era. Death has occurred too frequently for one to mourn over. Rather, cutting so much might cause them to fall sick and follow behind the footsteps of the dead instead.

That's why many quickly wiped their tray eyes, going about their busy day as though it was nothing.

Staying alive was their main priority!

4:15 PM.

It was just afternoon, yet the darkness was already creeping across the lands.

Typically, Major General Beri and his group would hasten their movements, rushing to Baron Thomas's plantation after diverting their goods to various inns, stay-houses, and taverns.

But today, they took things easy, slowing their pace while still flashing a vigilant eye from time to time.

Soon, they arrived at a local tavern mostly used by commoners.

They weren't afraid their boss might find their actions suspicious since they made it known for several weeks now that today was Beri's birthday.

Except for nobles who threw balls to celebrate such things, commoners never celebrated their birthdays.

However, they did drink more on such days and gave themselves a little spoiling, especially those who chose to visit Pleasure houses instead.

Stepping into the Tavern's bar, Beri and his team were immediately bombarded with the loud noises thundering the place down.

"Old Hanjo, you're really funny! You need a girl with wider hips to give you a son. So what were you thinking when you chose that twig wife of yours at the start? One look and you can know she is a no good gal who only knows how to birth losers."

"Bahahahhahahahaha~... I can't believe you gutted him like a fish last night. Hmph! Serves him right for trying to steal my grains!"

"Hey, big tots! Why don't you put down those pitchers and get your ass over here for some good loving?"

"Coming right up, big guy. Just make sure you're packing with enough in your pockets if you want some of this!"

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

The noise was never-ending, with eye-boggling action wherever they turned.

Fights broke off in some corners, gestures of drunkenness broke off in other areas, and many just sat around listening to the latest gossip in town.

"I heard the famous Lady Yandora of the Celtus Clan had her engagement ended by her fiance who found true love with her half-sister, Yantoree."

"Hmph! Serves her right or stands in the way of their love."

"Exactly! And now that she has been abandoned, who will want an abandoned woman? So what if she's good-looking? For her to be abandoned means there must be something wrong with her."

"Yeah! She must be a bad seed who can't even please a man. So she has only herself to blame for her sister and her fiance's situation."

"That's what I'm thinking too. After all, we men are never wrong. So it must be the woman at fault!" "Yes, yes, yes, yes... That said, who is going to pick up unwanted goods? It will be an insult to any man's ego."

"True... But I don't mind stepping in and filling the spot."

"Pfft~... Me too! After all, now that her reputation is ruined, she can only marry those beneath her status."

Just stepping in, Beri already heard the latest gossip in town.

Sure enough, Taverns, inns and other places of gathering with drinks were the true sites to go to when wanting information.

As Beri and his group advanced to the forefront, they acted like everyone else, blending in nicely.

"Hey sweetie, why don't you give us a room and send us 30 pitchers too? We've been saving this much for today's celebrations."

The seductive lady readily grabbed their copper coins, not minding the thick layer of dirt on them.

A few sentences and she knew it was Beri's birthday.

Soon, she had someone show them to their room, leaving them with their many pitchers of ale.

The moment they confirmed they were on their own, all 5 scattered in various directions, secretly observing and searching for any spy holes in the walls, floors and ceiling.

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5 minutes later, they were truly sure they were alone and immediately resumed their usual stance within the room.

Now, it was pitch black outside, and their window was still kept open, allowing the freezing draft to sweep the floors.

It was chilling but no one thought of closing the window... at least not yet.

But just then, a shadow flashed through the window, closing it shut.

Beri stared at the stranger with a respectful but expressionless face.

It was a person one could easily describe as the Queen's older clone.

Beri might look calm, but his chest was growing tighter by the second in her presence.

"Forgive us for being rude. You sent for us, insisting it was urgent. As you already know, time isn't on our side, so please, get on with it."

"Cheeky one, aren't you?"

The elderly clone wasn't offended, but amused by their thoughtfulness.

She understood that until they confirmed that she was truly Lucy's mother, they would continue treating her as a passing stranger.

They did give her some level of respect but they were also very distant and careful too.

But rather than getting offended, their vigilance made her satisfied instead.

For now, they called her Lady Unknown. Quite frankly, it was cute.

Well, enough pleasantries... time for business!

Slowly taking down her hood, her entire demeanor changed in a second.

"I bring more news on information from my people concerning the Witches."

Chapter 1757 Lady Unknown's Purpose?

News on the Witches?

Any news would be good for them.

Beri narrowed his gaze, staring at Lady Unknown intensely, not wanting to miss a single word uttered from her lips.

It wasn't just him, as the mere mention of the word Witches, had already caused the grim atmosphere to turn heavier.

'Although I have a hunch it is in indeed Queen Lucy's mother, one can never be too certain of what her true purpose is.'

'Why reveal yourself after so many years in seclusion?'

'Does she want Queen Lucy's attention so she can use Queen Lucy's love for her for a crueler purpose?'

'I still need to confirm if she is wearing human skin or not.'

'Just what is her purpose?'

Beri still had a million questions and suspicions he wanted confirmed before he could treat her as an ally.

As for how she knew he and the others were Baymardians, Beri had to admit it was his fault.

This was because Lady Unknown had once worked in Yodan's palace as a spy when he was 10.

She had seen him before. So the moment she spotted him in this small town several months back, she already knew he was from Pyno.

According to her, she still had undercover spies working as undercover witches in the few Taverns belonging to Witches.

It was popular knowledge that he, his mother and his sister, little Linda, were banished by his father.

Later, his mother, Mother Winnie, appeared in Baymardian newspapers, working in various government positions.

So it wasn't difficult to guess that he was now a Baymardian citizen.

Typically, commoners and even many nobles, don't know what their monarch looks like.

Only those in the Capital have a bigger chance of seeing their monarch.

The same goes for princes.

Unless one is serving under a particular prince, it's hard to know all royals.

So Bari has gone out several times, and many can't even recognize him.

Lady Unknown would've probably bypassed him too, if not for the fact that she saw him severally while doing private business of her own in his father's palace.

What more could he say?

It was probably fate that they could still meet after so many years.

Sigh... Beri couldn't help hating himself for attracting unknown attention.

And now, until things are confirmed, he will always stay vigilant against Lady Unknown.

At the same time, he didn't want to share any information with her, lest she ruin their plans and operations.

He thought she would be offended, but it seems she didn't care about his plans, only concerned with sharing her information with them.

Tilting his head, Beri looked at her with doubt flashing through his eyes.

'Is she doing all this for her daughter?'

"Lady Unknown, as I recall, k never requested you share your intelligence with us... If I didn't know any better, I would think you're brewing something nasty against us."

"I?" Lady Unknown said exaggeratedly. "How can little old me scheme against you all? Hey. Believe it or not, I don't want anything from you... It's rare for me to help my daughter's people out, so why not do it?"

Beri said nothing, watching her continue.

"Alright, alright, enough chatting. According To my source, Peetage's men have already destroyed 24 Hidden fortresses scattered around."

What? 24? So soon?

Hiss!~

Everyone was taken aback by Peetage's swift and ruthless actions.

However, they liked it. Peetage was using his anger to sweep the witches clean, attacking as many hidden fortresses as he could.

In short, he was doing the job his Majesty Landon requested they come to Tenola to do. So how can they not secretly cheer for him?

No matter how you look at this, it will never come back to bite them in the butt since they weren't in the equation at all.

They were also happy because this meant less exposure from the TOEP.

From their understanding, Lady Unknown told them that even though the TOEP were powerful, they had only been able to properly identify 7 fortresses belonging to the witches.

The witches have long known about the TOEP and were also hiding from them.

Those 7 foretees known to the TOEP, were quickly changed to trap sites by the witches ages ago.

Truth be told, she used to be one of those in charge of this matter back when she was a part of the witches.

800 years ago once the 7 locations were figured out, another war was launched with the witches barely winning.

Of course, they dared not dilly dally longer in those fortresses, deciding to burn any useful information and flee these sites.

Years ago, they slowly took over the abandoned site again, using it to trap several TOEP members who came around to find traces of their existence.

So yes.

They made all 7 fortresses to be traps while growing their population and building other structures within the continent.

Knowing the TOEP existed, of course, they had to counterattack.

Since then, no vital documents have never been kept in these 7 sites.

The TOEP also seemed to know their thoughts and had long strategically pulled back too.

They do send in Death Scouts to try to find information. And sometimes, they do succeed.

However, the information was never enough since the only ones who knew the location of the other fortresses were the elders and supreme ones.

Each fortress was labeled differently, and only the elders or those who could sit in a council knew where their sister fortresses were located.

Of course, during festivals, only those in higher positions can move around from fortress to fortress too.

These women were trained to withstand pain, with many taking lethal doses of poison before getting tortured.

Understand that these women believed so much in the goddess of Witchcraft that she could even slice off their own hands if they believed it was her will.

So how can they betray the Goddess who is watching over them in the heavens?

The TOEP did succeed in capturing some of them but it was all for naught.

They said nothing and died feeling proud even upon Death's bed, knowing their goddess would welcome them in the heavens with open arms.

Heh.

Their brainwashed belief was indeed hard to crack down on. This was what kept these many Fortresses hidden till now.

Chapter 1758 Lady Unknowns Purpose? - 2

It was amazing how resilient these witches were.

That said, only the leaders and those in the many councils knew where each fortress was.

However, because she was super talented, a genius born one in a million years, they made an exception for her, sending her on Super classified missions given by other Fortress overseers.

Understand that back then, she did missions many could never imagine could be done.

She was well-welcomed and was also trained to be the future High-Witch, in charge of every Witch in the world.

That's why her betrayal caused them much pain.

She was the only member who wasn't an Elder who knew these fortress locations.

She caused damage to them before fleeing.

And even now that she was 'dead,' she was still working with an anti-witch organization formed by the women the witches tortured and tried to force into joining them.

Hey...

These women worked hard to keep updating Intel on the witches, with some going undercover too.

What? Do you think Peetage found all those fortresses on his own? Don't be silly!

Do you think this is a joke?

They were the ones who did it.

They made Peetage feel like he was finding the clues by himself but they were the ones spoon-feeding him the locations to the sites.

And with his power and army behind him, it's not surprising he delivered a sweeping blow to so many places all at once.

Everything the witches did to his wife, including torture, was true. So they aided him with the right medium to vent his anger --Revenge.

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Listening to Lady Unknown's Intel, although Beri didn't say anything, he would, of course, still send word to the many Baymardians scattered around the empire in small teams.

Apart from taking care of all witch lairs, another group of people was tasked with contacting the future heir of the Laboon Empire.

The future heir was indeed the current crown prince. But even though he was made crown prince when he was younger, because his mother died while young, he slowly lost favor with his father.

Everyone knows his half-brother, the 2nd prince, was the one his father favored.

If not for Peetage's obvious support of him, he would have been removed ages ago, with his position as crown prince replaced by his brother.

His mother was a close friend of Peetage. And on her deathbed, Peetage made an oath to stand behind him which he has honored since then.

Although Beri didn't want to admit it, Lady Unknown was a formidable ally to have out here on foreign soil.

'I have to send word fast... It seems this Peetage fellow will be of great assistance to the cause.' Beri inwardly concluded, after listening to Lady Unknown.

Seeing as too much time had already passed, Beri and the other Baymardians hastily took their leave.

"When I have more information, I'll let you all know." Lacy Unknown playfully added, while wearing her mask and fleeing through the windows with one last warning.

"Tell your monarch to be careful. The Witches are in Pyno!"

Boom!

Beri now with his back turned, almost fell when hearing her words.

They were like eerie clouds hovering over his heart.

"Now, it makes sense." One of them murmured, causing the others to nod in agreement.

Understand that the witches were a formidable blood thrust and man-hating group who gave even the TOEP headaches.

And yet, 1 Peetage was able to clear their many fortresses just like that?

No way!

It all seems too strange.

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Everyone narrowed their eyes deep in thought.

Before, they felt something was missing from the story, and now they knew what it was -
-- Witches!

There were far fewer witches in the tales than expected.

Who would've known they would sail across the vast waters of Pyno in secret?

Everyone felt a thick layer of sweat clog their faces, fearing that those witches still hadn't given up their plan of abducting Queen Lucy.

Could it be a war?

Were they planning a war? A full invasion into Baymard wanting Baymard for themselves too?

If so then they can only light up candles in their hearts for these witches.

The world doesn't know the true strength of Baymard, but they, who were soldiers, knew just how unfathomable their Baymardian empire was growing.

Every year, new godly weapons are dropped into their world, making their armies stronger and stronger by the day.

Perhaps these witches do have some supernatural powers and elements as abilities.

But no matter how they looked at it they didn't think the witches could ever win against his majesty Landon in a fair battle.

The emphasis was on the word fair.

Yes.

They were confident Baymard would triumph over any sudden attacks, but at what cost?

What they feared was the casualties that would emerge.

These witches were tricky, sneaky and downright despicable.

Thinning his lips, Beri calmed his emotions and wore his earlier bubbly and playful face while stepping out of the Tavern into the darkness.

It was still afternoon, and the entire land was covered in a blanket of black ink.

They must get back to the plantation fast!

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Like so, Beri and his group went back to the plantation, thinking of how the news they received would change their mission.

But even though they felt it was good that Peerage was doing the heavy lifting for them, they still didn't want to just sit back and do nothing.

To gain the crown prince's trust, they too must show their might.

They might have good intentions toward the Crown Prince, but it will be very hard to convince him if they do nothing to aid his journey to the top.

Tapping his fingers, Beri squinted his eyes thoughtfully.

Although Lady Unknown said she told Peerage the fortress locations, he had a hunch she didn't tell him where all were.

According to his majesty Landon's spy, there should be Ledgers of names somewhere in the real main fortress.

But where exactly was the mysterious fortress hidden?

Don't forget that Landon had left a tracker on the surviving Witch assassin who fled Baymard.

After that, he appeared, putting more trackers on the messengers that the assassin sent to Tenola.

It would amaze people to know that Landon appeared in Tenola during that time and directly placed a bug on the High witch Jamila.

It's just that he has been so busy to ever check up on the witches, that he completely forgot about them.

That's why he sent them to explore and find these secrets for themselves.

What's more, do you know how busy he, Landon, is?

It's not enough that he has to teach future heirs how to lead their empires, but he also has to develop various new products, pills, and also teach in academies from time to time.

Landon was quite a busy man.

He has to go to wars, develop vaccines, spy on other territories, go for a shit load of government meetings, see people who have been requesting to have audiences with him, solve diplomatic matters, visit orphanages, inspect the prisons, appeared on TV, write scripts, visit dangerous places and still have the time for somehow squeezing family time in his busy schedule.

So, please...

He, Landon refuses to do it all!

He can only give them hints, and that's it.

Figure that shit out yourself.

Landon was truly overworked.

If anyone knew his true work schedule, they might question how he is still alive. But luckily for him, he has the system's space.

And in there, he can sleep for days, and emerge to realize that only a few minutes have gone by in real time.

Do you think he would be this active if he wasn't getting enough rest?

Landon values his sleep a great deal.

He wished he could have Lucy accompany him in his system's space, so they could have more time for themselves.

But Lucy herself was a busy worm.

It's amazing that she still teaches in school despite being a Queen.

But unlike before, her lectures were once a week in a grand hall where students from many classes joined together and attended.

It was like a university lecture hall, only... It was for those in Baymard's public school.

She herself was a busy bee who especially loved to busy herself even more when Landon wasn't around.

Even now that she was pregnant, she still didn't stop working, loving to spend her time outside the palace more than inside.

It was strange since most pregnant women liked being slightly lazier during pregnancy.

But for Lucy, she was instead restless, wanting to always busy her hands.

All in all, Landon left many things for his armed forces to figure out for themselves.

The only time he will ever step in is if it gets to the stage where they have no way out.

With his amid working like clockwork, Beri began thinking of where the main Fortress might be located.

He could ask Lady Unknown, but he only wanted to do it if they were truly out of options.

He sensed she would want a trade of secrets if he did so.

Perhaps that has been her plan all along...

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1759 Finally Leaving

Chapter 1759 Finally Leaving

Beri thought carefully.

Yes...

Perhaps that has been her plan all along.

But according to his majesty Landon's spy, the main fortress holds a grand deal of secrets... secrets they gathered by the witches which they can also use against the TOEP.

The witches were not idle during their hunt for these hated TOEPs over the years.

They too gathered information... in particular a list. A list his Majesty Landon called the Blacklist.

It had names of those hidden in the shadows, those the world doesn't even know exist.

Baymard wants that list... the Blacklist!

That's why no matter what, the Main fortress must be found!

Meanwhile, in Baymard's Capital city, several people were rising from their beds with deep sighs.

Looking at the beds that kept them company for several beautiful weeks, many couldn't jell falling in them again, rolling around with pitiful faces.

"Mom, must we really go back? Can't we stay a little longer?"

"Yeah, Second Mother. What's the harm in staying a bit longer?"

"No can do. We must go back today. But don't worry, mother (second mother) will make sure we visit several times... Now do last-minute checks to make sure you're not forgetting anything."

Hey...

Both children quickly moved across their room, knowing if they left something behind, it might take a long time before they got it back.

Turning around, another woman walked in. She looked identical to the woman who spoke to the children just now.

"Sister, is our husband ready?"

"Well, he isn't back yet." One smiled softly.

Their husband left at 4 a.m. for one final meeting with his majesty Timothy, his majesty Landon, Kind-Father Lucius, Commander Jackson and several others.

It seems there are some things they must finalize before they leave for good.

Anyway, they will be having breakfast together with the royals at 9:30. So they knew that no matter what, their husband would be back by them.

The time now was 6:21.

He still wasn't back yet, so it meant they could take their time, doing what they liked until 9~9:05 AM.

After spending time here for several weeks, they can find their way to the Grand Dining hall from here.

But it seems today, they were going to eat within his majesty Landon's beautiful Greenhouse garden.

It was winter and snowy outside, yet his garden was vibrant, plush and stunning.

Although they've been there once, they would still get lost if they headed there on their own.

That's why at 9, the people sent by the palace will arrive escorting them over.

With everything packed and everyone washed, it seems the children can have one last money playing computer games and growing the web.

Inwardly, they didn't want 9 AM to come so fast.

However, it's always during these periods that time seems to fly by like a bullet.

9 a.m, Gordon still hasn't shown up yet, but that was okay. He was waiting for them in the Garden.

"Please make last-minute checks. Your luggage will be taken down and packed in the vehicles... Madamns, time to go."

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Breakfast was amazing as usual. Sending everyone's unease, Landon was quick to tighten the mood, making several people laugh so hard they almost choked on their tea.

Hey, who asked him to be a people person?

The heavy atmosphere vanished in the blink of an eye, and after the long enjoyable meal, everyone rested for a while together, before birding vehicles to the docks

Well, it's not everyone who left for the docks.

Today, the Oma teachers were also moved into the residential apartments they had arranged for them a while back.

During this time they stayed in the palace close to Landon so that they could easily learn Pyron too.

Additionally, Landon was also teaching them Baymard's method of teaching students.

It's not like the way today's medieval people taught.

It was the reactive and thought-provoking way of the 21st century.

So he had to ensure they followed this teaching method to the tee.

Landon also drew up outlines for Oma courses, showing them what they will be teaching during their first teaching semester which he and would be in April.

In Baymard, here is how the semesters and their holidays work.

- 5th August to 20~26th November (depending on last exam day) -- Summer/Fall semester
- 27th November to January 2nd --Winter Holiday.
- January 3rd to April 22~26th -- Winter/Spring Semester.
- April 27th to August 4th -- Summer Holidays.

The scheduling more or less fell in this manner.

But during the summer holidays, schools also offer Summer classes for students who need more help understanding some courses.

Sometimes summer was also there for students to take on courses they missed.

Some people like to also stay ahead of the game, choosing to complete these courses and be free during the following semesters.

Think about it.

If you only have 1 summer course and nothing else to study, then you will definitely put all your energy into it and excel with great results.

Summer courses typically begin 1 week after the Spring/Winter semester and exams officially end.

Everyone has 1 week to rest before coming to school again.

And since there are fewer courses they take, they can still work part-time and full-time jobs while also having fun with their friends if they plan things right.

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The plan was simple.

Landon planned to use the entire Winter/spring semester to completely train these Oma teachers, while also announcing to the world that Oma 101 and Oma 102 would be mandatory courses in Public schools like Roma and Zhol was also a must-study language.

Since Roma and Zohl were so similar, they were combined in one of many courses, where their differences and similarities are talked about, as well as their pronunciations.

That's right.

It was a must to study these languages showing no favoritism to any UN nation.

Luckily in schools, language courses were the most passed courses wherever you looked.

That being said, Oma will also be taught in Baymard, and after the new year, announcements will be made during orientation and at the start of the semester, emphasizing the need for everyone to learn Oma.

Landon was sure that before the Winter/Spring Semester ended, several people would rush to take on Oma 101 in the summer, wanting to have more free time during the main semesters when their schedules were filled with other courses.

These teachers will get their first students then.

In the meantime, several chosen Baymardians will also be following Timothy on this trip

Their mission was to teach the people of the Soma Empire, Pyron.

Why?... Because only those who pass the language tests will be allowed to study in Baymard come August.

By then, the Bay-Soma Cruise Lines will also be functional, and everything will be ready for more Giants to come in and study.

Soon, this place will be filled with people from all nationalities.

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Reaching the docks, everyone boarded their ships, giving one last look at Baymard before taking off.

Sigh...

Timothy stared at the slowly fading silhouette of the buzzing city, feeling his trip was very short.

It was funny that he had already been here for a month and he still felt he had only scratched the surface of everything Baymard had to offer.

"I wonder if they're back yet," Timothy pondered while thinking of his wives whom he sent out of Soma's Capital before Adonis attacked Soma's Capital.

Understand that after Landon saved the day, they immediately followed him to Baymard. So he hasn't seen his family either.

Well, since he left Artemis to handle everything, he was sure it was fine.

Knowing there was no need to worry over what he couldn't confirm yet, Timothy immediately headed to his Grand suite, looking at the many plans he now had for Soma.

"Traffic... That must be controlled."

"The treaty laws must be enforced in all corners of my Soma!"

"Transportation laws must be made, new jobs introduced, and other aspects improved."

The more Timothy thought the more his hands flew on his paper like magic.

He has written and rewritten things for an entire month but found that every time he thought more and discovered more from Baymard, his initial thoughts would immediately change.

He visited many Baymardian territories, seeing how they handled things, and even ensured currency circulated in the empire.

Although he hated to admit it, the way the world in general thinks, was very selfish... And his Soma empire wasn't any different.

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Timothy sighed.

All his life, although he was a good monarch he loved his people, he always felt it was right to surprise them to an extent, creating a very big gap between the rich and the poor.

The gap, just like the gap in many empires, is so big that the middle class rarely exists.

This was where he realized he failed.

Baymard on the other hand, did its best to raise everyone's standard of living, ensuring there were many with middle-class wealth. And what he realizes was that it facilitated trade and brought unimaginable wealth to the empire

The people were happy and had true patriotism flowing in their veins.

Timothy's eyes glowed with determination when thinking of Baymard.

"We must not lag behind. We must change!"

Chapter 1760 A Difficult Start

Change was a must.

Timothy was more determined to turn the entire Soma upside down just to make this change evident before he stepped down and handed the throne to Artemis.

During these days in Baymard, he has thought about it a lot.

Before the end of next year, he will step down.

But before that, he will do his best to better Soma.

At first, Timothy thought the entirety of Pyno looked the same as Baymard.

But only when visiting Arcadina, Carona, and the other Pyno employees, did he understand that they too began changing after seeing Baymard.

Even if the rest of the world doesn't have electricity, so what?

They improvised and made everything work with their situation.

There were street lights, order, and many job opportunities that sprung up like flowers in these empires.

These people were so smart, choosing to bring Baymard into their empires through various creative means.

For example, smart people now sell Baymardian foods as street vendors in their empires, surprisingly making a shit load of money they never expected.

While in Carona, Deiferus spoke to so many street vendors who would light up like the sun whenever his majesty Landon or his majesty Henry was mentioned.

These people could speak for hours on these monarchs, all full praises for what they have done.

"You don't understand. His Majesty Henry permitted us to sell food on this street. This street is ours alone! It's for us! And the best part is, the tax we pay is very reasonable, no cheating at all! Everything can be calculated with a calculator!"

"That's right! If it was years ago, those greedy officials working for the late Julius Tudor, the former monarch, would have visited us 3 times a month to suck any profits we make out!"

"Hmph! What we want is something uniform. At least show us what we are paying, and stick to it. Today, everything is clear. Property taxes and everything else are added. There are even tax returns too."

"In short, everything is clear. There's really no room for cheating me out of my money! And now that I'm literate, it's even more impossible!"

"Yeah! And the most amazing thing is his majesty Landon who is so kind to arrange seminars and gatherings to help us improve our businesses!"

(^0^)

...

The more they spoke, the more it seemed like they were talking about a God or something.

Anyway, Landon has helped them a lot, and when they implemented his tactics their sales shot up the roof to incredible heights that made some even carve statues of Landon in their homes.

Many call him the God of wealth.

Some seminars are free, and others are costly. But if you invest, keep at it and stay focused you are bound to see results.

Many gurus have trained under Landon, and now taught courses of their own too.

They have their own following on the internet and are dedicated to those who seek their help.

As for street vendors they too have their own community, just like merchants have their association.

These Vendors hold annual meetings in particular chosen places around Pyno, every year choosing to host it in 1 empire.

But it's said that after a year and a half, the organization will start hosting these events in places outside of Pyno, choosing to host them in other UN empires in Romain, Zohl and now Omania.

Hey, it's good for them to use that time to also see the world and understand various cultures.

Who knows... maybe they will be impressed by the food there, using it as inspiration.

Landon has always told them not to only focus on Baymarfian food.

That's why if you look at their menu options you'll see most places have a variety of foreign and local treats too.

For example, the Caronian Spring fumbling is a good favorite that he ate in Deiferus.

Being open to all satisfies people from all walks of life.

Through his many travels, he spoke to the common people, and even visited someone's home, seeing how light bulbs, solar washing machines and other useful gadgets help them.

They also had solar and battery-powered fans, locks that sang when sensing forceful entry, and other amazing items that gave them more free time to do what they loved.

For example, the man he spoke to, said his wife was a Novel writer, writing Dark romance books in their home. She loved writing during the summer when the grass was greener and the flowers blooming.

And while waiting, she would turn on the washing machine, allowing it to warm while she wrote.

Now, she no longer spends time doing chores and stressing herself to death.

People in this era were overworked, which was why their menstrual periods came 1 or thrice a year.

After she writes, she will go to their farm, and work for 6~7 hours before returning.

Of course, before writing, she has already cooked today's meal.

When you think about it the only time she has for herself is that small window of opportunity she uses to do things she loves like writing.

At least with the washing machine, she can have a breather before working again.

The man said that before visiting Baymard, he thought his wife was completely happy. But only after realizing how hard she works, did he decide to buy these gadgets for them.

And sure enough, it did the trick.

During summer, she smiled more, even when doing chores around the house. And after 2 years, she surprisingly got pregnant again in her old age (33).

Timothy was shocked by all he knew, and also taken aback by how neat the home was.

Public awareness was huge here, with no one throwing dirt on the roads and around their houses carelessly anymore.

Their houses were clean and well-organized, and their faces had almost no boils and excessive pimples.

People said they don't get ill as they used to. Now that their mattresses were thicker, their blankets warmer, their boots sturdy, and their clothes so thick it made them sweat in winter!

The more Timothy thought of it, the more amazed he was.

The Empire had organized garbage days, and even recycling offices where people got paid money for an exchange of empty glass bottles.

Hey... some people even look through other people's trash just for these bottles.

All in all, Timothy was impressed.

Just like that, the Omanians were on their way back home.

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At the same time, turbulence was quickly spreading across the world.

In Yodan, several forces were close to plotting Sirius's demise, enacting to pierce a final stake into his heart once and for all.

In the Empire of Czar, Romain continent, Warden Mitchen and Warden Samatha had finally secured the new monarch on the throne, eliminating the many enemies that attempted to strike him down.

But there are still more in the dark, gearing for one last move.

In Tenola, Laboon empire, General Suilian, who was leading the S-class mission to find the witches, and how the next monarch up the throne, was also getting caught up in a web of unexpected scenarios. Beri was also there to aid his quest.

Everywhere one looked, the Game for Thrones was all around them.

Everyone wanted to be monarch. Everyone wanted power.

They wanted the THRONE!

It was a savage world right now, one Landon had nothing to do with at the moment.

The skies were cloudy, dull and dark.

The day was still young yet it always looked ominous with little to no sunshine piercing through the thick cloudy blankets.

The Giants had gone one direction, and he, another.

Landon sat on his ship, well on his way to Mirvanna, the mysterious island that seemed almost mythical to him.

This was a big surprise to him since he felt his map covered all continents.

But now, looking at the deadly whirlpool and dangerous waters that enclosed and shielded a certain space on the map, he couldn't help feeling like a true adventurer out to seek treasures!

What mysteries lie on that island?

What treasures, what herbs, what animals will he find there too?

Landon's heart throbbed with sheer excitement, as he couldn't wait to see these green goblin-like toned people who in his honest opinion, had the best physiques in this world.

Tapping his hands on his table, Landon narrowed his gaze thoughtfully.

"Now that we're all aboard, we can finally begin specific talks on the mission. As they say, it's never too early to hold a meeting. Don't you agree?"

Everyone nodded with expressionless faces.

In the small conference room sat 6 leaders, 2 women and 4 men accompanying Landon for this brief meeting.

For this mission, they rushed so abruptly to head out for it knowing his majesty prioritizes helicopters and aircrafts more than anything else.

Many didn't think too much of it, but would soon change their minds when they see just where they are heading.

Mirvanna!

The name alone seemed very holy.

But that wasn't Landon's main concern for now.

It was already winter time.

Soon, the surrounding deadly waters would become a mating site for most Boggles (whales).

Should a ship venture in during that time, it would be suicide!

The mating lasts for almost 2 months.

Everyone in the room stared at the projected screen with stern expressions, knowing the potential dangers they might face.

"Your majesty, we must arrive before the mating period!"

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1761 A Stupidly Strange World

Chapter 1761 A Stupidly Strange World

Here comes the dreaded discussion.

They are really cutting it close by going out now.

But what can they do?

According to His Majesty's secret Spies, they must leave immediately or else a catastrophe will befall the people of Mirvanna.

The more they listened to his majesty Landon, the more shocked they were at the existence of such a small mysterious continent protected by nature against outsiders.

Have you forgotten what the sailors call the space between the calm waters and the turbulent Mirvanna waters?

Death Line!

That's the name.

From their estimation, this Death Line spans miles and miles across the ocean.

There, the waters can split a human in half from impact alone.

The waters could crush ships, and even metal ships like theirs would get deformed and mercilessly spat out should they dare venture in.

Again, Landon had to ask what the God or Goddess of this world was thinking.

Why create so many strange things and places?

In Zalipnia Romian, there's a waterfall that flows backward, defying gravity.

In Land of the Hills, Gregory's home in Zohl, there are hills that switch locations, as though one was moving a dial.

The hills move on their own, causing many outsiders and tourists to get lost.

Just marking such places won't take you anywhere.

In Soma, Omania, there are strange and deadly winds that chase one with spite. These tornado winds that are fueled by the excessive heat and nature's bizarre likeness, cause troubles wherever they go.

In Czar, Romain, and other Romain territories, the winters are also north winter tornadoes that carry away livestock and people for miles and miles before dumping them somewhere.

