

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1561: Battle Time!

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With that, he lowered his head back into the water.

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His technique was flawless, and his actions impressive

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There was even a zig-zag stairway that led 2 stories high before converging into a single ladder that one would have to climb to get to the top.

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If it were someone else, their footsteps clanging on the metal stairway would have alerted those above.

But Red Beard's light work was once again at play.

They climbed the stairs, as well as the ladder following it. But when he finally reached the top, he had a long face with black lines.

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... What were these idiots talking about? Aren't they supposed to be doing their jobs and looking out to sea?

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Nonetheless, he still frowned.

Why?... Why was

Well, anyway, all this will soon belong to Morgany.

So he wasn't going to worry his head on it now.

Who knows... In future, he'll remodel his home to have a few of these features too.

Seeing all this only made him angrier about how courageous these Baymardians were to steal precious Morg technology and use it in hiding.

Despicable!

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Eh?

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Only they were playing on the ground rather than sitting.

Of course!

If they were seated, wouldn't they have at least bothered to check up on their surroundings?

The 3 fools were drinking and eating on the floor while telling ridiculous stories.

Their faces were flushed so red it convinced him they had been drinking for long.

Morons!

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Just as his men had said, these imbeciles were too reliant on the other empires to keep them safe.

Down he went to the other posts.

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This time, the walls were covered with metal sheaths, no longer the see-through transparent windows.

So does that mean whenever the post was empty, they covered the windows with these metal walls?

He listened carefully but heard nothing coming from within.

No lights, no movements... Nothing.

Red Beard was starting to think this would be the easier mission in his life, right after the Omani one.

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Alright.

Down he went once more, moving towards 2 other guard posts.

One was again closed for silly reasons while another was open, but he could see people sleeping at their desks, snoring so loudly he could hear it while climbing up.

Walking about the shores, moving closer to the strange fence far inward, he still didn't see anyone or any peculiar defenses.

... It was official.

These Baymardians had lost it!

What sort of weak defenses were these?

Even after capturing the enemy, he planned to knock them severely in the head.

Of course to Red Beard, this wasn't the first time seeing such a defenseless place.

Please!

Morgany has moved across this world, shaping and infiltrating every place because they were weak.

Red Beard's problem was that these people had the chance to defend themselves, unlike many.

So you built a good wall (fence), got into contact with other Pyno empires, formed an alliance, and even acquired stolen technology from Morgs... So why didn't you improve your defenses?

Never in his life had he seen people so lazy like these Baymardians.

It was like seeing trouble-free gold before you but refusing to take it.

Red Hair looked about the sandy shores in scrutiny. And after confirming these Baymardians were no threat to them, he finally lifted his blade and signaled the ships.

Yeah.

What was he thinking?

How could these Baymardians have known of Morgany's plans?

This plan had been decided months and months ago. And their assignments had been sent out to them swiftly by the elite of the elites.

So how could these lowlifes know?

Even after getting the secret message, he burnt it before his eyes.

Additionally, all those assigned to this mission had been with him from the very start.

As protocol, everyone was to keep an eye on everyone even though they were 'brothers,' members of the same crew.

Everything Red Beard inwardly spoke was just to calm his uneasy heart.

Why?...

He frowned deeply.

Why was it that even till now, his heart was still restless?

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--On the ships--

"Look! Look over there! That's the leader's signal!"

Someone whispered, and the group knew exactly what to do next.

Sail forth as quietly as possible!

Good.

The men all smiled wickedly.

"Keep a good vigil. Until we dock, we're not in the clearing yet." The second in command whispered, and his words were also whispered about the crew person by person until the nearby ships got word.

The sail ropes were pulled, the slaves underneath were whipped, and those ready to fight clenched their weapons fiercely.

One of the men took a deep whiff, murmuring several words excitedly.

"Aye... I can almost smell the blood of the Baymardians on my sword."

1, 2, 3.

~Bam!

Their ships had finally docked.

... Battle time!!

Chapter 1562: Let The Game's Begin!

Din!

The first formation line docked quietly, with everyone jumping down the many string ropes onto the docks.

Backs arched, they reached for their weapons while hastily running towards the sandy shores.

3 minutes tops.

Everyone was out.

And the ships in the first formation line sailed sideways, giving room for the next formation line to dock.

Below, a few were waving frantically.

"Hurry...Hurry... Hurry!"

Their hushed voices bellowed.

And at the center of some ships, the men pulled open a massive wooden trap door, also taking out the metal covering underneath it. This hole led straight down to the floor where all heavy weapons were stored

Below, several men had tied ropes to the ends of the Siege Ballistas.

'Pull! Pull! Pull!...'

No one said a word, letting their muscles do the talking.

Veins popping, body explosive with power, everyone felt their swollen and bulging. Soon, they group out the first wave of siege weapons onto the deck and down to the docks.

Horses?

They didn't think they would need them. In their eyes, they came here fully prepared to steal the Baymardian vehicles and use them during war.

Though the reports say only the Baymardians and their treaty-signed friends could learn how to drive vehicles, how could they, the power Morgany, be any worse than these people?

Impossible!

They were supreme, and that was that.

So the matter of bringing horses was definitely out of the question.

Additionally, if the enemy chased them, the vehicles would far surpass their horses' speed, according to the reports.

One could say they might be fortunate to hide in the many forest regions within the city. But during that time, the enemy would only use it to surround the place, trapping them completely.

So it wasn't a very good plan.

Their only way to beat the speed was to steal and use vehicles.

They've driven horses, manned ships, and even rode carriages... So how hard can it be for geniuses such as them?

(?~?)

Of course, though they wouldn't be riding horses per se, they still had horses available to use in pulling their many siege weapons.

After all, until they stole the vehicles, they had to leave a way out for themselves, no?

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Clang. Clang. Clang. Clang...

Several people carefully rolled the weapons of mass destruction down, while others had already surrounded the guard posts, keeping a close watch.

That's right. Even though their leader had checked out of habit, they still had to do the same.

"My liege... We'll soon be ready to make our first move." One of his commanders reported in a hushed tone.

"Hmm..." Red Beard hummed, knowing they had to at least get 5/10th of the men down the ships before they began their first wave.

Look left, look right. Many were already in formation. And once he gave the final go-ahead, his men would be ready to break in with full force!

"No black powder series until our cover is blown."

There was a massive towering metal gate adjacent the docks. This was the only gate connecting them to the inside.

Over the time at sea, they had collected several locks Baymard sold. And his subordinates' only task was to train in separating the lock's head from its bottom.

Since they didn't have the key, why bother? Just break it apart before any bloody alarm goes off from it.

Red Beard felt his lock-breaking subordinates were ready. But little didn't he know that even if Baymard were to use a physical lock, it would be the most gigantic lock one has ever seen and not anything similar to those sold to the public.

