

## Witch 301

### Chapter 301 Bomb and Wine

The day after the witches from Sleeping Island moved into their new home, Roland called City Hall Premier Minister Barov to his office.

"I want you to issue another recruitment notice," Roland said, while he pushed the first draft of details in front of Barov, "A week long temporary job for about ten people, preferably women."

Barov picked up the paper, read it again before asking. "Your Highness, excuse me... what is starch?"

"Do you know about wheat flour?"

The Premier minister hesitated, "Are you referring to coarse powder or fine powder? Wheat grains, after grinding, can be baked into bread or wheat cake. And if instead of using it you go a step further and filter out the bran, you get a fine powder. The output of the latter is only 6 / 10 of the former, and bread baked with it is softer, but its price is also very high, so only powerful aristocratic families are able to afford it."

The thing Roland liked the most about Barov, was that he had a comprehensive understanding concerning goods from all categories. Food shortage as a result of the lagging agriculture could mean something completely different depending on the consumer's social class. For example, with the frequently seen wheat, civilians would often put the wheat grains directly into their pot and cook congee, this way making the most out of their limited food. However, sometimes wheat shells and sand would also land in the boiling pot which results in crackling sounds and cause tooth pains whenever they ate.

Small aristocrats paid particular attention to this and would order people to sieve the sand and stones out of the wheat grain. Then they would grind it into a coarse powder, and bake it into bread or pancake before eating.

And at the top of the hierarchy, the wealthy families and powerful aristocrats, who didn't look at food as a mere way to fill their stomachs, but rather, as something to be enjoyed. The wheat would be further sieved in the kitchen, removing the bran, to get fine white powder. The resulting baked bread was of yellowish cream color and when eaten not only tasted exquisite but also had a much sweeter flavor.

"The basis of starch is a fine powder which then goes through another purifying process," Roland explained. "After you hire the people, I'll send someone who will instruct them on what exactly we need them to do."

"Then, continue to process?" Barov couldn't stop himself shouting out loud in shock, "How much wheat will they be needing for this?"

"I do not need too much, only three or four hundred kilograms ..." Roland paused, before opening his mouth again, "Fill up a basket that is about the size of my table."

Barov nodded and asked further, "Why do they need to be woman?"

“Because they will do things more carefully. Moreover, I want to see more woman following the path of a worker, instead of being idle at home,” Roland, suddenly had an idea, so he asked, “At present, it seems that the education of Border Town’s women’s classes are progressing more quickly, right?”

“Although the head of the Ministry of Education is Lady Scroll, the situation is indeed like this. They can’t do much more than taking care of the children and do housework, so they spend most of their time increasing their reading and writing skills.”

“That being the case, I request that after the next round of examination, you will take the lead for the City Hall and recruit a batch of female apprentice, in that way gradually expanding the proportion of women posts,” Roland commanded.

“Your Highness, this... there is no precedent for it,” Barov complained. “If they only have to be careful, my apprentice aren’t worse than any woman.”

“If there is no precedent we have to create one,” Roland bluntly said. “This is also the easiest and quickest way to increase the labor force without expanding the total population. If all woman can take on a small task in building Border Town, my available staff will double. The only thing I’m asking you to do is to lead people to change their view. As long as the pay is attractive, I think they should come over on their own one by one.”

After Barov retired, Roland heard Nightingale’s laughter next to his ear, followed by her asking a question, “What kind of delicious thing are you planning to make this time?”

“Starch? It’s not something you can eat,” Roland said, after taking a mouthful of tea, “Even though you can indeed get some pretty good food from the leftover materials after processing.”

First soak fine wheat flour in water, then rub and scrub it until the water had entirely blanched, then move on to another water basin and continue. In the end, it will become a sticky mass known as gluten. The gluten can be used for deep-fry or stir-fry and has a texture which is both pliable and tough. When smeared with honey or sprinkled with flavoring after leaving the pot, all in all, it made for a very delicious meal.

But Roland’s focus was not on food.

By sifting and afterward letting the milky white water stand still, it would form a precipitation which was precisely the starch he was looking for, and was also a main ingredient used in manufacturing explosives.

Since the experiments with nitroglycerin hadn’t started yet, there was no possibility that he would have access to TNT, so nitrostarch was his most immediate opportunity for making powerful explosives, it also shared the same manufacturing process as nitrocellulose. The finished product had a low sensitivity, and couldn’t be ignited by an open fire, instead, one needed to use a fuse for it to detonate. Furthermore, it was more powerful than TNT and had thus been widely used as a substitute for it during the two world wars.

With highly pure starch, the alchemic apprentices who already knew the manufacturing process for nitrocellulose by heart should also be able to quickly prepare a batch of nitrostarch.

After lunch, just as Roland was planning to go back to his room to take a nap, he suddenly heard someone knocking on his door.

Nine out of ten times it was Anna who would come to find him at this hour. So when he heard the knocking sound, his heartbeat immediately began to dance. Can it be, after falling asleep last time because of her exhausted, she decided to come over at noon?

“Come in.”

However, the door creaked as it was pushed open, and Roland started when he saw Evelyn standing outside.

This... now, isn't what I've been expecting at all. He coughed twice, then showed a reassuring smile as he asked, “What's the matter?”

Hearing his question, Evelyn entered the room, and walked over to the edge of the table and bowed down in salute, all in all she seemed a bit nervous, “Your Highness, I would like to ask you a question.”

Don't tell me it is going to be the same question again, ‘Why are you so kind to us witches’? However, in accordance with treating them like comrades, it was important to be as warm as the spring wind, so he smiled and said, “What question do you want to ask?”

“You... why did you want me to come to Border Town?”

For a moment Roland was slightly surprised, can it be that she doesn't like the taste of the wine?

“My kind of ability isn't only inferior to Sylvie's; it is practically at the same level as Lotus and Honey's,” she whispered. “It's just wine tasting. However, a monthly salary of one gold royals is already enough for you to hire a specialized Wine Brewer from King's City.”

“What are your thoughts about those... wines?”

“At first I thought they burned too much, only by slowly drinking them was I able to accept them. As for those three wines mixed with ice cubes, fruit juice, and syrup, their taste is richer. But that is merely my personal opinion,” Evelyn replied cautiously. “My family's pub only sold cheaply-priced wines and diluted ales, the aristocracy's tendencies ...I do not know anything about that.”

As it turns out she isn't questioning the wine, the Prince breathed out in relief. He got up and opened the bookcase, then took out a jar of ale from the top and put it in front of Evelyn with the question, “Can you turn this jar of ale into the wine I brewed?”

“I think... that shouldn't be a problem.” She stretched out her hand, and held it above the jar, a moment later the yellow ale began to change. In the wake of the rising bubbles, the ale became more and more clear, until it finally turned as crystal clear as plain boiled water; yet Roland could already smell its strong alcoholic fragrance. Unable to stop himself, he dipped his finger in a little, then put it into his mouth. It tasted bitter and burning at the same time, this was the taste of highly purified alcohol.

Roland couldn't help but begin to laugh, while saying, “That's the reason I picked you.”

Looking at the puzzled Evelyn, he patted her hand and explained, “I'm going to set up an alcohol factory... No, a brewery. Would you like to be the chief winemaker?”

## Chapter 302 The Bugle Horn of the Decisive Battle

At the palace in the Kingdom of Eternal Winter, flames were raging within the fireplace.

Compared to Graycastle with its four seasons, here the summers were especially short, and the autumn was only like an advance notice for the impending arrival of a severe winter. There wasn't even enough time to change into shorter garments before the cold wind came back once again.

Garcia Wimbledon, sat on the throne with a fox fur coat draped over her shoulders, listening to the complaints and demands of the nobility.

She didn't like the palace. The pillars, walls, and floors were all built out of snow white stones, each piece polished until it was smooth and shining, just like ice in general. Despite the fact that she already had two additional layers of cushion on her seat, she could still feel the bitter chill of the cold iron chair.

This damned castle is like an iceberg, absolutely frustrating! I'll wait for the situation to stabilize, and the first thing I'm going to do after that is to smash all of the walls and floors to bits then re-lay it with dark brown granite slabs afterward.

"Your Majesty, I hope you can bring justice for me," a noble said, looking at her with a scowling expression.

Prior to this, he had used a lot of words, where in fact, a few would have been sufficient. At the time when the Church was occupying the Kingdom of Endless Winter, some nobles who had done many evils deeds had been put on a public trial which had been presided over by Archbishop Heather. Most of the nobles had been sent to the gallows. However, this guy was among the lucky ones and had only been punished with the confiscation of his assets, which had then been equally divided among the victims.

"I can understand your request; private property shouldn't be plundered," Garcia pondered for a moment and then slowly said, "But the specific amount is hard to define. Well, if you can provide me with the testaments of the last five years of financial income and expenditure, I can evaluate an average value and give you a part of the of the seizures as compensation."

"But the mob has looted my house, and I'm afraid the records are..."

"Then I can only follow the published announcement and compensate you according to your title." Garcia interrupted, "Take a look around you, they are all nobles who have suffered from looting, if I give you more, some of them would end up getting less."

"That's right! Only God would know if the number you reported is the truth or not!"

"Why are you so troublesome, Knight Halon, these gold royals aren't yours."

"You have it already quite good, just take a look at your associates, they can only go to heaven and find God to demand compensation."

Seeing all of the surrounding nobles glare at him, he was forced to shrink back, bow deep in salute and say, "In that case, please compensate me according to the standard. Thank you for your kindness, Your Majesty."

"Excellent," Garcia smiled and then ordered, "Next."