On the streets, there are sturdy trees, chest-high fences and blunt-edged poles strategically placed so everyone can strap themselves if a winter tornado is on its way.

The people there walk with ropes during winter as though ropes were smartphones.

Even the noble ladies and men had ropes of their own though they were made to look more stylish.

Carriages in these places were designed uniquely, and their wagons had special features to aid their cause.

But don't think the outside world is the only place where one can find strange phenomena.

Pyno had its own quirkiness too.

In Carona, there is a peculiar lake that spits out bubbles that taste like candy during Fall.

Don't think he hasn't tried looking for some scientific explanation to understand it.

Sadly, there isn't.

It is too unconventional and unbelievable!

In Yodan, there is a cliffside that has peculiar cave openings high up in the air.

One would of course need to scale and rock climb the haggard straight cliff to reach these caves.

But here was the thing.

The cave openings are only visible during the pique periods of summer.

It's as though these openings close on their own, refusing to reveal themselves any other time.

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Weird, weird, weird...

Landon has given up on relying solely on science.

What?

Do you think it's normal for people to have visions about him?

Do you think it's normal for something like the Holy Core to exist?

Do you think a place like Death Line is scientific at all?

More importantly, do you think his existence in this world alone made sense?

There were too many miraculous sites located around the world.

And Landon was sure that even in Veinita, Tenola, Morgany, Dania and Lampe, there should also be crazy phenomena no one can explain.

His focus now was on Mirvanna, this mysterious small continent.

It might be small, but according to the information given by the system, it was the richest in the world in terms of resources.

It seems that when the Gods chose to enclose them, they ensured these people had all the resources they needed.

Landon was just glad that he was the one to make first contact with these people.

Imagine if the Morgs reached them first?

Say no more!

Once it's clear how rich their lands were and how small in size their continent was, these Morgs, like colonialists, would enslave them all without mercy.

Never doubt the genius of man and the intelligence of Medieval people.

Truthfully, Landon felt that the reason planes and other flying devices had not been created yet was because no one saw the real benefits of it.

What do humans do? They solve problems.

To the Morgs, once they know Mirvanna does exist, the Death Line itself would be seen as a true major problem.

From there, don't you think they will search the world for talents who can brainstorm and create a flying device of their own?

Sure, it might take decades and even a century for the prototype to ever come into existence.

Once they understand the principles of flight, you best believe they would drop in their knights and warriors like crazy.

To be honest, Landon was a little scared of how insanely intelligent these medieval people were.

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Back in modern times, if you teach a child something, they will forget within a week if they don't read it again.

But have you ever visited the classrooms in Baymard? Most students there have near-eidetic memory abilities.

That is... the people of this era have trained their brains so hard from birth that they can recall a conversation word for word like scouts and assassins reporting to their masters.

They can recall everything they see, explaining it in detail like artists painting a flower.

Quite frankly, it was intimidating.

This was why the failure rate was very low for many after the first year in school when they finally adjusted.

Even those who have Pyron as their second language, come here and excel like crazy.

Again, Landon had to wonder what made modern people dumber.

Is it because everything is handed to them that they're stupider?

Is that it?

Because babies in modern Nursery schools take time to learn their ABCs and other words in coloring books.

But Landon found that even children born within these years in his Baymard could learn super fast and had already understood and finished their yearly school programs and courses by half a semester.

That is... before the next semester, they were already done.

Some even questioned if people that used 2 semesters to finish it all were retarded.

It was because of their shrapnel brains that honestly, Landon had to start teaching Roma and other languages in nursery school.

Sometimes, he also introduced pottery classes and other useful skill classes just to keep them occupied with their brains active.

No joke, these children were scary.

And Landon noticed that even if he used modern planning and teaching, he had to readjust everything knowing that the people in this era were like sponges sucking in information.

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Alas...

Landon felt everyone in modern times would be ashamed if they knew.

Heck!

Even he felt ashamed of his former self.

The people in this world were smart but needed the right sort of motivation (problem).

As he said, they might be able to one day create sustainable flying devices of their own should they know that Mirvanna exists.

They need a problem for a solution to erupt.

Before his metal ship, many were okay with the current ship technology, which he felt they shouldn't be.

They haven't even created a ship's steering wheel, so why get comfortable?

To be honest, Landon felt their technological slowness came from the fact that there were too many.

Peculiar monsters, as well as the many Mythical and unexplainable things in this world.

Do you know that till today, a large chunk of Morgany's research money is spent on Boggle elimination?

As people who rule the seas, their problems come from the giant creatures roaming the place.

These whales (boggles) aren't the same as those back on Earth.

They were tougher and had many unique features too, like the 2-horned boggle that can destroy a ship from below

Morgany has lost too many ships and resources in the hands of these boggles. So excuse them for not having the time to research other things when a major problem was still staring them in the face.

This world had many strange and peculiar sites and beings that helped slow down technology's growth.

Why do you think he was sent here?

According to the system, this planet, Hertfilia, was way behind the technology tree.

They should already be in the interstellar era according to how it was planned.

But they were still here stuck in Medieval times, fighting all sorts of creatures and themselves.

The gods might have realized how much they messed up things by creating so many giant predatory creatures and peculiar sites that made humans focus more on hunting and survival than technology.

For tens, hundreds, thousands and millions of years, the cycle repaired itself.

Understand that these people stayed within the caveman era for 50 times longer than intended.

It's TRUE.

It seems that the Holy Core might not be the only help given to them over the era.

After initially waiting for heaven knows how long, the gods gave visions to humans on how to freaking move into the next stage and how to at least keep their population alive from the many giants.

They did do so for another insanely long period.

Then the Gods couldn't stand it any longer, choosing to send the Holy Core down.

Don't think the battle was immediate.

It took several more years for humanity to squash a majority of giant monsters.

From there, they focused on technology.

But do you know that millions of years have gone by before they had their peace?

This was why he, Landon, was here.

To freaking speed things up!

Chapter 1762 An Unhappy Man

The strangeness of this world knew no bounds. And it was precisely because of this that they still had to be safe when attempting to go in. They used to think that with the metal ships built, they had already reached the pique of human technology. However, it was moments like these that allowed everyone to be grateful for the emergence of choppers and other military flying machines. Imagine trying to venture into the Death Line using their current ship technology would still be disastrous. They would be chewed and spat out by the Death Line in just a few minutes. Everyone's face was sullen while staring at the projected screen. A young but very intelligent man in glasses called their attention to the obvious technological dangers involving their mission. He was a military Engineer. Beside him were 2 others who studied weather and climate. 3 of them spoke in turns. "As you know, you will be going in via air travel. But even then, we don't know how safe it is." "We don't know if the winds above the Death Line are extremely turbulent. And even if it's deemed safe, we don't know if there will be any surprises while mid-air." Remember how the tornado winds in Soma come out every few hours? Who is to say the situation wouldn't be the same here? That's why they must do their best to arrive as early as possible before mating season. They must get as close to the Death Line as possible while sending up resting drones which are similar to giant pods or 1-seater helicopters. They wanted to test if the winds up there would be too chaotic for helicopter choppers. Will the rotating winds fly off? Even if they analyzed that the rotating blades of the choppers won't off, would they be able to stabilize themselves while flying?

They don't want the entire chopper spiraling like crazy while flying. There was so much to consider here from atmospheric pressure, humidity, wind speed, chopper weight distribution, and many more. You see, this was where engineering came in. They have to test and recalculate several factors, determining the rate of success from the data pulled. Landon had brought 3 military ships for this mission. 2 were defense battleships. And the other 2 were giant carrier vessels. Some of their choppers were standard choppers, while others were similar to Boeing Ch-47 Chinook choppers that people usually see on TV. It's typically a lathe storage vessel that has 2 rotary blades, one on its head and another on its end (butt). One can say why not bring in small fighter jets, the types used in the World War? But have you forgotten their mission? They are here for peace and not for war. Why bring in fighter jets across the Death Line when most of their concern was about transporting medical equipment, and other items they would need once in there? Thanks to the system's super modified versions of these choppers, many disadvantages seen in modern time versions were eliminated. ...

The dangers above. One by one many couldn't help wondering about how safe it was. Luckily, they have a trusty team to analyze everything for them. If it were in the past, soldiers and knights would just move on like sheep without knowing that such things could be tested. Still, if they truly wanted a safe mode of traveling, it all boils down to how early they reach the Death Line. They must arrive way earlier than those giant boggles and have a safe station to carry out their tests. The reason why they wanted the tests to be very close to them was so that if any accidents happened, they could easily retrieve the fallen devices. What's more, being close also gives them a true understanding of how deadly the place is. But if they came during mating season, there would be a big device between them and the Death Line. No one knows why these boggles loved mating just before the Death Line. They covered miles and miles of the waters leading to the Death Line, using those areas as mating ponds. It seems that the vibrations and waves sent from the Death Line to the surrounding waters were what they loved. They loved mating in the presence of such vibrations and waves. And should anyone disturb them... Well, you can already guess how annoyed they will be. To be honest, anyone would be annoyed if they were with their partner and someone kept knocking at the door or bothering him when he was about to reach the big climax. Are you crazy? Come some other time! These giant boggles can only mate once a year. This was their spot, their collective spot where boggles from across the world swim just to make it in time for mating. For them, it wasn't a one-day affair. They mate for close to 2 months after finding a partner. During those 2 months, it's crucial they don't get disturbed. Their most viscous side is unleashed once disturbed. And the way they attacked ships that bugged them was also very cruel. That's why no matter what, they must reach and carry out their tests before the mating season. .

Everyone took in deep breaths, knowing the gravity of the situation. Their main fear and concern was that in this life, one can never be 100% sure of anything. Let's say they succeed in their tests, knowing the chopper's blades can hold on mid-air above the death line. That's good and all, but what about the surprising attacks from nature? What if there's a fierce wind or another bizarre scenario that knocks those in the choppers down? They wanted to be as close enough to the Death Line as they could so they

could try their best to save them. They indeed estimated their ships would get chewed and eaten up after entering the Death Line. But it wasn't so immediate, was it? 3 minutes, 5 minutes, 10 minutes? 15 minutes?

Unlike wooden ships, these ones were metal of metal. Not just any metal, but super-enhanced metal. These ships were among the first 5 ships to be reconstructed using enhanced metal with superior strength. Eventually, the ship would get chewed. But how long do they have before their ships go down? How long can their ships hold on? If they do a quick save and escape fast before any critical damage, it should be alright... right? Provided their men were still in the high-grade, strength-enhanced choppers, they would be able to survive for some time before getting sliced and diced by the waters like fish. The dangers of this pace were just too many to count. That's why they must test, test, and test again and again until they are 99% sure of their theories.

Human lives were at stake here, so they must not make any mistake! They didn't know if the Death Line was this string because it was winter. Who knows... Maybe in summer, it was a little less destructive. Though to be honest, Labdon had to say it was quite odd that the simmering regions all had terrible snow, whether it was those on Romain and possibly those in Dania continent. But those within the mysterious island hardly got any snow. What they mostly had was rain and hailstones during colder seasons like these. This was another matter that Landon couldn't understand geographically and scientifically. Again, he had to ask what the goddess/God of this world was thinking. Do you think you can just create whatever you like without putting order in? Maybe there was some geographical order in the matter, but he hasn't discovered one yet. Of course, Landon just knew of Mirvanna's existence not too long ago. So maybe after studying it well, he will better understand it from a scientific point of view. (-w-)

. Just like that, the meeting connected with talks of potential dangers bit just from the Death Line but from the natives who don't know of their existence. And as he prepared, so did many across the world. Time seemed to flow like water. And before anyone knew it, several weeks had gone by in a flash. It was already January 20th. (^O^)

Hooray! Hooray! Many cheered with smiles knowing they lived to see another year. Yes!

A new year had come, and for some, school was in full swing as usual. For others, it meant business.

Many things have happened so far, especially in Pyno. Outside a particular city, the air was frosty and the grounds white. Yet, most people still had smiles on their faces while strolling their well-made boots around. Cold? What was that? If it was before, their grass stalk shoes would have already been soaked and their legs cold and frozen while walking. Back then, not everyone could afford a simple boot from a shoemaker. Even with the shoes they made using animal fur wrapped around their legs, they still got snow into their shoes from time to time. But now, they wore snow-proof shoes. These Baymardian winter boots were just the thing they needed to brave the windy storms. What's more, the underneath part of the shoes had small studs to prevent sliding as

they typically did in the past. And you know what, the shoes were also too cheap in their honest opinion! Food, shelter, clothing. Those were the most important things to them during winter.

They now have it all, so how can they not smile? Ah yes... It was a merry start for many, but not for the man standing above the crowd of streetwalkers. He had a cold smile on his devilishly handsome face.

"So, is he truly dead?"

Chapter 1763 A Cowardly Death?

Everyone in the room stared at the back view of the devilishly handsome man, knowing that although they couldn't see his face, they knew him too well to know he was furious! Staring out his window, the man's lips raised slightly with an evil glint in his eyes. "Dead?..." Sebastian slowly turned around, facing the group of calm men, and Rudolf, his best friend, who was eating an apple while lying down on a stylish red, long, artistic-style couch. Dead. That word buzzed in their ears, as some still found it unbelievable that the Ghost, who was the number 2 assassin in Dafaren, Veinita, would die in the hands of a lowlife like Death. How does this make any sense? How does it add up? Clenching the second note in his possession, Sebastien slowly threw it into the massive fireplace, watching it burn with a strange flicker in his eyes. Thack!-Thack!-Thack!~ The echoing sounds of the flames consuming the firewood and all in its path, were all everyone could hear in this knee-deep silence. Dammit! Everyone knew Ghost's death wasn't natural. Rudolf tilted his head, taking another bite of his apple. "They cheated." Rudolf pushed, swiftly chewing the juicy apple chunks in his mouth. "They had to have cheated for them to win against our man! Don't forget that we were the ones who challenged Death. The location for the battle had our men swarmed in and hidden in the dark, ready for action." 'What's more, we gave Ghost cheat sheets that told of every move and technique death was bound to make during the fight.' Rudolf inwardly added, not voicing this part out to the men. That matter was to remain a scepter between him, Sebastian, Ghost, and the decision-makers in the TOEP. They made all plans to ensure their victory was flawless. So how can it be normal for them to lose? Impossible! The only way it is possible is if Death cheated as well. .

While still lying down, Sebastien threw the finished stalk of the apple into the fire with precision. How shameless! "I don't think he went there intending to honor the battle." Hm-hm.

Many nodded, agreeing with Rudolf. Who knows... Maybe rather than coming alone, he came with an entire army that swept across the place, that also killed off the TOEP scouts hiding in the shadows. Didn't you hear what the reports said? No bodies or survivors were found. But they did find that the place was still thick with the aura of the

dead. Although they didn't see obvious evidence, they knew the dead TOEP men must've been gathered and burned out there till they turned to piles of ashes. Winter was here. The battlefield was completely covered with heaps and heaps of snow just after a few days, not to mention weeks. The snow buried everything in its part, erasing evidence of footsteps and other aspects too. But the one thing it can't erase was the man-made evidence left on the trees and nearby bushes. They also cleared off several heaps of snow from the grounds. And even though the evidence was near-destroyed by now, they could still conclude that their dead men must've been piled up and burned together. Who were they? TOEP men who have unfathomable tracking skills and abilities. They analyzed all information they could find to reach this conclusion. No one thought Death fought against Ghost. To them, Death must have come in with thousands and thousands of men, surrounding their men in all directions. In short, it was an ambush! He didn't fight Ghost at all but decided not to honor the battle at the last minute, sneakily staying on his horse while commanding his men to charge in and eliminate their men. Coward! Many gnashed their teeth, finding Ghost's death to be unfair and unjust. The bastard dared not honor a fight between assassins? Damn that Pyno bastard! Just who do they think they are to pull such a cowardly act on Ghost? .

Many were fuming.

Don't forget that Ghost, just like Death, was the boss of many of the men underneath Sebastien. These men also work in his guild back in Dafaren, fearing and respecting him too. Ghost was their boss, and their boss worked for Sebastien, so their allegiance was also with Sebastien. Luckily, all of them now work for the big, big, big, boss, the TOEP, and were now registered as men under Sebastien's regime. If it was normal, the death of Ghost would have left his men scattering in all directions, some still choosing to work for Sebastien, others choosing to work alone, some going to work for others they felt were more powerful, and a select few choosing to retire. That would have been the order of things.

But now that they have signed over their lives to the TOEP, there was no getting out. You can't... you just can't, unless in death. So even if they don't work with Sebastien, they would still get reshuffled like chess pieces and might end up working for a boss they detested instead. Can you imagine them working for a boss beneath them? What if they get assigned to work with some newbie Pyno man because they say he or she has 'potential?'

Blugh~ The thought alone is jarring. They've been in the TOEP long enough to know that those who lose their leaders, would become 'passables,' people they send to work with certain newbie bosses for a while until those newbie bosses get the hang of it and can now stand on their own 2 feet without their help. Sometimes, it was good since the passable might come from higher places, but other times, it was incredibly insulting for people like them who rose and fell from what they considered their top. There were so many factors that came into place if they chose to leave Sbeatsien's faction. It can lead to a happy ending or a sad pitiful one for them. That's why the devil they knew was better than the angel they didn't know. With those simple thoughts, a majority would still

choose to stay in Sebastien's regime. Still, the shock of hearing that their leader was dead was enough to leave them in a state of doubt, fury and disbelief for a long, long time. Do you know just how strong their leader, Ghost, is? In Dafaren and even within the entire Veinita, people were afraid to mention his name, coming up with all sorts of spooky legends about him. His killings were legendary and his wicked mind and strength were also crazily sharp and brutal. It's not easy to book him for a job. You must first be worthy of his assassin status since he doesn't take jobs from just anyone. Additionally, the case, A.K.A, the target, must be worth it as well. Do you think he would accept a case to kill a mere daughter of a lowly Baron? Who do you think you're talking to? His targets must be equally worthy of having to die by his hands. The royals, dukes, and even some hidden organization leaders go to him when they want a for sure complete and flawless job. They say when he, Ghost, comes for you, there will be no escaping your fate. Because like a ghost, he will always be there, even if you can't see him. That is their boss... The deadly Ghost. And now that he chose to fight upfront, these Pyno bastards killed him in cold blood because they were too scared to face him in true combat. .

Many clenched their fists, feeling a pot of emotions boiling within their hearts. So what does this mean? It simply states that their leader was seen as so strong that these Pyno bastards dared not face him honestly. (*■*)

"_" [Death]

If Death knew their thoughts, he would raise his swords to hack them to death. Who was cheating whom? Who was afraid of whom?

Unlike what they thought, he came for that battle just like invented and even fought with Ghost. So what do you mean by saying he was too chicken to fight? Does he look so shameless not to honor assassin-combat? He, Death, went there, truly abating to see the fighting difference between Ghost and himself. Indeed, Ghost was truly formidable. But the thing Death could never accept was that Ghost was a cheater! Well, he cheated first by mastering a list of Death's skills that he used to counterattack every move. In other words, he was not organic. It was like a cheat sheet for a multiple-choice examination. There was no thinking on his part, making the battle boring for Death, even though Death was the one getting beaten, at the time. But that's not all.

After the Baymardians took action, do you know how many TOEP men they killed and captured alive? Death laughed when recalling how Ghost said both of them should go to the battlefield alone. Is this the 'alone' he was talking about? Tsk. If Death were here, he would f**king tell these bastards the real truth about their boss and how the battle actually went down. Did you think he just sat in the background and allowed his men to wage war against these TOEPs when he arrived on the battlefield? What do they take him for?

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Everyone in the room was furious, wanting to avenge Ghost's death. Sebastien on the other hand, stood silent, watching over the fireplace with a grim look in his eyes. "Boys... Since they don't fight fair, then why should we too? For now, we no longer attack my dear distant cousin, William." "For now, we watch... we watch them like prey, understanding their every move. And when the time is right..." Bam! William slammed his fists on the wall. "We destroy them all!" But while laying in wait, it was time he went to Baymard, to see what the fuss on it was all about. More importantly, he wanted to see her again... She, the most breathtaking woman he has ever laid eyes on. She was everything he wanted in a woman. Sebastian lowered his gaze, revealing a devilish smile that didn't reach his eyes. 'Lucy, Queen of Baymard... You will soon be mine.'

Chapter 1764 Lucy The Canary

A dream is a wish your heart makes. Even Cinderella said so.

A dream is something you most desire. And for several days and weeks, Sebastien hasn't been able to get Lucy's image out of his head. He had old newspapers with her image on the front page. He had videos of her royal wedding, though he immediately substituted Landon with himself.

When she smiled, he thought she was smiling at him. When she laughed and held Landon's hand, he too envisioned it was him. No one, except for Rudolf, knew of his attention to Lucy

He, Sebastien, had never been so attracted and interested in a woman as he was now. He found that when you love or truly lust after someone, you begin planning your day around them. Everything in your world now has focus and purpose. Initially, he wanted power to avenge his Grandfather who was exiled out of Baymard and had to stay in Veinita. He wanted power to prove that he too was a Barn, a Barb that should never be underestimated. What man doesn't want power in this world? He wanted the Arcadian throne, he wanted power and all the perks that came with commanding an empire. Sebastien felt that you would have to kill him to make him forfeit the throne. Even now with his obsession for Lucy, he will won't forfeit it. Why should he? That is what he deserves! He might be obsessed with Lucy, but don't think that just because he likes her, he would fulfill her every desire that goes against his. To put it simply, he is first in love with himself, then her, then other good things in life. That was the order of things. He, Sebastien, would never accept pillow talk that cripples him in the future. (*^*)

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Huh. You must be joking! He did fancy Lucy very much, but unlike how she loved now, he wanted to keep her in a cage, like a canary, for his eyes and eyes alone. He wanted her entire life to demand and revolve around him. What work? He felt Landon didn't

know how to treasure Lucy when allowing her to work so tirelessly outdoors. Lucy is not only a teacher, but a government official, working in the department of agriculture. She is also part of the UN's charity, health and peace operations privately funded by all UN empires. Their goal is to aid those who really need help in their various empires. Sometimes, drought and even plagues can cause a population of people in a village, town or city to die overnight. Floods can occur, winter or summer hurricanes and tornadoes can be fiercer than usual, and mother nature in general could be a b**ch. The UN comes in and helps these people start anew again. Policies are put in place to prevent the situation from repeating itself, the list goes on. Sometimes their concern is purely medical, taking in people who have been shunned by society or called cursed. Orphan babies are picked up in the world far more frequently than one would expect. Some children are found in critical conditions with ants already moving through their nostrils and mouths. Other children aged 4 or 5 are so bony that it was quite a frightening thing to see. Some children begin as beggars the moment they gain consciousness. With no one to teach them and many shunning them in society, they truly moved around the world in a daze. Unfortunately, some became victims of street rape and slavery. And a few also die on the tables of men and women who loved the taste of human flesh. There was so much to do in this world, and so much to give out in charity. Not just money, but clothes, books, old shoes and many other items are bundled and given to those in need. Lucy did a lot, which was understandable, seeing as she was QUEEN! Hey... if you wear the crown, you must fulfill the obligations. And quite frankly, Lucy wasn't complaining. She loved her job which allowed her to travel and meet new people from time to time. .

Unlike Landon, although Lucy was busy, she still had ample resting time. If Lucy was honest she had to say that her Mondays to Fridays were always swamped, but her Saturdays and Sundays were very lax... unlike Landon who was super busy even on weekends. On Weekends, she mostly did light jobs like shooting for the cover of Glam magazine or having a grand dinner and sightseeing event with visitors from foreign territories. On such days, she did as she pleased. Lucy made sure that she only taught on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Sometimes, depending on the semester, her class was 3 hours long, once a week. If there were assignments to be marked and graded, the TAs (teaching assistants) would do them. With the guidelines and marking sheets she gave them, it was easy to mark the students' papers. That is... what was the point of having them if they can't do this much?

Sometimes, she won't even attend the last class before a major exam or test, allowing the TAs to hold question-and-answer sessions in class. They would answer any doubts the students had, provided the students asked. But if there were no questions from the students, then the TAs were allowed to stop the session early and leave. And the next class, they will be the ones overseeing her tests and exams. To be honest, Lucy truly loved having T.As. It made her job very easy knowing that all she had to do was teach and leave all the marking and exam supervision to them. Of course, once every paper is marked, she would go over it on Sundays, using at least 4 hours to cross-check everything and ensure that the TAs didn't make mistakes. Except for attending morning

service at the Grand Cathedral, her mornings were pretty lax. So when she returned, she typically looked at the papers while eating lunch in her bedroom.

Around 3:30 to 4 pm, she would either take a stroll outside the palace or watch TV with Kora, Little Momo, little Linda and Little Ren. That was her usual schedule. But then again now that she was pregnant, she realized that as the months went by, the less work she was allowed to do. And now she only works on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. The other 4 days were mostly spent in the palace, with her being very bored. She was pregnant, not ill, so why was everyone treating her like a patient? (:TwT:)

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Anyway, Lucy was so bored that she began secretly working at home. She was so used to working that she didn't know what to do when given so much free time. Even when she didn't come to Baymard, she worked in the Arcadinian palace while living with her mother Kim and Landon. She fetched water and aided in cooking, cleaning, gardening, farming, knotting, mending and performing other duties around the place. She was used to working and didn't like having too much free time on her hands. Many people think that the feeling of being a tourist is great. But after a while of not doing anything, you start to feel like your existence is a little meaningless. Believe it or not, work gives you purpose. Lucy looked for things to do, wanting to cook, clean or help out around the palace, but no one allowed her to do so. One day, the cooks arrived on schedule and almost had heart attacks when they saw her in the chicken, carding a large pot with her large belly protruding. Before that day, Lucy had never known they had to post to fly. In a flash, they appeared before her, taking the pot away and escorting her out. Soon, they became very vigilant, always looking over their shoulders and ensuring she didn't come here anymore. At that point what else could Lucy do but secretly do her own work at home? Such was the life Lucy now lived. She already felt she had so much time on her hands. So imagine someone trying to put her in a cage all in the name of pampering her and not allowing her to lift a finger?

Do you know how boring such a life would be? The food is cooked by others, the house is cleaned by others, the gardens are mended by others... all she can do is paint occasionally, take leaks around the gardens and anxiously wait for her man to come home

Mind you, she won't be allowed to leave the place. So even if he came home and didn't want to see her, she would have no choice but to bottle up her distractions and await his visit on another day. Sebastien smiled to himself, already making plans on how to keep Lucy in love and Kate for his eyes and his eyes only. That cousin of his didn't leave her at all, or else why would he allow her to move around so busily as she did? A woman like that should not be allowed to work at all. What's more, why should a woman be involved in politics? Once he takes her as his queen, she should forget all about retaining her government position. Go home, give birth, and raise my children. That was

Sebastien's dream. As for the bastard she was currently carrying in her womb, he would kill it after it was born. That, he could guarantee!

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Like so, Sebastien made plans to not only take on Arcadina but also take on Baymard as well. If he wanted Lucy, he had to do it. However, he wasn't the only one making drastic changes. Today in Morgany, several people also did the same.

Chapter 1765 Abian's Greed

The world finally has peace!

In a moderately sized coastal town in Abian, Morgany, several people gathered in hundreds within the many car racks and training camps all around. Every day, thousands would arrive with stoic faces that showed pride within them. And at the same time, the number of vessels lining up in a particular reserved corner also grew thunderous by the day. What was going on? Why were so many forces gathering in the little coastal town? People came in from all directions in Abian during these last few weeks. And now, in mid-January, they were all preparing for the battle ahead. ... Staring out his grand artistically designed window, Commander Rayos, stared at the many courtyards below. His office was at the center of this training estate, standing very tall in a lone tower that saw across the plains. It was winter, hardly the season for fruits.

Anyone eating fruits at this time of year was seen as super wealthy since the price typically skyrocketed 10~20 times its original selling price during the colder, harsher seasons. Behind Rayos, were several apples, grapes and other fruits of his choosing neatly arranged and placed in beautiful bowls on his table. There was always a jug of wine available to fill his belly too. It was too cold to stand on the balcony.

Throwing his hand behind him, Rayos grabbed a grape while still staring out his window. Looking at the men who seemed tinier the further they were, Rayos felt it was a good day! After getting cooped up in this place for months, they can finally leave! "Osiris, Brody, Hitchcoff... Begin." All 3 burly men behind him instantly spoke in the order called. "My Lord, 3 more armies have arrived and are getting settled in as we speak" "11 more war vessels have just arrived, my Lord." "Food, rowing slaves, horses, chariots... we are still amassing them." "Good..."

The reports were like music to Rayos' ears when he knew they were on the right track, just as planned. He was the commander of the Abian legion heading to Baymard! Word came from above not too long ago that once they were all set, they should set sail. Previously, they had to wait a while longer for the other 2 Morg empires to get ready, since dealing with Baymard was a concern for all of them. Although Morgany was

united, they also had their few differences now and then. Everyone knew the potential Baymard had. So how can they not feel greedy? How can they not secretly want to get more goodies than their ally Morg empires? Understand that months and months earlier, the decision to take Morgany was made in the Abian empire, during the grand meeting about the Holy Core's arrival into Morgany and Baymard. There were representatives from the other 2 empires present in the grand meeting.

Abian had a head start because for one, after the meeting they immediately sent word to their forces scattered across the Abian empire. They sent messages to travel for months to alert these unit leaders to ready their men and head toward this coastal town. That was the plan. After word went out, it took their men at most another month to prepare before heading to this town. For some, the town was just a month away, but for others, it was 6 months away.

There was truly nothing they could do about it. Understand that traveling from any point within the empire and heading towards the capital city, already took at least 3 months. Meaning 3 months was the halfway point. So if one was at the far end in the opposite direction and was heading for the town, they would have to travel through to the Capital (3 months) before traveling from the Capital to the Coastal town (3 months.)

Mind you, 3 months is the minimum travel distance to reach the Capital. Some places use up to 5 months, depending on the tricky terrains and difficulties. In a nutshell, some people might arrive in the town in 3 months while others arrive in 6~8 months.

But were they going to wait that long?

Yes. That was the plan. And when all their forces are gathered, they will leave immediately!

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Ah yes... The reason Abian had an advantage was because the meeting was held here, allowing them to make plans faster.

But for the other empires, it was another matter altogether. For one, the representatives from other empires had to not only use 3~4 months to travel to the coastal region where their ships were docked but also had to sail for 2 to 4 months around the shorelines just to reach the closest coastal towns/cities/villages in their prospective empires. When they reach, they now have to travel from that coastal region to the Capital for another several months. For a place like the Andorian Empire, because of its complex terrain, the horses get tired faster than in other territories. Heading to the Capital takes at least 4 months if you start within the closest coastal region. When you add it all up it will take them a year just to head back and tell their monarch the news and the decisions made. Following that, they will start making plans, having all their men prepare for battle and head towards the coasts too. Again, that would take several months. Only then when everyone is gathered, can they leave. (-_-)

... Alas, what they wouldn't give to have Baymardian ships, vehicles and trains at this point. Don't forget that before Baymard created their ships, just sailing from Baymard to that particular coastline point in Carona, took 1 month and a few weeks. But now, it took at most 2 days to get there. In truth, with the sort of engines they had, it could arrive within a day, but Landon knew the importance of giving enough delay time when making schedules. That's why some cruise trips even take up to 3 days before getting to Carona. They sailed at a slow and steady pace, allowing people to also enjoy their time aboard the cruise line. Look at Yodan's case. Before, sailing between Yodan and Baymard would have taken at least 5 months. But what do you see? Now, it takes a little over a week to get there.