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Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

For a moment, all enemies across the many districts felt proud, not knowing their every move was sewn by those gathered in the Navy quarters.

In the massive operations room, several elite men of all ranks stood in full battle attire, watching the intruders colder.

"I have to admit they're good. So Morgany also has Ballistas?.. If we weren't Baymardians, this would've been a big problem... Especially if the firepower from their siege ballistas equals what we know for ours."

The entire room turned chilly.

These Morgs were a force to be reckoned with. No power in this world might be able to stand against them if his majesty hadn't made Baymard strong. Thinking of it, maybe their allies would have also been helpless too.

Minister Dalia from the Ministry of National Defense, caressed her chin thoughtfully.

"Their ballistas are Impressive, no doubt about it. But I don't think they'll be adding black powder to them just yet."

As she spoke, she pointed at the few formations and enemy groups on the screen.

"Take a look at their performance. If they want to keep their attacks a surprise, they must want to solve the matter of entering Baymard in a hushed way. So only if forced will they likely use black powder."

"I think so too. Looking at the men at the far back, we can see 3~5 horses pulling wagons of black powder. These lots are far in the back while the ballistas are ahead. This means they have no intention of using them just yet. But we still have to be careful... Take a look at the strange sacs on everyone's waist... I suspect this is black powder!"

What does this show? It means these people still had backup if there was a case of their wagon being destroyed.

Cunning... What a cunning group.

Too bad they wouldn't be getting into Baymard anytime soon.

But this was indeed a challenge. (?^?)

At least 900,000 people were divided into the 4 district shores, meaning there were at least 38,000 enemy fighters in each district.

Everyone massaged their elbows thoughtfully.

If they managed this right, victory was guaranteed!

"Call in all forces... Steady for aims and wait for the signal."

Now, the enemy was moving towards the fence.

Hehehehehehe~

The big figures in the group coupled playfully.

Let the games begin!

Chapter 1563: Battle Time!

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Chapter 1564: Let The Game's Begin!

Give them hell? With pleasure. All forces finally revealed themselves. --Aboard the ships- - Among the pirates gathering, several figures smiled underneath their masks, finally their hands. 3, 2, 1... Pouf!!!- A strange thick greenish fog appeared within the lower decks of the ships, causing many eyes to widen in horror. "Fire! Fire! What bloody bastard set the ship on fire? "Fire!... Fire- - -" -Cough, cough cough! Many began choking to no avail, wanting to leave for the decks as fast as they could. Bloody motherf**king sons of b**ches! What sort of evil fire was this? Their breathing was

heavy and their eyes so painful that seeing was damn near impossible. So spicy! So spicy! The pepper that stung their eye made them walk about like blind people. But even then, it was impressive enough that they didn't hit anyone. Yes! With their training, their eyes were still razor sharp. Dullard! "What asshole tried cooking at a time like this?" This sort of fire was not natural. So they felt it had something to do with the kitchen. Or else why would it be spicy? In the already dark hallways, no enemy dared to open their eyes while trying to make their way towards the decks. And so, the Baymardians switched their eye gears to night vision mode, raising their silencers very boldly. "Hasta La Vista, baby" Bang! The first bullet flew and thus began the sent raid. Warrant officer Denice made several shots, gracefully grabbing the enemy's body after every kill. Silence was the word. She held onto the lifeless body, dancing across the many clueless enemies while sniping them down. Headshots, heart shots... Those were the only shots she took But soon, despite their quietness, several enemies felt their surroundings too strange. The voices... The voices of their comrades were getting quieter and quieter. Dammit! "It's a trap!!!" Someone exclaimed, and many quickly swung their weapons. Oh? Denice swiftly displayed her flexibility, doing a backward cartwheel and slapping the enemy's sword. Thung! The sword stuck to the wooden ceiling, springing back and forth severally. What?? The enemy was shocked, feeling his weapon no longer in reach. Dog Balls! If not for the pain in his mouth and the choking feeling of suffocation, he would have loved to beat the man before him. Of course if he knew it was a woman, he might go crazier. Too bad he would never have the chance to know. Bang! Denice shot him straight in the heart, this time, not caring whether his body went down with a loud bang or not. What a joke. Their positions had long been compromised. In that case, what if their actions were rowdy? Kill! -Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Such was the situation within these last few ships that were still in the process of docking. Their Baymardian enemies had long covered all lower deck floors. And as the massacre continued, those above deck didn't know their comrades were picked out and killed one by one until it was too late. "What? Since when did these Baymardians get aboard our ships? "How is this possible? What sort of sorcery is this? "Could it be that we sailed to Baymard with them always aboard the ships? "Vile villains! They're deceiving too much! Kill! Kill!... Kill them all!" In a flash, those who survived and made it out to the deck, as well as the hundreds already gathered there, all planned to rush back in and handle these deceiving Baymardians to pieces. However, before they could react, they spotted the strange glowing stars from before moving strangely but didn't think much of it. No way! They hastily rushed back down the decks to deal with the Baymardian enemies. "Kill them!... Kill them all!" -Breww!!! The fire from the hot air balloons flew fiercely as the pilots positioned themselves just right. They weren't directly underneath the ships. Good... The lead commander took hold of his walkie. "All soldiers prepare to engage." [Roger that, sir!) The others on the many hot air balloons responded before relaying their instructions to the soldiers aboard their 'ships.' At the moment, all soldiers were secured at the edge of the massive baskets. They were still strapped onto the outer belts while standing on the platforms designed for such operations. "Eyewear!" "Check!" "Weapons!" "Check!" "Armor!" "Check!" "Parachute." "Check and check!" The soldiers replied in whispers. "Good soldiers... Good marines... Tonight, you make your leap of faith. Tonight, you are defenders and protective of our beloved Baymard!" The words echoed out, causing many to tighten their grips on the

