

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1801 The Fearful Mirvs

Chapter 1801 The Fearful Mirvs

Up in the air, the flight was very uneventful and exciting. There were magazines to entertain people, snacks and beverages available too. Tourist maps of what Baymard looked like, new technologies and interesting gossip out, and a stack of magazines Landon made himself, that showed old news. Children's books were available, and women had novels for them available if they asked. Oh my~

Seeing the sexy erotic novel cover, one grandmother hastily took it away, began reading, and completely lost focus on her husband beside her. Please, can you not talk to me now? Can't you see I'm busy? The women mostly went for romance novels, and the boys went for adventure books instead. There were also coloring books for very young children available too. Most men and a few teens chose to read <Daily Baymard>. The news from the newspapers gave them a grasp of all that happened during the time the newspapers came out. 'What? This place called Adonis dared to wage war on so many places, trying to colonize and force these places to worship Adonis. Huh! They Are lucky they didn't try that rubbish with us!' 'Good show! That's the way it should be done! You kidnap a man's child, take his wealth and expect him not to take revenge? This Baron Huffnock of Czar, Romain, is quite like me.' 'The price of wheat in Yodan has gone up? Eh? Tumbleweeds made farmers lose a big quarter of their yields? Amazing! There is a painted portrait (picture) of what a Tumbleweed looks like, and a painted portrait of the aftermath of its destruction across the fields... poor farmers, they have it rough!' —

Pay after page, the news was exciting. There were also sections called Advertising, and even another section called Jobs too. A light bulb came on in Amrous's head when looking at the Job section. Amazing! Just putting it here and distributing it, will spread the word way faster.

He liked how neat and orderly everything was. Every job had key requirements listed down, as well as a location for them to show up in, and what he now understood was a phone number. He has watched Baymardian 'modern' movies, to understand that Baymard had a heavenly technology that allowed them to speak to each other over far distances using this phone thing. The more he saw, the more his lips quivered in acknowledgment of their methods. He felt he could draw inspiration from so many things and use them to improve Mirvanna's situation! Amrous was still on the aircraft, hadn't even seen Baymard yet, and was already swelling with ideas. Who can blame him? Flip!~

He turned the page, to see a section called entertainment. There, he found poems, short stories, and intriguing serial stories that also drew him in. Oh? 'A Record Of A Mortal's Journey To Immortality? Chapters 1 to 7? What is this about?'

Amrous began to read it but was soon drawn into the Wuxia world of Cultivation. And as he read, he began smiling and laughing to himself, smacking his armrest from time to time. 'Dammit, so they were collecting those children to take them for the sect's entrance examination?'

'Ah! I was scared for a bit there, fearing Han Li would be rejected. Why is this exam so tough?'

(|_|)

.... Like so, the flight was uneventful for most of the journey, until several hours later when the voices of Landon and the many pilots echoed.

[Please, take to your seats. In 5 minutes, we will be passing through the Death Line. There will be turbulence, but please remember that you are in safe hands.]

The Death Line? They call it the End Wall. Everyone more or less understood that in 5 more minutes, they would pass through the place they dreaded the most. Already, many had their faces turned chalky white. Is-is this really how the Baymardians got here? Through the End Wall of Sea? (!0!)

Within this time, everyone had time to bring up their seat trays for those who had tray seats. They were also told to hold their books firmer and to ensure they were strapped in. Those in the bathroom who heard the message quickly finished up and took their seats. Soon, 5 minutes elapsed and many subconsciously held hands and began doing breathing exercises. Funny enough, Julian was now waking from his long slumber, shocked to see his half-sister and mother beside him. "Concubine mother? Sister?" (@0@)

What was going on? Why was everyone so tense when the flight felt so smooth? "Stupid brother, you missed the best flying time. Now, we are about to go through the End Wall." "What?!" Julian stretched his face toward the window, only to see the End Wall closing in. Ah! Ahh! Ahhhhh! What should they do? What should they do? They began fidgeting like crazy until his mother pinched him in the lap. "Can you stop moving like a worm, we are going to be fine. So what's the fuss all about?" Concubine Amina spoke in an attempt to calm the boy's nerves. Her son, can she not know him? If she spoke softly, he would only grow more panicked. She too was worried, but as a mother and an elder, she had to take care of the children's emotions. Since the Baymardians can come in this way, then there must be no trouble going back through it, right? Many people held their loved ones' hands, watching the misty End Wall grow closer and closer. And when they were seconds from entering, more words echoed from the pilots. [Everyone, brace for entry]

Brrrrmmmmm!

Chapter 1802 A Rocky Time

Did you hear that? Brace yourselves, everyone! Brrmmmmm!!!~

The shock made several people scream with closed eyes, praying to the wind God for mercy. Please, let this trip be uneventful. Tacholla subconsciously gripped Amrous's hand, and Amrous did the same to the next minister by his side. Ahhh! There was a kick in their back seats, as the aircrafts slightly jerked and rocked to stabilise themselves. A fear never seen before quickly unmanned them, with many also feeling their ears growing even more pressured by the second as if about to pop! Ahh! Only when they entered the End Line, did they realize the overhead Aircraft lights had been on this entire time.

Yes! The yellow lights poured down on their faces, illuminating the now-dark interior. It was daytime outside, but because of the turbulence in the Death/End Line, the place seemed dark, with just a little sunlight piercing through it. Goodness! The End Line was terrible! Breathe in, breathe out... breathe in, breathe out. Time stood frozen in place, with no one making a sound anymore... not even a scream. Sweaty palms, worried faces, children panicked silly,... The tension was so high that it could snap the air into half like a twig. And just then, when many Mirvs feared the situation would only grow worse, the tremors soon began dying down, with many now opening their eyes to look around in confusion. .

[Ladies and Gentlemen, you can now take off your seatbelts... We have successfully entered the Mirv Zone!]

Like the eyes of thieves that light up at night, many blinked excessively, wondering what exactly this Mirv Zone is... The Baymardians were quick to explain a few things, causing many to feel honored. Hey! They have an entire airspace named after them.

Isn't that awesome? (^_^)

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Tacholla rubbed his chin with a bright smile, "Wonderful name. I approve of it!"

"Yes, Ruler," Amrous added. "This shows the heart of these Baymardians. They did not claim things as theirs, once again giving our people ample respect." How can they not look favorably at them? In particular, many were appreciating Landon more and more. Powerful but not arrogant. Bold but very fair. It's no wonder the Wind God approved of him so much. Although the pilots told them they could now walk about, and use the

bathroom if they liked, many still sat in place for a few more minutes, just to be sure. 15 minutes later, many were now used to the slight turbulence in the air. Because although the Mirv Zone was in quotes a safe zone, it still had slight turbulence in the air. It took a while for many to calm their nerves, but when they finally did, they slowly took out their books, newspapers, and Gameboys/girls, and began entertaining themselves without care. Those who wanted to use the restroom did so, and some preferred to take out the little blankets given to them put their neck pillows on and go to sleep. The Mirv zone was truly cold. It's no wonder they were told to dress warm. Of course, since It's winter in Baymard and many places in the world, including the high seas, it was a given that they go out in their warmest attires. At least in the Mirv Zone which was far higher and closer to the sun, many, like Julian, could finally see the situation outside.

Wow! Julian's moist was opened in an 'O' as he stared at the many wind balls that kept swirling around the space like crazy. So .. so this is what the inside of the End Line looks like? (!0!)

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Many were shocked wanting to bury this image in their minds, some even took hold of their children's drawing books and crayons, sketching away like crazy. "Father, how can you draw useless scribbles on my Princess Elsa? Do you know what you have done?!"

The little girl who had only watched Baymard's Frozen, was on the brink of tears when seeing the rubbish her father had done in her precious coloring book.

Can she say she wished to throw her father overboard now?

To her, this was an act of treason!!!

The poor father was confused by his daughter's glaring eyes. What's the big deal, isn't it just a coloring book? Wooooooo....

"Mother, father is bullying me too much!" The wife who was always obedient to her husband, couldn't help looking at him as though he was the most shameless man in the universe. "Hubby, you... how can you rush to grab a coloring book with your daughter? A Princess Elsa one at that? Don't you know your daughter has been singing <Let It Go> for 2 days now, night and day?" "Woman, what do you know? I am here recording history!" The husband quickly defended. "History? Why does it look like you are scribbling crooked circles? Look! Even your daughter draws better than this!... And that one...what is that circle supposed to be? A shoe?"

" "

Woman, you are insufferable! .

The father continued drawing with an aggrieved expression, feeling himself too pitiful to be hated by his 1st wife and daughter. By the way, his 2nd wife and other children sitting behind his row, also felt he was shameless too. Do you know that the little girl has never shed tears after the age of 2? She is now 4 and a half years old and has never cried since several years back.

So how shameless was their father to make her cry now? Luckily, the kind Baymardian lady on board went to the back of the aircraft and soon returned with another <Frozen> coloring book. The little girl stopped crying and began coloring away, only this time, she was careful, hovering her hands over her book so her shameless father wouldn't grab it anymore.

Hmph!

(:V^V)

(Sniff, sniff)

She sniffed and quickly forgot the ordeal, while her mother in turn continued reading the hot sizzling romance book in her hands. Like so, the flight resumed its usual calm, with everyone finding something interesting to take their minds off flying. Snacking, reading, sleeping and playing Gameboys/girls.

And when the pilots finally spoke out again, everyone was taken aback, not even knowing when time flew by so fast. [Ladies and Gentlemen, we will enter the Breeding Zone in 3 minutes. Please, stay seated and fasten your seatbelts]

Chapter 1803 Dots On The Water

Once again, the Mirvs were shocked by the so-called Breeding Zone! Ahhh!!! Their eyes widened in horror when flying over watching hundreds and thousands of giant Boggles that twisted and turned in the water. Oh My, Wind God!

The site looked so horrifying, like seeing a pool of giant anacondas squirming and twisting nonstop. So no more! Should any ship dare cross over it will be game over for them! "Mating period..." Tacholla murmured while listening to the Pilot speak a few words about the strange phenomenon below.

For some reason, he released a heavy sigh of relief when knowing these boggles weren't here all year round. It's one thing to be surrounded by the End Line, and another thing to know that even if they manage to survive the end line by ship, they would have to face thousands of boggles for a way out.

They never even knew Boggles were mating just outside the End line. This made them burn with the zeal to know more about the world and determine their place as Mirvs.

Yes... hiding forever can never do any good to them. It has kept them away from human cruelty, which they are grateful for. However, no matter how humans live, no one can be an island forever. There will be a day, just like today, when visitors will come. Luckily for them, their first visitors were good people. Imagine if bad people found a way to get to them first? They, who had no way of running and nowhere to go, would have no choice but to fight a war they wouldn't know for sure they could win, especially if the other side had advanced deadly weapons. Even prisons can be called deadly weapons.

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That's why on this trip, they must properly understand who is who in this world.

Bilthozar's and Julian's eyes widened when staring at the ferocious Boggles below. They... they have never seen such sea creatures before! These creatures aren't in Mirvanna's enclosed ecosystem. Likewise, their own sort of giant sea creatures might not be found anywhere else outside of Mirvanna. Wow! So there are still creatures of this size outside in the world? "Yes," a Baymardian sitting in front of them replied. "However, no need to worry. These sea creatures only swim far out in the deep waters.

What's more, they like particular areas in the world, so many ships avoid these places when sailing. Good to know. Many Mirvs nodded, once again swearing to learn all they could about the outside world.

And in no time another message bellowed, leaving everyone first confused, before smiling from ear to ear.

One by one, many researchers, ministers and military personnel almost lost their brains when seeing the magnificent ships below them. They were leaning so close to the windows that you would think they wanted to become one with their windows. They kept their eyes open for long, fearing to blink and miss something. In the meantime, the pilots communicated with Ground team, descending and landing on the large aircraft circular space on all 3 ships. In threes, the air rafts landed group by group. Take note that during the take-off from Mirvanna, the aircrafts had long been flying in formation, with ample calculated space between each group. So when the first 3 groups were landing on the aircraft pads, the 2nd group was still flying above the breeding zone. With twinkling eyes, Julian watched as the massive aircraft the circular platform they stood on, now gave way, slowly lowering into the ship. F***! It was only after landing, that many knew just how incredibly massive this ship was. Never in their lives had they seen ships so tall and so freakishly huge. The feeling they had was like people watching Optimus Prime transform right before their very eyes. No! You could say it was like them being in a sci-fi movie since everything here was too advanced for them to understand.

The father who had been scribbling nonstop on coloring books, once again seizes his daughter's coloring book again, drawing his inspirations and thoughts like a madman.

[Daughter]:...Do you have something against me? Why do you keep shamelessly stealing my coloring books?"

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Scribble! Scribble!~

The light in the man's eyes never died down, as did others who also rushed to grab pens, crayons and pencils, scribbling down to their heart's contempt.

Some were also here as historians, to record everything, including their journey word for word. It's just that the more they wrote, the more it looked like they were writing fantasy novels here... especially when they saw the massive circle rotate, allowing the aircrafts to roll their wheels on the giant moving path in front! Ahhhh!!! It was a flat escalator but the way they described it, it looked like it was a heavenly platform that would take them to the gateways of heaven.

Breathe in, breathe out... breathe in, breathe out... Many gripped their chests, already feeling they were going to have panic attacks the more they saw. Finally, the aircrafts got off the heavenly making roads and now had the pilots wheel forward into a parking location in the ship's giant, massive underground aircraft hangar. Speechless. No one could put their feelings into words. [Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for flying with us. De-boarding will begin shortly.]

'...'

Who am I? What am I? Where am I?

Chapter 1804 Landon's Little Adventure?

In no time, the Mirvs deboarded and were taken to a large military-grade elevator that could fit over 20 people in it. Group by group, they were brought on deck. Those who came in aircrafts not from the main ship, had to cross the bridge the Baymardians put up connecting the other ships to the main ship. Since it was their first time here, they would no doubt prefer to be together on the same ship.

So separating them, especially when some would like to have meetings with their Ruler, Tacholla, wasn't wise. They should be able to wake up and see their king without too much hassle, especially when in new unfamiliar territory. What's more, it was also efficient and better for all of them to be on one ship. This way, they can better serve and

account for them. Bilthozar smacked his lips, still not understanding how such a massive ship could be built. He went towards the rails and shook them hard, before convincing his brain it was truly made out of iron. As expected of a place the Wind God approved of. "As Father, these Baymardians sure are a mysterious bunch." "Indeed," Tacholla nodded, sweeping eyes across the vast deck. There were 4 track lines for running, ample space for walking around and even outdoor activity spots for them too.

The ship they were on was unlike the rest in that it was a Grade-A Military Guest & Rescue Battleship. It had the firepower of a battleship and a few luxuries of a cruise line ship.

Emphasis must be made on the Grade-A part. A Grade-D version has little to no real luxury rooms. Grade A was the best sort, with suits for royalty and other amenities deeply appreciated on cruise lines. There were also vending machines in the cafeteria, a small library site, a gym, a place to rent off Baymardian TV shows and movies during their trip, a lounge room and a game room for guests alone, which includes a small kid's adventure playing section. This much was nothing compared to what cruise lines offered, but at least, it was enough to keep the guests entertained.

If they are bored of staying in these places, they can always play tennis or basketball with the Baymardians who are off duty when their shifts are over. Despite their rigorous training style, many Baymardians still found time to play basketball or soccer at least once a week. They had their teams and played to their heart's content indoors. ...

Rubbing their fingers, Tacholla, Bilthozar, Amrous and a few others quickly went back to join everyone else in the massive lounge area within the deck's ground building. Cold~

It was snowing, and they no longer had any business out here. They refused to be taken care of, wanting to see all their people sent to their rooms first. Turn by turn, families were escorted away and sent to the rooms on the 3rd floor. You would think their population was a lot but they only managed to fill up all the rooms on the 3rd floor with their families.

The rooms on the 2nd floor were never used. As for Tacholla, the Royals and a few others, they were then taken to the 4th floor, and given the best rooms of all, some were A-frame family suits, others were Royal grade penthouse family suites, and some first-class suits.

All these suits had at least 3 bedrooms in them. Although Tacholla would be staying alone in his gigantic suite, he was bound to have his wives accompany him every night. The bed was truly big, even for giants. The Children will be fine with the maids taking care of them. Of course, the wives would sleep over in the children's rooms once in a while, but they planned to mostly accompany their husbands. They admitted that they didn't want him to feel lonely. All the children, Bilthozar, Julian, Princess Selma and Princess Bitnia, will stay in two suits... 2 in each suite. Before leaving Mirvanna, they had already told Landon they all wanted to stay in the same room as Tacholla.

Tacholla's room was the grandest of all, with 3 bedrooms on the suite's first floor and 2 bedrooms above. The entire place was like a house on its own. It was just right for Tacholla and his 4 wives. (^_^)

For Amrous, he and his wives also stayed in one suite, throwing the children in another. Hey, there were enough bedrooms for them all. This fact amazed many, who then looked at their children like eyes saws. Hey... privacy is a must, right, especially if they are going to be at sea for long. They can't possibly have adult gymnastics take place when their children stay with them, right? Oops... Those on the 3rd floor who had their children staying with them wanted to cry but had no tears. At least their rooms had doors, so if they do everything hush, hush, it should be fine, right?

...

Stepping into their suits, many opened and closed their mouths, too stupified to say a thing. "This...This is all for us?" "Yes," the Baymardians nodded while gesturing to the use of common appliances around. "This is a bathrobe and this is a shower head. For hot water, turn the handle with a red ring on its top. Fr cold, the blue." Shwaaaa~

Water flowed out, instantly shocking Tacholla and his wives silly.

It flowed? It really flowed out? But how? What is the theory behind this? How did they get seawater pushed up to the 4th floor above deck? Knowing that there were many floors below deck, just imagine how much work it took to force the water up. He felt it required at least 10 horses just to get those little bits pulled and forced high up. So how did they do it?

No! Didn't you hear them? Hot water! Tacholla quickly placed his hand under, only to find the water getting hotter and hotter. "How is any of this possible?" He murmured, looking at the beautiful golden tap as though it had been accidentally dropped by the heavens. Having a bold and daring thought, he quickly sent a palm load into his mouth and was shocked but its normality. "No salty taste...it's not dragged out from the waters below?" The Baymardian smiled and said nothing. Of course, it's from the waters below. But they have their way of treating the waters and eliminating the sea salt.

The Mirvs already had their bags sent to their rooms. And after the Baymardians left, many stared at their rooms, still feeling it all surreal. Baymard... Baymard... Just what sort of place was it? ...

Like that, the Mirvs were finally settled in, leaving Landon more time to focus on other matters.

Tonight, he planned to Warp out for on little adventure of his own.

Chapter 1805 The Strange Winds

[Host, if this system recalls accurately it told the host that you cannot take the Holy Core yet... At least not until you officially make Air travel a reality.]

[So host, what do you hope to achieve by trying your luck out now?]

Landon rolled his eyes, unbothered by the system's usual rudeness.

Others get cute systems, but he gets one with an attitude problem.

What happened to mutual respect?

Bah!

Landon cursed.

'You think I don't know I can't take the Holy Core yet? Of course, I know?!'

Must he only go when he was ready to grab the core from them?

'Just zip it and Warp me over to this location!'

[Whatever you say, stupid host.]

Hmph.

[This system was just being nice to you for a change. But since you don't appreciate my goodness, then have it your way, Point-waster!]

Landon and the system went at it like long-time siblings, until soon, he completely vanished, like a popped bubble.

Vmmm!

Landon appeared in the frosty dark woods.

It was amazing how around the Water region they were sailing on, the time was still 1 AM.

But over here, it was 6 PM the previous day.

It was still afternoon but in winter, the darkness came faster than usual.

Where was he?

In the farthest point in the Abian Empire, Morgany!

Yes.

Have you forgotten that famous Artist and painter he kept a tracker on and left a while back to head back onto Morgany?

The arrogant guy stormed off years back after Landon rejected his order to hand over the manufacturing processes for pens, pencils, paper, and other art products Baymard produced.

Can you believe that guy?

They were angered for a variety of reasons.

For one, just as Morgany has its physicians and healers spreading out across the world for a hefty price, its artists also do the same under Morgany's influence.

Morgany secretly had a variety of stores everywhere that ensured some of their products, including their low-grade ones, got sold there.

Morgany typically sells its lowest-grade products to be shipped and sent to places like Pyno.

They see the continent of Pyno like a 3rd world continent.

If they had old cars, they would probably ship them to Pyno.

That said, even though they only sent their lowest-graded products to Pyno, don't underestimate its quality and branding.

Just because something is from Morgany, people rush to purchase it and fight over it in auction homes like crazy.

Morgany was making a shot load of money, 3 times and sometimes even 1p times the original prices for the goods.

However, things suddenly changed when Baymard came into existence.

So how can those in the Art Association be happy about this?

They demanded Baymard hand over the manufacturing processes or else war would come for them.

Not afraid, Landon kicked the famous painter out while putting a tracker on him.

After the painter got to The Abian Empire. He went straight to the Capital to lay his complaints.

The Morgs took this as an insult, and 2 years later, the painter truly came back, accompanying several others for war, and even joining forces with some Morg Healers who claimed Baymard was a fraud, doing fraudulent medical practices.

Like that, they brought war to his doorstep and were now sitting in Baymard's Prison.

Landon felt he should thank that Painter.

Thanks to him, Landon could Warp on any of the places the painter had visited during his 2 year period in Morgany before departing for the losing battle.

Where was Landon, to be precise?

Well, he had now warped deep into forest territory surrounding Abian's Capital city!

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Ooww~ Ooww~

Croaaaakkk~

Slityhhhhhh~

All around him, were the musical notes from nature echoing softly in his ears. Occasionally, he would hear a loud roar.

A warmth rushed into his body, making his muscles everywhere swollen and bulging.

Dressed in all black from head to toe, Landon quickly kicked forward without a moment to waste.

Boom!

An explosion of snow shot into the operation, showing how fierce his run was.

Landon ran at top speed, avoiding any dangers Mother Nature could think of.

He even ran across a few hidden camps, but didn't stop to scout them out yet.

However, the scouts who were watching their precious secret hideout were blinked excessively by the sudden splurge of snow that shit high in the sky.

And when the snow fell, a strange silence engulfed them all.

" "

What was that?

They didn't even see anything, not even an aftershadow.

It just looked like a strong wind came along and swept snow into the air out of nowhere.

Could it be a beast?

No...that's not right.

Jumping down from their hidden spots, they looked at the cleared one-line path, seeing no footprints or paw prints at all.

Welp, it must be the wind.

Although it was unlikely for the wind to act so strangely, there were running out of beliefs here.

At the same time, they tightened their hands around their weapons, wondering if this was sorcery done by a sorcerer hiding nearby.

It was very unlikely that someone would evade their eyes, but what if that was the case?

What if there was a sorcerer around who wanted to break into their hidden fortress?

If they hear any whost3re of<Wolololo~>...they'll know it's the work of those blasted Adonis people and their priests might be at work here.

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Vmmm! .Landon was quick like lightning, leaving the forest and soon making his way towards the East side of the city walls.

Landon learned a valuable trick when using maximum speed.

Looking at the towering wall ahead, Landon liked his lips and positioned his body just right.

Now, with the insane momentum he gathered and the direction aimed, Landon was able to walk up the towering walls just fine.

Bahahhahahahaha~

Landon liked his current feeling.

It was amazing what he could do with superhuman abilities!

(^π^)

"Eh? What was that?"

On the city walls, a few patrolling guards scratched their heads in wonder when they felt a strange powerful wind slap their faces.

Look left, look right, look up, look down...

Where did that wind come from?

When getting into the Capital City, Landon didn't slow down until he reached the central Zone.

'Since they've successfully unlocked some of the Holy Core's Powers, I must figure out how they are using it!'

But one big question still remains...

Where is it?

Where are they keeping the Holy Core?

(?~?)

Chapter 1806 Found It!

'This Morg Abian Empire isn't simple,' Landon noted when looking at the cluster of vast established structures scattered around.

It would be a lie to say he wasn't impressed.

It was neater than any empire's Capital had been before Baymard's arrival.

It was organized, and from what he gathered, every little part of Abian, including villages tucked away, all had nicely stone-carved roads that facilitated travel.

As you know, good road access facilitates not just travel, but the movement of goods, supplies and even troops.

Wagons moved two times faster without having to worry about large potholes or large dips caused by the terrible weather, boulder battles and even ordinary horse stomps.

When moving on uneven and bumpy roads, travel must slow down for those with goods.

Horses couldn't rush or else their reins might snap and all perhaps their wagons would roll away, leading to a crash and spoilage of goods.

In the end, bad roads were no good.

But when the roads are even, you will find that just walking on the path at a steady pace will get you a little earlier to your destination than you expect.

What's more, your horse will truly appreciate it.

Morgany had roads everywhere. Even within the open forest terrains for merchant shortcuts.

You couldn't see any bare dust-ground roads.

No wonder their people were all proud with noses stuck up their asses.

It was amazing that some places also had beautiful scenic bridges and rails for crossing over water paths.

In many parts of the world, including Arcadina, most people will have to go around the water paths or even trout their horses into the waters to reach the other side.

But not Morgany... that was so savage and old-fashioned.

They had insanely lathe bridges to cut corners that were similar to 4 lane roads.

This shortcut also made travel shorter, than having one go around or enter the waters and risk their goods and clothes getting soaked.

Beautiful bridges, cleaner environments, architectural structures found nowhere else in the world... Morgany was truly a force to be reckoned with.

Its structures were also nearly spread out and would look amazing in Sky View.

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Yup!

Unlike the rest of the world which built houses where there was little space available, Morgany had a system.

They had a minimum space gap that must be implemented between 2 enclosed structures.

And the minimum gap depends on what sort of buildings are concerned.

Peasant homes had smaller minimum and maximum gaps.

Estates and Organization structures had larger minimum and maximum gaps to make room for expansion.

Some had hills and slopes between each, while others had small forest or park-like clusters between their establishments.

Abian's Capital was a place that took in Millions of people yearly and also sends that same number out yearly.

It was a place where Morgan's many Academies were situated.

In fact, in the Capital of all 3 Morg empires, these Academies exist there.

What's more, within some of these Academies, laid the hidden corners for Societies and Organizations like the Medical & Poison Association, and the Art Association.

Yes~

There were no-go areas within these academy grounds that were seen as areas only the Gods stepped into.

Only those with access can dream of heading there.

Perhaps Landon was going easy when talking about how Large these academies were.

They were little towns in the vast capital city.

It was like imagining a larger version of the Vatican City still in Rome.

It was just too vast. And for some, especially those who choose to be warriors, after they reach a certain stage within the academy, they get transferred out to lone training academies whose sole purpose is to train them to be battle monsters!

Make no mistake, everyone must first go through learning many other things like Art and even a bit of medicine before they are allowed to choose or deviate down a path.

Of course, like many in this world, they can choose to study 5 professions at once.

Some people are painters, at the same time sculptors and also members of Astronomy organizations.

Have you ever heard of someone only learning one profession?

Laziness!

That's what it was.

Everyone in this world who has ever entered any academy, even in Arcadina, learned 3 or more professions.

You can be an astrologist, and also be a spear master.

What's wrong with that?

You can paint, you can learn musical instruments, you can be a building architect, you can be a sword master and you can also be a scholar.

How in Heaven's name can you only learn 1 thing?

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It was crazy.

That was just too much laziness for their brains to imagine.

Even a farmer becomes a professional farmer, professional lumberjacking, professional Gathering, and even a professional hunter.

It's just near impossible for one to imagine just having one profession.

And the people in this era don't just learn things half-heartedly.

People can recite the entire Astrology book like Wikipedia and also paint portraits that will go down in history.

They can convict poisons, and so on.

For most people, they mostly choose professions in the same category.

Take Art for example.

A member of the Art Association can be an acclaimed Sculptor. painter, Architect and Potter who makes beautiful vases or pieces that get auctioned off for insane amounts.

There were also academies for jobs like Goldsmiths, Cooper's (people who make wooden caskets, tubs, and barrels), Wheelwright (people who build and repair wheels), Blacksmiths... and so many other jobs.

These sorts, including agriculture, were mostly bundled and taught in one or 2 academies.

You might think these jobs were useless, but for Morgany to remain powerful, everything they make must be unique.

So even their blacksmiths must do unique work.

Jewelers, leather workers, shipwrights, shoemakers, stone carvers, weavers... you name it.

Before Baymard, Morgany indeed stood superior.

...

After running around some more, Landon finally located the Holy Core.

Research Centre!

'It must be there.'

Whoosh!

He vanished, entering the place undetected.

Even the hundreds and thousands of stationed hidden guards couldn't sense his presence at all.

And the further Landon went, the more guards he found stationed around.

F***!

Over 4000 guards for just one room? Say I more, it must be there.

3 seconds later, Landon saw a bright golden light that reflected out from afar.

'The Holy Core.'

Seeing the light, Landon's heart trembled with every step he took.

It... it was beautiful!

(*0*)

Chapter 1807 Trouble

The Holy Core!

Landon's eyes twinkled with an unfathomable gaze.

The Holy Core was indeed a beaut. A blinding one, but beautiful all the same.

It gave one a sense of awe and reverence, making anyone who gazes at it, feel the need to handle it with the utmost care.

Landon felt his breath stuck at the back of his throat when staring at the golden display.

The Holy Core now stood on a platform inside a massive ancient bathing pool, similar to those used in ancient Rome.

Half of the Core's surface was submerged and the other half stood afloat above the waterline.

'So that's how it is.'

Looking at the water that was now golden and the many weapons dumped into the pool, Landon understood everything.

'This is how they strengthen their weapons?... The effectiveness must have been obvious if they were willing to throw in so many weapons now.'

They weren't even afraid of water rust dumping so many well-made weapons, shields and objects in here.

Landon reckoned there should be over 17000 weapons thrown in.

Even within a normal-sized pool, do you know how many weapons can fit in at once?

Think about it.

Imagine a sword thrown in a swimming pool.

Then imagine throwing as many swords into that same pool of water.

Do you know how many thousands an average-sized pool can fit, talk less of this enormous bathing pool right here.

Sure, the bathing pool wasn't deep, allowing everyone to stand.

But where it overtakes regular swimming pools, would be how wide it was and how far it stretched.

Landon also realized that the weapons dumped only reached midway the water's height.

17000!

Just look at how many batches they were cooking up at once.

Landon frowned, but soon, his eyes lit up with a mischievous light.

'Although I can't take the Holy Core away now... Who said I can't have a little fun before I come to collect my dues?'

Hehehehehehehehehe~

.

The night was silent and uneventful.

Who would dare attack Abian's Capital City? Looking for death?

There hasn't been an attack in this Capital for over 70 years now.

Even the spies that somehow manage to sneak in, dare not make any abrupt moves.

Why? Because they knew that Morgany, especially all Morg Capital cities... were the most well-guarded place in this world.

As said time and time again, Morgany was in a league on its own, a terrifying league at that.