With transportation alone so much can change. Sadly, they in Morgany had no such technologies though they felt Baymard stole it all from them. Anyway, it would take the other empires at least a year and a half before setting out for Baymard. The Holy Core was discovered this last summer. And since then it has been 5 months and 3 weeks. For some, they received word from the capital a month after the decision was made and for others, they received word from the Capital just last month, early December and were now heading to this town. Rayo estimated that given another 3 and a half months, everyone should be here. Meaning late Spring they will move out!

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Good... Good... Good. This was just great! Rayo was pleased with the decisions the higher-ups made. Once all Abian units are ready, they can move out immediately rather than wasting here doing nothing. Since January marks 5 months and a few weeks since the decision was made, the armies from the other empires will at least take another year before they begin heading out for Baymard. Didn't you hear what he said? BEGIN. This was the time they would begin sailing out from Morgany's shores. That will be sometime next year in January. This was already a new year, January. So you expect them to sit still for 1 whole year waiting for the other empires to get ready?

Do you know how many things they can do in just this one year? Alas... traveling was a b**ch. Mind you, after the 'one year,' they will begin setting sail to Baymard, which takes another 8 months if the weather and nature don't bug them. Sometimes, it can take up to a year and even a bit longer. Bottom line, it could be 2 more years from now before they attack Baymard. Why wait for so long? The higher-ups of Abian felt their hands itching, deciding that with the Holy Core's technology in their palms, they should immediately set out when all Abian forces arrived. They plan to leave in late Spring. And with any luck, after at least 8 months of traveling, they should arrive sometime next year in February.

This plan was better than having to wait for an additional year just to attack. A year after they reach, will be when the other forces will arrive at Baymard. Who has the time to wait for so long? Of course, the higher-ups were also very greedy for what Baymard had to offer, so they planned to first take over as many industries in the Baymard's lower region as they could before the other empires could come in to get the crumbs. It's

TRUE that in the end, they will share all the knowledge they acquire with each other, but the rights to research and owning the industry will be theirs! So why wait? With the Holy Core's incredible powers at their disposal, can they still lose?

(^_^)

Chapter 1766 Baymard At The Heart Of War

Like so, Abian was moving its plans up, no longer in the mood to wait for its Morgany brothers. At the same time, they sent messages to the Monarchs of the other empires, telling of their Plans. The other empires will come a year later as backup after they arrive in Baymard. Of course, they knew both parties would curse to the skies. But so what? Hehehhehehe~

By the time their message arrives in their perspective Capital cities of their ally Morg empires, it would be too late to stop them. .

Hehehehheheheh~

The time the letter arrives should be the same time their Abian forces were leaving the shorelines. The Game was set, the matches were lit and Abian was now far ahead of its ally forces. If other allies wished to cry, they could only blame themselves for not being close enough to the Holy Core after it was extracted from the mountain's hole. It's TRUE. Before getting the Holy Core, all 3 Morg empires had sent their representatives to all empires because they didn't know which shoreline the HOLY core would arrive at.

If it arrived in the empire of Andorian, then that would've been where the meeting would be held. Although Morgany had a few squabbles and rivalries, they were still a very united group. In every Morg Empire, you will find representatives of other Morg empires in their Capital cities. Various academies were a blend of Morgs from all across Morgany. Some people from the Andorian empire are studying in Abian. Everywhere you look in all 3 empires, you will find a blend of people from across Morgany. That said, Abian already had its representatives in other empires during this time. So even if the Holy Core arrived in another empire first, there would be someone to attend the meeting there and relay the decision made to him. He couldn't possibly be there since the meeting would most likely be held at most a week after the Holy Core arrives. In Abian's case, when the Holy Core arrived, they held the meeting 2 days later. They would have preferred to hold the meeting when the same evening it arrived. That was why they were anxious to receive it. For one, because of the unpredictable nature of the seas and the potential of enemies going after the Holy core once they extract it, no one could say for sure which empire the warriors transporting it would take.

The commanders and those leading the fleet were only told to use the best route to go to Morgany. They knew those Adonis bastards had been keeping an eye on them for the past 3 years. That's why they didn't know if some major ambush would occur that would cause the fleets to take another transport route to Morgany. All in all, as long as they touch Morgany soil, it doesn't matter what empire the Holy Core arrives on. Such was how the Holy Core made its way to Abian. .

What's more, many felt even if it arrived in another Morg empire, they might not have discovered a way to unlock the Holy Core's potential as fast as they did. Have you forgotten that one of their own was a Key? He stared at the holy Core as though possessed, walking toward it like a mindless man. And when he reached it, he dropped his blood on it, causing a spectacular sight too hard to forget.

If the Holy Core went to another empire, such a vital clue might never have been found, at least not until 8 months or even a year(s) later. That's why they think it was destiny for the Core to arrive in Abian.

They now knew the importance of these Holy Keys. What's more important was that they now knew that these keys were humans and not actual keys as they speculated. Don't forget that before they found the Holy Core, they were looking for Tolda's grandmother, because they felt she had something passed down in her ancestry that would help them find the Holy Core. Yes...

They thought what she had was an item used for the Holy Core's purpose. But only after witnessing one of their own unlocking the Core's potential did they know just how wrong they were. F***! Tilda's grandmother is a Key!

But what was this they heard? Dead? Missing? No way! Unless they find her corpse or bones, don't even think they would give them just yet. What's more, even if she dies, her blood should've been passed on to her daughter and then to Tilda, her granddaughter, right? Wrong! They realized that it wasn't a matter of blood but the hidden power underneath. Take Gregory of Titarian as an example. His father, grandmother and relatives were not qualified to unlock the Holy Core's potential because they didn't carry the powers he did. Like gameplay, these powers liked skipping generations, so even though they weren't certain Tilda had the power, they still wanted to capture her too.

Sadly, both Grandmother and Granddaughter were reported dead/

missing. Damn! What bad luck. ... Anyway, with the Holy Core now in Abian, of course, they decided to move faster than anticipated. Rayos was pleased with the current situation. At the same time, he was waiting for the shipment from the Capital to arrive. Every month they send in batches and batches of weapons that were soaked in a vast pool alongside the Holy Core. These weapons would always emerge looking swollen and fortified. But what was amazing was that despite how strong these weapons became, they still weighed the same as before, with Rayos even feeling they were more

comfortable in his palms too. All in all, they were readying themselves to set out in late Spring. A cold light flickered in Rayos' eyes when thinking of the many peculiar goods he saw in the Baymardian magazines and booklets. Rayos secretly swore that after Baymard was theirs, he would head to their carriage shop/automobile store and get himself the limited edition BMW he spotted in the catalog. That car was so sleek it made him have sleepless nights just to get it. He now felt disgust for ordinary carriages, wanting to drive that bad boy as fast as he could. What man doesn't like Transportation vehicles? Be it horses, carriages, you name it! Most men fancy such things. 'Damn, Baymardians! If they hadn't stolen our technology, maybe I would be driving my very own BMW by now while in Morgany.'

Rayos inwardly cursed. It was times like these that gave him more motivation and energy to get the job done. Victory shall be theirs! (*0*)

Ratos and many others were very confident in their victory, especially with the Holy Core in their possession. And just like them, Adonis was also overly confident in its victory against Baymard with the Holy Feather in its possession. Morgany was right to be suspicious of Adonis during the time they were searching for the Holy Core. After leaving that mountain, Adonis arrived not too long after, thinking the Mirgs didn't know what they were looking for. And would by you know it, they discovered the Holy Feather, thinking it was the treasure the Morgs wanted. .

Tsk. It was amazing how they too became confident in not only taking on Morgany but also taking out Baymard. Baymard was their first target because quite frankly, it has been too nosy in their operations for several years now. From the continent of Romain to the continents of Zohl and Pyno, Baymard has always stopped them from colonizing empires in these places.

What they didn't know yet was that Baymard had now pointed its nosy nose at Omania, destroying their good deeds in the Soma empire. They thought they hated Morgany, but after dealing with Baymard time and time again, these Adonis people felt they should get rid of Baymard first before taking on Morhany. Hey... at least Morhany has been their long-time enemy for tens, hundreds, and thousands of years. They understood their old enemy's operations and even had a little respect for this one true enemy. That being said, they felt it was an enemy they could deal with later. Meanwhile, Baymard to them seemed like a disgusting fly on the wall that needed to be squashed. It kept singing and flying around their ears, making them irritated. Again, from all they gathered, they knew Baymard was such a tiny empire that lacked muscle power, but was very brain-smart. It built fast ships that could transport knights and warriors to the battlefield fast, which was why it won against them. That's right. They didn't think Baymard had any high-tech weapons. They probably took advantage of their speed of travel, making various trips back and forth to stop the wars Adonis set off. Many reported they heard loud, cracking noises during the day of war. That's easy to understand. It seems these Baymardians had Infinite supplies of Black powder. Analyzing everything for themselves, they still felt they could take Baymard on now that they had the Holy Feather on their sides. They didn't believe black powder would stand

a chance against a shield sanctified and dipped into the golden pole containing the Feather. Just like that, both Adonis and Abian had plans to set out for Baymard around the same time.

A war was coming, Unbeknownst to Baymard that was at the heart of it all!

Chapter 1767 This Is Not A Drill!

With the world in chaos, many in Baymard had no clue of whatever storm was coming their way.

Time flew by again, with several more days and weeks storming by in a flash.

My, my, my... How time flies.

January 21st.

The high seas were roaring more chaotically than ever, now that they were at the heart of winter.

Goosebumps covered their skin, and many could see a foggy mist whenever they spoke or let out a breath.

It was cold, but the men aboard the Baymardian ships still performed their daily run around the perimeters of their ships that were purposefully bent to be very open, not just for training, but for combat should there be attacks from enemies.

Left, right, left, right? left, right~

Their legs moved in rhythm, jogging around the deck, sometimes prolonging their stretch by also climbing up several outer stairways meant for observation.

The clouds were thick, allowing little to no sunlight.

It was barely 1 AM, yet it still looked very dark out here on the high seas.

But although they were busy, they knew it was only a matter of time before the atmosphere changed.

And sure enough, it came faster than they anticipated.

[This is not a drill! All units prepare. Approaching Death line in 3 hours!]

Boom!

The warning shattered their hearts, causing them to freeze momentarily before manning their stations like crazy.

This was it! This was it!... the Death Line!

The most dangerous water lime in the entire world!

Pirates feared it, mercenaries feared it, monarchs feared it, and even those Adonis bastards who believed their God was super powerful, also seemed fazed by it.

[Adonis followers]: Whelp, you know, our Adonis is powerful... but the death line is something else.

(-_-)

...

Everyone seemingly agreed that touching the Death Line was suicidal, no matter their beliefs, courage or power.

And here Baymard was, trying to get as close as possible to it when many sailors wouldn't even get as close as they planned.

Who knows if the water currents would suck them in? No way!

Baymard was planning to get so close to it, at a near-kissing point.

Most people sailed and stopped several miles away from the Death Line because even the waters around the Death Lime were of course influenced by the Death Line.

Don't forget that those waters around the Death Line produce underwater waves that stretch for miles under the surface.

The Boggles liked these waters and cane here for mating.

So imagine how deadly those waters truly were.

January 21st.

They had made it barely in time before the Mating Period Begins.

According to many notes from their allure Romain empires, many sailors recorded the mating to start at different dates.

Some said the 28th of January, others said the 27th and some even said the mating period began February 2nd.

Some records were 500 years old, and other records were newly refreshed information.

They didn't need to go around asking for this information because since the UN came into establishment, various departments were created to collect information that could be shared and used by all.

It wasn't a bad thing to let sailors know the dangers of the Death Line. That way they don't accidentally go that far.

So the information they had was already gathered, compiled and neatly recorded in books and kept in the Grand UN library and Public library in Baymard.

The UN library can only be used by approved officials from all UN empires, and the Public library can be used by everyone.

Long story short, the mating period is estimated to begin between the 26th of January and February 3rd.

It has never been recorded to start before the 26th. And when it starts, don't expect it to stop until the end of February or the beginning of March.

Now, they were here on January 21st, 4 days before the reported mating period might begin.

But understand that with nature, everything is unpredictable.

Who knows...

Maybe this might be the year when the mating season will begin on January 22nd.

Perhaps it will even begin today.

This is why the atmosphere suddenly changed, with many now prepared to enter the battlefield.

...

Everyone had the latest walkie-talkie technology around their wrists.

It looked like a thin prize of metal sheet curved around their left or right wrists.

But when they tapped the small black dot, it opened up, revealing even more buttons and a dial underneath.

That dial was for changing the frequency the other buttons were for communicating.

If you look at the top of the smooth metal sheath around their wrist, you will find 3 slight bumps at the top that look like little horns.

But be warned that it acts as a pepper spray, and squirts the highest concentration Baymard has ever created.

One spray of that bad boy and even boggles would be sneezing and dying underwater from its intensity.

The other bomb contains 6 tranquilizer needles in rotation that the highest concentrations ever made

If the little assassin-like needles should just peck your skin, and touch your bloodstream, you would be asleep in a blink of an eye.

You might even sleep for a day.

But that's not all. The middle horn is a tiny but powerful flashlight.

Finally, there is a self-restrict button, which is very common in all Baymardian gadgets.

Why give it to the enemy?

The cool future-like walkie-talkie was super light but super strong since it was made with enhanced metal.

It was amazing to say that after the metal gets enhanced, its tensile strength and every other property becomes too formidable.

Yet, it weighs far less than it did at the start, making many feel they didn't have anything on their wrists.

Well, how to say it?

It felt a little lighter than when they had watches on.

The under part that craves their skin, was padded well and didn't feel hard on their wrists.

What is technology? This was technology!

With the news passed out from their hand and Walkie Talkies, many quickly stormed across the decks and outer corridors of all structures, preparing for the worst.

[This is not a drill! All units prepare. Approaching Death line in 3 hours!]

Chapter 1768 Heavy Preparations

"Soldier! Get the bazookas ready?"

"Prepare the Grenade Blasters! I want every boggle that engages to beg for mercy!"

"Hurry! You 8 will man the Octavius! If those Bighle bastards try anything funny, we'll shoot so many explosives down their asses, they won't even know who to call Daddy!"

(*^*)

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Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! The marines, navy and soldiers all worked as one, preparing for battles should any boggle try anything funny.

But as far, they haven't seen a single niggler yet.

However, they still felt uneasy.

Sweat trickled down their foreheads despite the cold weather.

They could hardly breathe when manning their stations.

They weren't here to spot the boggles but here to attack if they got word from their Walkie Talkies.

The ships had sensing radars, that could sense approaching objects around and below them when a certain sound wave is released.

The sound wave maps out any objects coming their way from below and around.

They had to be ready because once news of an incoming attack is transmitted, it would only take a few seconds or perhaps a few minutes before the attack is launched.

So if they were still indoors or not ready, it would be their loss.

From their understanding, those 3 hours they had before approaching the Death Line had many sides to them.

For one, right now, they haven't entered the danger zone yet.

So for the next 2 hours and 43 minutes, their primary focus was on truly safeguarding the ships, but ensuring that had done all necessary preparations needed

2 hours 45 minutes before entering the Mating Zone.

Bear in mind that the Mating Zone was the Zone before the Death Line.

They wanted to dock at the ends of the mating zone, with all its turbulent underwater currents and potential boggle troubles.

Thus, they began one last check on all battle machinery, ensuring they were full of grenades, bazookas and so on.

They even launched a few just to make sure.

But that wasn't all.

They had to check the ship's systems one last time and go over them with the experts just to make sure their ship won't truly be sucked into the Death Line when they enter the mating zone.

Ordinary ships that enter the mating zone get pulled towards the Death Line no matter how much they row.

Human strength was not inexhaustible.

Eventually, the slaves would get too tired and even the slightest bit of relaxation could spell doom for them.

In hindsight, while within the mating Zone, the further these ships are from the Death Line, the greater their chance of survival.

So do you see how crazy Baynard's idea was for them to want to get so close to the edge between the mating zone and the Death line?

If many in this world knew their dangerous thoughts, they would look at them as madmen.

Down below deck, the technicians and military engineers who had calculated and affirmed for the umpteenth time that everything would be fine, still didn't move away from the heart (engines) and ship's breathing structures.

They stood alongside the Spider-builders, ready to give the spiders orders should anything fail.

These giant metal spiders swayed from side to side like stationary video game characters.

They swayed while awaiting orders to do any ruptures or accidents that might unfold.

Are you ready? Of course not!

No one can be ready even if you give them 200 years.

But now that it has come to this, they knew they didn't have much time to leave chances to fate.

Chief Technician and Engineer, Wallace Wilborn, couldn't stop the tremors in his hands when physically inspecting the giant structures before him.

"You there! The Bedplates! Are the bolts stable? Is everything in order with it? You know that the Bedplate, the bottom-most part of the engine, must not have any issues? since it must be strong enough to withstand the weight of the engine."

The bedplate alone not only supports the engine's weight but also supports the dynamic load of the running parts.

It also collects lube oil and drains it to the sump part

What's more, it holds the crankshaft in alignment at all times. So can you not see its importance?

"Sir, the systems show it's all in place. The computers do not show any alerts. We had the Psoder builders touch all the bolts, ensuring they were super secure."

They did?

Wallace couldn't help physically touching the bolts, as if no longer trusting technology.

Well, it was pretty secure he had to admit that. But he still went about checking everything for himself no matter what he heard.

He had to admit that with the Spider builders even if disaster struck, these Spider helpers would be able to jump in the air and take care of the problem in seconds.

Let's say while a ship suffers damage from an attack, machinery is broken or a bolt becomes loose.

When the systems show red alerts, the eyes of these spider builders also turn red and they immediately plunge to solve the issue by welding and bolting several pieces fast.

Understand that it would take them, the technicians several minutes, perhaps even up to 30 or 50 minutes to solve these problems during an attack that sways these ships in dangerous angles from time to time.

Sometimes, it takes hours.

But these spider builders went human and didn't care for any wobbles.

They would do it in under, a few seconds to a few minutes depending on how serious the damage is.

Wasn't technology amazing? These spider builders also had self-destruct buttons too.

But the most important thing was that if a ship was deemed unrepairable and was sinking, these spider helpers could build several wooden boats using the neatly stored planks and nails in the storage room not too far from there.

Their 8 hands were amazing, and each could build 1 standard-sized canoe in just 2 minutes.

In short, these spider helpers were now seen as too vital for any Baymardian ship sailing out.

...

Lile so, everyone, no matter what profession they were aboard the Navy vessels, all scattered like chickens, double-checking and ensuring they were truly ready to go.

[10 minutes left! Mating Zone ahead!]

Chapter 1769 A Godly Save

Standing on the deck of the newly designed Navy battleship, Landon couldn't help smiling when thinking of how much more open the space was.

Things have come a long since he created his first battleship.

Since his mission was to surpass Earth's technology, he was also aware that many technologies on Earth were very flawed.

If some Ship technicians, designers and builders saw how he internal structures and many ship components, they would think he was insane and was truly a madman.

Yet, it worked... It worked so well, already surpassing what Earth had to offer.

Understand that he also gained Technology points if he could better the technology awarded to him on his own.

Landon was proud to say that after this first set of Battleships was made, the system awarded him with thousands of Technology points, saying the current ship technology was so classes high above Earth's class.

That means the current ship technology here has surpassed Earth's ship technology.

For this, Landon was pleased.

Standing on the massive open space, Landon and several others stepped back, only to see the center of a massive red-marbled square open up.

Soon, they saw a helicopter emerge from below.

That's right. The large red square was a helicopter pad.

That's why it was slightly elevated from its surroundings, having 2 small outdoor steps leading to its top.

Mind you, military helicopters were far bigger and longer than ordinary helicopters, so one should understand how big the helicopter pad was.

.

"Your majesty!"

Several people saluted Landon, watching him approach them with a calm yet confident smirk.

"I take it, everyone is here?"

Everyone looked around and nodded.

According to the report, they had just 3 minutes before they entered the Mating Zone.

There, of course, they had to carry out their tests.

That was the moment of truth, the moment to conductive whether the atmosphere above the Death Line was conducive for helicopter flying.

"Remember... we not only have to test the atmosphere above the Death Line but also test the atmosphere above the Mating Zone."

"Agreed." One of the generals nodded.

They speak as though the Mating Zone was an easy feat to traverse, but it was still a deadly place sailors dared not cross into.

As the alerts left their walkie-talkies, no one could smile.

The countdown made their hearts drum so loudly, that they thought they couldn't hear the swishing noises from the waves anymore.

[2 minutes 45 seconds prior to entry.]

Many held the railings and their harnesses, ensuring they were truly secured.

[1 minute 15 seconds prior to entry.]

Many looked up to the skies, asking their ancestors to keep them safe.

[20 seconds prior to entry.]

Wallace, the chief engineer on the main ship was still sweating buckets while ensuring he was in a secure position.

[11 seconds prior to entry.]10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

BRmmmm!!!

(oOo)

.

The shake was incredible.

Everyone felt their bodies almost fall over, as the ships began swaying crazily while trying to maneuver the chaotic currents underneath.

Crazy! Crazy!

They aboard felt the vibrations the ships felt too.

Several people were plunged aboard but thankfully hung in the air due to their harnesses.

With heavily breathing hearts, they stared at the roaring seas that were darker and fiercer than before.

It almost had a face that wanted to swallow them alive.

Damn!

That was too close!

This place was truly terrible!

The Navies had harnesses, but the marines and soldiers wore the one thing people back on earth would cry for.

What is that? Is it a bird? Is it a flying demon?

No! It's a man in a flying suit!

The suits were a mix between Buzz Lightyear and Iron Man's suit.

Sci-fi mecha were finally in business!

Pah!~

Several people pushed in the large circle on their suit's built-in waist belts.

Soon, an invisible anti-gravity sphere was created around the falling soldier just before his body slammed into the waves below.

For a moment, he closed both eyes, bracing himself for impact.

But only after feeling himself suspended, did he open his eyes to see his toes standing above water.

.

Wooooo~

The soldier wished to cry and go on his knees, swearing to worship and follow his majesty Landon for all eternity.

'I did this during practice, but when doing it in a real death situation, the feeling sure is different.'

Do you know how fucking close he was to getting swallowed up by the deadly waters below?

Just look at how much it was roaring. He had a hunch that should he fall in, it would never give him the chance to swing up for air.

At least not without the suit.

With that thought, he, a veteran, saw one of the newly recruited special soldiers who was on his first S-class mission.

Yes, this mission was Sean as S-class.

The recruit had Excellent performance within his brigade and during his other missions. So he was selected for this abrupt mission.

But it seems he was a little panicked and had not reacted fast enough, falling into the waters despite wearing a mecha suit!

Without thinking too much, the veteran gave a voice command, allowing the suit to wear its headgear on him.

Before, he was a man with an iron suit with his head exposed.

But now that he said the word Full suit, the headgear covered his face in less than a second before he plunged into the waters after that recruit.

'During tests, the suit has no problem sinking underwater. But how will it fair here in the mating zone?'

.

~Bram!

For a moment, the veteran couldn't control the suit.

Left, right, up, down, the underwater currents were like tornados wanting to suck anyone and anything in.

Dread made his face ashen when staring at the viciousness of the underwater currents.

'Calm down... calm down...? I can do it! The suit hasn't been damaged yet? so this means it's strong enough to hold off here.'

All this was thanks to the super high-tech-enhanced metal used to beyond the godly suit!

After putting on his high-intense light, the veteran was shocked by the number of large and scary creatures he saw underwater.

But his focus wasn't too much on them.

Where is he? Where is the recruit?

Chapter 1770 Saved!

Where? Where? Where?

The veteran was scanning the chaotic scene with laser focus. And soon, his eyes lit up like stars.

Found you!

The veteran saw the recruit caught up in a spinning tornado that kept dragging the girl down.

With his hands forward and posing in a Superman pose, he flew down and grabbed her before she could react.

Click!~

He pressed her anti-gravity belt below, storming up as fast as he could.

It should have been a fast ascend, but the tornado force was so powerful, slowing their movements greatly!

F***!

The veteran's face turned pale.

With only human strength, it was impossible to swim out!

Imagine if they didn't have these mecha suits with them?

Although the veteran alone could drag them up, it was indeed taking quite some time.

Thankfully, the girl seemed to realize her blunder, quickly noticing the situation and began calming her reaching heart.

Let's do this!

She imitated him, recalling the training she received.

And just like that, everyone on the ships soon saw 2 figures burst out of the waters at full speed.

Poouuf!

"They are out! They are out!"

Many exclaimed, pointing at the duo now flying high in the sky.

Other people also popped out from the waters too.

Landon had been observing the situation, deciding that he would only save those who fall if they really couldn't figure it out for themselves.

But luckily, everyone was accounted for, as they now figured things out for themselves.

Those who couldn't, had the help of veterans to remind them that they were fucking wearing Mecha suits.

Use what you have to free yourself from danger.

Some were attacked by strange underwater sea creatures Landon swore he had never seen before.

Even back on Earth, such sea creatures were unheard of and would definitely shock people crazy.

Landon swore he saw a giant sea fish that looked exactly like a giant purple cow with white stripes jump in the air chasing after the 3 soldiers who escaped from the waters.

Its upper half looked like a cow, but its lower half looked like a mermaid or an eel.

It was as wide as a car, but as long as the longest Limousine they had in Baymard.

Its scales were really strange, very different from ordinary fishes.

And its gills were 10 times bigger too, and looked eats instead.

There were so many peculiar differences between it and a normal fish, maybe because it lived in these chaotic waters, and had adapted itself to its environment for hundreds, thousands and even millions of years.

Looking at it, Landon couldn't help wondering what its Prehistoric parent must have looked like.

Incredible.

Nature in this world sure was a terrifying thing. Thankfully, the suits are powerful enough to pack one hell of a punch.

Very quickly, some of those in suits flew lower to help the Navy who were hanging on the sides of the ships wearing harnesses.

Soon, everyone was back aboard the ships, holding onto the rails while getting used to the wobbliness of the seas.

It wasn't easy to get used to the sea's current rowdiness.

Everyone took at least an hour to find their balance.

And amid their experimentation, those not wearing suits must always have ropes and harnesses around their waists.

No man or woman must be seen on deck or even on balconies and railings without support.

Safety first.

This was the cardinal rule everyone must follow.

As for those above and below deck, they too had taken precautionary actions to ensure they didn't go flying around

For example, in the kitchens. 3 hours before entering the Mating Zone, all knives and objects were locked in the metal cabinets.

Nothing was left flying around.

Even the pots they usually hung on the walls were neatly stowed away, leaving the kitchen barren.

Everyone knew there would be no lunch today.

Supper, yes. But no lunch, just snacks and chewables.

All rooms were now in a mess, with chairs and tables overturned. And now that the ships have found their balance, everyone indoors could begin cleanup.

It's TRUE that the floors still trembled and shook, but thanks to the Captains and many Navy officers having a grasp of the situation, there were no crazy movements.

Those down in the engines were even more grateful for the spider helpers who dated so swiftly, jumping in the air at the notice of any slight problems.

The detection abilities of these spiders were extraordinary.

Everyone stayed in a safe zone, overlooking the engines and the spiders that went to work whenever their eyes glowed red.

Well, no problems from down here. They had successfully made it through.

Very quickly, the ships slowed their pace, no longer moving so speedily.

Why? Because the further in they went, the more tremors they could feel.

It was really bad! A terrible feeling that made them feel on the cusp of death.

An hour and a half after stabilization, Landon, several military leaders and weather specialists, all gathered before the Chopper.

The chopper didn't move at all during the ruckus.

How could it, when its legs were strapped with large cuffs that can be opened or closed manually?

The big bird stood there, not moving at all. In it were dummies meant to replicate humans.

"Your majesty, we will begin testing now," a burly middle-aged man announced, while putting on a large earpiece.

His team also began working on the portable machine that had been rolled over like serving trays.

All men gathered around the equipment, tapping this, rotating that, and doing all sorts of operations.

No one dared to make a sound while they began work.

One of them began communicating with his Walkie-talkie. "Captain, at the pace we are going, how far before we reach the Death Line?"

[If the seas were normal, we should have reached it in at most 17 minutes.]

[If we had no engines, sailing on the normal seas with rowing men would take a little over an hour and perhaps even more.]

[But with the turbulent currents and vibrations, it's truly hard to say. However, we estimate another hour before arrival.]

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1771 Root Cause

Chapter 1771 Root Cause

Another hour before arrival?

(*~*)

Everyone nodded with grim faces, understanding that the deeper the travel, the slower the speed of the boat must be until it began moving like a grabby crossing the streets.

That's how it felt. It felt like they weren't going anywhere at all, but they were.

They were moving at a tortoise/ snail-pace.

If they moved any faster, the mess they would have tried to clean up within the ships. would repeat itself.

It was funny that a distance that should have taken them 15~17 minutes, was now taking them up to 2 and a half hours.

Sure enough, the information gathered was right.

These waters were just too deadly!

Although they still have an hour before arrival, for the convenience of data collection, it's best they begin their testing now.

It's best to gather all information they can about the air above the mating zone.

Don't forget that in the future, airplanes will travel between Baymard and Mirvanna.

So they must understand the atmospheric situation here well.

The lead tester looked at everyone, nodding deeply while giving the A-Okay to the pilot who was wearing a Mecha suit inside the aircraft.

And soon, it began.

Whoop, Whoop, Whoop, Whoop~

The chopper's propellers turned and turned, picking up the pace at every turn until they began leaving after images of themselves.

[Flight Test 01, now taking off.] The pilot's voice echoed through the transmission machine beside them.

Rome stood frozen in awe, as everyone felt a hard knot constrict their breathing.

People subconsciously began gripping each other's arms, shoulders and clothes, while watching the chopper slowly ascend.

At the same time, the weather specialists quickly began taking down the readings, with one person yelling and the rest taking them down.

"Height, xx, drop in atmospheric pressure from xxx kN/m² to xx... blah, blah, blah, blah~"

The scientific jargon began pouring in, making everyone shocked by the drastic atmospheric changes every foot the chopper ascended.

But thankfully, they realized it wasn't, too terrible.

An hour passed in this same manner, and everyone was glad the Choppers could safely fly above the mating zone.

However, it was necessary to know that their focus was the Death Line.

This time, Landon piloted the choppers.

Staring at the brutal waters before them, everyone felt the colors on their faces drain.

How to say it?

The waters here constantly jumped several feet high in the air, exploding with powerful pressure too incredible.

They were no scientists, but they knew that if they accidentally fell into such waters, their suits wouldn't be able to save them for long.

Their suits would take major damage in no time, allowing the waters to slice and dice them as they pleased.

The waters jumped higher than the levels of their already towering and giant metal ships.

It was quite scary to watch. And don't you feel the winds from here?

They were just at the edge of the mating zone, several feet away from the Death Line.

Yet, the winds here pushed them back so much that many began flying like Mary Poppins.

They needed goggles on their eyes and eye masks if they were to keep their eyes open.

The air was also misty, thanks to the waters always spraying and splashing nonstop.

The waters roared like thunder and the winds howled like creepy haunted witches.

This... this...

What sort of scary place was this?

Gulp~

Many swallowed hard, staring at Landon with worry.

"Your majesty, please it's too dangerous. Let me do it instead."

"Yes, Your Majesty. Baymard needs you. We can't afford to lose you should anything go wrong. Let me go, in your place!"

Everyone's face was stretched with worry, as even with the mecha suits on, they began doubting His Majesty's survival chance.

They hadn't even entered the Death Line, and it was already this terrible.

So imagine what will happen to those who fall within the Death Line?