basket holding them up. It would be a lie to say they weren't nervous. No matter how many times one has jumped so high, there was always a part of them that carried a little wave of fear. Additionally, as marines and soldiers, their lives were constantly at stake. Tonight, they didn't expect there to be war. Tonight, they never thought any enemy would come in so brazenly. For all they knew, this might be their last time seeing such a beautiful night sky. Wh000w-The gang took deep breaths, bracing themselves for the battle ahead. Those participating in their first battle of this sort also took in a mouthful of air to relieve their tensed hearts. "All of you have teammates. Be your brother's keepers. Look out for each other, and may our beloved Ancestors be with you all... For Baynard!" The group didn't reply but responded, but their eyes screamed their thoughts. For Baynard!! Like so, the order was given, and the first group released their buckles at the edge of the baskets, dropping down below. Com'on!... Com'on... Com'on... Pop! Success! The group unleashed their parachutes. And now, it was time for the 2nd wave to drop. The enemy was also taken aback "Look! Look over there! Is it a bird? Is it a white ball dragon?" "No! It's... It's..." -Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Ahhhh!!!— The many enemies on deck were shocked beyond belief, seeing their comrades to the tremble-dance. And the more they danced, the more flooded their appearances were. Oh, my heavens! What the hell is going on here? "Quickly! Take cover!" No matter how slow they were, they knew the enemy was taking them out while descending from above. At this point, they wanted to understand why these Baynardians had somehow developed a way to grow wings on their backs. Or could it be that they had now turned into immortals? "Ahhhhh!--" Several Morgs were taken out in disbelief. Pff!!-They spat chunks of blood from their mouths, struggling to breathe with every fiber of their being. Caak! Caak! Caak!-Many made storage noises, trying to force air past their throats. Their lips were pale, and their faces turned a strange hue. Cold... A strange cold suddenly bombarded their being, and their vision was quickly becoming blurry. It was strange to say it should be turning darker for them. Yet, it was only growing brighter inside. The light... They seemed to be going into the light. But with limited gold and silver on their bodies, will there be a good spot for them in the afterlife alongside their God of War? Unwilling! Unwilling! This was not the way they wanted to die! Moreover, they had much to look forward to in their futures as Morgs. 'Damn you, Baynardians! I curse you all to live as slaves for a million years to come! Our Morgany will succeed... We will defeat you--' Caak! Caak! Caak!-Dead. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang-The rain of chaos continued, shocking the many Morgs. And in a blink of an eye, the groups of Baynardians safely landed aboard the many event ships. However, shock was one thing, and realization was another. Aboard one of the ships, One-nipple Hopkins, one of Red Beard's third in command, had a murderous scowl, seeing the next wave of Baynardians descend from the sky. "Bloody bastards! They are nothing but human! Archers! Take them down and show them Morgany's might!" Black powder! Blow them all to smithereens! Once they descended lower enough, he didn't believe shooting those white wings behind their back would not make them lose their footing. No! No! They had to get to the highest post and take down these bastards! In a flash, these Morgs regained clarity, remaining calm while trying their hardest to dodge the strange incoming attacks. It would be a lie to say their hearts weren't shaken. Where were the arrows? Where were the hidden weapons? They saw with their own naked eyeballs how their comrades suddenly died from sorcery. It was as though these

Baymardians had truly learned the powers from their God of War! But even then, a greater part of them wanted to capture such powers and present them back to Morgany even more. The hatred and envy in their eyes were pure and true. "A bunch of good-for-nothing thieves! How dare they use our technology against us?" This time, the Morgs were determined. They don't believe it! They don't believe it! They had the God of War on their side. "Fire!!!"

Chapter 1565: Who Is The Traitor? Who Is It?

Red Beard's grin grew broader the more he saw the situation before him... Though his heart told him otherwise.

Why? Why did it keep giving a million warnings?

He had halted and stopped operations just because of his nerves.

Was it getting old? Was that it?

Well, at age 41, he was indeed old... 'Grandpa' old... Some people his age still saw great-grandchildren.

Married at 14... 25~27, you feel like a true man, seeing your children marry too. By 35, your great-grandchildren also marry or have slept around and birthed children. And before you know it, you're a great-great-grandparent by 45~55 if you make it that long.

So at 41, could it be that his body was getting old and worrisome? Red Beard felt it ridiculous, pushing his intuitive thoughts behind.

It was time to move out!

He raised his blade, allowing it to glisten in all directions.

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Charge!

The first wave pushed their feet against the sand, taking with them the little tools they constructed amongst themselves. And the 2nd formation line was right behind them.

Everyone rubbed their hands with the coarse sand for friction.

Well, here goes nothing.

Holding the puny objects with all their finger strength, the pressure only felt heavier the higher they went.

Inwardly, many were cursing these Baymardians.

'Bastards! It's no wonder you don't want to guard these regions. With fences like these, even we are sweating buckets. F***! You could have at least made a place to put our toes in!.. Rotten bastards!'

Relying on arm strength alone while only using your fingers and not your entire palm made many pop veins on their necks.

1, 2, 3... Climb!

Those in the 1st formation line had already gone up, followed by the 2nd and 3rd waves.

Red Beard glanced at his watch, satisfied with their speed.

Time was not their luxury right now. The earlier they get on the other side, the faster conquering Baymard's capital would be.

Still, he and the others behind had victorious smiles, feeling relaxed by tonight's operations.

So far, so good... Or so they thought.

When the first group was inches away from the barbed wires at the top, something magical happened.

One of the men was about to take another lift upwards, wanting to taste sweet glory.

However, a terrible power suddenly flooded his system.

.

What?

Zzzzzzzz~

His teeth began chattering in a closed position, his eyes rolling maniacally and his body in absolute pain.

What was going on?

Ahhhh!!!!

He felt his hairs stand erect and his heart threatening to burst into a million pieces.

Alright.

He, a strong man, wanted to cry.

It was as though he was amid a deadly thunderbolt!

Worst, he felt his muscles weaken and his body losing control over every control he built.

Trickle. Trickle.

He fell to the ground while feeling a hot fluid flow out his bottoms mid-air.

Ah!... Son of a b**ch!

Bam!

Like so, Humpty Dumpty fell on the sandy shores, in need of diapers to hide his shame. And as he lay there, not able to gain control of his body, he made a poisonous oath in his heart.

'I swear to the God of war that even if it's the last thing I do, I must get revenge for the shape these Baymardians have caused me! Mark my words, Baymardians... Your uppings will come!'

****Faint****

The man fainted.

" _ "

[Red Beard, his men]: What just happened here?

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Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The first 3 rows of fighters fell to the ground like droplets on a rainy day.

They fell, shaking and constantly twitching to no end.

When the shock first happened, they were first in a daze, having respiratory arrest and seizures from it all.

It was only a few people from the 1st wave that survived.

If one looked at the fence carefully, they would see the fence was distributed into many levels the higher one climbed.

That's right.

The voltage at the very top was far deadlier than those below. As one goes up, so does the voltage.

Now, 95% of those in the 1st wave were dead. The other 5% were severely burnt and scarred, with deep internal injuries. The long-term damage to their nerves was something that couldn't be saved in a hurry.

As for the 2nd wave, 60~70% of them died. The 3rd wave was the luckiest, with only about 3~4/10th of their lot dying.

'Sling!'

Swords were immediately drawn, as everyone didn't expect the situation would be completely different from what they assumed.

"I know it!... It was bloody too good to be true!"

Red Beard's words flew by, and everyone's expression was solemn.

If that's true, how did these Baymardians know of their plans? Who was leaking the secrets to them?

As if to further confirm it was all an elaborate setup, a majestic voice echoed out from heaven-knows-where.

[Pirate Captain Red Beard!... We have you and your men surrounded!... Surrender now, and we'll give you a chance to live]

.

Boom!

An explosive bomb went off in everyone's mind.

These bastards have been waiting for them all along!... Some backstabbing Morg must have done it!