Peaceful... silent... Stagnant.

This was the current atmosphere state within the massive Research Storage Pool.

There were hidden guards on the ceilings, behind objects, and hidden parts of the walls, who had their eyes closed while blending in with their natural surroundings and becoming one with the air itself.

Suddenly, their expressions turned foul, all opening their eyes at the same time.

Who?

Swish!!!

Hundreds of weapons flew towards the dark silhouette, as hundreds of hidden guards made their appearance with grim murderous gazes.

.

Thap. Thap. Thap. Thap!~

The intruder had dodged their attacks with impressive cartwheels, cashing their weapons to bounce off the stony floors, with some burying themselves deep into the little crevices formed over time.

'Before we kill, we must know who this bastard is, and who sent him. Bastard! How dare he think of infiltrating their great Abian? Who gave him the guts? The impetus? The gallbladder to pull such a stunt?'

The anger in their deep dark gazes was obvious.

Their auras burst out like fire, one that was enough to burn an entire forest down.

Many hidden guards had the same thought, knowing it wouldn't do any good if they killed this guy without getting any vital information on those behind him.

The lead Hidden guard squinted his eyes, detailly scrutinizing the intruder in just under a few milliseconds.

Some attacks had torn bits of the intruder's long black cape, revealing his skin tone which was similar to theirs.

Already, this narrows it down to what continents can be excluded and which can be considered as potential enemies behind the attack.

Still, perhaps those behind the intruder had different skin tones, but it was unlikely since a majority of those with different skin tones come from places they considered Trashy nations.

Of course, the Romain continent was an exception since it flourished far better than those shitty people from the Pyno continent.

Skin tone was the same as theirs, and not pale white as snow like those from the continent of Tenola.

This narrows down the fact of the Assassin coming from either Pyno, Adonis, Veinita or Morgany.

.

Pyno?... Very unlikely.

Veinita?... Not impossible. Over the years, there have been some bastards poking their heads, sticking out like a sore thumb over there.

It could be any of those bastards.

Adonis?... Very likely. Those bastards have always been their neck-to-neck enemies who always tried attacking them every chance they got.

What's more, although they hated to admit it, Adonis was also strong battle-wise.

Their spies and scouts were also great fighters, almost going toe-to-toe with their forces.

So it wasn't impossible to imagine Adonis behind this.

And lastly... Morgany... their very own Morgany.

This was very, very, very impossible...

The many years of trust Morgany had within itself made it impossible for them to believe a Morg was behind this attack.

Although they felt it impossible, they didn't rule it out just yet.

Perhaps there was someone here who had grown too greedy.

They couldn't understand this type of person since the Holy Core was here to strengthen Morgany as a whole.

Every week, thousands and thousands of newly enhanced weapons and protective gear get distributed and sent out to all those on the list.

As of now, over 700,000 weapons and protective ears have been sent out since they discovered how to use the Holy Core's powers months and months ago... And this was just the beginning.

They were still shipping out more and more every single week, 17000 per batch.

Which Morg bastard planned to slow their progress down?

Chapter 1808 Mysterious Organization

?The lead guard stared at the intruder with calculator thoughts.

'Could it be a greedy, non-visionary Morg behind the attack?'

'No... those skills... It can't be, can it?'

The lead Hidden used was suddenly wracking his brain to wonder if it was some greedy Morg after all.

Was the bastard not satisfied with the batch sent to him?

Although their leaders take out 17,000 enhanced items each time, some have stayed in the waters for 2 weeks, others have stayed for 1 week and some have even stayed there for 3 weeks.

They go through the list of what to take out and immediately replace the taken-out objects.

If you look at the bathing pool, one can see partitions dividing the pool into many sections.

Yes...

For their Morgany, the Holy Core was here to better them all.

So if it's truly a greedy Morg behind this attack, you best believe their leaders will not only skin the bastard alive but also throw his peeled body into a heated iron bull to get boiled alive!

...

Lowering his eyes, the lead guard's face became stone.

Greedy Morg, Sneaky Veitt, Arrogant Adonis, or Incompetent Pyno.

No matter where this bastard comes from, he can only have one fate moving on... Absolute death, after extracting all they know from him.

"How bold! Just who the fucking hell are you?"

"I?..." The stranger spoke, with an accent they had heard before.

What's going on here?

This accent is from nowhere they recognize!

Instantly, their faces grew 20 times correct and vigilant.

"I?... You pieces of horse shit dare ask who I am? I... am the messenger from the Eye of Horus."

Eyes of Horus?!

Everyone's body trembled vigorously.

"So it's you! It's your goddamn organization at it again."

All hidden guards felt a surge of former humiliation and fury corrode their being.

When did it all start?

When was the first time they ever heard of this strange organization named The Eyes of Horus?

Years back, when trying to capture Rankin, the child of Countess Yaya, they came face to face with this terrifying Organization that lived in a place called Hamunaptra.

Countess Yaya's father was a famous battle inventor and had a secret fighting technique they killed for.

They kept the countess in a tower, imprisoning her to never see the light of day unless she told them where her late father's battle manual was.

They planned to use Gerson as leverage.

But who would've known the foxy woman would be so cunning as to send the boy to Pyno a long, long time ago?

.

Dammit!

Years had gone by with the boy in Pyno without them even knowing it.

They continued their search until soon, they found his whereabouts.

Yes!

They finally had him in their grasp, capturing him effortlessly.

Rankin, the son of Countess Yaya, was now in their grasp.

Do you know how great the battle technique Countess Yaya's father invented?

To this day, it should be the strongest battle technique they feared the world would ever come to know.

If... if they could master that technique, they would be so unstoppable, even without the Holy Core.

That was how insane the technique was.

They wanted it. They needed it...

No! They must have it.

It was created by a Morg, so it must belong to Morgany!

All 3 Morg empires joined forces just to pry Countess Yaya's mouth open.

Sadly, that woman sure was a tough one.

No matter how much she endured, she remained silent like a mute.

From their reports, she hasn't even spoken a single word, not even a good morning, for over 5 years now.

Even when torturing her she was silent.

That woman was the toughest woman they knew, not because of her measly strength, but because of her insane Will Power that could rival many men they knew.

No matter how they lied, claiming to have captured her son, she would just chuckle, looking at them like palace jesters.

It seemed she was confident they couldn't get him.

What gave her the confidence, they wondered.

Could it be that darn place Hamunaptra?

...

Anyway, after successfully capturing Rankin, out of nowhere came these Eye of Horus people, claiming that Rankin was their successor.

(*Rankin is under the alias, Portgas D. Ren in Baymard, or little Ren to be short)

They took the boy away effortlessly, shocking them with how powerful these Eyes of Horus people were.

Sure enough, their name Eye of Horus was no joke because during battle, those who did barely escape spoke of their use of sorcery to create smoke without fire.

What's more, these people seemed to have special eyes because it always felt as though they could see in the dark.

The level of sorcery these people showed was enough to make the leaders grit their teeth and order mass searches for Hamunaptra.

And since then, at least once a year, they had a few attacks on their ships from these Hamunaptra people, as if to remind them that they still exist somewhere out there.

Dammit!

But where could they be?

Even though they began searching years ago, you have to understand that some traveling to and FRO Morgany to other places would take at least a year and a half, with some places taking up to 2 and a half years for travel.

So even though they wished to find those bastards fast, they understood that the search would be a long one, at most 7 or 10 years.

If they are lucky, they will get their answers quicker.

Anyway, it's been 3 years since the official search began, which was done by all TOEP members everywhere in the world.

At least once these places got their letters telling what to do, they began their search.

Although it's been 3 years since the mission officially began, it has only been 1.5~ 2 years of searching for most.

The time the letter took to leave Morg Capital cities, move across waters, reach designated lands, and travel for days, weeks or months again before reaching their hands.

Alas... who can blame them for how much travel time was wasted in this era?

....

"Hamunaptra~..." The lead guard murmured, tightening his grip on his bladed nunchucks.

And when he finally raised his head once more, his aura exploded to his Maximum potential.

"Seize him!"

Chapter 1809 The Nimble Intruder

Seeing over 30 people plunge into the air his way, Landon cracked his neck with a creepy smile on his lips.

'It's been a long time since I moved my body. Come boys~... this is just what I need.'

Boom!

The terrifying breaths of their weapons against Landon's staff instantly caused a roar that left terrifying shock waves disrupting the surrounding airflow.

What?!!!

Over 30 men were pushed back mid-air in horror.

What sort of godly strength was this?!

('0')

"Leader! He must have trained using the secret battle manual we were after!" One of the hidden guards exclaimed, shock still eminent in his eyes.

Bahahhahahahah~

The lead guard smiled greedily when watching Landon take care of more and more people plunging his way.

His feet were surfing, his ears were ringing and his heart had already decided they must capture this son of a bitch and force this secret method out of him no matter how long it takes.

If they can just...

Gakakakkakakakka~

"Good .. good... what a good method. It not only strengthens the body but makes its user unstoppable."

"If I can harness its potential, I will be..." The leader's eyes were so red with greed that you'd think he just cried. "50, go!"

Swish!

50 more people entered the mix, some throwing hidden weapons from a distance and others engaging in close combat attacks.

Their demeanors were terrible and their eyes shining with a cruel light.

Too bad reality was often different from expectations.

PUFF!

One of them held his neck in horror, listening to the spraying sounds gushing out his punctured throat.

He wanted to scream unwillingly but couldn't.

He was supposed to live long enough to see Morgany's glory days upon them.

So why this moment?

Why die now when he was this close? Who would be willing?

His body dropped to its knees, before softening on the ground.

Bang!!

He fell face down, pushing the small circular hidden weapons deeper into his throat.

His head was turned in Landon's direction, and anyone who peers into them can still see his boiling hate even after he fell into the abyss.

It was because of this bastard that he didn't get to see Morgany's glory days.

At least, he had a few coins on him... ferry coins to pass through the afterlife with.

There, their Morg God Of War must be waiting for his departed soul.

...

Ahhh!~

The entire place had now turned into an unbelievably bloodied site.

Who would believe just 1 person can do so much damage to them?

Some were twitching like fish out of water, others were struggling to rise after losing limbs and bodily parts, while some were beaten so hard they fainted for the first time in their lives.

How shameful!

How will they live with themselves after waking up and being told what happened here?

Several others were pushed into the pool and had the edges of the Swedes and weapons slice their flesh.

So sharp!

Those who fell in rose back with bloodied bodies and weapons from the pools.

"Use them! Our leaders won't be angered if we give them this bastard alive!" The lead assassin's voice bellowed out with a murderous look in his eyes.

No matter the cost, they must get this guy alive.

But who said a person alive was one without injuries?

"Everyone, all go in!"

No more sending out people group by group.

The bastard was bound to get tired, so they should just tire them until his body collapsed.

As for those who die, so what? Dying for Morgany's cause is the greatest honor they can hope to get in this lifetime.

Hyahhhh!

More stormed in like ninjas.

Seeing the incoming axes, spears, long daggers and other weapons, Landon didn't get flustered.

What could they do to him?

In the face of true strength, all attacks are futile.

Inches from hitting his body, Landon did the split and rolled to the left in one go.

What?

His seemingly ordinary actions had caused over 12 people to stab each other. And some of those behind them, also added to the pain, instantly killing these first poor unfortunate guards.

"Gah!!" Several squeaked as their weapons plumed into their bodies.

Ohhh~... But Landon wasn't done with them yet.

"You, you, you--Gah!!!!"

Landon lifted some, using them as live shields while attacking and destroying others.

When one shield was dead or thrown away, he could pick another and continue his villainous actions.

Woow!

He did a backflip with the heavy shield, jumping high up like a monkey and standing on someone's shoulder.

Everyone's lips quivered in astonishment as if saying: you can do that too?

The scene was so chaotic that many did not know how to react.

This guy was too nimble, right?

.

"You bastard! Get off me!"

The one he stood on, quickly swung his weapon, But Landon jumped as if doing a circus trick.

And by the time he landed on another's shoulder without his precious shield, everyone soon realized just how cunning his leg movements were.

Crack!

His legs twisted the neck of the person he stood on, making the fellow fall in all 4s.

Landon then crouched on his back like a monkey, only extending his legs and dealing with the many people storming his way.

Pah!

~Augh!

Pah! Pah! Bah!

Landon's moves were so fast yet graceful, that it was as though he didn't even put any of them in his eyes.

At some point, he even landed on the fallen man's back, as if wanting to take a nap, though his legs were still operational.

Damnit!

Are you looking down at them?

Yes. [Landon]

' '

It was amazing that the entire fight happened in just 4 minutes, yet he had wiped their asses clean.

Landon knew backup would soon arrive, so it was time to round things up.

'How to leave them with worry for the next several months?'

Landon looked to the lead guard and licked his lips mischievously.

Wedgie time?

Chapter 1810 The Confused Lead Guard

In just a few minutes, the massive group of hidden guards felt true shame when seeing how many of them were scattered around the place, with some even heads within the pool waters, floating with their heads facing down and their buttocks sky high.

And then, there were only 4 left, Landon, the lead guard and 2 others.

Seeing as Landon had his back to them, all 3 decided to strike while the iron was still hot.

It was a great plan of action, but Landon was already prepared for them.

Dropping to his knees, he used his fists to punch the balls of 2 men before sliding between the lead guard's legs.

Crack~

The first 2 he attacked dropped to the floor, gasping for air at the insane pain they felt.

Son of bitch!

Was this guy's fists made of iron?

He punched their little eggs so hard they 2 dropped to the floor, a rupture within.

Bloody Hell! Their faces turned tomatoes red, and they still couldn't get over the pain.

Everyone knows this part is out of bounce, no matter how intense a battle goes. That's a fucking universal law. So what is this?

Cheating! Cheating!

This bastard was cheating!

"You, you, you, you--"

That was all they could say while struggling to rise to their feet.

But from now on, they might never be able to stand normally again. Their legs were bent inwardly in K-positions, and their legs were wobbling and limping like crazy.

Speaking of raptures,

Plop.

A ball sack of one for them rolled down a torn hole, causing the fight to suddenly pause.

Erm...

Everyone couldn't help looking at the guy with pity. Even Landon felt guilty, wanting to speak but knowing what to say.

"Bastard!!!!"

Well, he deserved that.

Landon nodded, accepting one guy from this guy.

'Hopefully, this can make up for what I've done right?'

[1-ball man]: No it does not!

(*#*)

.

Mommy...

The lead guard subconsciously hovering had his hands protecting his eggs, after knowing they were fighting with a true shameless man who doesn't adhere to the universal laws.

He preferred to be stabbed than have his balls removed by a single punch.

But little did he know that soon, his embarrassing moment would come.

After throwing a few more attacks to leave the other 2 in mountainous pain, Landon now focused on the big guy, smacking the shit out of him.

"Boy, I should tell you that my spear nunchucks haven't been used in over 2 years now."

The 2 slowly walked around in circles, with the lead guard squinting his eyes with a dangerous light.

"Do you know why?"

"Know what? Why your is head so big?"

"No! You---." The lead guard almost missed his step.

Why is this guy's mouth so irritating? And does he have a big head? He didn't think so.

As handsome as he was, how could his head be very large compared to the rest of his body? At least his women have never complained or said anything about it. (Denial)

The lead guard took deep breaths, "Do you know why I've never unsheathed my bladed nunchucks before?"

Landon secretly rolled his eyes, "Well, since you're going to say it, why all the questions? If I say I know, will you then shut up?"

" "

"You--- Bastard, the reason is because I only unsheathe it when someone has made me furious!"

"Good to know. So are you ready yet?"

" "

"I'll take that as a yes."

" "

.

Boom!

Landon appeared before him like smoke, punching him so hard he now left crack marks on the far walls behind.

Augh-Cahhh!~

The pain was too real, as the lead guard felt his inner organs squish and cry for mercy.

'No! No! I am a Morg! I cannot, and will not be defeated so easily!'

His eyes were moving maniacally in disbelief, not understanding how he couldn't have seen Landon coming at his current strength.

It was that darn technique again, right?

The manual, the greatest battle manual that enclosed so many hidden techniques, must have been with that Renkin kid.

The kid, as the successor to the mysterious Eye of Horus, must have given his people the techniques to use and train with.

Fucking bastard!

The lead guard roared in his chest, feeling jealousy and envy swell up inside.

It should have been him! It should have been him who was this mighty!

The techniques all belonged to Morgany, so what gave the little imp the right to give out what belonged to them?

'I won't give up! I must get the techniques!'

With blood flowing down his hair and onto his face, the lead guard gathered all his energy into one move, getting ready to swing his nunchucks at the opportune moment.

His bladed nunchucks weren't ordinary. A deadly poison was laced with them, one that guaranteed to numb its victims.

Seeing Landon slowly approach, the lead guard's eyes shone brighter.

'If I can just...'

Swish!

There it went.

Time stood frozen in place as the guard watched one end of his nunchucks fly towards Landon's arm.

His face smiled more and more seeing its trajectory... And then...

Pitchui~

The lead guard watched the poisonous end piece into his leg, in disbelief.

Landon not only cracked his leg but contorted it and used it as a shield instead.

.

What the hell is this fight?

Puff~

Blood splattered from the guard's mouth, feeling so angered he was about to faint.

He was numb to the numbing effect of his weapon, after having taken in this poison severally to train his body to accept it.

For those still awake but couldn't move, everything happened so fast, they couldn't believe it.

One guy took them all out?

Wedgie time.

Landon swished by like the wind, giving everyone the ultimate wedgie.

And after liking his work, he then kicked the pool, letting the waters flow out.

No!!!!!!

Those who watched felt they were watching the destruction of the world itself.

And then, they watched the intruder try picking up the Holy Core and then growing.

He seemed to murmur that he came unprepared and would find a way to carry it out when next he came.

" "

What? Do you still plan to come over and steal the holy core from them?

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1811 A Chaotic Abian

Chapter 1811 A Chaotic Abian

Barely 2 minutes after Landon was gone, backup and reinforcements came in as fast as they could. Staring at the destruction all around them, everyone's face was bad. The giant bathhouse space was now covered with reddish gold blood water that spewed all across the place. The floors were wet, and the blood of the dead and injured were constantly dyeing the wet floors. There were cracks in the walls, and people trembling as though about to have seizures. Eh?... A ball sac rolling in ankle-height waters? What enemy army had done this? There must have been at least 100 strong enemies here to have left hundreds and hundreds of their hidden guards like this, right? Everyone was either dead or heavily injured. But how did intruders get in? Have they always been here? Phew~

Seeing that the Holy Stone was still there, everyone felt a weight drop from their shoulders. No matter the damage provided the Holy Stone wasn't taken, then that was good. Soon, word went out, and more and more people flooded the Research center with heavy eyes. Even the Royals were alerted, sending their people to go out there and find out what the devil was going on. Bang! Bang! Bang! "Who is it? Who dares disturb my precious time with my beloved Concubine?" "Your Majesty, it's about the Holy Stone." Swish! He threw his 'beloved' concubine like a rug, getting to his feet and rushing to his office. In another part of Abian, several ministers and important personnel also woke up like this, no matter whether they were in the process of lovemaking or

asleep. All that can wait. The moment the Holy Stone was mentioned, people jumped so high you would think they were birds. They were clad in thick attires of animal skin and heavy fabric, yet they still felt an unprecedented cold gnaw at their insides after getting word of what went down. Boom!

Many felt their faces heat up after listening to the narration that they were assured wasn't exaggerated. It sure felt like it though. One man?... one was able to take care of hundreds of hidden guards in the blink of an eye? Bang! Several ministers and military personnel appeared on site and smashed their fists on the walls, not caring about the blood bleeding out. "The Eye of Horus... So it's them again. Last time, they sunk an entire workload of Crimson lotuses, we were preparing for Sayden Poison." "Yes," another minister also thought of the losses he had incurred because of those bastards who stopped 15 slave ships from ever reaching Morgany's shores. In particular, the slaves were stolen from Preeta, Pirate Island. Yes~... The slaves were to be first auctioned to the pirate fleets before the remaining ones were sent to different parts for Morgany for lowly work. This Minister was more or less involved in Slave trade, ensuring all factions got satisfactory results. Another annoying thing was that part of the slave supply was for his belly. As someone who loved human flesh, he grew more and more irked whenever he didn't have his constant supply by his side. The rule for people like them was that they could never eat another Morg or member of the TOEP. Thus, his supply must come from the rest of the world. There has always been one ace he wished to have a taste of, and that was Omania. Sadly, those damn Omanians have always been too vigilant.

Successfully taking their kind has always been troublesome. Anyway, his usual supply of a guaranteed 6-month meal was supposed to be on those shipments.

But wouldn't you know it, those pesky Eye of Horus bastards came to Preeta Island, causing havoc while receiving the slaves. They were truly despicable, always sending their noses where no one asked. What a fucking nightmare. Everyone gritted their teeth at the mere mention of Hamunaptra. Just where was that fucking place? Don't let them ever find out, or else... heh. . The origin of this chapter's debut can be traced to /n/o/vel/b/in.

"So, they finally found a way to sneak into our beloved Abian?" The pained lead guard from earlier nodded grimly. "The ancient was heavy, and his Morg wasn't that good. Sometimes, he would mix Morg with his strange language when talking to us." The lead guard paused, "His eyes also burned with pride when mentioning Hamunaptra. He said Hamunaptra will soon become number 1 in the world... They seem to worship a god named Horus."

The lead guard felt that Landon couldn't be lying about his identity from the body gestures and even the pride in his eyes. Yes. The same pride in the intruder's eyes was similar to those damn Adonis bastards whenever they speak of their god, Adonis. Those bastards seem to be glowing whenever they mention Adonis's name. Their pupils, eye veins, how their eyebrows move, and everything else gave off their devotion to Adonis.

Likewise, this intruder also had that awed look when talking of Horus. If this wasn't a battle site, the lead guard even thought Landon would have loved to pull him to the side and go on and on about his god, Horus. This was bad. One of the battle commanders stared at the lead guard with an expressionless face, "So they have the secret battle manual?"

"Yes," the lead guard answered with a heavy voice. "There is no mistaking it. They have the manual. Renkin is also with them, the grandson of the late inventor."

Many people were uneasy. When was the last time anyone dared to pull such a bold stunt in the heart of Abian, Morgany? Those bastards must have balls and a lot of confidence. The manual must have given them such confidence. "And from what he said last, the intruder hadn't expected the Holy Stone to be so heavy?" The lead guard coughed black blood, feeling pressure in his throat. "Yes," Another nearby injured guard replied. "The bastard even spoke of returning once he and his people made enough plans to secure their taking of the Holy Stone."

Chapter 1812 A Mother's Love

What was a face slap? This was exactly it.

Even the sight of the men in wedgies made these important people Landon gave them wedgies. Putting underwear over your head. Although the underwear in this ear wasn't stretchy, it's quite long and forgiving to Carter to many sizes and to cater to potential expansion around the tummy. This... how come they have never thought of such a humiliating punishment before? Everyone stayed in utter silence. All that could be heard were the sounds of their bones cracking and clenching. Heh-Heh-Heh-Heh-Heh...

Want to come back, aiy~

Think this is a tour around your fucking house? Without a word, everyone had already thought of a million and 1 ways to secure the site. It was clear that moving forward, the Holy Stone would be even more guarded than the Royal Palace. Hidden arrows and mechanisms must be built into the walls and sites where it is stored. Already, it's clear that hidden guards alone won't be enough!

At the same time, they won't let the intruder go far. "Man the city gates! No one leaves this city for 2 weeks until we scout every nook and cranny here!"

They don't believe that with their detaching, the intruder will stay hidden for long.

Like so, the once silent Abian night, soon turned into a chaotic one with the Morgs scattering around the massive Capital City in search of the intruder. Because of Landon,

people will not be able to leave the city for 2 weeks. However, people can enter the city. It's just that, don't think you'll be returning anytime soon until their search is over. Finding 1 foreigner in their Capital city... How hard could it be? ... Landon was already far out of the Capital City and was back in the forest. He could have warped out, but don't think his warping came for free. He kept paying system points for each warp. And the larger the warp distance from Baymard, the more points the system took off. So even if he warped the short distance from the Capital's central zone to the forest surrounding the city, the system would still take off an incredible amount of points. It will always charge him based on the distance between his home and his destination. Please, he needed to use the little points he had wisely. Only when commercial planes take to the skies will he get wealthy, point-wise? Until then, he had to keep moving like this, until he reached his next location. [Host, where to next?]

'Countess Yaya's Sleeping Beauty tower.' Well, he was calling it so because the poor woman was trapped in there, in a high, high, impossible place to get down from.

Alone and sometimes tortured in there, she hasn't left that space for years. But how does she know her boy was okay? Of course, it's because of Landon. He has visited her 6 times now, passing on non-information about little Ren. Well, he said unimportant because even if the Morgs get to hear, they won't be able to pick out anything from it. So what if the boy likes eating poultry meat? What place doesn't have poultry? The boy's smile is handsome. How does this help their search? He would entertain her with little mischievous things Ren would do. He also allowed her to read Ren's Christmas list, which always mentions her in it. Her son wanted to be reunited with her. Of course, he would say it was a Christmas list, but only said it was Little Ren's wish he secretly wrote down and prayed for. It was amazing that no matter how long Ren stayed in Baymard, his Christmas wish was never toys or anything of that sort. He just had one wish for Santa, and that was to let him speak to his mother somehow, even if it was by mail. He even said that Mr. Santa might be too busy to rescue his mother, so if Santa could protect his mother somehow, that would be great. How can Landon not do his best for such a cute and innocent guy? It's because of the Christmas wish that made him come search for Yaya.

...

After running at maximum speed like the flash, it would amaze many to know that Landon had done a full 1 month's worth of horseback travel in just 4 hours. Amazing, wasn't it? At this point, Landon had long gotten used to his superhuman abilities. Although he wasn't any of the true protagonists and chosen sons and daughters of the heavens, he still had amazing superpowers and skills that made him feel content. After all, how do you expect him to babysit them if he was just a regular human?

Impossible! Skills like these made him appear in many places so he could save the day.
(^π^)

...

(Cough, cough, cough)

A middle-aged woman coughed severally when her sleeping body subconsciously felt a clog down her throat and the cold breeze blow fiercely across her neck.

She had visible wrinkles on her face, a missing left eye and a deep scar slit across her left cheek. Her blanket was so stiff it looked like if thrown, would shatter like glass. Her hair was ragged, her body was sorry, and her plump lips cracked beyond belief. Today, she hadn't eaten a thing. The servants who were supposed to leave good for her, secretly ate her potions while taunting her in their usual fashion. Sometimes, they would hold her down, slapping and pulling her hair just to get a reaction out of her. But the skinny, bonny woman knew that if she ever showed her pained expressions, it would only drive them to do more despicable things to her. Sigh~...

Landon appeared before her, feeling emotional and pity for her. Never underestimate a mother's love. She went through all this to keep her boy safe. Little Ren was having the time of his life in Baymard, but she was here, losing eyeballs and taking all sorts of abuse.

Can you imagine living this way for years?

What strong willpower! In the future, if Little Ren ever disrespected her in any horrible way, you best believe he would be the first to smack some sense into him. (*^*)

Chapter 1813 Countess Yaya

Yaya coughed and coughed, feeling a sudden draft that shouldn't be there. 'Weren't the windows closed? Or did the maids secretly open them after she slept so she could get ill?' In her subconsciousness, Yaya asked these questions, slowly forcing her heavy eyelids open. Sleep was such a precious thing to her. You would think after staying in this tower with nowhere to all, sleep would be all she knew to do. But that was a lie. Every day, she was awakened by the troublesome maids, and given tasks to do within the tower. They were the ones assigned by her 'beloved' husband, the Count, to perform these duties. But since the bastard probably loved to see her in more agony, he overlooked their bullying, as they now have her these tasks they were supposed to do. That's right, they would come to her tower, chill and relax while watching her do the tasks they were supposed to do. Many maids even prayed to get assigned to clean her tower space because they knew it was like giving them a day off. Day in, day out, she slaved away, having little food in her keep. There was a time when she was so hungry she secretly caught a flying bird that perched by her window, killing it and eating it raw. Of course, they could starve her for a day or 2, but would never allow her to die. The time she fell into a coma, the best healers appeared to pull her back from the arms of death. With her body subconsciously trembling to the cold, Countess Yaya had no

choice but to force her heavy eyelids open. It's just that she didn't expect to have her usual visitor this soon. Didn't he come in December? So why was he back already? He comes once a year and sometimes, twice, which is in summer when the sun is up. Instantly, Yaya's heart skipped a beat. Did something happen to her boy? Pah! Landon threw Protein bars and a juice box before she could speak, "Eat something. We have a long way to go."

Yaya's sunken face and overly large eyes widened in shock. "We?" Suddenly, she didn't know how to feel. Her eyes turned moist in a flash and swollen, her throat felt constricted and dry, and her mouth opened and closed nervously, wondering if this was a dream.

Yaya wanted to hug the strange man but was afraid of her clammy and dirty body soiling him. There was an ache at the bottom of her heart, as she finally showed Landon an expression for the first since he knew her. Smile. She was smiling and crying, silently in the most heart-wrenching way that tugged the strings in his heart. For some reason, she reminded Landon of Mother Kim's earlier days in Arcadina's Royal Palace.

"Thank you..." 2 words. 2 simple words conveyed everything in her heart. Landon couldn't stand the atmosphere that was threatening his eyeballs to grow wet. Rip!!!~

He tore the protein bar he threw at her earlier and quickly put it in her mouth, "Don't thank me yet. We still have a long way to go."

Delicious! Yaya's mouth was honest, chewing on the protein bar obediently.

She had never had any protein bars before. Every time this strange man appears, he always brings her the most delicious cooked meal she has ever tasted. He came during the first week of December, which was a month and a few weeks ago (since it was still the last week of January).

He came in the dead of night, with well-cooked meat in strange boxes (to-go boxes.) Landon came in with heated hamburgers, chicken nuggets, pancakes, french fries, and a hot French vanilla, seeing as it was winter. .

One should know that anything stored in his system space remains the same temperature it was when out. So it was still hot and warm for eating in the dead of winter. Whether he came, always at 2:45 AM, he would set up a small picnic for them. They would eat, he would show her Renkin's letters and also encourage her to write to the brat too. Landon always came before Christmas day, so that Renkin could wake up to his mother's letters and additional Christmas gifts from him, Lucy and everyone else under the tree. For Yaya, those times she spent eating with Landon, were things she looked forward to all year. It's also the time that she had the most meals ever. Landon would also leave behind Skittles, M&Ms, and other non-fragrant snacks, wrapping them in old, but clean peasant clothing. Since she was the one cleaning this place instead of the maids, she knew good hiding places to store these. Sadly, they typically last her till

the first week of January. After that, she's back to going hungry again. Of course, she didn't know the names of the snacks Landon gave her since he poured everything out, wrapping them in old peasant clothes. No one would ever suspect anyone had given her food.

Food? (?~?)