Everyone held their breaths, not noticing they were no longer breathing.

"Enough." Landon bellowed. He didn't yell, yet his voice echoed with unquestionable authority.

"I understand your worries, but as your leader, I must do this to ensure your safety. Each and everyone here is important to me."

"Your majesty..."

Many felt touched, staring at their mighty leader who was now getting into the massive Chopper.

Whose leader can be so thoughtful and caring as theirs?

Whose leader will boldly choose to risk his own life so they don't have to be the one to test things out while within such a dangerous zone?

It was times like these that everyone swore they would hack anyone who dared speak ill of their leader.

...

Landon, who didn't know the emotions brooding in their hearts, quickly controlled the massive chopper that had propellers on its head and its butt.

Its middle was long and army green.

Taking a deep break, Landon narrowed his eyes and began Lift-Off.

Whoop. Whoop. Whoop!

The choppers made the familiar noises everyone was used to.

However, when taking off, it slightly shook, for 2 seconds while trying to find its balance.

Ahhh! Many already felt their hearts snacking on a thread when seeing the operations from the chopper.

Unlike the times, they noticed it was truly fighting with the winds.

Up, up, up and away Landon went.

He gritted his teeth and controlled the chopper as steadily as he could.

And then, he crossed!

~Brmmm!!!

THE entire chopper shook vigorously for only a moment, as Landon acted fast, touching the controls and stabilizing the chopper, making it get used to the current turbulence in the air.

"Come on... Come on..."

Those down were crossing their fingers and toes when watching the chopper fly deeper and deeper into the Death Line.

Up, up, up, Landon went, until he noticed a slight ease around him.

Eh?

Was it his imagination, or was the turbulence reducing the higher he went?

"Come in, ground floor. Do you notice the changes?"

Many shook their heads like peacocks. [Yes, your majesty. The atmosphere high up, although still turbulent, is getting better and better.]

Landon lightly tapped his fingers on the cyclic control, staring out the window in deep silence.

"You know what this means right?"

[Yes, your majesty. It means the disturbance around the Death Line isn't caused by atmospheric changes... but by something deep within the seas below it!]

Chapter 1772 Second Phase!

Landon's eyes glowed with an unprecedented light.

'How interesting'

Perhaps there might be a scientific explanation for the Death Line's situation, or maybe, there is some godly or ancient cause hidden deep underwater that makes the waters act the way they do.

Landon knew that nothing could be hidden forever.

One day, man will find the reason.

It could take 50 years or even 500,000 years.

"It should be me who uncovers the secrets. Because if it's another Holy object down there, it might disrupt the peace I'm creating.'

Thousands of years from now, maybe some moron will try to conquer the world again. Believe him, there is always someone like this in every generation.

Even back on earth, no matter the era you look at, there are always those who think they can run the world.

At some point, don't you get bored?

That is, can't they just be content ruling over one place? What was the fun of taking over the world? That concept never ends well.

Landon just wanted to make sure there was nothing valuable or world-shaking hiding down there.

In truth, this could be a scientific matter, or it might be one of those blessings the heavens created, like the backward-flowing waterfall in Zalipnia, Omania.

That ace has no sacred treasures that caused this.

Rather, it was their devotion and prayers to the heavens that amounted to such an unscientific place for them.

The waterfall hid a hidden land for them to hide in during troubling times.

It was their blessing, and many places in this world have such mysterious regions blessed by the heavens.

Landon preferred this Death Line was also like that, rather than it being caused by a treasure.

...

Whoop, whoop., whoop, whoop~

The propellers felt more at ease now.? And flying sky high, Landon also noticed the chopper was no longer shaky.

But if he dared to descend, he would be up for a bumpy ride with enough turbulence to make his buttocks jump.

At the same time, those below opened their eye sockets so wide, it gave the illusion that their eyes were about to fall out.

[Marvelous! Marvelous! Nature always gives a way to survive!]

[Your majesty, you are now flying in a safe flying zone! Your majesty, try flying higher, so we can collect more data.]

This was good news! Good news indeed

(^□^)

Landon chuckled, doing as they wished.

Sure enough, the greater the distance between the water grounds and him, the lower the turbulence experienced.

Thank the heavens the root of the Death Line's existence was deeply embedded in the seas.

Had it been the atmosphere cashing the matter, it would have been impossible for them to fly within the space.

Looking at the sky, many couldn't help wondering what they would have done if his majesty had not invented aircrafts.

They would have been struggling to see how they could create a strong enough ship to cross the waters.

Doing such a thing was near impossible. and might have taken them years and years to see any breakthroughs.

But look at it now.

With the help of flying machines, they can safely cross the waters after reaching the safe flying zone... What should they call this zone?

"The Mirvanna Zone."

Landon's words bellowed, causing many to scribble down as though receiving word from the heavens themselves.

Mirvanna Zone...

Landon didn't want to take credit for a place these Mirv people had known all their lives.

After all, crossing the Mirvanna zone would only lead them to one place – Mirvanna.

So the name was very suitable.

Everyone smiled, seemingly pleased with His Majesty's way of handling things.

Every day, his majesty proved how noble his character was.

'May the heavens and the ancestors continue to bless him forever.' Many secretly prayed while Landon flew high above.

Soon, he changed to autopilot and began the next phase of his experimentation.

Leaving the pilot cockpit and began roaming about the long walkway.

There were foldable seats and numerous seat belts attached to the walls.

15 people can sit on the left and 15 could also sit on the right.

The middle zone also is enough to keep a few cargo boxes on it.

At the top of the middle zone were several dangling hand grips, in case more people had to come aboard. They will stand while holding the hand grips.

At the same time. The harnesses they wear can also be tied to the triangular hand grips.

Finally, at the very last end, AKA the buttocks of the chopper, was a small but wide space for bigger cargo, equipment, and crates.

There are all sorts of giant nets on the walls, hooks, ropes and everything necessary to hold cargo in place.

Of course, if cargo is supposed to be dropped, the back will open and the cargo will be parachuted down.

The walls had supplies like several batches of extra parachutes.

Very quickly, Landon took a mecha suit they kept aboard and changed its mode to testing mode. before placing a dummy in it.

Understand that if in active mode, it can only work after sensing human vitals.

Dummies don't have vitals.

For this trip. The dummies were made of silicon and were created to be real-like just to test the human flesh against the waters below.

Taking a deep breath, Landon then took a remote control and moved the dummy's body within the mecha suit.

There was a built-in spy system within the Dummy's eyes that would not only give them visuals but also hearing too.

"Testing. Testing... Ground Command, are the visuals clear?"

Many around the machines nodded vigorously. [All clear, your majesty! Hearing is fine. Visuals are fine.]

Many could see Landon through the eyes of the dummy.

Bubuum. Bubuum~

Their hearts were drumming so loudly that they almost couldn't hear the thundering waves before them.

This was it. This was the moment of truth.

With the remote control, Landon calmly controlled the dummy, which in turn made the mecha suit recognize the dummy's actions and move alongside its user (the dummy).

With a door opening, Landon controlled the mecha suit to reach the edge.

3, 2, 1...

"Here we go."

Chapter 1773 Extraordinary Lifeforms Spotted

Sitting on one of the foldable seats attached to the walls, Landon quickly drew out the massive control and recording box by him.

As he said, the suite was a tester, a suite purposefully designed and used for testing only.

Polling at the readings, Landon quickly echoed everything he read to the ground team.

"3% overall system damage recorded. Right heel affected."

Many on the ground had pale faces when hearing Landon's words.

After dropping from the safe zone, the mecha suit already began taking a hit once it entered the chaotic atmosphere below the Mirvanna Zone.

And this was just a few seconds in the air.

Imagine if they had to wear through suits and fly across the many miles of water or get to Mirvanna?

Luckily, there is a safe zone high above. So if they can reach the safe zone fast, they won't have any issues when flying with their suits.

Of course, now that they know there is a safe zone at a certain height level, they will never fly below that height when crossing the Matong Zone.

This was also good so that when airplanes one day fly, they will be safe flying across the area provided they flew in the Morvanna zone.

Doing these tests was also good, so they could go back to Baymard, strategize and come up with solutions on what to do if one day... a plane, a chopper or even a person with a suit, were to fall in.

If a person not wearing anything was to fall in, just the fall height alone without a parachute would kill them... even if the waters were calm.

Let's say they fall closer to the water surface, they won't last no more than a few minutes before the deadly atmosphere and the day waves finish them.

Have you ever seen water waves that leave knife-like cuts on your body when the waves splash your way?

No doubt, it would only be a matter of time before the injuries multiply and the stars forcefully drag and drown you down.

Death is what those falling without protection should expect.

At least that's how they saw it unless Baymard one day solves the problem.

Landon had to admit that even he was stumped on how to fix this matter. All he could do was better the current technology, making metal stronger, so it could withstand the dangerous waves and atmosphere here.

Please!

If these were ordinary planes found on Earth, they would be destroyed in no time.

But thanks to his alien-tech metal enhancers, he was able to keep the choppers flying for so long and so high.

Once he improved their current enhancement abilities, he believed the choppers, planes, ships and even the mecha suits would stand a better chance against the Death Line.

He couldn't help wondering just how strong the mecha suits would be if he improved and enhanced all metals by 90% or even 100.

They will be able to last longer here, right?

...

"5% overall system damage."

7, 9. 11...

"13% Overall system damage!"

~Brush!

The suit was now swallowed by the raging waters.

Landon thinned his lips, watching the suit take damage in various locations.

Visuals were also on, making everyone suck in air when staring at the fighting bubbles and whirlwinds underneath.

They swore it looked like hell.

What were those yellowish glowing things?

Fish!

Oh my God!

There is aquatic life living here?

These fish seemed to have turbo power, as they swam across the many whirlpools and vortices as though they were nothing.

But for Landon. He was still giving it everything the suit had, yet he still couldn't escape the deadly underwaters.

This meant 1 person was not enough to free themselves if they fell.

More juice!

The suit needed more juice and one hell of a boost to get the wearer out.

Good God!

They also saw sonic waves clash with one another underwater, sending vibrations towards the mating zone.

Worse, every time these vibrations were Unleashed. the suit would take double impact if caught up in an underwater whirlwind.

Everyone looked at the strange waters, that seemed like an underwater fantasy space, with mystery wherever they looked.

They found that the fishes and sea creatures here didn't have your typical normal fins. Their find was bulkier than the rest of their bodies, and all shaped indescribably, with some having 5 giant gins. while others had 10.

Landon also felt that the skin of these fish might also be very hard to cut since they have built Resistance to the decay waves here.

So if these fishes are caught, how do you eat them?

This was a very question, one Landon intended to one day find out too.

But that was all in the future.

For now, he and many others were most concerned with the dangers of the Death Line.

How to get out?

Landon frowned, looking at the fish swimming around him.

He was just about to grab one when he saw it open its mouth, revealing what looked like a snake's mouth!

I'll go!

What is this?

It had fangs and a long slithering tongue that made him feel it must be laced with venom.

Plew~

Even underwater, its hiding noise still echoed amid the many bubbling underwater currents.

Everyone saw it reach to bite the mecha's hands, but couldn't.

This showed that even if someone fell, they might be safe from snakish fish bites... at least not until their suits fell apart.

With 5 fins and a very short and stumped body, the orange-glowing fish withdrew his shark fangs, deciding to now attack with its incredibly long tongue.

But Landon quickly evaded the attack, grabbing the tongue and yanking it forward.

Plew!!!~

The fish was not happy, shaking chaotically while charging at Landon like a bull.

The fish was the size of a bowling ball, and it also felt heavier.

Understand that to survive in this place, it is fine, its peculiar biology, and weight, all play vital roles in keeping it alive.

Toro! Toro!

Landon couldn't help acting like a bullfighter, holding the end of its long tongue while encouraging it to violently swim the suit's way.

Sure enough, when it was inches from hitting the suit, it began speeding up with all its might.

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1774 Finally Back!](#)

Chapter 1774 Finally Back!

Toro! Toro!

Landon evaded the fish like a bullfighter while letting go of its long tongue and gripping one of its fins instead.

Soon, the suit jerked upwards, with the furious fish that was now swimming up to the surface in a blink of an eye.

Those on the ground swallowed hard when watching the blockbuster scene before them.

Amazing!

His Majesty's quick thinking was going to save the suit!

But can he make it? Everyone was crossing their fingers and biting their lips when watching the anxious picture.

Can he make it? Will they make it?

77% Damage!...

79% Damage!...

Pouff!~

Out!

Out!

The furious fish and mecha suit was finally out!

Everyone saw the furious fish burst out of the water, flying several feet high from the gushing waves, followed by the mecha behind it.

But how could Landon let the peculiar fish go after such a discovery?

~Vrmmm!

Like a badly managed Iron Man, the suit flew sky-high while holding the fin.

Amazing!

The suit left the waters with 81% damage, and by the time it reached the chopper, it could barely fly anymore.

Calculating the time it spent going down into the water and freeing itself. Coming back up the suit took approximately 16 minutes and 41 seconds.

This was bad because if the suit had met a bigger opponent, any injury it got from the opponent would cut this time frame even more.

What's more, don't just analyze and judge things based on the suit alone.

First, Landon took hold of the fierce fish in an ice box.

They had already prepared for fish storage, though they hardly believed any fish could survive down here.

Well, it's good that they prepared.

Now they can take this fish back to Baymard and study it well.

It will be good if they can catch more to guarantee male and female reproduction.

Landon didn't even know if what he was looking at was male or female.

After securing the first fish, he quickly flew deeper and deeper across the Death Line.

They had to know how far it went if their estimation was current.

And from time to time Landon would do the same thing, dropping a new mecha suit into the waters and testing the ferociousness at each new point.

He did the same trick severally and managed to get another fish that looked to be the same species as the first.

It was slightly different, but you can tell they come from the same family. Female to the first one?

Females in nature are generally bigger than males, so this was just his hypothesis.

At this point, Landon began losing connection with the ships.

Normally, their connection range should be able to go this far, but because of the many interferences around him, the connection was breaking up.

He could hear them and they could hear him, but every sentence seemed to have a few words cut out from them.

[Your Mahj-..., Are y-... Ok..?]

[Yoh... Mah-Y..., Com... In, Yo Mah-sty]

Landon chuckled. Telling them he was fine.

He could also imagine everyone anxiously gathering around, worrying about his safety.

"Relax, don't forget, we still have to see just how far this Death Line goes."

Thinking like so, Landon maintained his flying speed, flying for an additional 42 minutes.

Although this zone was a safe flying zone, there was still slight turbulence in the air, causing him to fly slower.

If he was going at his regular speed of 180 knots (207 MPH), he would have flown for about 31 minutes, if you don't add on all the times he stopped for testing.

Understand that a normal airplane at a usual pace can fly at 600 MPH or even more, with some reaching 1500 MPH.

That's almost 3 times faster than a chipper.

So if it were an ordinary plane, it would have taken 10 minutes or less to travel the same distance he just did... if there was no turbulence.

Because of his slow speed, it took Landon an additional 22 minutes to finally see the end.

1 hour!

It meant the total chopper time at his slow speed was 1 hour 3 minutes!

A plane would cross that same distance 3 times faster.

All this data was vital for Baymard.

Reaching the other side, Landon found a small portion to be similar to the Mating zone. But once crossing that path, he was surprisingly taken aback by the beautifully preserved sight before him.

It seems like the skies were created differently, maybe because of the winds that surrounded the place.

He hasn't seen any signs of land yet, meaning the price enclosed by the Death Line or should be say Death Circle, was quite vast.

Taking a deep breath, Landon gave the sight one last look before making a U-turn back to the ships.

An additional hour and a few minutes later, he was back!

The first thing they did was transport the fish to a secure holding within the ship.

Following that, they took the damaged mechas for observation.

Damn!

The mechas looked like clocks that had been dropped and bashed with bats.

Their limbs were dangling, their metal parts excessively broken.

Now. for the big reveal.

They had the Spider helpers take off broken parts, revealing the dummies within.

This was where many wore grim faces when seeing the badly damaged dummies.

They had hundreds of small and large slash wounds across the parts exposed underneath the damaged areas of the suits.

Several military doctors were the ones to observe the dummies.

"Your majesty, some of these wounds are top deep. If it was a real person, they would have bleed and lost consciousness at most 7 minutes after their skin gets exposed to the waters."

Landon recalled that after the dummy was reported to have 70% overall damage, another alert came up saying a fist-sized bite of metal from its calf had fallen off, exposing the calf to the waters.

Imagine if it was a real person they were dropping down there and not a dummy.

The results proved scarier than they imagined. but now, they have acquired newfound data.

And while the military researchers study the various aspects of their tests from climate to safety and technology, Landon on the other hand, was preparing the team for take off into Mirvanna.

Once they leave, the ships must also leave the mating zone, and wait on normal waters.

After all, in a day or even 3, the boggles/whales will arrive.

So how dare they wait for Landon here for Landon and the others to finish their business in Mirvanna?

Maybe they will stay for a week or a little more.

This was why the ships must go to a safe place.

[All units get ready! Take off for Mission Mirvanna?at 18 0'hundred.]

18 0'hundred?

That was in 3 hours!

(o0o)

Chapter 1775 Into Mirvanna, We Go

Great Scott!

The rush was real.

Everyone was moving hastily, doing final checks and preparations before lift-off time.

Their chests were pounding, their ears were throbbing and their lungs swelling with more and more air the heavier they breathed.

Is everything in order?

Well, so far, so good, everything was in order.

The cargo and gifts prepared were double-checked, and those assigned to this mission, also stepped into the many choppers, waiting for Go-Time.

But before that, they had one last meal and also used the restroom one last time before stepping into the choppers.

It all happened so fast, in a blink of an eye. And soon, they were ready to rumble.

(Q^Q)

In one of the lower floors below deck on all 3 ships, several people quickly sat in the many transport aircrafts that now stood on what looked like giant moving conveyor belts.

Brmmm!~

The loud sounds of the sturdy conveyors moving, echoed across the scene as it began leading the aircrafts toward the massive aircraft pad ahead.

Once a helicopter stood on the circular pad, the pad would then rise high through several floors, emerging on the deck's surface.

.

Giving tactful nods to each other, all 2 pilots at the front of the first aircrafts in line, quickly worked together to get these babies flying.

3, 2, 1...

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!~

Up, up, up and away the aircrafts went before the next one was loaded and sent out.

Landon's aircraft, alongside 2 others, were the first group to simultaneously leave all 3 ships, heading up and into the Mirvanna zone.

And following them were streams of military aircrafts of all sizes, trailing behind like bees traveling in straight lines.

Many aboard couldn't help holding their breaths, almost forgetting to breathe when feeling the turbulent atmosphere around them.

Although they have flown a lot in training and simulated environments, nothing beats the real thing.

Some even closed their eyes momentarily, hearing their own hearts drumming in their ears.

It was one thing to get Landon's earlier reports during experimentation, and another thing to feel the true turbulence for themselves.

It truly felt like the choppers and aircrafts were about to lose control and crash.

It felt so terrible, with many gripping the bottom of their seats with clenched muscles. Silent prayers to the ancestors were offered, as no one dared to speak or even cough. And then, it finally happened.

Ah!-

The turbulence felt was getting less and less with every passing second until the deadly quakes finally stabilized.

(^v^)

Many secretly let out a heavy breath, knowing they should now be in the Mirvanna zone.

[Dasher 42, calling Ground Tower Control. We are in the clear!]

[Dasher 06, calling Ground Tower Control. Status, in the clear!]

[Dasher 11, calling Ground Tower Control...]

[This is Dasher xx...]

One by one, the many pilots called in to report their status.

This was the best time to do so because midway through the journey, the connection will turn static.

So as agreed, they must report their situation every 5 minutes, to Ground team until they can no longer do so.

This way, they will know if a chopper is lost, or has accidentally fallen.

Every 10 minutes, pilots must also connect with Dasher 00, which was Landon's chopper.

The connection within them shouldn't turn static since they were flying close to each other.

Once they reach Mirvanna, Landon's chopper will become the second control tower for all operations since they won't be able to communicate with those on the ships.

Everyone knew the plan.

Thus, like birds flying in formation, they took off in threes, hurdling through the chaotic space.

Never in their lives have they felt so terrified than now.

Their scalps were prickling, their mouths were turning overly dry and their eyes kept jumping around the more they progressed.

No matter how hard they tried, no one could keep their heart completely calm when facing such a predicament.

.

"Hey, you good, Sprout?"

The nervous youngster nodded heavily at the veteran beside him.

Sprout was a nickname given to any newbies who just joined a brigade.

Everyone assigned to this mission was a special soldier/marine.

Their training was 10, if not 20 times harder than what normal soldiers and marines undertake.

So it didn't matter what sort of training in the military you had done before entering the Brigade.

Understand that when you step into a mighty brigade like the Black Scorpion Brigade or the Yellow Lily Brigade, you are a sprout, a little budding sprout that needs to be grown and groomed to bloom at its fullest potential.

On the other hand, recruits that enter the Barracks and Navy/Marine Quarters, are all called Thorns.

Why? Because they were still sharp and full of flaws, especially their lack of discipline.

Once these Thorns enter the army, they are straightened out and made to adjust to the way of life there.

"Hey, Sprout, breathe in, breathe out... Are you still afraid when our great leader, his majesty Landon, had already risked his life earlier to test and weather the storm for us?"

The Sprout thinned his lips, slowly calming himself down.

They were right.

His majesty had already done the hardest part, so why worry any further?

His majesty went in alone, with no one there by his side and still managed to come back safely.

And now, he had all these veterans around him, as well as the latest high-tech suit on his body.

So was he still worrying about survival?

Even when looking at the matter of the suit, should their plan go down, his majesty Landon had experimented and concluded that their suit could sustain them in the air for 45 minutes before completely falling apart.

Of course, this was if they were flying within the Mirvanna Safe Air Zone, high above.

Should they go below this zone, it would take 20~25 minutes, if they don't go into the waters.

And should they go into the waters, well... that was where things would really go bad.

It will only take them a handful of minutes before their suits completely break apart.

Long story short, if flying in the safe zone in suits, they would still last for 45 minutes in the air.

At least they can fly at a closer range towards the direction of the ships, and continue signaling for help.

A chopper can be sent their way by then.

...

When thinking of the many safety measures in place for them, many nervous Sprouts no longer had trembling fingers.

And just like that, the group traversed across the Death Line, soon leaving the turbulent atmosphere behind them.

Chapter 1776 War? Not War? War!!!!

Beautiful!

Everyone was at a loss for words when they saw the stunning sight before them.

The clouds were almost cartoon-like in their eyes, as they spiraled and spiraled in all sorts of snail-like shapes.

They hadn't seen land yet, but even the seas underneath had a strange bluish-pinkish hue to them.

After leaving the Death Line, they passed through another space similar to the mating zone.

And after passing through the space, they finally saw calm, still waters and strange birds that looked like Flying Squirrels.

They looked like a cross between a squirrel and a bird.

Though feathered, its main body looked like a squirrel, but its arms/wings were long, vibrant and colorful.

It had a beak with legs that were also elongated and twig-shaped, like an ordinary bird's.

It was amazing that they had small pouches like kangaroos where they also carried their eggs and little ones in.

Amazing!

What sort of bird was this?

(◯◻◯)

Many were fascinated by the mysterious surrounding Mirvanna.

~Gawk! Gawk!

The Squirrel birds were also surprised, as it showed on their shocked faces when seeing such large objects fly alongside them.

What sort of creature was this? How come they have never seen it in the air?

After keeping vigilant for a bit, a few birds curiously fly underneath the choppers to avoid the draft from the propellers.

And when underneath, they finally touched the choppers only to realize they were so hard like rocks, making the birds once again confused by the realization.

Eh?

Can it be a flying rock beast?

Was it a beast with a pouch like them?

Was it carrying its young inside too?

Is why they could see other beings inside the flying beast? (?v?)

~Gawk! Gawk! Gawk! Gawk! Gawk!

The birds flapped and moved around the choppers with interest, having never seen anything like this.

In the meantime, everyone aboard was chuckling at the funny faces these birds were now making.

Why did they feel that these birds were so human-like and spiritual?

Everyone shook their heads, no longer getting concerned with the silly birds around them.

Just because they have crossed the Death Line and were now above Calm waters, doesn't mean they were in the clear.

Their biggest worry now was befriending the Mirvans.

(*^*)

....

~Whoop. Whoop. Whoop. Whoop~

The choppers flew in formation ahead for an additional 42 minutes, before they started seeing the sights of olden-designed ships and canoes.

Such ships were far back in technology compared to the ships used by everyone else in this era.

Loud!

Very loud!

The mighty choppers were very loud when passing above the waters, causing those slow to drop their jaws to the ground and their eyes widened in horror.

Panic seized their brains as their bodies couldn't conceal the shock and fear that electrocuted them now.

Several people on deck raised their quivered fingers at the choppers with flashes of terror.

"Muh-Muh-Muh-Monster! Everyone take cover! There are Flying monsters above!"

"No! They must be here to feed! Look at how terrifying their noses are! They are here to eat us all!"

What? Flying monsters?

Those below deck were shocked when hearing the news.

Flying monsters?

How can this be?

Didn't they eliminate all giant monsters hundreds of years ago?

How can they still exist now?

Where have they been hiding all this time for them to grow so big?

Dammit

Many had blood-cold eyes when thinking of their people's long-standing war against the many giant (prehistoric) beasts they successfully eradicated hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

Are those motherf**kers back again?

Many stared at the skies with fury when thinking of how many lives such beasts had claimed from their beloved Mirvanna.

Seeing over 100 choppers/ flying beasts flying in, everyone's eyes turned red, thinking these beasts were back to finish them all.

But how did they come? Through the End/Death Line?

Hold on, could it be that these beasts have managed to survive all this time within the End Line?

No! No! No!

It was trouble all over again!

Many stared at the skies with trembling lips, gripping their weapons hard.

Give up? No way!

That word wasn't in their vocabulary.

If they could completely eradicate all giant/overly large creatures from Mirvanna once, then you best believe they can do it again and again, and again!

(*^*)

The green orc-looking people stared at the scene with murderous eyes that showed their intent.

"Sound the alarm!"

It has been a while since they sounded such alarms, but everyone who hears it would more or less understand what it means.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!~

The sound traveled across the space, as not just 1 ship rang its bell, but tens and even 50, who spotted the terrifying site and were quick to pass the warning along.

In the meantime, several people indoors across the Coastal territory, quickly stood up when they heard the frail ringing from afar.

"Shut up! Everyone, quiet!... Did you hear that?"

Many had just asked the question right before several people rushed in to alert them of the terrible news.

"What? Flying giant beasts have invaded their lands?"

"Well, what are you waiting for? If it's a fight they want, it's a fight they will get!"

"Quickly, get my double-edged spear! Today, we kill them all!"

"YEAH!!!!~"

Across the coastlines, several people jumped out their windows and even kicked down their own doors when leaving their quarters.

The Green-toned Mirvans were a direct bunch, who liked settling matters with raw strength.

Since they felt their authority was being challenged, then of course they had to go out and brag these bastard beasts to death, that way any hidden beasts would think twice before showing their ugly selves in their lovely Mirvanna.

It was amazing to say that the few giant beasts they have left in Mirvanna, are mostly water beasts.

These beasts show up every ten years or so, bugging them severally.

But they still handled the matter like chaps, killing as many of these beasts as they could.

The giant creatures that live strictly on land are all gone, so their major concerns were those in the waters.

...

Like so, the emergence of flying beasts spotted in the air, traveled like wildfire, though not as fast as the choppers who had long left those who were ready for war below.

Chapter 1777 Giant Bird Invasion. Fight!

Looking at the many giant beasts that were flying high over them, many Mirvans had black faces when seeing these beasts slowly disappearing from their sight.

This... this... this...

They opened and closed their mouths, not saying anything, only gritting their teeth hard and tightening their reins while staring up.

"What do we do now?" Many in the crowd couldn't help asking.

"What do we do? Of course, we chase! After them! We must find where they land and kill them all before they have a chance to make a home and reproduce!"

Yes! Yes!

That's right! They must stop these beasts from making a nest or a den, or else these terrible creatures will keep giving birth to beasts that will continue plaguing them and their future generation for centuries to come.

That's why they can't let it succeed!

"After it! After it! Don't let them escape!"

"Charge forward! We must chase it day and night if we have to."

"We must not let it out of our sight!"

(*#*)

...

With brave hearts, the group charged on and out of the coastal city, storming the roads like crazy.

And as they ran, they met with other righteous people who also decided to join the hunt.

In the meantime, those in the aircrafts, couldn't help feeling guilty when seeing the storm of ants following behind them.

Well, when this high up, the insane cluster of people just look like ants to them.

Everyone was truly guilty, knowing that because of them, the group below would now have sleepless nights chasing them out for days.

Landon chuckled, finding it cute.

Immediately, he contacted the other pilots with instructions.

"In 1 hour, the fat lady sings."

[Copy that, Dasher 00.]

[Roger that, Dasher 00.]

[Command noted, Dasher 00.]

Many quickly replied, with their eyes now focused on their tank's gauge bar.

All choppers here can fly for 6~8 hours before needing a refill.

It would amaze you to know that 180 aircrafts left all 3 Navy Ships (60 vessels from 1 ship.)

50 of the 180, were Refueling Aircrafts.

These sorts of aircrafts were designed for fueling purposes only.

They were like tables flying in the air.

With 50 Refueling aircrafts, they should have enough fuel power to last them for a week.

Should they need more fuel, they will go back and get more fuel from the ships.

Depending on the chopper's size, some need to be refilled every 6 hours and some need to be refilled every 8 hours.

Landon had to admit that the refilling capacity for these advanced choppers was far more efficient than those back on Earth.

If he recalled correctly, many on Earth needed to be refilled every 2~5 hours. That was really too small.

At least most of his choppers need to be refilled after every 7 hours. Some every 6 hours and a few every 8 hours.

It was pretty amazing just how far he had come.

(^_^)

Anyway, Landon had decided that an hour from now, they needed to find a place to land before refilling their tanks before setting forth and traveling for long periods until they reached Mirvanna's Capital.

According to what he gathered from the system, if he were to travel from that coastal city to the Capital, it should take 49 minutes if traveling on a commercial plane.

But by helicopter, depending on how fast they go, they will arrive in the Capital within 6~7 hours.

This is good.

Once they land for refueling, they can continue, until they reach the Capital.

Landon had a clear plan in mind.

However, so as not to allow others to continue tailing them endlessly, he quickly communicated his thoughts with the other pilots. And soon, they began speeding up, leaving the anxious group of Mirvans behind.

Noooooooo!!!!

Many kicked the sides of their horses anxiously when seeing the many choppers grow smaller and smaller in size.

Dammit!

What do they do now?

"Report! Report! We must report to Ruler Tacholla, our leader!"

"Yes, yes, yes! Report! I will go! I will serve as messenger, traveling day and night to see the leader!"

"Then I will come with you, brother! I will go, to make double-sure you make it safely, lest you run into any giant beasts."

From here to the Capital takes 1 month, 2 weeks on horseback

Pap! Pap!

Several men slapped their chests hard, "We will go with you too."

"Alright, then you all leave now, at once! We will head back and keep vigilant, in case more spring up later... and remember to pass the word to any you see on your way."

Yes!

That was the most important thing, to alert as many warriors and people as they could, so others could also keep vigilant and keep watch over their surroundings.

Hee-Hee-Hee-Heee~

The 2-headed horses raised their upper halves, making U-turns back to their homes.

The air was heavy and the grounds were cold, as cold as the people's hearts right now.