“My regards to you, Your Majesty,” a white-haired old man stepped out of the crowd and caressed the glittering silver heron family emblem on his chest reverently.

“Marquis Bodø, I remember that the Church’s thugs didn’t attack your territory.”

“Yes, that’s right,” he nodded, “Not that they didn’t want to, rather that they couldn’t... the Inundated Snow Ridge is difficult to attack. So, my Knights were able to block all of the invading bandits. However, my child wasn’t as fortunate. On the day of the riots, he was on duty within the imperial palace, and for the purpose of protecting the Queen, not only was he killed by the believers, but his body was also hung above the city gate. It was not until you arrived in the Kingdom of Eternal Winter, that he could be freed from his humiliation.”

“That’s truly a tragic story,” Garcia assumed a grieving expression and sighed, before asking, “So, what is your request?”

“The name of the man who killed him is ‘The Butcher’, nowadays he is the leader of the remaining rebels. That group of people are hiding within the Impassable Mountain Range north of us. I want revenge for my child.” The Marquis calmly declared.

“From the beginning, I didn’t have that many troops under my control. They are already keeping the peace during the day, patrol, guard the city wall as well as the granary; it would be quite difficult to split my men and dispatch the troop to the barren mountains and wild hills just to go find a group of one hundred exiled thugs.” She shook her head and said in regret, “Furthermore, when the winter comes, the heavy snowfall will also close off the mountains, thus, making it impossible for them to get any supplies. So, they will freeze to death sooner or later; there is no need for you to be so impatient.”

“Your Majesty, I’ll only be able to find peace if it’s me wielding the sword that kills my child’s murderer. I also don’t need you to send any warriors to search for the thugs. There are many natural caves at the foot of the mountain; they surely will be hidden within one of them. But most of the cave’s entrances are very narrow, and if they used stones to block the entrance, it would even be difficult for the Knights to attack them. I hope you can provide me with the alchemical creation that had been able to blow up the city gates; I’ll do the rest by myself.”

Does he want to get his hands on the snow powder? Garcia frowned, that stuff has a large power, and its strong enough to be the trump card in a hopeless war and alter the outcome, it absolutely cannot be allowed to spread out.

At the time, she was about to declare her refusal, the other opened his mouth again, “If you grant me this request, I am willing to return to court and serve you. The silver heron family will fully support your ruling over the Kingdom of Eternal Winter.”

This sentence then made Garcia swallow her words. At the time, the Church executed the Queen; they also killed some chief ministers. Here, the Marquis of Bodø has a lot of prestige, if he were to serve as my Prime Minister, all the remaining nobles would follow along. To some degree, it can also make up for the deficient administration and also turn around this awkward situation.

“This request is not too much,” she thought for a while, then after finally coming to a decision she said, “But I cannot put the alchemy powder directly into your hands. When you require it, I will send a special alchemist who will provide you with assistance to blow open the hole.”

...

After the end of the court session, Garcia returned to the back room, where Ryan was already waiting for her with a cup of warmed fruit wine, "Thanks for your trouble, Your Majesty. As expected, those nobles were all taken over by you. In this way, even if we don't depend on the Wolf King, you can still swallow the entire Kingdom of Eternal Winter slowly."

"As long as there is no Church," the Queen said as she shrugged.

The Church, in their act of stripping the nobles of their rightful inheritance, had pushed them to her side. Now, with the support of those very people, coupled with the crippling of the Church's former base of power, it had been very easy for her to gain a foothold in the capital. But if she wanted to control the Kingdom of Eternal Winter, she still had a long way left to go – it was here where the people were influenced by the Church the most. When she'd dispatched her Black Sail Fleet to wipe out the Church's bases in other major cities, they had continually suffered under the attack of the believers. Therefore, it was crucial to form a coalition with the Wolfsheart Kingdom. Not only so that they could resist the Church together, but also to weaken the influence the Church held over the population by accepting people from Wolfsheart Kingdom.

As for those stubborn civilians, it will be alright if they are just cleanly killed off.

"Oh, by the way, a messenger from the Wolfsheart Kingdom has arrived with a letter for you," Ryan informed her, as he took an envelope from his pocket, "Because you were dealing with government affairs, I didn't dare to bother you."

Garcia opened the envelope, took out the letter, and began to read the letter carefully.

"Is it bad news?"

"The Church has sent out troops once again," she said in a low voice, "They've taken the land route and are heading straight for Wolfsheart City. They've already broken through several of the recently set up defensive lines."

"What?" Ryan started with big eyes at her in disbelief, then he said, "The Months of Demons will be coming soon, don't tell me they've set out while completely disregarding the New Holy City?"

Showing a frowning expression, Garcia sat back in her desk.

She knew that the Church would never let them go, but she hadn't expected that the other side would move so fast. If they had just waited with the war until spring next year, her preparation would have been complete. However, the enemy apparently didn't want to give them any space to breathe – if she just sat idly while the Wolfsheart Kingdom asked for help, and the kingdom got destroyed as a result, it wouldn't be long before it would be her turn to disappear.

But this also contained an opportunity.

If she could make the Church waste its forces on the city walls of the Wolfsheart City, they would be facing a great disaster when the demonic beasts invaded Hermes at a large scale.

They might have sent out the God's Punishment Army, but by now, she also had formidable weapons like the snow powder, the hard to extinguish black river water, the demonic fire powder, as well as

Wolfsheart City's towering city walls. With all this, she would surely be able to consume a large number of their vital forces.

Thinking until here, Garcia commanded, "Pass along my orders, the Black Sail Fleet is to get ready for battle! This year, we will be spending the winter within Wolfsheart City."

### Chapter 303 Preparation for the Air Raid

After going through a week of assembling and testing, Roland and Anna together completed the development of an impact detonator.

Compared to the fuse of the artillery shells, it does not need to withstand high temperature and pressure, and there was also no high-G overload when it left the chamber, so the structure was very simple. However, due to the necessary precise constitution of the firing pin and the spring, the two had to test many variations before they finally succeeded.

The main problem was that no one knew how much elasticity the spring needed, to make sure that it wouldn't go off if it accidentally fell. While they also needed to guarantee that it would always trigger when it was launched normally.

He and Anna only changed the thickness and hardness of the spring a little before testing it once again.

Fortunately, Anna and Lucia had done a lot of the required work in advance. As a result, Roland had more and more high-quality materials available at hand. Ultimately, after a lot of testing they'd chosen to use steel alloy No. 1365, which had a relatively high hardness, but a toughness that was on the lower side. Even if the bomb fell from one meter, it wouldn't be compressed to the end.

After the selection of an appropriate spring, the rest was easy. Just like the saying: where water flows, a canal would form. Even though Roland had never seen the look of a real detonator before, he could still rely on his work's experience to come up with a design by himself.

Compared to modern ones it was certainly lacking, but for the current crude big black bombs, this would be enough.

The finished version of the impact detonator was in the form of a cylinder, twelve centimeters long, about five centimeters in diameter, with a spiral pattern on the underside which could be screwed into the opening at the top of the bomb.

The interior looked like a downwards convex groove, while the firing pin shared a similar appearance, so that it could also fit into the groove. In its normal state, the spring would lock the upper part within the indentation, while the striker would land right inside the indentation, only one finger apart from the primer. For the purpose of taking precautions, Roland had also made a hole in the head of the firing pin, so that a bolt could be fixed on top of the ammunition case. Thus, before the bombing, they first had to pull out the bolt, only then could the strike move up and down.

The simulation test was held on a sunny afternoon.

Because this bomb which filled with a padding of gravels instead of black gunpowder, had already reached five times Nightingales weight, Roland decided not to board the hot air balloon, and instead

watched the process with an observation mirror from three hundred meters away from the impact location.

Apart from himself, there was also the Commander of the Fist Army Iron Axe and the Chief Knight Carter Lannis, who were here to watch this first test.

“Are you planning to use a hot air balloon to throw the giant explosive packages into the heart of the imperial palace?” After listening to Roland’s battle plan, Carter struggled to believe his ears. To attack from an altitude of two kilometers above the ground while simultaneously completely disregarding the city walls and the forces of the garrison, ultimately overturned his former concept of what defined combat – and of course, living in Border Town during this last year, his view had already gone through changes many times before.

“As long as the controlling system is fully functioning it really isn’t impossible to achieve,” Roland nodded. “Right now, Timothy is pressing people into service once more, to build up his new militia force. If we cannot stop him, the Western Territory will inevitably suffer another attack from his drugged forces. And even if we force him back again, it won’t give us even one bit of benefit.”

The secret letter that Theo had sent had indicated that Timothy was currently still using the same old routine of trying to consume his strength. However, Roland didn’t know if the team dispatched by Barov could overtake their counterparts and rope in the people and make them come to Border Town.

“Supposing that you can really release heaven’s fury thunder above Timothy’s head, he absolutely will be frightened, not knowing what to do!” Iron Axe said excitedly, “This is absolutely a heaven’s punishment which no one can resist!”

“That’s what I’m hoping for,” Roland said with a smile.

Although Theo had mentioned in the letter that Timothy had most likely figured out the method for making black gunpowder and opened a workshop in the inner city to try and mass produce the dangerous product, after thinking it over repeatedly, Roland still decided that the roof of the imperial palace should be the target of the bombing.

The reason was simple, the palace was the only place which was eye-catching enough.

When looking from a height of two thousand meters, even the most magnificent city of Graycastle was only the size of half a palm. Therefore, they also had to find a good target point to throw off the bomb in advance. And the palace was located at the midpoint of the inner-city district, and was surrounded by a red tile wall. Furthermore, pure white stones covered the roof of the palace, would be particularly eye-catching while they were aiming, which meant it would almost be impossible for them to miss their target.