Where did it come from? The sky? What's more, there was nothing of worth in her old misty tower that could make the maids search through her stuff. Rather, they were disgusted just looking at her things. After the emails Landon often brought, he would tell her to leave the windows open for a bit after he's gone, so the smell and leave the room. In winter, there were lots of winds to blow up the scent. Yaya bit into the crunchy protein bar, closing her eyes and wishing she could savor it forever. How can something taste so good? .

In no time... Crunch, crunch~

Slurp, slurp~

Yaya finished the goods thrown her way and they were finally ready to go. But... but... after crying and eating, her body reacted, wanting her to nap and make up for her serious lack of sleep.

"Let's g--... zzzzz~" Landon felt it funny, taking a blanket out of his space, wrapping it around the woman and finally tying it around himself too. Now, he looked like he was carrying a Gigantic baby all wrapped up. She also had a Beanie cap and a scarf tied around her neck. "So warm~" Yaya murmured in her sleep with a smile. " _ "

Landon shook his head wryly, "What a woman."

Like that, she and Landon were gone. Swish! Vanished into the night. But where will they go?

1814 An Unsolvable Mystery

No one knew Landon's actions in the Count's Estate. But come morning, the maids screamed in shock, and the guards began running amok, trying to investigate Countess Yaya's strange disappearance. The word traveled fast, and in no time, the chubby Count appeared in the tower with an ashen face. Look left, look right... look up, look down... There was no bloody sign that the Countess vanished. Creak~ The floors seemed to cry in agony when they felt the Count's heavy body press on them. Don't think just because the Count was massive and chubby, that he was useless. Sure, many do see him as a little useless compared to many great Morgs, but this doesn't mean he wouldn't survive in the outside world. In his own right, he too was a cunning man with his strengths, or else the Monarchs wouldn't have chosen him to marry Countess Yaya. You see~... Everything was planned out right from the start, and he, the

Count, a member of the TOEP, also assisted in ensuring these plans were met. The Count's burly but intimidating silhouette stood at the center of Yaya's room. "Stripe it." Swish! Countless men in dark uniforms swept through like lightning, tearing and checking any 2-sealed fabrics, hoping to find any clues hidden within the fabrics. Some checked the flooring, others checked the ceilings and some checked the few objects around. The Count left them to work, standing with a stoic expression. And soon, a guard appeared before him with several patches of present fabric. Oh?~

The Count raised his thick eyebrows, slowly reaching for the 6 clean fabrics handed over to him. "Clean," he noted, comparing them to the other dirty fabrics his men were now ripping apart. Although they were dirtier, a keen eye can tell his dear beloved wife, Yaya, treasured these torn pieces. Sniff, sniff~

The Count closed his eyes, concentrating on the unique scent. It smelt sweet, but he just couldn't pinpoint exactly what it smelt like. He had never gotten this faint aroma before, nor had he eaten something like it. All the other fabrics and no sweet scent, having long absorbed the musty scenery of this tower. However, there was one... one with a unique sweet scent. Hahahhahahaha~

Now, the Count was furious. .

"Tell me, Gaetus... Your men have been told one Job, and one job alone: to fucking watch the silent women from dusk to dawn." Everyone felt their knees give way when they saw the Count's hands shake.

Their master... their master... although not the brightest among all men, was one of the cruelest, a man who would show you what true pain was like. They say his torture, was one of the best in Abian. Perhaps this was one of the reasons they chose him to marry Countess Yaya. Yaya herself was impressive to go through the Count's torture without cracking once. Mind you, there are no less and even hidden guards and top assists who would crack under the Count's methods. That woman... that woman had fucking balls! The one woman who drove the Count insane...the one woman who made the Count doubt his methods.

Looking at the group of quivering men, the Count's smile stretched unnaturally, growing creepier and creepier, the more his fingers twitched. "You had one fucking job. Keep the woman here at all times..." The count slowly made his way to an old chair. Then, rather than sitting, he grabbed it like a madman, and the rest was history. "Gahhhhhh~" An almost shriveled and demonic cry bellowed beside the kneeling guards, Gaetus included.

Their hearts jerked unnaturally. Although they dared not raise their heads, they knew it must be their comrade who was taking a hit. You would think it was just a bash on their heads or backs with the chair, but that's where you're wrong. Your master, who has been a torturer for too long, could easily identify new unstable pieces that stuck out like a sore thumb. With just 2 attacks, he left their comrade with a chair piece sticking into

his mouth and piercing out the back of his head. "Shhh~" the Count made gestures at the pained guard, as though saying if you make any more sounds... .

--Silence--

No matter how badly it hurts, just shut the fuck up! Seeing as the place regained its former silence. The Count continued sniffing the faint sweet, uniquely scented fabric. "These are from outside... Do you know what this means?... Well?... ANSWER me, Goddammit!" "Ye-yes, my lord," another guard replied. "It means she has been in contact with someone for a while now and we never disc--"

"Go on..." "Discovered their ac---"

"Incompetence," The Count killed him before he could finish speaking. "I bloody hate incompetence. Do you... well... Do you understand where I'm going with this?"

Understand? Many nodded and bobbed their heads like chickens, even if they didn't grasp his thought yet. There was unspeakable terror in them, wishing they could vanish from the scene fast and get to work. Yet, despite their obvious fear, they still secretly smiled, looking at their leader, the one they pledged their lives to in awe. This is a dog-eat-dog world, where the strong are respected, and the weak who can't even send chills down their spines, are revolted against and killed by them. Who wants to follow a boss that they can toss around as they please? Despite killing one of their own, everyone still felt reverence for the Count in their heart. (+o+)

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Seeing how obedient they were like the dogs that they were, the Count chuckled, slowly turning towards Yaya's window. "It's still locked from the inside."

With how tall the tower was, it was impossible to leave by the window and not get caught. At this height, one would need to use daggers and pierce through the crevices to climb so high. There were no trees around, and guards watching the tower walls to ensure no one was crawling up or down. With the windows closed, she must have descended using the tower's stairway. But how? How could she have passed the standby guards right at the bottom? Could there... Was there another secret way to get down that he was unaware of? This was the true mystery The Count couldn't solve.

Chapter 1815 New Home

Questions, questions, questions, The Count felt there were so many pieces of the puzzle missing. How long ago has Countess Yaya been talking to her helper? How long ago did they make plans for her escape? Where will they be headed next?

Does she have a way out of Morgany they don't know of? The Count was quick to order people to chase after her as fast as they could.

Although Yaya and her helpers had several hours to their advantage, if they searched in all directions night and day, they were bound to catch up with them. After the long escape, Yaya and her helper will definitely find a place to rest.

And during the sleeping hours, that's when they will catch it. Portraits of Yaya's previous appearance and that of now will have to be circulated on a wanted list. Anyone.... Even peasants who see this woman must turn her in for a hefty reward. Why was Morgany united, because even their peasants actively played their role as 3rd hand spies. So long as they proclaim Yaya a traitor to Morgany, these peasants and ordinary folks will start looking for her with blood in their eyes. Should they ever find them, the people will work hard to capture her while sending news of their presence in their little villages, towns and communities. In just a few breaths, the Count finalized his plans. Of course, he also had to report the matter to the TOEP leaders and accept punishment. The Count didn't know it yet, but because of Landon's actions in the far, far, far away Capital city, the Count's superior won't punish him heavily.

After all, if they in the Capital couldn't predict the actions from the Eye of Horus organization, who was the Count to have predicted that the same Eye of Horus would plan a synchronized move to also take Yaya away? Later on, when news travels, the leaders will conclude that those bastards attacked the Capital and the Count at the same time. This means they must have been planning this for a while now. It would only stem their beliefs that it must be the Eye of Horus who did it, the one who was keeping Yaya's son. It was amazing how Landon's actions had a ripping effect across Abian. Very soon, the Morgs will start believing the Eye of Horus might still be blending with their people in the dark. Think about it. If after detaching the entire Capital, they don't find any suspects, wouldn't it mean that the enemy might have been around them all along? Perhaps... the enemy was wearing a baking mask and was taking one of their forms to parade around. Who knows... maybe some peasants who they can trace to Morg heritage, are spies with face masks. This will make the situation in Abian worse by the day. Who to trust? Who is truly one of them and who is a fake? Through searches will soon begin and turmoil will erupt, which was something Landon would never have imagined his little actions of playing around would do. But that was all in the future. For now, the Count who was oblivious to the incident in the Capital, planned to quickly set things right and capture Yaya before she and her little helper(s) could go any further. And he will do it himself. "Gaetus, get the NIGHT RIDERS ready!"

There was no fucking time to waste. . Like that, the Count was off despite the blizzard going on outside. The snowy winds blew and blew their frosty currents his way, but the Count didn't care. He knew there would be colder fates awaiting him if he didn't bring Yaya back. In the meantime, Yaya was awakening to a warm site and a note beside her. Eh? Where was she? How many days has she been out? What she didn't know was that she had only slept for a few hours, however, Landon told a little white lie,

saying it's been 2 days since he rescued her. At least, he was saying he wrote the letter 2 days after the big rescue.

According to the note, she was in the heart of a forest, hidden in a man cave Landon had long prepared for her. It was like an underground bunker in a very secure location.... Well, it was behind a very tall waterfall that would take forever for one to climb. No, to be honest. The deadly water current alone was something one could bear. Landon made a crawling space, similar to an igloo when trying to enter the manhole. Of course, the crawling pace would be sealed at its mouth, preventing birds or even water from the water to trickle in. In the manhole, there was a small fireside that also allowed smoke to crawl out and escape a chuckle hole he created that faced the waterfall.

Already, waterfalls leave misty vapor. So escaping vapor from cooking will be well masked in there. As for water, there were gallons and gallons of Baymardian water in there in see-through giant plastic containers. Heh-Heh-Heh-Heh.

Perhaps one doesn't know how big the manhole bunker was. He created a bedroom/kitchen, a storage room and a toilet/disposal space. The kitchen and bedroom were in one space so that heat could properly circulate, warming her well during the winter. As for the toilet/storage site, well, Yaya had to do her business in disposable dissolvable bags.

When she's done, she will open a ball-sized area on the wall, sending her hand out and dumping the waste down the waterfall. The same goes for food. If there are bones, gather them and throw them out. Crude but effective. Landon had created good little vents for airflow and air circulation. Landon had thought of everything.

There was even an insane amount of firewood in the storage area that could last Yaya the rest of winter and all of Spring. Mind you, spring ends in June. So do you see how many supplies he took his time to store? Although there were just 3 rooms in the bunker, each room was enormous in its unique way, especially the storage room. Yaya stared at the incredible space and didn't know what to say... (o_o)

"Am I... dreaming?"

Chapter 1816 New Home 2

"What is this?" Yaya asked loudly. As if someone was going to reply. "Can this truly be a mattress?" Reading the note on the bed, Yaya couldn't help bouncing in the soft bed in awe. Why... its softness toppled even the beds used in royal chambers. Amazing! Just where was her savior from? Was he still from this world? Rolling from side to side, Yaya felt she would sleep like a pig if on this bed. Wow! The covers were also warm and smelt very nice. Her body was dirty, but Landon had rolled her up in another blanket

that separated her from the bed. It seems he pretended her reactions when she realized she was dirty and the bed was clean. Sure enough, she nervously sprung up checking to see if she dirtied the clean linens and bed lathe blanket. Phew~

It's still clean. Moving on, she walked across the room/kitchen, taking in everything in her surroundings. Here, on a large circular dining/reading table, there was another note left behind. [Flip the switch to turn it on.] There was also a small drawing of what a switch looked like. She was considered when looking at the giant ball that stood cemented on a small black podium. "Flip the switch?" Click! The ball suddenly glowed, causing Yaya to run fast, darting to the bed like crazy. What was that? What was that? Fear momentarily told of her, having never seen such a thing before. Ooooo~

What should she do? What should she do? Will it eat her? Was she trapped in here with this sleeping light monster?

(>>>°Π°)

It took Yaya a full 5 minutes of talking and coaxing the light ball that she meant no harm before she finally came close to it again. She was talking about how children sneakily talk to their toys after watching Toy Story.

"I... I promise you, I mean no harm. I have no idea what you are, but if you dare try eating me, I won't go down without a fight!"

'_' [Glowing LightBall]

...

5 minutes later, Yara was addicted to flipping the switch on and off. 'I see... it's not alive. So it's like a candle?... But... but how did they do it?'

Yara prided herself on being a smart woman, but what she saw so far left her brain malfunctioning. On the note, were instructions on what to do if the battery dies.

According to the note, there was a good chunk of battery supplies in the storage room. Good to know. Following that, she saw several bookshelves lined against the wall.

of all sorts of books, novels, magazines, and entertaining pieces for her to browse through. Additionally, there were pens, pencils, exercise books and other writing materials, should she plan to write stories of her own when confined in this place.

Who knows, she might become the next Jane Eyre. More light fixtures engulfed the space, which she could turn on if she didn't want to light up the fireside. There was no TV, but everything Landon left for her was enough to make her brain tingle without boredom. All this was on one side of the room. The other side was the Kitchen side. There, Yara saw labeled herbs and cookbooks to help her get a better understanding of

why these spices were vital. There were also pots, pans, cooking mittens, empty containers, and other utensils here too.

Yara browsed through everything and still felt it was surreal.

It took her 2 hours just to peel her eyes away from the massive bedroom/kitchen space. Can she say she already felt like never leaving here? Everything was just damn comfortable and new tech to her. To be honest, she was what the Baymardians called an Introvert. Staying indoors for so long was too easy for her to do.

Hey~... You are talking to someone who spent years cooked up in a small tower. ...

"Does my little Rankin live in such a place with my savior?" Yara couldn't help looking at the Baymardian skyscrapers and unique buildings on magazine covers that left her dazzled. Well, it's good that he was living such a life. Hopefully, he doesn't detest her current appearance once they meet. Leaving the bedroom/kitchen space, she passed by the Bathroom/slash cleaning space. Again, it was divided into 2 sections: one part had steps going down to a bathroom space. Ahhh! Yara jumped back in shock when she saw the clear image that stood before her. Who... who was this?

Raising her left hand, the image also raised its hand too. Covering her trembling lips with her hands, Yara slowly approached the figure and poked her finger on it. "A mirror?"

Mirrors are typically made from well-polished copper, bronze or gold sheathes. So this might be a fairy mirror, right? Oh, my God of War, she was so ugly and dirty. Just looking at her current self made her feel like jumping into the waterfall to clean up the dirt. It was one thing to be ugly (Because of her injuries), and another thing to be ugly and dirty. There was again, another note, that led her to open the bottom part of her bathroom cabinet as told. There, she saw strange titles the note said were lotions to help soften her skin. There were tubes of toothpaste, toothbrushes and other times for skincare there. There were again 2 giant black drums that needed small stairs to climb up and take a peek at what was in them. That's bathing water. Landon advised that she could wash her ash, but must use towels to wet and wipe her body since bathing water rations could eventually run low if not careful. The water here was just for bathing, but she had surplus water for cooking. Landon advised that she could wash her ash, but must use towels to wet and wipe her body since bathing water rations could eventually run low if not careful. The bathroom area also had a small closed-up area called the toilet that had suppliers of disposable napkins and what her savior called toilet paper.

The bathing zone was what separated the bathroom zone from the cleaning zone. What did they mean by cleaning zone? Well, there was wear she could wash dishes. There were also buckets for laundry and drying ropes tied around the place.

If you look at the floor, you will see a path that draws the water to an escape space crack that acts like a drainage.

And lastly, the storage room had everything, including spear towels, beddings, gallons of drinking water, canned food, noodles, canned meat, snacks, beverages, powdered milk, and other amazing items. .

In the end, took her bath, grabbed a bag of Doritos, took out an interesting novel and began her Otaku life in the Cave. Well, at least now that she wasn't under prying eyes anymore, Yara began spending 5 hours every day, training according to her father's secret manual. That's right.

The manual was all on her head and the true copy had long been burnt by her! Yara's eyes flickered with interest. June 27th.

That was the day her savior said he would return.

In the meantime, Landon had long returned to the ship and was fast asleep.

ZzzzzzzThe inaugural upload of this chapter took place via /n/ov/el/b/in.

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1817 Taxes, Taxes, Taxes](#)

Chapter 1817 Taxes, Taxes, Taxes

Ah yes~...

Give us our Daily Bread. Back in Baymard, a young man sat on his seat, in an enormous Bakery, called the Royal Delight, with a ticket number in his hand. From his little corner, he could see bits of the action going on whenever the double-sided doors at the bar back, behind the counters would open with bakers rowing out more bread to stock. The mouth-watering scent intoxicating the place made Brandon's stomach gurgle. Dammit, just being here was like a punishment to his now hungry belly. Nevertheless, the punishment was worth it if it meant he would get a taste of his favorite plaited loaves. The dough is plaited and then baked. For the life of him, no matter how he tried replicating its unique lightly salted and honey-like taste, he could never do what they did. It was because of this particular specialty that he took the time to bake on Saturdays. However, his creations, though successful, were very bland, as if missing something. 'The more I stay here, the more incredulous it seems.'

Brandon stared around the bakery with relish, thinking of his current life and comparing it to his former times of suffering.

If someone had ever told him things would change so drastically, he would not believe it.

.

"Number 098."

"Here!" Brandon's feet were quick to rush forth, as he thanked and grabbed his to-go package. Opening it while leaving, Brandon took in the smell of warm bread, feeling it was the best thing ever. He then headed to a red booth at the far end of the street and threw in a few tokens in the slot. The tokens were unique, and couldn't be replicated. They could be bought anywhere in many shops and stores. Looking at the payphone, Brandon could only sigh, feeling that Baymard was the most advanced place he had ever seen in his life. Since land phones are all in their homes, should they have an urgent matter to discuss and are far away from home, the public payphones will do them well. You have no idea how many times a payphone has saved them. Calling a cab, calling the hospital, calling their jobs to say they might be running late... the list goes on. Brandon quickly placed the phone on his ear, using his shoulders to keep it steady. "What was that number again?... Oh, Stupid. How could I have forgotten there's a phone booth here?" Putting a piece of warm bread into his mouth, Brandon nodded at the passersby while using the peculiar toy-like red key that fell off from the side of the Phone block (dial-area). When you place a token in, the key, connected to strange extendable wiring, also slips out. With that, you can drag the key to the pink box beside the phone block. 'Well, they think of everything.'

Brandon hastily opened the pink box, revealing the phone book inside. And in no time, his eyes lit up like stars. 1, 2, 3... Ring~

"Hello, is this the H&R block?... Yes, yes! It's Brandon Fraser, here.... Yes, Brandon Fraser." Brandon was quickly connected, speaking to a secretary on the other end. "I am running a little late for my appointment and just wanted to let you all know I will arrive 10~15 minutes late due to transportation reasons."

[Not a problem, Mr Fraser. Your appointment is an hour long. Thank you for letting us know. We await your arrival.]

"Great! See you soon." .

Brandon was pleased, taking out sanitary wipes from another box and wiping it on the phone he kept by his ears. After being in Baymard, you will learn it is customary to wipe down every public object like gym equipment and payphones after every use. The people here were very clean. It was also customary and polite to let others know you would be running late, if you booked an appointment, even if he was going to be 15 minutes late. Brandon didn't think it was too much to ask.

As for the matter of visiting an H&R Block, it's all because Tax season was upon him. For most people, filing taxes was easier if they worked under a company. But for him, a self-starter, an entrepreneur and a successful author, he had to find the help of experts to properly look through everything and file his taxes. You can seriously lose money if you file your taxes incorrectly or leave out vital information you think isn't necessary. The reason why he knew he would be delayed for his meeting, was because he had to help his dear sister file her taxes. The meeting was for noon, but knowing his sister... if he dared wake her up so early after yesterday's exams, she would eat him alive.

Forget the fact that he was 5 years older than her. She could be a little nightmare when she wanted to. What's more, it seemed that ever since getting a taste of his favorite bread, she too became addicted to it. Today was Friday. Surprisingly, it was a school day off because of the mid-mock exams that kept his sister up at night reading till 2 in the morning since Monday. In no time, he was back in the apartment, gritting his teeth, determined to wake the sleeping beauty up. Needless to say, they fought for a bit before she finally opened her dull eyes. "Ahhh! Stupid brother, I'll do it later. Why must we do it now?"

"Of course, it must be now! We must submit it online today. So no dragging it further!" He just wanted to get it done and over with. As her guardian, he must ensure they filled it out now, so he can then print it and sign on it too before scanning and submitting it back online or handing it over to the H&R block. She was still 13, and although she had a part-time job, it must be signed by her guardian, since she has one. For those who don't, like those from other empires and UN nations, all they had to do was indicate their status and that part can be left blank. Don't ask him how, but Brandon was sure the government would have some way to confirm their identities. "Alright, Sam, we have to fill in your Federal and State Tax returns. Pay attention, because soon, it will be you sending your tax return forms to the IRS... and then, you can get money back."

Wow! The last words seemed to do the trick because now, his sister was wide awake. They seemed to know everything.

This past year was her first ever getting a job in Baymard, so she had no idea how tax returns work.

"Stupid brother, are you saying I can get money back? How much are we talking about here? Enough to pay for a week's stay in Aqua World?"

" "

...

Taxes, taxes, taxes...

Brandon quickly finished his sister's taxes, before rushing over for his appointment like crazy. As expected, when Brandon finally reached the H&R block, he immediately rolled

up his sleeves, tapped the passing underneath his clothing and prepared for impact. He, Brandon, came from another small town in Carona. It wasn't long ago that he moved to his city but he had already understood its savage rules. "Worthy of its big name. As expected, It's impossible to go in so easily." Especially since today, February 6th, was the first day everyone could file their taxes.

Even if he had an appointment, it wouldn't be that easy!

Chapter 1818 Mysterious Guests

Ah yes~

Tax returns had become a thing of true joy in Baymard. For who didn't know of the money calculated and given back by the Baymardian government? Some people looked forward to them so much, planning how they would use the money to buy new gadgets or work on new personal projects. Perhaps because Brandon was one of the first people to file taxes, several weeks later, he got his large tax return directly deposited into his bank account. And wouldn't you know it? A week later, his sister got hers as well. She couldn't believe it! Was... Was this really all for her? Last year was her first time working, and she had heard a bit about tax returns. But seeing the amount she got, only made her feel like she was floating on clouds. Bahahahahaha~

She rolled on her bed, laughed crazily while planning on how to spend the money. "Big Brother Brandon, I want to save 70% toward this semester's tuition. As for the rest, of course I want to go shopping with my friends!" Brandon chuckled, warmly rubbed his little troublemaker's head. We'll, despite her being a firecracker mosh of the time, it was nice that she never lost sight of her priorities. The money she planned to save could pay $\frac{1}{3}$ of her tuition for this semester. This was already February 21st. And as her older brother who was an adult, he had already paid half of her tuition, and was planning to finish paying the rest after receiving a huge cheque for his books, he was expecting, sometime in the first week of March. Seeing the amount she readily gave him for her tuition, Brandon didn't plan to use her money to pay anything. He planned to save it for her and give it back after she officially turns 15 in some years. He had already made a promise to pay her tuition, and was doing very well for himself now. So he didn't need her money to do his duties as her older brother. Like that, the few who already received their tax returns were already going crazy, planning on how to spend or save it all. Date night, anyone? Like that, Baymard once again ushered in its crazy Tax Return season, which was all that many spoke about. (^Δ^)

In the meantime, many were getting down to business on more serious matters, like preparing for their monarch's return with his guests. Yes! In a few days, the Mirvs and his majesty Landon, will finally arrive. So how can they not go crazy in preparation

mode? "You there? Are the Golden Sith Curtains dry-cleaned and pressed yet? No? Then what the hell are you doing standing over there like a bird? Go get it done now!"

"Where are the Gardeners? The rims need extra trimming! And those bushes... Shape them up in his Majesty's image. I want his majesty standing on a stone and raising his long sword high!" "Move, move, move!!" Nathan and Daniella, Gary's parents, were going crazy as the head Royal butler and head Royal maid. They had a fleet of workers under them, with secretaries too. It was as though they ran large cleaning organizations, and went about for inspections with crazy looks in their eyes. Understand that if the guests or anyone else coming into the Royal palace doesn't have a good experience, it will reflect back on them, the head maid and butler who were supposed to oversee all operations here. At all times, they must make sure his majesty Landon's guests are always in awe of the palace's state, as well as hospitality. There should never be complaints of maids or workers being rude and disrespectful to their guests. No stealing guest items, no being rude to them and no disrespect. Of course, should it be the guest who is at fault, they will readily stand up for their people. The bottom line is that the fault should not come from them. It was as simple as that. Good grief.

Both sighed, when looking at how much work was left. His majesty might arrive anytime from now, even tonight; and yet, they weren't truly ready for his arrival yet.

"Honey, do you think they will come tomorrow?" Nathan shook his head sideways, "I don't think so. Maybe, perhaps, but I feel it might be 2 days or more before they reach Baymardian shores." Oops. This was of course his wishful thinking. Nathan pushed his glasses in, continuing to soothe his wife's worries, "Not to worry, dear. As per protocol, we will always be informed the moment his majesty enters Baymardian water space." Yes! Daniella felt better, when recalling the standard protocol his majesty had in place whenever he entered Baymardian waters. They were always alerted hours before Landon reached the palace. Baymardian waters are large and vast. It will take at least 2 hours to leave international waters, sail through Baymardian waters to reach the docks. What's more, just de-boarding and arriving at the palace will take several more hours. So yes, they will at least have several more hours to hasten up their movements before his majesty arrives with his guess. This much made Daniella's nerves ease up. At the same time, they were also very curious about the guests his majesty was bringing this time around. According to His Majesty's specifications, they are far taller than typical Pyno people, but also a little shorter than the giants, with green skin tones too? How interesting. Before his majesty left, he made sure to circulate color books and even a series of new movies, all with green tone protagonists. There was one called Tangled, with a green toned princess locked up in a tower. Her beautiful hair was so long that she could use it as a rope. And then, there was Shrek, an ogre who fell in love with Princess Fiona, who also had a secret of her own too. And then, there was she-hulk, a new Marvel movie, and another one called the adventures of Tom Sawyer. There, all characters are animals. Tom was a Green fox, and Huckleberry Finn was a Hangul. You have to know that in this world, foxes mostly have green fur rather than the orange red fur Landon was used to seeing back on Earth. Anyway, there has been a lot of good publicity, all in place to welcome the green-toned guests who would be arriving anytime

soon. And while others prepared to welcome these guests, not too far away from Baymard, another group of people were also getting ready to welcome their prestigious guests too. Only, these guests were here for one thing...

KILL!!!

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1819 Incoming Changes?

Chapter 1819 Incoming Changes?

—The Royal Capital City, Yodan, Pyno—

. Lalalalala~

The soft but enigmatic sounds of heavenly singing filled the room. In a grand but moderately-sized chamber, a stunning pale skin male was now leaning into his gigantic colorful, cushioned pillows, with a hint of interest flashing through his gaze. There before him, stood several nude women dancing away with see-through colorful fabrics around their shoulders. Holding the ends of the scarves, they danced seductively, as though holding snakes rather than fabric. How enticing. The young man licked his lips devilishly, watching the women dance in nude, with gold waist chains and beads that shook and swayed with their every movement. Who can resist such temptations? Point him to the man who can resist and he will prove you wrong. Women, all women, were made to serve men. No man could see such perfect bodies and not have any reaction done below, unless they were eunuchs. The fiery glow from the fireplace gave the women golden hues that enchanted him even more. Inch by inch, the women danced until they practically had their perky bosoms on his face. Now, it was time for the real fun to begin. The man thought with a slight smirk on his lips, as he allowed the women to slowly push him down onto the massive bed. And then... Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! The man's frown was obvious. "Uliticus, it better be important or I will have your head!" Outside the heavy iron door, a loud voice bellowed, "Young master, it's urgent. The Vites are here!!" What? The Vites are here so soon? In a flash, the young man's standing manhood became soft, as he hastily pushed the women away with no care. Hiss!~

One bumped her head so hard it was sure to swell, but what did that have to do with him? The young man's face passed through all sorts of emotions, from stupefaction, stunned surprise, excitement and then calmness. "All of you, get out!" Uliticus's voice bellowed, watching the naked women scurry around like headless chickens. "And one more thing..." The women froze, suddenly feeling the atmosphere growing heavy and choking. Uliticus's eyes looked like he could see through their very souls. "A bird that

flies higher than its flock will surely end up dead." The women were no scholars, but they deeply understood his metaphor. Should word of them pleasuring him go out, they will be the ends who end up DEAD. The rumor about the young man says he is a perfect gentleman, who doesn't even consider having a woman's touch until marriage. They painted him to be the Prince charming many women yearn for. They said he was so gentle that even harming a woman was impossible for him to do. On the streets, they have seen him stand up for women and become that knight in shiny armor that made the hearts of many women swoon. Yes. Even they had one day dreamt of being his woman while being in their boudoir within enjoyment homes. As women who lived in prostitution homes, they dreamt of getting bought out by any of the men who took a fancy to him to marry. That was the dream. Many of them were sold here when they were just 5, and had officially begun taking in clients by age 8. All they knew how to do was pleasure men. Many men have promised to buy them out and give them freedom. But as they say, never trust what a man says during the height of his pleasure. Because once it was all over, even if the men came back over and over again for many rounds, they never did buy them out. They left them there, trapped in those prostitution homes, with no way out. Buying freedom was something they all yearned for, as well as a happy ending when they got to ride into the sunset with her Prince Charming. At least, after Pyno began reforming, they did gain their freedom back. Yes, they did. And they also got monthly pay for their services too. Before, all they got was food and clothes distributed according to their value. But now, according to law, they must be paid for their services in cash. This made the madam running the business grit her teeth in fury, but had no choice but to pay them what was owed. With new found freedom, ¼ of the women left to travel far away to other parts of the empire to start anew in places no one knew them. But they chose to stay back and continue what they have always done, perhaps because they were somewhat unsure and afraid of what the future held for them. It was scary, when you don't have any family and don't know where to go. Still, many chose to continue doing this for another year or 2, gathering enough information and resources needed for their big migration. They also hoped to meet their prince charming and leave this place, riding off to make a new home of their own. The young man beside them was the prince charming in their hearts. When they took this job, they had no idea it was going to be him they would be serving. But now, looking at his twisted face and the disgust he now had on his face when watching Uliticus drive them away, they knew deep down in their hearts that the rumors about him were not true. What prince charming? They've been with too many men to know that he too was just like the rest – Cruel.

Sure enough, all men were liars and deceitful beasts!

. With the women scurrying off, the young man calmly got dressed while deep in thought. And soon, he was out the door accompanied by Uliticus, off to see the Vites. Yes~

Only with their help, can he push down his dear cousin, Sirius MacLaine. It was time... Time for the rise of a new Monarch in Yodan.

Time for him, Daymond MacLaine to take over!

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1820 Finally Here!

Chapter 1820 Finally Here!

