

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1601: A Good Trick!

Chapter 1601: A Good Trick!

Several luxurious carriages pulled in, accompanied by 400 horseback riders at the front and back, protecting the entourage.

The scene made many smile as they wore their majestic robes of various colors, showing their ranks.

Some had overly long hats and staff, while others had specially made gloves with sharp, colorful rubies and gems embedded in them for sharpness.

Make no mistake.

They might be wearing these prestigious and overly long robes like priests. But what lay underneath were deadly weapons ready for the killing.

This chapter stolen from m0velbin.net

Today, several Holy Cardinals, Battlefords, Monkards, Holy Generals, Men of Cloth, and all sorts of people with prestigious ranks, were lined up to meet the Heir!

Hahahhahahha~

Their smiles never ceased, and their eyes turned crescent with delight seeing the entourage approach the open space.

They stood on a massive roundabout the size of an entire street block, all eyes focused on the scene.

Soon, the carriage was here, and the trumpets blew. Some dropped down on one knee while others bowed deeply, depending on their rank.

"We salute the Heir, future ruler of Adonis!"

Boom!

The words alone made their hearts tremble.

This was the heir... The one most blessed by their God, Adonis.

He would be the one to lead them into a new era. And it seemed he was indeed the most blessed, seeing as they had just made a discovery that could change their lives forever!

The proud 29-year-old man calmly walked out of the carriage with his head high.

The number of people here to welcome him was astounding.

Over 10,000 people of high importance were gathered within the space. Such a welcome was indeed grand. But he felt it should be like so.

Heh.

He was the heir, a person blessed by the heavens. So it was only fitting for him to be worshiped and praised. In fact, he felt they should be grateful just for being in his presence.

Java smirked, inwardly pleased with the welcome party.

He stretched forth his right hand, and the top most powerful people kissed the stone on his ring.

"I'm honored to receive your blessings, heir."

"Hmmm..."

He acknowledged them, walking straight into the estate. And as he moved, the grounds were sprinkled with special water, blessed by his Holiness himself.

It was a rule and a must that whoever the heir was on Adonis's soil, the sacred water must be sprinkled on the grounds and floors he walked in the public's eye.

Once in his mansion, estate, or private sanctuary, he could do without. But provided he stepped outside a building and was underneath the sun's rays, it was seen as a bad omen to move on land not blessed yet.

As per tradition, he had to carry out the same practice until he took the throne.

Mind you, this could only be done on Adonis's land. Should he do this in foreign land, it's said he would gather ill luck instead.

Very quickly, several half-naked women in special attire held basins of blessed water, using their hands to sprinkle the oath the heir was supposed to use.

"Oh, Holy heir... May your feet be blessed."

"Oh, Holy heir... Adonis uses you to walk along our blessed lands."

Flick. Flick. Flick.~

The water droplets fell, and a few more powerful people began walking alongside the heir.

Don't look at this roundabout and think this was all to the place.

This roundabout led to a massive open walkway as broad as 2 highway roads. And the path then led to an even bigger open space.

The space they were in was far bigger than that of Vatican City back in Landon's former world.

No carriages were permitted to go any further, as the place was taken as Holy Land.

Only in times of war were horses or carriages allowed any further in.

Mind you, the place was already so big that it would take one 3~5 hours to get from the entrance to the furthest point within the space.

Again, it was akin to one walking in Disneyland.

The place was incredibly high, and one could get lost if care wasn't taken.

Of course, 4~5 hours was if one was going to the other end of the space.

As it stood, the space had 3 main zones, the outer, middle, and innermost, some situated at the very center.

Each Zone was reiterated by a wall, as though one was in the world of Attack on Titan.

To get to the innermost Zone from where he was, it would take roughly 2 hours. And that was why several maids had been stationed across the scene since they got word that the heir would arrive.

These women all held blessed water.

The first group starting the scene would stop when they reached the next group ahead. By then, the water in their massive bowls should've been finished or neatly gone.

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Java spoke to the important people walking beside him. Though his face remained expressionless, his eyes flashed with excitement, especially after he recovered word via a secret letter.

"Hahahhaha~... You all did good. Those Morg bastards were probably searching for It all this time."

"Yes, Heir." One of the stoic men with a long white beard replied. "We've always known they've been looking for something. But it's been hidden for hundreds and thousands of years, with us never getting bigger blues as to what they were searching for."

Everyone's eyes burned with thrill. Their expressions said it all.

"Heir, over the years, we did have some values, but nothing could have prepared us for what we found."

Java nodded. "From the reports, those Morg fools searched the place before leaving in failure."

"Yes, heir. They even came back later on, maybe to double-check things. But we had only gotten the goods by then."

Everyone smiled tactfully.

It felt good to do a one-up on their most hated enemy.

Hehehehehe~

They have it in their possession...

They have the Holy Feather with them!

(^_^)

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Chapter 1602 One Step Ahead!

1602 One Step Ahead!

Java couldn't express what he was feeling like now.

The feather they found was filled with mystery and power.

When he was told that it took the strength of over 2000 people to transport the feather out from the mountain hole, he almost didn't believe it.

Of course, with gravity not on their side, they also set up hundreds of ropes and had people pull the single feather out.

He could imagine what the scene looked like.

At least when on ground level, it wasn't so heavy as pulling up several stories and feet high out of the mountain hole.

Some even died during the whole fiasco.

Several ropes broke. But while those with snapped ropes fell backward, those at the forefront with unsnapped ropes were pulled in unprepared, falling to their deaths below.

It was then that many had cold seats, secretly securing themselves more.

He heard it took over 6 hours before they finally got the feather out of the mountain hole.

Such a thing was too fantasy-like for him to believe. But according to the reports, it really did happen.

This was what the Morgs were searching for.

This was it! They had acquired a Godly artifact!

Java took in deep breaths, trying to calm himself. He turned to one of the Cardinals of the highest order, Kardinal Polio Bartrum VIII... The man with the long black beard.

"Is it true?"

The old man nodded calmly: "Yes, heir. We have indeed acquired the holy feather."

The old man walked steadily beside Java. And as he and the rest walked, many passing people in robes of all fashions also stopped to bow or drop to their knees respectfully.

Everyone had their hands together as though in prayer as they walked about this 'holy space.'

Purple, red, blue, green, Dark green lines with silver fabrics, you name it.

There were 10 recognized robe colors, some being a different blend of 2 colors and others solid colors.

Some had robes with the left half green and the right half blue.

Again, their ranks were all shown by the strange patterns and designs on their majestic robes.

Of course, not just anyone could be privileged to enter this holy space. So those here had at least made it 2/3rd the way up the ranks.

There were also holy Thamans/priests with staffs too.

As one could recall, Thamans could pray and manifest Adonis' power in battle by praying and waving their staff around.

Doing this would place a confusion spell on the enemy. And in battle, they could even deflect arrows too.

Well, this was all their beliefs. And it has indeed happened as such, but due to weather and other causes.

Of course, one can't tell these Adonis people anything because they believed it to be the work of the Thamans.

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The Thamans and many others in robes quickly greeted the passing group.

And the old man, Kardinal Polio Bartrum VIII, massaged his long black beard thoughtfully.

"Heir... According to the reports, the Morgs visited the place twice after we acquired the feather. It seems they are still searching for the feather. And knowing them, it shouldn't be long before they discover it in our possession."

Java's eyes flickered.

Yes...

No secret can remain hidden under the sun for long. Eventually, it would be known to all, especially after seeing how much emphasis they placed on finding the feather.

Maybe they would only discover the truth after 100 years, 200, 50, 10, or even after 1 year.

The problem now was the uncertainty of the matter.

They now had a hot egg in their hands, meaning they had to deal with it fast.

Time was of the essence.

"What about the researchers? Have they been gathered yet?"

"Answering to the heir. The sacred feather only arrived 2 days ago. There are indeed several researchers already working with the feather, but more are still to come over the course of the year."

"Good. Good." Java was ecstatic. He arrived around the same time it arrived at the Holy Capital.

Wonderful!

He wanted to work firsthand on it too.

Who was he?

Java was the true heir of Adonis, a double agent living in Veinitta.

He was the great Chariton Java, the famous Alchemist who reinvented the Elixir of Youth.

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The formula had always been there, but he worked on it, causing the Morgs to focus on grooming him for the better.

But little did they know that from the moment they opened their doors to him, he secretly worked hard infiltrating their lands.

He not only studied in Morgany but also did assignments in Dafaren Veinitta.

From birth, he grew up in Veinitta, and even his mother was an 'orphan' there too.

Of course, the father many think was his... Was, of course, a fake.

His mother had deceived and married the man while carrying him in her womb.

Many think he was born prematurely. But he wasn't. He came out after 9 nines, just as planned. And his mother was also a true Adonis woman.

In Adonis, though there was no royalty, there was indeed a specific group similar to this, called the Direct Followers.

These are people birthed by those with the highest ranks.

As Adonis law states, women in this group were never to show their faces from birth till they married.

Why? For the purpose of choosing double-agent women to go out and birth spies.

In his case, his father, the Supreme one, had even escorted his mother to Veinitta to ensure the plan was carried out swiftly.

With no one knowing what they looked like, it was easy to get around more often.

Java had arrived to stay until his coronation time.

He and everyone else felt this matter was a blessing sent from Adonis to him.

Java tightly clenched his fists: 'No matter what, I have to harness the blessed power from the feather before my ascension.'

The Morgs were still in deep search for the feather, and time was of the utmost importance!

Chapter 1603 Power Harnessed

1603 Power Harnessed

In no time, Java was brought into the heart of the Holy ground.

The building before him was the largest in the entire Lampe.

It was a true historical sight to behold, one that many Adonis followers were proud of.

Java proceeded up the massive outdoor 50-step stairs to the building's main entrance.

This building was not only the 2nd tallest in Lampe but the broadest one too.

Here, there were over 400 rooms and halls of various sizes. But the entire ground floor was a place for worship, gatherings, and massive meeting holdings.

The moment he entered, Java knelt before a towering gold statue.

This was Adonis's symbolic appearance.

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He calmly said a brief prayer before heading further into the space and up the stairways at the far end of the ground floor.

"Heir, your father is waiting for you at the main research Hall."

"Hmmm." Java nodded, calmly advancing with his hands behind his back.

Butterflies churned in his belly as a wave of uneasiness swept across his body.

The person he respected the most in this world was his father, the Supreme one.

He hasn't seen his father for 6 years now. As Heir, he also had to watch himself while in the outside world, lest he got caught.

The last time he saw his father was when the old man visited him in Veinitta.

Only a handful of people knew what his father looked like. Even those in Lampe didn't know. The only ones who could recognize his father were those at the very top of power.

It was the same for him. At this moment, he too wore a unique mask only worn by the Adonis heir.

The mask was similar to a crown in that there were particular types and designs he was allowed to wear. And any who saw this would immediately know his status.

Of course, to prevent frauds from popping up now and then, there was a special seal and other accessories embedded on his mask.

Again, those escorting him also wore special garments and had strange tatics to identify his status.

In particular cities, some knew what the heir looked like. These people were the Supreme One's most trusted men. And anytime news of the heir arrived, they must confirm if this heir was truly a real one or a fake.

All in all, so much protocol went into checking Java's identity, from hidden password messages to secret meetings and so on.

One would have better luck impersonating a man of cloth than the actual Heir or the Supreme one.

That would be suicide. And again, every time the heir is about to enter Adonis, they must send word ahead of time at least twice before they arrive.

So how would it be feasible for the heir to arrive without anyone knowing? Not possible!

Any 'heir' that suddenly arrives without informing them would be too suspicious.

So far, no one has ever impersonated Java.

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"The Heir is here!"

Someone within the hall exclaimed, seeing Java enter the Main research hall.

Oh?

A burly masked man calmly turned around, and everyone in Java's group went to their knees.

The man's aura was choking and his very being too majestic for their eyes alone.

"Father."

Java slowly walked towards his father, bowing humbly. This was the man he looked up to the most.

His father, the Supreme one!

The golden-masked man waved his hands casually. "Rise."

Everyone stood, and the burly man placed a hand on Java's shoulders.

"My heir... You're truly a blessed sign acknowledged by Adonis himself. Look... Look over there... There lies the one we acquired, the one we now call the Holy feather!"

Java's eyes shot open, seeing the golden glow coming from the far end of the hall.

F***!

Did it really do this?

There was a massive hole on the floor that looked as though some massive monster had smashed into the ground

It looked like the work of an ancient beast in infancy. You have to know that in ancient times, there were beasts that could use humans as toothpicks. For sure, there were still gigantic beasts around, but none as huge as back then.

The hall took up 1/5th of the already huge room.

Java smacked his lips in disbelief. This was too exaggerated, right?

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Looking around the incredible hole, he could see a newly built stairway beside the hole. In just these 2 days, they had rushed to create this stairway.

"Surprised, aren't you?"

Java nodded blankly.

When they told him about the feather's weight, he still had reservations about how true the matter was. But seeing the hole formed gave his mind a shock.

Hell! As they say, seeing is believing.

It was funny to say that when transporting it on ground floor, the weight wasn't so heavy and could be pulled by several horses and wagons transported via road with better ease.

But when they wanted to move it from ground floor to the second floor, this disaster happened — The hole in the ground.

It was also stimulated that the feather fell on a surface due for maintenance, which led to an even bigger crack.

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It's true that their buildings typically stood for hundreds of thousands of years, akin to how castle walls could stand.

But these buildings were not without cracks and dents, needing maintenance every 500 years or so.

The floors were built 5 times thicker than modern ones, and the walls even more sturdier.

So it's not a surprise they can last for ages, seeing as Medieval people skimmed on any resources, especially when all buildings were built like forts to keep invaders away.

It seems the feather fell on a weak spot, leading to the giant hole Java now stared at.

But this wasn't where his mind was at.

Down below was the glowing feather that was now immersed in a pool of water.

The Supreme One smiled underneath his mask.

"Son, we've discovered a way to harness its powers."

Chapter 1604 Unstoppable!

Java's heart couldn't stop thumping.

This... This... How can they harness its powers? Wait... While in Veinitta, he stole that secret document that was supposed to be sent to his Majesty Alexander. It spoke of the Morgs looking for a particular woman.

Java frowned.

Could she be linked to the powers within the feather?

Alexander's men had stolen that document from the Morgs, only for him to also steal it from them.

There might be more to this matter than what meets the eye.

Yes! They got the Holy feather. But maybe this was just a part of the reward.

The woman... They have to find her fast.

Java squinted his eyes dangerously.

Though he couldn't leave Adonis anymore due to his Ascension date coming closer, he could still send others back to Veinitta to keep a close watch.

Maybe the Morgs have already found the woman, or perhaps they haven't. Either way, he had to know the Woman's location.

Why did they address her matter as a topmost Veinitta issue?

What was so special about the woman? It seems they didn't know what she looked like or who they were searching for in particular.

This was good. Maybe this was what would give him the edge.

Java's eyes flickered dangerously.

"Father... I've brought the hidden document. I think you'd like to see what's written in it."

The Supreme One narrowed his gaze at the letter, gripping it right. His son was giving him a hint. Whatever was written there should have connections to this matter.

Both father and son looked at each other tactfully.

They'll discuss it later. But for now, they should focus on the giant animal in the room... The feather.

Java held the rails, staring down below at the pool of golden glowing light.

Many also held the fails, watching the few researchers below, standing close and taking notes.

Sure enough, because of the hole, they connected the floor directly below this onto a sub-research room, connecting the upper floor and the one below with a sturdy stairway.

Hahahhahahahaha~

The Supreme One's voice bellowed as he tightly dropped the rails to contain his excitement.

"Son, take a look at the pool below. The feather accidentally dropped into the pool. And ever since then, the pool has been bubbling slightly."

It has been the same since 2 days ago.

The water wasn't boiling, but only slightly hot. It was a miraculous scene that made everyone subconsciously hold their breaths.

This was a godly occurrence too hard to describe.

They had touched the feather earlier, and it wasn't hot or even boiling. So why did it emit this strange heat when in water?

Java swallowed subconsciously, looking at the golden water below. The key point was the water.

"Father, what if we--"

"I know. It has been tested out but failed... Son, you're thinking we should drink it, yes?"

Java nodded.

If this was holy water, why not drink it and become stronger from within?

The Supreme One chuckled.

They had already tried it by having a condemned Adonis Spy swallow a cup of the fluid.

And right there, the man erupted and popped, splattered blood and hearty chunks everywhere.

They initially thought maybe the quantity was too much. But even after putting a single drop on his tongue, they found it burnt his tongue completely.

And then they advanced to collecting this single dirk in water. Sadly, they were still unfortunate.

The next condensed spy used as their lab rat had his throat cut open from the inside by the fluid, and his belly had a massive hole too.

Not drinkable. Not for consumption.

This was the take-home from their testing.

It seems this Holy water wasn't for mortals like themselves to drink. But did they give up?

Not a chance!

They placed another captured spy's hands into a bowl of golden fluid for an extended period, but nothing happened.

In fact, all this time, the researchers had been touching the fluid with their hands while experimenting, though they washed their hands immediately after the first explosive experiment.

Augh~

When the first experiment blew up, they were so nervous that they almost tore off their flesh while washing their hands.

To further sterilize their hands, they had to urinate on them. As everyone knows, pee was the best sterilizing fluid they knew.

In the current era, the slaves and many others collected their pee to use in washing garments for the wealthy. Pee was the best cleaning agent everywhere in this world.

Of course after washing it with pee, one has to rewash it with clean water, sometimes covered with flower petals and other fragrant items to eliminate the smell.

The researchers hastily washed the golden fluid after seeing its effect when swallowed.

They were afraid their hands would blow up too. But after they left the spy's hands in a bowl of golden water for 5~10 hours, they realized nothing would happen provided it wasn't swallowed into the body.

Even when it touched the spy's wounds, it did nothing.

They also tried forcing it into his body in other ways apart from his mouth. And nothing happened.

Thus, it was concluded there was probably no benefit in taking it in.

That's when they decided to test it out with weaponry. And lo and behold, they finally saw progress.

"Come! Show the heir a demonstration!" The Supreme One commanded, and those below nodded deeply.

Java followed his father down the stairs, watching a few people take a while out of the water.

Someone also gave him a bow and arrow.

Was he to shoot?

Java narrowed his eyes on his target, pulled on the string, and plunged 2 arrows at a time.

~Thang!

As expected, the arrows were stopped. But what surprised Java was that they also flew several feet backward in an exaggerated manner.

What?!!!

Java couldn't believe his eyes.

"Bring the shield!"

Java stared at the shield, seeing no dents or crevices from the arrow attack.

One has to know that no matter how far or fast an arrow is plunged, it should at least leave a tiny hole or scratch on the shield.

But passing his hands across, he could confirm that the shield hadn't taken any damage at all.

This... What? When?... How can this be?

(0i€0)

Java felt like plucking his eyes out and wiping them to ensure he was seeing what his eyes saw.

His lips couldn't stop quivering.

Do you know what this means?

If they wore armor strengthened by the golden water, won't they be unstoppable in battle?

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Java had a cruel smile on his lips, thinking of the Morgs.

He had already envisioned them crawling to their knees, begging Adonis for mercy.

This was it! This was Adonis's time to shine!

Java was ecstatic.

But what he didn't know was that the feather he was excited about was only strong because it had absorbed powers from the Holy stone for thousands and thousands of years.

The true power was the Holy Stone. Yet, they felt the feather carried their hope.

Java couldn't stop grinning.

"Father... After my ascension, I think it's time we put those rag bastard Morgs where they belong."

The Supreme One smiled. "I was thinking the same thing."

Hehehehehehehe~

With this golden water, they will be unstoppable!!

Chapter 1605 Arrived At Last!

Unstoppable.

Many scattered around the world held those words dear for different reasons.

The witches, the Morgs, the Adonis followers, Sebastian Barn, and many others felt their movements unstoppable!

And wouldn't you know it? Landon also felt his November unstoppable too. But it was still too early to say who the true victor would be.

Seconds, minutes, hours, and days flew by in the snap of a finger.

There was so much going on aboard the many ships, from training and plan revisions, everyone had something to do, especially Landon who still busied himself signing official documents thanks to his secretary beside him.

Augh~

Forget it. At this point, he was used to their business.

Was he a monarch, or were they the monarch?

When it came to everything else, they knew how to leash their collars. But in this particular matter, they were like generals at the forefront, shoving the documents down his throat.

He had even begun playing a game of hide and seek with them, making them search for him for hours before he appeared.

Please! He too needed some 'Me-time,' okay?

Sigh...

Landon has already come to terms with this situation ages ago.

And like that, time dwindled down as the many days went by. Until soon, they had reached Omania's open waters.

In particular, they were close to the North-East ends of the Soma empire. But this wasn't where their journey ended.

Break!

The group knew it was time for the many teams to break apart.

The missions to complete were a handful and needed to be done at the same time.

Hmmm...

Landon placed his hands on the table, standing in a hunched position and facing the gathered group of team leaders, lieutenants, and others of high ranks.

The team doctors and nurses were also in attendance. As well as the Navy Captains in charge of the many charge ships.

Indeed. A big group was seated in the largest conference room on the main ship.

The Omanians were also there, sitting upright like everyone else.

It's good...

Landon stared at the group of no less than 300 with forbearing expressions.

~Click.

The projection came on, causing the Omanians to drop their jaws.

WHAT?

('O')

They were already used to the TVs in their rooms. But where have they ever seen such a blown-up image appear before?

The projection behind Landon made him look like an ant before the towering image.

Their chests grew together, and their breathing became deeper.

The more they saw, the more blown away they became.

Many leaned back with dazed looks, wondering how such a giant screen could come alive.

More Baymardian magic?

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Omania!

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An overlay of the continent appeared, with the Soma empire's borders highlighted.

"As planned, our main team will proceed to Riverre Coastal City. As for the other teams, your priority mission is to scout the remaining Soma Coast lands and as much information as you can."

Many nodded sternly, and Landon continued.

"Be warned. Unless driven into situations A, B, C, D, E, or F on page 12, you shall not engage or take matters into your own hands. Is that understood?"

"Sir, yes, sir!!!"

The thundering bellows shook even the Omanians.

Their blood was already boiling as though they were at war.

Lucius soon took the stage, going over all plans briefly while making some last-minute adjustments too.

"This just got in. The weather operators have picked up a fierce scorching heat along the coastlines. I know you all can feel it."

Lucius's eyes swept across the scene, seeing many nod.

It was strange to say that yesterday, they were feeling slightly colder, with the rains falling, as though preparing for Fall's official date to arrive.

They were already in September, but mind you... The Fall equinox doesn't officially start till September 22nd.

Of course, the rains could choose to begin earlier before the date or far later. Anyway, the rains decided to start earlier but were within their expectations.

Thus, they did have warmer clothes on during their travels.

But what was so baffling was the sudden heat that made many turn and turn in their sleep.

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It was just too much!

It was the sort of heat that made one wake up and take off their clothes, throwing them away in a sleepy state.

Many even kicked their blankets away while others rushed to turn off the heating systems in their rooms.

What the hell?

They were sweating buckets by morning. And this was when they realized they had hot Omania's waters.

They were now standing in the space between the Soma empire's official waters and the open seas.

Yes. They were at the border waters.

The sudden heat wave allowed them to understand just how crazy the heat within the Soma empire might be.

Mind you, the 2nd Dry Season, the hottest Omani season, was also about to begin.

And trust mother nature to prepare the land for its arrival.

But the Omanians didn't flinch, feeling the weather was nothing.

'Heh... Wait till the actual season begins. And then you'll know just how booming things can be.'

Many giants chuckled, seeing them sweat to no end.

Places would get so dry and cracked.

The water levels in wells and other water sources would go down as though they were in a state of drought.

But unlike drought, this was a full season, so mother nature had to balance things out.

It was strange to say that with the entire place becoming as hot and heated as a desert, there should be limited water sources.

Yet, during this period, water would first come out from what the Omanians call Obas.

The water would shoot out from the Obas like a volcano eruption, following the space around them.

What sort of magical thing was this?

Why was there such a regulating factor in the world?

Indeed, nature was a mysterious thing. And the Omanians were blessed with the divine blessings they recovered during this period.

Chapter 1606 DeathWatch

Divine help came in the form of Obas. But what were they?

The Obas, like an ant hill, allow the waters to flow down the towering slopes.

It was the Omaniian ancestors who thought it was to create channels that led the flowing waters into the nearby streams and lakes.

So everything balanced itself up like the circle of life.

This was why even with the booming heat, water seemed to never run out for these people.

Additionally, their trees might look similar to those in Baymard and other regions, but they were not.

These trees were like their people, Giants. And what's more, the trees could survive for extended periods without much water, as though they were a Cactus in a desert.

So if one day the Obas don't release water to balance things up, these trees would still survive.

Of course since the beginning of time, the Obas have always supplied water without delay... But that might never happen.

Nonetheless, it was still a possibility. It was because of this that many Giants still hoarded water in preparation for the 2nd Dry Season.

Hey... One never knows if this year might be when the Obas refuse to release water.

The people prepared as much water as they could.

What was also impressive was that the sort of foods that grew during this excessively harsh season was only very unique to Omania. One would find them nowhere else in the world except in places with such heat.

Even if Landon wanted to take the seeds and grow them in Baymard, he would have to grow them in controlled environments. And even at that, the field might not be a lot.

So importing them from Omania was a necessary step in the future, though he would also import those that could stay longer at sea.

Anyway, all those matters would be discussed if the treaty got signed with the Soma empire and the other memories in Omania.

Each empire also had different goods, though they still had universal foods that grew within all territories.

The wonders in Omania were too many.

Like why were the giants naturally so tall? Why are their creatures also so big? One can argue it might be the food or the water, but outsiders have eaten enough there but are yet to grow so big.

The truth was far simpler than one could imagine.

Just as there were people born with naturally dark skin or blue skin tones, there were also born with this physique in their DNA.

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Click. Click. Click~

Landon and Lucius handled the final meeting adequately before having everyone scatter back to their respective ships.

Tonight, they'll break apart, and only those heading for Riverre Coastal City will stay in their team.

Oh yes...

This fleet consisted of 15 ships.

Their plan: To take down the Adonis intruders within the entirety of Soma. And their starting point was Riverre Coastal city!

It was just 10 A.M.

The day was still young, and many hours were left before they officially took off.

"We leave at 21 O' hundred (9 P.M.) Arrival time is scheduled for tomorrow at 4:30 A.M... You know what to do... Dismissed!"

The group left the scene alongside the anxious giants.

Payne's eyes were red, thinking he could finally see his homeland again.

They... They made it!

They will soon be home!

Everyone felt emotional, recalling their miraculous journey. Tears threatened to fall down their cheeks, but they sucked them all in.

Artemis placed one hand on Landon's shoulders.

His head was lowered, and his voice shaky. "Thank you, brother."

"Say no more thanks. Since you take yourself as my brother, then accept my help. This is what brothers should do."

Artemis showed a genuine smile when staring at Landon's honest eyes. "It's good..."

The duo smiled tactfully, walking away with Artemis' hand over his shoulder.

Enough mushy talk.

Now, it was time to drive the intruders out!!

Soma, here they come.

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--- The Royal Capital, Yodan Empire, Arcadina.--

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September 13th.

The deathwatch was over.

King-father Maclaine had finally been put to rest. The weather was unpleasant, as foul as the expressions on the faces of many.

On the last day of the dead watch, the many royals, nobles, and people of importance gathered beside the Great River. Monarchs from the many Pyno empires had also sent their representatives if they couldn't attend.

Dark clouds, constant splattering.