But the workshop was different.

Roland didn’t possess a layout plan of King’s City, and the ground was also unmanned, and if he only relied on spoken words it would be quite difficult to describe the position of the selected target. Plus, the workshop’s area wasn’t large. If the bomb were to fall on top of a civilian’s house, the gains of their plan wouldn’t make up for the losses they would face.



Suddenly, a white shadow fell straight to the ground, causing a smoke pillar to rise from the test field, followed by the muffling sound of something smashing into the ground a moment later.

“It seems as if the bomb has hit the ground,” Roland put away the mirror, “Let’s go and take a look at the result.”

After a week of training, Lightning had significantly improved her bombing technique. This time, the bomb had hit the ground five meters away from the center of the target. It had drilled its whole body into the earth and the outer shell had been substantially deformed due to the force of the impact.

After Cloud Gazer had landed, Anna used her black flame to cut open the bomb, so that everyone could see that the soil near the detonator has been charred black – this proved that the primer’s temperature was high enough to ignite the gas sprinkled on top of the gravel, which was what they had used in place of black gunpowder, and this showed that the detonator itself was working fine. If they instead filled the interior of the bomb with nitrated starch, it could easily create a four to six meters deep hole, and kill all of the people who hadn’t taken shelter that were within the vicinity of 50 meters.

Now, after having fully trained the air drop, the next step was to organize their combat plan.

Roland let his gaze wander over everyone surrounding him, then opened his mouth and slowly said, “We will execute the surprise raid on King’s City next Monday. First, Iron Axe will lead a group of fifty firearms and escort the witches to the outskirts of Silver City. There is a mountain ridge in the area which can shelter you from detection, and it should be perfect if you want to set up camp or send off a balloon.”

“I hear and obey, Your Majesty!” Iron Axe agreed.

“Why can’t we just fly directly from Border Town?” Wendy asked.

“No, that would be too far,” Roland shook his head, from the Western Territory to King’s City it took at least a week. When traveling with Cloud Gazer or flying directly there, it would still take them around three days, together with the return trip it would be six days. Furthermore, after the installing the dropping mechanism, the basket would only have enough space to carry two people, which meant that Nightingale would be unable to follow them. With the exception of Anna, none of the other witches had any fighting ability, so making them spend six nights in the wild it would be much too high a risk, which was something that would be impossible for him to feel at ease about. “By starting from Silver City, you will be able to complete the bombing in just one day and return even before the sun goes down.”

“Secondly, the witches assigned to the mission are Anna, Wendy, Lightning, Maggie, Nightingale and Sylvie. The latter two are responsible for monitoring the surroundings of the camp, while the attack will be carried out by the first four people according to the training method, especially Lightning,” he looked towards the little girl, “Whether we succeed or not all depends on you.”

“You can leave it to me.” The latter patted her chest.

“In that case, the last thing I wanted to mention was that you should all pay attention to your safety,” Roland said while stressing each word, “I will be waiting for your return here in Border Town.”

Four days later, the first bomb ‘Easterly Wind No.1’ was loaded on top of a cart, and under the escort of the First Army, it boarded a cargo ship to Silver City.

## Chapter 304 An unexpected but pleasant surprise

May would never have thought that by the time she was about to set foot on the road back to Border Town, her heart would once again be filled with so much expectation.

The woods along the Redwater River had already begun to turn yellow, and the breeze blowing directly in one's face brought along a trace of chill. The waves of the shimmering river were rolling under her feet, and from time to time she was able to see the fallen tree leaves floating past the side of the ship.

Now, without all of the anxiety and restlessness she had felt on her last trip, the exuberant surrounding autumn landscape seemed like it was something which came out of a poem or painting.

"Miss May," a voice, full of respect, came from behind. "Your play of the 'Witch Diary', is it true that His Highness wrote the play for you personally?"

When May turned around, she saw that a group of actresses had gathered behind her, the person standing in front looked at her with a tense expression. She recalled that this one's name was 'Swallow'.

"Aha, sorry," Irene waved at her, then bowed and said with an apologizing smile. "I wasn't able to answer this question. So without any better option I had to let them come and ask you."

This fool... May thought and gave her a supercilious look. If it had been her from the past, she would have only dumped them with a sneer. But now, after having spent so much time together with Irene her patience had unexpectedly grown stronger day by day, and thus she dared to answer, "No, His Highness didn't write it for me. Rather it was the City Hall's Minister of Education, Lady Scroll who had written the Witch Diary."

"Uh, is that so?" Swallow blinked in wonder, "At the time you argued with Bella, we all thought it was the truth."

"His Highness wrote it personally" and, "His Highness wrote it personally for me", the meaning of those two wordings were poles apart, how could these people grasp the first half of the sentence, but totally dismiss the second half? Thinking of this, she then said to them, "But His Highness endorsed both the script writing and the theatrical performance. Therefore, when Bella ridiculed the script it was indeed equivalent to mocking His Highness. Regarding that point, I haven't fooled her."

"Have you ever seen His Royal Highness?"

"I heard that he has the royal family's mark of long gray hairs and looks extraordinary handsome, is that right?"

"I also heard that he was born with the natural disposition of a romantic and has many lovers!"

"Eh, was it really like that?"

"..." Looking at this group of lively little girls, May couldn't help but knit her brows. Curse it! I should never have responded to their curiosity.

"Alright, that's enough, don't you girls bother Miss May," Rosia said and began shooing the group of females away while showing an apologizing expression towards May.

“No, harm” she shrugged and then continued to enjoy the scenery along the coastal area. “After all, I was the one who sought out trouble.”

“I... do not understand,” Rosia scratched her head, “Why did you want to take them along when we left? Of the thirty-five people, only two people have stood on stage before, while twenty-six of them have not yet completed any of the courses for their drama classes. According to what you’d previously said, they cannot even be considered as baby chicks. They are still inside their eggshell, yet to hatch... Even if the Lord’s requirements for the play are not so demanding, I’m afraid that even His Highness would find it difficult to accept them. In case you want to retaliate against Bella, you should have tried to court some more experienced supporting actors.”

“I didn’t intend to let all of them perform.”

“Ah?” The other side froze in place for a moment.

“They can read the scripts for a play, isn’t that right?” May asked laughingly, “Although they still have a long way to go until they can enter the stage, all of them can at least read and write. Don’t tell me you haven’t discovered it yet? His Royal Highness is currently exactly in need of that exact skill.” She paused for a moment, “Do you truly think that His Royal Highness Roland Wimbledon loves drama so much, that he recruited us for a play?”

“This...”

“In case it was Lord Petrov, then the answer would be yes. Before he had taken over Longsong Stronghold, he had the habit of going to the theater once a week. However His Highness Roland, apart from viewing the first play of a new theatrical work, he didn’t appear in the town’s square for the rest of the time – so he never promoted the drama for his own enjoyment. Instead, he intends to spread his views to the masses through the drama.” May paused, before going on to say, “Compared to the first shows, which emphasized resisting oppression and the message that witches aren’t evil, the new play, ‘The Dawn of a New Era’ and ‘New City’ have moved towards recruiting people, and ‘one becoming rich through one’s own efforts’ as the message. I’m merely following along with his idea and using the small amount of power I currently have.”

“So, it was originally like this. I never thought about that...” Rosia seemed to be speechless.

“To polish and refine the script for a play, in addition to putting yourself into the character you are playing, it is also important to try and understand the overall story as much as possible if you want to express its true meaning. This is also a quality that a good actor needs to possess.”

“Yes, thank you for your guidance!” She bowed.

“Be at ease,” May said as she showed her a reassuring smile, “Even in the case that you don’t want to perform any longer, you should still be able to find a pretty good job inside Border Town. Maybe you can enter the City Hall and become an administrative officer. After all, His Highness does not require you to have any sort of status, and he also doesn’t look at your family background. This road would be much easier than going on stage.”

...

When the vessel arrived at the town, May saw Ferlin Eltek waiting to greet them at the pier.

Naturally, he was here to see Irene.

When she saw the girl dash forward and happily throw herself in his arms, she could only gently sigh.

“Isn’t that man Morning Light?”

“He hadn’t been exiled by His Royal Highness ...”

“The first knight of the Western Territory is magnificent” Swallow said, “I thought he and the theater star would be -”

“Who’s talking such nonsense,” May’s cold voice made everyone suddenly close their mouths. “Hurry up with your luggage and disembark. Ghent and Rosia will take you to the City Hall so that you can register your identity. Everything else will be arranged by them.”

“Yes,” came everyone’s respectful reply.

Walking down the pier, Ferlin, with his arm around his wife, came over to greet her, and spoke to her, “Miss May, Irene just told me about the clash in the theater. Thank you for the kindness you showed her.”

“There is no need for you to thank me,” May couldn’t accept it, “Even though it looked like the other party was looking for trouble with her, but in fact, their target was me.”

“Even so, I still want to thank you.” The Knight laughed brightly and continued to say, “If it weren’t for you stepping forward, she would have cried right on the spot.”

After the two had left, May curled her lips and alone she began carrying her luggage toward the residential district.

Although she had already let go of her feelings, but seeing such a scene still had her feeling some regret. Furthermore, that familiar figure also did not appear, which was contrary to the vow in his letter that he would be waiting for her with a pleasant surprise.

Well, the other side, after all, is an important man to His Highness. Unlike Morning Light who can walk around as he wishes, right?

Back home, May put away her luggage and was hit by a sense of relaxation that she hadn’t felt for quite a long time. She took a long breath, took out the white wine from the cupboard and was about to pour herself a drink when a knocking sound came from the door.