Looking at himself in the mirror, Daymon nodded in satisfaction. He often felt like the most good-looking man in Pyno, due to his complexion being so light. He was a half breed, part Tenolian and part Pyron. People from Tenola have naturally snowy pale skin. It was because he was half Tenolian that his skin was fairer and shone brightly under the sun. Ever since he came here, many women have turned their attention to him because of his stunning complexion and good looks. But why did he come to Pyno? Why did he return to Yodan, his ancestral home? "Gentlemen... please, take a seat... in fact, take several seats... my home is yours," Daymon encouraged, with a broad smile on his lips.

Standing before him was a famous group within his organization. They were called the Vites. They were a cruel dispatch group that is said to have members of over 50,000 in their department. Understand this. The TOEP had various departments and sectors within the organization. But when mistakes or accidents happen, who do you send to clean it all up? Of course, you send the Vites! They answer to no one except the 6 TOEP Godfathers. The 3 Morg monarchs, the Pirate ruler, and the 2 godfathers no one knows their real identities, except the other 4. The Vites answered directly to these 6, and ate ruthless killing machines with no emotions. They are so faithful that during their tests of acceptance, they are asked to kill targets or people close to them to see if they can do it. Some have killed their mothers they loved so dearly with their lives, others killed their dogs, some have killed their sons and even their fathers. To be a Vite, means you must put the orders of the 6 above all other matters. Typically, the Vites are a cleanup group that go around cleaning up/killing rogue TOEP and their fleets. So you can imagine how dumbfounded and weak in the knees Daymon was when he got a message months back telling him the Vites would come to help him take the throne. It seems his taking the throne is a very important matter to his superiors. He thought by now, Arcadina and other territories would belong to the TOEP, but it seems all over Pyno, nothing was going according to plan. The Vites! They wore white ghastly masks, with animal carvings on them. Their attires were black, from head to toe. Not even their fingers, ears or even a strand of hair could be seen. Even though he told them to sit, they all stood behind one, who wore a unique mask from the others. He sat on the most decorated seat in the room, which should be Daymon's. But how dare Daymon complain? truth be told, he was a little nervous being in their presence. Uliticus stood beside him with an expressionless face. Daymon wanted to offer them beverages, but the leader's heavy voice made him swallow his words down his throat. "Daymon MacLaine, I take it you already know why we're here, so we'll make today's talk shorter." "In 9 days, you will rule Yodan," the lead man continued. "During this time, it's best to

stay out of our way and be the good dog that waits to play their part. Is that understood?" Daymon who has always shown a fearless look, now nodded like a helpless kitten. Who can blame him? The aura the group was emitting was so great that it gave him the chills. 'Why does my back feel cold all of a sudden? Is it wet? Strange, I don't recall getting out of the shower before meeting them.' Daymon felt his body was sticky and wet. The terrifying chills the group sent out made his body reach this way. Despite being insulted, he didn't even notice or care about how much they looked down on him. If anything, he was in awe to be in their presence. Why? Because in today's world, the strong were revered. .

"Pardon me... Vites, so you do not require my assistance? I do have men—" "We do not need you weaklings you call men." Sorry. But even though Uliticus and others under Daymon have been privileged to train in Morgany every now and then, how can they be as skilled as true Morgs who have had to train in their secret arts since young? Unlike Uliticus's group who only trained in Morgany every few years, they who were born in Morgany trained in Morgany whenever they felt like it. Even when making their presence known tonight, they made little to no efforts sneaking in, shocking Daymon's men. So forgive them for looking down on his men. Just how we're such weaklings able to help them during their mission? If anything, they might become burdens for them instead. What's more, they must finish solving Daymon's matter, so they can rush to Arcadina and also take care of Sebastien's matter too. If not that they were close to Pyno after their last assignment, they would never have to deal with such tasks that are far beneath them. Lastly, after dealing with Sebastien Barn's matter, they must then branch to Baynard and lay in wait for the incoming fleets coming for war. Of course during that time, they will gather info, as well as visit a few people in Baynardian imprisonment. With so much to do, they really didn't have time to waste on such simple matters like Daymon's. .

Daymon smiled molar to molar while taking in their instructions. "Understood. I will arrange for your accommodations at once." "No need..." The leader slowly took to his feet, and all Daymon could see were shadows vanishing into the dark, out the balcony. It seems they have their hideout within the Capital city that they could rest their heads in. Well, it was indeed a safe idea to have them living out of his estate. He knew Sirius has always had people keeping a watch on him. So if Sirius should get any clues of their arrival, it would truly disrupt their plans. Of course, he didn't think the Vites would lose even if they were discovered. What he didn't want was for the time-lime to get prolonged. What? Didn't you hear them? In 9 days, he will finally sit on the throne. He didn't want 9 days to run into 11 or even 15 days. The job will eventually get done since it's the Vites assigned to it. But he didn't want it prolonged. And when he was sure his guests had left, Daymon finally opened his mouth, letting a hearty laugh out. Bahahahahahahaha~

Daymon held his belly, and fell into his seat in laughter. "Uliticus, Uliticus... Can you believe it? Can you believe that in 9 days I, Daymon MacLaine will be Yodan's Monarch?" Uliticus also had a broad smile on his patchy lips, "Aye... Young master. You deserve it. Tis' truly a thing of joy."

Thing of joy indeed. This was the best news Daymon heard in a long time. (^π^)

"Uliticus... it seems we must prepare for my hasty Coronation. But remember, it must be done in secret!" "As you wish, young master."

Like so, a storm was about to blow in Yodan. Meanwhile, back in Baymard, the esteemed guests many were waiting for, had finally arrived!

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1821 Baymard At Last

Chapter 1821 Baymard At Last

"Land! Land! Over there, I see Land!" Julian was jumping up and down like crazy, after seeing the faraway sight grow larger and larger from his floor to ceiling window. 4 PM.

Their surroundings were dark and snowing lightly, causing a thin mist of snow to swallow the faraway shores. Yet, it couldn't hide the magnificence and splendor his eyes were witnessing. Julian's eyes darted back and forth with an unfathomable gaze that seemed to keep his voice choked up in his throat. This was unscientific.

How can it be so bright and big?

Inches behind Julius, Biltthozar appeared like a ghost with the pocket sized Baymardian/Mirv Dictionary in his hand. Yes! Yes! Yes! As said before, they spent at least 6 hours a day learning Pyron for over a month now. No joke, Landon took on the task of teaching them, as if in a classroom. There were 3 hours of lecture Monday to Friday, and another 3 hours of in class speech practice where they will have to form pairs to practice. Whether it was the women, children or even the men, everyone had to take it. In the practice class, the Baymardian soldiers, Marines and Navy, joined in, grouping with the Mirvs. Landon had to admit it was a great idea because after that, some people became friends, chilling and drinking morning tea together. Again, on the ships, on Mondays, Wednesday, Fridays and Sundays, everyone must only speak Pyron. But on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, everyone must only speak Mirv. This was to help the Baymardians also pick up Mirv language quicker.

Don't forget that while sailing towards Mirvanna earlier, he also spent over a month teaching the Baymardians the basics. He also distributed pamphlets and assignment sheets too.

In short, this whole period has been used to educate both sides. And as it stood, Landon was proud to say that after sailing for 1 month, 1 week and 6 days, the Mirvs

had quickly picked up Pyron, especially since they were forced to communicate only in Pyron 4 days a week while taking his in-depth courses. Now, they did understand simple Pyron sentences. Emphasis on the word simple. If you say: can you please tell me where you work?, they will understand. But saying: can you please tell me your place of corporate functions or something complex will just leave them with question marks. At the moment, it was amazing that they could speak and communicate in simple Pyron without the use of anything complex. For now, that was enough. At least they should be able to get around Baymard more at ease than before. . (@0@)

My, my, my~

It sure was a sight to behold. Standing behind Julian, Bilthozar quickly made use of his pocket dictionary, wanting to make out the giant word that was glowing bright blue (neon) from afar. He knew the word, but wasn't too sure of his initial guess of what it might mean. [The Grand KimBay XXXX Port] Ahhh! 'So I was right,' Bilthozar closed his pocket dictionary, feeling the Baymardians were too smart in all they did. Although the most was thin and see through today, what about instances when it became very choking and hard to see through? That could have been a problem for anyone else but not Baymard. Why... just look at all the giant blinking signs and arrows pointing to one location. How can anyone take the wrong path? If Bilthozar had ever seen modern Las Vegas, then he would understand where Landon's inspiration came from. No joke, there are giant, incredulous signboards that looked like they were built for real Phi-fi-fau Giants. It must have cost a lot to make such signs, especially the arrows that strongly blinked and blinked endlessly all through the night and day. Baymard was telling everyone where to go, so that if you end up on the docks of Marine or Navy headquarters, then you only have yourself to blame when you get taken in and questioned as a criminal. What's more, all other nearby ships were moving towards one direction. So why would you move away from the flock to sail in another? There was true order across the Baymardian waters, as ships of all sizes sailed as though traveling in 50-lane roads. There were paths for ships leaving, ships coming and ships doing round turns. No joke, it was incredible to watch. And every now and then, you would see Coast guard speeding boats that practically flew over the waters to assist when need be, protect the travelers and do other duties. No joke, only Baymardian ships were made of metal in this world. Every other ship was still made of lumber, so they had sometimes had to assist ships who encountered unfortunate fates on their waters like accidental clashes leading to sinking, and even attacks from sea life too. Although the paths the ships sailed on was mostly safe, mother nature had a nasty way of surprising sailors. So the coast guard's were always on watch over such things. They saved people accidentally falling overboard, they also helped in guiding confused tourists and even evacuated the space when they perceived any incoming wars. Diplomatic affairs on waters and negotiations were done by them, and many other activities. .

Looking at the glowing sign boards getting bigger and bigger, everyone quickly took to their feet to do last minute checks. They had already been informed yesterday and this morning that they will be arriving at exactly 4:36 PM. So since morning, everyone has been packing up their suitcases with items they used during this time. It was the first

time in their lives that they truly understood what personal hygiene was. They knew that if they didn't take their toothbrush, it would be thrown away since no 2 people could share toothbrushes. It was also at this time that many also understood what sort of travel packer they were. Take Bilthozar for example. He had long packed since yesterday, with only a few more things to do before closing his suitcase and handing it over. But Julian, on the other hand, was running around like crazy today before giving his suitcase away 4 hours ago. At least Landon gave him a backpack which he was now using to put his last minute things in. "Ah! Where is my One Piece Manga book? I was just looking at that now, so where is it?" "Dammit! Where is my toothbrush? Do you know?" " _ "

Bilthozar had blank lines on his forehead.

Isn't it too late for that now?

Chapter 1822 Must Never Offend

Like so, everyone quickly got their carryon items and stood by the windows, listening to the announcements from above. "Good day ladies and gentlemen. This is your captain speaking, we will be docking in approximately 3 minutes. The weather forecast is cloudy with wind speed of xx, a humidity of 92% and a temperature of -xx degrees Celsius... Please remain in your suits, until further notice... And with that, Welcome to Baymard!"

Here! Here at last! Tacholla and everyone else were gathered on the deck, excited with the stunning site before them. Mind you, now they were staring face to face with Baymard, not looking through the thin mist. Sure, the faraway areas of Baymard still looked misty, but what they saw now was so breathtaking that it almost made Amrous fall into the waters in shock. "Is that... is that what they call a truck?" (0U0)

Vrrrrmmmm!!! In a not so far away spot, they could see heavy machinery being operated by construction workers doing work on the docks. It seems an expansion is underway.

Words couldn't describe Amrous's shock, as he stared at the mighty giant metal creatures extending their great elongated arms to grab a huge pile of wet dirt. Wonderful!!!! Exquisite! Marvelous! Many of them started clapping, feeling it was just too godly but to acknowledge. Soon, various golf-carts attached to each other, forming a long snake, soon appeared in groups. This time, it was Tacholla who had an incredulous face, acting his hands on his chest to stop himself from having a heart attack. 'Is this the power of Baymard? Fortunately, we didn't make them our enemies on the spot.' Terrible! The amount of modernization his eyes were transmitting to his brain caused it to malfunction. And again, was it just him or was the air here too clean? Where is the smell of faces that all cities and towns should have? Honestly, Tacholla

has never smelt a large settlement area so fresh before in his life. Furrowing his brows and sniffing large intakes of air, he couldn't but wonder if his nostrils were now malfunctioning or if this was a form of sorcery they didn't know about. How can these Baymardians make the entire airspace around them so clean? What are the secrets behind it all? Landon chuckled, taking the lead to get on. "Hold on... what about the baggage we gave earlier? Aren't they coming with us now?" Landon shook his head in amusement, "You'll see them when you get settled in. By the time he checks in all Mirvs in the Landport, their luggage will go ahead and get sent to the palace. From the moment they took their luggage, they tagged everything, making it easier for those in the palace to assign them in guest rooms using the roaster they sent out early this morning. Yes, that's right. The moment they entered Baymardian water space hours ago, they sent out word so those in the palace and those in the ports could prepare for their arrival. Whether it was Julian, Amrous, Bilthozar, Queen Abigail or the others, they were heavily impressed by all they saw. "Isn't it strange?... Why do I feel very comfortable and happy with the money I got here? Everyone is so friendly!"

"Yes, yes, yes! I thought maybe they were only being friendly to us, but the check-in lady was also friendly to others." "I agree. The boy checking me in was also very nice. We even had a little conversation about basketball! Hahahahahaha~... He had a look of envy on his face, wishing he was as tall as me." "Hey, hey, hey... Have you also noticed that no one is looking at us with disgust? I thought maybe because we are different, they will look down on us. But from what I see, they don't. They are only curious." "Ahhh! Look over there! It's a blue man! According to what his majesty Landon said, they are people from a place called Zohl." "Wait! And there!... it's definitely a person from the group they call Giants." "This... This... What, who, when... to think my old eyes will love to see the day we Mirvs can see what people in the outside world look like. Now I can finally die in peace... Oops! Not yet. That stubborn Granddaughter of mine still needs to get married before I die. I wonder if the good-looking check-in man is unmarried? His muscles are bulging and his body looks strong enough to kill a calf."

(^π^)

...

Like that, everyone checked in, and was given temporary passport slips and Visa slips. The slips were just printable pieces of paper protected by plastic layers as if they were IDs. Their pictures were taken and printed out on the spot. They had at most 10 business days to report to the main office in District C and get their passports and Baymardian Visas done. For now, they have yet to sign the treaty, so they were still Non-treaty signed visitors. Now they don't truly understand how Entry perks work, but soon, they will fully understand the perks of being an ally. Well, for Royals across the world, their passports also looked different than regular passports. But even then, there were levels to it, with the lowest being non-ally Royals. Hey! If you want better perks, then become an Ally! (V^V)

Baymard, Baymard, Baymard... The Royals and head officials sat in luxurious Limos, while the rest sat in luxury buses with enough leg room, curtains and comfort to last them throughout the long drive. Onwards and upwards! (^Δ^)

Vrmmmmmm!!!!~

Everyone was on Cloud 9, enjoying the thrilling experience. Some places lit up like Las Vegas at night time, cashing many to crowd around the windows pointing and dropping their jaws down at every little thing. It was now 7 PM and the streets were lit beautifully. Night time in Baymard was so alive even during this snowy period, which shocked them silly. First, where did all the snow go? Ah! Never mind! There and then on the roads, they watched wide giant snow sweeper vehicles drive on the other 2 lanes, one pushing and collecting the snow, sending it to the other one that looked like a giant truck. Some places were less crowded, like the Baymardian park that had people jogging through and doing other outdoor activities in. Ahhh! There were lovers wearing strange gloves that allowed lover to hold hands in winter

So cute!!!!

Chapter 1823 A Phantom?

Passing along the busy streets, everyone was taken aback. All along the way, people would wave to them and some children would also jump up and down, calling them princess Fiona or characters in movies. Hey! Some others only thought they were too good-looking, commenting on their looks. After seeing Landon in the limo leading them onward, everyone knew they should be important guests. Landon had his window down at times, waving too. So everyone else also followed along, waving, smiling and blushing when hearing the comments. Are they really that good-looking? Hey! It makes them feel good.

Everything they saw made them smile, but nothing could prepare them for what was to come. Trumpets blew, people came up in uniform to greet them, bowing and shaking their hands. And then, there was a grand dinner, with Landon introducing his family and several other important Baymardians in government they should know of. And then, they were taken to the luxury rooms they will spend the next month in. It was already 10 PM when they were finally settled in. Very quickly, Tacholla held a brief meeting with Amrous, Bilthozar and other Mirvs who hold important positions. Ministers and Commanders gathered, looking to their Leader in silence. The atmosphere was heavy and their faces cold. "I'm sure you all know why I've gathered you here." Tacholla spoke, sweeping his eyes across the group.

Only when you are a leader, do you know the weight your shoulders have to bear.
"Remember the real reason we are here. Although satisfied, and although the Wind God has accepted his majesty Landon, this doesn't mean we will move on without caution."

--Silence--

Tacholla paused, allowing his words sink in. "1 month... We are here for 1 month. We not only need to study about the pale face people, but also those from other areas."
"This is the first time we are getting first hand experience with the outside world. Thus, we must know how Baymard truly fares compared to other territories." Everyone nodded. To protect themselves, they must understand the many enemies of the world. This was just common sense when it came to war. "And another thing..." Tacholla continued, "In a week, we will officially begin Treaty talks." Their God can never steer them wrong. Perhaps for them to get over some hurdle, they need Baymard. Tacholla will need to do a deep investigation on how the people here live to see if they are truly happy before treaty talks in a week. He was doing this investigation to rest his heart and his mind. Because whether he did the investigation or not, he understood that their God, who greatly approved of Landon, wished for them to sign the treaty. So there was no use dragging the matter for so long. Again, they will also use this opportunity to talk to some Royals they met today from other parts of the world. The dark skin Royals from Zalipnia, Romain, are here on a visit. It was amazing to know that they had a seer among them who also pinpointed Landon as their Savior. How amazing is Landon, to be pinpointed out by various people across the world? They traveled all across the waters to uncharted territories, having never seen Landon before. How incredible was that? All signs showed that accepting the treaty which by the way, they read over on multiple occasions in Mirvanna and even on their journey here, was a good thing. The treaty showed that only Baymard was losing resources while they were gaining resources. The treaty will last for 20 years. After 20 years, new treaties will be drawn up. Of course at that time, the world would have also changed drastically, no longer needing Baymard's continuous input. At that time, they should no longer be 'babies' who can only crawl, but 'teenagers' who will find their own paths and grow strong. By that time, Landon concluded that he would have completely wiped out any remaining Resistance from Rebel Morgs or Adonis followers who will definitely cause trouble every now and then. Well, those were his secret plans. By then, the world might be in the 24th century, and later, he will push it to even higher levels. But all that was for the future. For now, the Mirvs drew their plans out, knowing how they must spend their 1-month time here.

Although... After laying on the beds and taking in the stunning beauty of their rooms, everyone closed their eyes with one last thought racing through their heads – Baymard was f**king awesome!!!! (*0*)

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Just like that, 4 days had gone by in a flash. Bilthozar was still in awe at how convenient it was to have a bank account with a bank card. Indeed, walking around with pouches of heavy coins is just too tiring. You need this? Swipe your card! You need that? Swipe

your card here and insert your secret PIN and secret 8 digit password. No joke. Landon had required 2 PIN systems rather than 1. Without the 2, you can't swipe your card. He chose to start the hard way to prevent future fraud instances in the far, far future. Eventually, the world will become like the 21st century world he was from. And then, all sorts of crime will erupt. That's why he had already begun taking Cybersecurity very strictly. His systems out in place were far more encrypted than what modern technology was used to. He fixed many flaws still on earth and had it 50 times harder to break in. And till he dies, he will keep evolving the security like crazy. Let's put it like this. If hackers in modern times transport to Hertfilia and see his current systems, even they will sweat buckets wondering how on earth they were supposed to crack it open. The Mirvs visited the banks, went for routine check-up at the hospital, made appointments with the dentists, visited fun touristic sites, and even got so lost in fun that they nearly forgot their plan for snooping around. Everyday night time came, Tacholla will be bombarded by Mirvs who were growing impatient by the second. "Leader! How long again do we have to wait to sign the treaty? Do you know how fun driving is? I went crazy... I mean, I was investigating a place called Go-Kart Mania, and I have to say driving is the best thing ever. But do you know that only allies can learn how to drive and drive on the real roads in Baymard? How much longer do we have to wait?"

"Leader! I went to the public Libraries as you requested. But do you know that because we are non-allies we can only go to the 1st and 2nd floors? I heard allies can go right up to the 6th floor. So how much longer do we have to wait before you sign it?" Before, they didn't truly understand the differences, but after touring and visiting many sites, including touristic sites, they noticed the perks ally nations, students and senior citizens had. What the hell? It was as though they were taking crumbs here. Sure, the experience was great, but it would be greater if they came from ally nations. Which man wouldn't like driving one of these Baymardian vehicles? You know that Baymard has rental stores right? Some foreigners rent vehicles throughout their stay in Baymard. They have their driver's license and can cruise down the roads in pride. But what about them? They can only look on with envy. Tacholla in particular, was hanging out with other visiting Royals from ally territories, who hopped in vehicles gallantly. Tacholla could only sit in the passenger seats, discussing the manly driving tactics he saw. And as the days went by, it became more and more evident the true differences between allies and the regulars. Sign, sign, sign! What were they waiting for? Bam! Tacholla scripted his signature with lightning speed, almost tearing the page. Bahahahahahahah~

With a heart laugh, he felt more and more at ease knowing it was finally done. But before he could take a breather, Landon threw him and many others into the Barracks. Heh-heh-heh-heh~

Time to show him just how tough their training here could be. With that, Landon finished his business with the Mirvs and moved on with other matters. But while he was busy with technology, far, far away, his star pupil was now getting her hands dirty in Veinetta. The Phantom Woman Rebel King!

That was what a few called her.

Chapter 1824 Enter: The Female Rebel

Buzzzz~

Can you hear it? The talks of many in the shadows, gossiping about the faint newly sprung stories of the Female Phantom Rebel King. In the bars, pubs and well-known establishments, many lowered their necks and whispered around the tables filled with rum, all talking about the mysterious female king. "I heard she made a mess of Viscount Camelot's Entertainment arena." "What?!!!... True or false? I thought that was an unfounded rumor, for how can a mere woman cause so much chaos, talk less of going head on with someone as powerful as Viscount Camelot?"

Was this some sort of joke? Those who listened to the rumors twisted their faces and stared at their ale in a daze, no one knowing what thoughts were twirling in their minds. For a moment, many tables fell in a ghastly slope of knee-deep silence, no longer feeling the bubbling bliss from the clapping music and dance from the tavern women dancing around on tables. You don't get it, do you. Sure, Viscount Camelot was also scary in his own way. But there was someone... someone even more scarier than him, someone who was the Viscount's biggest bracket. Why,... Just thinking about that terrifying monster was enough to send shivers down everyone's spine. There was someone about that name that left their palms sweating wildly. Understand that in Dafaren, and possibly the entire Veinitta, the only people who stand a chance of putting that monster down, are the 2 Veit monarchs. And that's only if they joined forces. Lord Castello Basanta - That was his name. Many call him the son of the devil. He was a Marquess, well respected and born here in Dafaren, Veinitta... A tough man who had as much compassion as a boggle eating its prey. He stood at the top of his own pillar, leaving several subordinates and prestigious members obeying his every command. The word Marquess, is a title or a mark, given to those who oversee Frontier districts. The Marquess oversaw territories in Dafaren that bordered the Lingingburg empire. Lingingburg and Dafaren are the only Veinitta empires. Alexander, though never liking Lord Castello, had been smart enough to use his prestige to hold many who thought of stealing Dafaren's borderlands. It's no secret that Alexander hated Castello's guts and power, for no mediaeval Monarch would be happy having someone even more powerful than them living in their empire. But how powerful was this Lord Castello Basanta, you ask? Well, let's just say he practically owned almost every slave home on Veinitta. From pleasure homes to slave entertainment homes, you name it... he, Castello was involved. Again, he also owned multiple money lending temples/establishments too. No one knew for sure, the depth of his true wealth. But if Landon was here, he would probably be able to answer the question with ease. In Dafaren, he had: 14 massive hidden bases, 25 enormous pleasure homes, 11 public estates, and 20 public money lending establishments. In Lingingburg, Castello had; 11 hidden bases, 19 gigantic pleasure homes, 17 public estates and 18 money lending temples. None of his possessions were small. In the world of slave trading within Veinitta, your go-to person is always Castello. Even the little slave traders around, can never make major decisions

without asking his opinion. Do you know how much money one can make from slave trade and slave trade entertainment alone? Look around! Which business or noble home doesn't have thousands and thousands of slaves? When one dies, you replace them. It was as simple as that. Slaves weren't even seen as human, but beings far less than even a chicken. Their worth was nothing, so them dying also meant nothing. . Castello Basanta was that man no one dared to cross, because no matter how far or how long you hide, he will always find you. And when he does... *~Shiver!~*

"... This, this is crazy! And you're sure it's the wo2rk of some female?"

"Correct!" Another heavily confirmed, before chunking down a large gulp of rum and slapping his tankard (mug) on the table. "Aye, it's a female with a death wish on her hands."

"But what kind of hatred does she have with someone like Castello, for her to boldly target him?"

Why can't she be like the rest of them and die in silence? When someone is too powerful like Castello, all you can do is swallow your grievances rather than react. After all, wasn't that idiotic suicide? Although men love battles and war, they also love strategy. No man would go up against such a beast when their odds were zero to none. Out of a million possibilities that could exist, there was no possibility or chance for such a woman to succeed. That's right, no one could see a future where a female of all people could win against Castello. Men of all backgrounds and calibers have tried, with even his majesty secretly trying to kill Castello with all the powerful resources and forces available to him. So if none of these mighty men could do it, how could it be a woman who succeeds in the end? Tch! She's definitely a dead woman. But who was she? What did she look like? And who was her true backer, for her to still remain so mysterious till now? "I went to the Arrow Crop guild to buy information, and did you know that they still haven't found out her true appearance?"

The news kept the men on all ties as they leaned in with hunched backs and laser-focused eyes For sure, there must be a backer behind the Female Phantom King. Because they didn't believe that a mere woman could hide her identity from a powerful guild Arrow Corp for so long without any help. But they didn't fear because they knew sooner or later, the many guilds will know the face that hid behind their many masks. So what if she had a backer? In the face of true power, all secrets shall come to the light.

Chapter 1825 A Great Bounty

The Phantom Female Rebel King – she has ever appeared in public without a mask. But judging from her size and her posture, those who saw her and lived to see another day, could tell she was still young and in her prime. And now, there is a large Bounty

against her name, for anyone who sees her true face and reports the matter back to the guild. After finishing tanking down their drinks in one gulp, the burly men slowly rose to their feet, some with bows and arrows on their backs, hidden underneath their animal fur coats, and others with swords and daggers. Looking at the heavy downpour of snow, the men were undeterred, swinging onto their horses and riding off into the night. Why? Because they too were in the hunt for the Female Phantom. After all, with a bounty that large, it was only right for them to join the fun, right? (~^_^)

...

~Krah!!

In a massive underground room, juicy, crunching noises echoed across the secured hidden fortress. In there, was a crud but intimidating throne made of tree peculiar vines wood and giant spiky thorns at its very top. The throne was enormous, fit for a true barbarian King. Even the one sitting on the throne looked to be too small for it, but no one dared say a thing. Why? Because of the heavy aura exuding out from her who bit into the juicy apple. How could such a young person develop such a terrible aura? Many who just knew her wondered this deep in their hearts, not knowing that her mentor had always taught her skills while unleashing his full aura on her. And with time, she too picked up some of his chilling actions too. ~Krah, Krah, Krah, Krah!

The entire room fell into eerie silence, with only the sounds of breathing and crunching echoing out. And beside the Phantom King, were several burly men and women, some with masks and others without masks. These men and women were so skilled and loyal to the Phantom King, never entertaining any stray thoughts from others. No one knows where they came from, but just like the female Phantom King, they popped out of nowhere, here in Dafaren. After eating the massive juicy apple, someone quickly stepped forth, handed her a piece of fabric cloth, and took the apple Skelton away. With poise and elegance, the Phantom Rebel King wiped her delicate hands, before elegantly rising. The corners of Tilda's lips rose high when looking at the rescued slaves, who had bloodied and wounded faces. "Please, rise. No need for kneeling, at least not in your current state." This... Everyone was shocked, not expecting her to treat them so warmly. You have to know that after getting rescued 4 days ago, they had been baffles, wondering if they were only moving from one terrible slave prison to another. All along the journey, their chests have been tightening and their hearts always feeling heavy. Twitching fingers, eyes darting around fearfully, acid welling up in their bellies... Everyone felt their breaths stuck in their throats during the endless journey. They didn't know what to think. For slaves like them, their entire fates rested on those who owned them. But now, not sensing any wave of disgust from the one who rescued them, seemed to put their hearts at ease for now. What happened to the cold aura they sensed earlier? Why did it suddenly feel as though it was no longer winter but summer time? Slowly rising to their feet, many settled their gazes on the masked lady standing on the elevated platform. "Please, feel at ease. For I, believe it or not, used to be just like you." What? Was she a former female slave who escaped and grew to such heights? A female at that? No wonder she addressed herself as a rebel king. Indeed, it

was rebellious for any slave to dare raise their shoulders higher than what they are supposed to be. Looking at their curious and anxious faces, Tilda's smile deepens even more. She wasn't lying. Although she was a princess, she lived worse than a slave. "I know what it's like to be treated like dirt, tossed away like a piece of rotting meat, watching your friends, families and loved ones whipped, wounded and maltreated."

Her words cashed many to tremble, as they now thought of all they went through as slaves. Some in the crowd had lost one or both eyeballs, just because the nobles wanted fun. Ah yes!~

Fun. They left them trapped, allowing creatures of all sorts to come in and feast on their flesh. That they are standing here today, was only because many had sacrificed their lives to kill the beasts, giving them a chance to see another day. Some lost their children, and other had their arms cut off or their limbs broken apart. In a sadistic twist, others had to watch their boys and girls get taken down by those beastly no Les, who pinned them down and took their chastity while forcing them, parents to watch. Yes... the life of a slave made them live with hatred day in and day out. Of course, even among them, there were some few slaves who also tortured them, loving to please the masters and make their lives a living hell here. It was odd that looking around, they couldn't see any of those pompous slaves around now. With everyone's emotions boiling and surging, Tilda continued: "For years, we have been maltreated and underestimated. But now, I stand before you, promising a better future for us." A better future? Everyone's eyes beamed. "I know, many of you might be afraid of change, but if we don't make a stand now, our descendants will only continue living the same lives we have lived – The life of a slave." "Hear me well, and hear me now. From today onwards, I will take you all as my family, and give you the opportunity to grow strong. You all will grow so strong, that no one.. not even the Monarch, will be able to pull you down!... Why? Because I will be your biggest backer!!"

Chapter 1826 What's It Going To Be?