It was raining hard in the Capital city, and everyone wore black or dark brown colors. During this period, no one was to wear anything else in color.

The monarch had died 5 months ago. But his body was kept in a special solution to suspend his decaying self.

Don't look down at the ancients. They too had ways of keeping bodies in better conditions, though not as good as Modern science.

When a present or past monarch dies, they aren't put to rest immediately. Forces from all over the many empires have to come in to pay their respect.

Royals had to go out in a grand style unless they were unpopular. And for monarchs who have their empires colonized and die mid-battle, they won't be getting such privileges. After all, which enemy would go all out in burying an enemy in grand style?

Sirius pulled back his flaming arrow, plunging it into the floating burial sight.

His father, the former monarch of Yodan, was now resting in the flaming raft, burning into the distance.

What surprised him the most was that Mother Winnie agreed to show up, as well as her new husband.

Sirius felt it was ironic. His father had kicked her out with her 2 children to Baymard ages ago.

During these years, his father had secretly visited Baymard, wanting to see Winnie without her knowing it.

His arrogant father had changed during this time. And even he couldn't tell what emotions went through that mind of his. His father would sit and stare out into the open, signing heavily when reading Baymard's newspapers.

Regret? Remorse? Unfinished business?

He had never reached out to Winnie. His pride could never allow him to do so.

Sirius didn't feel he loved Winnie but only wanted to say sorry. Maybe the man began to sense his time drawing near because from the way he was assassinated, he showed no struggle as though expecting it.

Maclaibe's bodiless head showed no shocking signs or dilated pupils upon death. His eyes told of a man who knew someone was plotting against him but did nothing to stop it.

Hard rain spat down on Sirius, watching the flaming fact float further away.

'I wanted to let you all live well, considering how much my father favors you. But since you dared to raise a hand, I don't have to be accommodated anymore.'

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Sirius' eyes flashed toward the former Queen Ivy, Queen Sera, and his so-called distant Cousin from Tenola.

Many people wanted his throne!

Chapter 1607 Goodbye, Maclaine.

The Deathwatch was finally over, but many knew this was just the beginning of the end. Many had mournful faces but thought otherwise deep down.

'Huh. The bastard is finally dead. After all these years, this is what he deserves!... Maclaine, Maclaine... Since you refused to give my son the throne, then you are of no use to me anymore.'

The 'mournful' women inwardly scoffed.

This woman was Ivy. She had a crazed look in her eyes, trying her best to hold her wicked laughter.

Hahahhahahaha~

It was ironic that she and Sedora would be the ones to end his life, seeing how much they killed and fought off other women at the start of their relationship.

Heh.

She alone had killed over 200 women who attempted to seduce Maclaine from young till now.

She not only killed them but sometimes targeted their families, burning them whole.

The truth was that Ivy jumped to conclusions severally, killing many innocent women.

Provided they assisted or looked at Maclaine for too long, they would be her next target.

This was love, and her actions were justifiable!

She gutted the throats of many like fish, skinned their outer bodies, and fed their fleshy chunks to the dogs.

But did she regret it? No.

If given a chance, she would've also found a way to kill the other 5 official wives and 2 love concubines Maclaine married in this life.

Now, only 4 of them survived till now... The banished mother Winnie from Baynard, Sirius' mother, the current Queen-Mother of Yodan, she, Ivy, and that slutty Vixen, Sedora.

The other 3 were dead.

But what drove her off the edge was the edge of her son. Sedora's son, the 2nd prince, was also reported dead.

You have to know that Maclaine had 24 Children, a mix of princes and princesses. So with those many, only the first 5 sons were taken as important.

Sirius was the 3rd prince born from 3rd Queen Emma, the current Queen Mother.

He was born around the same year the 4th, and 5th Princesses were born.

It was noteworthy that the 4th prince and himself were only a month apart too.

With 6 official wives, it's easy to see how 24 children came about.

The term 'love concubine' means their only purpose is to please Maclaine in bed.

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Their wombs have been destroyed, as their humble birth and wombs were seen as unworthy of carrying royal blood.

So Maclaine's live concubines never bore him any children.

They had but one thing to learn and master well... The art of Adult 'Gymnastics.'

Maclaine had so many children that he didn't even know the names of half the bunch.

He addressed them with their titles, such as the 8th prince, 16th Princess, and so on.

There were people in the palace to supervise the overall welfare of the children, from their first classes to training for boys at 7 and even planning for their coming of age.

Someone would inform him 1~6 months prior, and all that is entitled to them would be given as royal rules dictated.

Maclaine primarily focused on his first 5 sons, occasionally looking at his 2 eldest daughters. But that was it.

Life was never fair.

No fingers could always be equal. Don't expect people to be nice to them just because they birthed them.

It was harsh to say, but that was the truth. He fed them, gave them wealth, and a life far better than the peasants who died of starvation and illnesses at every turn.

If they get sick as royals, they will receive treatment from the best healers and royal pharmacists.

But the poor would stick it out and die within a few days at most.

They were already fortunate. So rather than always looking on the bad side, why not look at the good side and see how fortunate they already were?

Instead, they crumbled and cursed at their fate, with some hating their mothers for not birthing them earlier like the first 5 Princes.

Maclaine had even uncovered his 6th son trying to kill his own blood brother, the 2nd prince, so he could push himself from 6th position to 5th.

Those not in this category inwardly hated their mothers, claiming them for everything. But they didn't realize how already fortunate they were.

Look! Even the nobles would order to be in their position and become royals, just like the poor dream of being novels themselves, even if they started out at the low res noble rank, a baron.

Maclaine felt he didn't owe them anything. They ate well, attended classes taught by the best, trained with more superior techniques, had estates in their names, hold and wealth.

If they were smart, they should've started something resourceful with their lives. Yet, they tried joining in the battle for the throne.

He gave his princesses enough wealth and security so that even if they married out, they could have something to lean on. They even had estates for personal use and a way to give them power in the backroom harems in their husbands' homes.

They were already blessed with all this. So no one should blame him for not loving them like he loved his first 5 sons.

Like he said, one can't have everything in life.

They already had wealth and opportunities far beyond what others dream of. Their mothers also cared for them, and many had grandparents from well-known clans.

Are you saying they will die without his love? Sometimes one has to know when to back off and accept reality. They were already very blessed.

Maclaine felt he was very nice compared to monarchs before him. He wasn't a Saint, but he did his best, though he also made mistakes like driving Mother Winnie away when she was framed.

Sometimes, even if one knows the truth, as a Monarch, he has to take the overall decision that pleases the masses.

After all, She said she didn't cheat on him, but what evidence did she have to prove this? If he took her back, the people would think him weak.

Other enemy forces would start moving early, with some opposition parties giving him trouble. And more importantly, he would be losing face by taking her in when her name wasn't cleared!

So yes. She had to be sacrificed and banished away from the empire. Her children opted to leave with her, and he shrugged, having no love from the 9th prince Bari and the 17th princess, Linda.

He had spoken to Bari no more than 10 times in his life. As for litter Linda, probably only twice.

So how can he have love for them? He didn't even know them!

...

The drums pounded gloomily as the burning floating raft soon began to sink.

They stood until it was fully submerged, and many understood its significance.

The deathwatch was officially over.

Chapter 1608 Winter Was Coming

Hehehehehe~

Former 2nd queen Sedora smirked.

It hasn't been easy for her to hold it in. She stood beside the officials, her expression as solemn as theirs.

She offered her prayers to the heavens, though not for Maclaine's sake.

No... She was giving thanks to the heavens for this glorious day!

Good heavens...

The Maclaine bastard was finally dead.

Sedora had a sadistic glint in her eyes. Why should she be in agony while he keeps living happily?

Her favorite son, the 2nd prince, died in the hands of the temple of Dragmus. But why was Sirius' luck so good as to evade assassination while the other royals targeted died?

It was just not fair!

She had lost her sons, only having one daughter, already married off.

It's almost 2 and a half years since the ordeal happened. And during this time, she lived like a soulless corpse, finding it unbelievable that her strong gallant sons could die just like that.

You must know she only got word of their death after Sirius' coronation.

She had already moved out of the royal palace, living in Maclaine's private estate on the other side of the Capital city.

She had been giving Sirius hell, planning to clear the way for her son, the 2nd prince, to take over. But when news hit her that not 1 but 2 of her sons were dead, Sedora felt her world crumbling down.

During this time, she had been gritting her teeth whenever news of Sirius exploded in the Capital.

His face in the many Baymardian newspapers during visits, his appearance in tenor cassette videos, news about his projects and plans for Yodan, his achievements, driving employment up and starvation down, everything made Sedora rage.

All this was supposed to be her son's achievements!

Yes!

Without Sirius, Baynard would've still signed that bloody treaty with Yodan. So why were many secretly calling Sirius the best ruler since the original founder?

Blasphemy!

How can this little brat be so good?

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Fedora didn't believe it!

It must be luck. The little punk was no better than her bleached son. And since he and his brother, the 6th prince, were dead. Then what was she fighting for anymore?

Heh.

Sedora wiped her fake teardrops away.

In this era, women held less significance than men. It was a patriarchal society.

There were of course women who cared for their royal and noble daughters to death. But she fell into the latter category, feeling her daughter being a bride to her.

Look at it!

If her daughter was a son, then even if her first 2 sons died, wouldn't she still have a chance at fighting for the throne and being queen mother?

Sedora had a little hatred for this daughter of hers. Since birth, the girl has always been cold and unresponsive, doing her own thing.

To make things worse, the good-for-nothing's performances in classes like calligraphy, poetry, and several other major subjects were all mediocre.

Do you know how many times Ivy and the others had mocked her for having such a mediocre daughter?

If not for her looks, she would have no good points.

Personality? Who the hell cares about personality?

All one needs is skills, beauty, and power!

To her, love was linked with power. If Maclaine was weaker, do you think she would love him so much?

Heh.

Love went hand in hand with status, wealth, skills, and potential.

How dare the poor ask for love? To Sedora, they don't deserve it.

This daughter of hers was a disgrace, nothing like her glorious self. Ever since her daughter was wedded 3 and a half years ago, she has seen the girl even once.

With that in mind, she focused all her attention on her 2 sons. So when the news of their death came, she felt childless.

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Fate was too cruel.

How can Sirius survive and her sons don't?

No! She wasn't content seeing Maclaine and Sirius doing well.

In that case, why not drag them all to the underworld?

She swore she wouldn't die until she ended them. And Ivy also thought the same, seeing as she lost her precious sons.

In the end, the duo chose to end Maclaine's life before dealing with Sirius.

As King-father, Maclaine had many forces under his command. He was Sirius' biggest backer.

With him dead, Sirius should be more vulnerable.

That said, killing Maclaine wasn't easy. He was always heavily guarded and well-accompanied. The only times they could make a move was during lovemaking.

He typically withdrew his guards far so they didn't listen in on the noise.

It was during this time that the ladies made their move. But Maclaine showed no signs of surprise.

A decoy assassin also appeared and escaped, letting the guards believe it was the assassin who delivered the blow.

There were some signs that it was a weakling and mediocre person who made the killing. But one could argue that the wounds were opened and deformed even more from the constant pulling and dragging from the 'panicked' wives who loudly filed and tried their best to cover the squirting blood with their hands.

In the end, no one could say whether their speculations were true. But the reports did say they soothed the assassin fleeing.

That night, they had chosen to pleasure Maclaine together.

Coincidence or not?

Anyway, Maclaine was dead.

The 2 women gave each other a discreet look, wailing like there was no tomorrow.

The one they worked for was Sirius' distant cousin from Tenola.

His father was 4th in line for the throne if Sirius died.

At this point, they didn't care who took the throne. All they wanted was Sirius' death.

Their eyes glowed fiercely. They thought they hid their little actions well, but Sirius quickly saw through it all.

'Time to prepare.'

Winter was coming.

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Like so, Yodan had a settling peace before the storm. But for the intruders in Soma, their peaceful time was about to end.

Landon calmly wore his battle gear, his eyes steadily looking at the clock on the wall.

It was time.

Chapter 1609 Lucius' Time To Shine!

3:15 A.M.

The night was still dark, but the wind stagnant.

Not even the sea breeze could blow the scorching heat away. But luckily, they were prepared.

They had military attires used best during hot climates like summer.

In 10 more minutes, they should arrive at a reasonable distance between the Riverre Docks and themselves.

They dared not move so close just yet, as many watering ships and scouts along the coastlines might spot them.

The coastal territory was full of life, with an uncountable number of buildings close by, many made of stone.

And at the outskirts of this prosperous sight were several stretches of greenery. Payne had already informed them of this, thanks to his sketch of the territory.

There should be scouts all around on the high trees.

One shouldn't forget that even now, many ships still sail toward the docks.

The only thing was that just like many docks scattered around the world, the docks also had dock masters and official times they opened.

The docks close and open when the city gates do the same. And people who arrive per se around 4 A.M will have to dock in the harbor, which has vast open waters around the dock.

There, one can anchor their ships or toe their canoes or ships to the few wooden logs protruding from the waters.

Docks were always busy, even during closing hours. So to see the harbor space and open waters being so desolate, it can only mean that word was traveling fast. And many people who initially wanted to visit or enter the S ok ma empire through the route were quick to make a U-turn.

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Heh.

There was a saying that news passed on quicker via sea than road. And this indeed held true.

Picture a scene when a few people arrive the Riverre shores, just about to dock. But suddenly, they sense something isn't right and see strangers guarding the territory, whereas the giants were nowhere to be found.

Many conclusions could be drawn, making them set out into the open seas once more, fleeing from whatever fears they had.

Like so, they pass on the word to traveling ships they see heading the same way.

Those ships in turn make for the hills and do the same until almost everyone around these parts, including other traveling giants from other Omani empires, getting wind of the news.

Meanwhile, those within the Soma empire would still remain far clueless for the most part.

And now, there were too few ships moving around, not wanting to get caught up in the action.

But to Landon, this was good.

They sailed with ease, only avoiding fewer ships than planned.

The radar picked less and less ships the further they advanced until they found no vessels at all!

The only ships spotted could arguably be enemy patrol ships scouting their newly claimed territory.

Engines vs. human paddlers... Which ones would move faster?

Before the ladders made several strokes, they had already taken off, digging and evading these patrol ships.

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The time was 3:22 A.M.

They had arrived at the appointed place 1 hour and 8 minutes earlier. Of course, before any plan is made, Landon typically added 1.5~ 2 extra hours, taking into account any emergency situations.

So in fact, they should've arrived 30 minutes earlier but had a slight delay thanks to fighting off some sea opponents.

All in all, they were considered to have arrived early since the maximum arrival time was 4:30 A.M.

But now, it was 3:22 AM.

It's good.

[All Blinders head for the submarines!... I repeat! All Blinders head for the submarines!"]

Within all 15 ships under his command, those labeled as Blinders rushed down the decks below, entering the many small submarine ships.

Their overall codename was 'Blinder' because their task was to blind/take out all scouts that could pose a threat to their mission.

They will also be attacking the patrol ships. But no blinding gasses that raise suspicion should be released.

Their tasks were to do the job effortlessly, as silent as ninjas.

Aboard these patrol ships, they should have ways of relaying news to their comrades on land.

From his binoculars, he could see these people had a strange torch where a ship's wheel should be.

In this era, ship wheels hadn't been invented yet, since they hadn't mastered the proper pulley mechanism that also attacked it to the paddle force the slave paddlers gave.

There was a whole lot of path that went into this, and the people just haven't figured it out yet. What's more, they already felt the current designs of this were top notch. So saying there's a better way is truly shocking.

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The Baymardian ships were also mind-blowing to them.

Some had even visited the Captain's main center through private tours while on cruise ships.

They had seen the wheel but thought its notion should be similar to how a car's steering wheel operated.

But here's the thing. Since cars had engines, they also understood that the ships must have giant engines in them too.

There was a vague model of what an engine looks like in the Science museum.

It was just a metal box. There were no other hints on its specifics.

Everyone felt this metal box was truly heavenly if it could force ships this fast.

They also felt that vehicle, and ship steering wheels should somehow be linked to the engines.

In that case, how can they create their own ship wheels when they don't have any engines?

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Their thinking had completely skipped the pulley mechanisms systems, thinking of how to create their own ingenious engines... That is... if they knew exactly what it entailed.

They were so focused on the engine that they overlooked turning and mechanizing their entire ships via pulley and lever systems.

Of course it also took time, research calculations, and many knowledgeable aspects to accomplish such a feat. It wasn't easy. The ancients back on earth had researched this matter for centuries before the ship wheel mechanisms were successful.

Bottom line, there weren't any ship steering wheels invented apart from Baymard's.

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Hmmmm...

In the space where the wheel should be, a massive torch stood on what looked like a golden pillar.

The torch was massive and stood on a golden bowl above the pillar.

All they had to do was light the flames, and the scouts would know what it signaled.

There are also 2 identical pillars beside the giant one at the center.

Lightning each individually, or lighting 2 or 3 in various patterns and sequences, might also signify different meanings.

The goal is to silence those aboard the patrol ships before they release the signal.

Additionally, he didn't want any noise or wails to carry on.

The open seas carry sound far better. So they had to eliminate the opponent in stealth.

But they had to be far more fearful since these Adonis people were far superior in strength and training, only officially 2nd to Morgany in this world.

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Din. Din. Din. Din, Din~

The thumping footsteps of men and women in sturdy boots echoed within the lowers chambers.

Open!

The submarine doors opened, and the team dashed in, with some submarines could carry up to 70 people, while others could carry 10, 30, or even 50.

There were submarines of all sizes being controlled by Navy officers. Each sub had at least 3 Navy officers aboard.

The air was tense as the group already had wet suits over their clothes. As for weaponry, it was kept in sizable waterproof bags, black in color, perfect for spies.

After reaching land, they" find a perfect spot to suit up.

Tonight, they all get to be Bond... James Bond.

"Ready to leave, sir!"

"Good."

Landon had a walkie on his hand, listening to the Navy pilots within the subs.

It appears everyone inside was stripped and ready for departure.

At the end of the floor was what looked like an empty pool twice the size of an Olympic pool.

3, 2, 1...

Drrrrmmmm~

The walls opened up, and the seawater began filling the pool. But from calculations, the water should never be able to go above $\frac{2}{3}$ of the pool's depth.

This baseline corresponds to the same sea line outside the ships.

But how do these submarines get to the pool?

If one looked carefully, one would see that all subs had been placed on giant conveyor belts in maze-like order, as though they were Pac-Man.

One by one, the giant floor conveyor moved the subs toward the pool. The pool's edge was slanted to assist the subs.

Go! Go! Go!

Each Ship released over 40 subs, some carrying 20 people, others 50 or 70.

Landon traveled with a fleet of 15 ships... One could imagine just how many subs would be swimming tonight. And within one of the subs was King Father Lucius himself.

Lucius took a deep breath, twisting his neck and cracking his bones calmly.

Showtime!

Chapter 1610 Into The Sea, We Go

No matter how many times Lucius saw it, his heart would always leap at the sight of this underwater world.

It was like magic!

Though dimly lit, the moonlight shone specs of fairy blue light into the water. And immediately, they had front-row seats to a fish show.

What?

Was that a crab? Impossible! How can they grow so big?... Could it be the effect of the giants?

Normal crabs around Baymard and Pyno were as big and round as a standard-size frying pan. But these were 3 times that size.

They latched onto the submarine's front-growth glass, confused about its appearance and being.

There were golden crabs and even purple ones, which were different from the pink and solved crabs they were used to seeing.

Additionally, these crabs had 2 heads.

Curiouser and curiouser...

The magical underwater world took them by storm. It was always amazing to see and discover never-seen-before species the sea had to offer.

To the Omanians, these lot might be very common. But to them, it was all new.

Amazing!

Nature sure was a mysterious force. They also noticed that some of the fish and beings here were bigger than expected, with the baby ones looking like teen or adult ones instead.

But there was also another group of underwater creatures that looked ordinary and well within what they were used to seeing.

Hey... Could these fish be the ones that left the open grand lines and entered Omani water space?

The fishes slithered across the massive glass, burning bubbles as they swam.

Everyone watched in marvel at the whole experience.

And soon, one of the Navy pilots steering the sub quickly drew Lucius' attention. The pilot's eyes were still focused on the radar screen before him.

"Sir! Passing under Enemy ship now... 3 minutes more before Mission Departure."

The pilot's words were clear.

Right now, they were swimming underneath one of the Adonis patrol ships.

They were so deep underneath, and these Adonis followers would've never believed there were enemies right under their noses.

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At the moment, the submarine ships carrying the soldiers tasked with attacking the patrol ships haven't made a move yet.

They remained underneath their targets, only waiting for the green light before leaving the subs.

As planned, only when the land team successfully reaches the shores can they begin their ascent.

The 3 Navy officers aboard Lucius' sub swiftly moved their fingers across the many controls.

They were like hackers on a computer, tapping away and very drawn into their operation.

The sub continued to advance, stopping between the sea shores and patrolling lines the enemy ships moved on.

Mid-way... Perfect.

The fake frog with a mic on its mouth was sent to shore level like one extended an antenna. There were also telescopes sent out. But that wasn't all.

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They unleashed the latest spy water-resistant techs to the surface.

They placed another black frog in a special chamber, opened the chamber doors, and released the frog.

From there on, they used its controllers to send it to the surface. A fish tried to eat it, but it sent a stinging sensation to its opponent.

What a joke.

How can they create military drones that aren't covered with protective gear?

Some of their air drones could fire bullets and launch stun grenades if they wanted to.

They knew the dangers of underwater creatures. So they had to protect their expensive equipment.

A single drone of this caliber costs thousands of Bays. So who is putting it into the water without a means of it fighting back? You must be joking.

The underwater frog swam towards the surface, moving closer and closer to the shores.

With the submarine at a standstill, the soldiers and marines had already unbuckled their seatbelts.

Lucius moved to the front, looking at the bright display.

It showed what the frog was seeing. Its settings were in Heat Vision mode. And if they wanted, they could switch its settings to Night Vision mode too.

But their main reason for sending the frog wasn't all about visuals.

One should know that before their larger vessels docked far out in the seas, they had already sent several air forces into the air.

The weather conditions were perfect for the air forces to operate. So how can they not use them?

It was these air force officers who went ahead of them, zooming through the land and picking out where the many hidden scouts were located.

No matter how well one hides in the trees, how can they be a match for their heat vision technology?

Naive!

The air force units had operated as usual and were still above the land, waiting for ground team to make their move.

Both ground and air force teams will work together to eliminate the enemy.

It was now 3:46 A.M.

They had roughly another 3 hours before the sun came up.

Their best hours of attack were now. So they had no time to waste!

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The spy frog was on the move.

They wanted better microphones to listen in on whatever goes on around and on the coastlines themselves.

How to say it?

The position they were on, covered a 1 and a half mile-listening radius.

The range was exactly between the patrol line and the shores.

They could hear the words of any enemy standing on the sandy shores, but anything above that became background noise when picked up.

If they wanted to listen in and pick up other sentences behind this, they had to send the frogs to move closer and closer to the shores.

This way, they might hear even those within the forest just before the sandy shores.

Of course, this was the maximum speaker range within these small submarines.

But for the main Baymardians ships hiding far back at sea, their listening range could go-to to 2 miles... Similar to their radar-detecting technology that can identify incoming ships from a 3-mile radius range away.

They could hear Dolphin and even boggle noises from a distance once these creatures cried out in the open air. Likewise, there were also underwater microphones to pick up strange noises too.

Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1611 Touch Base

Chapter 1611 Touch Base

Swish!

The frogs moved swiftly, even going as far as touching the sandy shores. Luckily, the waves clashing against the shores weren't overly chaotic, thanks to the stagnant boiling air.

Tonight, the wind was very minimal.

The frog opened its mouth, and those aboard the subs raised their ears.

Unlike the microphones attached to the ships, this one was a directional microphone.

The ones on the ships pick out sounds from all directions, but this one rejects sounds from directions other than the front where the frog was facing.

So aboard the sub, the gang moved the frog's head until they finally picked up on a conversation.

Looking at the map with several crosses indicating hidden scouts, they knew exactly where the conversation was coming from.

Ever since they realized Adonis was their enemy, they've been studying their language for years.

Shhhh!~

The entire submarine turned quiet, listening attentively.

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"Tis' another good moon tonight." Stated one of the Adonis scouts on top of the towering tree.

"Hmmm... Everything is going as planned... But what are those strange stars up above wonders? They sure move fast. They must be a sign from Adonis, commending us."

"Pfft~... Must be. Soon, backup will be here to help us stabilize our foothold in Soma. Soon, our plan to take over Omania will be realized before those evil Morgs can react."

"Yes. Just as we took down the entirety of the Dania Continent, we will also proclaim Omania as ours!.. As for the Giants, they should be happy and willing to share our beloved God with them. But rather than being grateful, they dare to fight against us? Naive!"

It was only a matter of time before Adonis ruled the world.

But for now, they had to lay low until they conquered enough land, built a stronger army, and ran Morgs over by launching a surprise attack to kill them all!

Once that's done, taking over the seas will become as doable as roasting a fish over a fire.

Heh.

The duo smiled, talking in Lampe. Their language name was the same as the continent's name.

One shouldn't forget that the continent where Adonis originated from was the Lampe continent.

In ancient times, there were many empires in the container, including the Adonis empire.

But as time passed, Adonis launched their attacks, defeating the other empires and walking the whole of Lampe.

It wasn't long before they invaded the Dania continent, doing the same. And now, Adonis owned 2 whole continents.

But it didn't happen overnight. It took hundreds and thousands of years to get to this stage.

The 2 scouts whispered merrily, looking forward to how they would force these giants to bend to their will, especially the women.

These female giants had the hearts of warriors.

They were the toughest group of women they had ever seen.

Even when forcing them to bed, one had to chain these women and teach them a lesson if they wanted to have their way with them.

The duo licked their lips playfully.

During this time, they had fun with these wild, beautiful 'things.'

One man couldn't handle these female giants.

Their strength was imposing. So who can blame them for ganging up in tens and twelves to enjoy the night with each one?

Heh.

They liked their women a little rough.

All their struggling and arrogance only made their little men between their legs stand firmer.

Who doesn't like it rough?

Many of them had never tasted female giants before now. So how can they not be thrilled?

As they say, it is ridiculous to request anyone to eat the same food over and over again.

How can they only eat fish without tasting other food options like eggs and meat?

Impossible!

One cannot just eat one type of woman for the rest of their life.

So it's only right they get a feel at these beautiful towering giants, though they often had to chain them up with thicker chains to get the action rolling.

The duo spoke while staring at the strange flickering stars above from time to time, not knowing their every word was heard.

.

Bastards!

Many in the subs twisted their faces in disgust. These Adonis followers were going too far.

"Everyone, get ready!"

With Lucius' words, many quickly placed their Scuba regulators in their mouths.

The regulator was attached to a small portable bottle-like tube strapped on their left arms.

But make no mistake.

That bottle had oxygen for their journey.

This was a better option than swimming with a heavy Scuba tank behind their backs when out on such spy-like missions.

After all, whatever equipment they needed had to be small and portable when running or looking for cover once they reached land.

They also had black head suits, which was basically a wetsuit for their head.

And with goggles and other lightweight swimming gear on, they stood inside the chambers in pairs, ready to plunge into Soma waters.

Is everyone ready?

Many raised their thumbs in okay signs.

"Everyone, take care. The underwater creatures here are bigger." Lucius cautioned.

Of course, if any of these creatures dared to make a move at them... Heh... They also had many ways to sink them into the watery abyss.

"Let's go!"

.