When she opened the door, Carter Lannis’ awe-inspiring figure appeared before her.

“I did not expect you to be half an hour early,” he wiped the sweat from his forehead. “The moment I heard that the boat from Longsong Stronghold has arrived, I immediately rushed over from the barracks.”

I don’t know why, I definitely didn’t catch sight of him at the pier, and he obviously didn’t go to receive me, but the moment I see him, my mood immediately lifts up, “Do you want to drink a cup?”

“No, I still have to work this afternoon,” Carter waved his hand.

“Well,” she nodded, “The matters of His Highness are more important.”

“I came because I want to give you a present,” The Chief Knight took a white wooden box from his pocket and handed it to her.

“Is this the latest product of the convenience market?” May asked full of curiosity as she took the wooden box. When she opened the lid, she saw a yellow-orange ring quietly stand at the bottom of the box. Its top was inlaid with a bright and transparent stone, it reflected the autumn sunlight falling through the window with a colorful light.

There is no doubt that this ring is worth a lot of money, which makes it unlikely for it to be a selling item for the convenience market. And when nobles give a ring, it means... she couldn't help but cover her mouth.

“Miss May, are you willing to marry me?” Carter asked her earnestly.

### Chapter 305 Chemical Breakthrough

Four days had already passed since the witches, and the First Army had set off, according to the plan, they should arrive at the outskirts of Silver City by tomorrow afternoon.

Equipped with Honey's flying messengers, Roland received letters sent by the team every day; the letters were from Iron Axe, Anna, and Nightingale. Even though they weren't as fast as mobile phones, it was basically the same as a wireless telegraphing. In case there were several winged messengers on the same road, and if there existed birds who would always go to and from the same two places, it might have the same effect as text messaging.

In the absence of Nightingale, the Chief Knight took over the responsibility of defending the castle. However, Roland couldn't understand why Carter always wore a happy expression these days; it seems like he's encountered something especially pleasing these past few days. Could it be, that returning to his former task and acting as my personal guard is something that's worth being so happy about?

He shook his head and focused his attention back on the report from his Minister of Construction, Karl van Bate.

With the help of the witches from Sleeping Island, Border Town's construction projects were progressing at an amazingly rapid pace these past few months.

First, there was the steel bridge across the Redwater River which had been successfully completed – compared to the traditional stone bridges and wooden bridges, the structure of the steel bridge had been made in advance, only afterwards had it been hoisted into place. The two floating islands Lotus had raised within the river course had further simplified the former difficult task and also shortened the time needed to construct the main bridge to an amazing one month's time.

Although, when one looked at it with eyes of a person in the future, the bridge did indeed seem short and narrow, and the architecture simple and crude, the theoretical capacity very low, turning it into a project which was purely a waste of material, but within this era it could be regarded as a magnificent super bridge. Its total length carrying on for more than 100 meters, the bridge's surface was smooth and offered enough space for two carriages to move side by side. Furthermore, even its lowest part still met

the requirements to let an up-river sailboat pass through, something which a cumbersome stone bridge could never accomplish.

Secondly, Lotus had also completed the construction of the new city wall. Those walls, made purely out of earth, had increased the town's area by more than two times. If they'd been placed in a modern area, the original town would be considered the veritable "inner city"; Roland however, was more inclined towards the two-ring system. Perhaps someday in the future this place could expand into a giant city which even had seven rings, and could then be formally crowned as the imperial capital.

Lastly, regarding the construction of the Kingdom Avenue, Lotus had already leveled out some of the Impassable Mountain Range's extensions, so now the road could go straight through instead of going around which had thus significantly reduced the overall length of the journey.

"Your Highness, what do you want Lotus to construct next?" Karl asked after he reported on the progress.

Roland was able to tell that he was brimming with admiration for her ability to transform the terrain, because, not only had he proposed that she be integrated into the Ministry of Construction, he'd even put forth a request to appoint her as the vice minister.

"Well..." Roland was also already thinking about this question. There were three major construction projects he wanted to implement next.

The first was the sea port project: Looking for small openings in the southern mountain ridge before caving in a path to the beach was a task he would have to rely on Lotus to achieve. Once they completed the transformation, the Western Territory would gain access to a seaward harbor.

The second project was the residential expansion: Although City Hall had invested a lot of the workforce and financial resources to step up the construction of residential quarters, with winter soon to approach, by now there were nearly three thousand people who would be unable to live in a warm brick house. Nowadays, erecting wooden sheds and simple shelters simply couldn't meet the requirements to resist the cold, so they needed a group of cave rooms with thick walls and kangas if they wanted to solve this problem.

The third point was to set up a dock: If he wanted to produce shallow water gunboats, he first had to arrange for a large dock, which at the same time would also affect the passage of the Redwater River. Roland intended to reduce the height of the riverbank on the western side of Border Town, to form a dry dock and install a lift gate at the side of the Redwater River so that they can control the water intake and runoff. The scale of the necessary earthwork was immense, and he would also have to rely on Lotus' ability to complete it.

After considering for a moment, he finally decided to place the residential expansion as the first priority. Since they had invited the refugees from the Eastern Region to Border Town, they were going to have to take responsibility and provide them with the basic necessities of life. If they were to freeze or starved to death, then, not only would it be a loss for the Western Territory, but it would also reduce the people's attachment toward this place.

"So where is the place we should build the temporary residences?" Karl asked.

“The best place would be at the place of the current serf shantytown,” Roland glanced at the map, “That place is far from the defense line of the city wall, they can also use the cover there to protect themselves from the wind coming from the Impassable Mountains.”

After the Minister of Construction left the room, Roland had just planned to take a short nap in his chair when Kyle Sichi arrived at the door.

“Your Highness, the large-scale acid production method you have requested, has been successfully developed.”

Hearing this sentence dispelled Roland’s weariness immediately. He showed a smiling expression on receiving such a pleasant surprise, Roland stood up and said: “Really? Take me to see it.”

When their group came to the laboratory at the Redwater River, he saw a few gray jars and a kiln set up beside laboratory No. five. Each jar was the height of two people and had a pipeline connected to the top, which had a smooth shape; which had clearly been cut out by Anna.

“I pay my respect to you, Your Highness,” a very young looking man said toward Roland and bowed.

“I presume you’re Chavez?” Although he had already learned about the several alchemist apprentices and outstanding alchemist that Kyle had brought from Redwater City, today was still the first time that he saw the other’s appearance.

“You even remember my name,” Chavez said astonished.

“Mr. Sichi has mentioned you plenty of times before,” Roland explained and patted his shoulder in encouragement, “Keep up the good work.” Then, looking over to the Chief Alchemist he asked, “How will this thing produce acid?”

Kyle stroked his beard and said with a smile, “The successful manufacture is entirely according to a derivation of an equation of the ‘Elementary Chemistry’. You see those kilns, the purified sulfur will burn in the kiln, and through further heating the gas produced will pass through the pipes and into a lead jar.”

“Are all those devices made of lead?”

“That’s right; only lead can resist acid’s corrosion.” Kyle nodded. “The nitro-sulpheric acid will unceasingly sprinkle down from the lead pipe at the top of the jar, and, together with the hot sulfur dioxide below, the heated nitric acid will decompose into nitrogen oxide. Finally, the water and sulfur dioxide together will generate a sulfuric acid solution. This solution will flow out of a hole at the bottom – the smart thing about this reaction is that nitrogen oxide only acts as oxygen carriers, but by itself it can’t be consumed. Therefore, the amount of nitric acids used is small, and once the reaction has started up, it can carry on working continuously!”

“How is the output?” Roland asked while agitatedly patting against a lead jar. Functioning large-scale acid production was the premise needed for mass production of smokeless gunpowder. As long as he could solve this problem, there was hope for the rise of a new generation of weapons and ammunition.

“This is the fourth device I’ve tested, the daily output may be as much as the weight of using the laboratory’s dry distillation method for an entire week.” the Chief Alchemist proudly said, “Because it is

a testing device, the volume isn't large. However, the capacity could be further improved, if you could build lead jars with a larger capacity.

"That's good news," Roland said laughingly, "Wait until Miss Anna comes back, and you can set up a larger acid plant right away. If the lead isn't enough, you can use iron instead, Miss Soraya's coating can make it resistant against the corrosion of the acid.

Kyle nodded in agreement, but his next sentence made the bright smile on the Prince's face turn stiff.

"Now, that I accomplished the large-scale acid production and all the five laboratories are also filled with apprentices, Your Highness, can you reward me with the 'Intermediate Chemistry' like you've promised?"

TN: Once again, Kang

Chapter 306 Inside the garden

Scroll stood behind His Highness Roland, attentively watching as he wrote out the manuscript. Autumn sunshine was falling in through the window onto her back, which made it feel like her whole body was being bathed in warmth.

"Ah, in addition to electronic gains and losses, what further content ah... online class, very urgent." From time to time the Prince would write something onto the paper and then began to lean his forehead on his hands while he pondered and said some difficult to understand nonsense. At first, Scroll was a little worried about the Prince's health, but later on she discovered, that this was His Highness' normal state when he was trying to recall his 'knowledge'.

Merely that today's symptoms seemed to be much more severe than ever before.

Unfortunately, I cannot help him... Scroll lightly sighed, if there was a witch who could help him in this regard, I am afraid there is only one, Anna. She had already noted down all the content of the previous books His Highness had written in her brain – but it was merely noted down, nothing more. The past knowledge about those math and natural principles was something much deeper, just reading it is already enough to make people's head turn muddle-headed, no wonder His Royal Highness feels so embarrassed.