Everyone's eyes glowed, secretly planning to skin the bastard alive when they found him, not knowing the enemy knew about his name from all the drones and high-tech sound machines that listened in on the conversations his men spoke of aboard the ships.

What traitor? The traitors were themselves!

But why would the Baymardians want to spoil this good misunderstanding? It's best if they think this way.

Sure enough, Red Beard even began wondering if the Morg who bettered Baymard was actually held hostage or doing so willingly.

No! He had to report this matter...Retreating was their best opinion. However, his Morg pride and ego as a powerful legend with a reputation, made him feel an itch to battle it out.

Retreat?

Huh.

The Baymardians sneered from their hidden places.

What a joke. Is Baymard a place one can go into and exit whenever they feel like it?

"All units move in!... Guard towers, show them what you've got!!"

Chapter 1566: Immortals?

Give them hell? With pleasure. All forces finally revealed themselves. --Aboard the ships- - Among the pirates gathering, several figures smiled underneath their masks, finally their hands. 3, 2,1... Pouf!!!-

A strange thick greenish fog appeared within the lower decks of the ships, cashing many eyes to widen in horror.

"Fire! Fire! What bloody bastard set the ship on fire? "Fire!... Fire- - -" -Cough, cough cough! Many began choking to no avail, wanting to leave for the decks as fast as they could. Bloody motherf**king sons of b**ches! What sort of evil fire was this? Their breathing was heavy and their eyes so painful that seeing was damn near impossible. So spicy! So spicy! The pepper that stung their eye made them walk about like blind people. But even then, it was impressive enough that they didn't hit anyone. Yes! With their training, their eyes were still razor sharp. Dullard! "What asshole tried cooking at a time like this?" This sort of fire was not natural. So they felt it had something to do with the kitchen. Or else why would it be spicy? In the already dark hallways, no enemy dared to open their eyes while trying to make their way towards the decks. And so, the

Baymardians switched their eye gears to night vision mode, raising their silencers very boldly. "Hasta La Vista, baby" Bang! The first bullet flew and thus began the sent raid. Warrant officer Denice made several shots, gracefully grabbing the enemy's body after every kill. Silence was the word. She held onto the lifeless body, dancing across the many clueless enemies while sniping them down. Headshots, heart shots... Those were the only shots she took. But soon, despite their quietness, several enemies felt their surroundings too strange. The voices... The voices of their comrades were getting quieter and quieter. Dammit! "It's a trap!!!" Someone exclaimed, and many quickly swung their weapons. Oh? Denice swiftly displayed her flexibility, doing a backward cartwheel and slapping the enemy's sword. Thung! The sword stuck to the wooden ceiling, springing back and forth severally. What?? The enemy was shocked, feeling his weapon no longer in reach. Dog Balls! If not for the pain in his mouth and the choking feeling of suffocation, he would have loved to beat the man before him. Of course if he knew it was a woman, he might go crazier. Too bad he would never have the chance to know. Bang! Denice shot him straight in the heart, this time, not caring whether his body went down with a loud bang or not. What a joke. Their positions had long been compromised. In that case, what if their actions were rowdy? Kill! -Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Such was the situation within these last few ships that were still in the process of docking.

Their Baymardian enemies had long covered all lower deck floors. And as the massacre continued, those above deck didn't know their comrades were picked out and killed one by one until it was too late.

"What? Since when did these Baymardians get aboard our ships? "How is this possible? What sort of sorcery is this? "Could it be that we sailed to Baymard with them always aboard the ships? "Vile villains! They're deceiving too much! Kill! Kill!... Kill them all!" In a flash, those who survived and made it out to the deck, as well as the hundreds already gathered there, all planned to rush back in and handle these deceiving Baymardians to pieces. However, before they could react, they spotted the strange glowing stars from before moving strangely but didn't think much of it. No way! They hastily rushed back down the decks to deal with the Baymardian enemies. "Kill them!... Kill them all!"

-Breww!!! The fire from the hot air balloons flew fiercely as the pilots positioned themselves just right. They weren't directly underneath the ships. Good... The lead commander took hold of his walkie. "All soldiers prepare to engage." [Roger that, sir!]

The others on the many hot air balloons responded before relaying their instructions to the soldiers aboard their 'ships.'

At the moment, all soldiers were secured at the edge of the massive baskets. They were still strapped onto the outer belts while standing on the platforms designed for such operations. "Eyewear!" "Check!" "Weapons!" "Check!" "Armor!" "Check!" "Parachute." "Check and check!" The soldiers replied in whispers.

"Good soldiers... Good marines... Tonight, you make your leap of faith. Tonight, you are defenders and protective of our beloved Baymard!"

The words echoed out, causing many to tighten their grips on the basket holding them up.

It would be a lie to say they weren't nervous.

No matter how many times one has jumped so high, there was always a part of them that carried a little wave of fear.

Additionally, as marines and soldiers, their lives were constantly at stake. Tonight, they didn't expect there to be war.

Tonight, they never thought any enemy would come in so brazenly. For all they knew, this might be their last time seeing such a beautiful night sky. Wh000w-The gang took deep breaths, bracing themselves for the battle ahead.

Those participating in their first battle of this sort also took in a mouthful of air to relieve their tensed hearts.

"All of you have teammates. Be your brother's keepers. Look out for each other, and may our beloved Ancestors be with you all... For Baymard!"

The group didn't reply but responded, but their eyes screamed their thoughts. For Baymard!! Like so, the order was given, and the first group released their buckles at the edge of the baskets, dropping down below. Com'on!... Com'on... Com'on... Pop! Success! The group unleashed their parachutes. And now, it was time for the 2nd wave to drop. The enemy was also taken aback "Look! Look over there! Is it a bird? Is it a white ball dragon?" "No! It's... It's..." -Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Ahhhh!!!— The many enemies on deck were shocked beyond belief, seeing their comrades to the tremble-dance. And the more they danced, the more flooded their appearances were. Oh, my heavens! What the hell is going on here? "Quickly! Take cover!" No matter how slow they were, they knew the enemy was taking them out while descending from above. At this point, they wanted to understand why these Baymardians had somehow developed a way to grow wings on their backs. Or could it be that they had now turned into immortals? "Ahhhhh!!!--" Several Morgs were taken out in disbelief. Pff!!-They spat chunks of blood from their mouths, struggling to breathe with every fiber of their being. Caak! Caak! Caak!-Many made storage noises, trying to force air past their throats. Their lips were pale, and their faces turned a strange hue. Cold... A strange cold suddenly bombarded their being, and their vision was quickly becoming blurry. It was strange to say it should be turning darker for them. Yet, it was only growing brighter inside. The light... They seemed to be going into the light. But with limited gold and silver on their bodies, will there be a good spot for them in the afterlife alongside their God of War? Unwilling! Unwilling! This was not the way they wanted to die! Moreover, they had much to look forward to in their futures as Morgs. 'Damn you, Baymardians! I

curse you all to live as slaves for a million years to come! Our Morgany will succeed... We will defeat you--' Caak! Caak! Caak!-Dead. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang-The rain of chaos continued, shocking the many Morgs. And in a blink of an eye, the groups of Baymardians safely landed aboard the many event ships. However, shock was one thing, and realization was another.