Drrrrr~

The water flooded the chamber until Lucius, and the others were fully submerged. And then, the chamber walls opened.

Go. Go. Go!

They swam vigilantly, spotting several other divers further away, heading for the other direction on land too.

The journey was fast and pleasant, with no trouble from their underwater friends. And as many know, the closer one gets to the shores, the less danger the seas have to offer.

It's good.

Though the moonlight illuminated the land slightly, the place was still dark.

In fact, many scouts weren't too focused on the empty waters close to the shores.

For them, provided they didn't see any enemy ships coming in, then that was enough.

No one was expecting enemies to infiltrate the land from underneath the waters.

Lucius's head slowly shot out before submerging itself again. His feet were already touching the bottom of the sandy shores.

Alright. They had finally touched land.

Time to take out the enemy!

Chapter 1612 The Battle Begins!

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

The clock was ticking, and time was against them.

After popping his head out and observing his surroundings, Lucius gave the signal, and the gang swam stealthily to the shores like crocodiles.

Over there!

There were still a few people on the actual shores.

Even though there were scouts in the towering trees a little further in, the enemy also kept a ground team, perhaps to spot any enemy giants from the Coastal city trying to flee or run along the banks and shores.

These ground scouts weren't on the sandy shores but along the first line of trees.

Luckily, there weren't so many of them spotted. Presumably, most should be around the actual docks and within the forest regions themselves.

What are the chances that the giants would pass the many Adonis guards stationed in the city and the forest before reaching these shores?

The event might also have known the chances were low. So they had most of their ground team closest to the Giants in the cities.

And at sea, they already had numerous Scout ships too.

So really... Their attention wasn't per set on the shores. And this gave Lucius' gang all the advantage they needed.

Good...

Lucius nodded at the gang, and they began crawling towards land.

Left elbow on the lodging forward, right elbow pushing another step forward.

Lucius felt that another advantage of having their mission in the land of the giants was that everything was also gigantic.

The towering trees close to the shores casted a darker shadow on the already dark lands.

The moon seemed to be just above the lands, trying to run toward the direction of the seas.

Provided they moved underneath the shadows with their usual stealth techniques, the enemy wouldn't notice them.

Indeed, these soaring trees had overly long shadows, which was a plus for them. Because if they were in this same predicament in any other place, they would have to set up sniper rifles on the sandy shores and take down the enemy ground team.

Crawling like chameleons, only 5 people, including Lucius, made their way through to land.

They had their goggles on hand, several blades, and a few special 'syringes.'

Their guns were still zipped in the large bags. And they didn't want any necessary sound to startle those on ground.

Lucius' eyes flashed coldly while staring at the 5 prey scattered nearby.

His primary goal: to kill one.

He moved around his target's sight, finally lying within the plush forest region.

He didn't dare to stand, first observing his surroundings.

So far, only his target was in sight.

With this, he slowly rose to his feet and propped himself against a tree.

There were twigs everywhere. He could see the enemy arranged them.

One false move, and he would've alerted them of his presence.

'Careful, old boy.' Lucius told himself, dancing across the scene, unbeknownst to his prey.

.

Eh?

The Adonis follower squinted hops eyes, staring at the shores deeply.

He didn't see anyone. So why was he feeling uneasy? Butterflies fluttered in his belly, making him wonder if it was due to hunger or something else.

'Am I overthinking it?'

Observing for a while longer, he leaned behind a tree, closing his eyes and falling into meditative slumber.

Why was it called meditative slumber? Because at this state, he could still respond to any sudden enemy attacks.

He was asleep, but very, very, lightly.

He closed his eyes and crossed his arms, tilting his head slightly downward.

The. Suddenly, his eyes opened again, and his pupils dilated when turning his head.

Too late!

PUFF.

A cold light flashed from his neck before he saw his old splashing out.

He wanted to scream but couldn't.

The enemy appeared like a shadow, stabbing a strange-looking needle in his left cheek that caused his entire face and mouth to feel as stiff as a stone in barely a breath.

No!.. No!

How could he die before seeing Adonis' glorious day? And what sort of throwing power was that?

F***!

His primal warning instincts came alive even before the dagger plunged into his neck.

The murderous aura it carried made him feel it was a godly ferocious beast, one never seen before.

Fear had overtaken his brain as he silently prayed for a chance of survival, hoping the dagger would miss its mark.

Sadly, luck wasn't on his side.

NO!!!

The Adonis follower roared inwardly as his heart was pounding too variously, fighting for its one survival, and his body turning colder and colder.

Why him?

Despair... Unwillingness... Hatred... Blurriness...

His eyes were getting blurry, and his heart suddenly slowed after its fierce fight.

Everything happened so fast. And in the end, he couldn't cheat his fate.

Dead.

The man's eyes were now dull.

Lucius withdrew his syringe and wiped his bloodied dagger against the man's clothes.

Good start.

.

10 minutes later, all 5 enemies on ground were dead, and the gang had now gathered to suit up.

1, 2, 3...

Done!

They swiftly wore their military attire as they'd practiced for the umpteenth time almost every waking morning during training.

Boots strapped, weapons at hand... All that was left was for their faces, necks, and arms to get painted – camouflage.

They changed in batches, with some people keeping a lookout.

And soon, their wetsuits were placed in the bag and taken away by one of the Navy pilots from the subs who followed them along.

Unlike them, his only task was to bring the bag of wet suits, flippers, regulators, and other portable underwater back.

Lucius opened the top layer of his ram guard, watching the 'strange stars' above.

"This is GT-00 to all Air Force Tower."

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Above in the skies, there was one primary air balloon acting as the air tower for issuing all major air decisions.

[Air Tower here.] A voice replied. [Report and status.]

"The Chicken has laid, and the path is clear..." Lucius not only reported their status but their location.

[Roger that GT-00... We have eyes on you now. You may go in.]

Good.

That was all the confirmation he needed.

He smiled mischievously, tapping his goggles to switch mode... And with his silencers at hand, Lucius was ready for the kill.

"Move out!"

Chapter 1613 Wrong!

Go. Go. Go. Go!

All over the shorelines in various positions, the underwater teams shot out like zombies making from the dead, emerging from the waters.

They took out their targets, though some were almost discovered if not for their quick thinking.

You don't know how they felt, seeing the enemy raise their hands to signal for others.

Phew~

Quick work.

They killed them off swiftly and suited up.

But some teams were unfortunate, allowing one or 2 people from the enemy's ground team to signal others far in the land.

It was good that they didn't scream or cause any overly loud sounds.

With no loud sounds, those signaled might only think the ground was still alive and hiding while observing an enemy, probably a giant who somehow managed to reach the sandy shores.

It's impossible for an enemy to come by ship since the patrol team hadn't signaled a thing by lighting the flames.

What's more, the scouts on the trees, hills and higher landscapes could've also alerted them if so.

Thus, if any ground team close to the stores noticed a disturbance, it should be from the Giants.

Thinking like that, the ground team stationed further back, a good distance from those attacked, aren't only 1 or 2 people to check things out.

They couldn't completely leave their position yet.

If those sent out don't return, they can be sure it was an enemy and would know what to do, climbing up a tree and lighting a torch for all to see.

But how could the Baymardians leave the Kings or go haywire?

The moment they realized the enemy was signaled, they knew they had to go further ahead to clear the next group of Ground team enemies before it was too late.

Like so, they managed to keep the situation under wraps before suiting up.

A key part of their plan was taking advantage of the night and doing at least 50, if not 70%, of their work before the sun rises.

It's good.

As those on ground did their thing, several others also emerged from the waters, climbing onto the ships and taking down their opponents as silently as they could.

And up in the skies, the air force units hovering above the patrol ships were also observant, keeping a close watch on those below

All air force units, whether hovering above land or sea, were not to engage lest they alert the enemy.

For those climbing the ships, their goal was to take over the patrol ships and keep everything as it was, at least until ground team took out the scouts and those that could see the water regions.

Once successful, only then can the main ships sail and dock.

The time was now 4:11 A.M.

They had till 5 A.M. to clear the way.

At 5:15, their main ships should be docked. And by 6:30~7, the sun will rise.

They had to make the most of this darkness before the day came.

You have to know that because it was already well into the night, and no ship could be seen for miles, not many stood outside patrolling on the decks.

They estimated that the ship should carry roughly 15 people at most.

Mind you, they weren't going on some big voyage. So, as controlling guards, their job was to patrol and give out a warning if they saw anything unusual from afar.

After giving word, they would sail back to safety and regroup with the others.

It was also because they were patrolling and not going on some big journey that their ships were smaller than the typical Adonis size.

Again, the slave rowing was chained up. So the few 15 or so patrol guards aboard the ship didn't have to worry about being overpowered or troubled during their patrol.

And no... These slaves weren't giants but the ones that rowed their ships from Lampe to Omania.

They dared not use these undomesticated and aggressive Giants as slaves yet.

How to say it?

These giants need their spirits completely broken and shattered before they can ever be enslaved.

Even then, they still felt a majority of giants might choose suicide or death than becoming their slaves.

Tsk.

These Giants were just too troublesome, the most irksome group to subdue. Thus, their potentials were great.

Just think of how Adonis' strength will double... No! Triple, once the giants acknowledge them?

Hehehehehe~

They could have these giants at the forefront of all battles, slamming and pushing their fierce fists and weapons at the opponent like crazy.

No wonder the Morgs tried their best to belittle these proud giants. Deep down, the Morgs wanted to do the same too.

Omania was a potential power force, with people born with strengths similar to beasts.

No!

They even felt they should capture their women and breed diverse and mixed species with them.

An army of this nature was too eye-catching.

Just imagining it is enough to get them excited.

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All in all, the Adonis flowers patrolling the ships should have few people aboard.

The deck had no more than 6 people there, with the rest within the floors below and above the deck.

Provided they made no sounds and didn't cause any bodies to drop like stones, then their missions would be done and over with.

Lieutenant Avril squinted her eyes, glowing on board, and hid behind a barrel.

6 targets spotted.

So far, so good...

She glanced to the side, noting where another comrade was hiding. He was on the roof, lying on the ground, flat-faced.

He had his weapons on the enemies, like a sniper.

The air was tense, and the choking heat wasn't making it better.

The enemies seemed to feel something off, but seeing no ships in sight for miles, they felt they might be overthinking things.

However, intuition has always led them, trained killers, on the path of survival.

So what was going on?

No.

Something was wrong!

Chapter 1614 Impending Disaster

Wrong. Wrong. Wrong!

The men felt their primal instinct alerts buzzing like tingling spider senses.

But wait! It didn't make sense.

They were far out here with no ship at sight for miles except their scouting ships.

So could it be that the slaves before have broken free from bondage from the floors below?

The group of 6 nodded tactfully, and 3 others decided to head down the deck to check things out.

But suddenly, their legs turned to noodles, and they saw themselves tumbling down with heavy eyelids that refused to open.

WHAT?

We're they possessed by a sleeping spirit?

If not, why do they feel so sleepy all of a sudden?

No! No! No!

The attack came too fast and very abnormally.

1, 2, 3...

Their bodies were about to hit the ground with loud bangs. But Lieutenant Avril and 2 others caught them in the nick of time.

Gotcha!

The bodies were gently lowered, and several other marines boarded the patrol ship.

They stood before the doors with their silencers at hand.

And in their last waking moments, they seem to see several strange shoes flashing by.

Who?

The Baymardians stormed in to catch them before they dropped.

'Got You!'

Lieutenant Avril caught the big boy, dragging him toward the barrel on the leftmost corner.

Look left, look right.

Her eyes never stopped sweeping across the scene. And with a single motion, she signaled towards a shadowy zone.

Emerge!

Several Baymardians rolled for the darkness, quickly dealing with the massive unlit torch.

In case they get discovered, it was best for those on board to have no way to pass information about their attack.

Once the fire was lit, the scouts on land and even those in the other scouting ships would know something was wrong.

After dismantling the massive force piece, they didn't throw it into the sea, lest it makes a good splash.

No...

On such occasions, it was best to lower it down ever so gently.

.

Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Can you feel it?

Lieutenant Avril and several others leaned against the walls beside the doors, feeling their muscles clenching in tune with the ever-tense atmosphere.

Weapons at hand, they nodded tactfully.

'Alright, gang... We're going in.'

Move. Move. Move. Move!

They stormed in stealthily, trying to limit the many squealing noises from creaking floors.

And on the floor now, 2 men were strolling along the halls with stolen pieces of cooked poultry in their hands.

"Hey, hey... This leg sure is delicious. But we have to eat it quickly before we're found out. "

"Hehehehehe... You don't have to tell me twice." The other answered, licking the watery poultry essence that soiled his lips.

"Good stuff! You're right. We have to eat this before Battleford Ezekiel catches us. I don't want to be hung upside down and beaten naked again. Everyone knows that when Battleford Ezekiel takes charge, his punishments are the same as enemy torture."

The duo shuddered, having cold sweats firming on their backs. But even then, they still gnawed on the meaty pieces in their hands.

"Hey, do you think Adonis will forgive us?"

"Erm... Of course he will! He is our benevolent God. So how can he not forgive us?"

Thup. Thup. Thup!

Wrong answer!

The gang died so suddenly, with their eyes bulged open.

It was just a few pieces of meat. So did their God has to kill them for it?

Who can tell them why Adonis had such a despicable temper?

Until they drew their last breath, they blamed it on Adonis, feeling it was his wrath.

And in this fashion, the Baymardians began infiltrating the many scouting ships covering the waters.

Fortunately, there were only a few people aboard these scouting ships, making it easier for them to take control of things.

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5, 10, 15... 20 minutes later, Avril connected her communicator to those above.

"This is S-03 to Air Force center. Ship secured. Mission accomplished... On standby, ready for phase 2!!"

.

It's good.

Landon squinted his eyes, listening to the many reports sent to the main ships. Everything was going well, except for little mishaps here and there. But the overall situation was controlled just right.

Still, Landon knew it was too early to smile yet.

It might not look like it, but the air force units were in a dangerous situation above the skies.

"Brother Artemis, you said my early sunny mornings, the strange wave phenomenon would begin?"

Artemis nodded heavily. "Correct. The Godly Breath waves usually start when the first flashes from the sun touch the land."

At night, things seem calm. But by day, the troublesome heat waves begin during this time.

The other giants nodded vigorously.

These heat waves are not a joking matter if one isn't prepared enough.

As one would expect, nature always had a way of balancing things out.

This place was scorching. At night, at least, it was better. But during the day, one could boil if not prepared.

But you see, the heavens had a way of protecting its creations.

During this time, the clouds and skies above, for whatever reason, always blew harsh winds every now and then that swept and relieved others from this heat every 3~4 days.

It somehow created a cooling effect. And according to Artemis' group, once the godly breath/winds blew during a particular day, it wouldn't do so until its next blowing cycle.

Landon felt this world was too magical.

Some things, technology, science, and weather, could explain, but others just seemed to be the divine work of those above.

That being said, the 'godly breaths' remind him of how winters are in the Romain continent.

Over there, they have snow storms that blow horses, carriages, and even people in the air, like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz.

Well, they weren't in Kansas anymore.

That was the feeling they would get, finding themselves dumped in bushes and regions several miles away.

Bottom line, this world was indeed full of mystery. But that wasn't Landon's main focus now.

Chapter 1615 Docked!... Time For Action!

Well, just how dangerous were these storms?

Some people trapped in them died from getting pierced by broken stakes and pieces swirling within the windy, icy tornados.

This was why their roads had stable support beams and all sorts of precautionary objects for people to use during winter.

There were even chains available too.

Looking at the situation, Landon felt it was similar to the situation in Romain... Only, rather than having tornadoes of cold, these were made of hot air, flying rocks, and all sorts of objects caught in the rubble.

At least during winter, the snow buried most of these objects. So imagine how deadlier Omania's heated storms were.

The strange tornados suck up the hot air, growing hotter and hotter.

So for those caught in its web, their fate was indeed disastrous.

.

Landon tapped his fingers deep in thought.

Alright.

From Artemis' talks, he and everyone else already knew the dangers surrounding these hot tornados.

His only happiness was that the tornados weren't so hot that they became a tracking fore ball. Or else wouldn't that be insane?

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Nonetheless, It's said those trapped in the tornadoes would get slight burns on their bodies. It won't be first-degree burns, but treatable ones that could be peeled off for new skin to form.

At least the heavens were merciful.

Again, this only made Landon wonder if this world was made by some child or inexperienced God/Goddess who made errors and later tried to remedy them through these methods.

Of course, there was also the idea that this world was created precisely how the God/Goddess intended, wanting to spice things up a bit.

After all, he, Landon, was judging things from Earth's perspective.

But who is to say Earth is normal or even up to standard? For all he knew, the being that created Earth might be done so lazily with no ambitions.

Landon shrugged, knowing one day, he would get the answers he was looking for.

But as of now, his main priority is everyone's safety.

Artemis was also worried.

.

"Brother Landon. Though the 2nd Dry Season hasn't officially begun, The heat suggests that the season might have already kicked in earlier than expected."

Perhaps, yesterday or even 2 days ago, the godly winds blew across the land. But how would they know since they had just arrived?

It could start its next or beginning cycle today. So all plans must take account of this.

Landon and the others nodded, thinking of the air force units flying high.

By 6 PM on the dot, they must return to the ships.

The sun's rays would emerge around 6:30~7 AM

.

Enough talk.

Landon glanced at his watch. And on cue, a message was broadcast within the ships.

[All Remaining Ground teams, prepare for departure! I repeat!... All remaining Ground teams, prepare for Departure!]

It's time?

Artemis and the giants felt their blood boil as they followed Landon and the other Baymardians, running several floors below deck.

What was this feeling?

Payne felt an explosive surge of adrenaline flood his veins, feeling a sense of beginning and righteousness when swimming in the crowd of stoic warriors.

No. This feeling was far different from his desolate emotions when he fled his beloved city and empire.

Revenge.

Payne clenched his fists, breathing heavily. And soon, he was led to a gathering of incredible carriages.

In no time, his revenge-crazed expression turned to that oozing of excitement and confidence.

(+0+)

This... This...

Are these the famous cars he saw in magazines?

No! Those weren't as big as these!

He had seen them in films and movies too. But seeing one in the flesh was a whole other experience.

Payne raised his trembling hands, caressing the magnificent framework covering its exterior.

"Beautiful." He blurted out.

What a true beauty.

The Baymardians smirked, seeing their dumbfounded gazes.

Sure enough. Baymardians vehicles were still the best!

Men, no matter what era, always had a special affinity with vehicles, from horses to carriages and now cars/military trucks.

.

Very good looking!

Artemis, Payne, and the others immediately fell in love with the many Baymardian vehicles.

"So soft!"

Payne couldn't help comparing the feeling to an ordinary carriage or wagon.

Sure enough, there was no harm without comparison.

The difference was great.

Everyone sat in the vehicles, waiting for the ships to dock.

All sides were alert and active.

Lucius' ground team had already seen across many regions, taking out the scouts on both low and higher grounds.

Of course, they didn't necessarily do it all alone.

After a while, those in the air began taking a leap of faith, plunging downwards to assist.

The more people they have on ground I, the faster the work done.

People were taking leaps of faith in very, very distant locations that would take Lucius's team 30 minutes, 1 hour, or even 3 hours to reach on foot.

The Hot air balloons had covered the sky like stars, twinkling in all directions.

If anyone in this world saw their actions closely, they would feel these people were bravely commuting suicide.

Of course, the next question to ask was how these people managed to get so high up there.

The units already on ground broke into 2, some focused on heading further toward the city, while others stayed within the forests as scouts and snipers.

They also found different enemy camps within the forest.

What? You say there's a cabin in the woods belonging to the enemy? Well, now it was theirs!

In this way, the gang did their best to cover as much ground as possible.

Again, because Lucius' drop-off point was relatively close to the docks, it didn't take long before he arrived at the zone separating the forest from the docks.

And like the wind, he and his gang took out several patrolling Adonis followers with the help of other Baymardian units.

They destroyed the massive torches scattered about and prepared to welcome the ships.

And right on cue, they saw the many shadow silhouettes of the ships saying forth.

9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

4:47 AM.

The ships were docked, and the pleasant sounds of military vehicles echoed in Lucius' ears.

A vehicle stopped before him, and its doors flew open in style.

Heheheheh~

Lucius smirked.

It's time for the party to begin.

Vrmmmmm!!!

The gang of Baymardian intruders stormed the land, unbeknownst to their enemies, who were getting up.

Many people rose, having a bad feeling kicking in.

In particular, Kardinal Yu narrowed his gaze dangerously while staring into the distance.

"Send those on the next shift to take over fast." The night was too silent for his liking.

Chapter 1616 Monster Invasion?

In a beautifully bronze-themed decorated space, several people met each other, nodding tactfully.

Many wake up at 4:30~5, first saying silent thanks to Adonis, praying for more vitality and blessings from him.

Following this, a brief breakfast was in order.

They ate as fast as they could, their long moist hair dangling about their faces.

The heat was insufferable, and they became sweating even before they woke.

Many were in an extra rush because today would be the beginning of the next heated breeze blowing about the scene.

From morning till the sun goes down, this breeze will blow every 2 hours.

Damn.

Everyone had already gobbled down their meals like people starved for days. And the most vital thing they did was to drink as much light ale as possible.

In this heat, dehydration could indeed crack their lips, dry their throats and make them weak.

Water was a no-no since many feared getting illnesses in this dangerous weather.

The reason they loved ale was that it was treated and far safer.

Ale had several ranks and types, some good for toddlers and others suitable for adults.

That's right.

Children, even at the age of 3, drank ale, but not the powerful ones.

And for them going out for their daily shifts, they indeed drank ale deemed for toddlers/children.

There was no way they would get tipsy or lose their sanity with these, even if they drank 20 Tankards.

(*/// A Tankard is a mug used in these times, similar to many medieval mugs in the past. Some tankards are made of wood resembling wine barrels, while others are made of iron, making louder noises when hit against bar tables.)

Several people quickly stored additional rum in their horn tubes, calling the mouth with a massive wooden stopper.

When out there in this heat, it's best to be prepared for anything.

But that was all they carried. They also had thick ropes with them.

It was already a little over 5 AM. And the sun comes out by 6:30~7.

And for some, their duty posts were 2~3 hours away on horseback, meaning they might meet these dangerous tornado storms.

So to deal with this matter, they followed the typical Omani's methods of latching the legs of their horses, wagons, and carriages to the many thick metal poles strategically placed across the city.

Again, they could also secure their horses to trees if near forest regions.

All in all, they held onto their ropes with everything they had, knowing it was their main survival gadget for the day.

At least after today, the next terrible storm won't arrive till 3~4 days later.

It would be their resting period.

.

Alright.

Several people nodded tactfully at each other, meeting themselves in the vast open room space.

Eh?

Many were taken aback, seeing a particularly well-known personnel on the scene.

"His Holy Kardinal!"

Words couldn't describe their feeling, going on their knees with thumping hearts.

'I can't believe I'm privileged to see Kardinal Yu after not seeing him for months now.'

How lucky! How fortunate they are!

The eyes of many twinkled like stars, their mouths frozen in a gapped shape. 'O'

You think it's easy seeing a Kardinal?

Please! Don't be ridiculous.

They could see Holy Battlefords daily.

Holy Generals were just up that alley, followed by Holy Monkards, and then... The Kardinal.

It's believed that the higher one's rank, the closer they are to Adonis.

So seeing the Kardinal was also an experience for many.

It was akin to how people back in Landon's former world would travel far and wide to see the pope or Cardinals.

If Landon had to be truthful, he would say the Supreme Leader in this world had a more terrifying influence on his people than the pope in this former world.

Hell! Even Cardinals here had far more powerful control of their people than back in his former world.

If one of these Cardinals told these people to commit suicide on the spot for no reason, the person would willingly slice their own throat, thinking it was Adonis' wish.

This was what made these Adonis people dangerous.

And they were now going on their religious crusade, wanting to win the entire world for their God, Adonis.

Of course, when they first arrived in Soma, they were a larger group, led by the 7-rank ranked Kardinal Everett the VII.

But where was he now?

Of course, Everett continued with a larger group towards the Capital, taking over other cities, towns, and villages along the way.

And the 3-rank Kardinal Yu was left to oversee things here in Riverre Coastal city.

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"His Holy Kardinal!"

"Holy Kardinal!"

With knees to the ground, the gathering saluted Kardinal Yu.

"Rise. Adonis is with you all." You said, sweeping his hands nonchalantly.

"Thank you, Holy Kardinal."

"Hmmm."

Yu didn't focus too much on the congregation, letting 2 of his trusted aides beside him to hurry everyone along.

It was still pitch black outside.

The darkness seemed to represent his current feelings.

Today, Adonis has sent me troubling sensations.

Years and years of honing his instincts have always led him to the right path.

It might be the strange stars in the sky or the uneasiness in his heart that made him troubled.

Either way, Yu felt they had to double-check on things lest some giants were preparing a devious plot.

"My lord. Should no reply return, I propose we prepare." The slashed-face Magro cautioned.

They had already sent their shadow guards to hastily check up on the city's border lines, including that close to the shores.

If no response returns from any one of the 16 shadows within the designated time, then it can only mean one thing.

Kian's face was heavy. "My lord. I agree with Magro. But while the wait is on, we must reinforce and protect ourselves too."

Getting on his horse, Yu narrowed his gaze at the estate walls ahead.

"No... Not yet. Let's first give it time."

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Give it time?

Kian and Magro looked at each other but said nothing.

They also understood their lord's thoughts.

Even if there's an enemy around, they don't want to let the enemy know they know they are here.

With their skills, they felt their people should be able to handle any few giants that dare to revolt.

If there is indeed an enemy, the shadows know how to send word fast.

They had already erected many massive forces across the city.

If Landon saw the scene come to play, he would say it resembles the scene in Mulan when the torches on the Great Wall were lit, telling the people of the Hans trespassing across the border.

Again, it's not like they won't alert the others.

They plan to wait things out for a bit. And if they don't get the first confirmation signal, they would sound the alarm, being the first to spot the flaming torch and send word out.

They even had a few of their servant boys ready their armor too.

Their Armor sets were indeed cumbersome and heavy, needing several deviant boys to bring them over.

But they needed to do so discreetly, not alarming everyone else until they gave the signal if things didn't go right.

Hmmm.

Kardinal Yu reached the estate walls, standing high in observation.

'I might be wrong... But for now, we wait.'

Like so, Kardinal Yu was restless... As restless as several others closer to the docks.

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Rumble~

Suddenly, there were slight and noticeable roaring sounds in the distance, causing many practicing outside the court field to pause their training with their swords in hand.

What was that?

Even the veterans were perplexed, not liking the feeling of having any situation slip out of their control.

If the source of that noise isn't found, they will continue having butterflies churn in their bellies.

The lead personnel who was training the others also frowned.

He was Battleford Ezekiel, the same Battleford known to many as the Punisher.

His methods were cruel, and his gaze was always unfeeling.

Many have also said he was an example of the saying: The more good-looking a man, the cruder his ways.

It's because of his skills and methods that he was stationed in this training manor in the lower region of the city, just 17~20 minutes away from the docks on horseback.

Ezekiel barked with authority at the frozen men. "What the hell are you f**king pieces of trash doing? Quickly! Someone check it out! I want ans--"

Before Ezekiel could finish his sentence, the loud, shocking exclamations of the guards on the manor walls rang out.

"Holy Sh**!"

"What sort of monstrosity is this?"

"Ahhhh! Monsters! Sea--"

Booommmmm!

Everything happened so fast that those on the walls didn't have time to comprehend it all.

At this moment, they collectively covered their ringing ears with a haunted look.