It hardly snows here, as throughout winter, they only saw snow 3 or 5 times a year.

The weather during winter was mostly cold and damp, but it never truly snowed.

Many had found moods, as foil as the weather when knowing a war was coming.

...

1 hour later, the group of flying beasts that chose to only fly over forest terrain, soon found a good Landing spot to refill their tanks.

"There! Over there!"

The group made several turns in formation, before slowly finding landing spots on what looked like a field of wild pink and purple weeds that looked similar to grass.

Everyone still had their suits on, as they stood vigilantly before the choppers.

Their eyes never left their surroundings but the pilots, on the other hand, were quick to refuel their choppers

Like pumping gas in a gas station, each refueling aircraft had overly long hoses.

At the same time, some few military researchers who came along quickly collected samples from their surroundings, planning to study why the grass here was purple and pink rather than green.

And in no time, the choppers were refueled and everyone was back in the air again.

Now, it was a nonstop trip to the Capital!

1, 2, 3...

Brmmmm~

They were off.

Chapter 1778 A Heavenly Fate

A heavy air hovered above Mirvanna, as many went about their way.

The people at the Capital seemed to feel the heavy aura coming down on them the most whenever they looked up to see the towering palace at the Capital's center.

From miles and miles away, you can still see its towering glory watching over you.

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

Their chosen hair, ordained by the heavens, was supposed to stay strong and grow alongside them.

Many grunted in sadness, revealing their long vampire-like fangs at the corners of their mouths.

With loins tied around their overly slender waistlines, the grossly endowed hoops of the green-toned women were more pronounced when walking about and carrying buckets of water on their heads from the nearby wells and streams.

Their hair was luscious, thick and long, with some having hair so long you would think they were Rapunzel.

But the way they braided and knotted their hair brought their ankle-length hair to their upper hocks.

Girls and women who had not come of age were not allowed to cut their hair below their elbows. Only after turning 14, can they be allowed to do so.

(**14 was the official age when a girl or boy would be considered an adult)

Their eyes were large and somewhat cat-like, as they slanted upwards at their sides, and their breasts were mostly full for almost all women.

As if blessed by the heavens, most of them had the tiniest waistlines you would ever see, paired with round bosoms, wide hips that matched their thighs, beauty that can make a man's heart stop and a sturdy body for combat.

As for their heights, they were right between the typical height of an adult giant from Omania, and that of the rest of the world.

One could say the most obvious flaw might be their hot-tempered nature and their silly nature of always wanting to fight rather than settle conflicts with words.

They weren't good at expressing themselves, so they preferred to throw fists and get it done and over with.

It was amazing that after throwing fists, they would immediately make up... as if they weren't the one's fighting just now. Even the women acted the same.

In general, these people don't know how to get angry for long.

They can be so mad at you now, but after sleeping, they would forget about it altogether, scratching their heads and wondering why you, their enemy, were still afraid of them.

If they hold hatred in their hearts against you for long, it means you truly went overboard with what you did.

In simpler terms, it meant you crossed their bottom lines and there was no room for forgiveness whatsoever.

But just because they are easily forgiving, doesn't mean they are easy to fool.

.

It was true.

They, just like the Omanians, were a stubborn bunch who wouldn't bow their heads and take rubbish from anyone.

Manipulating them was even harder because although they were hot-tempered, they weren't the sort to throw punches first without asking questions.

To them, asking questions and ensuring the information is correct was vital, that way when they are punching and breaking your nose, they know you deserve it 100%.

As said, they aren't good with words, which includes apologies, which is why they like to ensure they are right most of the time.

Don't get them wrong, sometimes, they make mistakes, but that is typically because they have never seen the situation occur before... Just as they have never seen Landon's group of choppers before.

Their first thought is, of course, battle, as should anyone's first thoughts be!

Ah yes, the Mirvans were quite a simple bunch.

But while several territories close to the waters were panicked by what they saw, those in the Capitol had no such thoughts.

With no one knowing what was coming, their sole focus was on the heir's current state.

However, all this was about to change, like the changing skies that grew darker and darker by the minute.

At the same time, a burly, towering man with a rugged body, was now leaning on his gigantic throne of spiky teeth that protruded from its sides.

These many gigantic teeth belonged to baby giant beats that had been slayed ages ago by their ancestors.

These teeth were attached to the black and massive throne that stood out from its gold and bronze surroundings.

.

Sigh...

Ruler Tacholla massaged the furrowed center between his brows with deep worry brooding in his eyes.

Beside him was Amrous, The Wise, one of his trusty aides.

"They say a bird cannot fly too high, for when it does, the clouds will choke it to death... My son, Bilthazar, is too good, so the heavens have decided to take him from me. I do not blame the Heavens, for it is them who gave him to me. However, as a father, this pain keeps me awake at night."

Amrous thinned his lips, also feeling pained when thinking of Bilthazar's situation. "My Monarch, my Ruler, you must not think so negatively about the heir's state. Since the heavens ordained him themselves, then... they must have a way of preserving his life too."

Tacholla said nothing, only staring at the overly high-rise ceiling above his head.

After praying for several months now, he still doesn't know what they had in store for his son.

It's not that he wanted to think negatively, but as a ruler, his thinking was very realistic and clear.

He liked to consider the good and the bad, that way when the bad finally hits him, he won't collapse into a coma from sheer grief.

Still, he had to admit that a big part of him held hope, believing the heavens would never take his son away just yet.

'Please, Gods of my ancestors... If you have a plan to preserve his life, please do now.'

Boom!

Several loud banging noises clashed against Tochalla's grand door, causing him to jerk to his feet with a pale face.

No!

Could it be a problem with his son, Balthazar? Has his condition grown worse than it already is?

('m')

Amrous had the same thoughts when seeing the guard rush into the room with a sweaty face.

No, it couldn't be about the heir's condition.

This guard has run a great deal to get here, meaning it was news related to their Mirvanna Kingdom!

Chapter 1779 The Frightened Mirvans

What?!!

The Tacholla and Amrous couldn't believe what they were hearing. Are you sure? Are you absolutely sure the Intel is correct?

The duo looked at each other with pale faces, before exiting the space as fast as they could. On his way out, Tacholla quickly grabbed his enormous golden spear that hung beautifully on the walls. This was a unique and sacred spear passed down from generation to generation of Monarchs. This was the very spear the great Modinga held when he began exterminating the giant creatures in their lands ages over. Of course, over time, the spear was maintained well by their finest craftsmen. It was amazing that even after so many years, Tacholla could still sense a faint wave of unnatural power hidden within the double-edged spear. Thus, it was seen as a sacred artifact belonging to the Mirvan people, and could only be owned by their ruler, as per tradition. This spear also aided an uncountable number of Mirvan Monarchs in destroying the many giant beasts that were 2 and sometimes even 3 times bigger than the di dinosaurs known to Earth. Of course, at that time, the spear was much more powerful than now. But as time went on, it slowly began losing its power, or else if it was before, this spear could shoot through 20 giant dinosaurs and instantly shatter them to death upon impact. But now, its powers were so faint that it might not even be able to go through the power of one giant dinosaur, talk less of going through 10 or 20 all at once. With the spear losing its powers, at first, no one was worried, knowing that all giant beasts had been exterminated. But if what the guard said was true, then it might be troublesome for them if the once-feared giant beasts had returned. ...

Grabbing the spear, Tacholla the way, meeting several others who also got wind of the situation. Dammit! It was one problem after another. The heir's situation hasn't stabilized yet, and now they are under attack by giant flying beasts. "Is the news credible?"

"It should be, my Rule. The guards at the City gates reported that they saw these flying beasts with their own 2 eyes."

"Yes, Ruler. these beasts flow in Glocks, before making a U-turn to the forest perimeters!" Tacholla frowned, feeling uneasy the more he listened. "What are they up to? Do they plan to find a breeding site to multiply?"

Everyone's face was grim when thinking of the possibility. They immediately understood that they must never allow this to happen. Places were already pitch black, but they knew they must move out immediately. If they delay any further, who knows if these beasts would have other strategies in mind, moving to another unknown place they wouldn't know?

It was now 8 PM on the dot and several men got on their horses and began storming towards the City gates. Word was sent to the many nobles in the territory, telling them to gather their men and join the war. Children and wives were told to stay locked up at home, city criers rode on horses, telling the people to stop what they were doing and head home, and even those driving in wagons and carriages were told to go back to where they came from. Many were also told to head to the underground safe Staton within the small forest zones enclosed within the Capital's walls. Yes!

It's true that in terms of technology, these Mirvans were backward compared to the rest of the world. But when it came to security against giant beasts, perhaps because of their trapped situation in this place, the heavens emailed down on them, creating these safe zones ages ago. In every city, town and even village, there were massive underground safe spaces that seemed impenetrable, no matter what giant dinosaur stood above the space stomping its feet. The narrow entrance and exits can only allow creatures that are human-sized to pass through. It would be difficult for any other creature bigger and broader than a human to enter. This also means wolves and other forest beasts can enter, but do you expect the heavens to solve all their problems? No!

With these safe spaces given to them, it was now their turn to use them the best way they can when it comes to keeping themselves safe. That's why they built the thickest doors you can imagine which needed over 20 people to push open or pull. It was like a vault, only a lot thicker. So when the city criers began telling people to go to the Safe bunker, everyone's face quickly drained color as they hurried off, soon leaving the city streets to be as deserted as that of a Ghost Town. Bells were ringing, city criers were yelling and everyone was busy. "Amrous. I leave the heat to you. Protect him with your life and take him to the safe Home."

Amrous slapped his chest severally, revealing one of his fanged teeth in a determined grunt, "Ruler, I swear on my life that I will keep him safe."

"Good."

With that, Tacholla kicked his feet and his 2-headed black stallion began storming forward with all its might. "Hyah!" (*Δ*)

Just like that, Tacholla was off to fight the mysterious giant beasts that plagued the skies earlier.

But the culprits responsible for causing widespread panic were all standing around the open space, concerned with their assignments. Now, none of them were wearing those flying suits. Everyone was dressed in ordinary camouflage military attire. The flying suits were kept in 3 aircrafts whose only purpose was to store and charge up these suits. The aircrafts were also designed to help them out on the suits as well. The soldiers and Marines can wear it manually, but that would take them longer.

The aircrafts also have 2 sleeping spiders that will only activate themselves for repairs before attaching to the walls and cleaning in as though they weren't there in the first place. Ah yes, science and advanced technology sure was cool but they didn't want that to scare these Mirvans to death. That's why they chose to appear in the simplest way possible.

Chapter 1780 The Meet-Up

With their military attire on, everyone stood sharp, waiting for their guests to arrive. The skies were only black but that didn't mean their guests wouldn't be coming in strong. Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock. The clock was ticking, and the sounds of nature were breathing heavily down their necks. Birds, wildlife, grass, and even the branches seemed to speak as their sounds echoed across the silent night. Landon and his gang stayed in waiting for almost 3 hours before he heard the sounds of thundering hooves coming from afar.

Well, his hearing was quite sharper compared to the average person's, so he could hear the powerful lunges these strange horses carried in their hooves. And when they got close the Mirvans dismantled from their horses, crouching down and moving in stealth mode with their weapons at hand. Unlike the rest of the world, they hardly needed any camouflage since their green skin tone blended well with nature.

Tacholla whistled like a pigeon, giving out his signal for the masses to hear. And immediately, several people climbed up the trees like raccoons, poking their heads between the sturdy leaves to take a closer look. Quickly! Quickly! What do you see? Many were anxious as hell, waiting for the scouts to say the word. With their heads throbbing and their hands tightening around their weapons, several people looked at the scouts who jumped down with anxious faces. Well, what is it? Did you find their location? The scouts all nodded heavily, with a mixture of confusion flashing through their eyes. "My Ruler, these beasts are here with strange pale-face people... the type drawn in the ancient paintings."

Boom!

Another chaotic explosion went off in everyone's mind when listening to the scouts.
WHAT?

Pale-face people? Their ancient ancestors had spoken of a period deep in the past when the Gods sent out one of them to do a special mission across the world. This person sent out was one of their founding Monarchs, who created the spear Tacholla was holding. He was a great man blessed with godly abilities. It was because of his aid that they, humans, were able to put up a strong fight while in here. And of course, when he returned to Mirvanna, he also brought in technology and ideas from the outside world that aided them in advancing to a certain level. Do you think they would have called their central city, the Capital city if not for outside influence? Words like Monarch, royalty and so on weren't originally how they called their Rulers. Even now, they still prefer calling Tacholla Ruler rather than saying monarch. Only a few call Tacholla your Majesty.

Nonetheless, their founding monarch still emphasized educating them as much as he could because even if they don't use the common titles and words the outside world is familiar with, they should still be able to understand it's menacing so they don't get looked down on. This was his true wish. Why? Because their founding monarch has always believed that one day, Mirvanna will somehow have contact with the outside world. And when that day comes, his people must not look like Barbarians and Savages. Indeed, he tried his best, taking ancient boat designs from the outside world and many other ancient and crude ideas that started Mirvanna's technological age. Although Mirvanna has grown too slowly in terms of technology, its current state wasn't all that bad. The only thing worth taking note of was that even though their ships were ancient, they developed their own method of shooting giant arrows at the many giant sea creatures in their waters.

Unlike the rest of the world which had calmer waters around their coastlines, the same couldn't be said for these Mirvans. So of course they advanced in ship defense way faster than the rest of the world. If the Morgs saw their current ship defenses, their jaws would drop down and their eyes would flash with constant greed at the stunning display. Even Penelope's ships and the ships belonging to the UN ally Empires would marvel at the sight of these defenses. In truth, these Mirvans were the first people to create siege weapons in this world. But because they weren't going anywhere and wouldn't be spreading their technology, the system had only alerted Landon when the first siege weapons were made in the outside world. It was strange to say that the Morgs created Siege weapons a year or 2 ago but these Mirvans had siege weapons for the past 700 years. Forgive them, but when always fighting with giant monsters do you expect them to keep using their teenie-tiny arrows that were like toothpicks piercing into the skin of these giant monsters? Sorry, they had to get creative. Know that Morgany has only developed Ballistas that shot giant arrows, but they have developed catapults Landon has never heard of before that could shoot 3 giant boulder stones all at once. Yes, they

might be backward in terms of agriculture, art, craftsmanship and so many other factors... but at least they prevailed in this world when it came to siege weapons. ...

Everyone had a dumbfounded look when staring at the scouts. (@0@)

What do you mean by saying pale-face people were here? The scouts didn't know what else to say. Although it's pitch black now, the Moon's reflected light on these people told the scouts they should be pale-face. After all, their faces didn't reflect light the same way they would have if their faces were green. So his conclusions, although shocking, were very rational. You look at me, I look at you. You look at me, I look to the Ruler. Everyone couldn't help looking at each other with heavy expressions before finally settling their gaze on their Ruler. For a moment they all released collective sighs, knowing there were humans around to control those giant flying beasts. But this still didn't make them relax their guard since they didn't know if these pale faces came in peace. "Your Majesty, what are your orders?"

A strange light flickered through Tacholla's eyes when recalling all the words the scouts said. "Surround their camp, and prepare for the inevitable, though I don't think we will be needing it."

Tacholla chuckled. So they waved at his scouts? Then doesn't it mean they are expecting them?

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1781 Hook, Line and Sinker!](#)

Chapter 1781 Hook, Line and Sinker!

Squinting his eyes with a slight smile on his lips, Landon happily watched the group of burly Men walk out of the woods, heading his way. Although only 10 walked out, he was certain he and the others must be surrounded. As Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz always says: Todo, I don't think we are in Kansas anymore. Now they were on foreign land meeting foreign people. But so what? They were here for peace and nothing else. So long as they play their cards right, they have nothing to fear. Landon smiled brightly within the chopper. Everyone else was standing outside except for him and 3 others. They allowed the lights from their aircrafts to illuminate the space, so their visitors could see better. 'What strange but magnificent clothing.' Tacholla was taken aback by what he saw the closer he came. What an amazing display of knitting!

From eye view alone, he could tell their clothes must be very warm yet very practical. Their clothes were so finely made that even he had to marvel at the handwork he saw.

But maybe the most shocking matter was the giant metal beast beside them. Metal beasts? This was the first they had seen, talk less of hearing of such things. The soldiers and Marines calmly and respectfully gave way, gesturing to the main chopper at the center of their formation. Tacholla didn't hear them speak but their humble demeanor and actions told him the true commander was either standing behind the giant metal beasts at the center, or...

Eh? That's not right... Could it be that they expect him to talk to the giant metal beast? (???)

Just when Tacholla was still contemplating on who he was to speak to, the door of the main chopper slowly opened, and out came a dashing young man with a vibrant smile. Right off the bat, Tacholla could tell he wasn't the scheming type. Although a majority of Marvin's were straightforward, there were always a handful of overly scheming people that kept popping out now and then. So although they were overall a peaceful bunch they had their fair share of Mirvans, trying to fight their way to the throne once in a while. Did you know that several times, some Mirvans even go as far as trying to fool the public into thinking they were the ones chosen by the Heavens to be the next heirs? In life, there is no place that is completely free of crime. It's just impossible for humans to be without conflicts. It's just that in Mirvanna, the majority of people are not scheming. Tacholla would go as far as saying that over 97% of people were straightforward while the rest were always trying to cook something up. So yes... Looking at Landon, he didn't get any weird auras or vibes from him. You can tell when someone is trying to force a friendly atmosphere around them. For Landon, the air around him was very natural and happy. You can tell that he is also an easygoing person with a sharp edge to him. This was his Tacholla's first impression of the smiling man who appeared before him in a fiery orange-red camouflage getup. Everyone else around him was wearing green camouflage but his attire was different.

His attire also had more stripes and visible sewn-in decorations compared to the rest. 'His status must not be low.' Tacholla said to himself, waiting for the vibrant man to approach him. And what shocked him the most was that the man spoke their language so well that it almost seemed as if he was a native. "Greetings, great Monarch of Mirvanna. I am his majesty Landon Barn, ruler of my great Baymardian Empire."

Tacholla and everyone else's eyes jumped when hearing his words. Monarch? He was monarch? Are Monarchs so jovial nowadays in the outside world? Landon's smile couldn't help growing bigger. "Your Majesty, we bring you gifts of food, gadgets, everyday goods, and medical supplies to treat illnesses that plague your people."

"I'm sure you might be skeptical of our cause, but in time you will see that what we want in return is peace."

"Peace you say?" Tacholla chuckled, with a cold glint in his eyes. "Indeed, that might be true, but until we have verified your intentions I'm afraid you'll have no choice but to obey our laws while in our home." Taking a deeper step forward, Tacholla allowed his

mighty body to loom over Landon in an intimidating manner. "Tell me, boy... do you know the havoc and chaos you and your people have caused with your presence?" Do you know how much panic has now spread across the Capital city? Talk less of the other terrified that might have seen him and his flying carriages flying by. Yes. Although his brain was refusing to believe it he had no choice but to admit that the outside world now has flying carriages. Who knows... maybe it's pretty normal for them. This also made him suddenly fearful, that one day, evil visitors might also come in just like this group. And when that happens what do they do? They had no inventions that could stop such flying carriages from intruding on their lands. In just under a second, Tacholla's mind spun crazily, knowing that their people must quickly advance their technology too. In truth, the moment Landon stepped out of the chopper Tacholla understood that he needed Landon, no matter how much he tried to deny it. For one, he wanted information about the outside world. It was paramount that he knew what was going on right now in the world! .

Raising his head to meet Tacholla's eyes, Landon couldn't help grinning despite Tacholla's intimidating stance. "Yes, we did cause a ruckus when coming in, but we also brought enough gifts to make it up... Believe me, you will want our gifts."

"Food, clothing, essentials, gadgets, medical suppl-

"Hold on, did you say medical supplies?!"

Landon nodded knowingly. "Yes, medical supplies."

The ones good enough to treat your son!

Chapter 1782 Tacholla's Great Experience

Medical supplies?

The words buzzed in Tacholla's head, as his eyes immediately lit up like stars. Yes, yes... isn't this the miracle he always wanted? (!0!)

He has been praying for a miracle for months and months, and now that the heavens have sent his answer straight to his doorstep, is he just going to turn them away just like that? What's more, if you truly look at it well, you will see that these visitors truly respected them. Understand that they had flying carriages and could have easily flown and landed in his palace disrespectfully, but they didn't. They never entered any city or place, only choosing the Forest. They wanted permission before doing whatever they wanted to do.

This alone was worthy of respect from them, the Mirvans. You can see the thought process that went through in the minds of these visitors. "Your Majesty, I still haven't gotten your name."

"Tacholla..."

"Great!" Landon clasped his hands playfully. "Now that we are on a first-name basis, do you give us permission to enter your great city?" Rubbing his beard thoughtfully, Tacholla nodded. "Sure, but I and my people must come with you... in your flying carriages."

"Of course! I wouldn't have it any other way."

Landon knew this guy wouldn't be able to hold off from temptation. Who wouldn't? As said, humans, especially men, were drawn to all sorts of modes of transportation from horses, carriages, wagons, carts and now, flying carriages.

Just looking at these bad boys at an eye view wasn't enough. They wished to touch it, feel it and even roll in it to know what it was about. With things settled, Landon allowed them to read back into the forest to relay the news to their people. Following that, 80 others now came back planning to enter their many coppers and join the flight. Yes, Landon had predicted that such things might happen, that's why not all seats were filled. Some were just transport aircrafts, that were like mini planes with 30 seats to the left and 30 seats to the right. In such aircrafts, only 40 seats were filled with Marines and soldiers with the rest empty. Understand that they expected that after their visit, some Mirvans would follow them back to Baymard to first understand if they were true to their words before choosing whether or not to sign a treaty with them. How can they sign a treaty when they don't even understand how these people operate? The Baymardians understood all this and kept empty spaces for the trip back. What's more, after all their gifts are sent out, they will have a lot more empty spaces in their aircrafts. With this, maybe some of them can choose to strap into the carriage areas in their suits, allowing more room for more Mirvans to come aboard. The carriage areas also have additional roll-down seats on their walls just for additional seating conditions.

Yes, they have thought everything through.

(^_^) . Landon didn't even want to know how the 80 chosen to come was decided on, but seeing the bruises on their bodies, he could guess how it was decided on --With their fists. Tsk.

Sure enough, a good old-fashioned smackdown was always the way to go. These commanders, generals and Mirvan leaders really got off their horses, throwing blows and finally deciding on who would go. And when it was decided, they left their units and headed back vigilantly. Wow! Everyone's heart jerked when stepping into the metal aircrafts. Bear in mind that these aircrafts were still newly made, so their interiors really looked good with no signs of wear and tear yet. This... this.. this... ~Click. Their

seatbelts were snapped in, and their butts firmly placed on the peculiar seats that now had additional padding on them, courtesy of the Baymardians. They were also given juice boxes and protein bars. Their juice boxes and protein bars were placed in small black nets attached to the walls just between each seat. Welp, everyone was really settling in well in the other larger military aircrafts. But in Landon's chopper, Tacholla and another Mirvan were settling in even better. Well, their seats weren't attached to the walls but were full seats with ample room. And what's even better was that they had window-view, unlike the other larger aircrafts that didn't have windows at all. It was almost as though he was about to have a helicopter tour above the city, only it was in a slightly bigger and more secure military chopper. Ow~

Juice boxes, snacks, and magazines? Well, this was nice. It was amazing that although he didn't understand the words, the images still made him dream of what the outside world truly looked like. He looked at the buses, and the stunning views of Baymard's streets and was already so drawn to the images that he didn't even notice they were about to take off. He had noise mufflers on his ears and a large smile on his lips. But soon, his thoughts were quickly pulled back to reality when he heard Landon's calm voice. "Lady and Gentlemen, this is your pilot speaking. We are about to take off, so ensure your seat belts are buckled and your legs and your body relaxed. We will take off momentarily." The same message was said by other pilots in the other aircrafts who had mastered these sentences over and over again for this sole purpose. They might not fully understand the language, but ever since traveling on the high seas after Baymard, they have been taking compulsory classes with Landon as their teacher. At least now, they knew what some items are called in Mirvan. They knew what a chair was called, they knew what a bed was called, what a table was called and so on.

In short, every day, they would be taken to identify everything in their rooms but said them in Mirvan. For maximum flight service, they learned some sentences too. (^v^)

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With the message sent out, everyone double-checked their seatbelts, even going as far as shaking the belts to ensure it was holding steady. And soon it was time for lift-off. Brmmm~

It was happening... it was happening... Tacholla felt his heart jerk several while holding his armrest as hard as he could. What was this extra weight he was feeling? The chopper slowly left the ground and everyone now felt they were as heavy as mountains! (0o0)

Chapter 1783 The Great Experience!

Sitting in the chopper, Tacholla felt his entire body tremble uncontrollably the moment Lift-off began. 'What is going on? Is this normal? And why does my body suddenly feel 10 times heavier?' Tacholla's brain was scrambling for answers but his body was quick to grip his armrest as tight as he could. Help... Mommy... Are they truly going to be alright? "My Ruler, my Ruler... are you alright?"

"I'm fine, Olibang. It's just very shocking, isn't it?"

Looking at one of his most trusted generals beside him, Tacholla also found the guy's eyes darting around maniacally with worry in his eyes. But there was another feeling hidden in his eyes - Excitement! Yes. That was it. Tacholla also realized he too had a weird mix of anxiety and excitement flooding his brain. Flying! Flying!... They were flying, something he would have never imagined possible for Mankind to do! You don't understand. This fact alone was enough to make his box-bound mind explode, with him now imagining how far mankind could truly go. Yes. Now, he wasn't just thinking inside a box, but outside. If man can fly, can they also swim for longer times underwater? The Baymardians magazines and booklets he spotted earlier, gave him an impression that man had already built faster and more comfortable carriages in the outside world. Staring outside through the window, Tacholla couldn't describe the emotions brooding within him. But more importantly, why did his weight feel so heavy? What was the phenomenon behind it? Why did he feel an invisible force pulling him down the higher they flew? Like so, without even knowing about Gravity, Tacholla and several others had already discovered the strange force dragging them down. However, they soon realized that after the aircrafts reached certain heights in the air, the force seemed to fade away, with their bodies stabilizing as though it was all their imagination. How odd...

Everyone felt it odd but didn't have too much time to think of it when seeing how fast these aircrafts were going. Wow!

Tacholla looked at his magnificent city below, which was now beautifully brightly lit with torches. Yes... There might be little to no torches placed along the streets, but the people living in the city had torches within their estates and homes brightly lit up. On the streets, several people also moved with flaming torches in hand, and on the many estate walls, barracks and political buildings, torches were also little scene too. Beautiful. Tacholla looked at the Capital city with pride swelling in his chest. It was also amazing how every flaming torch looked like starry dots from where they flew. "My Ruler, my Ruler, may I see?" Olibang was growing impatient, a little jealous that Tacholla got the window seat. F***! Who likes this side seat? Olibang swore that if he should ever take a flying aircraft in his life, he would never take his inner seat, only choosing a window seat! Dammit. Olibang nearly bit his fingernails from jealousy, though he tried desperately to hide it. Of course, he had no ill intentions but was truly happy for his monarch and sad for himself who didn't have a window seat. Well, his jealousy was all because of Tacholla who kept exclaiming in awe and gasping every second, making him more and more anxious to see what it was, Tacholla was seeing. Landon, as if knowing his concerns, was quick to pass on a message. --[Dear passengers, please note that The seatbelt sign is off.]--

Yes!!! Olibang's eyes shone like stars when recalling Landon's earlier words before takeoff. If the seatbelt sign is off they are allowed to stand and even walk about right? Sure, there was no place to walk to in the chopper, except the bathroom, but so what? Walking and standing give one a good stretch if not used to the flight. Unlike the other aircrafts, Landon's aircraft was designed for picking up guests, so it had a toilet and even some fixtures you could find in a commercial flight like seatbelt signs, and whatnot. Although the chopper was a 7-seater, it was well-spaced and slightly luxurious, with foldable eating trays and thick armrest dividers too. The chopper was a 7-seater, which included the 2 pilot seats at the front. This meant there were 5 guest seats at the back. Tacholla and Olibang sat in the first 2 seats, with a window to their left and a narrow pathway followed by the chopper door to their right. And behind them were two identical seats taken by 3 Baymardian soldiers, occupying the entire back. Bear in mind that because people like the Giants exist in this world, the standard spaces between seat rows in this world were akin to standard business-class seats in Landon's former world. So imagine how much legroom Landon's VIP chopper had for the duo? What's more, because people like the Giants exist, the seats were also made bigger than what Earth's seats were used to. .

Hahahahahah~ Olibang didn't waste time standing, placing one knee on his seat while leaving forward to see what his majesty Tacholla had been exclaiming about. "Wow!" Olibang exclaimed with excitement. "Ruler! That's the Mayfest Garden! And beside it must be the grand Mayfest Bridge!" "Ruler, do you think I should be able to see my house from here?" "Wow! Ruler, the palace looked too beautiful from up here. It almost looks mythical." Tacholla nodded proudly, "Hmm... it's the most enticing structure from a bird's view." Hey... no wonder many birds like dropping poop on it when flying high. Hmph! They must have been trying to dampen the palace's beauty since it was so mesmerizing this far up. (^_^)

Indeed, what Tacholla and Olibang said wasn't a lie. Looking out the window, Landon was also amazed by how beautifully lit the Palace was. It was like seeing a mythical enchanted castle that probably held a dragon and a captured princess within. The colorful vines that covered some parts, still showed their colors when lit up around the flaming torches. But seeing as they were getting closer and closer to their destination Landon quickly turned on the seatbelt sign, allowing Olibang to take his seat once more. And to ensure he was safely buckled, one of the Baymardians stood to assist.

Chapter 1784 A Grand Entrance!

Landon stared outside his window, leaning to the side and flooding his chopper to the left. The other aircrafts behind him also did the same. And soon, they found themselves in the Innermost zone of the Palace. The buildings were, as expected, very spread apart, divided by open fields, lands and ample spaces for grand picnics, kite flying and horse riding. There were also large ponds, gardens and enclosed barrack training zones

that Landon didn't target. There it was again... the uneasy feeling Olibang and Tacholla felt during lift-off. Holding onto their armrest as tight as they could, the duo quickly braced themselves for landing. The most troubling moment for them was when the chopper's tires touched the ground, causing a brief jolt from below. Brmmm! The duo breathed out sighs of relief, slowly looking at each other with smiles on their faces. Landed. They have finally landed safe and sound. Bahahahahahahahaha~

(^Δ^)

The duo felt like dancing over a fireplace when thinking of their grand adventure through the skies. No! This matter must be written in the history books, as they were now among the first group of Mirvans to ever grace the skies. Fuck! The way they felt was the same way the first Baymardians to enter a vehicle ever felt. Their hearts were beating so loudly they felt they could hear it in their ears. But looking at the godly food/snacks they hadn't finished yet, the duo was embarrassed when thinking of how they would take these foods with them. Well, it wouldn't be considered stealing, right? Rip!~ Tacholla tore up one packet of peanuts, shoving a bunch in his mouth fast. Oh my~

The salty, nutty taste was so exquisite that it made his tummy grumble even louder as if asking for more. Tacholla couldn't help momentarily closing his eyes, wishing to savor the amazing explosive taste in his mouth. How can something taste so good and addictive?