"How about, ending it here for today?" Scroll couldn't stand it any longer and so she opened her mouth.

Roland decided to give up and put down his pen, leaning his back against the chair then said, "I really envy you for your highly retentive memory. If I could be like you, why would I ever need to worry about exams? I would have been admitted to a famous school and walked to the pinnacle of life."

She automatically ignored the other's later half of words as nonsense, "Your Royal Highness did they also demand you take those exams at the palace?"

"Yes ah, or how to separate which prince is more outstanding than the others," he mumbled to himself.

"In fact, sometimes it is not good to remember everything," Scroll said with a smile. "For example, bad experiences, or the times when you felt deeply hurt or sad, or when you are unable to forget when your life was still happy."



At the time when she lived in the Seawind Region, due to her identity of being poor, she had to suffer bullying and beatings countless times already. Until today, she could clearly remember the location of every hit, the faces of the perpetrators twisted in anger, and the pain of each kick. Only after finding shelter by the old captain with the broken leg did her life become slightly better. In fact, living in slums like places, with each of them pillaging, fighting, and killing each other, was not much different from freezing or starving to death.

For a long time, she had hated herself very much, why were all her suffering still vivid in her mind. Because the memory of those scenes was still so clear, the nightmares she suffered during the nights, were repetitions of her unbearable past. Later on, during her day of adulthood, when she awakened her branch ability "Magic Book", she finally understood that her extraordinary memory was actually something that came along with her identity as a witch.

Probably Roland could guess what she wanted to say, so he revealed an apologizing smile and said, "You might be right."

Scroll suddenly felt warmth flowing through her heart.

There were only very few people who cared about a witch's thoughts, not to mention, this person was even an illustrious member of the royal family.

"It doesn't matter, those times have already passed, Your Highness."

Roland Wimbledon, compared with other nobles she had seen... no, he was very different compared to all of the people she had met. He possessed a lot of learned knowledge, but all day long he only thought about how he could teach it to other people; his identity was that of a noble, however he didn't reject people that were below his rank; he enjoyed the praise of the crowd, he could act recklessly, but this was not everything to him, instead, he also took care of other people's feelings.

A desolate and impoverished town had undergone earth-shaking changes within one year. The freedom and peace that witches had longed for, was actually granted to them by His Highness Roland. If she hadn't personally experienced it, she would never have believed that there could exist such a ruler in the world.

Nowadays, Scroll had discovered that her own way of thinking had undergone some changes. Before this she hadn't approved of His Highness wanting to take a witch as his wife at all, but now she felt that regardless of who His Royal Highness married, he would take over the throne of Graycastle. He wasn't like the others who kept with the routine of favoring those power-hungry and corrupt nobles, rather, he preferred to make a better life for his people.

She faintly felt that this surge of strength seemed to be stronger than any previous force..

"Ah, let it be," all of a sudden Roland said while rubbing his head, "This is the last page."

"Will you continue to record tomorrow?"

"No, just give it to him like this. Together with the physics teaching material, it should be enough for him to study for a while." His Royal Highness took a new paper and quickly wrote down a few characters on it before he continued, "After all, it is a copy of a book from 'ancient times', so it should be normal to be missing most of it, right?"

Scroll took the paper and saw the name of the book – “Intermediate Chemistry (Remnant)”.

...

After finishing her memorizing task, Scroll left the office and was preparing to go back to the City Hall when the magnificent scenery of the back garden attracted her attention.

After the completion of the castle wall expansion, the castle’s backyard had almost reached the size of the town square. And now, less than a week after, it was already covered by all kinds of plants. There was no doubt that this must be a masterpiece of Leaves.

Scroll followed the pass formed by two rows of olive trees, step by step going towards the depths of the garden. After passing by a row of dense sugar cane, she saw Leaves sitting on the shore of a pond.

The other side hadn’t bound her hair into the braided pigtailed she usually wore during the daytime, instead, today she had draped her head full of green long hair over one shoulder. Her spotless white feet were lightly splashing around within the water, she was holding some wheat grains in her hands, and from time to time she would throw them towards the fishes swimming around her feet. Unable to stop herself from chuckling out loud, whenever one of those fishes approached her and gently brushed against her toes.

“Are your feet completely healed?” Scroll asked as she sat next to her.

“Oh, it’s you Teacher Scroll,” she blinked for a moment in confusion, then nodded happily and said. “Yes, Miss Nana has restored them to their original form. Like this, I finally don’t need to endure the pain in my toes during winter.”

“Are all these plants you planted in the garden your improved versions?”

“Well,” Leaves said as she began to point happily towards each of them, “Over there is the vine shed, here are the fruit trees, and there are the crops. I also asked His Royal Highness to bring me a batch of compost, just so that I could test the absorption quality of the new crops. In addition, there are dozens of bird’s nest in the fruit trees, and the messengers Honey raised are all sleeping on top of the trees.”

Scroll lovingly stroke her hair and said, “I thought you would be the first witch of the Witch Alliance to evolve. After all, when we were within the Impassable Mountain Range, the ability you displayed wasn’t below that of Cara.”

“His Royal Highness said that the possibility to evolve one’s ability comes along with the understanding of our ability. Plant cells do indeed make people feel they are unfathomable is what I’ve thought long ago, but now I think that at the root of it they are all the same. You see, a bundle of tiny grass when fused together can change into flexible vines, but if they were different, how could something like that ever be possible?”

Scroll opened her mouth, but she didn’t know whether she should comfort her or agree with her, so finally, she said: “Your ability, even without evolving, can already do so much for His Highness.”

“I feel that it is not far away from me,” Leaves said, shaking her head, while her eyes were filled with bright light, “Animals are living, plants are living, and even several parts of them together are living as well... Birds need trees to build a nest, while their droppings once again bring nourishment to the trees.

A forest can provide a living being with everything its needs while at the same time the forest extends due to the provided moisture of all living things.” She paused, “Look at this garden. I think I already found a way to move forward.”

TN: We are still searching for people who want to help with the Release That Witch Wiki

Chapter 307 Death from the sky

The hot air balloon was flying two thousand meters above ground, which was something Lightning had measured by flying vertically up towards the sky.

When she raised her head, it seemed as if the clouds she could see were almost within reach, looking like a loose cotton. However, if she really wanted to touch them, she would still have to fly a few hundred meters or so further up.

The whole hot air balloon was painted with blue and white patches, which from a distance, gave it the exactly same appearance as the sky. Furthermore, they themselves had also put on camouflage clothing, the same was even true for “Easterly Wind 1”. According to His Highness’ requirements, it was important that this surprise attack was sudden and came from under cover. Therefore, the First Army had even gotten off the boat before they reached Silver City’s pier and walked to the back of the nearby mountain.

Under Sylvie’s surveillance, the team was able to avoid all eyes, not drawing anybody’s attention from beginning to end. After they finished setting up camp, Cloud Gazer slowly took off, they would carry out the bombing mission on the next day.

After spending one week on the street, today was the beginning of the first month of autumn.

Due to the insufficient possibilities to observe from inside the basket, Maggie flew out in front of the balloon like a white shadow, taking over the responsibilities for directing and investigating their route. Even from such a high altitude, after changing into a white-tailed eagle, she was quickly able to identify the roads connecting the towns and the carriages that was traveling on them – at this point, the eagle’s eyes were much better than an observation mirror.

Fortunately, the other side cannot change the place at which the bomb will drop, Lightning thought, otherwise I really wouldn’t have anything to do.

“Are you tired?” Anna asked, leaning over the side of the basket, “Come in and take a rest, we won’t come across any Devil here anyway.”

The little girl shook her head, “At this speed, I can fly the whole day long.”

“Aren’t you a little nervous?” Wendy asked, as she came and leaned over the side.

“I’m not,” she said, curling her lips, “I have practiced the course of event many times, and the palace is so big, it’ll be impossible for me to miss.”

“Is that so?” Wendy smiled. “Anyway, do not try to be brave, His Highness said that the most important thing is our safety. Also.... the incident at the Devil’s Town during the investigation mission wasn’t your fault.”

“What, I...”

Wendy interrupted her in a gentle tone, “Anyone could see that you’ve been frustrated these last few days, but you weren’t too cowardly to fight, rather, you just haven’t gained enough battle experience yet. If it had been me in your place, I definitely couldn’t have done any better.”

“Indeed, Nightingale possess reflexes and skills which most of us witches don’t have,” Anna added in comfort. “You might as well come in and have a rest, the amount of magic you will need to adjust the impact point of the bomb won’t be a small amount.”

Hearing the comforting words coming from the two, Lightning sniffed gently, then bowed her head as she entered the basket. Even before she had landed, Wendy had already wrapped her into her bosom, “No one blames you, so you should also not blame yourself, understand?”

“Ok...”

...

After flying for an entire morning, Maggie flapped her wings and returned to Cloud Gazer to report to the other three, “The King’s City of Graycastle is in front of us, we are almost there, goo.”

Lightning immediately flew out of the basket and lifted the lookout mirror – only to see that it was exactly as His Highness had said, King’s City’s city wall was such a grand sight, that it was still clearly visible even from so high up in the sky. It arose from the earth, just like a blue-green colored crooked string as it described the scope of the city. Furthermore, the fingernail-sized white spots in the middle of the gray block seemed especially eye-catching.

According to the first plan, they would first drop leaflets all over King’s City before releasing Easterly Wind No.1. But after going through several test runs, they finally had to accept that there was not any possible way for them to control the direction the papers would fall when releasing it from a height of two thousand meters, even if they were to add some extra weight it still wouldn’t work. Trying to reduce their altitude however meant they would then easily be discovered, after all, Cloud Gazer’s size was just too big. If that was coupled with the stream leaflets dropping from the sky attracting the eyes of the crowd below, it would become very difficult for them to hide.