It's over... It's over...

They have been invaded by monsters!

Monsters?

Ezekiel heard their screams before the thundering claps bellowed out.

And he didn't move it for one second.

He ran across the fields, sword in hand, with bloodshot eyes.

Whether monster or man, he will not lose!

"Everyone! Light the torches and prepare for battle! We have Adonis on our side!"

Ezekiel crouched down, rubbed the soil onto his face, and said a brief 'spell' for more power to Adonis.

Let's get it on!

Chapter 1617 The World's End?

Monster invasion?

Ezekiel wouldn't believe it unless he set eyes on it. But this didn't stop him from being prepared.

"Quickly, boy! Have someone get my armor! And for the rest of you, follow me to the front line!"

Whether beast or ghost, they have Adonis on their side. So what was there to fear?

"Yahhhhh!!!"

The burly men covered with sweat from the blistering heat, all raised their swords, preparing to assist those on the courtyard walls.

They hadn't seen the actual battlefield yet. But seeing the overly bright orange mushroom cloud of heat on the other side, they knew the enemy came packing.

What sort of monstrous beasts had laid siege on them?

Adonis. Adonis. Adonis...

The men chanted in their hearts, their faces layered with sweat from the blistering heat. And right on cue, the Stableboys and masters released the horses in all directions.

It was like a stampede underway. Who had time to run to the back to grab a horse?

No!

Everyone knew the drill. And in no time, they yanked the reigns on the horses and hopped on without a moment to spare.

Come on!

Ezekiel stabbed his legs on the stallion's sides, causing it to raise its front hooves high up in a standing position.

Go!

The black, burly giant horse beast looked like a monster straight out of one's wild fantasies.

Indeed. The Giants also had giant horses to accommodate their massive bodies.

And at first, when these Adonis people arrived, getting on these wild horses was difficult.

But after months and months here, they also got used to them.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop. Gallop~

A stream of hooves advanced with all their might towards the front regions of the training estate.

Boom!!

Another loud thundering noise shocked the men and the horses.

"Hee-he-he-hee"

The horses were restless, sensing the impending danger outside the walled estate.

Dammit!

Ezekiel's veins protruded from his hands while steadying his horse.

"Don't stop now! Keep them steady, and keep going! Galtose! I want Line formation at the front. If and when the enemy breaks in, we give them hell!"

The very short man Galtose, galloping beside Ezekial, nodded. "Yes, Battleford!"

"Thomas!"

"Here, my lord!"

"I cover the surrounding walls and act as support. I want all archers ready at the snap of a finger. Have the Ballistas ready to kill them all."

"Say no more, my lord... Hyah!" He kicked off, and several others followed him.

"Permolio! You're back up! Stay behind Galtose."

He and his direct men would be the 2nd wave of attack.

Hyah!

The ever-silent Permolio took off after a brief nod.

"Now, the rest of you, follow me to the front wall!"

They will assist those at the front walls to launch attacks on the enemy from the outside.

Gallop. Gallop. Gallop!

The dark horse on the majestic horses danced with vigor, like mesmerizing flames of fire.

Dammit!

Ezekiel looked at the sky, his face morbid and pale white.

It won't be long before the sun comes up. And by then, fighting a war alongside the deadly heat tornadoes would be far more difficult than now.

Not good!

Ezekiel knew that this period was the only time they had to turn things around favorably.

That's why he made a dangerous decision in his abrupt plans.

Soon, they will have to open the gates and lead the 'monsters' in!

With their catapults and other heavy weapons surrounding the inner walls, he felt they could trap and destroy the enemy to smithereens.

But before he could make the call to open the gates, he had to see what enemy they were working with and determine if his move was right.

Iron Monsters?

The name screamed by many on the towering walls seemed ridiculous. So in this matter, he trusted his eyes more.

Hyah! Hyah! Hyah!

Ezekiel forced his unwilling horse to advance before dismounting and rushing into the front walls.

"The Battleford is here!"

The moment Ezekiel arrived, many seemed to see a savior.

They walked alongside him, running up the narrow stairway to the top.

Ezekiel passed over a hundred people, standing before the numerous tiny triangular-shaped holes in the walls with arrows at hand.

One of the men tagging along quickly spoke on the situation with a distorted look.

"Battleford Ezekiel. It's all too strange. I swear on my first wife's life that I've never seen anything like this."

Boom!!!

The explosive noise clapped out again as though to back up what the warrior said.

It might be their imagination, but they all felt their ears (eardrums) threatening to burst.

After the ring came a second of deafness, and a 'wang-wang' resonating noise echoing in their ears.

Listening to the sound this close was different from when he stood in the courtyard.

The explosive heat he felt made the ridges on his neck more pronounced.

Ezekiel subconsciously rubbed on his blessed bracelet that had been dunked into Adonis' Holy Water back in Lampe.

He who had never known fear now had his heart drumming critically. But soon, he called down.

'Get behind me, evil spirits of confusion! Nothing can waver my faith in Adonis. With him by my side, I will never lose!'

"Keep talking!"

"Yes, Battleford." The burly man answered, seemingly impressed and awed by Ezekiel's strong demeanor.

When they first heard the quaking noise this close, many were left in a daze with the color from their faces drained. But for Battleford Ezekiel, he saw no changes on the man's face.

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As expected of one who is titled Battleford.

The men retained confidence, seeing Ezekiel's mood. And in no time, they retold all they saw.

"My lord... It's like this..."

Boom! Boom!

2 more attacks resounded before the group reached the very top.

Ezekiel had already gotten the gist of the matter.

But it was one thing to hear it and another to see.

This... This... This...

Ezekiel's face turned stiff, and his eyes almost fell off their sockets.

Chaos everywhere... Fire as high as a mountain in all corners, smoke, cracking noises, erupting floors of soil leaping high into the air.

Terrible. Terrible...

Was this the end of the world?

(°π°)

Chapter 1618 Problem Arises!

Ezekiel, who initially thought he had an amazing plan of opening the gates and trapping the enemy in the estate, dared not think about it!

F***!

The destruction and fires were everywhere he looked.

No way.

His me quickly made adjustments, his chest expanding and contracting chaotically with every breath.

"Keep the gates closed! We defend and defeat the enemy from above!" Call in Permolio's 2nd defense group back!"

Seeing the Ballistas already lined up in place, ready for action! Ready

Standing on the crown of the wall, Ezekiel felt he was in hell. But touching his Adonis sacred rope bracelet, he looked to the sky and earnestly prayed for heavenly power.

And indeed, he felt it. (So he would like to think.)

He wanted to believe that after closing his eyes, he mistook the heat wave he felt from the explosion as divine power surging within.

Hope and belief were the only things that could keep them going in times like this.

This was how humans were. They needed something to latch onto, hoping for better days once the storm resided.

And with his new found 'powers' dawned on him, Ezekiel once again felt they could take out the many strange metal beasts.

But even if Ezekiel no longer had plans to open the gates, who said his enemy needed permission before entering?

Vrrrrrrmmm~

Lucius' gang stormed the scene in squads and car fleets, breaking apart and targeting the surrounding estates and buildings they spotted.

And wouldn't you know it, they had to take out several patrolling Adonis followers on the way.

These people were on their way for shift change. But who would've known they would die before they could blink?

"Hey... Do you guys hear that?"

"Yeah! And can you feel that too? The pebbles on the floor are jumping slightly. What could be--"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The Baymardians didn't waste time taking down any enemies they met on the roads.

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The first people they hit were the most unfortunate. At least those hit later had seen the golden fire elevate high from a distance, keeping them vigilant.

But so what?

A few months later, it was their time to die.

"Ahhhhhhh!!!~"

"It burns! It burns!"

"Help! Help! We're under attack! Someone... Adonis... Adonis... Where is the other half of my body?"

Dead.

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For these Adonis followers, words alone couldn't describe the scene.

But for the Baymardians, their countenance never changed. And in no time, a few Barmadians vehicles and tanks arrived before Ezekiel's training estate.

It was also now that Ezekiel and many other Adonis followers in the estate, had a better look at what had a better glimpse at what these metal beasts looked like.

Sweet mother of pearls!

Dread gnawed at everyone's insides.

It was clearly a hot day. Yet many were trembling cold.

"Battleford! Loo-loo... Look... Look at their speed." Someone remarked, and another added.

"Their movements are also too fluid!"

Good heavens. What exactly were they dealing with?

That's right.

No one thought such a thing could be done by humans.

It's not uncommon for troops to carry massive wooden ones with 20 or 30 swordsmen and archers inside while advancing in battle.

Such boxes would have openings allowing archers to shoot at will.

But here was to catch.

These box shields were made of wood and weren't suitable for overly long distances since too many wood piercings from enemy archers could create deep splits and cracks that eventually let the box shield fall apart.

That said, crafting a metal one that is thick enough to withstand arrows would be too heavy to carry.

Bear in mind that any thin sheet of iron could be pierced through by an arrow.

It was impossible for such a heavy metal box piece to be carried by enemy soldiers at such a tremendous speed.

So, could there be horses underneath?

(?~?)

Blink. Blink.

Maybe.

But even if so, they felt these metal beasts were going way faster than horses.

Again, though they hadn't seen how these beasts were able to cause so much fire and destruction, they felt no human hands could do so... unless there were hundreds of Black powder barrels shot out all at once.

Then... Then it's true...

They were dealing with real 'Iron' beasts?

Bam!

Ezekiel slammed his fists on the stony wall crown hard!

"Quickly! Head to the prisons and get those bloody Giants to confess all they know! I don't believe they are so clueless!"

How dare they hide such vital information from them?

Bastards

Ezekiel's veins danced on his forehead, listening to the woeful cries of many echoing from the distance.

"On second thought, bring them all out!... If we fall, they too fall. I don't believe they won't tell us what we want to know by then. Everyone, prepare to attack!"

"Yes, Battleford!"

The arrows on the Ballistics now carried tubes filled with black powder, ready to be launched.

The arrows were made of metal, the right balance between heavy and functional.

And when launched, the momentum and all other factors would add up to give a deadly flow to any target.

Indeed.

It was a troublesome thing for the Baymardians.

Inside a thick armored military truck, Lucius stared at a screen connected to a telescope that could see the outside.

The vehicle had some submarine features, allowing them to scan the perimeter in normal mode, heat mode, and night vision mode if necessary.

"Zoom in on the crown... There... They have Ballistas."

Ballistas?

Last time these Adonis fellows attacked Pyno, they didn't have Ballistas and were very shocked by the Siege weapons Pyno had.

So between that period and now, the enemy's side should have discovered its existence and sent the manufacturing methods to those there in Omania.

There was still time before the air force units retired. So it wasn't too late to make good use of them.

"GT-00 to Air Force. Position xxxx... Enemy has Ballistas."

[Copy that, GT-00...zzz~] The connection went static before connecting again. The main Air Force team was communicating with others during this time.

[GT- 00... The AF-Bravo team has visuals over you... Over 100 Ballistas on the front line. Ballistas carrying tubes. Arrow thickness estimated at xx... Blah, blah, blah.]

Everyone in Lucius' vehicle fell silent, listening to those above relay what they saw.

[Lastly, enemy has a massive cauldron of boiling metal over the estate gate. Sunrise is almost here. Tuning out for the last time. Over]

Tut~

Lucius stared at the towering walls through the screen before looking at the vehicle's armor ceiling.

At that momentum and height, arrows of that weight will definitely be a problem!

Chapter 1619 A Bad Feeling

So they have Ballistas?

Who would've known that Morgs weren't the only ones with siege weapons?

In truth, these Adonis people had secretly stolen the info from Morgany with the help of their Adonis Heir.

From there, their had secretly met with some trusted Adonis spies to send the info out.

But he couldn't just jot down such an important manufacturing method for fear of being discovered.

So he had the spies burn the information in their minds until they reached their targeted destinations.

Only when in trustworthy places did they write down the information, sending it to various regions.

It can be seen that these Siege Ballista weapons here in Soma were made recently by the Adonis followers themselves, and of course, with the help of captured giants, chained and threatened to build them all.

They forged the giant siege arrows, hammering till they nearly passed out, like chained Gods of Olympus, crafting a magnificent artifact.

In this way, they created excess weapons.

These giants were unwilling to create weapons that would attack themselves and their beloved Soma Empire.

And if they were alone, they would choose to die rather than bend to these people's wills.

However, they underestimated the shamelessness of these people.

Newborn babies were captured and threatened to be drowned in batches, while infants below 5 were captured and hung for public skinning.

No way!

This was forcing them to obey.

Once a person reaches 6, even though they aren't officially adults, they are more or less seen as one, since by 6, boys start wielding swords and learning all first of arts.

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Additionally, by 6, girls also start official lessons and take on matters concerning women as a whole.

In Soma, the coming age/adulthood year was 14.

By 14, they were adults who could marry and live separately from their families if need be.

It was also the official age that allowed people to own lands and hold onto life deeds.

The same coming-of-age concept is held for almost every place in the world.

Once a child is born, people must register and get life deeds for the child. And only after they come of age will the document leave their parents/guardians' hands and given to them.

Some families with 6~10 children and no way to feed them also sold their children to more affluent homes by handing over the life deeds.

One can choose to sell them forever or draw up decade-year service contracts, having their children work as slaves/servants/maids for 10 years, 20 years, and so on.

Life deeds were also a way of identification, letting the empire know who was a true-born citizen, a slave from war, or any other status.

In short, everyone in this world had a life deed... Even Landon had one before Baymard's change.

Of course now in Baymard, one didn't need a life deed.

They had Identity cards to prove their status, and slavery was officially banned.

Thus, the concept of life deeds was void in Baymard.

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Ballistas...

Many squinted their eyes, assessing the situation at hand.

"King-Father, with the estimated weight, distance, and momentum each Ballista arrow will plunge, I'm afraid the vehicle's roof will incur damage."

"Mmmm." Lucius agreed. "They also carry tubes of black powder. Though having a cruder formula, it could still do major damage."

The vehicle roof was indeed thick and sturdy. But if so many arrows attack it at once, it would weapon the upper layer, forming dents susceptible to creating hole-openings once the next wave of arrows hit.

The first time, they might be safe. But the more arrow hits they take, the weaker the vehicle's shield exterior. And soon, they might feel the enemy's explosive black powder within the vehicle.

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Make no mistake.

In all of Hertfilia, they were sure their gunpowder was of a higher formula and quality than these people's black powder.

But that didn't mean they could be arrogant and take a direct hit from the enemy's powder.

The effects might not be as catastrophic as theirs, but they will still sustain injuries. So what's the call?

Everyone looked at Lucius, waiting for his orders.

"All trucks fall back... All Tanks... aim for the crown!!!"

Heheheheh~

Those in the tanks grinned excitedly, marching forward, raising their long nozzles at the upper walls.

Well, they did promise these giants that they wouldn't crumble the entire city down. But a little damage of this nature wasn't a problem.

After all, targeting the crown won't affect the wall's foundation.

So these Giants can later fix and redo the destroyed upper regions again, no?

Fall back.

.

Vrmmmm!!!

The trucks reversed, and Lucius tightened his grip on the vehicle's corded built-in walkie-talkie.

Want to take them down with mere Ballistas? Naive!

Lieutenant Agnus gripped his controls, with anxiety, excitement, and all sorts of emotions sweeping through.

His hands were sweaty, and his eyes hovering across the screen before him.

'Come on, Agnus... You've done this countless times during training. You've got this!'

With careful hands, he moved both Joysticks as if playing a video game.

And after looking at his targeted upper wall region, he called in to verify his status.

"This is TS-214... Target on lock."

"Copy that. Standby for Launch. Over."

The other tanks have to have their targets on lock too, before the first attack wave gets launched.

Tut~

The communication went silent, and so did Agnus.

No words could describe the butterflies in his belly. However, he wants the only one feeling this way.

"Battleford! Battle ford! Look! Our prayers have worked! The strange metal creatures are retreating!"

"~Hahahahaha! Adonis is on one side! It must be that Asonisbis pleased with our Battleford, making the enemy retreat!"

"Adonis is mighty!"

"Battleford Ezekiel is amazing!"

While many were jubilating, some, including Battleford Ezekiel, had bad feelings in their guts.

"Wait! Look again! They're not retreating but making way for bigger iron creatures with long noses!"

"What? If it's so, then what do they want to do?"

Many widened their eyes in wonder, but Ezekiel reacted fast.

He felt his intuition was never wrong.

"Quickly! Release the Arrows!"

"But Battleford, they aren't in position yet. So shouldn't we--"

"Shut up and release them now!!

Chapter 1620 Adonis' Only Hope

Many widened their eyes in wonder, but Ezekiel reacted fast.

He felt his intuition was never wrong.

"Quickly! Release the Arrows!"

"But Battleford, they aren't in position yet. So shouldn't we--"

"Shut up and do as I've commanded! I want them down now!! Well, what are you waiting for? Shoot! Shoot!... Release the arrows!"

Ezekiel lashed out with murderous. But it was too late.

The enemy was faster. And soon, he saw countless flashes of light flicker from the many metal nostrils.

But at this point, his feet reacted faster than his brain, making a run for it toward the stairway leading down.

His mind was sharp, telling him whatever was coming was disastrous.

He made his way to the stair path with all his might but could still feel the strange, glaring heat burn his back.

So hot... So hot...

Boom!

The layer of stone just below the stone crown railings was hit, sending several block pieces and fragments into the air.

But that wasn't the blast sent flying.

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh~

A strange force pushed everyone back, causing many to fall off the walls at such a deadly height.

Terrible... Terrible...

Many already died from the blast before falling and getting splattered on the grounds below like crushed tomatoes.

Splack!

The grounds were covered with minced and chunky meaty pieces, with any intestines and brains rolling out.

Good God, Adonis... How were they supposed to fight this?

The stony walls scattered, and the stone floors they stood on shook violently.

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble!

White dust flew several feet high but couldn't be seen within the fiery heated surroundings that now engulfed many.

The direct hit from the blast killed almost everyone, with the majority of survivors being heavily injured.

Some had blood oozing from their ears and nostrils, others lost body parts, and some directly broke into a million pieces.

Instantly, panic spread throughout those watching along the other side wall regions.

Although these men were experienced in battles, they humans would always fear the unknown

Some even went down on their knees, begging Adonis to manifest and destroy the godly iron minister plaguing them.

What the hell? Who can tell them why this was happening to them? Or was it true that there indeed existed some vine God that protected Omania?

Ahhhhhhhh~

The Ear-wrenching cries from their fallen comrades had them recoil back with trembling bodies.

Boom!!!!

Another wave of ear-piercing claps echoed out. And at this point, it was safe for them to say their so-called mighty Ballistas would flop against these powerful iron creatures.

So what should they do?

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Cough. Cough. Cough!

Ezekiel was alive!

His last-minute move of fleeing had saved his life.

More accurately, it was the stony stairway door that blocked most of the explosive force from killing him.

When he sensed danger, he wanted no time locking everyone out and saving himself.

But still, he sustained surface-level injuries, having the thick stone door shatter and his body smacked hard by its many pieces.

But why was this stone door here? It was for safety reasons.

Although it rarely happens, there might be a time when the enemy could ascend the towering structure with daggers and reach the crown successfully.

So if that happens and they discover it, they could seal the entry/exit way down the building, leaving the enemy no choice but to rope down the walls facing the estate.

Imagine a scenario of thousands and hundreds of enemies reaching the crown. At least they should make things difficult for them by blocking their path, forcing them to go one way only.

And during that down, the archers could take down many enemies by leaping down by rope.

The thick stone door was designed like a trapped door.

So after jumping in, Ezekiel wasted no time closing it in the nick of time before the explosion went off.

Good call!

It saved his life.

Cough. Cough. Cough~

... Son of a b**ch!

Ezekiel pulled himself out of the rubble, quickly clearing the narrow stony stairway.

He wouldn't dare to go back up after hearing the cries of the very few men who survived.

Some crowd of missing ribs, others were still bleeding to death and calling on Adonis, while others remained silent, never to take up again.

So how dare he take that chance?

Dig. Dig. Dig!

Ezekiel forced his bloodied hands to dig a path, pulling his limping body down the trembling upper walls.

No way!

Some of the walls had been pried open by the many attacks, leaving the enemy to see the inside.

Luckily, the stairway was built attached to the walls facing the training estate. Or else wouldn't his path down be destroyed, leaving him stranded?

.

Ezekiel quickly fled while still deep in thought.

Apart from being an excellent swordsman, he was also a good archer.

Were they to continue sitting duck and await destruction? Were they to give up when they wouldn't negotiate with beasts?

Everyone had long established that these iron creatures weren't human.

So how would they negotiate for their survival?

This means they had to do their best to survive no matter what.

This was why Ezekiel never gave up.

Wait!.. That's it.

His eyes lit up.

'If we can aim the Ballistas to hit the flashing flying attacks before them, then we might have a chance!'

Maybe we can launch a double move, one to stop their attack and another to sneak attack them.

'Hahahahaha~... Brilliant! I must reach the bottom and send word to the others along the nearby walls... We must regroup and plan for the enemy's entry.'

Yup!

Ezekiel knew there was no stopping these monsters from invading the estate.

So why not change strategy?

Additionally, he was still waiting for the giant slaves to be brought.

Like he said... If they don't help in defeating this creature, he doesn't mind dragging them all to death's door.

Good. Good. Good.

Ezekiel's ever-adapting mind had already devised more plans for his men.

But sadly, his speed was still too slow because before he could reach the bottom, the estate gates were blown apart, and a steady stream of iron creatures now stormed in.

Hehehehehe~

The Baymardians smirked, driving into the estate with full force.

Time to finish things once and for all.

All units roll out!

Many rolled out from their armored vehicles, and the scene soon became bloody.

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Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

There was turmoil everywhere, similar to the hearts of others.

In particular, the scouts sent out by Kardinal Yu, were now rushing at full speed on horseback, hoping to make it alive.

Horrible... Horrible...

They were under attack by iron Creatures. And they knew only someone as powerful and blessed as Kardinal Yu could save them all!

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Now, he was their only hope.

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1621 A Greedy Kardinal](#)

Chapter 1621 A Greedy Kardinal

"Kardinal! Over there! They're back!"

Standing high above the ordering walls, Kardinal Yu, his aides, and several others focused on the many men on horseback riding galloping towards them at full speed.

The scouts were back.

"Quickly! Open the gate! Let them in!"

Open it! Open it!

Word spread like fire, and those on the 3rd floor inside the walls, hastily gripped the handle on the massive mechanism, using all their might to roll the heavy chains up.

The structure was a tall and thick metal shaft with 4 well-spaced, equally powerful arms sticking out from its upper region.

Drawing up the chains connected with the gates required the men to rotate the structure in a clockwise movement. And Anticlockwise when releasing the previously thick chains.

Heave! Ho! Heave! Ho!

All 16 men had veins popping out their arms as they rotated the structure, with 4 people pushing on each of the structure's extended arms.

A soon...

Brack!

The sound they were most familiar with.

The gates were open, and the scouts on horseback flew in like lightning.

There was no time to waste.

They dismounted and rushed up the many narrow flights of stairs.

"Kardinal! Kardinal! Urgent news!"

Well, what is it, man?

Many perked their ears, wondering what calamity had fallen upon the land.

Do you think they're kind?

From a distance, they could see strange fires and smoke that went straight to the skies!

1, 2, 3... They lost count of how many of these fires popped out now and then.

It was just that they were still too far away, so each stream of smoke and fire they saw was as tiny as their pinky fingers.

They currently live in the city's central regions.

The city was also a massive one, with people taking 2, 3, and sometimes 4 and even 5 hours to get around on horseback.

Those living in the central regions were better since the time used to travel to other zones was shortened by roughly half.

Of course, with a modern car, one might take 45~1 hour's time, depending on if they met traffic or not. Some aces would definitely be traveled in 15 minutes or 20, depending on how close they lived to their destination.

Back in modern cities on earth, if something goes wrong in per se the downtown region of the city, people living in the upper regions and maybe the outskirts and other regions across the bridges would definitely not see the high-rising smoke.

So how were they to know of any impending danger without modern Tvs and news?

The same could be said for those here.

They really couldn't see the destruction well, only seeing everything from afar like a blur.

In truth, if not for the fact the City Lord's house was built on the highest land point within the Central regions, they might never have seen the smoke erupting from afar.

Of course, it was also because they were standing on the estate walls.

If they got down to ground level, the many towering structures would obscure their vision.

What's more, they didn't hear any explosive noises or cross of their people from here.

So how can they truly know what was going on all the way over there? Their only hope was the scouts.

Looking at the distance between the destruction and themselves, it can be seen that these scouts didn't travel far.

They probably spotted things from a distance and turned back to lay reports.

And everyone's guess was correct. But this wasn't the scouts' fault. Who made the iron minister travel at an incredible speed so great that they could cover a massive distance in such a short time?

The scouts planned to go further but already spotted the many streams of iron monsters appearing on the hilly road not too far away.

F***!

They watched as the creatures broke want, attacking several buildings, while other ones chose other routes and went in torrent directions.

No way!

The scouts already got what they were looking for. And with all their might, they turned around and galloped back.

They were only fortunate that these iron monsters didn't chase after them.

But what they didn't know was that the 'iron monsters' had a plan to attack the city in a circular formation.

They planned to attack the other perimeter zones surrounding the city all at once before slowly advancing towards the central regions, leaving no way for these Adonis people to escape.

Kardinal Yu and the others didn't know it yet, but they were slowly being surrounded, with no way out.

Tick-Tock. Tock-Tock.

The clock was ticking. And by all indications, the main battle at the central will occur in broad daylight.

It was to be a windy Tornado storm of a battle, far difficult for Kardinal Yu and others to control.

So what if they had Ballistas? The wind would deviate it from its intended path and might even carry them, on the towering walls, away.

How do you ride on horseback and charge at the enemy in this situation?

.

Kardinal Yu stared at the almost clear skies, having a bold plan in mind.

Iron monsters, ay?

"Monsters are beasts with as little intelligence as we humans. Their primary ways of battle are all direct. So we can use the heat storms to lead them out."

Just like a hunter lays traps for a hare to fall in, they too will have to do the same because if these metal creatures possess godly killing powers like the scouts described, then they're a force to be reckoned with.

Nonetheless, they wouldn't rely on the storm alone to take these creatures out.

"Prepare the Ballistas! Even if we miss our aim due to the storms, we should still be able to get a few."

What's more, Kardinal Yu secretly wanted to tame a few.

It would be a lie to say he wasn't greedy to possess these strange iron beasts for himself.

Just think of how high his rank will be once he succeeds.

Hehehhehehe~

A cruel glint flickered through his eyes.

He had to send for Thaman Gandof immediately.

Thamans had the power to convert enemies with their sacred staff.

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He didn't believe someone as blessed and powerful as him wouldn't be able to take a few.

That's right!

With the Thaman's help, they were bound to fall into his hands.

Kissing his ring, he chanted several mantras in his heart, feeling his body swell with 'divine' power.

"Everyone... Fear not; we have Adonis on our side!"

"Yes, yes, Kardinal Yu is right! For Adonis, we will defeat the enemy."

"For Adonis!"

For Adonis, we fight!"

(*π*)

The group raised their swords, exclaiming loudly.

They must prepare for the enemy. But they weren't the only ones filled with relief against these Iron Monsters.

Artemis looked between Landon and the destruction around, too dumbfounded to speak.

Who am I? Where am I?

... Waiting for answers form above.

(°w°)

Chapter 1622 Payne's Pain

Artemis gripped his armrest. Seeing such results was frightening.

Flabbergasted? Stunned? Blown away? Shocked silly?