As for Olibang, his focus was on his unopened juice box before him. Damn. He had already finished all his snacks and had no time to drink the purple-colored juice box. So was he just going to leave it behind? No way! Taking the straw attached to the side of the box, he recalled Tacholla's earlier actions and darted the straw through the silver spot on its top. And soon... Pop! He was in. Looking left and right like a sneaky villain, Olibang quickly sucked on the straw, dragging and gulping down as much juice as he could. "Eh? Grape?" The more he drew in, the more convinced he was that he was drinking a unique grape mixture. So good... Olibang finished the juice box in just a few seconds and was very regretful that it was finished. Smacking his lips Olibang couldn't help recalling the sweet, amazing taste still lingering in his mouth. Dammit, blame him for drinking it all too fast.

The duo soon fell aggrieved, looking at the empty packages and juice boxes in their hands. They didn't want to throw these empty packages at all. Are you crazy? The artwork done on the packaging was exquisite and precise. It must have taken the painter quite some time to paint on each package for them. So want it disrespectful to throw the empty packages away? No! Very quickly, the duo neatly folded their empty peanut packages and protein bar packages, before keeping them in their inner chest pockets. In addition, they secretly swore to keep these wrappers and empty juice boxes in their treasuries for safekeeping, to show support to the artists who painted on them.

(*^*)

Yes... The duo had decided on this matter. And while they were inside enjoying themselves the situation outside wasn't all that calm. None attacked yet only watching vigilantly. To understand why they were so calm, it's all because of what happened several minutes ago. --40 minutes prior--

The palace was on edge, as several guards quickly swarmed the palace walls and important areas, preparing to wage war on any flying beast that came their way.

They had their siege weapons ready, choosing to use 3-Arrow Ballistas and bowling ball catapults to shoot at any flying creatures that dared to venture close to the palace. Yes. The atmosphere was heated and the people were donned in armor. At first, there were no signs of danger from any angle. But after a while more, they heard faint whooshing noises coming from afar. And soon... Whoop!!! The sounds had grown so great that it seemed like a thousand bees were buzzing in the air. "Over there! Over there! The Flying Beast is coming our way!"

Sweat stung their faces like vipers, as many began sweating before the battle even commenced. Not sweating from fear but from sheer determination to win.

Time stood frozen in place, with emotions of all sorts bubbling within them. On the walls, those handling the siege weapons kept their heads sideways, ready to give their attacks. "Steady...steady..." Almost there... Almost there... The strange giant beast was almost within attack range. And once it came close enough they would waste no time plunging hails of attacks its way. But what they didn't expect was that the beast would surely fly extremely high inches before entering their attack zone.

Understand that their siege weapons could only shoot high to a certain extent before dropping down. Their siege weapons couldn't shoot too high into the sky. They had never needed it to shoot so high since the walls alone gave great height advantages in war. Understand that the palace walls were far higher and thicker than the walls in the rest of Hertfilia. But at this moment, the lone aircraft flew higher, before sending out a message to the troubled Mirvans below. The message was in their language and was one the pilot had memorized just for this occasion. [Please, do not be alarmed. We mean no harm. We come in peace, bearing a message from your Mirvan Ruler. This isn't a flying monster but a flying carriage.]

What? True or false? Well, even if it was false they had to still take that chance, knowing that the flying beasts had made mention of their Ruler. It's best to be cautious since they don't know if their Ruler was kept hostage somewhere. "Stand down!" Orders were immediately given and the lone chopper was allowed to land.

Many archers and siege weapons holders now turned their attention to the open space just before the gates. That was where the chopper landed. And right before their eyes, its door opened and out came a fellow Mirvan their leaders knew. Was that...

"Commander Lifyork!"

Chapter 1785 The Powerful Baymardians

So it was true? Was the going beast just a flying carriage? Lifyork stepped out, with his hands raised, quickly telling everyone to remain at ease and await the return of their monarch. From the outskirt Forests to the palace, it would take the messengers and warriors on horseback at least 4 hours to return. That's why he came ahead, to spread the word. Lifyork was quick to warn many others not to shoot at the flying beasts that would be coming in later on. And that was how they got to know of the true situation, keeping their calm even now that the aircrafts had landed. Whoop! Whoop!.. Whoop!..... Whoop~

The many blades of the aircrafts slowed down bit by bit until soon... the whooshing sounds couldn't be heard anymore. Finally, the doors open and outcome the Mirvans, accompanied by the Baymardians. (ΔοΔ)

Pale-face people! Everyone stretched their necks in shock when seeing the shorter and smaller-built pale-face humans emerge from the aircrafts. Grunt. Grunt~ Their long vampire-like teeth on their sides were flashing wide when they grunted in shock. Never in their lives had they imagined they would see the pale-face people their ancient ancestors had spoken of. Suddenly, the Baymardians understood how animals must feel in a zoo after seeing how these stunning Green orc-like people were gazing at them. It's like they knew no shame. They stared at them so intently that it felt as though these people were trying to burn holes through their bodies with their eyes. Landon on the other hand, didn't mind. After the incredible plane trip, Tacholla and Olibang had already kept him hostage by their sides asking him a million and ten philosophical questions on the matter of air travel. Several others also did the same, walking beside the Baymardians with countless questions in mind. Just like the outside world, people here also had various professions. There were astronomers here, painters, sculptors, and even philosophers who studied to discover the many secrets the world and the universe had to offer. As monarch, Tacholla had also dabbled in many professions.

"Why is it that the first peanut I took in the air tasted different from the peanut I took when landing?" Landon smiled, answering truthfully. "Due to lack of moisture, our sense of smell reduces and this affects our judgment on food taste." The phenomenon is mostly because the combination of the dry air and pressure change reduced their taste bud sensitivity. But Landon didn't go deeper, only stating a simpler explanation for them. Tacholla massaged his chin thoughtfully, "So it's because of lack of moisture that the food tastes so different?" "Yes. Our to guess react differently when there is lack of moisture in the air."

"In other words, the closer we are to the ground, the more moisture there is in the air. And does this also have something to do with the reasons why our weights felt bigger the higher we flew?" Landon neither shook his head nor nodded. "When you jump off a

cliff, why do you fall? When you jump off a tree, why do you fall?" Everyone was taken aback by Landon's simple question. (?~?)

What sort of question is that? Don't you have to because you have to fall? No one had truly thought about the reason why everything must fall. Landon chuckled, ending the matter with just a few more thought-inducing words. "If everything must go down when you fall, then when you go against the natural order, and scene higher instead, what else do you expect?" "Resistance!" Olibang muttered, his eyes twinkling in realization. Soon, he opened his fingers and swished them in the air in wonder. "Could it be there is an invisible force all around us to keep us all on the ground?" Bingo!

Landon smiled, saying nothing, but Olibang's words enough to cause a storm within the minds of many. Many felt that should those maniac researchers, scholars and philosophers get wind of this discovery, they might rush to bury themselves in their testing labs for weeks and months without end. In this era, scientists were known to many as philosophers and researchers. At the same time, Landon had the Baymardians take down the many gifts they had prepared for the Mirvans. Several Mirvans also stepped in to help in carrying the many gifts in. "Before flying, you stated you were in great haste for medical aid right?" Tacholla quickly woke up, no longer fascinated by the mystery surrounding the flying carriages.

Yes, he had other things to worry about, like Balthazar's state."

Tacholla narrowed his eyes fiercely. "How confident are you and your people in your medical supplies?"

In other words are you absolutely sure what you give won't poison his patient/his son instead? Landon slowly turned to face him with unwavering eyes. "I'm not one to brag, but I must tell you that in the outside world, my Baymard has the best medical technologies and potions you can find in all of Hertfillia." "We are the best, and we strive to remain the best, ensuring that we give it our all when dealing with any patient welcome across. Believe me when I say we are your best bet in this world in solving any medical issues you may have."

"From your deposition and your need to constantly affirm our abilities, I can tell there must be someone seriously ill in your care." "So what will you do? Take a leap of faith in us or keep going on the way you used to?... Understand that the decision solely rests on your shoulders." --Silence-- The surrounding atmosphere turned silent, as Landon's Mirvan words echoed across the scene. Everyone knew the person Tacholla was most worried about. And despite their skepticism on the abilities of these pale-face people, they had to admit that they were truly running out of options here.

But then again the decision solely rests on Tacholla. So what's it gonna be? "Do it." Tacholla's eyes flickered with a strange light. "Do it. I permit you to heal a patient very dear to me... However, should you make his situation worse, heh..." Tacholla didn't complete his sentence, but everyone understood his threats.

But once again, Landon wasn't phased, only smiling broader than before. "Believe me, you won't regret it... Now then, take us to your grand Meeting Hall and quickly arrange for your patient to be brought over." He, Landon, would show these Mirvans just how powerful Baymard truly was!

Chapter 1786 Found It?

Time for the Baymardians to spring into action!

Swoosh!

Doctor Gerson's lab coat swung elegantly in the air as he allowed the nurses to assist him in suiting up.

The first set of gloves was pulled out from the glove box and pulled, allowing him to just send his hands in easily.

And then the meds of the gloves were tapped to his long white leaves, to trap any moisture or sweat from him, as well as act as a form holder, so the second glove doesn't roll down once worn.

Gerson wore 2 pairs of gloves, doubling them above the other.

Gerson was suiting up in one corner, while the Baymardians were rushing about another corner to set up the medical space for treatment.

Because this was the heir, everyone wanted to watch and ensure these strangers didn't do anything funny.

Countless Mirvan hearts and physicians gathered accompanied by the royal family, many ministers, commanders and generals.

Of course, they were told to give way and not come any step closer to the equipment and medical grounds they purposefully set up perimeters around.

The Mirvna swatches with stretched necks of interest and concern.

Soon, the awaited patient was brought over and stretched on the Baymardian foldable medical bed.

Wow!

Amazing!

"Did you see how that thing folded out and became a bed in a few breaths?"

"Very clever. We could use some of those in our helping homes."

Many healers commented, already seeing the importance of having such on-the-go resources.

Landon was also dressed up as a doctor too.

"Nurse Shanell, where is the patient form?"

"Here it is, Doctor." Shanell quickly handed him a form in Mirvan language before taking off to assist Doctor Gerson in taking Bilthozar's temperature, heart rate and other tests.

Landon might know what was wrong with Bilthozar, but they didn't. So they had to test him to ensure they gave him the right treatment.

Of course, a vital part of this would be to get patient information as fast as they can.

"Father of the patient, please step forward."

Ah-

Watching how professional the Baymardians were, even Tacholla had forgotten he was Ruler.

Yes. Now, he only knew he was a father.

"Sir, to ensure we find the root cause, we must ask you questions concerning the patient."

"Yes, yes. Ask me anything."

"Patient's name."

"Bilthozar xxxx."

"Age."

"18 Summers."

"Allergies. Please remember to think deeply about this. What foods, drinks or substances does he negatively react to? Even flower types can be included."

Tacholla frowned.

The heir has always been able to eat and drink everything from young. His body has never rejected anything, or could he be wrong?"

The Royal physicians and healers also thought deeply but had the same conclusions as Tacholla.

"So none?"

"None."

"Good. Now. I want you to think back to when the illness began. What were the earlier signs that showed he was ill?"

"He would always complain he was feeling chilly even when the weather was hot and boiling."

"Yes!" Someone chimed in. "He also lost appetite quite frequently and often complained of belly aches."

Landon nodded. "These aches... did he specify whether they were in the lower or upper parts of his belly?"

"Lower."

"Good. Keep going"

"He would always feel like throwing up, but would also feel his belly was constipated too."

"His body would ache and his forehead would get so hot you can fry an egg on it."

Suddenly, everyone had something to say but Landon didn't mind.

He collected as many as much helpful information as he could while Doctor Gerson and the nurses began taking Bilthozar's top off.

"Rose spots. He has rose spots all over his body." One of them connected while the other took down the description in the patient's notebook.

It was amazing that even with his green skin, these spots were so red and prominent that you would think someone had left love kisses all over him.

The nurse placed a cooling bag on his forehead with a frown.

"His temperature was very high, 39.5°C!"

Not good!

They need to decide what he is suffering from now!

Everyone had an inkling but had to wait for the chief Doctor on the scene to decide.

"Doctor Gerson, Nurse Shanell, Nurse Laura, what are your thoughts?"

"Rose rash spots, cough, nausea..."

"Abdominal pains, loss of appetite, chills..."

"Headaches, muscle aches..."

Suddenly, all 3 voiced the same words simultaneously - Typhoid Fever!

Commonly known as Yellow fever!

"It's contagious but only through fecal matter."

"Which might also explain why everyone here is fine after being around the patient for so long."

Landon nodded in approval, but they still can't be completely sure yet.

However, they can give him several antibiotics to calm his current state until they are 100% sure it's typhoid fever.

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"Doctor Gerson, his blood drawn for testing. I'll also need you to numb his skin and take a sample with a scalpel."

"On it."

"Nurse Laura... Nurse Shanell... once he is done. You two will collect Stool and Urine samples."

"Got it."

Everyone was busy as a bee, under the amazement of the Mirvan people.

Damn!

Just look at the discipline and sanitary measures these strangers were taking during healing.

Many felt they could learn a thing or 2 from them.

But soon, their faces turned into more shock when they saw how these strangers drew blood out of Bilthozar's body.

Ahhh!!!

Sorcery?

All they saw was a pin that pokes into their heir's flesh.

And when the fat upper part connected to the pin was pulled up, a good stream of red blood now filled the container right before their very eyes.

Many held each other and shook themselves crazily in shock.

(°0°)

This... this.. this...

How can this be?

They expected the Baymardians to blade the heir and do bloodletting, allowing streams of blood to flow out the heir into the ground.

Everyone knows that only by stabbing and letting a healthy chunk of bad blood out will the patient have a better chance of survival.

They expected to see this much, even feeling that the needle that pricked into their heir's flesh was too small to do anything.

But who would have known it could drag out so much blood in one go?

Chapter 1787 Strange Gifts

Amazing! Amazing!

Many healers dropped to their knees in worship with praying hands and glittering eyes when staring at the scene before them.

Oh, Great Wind God.

Have you allowed a heavenly needle to be born?

(!0!)

If they had such a godly artifact, they would surely be able to drag out buckets of bad blood without worry in clean and sanitary ways.

Buckets of blood?

If Landon heard them, he was afraid he would never allow the nurse of syringes outside Baymard.

Do you want to draw out a bucket load of blood from your patient?

Do you want to kill that patient instead?

Bloodletting, his foot!

Do you know that what you are doing is illegal?

(x^x)

Slowly taking off his gloves, Landon had them transport the weak prince into his royal chambers.

Several people wanted to squeeze in but were quickly driven away from the scene.

"Please, do not disturb the patient's rest. He should be feeling better in a matter of time." Doctor Gerson advised, after taking the skin sample he needed.

Shanell and Laura had also taken pee and stool samples, though it was quite hard seeing as so many people were ashamed on behalf of the prince.

What? Do you want the prince's poop? What are you going to do with it? Eat it?

Do you use it as garnish for bread?

Hey... many would do just about anything to be close to royalty. So was this a perverted thing these outsiders do frequently?

Collecting poop has never been heard of by healers.

It was so strange and felt so wrong in many ways.

In the end, they had no choice but to watch the Male Baymardian nurses assist in carrying his majesty and getting the pee and stool samples.

They protested against Laura and Shannel taking them, so males had to step in.

But after the samples were removed, Laura and Shannel were quick to send them to the medical chopper for testing, while they stayed back and looked after the piece, putting all sorts of machines around the space.

They placed suction pads on the patient, monitoring his heart rate, and other vitals.

The entire time they had been attending the piece in the hall earlier, the prince's room had been undergoing fast and thorough cleaning.

And for the finishing touch, they disinfected the air space with special medical air sprays.

So now, no one was allowed to step in without permission and without wearing masks and other protective coverings.

Visiting wasn't allowed until the prince's situation grew better.

Landon's many conditions made the Royals and everyone else down, but after listening to Landon's reasons, they felt they should indeed stay away for the time being.

It was already late in the evening when everyone decided to turn in for the night.

As for Landon, he of course had to stay in the Palace guest quarters and would stay monitored 24/7 for fear he was going to somehow run away.

Although they had a good impression of him, one can never be too certain about the strange visitors from the outside world.

That's why after seeing how much the Baymardians respected and loved Landon, they chose to heavily monitor him, ensuring they always have a tight grip on his location and movements.

Landon knew all this and shrugged. He was here for peace and wasn't planning to do anything illegal, so what's there to worry about?

Zzzzzzzzz~

Before he knew it, he was deep asleep with no worries at all.

(~•~)

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Like so, the night grew very uneventful, despite the worries and concerns of many.

Why, they were so concerned that first thing in the morning, a storm of over 100 healers came flooding back to the palace like crazy.

The Generals, ministers and nobles with high authority also stormed over with their guards beside them.

And before Tacholla could blink, there were nearly 3000 people in the Great Hall.

"Your Majesty, your Majesty, how is the heir?"

"Your Majesty, I thought I had a strange dream last night. But only after seeing the giant flying carriages in the palace grounds, did I know it was all true."

"Your Majesty, I heard there are pale-face people here. Your Majesty, is that truly the case?"

"Your Maj--.... Blah blah, blah."

Order! Order!

Can he get some f**king order in here?

Tacholla almost visibly rolled his eyes when seeing how lacking in manners in green macho aids were.

He hadn't even had breakfast yet, and they had already been stumping their giant feet on the grounds, anxiously waiting for him to make an entrance.

His guards had told him that if he didn't appear soon, the anxiety of the group might make them head straight to the prince's chambers without warning.

Bastards... every single one of them.

It's not that they don't love and respect him, but that when they were very concerned about a matter, they were also very concerned about seeking the truth for themselves too.

So many who weren't here last night also wanted to see with their 2 eyeballs that what they heard was real.

As they say, seeing is believing.

...

Standing in the Great Hall, the gifts from last night still haven't been moved yet, though the hall itself had been heavily guarded all night.

People kept shooting their heads and poking necks left and right to get a good look.

Oooow~... what was that? And what was this? Ah... How about that one?

Scratching their heads, they were trying to know what everything was, but at least had the decency to hold off until their monarch commanded it.

Tacholla had black lines on his forehead when he saw the look in their eyes.

Really and truly, they had no poker faces. Every emotion they felt was displayed on their green, good-looking faces.

"You bastards, can you at least have some decency before I summon our guests in?"

"Of course we will, your Majesty! Don't you trust us?"

No. Tacholla inwardly retorted.

"Don't you know who we are?"

It's exactly because he knew who they were that he was annoyed, okay?

"Ruler, how can we dare embarrass our great Mirvanna?"

Have they forgotten how they embarrassed him last night?

Looking at their anticipated looks, Tacholla sighed, waving his hands and sending for a guard to summon Landon over.

In the meantime, he decided to disclose very important news to them.

"Everyone, a while ago, I received word from the healers from the outside, that the Prince's condition has improved."

Tacholla wasn't lying.

It was 4:30 AM when Doctor Gerson sent for him.

It seems the antibiotics they gave him had quenched his fever after he had sweated buckets.

He saw his son gain some energy and looked slightly better than before.

Indeed, this was a good sign!

His son could even speak more words than usual and woke up in an extremely hungry state.

When was the last time his son felt the need to eat?

Most of the time, they had to force the boy to eat, but now, his lack of appetite was diminishing.

Good, good, great!

Though Bilthozar didn't eat much, it was still considered progress to see him actively looking for meals.

The food again was prepared by the Baymardians, who knew what sort of meals were best for him.

After seeing the boy, he quickly exited the space, to allow the Baymardians to keep doing what they were doing.

Now, he had more trust in their methods.

(^_^)

With his mind at ease, he now wanted to know more about the gifts they brought.

The gift list was with him, but could he say he didn't understand most of the items on it not knowing what was what?

For example, TV? What was that?

Watch? What was that?

Excuse him for being a villager, but what did these items look like?

While waiting for Landon's arrival, several other Royals quickly entered the hall.

Queen Abigail, Bilthozar's mother, emerged holding concubine Ava's arms. She was Tacholla's 2nd wife.

Concubine Amina also followed along, holding concubine Gwen's arms.

All women walked close to one another and were truly friendly with each other.

Their children who were still in the Capital or were unmarried, also followed behind them: 6th Princess Selma, born from Concubine Ava... 5th Prince Julian, born from Concubine Amina... and 7th Princess Bitnia, born from Concubine Gwen.

His majesty had 5 princes and 7 princes.

Those not here were out in other parts of the territory, aiding in governing.

"Sister, I heard the heir's condition has grown better. Congratulations, sister."

"Yes. When he gets fully healed, I'll be sure to serve him up my famous stew to keep his energy going."

"Sister, your good days have come! I knew the one blessed by the Gods must have a long life ahead of him. Congratulations, sister."

Abigail smiled warmly, "Thank you."

Her heart was choked with heartfelt emotions when thinking of the support these beautiful women had given her during this time.

Her lips quivered and her eyes brined with true joy when recalling the news she got in the wee hours of the morning.

Her son... Her Bilthozar was going to be alright, and it was all thanks to these mysterious foreigners.

With smiles, the Royals stepped into the scene minutes before Landon and his group were about to enter.

Looking at the massive golden, 2-sided open doors, Landon smiled.

'It's finally time to get this show on the road... Mirvana... don't disappoint me.'

Chapter 1788 Real Agenda

Landon and the Baymardians emerged into the scene, staring at the many enlarged eyes directed their way.

Again, they felt like animals in a zoo.

"So it's true. The pale-face people are in Mirvana... I wonder if they eat the same way we do?"

"Forget about that. Do they poop the same way too? Or does it come out from their ears?"

Murmurs echoed across the vast space, as many truly found the appearance of pale-face humans so bizarre and shocking.

It was one thing to know of the ancient texts that spoke of these people, and another thing to see them live in the flesh.

From young till now they have never seen another human who wants Green-toned.

So don't blame them for being overly curious about everything before them.

Even some of the hairdos the Baymardians rocked intrigued them greatly.

Some were similar to theirs, and others they had never seen before.

How did they get such clean cuts? What blading techniques did they use that didn't leave scars after getting cut so low to their flesh?

They can use a blade to cleanly shave the sides of their heads off, but if you trim so low, you are bound to create bumps in those areas.

(+0+)

Without wasting any time, Tacholla gave a brief speech, mostly to introduce Landon and his group to those who weren't here yesterday.

In particular, those leading the army who didn't enter the aircrafts and fly back to the palace arrived in the Central zone several hours later than them.

They didn't get last night's address.

Today, more of his aides and decision-makers were here in their best robes and attires, looking like burly Gods that descend the lands.

Despite their large sticking fangs and Orc-like goblin-toned greenish build, their formal wear Clothing style for Monsters and those of high-ranked positions reminded Landon of ancient Rome.

They had dashing robes that hung over their shoulders in a crossed manner, leaving their muscular chests bare.

A foreign monarch here to make peace with them?

With Tacholla's words, everyone turned their attention to Landon, not truly convinced of his so-called peace.

What he proposed was a peace treaty, but how can they trust someone who just showed up at their doorsteps just like that?

They might be easygoing but were not foolish.

'Boy, it will take a lot more than your words to convince us!' Many thought, scrutinizing Landon from head to toe.

And by the way, how did you know their language so well?

Many were taken aback the moment Landon opened his mouth.

If not for their eyes, they would have sworn they were listening to a proper Mirv local.

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Maintaining his inviting smile, Landon swept his eyes across the group without fear.

"Everyone, I know you have doubts about my purpose. However, I will not rush you to make a decision, since I too understand where you're coming from."

"That said, I must use this time to make another great matter of urgency known to you all."

With Landon pausing, the atmosphere only grew stagnant, with Tacholla unaware of what Landon had to say.

He sensed danger from the unspoken words.

What is it?

"Morgany and Adonis... Tell me, do your ancients ever speak of those places?"

Tacholla frowned, not recalling the ancient texts warning them about these places.

Morgany was written in one of their texts, described as a place of wonder.

Ages ago when all the mighty powers were still friends, who only targeted giant beasts, they hardly had conflicts with one another, seeing as they didn't even have time to worry about another human.

The heavens in their infinite mercy, had blessed certain humans with mysterious powers and united them all together.

That was humanity's period when they truly broke out of their shackles.

After the grand mission was over, their ancient ancestors returned with his power from the sky and began slaying the unimaginable number of creatures in their Mirvanna.

He died and his generations continued slaying the giant beasts from both the lands and the seas.

Their ancient texts only mention at most a page of writing concerning Morgany.

As for Adonis... Never heard of it.

What sort of place was that?

Of course, they might have never heard of it since everything concerning Adonis sprang up after humans now had time to develop hatred towards 1 another.

Well, with most of the giant beasts gone, humans turned on each other, wanting power.

And the one who rose in the continent of Lampe now turned the entire Lampe to Adonis and later conquered the entire Dania continent. Turning it into another Adonis base.

Do you know how large a continent is?

They really did it and were still greedy to turn other places into Adonis bases.

Seeing their clueless expressions, Landon narrowed his gaze deeply. And this time, the warm smile on his lips was completely wiped out.

"Let me tell you a little bit about these places."

Boom!

The entire crowd erupted in shock when hearing how diabolical these places were.

What?

Do they dare control the entire seas? As who? The Gods?

Do you have to pay fees to move via waters that weren't even close to their Continents?

Aren't you just asking for a beating?

Does Adonis want to forcefully get people to worship their gods?

Why must you force them? Why can't you worship yours and they worship theirs?

Blatant bullying, rape, murders, kidnapping and slavery?

So anyone who wasn't a part of their group deserved to die or get turned into slaves?

This... This...

That was just too absurd!

These Mirvs couldn't comprehend what the fuss was all about which made these power forces feel the need to force everyone to walk the same way they did.

It's like you only eat vegetables and you want to force them to abandon meat and join you in eating just vegetables all your life.

Look.

It's okay that you choose that life but why must you force them to choose it too?

Stick your lane and they'll stick to theirs?

Why was that so hard to understand?

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Tacholla drummed his fingers along his armrest deep in thought.

"From what you're saying it's only a matter of time before they head our way, right?"

Bingo!

Landon released a slight chuckle. "For world peace, several countries of ours have come together to keep our nations safe."

"World peace... This is the true reason for the peace treaty!"

Chapter 1789 The Blown Away Mirvs

Everything Landon said was indeed uncomfortable and disturbing to their ears.

From all they knew, there might be no evil coming their way, or perhaps those 2 places were the good guys while the seemingly carefree brat before them was the one they should truly be worried about.

In truth, they will never truly know unless they see it firsthand and explore the outside world.

That said, even if this brat was walking them into a trap, they still had to consider the fact that he might be telling the truth.

If you drove him away, he might bring more backup to attack them (if he was a villain).

On the flip side, if he drove him away and he indeed never returned to attack them, then you'll know he was telling the truth, but now... with your potential ally gone, you will be sitting duck, waiting for the day those 2 forces join hands to attack you.

And when that day happens, who knows what crazy technologies the enemy will have to crush them?

After seeing Landon's flying carriages, they were a little afraid of just how powerful the outside world was.

The worst is that if the enemy tries attacking them from a height that their giant arrow-shooting devices couldn't tilt to, then what do they do?

When you think about it deeply, you realize that whether Landon is being truthful or not they must go out and see the world for themselves to know any impending dangers to their beloved Mirvanna.

Even without knowledge of Morgany and Adonis's cruelty, they must still go to understand the current state of the world.

Like that, many looked at each other tactfully, secretly planning to meet Tacholla later and volunteer to go for Mirvana's sake.

"Well, we can speak more about peace later. For now, why don't we brush over the gifts we humbly bring to your great Mirvanna Empire?"

"Yes, let's begin with that first," Tacholla agreed, not liking the heavy atmosphere.

With a flick of his wrist, Amrous, his wisest and most trusted aid, calmly stepped forward in white robes lined with green symbols on the edges.

Amrous was slender compared to most but had a wicked brain that gave him the nickname Wiseman.

Amrous flipped open the beautiful hard and thick cover of the white and gold Baymardian booklet, which had an equally thick white pen attached to it by a golden beaded rope.

The craftsmanship alone was worth Amrous's awe.

Opening it, the first thing he saw was the large words: Gifts Of Peace.

And on the next page, came a well-written, mesmerizingly done list.

"What beautiful calligraphy" Amrous murmured, running his hands across the inked words.

The overly white magnificent pages only illuminated the writing's beauty even more.

Erh-erm...

Amrous coughed to hide his enticement.

"These are the gifts of peace from the Baymardian Empire."

Amrous didn't know what these items were, but the longer he read, the harder it became to mask his shock.

"First, a set of 100 watches, 10 of which are limited edition watches."

"These watches will accurately tell the time, alongside the day's date, with some being able to tell the Moon's face during this period."

What?

True or false?

Everyone's eyes burned like molten lava, the more they stared at the objects being retired from the pile by the Baymardians.

As for Amrous, he was trembling so hard the pen suspending via golden beads was shaking crazily mid-air.

What? There is an accurate device that can tell time?

No more writing down on walls and stone?

Although glass wasn't invented yet, they still had their methods of using sand to tell the time.

Though it wasn't very effective, usually 5 minutes or 10 minutes less accurate.

Anyway, shadows also tell time, as everyone knows the sun rises in the east and sets in the west.

The stars and the moon also tell time during the night.

Their methods of time-telling weren't accurate, and they too knew this.

Only... there has never been a way to accurately pinpoint it all.

Hey, even Morgany, didn't have a way to do it. The entire world had no way of doing it, but Baymard did.

With a nod, Landon allowed the Baymardians to take all 10 Limited edition watches and step forth towards Tacholla.

As for the other watches, they were now being shown to the masses, as every Baymardian strategically stationed themselves across the room, allowing people to hover and crowd around them.

Everyone could crowd, but the hall's long and wide middle path was still left open.

The Baymardians wore gloves, similar to butler gloves when handling the watches.

Amrous continued, "Enclosed within the watch box are detailed instructions in Mirv, and other languages, on how to properly operate these watches."

What? You said instructions were in the box. Sorry, they can't hear you anymore.

Now, everyone including Tacholla, Queen Abigail, the Royals and everyone else was crowding around the watches like crazy.

The Royals who stood on the elevated platform beside Tacholla didn't know when their feet moved.

Before they knew it, their eyes were glistening hard when staring at the many beautiful works of art hidden behind that watch box.

Bear in mind that the upper part was see-through, so they could bloody well see how magnificent these watches were.

"Husband, look at that one! Its band is silver with several golden linings, and its round center is ocean blue... Ahhh! Look! The hands on it are moving! But how?"

"Father, please, let me have this one. Yes. I'm talking about this black band, the one that had a black background in its circle with several small round islands in it! I swear that if you give it to me, I shall never ask you for anything else in this life again!"

"Father, this daughter has never asked you for anyone, but this time, your daughter can't hold back... Can you... Can my father give me this snow with an elegant design around its center? I feel it was made just for me!"

Chapter 1790 The Pitiful Tacholla

Words alone couldn't describe the emotions these Royals felt, especially when they did a test run, allowing the Baymardians to place the watch around their wrists.

What? You want it back, father? No way!

(w^w)

Over their dead bodies... Finders keepers, even if it was yours to begin with.

Some watches were standard, others were digital, and some were smartwatches.

How can 1 person wear so many at a time?

Didn't you hear the Baymardians say it was a limited edition watch, saying that these particular 10 watches were one of a kind?

After choosing theirs without permission they now turned to see what each other had. And though they fell in love with what they now wore, several people couldn't help admiring the designs of other watches.

"Elder sister, you are really bad. Why didn't you tell me there was such a design hidden here? Look, it even shows you the day... So what happened to sisters for life?"

"Eh? Sisters what? How come it's the time I'm hearing this?"

"Sister, keep pretending. Why are you looking so guilty if you haven't heard it before?"