Aboard one of the ships, One-nipple Hopkins, one of Red Beard's third in command, had a murderous scowl, seeing the next wave of Baymardians descend from the sky. "Bloody bastards! They are nothing but human! Archers! Take them down and show them Morgany's might!" Black powder! Blow them all to smithereens! Once they descended lower enough, he didn't believe shooting those white wings behind their back would not make them lose their footing. No! No! They had to get to the highest post and take down these bastards! In a flash, these Morgs regained clarity, remaining calm while trying their hardest to dodge the strange incoming attacks. It would be a lie to say their hearts weren't shaken. Where were the arrows? Where were the hidden weapons? They saw with their own naked eyeballs how their comrades suddenly died from sorcery. It was as though these Baymardians had truly learned the powers from their God of War!

But even then, a greater part of them wanted to capture such powers and present them back to Morgany even more.

The hatred and envy in their eyes were pure and true. "A bunch of good-for-nothing thieves! How dare they use our technology against us?" This time, the Morgs were determined. They don't believe it! They don't believe it! They had the God of War on their side. "Fire!!!"

Chapter 1567: How To Defeat Them?

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Warrant officer Chu was descending with his left hand on his parachute strap and his right holding his weapon.

And for a moment, he got a few while maneuvering his way closer.

"Ahhhh!~"

Their defeating cross was enough to wake the spirits of the dead from the bottom of Davy Jones's locker.

His heart was firm, and his eyes quick to spot the many ducking for cover.

However, all that came to an end when a bold group of enemies ascended the rooftop of the cabins above the decks.

His eyeballs almost popped out from his eyes, watching them pull back their arrows.

Oh No!

Bang!

He shot a bullet into his parachute, falling into the waters below before the arrows landed their marks.

Boom!

An explosion of water seared far high into the air, causing the scene around there to rain fish.

Phuck!

Several black powder-tubed arrows had landed roughly around the same place, causing a massive wave.

Fortunately, it exploded several feet away from those who fell.

"Halt operations!"

Those in the sky balloons yet to jump, dared not let the remaining marines and soldiers descend.

"Captain, it's too risky! One accidental hit and any of our men will disintegrate into a thousand pieces, beginning fish food easily minced in a can!"

"Dammit! You think I don't know that?" The burly Captain didn't mean to yell. But his emotions were all over the place after seeing just how close several people were to losing their lives.

Watching it all from his binoculars made his body chill. Worse, he did hear a few, maybe 3 or 4 scream in agony before falling into the waters.

The blood...

Oh, No!

.

In a flash, the Captain gripped his walkie hard.

"This is Air Command calling in! Water command, do you copy? Position... X, Xx, xxx, xxxx... Injured men in need of attention. I repeat. Injured men in need of attention!"

Instantly, the entire air force and underwater were going haywire.

Of course all this time, the underwater forces have always been close by.

So when they got word, the Navy piloting the ships only left one person in control, rushing to the ejection rooms. Of course, another stayed back, already opening the first aid boxes in preparation.

Son of a b**ch.

It stung like a bee!

Warrant officer Chu had indeed fallen and missed the attacks mid-air.

However, the moment he landed, the enemy also shot at his landing point. And if he didn't abandon his parachute and swim downwards as fast as he could, maybe he would have lost a limb.

For now, this armor had saved him from the impact but still left him with a shoulder wound.

Ahhh!!~

The salty waters mingled and danced their way into his injury, causing a spicy and flaming sensation to tingle his being.

Bloody Hell!

He felt as though someone had reached for his heart and grouped it tightly. It hurt like a mother***ker.

The pain was indescribable, as a part of him felt that if he poked his finger, he would be able to touch his bones with no resistance.

That was how deep the open wound felt!

Under water, his breathing faltered, and his limbs weakened.

The massive yet docile fish around seemed to smell his blood, drawing closer to having a nibble at his flesh.

He was lucky he was this close to the shores. Or who knows what other creatures would snatch him?

Of course, being this close to the shores didn't mean there weren't any dangerous ones that could swim into this Harbor zone.

Get back! Get back!

He waved his uninjured left arm, ready to shoot down any fish that dared to test his patience.

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Can't breathe... Can't breathe...

He felt his body grow weaker by the second. But even then, he dare not head up, inky to get his brains blown out.

There might be a chance that the 1st and 2nd group of parachuters that successfully landed might've already taken down these dangerous archers.

However, until sure, he wouldn't be stupid to swim back up the same way he fell.

No! He had to swim far away before poking his head out.

It's just that his plan was good, but his body was at its limit. And when he thought he might die at sea, his heat vision goggles picked up a red-yellowish human silhouette swimming his way.

Warrant officer Chu finally let out a smile amid his pain.

Saved!...

His previous comrades always had his back. Now, he could rest easy knowing he would get to live another day.

All for one, one for all!

Got you! pan(da-n0vel.c)om

The incoming swimmer carefully trapped his waist while also putting a strange pipe in his mouth.

The pipe was not too long, roughly the same size as 2 fingers conjoined together.

However, once the upper seal on the pipe gets broken, 2 pumps of oxygen would be released into the victim's mouth.

In situations like these when they couldn't very well carry so many massive oxygen tanks around when trying to save everyone, these little gizmos could sustain those out of breath for a while until they swam back towards the submarine.

Chu took in 2 pumps, suddenly feeling alive as the oxygen quickly rushed to his brain. And all this time, he was in a hazy daze while being taken to the submarines.

Bam!

The water drained from the chamber, and the navy officer left Chu to another in charge of first aid. As for him, he was going back out there to rescue some more!

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Aboard the ship, one-nipple Hopkins couldn't believe his eyes.

Even after their counterattack, these Baymardians still had them crawling for mercy?

Assholes!

Hopkins crawled amidst the chaos, watching the turmoil from behind another lifeless body.

Typically, he would be even out fighting by now. But for an enemy as mysterious and deadly as these, he first had to understand their skills.

How to defeat them?

He stayed hidden, observing when best to strike. Unfortunately, he was spotted faster than he anticipated.

Over there!!

Lieutenant Adam rolled to the side, ending on one knee like a spy and shooting with a straight face. He had just spotted Hopkins but had to kill many to get to him.

Target spotted. His preferred goal was to take Hopkins alive!

But why Hopkins? Easy. The drones captured Hopkins' closeness to Red Beard during their 'secret' sailing to Baymard's shores.

~Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang!

Chac!... Chac!...

Out of bullets.