Boom! Such words were unbelievable when spoken. All she said was treasonous, but for some reason, everyone felt it was right. Yes! What has the current monarchy done for them? Absolutely nothing. Squinting their eyes, a few wise people in the crowd looked at Tilda with a strange light in their eyes. Change must come, and it seems the time is now. So what's it going to be? Are they in, or are they out? Many had to admit that Tilda was one hell of a speaker. She spoke so well, that the ex-military men who were now slaves, all looked at her as though watching a national treasure. (**)

Who knew women could make such speeches that rallied battle morale? Who the hell was her tutor? [Landon far away]: achool!~... Why am I sneezing? Who is talking about me? "Pa... What do you think?" In the crowd, a broad shouldered man with a strong body, lowered his head alongside his brothers, to talk to the elderly man with an old

wooden cane stick. One look and you would know that the old man was filled with countless wisdom. He, just like his descendants around him, used to belong to a low class noble, military home. Bottom line, a higher class noble was jealous of his family's blessings of having strong men with high military talent. And knowing their characters, the arrogant bible boy made secret plans with others, giving a command he knew they would never fulfil since it wasn't in their character. Everyone was betting they couldn't do it, and they were right. They just couldn't go around kidnapping women and young boys, and sending them to be tapped and tortured. For many, many, many years, they had tried avoiding such matters, thus choosing to never rise to a certain nobility level that kept all eyes on them. But it seems that no matter how long their family hides, eventually, the darkness will always seep in eventually. It was said that his sons all lost their wives during their family's downfall over the years. After being stripped of their title and taken into slavery as punishment, you can imagine the sort of life their wives lived. Day in, day out, they were tortured by different men until they eventually died. Fortunately, most of their daughters married before the family's downfall happened. So though they were definitely not living well in their husbands homes, it was at least better than being a slave in a slave establishment. Their sons on the other hand, even when young, didn't look feminine, so they were used as cleaners, cleaning away the blood, disposing of bodies left after entertainment. The old man's youngest great-grandson was 5, and he was already thrown in to clean till his hands turned sour. They were very fortunate that they were together in one place, unlike other families who had been sold to noble homes, business sites, ships, or other slave establishments, separated never to be seen again. How do they contact their loved ones when they don't even know where they were sent to? This wasn't Baymard when one could call each other with land phones, or had fixed and clear home addresses. Understand that if they lose sight of their loved ones, they might never see them again in this life. The old man's only comfort was that his family were all sent to the same place. Perhaps the enemy did this to make sure he watched how his descendants die one after the other. Their plans were good, but his sons were blessed, never dying no matter what hurdle came their way. His sons were strong, killing several hangols, Mezzos (half bull, half crocodiles), and many other beasts whenever they were sent into the arena for entertainment. Typically, they will get sent in with about 20 other slaves to face off against 30 beasts. Most of the time, their sons wouldn't necessarily use brute force, but use their brains to trick these creatures to kill each other. They would lead the slaves, as if I'm the barracks, leading them to victory. Sure, they got injured sometimes, but coming out alive was the most important. As for the old man, he and his friend from another household who were stripped and sold, were sent to become stable men. How to say it? His sons were around 38 years old, his grandchildren were 22, 23 and 25, and his great-grandchildren were around 5. So yes, at the age of 49, he was considered very old, and seen as someone who was about to turn into dust because of his old age. At the age of 50, people treat one as though they were so old they don't even leave DNA prints anymore. So no matter how strong his body was, they still chose to send him to become a stable boy, looking after their horses, and taking care of visitor carriages. ***

"Pa, whatever you decide, we will follow." The old man locked his chapped lips, his eyes locked on his descendants deep in thought. In his heart, he already knew his stance.

They say opportunity comes but once in a lifetime. If you miss it, regret is all you'll feel for the rest of your life. So why not take a chance with this mysterious Female Rebel? Looking at their father (grandfather, great-grandfather), everyone already had an inkling of his decision. For them, even if they went left, their faces were recognizable to their former enemies. So once discovered, they will only get thrown into slavery once more. By that time, the treatment they'll get will be 10 times harder than before.

So when you think of it like that, what other choice did they truly have than to fight for their freedom? Of course, some still chose to hide away and gain freedom on their own terms.

But regardless of how freedom came, it was something that was more than welcomes.

Freedom~... Everyone's eyes throbbed, yearning for the true essence of the word. Soon, it will be theirs!

(*^*)

Chapter 1827 The Promised Land

Tilda swept her gaze across the heated room, "I will not force any of you into anything you do not want. If what I've said is heavy, we will gladly send you out." "However, if you agree to join my family, I swear an oath to the heavens that I will treat you all well, provided you do not cross my moral grounds!" With that, the impressive lineup of guards surrounding the room now stepped forward. "Please, do not be afraid. If you do not wish to join, now is the time to step forward, and my people will gladly send you out. And for those willing to join me, please step back and rest. Because after this, we continue our journey to my Promise land."

—Silence— For a moment, everyone stood in place, no one making obvious moves now. But just a second later, a few wise men, especially an older man with a staff, calmly stepped out of the group and moved to the far back right to cross his legs and lean against the wall, as though sleeping. Hey... they have made their choice.

Time seems frozen in place as countless beads of sweat slid down the faces of many. This seamless action caused a trigger effect. And soon, everyone else took to their feet, finding their way.

"Please, do not feel ashamed or guilty for your decision," Tilda was gesturing to those who stepped forward, wishing to leave. To put your life on the line for a cause, is a very brave act on its own. Big everyone was built for it. In the crowd, roughly 67% of people wished to leave. They had already gone through so much, and didn't feel brave enough to make a stance, even though they had boundless hatred in their hearts. No... What

they wished for now, was a peaceful life in some village or place where they can be forgotten. That was their decision, and Tilda respected it greatly. It's just that what these slaves didn't know was that it was actually safer for them to stay with her. Understand that once they eventually head out into society, only about 5% of them will eventually succeed in staying hidden. When people start asking their origins, some of them will break down and leave clues behind. Their bodies are so battered and crude that no one will believe they were not runaway slaves. Tilda sighed, letting her men lead them to another room. There, they will be given food and rum before they head out on their journey out. But... it's just that after the meal, they won't remember how they got out. Yes.

When the rescued slaves were brought in, they were blindfolded and kept in specially designed wagons that didn't even allow a single bit of sunlight in. They were never to know the direction they took to get here. To make it even more chaotic to remember, the secret underground tunnel road here was purposefully made to mimic all sorts of terrains, making confusing for any military masters trapped in the wagons to guess where they were. 'Eh? With the way the wheels are moving, are we passing over sand?'

'Now gravel?' Mud? Where going up a steep slope? Gushing water? Stones? This... where are we? No matter how people like the ex-military old man tried, they couldn't figure out where they were. So if they were blinded when coming in, how can they leave them go without blinding them again? Only this time, they chose to put sleeping powder in their rum. The food they prepared was delicious, but a little dry, with some spicy, to ensure they drank their rum. And 30 minutes after drinking it, they should pass out for 2 whole days. Using their impressive underground channels, they plan to move in stealth and drop these people in batches across the various villages around. Of course, before allowing them to eat, they had to figure out who was family and who wasn't, so they could group them up and drop them at different points. They can't very well leave everyone in one place or else it will raise even more suspicion. Every 4 hours, they will drop off a batch of people and move on. Thinking of Landon, her mentor, Tilda chuckled, planning to leave several pieces of copper and silver coins in everyone's pockets..

That's right. They didn't just rescue these slaves, but they also robbed the slave Entertainment establishment too. Sure, the treasures had heaps and mountains of coins, so they couldn't very well rub it all. But at least they got a sizable chunk to finance their military. Tilda sighed, feeling it was unfortunate that they left 99.9% of the wealth behind. But what Tilda didn't know was that Landon had always been monitoring her situation. And when she finished looting what they could carry, Landon warped over and sucked everything, leaving the place spotless. He did this during his trip back from Mirvanna. Heh. How can he leave the enemy with so much money? Landon took it all, seconds before he felt the ground underneath his feet weaken. Sure enough, Tilda's group had set up all the black powder in the slave base, destroying the foundation, weakening the underground soil, and allowing the massive stone pillars and floors to crack and fall. Any enemies injured who planned to crawl out and escape, would now be buried to death. Everything came crumbling down in a flash just before Landon

vanished. Tilda didn't know it yet, but before she reaches the main campsite, A.K.A, the promised land, she will receive a letter from Landon informing her that enough gold and silver will be sent in later to finance her operations. He will send the money with the next batch of Baymardian soldiers coming into Dafaren to aid her. After all, as her top backer, how could he not finance her operations when she was just starting out? ...

For those leaving, Tilda planned to leave a few coins to get them started.

Think of it as spreading goodwill. Plus, she genuinely hoped they survived in this cruel world. With that, the men lead those who wanted out, to head towards a massive dining area one floor below. But for those who chose to stay, they were instead led to another room on this same floor. Eat, drink and sleep well. Because after tomorrow afternoon, they set off to the <Promised Land>. But while Tilda was merry about her accomplishments, the same couldn't be said for a certain nobleman who got wind of the matter.

Chapter 1828 The Promised Land - 2

Bahahahahahahahaha~

A stream of burly evil laughter erupted in the space. A towering man with bulging chests and a well decorated attire, stood with his back to his subordinates whilst peering into the fire. His subordinates all stood in a relaxed manner, seemingly enjoying the thought of being around their master. The issue at hand was indeed serious, but no one felt it was something they couldn't handle. Understand that as of now, they have not yet taken action against the so-called Female Phantom King. Bahahahahahahahahaha~

Their master laughed evilly, placing his large palm on his face and finding it all amusing "Interesting... And they say it's a woman who dares to challenge me so blatantly?" One of his subordinates chuckled: "Master, it appears you've been quiet for so long that people might have forgotten what it's like to feel your wrath." "Indeed..." Viscount Camelot smirked. His wrath was one thing, but it was rare for someone to still go against him so openly after knowing who his backer was. His wrath was one thing, but it was rare for someone to still go against him so openly after knowing who his backer was. They were either, blind, crippled or crazy to do such suicidal actions. But as they say; as you make your bed, so shall you lie on it. "Tsk. To think they will dare to steal and rob our site..." suddenly, his voice grew cold, while throwing the secret letter into the fire. "I only hope that for their sake, that little act of theirs, ends there... or else... heh." Viscount Camelot's entire body quaked with a dangerous light, not knowing that the information he received hadn't included the most recent attack from Tilda on another site. If he knew, he wouldn't be laughing in amusement, but gnashing his teeth in fury, especially after hearing that the vault had been emptied out before the place came crumbling down. Understand that even now on the first site Tilda's people attacked and

brought down, Viscount Camelot and many others thought that most of their money and wealth from the sale site was still buried underground alongside the destruction of the campsite. Fuck! Do you know how much treasure is in there? You would take at least 2 months to move everything out. They believed in their capabilities such that they didn't believe that anyone could move everything out without them noticing during these past 2 months prior to the attack. Mind you, they said at least 2 months. Meaning it could even take up to 6 months to clear the entire place. So with that conclusion in mind, the treasures and coins from the attacked sites should be buried underneath the ground with all the rubble. Thus, if they should dig out the rubble and find nothing, they definitely wouldn't be here smirking cheekily. Heck! They didn't even know that Tilda had struck again, nor did they know of the intricate underground pathway Landon had spent the last year and a half building for Tilda on his own, each time he warps over. Yes. The current hideouts and the Promised Land Tilda was leading the people to, was dug up by Landon himself. He connected tunnel paths that could take people 1 month on horseback traversing underneath the many forest paths, heading surprisingly closer to the East side of Dafaren. No underground paths went into the cities, towns or villages. For safety sake, everything stretched underneath the deep, deep, dangerous forest zones. Thanks to the system, Landon already knew where all Slave camps were. But because it was up to Tilda to find them, he couldn't necessarily pinpoint them out. Still, he dug up resting sites not too far away from the major cities or sites where these camps were located. Some were 29 hours away and others were 4 days away. Anyway, he didn't want to make it so obvious. He, Landon, built tunnels that bended, curved and winded, leading to resting places deep within the forest.

For example, the place Tilda was currently at, was underneath a land site very close to a particularly foul smelly swamp site. The smelly, green, knee-length swamp was all anyone would focus on when reaching this area. It was odd to say that the land adjacent the swamp wasn't as soft or moistened as its surface might let anyone believe. What Landon found was that far, far, underneath its surface, were large boulders that had been covered up over time. The entire grounds site was filled with rocky gigantic boulders and smaller stones that formed a perfect foundation for an underground hideout. Of course, Landon didn't build it so close to the swamp, but gave a good distance before chiseling through the rocks and creating a small human-sized ant colony below. After that, he also secured any gaps and spaces, wanting this structure to last for hundreds and thousands of years. This was the place Tilda was resting at. And above the land, especially during this winter time, the swamp gets clumpy like a slushy and the air grows misty too. What Landon loved the most about his underground work was that no matter the noise they make underground, those above won't be able to do anything. All resting places are connected with intricate tunnels that have traps and illusionary confusing works intended for intruders. Yes, Landon did his best to ensure Tilda grew her forces to the max. But for the Promised Land, it wasn't connected to any of these tunnels. Once you leave the main tunnel, 1 day away from Luxburg Town in distance, you will have to move in the opposite direction from Luxburg Town, and go through another murderous path to find the tunnel. There are 3 aim paths you can take: one is in a cave underwater, another is inside an Alice wonderland hole, needing you to crawl in first. These first 2 are only known by Tilda and a few others. The last one is

the more public one for her people, the one used to transport wagons and goods in. The passage looks so natural, and you would never know there was a secret tunnel there. First of all, the area where the passage was located was filled with oversized plants and giant dinosaur-like trees that made any human look like an ant. As said before, the deeper one goes into the forest, the more dangerous and unbelievable it becomes. Although animals here aren't as big as dinosaurs, their sizes were bigger than regular beasts. Guarding the passageway are special plants called Tulingials. There is a special way to let these Tulingials give way. These Tulingials are just the first line of defense. There are many others along the way before meeting the Tunnel. All in all, Landon made sure Tilda had a place to call home while in Dafaren.

Chapter 1829 Lord Camelot

Carefully running his massive ring, Camelot turned to face his men with a cold glint in his eyes, "This Rebel Phantom... her grudge isn't ordinary. If we want to find the person behind her, we must first find her identity." "Any clues?" His men gave each other tactful stares, and then one person stood forward, "Master, although we aren't sure yet, from the whore's actions, she might be an escaped slave who might have been under our care at some point." "Yes, master. Perhaps she's a daft one, thinking we owe her some idiotic blood debt." Everyone sneered. What was the use of a woman if not to open and close her legs when being told to.

Why get angry at them for providing enough men to sample her goodies? For the life of them, they just couldn't understand women like this. Listening to his men, Camelot also felt it must be so. The whore must be thinking she is someone special to make them owe a blood debt to her. How pathetic. Camelot swore that should he catch the slut, he would pin her down and make sure he keeps her that way for a year, before moving on to a more befitting punishment worthy of her crime. "Master, we have already begun looking through our files for any runaway slaves." "Not enough," Camelot shook his head. "Check through the list of all slaves sold out, verifying that these slaves are still with their masters." "Remember that the whore sounds and looks no older than 20. So to be sure, 22 should be our cut-off age." What he needed them to do was to go looking through all slaves around 12 to 22 who have passed through their hands and possibly the hands of others working for Lord Castello. All they need to confirm is that the slaves are still with their masters or either dead. As for the slaves that bitch let run loose after attacking their site, they will definitely find them all no matter how long it takes. Why? Because those slaves are their properties, just like land, cars and mansions are also properties. "But Master, if the Phantom Rebel attacked that particular site, I think she did so to steal out slave documents that recorded all slaves in the site. Perhaps her name is within the past records there."

So if the records are missing, it will make finding the escaped slaves harder. The records gave detailed descriptions of how the escaped slaves looked. Thankfully,

people in this world had trained, strong memories. So those who weren't on shift during the attack could easily give out the descriptions of at least 200 slaves they were tasked to look after. Each guard group of 20, oversaw 200 imprisoned slaves every shift. The slaves were chained in their cells, and were so hungry, tired and injured that they didn't have enough strength to launch any attacks on these guards. Perhaps the first day, they might think of starting an uprising. But understand that the number of guards guarding every cell group was far less than the guards protecting the main guest floors, arenas and exit points. It's only when these prisoners enter the arena, do they understand how large the slave sites are. Heh. Lord Castello purposefully built the place to be so gigantic and confusing. So how can they escape successfully just like that? Anyway, the guards who weren't on shift, could recall what at least 50% of these escaped slaves looked like. With their help, they could find the rest and get more information on whether any of them saw this female Phantom before. Was there a point when she took off her mask? "Find them... find them all!" The men quickly went on one knee, "Yes, Master Camelot." Swish!

A slight wind whistled, and in the blink of an eye, they were gone, leaving Camelot to himself. Camelot slowly took to his massive chair, sitting with his legs apart. There before him was a beautifully crafted lumber table with fine grain details. On the table were unused parchment paper I, as well as a strange but immaculate part called Baymardian Calligraphy paper. This wasn't your typical A4 paper, but one that had the same feel as parchment paper. It could be rolled up and would last even longer compared to his parchment paper, when it came to water resistance. Camelot With his men on the job, he no longer concerned himself with the slut's matter. Still, he had to inform his backer, his Master, who was far, far away in the Capital. Dipping his ink brush, Camelot began to write.

If he sends word fast, it will reach his master just before Summer begins. The Female Phantom Rebel King...

That title caused quite a stir in Dafaren. Yes~

Tilda had already begun her plans to gather forces, unit and rebel against his majesty Alexander, her dear father. Who could see this coming? (~_~)

And with Tilda's emergence in Dafaren, also came a large bounty on her head... or rather, on her name and identity. Anyone who succeeds in revealing her true identity and her looks, will get boundless wealth from many guilds. At the same time, other stories emerged from the locals. Stories of her bravery spread out, with some people swearing to have seen her step in to deal with a rude noble that wanted to lay a finger on a little peasant girl. Amazing! (*0*)

For now, her stories were just rippled on a pond. But not long after, it might grow as turbulent as a waterfall's. Tilda had started well, and on her side, she sent out those who no longer wanted to stay, planning to move forward to the promised land with those who did. They ate heartily, rested well, got proper treatment, as well as new clothes and

masks. Yes. She gave them confidence to hope for a better future. After a well rested night, many woke up around 10 am, sleeping for so long because of their bodies true exhaustion. Everyone ate again, washed their faces, and relieved themselves, before hopping into the darkened carriages once more. There, they stayed, except this time, although they couldn't see the outside world, the inside was lit up with strange lights they've never seen before. Ahh! Some jumped back in fear, but quickly adjusted after knowing it posed no harm to them. Their jaws dropped and their lips quivered, opening and closing their mouths but not saying a thing.

What... What sort of godly fireless torch was this?

(0?0)

Chapter 1830 New Technology?

Who am I? Who are you?

You look at me, I look at you. You look at me, I look at the strange light.

... This promised land... Was it truly as its name suggested? Will they be able to see such godly artifacts in there?

"Pa... Pa... it seems my eyesight has grown horribly bad over the years. Or else how can I see torch light without fire?" "This, sons... bow your heads now! We are staring at the face of a godly artefact!"

This was no doubt a miracle! (+0+)

It was amazing how many were already excited just from seeing the strange light bulbs. Their faces were so exaggerated that one had to wonder what would happen if they get to the Promised Land. Understand that some Baymardian products have long made their way to Veinita by the many merchants around

So even if the enemy finds out Tilda has solar light bulbs, they won't think she is affiliated with Baymard. Afterall, they too had solar light bulbs and even heaters in their homes too. It's just that within the slave site, no advanced changes have been made. Why make changes for slaves? So they can live a better life? Oh please~

Everything in the slave sites were exactly the same, making slaves clueless about the outside world's changes. Some slaves have not seen the outside world for over 7 years now. They could sometimes hear the gossip from guests who come in and out. But if you've never seen anything face to face, it's sometimes hard to put a face on what people are talking about. In the meantime, far away from Dafaren, Landon who had

cleared all the money from the slave site's treasury room, was now humming happily while making his way towards the Lower Region. Today was a brand new day. There was no snow falling, and the air was dry and disturbing,... but nothing a good sweater, scarf and hot beverage couldn't handle. Drinking his Vanilla Latte, Landon wrapped his scarf around his neck multiple times, before heading towards the Lower Region's Station within District D. Perhaps because it was a rare money with him only having 2 meetings, he chose to use public transportation to get around today. His guards disguised themselves among ordinary workers and got checked into the station the same time he did. Standing on platform 9 and 3 quarters, Landon kept his head lowered at all times, wrapping half his face with his scarf to hide his face. Thankfully, many also had their scarfs around their mouths and also wore winter beanies, earmuffs and other accessories that hide their facial looks. Landon changed the way he walked and made himself look almost invisible when blending with the crowd. Soon, he was on the train alongside others, enjoying the bubbly atmosphere. Unlike other trains in the Capital city, there were 2 types of Sky trains taking workers to and fro. The first type was an ordinary train type you find everywhere. But the 2nd type was more like a classy bullet train, with tables between the seats. Well, the execs and higher end workers like to take this train type if they don't drive their vehicles to work.

Anyone can ride this type.

"Ahh! Have you heard? Wembley Park is now open." "WHAT? Wembley Park is finally open at last? Oh my, that's in my hometown!" [*Wembley Park was a Baymardian town somewhere in Baymard's East territories.]

The park is said to not be your typical everyday park, but a grand touristic Winter wonderland park with rare silver plants and silver creatures that make the place insanely magical. Camping there is also possible. It's said to also be a romantic site to behold, especially for campers since all camps are built on trees. People can swing on vines and enjoy Tarzan-like adventures, except the ants and the trees were rare snow plants. Landon shook his head wryly, watching several people discuss the matter at Wembley, and several other topics shown in the newspapers. Some spoke of how their week went and others spoke of their pets, loved ones and the upcoming holiday, which Tv/movie award show they planned to watch live. Watching red carpet shows was always a treat, especially to the women. Some young girls giggled when thinking of last year's awards. Soon, he reached the lower region, hopped off, and was now on his way. But where to? Of course to see overseer Tim! Why, you ask? Well, because it was finally time to make a key technology he has been putting aside for quite some time.

"Sir..." A helpless voice called out. "Sir, please calm down. I'm afraid if you hold me any tighter, I will become crippled." "Ah!-" Tim awkwardly let go of Jonathan, one of his personal secretaries and assistants. Well, don't blame him for being overly excited. Ever since he received his Majesty's call, his body has felt jumpy with excitement. Bahahahahaha~

They've finally perfected plane technology, and now, his majesty already has another major project for them. So how can he not be ecstatic? Oops!...

They will have to start construction on the new industry, and also start the hiring process once it's done too. It has just been a millisecond since Tim let go of Jonathan, and already, he had fallen into his usual excited state, already thinking of what to prepare for this new project. He was walking up and down, side to side, left, right, center and even circling around Jonathan so much he began feeling dizzy. The corners of Jonathan's lips dropped, helplessness still deeply drawn on his face. How can an old man like Overseer Tim still act like a toddler? Jonathan felt that should the outside world ever get wind of Overseer Tim's true self, the tall image they had built for him over the years would collapse just like that. Sigh...

"Sir, you'll tire yourself out at this rate. Don't forget that you don't know all the details about the project yet. So why tore yourself so much?" "WHAT DO YOU KNOW?" Tim's fierce eyes fell on Jonathan. Tim was about to open his mouth again when the telephone suddenly rang. Hmph! Like a grumpy kid, he turned his butt arrogantly, rushing toward the phone. "Tim here... yes, yes, yes, yes! Send him in Savantha!"

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1831 Move Over! New Tech Coming Soon!

Chapter 1831 Move Over! New Tech Coming Soon!

Hehhehehehe~

Looking at Tim's blooming face, Jonathan knew his majesty must be here. Already, Jonathan was taking out his pen and clicking its head, knowing that the Monnet his majesty walked in, his boss, Tim, would start the meeting without any structure. Tim was too excited to go through 'Meeting Procedures.'

So since he was the one to take down meeting minutes,... Well, you couldn't very well miss a thing, could he? "Welcome! Welcome, your Majesty!!!" Sure enough, Tim was now standing before the door, grabbing both of Landon's hands with his large muscular palms. Landon was also helpless, but now used to it, "Old buddy, you never change. How's the family?" "Never change? Your majesty, I don't know what you're talking about. Family? Yes, yes, yes... they are fine. But why are we talking about me when we have better things to discuss?"

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Haven't you ever heard of curtsy? Landon had black lines on his forehead. Do you expect him to just waltz right in and get down to business without even saying hello? Who does that? And old man... Why are you dragging him so hard? Landon looked at Jonathan, also seeing the helplessness in his eyes. Forget it. Let the old man have his way. Bahahahhahahah~

"Sit! Sit! Sit, your Majesty. Make your buttocks feel at home and allow your mouth to open up nicely." Tim slapped the table hard, gesturing for Landon to hurry up. It was amazing how many-a-time, he forgot that Landon was his monarch, despite him saying: Your Majesty here and there. Seeing his face growing impatient with excitement, Landon slowly reached for the brown envelope inside his coat. The envelope appeared for less than a second, but was already in Tim's hand. Tim was like a hawk doing a magic trick, making it vanish from Landon's hands and reappear in his. Then, his body began to quale, his lips began trembling and his entire demeanor changed as if he was holding some national treasure. "Thank you, ancestors, for making me live another day." Landon rolled his eyes, already used to Tim's ancestor prayers whenever he held vital documents. He hasn't even opened it yet, and he was already in a cult-like zone of prayers and worship. Rip!

He tore the envelope open very carefully, like one operating on a bomb. Sure enough, his majesty could never disappoint him. Spreading all unclipped documents on the table,

This... this... this... (*#*)

Tim looked between Landon and the documents, opening and closing his mouth, and gasping for air in horrendous shock. "Your majesty... your Majesty... Are... Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

Jonathan's curiosity also got the best of him, causing him to also freeze. And soon, he too exclaimed in question. Soon, even he forgot his identity. "YOUR MAJESTY!... Are you... are you saying we will soon be able to walk around Baymard with landline telephones in our pockets?" This was huge news! Landline telephones in their pockets. Do you know how crazy the idea was? It was like imagining a car in your pocket on the go. The invention of the telephone was just as big as the invention of homes, cars, and other great technologies. Soon, Jonathan frowned, "But your Majesty, how can we have landline phones in our pockets when they are mostly corded?" Sure, there are also cordless landline phones available, but even if you take the cordless handset out, don't forget that these phones still have stationary fixed ends that they sit/rest on. These stationary parts are mostly attached to the stationary power source and cables around the house. So how is it possible for anyone to be able to carry an entire landline out in their pockets?

(0@0)

This... This... Gulp~

Jonathan swallowed hard. This was too unscientific! .

Don't blame Jonathan for being a nonbeliever. Till now, a part of him still told him the project was bound to fail. Because no matter how he wrapped his brain around the idea, he just couldn't see it becoming a reality. Jonathan was also forgetting that years ago, if anyone could tell him that metal ships could float, or vehicles could move without horses, he would definitely swear to drink his own blood before he ever believes it. Seeing the reaction from the duo, Landon chuckled, knowing that sometimes, seeing is believing. Even with all the successful projects he had accomplished, the duo couldn't imagine how the bulky Landline phone set could fit in their tiny pockets. The one that made it even more unbelievable, was when Landon said they will be able to put the device in the chest pockets of their shirts. ... Who am I? Where am I? What am I? Was it already April Fool's Day? "Your majesty, are you sure you're not talking about Walkie Talkies instead?" Landon shook his head, "No. For one, Walkie Talkies provide instant communication by simply holding down a button... Unlike cell phones, which require you to dial a number and wait for the other party to answer their phone, these types of radios can instantly put you in contact with another person." "I see..." Tim and Jonathan slowly nodded in understanding, "Just like the landline phones... But with the portability Walkie Talkies have, right?" "Correct. Just like landlines, everyone will get their own unique cellular numbers. But in the case of walkie talkies, you don't need unique numbers, just tune to the channel."

Again, unlike cell phones, walkie talkies don't necessarily need cell towers. Walkie talkies have internal antennas and other internal components that make it an all-round cell tower on its own. Cell phones need cell towers but Walkie talkies have their inbuilt system that makes them usable even in places that you would never expect to exist. The power of radio frequencies is true. In movies, especially movies like: Journey to the Center of the Earth,' you see the protagonist tampering with spoons, bendable iron parts and other objects to find a frequency for connection. Look! Even in the heart of the jungle, far, far away from civilization,... or even down, down below in the center of the world, they try to find a radio frequency they can hope on. Listening to his majesty, but Jonathan and Tim seemed to understand bits of this incredible project. But now the question was:... Can it be done?

(?~?) "Alright, enough chit chatting," Landon said, rubbing his palms mischievously. "Jonathan, take notes!" It's time they officially begin the meeting for one of the greatest projects of all time... The invention of the Mobile Phone!

Chapter 1832 Cellphones!

Two and a half hours later and everyone was deep into conversation, Landon rose from his seat, having gone through everything with Tim. "I will personally fund the entire project, since it is my sole idea and independent work... However, the various

government department heads will contact you for another meeting, and you will spearhead the presentation on Cell Phone security, governance and compliance " "Of course, your Majesty."

What did he look like? An amateur? Understand that every major technology made in the Lower Region, even Gameboys, still had to pass Compliance tests, rules and regulations. There are already many rules in place to stop cyberattacks. Although none such attacks have been reported yet, they all knew there will be a day when one wise guy will think of starting crime in that direction. Thus, every computerized and mechanical technology has to follow certain guidelines to prevent bugging and other ways outsiders can infiltrate their defenses. The government heads, especially those in charge of security, will want to know all possible attacks attackers can launch through these cell phones, and how they plan to combat these attacks for those in the far future. It's clear that if such a technology gets realized, it will make communications a lot easier. So of course, it is a necessity. However, what are the rules of use in place for it? Landon had already thought about it. It seems Jonathan and Tim were also pleased with his arrangements. "Your majesty, I think it's good that only Baymardians can own Cell Phones."

"Yes, your majesty. Such technology must not leave the shores of Baymard no matter the cost!" Tim and Jonathan's faces were stern, as though about to take poisonous oaths. Landon chuckled, knowing that even if it left the shores of Baymard, no one outside the lower region will be able to understand how it worked.

Can they recreate the parts? Can they recreate the sim cards? What about the battery? The charger? The internal parts? Can they write out the computerized programs and other software that came installed? Do they understand Computer and software engineering? Do they know how to use Java, C++ and other coding platforms? What about cell towers? Do they understand the purpose of cell towers? Sorry, but there were a million and one things involved in just cellphone making. The only reason he wanted to stop cell phones from leaving Baymard's shores was so to create a buzz or rave about them. Think of it as a marketing strategy. As it stands, only Baymardians can truly own cell phones, but don't forget that people from treaty-signed empires can rent cellphones the entire time they are here. And once leaving the Landport, seaport or even the airport, they can deliver the cellphones there during check in. They just have to fill out a short form there, submit their phones to the check-in staff and be well on their way. The initial safety deposit will then be sent back to their bank accounts in no more than 7 days. No one should ever doubt Landon's far sighted plans. Both Tim and Jonathan didn't know it all, but Landon had already seen a huge marketing opportunity here... and that was to create a craving 'want' from the people.