As a prince, who has graced the battlefield on several occasions and fought against assassinations and uprisings, he didn't know how he would fight such an enemy if he stood on the opposite side.

'So this is the destructive power of the long nose vehicles?'

Artemis' mouth still hadn't closed to now, seeing the hellish horrors outside. Although he felt pity for anyone who faced such an opponent, it didn't mean he would turn soft and let the enemy go.

His Soma should have already experienced hell under the rule of these invaders. So what these Adonis people got, what they deserved!

Artemis took several deep breaths. "Impressive, brother... I have to admit your strength is far greater than I expected."

He thought they would fight with swords, arrows, and black powder. But the reality proved they could pack a heavy punch while still driving safely within these godly vehicles.

Soma felt a heavy stone drop in his heart, finally convinced he had brought a powerful force as helpers.

If before he had doubts, now he was 200% certain of their victory.

Payne and the other Giants felt the same, their faces going from shock to realization and excitement. But soon, Payne's smile stiffened.

"Fa... Father?"

He was far, far too late.

Payne's eyes moistened, seeing the few skeletal pieces linked high up on the front walls of a familiar sight.

The building was one of the 3 official buildings used by the city lord to address the common folk.

One could say the building was akin to a slender tower.

A massive roundabout surrounded the entire building, with ample space for many to crowd around.

There were 2 chains coated in old-dried-up blood, dangling from the highest points.

A prisoner had been hanged there, with his arms chained and his palms pinned.

"Father... "

Payne choked, tears continuously streaming down his flushed cheeks.

Judging from what they saw, the victim should have also had his arms, belly, upper chest, thighs, knees, lower shins, and feet nailed firmly with long metal rods.

It's been months since the victim was nailed; this explains why 99% of his bones were missing. The only bone structure left was his skull.

Above the skull's pitiful being was a massive board carved with the victim's name and crime, as though mocking his death.

.

"FATHER!... FATHER!... FATHER!!!"

Payne shook violently, reaching for the vehicle doors. But everyone held him back, the atmosphere turning chilly.

"Father... "

Payne choked, tears continuously streaming down his flushed cheeks.

His chest rose and fell vigorously, and his eyes became ferocious, like an unhinged beast.

"Payne!"

Artemis yelled his name, but it seemed that Payne was in his own world, incapable of hearing.

"Payne! That's enough, you hear me? Snap out of it, or you won't get your chance of revenge!"

Revenge... Revenge...

Payne woke from his trance, closing his trembling eyes tightly. With his head lowered, he addressed Artemis.

"Your highness... I know it's not in my place to make any requests... But promise me you'll let me kill the bastard who did this."

"Artemis didn't immediately talk, turning his attention to Landon.

"Killing blow... That's all you'll get."

He was too weak to take on the top Adonis dogs. So how could Landon let him fight the Final Boss one on one? He was here to protect them and not have them die unexpectedly.

Finishing blow...

He will give the boy this much.

Payne bowed towards Landon and Artemis. "Many thanks. That's all I need."

He must watch the enemy struggle and feel what his father felt. He must watch the enemy take his last breath under his sword.

Payne wiped his tears, feeling like a withered rose.

'Father... This unfilial son has returned too late. Please, forgive me.'

He already expected his father to die. But to die in such a disgraceful manner was too much of an insult.

Landon observed Payne from the corner of his eyes, quickly sending word for someone to retrieve the skull and other bone pieces found.

"Thank you, your majesty Landon." With this, he can give his father a proper burial after the battle.

Everyone's mood was heavy, their fighting spirits ignited even more.

Artemis inwardly blamed himself for taking too long, cashing his people to go through so much suffering. And just then, they noticed the skies no longer being darkened.

The darkness had vanished, and the temperature had risen even more.

Hell!

.

3, 2, 1...

Shwooooo~

Landon saw a small gathering of wind swirl, growing from dog-size to a monstrous tornado in under a minute.

So fast?

"Seat Belts!" One of the Baymardians reminded, and everyone doubled.

~Ju-Jhung!

The driver shifted gears, throwing his head behind his shoulders sternly. "Hold on tight... It's going to be a bumpy ride."

Vrmmmmmm!!!!

The vehicles took off like lightning, everyone on the edge of their seats.

moving

The fast and the furious?

Artemis recalled the movie he watched on the ship, feeling his heartbeat pumping loudly in his ears.

Oh, my Vine God! Are they going to pull those crazy stunts now? (°π°)

Artemis was thinking too much. They had already made such preparations with their vehicles during the Romain incident.

These many tornadoes were indeed troubling but weren't as powerful as the full-force tornado that appeared once in a while.

Though they were so tall that they went to the sky, these types were narrower and carried far less than a true giant tornado.

They could displace horses, uproot crops, and destroy fields, and homes with mud, sticks, and thatched roofs, carrying them some distance away.

But in most cases, those carried away survive, though injured by all sorts of unknown objects flying.

So they weren't like true tornadoes that were gigantic, with almost no one surviving when caught.

Against them, the enormous military tanks and the modified, heavy Military vehicles wouldn't be displayed and thrown high up if engulfed by one.

At most, the military trucks would spin on the spot, but the heat tornadoes won't be able to pick them up. And just in case they discounted, all military trucks had an anchoring system akin to spy technology, roping them to any targeted beam or pole.

Though they had protective measures against these tornadoes, it didn't mean they would sit duck and allow the tornadoes get to them. And besides... Mother nature was one well of an unpredictable lady.

Landon's pupil's dilated, seeing several unexpected tornadoes forming from a distance.

"Enough fiddling. All A1 units head to the City Lord's palace... It's time to end this."

Chapter 1623 Pleasure In Danger

Everyone's heart was drumming wildly in their ears.

Holy mother of pearls!

"She's a big one!"

The driver gritted his teeth, rolling the steering wheel leftwards. But why did it seem that the 3 strange tornadoes that appeared were after them?

Left, right, front, sideways...

The vicious 3 danced intimidation, always advancing with determination.

Bam!

A wagon fell in front of them, causing the driver to turn sharply.

"Keep an eye on the skies!"

The tornados began randomly spitting massive broken pieces in all directions.

What sort of magical world was this Hertfilia?

Landon wanted to file a complaint to the Goddess/God creator above.

What the hell? Why did he feel he was in a real-life video game?

Well, at least if he were to make a movie in future, he would know where to go for such realistic effects.

Landon formed, meaning his way to the front. Though the driver never complained or showed any signs of nervousness, his face was sweatier than all of theirs.

They indeed simulated such scenarios in training.

So when faced with the other heat-wave tornadoes, the driver did an excellent job. But the tornadoes chasing them were on a whole other level.

Landon steadied himself in the bumpy vehicle, patting the man's shoulders. "Good Job, soldier... Now, it's my turn."

The driver gritted his teeth, never taking his hands off the wheel and the pedal.

1 2, 3...

Landon was on the wheel.

Ju-juck!

Gears shifted, and thus began Landon's 'Tokyo Drift' fiasco.

Ahhh!

The giants and Baymardians smashed into each other, almost throwing up from Landon's driving.

Wooooooo~

(:TwT:)

Many Giants began praying to their Vine God.

Say no more.

It felt like his majesty was trying to rush them to their deaths! But the Baymardians seemed to have predicted such a scene,

What? Do you think they're newbies to his majestic operations?

You have to know that in the entire barracks, only his Majesty Landon, King-Father Lucius, Major General Mark, and a few others could force at such crazy speeds without any accidents.

If they were to do what his majesty was doing, they would definitely smash into a wall or get everyone injured.

As military personnel, it was important for them to know their limits and never go overboard because the most crucial thing drilled into their heads was safety.

So no one would do what his majesty was doing unless they had absolute confidence in their skills.

.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Horses, wagons, stones, tree branches, pulling carts, and all sorts of objects were picked up by these tornados and spat out again.

Since they began their attacks, they have only seen a handful of giants moving about. But from what they overheard from the many enemy scouts on trees and scouting ships, it seems these Adonis worshippers had placed a curfew on the people.

No one was to be seen out until all Adonis warriors, guards, and scouts made their shift changes.

So these people should only be allowed to leave their homes after 8 A.M or slightly earlier.

If any giants were seen prior to them, they would be executed on the spot.

Such control was brilliant since it made it harder for the against to scheme and take advantage of the night.

If they have to do anything, it must be during the daytime.

Some people might have tried to play smart but ended up dead for disobedience. In the end, it seemed these Adonis followers successfully kept things under wraps.

The handful of giants they saw, should they be forced out to complete one or 2 tasks.

Never would the enemy have known that this arrogant and dictator rule they placed was the perfect opening for Baymard to launch their attacks without worry.

Landon narrowed his eyes, seeing the tornados reflected in the vehicle mirrors.

'We can't keep going like this.'

"Payne!"

Payne, struggling to hold on for his dear life, tried to steady his woody body after hearing his name.

"Your majesty Landon, I'm at your service."

"We need a shortcut! Preferably a narrow alleyway! No stony walls, but clay."

Short cut? Slay walls? Where? Where? Where?

Payne examined the scene, his eyes darting around until a thought came to mind.

"I've got it! Your Majesty, 2 blocks up, take a right, another right, and then a left!"

There was an old alleyway there, with another room for a single carriage and ample wall space, enough to fit this vehicle just right.

Good.

Landon moved like lightning, driving for the alleyway. And at the first few turns, they separated from 2 tornados.

Still, the biggest of them all was still after them.

It was gaining in them as though having a mind of its own. And the narrower the path, the more violent it seemed. But Landon didn't believe his calculations would fail.

"That's it!" Payne exclaimed. "That's the alleyway!"

Everyone's heart was hanging on a thin string, feeling seeing the tornado now several inches behind them.

Will they make it? Will they pull through?

Success!

Landon stormed into the Alleyway and immediately halted the vehicle before lifting a glass and pressing a blue button--- Spider Latch.

Thup! Thup! Thup! Thup!

Several thin but incredibly strong ropes shot out from the vehicle on each side and firmly latched into the ancient clay alley walls.

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WEEEEEOOOOOO~

The tornado engulfed them, slamming numerous objects on the vehicle.

So this was what the inside of a tornado looked like?

Landon felt a surge of adrenaline juggle through his body, feeling very tempted to go out and test it for himself.

Hey... It was human nature to always have little devils in one's heart when experiencing things like this.

On the other hand, you're afraid, and you know the results would be catastrophic. But on the other hand, you can't help but wonder how it felt.

This is why even though parents tell their children not to do this or that, they still do it at times, knowing the negative results.

Who can honestly say from young till now, adulthood, they didn't do something they knew full well of the repercussions?

From looking a finger into a socket to sliding down the stairway rails even though it's 'dangerous.'

The scene made Landon's muscles clench.

Chapter 1624 Battle At The Palace!

The tornado packed a punch, shaking the vehicle and blowing for what seemed to be an eternity until the chaos ceased.

It's... Is it over? (°v°)

Look left, look right...

Everyone felt they had just experienced a real-life Blockbuster movie scene with them being the actors and actresses.

But what was this? Why was the air 5 times hotter than before?

No way! Is the tornado really so boiling? No wonder people get surface burn when captured in it.

They thought the information might have been exaggerated slightly. But who knew one could cook like a runny egg while engulfed by a tornado?

"All A1 Units, report status!"

Are they alright wherever they are?

Landon gave the driver the wheel, contacting the other units ASAP.

One must know they had launched their attacks surrounding the entire city first. So his units were in the North, South, East, West, North-West, and all other directions, all heading to the City Lord's palace. So what he experienced might be different for others, or maybe worse.

He wasted no time telling them of the dangerous tornadoes they faced. Telling them the direction he last saw the tornados travel last.

Of course, he also alerted the other units, like Lucius'. It was best for them to know of any strange changes, irrespective of whether they face them or not.

"Stay advised for any Tornados roughly XX wide and XX."

Artemis's eyes shone with admiration.

The second they escaped the tornado, the Baymardians became busy, some noting the tornado's appearance, others observing the damage it did and recording while marking several lines on the map they brought out.

These people adapted far more quickly than his Giants.

And just like that, the group reached the City's Central region, rushing straight for the very prominent landmass elevated above the scene.

"There..." Payne pointed at the magnificent structure above. "That's father's palace."

Good.

.

Landon drove off, noticing several giants peeking from their windows.

What's going on? Why did they see so many iron monsters?

They dared not go out, reaching for sticks and any heavy objects in their homes.

"Hide! Hide the children and stand guard by the doors!"

Several people stood menacingly against the doors and windows after seeing the few Adonis intruders on horseback get killed.

Terrible!... Terrible!...

Though they were happy to see these bastards die, they still shivered, having never seen such a gruesome thing before.

What sort of evil did they commit to face enemy after enemy?

First it was the Adonis intruders. And now, Iron monsters?

The Giants felt they had incurred some evil curse giving them bad luck. Or else why was everyone evil happening to them?

Could it be they did something to anger the Vine God?

Many grouped the objects in their hands firmly.

"Wife! Listen to me! Go down to the cellar, and don't come out until I say so!"

"No way! Who do you think you're talking to? I am a giant! Don't you dare look down on my strength! Son, you hide and leave this matter to your parents!... SHUT UP! Don't you

dare argue with me? I brought you into this world, and I can take you back! So go hide, and don't test me!"

"Father, I will help you defend!"

"Daughter, be obedient. Go hide from your father!"

"Father, are you looking down on me because I'm a girl?"

"Son, take your mother and hide."

"Father, are you looking down on me because I'm a 6-year-old boy? Forgive me for being wide, but I can not only beat the enemy but beat you up after I'm done!"

.

All around the city, several family heads were having headaches.

You have to know that it took a lot for them to convince their families to stay low-key against these Adonis intruders.

As Giants, their blood was always hot, with children, even at 4 years of age, saying they would die fighting the enemy.

It took a lot to convince them to lay low and wait for backup from the empire. But now, another enemy has come, causing their spikes to show like porcupines.

None were obedient anymore. The children refused to go down into the cellars, and the women refused to abandon their men.

It was so bad that some people had to knock out their children, gag, and tie them below.

Of course, they left blades at a close enough range for the children to free themselves after they woke up.

Giants...

They were indeed a ferociously troublesome bunch. And with their chosen objects at hand, they prepared to defend their homes.

But... But... Eh?

Everyone looked at each other skeptically, realizing that these iron giants weren't interested in them.

They watched a few people storm out to land hits on the iron creatures. But nothing happened.

Instead, the room creature ignored them and machine-gunned a few more Adonis followers ahead.

(-_-)

'Excuse us, Mr. Iron Monster... But are you only interested in these Adonis towers?'

Blink. Blink.

Was that truly the case?

Well then, don't mind them. You go on and do your thing.

(^_^)

Lalala-lalala~

.

Vrmmmmmm!

Landon stared at the majestic site growing closer. And on the way, his unit, A1-00, grouped with other units.

"All A1 Units report location."

[A1-04, reporting from the North East... Reaching the Palace gates in 5 minutes.]

[A1-06, also reporting from the North East. Unit is behind A1-04... 5 minutes before arrival.]

[This is A1-21...]

[A1-17....]

[A1-22 calling in.]

Report! Report! Report!

Alright...

Everyone was close enough, with only a few vehicles in each other.

Each unit had War Tanks, military transport & Surveillance vehicles, medical vehicles, and Heavy Militia vehicles with vehicle walls that opened up to reveal massive machine guns, grenade launchers, and other ammunition.

~Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time vanished like the wind until soon, they reached the incline leading straight to the massive palace walls.

This was it.

The final battle.

Everyone breathed heavily.

But just as they saw the enemy, the enemy had a clear view of them.

Kardinal Yu's hairs stood erect, seeing the army of metal monsters climbing the terrain, like any climbing an ant hill.

They were everywhere!

Chapter 1625 Taming The Beasts!

Gnashing his upper teeth against his bottom, Kardinal Yu tightened his grip on the rocky crown-shaped walls tightly.

Good Adonis! They are here!

Like ants climbing an ant hill, these damn metal monsters drove in from all directions.

Magnificent! They were truly extraordinary. Till now, Kardinal Yu was greedy to have them. However, the same sentiment wasn't shared when his men.

They stared wide open at the horrors before them. But before they could comprehend it all, a dazzling flash of light flickered, followed by the jerking sounds of his eardrums threatening to burst.

Oh no!

~BOOM!

Their faces went pale, especially after hearing the anxious cries of others.

"They've shattered the gates!

Many felt their legs turn into noodles, their minds now blank as a clean sheet of paper.

What? They have blown the gates up?

"Of course they have!" Kardinal Yu snapped, stating the obvious.

From the metal pieces that flew out, he bloody well knew that the gates were broken. So do you think he was blind?

He transferred his anger to the unfortunate man with no guilt.

Dammit!

He felt he was going crazy at the abruptness of the enemy's attacks. But if they think he would sit back and watch himself lose this battle, then better think again!

He, Kardinal Yu, was one of Adonis' most beloved humans.

.

"Kardinal, what is your command?"

His men were worried. If these monsters don't draw any closer, none of their attacks will succeed. Kardinal Yu was about to speak when he felt a familiar breeze blowing

The men had spoken for less than a second when suddenly, they felt a familiar breeze blowing.

Not good.

Kardinal Yu hastily grabbed the chains attached to the floors, feeling his body lifting to the heavens. The fierce winds blew even though they were this far high above the ground.

It was horrible luck for them to face such opponents on such a day.

~Ahhhhh!!!!!!

Countless screams echoed as many, caught off guard, were either sucked away by the furious tornadoes or fell to their deaths below.

Kardinal Yu's muscles bulged as he held onto the chains keeping his floating self from flying away.

Bam!

A ballista poorly strapped in earlier, missed his face by inches, crashing into another beside him. The unfortunate fellow began swimming in the tornado, exiting the battlefield unwillingly.

This was no time to dilly-dally.

Kardinal Yu's heartbeat accelerated while holding onto the chains.

To win this battle, a good plan wasn't all they required. The atmosphere and morale of his men cannot continue to remain low.

Finally!

The winds had now dispersed, and Yu regained his imposing stance.

"Everyone! Don't forget we have Adonis on our side. So calm your asses for me, and let's show these beastly foes what we can do!"

"Yeah!!!!~"

Kardinal Yu's words caused many to awaken from their slumbering fear, essentially when seeing him raise his rings high.

He was right!... The Kardinal was right.

[Fear not; stand firm. For doubt will drive you to despair.]

These words were derived from their Holy Adonis book s scriptures.

They knew the book and its many commandments by heart. The more they chatted the words in their heart, the more they felt this ordeal might be a test from their God to see if they would falter.

Concluding so, many stared at Yu with gratitude and determination.

.

Like so, the men regained their composure after the crazy winds were gone.

The enemy had already destroyed the gates, meaning it was only a matter of time before they began their carnage. And sure enough, he was right.

The moment the winds seized, the strange metal beasts began advancing across the open space.

"Good! Good! Great! This is our chance... Chapman Gandof!... It's time."

It's time to convert these beasts and make them obedient.

The one named Gandof nodded firmly with his sacred staff high, like Moses parting the red seas.

He looked awe-inspiring, with his robes and overly long and smooth hair that ran down his shoulders.

He felt that with his high rank, his sacred staff covered by Adonis, and overall blessings, he was bound to convert at least 10 of these metal creatures.

"Aiyo yo-yo~... Aiyo yo-yo~... Wololo~... Wololo~"

Gandof raised his hands and looked to the heavens before chanting and praying to Adonis in their Lampe native tongue.

Perhaps it was psychological, but the more the Thaman moved, the more they felt a sensation of a cool breeze caressing their cheeks warmly.

Adonis, is that you? Have you heard their prayers?

The archers were quick to take their positions around the surviving wall structures.

After all, even if their Thaman could convert 5 to 10 creatures at once, what about the others? They spotted close to a hundred of these strange beasts heading their way.

Too bad the initial attacks these beasts made had already destroyed the majority of their ballistae (Plural of Ballista).

Only a handful was left, and the men were still struggling to flip it back on its right side and start loading whatever ballista arrows they could find scattered about.

With the speed these creatures displayed, it didn't look like they could make their first ballista arrow fly before the creatures reached the now-destroyed gates.

Suddenly, everyone saw some of the creatures slow their pace and start at the Thaman Gandof.

Kardinal Yu almost crippled the nearby knight's back after excitedly snacking it severally.

"Bahahahahahahaha~... It's working! It's working! Soon, they will follow our every command!"

Everyone was in awe, once again amazed by how powerful Thamans were.

This was a sign that Adonis would always fight with them, provided they kept their faith in him alive.

Kardinal Yu grinned greedily with red-shot eyes. "C'mon, Thaman Gandof! Convert them and give them to me!"

Everyone thought it was a done deal. But very unexpectedly, the creatures began picking up their pace as they rushed forward and raised their long noses toward the excited bunch.

In a millisecond, Kardinal Yu's face pale.

Oh no... Not again.

Boom!!!

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1626 Breaking All Defences](#)

Chapter 1626 Breaking All Defences

Sh**!

Kardinal Yu moved like lightning, already taking cover before impact.

Boom!

Several blocks fell from the ground alongside the bodies of many. And amongst these bodies was that of the now headless Thaman Gandof.

That's right. He was dead. But Kardinal Yu didn't know this, as he began shrinking for his dear life.

No matter how much he wanted to be optimistic about winning, he knew it would be an impossible feat.

Kardinal Yu bit his bottom lips, feeling goosebumps cover his body.

Then and there, he chose to find a way and flee to the neighboring settlements away from this border city.

Yes! That was what he would do. He will leave and report the matter to the nearest Adonis forces, thus, becoming a hero.

Kardinal Yu nodded to himself. 'I must leave quickly.'

It wasn't giving up. It was being clever to finish the war at a later date. After all, how can he fight these many iron beasts with so few Thamans to assist?

Kardinal Yu kept brainwashing himself, thinking of how to flee the scene. But soon, the scene below made his jaws drop to the ground.

Vrrrrm!!!~

The metal monsters stormed past the gate, making a big fan and furious drift within the open space, with their sides/doors now open.

Drop and roll!

The Baymardains got to their feet with their guns and grenades targeted at the crowd of Swordsmen surrounding them. And it was at this moment that the dazed Adonis follows knew they were f**ked.

"Fire!"

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Loud snapping sounds echoed out, causing several people to dive to the sides with heavy breaths.

"Ahhhhhhh~"

Bullets made those at the front surrounding lines dance magically, as they dropped to their knees and kept their peered forward in transfixed disbelief.

They were wrong. They were so, so, so bloody wrong. Their enemies weren't metal monsters, but people like them!

Many gritted their bloodied teeth with blatant hatred brooding in their eyes when thinking of all they had been through this morning.

The enemy was probably having a laugh at them for their silly act of mistaking their metal carriages for beasts.

The muscles around their eyes twitched vigorously as those still alive quickly used their deceased brothers as shields.

A thick coating of sweat stung their eyes like a viper as it suddenly dawned on them that the war was on!

Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di~

The thunderous sounds made by the strange carriages never stopped. And those above the courtyard walls were the first to feel its horror.

"Sergeant Petra! Lock and Load!"

"You got it, boss," Petra responded with a confident grin as she quickly maneuvered her joysticks.

She sat behind a heavy machine gun, locking on her target while waiting for her 'assist' to reload her ammunition.

"Round 3!"

Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di-Di~

Countless flashes of light left the weapon's nozzles and flew into the air like laser beams.

Sorcery! Sorcery!

Those on the walls had never heard of such a divine weapon existing.

"Quick! Quick! Evade the lights!"

"We can do this. We can... Ahhhhhhhhhh~"

"No!!!!"

Everyone had open mouths, uncertain whether to breathe or scream after seeing their powerful Battleford's bloodied body drop several feet down, making a big splatter.

Evade the light?

They wanted to stand and do so while aiming their ballistae and arrows at the enemy. But they soon realized that anyone who tried to stand or get closer to the Ballistae never lived to complete the task.

Who will take charge? Who will tell them what to do?

Now, they were like headless chickens, running amok without a leader.

Throughout the dawn of time, people, be them modern-day people, cavemen, or medieval people, a majority are sheep that needed a leader to take charge and show them the way.

It could be a team leader, general, commander, patriarch or monarch.

Typically, every unit had 3~5 seconds in commands. But most people next in command were dead or brutally injured seconds after they tried making their move.

To make matters worse, they still haven't gotten any words or news from their Kardinal's side, making them think he was either dead or passed out from injury. But what they didn't know was that their lead commander, Kardinal Yu, was only lying low, trying to find a way to save himself and escape.

.

Like so, the deafening cries of those above the courtyard walls bellowed out. And those within the walls were equally dumbfounded after seeing how accurate the enemy's attacks were.

Wipe! Are you sure you're all human?

Those who tried peeping or positioning an arrow through the many wall holes were all presented with a shot straight to their eyes.

Brutal!

The bloodied scene was too absurd, especially when thinking that the enemy could launch such a successful projectile from fat down below.

No matter how skilled one was, human strength dispersed on a bow couldn't possibly make arrow shots into the windows at such heights. So, in the end, wasn't this godly?

(QπQ)

On the wall's 3rd floor, in a corner, a young Adonis knight couldn't stop quivering as he leaned against the walls, not daring to stand or take a peek.

With his hands on his head and his eyes seemingly unfocused, he felt death's embrace growing close.

"It's no use. It's no use... We're going to die... We're going to die... Adonis has abandoned us all!"

Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang~

"Ahhhh!"

The young man's soul seemed to be sucked away after hearing the screams of his comrades coming from not far away.

They... They are in the walls?

"If you don't want to die, drop your weapons now!"

Clang!

The young man in a daze subconsciously dropped his sword with trembling lips. He... He didn't want to die.

After joining a multitude of victorious battles, he thought he was ready to die a glorious death at any time for Adonis. But today's battle made him know just how much he loved to live.

It's over.

.

~Vrmmm!

Landon's team had long gone ahead, reaching the estate's inner sector.

The doors opened, and finally, Landon, as well as the Giants, stepped down for the first time.

"To the dungeons!"

Artemis unsheathed his sword, staring at the massive crowd of swordsmen storming out of the nearby buildings.

It's time they, Giants, join the fight!

Chapter 1627 [Bonus]Revenge For The Giants!

Stepping out of the vehicle with 2 guns at hand, one of the Baymardian teams focused on the many archers above.

"Go! We'll cover you!"

Artemis nodded firmly, moving towards the enemy swordsmen heading their way.

Before they could safely eject themselves from the vehicle, a majority of archers were already taken off.

Of course, the archers in question were the ones in the building ahead.

It would be impossible for arrows from other buildings to hit them, given the distance.

This was the city lord's palace, with buildings being a long throw away from each other.

They were separated by massive lawns, roads, ponds and whatnot. So their only worries were from the archers on this single building ahead.

Although the building had only 1 floor on the surface, it still had little watchtowers shooting out from each corner, allowing the archers to launch their attacks.

As for the building's length, it was half the length of a standard street block.

For many unaware, one side of a street block can have 10~12 standard homes and lawn spaces separating the homes. So one could only imagine how lengthy the building truly was. The building's width was also half that of its current length.

So for its overall shape, one could imagine a long rectangular building with watch towers on its 4 ends.

.

This building was the primary holding residence for prisoners. Because while it gave the illusion of being a single-story building, it hid far greater things below the surface.

That's right. The building had 3 massive underground floors for prisoner confinement. The further one descended, the more important or dangerous the prisoners in captivity were.

Thanks to Payne, Artemis and the others had memorized the prison map, knowing how to descend the tricky building.

~Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang!

Artemis didn't stop when hearing the booming sound from behind.

"Giants! It's all up to us now!"