Therefore, His Royal Highness had decided to cancel the leaflet part in the end. Instead, he had shifted the task to Theo so as to inform the public of the news, that they were the ones who had thrown a bomb at the palace.

Wendy manipulated the airflow so that the basket came to a halt above King’s City.

“Everyone ready?”

“Pull up the valve,” Lightning said while nodding.

Then, she could only hear a loud humming sound as the heavy bomb started moving away from the basket, falling straight down to the ground. As the weight suddenly reduced, the hot air balloon began to fly upwards.

Regarding the following step, she had already knew them by heart for a long time.

Under the airflow caused from it dropping down, the parachute at the end of Easterly Wind No. 1 opened, and so Lightning could easily catch up with the bomb, she then began correcting its trajectory a little at a time.

The witches of the Witch Union weren't unfamiliar with King's City at all. When they'd moved westwards on their journey to the Holy Mountain, they had hidden themselves within the city's slums for several months. One of the reasons for this was to gather food and another was to attract new blood, during which time Soraya and Echo had come to join the Witch Cooperation Association. Although Lightning hadn't experienced it herself, but she had often listened to them speaking about this. Compared to other cities, King's City was very strict in implementing witch hunts, on top of the flight of steps at the outer city's public square, witches would be executed almost every month. As a result, they had stayed there for the shortest amount time, because with every day that passed, they would have to suffer the pain of seeing another sister pass away.

Therefore, Lightning had no favorable impression of this bustling capital city. If she could end the rule of the person responsible for it by dropping a bomb on top of their head, she would be glad to do so. If Roland was the one ruling the Kingdom of Graycastle, all those tragedies would never have happened, isn't that right?

She now had the chance to correct this error.

Under the whistling sound of the wind, the scene below continued to expand, and soon, the details of the palace at the middle of the inner city started becoming clear to Lightning's eyes.

Compared to the size of the living places of the commoners, the palace was many times larger – its main buildings were made up of a dome, a banquet hall, and a tall castle tower. The rest were auxiliary buildings such as stables, barracks, warehouses and so on. Taking into account the steep walls of the castle, the roof's structure was very complex, and not very usable for the impact detonator, thus His Highness had decided that the imperial palace's hall would be the target of the attack.

As the height dropped sharply, the parachute quickly reached the point of detachment. Lightning pulled the release mechanism, and let the parachute separate from the bomb, then picked it up and quickly began rising towards the sky.

Before their departure, Prince Roland had repeatedly told her that she had to rise high enough and reach a safe position before the bomb hit. By no means should she ever turn around or go and take a look at the explosion, but the young girl was still tempted by her curiosity, and was unable to restrain the impulse to lower her head.

Only to see a dazzling flash of light rise from the top of the hall and rapidly expand in all direction.

The incandescent light quickly turned into a bright orange-red, only to be followed by a rolling cloud of smoke and dust which slowly faded out. This process lasted only one instant before suddenly an ear-splitting sound of an explosion bombarded her ears, almost making her lose her balance.

Lighting really wasn't inexperienced with the booming sound of artillery barrage on a battlefield, but compared to those terrible weapons which could shoot iron balls, the sound of Easterly Wind No.1's explosion would be ten times louder!

Smoke spurt out of the windows and between the pillars of the palace hall, engulfing the surrounding garden and gallery. Soon, several cracks appeared on the round dome which had been at the center of the impact.

Lightning couldn't help but stop and hold her breath as she took in the last moments of the hall.

Those countless black cracks wantonly flowed in all direction like ink, and instantly covered the entire roof. Then, as the roof was no longer able to support itself, it came crashing down, and raised an even stronger cloud of smoke.

Under Easterly Wind No.1's amazing might, the palace hall finally collapsed.

## Chapter 308 Fear

In recent days, Theo had kept in daily contact with Prince Roland.

In spite of the many incredible things he had seen during the last year he had worked for His Royal Highness, this new order felt a bit inconceivable and had also left him feeling... puzzled.

Announce the attack on the imperial palace as Roland Wimbledon's punishment on Timothy Wimbledon?

At the time the militia which had attacked the Western Territory returned to King's City, he had naturally also heard of the "warning" that they had brought along with them. However, Theo had merely thought that it was His Highness' bluff, or perhaps a plan to threaten the east and strike the west – getting Timothy to increase the defenses while he sent out troops to attack other cities. Just like Garcia had done, going out to loot one of the enemy's cities before the approaching winter.

But the following orders sent from Border Town gave him the impression that he'd been mistaken. In fact, it seemed that His Highness really did intend to attack King's City, and had thus asked him to be ready to spread some propaganda. This latest command had made it clear that the attack would be launched on the first day of autumn, at exactly the same time as announced in the "warning" message.

Taking a look at this sentence, "The attack on the imperial palace could be considered as punishment", in other words, His Highness would forcefully enter the King's City inner city – but how could that be possible? King's City possessed Graycastle's mightiest city walls, with a thickness that could accommodate two houses set side by side, which even for His Highness's artillery would be difficult to destroy. Furthermore, with the kingdom's best Knights, personal guards, as well as the enlisted militia as defenders, it would be hard to set even one step into the city without already having an army that was more than ten thousand people strong.

Even using witches to initiate surprise attacks would have a similar outcome. Within the imperial palace there were as many God's Stone of Retaliation as there were hairs on an ox. In addition, in the palace's grand hall and in the other parts of the palace all had giant God's Stones of Retaliation installed in them. So as soon as a witch set even one foot inside the room, she would immediately be stripped of all her powers. This was also the reason why Timothy could hunt and kill witches wantonly while being fearless of any retaliation – wishing to ever assassinate a member of the royal family was simply an unattainable dream.

Furthermore, even if there was a method, it still held some hidden dangers to it. If Timothy Wimbledon really was to die under a witch's hand, most likely the Church would be the party to receive the greatest benefit... With only a little bit of guidance, they could start to claim that the 4th Prince, a pawn of the Devil's minions would sit on the throne, which would result in all of the other nobles unifying against him. But Theo believed that a person like His Royal Highness already possessed enough intelligence to see hidden dangers such as that.

So, in the end, how will His Highness get into and attack the inner city?

"Sir, what kind of instruction do you have for me to come over?" Opening the half-closed door, Hill Fawkes walked into the living room.

"We are waiting for a new order," Theo said and spread out his hands, "So go and take a seat first."

"...Yes."

Theo could only smile helplessly when he saw the flabbergasted expression on the former member of the acrobatic group. Usually he would only inform these people when he had received precise orders; but this time, it would be inconvenient for him to inform them of His Highness' mission ahead of time – in case they were unable to launch the attack on the imperial palace, this seemingly absurd instruction could easily reduce the other party's level of trust.

But on the contrary, if His Royal Highness was able to be true to his claim it would become an unprecedented shock to them, which could also greatly enhance the confidence of these people – especially if they could see with their own eyes that His Highness was able to shake Timothy's throne even from a thousand miles away, and thus cause a real threat to the throne. Compared to spreading propaganda from mouth to mouth, this kind of action would be several times more effective.

So, Theo chose to go with a compromise and called Hill over to the house in the inner city before waiting for His Highness to fulfill his warning. If they were successful, it would naturally be to everyone's delight, but if they failed, he just had to lie and say that the messenger had been delayed during the journey.

"Have some tea," Theo offered laughingly, "Don't always show your doubt all over your face, as an intelligence officer the most important thing is –"

"To mask yourself, Sir." He took the cup in response, "Oh, by the way. Recently there have been much more patrols visible on the streets, even the guards defending the city wall have been doubled. Don't tell me... do these maneuvers have something to do with His Highness' order?"

"Indeed, Timothy –"

Just half of Theo's words had left his mouth, as a sudden clap of thunder from above rolled over the mansion. A sound that was so loud and clear that the glass in the windows began to tremble. At the same time, the ground also began to faintly shake with distinct tremors for a short duration. As he was caught off guard, Hill's hands began to shake, the teacup fell to the ground, breaking into several pieces.

"I'm sorry, Sir... But," Hill stuttered stupefied, "This is... what just happened?"

"Come with me," Theo ordered, wearing an earnest expression.

The moment they ran out of the residence and entered the garden, their gazes were immediately attracted to a pillar of black smoke that was rising from the palace. Apparently, that was where the thunder had come from. Theo had experienced when cannons and firearms released their might, he naturally knew that only the alchemist's fine powder could give rise to this sound of heaven's anger. What's more, such a violent tremor was unlike anything that an artillery bombardment could have caused. Instead, it was more like those explosive packages they had originally used to deal with the heavy armored demonic beasts.

Hill stood beside him, his mouth opened wide and unable to believe what his eyes were telling him. "Could it be that His Highness' declared warning was real?"

"That's right," Theo was finally able to control his racing heart, he turned, pretending to be profound as he stated, "This is the new order His Highness wants me to give you."

\*

Timothy could only look on with an ashen face as the chandelier fell in front of his eyes, and was struck speechless for a long time.

"Your Majesty, keke... Are you alright, Sire?" The Imperial Prime Minister said coughingly from somewhere from within the dust that had flew up and was filling the whole sky. "What the hell just happen outside?"

Timothy didn't answer, he merely felt a terrible pain in his throat. The chandelier just now had fallen on top of a silver armored knight. At that time, the man had still been in the process of giving a report of the refugees that were enlisting, yet his neck had been broken by the chandelier. If I had gone one step further, I am afraid I would...