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Ah yes~... Deposits. Landon didn't plan to make the safety deposits to be massive. To rent these devices, one has to pay more than 1/2 the phone's price. They can pay that upfront or pay the deposit bit during the duration of their stay. Let's say they get a visa

permitting them to stay for just 6 months, but they Anne's to stay for only 1 month. Some can choose to stay for a little longer, getting temporary jobs here to make up for it. But anyway, the down payment isn't something that is typically much, depending on what cell phone they wish to go for. Different phone types will cost different prizes. There will be cell phones for 100 Bays (133 copper coins), and cellphones for 800 Bays. Understand that $0.7501 \text{ Bays} = 1 \text{ copper coin}$. Again, they will only be putting down only half the total price of the phone. So if they get the 100 bay phone, they have to plOut down 50 Bays(66.7 copper coins.) What was 67 copper coins? Over the years, the monthly wages in Pyno has jumped from 250~300 copper coins to 480~600 copper coins and even more. No joke, since many found entrepreneurship, more and more ordinary people are getting wealthier. Even farmers now make twice more than before, with some farmers even making up to 700 copper coins (6 silver coins) a month. Now in Pyno, the minimum wage is roughly 480 copper coins. But in Baymard, the minimum wage in the Capital City is 680 copper coins (510 Bays). In other Baymardian territories, it varies between 560 to 620 copper coins. So yes. Many can afford 67 copper coins as down payment to rent these phones. Again, though the 100 Bay phone is a good choice, the 200 Bay phone will be the one Landon knew most regular people will go for because of functionality. The 100 Bay phone will be the cheapest phone in all of Baymard. The more expensive the phone, the more advanced its tech. Landon massaged his chin with a sly glint in his eyes. Even with this, he never planned to make the camera apps, online regular payment apps and a few other apps. Hang on... although no bank apps and traditional payment methods linking to one's direct bank cards will be available, he still came up with a clever way for them to buy things online. First, everyone will have to register for what's called a Spendable Recharge card, that can be granted to them from the bank. With that card, they can transfer money into it and use the card to buy things online. The card number is 5 digits long and different from traditional bank cards. Yet, it had more verification procedures for proof of identification. These recharge cards are great because even if in the future, attackers steal money from the cards, at least these cards aren't necessarily linked to your regular bank cards. Note that the cards won't have names printed on them, bug special codes and unique identifiers. Online refunds can also be sent to these cards, and you can then later transfer the funds to your personal bank account.

Chapter 1833 A Harder Start

It should be noted that transfers can't be done online. You head to the bank, and they will do it for you. Anyway, this way, thieves who steal the cards won't be able to transfer your funds out... but, they will be able to spend the funds if they know all the security identifiers. Lucky for you, you can also contact the bank to freeze the card. In short, the rechargeable card was safe for online transactions. Banks will handle these extra cards, as if handling a user with 2 or more bank cards. Never underestimate the power of cyberattacks. Although it all seemed like a lot of take in for those who are used to Earth's technology, people here who don't know anything, will readily accept the

situation, taking it to be the norm. Hey! They are just happy they get to see phones in their lifetimes. (^_^)

Anyway, cameras won't be on the cellphones for now.

He wanted to leave these apps behind. The phone's will have pdf and Microsoft apps, as well as reading apps like Bay-Kindle and Audible. B-Netflix and other streaming apps will also be available.

The phone's will have pdf and Microsoft apps, as well as reading apps like Bay-Kindle and Audible. B-Netflix and other streaming apps will also be available.

Food ordering sites, event booking sites, tourist booking sites, news, job posting sites, google, etc. Bottom line, different phones have different technologies and aesthetics. Everyone will be able to put the down payments down. And should they damage it during their time of use, the damage deposit will handle the damages, if not it will be returned to their bank account at most 7 days after returned. Some phones will open like a book, and come with pens, allowing manga artists and other artistic people to draw.

Some will heavily focus on technologies good for business, and others will focus on demographics, nature lovers, and so on.

Flip phones, blackberry style phones, and touch screens. Landon wanted to bring all 3 main styles at once. . As for Baymardians, they can get the cheapest phones for zero dollars with plans or buy it off all at once. Now, here's where it gets tricky. Allows can rent cell phones for the entire duration of their time here, but non-treaty allies are NOT allowed to rent. It will definitely kill them inside with jealousy, knowing they can see others laugh and merrily use cellphones while they can't. It will even make some non-ally forces want to sign treaties with Landon Asap. Some territories might only sign treaties in the next few years. So do you know how much teeth grinding they would have done during this time when visiting Baymard? Especially the visiting nobles and royals. How can mere peanuts use these godly cell phones when they can't? It's a definite marketing strategy because once he opens the way for them, almost all will get cellphones of their own. Enough said about cell phones. For now, this will do. Anyway, although he was making touch screens, he was making cruder but practical touchscreen models with no Siri or Alexa. These cellphones are meant to be the Genesis of Cell Phones here in Hertfilia. Looking at Landon, Tim couldn't stop smiling from molar to molar no matter how hard he tried. "Your majesty, worry not. I will definitely complete the mission!"

(*w*)

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With the talks of cellphones underway, Baymard had no idea what Landon had in store for them this upcoming December. It was already the first week of March, and they'll still have 9 and a half months before launch day. For cellphone production, he planned to first hire only veterans in the phone industry. You must have at least 2 years of experience making Phone lines. Computer engineering and coding experience of at least 1 and a half years is also a plus, especially those who worked hard to create software games alongside him back then. Don't forget that the computer techs are there to tweak and control any escalations that occur. People can also call the tech hotline site for the company, if they do need some sort of troubleshooting, especially with their computers. Ah yes~

Baymard has grown quite a lot since its former hunger days. Now, you have geeks and techs who can move their hands on a computer's keyboard like magic. Those Landon wanted for the job were those who were already versed with software and technical knowledge.

Veterans will be quick to grasp key concepts and do what Landon expects. Only by mid summer, will they hire fresh graduates and other Baymardians to join in. With that, Landon took off, leaving the excitedly fidgeting Tim and the helpless Jonathan behind. That was his last appointment for the day. Now, he could finally prepare for his date with his pregnant wife, who was about to blow any money now. Yes! Lucy was due sometimes around March 23rd. But with pregnancy, you never know when the baby would like to give you an early heart attack. Landon had never been so uneasy in his entire life. Go out for missions? No way! Even if the system chooses to vaporize him, he swore he wouldn't miss his child's birth. Impossible!!! Don't even think about it. Landon sneered when thinking of all the wrong times the system has forcefully warped him off to play babysitter. Lucy will birth in the Royal palace, within the theatre room set up there. A list of doctors and nurses already received letters and emails, inviting them to move into the palace until the birthing begins. Of course, they will still be paid as usual. And every day, their task is to do checkups and ensure Lucy is ready for the D-day. Landon recruited a staff of 40. Some will have to sleep in the daytime, so they can be awake or be on call all night, and others will be on call during day shifts. Oops... 'Have to get more baby clothes.' Landon's thoughts were already spinning wildly. For sure, he knew Lucy had twins in her oven. But for the genders of these children, he didn't know. He had many ways to secretly find out, but he and his wife wanted their births to be a true surprise. So no genders were known, not just to them but everyone else. ... Lalala, lalala~

Landon went about his day, smiling and humming merrily... But... what he didn't know was that in a place not so far away from home, a certain someone had the heavy inkling to bash his head against a stone for how bold he was.

Chapter 1834 Ransom?

—The Grand Lockhart Royal Palace—

Location: Dafaren, Veinita. A few passing guards were just about to change his shift, when they suddenly heard an eerie laugh that seemed ghost-like, coming from the Audience hall. The stream of laughter had the magical ability to grip one's heart, leaving it hanging on a thread. What's going on?

Many had the intuition of death hovering around them. "Can... Can it be that someone has released a cursed spirit to hunt the Palace grounds?" "I... You might be right."

"Hey, this... Well... I, a Dafaren royal guard of the 5th order, can never be afraid of anything. Huh... Only weaklings like you can fear measly spirits."

"Pooh! What are you trying to say? Are you calling me a weakling? Okay, then why don't you look convincing with those shaking legs of yours?" "Bah! My legs are cold, that's all! Who told you that only fear can make your legs shake?" "You—" The men suddenly paused, hearing the strange echoes of laughter again. This time, everyone flinched, lowering their shaking shoulders in raw panic. But no matter what, their feet never stopped moving forward because if they should be late for their shifts... well, let's just say there was a greater demon around waiting to suck their bodies dry of any blood. Gulp~

Everyone swallowed hard and picked up the pace. Only after reaching the massive golden doors that were opened, did they know where the eerie echoes of maddening laughter came from – it was his Majesty. Bam!! The door was now shut tight by one of Alexander's most trusted aides who commanded for the job to be done. The news they received was so shocking that after they gathered, they forgot to close the hall's giant golden doors. "Your majesty, it seems they look down on us greatly." Morwen, the conqueror, spoke out. He was a man who many hated to see in this lifetime. Why? Because he was the Emperor's guard dog. And the power he wielded was also very scary. Morwen licked his lips, staring at the large golden envelope, squinting his eyes with a cruel grin on his lips. He didn't know whether to commend Baynard for their bravery or laugh at them for their stupidity. Stepping on a beast's tail intentionally, can only spell one thing – Disaster.

But oh well, he Morwen, was a person who loved chaos. If wars could be fought everyday, it would truly make his day. It was because of his love for chaos and destruction that many feared his presence, fearing that one day, they would be roped into a war they knew nothing about. And again, it was because of his love for chaos that Alexander loved to send him out to deal with heavy matters that needed brute force. Why? Because someone like Morwen, would definitely wish to fly over there, using all his time to travel fast and execute the orders given to him. As for Morwen, he was completely loyal to Alexander, and no one else... not even the princes. So to see his master's body react like this, Morwen knew Alexander was pissed! No... hold on, he was more than angry. 'So does this mean I get to go crazy somewhere?' (*0*)

But you know... This is the angriest he has ever seen his master in all his life. So who? Who was it that dares to make his master spit out so much fire? Hahahhahahahha~

Alexander laughed like a mad person, scaring many ministers, battle commanders and those in his court. First, his laughter flowed in an ear-shattering continuous manner, before slowing down and lowering its volume tremendously. ~Hah-hah-hah... heh-heh-heh. "How bold! A little imp of an empire dares to hold my son for ransom?"

Tsk.

Sure enough, pigs can always dream. The document in Alexander's hand was gripped in the middle that its upper half was almost tearing away from its bottom half. There were particular paragraphs on the document that made Alexander's stomach clog and tightened into balls of fury:

[In simple Pyron, we have your son, Skye Lockhart the 3rd. Please see attachment 4, the list of crimes he had against not just the glorious empire of Carona, but also our beloved Baymard. He will remain in our custody for 11 more years, before he can get ransomed and transported to your empire. Only after 11 years, he be released from Baymardian imprisonment. In the meantime, you can stop by for visitation if you miss him dearly.]

' '

So all he even if he paid anything now, his son won't be leaving prison grounds till 11 years later?

Then why bother sending this letter? is it to inform him of his visitation rights?

Hahahahahahah.... hah... hah.

This was an outrage! Alexander can take being threatened by a worthy contender. But to be threatened by a territory that can't even protect itself, was just insulting. Is this how far Dafaren has fallen in the eyes of others, with them now thinking Dafaren had teeth but couldn't bite?

Heh.

Alexander slowly turned his attention to Morwen, and everyone already knew what his next words were.

"Take my Ninwaku to Westlands and make them bleed!"

Morwen dropped on one-knee with a solemn but intoxicating smile on his lips, "Expect the good news, my Lord."

With his wet-like texturized hair always dangling down his cold face, Morwen licked his lips once more, already envisioning his victory.

The Ninwaku were a mysterious elite force controlled by him. They answer to him and his majesty Alexander.

Leaving the gathering, Alexander's brain acted fast.

It takes 2 months, 3 weeks to leave the Capital and head to the closest shores that faced Baymard's direction. Sailing with a crew in lumber battleships will take another 5~7 months, depending on the seas nature and the weather.

They had a few hidden fortresses not too far from the Capital. It will take at most 2 weeks to gather a good chunk of warriors from these nearby fortresses before heading out.

In the end, it could take them 7~10 months to reach Baymard's shores. It was already the 2nd week of March, so the earliest they could arrive was between the months of October and January of next year.

...

Like that, Alexander was finally ready to make his move on Baymard!

Chapter 1835 Changes In Pyno

-Crang, Crang, Crang, Crang. Listening to the constant sliding, grinding and rolling of the wooden tires against the roughened but yet grounds, Adam hastily massaged his elbows with a deep look in his hazy eyes. It's been over 3 years now that he has been hearing of this grand place called Baymard. As a simple villager, he never knew his life would change so much in such a short time. It happened like magic. Adam came from the little village of Sheylia. Well, although he called it little, it has since grown 3 times in size since the emergence of Baymard was made known to them. The village that was engulfed in poverty and death, now bloomed and blossomed since the emergence of Baymard and their new Monarch, his majesty William Barn. Oh yes~... Now, Lords were given particular tax ranches that they couldn't exceed, or else it would be them who pays the ultimate price.

To make things easier, all regions belonging to different lords were grouped in various sections, and overseen by particular people approved by the Monarch. In short, each grouped area was called a Province/Prefecture/state.

Each prefecture or state had its own tax rates everyone was then subjected to. Now, the rules were all clear in black and white. So no more tyranny, no more collecting excessive taxes and seizing their goods and belongings at every turn. Before, they used to have nearly nothing to eat, since every time they harvested their crops and goods, the lord's people would storm in seconds after the Harvey's and take away almost everything, claiming it was to feed the army and so on. On top of that, bandits would also rob them left, right and center. F***! There was never any justice for little guys like them. Some smart people in the village found a way to get around these dilemmas, but even then, their savings were only better than the average villager, and couldn't amount to what those in towns or cities had stored up. .

All in all, their lives were always drowning in poverty, with disease, death, fights, and plagues ravishing the lands like crazy. For peasants like themselves, they all knew their fates were sealed. Unless they manage to join a noble's faction or find a way to train and become a soldier or guard, they will most definitely live and die the same way they used to do. Another path they could take was the scholarly path, hoping to join the national scholarly exams and become one of the scribes and scholars his majesty will most definitely use, assigning them to different government departments for work. However, one can't just take the scholarly examinations just like that, even if they have somehow read and understood the works. First, you must pay homage to a teacher, joining a school and improving your calligraphy, poise, and knowledge. Just paying tuition for a whole year was so expensive for people like them, not to mention the price of busing paper and other writing materials. Years ago, who could think of sending their children to school, talk less of sponsoring them for several more years? Heh. Such a thing was impossible, and many never dreamt of doing so. They didn't even have enough food to eat, so how could they think of turning their children into scholars? Adam, just like many others, had already admitted to his fate and that of his children. But who would have known that fate had another plan in store for them? Hooray! The tyrant was dead, and a new dawn flashed through Arcadina. Then, came the sweetness of it all. At first, many resisted the change, especially the nobles. But you see, their new Monarch was so smart. Before the nobles could raise their arms to retaliate, their beloved monarch had already counterattacked by sending his loyal forces to each corner of Arcadina to instill these changes, alongside the help of the Baymardians. .

Adam massaged his elbows once more, feeling his heartbeat accelerating with every second that passed him by. After saving money for so long, he was finally ready to see what this Baymard looked like. Was it just as others said? Where it's people kinder and more welcoming than the rest of the world?

(?~?)

Was it as its nickname suggested? Was it truly an empire of friendship and abundant peace?

Adam was now seated on a Public Wagon Bus, one of the many official Transport Buses Arcadina had running around within towns, cities, and villages. Some only move

within settlement areas, and others move between settlements. Within the wooden wagon buses, were battery powered light trips tapped around the upper interior walls. Looking at his watch, Adam knew it was only a matter of time before they reach Baymard's Eastern entry point. And sure enough, in no time... Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! The doors were banged, and then opened. "All rise, all rise. We have arrived at Baymard's borders!"

Chapter 1836 The Empire Of Friendship

Stepping out of the wagon, Adam's mouth opened and closed severally. 'What a beast!'

The Empire's walls, that were even far taller and thicker than the great walls of China, was such a grandeur piece of architecture Adam couldn't keep his eyes off of. The towering spires and gleaming facades left him breathless. Sounds of carriages going in and out could be heard all around him, as well as the rustic sounds of nature and the voices of the inspection team and travelers. Standing outside, everyone watched as the Baymardian inspection team first stepped closer, first using strange devices attached to poles to scan underneath the vehicles. Some contraptions were attached to mirrors that showed whatever was hidden underneath, and others beeped every now and then.

"All clear!!!" The brief inspection only lasted for at most 4 minutes before they hopped back into the wagon. Adam was a little confused, but did as everyone else did. It was only after entering Baymard, did he know that this was just a pre-inspection. The real inspection came when the wagon pulled up before a place they called Atlas Border Landport.

They were entering Baymard though a border settlement, which was neither a town, city or village

The border settlement was located just outside the perimeters of Atlas Town. However, the border settlement point of entry was again divided by the rest of Baymard via another wall. Landon had designed it and many other border entry points, to be similar to King's Lansing, which was the Capital's entry point. So imagine a U-shape bubble carved around the entry Walls. Within the U-shape bubble, the Landport was built, as well as a few sleeping quarters for guests and visitors. Winter was nearing its end, since it was the 2nd week of March. A week and a few more days to go before Pyno officially entered Spring. Snow hardly fell these days, but the light drizzle of rain did accompany them every day and them, leaving a misty cloud around the space.

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Wow!!! The mist that was heavily centered at a midway around the many towering structures, gave the illusion the structures were so tall they went to the heavens. If it

was before, many would fear to open the wagon windows, afraid the cold temperatures would come in. But after most official bus wagons were equipped with Baymardian glass windows as a second window frame, everyone could now stare out the wagons and enjoy their little sightseeing. No matter how many times they've seen it, Baymard's overall beauty and appearance still made their hearts throb chaotically. "Father, father... is this really the famous Baymard you visit regularly? Father, how can buildings grow so high that they touch the skies?" "Son, these buildings didn't grow, but were done by people just like you and me." "Mother! Mother! Look at that! It's a magical unicorn, and it's waving at us!!!" "You child... Well, it's a unicorn, but not a real one. That is just a unicorn sign welcoming us in."

"Amazing!!!" (+0+)

Adam listened to the words of the many passengers, also shocked by all he heard. Some things looked so real that he thought they were the Gods themselves making an appearance. In the misty atmosphere, those signs did play a good part at showing them the way. Wow! The lights along the roads, the 6 lane giant roads themselves, the sidewalks, the clatter of horse-drawn carriages, the chatter of passerbys, the hum of activity, the stunning decorations and everything else left Adam enveloped in a whirlpool of sensory overload. Adam didn't even notice his breathing had changed rapidly, as his face was now leaning so close to the window that he almost kissed the cold glass surface. Baymard... Baymard... He was finally here! .

"Hello there," A young vibrant woman welcomed their group after the wagon driver and staff offloaded everyone's items. She wore a warm staff sweater, long professional but warm pants, boots, gloves, and an expensive-looking warm scarf around her neck. And when she smiled, everyone felt incredibly welcomed, especially those who were coming in for the first time. She treated them as though they were royalty, treating them with the utmost respect respect how untidy and unkempt some of them looked. "Welcome to Baymard, the empire of friendship. Please, call me Deedra. If any of you need assistance with your luggage, do let me and my staff know. We will gladly assist you in taking them in." How wonderful!! Adam subconsciously nodded, although he probably won't need any help with his luggage. He only had a backpack on him, and that was it. No wait! He also had a Fanny pack on his waist, one his son had sent to him a while back. Adam at first, wasn't used to wearing this Fanny pack during his first few days of travel. But after spending another 2 months with it on, Adam was now a loyal fan of this ingenious bag. Hey... it was so convenient to zip and unzip it to get his coins and other private identification documents. Although not as lavish looking and high end as Baymard's, ID documents have been around for hundreds and thousands of years. Well, it was just a piece of paper given to one that has an official seal on it to prove one's identity. The seals of the Royals, City lords and royals can never be duplicated. The ancients were smart. They had their own way of ensuring one could never forge a seal. It's possible, but very unlikely. In this era, the City lords and town lords look over nearby villages, having special teams of people they put to do things like seal stamping several birth and identity documents. Adam was extremely pleased with this waterproof

Fanny bag. On top of that, the zip's also had special combination lock systems built into the bag.

Even if you stretch your hands to unzip a compartment, you would need to know his secret number combo. Again, for him to take off the Fanny pack, he also needed a combination lock too. All Adam could say was that he was very pleased with the Fanny bag, especially since several thieves had tried prying it from him whenever he went out to relieve himself or buy a meal during his long journey. What was this? Who was the ingenious man who came up with such a godly bag for all travelers? (*Δ*)

Chapter 1837 Adam's decision

Well, everything went way faster than Adam anticipated. Adam followed the crowd, checked in and got a temporary Baymardian identification card. From there, he stepped into another general space that had many people sitting and waiting, with some standing in line to speak to several staff behind counters. [Welcome to Baymard~... To book a bus ride, please stand in line. Please be advised that If you are heading straight for Atlas Town, you may take the bus, or any of the cabs waiting outside.]

The mechanical voice echoed across the scene, giving everyone a sense of direction.

"Mommy, mommy, aren't we heading to Atlas Town to visit Grandpa?" A cute little girl with pigtails lifted her head to face her mother, who in turn rubbed her forehead dotingly, "Yes, we are Vivi. The next bus for Atlas will be here in 20 minutes. So why don't we take a taxi instead?" "Yay! We get to enter the yellow monster again!" The little girl clapped and jumped happily when thinking of taking a taxi ride to Atlas Town. They lived in one of Arcadina's bordering villages close to Atlas Town. So you can imagine how many times they have come in to visit her grandpapa. And every time she visited, she always felt she came into an entirely new world. Everything in Baymard was changing so fast, that it changed the little girl every time she came in. First the roads, then the streetlights, then the buildings, and so on, and so forth. Waow~

The changes are coming so fast, and she liked it. But what she liked more than anything else was the change in her grandpapa these years. Before, her grandpapa didn't like her so much. He looked at her like a maid or a commodity to be married off to in future. However, over the years, her grandpapa took the bold step of easing her fear of him. And now, apart from her parents and her brother, her grandpapa was someone she truly cared about. She also became his favorite in his heart. And that's why she would always send for her to visit every now and then. The little girl liked the idea of having the cab, because she always felt like royalty when sitting at the backseat. The cab was just for her and her mother, unlike the bus that was for everyone else. Of course, she didn't mind taking the bus, but the bus was also slow compared to a cab, especially if it made stops to other places. Although Atlas Town is the first stop most buses will stop by at,

they will first stop by a checkpoint just outside Atlas Town and then at another checkpoint in Atlas Town itself, which is where they will be heading to. The people that typically get off the first checkpoint are Baymardian military people heading for shift changes and so on. Don't forget that all these places were border regions, meaning they must be tightly guarded at all times. Anyway, there was a checkpoint between Atlas itself and the secluded Atlas Landport area. If anyone in modern times has ever left the city to drive to the Airport in the outskirts, you will know that the trip isn't so close. Anyway, the little girl just preferred entering the yellow taxis because the journey was faster and a little more private. The taxi takes them straight to their grandpapa's home, the bus takes them to a bus station, before they get another taxi to get home. (VwV)

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Just like the little girl, some headed for Atlas Town chose to take cabs instead of waiting for the next bus. 'So that's why they are waiting in line there?... Buses?'

Looking left and right, Adam tightened his grip on his backup nervously when stepping into one of the lines. There were over 15 lines, but it all depends where you're going. For example, line 1~3 only focused on booking bus seats for Manji city, Loch Ness village, and 6 other places. Most buses stop at Atlas Town first, but some don't, bypassing Atlas Town and continuing their journey onwards. Either way, people heading for Atlas Town can hop into any of the lines here. Looking at the signs on the walls, Adam knew he could only stand on lines 6, 7, 8 and 9 to book a ride to the Capital. 1, 2, 3... "Here you are sir, one ticket to the Capital, with 4 stops. It seems you're lucky today sir, because you're the last one to get a seat on this bus." "Really?" Adam was taken aback, after hearing that most buses have 7 and even 10 stops to go before reaching the capital. His entire travel time was 5 hours, 17 minutes so imagine places with 10 stops, how long will it be for them? Some people take 16 hours to get to the Capital and others take 8 hours to do so. Adam couldn't contain his smile when hearing the good news. (^Δ^)

"Hahahhahahah~... Thank you, thank you so much." The male staff nodded with a warm smile on his face, "Not a problem sir, your bus will be here in 11 minutes, so just take a seat over there, or better still... you can visit our stores to see if there's anything you might need to purchase before your trip begins." "Thank you, I'll do just that!"

Safely placing his ticket in his Fanny pack, Adam headed straight for the stores to buy some snacks, as well as change his copper coins into Bays. The male staff was kind enough to point him to the exchange store. Of course, he also wanted to call his son's apartment number to tell the brat he was finally here. His bus wasn't going to stop at Atlas, but will first travel on route for an hour and 21 minutes before reaching its first stop location. Soon, he boarded an official Baymardian bus that took him straight to the Capital! ... Vrmmmm!!!~

Adam's bus was off with him in it. And after 5 hours and 10 minutes, they arrived at the Capital's gates, even a few minutes earlier than promised. Adam went through Landport

check-in one more time, before finally leaving King's Landing and officially entering Baymard's Capital. "Father!!!!" Adam looked at his son who seemed to have grown taller than he remembered, with a warm face and eyes full of pride. Adam was now standing in a popular place called Big Ben, because of the giant clock behind him. Both men hugged in silence, before finally letting go. "My boy, you have grown so much." "Father, it's cold out here. Come quickly, I will take you to my apartment. And tomorrow, I will show you the essence of my barbering skills!" As a part-time worker at a bathing studio, after 2 years, you best believe he has a few brushes to his name. "Father, I, your son, will make you proud!"

"Good..."

(>Δ<)

The next day came and Adam was truly in awe of his son's amazing barbing skills. Was this still hair cutting? No! This was art in motion! Look at those crisp corners? Look at that lightning mark? Look at the peculiar but dashing hairdo that complimented the customer's face. Everyone, from the staff to the customer's, complimented and swore that his son was a true talent, who had a gift in him. One by one, people came in requesting to have their hair only cut by his son. And the tops were also magnanimous too. But this was just one of the highlights of the day, because out of nowhere, a strange man came in with glasses, a card, and an overly large coat that covered his entire structure. Everyone didn't say a thing, leading the man to a private barbing booth. And then, the bus called for his son to do the cut since the strange man only wanted his hair cut by his son. Who was this man? Adam's curiosity was truly getting the best of him, especially when seeing how large the top left by the man was. Damn! Who is this rich young master? "Father, that's Hiyong Jun... you probably don't know him, but he is a new B-pop idol, one that's taking the entire Pyno and allied nations by storm!" So can his Rios be any less? Boom! Adam gasped exaggeratedly, feeling more and more that what the customer's and the staff said was right. With his son's talents, how dare he not support his son's dreams of opening a famous Barbing Salon in Arcadina?

It wasn't a lie to say that although he supported his son earlier, a part of him was still skeptical, wanting his son to fall to a career with more stability like farming, painting or something else more known. But now, he discovered there were all sorts of jobs available in today's Pyno. And even barbing that has been there for thousands of years, has been elevated to newer heights since Baymard gave it a magic touch. So what more can he say? Adam slowly placed a hand on his son's shoulders and sighed. "Son, how much do you need to get started?"

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Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1838 It's Finally Happening!

Chapter 1838 It's Finally Happening!

Just like Adam, many parents began opening up to their children's weird dreams for the future. Some wanted to be street sweepers, others wanted to work at cafes, some wished to take on government roles, some wanted to be farmers, and others wanted to sing on idol shows and possibly tour the world, spreading their music in every corner they could reach. This was already May, meaning the semester was soon reaching its end, for those who were about to graduate from public school. Now, they won't be seen as children, but adults!

14/15 was such a transitional time for the youth. Some married straight away, others chose to wait for a few more years, and others preferred to pile up a whole bunch of money first before finding the perfect partner to share it with. All humans weren't the same. Some men and women truly craved marriage, wanting to have a baby early so they can grow old with their children and have fun too. Whatever their desires were, graduation was right around the corner, and it made them think deeply of what they want out of this life moving forward. What were their long term goals? In xx years, where do they see themselves? Landon also made sure that in their final year, everyone must take 2 special courses: •Taxes, mortgage and Finance Saving.

•Personal Goal achievements and the Key to Happiness. You might think these courses were nothing, but statistics have shown that after taking these courses, most teens were more level headed when transitioning to their adult phase. Who wouldn't want to know more about the importance of real estate, how to write taxes, and finance Saving? Teaching these youngsters how to set attainable and realistic goals is also a great asset. Teaching happiness, abundance and gratitude is also a course that when studied and practiced, can never go wrong. Being at peace with yourself is the greatest gift anyone can give themselves. Like so, more and more tourists poured in, especially those belonging to students about to graduate from the many Baymardian schools and academies. Just a month and a half more and they'll be writing their public exams. .

Like that, hours turned into days, and days into weeks. And then... "Ahhhhh!!!!" A frail but vibrational cry echoed from within the palace. 'What was that?' Many maids and guards froze only for a second, before leaping towards the noise at full speed. However, they weren't the only ones doing the running. Landon, who has been doing his duties in the palace these days, also jumped over his table and rushed to his bedroom chamber at full speed. 'Is it already time?' No one could imagine the fear and anxiety that was quickly engulfing his entire being. Landon was like the wind, flashing through the hallway at an incredible pace. "Quickly, get the queen to the Royal medical room!"

When Landon arrived, he spotted the head maid Daniella, and a few more maids, nurses and doctors already surrounding Lucy.

1, 2, 3... Lucy was carefully propped and placed on the stretcher. They popped her on a medical stretcher, and wheeled her out as fast as they could. "Baby..." "Hubby..." Landon held Lucy's hand, soothing her worries and swearing to be with her throughout the entire ordeal.

He himself was so panicked for her sake that his palms became sweaty and even his speech started to stammer. Lucy, through her pain, stared at him in a funny way, when seeing how sweaty Landon had become. Was she the one to sweat or was he the one to sweat? .