The enemy seemed to notice, wanting to take him out fast. But maybe because they saw him rely too much on the weapons in his hands, they forgot he was still a trained enemy warrior/soldier.

Pah!

He planted his feet on another's lower neck while cupping his hands and punching a few backward.

"Iron Fist!"

Bam!

The few were taken aback before giving Adam a 2nd look. Their I.Q we're back online. And they felt this battle style familiar.

Yes!

If the enemy was coming at them with those strange, mysterious black sticks, what were they supposed to do? No matter how much they tried, even when dodging, they could evade at most 60% of whatever attack was coming their way.

They had never dealt with any weapon with such an incredible speed.

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Arrows had their speed, hidden weapons had their speed... And all these more or less relied on initial human strength.

But these weapons the Baymardians held were just too bizarre.

Typically, they could even see an arrow or hidden weapon mid-air post-launch. However, they squinted as much as they could to no avail, unable to see the sorcery that left these black sticks.

So yes... Though they hated to admit it, their Almighty Morg selves were helpless against these mysterious weapons.

But now, with the weapons out of their way, wasn't this their ball game?

They didn't believe any empire or continent could have better hand-to-hand combat as Morgany.

Again, who says they had to play fair?

They had allowed the enemy to shoot with his magical weapon much as he pleased. So wasn't this their turn to take out their own 'magical weapons' too?

Heh!

They reached for their sleeves, taking hold of several crow weapons.

These were small hidden weapons, sometimes the size of tiny, razor-sharp discs. And other times, it was structured similarly to a 3 or 4-bladed fan, smaller than one's palms.

'This is what you get for going against Baymard!'

1 2, 3...

Flick!

The discs flew into the air, driving towards their target with murderous intent.

So fast!

Adam used his body shield and arms to deflect them all.

Gear protection!

He kept his arms together, covering his face and twisting his body in a manner that used his arm and full body shield to deflect these hidden weapons.

And of course, he launched several attacks of his own too.

What? Who said only they were allowed to use hidden weapons?

Pepper Spray!

Taser mode!

After giving them a taste of these, he swiftly loaded his guns and continued his saga, making his way to Hopkins.

As for Red Beard's situation down on Baymard shores... It was even more chaotic.

Chapter 1568: A Greedy Red Beard

Many fell off unprepared. But so what?

Red Beard gritted his teeth and began holding on tightly to the rails.

His eyes were bloody and his feet firm.

'What to throw me off? Not in this life!'

1, 2, 3... Reach!

Bam!

Red Read soon became a gymnast, jumping upwards like a spider using the rails.

His speed was mind-jerking, and his body reacting to raw instinct.

Get out of the way!

Those before him annoyed him greatly with their speed. In truth, they were fast, even when slightly injured. But compared to the red devil, they fell short.

In a flash, he passed the stairways, gripping the ladder and beginning his ascent. But mid-way, another opening formed the square above.

Red Beard's pupils dilated.

"Hold on! Hold on!!!"

~Splash!

Another wave of people fell without warning.

Dammit! What a good Baymard! Dare to pour slippery liquid on them?

It took all of Red Beard's control, veins, and muscle strings to stay firm on the metal ladder.

Cannot give up! Must not give up. How could he bow before these shameless people?

"If you know you're powerful, then come out here and fight me like a true man!" Red Beard howled, carefully advancing in rage.

When has he ever been disgraced so much?

'Eat! Eat! I must taste Baymardians flesh even if it's the last thing I do!'

Red Beard was still absorbed in his thoughts when he suddenly heard the sound of yet another opening from the box above.

But where? Where was it coming from? (?^?)

Red Beard lifted his head only to see the hostages he was desperately trying to catch, not inky escape through the window, suddenly developed the power of not only flying backward but also upwards too.

(°_°)

Who am I? Where am I? What is this place?

The cube already rested 4 stories high. So who can explain why his hostages flew backward and upwards to about 5~6 stories high and away?

So far, only one hostage had developed invisible wings like so. But who is to say the others won't fly too?

"No! I don't allow it!"

.

Red Beard was going crazy, speeding up his movements across the slippery ladder.

Zppp~

2 more out.

Ahhh!!!

Red Beard slapped one of his men away, reaching the top as the first enemy to get here.

If he had a flag, he would claim this spot as his victoriously.

"Iron Plundering Fists!"

Bam!

Red Beard's fists landed on the doorknob severely.

"Dammit! Too hard!"

What sort of reinforcement were these Baymardians using? If this were steel, like his sword, maybe he would have a chance of breaking it apart from his iron cost technique in several moves.

But hello? Since the invention of the Periodic table and the emergence of other elements and ores like Aluminum, you best believe this doomsday square was not an easy feat to tackle.

It was made to survive nuclear blasts. So how could it be easy to penetrate?

Of course, if they had the powers from the Holy Core with them, then that would be a whole other ballgame.

"Iron plundering Fists!"

"Raging Fists of War!"

"Fist of Zenith!"

Bam! Bam! Bam! Ban! Bam!

Red Beard punched and punched, giving it his best shot. But why? Why wouldn't it bulge? He had destroyed several metal surfaces and even doors back throughout his lifetime. So why won't these break?

Sorcery! Yes... That must be it!

He, Red Beard, would never admit himself lacking to these Baymardians.

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Zzppp~

3 others were gone.

No! No! His hostages!

What to do? What to do?

Red Beard realized these people were no longer firing at them. What did this mean? It meant they had run out of ammunition!

6 have fled the box. But Red Beard felt there should be more inside, also trying to flee now.

Very quickly, he slid down the tower, watching another one flee the opening.

There! There it was!

He rubbed sand on his hands for friction while starting at the opening on the other side. And sure enough, he spotted a head.

Ahhhh!!!

The battlefield was still smoky, even though no attacks were forthcoming.

However, Red Beard didn't know if it was because the God of War had decided to smile on him that he spotted a bow and 3 arrows lying about, smeared in blood.

This was his chance!

'Oh, God of War! Bless me to capture my hostage! For this, I will plunder more lands, cut off more throats and drink up more blood of my enemies in your honor. And now, I only ask for you to show me a sign... Show me a sign by letting my hostage fly out now!'

Red Beard inwardly prayed, pointing his arrows at the opening above.

And as he expected, his God of war must've heard him loud and clear. Or else why would he find the future leaning overly close to the opening now?

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One should know that with how close he was to the window, as well as the fact that he was on ground floor while the enemy was 4 stories high, shooting most arrows shot by many would fall between 2~3 stories high.

And even if it went above this benchmark, it must not necessarily hit its mark as fiercely as it would close to ground level.

This was probably why these Baymardians had the guard posts so high.

Red Beard thinned his lips, staring at the opening above.

For some, this height would've been a problem. But for trained Morgs like themselves, they decreased this issue by 20%, relying on improved strength and a few maneuvering tactics.