Artemis raised his sword at the charging enemy and pushed the bastard back with sheer strength.

"Don't you dare underestimate us, Giants!"

He ducked another attack and twirled with his sword slashing the fellow's belly.

Grahhhh!!~

The enemy fell to the ground, somewhat stunned by the unexpected blow. But he wasn't dead yet. Seeing as Artemis was battling with 2 others, he sneaky rose and rushed with all his might at Artemis from behind.

"Die!!!~"

A cold light flashed, and all the enemy could see was his blood squirting crazily from his neck.

PUFF!

He dropped to his knees, unwilling and full of hate, keeping his burning gaze on Artemis till his blurry vision grew dark.

This was not how it was supposed to go.

Artemis raised his sword high, running Ouuuh nth the building after clearing the path.

"For Soma!"

"For Soma!!!~"

His Giants chanted, now feeling revenge within their cusps. And beside them were several other Baymardians, who were there to... as they said, 'cover them.'

This wasn't Baymard's fight but theirs. They were the ones who had to get their revenge.

So, the Baymardians were each told their assignment, which was to protect their targets amongst the Giants.

They would let the giants fight. But if an enemy pulled a sneak attack or greatly overpowered the giants, then they would finish the job for them.

Yup.

The one who shot the dagger and saved Artemis' life was Landon. He moved across the scene as though strolling in a park.

.

~Bang. Bang!

He shot 2 archers appearing at the door up ahead. Hey... It was another day for him to babysit Soma's chosen one.

In no time, they reached the prison's massive metal doors.

As planned, a majority of Baymardians would stay outside since the enemies from other buildings had noticed them and were constantly sending reinforcements.

The task of those outside is to strictly defend and hold their ground outdoors until the hidden team that infiltrated this inner zone on foot has taken control of the situation in the many buildings around.

Call it a distraction, if you will. But their actions of blatantly storming in and making a ruckus were intentional. And as expected, the enemies in the inner zone now focused their attention here.

Landon threw his head behind his shoulder, giving his second-in-command a knowing look. "You know what to do."

"Yes, your majesty."

Hold the fort and wait for the signal.

The plan was straightforward. And if anyone other than our comrades or the giants step out, take them in.

Bam!

The giant metal doors were sealed from the inside by the giants and Landon's group.

According to the map Payne provided, there should be another entrance/exit door of this nature on the North-East side of the building.

With their doors sealed off, it was time to begin phase 3. But not just yet.

The Baymardians were quick on their feet as they raised their weapons and guarded every door or exiting path exiting the entrance hall. And soon, they made various hand signs.

'All clear.'

Good.

.

Landon opened the top lid of his communicator, like Buzz Lightyear, as he contacted another team.

"A1-023, A1-025, A1-027... This is A1-Prime. Report status."

[A1-025 reporting in. It's done. North-East door is sealed. Team's A1-023 and A1-027 are confirmed present.]

[A1-023 reporting in. Along with A1-027, we are about to clear off the remaining enemies on Ground floor.]

[A1-027 reporting in. We are ready for action!]

"Excellent. You may begin. Good luck, and stay alive! Over."

Tut...

Everyone watched Landon slowly close his communicator before staring at the middle hallway path ahead.

"Tell me... With the noise we caused, is it possible that these guards wouldn't have heard us?"

Artemis frowned. "Impossible. Even those in the cells should be able to hear us."

Yeah. Payne nodded.

On the first floor below ground level, the option cells had small tiny bars at the very top of the cell, allowing little sunlight, wind, rain and sound to travel through. So how can they not hear a thing?

No... Something was up!

Chapter 1628 Heaven's Fury

Payne accessed the matter deeply.

The first underground floor was designed as such. But as for the other floors below, the prison formation was different.

No cells were placed along the outer walls—instead, the hallways circled the cells. Meaning the outer walls were along the hallways instead.

Thus, the ventilation channels on those bottom floors ran along the outer walls.

All in all, the ruckus they made should have alerted the giants.

So if no one has appeared or moved, it could only mean one thing.

Payne blurred his thoughts. "They are planning something."

With grim faces, everyone stared at the dark, gloomy hallway.

"When backed into a corner, even rabbits will know how to kill wolves... Keep vigilant. The plan remains the same."

"Right."

Both Baymardians and Giants nodded.

The group cautiously advanced through the dark hallway, leaning just a handgun of Baymardians to guard the doors and hall.

The hallway moved like a snake, slithering, curving, and many a time splitting into twos. And every time it divided, one path would be far narrower than the other. This was to confuse intruders.

Think about it. The best way to analyze it was through ordinary roads.

Everyone knows that highway roads were far broader and wider than other paths. So if one were lost, they would often try to find a highway oath, that is, a bigger road, thinking it would lead them to whatever destination they wanted.

The same was true here. If they followed the latter path, one would expect it to lead them to the floors down since the entire building itself was for the purpose of keeping prisoners.

In contrast, the smaller path was like a footpath, so small and seemingly useless at first glance.

It had barrels and other proper disguises to make one think they would be headed for a small storage room with buckets and rags. But that wasn't all.

After a while, the small road broke into 2, both looking alike.

According to the map, they took a left, then another left, and finally a right. The road kept splitting into 2 at every turn.

As for the paths they missed, they should loop with each other at another far end of buildings, maybe in the North, East, or who knows.

Like so, they maneuvered their way to the final fork in the road. This time the roads broke into 2 unequal roads: one massive and another very tiny.

Yes. It was the same as the first path they faced when they started. But this time, they took the biggest path.

"Well done, Payne." Artemis placed his hands on Payne's shoulders. "It's because of you that we could make it this far and this quickly."

Payne scratched his head, particularly embarrassed. He didn't think he did anything out of the ordinary.

After all, even a 5-year-old child in his shoes could probably do the same too.

As the one to take over his father's duties, he knew his palace at the back of his hand. He also knew his land t, down to the very last detail.

He knew what plants grew where and even knew how many steps it would take to move from one point to another in his land.

That is, if one day he got blinded, he would still be able to live without issues here. But he wasn't the only one.

People in this world pay attention to details far greater than one could imagine. They could remember things as though they were reading them out from a textbook. It was all because they had trained their minds from birth to be like this.

Moreover, as an heir, his father had shown him all the secrets in his territory and explained the prison's mazes too.

His father had only told him once. And after that, he was told to make his way to the last floor without assistance. That was his test, which he passed with flying colors.

Payne felt almost everyone in this world could do it. So it wasn't a big deal.

He was right. Artemis thanked him for making it out alive, so he could later show them the way.

After all, if Payne wasn't here, their operations should've taken longer than it was now.

.

Ah!-

One of the Baymardians noticed something as she numbered her head sideways. And everyone gave a good distance between themselves and the door ahead.

"Report. What did you find?"

"Your majesty, it's the door. Looking at the door from our end, it has 2 box hooks on it and on the adjacent walls. But after trying to open it, I failed."

"As Sir Payne mentioned, the door can be locked from either side. So they've locked us out?"

The female soldier nodded. "Affirmative. I may be wrong, but they should be buying themselves time for whatever plan they've conjured."

Everyone nodded in agreement, but just as the enemy was short on time, they too didn't have time to squander either.

"Destroy it."

"Yes." The female soldier nodded before hastily throwing a small but lethal explosive at the door.

Oh my God!

Everyone felt their blood pumped and their muscles swell with vigor.

"7 seconds! Everyone take cover!"

Go! Go! Go!

These giants have seen what such a tiny thing can do to an enemy and dared not slow down.

Their bodies became infected with adrenaline, and their speed was the best they'd ever done.

Oh My Vine God! ... Was this what their enemies faced when seeing the small devices thrown at them?

In under 5 seconds, they had reached the end of the straight hallway and began dicing to the side along the sharp turn.

BOOM!

The heavens shook with fury as a deadly wave of heat filled their lungs. If where they were was already so hot, then imagine how people who receive first-impact attacks felt.

Woosh!

Several metal pieces slammed into the wall ahead, with some pieces even digging into the stone crevices.

Payne's eyes bulged exaggeratedly. If they were still out there, these pieces would've sliced them to bits.

How scary... Many giants made a mental note, swearing never to provoke these Baymardians in their lives!

Luckily, these Baymardians weren't bad people. Or else it would really be over for their Soma empire.

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Cough. Cough. Cough~

Several people coughed while getting on their feet.

"MOVE IN!"

Chapter 1629 Breaking In

Several premature cries accompanied the explosion... In short, the earlier scene went out as such.

--2 minutes before the explosion.--

Several Adonis followers leaned on the other side of the heavy metal door, listening to the Incoming footsteps.

With careful analysis, they knew these intruders had arrived here without pulling barrels or carrying heavy quantities of black powder.

Let them be clear. If one places 3 to 4 barrels of black powder on the door, it should blow up.

No matter how carefully they tried to place the barrels down, the hallway floors on the other side were made to echo the littlest noises.

They had been listening in like how professional vault crackers listen to a safe's 'heartbeat.'

Nothing.

They could only hear the steady footsteps of these intruders.

Again, even if 2 people carried the barrels, their footsteps should also sell them out.

Who were they? Adonis's followers who were at the top tier in terms of power in this world.

Their training wasn't ordinary, and the moment they understood their reality, they decided to change strategies. But for their plan to succeed, they must first lure their enemies where they want before sealing these bastards in here.

As they say, one must tackle their current problem before delving into other matters.

So how they would escape the building was put on a later matter. For now, they first needed to escape the underground floors and emerge to the surface floor.

Bottom line, these people didn't come along with barrels of black powder. Even if they brought a handful of black powder, it wouldn't be enough to destroy a sturdy door of this caliber.

So being as smart as they were, they had already made their plans, knowing the intruders would send people to bring black powder here after realizing the door was shut.

This was the battlefield, and every second counts.

So the enemy would swiftly not sit and wait for them to die of starvation in hopes of forcing them out.

Again, the enemy would be afraid that they would hold some of the giants hostage. So the intruders should be more impatient than them. The fact that they stormed into the inner sector and first targeted the prisons showed they were here for the giants in their custody.

Look at it...

After accessing the matter, aren't they more likely to get through this hurdle?

Of course, these guards had plans without knowing the enemy's true potential.

They had heard and only vaguely seen the explosions after hearing the gut-wrenching cries from their comrades. A wise man knew when to back down and rethink their strategy.

Some were looking off in the many office rooms on the ground floor when the attacks commenced.

Some were preparing to carry large heaps of molded and water-soaked bread for the prisoners, while others were already underground, patrolling and bullying the prisoners to their heart's content.

So when the attacks began, they also wanted to go out and fight back. But after hearing the cross of their comrades and seeing the casualty rate, they dared not act rashly anymore.

It was then that they devised their grand scheme of trapping the enemy down below.

But if they had anticipated the enemy destroying this door with black powder, how would they do the trapping?

Easy. Lead them to the place many call the bloody chambers. It was a torture room on the 1st floor that allowed the horrible screams of others to all underground floors.

It had a good psychological effect because whenever prisoners from the 3rd floor were tortured, those on the 1st floor with lesser crimes were always the first to wet themselves

They would have sleepless nights, wondering if they too, would have such a gruesome fate. And many times, they became more obedient than before.

Leaning on the door, the Adonis followers who acted as bait, smiled merrily. In whispery tones, they couldn't help feeling proud.

"Good. Good. It's all going according to plan. They tried opening the door and should be discussing countermeasures."

"That's for sure."

"Okay. Everyone get ready. Once the black powder is brought, we'll move away and wait for their chase."

"Ah!" One of the followers, with his ear to the door, couldn't help smiling from molar to molar. "That's it! They are risking away now... Wow! They're running so fiercely."

"Pfft~... It's like Battleford Hildo said. They are more anxious than we."

Suddenly, the follower listening in frowned. "Something doesn't feel right. Why do they keep counting down?"

4... 3... 2...

The Adonis followers looked at each other and understood.

They miscalculated.

"RUN!"

~Boom!

It was already too late. And all they could do was scream while suddenly finding themselves flying through the air like a disc.

But the worst was yet to come.

~Slash!

Many watched their bodies get sliced and diced by the many exploding metal parts while in mid-air.

Heads rolled, blood splattered, and intestines sprung from their open bellies as the strange heat fried them to a char.

Their dark, fried, and dried-up blood coated the walls and ceiling, giving it an even gloomier look.

Till these Adonis followers took their last breaths, they still didn't understand how they had miscalculated.

Did the enemy really bring in barrels of black powder without them noticing?

Out from the smoke that rose around the shattered doors was Landon's group, slowly emerging as though they were in an Indiana Jones movie. They swaggered in calmly as though not fazed by the destruction behind.

[Dead Adonis followers]: (¶...¶)... Our beloved God, Adonis, will judge you!

.

Like so, the matter with the door was dealt with. But the many Adonis guards ahead, took the explosion to mean their plan was going well as predicted.

The torches hanging on the walls of the prison hallways had all been quenched, and the entire place was inky dark.

Hehehehehehehe~

A wicked light flashed across the faces of many Adonis guards.

Now they were waiting for their bait to lure the enemy to the torture chamber. But what came next left them in tears.

Night Mode on... SILENT Rifles in hand... Steady, aim... Fire.

~Bang!

The Baymardians had no time to waste. This bloody war has been on for too long.

Landon chewed his gum while casually staring at his watch.

"15 minutes... That's it. Round things up and get the hostage out."

"Yes, sir!"

Chapter 1630 Friend Or Foe?

No torches were illuminating the thick black stone dwellings. Darkness was all many could see.

The air was cold, the floors were icy, and the eyes of many struggled to stay open amid their swelling.

What was going on here?

On the 3rd floor, deep in the heart of the underground prison, 3 towering men locked in the same cell couldn't help noticing the commotion.

They were giants, tortured beyond belief, with some losing toes and fingers and others dawning gruesome lines of the enemy's design.

Their skin was clammy, and their breathing was thin and ragged.

They had been asleep earlier but had their eyes sprung wide open the moment they heard the strange noises from above. And coupled with how these Adonis bastards jumped around the place, they were sure it was an enemy attack.

But who?

2 out of the 3 men were anxious, wishing that whether foe or friend, the intruders would hurriedly find them.

Their friend, Nicolas, was in dire need of a healer. Even as they closed their eyes, they never slept deeply, focusing on his steady breathing.

They've all been tortured, but not as much as Nicolas, who miraculously survived after so many months. But they knew he was running on borrowed time.

As the days went by, the number of hours he could stay up during a single day slowly declined.

This was bad. To watch a great Commander of the 4th Riverre legion die in chains against the thick walls of their own prison was a painful experience for them to watch.

Nicolas became so weak that he no longer fought off the rats eating at his many festering wounds.

Even if the intruders were enemies, they would do their best to manipulate and give it fake but convincing words, tricking the enemy into first treating Nicolas's injuries.

'Nicolas, you bastard! Stay awake... Stay awake, buddy... For your wife and children, don't you dare go dying!'

Brentford and Colin called their friend with red eyes, but there was no response, just chaotic sounds of breathing flooding the cell.

The duo gritted their teeth, troubling their attention in the hallway opposite their cell.

'C'mon! C'mon!... Anyone... Hurry up and find us!... Please...'

They began praying to the Vine God for luck. And almost immediately, their prayers were answered.

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

The faint sounds of steady running echoing across the space sounded like heavenly music in their ears.

With hope in their sunken eyes, they jilted their boney faces forward, looking at the hallway intensely.

Din. Din. Din. Din. Din. Din~

The footsteps kept growing louder, and the sounds of cell doors opening made the fire in them burn even more vigorously

If so many cell doors were opened, it meant these intruders were freeing their Giant comrades. At the same time, they didn't want to be too optimistic; after all, before getting locked up themselves, they also had notorious prisoners in their custody, some of which were giants themselves.

Colin and Brentford took deep breaths as strange lights slowly illuminated the dark, shadowy hallways.

Shadows... They saw shadows of people, most of whom were not the height of they, giants.

It was easy to tell. The few giants amongst these people had shadows that sprung to no end.

The duo immediately assumed that the giant there must've been freed from the cells and tagged along with them.

Then if that was the case, who were their rescuers?

They looked towards the hallways and were quickly met with several firm eyes glowing fiercely at them.

They didn't recognize these people in strange attire. And soon, they saw people they couldn't believe. They were his highness, 3rd Prince Artemis, and Payne, the young master of the Riverre city.

"Your highness..."

"Young master..."

The 2 couldn't help it as they lowered their faces and cried in shame.

"We have failed you all."

Payne felt emotional, seeing his former strong and burly uncles now reduced to this.

The failure they meant was failing to protect Riverre, hence failing to protect Soma and its people. That was their apology to Artemis.

For Payne, it is more personal. They failed to protect their lord, letting him get hanged before their very eyes in the most disgraceful manner.

On that day, they screamed and tried to rush over to stop the madness but were no match for these bastard Adonis worshippers.

After so many months, their lord will have no remains to be buried.

They struggled to control their quivering as salty streams flowed down their cheeks.

It hurts...

Their hearts hurt from the grueling event that now seemed like a distant memory.

They struggled to control their quivering as salty streams flowed down their cheeks.

"Your highness... Young master... We have failed you." The duo sang the same song while being unchanged and supported. No one interrupted their cries.

It was only after Nicolas was freed that they recalled his current situation.

Their faces trembled as they briefly examined his condition. "Your highness, you have to help, sir Nicolas. He's dying."

The Baymardians had grim faces after driving away the rats gnawing on his wounds.

Nicolas was drenched in heavy layers of sweat from head to toe and didn't seem aware of their presence.

With their first aid battle experience, they quickly checked his vitals and condition, feeling their hearts fall.

With a small flashlight, one of them checked his pupils, and his apparent external injuries were briefly inspected and noted for no more than 40 seconds.

They moved so swiftly and professionally that Payne, Artemis, Colin, Brentford, and the other Giants, couldn't help acting like people in a hospital, waiting for good or bad news.

Well, speak up, man! What is his situation?

"It's not looking good. He has fallen into a deep sleep."

He was in a coma, but whether it would be long or short-lived would depend on how much time is delayed before treatment.

So what were they waiting for?

Move! Move! Move! Move!

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1631 Yu's End](#)

Chapter 1631 Yu's End

Like lightning, one person piggybacked Nicolas while 4 others accompanied them out.

Each unit had its own medical team, no matter where they chose to begin their attacks.

"This is A1-Prime, calling all A1-medical staff on standby for emergency operation. Victim is Sir Nicolas Kelper. Age, 31."

This was an emergency situation, and they didn't have time to dilly-dally. Thus, Landon explained all the visible external injuries he spotted. When Nicolas reaches the surface floor, the medical team will take him away with medical stretchers.

They had to time his rescue well since the heavy winds were still not over. And I'm the matter of the prison, they also had a lot to consider.

This prison didn't belong to them, so they didn't know much of its prisoners that were here before Adonis's attacks.

Nonetheless, they couldn't leave things as they were. So whether a captive was a true criminal or an outright citizen being to Soma didn't matter.

They only freed the heavily injured prisoners for medical assistance and those Payne recognized.

As for everyone else, they will have to stay out until the war officially ends. It is then that they would start sorting the identities of these people. According to Payne, all Riverre prisoners had files, as should be. So they would go through them to separate the innocent from the guilty.

Of course, Colin, Brentford, and the others that Payne recognized and freed should also be able to identify their subordinates locked up here.

Sure enough, as they passed, the duo would stop them occasionally, pointing at several others too.

Alright.... Time to speed things up.

Their reunion was good and all, but there was still a war outside.

Payne tightened his grip on his sword sheath, feeling the need to release his turbulent emotions. How can he be happy when they haven't caught the main leader running operations here?

Everyone they met worked underneath that one man.

From Colin's information, they called him Kardinal Yu. As for his description, they also had that too. The information was passed to every single Baymardian scattered across the entire Riverre.

No matter where he is hiding, so long as it's in Riverre, he's destined to be captured.

Hehehhehehe~

Several giants clashed their fists provocatively.

It's time they find the dear Kardinal.

...

Ahhhhhhhh~"

Kardinal Yu heard the ear-deafening cries of his men but didn't move an inch. He was hiding under several dead bodies within the wall.

Dammit!

What sort of monstrous enemy have they made for themselves? Kardinal Yu wanted to curse but dared not open his mouth.

How to escape?

Boom!

The thunderous sound mapped out again, sending an oddly primitive warning at the back of his mind.

His Kardinal senses were tingling. And he felt that should he move, he would be caught in a split second.

However, he couldn't stay here all the time, could he?

Kardubal Yu knew more than any that the best time for an escape was now and not later.

The more his people die, the freer these villainous intruders.

Soon, they will start checking all dead bodies, perhaps slicing off the heads of all who died, lest someone gets 'resurrected.'

That was how they, Adonis's warriors, and several other people in this world handled matters after the war. So was it when the war was over that he would be thinking of freeing himself?

Alright. He was going to do it... It was now or never, Kardibal Yu told himself while feeling his chest grow tight.

He slowly opened his eyes into a thin squint and carefully observed his surroundings.

F***! Why were there 5 intruder guards standing not too far from him? Dear Adonis... Was this some kind of joke?

'No. No. No... I can still do it. I need to eliminate the closest one without the others noticing.'

[Baymardians with heat goggles]: (-_-)

His title as a Kardinal wasn't for naught. He was even better than many assassins in the world.

Very slowly, he raised his body and slowly got to his feet.

At this moment, it seemed like he vanished. Technique and experience had taught him how to make use of every little detail in a room. And the closer he got to his target, the creepier his smile became.

'I've got you now.'

Yu's hands moved like flexible spears as he plunged them without mercy. But to his surprise, the guard suddenly ducked, swirling around and blocking his attack.

He has been discovered. He had to finish his fast, giving the guard no energy to yell.

Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!

The duo moved crazily, each blocking attacks from the other. Legs flared, hands moved, and bodies swirled as they attacked in utter silence.

Swish!

The Baymardian's cheek was struck to the left. And when he turned his face, one could see a freshly made slash mark and a thin strip of blood slowing down his cheeks.

Hahahahaha~

Yu was ecstatic, seeing as he got the damn bastard good.

'If I increase my strength, I should be able to finish him, switch clothes, and vanish.'

A moment of shock flashed across his face. He had to admit that against Yu, he was struggling to maintain his form.

He, Captain Osman, was struggling against this Kardianal. Osman clenched his fist, not satisfied with his results.

If he wanted to fight noisily, he would be on an equal footing with the Kardianal. But his silent battle made him aware of how lacking his assassin techniques and skills were.

There was a big gap... One he wasn't pleased about.

When he got back, he would double his training. But for now, it was time to end this.

Kardianal Yu was shocked, seeing his opponent's change in fighting style.

F***!

This bastard will alert the others this way.

Osman grabbed Yu's attacking hand, lifting himself in the air and smacking Yu in the face with his knee.

Ahhh!

You son of a b**ch!

Yu was furious after seeing his own. He threw his hands up but was again used as a pole by the disposable Osman.

What the hell was this? Are you a monkey? Yu has never seen a fighting style like this. Do men need to train such flexibility?

'Aren't you ashamed? Do you still call yourself a man?'

Yes. [Osman]

'...'

Chapter 1632 Let The Games Begin!

Today was a peculiar day for many.

The bitter winds swept the land, causing a stir wherever they went.

Birds chirped, animals growled, and bees buzzed around their hives, also knowing the dangers of getting swept away.

It's been several hours since the battle for Riverre began. Yet, many giants dared not leave their homes just yet. But it was clear that what they witnessed today would be a worthwhile story passed down from generation to generation.

Beside a fireside, they would tease their young.

"Grandpa, can you tell us the story about the Great Battle for Riverre again?"

(^_^)

Whether one's fireside is indoors or outdoors, it left a familiar feeling of mystery, seeing the storyteller's shadows dance as they leaned in to tell their tale.

All great stories are told by the to reside after a warm hearty supper.

The Baymardians, alongside some Giants, stepped out along each street block to give brief messages to all.

The 3rd Prince Artemis, alongside their young master Payne, brought in Allies to rescue them from their bondage.

"We... We... We are free?"

"Hahahahahahahaha~... Finally! The Vine God has heard our prayers! Glory be to the Vine God!"

Many felt a sudden stab of emotions in their gut, feeling by the news. There was excitement, disbelief, and all sorts of emotions, especially considering that this should be the shortest battle in Soma's history, or perhaps the world's.

What? Do you think battle is a few hourly events? Please. Don't be silly.

The attackers make camp somewhere in the outskirts and start sending troops and legions to take over the city in waves. But even then, the attacks don't happen 24 hours a day.

After 8 or even 10 hours of battle, the attackers could call for a retreat before attacking with another set of knights barely 3 hours later.

Unless they plan to attack at night, they would withdraw their forces and wait to get ready for the next day's battle while also waiting for backup to arrive.

After all, with no modern telephone lines, messages would reach their backup teams differently. So they had to hook their grounds until then.

Sometimes the difference was a single day, and other times backup could arrive 5 days later. However, if they arrived too late after the main attacking forces were dead, then the probability of them winning was slim.

So isn't this short battle a miraculous feat?

(°_°)

... Are you sure it was a real battle and not a one-time slaughter event? Several Baymardians gently cautioned the crowds along each block.

They had to hurry up because the winds today were still windy. The winds blew every 2 hours... Blowing for 8~20 minutes at times. The shorter the time, the fiercer the winds.

The last winds blew and ended 35 minutes ago. So they had around an hour and 25 before the next cycle began. Knowing this, they addressed the crowd swiftly.

"Everyone! We will need your cooperation to check each home and building in search of any runaway followers."

Well, the homes might be cramped to them, but don't forget they were giants, and their height alone made all their buildings high-ceiling, which were also wider than an ordinary peasant's home in Pyno and many other places.

Many from the enemy's camp have been trained in the art of stealth. So ordinary blacksmiths, farmers, and peasants wouldn't even know if there were enemies in their homes.

"What? Is it that serious?"

"Oh my Vine God! Then quickly, search through my house first. I can't stay at peace with such an enemy there."

The Giants enthusiastically cooperated and were shocked to find several people in a few homes.

"Bastards! You dare to use this old man's home as a hiding place? Broom! Where is my broom?"

"F***! Old man, let me use my slippers."

With the accuracy of the Gods, the old woman's slippers flew and curved in the air, landing a solid hit that apprehended the follower's face.

He was already captured. So why the insult?

Pah!

He now had a thick red outline of a giant sandal on his face.

"Nice job!"

Many clapped in satisfaction, with some rushing the Baymardians into their homes. And like that, the streets were searched and also cleaned of all the dead.

The same was happening in the city's Lord's palace. It was just that the palace had more Carrion birds than any other place in the entire city.

These vicious giant crows swept in without mercy, plucking out eyes and looting the many corpses. But they were the only one's doing the looting.

"This is B10-Omega, reporting dirty, sir!"

"Good, good, good... Squad leader, your team will take on this field, collecting all the enemy swords, bows, armories, coins, and any vital items belonging to them. Is that understood?"

"Sir, yes, sir!"

All around, many units began taking up new missions. In no time, the battlefield covered in blood, gore and amputated body parts, began undergoing intense cleaning to rid it of its foul stench.

They might have won today's war, but this was just the beginning. They had to seize back every city, town, or village during their journey to the Capital!

The current war is over, and their following plans implemented. Lucious sighed while walking into the grand hall for the meeting.

"What's up with you now?"

Sigh...

"I miss my wife and precious daughter."

[Landon]: ...

Landon wanted to punch him so badly.

He felt he had been forcefully fed dog food now. You think he doesn't miss his wife, Lucy, too?

Tch.

'Show off.'