In a flash, Landon suited his left properly and prepared to join the doctors and nurses in the Royal theater. Of course, he won't be the doctor overlooking Lucy's birth, but will be the supporting family member here to confront her throughout the process. While Landon, Lucy and the medical team were rushing for surgery, the rest of the palace grounds were now shaking with unspeakable tremors. Whoosh! Nathan and Daniella moved like lightning, rushing to the phone's to quickly send word out! Who were they calling? Mother Kim and Lucius in their own private Wing, Mother Winnie and her husband in their home situated in District E, and all those close to Landon and Lucy. Heck! Even Landon's sworn brothers were alerted of the good news, as well as some guests in the Royal guest chambers. "By the heavens above, is it that time already?" Tacholla's eyes widened in alarm after listening to the news first hand through the phone. "Hubby, what's the matter?" His wives all sat up on the massive bed, wondering what the fuss was all about. "The Baymardian Queen... she is about to give birth!" Plop!!! The women were already out of their beds and on their feet before he could finish his sentence. They had already reached for their ropes and other work attires, wearing thick boots and getting ready to storm out. "Well, don't just stand there, you big Ape! We have to go to the birthing room now!" "Damn it! Where are the gifts? Where did you put the gifts?" " _ " [Tacholla]

What happened to his wives? Why did they do so much after coming to Baymard?

(-_-)

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First off, in this entire world, it must be known that before the Baymardian empire came to existence, the Mirvs were the most open-minded group of people who didn't mind allowing women to take control every now and then. Women could step in for men if a war breaks out and all men are gone. Remember that not long ago, they were still surrounded by giant, dinosaur-like creatures coming in and attacking them left, right, front and center. So how could women live in such places without knowing how to throw a good punch? After the Mirvs, the giants were the next best when it came to being open minded, followed by the Romanians. That said, even with the openness the Mirvs

displayed, this was the first time his wives (Queen and concubines) have authoritatively bosses him around as if forgetting his identity. "Ugh, for heaven's sake, are you waiting for grass to grow under your feet before you move? Come on, get a move on it now!"

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Chapter 1839 The confused Hidden Guards

Birth! Birth! Birth! The Queen of their great empire was about to give birth! In the palace these days, there have been more secret agents around than one could imagine. In the bushes, on the trees, reporters have been 'camped out' here to get a whiff of the news.' Of course, Landon and many guards knew of their presence. They were allowed to come in during this period, but only allowed to stay within a particular area. It's because of these restricted orders that they decided to climb trees and stretch their necks to get a peak of the chaos on the far side of the palace. "Quick! Quick! Jonathan, get the cameras ready! There are maids and servants running Helter Skelter out here! No, Channel 5 must be the first to capture the scene or I swear I won't be called Olivia Wild, the number 7 reporter in the news world!" The girl called Olivia was so happy when jumping off a tree branch that she almost flew to the skies when thinking of the game and fat big bonus check awaiting her when her news company saw her good deeds. It wasn't just about her, but her amazing crew team too. Without them, where will she be?

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Olivia was there with her usual crew of 4 people, including herself. Her eyes burned with motivation, as her crew hyped her up, preparing to take footage. Hahahahaha~

'Victory shall be mine!!'

The other news reporters should be dead asleep by now. The maids and guards also didn't make loud noises when moving about outside courtyards, so who will truly hear a thing? Olivia and her crew of 3 were estate, as anyone in their position would be.

But just then, a voice popped out from the distance. "Poor Olivia, always living in LaLa land. Today's news, a triumphant channel 2 reporter wiped The floor clean with a channel 5 reporter's ass!" Eh? Olivia threw her head over her shoulders, only to see a stunning slender woman with short blind hair that flowed in rhythm with her every move. "Channel 2 News!" Olivia forced the news through her clenched teeth, standing before her news team to square off against Petra and the rest of the Channel 2 News team. Dammit! Why was the witch up at this time? Olivia couldn't help asking herself.

"Hahah!!!" Another voice echoed, cashing both teams to look sideways and back away cautiously.

"Well, well, well... if it doesn't miss Sunshine and miss Ever-too-late." A man in clean suited attire emerged from the bushes with a twig sticking out of his hair. Funny enough, he still looked professional, not even flinching or showing any emotions of embarrassment on his face. Rather, on his cheeks and under his eyes, were cheek and under eye masks, to ensure he was always camera ready. .

"You back off, channel 1 news! We got here first!" Pfff~

The man and his crew laughed in a poised fashion, "You? Got here first? Well, well, darlings, I don't mean to burst your delusional bubbles, but you see, we channel 1 people, are built differently. Believe it or not, we have been here the whole time..." "Stop!!!" Another voice bellowed. "Who now?" Olivia was getting impatient. Where were they all coming from? What exactly was going on here? "Hold your Spitfires..." a chubby but gangster looking man appeared from the shadows. "Look here, there can never be any news, without the great Channel 1 evening news team, with I, Bozar Winston reporting live in the flesh!"

"Bah! You dickheads have been in 3rd place for 3 years now." "Oh yeah~..." Bozar smashed his fists together arrogantly. "3rd place, 3rd-shmace... after tonight, you'll all be looking up to my evening news team hovering over you like your shadows, the following silhouette you cannot escape from."

Olivia thought this was all, not knowing that this was just the beginning. Before she and the others could blink further, several news teams they were familiar with appeared out of nowhere from conspicuous and suspicious corners. "Hold it right there, the History Channel wants in on this." "And so does ESPN 200. We might be a Sports channel, but we sure as well want in on his kicking bomb action." "Stop! Entertainment news wants in on it too. What's the queen wearing? Don't you think everyone will want to know?" "And don't forget the Magnificent National Geographic channel. Like the Queen Bee, our Queen is also essential to our nature!"

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Again, Olivia asked... where the hell did they all hide themselves during this time? Well, this has to end here and right now. "Enough!!" Olivia yelled out, bringing the place to a halt. Sweeping her eyes left and right, she scanned the scene with clenched fists. "Look here, we all want the same thing, right?" "Yeah!" "Yeah!" Everyone responded vibrantly. "Now, before we do this, we must get through some major ground rules..." Everyone nodded. "Rule #1, no pushing and no accidental smudging or roughening of the face and hair!" "Yeah, yeah, of course!" "That is, do you think this is our first rodeo?" Several

people responded while taking off their under eye masks and touching up their makeup and hair.

Who doesn't know that the face was one of the most important assets for a news reporter. Even if they one day got into a fight, the face was definitely off limits! It was even worse than kicking a man in the balls. "Alright... that's it. That's the only rule. So let's begin!" Bam!!!

The chaos that erupted on the scene was something even the hidden guards couldn't believe. "Charge!!!!" The news teams all took positions, fighting to get the best footage possible. "Look, look! Guests are arriving!" Mother Winnie and those who lived outside the palace who were arriving, were part of their focus too. Ahhh!

They must capture the scene and give such vivid narration you would think they were talking about a Wuxia novel on cultivating immortality. [Hidden guards]: (0_0)

... What's going on here? Was news reporting so serious? Why did the place suddenly tune to a war zone in just a few minutes?

Chapter 1840 A Glorious Royal Birth

In Baynard's grand medical theater, a hushed tension hung in the air as Queen Lucy, beloved by her people, was in the throes of labor. The royal theater was filled with the sounds of several solemn nurse attendants and doctors working meticulously and swiftly. Landon's eyes were all focused on his beloved woman, whispering promises for the future, once she pulled through.

Outside the theater, family and loved ones had gathered, some just arriving from outside the palace and others long seated here in wait. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap~

Lucius sat crossed armed, not even realizing that he had been anxiously tapping his boot against the hard ground for quite some time now. Many were similar to him, moving back and forth in fixed lines, anxiety etched in their solemn faces. Oh My heavens, this was torture. Why the hell was it taking so long? Was it usually this slow? (?0?)

In truth, Lucy's birth was actually faster than many others but at this moment, none of them could believe it even if you spat cold facts in their faces. Tick-tock, Tick-tock. The giant clock on the wall was so annoying. For as the seconds passed, the tension mounted, each passing minute feeling like an eternity to those gathered in the palace. Prayers were whispered fervently in every corner, seeking a safe delivery for both mother and child.

"Ancestors above, grant my sweet daughter-in-law strength. My dear Lucy..." Mother Kim was murmuring to herself in prayer, with eyes so locked on the door that if it should shake even for a millisecond, she would be the first to reappear before it like magic. Yes, everyone was almost losing all their hair from all the waiting, including Landon who was busy soothing his woman. .

Lucy twisted and pushed with all her might, yelling at the top of her lungs while listening to the instructions from the doctors. "I see the head! Take in deep breaths and push, my queen, push." "Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Veins popped on Lucy's forehead, and sweat drenched her entire body while pushing with all her might. Good Ancestors, why did it feel like all the oxygen in the room was escaping her? 'Don't give up... Don't give up...' Ahhhhhh!

Lucy did her best, wanting to get over with the entire ordeal once and for all. And soon, a cry pierced through the heavy silence of the theater, a cry that brought tears of relief and joy to not just her, but Landon, the doctors and nurses delivering the royal babies. That's right, Royal BABIES!

"It's a boy!!!" The first baby was quickly passed on to the head nurse, and then began Lucy's second battle. What? The doctor froze for only a split second, but Landon was able to catch his expression, making his heart sink. What was the matter? "Your Majesties, the second child is strangling himself." " _ "

The words were whispered to Landon, so Lucy didn't hear a thing. Apparently, the 2nd child had the umbilical cord wrapped around his neck. It was before in the womb but after pushing out the first baby, the 2nd baby grabbed the umbilical cord and began displaying his amazing gymnasium skills. It was funny that the baby only began wrapping the umbilical cord around its neck when half of its head was already poking out. (-_-)

What is it, little man? You ding want to leave your mother's belly so much? Well, too bad. Get the hell out of my wife!!! .

Very quickly, the doctors began unwrapping the umbilical cord, but not without a fight. Damn! How can a baby be so strong? The little man gripped the umbilical cord, refusing to let go, while still strangling himself to death with every pull he did. 'Stupid...' Landon inwardly cursed, already knowing this son of his would grow up to be a troublemaker. How stubborn can you be? His strength might also be stronger than his older brother who was born seconds before him. Well, it should have been seconds, but after this stunt the little imp was pulling, it might take minutes before he is safely born into this world. And what's up with having 2 boys? Where was the daughter he desperately wishes for? Because they wanted the children's genders to be a surprise to them, they only knew Lucy was pregnant with twins and nothing else. Landon was truly surprised when seeing twin boys pop out of the oven. "Wahhhhhh!!!"~

The little imp cried the most after being delivered safely from his mother's womb. Landon didn't know if he was crying because of the natural temperature and atmosphere change all new babies experience, or was crying because of his defeat by the Men in White when leaving THE WOMB. Well, they would never know. .

"My children... my children..." Lucy's voice was raspy and thick with fatigue. Sweat had long trickled down the front curves of their middle bone, drowning her eyes with its salty excesses. With a warm smile, Landon quickly dabbed the already drenched cloth against her eyes: "My Queen... rest easy now. It's finally over." "Are they..." Lucy was fighting to keep her heavy eyelids open. Landon understood her thoughts. What mother wouldn't be concerned with her babies she just birthed? Truthfully, Lucy hadn't heard a word of what the doctors and nurses said, as her entire body was about to shit down.

"They're fine... if anything, they're too strong and already very annoying." "Brother Landon, how can you say that? How can the product of our love be..."

(Snore~)

Lucy passed out, sleeping so hard that even a horde of zombies and a major earthquake wouldn't be able to wake her up. Landon shook his head, allowing the doctors and nurses to continue checking her vitals, before heading out to see their dear friends and families who were gathered in the Waiting hall. ...

Tick-tock, Tick-tock~

That damn clock was constantly kicking her again and again. Mother Kim's eyes darted around chaotically, observing every change before her. And just then, Kimberly swore time froze in ace when the massive double-sided doors moved slightly. Mother Kim and everyone instantly took to their feet, feeling their faces lose all color when seeing Landon's solemn expression. "Well, well, spit it out, brat! Why is your face like that?" Lucius unknowingly grabbed Landon's color.

No one felt Lucius's actions were too much. Even Little Momo and Little Linda who woke and waited for Lucy's safe delivery, also felt their ever-powerful Big Brother Landon was now annoying. Landon slowly raised his head, releasing a deep sigh that made everyone's Heart tighten even more. And then, he spoke...

"My Queen is fine... but boys... Twin boys... Where is my promised daughter?"

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Can they say they had the urge to beat his Majesty Landon to a pulp?

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1841 A Mother's Love

Chapter 1841 A Mother's Love

Today most people woke up, preparing to go to work, only to receive calls and emails from their superiors, telling them to not come in and take a rest. Only those concerned with security and those who worked in particular industries and sites, still went to work. However, for today and the following 2 days, their pay per hour will be even greater than usual, as compensation for their hard work. But why? Why did they have this sudden 3 day holiday out of the blue? "Twins, you say? Damn, the Queen sure is strong! I'm so happy she and the babies are fine." "Hey, who knows what the children are called? I think I will name my first child after one of them. It will be so cool!" "Pfft~... His majesty Landon's stomach must be twisting in knots now. Everyone knows how much he has been looking forward to having a daughter."

"Well, I'm sure he's still happy with boys."

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

(^_^)

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The air was filled with a mix of jubilation and disbelief as the people called and gossiped about the sudden news. And of course, you know the media was stringent behind the matter, with every news channel wanting to outdo another with the news. For a Monnet, all across Baymard, there was lively banter and cheers carrying their voices through the air. Bars and pubs were opened, allowing people to step in and join the jolly celebrations. Indeed, the Queen had pulled off a royal surprise - not one, but two bundles of joy! Many people looked at each other slyly, clashing their giant rum and beer jugs hard. Whelp, it looks like they'll need to double their celebrations tonight, so they could 'properly' celebrate each child. Twins! Can you believe it?

The Baymardians cheered and clapped, caught up in the revelry of the moment. Some people stood, one leg on their chair and one leg on the ground: "Gather 'round, good folk! Let's rejoice and be amazed, for our Queen has blessed us with twins! Let merriment reign throughout Baymard!"

"Here, here!" Clank!~

More mugs/Tankards clashed against each other, beer and other alcohols over spilling with each clink. And so, amidst the joyous chaos, the people celebrated this unexpected twist of fate with humor, laughter, and a sense of wonder at the arrival of two new members to their royal family.

3 days... 3 days off was quite nice. And it was all thanks to the appearance of the 2 princes that they were able to. For some people, this was equivalent to 5 days off for them since right after the 3-day holiday ends, their weekly 2-day off days also begin. Hey~... No one hates having more days off right? (^o^)

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After talking about the news and rambling with family and friends about the royal family, several people went back straight to bed, since they woke up very early, planning to commute to work. They made plans with others to meet up in bars, restaurants, food joints and other relaxation spots to join the celebrations. Take note that sites for touristic attractions were also available, so some preferred to go snowboarding, skiing, ice fishing, ice skating, go-kart racing, and even indoor and outdoor activities available for them. Thus began the 3-day celebratory period, welcoming the twins into this world. What were their names? Godric Barn and Wilfred Barn... Godric was the oldest. And the troublemaker was, of course, Wilfred. Yes~

Baymard's atmosphere was now boisterous, with schools across all Baymardian cities, towns and villages canceled for the next 3 days. Children made plans for meetup, and others chose their Otaku life, wanting to spend this time reading the latest Wuxia-style novels about cultivating to immortality and fighting against major sects to rise to the domains above. Please, this was the time for Otakus to crawl under their beds grab their latest published volume of their favorite light novels, ReadNovelFulls and even Manga, reading away like there is no tomorrow. Such was life in Baymard during these 3 days and even after that. There was boundless excitement in the air, for everyone knows that sometime in the summer, his majesty will officially celebrate the children's birth, meaning they will get another holiday similar to this one again. Hey... every Otaku loves holidays. (^V^)

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! The Queen gave her people boundless bundles of joy, as many celebrated the children's coming into this world. However, the same atmosphere couldn't be said for several others far far away. ...

—Capital City, Lingingburg Empire, Veinitta—

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Location: The Mackshire Noble Estate.

CRASH!!!! An entire pallet of food was swept off the table in a matter of seconds. Several people flinched back in fear, feeling that the beautiful woman standing before

them was a double-sided creature who kept a gentle face to the masses, but behind closed doors, would torture them to no end. Yes, she was the reincarnation of the pure evil in their eyes.

For before she came into the estate, their lives were somewhat peaceful and uneventful. But since her moving in, everyday was like a battlefield, with no one knowing when a stray arrow will take their lives away. How could one woman cause so much havoc at such an old age? Well, their new mistress was 39 this year, and in the eyes of a majority of the world, she was already so old she no longer left DNA fingerprints anymore. People automatically looked at people nearing 40, as though they had 1 foot in the ground. It was funny that despite how good looking 40 year old women in this world looked, with their fit bodies and well-rounded structures, people still looked at them like old ancient grannies. Well, at that age, most of them were indeed grandmothers. "Worthless pieces of Trash!" Their lady's voice vibrated across the air, causing many to lower their trembling bodies even more. "All you had was 1 job... One simple, little job. Yet you buffoons managed to mess it all up in a single night." The woman paused, spitting out even more curses from their voluminous lips: "Trash..." Sera looked at the useless maids kneeling before her and quickly suppressed the urge to kill them all. 'No, I can't. This isn't Arcadina anymore. I can't let Duke Hamilton see this side of me... at least not yet.' Sera's eyes flashed with a calculator light. Who was she? The former true Arcadian Queen who ruled alongside Alec Barn. Crown Prince Eli was her son, and she, a bonafide Queen who oversaw all harem activities. After fleeing Arcadina, she knew Pyno wasn't safe for her if she wished to slowly develop forces in the dark. Sera clenched her fists hard, when thinking of the fuck-up these useless slaves did. Everything was strategically planned, and they just set her plans back by a few months or even a year because of their failure. Dammit! Former Arcadinian Queen, Sera, was truly pissed!

'Son, hold on a bit longer... Soon, mother will come for you.' Never underestimate the love of a mother.

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1842 Duty Calls](#)

Chapter 1842 Duty Calls

It's been 15 days since the birth of their little baby bumps. And while Landon loved them with all his heart, a part of him also wished they could grow up fast so he could take them outside 'in training,' and beat them till they forget their names or where they were from. Landon was aggrieved when seeing how little time Lucy now had for him. "You don't love me anymore." Lucy felt amused when looking at the grown man pouting pitifully beside her. "How can you get jealous of your own children?" "Hmph!" Landon scoffed. "The little troublemaker's haven't left your side since they were born. So clingy."

15 days, and these little devil's always cry when Lucy isn't around. Landon had no evidence, but felt they did it on purpose. So clingy! They wanted their mother 24/7 by their side. It was as if they could tell when she was exiting a room. Do you think that even when Lucy wants to use the bathroom, she must keep the doors open or else they will sense her absence and start crying? Again, Landon knew they inherited a fraction of his powers and wisdom, hence why they were already showing signs of great intelligence and strength. Again, Landon knew they inherited a fraction of his powers and wisdom, hence why they were already showing signs of great intelligence and strength. It's only been 15 days, but they are already learning how to turn around from their backs to their bellies. At this rate, it will only be a matter of time before they learn the famous Camelot crawl and then transverse to normal crawling maneuvers. Following that, they will learn how to walk and how to run too. Although the children were twins, they looked different even as babies. Godric looked more like Lucy, while Wilfred looked more like him. At 15 days old, the children already showed different personality traits. Godric was quiet, never crying unless Lucy was gone, or if he needed food or a diaper change. And at night, when Lucy reads storybooks to them, he is the most attentive. Already, you can tell he will be a child who relies on his brains more than his brood. Don't get it wrong, Godric's strength was by far superior to any babies in this world, since he inherited Landon and Lucy's super genes. It was just that his younger brother, Wilfred, was obviously stronger than him. But as for whether Wilfred was more intelligent than Godric, Landon highly doubted it. Just look at that troublemaker's face? For these past 15 days, Godric has been the one protecting and soothing his brother's worries while they rested in the giant crib. Wilfred would sometimes wiggle himself in excitement so hard that he would accidentally hit his head against the crib's bars several times in a row when he first learnt how to wiggle and lie on his tummy. After that day, Godric was the one who grabbed his clothes, stopping the idiot from repairing the same mistakes again.

When they slept, Godric took on the position of defender. And even when eating, Godric would allow Wilfred to drink more milk from Lucy's bosoms. However, Wilfred, although mischievous and reckless, will stop himself, wanting Wilfred to drink more. It was amazing to see the bond between the 2. During these 15 days, he and Lucy had received all sorts of gifts from family, friends and well-wishers. During the 3 day holiday period, overseer Tim and many others popped in to visit, wanting to see the royal children and to congratulate the couple. The Reverends, priests, and many others from the church also stopped by and prayed for the children to live good, worry-free lives. During that 3-day holiday period, there was never a time they weren't entertaining guests. Landon was truly moved by their visitation. It meant a lot to him when receiving their earnest congratulatory gifts and words. Kissing Lucy and the children on their foreheads, Landon sighed, knowing there was much work to be done in his territory. .

"Hey! There he is~... The newest father of twins. How did the little stars sleep!" Tacholla's loud voice bellowed across the open palace grounds. "Too well, if you ask me," Landon retorted, feeling they were getting even more out of hand day by day. "Those little brats sure are annoying, but what can I do?" Tacholla, Amrous, and several others were amused by Landon's jealousy. Landon quickly took out his upper outer

vest, revealing a short and a petticoat underneath. He then rolled the shirt's sleeves before slowly walking their way and joining them in training. Bam!!

Tacholla exchanged blows with Landon while they were in deep conversation. And everyone else gathered around in smiles, laughing and jesting from their conversational teases. It was amazing how close Landon was to them now. When they spoke to him, they didn't see him as a young man, but as someone similar in age to them. Landon's strength, wisdom and actions made it hard for anyone to imagine he would be this young. Even those who heard his legends, might have first thought he was a 40 or 50 year old sage. The men spared for a bit before taking a break, with both sitting on the ground close to the rest. "Good spar! Good spar! I feel 20 years younger already!" Tacholla's body vibrated with excitement when recalling the spar. Every man who wields a sword or fights, lives a good spar that helps them access their weaknesses. Wasn't that why they were sparring in the frost place? "So," Landon raised his head to stare at the Mirvs. "Is your list ready?" "Yes," Tacholla nodded calmly. "We'll deliver it to your secretary, Brian, before the end of the day." The atmosphere was light but somewhat nostalgic. Several people had already sighed like old men without even knowing it. How they wished Baynard and Mirvanna were close to each other. That way, they can pop in and out as they like. It would be a lie to say they didn't have fun here. In fact, they had learned a few things during their stay, and wanted to quickly rush back and implement them in Mirvanna. Yes~... That's right, they had long signed the treaty with Baynard and already had all sort of perks granted to them, including access to the UN library, as well as several upper floors of the General library's doors. From Agriculture to Astronomy and so many other topics... allied nations were given a whole lot more info compared to people from non-allies empires. So with everything they knew, they couldn't wait to rush backs and do experimental testing in Mirvanna. Everyone knew that although they would miss Baynard like crazy, it was their duty to return home and make the lives of their people better! (*^*)

Chapter 1843 Mirvanna's Future

"Alright, while we're at it, let's talk once more about your plans." Everyone nodded with stoic expressions, waiting for Landon to continue. "I'm sure by now, you all are aware of the 3 main semester systems used in Baynard." Winter semester: January 5th - April 20th (3 months, 3 weeks) Summer semester: April 26th - July 31st. (3 months, a few days)

Fall semester: August 3 - November 25th. (3 months, 3 weeks.)

Mind you, the semester periods also include the times they will write the final examinations for the semester. That said, the frost week of April was just next week, meaning classes will soon end within the first week of April, and then the students will get 4 days of rest before writing exams till April 20th. April 20th is the latest time frame

for any exam to be held. Landon massaged his chin thoughtfully. For this year, Landon didn't want them to partake in any school activities just yet. It's best they first study with the Baymardian teachers he will send with them. He expected the selected students to return sometime in early December to first familiarize themselves with Baymard, find their sleeping accommodations and then start school in the upcoming winter Term that starts around the first week of January. Bilthozar, the chosen one and heir, nodded in agreement, "Father, I agree with brother Landon. What we must do now, is to ensure everyone else has a solid background in Pyron before we can bring them over."

"Yes, your majesty, the heir and spits wisdom," Amrous said, stroking his goatee. Rather, until December, they should focus on building stronger relations with Baymard, as well as putting everything in place for their people who will soon be frequent visitors of Baymard. For one, they have to stabilize trade between both empires, and first open the door for their merchants who will become frequent travelers here. Additionally, they have to prepare an area similar to Baymard's Landport, where goods can arrive and get dispatched frequently. Whether it's writing letters and sending them between both empires, or even delivering good and import products, they need a good Landport and seaport to deal with all these matters. Think about it. When goods are transported via air and then land in the port, they are stored in Baymard's Landports and even in other official port buildings in Pyno and in several allied empires. From there, everything is recorded and people can then come over to retrieve the goods. In a way, the ports also act as Post offices too. Everything has order. Without order, there is only chaos. Since solely traveling by ship is impossible for them in Mirvanna, who were surrounded by those crazy waters, winds and whirlpools, it means their departures and arrivals will take longer than usual. When the Cruise ships arrive in the waters just before the Mating Zone, they will have to stay 2~5 days in their waters, waiting for all goods and heavy items to first get sent to Mirvanna's Port via air travel. Only after everything luggages and cargoes are emptied out and recorded accurately, will they be taken via air into Mirvanna. And about 3 hours after all passengers have left and all luggages debarked... the ships will begin to clean up and equipment checks for another 2 days. Following which, cargo will then get boarded into the ship. Then, more Mirvs will appear to settle down on the ships for their trip to Baymard. For now, this is the way things will have to operate. .

Amrous and everyone else had already looked at the schedule Landon had made up for Bay- Mirvanna Cruise travels. There will be 40 Cruise ships dedicated to Mirvanna's cause. On Saturdays and Sundays, 3 Cruise lines will leave Mirvanna and head back to Baymard (2 on Sundays and 1 on Saturdays).

On Wednesday and Thursdays, 3 will return to Mirvanna. Bear in mind that the debarking/boarding, cleanup, and total trip for one destination, will take at most 1 month and 1 week. And the week after that, another 4 ships will have to go, and so on and so forth. So when the first ships go... then next week, another 4 ships will have to go. And if there are any delays, expect it to arrive in 1 month and 1 week. Now, it takes 1 month, 1 week between each location.

Then 2 or 3 days of cleanup and fast inspections, before taking another 1 month, 1 week to return back to Mirvanna with new passengers. So this means after 2 months, 2 weeks, the first ship would have made a full cycle back and forth. . 2 months, 2 weeks is 10 weeks. And each week, 3 ships are expected to arrive and carry the Mirvs away. So before the first ship returns on the 10th week, they must have enough ships to fill up the gap between week 1 to 10. In essence, Landon calculated that he needed 3x10 ships (30 ships). And of course, he would like the first batch of ships to take longer check durations in Baymard before heading out again. And, he would like for the cruise to also have 2 weeks of vacation when they return. So rather than dedicating 30 ships for Mirvanna's cause, he chose to reduce 40. With 40 ships, it eases out the pressure and ensures everyone can get a holiday after traveling for long periods. Understand that when the crew leaves Baymard's shores, they will go back and forth, returning to Baymard in 2 months, 2 weeks again. So of course a vacation was in order. (*^*)

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Understand that the average capacity of a cruise ship is around 3,000 guests, but larger ships can accommodate over 6,000 passengers. Take for example the Royal Caribbean's 'Icon of the Seas' back in Landon's former world, was set to carry nearly 10,000 people when it launched. Anyway, Landon planned to only use massive Cruise ships to carry the Mirvs, since they only have 3 ships leaving Mirvanna every week. Other empires like Carona, had 10 to 12 ships leaving every week... though, the cruisers they used did vary in size, with some only able to carry 4,000 and others only able to carry 3000 guests. For the Mirvs, although only 3 ships will leave a week at a time, Landon ensured they got the largest Cruise sizes. And to top it all off, all their cruisers dedicated to them were built with newly enhanced metals, making them super sturdy and safe, just in case anything happens along their crazy waters. Listening to Landon, everyone was pleased. Who didn't want to ride on the biggest and mightiest ships of all?

(^w^)

Chapter 1844 Trouble?

Taking the face towel handed over to him Tacholla patted his sweaty forehead in agreement. "Our priority will be to get the ball rolling, before the students and others start moving between both empires." So here was the checklist of things to do: Start assembling, renovating and revamping a special and grand official Port for travel, that will also act as a post office, storing all cargo until someone collects them, or sending letters between both empires, or even with other Allu empires.

Yup. Tacholla has spent quite some time here, and already had a basic understanding of how the ports operate when it came to mail or cargo delivery and storage. Did you

know that Baymard delivered cargo and mail to all Treaty-signed empires? Take for example, that you are in Tenola Pyno, but you want to send a letter or cargo to Zalipnia in Romain. This won't be an issue. Once submitted in any of the post office branches or in the port, it then goes to Baymard first, before getting sent out, arriving at the port. All cargo and letters stop at ports when they arrive. So only when sending mail, can one utilize the branch offices. From what Amrous, Tacholla and the others knew, more and more business owners and nobles have started building estates or renting homes within the same coastal cities or towns Baymard's ports are located. Yes, there has been a lot of migration happening during these past few years, with everyone having 3rd and even 5th homes there. Peasants also migrate to these coastal territories in search of better jobs, because the pay there is slightly higher than the rest. Being a cab driver there pays very well, due to the population increase and the constant need of transportation of goods and cargo. Traffic security, street sweepers, sanitation officers (garbage men), gardeners, construction workers, farmers, ship repairers, cooks, cleaners, statue sculptures, road workers, waiters, teachers, and another whole list of professions, were all needed there on a constant basis. The minimum wage here has also gone up over the years, and many people now live even more comfortably than before. It was hard to imagine that just a few years ago, the streets were filled with dirty people who had boils all over their faces, wearing beggar attire day in, day out. But now, the same people advocate cleanliness, especially when working at several restaurants and sites that wish to get 2 star reviews. Even on the streets, people try to look their very best because they've now learned that first impressions matter. Do you know that some people, particularly, some little boys, mimicked the newspaper boys in Baymard to make a profession? Yes! They sold newspapers that were already many months old that came straight from Baymard. "Extra! Extra! Read all about it!~... Is he a man, a myth, or a legend? Extra, extra! The Water Killer has finally been caught!" These young boys went about selling newspapers in this fashion, getting more and more people buying them like hot cakes. Don't underestimate the number of merchants and visitors that arrive in these coastal cities and towns on a daily basis. On top of that, many assassin guilds and information homes, go out in search of these newspapers, no matter how long they are. Because information is what their careers rely on. Suddenly, people found they had become entrepreneurs just like that. The death rate dropped significantly, has less and less people died from starvation and hunger. Can you believe that winter had passed, but many didn't truly feel it? On such a cold day, some people truly specialized in selling hot tea and coffee on their designated street corners. They bought coffee pods and other items from Baymard, and used battery powered, electric kettles to boil water. Of course, they offered tea, coffee, cookies, and biscuits. One can see many of such street store businesses out and about now. 'Mirvanna should take a few pages out of their books,' Tacholla wisely thought. (?~?)