Thinking until here, all the hair on his back stood up straight.

"Is this an earthquake?" The Finance Minister said, still locked in a panicked state, "We have to get out of the castle and reach an open place."

"That's right Your Majesty, it isn't safe here!"

"Everyone shut up!" Timothy shouted. The moment he opened his mouth however, he discovered that his voice had turned hoarse, becoming difficult to understand, as if he was speaking while pinching his own throat, "Sir Weimar, take me to the basement immediately!"

"Yes, Your Majesty." Although he looked a bit nervous but compared to the performance of several other ministers, he could still be regarded as very calm. He immediately walked over and helped Timothy up, then they walked together the stairs leading further down.

Along the way, the new king saw that the aisle was covered with pieces of shattered glass and also that the blue dome of heaven behind the damaged windows had ceased to exist. In the midst of the still soaring smoke and dust, only a few pillars from this former magnificent building could still be seen. This wasn't caused by an earthquake, but by an explosion caused by a large amount of snow powder!

If I leave the castle now I would undoubtedly step on my own path of doom. Only god knows where Roland has buried snow powder. I'm only safe behind the thick walls of the basement.



Damn it, Timothy thought hateful, how on earth can my brother be in possession of such an alchemic weapon? Could it be, before her departure of Clear Water, Garcia had given him the formula, so that he could use the snow powder to make both sides suffer?

But even then, how was he able to bring the snow powder inside of the palace? Even with the ability of an extraordinary witch it still wouldn't have been possible!

"Take some knights along with you and thoroughly search the whole palace. Especially the sewers, gardens, and warehouses; anywhere that it would be easy to hide snow powder!" Timothy immediately ordered toward Knight Steel Heart after reaching the basement. "If you find any suspicious character, noble or commoner, immediately arrest them. All attendants and servants who enter or leave the palace should be thoroughly searched, none of them can be spared!"

"As you bid, Your Majesty."

After Sir Weimar had left, the new king discovered that his back was now covered in cold sweat.

Roland has actually done it!

Regardless of how he had done it. Since he could hide the snow powder inside the palace this time, does that mean that he can reach the castle as easily as turning his hand the next time he comes?

"Your position is not as safe as you think, everyone will see that your throne is already crumbling."

Recalling the words of the warning, Timothy could not help but shudder.

As his anger gradually subsided, he felt fear come rising from the soles of his feet, bit by bit it was taking hold of his heart.

#### Chapter 309 The Exploration of Knowledge

On the second day of autumn Roland finally received a letter from King's City.

Since the letter sent came via a flying messenger, it was most likely written by his personal guard Theo.

Freeing the paper from the bird's claw, Roland stepped over to the window, using the radiant and enchanting sunshine to carefully read through it.

"Because the palace was quickly blocked and no one was allowed to enter or leave, I wasn't able to scout out the damage caused by the explosion. But within the evening almost all of King's City's inhabitants knew of the attack on the palace, whether it be in the pub, the inn or the city squares, wherever people gathered there was only one topic of discussion. Even the death of the former King hadn't caused such a sensational impact. In addition, since you've given a warning beforehand, there are now many people who believe that Timothy has already died from this attack and they believe you will soon start ruling over King's City from there becoming the new king of the Kingdom of Graycastle."

This paragraph allowed Roland to feel thoroughly relieved – there could be no better news for him than to hear that the bombing mission had been successfully carried out, and that the witches would be safely returning soon.

He made himself a cup of tea before returning to the side of the mahogany table and continuing to read the letter.

“However, according to the collected information, at present, there isn’t any sign of activity from the several big nobles outside King’s City. Furthermore, the royal palace has also responded very quickly, so I speculate that Timothy Wimbledon is still likely to be alive.

“In addition, there are some people who swear that this attack had come from the sky. In the end, there seems to be some residents who’ve witnessed an unremarkable colored object drop from the sky, falling with utmost speed unto the imperial palace. Therefore, I have already come up with an initial plan regarding the task you’ve handed me – if I could actually embellish this matter into heaven’s punishment against the fake King, I think that many of the people will believe it to be the truth.

“Regarding this, the hands under my control are full of enthusiasm. During daytime, they’ve collected information concerning all of Timothy’s tyrannical practices. If this was to be mixed in with the story, it would surely become even more effective. I believe that it won’t even be a month before the street rats spread this news to the ears of all of the citizens.

“In addition, I will continue to closely monitor the movements of the Eastern Barracks. But looking at the current situation, Timothy still doesn’t seem to have come up with any countermeasures to resist the attack, so it seems that he doesn’t have any time to care about anyone else.”

The letter was again not signed at the end. After reaching its end, Roland folded the letter and put it into the drawer before releasing a deep and long breath.

In case Easterly Wind No.1 really has stopped Timothy from dispatching troops, the result would already be very good.

After all, the large number of drugged people consumed during a fight was indeed too wasteful. The later the other side launched its battle of attrition, the more opportunities Roland could get to win over the population.

Roland raised the cup and drank a mouthful of fragrant black tea. For now, the next thing he needed to do was to rest and wait for the witches to return.

It was already several days since he had last seen Anna, and there was also nobody who stole any of the dried fish out of the drawer, all in all, this made him feel a bit uncomfortable.

At this moment, Carter opened the door to the office.

“Your Royal Highness, two fleets have arrived at the pier.”

“Has Margaret’s Chamber of commerce finally arrived? Taking into account the time she had spent on the road, she must have missed a good show... hold on,” Roland stopped for a moment, feeling slightly surprised, “You said there were two fleets?”

“Yes,” Carter said laughingly, “You remember the messenger group you had sent to the Southern Territory to recruit staff? A batch of troops has already come back. The number of refugees that they brought along with them is already enough to crowd the pier to its bursting point. Currently, the City Hall is carrying out your plan and Miss Lily is executing the...”

“Quarantine operation.”

“Ah right, you’re talking about the program to eliminate the existence of plagues or similar threats...” The Chief Knight coughed twice, “This group of people number about four or five hundred people in size.”

“Do they?” Roland couldn’t prevent the corner of his mouth from rising. It seems as if it was just moments ago when we spoke about the possibility of this matter, but now it’s already started to show results. It seems as if the number of temporary houses Lotus needs to prepare has increased yet again, “Let’s go and take a look.”

\*

Kyle Sichi put down the extremely thin remaining section of the “Intermediate Chemistry” while repeatedly muttering, “So that is what it is.”

“Mentor?” Chavez asked anxiously.

Since the time he had received the “Intermediate Chemistry”, Kyle had been unable to find any sleep within the last two days, almost reading through the whole ancient book overnight. Chavez himself had also taken a few glances at it, but the book’s content was too abstruse and much too difficult to understand.

“I’m fine,” the Chief Alchemist’s voice didn’t contain any trace of weariness, instead it appeared as if his spirit was trembling with excitement. Even though the corner of his eyes may have contained some dirt, his two eyes were still bright and full of fire, and looked nothing like a person who had just gone through a sleepless night.

The times when the mentor delved into alchemy they mustn’t be easily disturbed, this was a rule which each disciple need to abide by. So, having waited until now, Chavez finally dared to open his mouth and speak, “This book... this disciple doesn’t understand what is an atom, and what is an electron?”

“You are already a qualified alchemist, so you mustn’t call yourself a disciple. According to His Highness, we are colleagues now.” Kyle paused, “As for your question, I do not know how to answer it... In fact, when His Royal Highness Roland gave me the “Intermediate Chemistry”, this book was also attached to it.

Chavez looked at another book on the table, on the cover was written: “Theoretical Foundations of Natural Science”.

“Sichi... Mentor” he wasn’t accustomed to using such a familiar form of address yet, “It looks as if it closely follows alchemy... No, it completely lacks any relation with chemistry.”

“I also thought the same,” Kyle said while stroking his beard. He sighed then continued to speak, “However, after reading through a few pages, I discovered that I have actually been totally ignorant of this world.”

“What?” Chaves was stunned. Alchemy is the study of the composition of substance, the essence of elements. If they could be considered as knowing nothing about it, then what difference was there between other people and monkeys?

"I mean the concept behind it," the Chief Alchemist's voice was full of excitement... and also satisfaction, "We think that alchemy is just alchemy; that it is the research of scholarly knowledge. We say to ourselves that the sun rising and falling, and the flowers blooming and fading are things which have no relation to us."

"Isn't that right?... Those who are good at observing the sun and the stars become astrologers, as for the plants," Chavez was slightly disgusted, "Only farmers and herbalist would study them."

"That's why we know nothing at all," Kyle shook his head, "From the beginning, this book tried to connect everything together, whether they be stones, flowers, thunder, or fire, all are made up of the same thing, all follow the same set of rules. Not only does chemistry react according to these rules, even the sun rises and falls and the flowers bloom and fade according to it. This rule is so precise, that as long as the conditions are the same, the result will also always be exactly the same. Chemistry is only a small part of this."

".....How can this be?"

"I also find it hard to imagine," he unfolded the periodic table of elements. "In Intermediate Chemistry, it describes the form of these elements – one big ball surrounded by numerous smaller balls. The big ball decides which kind of element it is, and the number of balls in the outer ring determines the characteristics of the element, and this very list, is arranged according to this law. They're as neatly lined up as a parade of soldiers. Now, I also fully understand the meaning of His Highness: Why we can, without ever having seen or come into contact with this element, are still able to deduce its properties and reactions. Because even the smallest reaction, like the loss or addition of those small balls, won't involve any changes to the big ball at all. This is also the reason why elements don't disappear during a reaction, they will only ever transform."