Landon inwardly rolled his eyes and soon got down to business.

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Just like that, the people of Riverre smiled brightly, as their long lost peace was finally restored. But they were the only ones in merry jubilation.

In another land far, far, away, several people also smiled when hearing the present reports.

"So my dear cousin has begun losing sleep?"

"Yes, master... Everything went according to plan."

"How wonderful." A very lazily, devilishly handsome man gave a light chuckle.

He liked this game very much.

Chapter 1633 Chaos, Chaos Chaos

A devilishly handsome man sat in his private quarters, reading the letters sent by his subordinates.

His smile, though slight, was enough to cause a storm in many hearts, leaving many women breathless if seen.

In the small but lavish quarters, there were 5 others in his midst. One was his best friend and 4 were his most trusted subordinates.

Pfft~.... Bahahahahaha~

Rudolf slapped his thigh and laughed till his belly ached when he heard the report.

"It's good. It's good. It's good that we have the bastard running around now." Rudolf was in a pleasant mood, but he also knew this was just the beginning of their grand plan.

Still, he just couldn't help himself after hearing the news. As a result, he sprung to his feet and was about to flare his hands in victory. It was enough for Sebastien's sweeping cold eyes to freeze him down in his tracks.

"Settle down... Your feet are unworthy of my seat."

" "

Are you truly my friend?

Rudolf was aggrieved, feeling a bucket of cold water wash away his triumphant feelings. Helplessly, he stepped down from the cushioned seat he was standing on.

Ugh~

Who can tell him why his dear sworn brother's kill joy ability keeps improving so much?

Shouldn't he be allowed to celebrate if their calculations went as planned?

Sebastien had a slight smile on his lips, looking at one of the letters in his hand one last time before rising up and calmly throwing the it into the fiery flames that scorched the fireplace.

"Aje. What are your thoughts? How do you think my dear cousin is handling things?"

"Not very well." Aje stated, as a matter of fact. He was second in command to Ghost.

If it were him, he too would be going crazy, trying to figure out who in heaven's name was so bold enough to do what they did.

Hehehehehe~

Don't forget that they, the T.O.E.P, know secrets and information that many might only know of in their afterlives.

Of course not all secrets could be connected at once, or even known immediately. However, it was always a matter of time before they knew. Because nothing could be hidden from them for too long. The same can be said about William's case.

Many in Arcadiana, and even Pyno, still don't know that William Barn, Sebastien's dear cousin, was the infamous Ghostly Prince.

That's right!

They knew of the Ghostly Prince, and even knew of some of his escapades.

The higher ups didn't have any inkling of the Ghostly Prince's plans against Alec Barn. But they sealed off the Ghostly Prince's activities and his whole existence from those below the top 3 ranks.

Who knows... Perhaps they were trying to kill 2 birds with one stone.

Firstly, anyone who kills a T.O.E.P member must die. This Ghostly Prince person wasn't the sort of person to join the organization.

No.

To them, he was a potential threat that could disrupt their T.O.E.P actions in Arcadiana. And that's why the beautiful plan of using him to set off Alec Barn was conjured.

It was because of this that the higher ups relaxed their spying on William's activities.

Though Alec was greatly hated by a majority of T.O.E.P members, he still had his friends, some of whom were in high positions too. So should they get wind of the matter, they would definitely sell the information to Alec for a high price.

What? Friends can't be businessmen?

People in their line of business never do anything for free. There must be something of equal exchange involved, even if they were friends/acquaintances.

Like so, things in Arcadina carried on in this manner over the past years.

They even hoped that William would also kill all of Alec's sons, making a clean path for whoever they chose to rule Arcadina next. And as predicted, the plan proceeded so smoothly, that even Sebastien and many in the T.O.E.P had never heard of this person called the Ghostly Prince.

It was only after Alec's death that the news 'somehow' broke through the organization. It's said Alec Barn had done the unthinkable, for the organization to make such a brutal move against him.

Such a move should have terrified them. But instead, many sneered at Alec's demise, feeling they were too smart to fall that easily.

If Landon were here, he would roll his eyes heavenwards at their arrogance. They were all sick! And what they suffered from was a disease he liked to term 'Acute Egotism.'

For real assassins, killers, and people neck-deep in this profession who had sky-high egos, each of them felt they were too smart and too valuable for the organization to cut them loose.

Everyone felt that if it were them, they would never be caught or fall into a trap, seeing as they were so smart.

What's more, they felt that even if someone had ill intentions for them, at their level, shouldn't they be able to feel something? This enabled them to prepare for whatever attack was on the way?

It was indeed true, because Alec experienced subtle changes in the organisation during the last 11 to 15 years of his life.

Poor Alec. He had been on edge for all these years while in turn watching out for their every move. But alas... He did not die at their hands, but at William's, just as the organization predicted.

Hooray!

The bastard Alec Barn was dead. And the one who killed him, the Ghostly Prince, should have also been hunted down and killed. But who would've known that the Ghostly Prince was actually the current William Barn?

No one even knew he was still alive! However, this brought up another issue.

Long, long ago, the organization made a promise not only to Sebastien, but to his grandfather, who happened to be Alec's exiled uncle too.

The organization granted them their wish, to deal with all Barns left in Pyno. And since the Ghostly Prince was actually William Barn, the organization couldn't kill him as they initially intended.

However, before he or even Landon dies, Sebastien has to play with his little toys to his heart's content.

Chapter 1634 Arcadina's New Legendary Figure

What did he think?

Hehehehehehe~

Aje chuckled lightly. "Young master... With the chaos spreading, the one called William Barn must be in panic. An entire village was burned under his former name, which is enough to spark public outrage... For now the people don't know who the ghostly Prince is... But once they do, one can imagine the rage and disappointment they will feel."

"Indeed..."

It was just as Aje explained. Don't compare the people of today to the people who lived in Alec's reign. Change has made them elevate their expectations, which only spelled trouble for William once this when things go crazy.

Sebastien was in an excellent mood.

His people had time ahead, and had already begun their work on a small village, not too far from the Capital.

The village was burned to the ground, with almost all of its population wiped out. The only ones left were those who told the dreadful tale of the man in a mask, who led his subordinates to kill their people.

The mask was identical to one of William's own back in his former days.

No one knows who this Ghostly Prince is... But they are already gnashing their teeth at his many murderous escapades.

Yes. They said many, because at present, there was a sign carved out of a field close to another far away village. The sign showed that the bastard had marked the village and would one day come to kill its people.

Just like that, the story of the Ghostly Prince began spreading to nearby towns, villages, and cities.

Some said he had 2 heads and teeth as long as a wolf's. Others claimed to have seen him on dark nights, drinking the blood off his victims' necks. And William who bloody hell knew he didn't do these things, would of course be offended and panicked.

Though he was innocent, many might not think so if he didn't handle the issue right.

There was a powerful enemy out there doing this. But who? Who? Who could it be?

As of now, William was still unsure of who his true enemy was.

Hehehehehehe~

Sebastien smiled, as his eyes focused on the mesmerizing flames that danced wildly.

"Tell me, Aje... Should the matter get completely out of hand, what do you think the people will do?"

"Detest William, thinking he was the same as their former ruler."

Their disappointment might lead to a revolt.

Rudolf nodded. In agreement. The difference between Alec and William was that no one ever expected much from Alec. But with William, the hope he gave them during these past years was enough to allow them to choose from a platerer of new jobs, get through illnesses, and lead better lives.

With him, they expected a new Arcadina. So to see him revert to Alec's ways would be a big blow to them.

And like sheep without a Sheppard, they would need someone to rally them up, wanting another ruler on the throne.

After tasting today's sweetness, no one wanted to go back to the days of Alec Barn.

Rudolf flashed his yellowish teeth brightly. "Yes, yes, yes! That's it! All we need to do is keep playing the Ghostly Prince card correctly, and we'll definitely be able to beat this guy fast!"

"It's not enough." Sebastian calmly added, as he slowly reached for a bottle.

He had to admit that he truly enjoyed the many Baymarfian beverages on his table. But for now, he was interested in something they called 'Chateau Latour.' It was a wine he liked very much.

Poof!

The bottle's lid popped off, and he poured himself a glass

"What we've done isn't enough.... Tell me Aje... How far do you think the news should travel by now?"

Sebastien shook his head. "Not far enough for what we want."

There were so many made-up stories spread among the people. But so far, the news has only reached about 5% of Arcadina's population.

Mind you, Arcadina's landmass alone was as big as a few continents in this world.

It was incredibly high, meaning the news had to take a while to get around. Again, its population was vast. So the other 95% of people who hadn't heard the news yet, were still William's supporters.

Yes. They made a big splash in the village region near the capital. But it wasn't enough if they wanted to get things moving.

Nonetheless, it was a good start, seeing as it was their first move against William.

Sebastien wasn't worried, seeing as they still had plenty of time before the organization's deadline neared.

At present, they were in a city a month and a half away from the capital.

"For now, we settle in... All Ghostly Prince raids will continue. In the meantime, we wait for news from Ghost."

Soon, the number one Assassin in Arcadina, would be squared off against his mighty Ghost, Veinita's #3 Assassin.

It would be a showdown to die for. Too bad he couldn't be there to watch it unfold.

Soon there was a knock on their door.

Who?

"My Lord, this subordinate purchased the daily newspapers as instructed."

"Good. You may leave."

William stared at the paper, his eyebrow raised high. Although he wasn't very interested in that cousin in Baymard, he still kept an eye on it.

'Dear cousin... If you're smart, you won't get involved in this way between William and I.' A puny and weak person like Landon was no match for him.

"So, are we done?" Rudolf sprang up again like a cheetah.

"I just got the latest season of Game of Thrones. So goodbye."

Rudolf hummed happily, while taking big steps towards the door

"It's with me." Sebastian calmly stated, while sipping on his wine. In Rudolf's heart, he experienced a wave of unpleasant fireworks when he heard him say something casual.

"You-You-You-You....Why is something I paid and sent for with you? Didn't I send my own people to retrieve it?"

Do you know how difficult it is to find the latest season around here?

(:P0P:)

Chapter 1635 William's Worries

Wooooooo~

Rudolf's shoulders slumped down.

It was so hard to get this new season.

In Baymard, people can access the latest season the moment it drops. But for the rest of the world, it takes time to transport it all across the land.

For the last 3 days since they arrived in this city, he has been searching for the latest season like crazy. It wasn't until now that a passing merchant had it, signaling that Baymard won't be too far from the official launch. Rudolf had a bad premonition.

"My good buddy, why is it with you?"

"Because I'm watching it and won't be done with it any time soon."

" _ "

"You're kidding me, right?"

"No."

"Then, then... How about the limited edition snacks I sent for? Did you at least leave those ones for me?"

"I had no idea they were limited edition."

Liar! Liar! You definitely know. Rudolf inwardly retorted, while telling himself to calm down, lest he accidentally drown his friend in a river someday.

"Fine. Now that you know that they are limited edition snacks, where are they?"

"Confiscated. They are mine now... Go send for yours."

"..."

(:TΔT:)

Bastard!

Was it a crime to be his friend? Rudolf wanted to complain but had no one to talk to.

Like so, the stories of the strange masked man slowly began spreading across Arcadian lands.

It was the story of the great Ghostly prince who left a mysterious GP mark everywhere he went.

Sebastian had made his move, and now it was William's time to do the same.

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-- The Royal Capital City, Arcadina, Pyno. --

It was raining hard these past few days, as summer came to an end.

Look. It was now September 30th. The tree leaves began to fall, and the weather also grew colder by the day.

Wild beasts of the forest had long begun saving up food for the winter. This was also true for farmers and many others, who harvested their crops and stored them for the harsher seasons.

The crops still planted were those that could survive these rainy periods.

But unlike other times, this year's seasonal crop yields were far greater than expected.

A new crop called the potato, which many initially thought was inedible, was very popular, since its yields were 3~5 more than that of grains.

It's been 2 years since Arcadina was introduced and encouraged to plant this crop. And so far, it alone has saved a great number of people's hunger.

They used to see this thing in the wild, but some thought it was poisonous.

Alas... Blame their ignorance.

With things running smoothly, the capital was vibrant, even during these rainy periods. The many newly improved transport wagons/buses drove around the city in an organized fashion, making stops here and there.

Official registered taxi drivers also worked hard, and many on the street could be seen holding several decorative Baymardian umbrellas. Of course, some people still use their ancient umbrellas.

There were many types of ancient umbrellas, depending on one's class.

Some umbrellas were made of bamboo sticks with animal skins stretched across them. These were mostly used by the poor.

Those in higher positions used oil-paper umbrellas that had hand-painted images and designs on them.

One shouldn't think that just because Baymard made umbrellas, there wasn't any need for these beautiful ancient ones.

Baymard's umbrellas were used for practicality, while the oil-paint umbrellas were used as fashion statements, for women to use when walking through the park on hot sunny days or taking strolls.

This was why umbrella makers here registered their businesses with Baymard, importing Baymardian umbrellas to sell in the colder seasons. And once the heat was on, they would switch back to mostly selling their oil paint umbrellas.

Of course, oil-paper umbrellas are also sold now, mostly for occasions like traditional weddings, special events, and so on.

Like so, the city was buzzing with activity despite the heavy rain.

The people's clothes were thicker, their shoes were stronger, and their smiles brighter. But the same couldn't be said for their beloved leader.

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-- Royal Palace --

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William's face was grim, as he lightly tapped his finger on his table.

In the room with him was his father, Oden Barn... his mother, Mona Ferris... And his uncles, Murel Ferris and Powin Ferris. His subordinates, such as Death, and his aides were also there.

In fact it was Death who brought the news directly to him.

Silence...

The foul weather added to everyone's already gloomy mood. And the fruits they chewed on now turned to cardboard in their mouths, as the news left a dry sandbox sensation on their tongues.

Bam!

Oden slammed his fist on the table.

"Who the hell is messing with us? How dare they use my son's title for their schemes?"

Dammit!

Don't let him find out who it is, or he will skin them alive!

Mona also agreed with her husband. Why was it that every time they sat on their own, minding their damn business, someone somewhere always wanted to provoke them?

Did they have some sign on their foreheads that read: Easy targets?

Why was this happening now that her beloved son was about to get engaged?

That's right. The girl from Baynard who happens to be a security guard, was the one William chose to be his only queen.

It took years of wooing to get her to agree. And finally, she did. And their wedding was scheduled for next summer.

Summer is the time for royal weddings. Who wants to hold them in rain and snow? Only in hurried situations would it be done.

Who?

Powin and Murel continued biting their apples, deep in thought about the matter.

When they spoke, their every word was always full of absolute wisdom. They were strategists at their finest, ones William valued highly.

They looked at each other tactfully, finally asking for the table to be cleared. Enough snacking.

There was a big situation at hand. But one that wasn't unsolvable, if they played their cards right.

Want to use their nephew's former title against him? Then think again!

Chapter 1636 Who Did It?

Like a wise sage, Powin had his hands hidden underneath his large robe, while Muriel calmly stretched his pen towards the paper on the table.

Everyone turned their attention to the duo, some even forgetting to breathe. The duo were not called wise sages for nothing.

Many could count on hand how many words they say a day. As soon as they open their mouths, you can be certain that half of your problems will be solved.

"Nephew, we have several thoughts on the matter."

"Hmmm... It's true that the enemy could be anyone, but let us ease your mind by narrowing down the culprit."

Powin raised a finger. "The first suspicion falls on people from the opposition party."

"Yes!" Oden's eyes lit up.

Yes!

Those bastards, though subtle on the surface, still want to pull William from the throne and crown someone from their camp.

The more Arcadina gets the better, the greedier they grow, coming up with several fallacies, like the one about William not being Oden's real son, or Mona not being an excellent example of what a true Queen-Mother should be like.

In short, they always looked to impeach their chosen ministers or cause chaos during weekly official meetings.

Some even wanted William to turn against Baymard, kill Landon and even steal its technologies.

They, who were used to living under Alec's reign of power, weren't pleased with William's way of handling things.

So what if Alec was murderous? At least, he closed his eyes and allowed them to fill their pockets and collect uncountable amounts of taxes on the people in their fields and lands. What's more, without slavery being an option, do you know how much they now spend a month hiring their former slaves?

Many slowly felt that having 10,000 or so slaves working as maids and butlers was no longer necessary.

They had to cut the cost down, but at least Arcadina now had many job opportunities for these people.

They have tried assassinating William more than a hundred times now. But somehow he always survived.

One time, the assassin's blade was already inches away from his neck, when suddenly a stone reflected it away.

But who can tell them who shot it when they made sure to keep all his hidden guards entertained?

Ugh~

It was so annoying, as though a strange force was guarding him.

[Landon]: (-_-)...

Anyway, the opposition also wanted to dethrone William. So it wouldn't be far-fetched for them to be behind this whole thing.

"It would also mean that one of our men betrayed us, leaking William's past out," Powin added, and everyone nodded in agreement.

It's indeed a possibility. After all, the human heart can also change. So perhaps something truly betrayed them. But what are the odds?

"I would say 10%" Murel suggested. Working with his nephew was far more profitable in the long run than working with any other Arcadian powerhouse. Only short-sighted people would betray his nephew.

He knew that the men they had lived with, trained with, and toiled with over the years in secret during Alec Barn's reign, weren't such people.

Still, one can never be too sure.

Powin and Murel continued talking in sync like twins.

"It could be them or not..."

"Which brings us to our second group of targets -- the Bandits."

Bandits?

Everyone frowned. Why did it seem more unbelievable than the first group?

The Sage duo smiled.

"Just as we can assume someone betrayed and leaked out our nephew's other identity."

"We can also assume that nothing of that sort has taken place."

Mona rolled her eyes heavenwards "Oh for the love of my ancestors, can you two just hit the nail on its head? You know I don't like riddles."

"Patience, Sister... "

"You're the Queen Mother now."

"_" [Mona]

Why did she feel the urge to strangle these two synchronized idiots to death?

William on the other hand, instantly understood what the duo were trying to convey. And they were right.

Let's take a scenario where no one truly knows he was the ghostly prince, but they're using the name for their own profits.

You have to know that after he took the throne, the Ghostly Prince never appeared. Some think he is dead, while others think he fled into hiding.

However, there will always be a small number of people who will want to use the name to commit evil deeds.

Who knows... Perhaps someone came up with such a plot, trying to build a name for themselves before they begin robbing or looting others.

There is a saying that reputation comes hand in hand with power.

Every Bandit gang must first do something crazy to establish themselves before they can truly send fear to others.

So it wouldn't be surprising if it was the work of some bandit organization or rogue noble, who's playing with fire.

They might think the ghostly Prince is dead, wanting to use his name.

Indeed that was a plausible scenario that could happen, especially with the many cornered bandits that they worked tirelessly to eradicate.

Perhaps the escaped bandits got together in an attempt to form a hidden organization, away from his watchful eyes.

Hey... Who knows...

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"Lastly... This act might be caused by an unknown enemy, one we haven't met before."

"Little nephew... Everyone... Think hard about all the possible enemies hidden in the dark so far."

"Who will want to dethrone you other than the people in the light?"

"Who will want everything you have now?"

Boom!

Fireworks exploded in William's brain. "Those bastards from Venitta?"

It was the bastard group who arrived back then and sent for William as if he were their servant.

To play along with them, William boarded one of their lavish ships. He was even told to step down, for some random unknown cousin to take the throne.

Of course, he killed the bloody messenger group, seeing as they were the first to raise their swords against him.

So could it be that the enemy was those Viets? Or was he wrong?

No matter what his thoughts were, they couldn't make any conclusions without obtaining their investigation reports.

Meanwhile, they had to calm the storm quickly.

Chapter 1637 Enter: The Hopeful Boy

Oh? A sly smile appeared on William's lips.

"Uncles, I take it you have a solution?"

"Yes, we do..."

"But we need help from our most trusted ally."

Baynard?

"Yes, nephew."

"Now, here's what you will do."

Everyone leaned in attentively.

The more they listened, the lighter their hearts became. And by the time the duo became quiet, everyone had a broad grin on their faces.

Hehehehehehe~

The wise duo delivered as expected.

"Remember Nephew. You only have limited time to get the job done."

"Yeah." The now-relaxed William replied lazily.

"Once we make our move on the chess board, they'll be forced to change their route."

"Good nephew... By then, we will see what other tricks they have up their sleeves."

Now, things are really getting interesting. Just like that, a war between those in the shadow and those in the light began. But who will win... Who will emerge victorious?

For this, only time will tell. After all, nothing was always as it seemed... Even if some had a clear advantage. But all this was for the future to tell.

On the other hand, things in Baymard were taking yet another explosive turn.

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- District G, Royal Capital City, Baymard -

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The district was bustling with people, moving in all directions, with umbrellas in hand.

The rain fell heavily, exactly as the forecast predicted.

District G...

The district was filled with regular hotels, bars, bank branches, malls, and all sorts of fun activities, enticed those who ventured.

This was the district that had the Baymardian national park and Baymardian Botanical Gardens in it.

Ah yes... Fall was here with a mighty woosh, as it had been raining heavily nonstop for the past 5 days. But unlike the many people passing by, Mathew couldn't hear a thing.

He thinned his lips and distracted himself from the mesmerizing lines of rain streaming down the glass walls.

He was at the Grizzly Cafe on Elmo Street, waiting for his sister. Luckily, he didn't have to wait for long.

Mathew watched a vibrant blue-haired girl hastily close her umbrella at the cafe's entrance.

Closing her umbrella, she hurriedly took out 1 Bay and slotted it into a distinct vending machine.

~Plop.

10 peculiar red tokens fell, and the girl moved to another machine and inserted one of the red tokens to dispense a plastic card-type key.

There was the number 233 on the key.

Great.

With this, she looked around the massive entryway space, determining that the left was for odd numbers and the right was for even numbers.

On each side were several umbrella lockers, designed not to occupy space.

The lockers weren't tall, reaching waist level.

With not a moment to spare, the girl slid her umbrella down through the narrow opening in the space labeled 233. And once her umbrella was in, a thick metal bolt pinned the umbrella at its neck.

If she wanted to take it back she had to slip the card through the reader to release it.

Once again, the girl was amazed by Baymard's crazy ingenuity.

The young girl quickly took off her raincoat and hung it over her arm. Thanks to the umbrella, only the bottom half was soaked.

Where was he? Where was her brother?

Emily darted her eyes across the cafe severally, until her focus landed on the waving youngster at the far end.

Her eyes turned crescent and the corners of her mouth couldn't help but swell with warmth. And without knowing it, she subconsciously walked faster too.

[Little brother...]

Her mouth moved, but no words came out. Yet, Mathew could understand her lips.

"Sister... You should take something warm before we go." Mathew excitedly suggested.

He couldn't believe he was seeing his sister again.

He was the only direct relative he had alive. And since she sent him here last year, he hasn't seen her again.

Baynard was really amazing. Who would've known there were schools for those with disabilities?

Even if you can't hear, or you can't speak, there are schools designed to teach people like him. Of course, he could also attend to regular schools for classes.

After all, provided he read people's lips, he would be able to make out what they were saying. Despite that, Mathew, at 10, still lacked confidence in himself and was very timid to attend a regular school.

He thought he would remain like this for the rest of his life, but suddenly Baynard released a revolutionary technology that caused the entire Pyno to shake.

Mathew didn't know how to act after getting the news. And at the time, it was everywhere.

Newspapers, TV channels, magazines, the internet, billboards... Everywhere!

At that time, Mathew recalled his visit to the Cathedral, offering his sincere prayers to his ancestors, as well as to his Majesty Landon.

He prayed for his majesty's help, and once again raised his fan-tier level towards his majesty Landon.

Honestly, if Landon was seen as the founder of a new religion himself, Mathew felt he might pray in Landon's temple and become a devoted follower.

The blue-haired siblings warmly greeted each other, while having a light but hasty meal. After all, they have an appointment at the hospital!

"Sister! When you called my school, I almost thought it was a scam! How did you get here so fast? From your last letter, I was expecting you in another month or 2."

Emily nudged Mathew's now playfully. "When I wrote last I was already on my way to see you. So do you like my surprise?"

Mathew nodded vigorously. "Sister, I'm so happy you're here!"

Although Emily gave him the go-ahead to visit the hospital, he has been doing so without an immediate family. Just friends. So it feels good to have her here.

In the hospital, he always listed the ambassador as his guardian. All international students use their empire's Ambassador as their emergency contact number.

Should something happen to them on foreign soil, the embassy would reach out to their families far away.

Of course, the embassy won't be paying their bill. They had to pay for whatever it was they needed.

Chapter 1638 A Miraculous Blessing

This early Saturday morning, Mathew was dumbfounded to receive a call from his sister.

Since coming here, he has been living in the same place with 3 other dormitory roommates. The call woke them up.

Mathew lived in the school itself, not wanting to rent outside since his sister had painstakingly paid for his tuition and boarding. His life and time in the school grounds were very fulfilling.

As for his sister, she got a good job as a secretary in a newly established Arcadinian construction company.

Though the pay wasn't as high as that for those in Baymard, it still made them live far better lives than before.

'Look at the time!'

Mathew looked at his watch nervously.

They had to catch the next bus, or they would miss their appointment!

"Sister! Forget about the food. We have to leave now!"

Emily bitterly looked at the croissants and freshly baked pie, wishing she had the superpower to swallow them in one bite.

Mathew wanted to laugh, seeing Emily's distraught look. "Sister, I'll pay the bill while you pack it up with paper napkins. I'll be back with a To-Go box."

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Mathew and Emily quickly moved across the capital as fast as they could.

If they could, they wished they could fly over to the hospital now.

Emily tapped her legs and wrung her hands anxiously

'Dear ancestors...'

She looked heavenwards and said a silent prayer in her heart. "Little Matty, you said you already did several tests?"

Mathew's eyes were filled with emotion as he replied, "Yes, sister. I was told to come today after I did them... I just hope I can have one too."

"Of course, you will." Emily encouraged, placing her hand over his trembling hands. "It will be okay. I'm here with you every step of the way."

"Hmm..." Mathew was touched and felt his nervousness slowly fade.

[Up next, Bridgeton Avenue.]

There! That was them.

Mathew nervously moistened his dry lips and clenched his umbrella hard, while readying himself to leave.

Several others also gathered their things making sure they left nothing behind. And when the doors opened, Mathew grabbed Emily and they ran.

There was no time. They still had to run to the next bus that would take them directly to the hospital.

The bus stop was just outside the train station. Yet, they had to rush because the place was overcrowded and broad.

In here, no one walks slowly, unless they missed their trains/buses, or weren't leaving anytime soon. A majority of people moved though they were flying

Emily's eyes shot red as she finally took a seat on the bus.

F***!

How had she forgotten about Baymard's fast-paced life?

It was raining hard, yet the dark circles underneath her armpits would suggest otherwise.

Breathe in, breathe out! Breathe in, breathe out!

Emily's nostrils were struggling to inhale all the air they could, causing her to take on a funny posture.

Many chuckled lightly while reading their newspapers or listening to their iPods/music players.

"First time in Baymard?" An old woman knitting asked with a smile.

"No... but it sure feels like it."

"Pfft~... Don't worry, you're not the only foreigner who says that."

After leaving Baymard for months and months, of course, their experiences always felt new when they returned.

"Sis, get ready. We're leaving in 2 minutes."

"What? So soon?"

Emily wanted to cry, seeing as she hadn't caught her breath yet.

Mathew was dumbfounded. Why was he okay, but his sister was breathing as though she was about to die?

They've indeed been running constantly. But shouldn't the time they spent on the trains and buses be enough for her to settle down?

Sigh... Forget it.