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After the treaty was signed between Mirvanna and Baymard, Landon immediately threw them into the barracks to see what their people would experience once admitted in. Tacholla spent 3 weeks 5 days there, and could say with all honesty that it was completely worth it. Discipline was one of the biggest lessons he learned from his short

time there. Truth be told, he was already missing his time there dearly. Sure, his start in the barracks was rough, but it was all worth it. It also brought him and his Mirv companions even closer than before. It seems like they had gone through hell and were reborn from the ashes. On top of that, they also made new friends from different places. There was Wismo and his buddies, a group of towering men who hailed from Omania. They were what people called Giants. Indeed, the Mirvs were also shocked by their heights and strong bodies. There were also some blue toned people from Zohl, some dark skinned people from Romain, and even more friends from Pyno they met. Hey~... The conversations in the barracks were really entertaining, and everyone was actively striving forward to grow stronger. They also took ethic classes, standard CPR and first aid classes, and so on. After their training, they finally said goodbye to time in the barracks and began traveling across Pyno to see how the other empires there looked like. And boy were they surprised. They had to admit that although it wasn't as orderly and tidy as Baymard, you can still see how much effort the people actively put in trying to move forward. They also spoke to people there, who described their lives in the past to be difficult, especially those rules under Alec' Barn.

All this made them understand that change was possible, if they put their minds to it. Thus, without even saying a word, Bilthozar had already asked Amrous and several others to come up with several detailed plans On making Mirvanna a better place. ... A few minutes later, Landon and the Mirvs rounded up their discussions about the newly formed Mirv-Baymardian relationship and their plans going forward. In 2 weeks, they leave. There was still a lot that must be done before their departure. With that, Landon headed back to his office to continue working on several documents his heartless secretaries left for him. But just after stepping in, his phone began ringing in an endless loop. Who was it? Landon picked it up calmly, and placed it by his ears. Only... it was not what he expected to hear.

[Your majesty, we have a situation]

BOOM!

The words that exploded in Landon's ears made his entire body stiffen. Time to get busy.

Chapter 1845 Sudden Mission

Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! Din! A fierce wave of sense echoed across several brigades. All that could be heard were the constant stomping noises from the men's heavy boots. "Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!" A few standing by the doors of the vehicles, were quick to raise their voices while winging their arms in rotation. The air was so brittle it made many begin sweating like crazy. What was going on? Newly promoted soldiers and Marines were a little panicked by the sudden mission. It was just a while ago that they were

laughing about, taking classes, or and strolling around with their comrades. However, everything changed when they suddenly received the order to suit up! Dammit! Who wouldn't be panicked? [Everyone, Give me chaos! Equip and prepare for battle!]

The words still resounded in many people's heads when rushing into the military vehicles. But what was this sudden mission all about? (?0?)

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Vrmmmmmm~

Davey Holmes felt his entire body was caught on fire when sitting within the gloomy atmosphere inside. Davey had just been recruited into the Red Blood Eagles Brigade 4 months ago. The training was 10 times harder than what he typically went through, showing just how much work it took to become a soldier in the Special Forces. At first, he felt like dying, as every training session left him sleeping like the dead. He would have never believed his body would adjust to the tough regime in the brigade. But sure enough, his superiors were right. After 4 months, his overall strength had improved by leaps and bounds, and his fat percentage was so low you would think he was gearing up to become the next Superman. Within the Brigade, his nutrition, his workouts, and everything else was monitored like crazy, ensuring his growth was proportional to his physical capabilities. He also learnt even more skills here, techniques never taught to those not in special forces. Again, it should be noted that all Brigades have special martial arts manuals, only taught to its members.

It was true! The Palm Fist Brigade had about 20 unique martial arts techniques that could leave one unconscious in one strike. As for his brigade, The Red Blood Eagles, they too had their own set of techniques stored in the lowest underground floors of their library. You would think they would put the manuals on the topmost floor, but you would be wrong. They kept it on the 2nd basement floor. Again, the floor leading to the manuals, 1st basement floor, was just a massive open space indoor training site where they could test out their martial arts skills. The floor was so large and also tall in height, as if one was entering a secret Egyptian tomb. There were swords, spears, sabers, and all sorts of weapons on the walls for people to pick. You can even use your spear to project yourself into the air, and there will still be enough height space for you to train to your heart's content. No matter the time of day, you will always find people there, training hard. In all his life, Davey Holmes had never seen such a breathtaking training ground before. Could that be what the famous Wuxia Sect training grounds looked like? After reading some interesting Fiction novels and light novels about Cultivating to Immortality, one can't blame him for being imaginative. (0_0)

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Anyway, although Davey has gone out on missions before, he has never gone out on a mission as a member of the Red Blood Eagles Brigade. Everyone knows that those in special forces are always sent out for more difficult missions, like S-class, SS-class and

Triple-S missions. So this alone shows how dangerous the current sudden mission is, if he, a now-member of the special force team is taken out. "Relax, Sprouts," their team leader Mack advised. "It's nothing we can't handle."

Sprout was the nickname given to Davey and a few others who were newly accepted into the Brigade. "Now then," Mack continued, plunging the atmosphere into an even deeper bowl of quietness. Vrmmmm! The vehicle's engines roared as they now found themselves out of District B and on their way to King's Lansing for Departure. "We are all here for an Urgent Combat mission. Many other Brigadiers and their units will be joining us for a review battle and assist mission within... the Dome of the Fierce!" What?!!! Davey couldn't believe what he was hearing. The Dome of the Fierce? Isn't that... isn't that... All the color from Davey's face drained away, leaving his appearance chalky white. It wasn't just him who felt his tummy churn, but other newbies and even veterans also found it surreal. (@_@)

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The Dome Of The Fierce was definitely a place they wouldn't even wish bad for their enemies. Understand that before his majesty began building the great wall of Baymard, his majesty had first decided to build the great Dome of the Fierce. That project took nearly 2 years to complete before work on the great walls of Baymard fully commenced. And by George, it was a difficult project that used up a lot of Baymard's military power and labor power during its construction time. But what exactly was this Some of the Fierce? Davey shook his head wryly when thinking of all the records and teachings he learnt about the place. To explain its origins, one has to start at the very beginning. In the entire Arcadina and Baymard alike, the most fiercest and deadliest forest was the one where the Dome of the Fierce stood. There, giant monsters and all sorts of terrible ants and creatures lurked even till now. The terrain there was also very mysterious and consuming, with all sorts of Indiana Jones type of mysterious lying about. Quick sand, quick gravel, quick mud, trees that spit poison, flowers that suck blood, you name it! Mother nature sure was going all out in there. Gulp~

Davey Holmes swallowed hard, already feeling a shiver crawl up his spine. Mother nature thrived there, and so did her creatures.

Chapter 1846 The Dome Of The Fierce

Ah yes, Mother Nature sure loved to jest. There, she showed off her gallant nature, creating all sorts of plains and terrains within the Dome of the Fierce. It was precisely because of this that Landon decided to enclose mother's nature's treasure land into an insanely sturdy wall that has never been seen before. If people think the Great wall of Baymard was thick and tall, then wait till you see the wall enclosing the Dome of the Fierce. During that time, all sorts of monster attacks from the plants came down on the

Baymardian soldiers and workers. But did they relent? Nope. They traveled far to this region, and began work as fast as they could, defending against the creatures while also keeping a lid on the matter. Understand that at that time, Baymard was only the size of its current Capital city. So they had to sneak into Arcadina and do all this work, while keeping any visitors away. Luckily for them, the forest was also feared by the masses, so no city or even village in their right mind had settled anywhere close to it. Understand that the nearest settlement from this place was actually 7 days away from it on horseback. It can be seen that even during the time hundreds and thousands of years ago, this place should have been the heart of all monster attacks. Giant creatures 10 times the size of dinosaurs used to roam about this crazy place. Can you imagine how difficult it must have been for humans to survive? Luckily, a worldwide event happened that wiped away 98% of all super giant creatures, leaving just some Giant creatures a little smaller in size to dinosaurs behind. In the end, humans still had to face off these giant creatures, but it was better than facing off giant creatures 10 times the size of dinosaurs. Sometimes, Landon forgets that Arcadina was 4 times bigger in diameter than Earth.

Hertfilia was the size of Uranus, with a center of gravity slightly different to earth's by 0.000001%.

Funny enough, the distance between the sun and Hertfilia Was the same as that between the sun and Earth. In short, in this universe, Hertfilia stood in place of Earth, only... its size was 4 times bigger than Earth's. It was amazing how everything and even most calculations were similar to Earth's results. Sometimes, Landon wondered if he was wrong somewhere in his calculations. But who was he to slowly rely on science in such a world where others have all sorts of powers like being seers, or using chosen Wind abilities? With Hertfilia being 4 times bigger in size to Death, can you already imagine how big the seas, and even the land masses are? Arcadina alone is already half the size of some continents back on Earth. Make no mistake, everything here was bigger than usual and Landon has said this before... that even the ordinary person here was taller than what the height of Medieval people back on Earth were. If anything, their heights were similar to modern peoples. All in all, the world of Hertfilia was a whole new ball game for anyone coming from Earth. .

That said, the nearest settlement to this dangerous forest zone was 7 days away on horseback, meaning on foot it was no less than 12 days. For some settlements, the distance between them and the forest was 10 days on horseback. With such a great distance in between, it was easier to get work done in building the walls. Of course, they also devised unique strategies to keep people away, by setting up camp sites in strategic positions at 6 and 3 day difference points between the forest's entrance and the nearby settlements. There, they would create the illusion of beasts atoning about, scarring off any who got closer. Even passing scouts and assassins were driven off by them through various means. And as Baymard became better and better, so did their techniques. There was a time that they threw tranquilizers at these skilled scouts, instantly putting them to sleep. And when these scouts woke, they would wake up in caves with all sorts of bones around them. Obviously, the scouts would think it was a

beast that did this to them. But what sort of beast can take them out so fiercely without them even knowing it? (Shudder, shudder)~

Little by little, less and less assassin's and killers chose to stop by there. And before anyone knew it, Baymard had been given more land after aiding William. And do you know where Baymard's walls now end? (^_^)

Well, in the North-West Region, Baymard's border walls now end at a 9 day horseback distance between the forest and its walls.

. Technically, the Dome of the Fierce is still on Arcadina's lands. However, both Arcadina and Baymard, agreed to take care of this peculiar site together. And so, with joint hands, they built 2 other enclosing wall, creating another enclosure space similar to Baymard's <King's Landing.>

Imagine it as Attack on Titan's walls. The forest wall keeps the monsters in. The 2nd wall is a precautionary measure, to also keep the monsters in. However, within the space between the 2nd and the 3rd wall, were all sorts of Siege weapons, arrows and other heavy weaponry ready for action. And then, you have the 3rd wall... the final wall. Of course, between the 3rd walls and the 2nd walls were campsites and buildings where the guards, Marines and soldiers stayed. The Arcadinians were camped on the South ends and the Baymardians were Camped on the North ends within the space. There were fully built barracks within those spaces, so everyone could train to their heart's content while doing their duties. Over the years, a lot has been done to ensure the Dome of the Fierce stayed safely out of reach from the masses. Understand that over the years, most deadly creatures that were deemed worthy of preservation, were transported and sent into the forest. But those that were dinosaur-like were executed without waste. Anyway, over the years more and more chaotic looking creatures have been sent in. By the way, don't forget that before then, the forest already had deadly beasts lurking within. So now, you tell them that this was the place they were to infiltrate? (0w0)

It would be a lie to say Davey wasn't shaking in his boots.

Chapter 1847 Sector 1

Davey sat in knee-deep sense, listening to every word and order given to him. "You Sprouts are in luck! Your majesty will be the one commanding our units today!" The leader spat his words out with a proud look in his eyes. "Pay attention Sprouts, perhaps you'll be able to learn anything or 2 from the greatest Soldier Baymard has ever seen!" Of course he was talking about his Majesty Landon. Many Sprouts subconsciously nodded in nervous moods, already overwhelmed by the unexpected tasks. Seeing their commander head towards the front of the vehicle, many already hurled together,

checking their magazines once more. Seeing the live ammunition, some again nodded that everything was in order. "I... Is this... We are really going in there to fight?" Unlike Davey, some newly accepted Sprouters had never been on missions before. So don't blame them for sweating excessively. For them, up until now, they have only shot in training grounds when using live ammunition. Drive the body to shit on the battlefield, smashing crazily? Isn't that some plot that only appears in their dreams? Boom! An explosive noise echoed in their minds, with many now feeling they have truly become men! Some ladies also felt proud at the thought of becoming strong women! Well, all they knew was that they were going into the Dome of The Fierce for a rescue and retrieve mission. But even now, the complete details haven't been given to them. Everyone clenched their fists, knowing it was their duty as Special Forces to see beyond what the ordinary couldn't. With such a big move that even pills out his majesty to participate, it shows that the mission is very deadly. How many enemies will they face? If things go left, how long before backup arrives? .

A veteran massaged his weapon while staring at the group of newbies, "Discuss!" "Report," A girl quickly took the stage. "Location: Dome for the Fierce. Mission: Rescue and Retrieve. Rescue hints at our goals being living things. Humans or animals." The girl paused, "There are 2 possibilities: Retrieving Comrades or retrieving Civilians."

They might be the 5th group to go on, acting as the rescue team for those before them, or they might be the first. For now, nothing is completely clear to them yet. The veterans nodded. "The specific number of creatures we will meet is unknown, but it won't be less than 200."

What? 200? Davey felt that was one large number. These weren't 200 enemy knights, but 200 enemy beasts with strange strengths. And don't get them started on the man-eating, blood-sucking, poison-inducing planet they might meet in the way. "My guess is that we will be parachuting in," another Sprouters added. Indeed, it would make sense for them to parachute in where they need to, before sending a signal for choppers to take them out of the hell hole. However, the veterans gave each other tactful stares, neither one agreeing with what the Sprouter said. .

Eh? Davey was shocked, feeling his sense of panic increase. "Why?" He blurted out. Why is what his comrade said wrong? A veteran woman with an eye pack and perky bosoms, sitting crossed legged, now leaned forward with a stoic expression. "With the walls around the forest, shouldn't we have called it the Circle of Fear instead?... Why do you think we call it The DOME Of Fear?" Davey and many other Sprouters suddenly became clever. "The air space!!"

Could it be that parachuting down was alone to parachuting to death? If so, then just how crazy was this Come for Fear? "Listen well..." Another veteran interjected.

His eyes were cold, and his aura stern. "As part of the special forces, reading between the lines and seeking clues is what you must note and be aware of at all times." From the moment they first heard the words <Dome> tears back, they had already had a

hunch the air space had issues. It was only after taking missions into the crazy forest, did they know their guesses were right. As Sprouters, you must pick up every little detail and piece it all up together. Davey and the other Sprouters suddenly woke up from their stupor, taking this matter even more seriously than before. They again went through everything their leader said earlier, trying to look for as many clues as they could. "The issue isn't so much leaving the chopper and jumping off it... but reaching a certain height level after your descent." A veteran raised his hands, demonstrating with his fingers, what happens when they reach a certain level close to the trees. .

Grawl!!! The veteran mimicked the frightened sounds from the many beasts, as well as showed a chunk board of fingers reaching for the parachute's legs and entire body. Davey Holmes swore he swore over 20 beasts jump from trees just to divide the parachute's falling body. They can also snipe down some of these creatures from a distance, but more always come minutes after the rest are killed. Plus, it's a waste of ammunition to keep going at it forever. Do you know how many creatures are all enclosed in this enormous space? Bear in mind that the entire forest zone was akin to 2 massive cities joined together. Look at Earth for example. Imagine New York City and Los Angeles grouped together as one. Do you know how massive each of those cities were? And now, don't forget that Hertfilia was 4 times bigger than Earth. Its cities were also almost 2 times larger in size than average cities. In fact, even the villages here weren't as small as one would think in terms of landmass. So imagine New York and L.A. joined and doubled? Landon did this to make sure the creatures had enough space to kill themselves and grow in, lest they got tempted to ever leave the dome. That place inside was huge! There were hills, mountains, ravines, you name it! That place was like a prehistoric site, left just for these creatures to roam. .

That said, with all everyone knew... it was clear that they wouldn't be using the chopper. Nope... They will have to go in via road! Gulp~

Already, Davey knew the mission would take no more than 4 days to complete. And before everyone knew it, they were already standing before The Dome of the Fierce, Sector 1.

"Prepare to engage!!!"

Chapter 1848 Into The Dome

Like Davey, many Sprouters had their jaws dropped to the ground when staring at the colossal walls that stood higher than anything else they have seen in this life. "I thought the rumors were exaggerated, but this..." This was too incredible, right? They were afraid only the Gods could reside behind these walls with the way it grew. Ants? Forget about feeling like ants. Micro organisms... They felt like microorganisms when staring at the ridiculously thick and soaring structures that went to the skies. They felt that even

the Titans, from attack on Titan, would have issues crossing over this wall. And this was just the forest wall of 3? With those inside long expecting their arrival, all 13 giant metal prison-like gates underneath the walls opened one by one. Like a centipede's many legs, the group had to pass through all 13. 3 vehicles could drive in simultaneously through the tunnel path underneath the walls. Vrrmmm!~

Time was of the essence, and so their inspection was also rushed. Once in, the doors of their vehicles were pushed open, and out came everyone, jumping down with their heavy boots. "Begin Inspection!!" "Yes, sir!" The hundreds and hundreds of men gathered within the space swiftly took action, checking the vehicles diligently with weapons on hand. "Clear!"

"Clear!" "Cle—... Stowaway caught!!" What? A stowaway?

Davey's eyes lit up when seeing a masked silhouette in all black. A spy! The spy tried to escape, also shocked by how fast he was caught. You have to know that after being in Baymard for a while, he has practiced the art of rolling under vehicles and handing on for his dear life, especially when it concerned rolling under trucks. Who doesn't want to know what was in here? .

Every flipping spy was more than curious to know what secret operations were going on down here. Sure, Baymard and Arcadina both released public statements, informing the world that the only thing behind these walls were monsters. But who can say for sure if any of this was true? Hmph! They might be secretly using this place as a training site or a new research area for more godly artifacts. What's more, just look at these walls? These walls were far thicker, bigger and taller than any walls in Baymardian. Even Baymard's Royal Capital didn't have walls so majestic. And then, you stand there to tell them that there is nothing fishy going on in there? (?~?)

The Veinitta spy refused to believe it! Just like him, several guilds had sent them out to gather more info on everything Baymard does. Don't blame them for only now waking up and taking this matter very seriously. After Veinitta became flooded with all sorts of Baymardians goods, they had no choice but to wake up and acknowledge Baymard and Pyno, larvae who were about to break free from their cocoons. What many in Veinitta feared was that one day, these forces would create crazy godly weapons and come after them. After all, following history, those who always held absolute power tend to have cans of world domination. So yes. In this world, information was too vital for survival. That's why they sent forces out to gather everything they could. They sent death spies who were ready to die at any given opportunity. Sure enough, after the Veitt spy realized there was no way out, he quickly clicked his tongue before the Baymardians could react. And soon... The Baymardian who captured him touched his neck with 2 fingers, and announced: "Dead." They were careless. Typically, no one would even be able to even sneak into the Dome for the Fierce. How could they? There were all sorts of Heat detection equipment devices focused on the surroundings, making it difficult for anyone to ever try sneaking in. Tsk. It would be near-impossible for that to happen. This means that the spy didn't roll under the vehicle near the Dome of

the Fierce, but might have done so when the vehicles were leading Baymard's border walls. It seems the spy took advantage of their hasty actions, successfully latching himself under their truck. Unfortunately for the spy, no matter how much in a rush they were, they must always carry out inspections upon entry into the Dome of the fierce. For all you know, an enemy might have put poisonous substances on the vehicles or even managed to drop explosive materials in there. No matter what, mistakes and negligence are part of human nature. That's why even if an enemy succeeds at the start, they must ensure they don't get victory in the end. Davey felt pale when seeing the spy caught right before his very eyes. 'In future, I must always follow protocol!' Like a reminding wakeup call, many people burned the experience in their brains. Fortunately, it was just one infiltrator that succeeded today. The group decided to do another sweep and later document the matter, swearing to be extra vigilant, even in times of chaos and rescue. At no point in time were the military vehicles opened since leaving the Barracks, so none had to be fearful that someone got swapped with face masks. Well, except for the first vehicle that Landon was in, no one stepped out of the others.

. Landon squinted his eyes dangerously. They were indeed careless. "Go... trace back to the borders and the nearby settlements for accomplices." "Yes!" In a flash, several people hopped back on the vehicles, exiting the site as instructed. As for the body of the now-deceased spy, he was to be stripped of everything in his possession... even his underwear was not to be spared. What they searched for were hidden tattoos, marks and hidden documents on him. Whelp! His hair will be shaved to also inspect his skull. After complete inspection, image capturing and documentation, the body then gets incinerated into ashes.

But how was this any of Davey's worries right now?

1,2, 3...

It was only 3 minutes since the spy was caught and now-dead.

Everyone shrugged and hopped back into the vehicles after inspection was completed.

"Go! Go! Go! Go!"

The imposing military trucks drove on formation, moving past Zone 3 without stopping.

From zone 3, they continued on, driving underneath a tunnel underneath The second wall... Now, they were in Zone 2.

Gulp~

Many people swallowed hard, knowing the time for action was near.

They were now in Zone 2, the in-between zone between the Main Forest walls ahead and zone 3 behind.

[ALRIGHT!] A voice traveled through their vehicle's intercom.

[This is where we stop. From here on out, we move solely on foot!]

Chapter 1849 The Culprits

"Everyone, song be impulsive! In order to save lives, you must value yours even more." A commander standing next to Landon, quickly cautioned the entire group of 800 men! Landon nodded to him, before giving a signal to those standing above the giant colossal gates.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Those above began shooting at the creatures roaming around the gates, driving them further in. Look at the gates! Imagine Jurassic park gates, but 3 times taller and stronger. Understand that once the gates are opened... just as they could go in, creatures could also go out if not careful. Grow!~"

It took a lot of sniper tranquilizer bullets and darts to get these massive beasts to sleep. Bram! Some dropped to the ground close to where they were shot, while others could still walk on further and report into the forest before giving way. So strong! After getting shot with 12 high volume darts, you can still move that far in? (0@0)

.

5 minutes later...

"All clear!!" Bram! Bram! Bram! Bram!

Layer by layer, the many mechanical gate barriers doors opened. Every mechanical grind only made the atmosphere even more tense than it already was. Grahhhhhh~

What was that? Everyone could hear the sounds of nature's tunnels far within the massive forest plains.

Oh my ancestors! Are you sure those growls belong to ordinary beasts and not monsters? Many peoples pupils dilated in groggy uncertainty as they subconsciously tightened their hands around their weapons. Within the team, half wore ordinary military gears, while the other half wore the latest Mecha Iron man styled suits. Just because these suits exist, doesn't mean they will have to slowly rely on them. That's why even during this mission, only half the group had these suits on. Very quickly, units that are composed of men in fully armored suits, where to go ahead first. Their goal was to search the entire Dome of The Fierce and spot the rescue targets.

Again, one cannot emphasize enough how massive this place was. Note that this place wasn't some sort of level ground or developed city plain that made searching easy.

The way hills, slopes, valleys, edges by cliff sides that looked like they led to bottomless ends, swamps, and so on. Don't get him started on the mist in there. This was already spring, and all the bare trees and bushes had now started growing their leaves back.
20:38

Of course, sole tough trees like cypresses and many stranger ones, have always stayed fully clothed no matter the season.

Another strange thing to note, was that in winter and spring, the forest was still very bushy, especially with the enemy, hence of some mysterious planet that only bloomed during these times. These spring and winter trees and plants sleep for Summer and Fall, only waking from slumber sometime in Late December. Sure enough, this world was unscientific, no matter how one looks at it. .

"Stay sharp, Sprouts. You're entering a world unlike anything you've ever faced!"

As the gates opened, several commanders and leaders raised their folded fists high up for their team to see. 1, 2, 3... Move Out! The military soldiers and Marines wasted no time trudging into the Dome of the Fierce.

After stepping through There was a 120 feet open clearing space between the walls and where the forest actually started. This was great, for those on the walls shooting at incoming charging beasts. But for them in the open space who were charging into the forest, they were like prey on plates, visible to those lurking in the woods a little far from the clearing. And soon... Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bullets began flying in all directions as all units broke apart to begin the search.

There were too many grounds to cover in such little time. 4 days! That's the max they were given to complete the mission. Of course, there are 2 main giant giants used to enter sector 1 (the forest/ dome of the fierce.)

The first one is the one Landon and 800 men used to enter through, and the other one was on the other side. Of course, the entire Zone 2 was a Ring surrounding zone 1. So all the other team had to do was drive round the ring to get to the other side. Remember, they needed to cover as much ground as possible for this rescue mission. Some Arcadinians soldiers from the barracks also joined in, since guarding and protecting the people from the forest was a job for not just Baynard, but them too. This was a time to showcase all superior skills they learned and mastered during this time. Davey blinked when rushing onwards. "Listen carefully, team, our mission... is to rescue the captured Arcadinian civilians captured by the herd Grachin Vultures." Grachin vultures were enormous birds the size of adult humans who go around catching children and taking them back to their nests. Although these vultures were the same size as

humans, they would never go for adults because adults could also fight back and injure them terribly.

But when it comes to children, especially those around the ages of 5 or 6, these vultures have no problem dragging them off, no matter how hard a child tries to resist. These vultures have existed long in the history books, ages ago. So it was safe to say that in Pyno and even in Zohl and Veinitta, attacks from them were very frequent. They were home to Pyno, Zohl and Veinitta. Thus over time, humans also found ways to cope and counterattack whenever a swarm of these birds were reported incoming. It's true. These birds never acted alone, but always in flocks. When this happened, children were immediately sent indoors, and even those on the roads were told to grab onto whatever they could find as tightly as they could. Also knights and soldiers always followed these vultures on horseback, fighting and driving them off whenever they made their moves in Spring, summer, and fall.

Jumping over a massive but skinny fallen tree, Davey swallowed hard when hearing the mission's full scope. "That's odd..." he blurted out, confusion etched in his face. "The Dome of The Fierce isn't their natural habitat area. So why did they do this?"

Chapter 1850 Thee Culprits 2

Yes... Why did these creatures take their prey into the Dome of The Fierce? Many Sprouts thought long and hard about this, also finding it bizarre. First, understand that these birds never appeared in winter... Just in the other seasons. For Baymard, handling these birds came easier, after shooting the hell out of them and driving them off time and time again. At first these vultures were stubborn, but soon learnt that Baymard was a difficult place to attack. That said, Arcadina also put up a strong fight, always stopping these creature's attempts over the years. It's true that Arcadina's overall defense has gone up by 40% since it began mingling with Baymard. Believe it or not, these creatures were also at their wits end after taking defeats left, right and center from Baymard and Arcadina. They could also go hunting in the forest for prey, but animals had more heightened senses of danger than human children.

No matter how you look at it, moles can dig to hide underground, squirrels can go into the trees, but human children have to choose but to run out in the open, unless there is a house or a river they can swim into. Even then, all they had to do was wait for the children to rise out of the waters for air before sweeping them away. Sorry, but humans were easier to catch for massive vultures like themselves. What's more, eating a measly squirrel won't satisfy their bellies at once. But do you know how much meat a human child carried with them on their bodies? These vultures were unwilling to accept defeat, so they kept trying, but often ended up in defeat, with their numbers dwindling down in the herd after every retreat. Enough, was enough! This time, they planned long and hard before fighting back and successfully capturing a total of 42 children. Many times

after capturing these children, the humans would often hunt them back and save the children before they could even devour them. No! This was very annoying! No matter where they went, the humans could always find them and rescue these children back. Terrible! These humans sure were an annoying bunch! ...

Many vultures hated humans with a passion. That said, they did their own little research, and found that the Dome of the Fierce, though scary, was the most likely place these humans wouldn't tread into lightly. This was good... this could save them time to devour the humans before flying away after wiping their mouths clean. And all they needed was 4 days. They, Grachin vultures, had peculiar digestive systems. For one, they only eat 1 or 2 times a month. This was because every time they ate, they ate as though it was their last day in this world. They eat 20 times more than usual, and their bodies then swell into giant culture clouds floating in the air. It then takes about 2 weeks and sometimes 3 weeks for them to digest everything and return to their original forms. So during this time, they can't eat another single bite, only drinking after. During this time, they also move to find comfortable locations for digestion. However, it should also be noted that they can fly for long hours during this time. It's only during the last few days of digestion, that they're able to plan and go out in groups to hunt for their next meal. These vultures were a very ferocious bunch, and also knew this as well. Understand that they must hunt when digestion is almost completed, because should they hunt on a completely empty stomach, they become very irrational. So irrational that they even forget their comrades, turning to kill and feast on each other in times of extreme hunger. They eat their own children and even adult vultures in the group. In the end, a vulture is a vulture. Death is what it loves to see the most. They can also sense dying creatures around, flocking to the perimeters to wait for them to fall to death before plunging towards the bodies like crazy. Bottom line, these vultures are never 100% hungry when they go out hunting. Now, the next thing they do after following a successful hunt is gathering and throwing the food in one corner, while regurgitating and emptying their stomachs up, as if they were snacks. But you see, unlike snakes that had wider necks and slender bodies for regurgitation, these vultures had twig necks. So regurgitation room time for them, about 4 days for an adult vulture, and 8 days for baby vultures. .

Again, it should be noted that these vultures will not begin the registration process unless they have successfully captured their prey. The Arcadian children were reported taken around 7 Am today by the streams.

This means 4 days from now, the vultures will be ready to feast on them. How clever. These vultures were looking for a safe place to regurgitate and eat their prey without the fear of human intervention.

So they chose the Dome of The Fierce, thinking they, the humans, won't be able to infiltrate and rescue the prey from their grasps.

Smart. These vultures sure were clever in thinking this. The vultures probably thought that even if the humans wanted to venture in, they would definitely get devoured by

other terrifying creatures before they can get to them. Again, this forest's terrain was so harsh that vehicles couldn't drive in.

Horses will also suffer, since they would get startled every few seconds while riding in. No... The best way was indeed by foot. But how far can these humans go on foot through the crazy terrain without dying? At some point, they'll have to go down cliff sides, move over swamps, slide down steep slopes, and so on.

Sorry, but these vultures were quite confident that they would get the chance to eat to their fill and rest properly for a few more days before taking off to another location, all without the intervention of humans here. In short, their primary worries were the beasts in here. They hoped that the best they made for themselves here was secured and safe for the time being.