So Red Beard was confident he would make the shot. However, he wasn't trying to kill the enemy but to capture him instead. He was trying to shoot the enemy down.

Sure. The man might break a few bones and even get fractured. But with so much sand and dead bodies here, he was positive the man would survive.

Chapter 1569: Sneaky Baymardians

'So brilliant... So good... I must have them!'

Red Beard's thoughts were good.

His body quaked with excitement, and his eyes flashed with tremendous greed.

No way! There must be a blind spot.

But where?

Amidst the volcanic eruption of sand and fire, Red Beard used his dead men as protective shields when poking his head out to view the scene.

'I'm sure these bastards won't be exploding themselves.' He thought.

If they get too close to their guard posts, would they dare to explode him?

As a war veteran, he thought he had guessed right.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Ahhhhh~

The defeating moans of many sounded out. Many voiced their pain, feeling their bones break off with every explosive move.

Mom... What sort of evil did they hit?

Not long ago, they thought they would be the ones dishing out tonight's surprise attack. But who would've known a fellow Morg would betray them, selling out their plans to these Baymardians?

Yes! If there weren't traitors who did it, how do you explain tonight's matter?

Like Red Beard, many had already figured it out. If they went underneath the guard post, they didn't believe these Baymardians would be able to keep exploding them like so.

"To the Guard posts!"

"Quickly! We must keep persisting!!!"

Everyone's emotions went up and down like a rollercoaster but dared not slow their speed.

No matter how injured they were, they crawled, ran, hopped, dragged, and pulled themselves to what seemed like their salvation.

There were several guard posts scattered strategically around the shores.

And though there was a good amount of distance between each, everyone felt they could make it with just a little perseverance.

Must not die! Must not die!

It would be shameful to die without taking a single enemy's head.

How would they explain themselves to their beloved God of War in the afterlife?

Many gritted their bloodied teeth, using their elbows to drag their bloodied bodies across the sand.

As for Red Beard, he seemed to have a mountain load of luck.

Boom!

A strange force threw him to the left, smashing into several others.

Bam!

Red Beard rolled and stepped on the already injured men he landed on, gaining his feet without sympathy for the lot.

'What a powerful force. All the more reason Morgany has to acquire these.'

He was impressed. The explosive power was several times higher than their black-powered-arrow Ballistas when launched.

The horror of these made many feel there was a monster lurking within the after-fog that emerged. And one shouldn't even get him started with the heat.

~Hiss!!!

Red Beard could feel his shoulders slightly burnt.

It was clear that had he been within a closer attack range, he would be like the rest affected, with gruesome injuries that even he was fearful of.

Has the world always been so scary?

Red Beard was back on his feet, knowing his greed and desperation to flee Baymard far surpassed his fear for the weapons ahead.

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Rub! Run! Run!

Red Beard was like a maze runner, moving in a zig-zag manner, never wanting the enemy to predict his moves. And for the most part, his luck seemed good.

He reached the bottom of the post, following several others who had already begun ascending the small stairway attached to the towering post.

This narrow 2-story tall stairway was the only direct path to the top.

Red Beard began his descent, following behind a few. And just as they guessed, these assholes didn't dare to blow themselves up.

"Cowards." Red Beard scoffed. If they were real men, why didn't they choose to sacrifice themselves and blow up?

Weaklings!

He thought he had a bit of spunk and grit in them. But it seemed they feared death too much to make such a big move.

Red Beard gripped the stairway rails, hurrying those ahead."

"Pick it up or take my blade."

In such times, he, Red Beard, didn't care if they were invited or not.

Move!!!

Many heard his voice, gritting their teeth and amping up their speeds... especially for the forest person leading them up.

The Pirate gangster with a black fabric tied around his head dared not dilly dally. He was sure that if he even looked back, the person directly behind him would slice his throat under Red Beard's orders.

But did he hate Red Beard? No. The stronger and fiercer their Captain was, the more respect and awe they had towards him.

One step forward, another step forward.

The pirate at the very front fiercely ascended the stairway. Just like him, everyone already took this stairway as a haven.

Unfortunately, they miscalculated.

The group of pirates suddenly felt their legs miss a step.

Eh?

What did they see?

The high-step stairways now became a slanted surface, like a slide in an amusement park. And like dominos, several unprepared pirates fell backward

What?!!

Several people were bundled like a deck of cards. And soon, many rolled to the sides of the stairways, falling over the edge.

Bam!

They fell like coconuts, planting their faces on the sands.

Ahhhhh!!!

Many inwardly screamed.

Phuck! Phuck! Phuck! Phuck!

They definitely sprained their ankles and broke a few bones from this fall.

No wonder the rails along the stairways were so short. One would think they were designed for children.

So this was the reason, to push them off?

Too hateful! Those who fell condemned.

Of course, not everyone fell off. Some were hiding onto the sides of the rails while suspended, while others were laying on the now slanted stairway, also holding onto the rails, lest they slid down.

Red Beard and a few quickly rode to their feet, holding both rails on their sides.

"Everyone get up! These thieving villains are more despicable than they look. Head up! Once we arrive, they'll have no choice but to admit defeat!"

A strange light flashed through Red Beard's eyes.

No matter how tightly shut these groups were in this Guard post, he didn't believe he wouldn't be able to break through with his Iron Jabbing Fists!

Hostage... Hostage... He must get his hostage.

In the meantime, those within the guard posts were also making preparations just in case they needed to execute plan C.

"Sir! Ammunition running low."

"Then get the Zipline in order! Reinforcements are on the way."

"Good... It's time to end things."

Chapter 1570: Almost There...

Your majesty Landon was back!

When Landon arrived, phone calls were made by his secretaries, reminding many who had listed meetings on a waitlist that he was back!

Hahahhaha~

Many twirled their phone cords happily, laughing and slapping their thighs when they thought of how they would impress his majesty with the progress of their various projects

And amongst them was Overseer Tim, who nearly did a front somersault over his table in glee.

Whenever his majesty returns, do you know what that means?

The true emergence of technology!

Hahahhaha~

Tim raised his hands and lifted his face to the heavens, screaming in glory for such a good day.

Yes!

Apart from his family, friends, and life for Baymard, his sole sense of belonging fell on his current industry.

Tim was in love with his job, never feeling it boring or tiresome. And the things he loved most about his career were the new and godly technologies that sprung out constantly.

It was always a zoo here, with so much to do and so much to explore.

Theories were bombarded, new books and editions studied, new problems to solve, and days never being the same.

Who wouldn't love such a job?

Tim felt his ancestors must have been heavily blessed for him to not only belong to Baymard but also gain his majesty's trust.

Fate... Fate sure was an amazing thing.

Who would've known that his first meeting with his majesty in his old blacksmith shop would've marked the start of a beautiful friendship and an even more amazing life?

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Ring~~~

Tim's phone went off.

He had just spoken to Landon's secretary. So who could it be? He tilted his head and stared at the caller I.D, suddenly taken aback.