The 6th princess, 7th princess, 5th prince, the concubines and Queen Abigail were all talking about their latest watches in their hands.

Although they didn't understand how it told time they had to admit they had never seen something so stylish before.

Even without understanding it, many had already seen its appeal, especially the men.

They were looking at it as though looking at a brand-new Ferrari.

While the amazement was going on, Landon took the time to briefly explain little facts about it, though the manuals were in the boxes.

Amrous's lips quivered uncontrollably, as he looked at the giant watch on his wrist that had several features hidden behind its glass circle.

F***!

The fact that the Baymardians could even produce so much clear glass alone was amazing.

He knew some of the aircrafts had glass windows, but it was only now that it came back to him, thinking of how much glass he saw in their catalog books and even the devices they brought around them here.

Lightning and sand have created a few fragments of glass over time, but how do you go about your way mass-producing it?

Listening to Landon's words, everyone quickly grasped the key points in reading these watches.

"Amazing!"

Amrous was also amazed while looking at the watch on his wrist.

Hey, old buddy, he hated to be rude, but don't think you'll be getting this watch on his wrist back.

He and Tacholla basically grew up together, so there wasn't much formality between them, which was why he could body ignore the glaring eyes Tacholla shot his way.

The only way he was giving it back was if Tacholla guaranteed to give him one of the other watches around the hall.

"Stinky bastard, you better take off that watch before I chop your head off."

"Ruler .. You have changed. Who are you and what have you done with my old friend?"

Amrous shamelessly retorted at Tacholla, still focusing on the intriguing watch on his wrist.

"Oh? So the long hand reads minutes and the short hand reads seconds? This thing called seconds is also what takes less than a minute. 60 seconds makes one minute?"

"Hey, this watch tells me the day, but I don't know what this <Tue xx> means. There's also another place that says <Jan>."

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Seeing how bubbly the atmosphere was, Landon was very satisfied with their reaction.

The next thing on the list were 100 specially made Calendars, some large and some very small.

Surprisingly, they had the same names for days and months too, it's just that no one recognized the shortened versions on the watches.

Well. This was good.

It seems their ancestor took as much information about the outside as he could before returning.

On, the list were pens, books, papers, other writing materials, mattresses, bed sheets, solar light bulbs, spices, Baymardians boxed and canned foods that could last for years, clothes, solar fridges, solar heaters, portable mini portable solar washing machines, detergents in a pod, soaps, makeup and finally, a few more electronics.

Of course, the most noticeable electronics were the Game Boy/Girl that was given to the princess and princess to test out. Hell, they were so engrossed in it that they didn't even want to talk to anyone else anymore.

And once more, the last prince, the 5th prince who swore a moment ago never to ask his father for anything else, was now pouring his lips and looking at his mother pitifully.

His eyes seemed to say: Mom, please talk to father. I swear, I'll never ask for anything else again.

Tacholla only looked at him, realizing for the first time that his son was quite shameless.

The prince then looked at his father with a thick face and innocent eyes., as though saying: me? When did I say that?

Well, his look would have been more convincing, if not for the watch on his wrist, and the many other items behind him that he had confiscated.

Look, there was even an electronic bathroom scale that he took too.

He took a cool boyish, limited edition luxury backpack, several socks, action figures, Lego boxes, and even 5 giant locks that sounded alarms when tampered with.

Well, anything good was taken. He just couldn't help it.

These items were all just too godly for him to pass up on, especially the Game Boy!

Knowing several months before the time of his intentions to see these people, Landon had rushed in adding More language to several manuals and electronics like Gameboys.

He alone worked tirelessly to produce these gifts.

The Gameboy starts by asking you to pick your language.

He instructed them on how to scroll down and select their Mirv language, and from there, the whole thing was in Mirv language and they didn't need him anymore.

Landon gave them 50 Gameboys and Game Girls.

Tacholla again felt he was very pitiful to have his gifts being distributed without his consent.

But what could he do? Who asked his father to be more shameless and thick-skinned than he?

Finally, for the last gift... it was one spoke more volumes to the masses.

It was the one, these Baymardians called TV!

(*0*)

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Tv? Tv? What was that?

The Baymardians only smiled, before requesting that most of the candles be blown, making the space darker.

Then, they connected the TV to a processor and chose the wall on the left to project the image on.

For now, it will be like watching anime, with Japanese Dub but English Sub.

Only in this case, it would be Pyron Dub but Mirv Sub.

The subtitles were written bold enough, allowing them to read off easily.

And of course, when starting them off, he chose to begin with Game of Thrones season one!

"Please, before it begins, everyone must remain silent. We have also arranged for seating mats so everyone can sit and watch peacefully for at most 45 minutes."

There were popcorn and juice boxes available for them too.

The Baymardians move fast, also bringing chairs for the other Royals to sit on, while on the elevated platform.

How can they sit on the ground like the others?

Seeing the Baymardians distribute the snacks and watching them fiddle with strange equipment, only heightened everyone's inner voice.

Hahahahhahahah~

This is so exciting!

I wonder what this TV thing is all about.

What are they going to show us on the walls?

"Hey, this popcorn thing is so delicious... (Crunch crunch. Crunch)... Are you going to eat yours?"

"Bah! Take your grimly hands off my popcorn! Just because you're finishing yours doesn't mean you can send your hands into mine."

"So sweet! This juice box thing is amazing! I must ask the monarch for more once the guests leave. Didn't they say they brought 1,000 of them over? I just need teh...no, 50."

"Wow! Mine is apple, what's yours?"

"Ahh! Mine is strawberry!"

"Gakakakkaka~... why do I feel so happy all of a sudden?"

(^w^)

...

They didn't even know it, but they were already acting as if they were in a movie theater.

Well, even though they could play the movie on the golden walls, Landon still didn't want that, so he had them set off the large white sheet in front of the wall as if it were for a gigantic indoor photoshoot.

Wow!

Just watching the Baymardians work was exciting.

"Monarch, what do you think this TV thing is for?" Amrous asked curiously.

No matter how he wrapped his head around it he didn't understand what it was this TV thing was supposed to do.

Will it suddenly jump and dance before them?

Will the black box move on its own?

Just what were they looking at?

Already, the concept of seeing small pixels in Gameboys was already glorious.

They felt that was the most one could see moving behind a screen.

What's more, they felt only a small screen like the Gameboy's screen could have magic sticks moving behind it.

So nothing could have prepared them for what was to come.

This time, they didn't see pixels but real...

Crunch, crunch, crunch~

5th Prince Julian was chewing away in wait and anticipation, now looking at Landon as though he were a God!

Damn, bro...

With the Gameboy alone, you are indeed worthy of getting his respect!

(@0@)

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1791 The Magical Box](#)

Chapter 1791 The Magical Box

Like so, it didn't take long for everyone to get settled in. And when the Baymardians were good and ready to go, the remaining candle lights were blown away and instantly, a giant image appeared before their very eyes.

What?!

Many almost jumped back if not for the soothing words from Landon when the image appeared.

Landon was quick to explain what he was doing, choosing their language choice as Mirv.

And after hitting <Play>, the familiar soundtrack the Baymardians were used to, now came on.

What was it? The fucking soundtrack for one of the most amazing shows Baymard had ever produced -- Game of Thrones!

'Dunn...'

There it was.

'Dudududun... dudududun... dudududun...'

Everyone's heart was struck by something magical when the music alongside the images of castles and territories played.

It was quite amazing to see the territories rise from the Maps.

Amrous almost stood from his chair with a dumbfounded expression. "Ruler... It's... it's making music and images on its own. Are you seeing this?"

"Shh!~" Tacholla and the other Royals beside Amrous were quick to shush him when also feeling the groove.

At this point, they were so engrossed in it that if anyone dared to speak again, they would slice that person to death.

Hmph!

Uncle Amrous, can't you learn how to keep it down?

Julian glared his fangs at Amrous annoyingly.

But when his face turned back to the projected screen, it immediately became bubbly.

[Amrous]: ' _ '

Do I look like a good object of bullying?

Amrous could only helplessly chew on his popcorn while watching the screen.

And before he knew it, he too was so engrossed by it that he didn't even know when finished his popcorn in his hands.

It wasn't just him, as many became very engrossed in the world created by Game of Thrones.

They saw Dark-face people, pale-face people and even blue-face people.

It seems the ancients spoke the truth.

There are people of many colors in the outside world. This fact stayed in their heads for only a second and was quickly forgotten by them with how distracted they were by the amazing blockbuster scenes before them.

"Damn! So many dead bodies in the snow. Who did it? Have they no shame for the dead?"

"Exactly, why did they tear up their bodies like that?"

"Ahh! I knew it! It was an ambush all along!"

"Oh No! They are going to catch that skinny pale face man. Run, pale-face man, run!"

"Wow! She is so beautiful... she... Arh, how can she sleep with her brother? Abdominal! She needs help."

"What the hell? So you push that little innocent boy down because he discovered your secret? Dammit! Where is my sword? Come on and pick on someone your own size!"

"I like this Daenerys girl, even though her brother is trash!"

"Who is that rude brat with golden hair? Why is he so annoying? Is it because you are royalty that it gives you the right to treat others the way you do?"

"Geoffrey, is it? You can go to hell!!!"

(*#*)

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Landon looked at the scene and found that he could never grow old seeing such people's reactions to his Baymardian goods.

Everyone, including Tacholla, was now so engrossed in the episode that they began grumbling and cursing in fury every time they hated something.

Even the servants in the space were clenching their fists hard and cheering for those they liked.

They also clapped and smiled when things went their way.

But before everyone knew it, the episode was over, and the Baymardians had now turned on their extremely bright solar lights.

What?

Everyone's face was that of unwillingness.

Finished already? Can they say they don't want to wake up? Can they say they now want to continue sitting and watching the next episodes?

Even Tacholla felt he should dump all matters for today to his subordinates and continue watching on.

Hey, even a monarch needs a time off, right?

The Baymardians calmly gestured for everyone to stand on the other side of the hall, while they displayed their amazing cleaning supplies.

Wow!

What is that machine that sucked the fallen popcorn away?

What a good broom! Where can they also get theirs?

Look! That mop on a stick is also very efficient. Its mouth was as bull as a bull's horn, passing through large surfaces at the same time.

No oil stains, no dirt on the ground.

The maids and servants who saw this were so excited that several cleaning supplies were given as gifts for the palace.

Doesn't this mean they too will use it?

It would make their jobs a lot easier.

At least it beats going in a plank position and running forward with a rag on their hands.

That was quite a very tiring workout but something that had to be done.

People in this era truly didn't have so much to go on with.

Do you know how large the throne room is?

No... hold on.

So you know how large the palace and all its many buildings and rooms are?

They are insanely large as if one were going to mop a giant cathedral. Some were even far bigger than that.

So imagine cleaning that every day or 2?

The throne room for one, has visitors coming in and out every day, so I must always be immaculately clean.

The maids nightly neglect some places for a few days or a week, and most hallways and spaces mostly used by the Royals and their many visitors must be touched every day without fail.

The cleaning of the throne room is mostly done at night or in the wee early hours of the morning around 3 am or 4 am.

Some places can be cleaned during the day time but other places must be spotless before the sun rises. From as far back as they can remember, that was how things were typically done.

Now, when seeing how fast these Baymardians had taken to clean the space, many maids who spent 5~6 hours in here with buckets and rags in their hands, were so thrilled they almost shed tears.

(Sniff, sniff)

What sort of Heavenly Messengers were this to bring them such gifts?

Everyone was more or less fascinated by everything they saw.

And that concluded the show on the gifts on the list.

With the projection off, Landon showed how to operate their TVs and DVD players.

"Ahhh... so what makes it come on is the power harnesses by the sun?"

Landon nodded, "More or less. That's why you need to keep this solar power bank by the windows and any place where the sun can directly hit it.

Now, solar-powered TVs also have Solar power banks that can last you through 4 days of constant TV watching if the solar bank is fully charged.

Baymardian technology has come a long way since then, with this solar bank also allowing you to plug ordinary devices in to get powered.

The power bank was good so even when on the road, in the world when camping, you can charge your mobile phone on the go... that is, if Baymard had mobile phones.

Anyway, that was a project for next year.

Landon already understood how to do it, thanks to his research and the knowledge he had on Line Phones, walkie-talkies and other technologies that shed light on making them.

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After saying his peace, Landon then took out a peace treaty written in Mirv for them to get a glimpse of all he offered.

He knew that during this time, they would no doubt have to go over it.

And when he decides to head back, if they were smart they would allow for some of them to follow him back.

He wanted them to see for themselves just how grand and amazing his Baymard was.

More importantly, he wanted them to know the dangers in today's world.

The Morgs now had the Holy Stone.

Who knows what the power from that stone could do?

Are you absolutely certain there will be no way Morgany breaks in?

It's indeed risky to always stay hidden, even if the world wants to shield you by creating deadly waters around your Mirvanna continent.

Knowing man, one day, they will do the impossible. And when the time comes, do you want to be ready for them or helpless?

It's best you make your move first by knowing all you can about the threat before it hits.

If an asteroid is coming, should we just sit back and watch it crush the world?

No.

That's why they will be shooting missiles and doing their best to break them into smaller pieces and reduce the impact.

If they can, they can evacuate people from places it will hit.

Knowing that a threat is coming is the first step to victory.

"Monarch Tacholla, I think I'll be taking up your offer than that tour right about now."

Tacholla understood Landon's thoughts.

He was giving them personal space to deliberate on the matter.

Tacholla was just about to open his mouth when Julian quickly volunteered himself.

"Father, no need to appoint someone else. I should be the one to do it!"

" "

Can Julian say he wants to know what other goodies are in Baymard other than what was here?

Following behind the Prince, Landon went out alongside the Baymardians who later split up, leaving himself, Julian and Jukian's private Mirv guards.

Some also split up with them, carrying Julian's things to his chambers at once.

"Make sure you guard these items with your lives!" Julian warned, before throwing a big smile Landon's way and leading him out.

Well...

'It seems I will be staying for at most, 4 more days,' Landon concluded when thinking about Bilthozar's situation.

Provided he was out of danger, the system would mark his mission complete. And then he can leave the medical team behind for another month or even 2 before taking them back.

But while Landon had things on wrap in Mirvanna, the same couldn't be said for a certain Blue-toned beauty who was currently in a pickle.

"Are you dead? The Organization has requested I head to Baymard before the deadline and you dare delay my ships?"

Slowly rising to her feet, the lady stared at the shivering burly man with a cold glint in her eyes.

"Cramous... Tell me... do you want to die?"

Chapter 1792 The Lady's Mission

Cramous stared at his lady, kneeling his hands cupping his front area.

Scary... His mistress was quite the scary one when she was angered.

It's not that he purposefully wanted to annoy his lady, but that some of their ships had been targeted by giant sea monsters and were now sinking down below.

The bad news came suddenly, as they were expecting some of those ships to arrive with a few secret items of their own.

Well, they can't very well swim down the bottom of the ocean and hold those giant sea creatures accountable.

So their only choice is to swallow their anger and replan things again

As for the reason Camilla was angry, he too also felt angered by the actions of those sailors.

Camilla gnashed her teeth so hard they made sounds.

"They should thank their lucky stars they died at sea, or else I would have topped their hearts out, plucked their eyes out and cut off their little things between their legs for my pet to eat!"

"Well me, Cramous, is it so hard to follow instructions?"

Cramous dared not say a thing.

"Well, answer me, Goddammit? Answer me now, or you will pay on their behalf."

Gulp~

Cramous swallowed hard with a face so pale you would think he was a ghost.

"N-noy hard, my lady. It is indeed their doing."

"Everyone knows that from November to April, the Sollaring Sea line currents are chaotic and crazy around these times.

It was not impossible to travel through them without problems but the probability that your ship would have damage to it was 6/10.

It was a 60/40 situation that you'll be able to cross to the other side with damage to your ships. And within that 60% possibility, half of the time, your ship will sink.

So for the love of heaven, why would they choose to sail across that line during this very delicate time?

Nothing could make them do that except for greed.

They must have wanted to steal or forcefully collect treasures from others, entering the line without permission

Those bastards were still thieves at heart, choosing to take risks for greed.

That mere act was what made them lose their life at sea.

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"Greedy little pieces of Trash!" Camilla loudly cursed in a thunderous roar. And in under a split second, the floor was now covered with sorts of broken items.

Cramous dared not flinch.

It was amazing that despite his lady's shrewish behavior, she still looked like an enchantress.

Her beauty was still so great that it looked surreal. But after being with his lady for so long in this life, he knew she was far from the soft and delicate lady she painted herself out to be.

After releasing her pent-up anger, Camilla calmly ran her hands through her hair. Taking a seat before the kneeling Cramous. "So we only have 4 ships at our disposal for the time being?"

"Yes. My lady." Cramous replied with his head slightly bowed. "My lady, the other 11 ships are scattered out on other missions and won't be back any time soon." Especially those sent out by the Master himself, her husband.

Although he called him Master, it was only because of Camilla.

He was Camilla's person, and everyone knows Camilla was crazy for her husband.

She could kill for him and cut off her head for him.

She was crazy in love with her husband, and he too was crazy in love with her, though both of them together made a chaotic pair who loved killing others together.

Cramous would secretly light candles in his heart for any who openly provoked the 2.

Leaning into her seat, the blue-toned beauty seductively crossed her legs, thoughtfully drumming her fingers on her elevated knee.

"Cramous... my dear Cramous... no need to get so flustered. Does the fact that my crossed legs are so close to your lips disturb you?"

Cramous lowered his head even more, wishing he had the power to vanish into the ground.

Why does his lady always try to tease and tempt him?

She knew what she was doing when she slowly lifted one of her legs and crossed it over the other in a tease.

With his hands joined and covering his front little man, Cramous was quick to send his fingers towards his thigh to pinch himself so hard with his nails that he almost bled.

Many times, pain kept desire away.

No man who has blood running through his veins with a highly active sex life would see a woman like Camilla and not think of her naked body in their arms at least once.

She was a devilish woman who tempted her to pry in that manner. Should they fall, she and her husband would then play the jealous game, with Camilla enjoying her husband's actions when he later goes on a killing spree to murder her unfortunate lover and all his generations and family.

Camilla truly got off from seeing her husband murder these boys/men in front of her. And in the end, they would make out in front of the corpse.

With everything he knew about his lady, how dare he allow himself to fall for her teasing?

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Camilla chuckled, "Cramous, as usual, you are no fun... On second thought. I need you, don't I?"

Cramous felt bitter in his heart. So his life was a toy to her?

Although it always hurts to know, he still won't ever betray his lady.

It was sad to say, but she had him wrapped around her little finger, even though they had no intimacy between them.

It was as though she had him under a spell, one he could never break free from no matter how hard he tried.

After feeling she had enough fun to quench her earlier fury, Camilla started getting serious.

Her face was no longer that of a playful Goddess, but one who was aloof with a trace of pride in her eyes.

She adjusted her body on her seat, now looking like a heavenly being staring at the humans below in disgust

"Cramous, rise."

"Yes, my lady."

Cramous's face also turned serious.

"Cramous, tell me... what do you know about that place, called Baymard."

Cramous frowned, looking to the ground and recalling all he knew.

"To be honest, my lady... Buildings that go to the sky, carriages as long as a giant centipede... I think it's a little exaggerated."

In this world, seeing is believing.

Even if they had those things painted in their catalog books and touristic pamphlets, who is to say it's all real?

They say painters can paint their vision for the future.

Perhaps, those painters who diligently spent 8 to 10 hours painting each page, were only painting things they imagined would one day come to pass.

Cramous lived in a Zohl Empire that hadn't even been touched by Baymard yet.

What he meant by being touched, was that it didn't have the so-called peace treaty signed yet.

There has been no talk of Baymardian transportation ships for the people here.

And if not for a few neighboring merchants who brought in Baymardian goods they purchased from the treaty signed by Zohl's neighboring empires, he would have never known there was such an empire called Baymard.

Speaking of that, didn't Pyno always have 5 empires; Carona, Deiferus, Yodan, Tarique, and Arcadina?

So where did this 6th empire come from?

It was all too strange for him.

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Cramous's frown deepened.

He truly couldn't confirm whether the information he had on Baymard was authentic or not.

It seems he has stayed too long in this empire that he wasn't keeping up with the outside world's matters as diligently as he used to.

This couldn't be blamed on him because before now, he was focused on several missions Camilla had given him from the TOEP.

He had deadlines to complete them or his neck would be on the line.

Being in the TOEP had its perks, which he gladly loved. However, there is always a bad side to everything in life.

This meant he must be deserving of their perks.

Missions must be completed, and he had a certain failure attempt range he was allowed to do.

You fail once, that's okay. Go back, think of the unknown factors that popped out and do it again.

As a leader of a unit, if you fail more than 4 times on the same mission, you will get demoted. And if you fail the same mission more than 10 times, the price will be execution without question.

Cramous felt the TOEP was quite generous to give him 10 chances to complete a single quest before execution.

This was one of the reasons why he loved the organization to a fault.

Some people would rush and kill him after he failed just once on a mission, but not the TOEP.

They 'valued' their members (so he thinks), even going as far as avenging any fallen TOEP anywhere in the world.

Was that not a good organization?

What Cramous didn't know was that the TOEP didn't rush to kill their members so their population kept thriving.

After you fail the 6th time on a mission, you are told to head back to Morgany for extensive 4~8 months of hardcore brutal training to make you super strong.

What you will face in Morgany is like none other than will toughen you up like crazy!

And when many return after the intense training, they typically never fail the mission anymore.

Every chess piece, be it weak or strong, was valuable to the TOEP.

Chapter 1793 Next Stop, Baymard!

"My lady, forgive me, but I do not think this Baymard is as magical as I've heard. We must not forget that stories and tales told by the merchants are often exaggerated beyond their truth."

"Indeed, they are Cramous," Camilla replied. "Indeed, they are. However, I have seen a little bit of their so-called magic, and it is quite the powerful type."

Camilla's mind flashed back to that fateful coronation day when Gregory was about to ascend the throne.

She and several others had planned to put him down once and for all, only to be mercilessly beaten by Gregory who invited his little friends from Baymard to help.

If Gregory was here, he would shake his head in refusal, saying that before that day, he never knew there was a place called Baymard.

She and he were made aware of Baymard's power at the same time, okay?

"That day was the most humiliating day of my life."

Camilla clenched her fists hard, allowing her nails to dig into her flesh.

"They were indeed powerful, having sorcerers who could make lightning strike and destroy the grounds below."

Camilla was talking about the many explosives that were dropped from the hot air balloons.

Till now. She and many others still believed it was sorcery.

The explosions were so loud they sounded like thunderous roars.

She remembered her ears growing deaf at some point and also recalled the powerful flashing lights they conjured (stunt grenades), that destabilized her and made her blind for a while.

Yes.

It was the most terrifying moment of her life, with her fearing she might never see again or even hear again.

Everything that happened was like a dream.

In all her life, she never believed there would be powerful sorcerers that could make her so out of tune with her own body.

She wrote a detailed report to her higher-ups on Morgany, hoping they truly understand the cruelty and strength of those powerful Baymardian sorcerers.

Cramous opened and closed his mouth in shock, finding his lady's narration too frightening and unbelievable.

His face was now stretched in true worry and concern for her well-being.

"But my lady, with Baymard and Gregory sharing the same pants, you should not be going to Titarian anytime soon."

"Yes," Camilla nodded expressionlessly. "I will not be going to Titarian... But, there's something you need to know about this new mission given to me."

What's the matter? Cramous's heart skipped a beat. He had a bad feeling about this.

"My lady, what is it?"

"Cramous, I've left the pan and jumped into the fire..."

"In other words, your mission is in Baymard?"

"Yes," Camilla stated. "I am to head to Baymard and stay low there, observing and gathering information right under their noses."

Cramous's pupils dilated at an alarming rate.

Too dangerous!

What will happen to his lady if she is spotted and captured?

Although his lady was strong, if these Baymardians were as strong as she said they were, then Intel gathering would be a lot more difficult than anticipated.

"My lady and you'll be going alone?"

"I will. That's why I needed the special items on the shipments to concoct a few things of my own... for defense, of course."

She heard the Baymardians check their ports, ensuring no weapons and poisons got into the territory.

What's more, you can't also ship the raw materials for poison conviction.

It seemed they banned visitors from bringing in batches of these poisonous raw materials.

Any herbs and items in the large bulk of that sort can only be imported into the empire by the Baymardian government themselves.

What's more, they also guarded these items like hawks once they entered Baymard.

It's said everything is stored in a place they call the Lower Region.

Many mercenary killers had sworn that only the Gods themselves could ever break into that place.

Word around the street is that all Pyno forces joined hands in sending people over there to watch the place day and night.

They say even within the forest zones departing the lower region from the rest of the zones, you will find no less than 50,000 men and women patrolling that single forest area alone.

It must be true, or else how come all spies are always caught so easily?

Camilla didn't know that thanks to heat and night vision goggles, even if intruders hide carefully, they will always be caught.

Don't forget that there are now heat vision drones that look like birds, flying above the place.

Some are also placed on trees and other inconspicuous places around Baymard.

At the end of the day. What can they say?

There are many tales of 50,000 guards stationed around the place. Some say there are even 150,000 of them.

Camilla couldn't help thinking when thinking of how bizarre the many tales of Baymard were.

That being said, although Baymard had its few tricks, she didn't believe they could still detect her famous water poison she was proud of.

This was a poison she made all on her own in her younger days when she was first introduced into the organization and taken to Morgany for training.

She developed the poison Morgany now called Water Poison. It was traceless, undetectable and very hard to spot.

They said it was the 77th most deadly poison in their books.

Understand that Morgany has a Poison book list of 13,890 known poisons developed exclusively by the TOEP over the years.

And she, a woman, created one ranked 77th. Doesn't that just blow your mind?

For women, they don't emphasize for them to learn how to fight, lest they get bulky and manly.

No... it's best to learn things like poison making.

Although Camilla knew how to fight, she wasn't so great at it either.

What saved her most of the time was her putting poison on her weapons or somehow weakening her opponent in ways they never expected.

Don't get her wrong, she found that she could easily fight against those not trained in Morgany.

But if you told her to fight those who truly trained in Morgany, she would lose very fast.

That was what she surmised in her younger days and chose to choose the route of poison master.

It was perfect.

And when she returned from training, she made her mark in Titarian, making a name for herself as the Untouchable Lady.

Of course, she also used her natural beauty to her advantage, making many hypnotized by her every move.

Take a look at Cramous.

He is no doubt stronger than her and could easily kill her off with not much effort. But, she now had him under her spell.

He wouldn't dare lift a finger to hurt her, even if she dug her hands into his chest and ripped out his heart.

Awww~

How cute. It was cute that he cared for her, despite knowing she didn't care for him one bit.

He could bring in a kernel, and she still wouldn't give an F.

He and several of her loyal subordinates were brainwashed by her in her younger days when she started looking for subordinates to call hers.

Camilla's eyes narrowed when thinking of Baymard, "I don't believe it."

"I don't believe they have any way of detecting my Water Poison. Even the Greatest Prison Master in Morgany, Master Tomashi, cannot detect it."

Camilla paused with a hint of pride in her expression. "In his words, my Prison is extraordinarily in its own right exactly because it is undetectable."

With other poisons, if you drop certain items or even plants in them, the poison will turn another color or nullify.

But hers didn't have any reactions when they tried to see what could help in revealing the poison to the person the poison was targeting.

That's why it was called the Water Poison.

It looked like stream water and tasted like it too. Wasn't all that amazing?

Camilla didn't believe Baymard would ever be able to identify or even sense her poison when Morgany could not.

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"Cramous, I don't know how you do it. But find those ingredients for me... you know the ones!"

She, Camilla, will make several batches of Water Poison to take to Baymard.

How will they know when no method of detection has been developed yet?

Cramous nodded, swearing to do his best to find them as fast as he could.

The lady has at most, a week and 2 days to stay here before leaving.

They were already in coastal territory, so she could sail off anytime she was ready.

Cramous had already decided that no matter what the lady said, he would be coming with her.

Luckily, he had already completed all the assignments she gave to him.

Understand that she was his boss.

The TOEP gives assignments to the Bosses, who then distribute these assignments to their many team leaders.

The boss had 31 team leaders working under her.

He, for one, oversaw 4800 men.

Some looked after 2000 men, others looked after 8,000 men. And she, the boss, was the one to keep them all in line.

"My lady, I will take my leave now."

"Go," Camilla replied, watching his leaving silhouette with a sly smile on her lips.

Sure enough, her little puppy was bound to come with her alongside a few of his men.

Next stop, Baymard!

(^_^)

...

While Camilla made her mission plans, back in Pyno, another peculiar guest was also making his way there.

His devilishly handsome face stared out his window, with a slight smile on his lips.

"Lucy... I will be seeing you soon, my future wife."

Chapter 1794 Bringing Back The Old Ways

Today was cold and very chilly.

The temperatures were low, and everyone's carriage now had the latest portable heaters in them.

The best part about them was that they were battery operated, so even if they didn't have enough sun for solar energy, they could buy the massive special type battery and place it in them.

The regular A+++ batteries aren't what they were talking about.

The batteries for these were called Super Sonic As, a special type that could last them months before the juice ran out.

It was amazing how a portable heating device that looked slightly similar to a radio, could produce enough heat to warm them up in their carriages.

So hot...

Many secretly took down their blankets, feeling very parched for water in the heat.

Their thick Baymardian jackets and clothes trapped even more body and surrounding heat for them.

Still, their lips wore slight smiles on them, feeling it was always better to feel the heat in Winter than chill and freeze over.

Inside the carriages, many were quick to flip the wooden protective window, latching it to a hook on the ceiling.

Now, it was like a flipped book placed vertically.

After getting the wooden window out of the way, they rolled their see-through windows up with pride on their faces.

Yes.

The new carriages imitated some Baymardian vehicle fixtures, allowing see-through windows to be rolled up by pulley lever method.

To them, it was the same as rowing down a drawbridge.

Again, these see-through windows from Baymard weren't the sort used years ago.

No.

There has been great improvement in window technology, with the windows now several times sturdier in holding off multiple arrow attacks.

Well, to be fair, the see-through windows before were still far superior to the wooden windows before arrows could force cracks in wooden windows.

And with enough cracks, those windows could shatter, leaving the traveler vulnerable to all sorts of attacks.

But the Baymardian see-through windows at that time could take a lot more arrow power before getting damaged.

Understand that an arrow isn't a bullet.

Sure, it was powerful in its own way, but when you take in wind disturbances and even its normal plunging power, it still wasn't that challenging to counterattack in Baymard's eye.

Imagine that those were the Baymardian windows used years back by the outside world.

Now, window technology has improved tremendously, with many merchants and carriage manufacturing workshops attending the exposition at the beginning of last year.

They attended and wasted no time placing orders for wholesale buying.

Baymard, of course, can ship these wholesale items to certain checkpoints for established merchants.

All these are the perks of being a member of the merchant Association.

They can even make expedited shipping possible too, if you truly need it urgently.

Amazing, wasn't it?

The see-through windows were truly thicker and aided in giving travelers a new experience when traveling in the dead of winter.

Typically, the wooden windows would be put down, sealing the outside world from them.

And if any troubles arose, it was only the coachman, guards, and scouts, who could have any real eye on the matter.

But now people can also look out for themselves while traveling in winter.

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Tsk.

Rudolf lightly touched the red curtains tied up at the window's sides, peeking at the scenery behind him.

"It's been months since we've been here, and I'm already addicted to these products." He then paused in worry, "Bas, don't you think our Vienetta is too backward?"

He used to think Veinita was 10-... No, 30 times stronger than Pyno in terms of technology.