For a moment Chavez pondered about what he had heard and then asked, "Do you ... believe it?"

These theories are too misty, and they cannot be verified by the eye, so how are the people who wrote the book able to know of it?

"I do not know, so I cannot answer your previous question," Kyle said while showing a smile, "But it doesn't matter whether you believe it or not. The key is that it provides a perspective I have never imagined before... In the end, it allows me to look at it through another door and behind that door, there isn't only just chemistry." Speaking until here, his voice came to a stop, "Unfortunately, His Royal Highness wasn't able to record everything. Perhaps he was unable to understand it himself, so who knows what he might have missed."

Chavez wasn't able to comprehend everything he had heard, just like when he had become an apprentice. When he'd first heard the terms used by alchemists' it had been like hearing people speak in another language, and now, he once again had this feeling.

But he wasn't worried, as long as he followed his mentor, he would be able to learn this so-called theory of "all living things are interconnected." Compared to the Chief Alchemist, the thing he lacked the most now, was time.

After a moment of silence, Chavez asked, "But, why did His Highness use different colors for the names of the books?"

Showing an expression of surprise the Chief Alchemist let out a cry, "Ah." Then he said, "This... is something I'd actually ignored. Could it be that he'd casually used them?" But he quickly shook his head, "No, if they were colored black and red it could be the case. But these types of colors are especially difficult to make, it is unlikely to be unintentional. In other words, His Highness deliberately used them?"

"Elementary Chemistry" was blue, "Theoretical Foundations of Natural Science" was also blue, "Elementary Mathematics" was green, and "Intermediated Chemistry (Remnants)" was written with purple paint. It didn't stand out when you looked at each of them alone, but if placed together, it was particularly eye-catching.

"Probably for appearance sake?" Chavez guessed.

### Chapter 310 The Purified

Mayne stood on top of an arched hillside, overlooking the city ahead of him from a distance.

Last time, Wolfsheart city's walls had looked far different from what it looked like now – the walls were built with stones from the Kingdom of Eternal Winter appearing clean and white, just like the teeth of a newborn wolf. However, within just three months' time, its appearance had been completely changed. Breakages had been filled with the local black boulders and the gaps which they couldn't mend in time had been blocked with wooden palisades, the blood-soaked stone had lost its pure white color, and turned into a reddish brown instead.

Looking from the distance, the current walls looked rough and seemed to be covered with dirt, like wolf teeth that had experienced years of wind and frost. Compared with its prior appearance, they now looked more like the teeth of a ravening predator – like the time when they were tearing their prey apart, which was the most fearsome sight to humans.

The Church's army had set up their camp about 2,5 miles outside of Wolfsheart City. In order to prevent the former Queen of Clear Water from raiding the Old Holy City, they hadn't brought along the same size as last time. The Army of Judges and the baggage teams were both around five thousand people, while the God's Punishment Army had a total of nearly eight hundred or so. However, with their secret siege weapon and the purified, Mayne had full confidence that they would be able to clear out this nest of wolves.

"Your Excellency, the Siege Beast is in place and ready to attack." A priest came to the top of the hill to report to him.

"What's the status of the Purified who are controlling it?"

"They are also prepared to launch."

Mayne lifted the observation mirror and looked toward the direction of the 'Siege Beast' – only to see two fearsome steel beasts lying within the farmland two miles away from the city walls, both sides were surrounded with obstruction boards and had a grass covered roof over them. If you didn't take a careful look, it would be difficult to detect this ferocious weapon with its uncanny shape.

Moving his line of sight forward, he saw a lineup of the God's Punishment Army. These were the transformed soldiers of the Church's most devoted believers, standing straight in the autumn wind, all of them motionless. Only when the enemy fought against them would they really be able to understand

just how terrifyingly powerful these extraordinary warriors were. Unfortunately, they couldn't act autonomously and would only act according to the orders issued by the commander during battle. However, the commander has never appeared publicly in the Church, and during battle would fight from within the ranks, disguised as a member of the God's Punishment Army. So, except for the three Archbishops and the Pope, there was no one who knew his true identity.

"Very good," Mayne said as he nodded in satisfaction. "Return to your position and wait for the attack horn to sound."

"Yes, Your Excellency."

His next task was to meet with the Purifieds that the Pope had sent.

When he thought of those two witches, he could not help but frown, they were as different as black and white compared to the other witches of the Church, even during the march to fight they were still carrying on with their own things. If they were one of his own Purifieds, they would already have been punished with a flogging, but the position of these two and Archbishop Mayne were on equal footing, so he wasn't allowed to direct them. His Holiness had only sent these two Purifieds to 'provide assistance' during the battle, not to 'obey' his orders.

But he also knew, if he wanted to completely eradicate all of the hidden dangers he was going to have to depend on their powers.

The Archbishop went down the hill and stopped in front of a tent outside the camp. But when he opened the curtain, the bedstraws were unsurprisingly empty.

"Zero and Isabella?" He asked the judge standing at the entrance.

"The two Ladies are currently interrogating the captives, they should be at the east side of the camp now," the judge said. "There is a flat open space there, you can see it immediately when you get there. Or do you want me to go and call them back?"

If it would be enough to send you to call them, I wouldn't have needed to come here to begin with. But they are playing with the captives again... aren't they tired of playing? "No, it's alright, I will look for them myself."

...

He soon found the place the guard had told him of.

Only to see two women stand in the center of a level ground. One of them was leaning forward, her head next to the ears of three prisoners whose hands were tied together, and whispering something to them. The expression on her face was gentle but focused, her white long hair and her robe was dancing in the wind, just like a flawless spirit. The other woman possessed an impressive figure and had a head full of golden curly hair, and from time to time she would release a sweet-sounding and clear laugh.

"Have the surrounding Judges immediately vacate the area." Mayne instructed his personal guard to send instruction to the Presiding Judge, "The same is true for the people responsible for looking after the captives, tell them that there is no more need for them to look after them."

"As you bid."

At this moment, the blond witch also noted their arrival, she informed her partner and quickly walked over.

“Your Excellency,” the blond witch said while giving a slight bow, “Why did you drive the audience away? The trial was just about to begin.”

“Ms. Isabella,” he nodded back, “The all-out attack on Wolfsheart City is about to begin, so interrogating the prisoners has become meaningless now. Furthermore, these people can’t tell us more than the other spies we’ve caught along the way, and that was only a pathetic amount of news. If possible, I hope you and Zero can immediately rush over to the front line.”

“Don’t worry, since we are already here, we couldn’t let such an important enemy just walk away,” Isabella said while spreading out her hands. “As for the trial... there is nothing I can do to stop her. How about, you can just act as the audience, it won’t take them that long anyway.”

“The same as before?”

“Well, the rules will be basically the same,” she laughed, “Zero really likes this kind of game.”

“If it’s like that then quickly get started.” Damn it! Even though Mayne’s face became expressionless, inwardly he was burning with anger. Speaking of this judgement game, it would be more appropriate to look at it as a cat playing with a mouse. The captives had to escape a predefined range or defeat the witch, only by doing this could they obtain a slim chance of survival – and this chance to live was extremely slim, but the bait was still good enough to lure out the mouse. It already seemed difficult to achieve, but in fact, it was something they would never be able to reach.

The reason for scattering the Judges who were responsible for safeguarding and monitoring the Purifieds was that the upcoming process couldn’t be considered as entirely fair or just. The other’s action wasn’t in accordance with the behavior of Purified, so seeing this, he was afraid that it might waver their faith in the Church.

Just wait until I take over the position of the Pope, at that time I will have to teach them the importance of obediently following orders.

At this moment, Zero had already freed the prisoners from the ropes and spread out her hands to show that she wasn’t wearing any weapon on her body. While in front of the prisoners there laid a sword, a machete, and a light crossbow.

“Come on, fight or run, just follow your hearts,” Zero said with a gentle tone. “Only God can issue a ruling.”

One of them clenched his teeth then suddenly picked up the crossbow from the ground and directly shot an arrow at the Purified. Not even looking whether he had hit, his other hand had already taken hold of the sword as he tried to seize the opportunity to rush forward and chop out horizontally. This whole set of actions were executed in one smooth movement, clearly a skill that was impossible for militia.

However, the captive cut through nothing but empty air. The Purified had simply taken two steps back and easily avoided the surprise attack. When the captive came to a stop and raised his head, he couldn’t

suppress a short flicker of surprise when he saw that the other was holding the arrow with her teeth, as if she was chewing on a harmless branch.

Zero spit out the arrow, waved at the captive, and with a smile, she said, "Please, carry on."

The captive stared blankly at her, his hands trembling slightly. Mayne could see that all the courage he'd gathered with such difficulty had already left him again, even if the fight were to continue, it would only last for one more exchange.

Sure enough, after hesitating for a moment, the captive raised his head and roared like a wild boar. Then raised his sword and darted toward the unarmed woman.

But this attempt was too stiff, even with closed eyes, Mayne could guess at the result – just within his half a lunar cycle long contact with Zero, Mayne had already become aware that her powers were almost limitless. Even though she wasn't an extraordinary, she still possessed innate battle skills not inferior to them. These skills weren't in her supernatural strength or resistance, but rather in her extremely skillful technique.

Even if she couldn't use any magic, she was still a dreadful enough soldier.

The witch moved her body slightly to the side, easily avoiding the opponent's hack. Then her pair of seemingly fragile hands clamped the prisoner's head, and using his forward momentum, she softly moved it. This slight flick only released a light cracking sound, but as if the other side had suddenly lost all the bones in his body, he immediately became limp and fell to the ground.

She turned her head and looked to the two remaining captives then said, "Now, it's your turn."