"Your majesty!!!... Hahahhaha~... It's good to have you back and safe. You know, you're still our beloved empire's future."

Tim nodded, smiled, and teased Landon while listening to his thoughts.

Hey... Unlike others, he and Landon started their relationship in an overly friendly manner. So even though Landon was his monarch, Landon would sometimes place his hands over his shockers, and he would do the same, as though they had been buddies for a hundred years.

Their relationship was just like that. And sometimes, he forgot how young his majesty Landon was compared to himself.

"You're majesty, say less. Since you already stated you would arrive during this time, I had long placed the ads for hire and training as per project A.T... Interviews have been done, and chosen workers accepted. They received their correspondence letters via home mail and email. So they are very much aware of when the official training day begins."

[Good, Tim... For this project, I take it the priority has always been those with previous experience across the other industries within the Lower Region?]

"Of course, your majesty! As you said, this project has to be completed fast. So, for now, we can't afford to put those straight out of school for these. I gathered those from the Vehicle Manufacturing Industry, the ship manufacturing industry, and all the likes... Provided they had experience and accumulated specific skills, the priority went to them."

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(^i€^)

Hazar!... Hazar!

Tim was delighted.

And just like that, the days went by, with Landon having some 'peace,' spending his days signing off piles and piles of documents.

What the hell?

Landon felt his poor wrists swell with pain.

He stared out the window and sighed, wanting to leave his office badly. But how could he when others are sealing him up in here?

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Landon didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

Who said running an empire was all about heroism and face?

Sigh...

He felt his secretaries were slowly getting out of hand.

Firstly, the 2 secretaries that followed him on his mission had brought... And this is no exaggeration... 2 entire suitcases of documents in eclipse and folders for him to sign.

He spent his hours at sea flicking his wrists away. And of course, he always had to read what he signed or at least get a brief explanation of what the document entitled from his secretary by his side.

So this again took time. And now that he was back, they piled all the documents he missed out on as a welcome gift.

Too brutal... He was out for close to 3 months.

And this was the thanks he got?

During these days, they ensured he never left the palace. When he said he wanted to move his feet, they offered to have a chest-level 'wheeable' table in front of him so he could keep signing the pictures during his so-called stroll out the palace roads.

Of course, if he wanted to stroll indoors, no problem. You can stroll in your office for 15 minutes, can't you?

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Augh~

Landon thinned his lips, feeling very bullied right now.

'I'm the monarch! I'm the ruler! So shouldn't I be allowed to do what I want? What's the point of having power when I can't use it?'

Landon grumbled and crumbled, knowing he was being petty. He didn't even mean the complaints he laid out.

He just wanted to stop flicking his twists already. Was that too much to ask?

Apparently, yes.

~Flip. Flip. Flip.

Papers turned one by one until a call came through.

It was from one of his secretaries in the room leading to his.

[Your majesty, it's time for your afternoon snack and your 15-minute break... And your majesty, at your usual speed, finishing 5 piles by now should be nothing for you, no?]

Tut...

Landon grumbled once more. 'Heartless things.'

Who is the monarch here?

Forget it... Forget it... He knew he had to finish it all before he could be free.

And he wouldn't want to begin his project with Tim knowing his heartless secretaries would be chasing him like demons. Though in all honesty, he knew they were just doing their job and looking out for him. And apparently, Lucy's situation wasn't different either.

The 2 of them were trapped in the palace like Rapunzel in her high tower. And here he thought he would spend these few days after returning, having at least one date with Lucy within one of Baymard's upcoming touristic towns.

But hey... one has to adjust to all situations in life. So he had already given her a picnic evening date after both had a long and tiring time with their secretaries.

They spent the evening in the main palace garden, eating supper alone and just dancing underneath the moonlight.

It was a simple yet amazing date for them. So he had no regrets.

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'So tiring...'

Landon massaged his wrists, staring at his secretary, who opened the food for the palace chef to bring in his late-afternoon grub and beverages.

The foods were always light and not too much, ensuring he had enough space for supper.

The trolley rolled in, and his belly sang loudly.

The food was really delicious, and he again complimented the chef for the tasty sandwich, slice of cake, fruits, freshly baked biscuits, and tea.

"Thank you, your majesty, thank you!"

This was the highlight of the chef's day, taking note of his majesty's eating habits and favorite snacks.

Landon of course had to taste them all and tell his thoughts before relieving the Chef. After he was done, he would send for the trolley to be taken away.

And this was how Landon spent his hours as an imprisoned Monarch.

Until soon, the day came when he finally regained his freedom

Time for Project A.T... Alien Tech!

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Chapter 1570: Almost There...

Your majesty Landon was back!

When Landon arrived, phone calls were made by his secretaries, reminding many who had listed meetings on a waitlist that he was back!

Hahahhaha~

Many twirled their phone cords happily, laughing and slapping their thighs when they thought of how they would impress his majesty with the progress of their various projects

And amongst them was Overseer Tim, who nearly did a front somersault over his table in glee.

Whenever his majesty returns, do you know what that means?

The true emergence of technology!

Hahahhaha~

Tim raised his hands and lifted his face to the heavens, screaming in glory for such a good day.

Yes!

Apart from his family, friends, and life for Baymard, his sole sense of belonging fell on his current industry.

Tim was in love with his job, never feeling it boring or tiresome. And the things he loved most about his career were the new and godly technologies that sprung out constantly.

It was always a zoo here, with so much to do and so much to explore.

Theories were bombarded, new books and editions studied, new problems to solve, and days never being the same.

Who wouldn't love such a job?

Tim felt his ancestors must have been heavily blessed for him to not only belong to Baymard but also gain his majesty's trust.

Fate... Fate sure was an amazing thing.

Who would've known that his first meeting with his majesty in his old blacksmith shop would've marked the start of a beautiful friendship and an even more amazing life?

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Ring~~~

Tim's phone went off.

He had just spoken to Landon's secretary. So who could it be? He tilted his head and stared at the caller I.D, suddenly taken aback.

"Your majesty!!!... Hahahahaha~... It's good to have you back and safe. You know, you're still our beloved empire's future."

Tim nodded, smiled, and teased Landon while listening to his thoughts.

Hey... Unlike others, he and Landon started their relationship in an overly friendly manner. So even though Landon was his monarch, Landon would

sometimes place his hands over his shockers, and he would do the same, as though they had been buddies for a hundred years.

Their relationship was just like that. And sometimes, he forgot how young his majesty Landon was compared to himself.

"You're majesty, say less. Since you already stated you would arrive during this time, I had long placed the ads for hire and training as per project A.T... Interviews have been done, and chosen workers accepted. They received their correspondence letters via home mail and email. So they are very much aware of when the official training day begins."

[Good, Tim... For this project, I take it the priority has always been those with previous experience across the other industries within the Lower Region?]

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