But after spending months and months in Arcadina, he had several doubts about his earlier thoughts.

It seemed wherever you looked, one could find essential products that would have made his life a whole lot easier growing up.

Sebastien grimly nodded, feeling his growing desire to conquer Arcadina.

It should be his. It belonged to him.

So everything in here also belonged to him.

Sebastien was looking at everything and everyone as though he already paid for them.

They were his subjects and whatever they had, was also his.

When he takes over, he will need to use his own money for his own personal emergencies.

So that's where the people come in.

The ridiculous systematic low tax situation will have to stop.

As it stands now, Arcadina has already been divided into 98 states.

Some states had 360 cities, towns and villages, while other states had 150.

When people say Arcadina was large, it wasn't an understatement.

Arcadina alone was the size of some continents in this world.

Even with so many settlement areas, it still had a vast amount of unused land and forests in it.

Understand that every city, village and town is separated from each other by a lot, and a lot of forestry, usually taking peasants 16 hours and above to travel on foot between places.

Some places are 5 days apart.

This means you can travel on that road and won't see the nearest settlement for another 5 days on foot.

Arcadina could have indeed been a powerful force to be reckoned with if not for it being in Pyno, and for the Morgs sabotaging its success.

Please, they have people in power that stifles Arcadina's growth for generations and generations.

Yes, everything's as well controlled by them in the shadows.

They ensured hunger and starvation engulfed a vast majority of the land., which in turn diminished the need for an extremely large army.

Despite the nobles being tyrannical, they also understood that if they left the peasants with no way out, a true uprising would commence.

They ensured the peasants did get some food, but not enough to make them very strong.

And how did they do this?

But taxing so numerous times in a season.

They can tax farmers 3 times in just one season, and some even exaggerate by taxing them 5 times instead.

They take half of their produce each time they come. Well, half is being generous.

80% always goes to them.

It feeds their armies and their families while their wealth stays in place, growing abundantly.

Yes... Sebastien wanted to reign, as Alec Barn once did.

The bastard may be his enemy, but his monarch methods were indeed impressive!

Chapter 1795 The New Arcadina

It was his, all his.

Looking at the Winterland through his window, Sebastien felt it was good for these lowly peasants to slowly develop their wealth. So that when the time was ripe, he could swoop in and collect it all. Heh. Peasants trying to break the poverty cycle was the most absurd thing he ever heard. If they were smart, they would stay in their lane and never challenge him when he takes the throne. He, Sebastien, wasn't as weak as William. Anyone who dares talk back will get executed without haste. It was a hard-known fact that killings brought about fear, and fear brought about Obedience. Obedience was what he wanted, and not their silly trust. They were now passing through a town called Damascus. It was a small but prominent town that had its unique charm.

"In 3 more hours, the darkness will cover the land," Sebastien noted. "We stop here for today." "Sure, you're the boss."

Rudolf knocked at the wall behind him, before opening a small sealed-up square box section of the wall that also had a peculiar metal mouth with holes in it.

The metal square was for communication. With Rudolf's words, it didn't take long for the coachman to come to a halt before a well-known Hotel that had its own hot spring at the back. It was very famous for providing top services and also had a 2-star revenue. This was a great accomplishment for any hotel outside Baymard. Many are stuck at 1-star, but a grand hotel in a small town was able to break through. Sebastien and Rudolf didn't know it yet, but even they have now changed their standards on what sort of place they can stay in. In the last city, they slept overnight in, the first thing they asked was where the 2-star hotels were. And when they were told everything was booked solid, they had no choice but to turn to the 1-star hotels, wanting to only look at those at the top echelon of the 1-star category. Do you know now that every city has a compiled booklet of hotels?

There are now famous Tourist buildings in every city/

town that allow people to go in and look over these magazines in a lounge area. Of course, you will have to pay for lounge time to go in. That's one of the ways the establishment makes money. .

Unlike modern times, people don't just come in for a few minutes and leave. They come in and stay in there for hours, trying to absorb and memorize everything by heart. As said, people in this era trust their brains more and work 100 times harder to recall every little detail since it might one day save them. No internet, no data, no cellphones outside...they need to know it by heart.

That's why even hotels were known to them by heart.

You pay for your time in the tourist lounge, so you can go in and see the many booklets they have about their town. There were restaurant booklets, places for fun, clinics and physician/healing homes all in there. Beautiful sceneries and activity booklets too. Thanks to many businesses joining several associations in Baymard, they were given free publicity as a welcome gift to them. So Baymard came here, took pictures and even wrote about their establishments, putting it all in booklets and books. Many noticed that after having their establishments put in these booklets, their businesses soared even more. It was amazing how such a simple thing had triggered a heavy chain reaction. Who would have known that such a little marketing trick would bring them more money? There were also your guides available and carriage renting sites now popping up everywhere and there. You can rent a carriage and a coachman from them for a day, or even a week.

When renting, you must also rent out a coachman who will follow the carriage everywhere.

This way, they are guaranteed to have their carriage returned to them. These coachmen are actually guards that will double as your protection when traveling around the city or town. These people also know the rules of the city/town, so any troubles or confusion you have can be easily solved by them. .

Yes. Everything's as now organized in detail for tourists or passerbys to see. That being said, those who do break the 2-star rank, are given more advertising perks. Billboards in Baymard, radio and TV advertisements. Of course, in their territories, they also get billboard advertising. With the approval of William, Baymardian will place several Billboards around the city during any 4 seasons. They are guaranteed 2 months of billboard advertisements anytime they choose in a year. Additionally, they will have their establishment's images blown up on the walls of these tourist buildings and many areas across their territories. And lastly, there will be newspaper articles about them. In the end, the higher you climb, the more marketing opportunities they will get, thus getting them for customers. That was how things operated here. Sebastien and his team had already passed through this town a while back when heading closer to the Capital. But

now that they were traveling towards Baymard, they still chose to go through a path they were fairly comfortable with. At least, the path will take them to the first coastal city they arrived in after docking in Arcadina. They planned to stop in that city to send word out via sea, before continuing their journey to Baymard. It was because this path was familiar, that they chose to sleep in towns and cities they slept in before. So for them, they didn't need to go to the tourist building to look up hotels anymore. They had a list of hotel sites in mind.

Don't think that just because they mastered most information, they won't be going to the tourist building before they leave. Everyone in this world knows that information is always changing. Last week's news might not be the same as this week's news. So what they saw several months ago might not be the same now. It might sound silly to modern people for them to keep looking up restaurants and other tourist sites, but to them, knowledge is power. This was a way for them to know what new businesses had sprung up during this time they hadn't passed by. .

Again, you might think some places were simple, but only those in the underworld could see some assassin hotels hidden in plain sight from the masses. There were strange inns here, that only took in assassins. There were also information cafes and other peculiar sites only those with power would be intrigued by. Keeping up with the current trend was a must in this cruel world. This was again another reason why the Tourist building will never run out of customers, paying to use the lounge. Understand that even the newly sprung taxi drivers who migrated here, come in here to study the routes to these places. There was no outside map yet, however, the site the establishments were on was noted down in the description. One could see well-detailed explanations like; Gilligan Hotel: Nestled between the Grand Molengian Stone and the Whitewood Dancing Square, the Gilligan Hotel has blah, blah, blah. The taxi drivers would memorize these descriptions, knowing the Gilligan Hotel was found on the street close to the Whitewood Dancing Square. From there, it was up to them to go out and find those places themselves. They will spend several weeks mastering the streets before taking in their first customer. One must first gain knowledge of where all these tourist sites are so they can do their jobs well and get their customers there on time. Cab drivers, merchants and those always on the road were the most frequent visitors to the tourist establishment, which made the place always full, as if one was in a public library. Arcadina syre has changed, from what it used to be under Alec Barn's rule. At least that was what Sebastien and Rudolf have heard time and time again. Reaching the grand 1-star Inn, their guards quickly aided in checking in, and soon, Rudolf and Sebastien found themselves in an enormous suite made for a Pharaoh. The bed was grand, the floors were made of pure gold and the pillars were also gold, with fine black rope tied around the pillar. The theme here was gold, brown and black. There were several floor-to-ceiling mirrors around the place and many artifacts that looked befitting of Sebastien's prestige Complementary Champaign and other items could be seen on the table too. The room also had today's technology, like Baymardian battery and remote control lights. There was a fireplace that was now lit and a beautiful balcony that could make many lost for words. However, before the duo could get any more comfortable, a

strange wind blew, followed by the sound of an object being dropped on the floor -- A Letter.

Sebastien's eyes flickered coldly, "It seems we have an assignment."

Chapter 1796 Time To Leave

Minutes later, the duo threw the letter in the fireplace. Sebastien who wasn't one to get easily shocked, now had a dazed look when taking a seat. "Are they insane? They dare to keep the brothers of the most fearsome and ruthless Pirate in captivity?" Rudolf couldn't help asking, still feeling it unbelievable. If what the letter says is true, then the famous White Beard and The Baker are confirmed to be locked up in Baymardian prison. While they were heading to Baymard for personal reasons, the TOEP thought it wise to give them a little assignment. They had a message to pass on to the 2. A message from the big man himself, their brother, the current head of the Pirate Organization. The man who made himself immune to all prisons. They say he was also born with a supernatural ability, with a body as hard as stone. Even if an arrow was shot, aiming right at his heart, it might not do the trick. Several blows must be plunged in the same open spot for him to feel the impact.

No one knew the man's name except for his brothers. (**His real name was Zain Jones, just like The Baker's real name was Marlo Jones). No one knew the names of these pirates, since they have used their code names for decades now. And even the names the Baymardians put down on the prisoner list, were very suspicious. For all they know, those names could be random made-up alias names to hide the identity of the pirates locked up by them.

Perhaps they are frightened the Morgs will come for revenge, so they use such fake names as Marlo Jones. Everyone thought this way, not knowing that this was the Baker's real name. Even he gets shocked whenever these Baymardians call him by his name. Of course, sometimes they also call him Baker. .

"The skylines are getting colder," looking at the distant space beyond the balcony, Sebastien licked his lips. "Because a storm is coming," the playful Rudolf replied, "A terrible storm is coming for whoever keeps such big guests like White Beard and The Baker in their home." "Rudolf, how long do we have left?"

"I'd say 2 months and 3 weeks." This time includes a quick stop at the coastal port. Rudolf looked at Sebastien who was as confident as ever, always feeling in his heart that he was following the right path. Sebastien's future was endless, and he must ensure he took his place as right-hand hand man. "Starting from tomorrow, we will hasten our movements," Sebastien said. They can't keep big bosses like The Baker and White Beard waiting.

A storm was indeed coming, one they didn't fully know about just yet. However, this didn't stop them from preparing. Meanwhile, Landon, who didn't know anything about their plans, was now talking happily with the Mirvvs. Looking at the tall but now thin Bilthozar, Landon knew his former figure must have been fierce. But after falling ill for a long time, he now looked like a very tall twig. At least he was a twig full of energy. Gakakakkakaka~

Bilthozar's laugh was quite hilarious to Landon. Bilthozar was staring at him with twinkling eyes after watching his fight with one of their strongest generals. "Landon-oh, you were just too fierce back then. What is that move of yours called? Spinning Fly kick? Can I learn it?"

Bilthozar wished he could save the battle on TV and watch it again and again. As he spoke, he moved his hands about as if trying to mimic the fight. He was throwing out Ching and moving his body, examining the battle to Landon who, by the way, was the one who fought. After several days and several intimate scenes with Landon, he, Tacholla and many others had subconsciously skipped the formality... especially after watching many movies together. Well, you really forget yourself when watching tiny people jump up and down in that magic box. The first time Bilthozar saw it, he almost jumped out of the portable hospital bed, wanting to rush to the TV, break it and free the people inside. What was this? Sorcery? If not for his lack of strength when waking, he would have probably done it. (@0@)

Landon lightly pushed him back with a helpless look in his eyes. Why was this guy so active after getting sick for so long? Shouldn't he still need bed rest? "Lie down and be honest. You're still a patient." Eh? Bilthozar tilted his head, confused, "But Landon-oh, I feel very fine. So why should I still be in bed?" "For your own good." And mine, Landon secretly thought when covering this guy with a blanket. He thought Bilthozar, the heir, would be stoic and one who kept to himself. But just 1 hour after the guy woke up, he found that he and his brother Julian, were more similar to each other than they realised. They were both parrots that could talk him to death when something interesting caught their eye. Looking at the awesome watch his mother, Queen Abigail had stol--... Erh-erm... kept for him, Bilthozar was so happy that he kept looking at the time in style every 2 minutes. "Landon-oh, what do you think of my suave wrist flicking?" "_"

Landon felt all his patience in this world had been saved just for this moment. The Mirv healers who came to visit, chuckled in amusement when seeing Landon's helpless eyes. Hey, they too had little to no suspicion of Landon's mission after the big competition between their people and the Baymardians. You can tell a lot by the way a man fights. They can't be wrong. Landon-oh wasn't bad at heart. (^_^)

(*They added -Oh to someone they feel close to.)

After watching movies and spending time together, Tacholla and many others felt as if they had known Landon for decades. It was a magical thing Landon-oh had, the power

to make anyone feel comfortable. "Landon-oh, will you be taking me to see your empire?"

"Of course," Landon stated. They will leave in 2 days!

Chapter 1797 Planning

Days passed in a flash, and soon, it was the eve prior to the day their Baymardian guests had to leave. Many people had different emotions, some deep, some shallow. The eve was as grand as expected.

Their music, dance, battle prowess display and beating drums made the Baymardians stand and clap in amazement. Bravo! Bravo! It was always awesome to watch traditional dances and entertainment from others. "Damn, their mask dance is amazing. Just how did that girl break a watermelon with her thighs mid-air?" "Wow! I wonder what those white paw print marks on their chest mean. Why do I feel like it makes their men look more sexy? Well, in the first place, they have good bodies." Both Baymardian men and women agreed on this matter. How good-looking and well-built the people here were. It almost seemed as though they were highly favored by the heavens compared to any other place in the world. Well, they say beauty is a big motivator. Many secretly swore to fully learn the Mirv language in no time to talk to them properly. You have to know that since the day they left Baynard's shores, they have spent weeks and weeks studying the Mirv language under Landon. They might still not be able to form good sentences yet, but they could identify certain words like what the Mirvvs call a chair, table, cup and so on.

Like any language, they first learned certain vital matters like pronouns. I, you, we, their and all that was what they focused on. Past tense, present tense, future tense... All these helped them pick out a few things here and there. But this was far from enough. That's why the money they began interacting with these Mirvs and started trying to speak Mirv. Of course, it was a disaster. But you know what, when they point at a certain way and move their hands around like dummies, the Mirvs would understand their intentions. "Oh? You mean a chair?" "Do you want to use the bathroom?"

"Are you rubbing your belly because you are hungry?"

The Mirvs would pick up their thoughts and they in turn will capture the words they speak. If you throw a man in a foreign land, soon, that man will be forced to learn how to speak like a foreigner. The Baymardians were happy they had another month and a few weeks before reaching Baynard by ship. This way, won't they learn a lot from the Mirvs like this? It's really good. (^v^)

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Likewise, Landon has also planned on teaching the Mirvs Pyron. If they know Pyron. It will be equivalent to learning Vein and Morg. Anyway, he didn't expect them to be awesome, but at least they should be able to understand a few things when they get to Baymard. While there he will also continue giving them lessons. Did you know that in most newly-signed treaty territories, whenever he sent teachers to head back and teach Pyro in various empires, most people passed the Beginner stage after just 3 months of learning? Some indeed take up to 5 and even 6 months to be classified as a Beginner in the language, but others a majority of it in 3 months before progressing to the intermediate stage. So if he gives them 1 month and 2 weeks of constant language courses, won't they be always through the usual 3-month learning curve? He wasn't saying all of them will get to the Beginner stage in 3 months, but people in power train their brains far harder than peasants, which says a lot about how intelligent this era was. If ordinary peasants can remember every little detail on the roads and even use their shadows and other objects to calculate hourly time so frequently, imagine how those in power were? The need and thirst for knowledge was this era's greatest advantage. They can't do without it. They are constantly looking for more information to fill their brains, no matter how much technology Landon creates. This is also something Landon noticed. Baymard has the internet, but the youths aren't lazy. Landon had ensured that although things are made easy for them, they must also use their brains regularly. He truly believes that a world that solely relies on technology will fail. What if the apocalypse arrives and you lose everything, all books and all technology? Then will you go back to caveman periods? For this era to enter the Galactic era before he does, they must always keep that throat of knowledge alive. This much he understood. He always felt that Earth should have long entered the Galactic era, but were too reliant on technology. Even with the internet available, many people give stupid answers to well-known questions. How can Africa be a country? How can you say Japan is in South America? Are you sure you're okay in the head? If it were people in this era who studied maps like crazy, they would even know the road to a stranger's house by heart. .

Anyway, with enough time aboard the ship and nothing else to do but to have peaceful travels, Landon planned to dedicate his time to teaching. And on certain days, the Mirvs and everyone else must only speak Pyron. On other days, everyone else must speak Mirv. He will be giving class assignments and marking them too. Don't think because they were on the high seas that he won't take it seriously. As for now, everyone was eating and enjoying the entertainment with warm smiles. Delicious! What was this food? What sort of animal was this giant bird they were eating? On the tables were enormous birds that had been cooked and stuffed with all sorts of vegetables. Thanks to the Baymardian spices gifted to them, the cooks who had a taste of the spaces were quick to experiment, only to have shocked looks in the end. How can adding these spices make such big differences? Suddenly, they felt everything they had been eating before was raw. While the Baymardians on the tables were enjoying the strange stringy meat, the Mirvs on the other hand enjoyed new flavors they never had before. Dammit, it was all too good. The celebrations went on for a while until it was finally time to turn in for the night. Many also left early, planning to say farewell to a few others before the morning came. A list had long been drawn, and the Mirvs who were heading for Baymard, had long prepared. Everyone going was allowed to bring their families along. Great!

(>V<)

Time to see the foreign land!

Chapter 1798 Julian's Night Adventures

The night was getting old, but the young Julian still couldn't sleep. 'So father really wants to leave without me? Impossible! Not on my watch!' Father, forgive him for his disobedience just this once. Julian secretly thought, while sliding down the sides of his bed and rolling to an even darker corner for cover. And then, like a thief in the night, leaned against the walls, blending with the darkness until he reached his massive walk-in closet space. Phew~

Luckily, he was quick to grab one of those fine Baymardian flashlights presented as a gift several days back. "Your Highness?" A distant sound made the 7-year-old Julian feel his scalp tingle. Crud! He turned off the torch switch and quickly headed back to his main room into his bed with light stealth movements. "Your Highness?" A guard appeared in the space through the window, looking through the scene before heading toward Julian's bed with a confused look. "That's odd... didn't I see light just now?" The guard murmured, staying in wait for a while before leaving Julian's room after seeing he was fast asleep. Bubuum. Bubuum~

Julian's heart almost jumped out of his chest when the guard leaned too close to him. He feared he would be caught, but thankfully, his Luck was too good. After another 45 minutes, Julian rose to resume his mission. 'Brother Landon-oh said that the third button is a dim-option. The light is too bright. I must dim it to the lowest.' If one has held a hairdryer before, one will see the numerical numbers I, II, and III on some hair dryer machines. Today's world isn't like the safe modern era. People wanted flashlights but also didn't want something that said: hey, this is me, assassins, come kill me now.

When the torch is put on its setting is at IV. But to lower it, press any buttons beside the numerical numbers III, II, and I.

The lowest setting is 'I' which made it so dim that it didn't reflect out light to your surroundings, alerting people far away. 'Want to leave without me? Don't even think about it!'

Julian frowned with a determined look on his face, packing his most liked pants, shirts and jackets in the new fancy Baymardian travel bag he also took. Well, it was amazing that it had rollable wheels, but now he didn't need to use it since he was on a stealth mission. And for the love of the wind God... where are his other suitcases he captured? Where did they put them? Julian opened and closed his mouth in worry.

"Could Father have stolen them?"

If Tacholla knew his words, he would definitely beat this son of his to a pulp. Who exactly stole from who here? Were those suitcases Julian's in the first place? .

Very quickly, Julian packed his luggage for the first time in his life, poaching it like a kid who was about to run away from him. He quickly packed a few clothes, rolling them up like meatballs. Following that, he placed his new Gameboy and a few very important Baymardian Gadgets he felt he might die without. His only worry was the TV. He liked it but it was just too big to take along. Sigh... Toothbrush, toothpaste, socks, underwear... These days, he has gotten a hang of these daily essential Baymardian products. Although he was 7 years old, because of how big his green Orc-like people are, Julian had the height of a standard 11-year-old. He was really big. Well, at least not as big as the giants who at the age of 7, had the height of a 13-year-old. Welp, now that his things were packed, Julian's biggest challenge was to get himself and his suitcase to the nearest Baymardian aircraft and find a way to sneak in. Yes! If they leave Mirvanna and realize he is aboard the flying carriages several hours later, they will have no choice but to continue with him in their care! Bahahahahaha~

It was brilliant! His plan was indeed ingenious if he did say so himself. (^Δ^)

Landon shook his head as if overthinking things, "Nothing. I just think your garden walls are pretty." So close!

Julian crawled to take a peak, with his hand on his chest. Phew~

Almost got him there. Julian also felt a burst of accomplishment, knowing he was so awesome and smart to be able to avoid so many guards undetected. 'Big brother Landon-oh said he will return after dropping the box, so I have to move fast!'

With that thought, Julian jumped over the waist-length garden walls, making a run for the aircraft as fast as he could. 1, 2, 3... Success! He jumped in with his luggage and was quick to go right at the back. Of course he wasn't stupid to stay at the front. He saw several seats, which he would later know were designed like commercial airlines. This aircraft was a 60-seater aircraft with 3 rows. And behind those seats was a bathroom and surprisingly, another compartment with all sorts of storage frames with luggage already in them. Yes! Earlier today, everyone who was going had sent the Baymardians their luggage.

Everyone was only allowed to bring at most 2 pieces of luggage of certain sizes. They were told what sort of things they should bring. Money was good, clothes they thought were good and anything that would make them think of home. But no heavy objects were allowed, except swords that were taken and locked in storage trunks.

Of course, everyone could travel with their safety daggers in their boots that were still in their protective sheath. With all luggage packed, Julian didn't mind, looking for a space

and securing his luggage just like the other luggage beside his. After figuring that out, he took out a dark blanket, found an inconspicuous corner and began blending in. But before he could adjust his breathing, he heard Landon-oh's voice, followed by the sounds of the aircraft's doors closing shut. Bam! --silence--

Another 30 minutes went by before Julian finally went to bed with a Victorious smirk on his lips. Gaakakkakakakak~

Want to leave without him? Think again!

Zzzzzzz~

Little Julain was sound asleep, sleeping so deeply that he didn't even notice when Landon, Tacholla and several others came up, adjusted his position and laughed inwardly.

Child... you are too young to fool anyone.

Chapter 1799 Leaving Mirvanna

The next day came too fast for many who crowded around the aircrafts, watching their brave Mirvs go out for the first time. The weather here in Mirvanna was quite mysterious. They hardly had snow, only 3 or 5 times the entire winter season. The temperatures now were similar to the time frame when spring was transitioning to summer. There was sun out, but not boiling sun. And by late afternoon, the temperatures did turn chilly and cold. Some rain fell once in a while too, but for the most part, it wasn't drowning rain that thundered and caused floods. The peculiar birds were up, chirping away in a beautiful melody.

Many crowded around in official attire, staring at their brave and adventurous Mirvs who were walking alongside the Baymardians. "Your Majesty, please be safe!"

"Ruler, we will take care of the empire and help the 2nd prince watch it diligently when he arrives!" "May the Wind God and the heavens be with you all!" Many gave their blessings, swearing to protect Mirvanna with their lives and ensure that their brave adventurers returned to see it in an even better state or the same way they left it! They clenched their fists and slapped their chests in promise. A letter has already been prepared for 2nd Prince Wayne. When he comes, he and the ministers who stayed behind will continue watching over the empire and preparing for their return. They must prepare for both the bad and the good. The bad might not come from the Baymardians but from another outside force, so they must also prepare for war.

And if nothing bad happens and only good things follow, then by all means, they must also prepare for the next step should Tacholla agree to sign the treaty. ...

The atmosphere grew heavier with every step their Mirv adventurers took. Yes, only a fool will use this time to sit and wait. They must prepare, even the Mirv people for the good and the bad. The fact that these Royals all chose to go out at once for this, means they are more inclined to trust Landon.

It was indeed a risky move for Tacholla to allow so many people in his family to go out with Landon. But what truly cemented this decision, was when Landon stumbled upon the Holy praying grounds by their sacred waterfall when Julian was taking him out touring. The guards there said they had never seen anything like it. The moment he stood on top of the most sacred rock underneath the slow trickling waterfall, the Wind God responded so positively that it made a miracle happen. The blue Entagmo flowers bloomed and the birds chirped loudly, as though acknowledging him. Wind engulfed Landon, lifting him in the air and twirling him around softly, making everyone's eyes widen in shock. Even Landon was dumbfounded and perplexed by the situation. But seeing as the Mirvs looked at him even more favorably, he thought it must be a good thing. That's it! Since the Wind God trusted Landon, then he must truly mean well for Mirvanna. Thinking about it, this must be the Savior he has been praying for all these months to save his son. They must be good people approved by the heavens themselves, so why not go with them? Fate!

It must be fate. Everyone was destined to happen. It was because of this phenomenon that Tacholla decided to take his family along with him to Baymard. What? Do you think he would have allowed any of them to cross Mirvanna if he was only 50 or even 70% sure? That was his family, his life! Even allowing the other Mirvs to bring their families along would never have been an option if the Wind God hadn't spoken for Landon. ----

Long the palace roads, several Mirvs moved forth with their chins drawn up high when walking alongside their families. From time to time, they would nod to the surrounding crowd, promising that they would represent Mirvanna well when outside. They haven't even left yet, but we're already missing home. Excitement, fear of the unknown and the ignorance of what to truly expect still overwhelmed them. This was the first time in their lives they were leaving home. "Hello," Various calm Baymardians warmly greeted, standing before the doors and aircraft stairways leading in. Their voices were so warm and professional that it made many feel a little embarrassed, especially the family members of these Mirvs who hadn't spoken to the Baymardians before. "Welcome aboard our MG Carrier Planes. Please, watch your step." Sure, thank you for the reminder! How nice...

The respect and attention to detail made them feel very respected and welcomed. (^_^)

The Baymardians worked fast, leading families to sit together. Bear in mind that during these days, another fleet of Baymardian aircrafts flew in to not only inject fuel into their planes but also secure more carrier passenger aircrafts for the journey. They had

already counted how many heads were going and checked in baggage too. A large fraction of the baggage is already onboard the ships in the designated rooms these Mirvs will be staying in. With the headcounts and family counts, it did a good in helping those aboard the ship to plan for their arrival. Amrous and his 3 wives, his little son of 6, his 2 daughters and 1 son-in-law were now stepping onto the aircraft. Amrous had other children, but they were scattered around the empire on duty or in their husband's homes. Sorry, only those in the Capital could go. The same could be said for many ministers and military personnel who had most of their children scattered around. At least they had their mothers and fathers around, deciding to bring the old folks over for the journey. Who said only young people could enjoy the trip? After word of the Wind God's approval spread out, some people's parents who were still alive, chose to shamelessly vote themselves in, acting like spoiled children. One of the Ministers was gifted a TV, and after watching the Movie titled Gone with the Wind, his old mother of 42, who was a grandmother and even a great-grandfather, was hell-bent on going to Baynard and letting the male star in the movie. Star chaser? At that age? Anyway, the Mirvs and their families were now ready for Baynard.

Sitting in the aircrafts, they forget their initial worries.

Oops... What was I thinking of before? Well, never mind! This seat is quite comfy!

(^_^)

Chapter 1800 The Future Is Bright

Seated on the Military Grade Carrier aircrafts, many were taught how to buckle their seatbelts. "Mother, mother, look! I did it! It made a clicking notice when I connected them!"

Se aircrafts mimicked the commercial airline flights, while others were foldable seats you had to pull down from the walls and were a more military, on-the-go style. Landon had all families of the Mirvs take the seats in aircrafts that mimicked commercial seating arrangements leaving these burly warriors, military personnel and ministers to take the aircrafts that were for toperations. Only Amrous, Tacholla, Julian, Bilthozar and a few others joined the families in Commercial themed aircrafts. Yes... Julian. They had gotten him out of his sleeping him, carrying him to sit beside his mother and sister. He was sleeping so soundly that he didn't even know he was transported away. Well, that was thanks to Landon, who made him sleep deeper. Since you want to pretend, then pretend all the way. He wondered what Julian's expression would be when he woke up to see his mother and sister beside him. Landon chuckled, feeling that Julian and Little Ren might be very good friends because of their mischievousness.

[Welcome aboard ladies and gentlemen, this is your Pilot speaking. The weather is sunny, the skies are clear and we are good for take off. Please remain seated at all times, until told otherwise.]

Landon's plane was the first to go, so his message came out earlier than the others. What? The aircraft was taking off? As in... going to the skies? Although sitting in their seats, their poor hearts didn't know if they were truly ready or not. The first thing they heard was the slow churning noise of several blades, making them grip their armrest nervously. We... we will be okay, right? As the noises from the blades grew fiercer and more chaotic, many already felt their legs wobbly in their seats. Fear spiked through their bodies, leaving their faces ashen when they kept leaning toward the windows. Those in aircrafts without windows could only stare at the ground with all sorts of insane animations fleeting in their minds.

1, 2, 3... Every aircraft had its turn to go up and follow behind. Until soon, there were no more aircrafts testing on the palace grounds. Down below, the people continued staring at the disappearing aircrafts in silence. Yet, their faces were filled with awe and reverence.

It wasn't until the aircrafts completely disappeared from their sight, that they began talking and dispersing. A child of 3, stared at the skies, clenching his fists and thinking his lips with a determined look in his eyes. "

"Mother, when I grow up. I will drive that flying carriage and take you traveling anywhere you want!" His mother rustled his hair with a warm smile, "Of course, you will. My little boy will do what he says." The boy beamed happily, and the woman slowly lowered her carriage curtains, signaling for the coachman to take them away. Some people watched the show standing on 2 legs, while others watched in their carriages. Now that the show was over, it was time to go home. The mother didn't take her words seriously, feeling that sieving such a godly flying carriage with unique chosen people who have all sorts of abilities in them. Knowing her silly little son, where does he stand a chance competing with such people? The mother thought so but didn't know that in 15 to 20 years, her 3-year-old son would indeed become one of Mirvanna's first group of pilots to take to the skies. He will be photographed and put in the history books, making her and his descendants proud. The boy stared at the skies, suddenly losing interest in becoming a warrior. The soaring the skies... that was his true calling! But seeing as even these pilots are well trained and could fight, this meant he must still keep his training up to standard. The boy had watched these Baymardians have friendly battles with the Mirvs, and seen how battle-capable they were. So he already understood that the world outside might be turbulent, so they must always be prepared to protect themselves. At 3 years old, he could assess this much. To be the best Fly carriage Driver Mirvanna has ever seen, was what he secretly swore to become. (*^*)

Today, they were once again in awe of the capabilities humans have. What's next, a boat that can sail underwater? Many stared at the skies, with countless thoughts flashing through their minds. But for Landon and the others, they were now crossing over the City's majestic walls, and heading in the direction they came from. Those watching out their windows, still couldn't get over the ant-like people and structures below. "Father, is this how birds see us?"