His sister arrived in the city early this morning. So maybe she was still exhausted from her long travels.

From the dark circles under her eyes, he knew she hadn't slept at all. Which also explained why her movements seemed sluggish, despite how much she tried to speed up.

While gaining her feet, Emily took a bite of the blue pie slice and followed Mathew into the enormous facility.

The bus stop was directly in front of the hospital's main building.

Wow!

Emily could tell there had been some improvements made to once again expand the hospital to its present look.

The hospital stood on one of the biggest estate lands around this area and had several buildings scattered about with some connected by verandas.

11:51 A.M.

They were 9 minutes early. Not bad.

Emily sat on her seat with a pleasant sigh. "Brother, will you eat your slice of pie?"

" _ "

"I'll take your silence for no."

(-_-)

Aren't you supposed to be the elder here? So why are you taking food from your little brother?

Mathew shook his head wryly, feeling he was very mature compared to his 17-year-old sister.

From time to time, his eyes fell between his watch and the door, until it was finally time for his appointment.

"Mr. Mathew McDonahey?"

"Yes!"

Mathew sprung to his feet, alongside Emily, as they followed the male nurse past the door and into another open space containing several offices and examination rooms.

"You may go in now. Doctor Silvia is ready for you."

"Thank you, nurse Gordon." The duo bowed gratefully after seeing his name tag. And in the office, they saw a very short and petite woman.

"Doctor, doctor!... Is... Is it here yet?"

After doing a series of tests, the hospital approved his need for hearing aids, telling him to return today.

So until he received it in his hands, Mathew feared his luck might somehow cancel his already approved notice.

Don't blame him for thinking so... Who wouldn't be afraid of such a blessing flying away?

Seeing their reactions, Doctor Silvia chuckled, understanding their worries. Mathew wasn't the first patient to act this way.

"Yes. It's here. And I'm pleased to say that after today, Mr. Matthew will be able to hear sound."

That's right. His hearing aids were available!

Chapter 1639 The Power Of Hearing!

Mathew followed Silvia to another room at the back of her office.

It was a small examination room, with cream-white walls, and a patient bed in the center. He also spotted a sink, and a series of cabinets and drawers attached to the walls.

~Bubuum. Bubuum.

Mathew's heart drummed wildly, as he watched Silvia take out a small box from one of the drawers.

It had his name on it.

Silvia smiled lightly while cleaning Mathew's ear with cotton swabs and several cleaning fluids. "Mr. Mathew, as agreed, you'll be receiving your hearing aid, which is a behind the ear (BTE) type. Before I let you go on your way, I still have to ensure that you're comfortable with this type."

Emily frowned. "Doctor, how many types are there?"

"Four... The first type is called ITE (in the ear), which sits comfortably inside the ear."

"So they are similar to the earphones used for iPods?"

"Well, yes... But these are wireless. They don't have long wires."

What? Without long wires? Impossible!

Emily felt it was too magical.

Even though she didn't fully understand technology, she knew that those long wires, just like phone cords, help transmit sound from the music pod to her ears.

So if the long wires are not present, how can sound still be transmitted?

Emily looked at Mathew enviously, momentarily wishing she too had lost her hearing.

Wipe! Such a device is enough to bring the world to a halt.

Tsk.

'As expected of Baymard. They never disappoint me.'

Silvia was amused by Emily's expression.

Regardless of the type, hearing aids have 3 main components: a microphone, a speaker, and an amplifier.

So what makes them different would be how these 3 parts were positioned, how they worked and what other special features they had.

Behind-the-ear (BTE), was the one Mathew had chosen. But there were 3 others, namely:

? In-The-Ear (ITE)

? In-The-Canal (ITC)

? And Lastly, Receiver-In-Canal (RIC)

The RIC one is just as its name suggests. Its receiver was a very tiny head placed inside one's ear. This head was attached to a short wire that connected it to the rest of the hearing aid positioned behind the ear.

From Silvia's many patients, most elderly people preferred this type.

"Brother, are you sure you want to proceed with the BTE type?"

"Yes." Mathew nodded viciously.

While he was taking his tests, he had already been informed of the various types and he was shown their dummies to test out.

He didn't want anything that would be placed inside his ears. It was better to have it hanging behind his ears, so his hair could cover it up.

Though everyone should probably know he has hearing problems, Mathew just felt it would be somewhat rude for him to have those things in his ears when someone was talking to him. And now, it was time for the moment of truth.

The hearing aid was clamped behind his ears like a fish's gill. And with a book covering her mouth, Doctor Silvia spoke softly. "Mathew, can you hear me?"

Mathew's face was frozen in shock, as his eyes widened in disbelief.

Though everything was unpleasant and strange, he didn't feel repulsed. The newfound sounds echoed through his ears, leaving him with a tingling sensation.

He can hear. He can hear!

"Doctor Silvia, you have a beautiful voice... I... I can hear not just you, but my sister too!"

"Little brother, that's great!" Emily choked on her emotions. No matter the cost of these hearing aids, they were definitely worth it!

"Sister! So this is what my heartbeat sounds like?"

Mathew was like a newborn baby, not knowing how to properly process sound. If they didn't tell him the background noise he heard was rain, he wouldn't have known.

Mathew swore he wouldn't cry, but his eyes seemed determined to betray him.

He could hear his heartbeat... and it was beautiful.

As Silvia watched the duo hug each other, she was once more satisfied with her profession. Even if she died today, she would go down peacefully, knowing she made many regain their smiles.

"Congratulations, Mr. Mathew. With this, your life will be even more colorful. But I must advise you to return every week for the next month."

Hearing aids often require multiple adjustments during the initial period of use.

One shouldn't expect Mathew to start hearing perfectly so fast. Everyone has a frequency on which they can hear.

Dogs have theirs, and humans have theirs too. But for deaf people, their frequencies were quite different, resulting in many adjustments needed.

Again, the more prolonged one's hearing loss, the more distorted the sounds may be.

So even if they used hearing aids to clarify what sound was what, their brains also needed time to readjust to the changing inputs.

Some patients have screamed and woken up at night, very scared because they couldn't understand certain sounds of thunder.

Over time, it shouldn't be a problem anymore. But Silvia advised Emily to help Mathew identify unfamiliar sounds, especially vehicle noises.

Sniff. Sniff~

Mathew quickly wiped his teary eyes, too embarrassed to look Doctor Silvia in the eye again. But his gratitude was real.

With a deep bow, he faced Silvia solemnly. "Thank you, Doctor Silvia. I will never forget what you did for me in this life!"

"No need to be so serious. It's all your money's worth. From now on, live a life filled with happiness. You don't need to feel inferior to anyone."

The duo felt like crying even more.

"Yes, yes! Doctor Silvia is right. My brother is so good. So why should you keep feeling inferior?" Emily hoped her brother would get rid of his inferiority complex and live his love to the fullest.

Leaving the hospital, Mathew felt newfound confidence stirring within him... One he had never felt before!

He looked at the buzzing Baymardian streets, as though he was seeing them for the first time.

'Thank you, your Majesty Landon... Thank you for making this lowly one hear in this life.'

Chapter 1640 Threading On Dangerous Waters

"Hahahhahahaha~... I can hear! I can hear again!"

"Baby... Is this what you sound like? I never knew you have the voice of an angel!"

"Wooooo~... My baby of 9 months, can finally hear us. I don't know what good my ancestors did in their lives to make my child get born in this era. But I thank them, and pray they continue to bless Baymard and his majesty with all their might."

"Yes! All Hail his majesty Landon!"

"All hail his majesty Landon!"

"All hail..."

"All hail..."

"Hail his majesty Landon!"

The father of all fathers, the founder of all godly technologies and the true savior of their lives.

All across Baymard, be it foreigners or citizens, several deaf people, as well as their families, all gathered in praise after watching a miracle unfold before their eyes.

That's right.

What his majesty Landon did, was akin to making a blind person see again.

Over the years, he and the many doctors, have done uncountable miracles like curing cleft lips, removing cursed parts (large tumors), and even making several people walk again.

Now, he even recover technology that could make a human recover one of their most important senses --Hearing.

So how can you not say it's a miracle? You have to know that the first time he heard of these hearing aids, they were the first to deny it flatly.

In fact, a majority of people thought it was fake.

Never in the history of the world, has anyone ever heard of a deaf person regaining their hearing.

Even though Baymard has continuously created miracles, many didn't fully believe the news, wanting to see how the first group of patients reacted to the so-called hearing aids.

But this decision was what many regretted the most.

F***!

Are you saying the first 30 deaf patients had their hearing aids for free, while the next 50 patients had theirs at a 70% discount mark?

And what do you mean by saying the next 100 people had also been given a 40% discount?

Dammit!

Those who were in Baymard at the time regretted it to the point that their intestine turned green.

Mathew was amongst the group of those who registered back then at a 70% discount off.

So accompanied by his medical insurance, the total amount he had to pay was nearly nothing.

He only delayed the matter after registering, because he wanted to first communicate with his Emily.

Sure enough, the number of people rushing in from all over the UN empires was quite a lot. Even blue skin and dark skin people also rushed in like crazy.

Some people had lost their hearing after fatal battle injuries to the head, while some lost their hearing from accidents during childhood. And for some, like Mathew, it was right from birth.

Mathew's inferiority complex came from the fact that many thought he was damned by the ancestors, cursed to live without hearing as punishment for killing his mother at birth.

Everyone looked at him like a plague, but Emily never did so. She still remembered her mother's dying words and brought Mathew up by herself.

Thanks to Baymard, things started changing several years back, and no one in their hometown saw her brother as a plague again. Rather, they thought he was sickly and too pitiful.

Well, it was better than being stunned by little children or being booed at him now and then.

Ignorance was truly a harmful thing.

That's why to Mayhew, Baymard was more than just a place. Here, he felt more at home than back in his hometown.

It's not that he never had conflicts here. Conflicts between people were what made them human. And everywhere one went, even if it was in heaven, he felt there should also be conflicts there.

But no one mentioned his disability in fights. They treated him like a complete man, and not one that needed their constant sympathy.

All he wanted was to be treated like everyone else among his peers. And here they fulfilled his wishes.

(^_^)

Here, he had friends from both him the special school and ordinary schools.

Here, the 10-year-old Mathew felt like a complete man!

Like so, many were going crazy over Baymard's latest medical miracle. However, they weren't the only ones bubbling with excitement.

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--The High Seas, Caronian Water borders--

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BOOOM!!!

The storm at sea was a wild one. She went up in tempo, every wave clashing high with the strength of Poseidon.

The massive dark clouds and the vicious winds worked together in chaotic harmony, as they raised high waves of blue ever-changing mosaics that splashed in from all directions.

"Hold them down, boys! Man the sails!!!"

BROOM!

Heaps of water clashed against the magnificent wooden galleys, rocking them vigorously.

Dammit!

The men on the ships held the ropes as tight as they could, trying their best to control the situation.

Though it has been raining for several days now there hasn't been a storm yet. But today's waves weren't ordinary. And what was annoying was that it took them by surprise.

Son of a b**ch!

The ships were rocking too hard, and the fear was the troublesome waves that could topple their ships over if not careful.

There are no steering wheels invented yet, so they had to control things with all the men they've got!

"Mighty Mabel, coming in from the left! Everyone, be ready!"

Mighty Mabel... It described a certain wave's power. It was a universal nickname for sailors. Everyone knows the seas have a heart of their own.

In folk legends, Mabel is described as the sea's 5th daughter. She's playful but has a temper that could set an entire forest ablaze.

The wave was a deadly one, having a similar size to that of their ships. But it was unbeatable.

The rains poured hard on the men, as they got ready to defeat the monstrous waves coming at them.

For a moment, their senses were altered and their hair all standing exactly, as they watched countless fishes fly aboard their ships.

Everyone postponed themselves waiting for the right opportunity, describing the cumbersome wave closing in on them.

"Steady... Steady... Now!!!"

Brrrrmmmm!!!!

The ships seemed to fly, as they found the perfect angle to climb above the wave.

Success!

They did. But the war was over yet. It took another 2 hours for the storm to cease. And soon, the waters, though rough, were far more silent than before.

~Phew.

They survived. And though they were thrown off course, it wasn't a major issue for them.

As for where they were headed and what mission they were on, that was an even more confidential matter... One, they meant to accomplish.

And it involved the one they called her Majesty, Queen Penelope!

[Read I'm the King Of Technology Chapter 1641 His Woman, His Plans](#)

Chapter 1641 His Woman, His Plans

A total of 16 impressive galleys stood floating above the ocean's surface. Their victory wasn't without damages.

In several groups, some went about picking up the many fish on the decks and other upper surfaces. Others took out their mobs and began drying off the soaked and dampened floors.

The sailing ships were fashioned with a superior ancient oak, that would make many in lesser places burn with greed.

Some men hastily brought out tools to fix the wreckage on the ships and others remained indoors to reorganize any scattered items, like thrown-over pots, foods and many more.

There was a stunning man no older than 24 standing on the stairs leading to the upper deck of the main ship. His clothes were soaked and his hair was dripping wet. He came to the most luxurious room aboard and found the entire place a mess.

"Clean it up."

The man seemed to be speaking to himself. But just as he sat on his bed, several men in black appeared. And in no time, the place returned to how it originally was.

These shadows, though silent, showed signs of absolute fear toward their master.

"Bring it to me."

One of the shadows reached for a secret compartment in the room and presented a portrait alongside several documents, and Baymardian magazines.

Hmmm...

The man's eyes shone with a domineering light when looking at the woman in the portrait.

"Tell me... My brother failed to woo such a beauty, isn't he incompetent?"

"Master, Prince Skye can never be compared to you."

He's an idiot, one who is too eager for results. All the hidden guards felt so.

Who was their master? He was the renowned Prince Daniel Lockhart, Skye's older brother, as well as Tilda's. But more than anything else, he was also a powerful member of the T.O.E.P.

It's been years since he set his eyes on Penelope. It was also around the same time that Skye made his reckless move and lost.

Prince Daniel could've attacked or claimed Penelope way back then. But who knew his brother dared to think of a woman he already wanted?

He had already negotiated with the T.O.E.P, to become Penelope's husband, planning to coax her side while infiltrating Carona's Royals for them.

He was indeed the crown prince of Dafaren. But nothing stipulated that he couldn't rule 2 empires at once, right?

He admitted he was greedy, but with his power and resources, it wasn't something far-fetched... At least for him.

In a way, it would be akin to colonization.

Back in Landon's former world, the British empire moved out, colonizing 'for queen and country'.

The queen herself only visited these regions perhaps once a year or once every 2 years. Yet, these places were still under their control.

Provided one had the power, resources and the men for the job, he could run empires from Dafaren. So yes, he was greedy. But provided he proved to have the strength to back it up, it was allowed.

As it stands, the T.O.E.P never approved of this because Carona was a delicate place for them.

How should he put it?

Even during the reign of Alec Barn and all the ingenious rulers, Carona was always strange, as it mostly governed its people with honesty.

Look! They even banned sex establishments, causing Nopline to operate underground and in hiding.

There were hardly any people they could support that would take the throne easily. This was why they slowed things down when it came to Carona.

Of course, before Penelope was announced as heir, they did try to tempt her brothers. But even they who were douchebags at the time, didn't want to join.

They weren't so rotten. Caronian brainwashing had made its people believe all those 'stupid' rules.

The T.O.E.P. was frustrated with them. But Daniel's plan though good was frowned upon because they didn't want him to become so powerful too.

Yes! He was a Veit, far superior to those in Pyno. The fact that he came from one of the top continents in the world did not imply that he could jump above Morgs.

Know your place!

He was still their servant! All continents should serve Morgany! This was their belief. So they haven't given Daniel any feedback since he made his request.

Daniel has been waiting and waiting for over 4 years now with no one saying anything.

Huh.

Well then, since they neither approved nor disapproved, then they couldn't blame him for his actions.

Daniel ran his fingers over Penelope's portrait possessively.

"When the rains end, get the Looming Bird and send word to Bojan."

The guards nodded. Bojan was one of the master's many commanders in his army.

And over these 4 years, the master has been sending forces to Carona little by little.

Their task was to lay on wait and monitor Penelope's every action, as well as Carona's many changes.

The empire would soon belong to him. So how could he not monitor it? Despite not having won the battle yet, Daniel had already taken it as his.

Hey... Who knows... After he succeeds, he might also pay his dear brother a visit too.

According to reports, Skye seems to be in a well-guarded Baymardian prison guarded by Caronian guards.

He has been tightly held by Caronian guards. So his brother wasn't able to escape on his own.

Hmm.

What a waste! A prince from Veinitta can't even take care of mere Pyno people? How incompetent.

Daniel had no desire to free his brother. Who told the fool to target the woman he desired?

As for the woman's current husband... He was already a dead man!

Daniel stroked the portrait, looking deep into Penelope's eyes.

'It's been over four years now, my lady. Soon, you won't have to wait too long. If you are obedient, I'll give you the world, making you my main wife, among my 7. But should you prove stubborn...'

His eyes flashed with a cold light. 'For your sake, I hope not.'

Chapter 1642 Success: Hello, Alien Tech!

Time flew by swiftly, as the nights and days passed before many could react.

October 16th.

Do you know what this means?

Bahahhahahahahaha~~

Tim slapped his secretary's back so hard that the poor guy almost fell on his face. But what was amazing was that the guy didn't seem fazed, but was instead shocked by what occupied his eyes.

Holy sh**!

They really did it!

Standing above a towering metal walkway suspended high in the air, Tim, himself, his superiors, and people from several ministries stood in awe at the sight below. Representatives from the army and the royals were also in attendance.

Mother Kim was shocked, but couldn't deny the fact that she had black lines on her face from fear.

Ewww~ She hated bugs.

So the colony of spiders marching and crawling below made her feel like they were crawling all over her.

Of course, there were only a few women and men who felt this way.

There were a total of 30 prototype spiders now, with some still naked without exoskeletons, and some shown as complete models.

"Amazing! They are magnificent. They are worthy of the name Spi-Builders!" Minister Gonovich from the Ministry of Innovation, Science and Industry, praised.

The other ministers also nodded.

Tsk.

Had it been unsuccessful, you can be sure they would have drowned Tim with comments about taking a stance on budget cuts and so on.

These people were not his friends in times like this.

He had a deadline and had to keep it up or it would be game over for him!

Wooooo~

These people can be ruthless when they want to.

Tim wiped his nonexistent sweat, thanking his lucky stars for how hard he pushed for the first prototypes to be made.

Sure, there are still adjustments that must be done. But the board of directors, the ministers and everyone else here must see the results of what they have accomplished so far.

Tim wiped his sweaty hands on his white lab coat, before giving the signal to the group of workers and field testers below.

As for who was taking the center stage to guide the group of visitors, of course it was Supervisor Mariam.

"I'm sure every one of you wants to go down to see these spiders up close. But rather than doing that, why don't we let them come over themselves?"

Here we go.

There were a few computers on the ground floor for the testers.

A special software program was already loaded onto the computers. And soon, everyone watched a scene they would never forget in their lives.

The spiders who were staring at them motionlessly suddenly shook their bodies, like real spiders, before crawling in their direction, like beings from a horror movie.

Erm... Can they say they are impressed, but also somewhat scared?

All 30 spiders were no taller than everyone's knees.

"Please note how proficient they are at climbing over the few crate obstacles like real spiders. Their agility, flexibility, and speed are essential for maneuvering through any nooks and crannies during production or manufacturing."

"..."

The spiders proved their worth, as they all leapt into the air, reaching over 2 floors high.

Yes!

The reason they chose this building for the demonstration was that the suspended observation bridge was really tall. These spiders are supposed to be able to jump on top of a plane too.

Bear in mind that though they were knee-length and not so bulky in size, they could lift heavy structures for repairs or manufacturing.

Their body size, without their spider legs, was similar in size to a toddler aged 3~5.

"They... They are flying? Good God! Did your team succeed?"

Everyone's eyes burned with excitement, especially those in the military.

Mariam's smile broadened playfully. "Yes. As you've probably guessed, we have indeed been successful with the anti-gravity system. However... As you can see, the spiders can't fly past this high yet."

The spiders couldn't fly past 20 feet. This wasn't good enough.

Thus, they still had to improve things in the following months and years.

But at least it was a positive start. Though they couldn't fly past 20 feet, once they land on an object for construction, they crawl and climb higher too, don't they?

Mark, Josh, Gary, and Trey, who were Landon's sworn brothers, all felt their bodies tremble the more they watched the spiders move.

Anti-Gravitational Belts!

It won't be long before their various departments receive them. But how long will it take?

Damn!

Mark felt his eyes bleeding, wishing he could carry a spider back to the military base immediately. In the absence of Lucius, Mark took over all army matters. Likewise, Josh overlooked all police matters, as Lucius wanted him around.

Gary had always cared for Navy and marine matters, while Trey oversaw Coast Guard matters, protecting Baynard's shores and water borders.

Bam!

The spiders clung to the rails of the suspended bridge but did nothing else.

Minister Gonovich felt warmth rushing into his body when staring face to face with these magnificent creations.

He rubbed its many spider claws, rubbing it up and down, as though it was a pet.

'My precious~'

Gonovich fell in love with its smooth blackish-purple exterior. And just then, the spiders moved, jumping down to ground floor again.

It wasn't long before Gonovich and the rest met with them, and a series of demonstrations were conducted.

"How strong is it? I couldn't believe that when the spider slipped underneath the thick metal compressor, it shattered the compressor instead... with barely any scratches at that!"

"Ahhh! What a marvelous creation! It's made of enhanced metal. So it's only natural for it to be strong."

"Hey, the metal-enhancing machinery and processes are also amazing. Look at the data shown. Improved resistance to corrosion/rust, improved tensile strength, yield strength, durability, malleability, and so much more."

"I'll be damned!... Strength has increased by 60%!... If I hadn't witnessed it with my own eyes, I would have never believed it!"

Do you know how much this changes things?

With improved metal and these fast robotic spi-builders, how long do you think it would take to get the job done?

They were talking about planes!

Chapter 1643 Earl Peetage

-- Yaiga City, Laboon Empire, Tenola.--

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Today's weather was moody.

It has been four days since the skies cried, pouring their frustrations on those below.

The rainy days came with a confident wind, rousing the trees into a vortex of dance.

To some it offered the gift of meditation, cleansing their chaotic minds. The peculiar sounds of rain hitting the building's surfaces were most satisfying. But for others, the rain only fuelled their disturbed hearts.

It was a fact that bad things always happen at night.

In the eerie dark hours, a man no older than 23, tightly gripped the little girl in his arms.

The man was Earl Peetage, the famous 'Empire's Blade.'

After reaching adulthood at 14, Peetage's already impressive reputation was blown to even higher heights after he officially took on more serious roles. But one of his most notable accomplishments was his refusal to get engaged at 6.

Such a thing was unheard of. Which child of nobility has the right to decide on their marriage? Even peasant children do not have this right. So one can imagine how shocking the news was when it broke.

Of course, everyone had a right to pick and choose their marriage partners, but not to the extent of freedom Peetage had.

During the ages of 6~10, parents would scout families and make a list of potential in-laws.

What was love? Can anyone tell them what purpose it served except giving temporal comforts? Can one buy food with it? Can it buy their fancy clothes and shoes? Can it afford the many servants taking care of them?

Love was indeed a fantasy full of fallacies for many parents, especially the mothers who have to fight for their husbands and their lives when treading on dangerous waters.

Parents would look for the most politically suitable candidate that could better the family.

Sometimes, the right marriage could boost their ranks from lesser abilities to higher ones.

In addition, parents would look at the sort of household their soon-to-be in-laws came from.

One might have power, influence, and wealth. But if the family in question was stingy with wealth or prone to scandal, that was another matter to consider.

They wanted someone who would help them when times were rough and not a family that would drag them down instead.

Of course, the next item on the menu was how their potential son-in-law looked, as well as his overall reputation.

Marrying an ugly boy/girl would make them lose face. People will mock them as parents for letting their children marry beasts.

If it was a daughter-in-law to be married in, there should be no visible scars on her body, and no deformation of any sort.

Please!

Even though some of them had no love for their many children, they still didn't want people to think so by saying that they allowed their children to marry ugly monsters.

Such a thing will ruin their household's reputation. Meaning anyone related to them, including unmarried cousins, will also take a hit to their reputation.

People might say: Don't marry a girl from XXX family, because they are all wicked.

Reputation is everything!

Parents also consider several other factors. Only after they screened the list of potential suitors, would they send portraits to their children.

Perhaps the original number of 100, but after screening, their children might be left with 10 to choose from.

That was how things were usually done. So at age 6 when Peetage refused all candidates from the list, one can understand why it shocked the entire Tenola.

Men in particular, could marry 2 to 100 wives if they liked. So at age 6, most boys get their first fiancé.

As they grew, they added more to their harem, perhaps 1 every 2 years or something like that. But no matter what they do, they must marry their wives in the order they got them.

Parents made sure that the first wife, the one in charge of the harem, came from a well-sought-after family.

Most children have no say over the fate of their first wives/husbands. However, in Peetage's case, he took a bold stand that made Tenola see him in a different light.

Year after year, he turned down many suitors. He also had no lovers and was even thought to like men.

This wasn't also a problem.

In medieval times, do you know how many fishermen, sailors, knights, and pirates swung both ways?

Sometimes, one could spend over a year out at sea. So do you think they don't please themselves when the urge calls?

The same was true for knights and warriors who had to remain hidden for months end, as they tried not to be spotted by locals.

Sometimes, they had to stay out and camp out in rock-secluded areas for months while waiting for orders from their superiors.

One can be sure that they performed several adult activities during this time.

That's why in this era, it wasn't unusual for men to marry other men.

Heck! Some were even presented to enemy nobles and royals as peace offerings.

The only rule was that even if one wanted to marry a man, they must also marry another woman and sleep with her regularly. This was to ensure they have an heir.

Peetage was indeed strange, refusing to get married or to have lovers, be it a man or woman.

Some even thought the problem was with his 'lower man.' And for a while, his parents became the most devoted prayers to Yangbo, the God of Thunder.

**That was the God the Yangia empire believed in.

Everyone thought Peetage was bound to die alone until he suddenly announced his marriage at 17.

His actions took many by storm, making them wonder who the mysterious woman who succeeded in taming the Empire's Blade was.

Her name was Vina, the unfavoured daughter of a low-class baron. And over the years, she has bore him 2 children: a son and a daughter.

With her, he was complete.

She and their children were his bottom line.

Sadly, some people just like to poke at the devil's tail, looking for trouble.

Chapter 1644 Courting Death

Little Emma was afraid of the dark. She barely squeezed her face out of her papa's hardened chest, looking at her surroundings in confusion.

"Papa... Didn't you warn me that this is a secret place I shouldn't go to unless I want to hide?"

Emma pouted her delicate pink lips, feeling her father had turned into a big liar.

Through a secret passage in her bedroom, a tunnel connected to another secret tunnel in Papa's chambers.

Growing up, she loved going back and forth between these places. But papa warned her that for the love of Yangbo, she shouldn't use the tunnels unless she was in trouble.

She also swore an oath not to let anyone know of its existence.

Hy, even the most loyal servants had no clue of the passageway built between the bedroom chambers.

Emma felt her father had stopped her from playing here because he too liked playing with her in secret.

It was just that now, he might be feeling very guilty of his actions and should have brought her along this time.

Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

She, Emma, was very smart!

As mama always said: The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

(^_^)

Emma yawned, feeling very sleepy. After supper, she took a bath and fell asleep thanks to the heavy but soothing rain.

She slept with a worry-free smile on her face. But suddenly, her papa woke her when he ran into the chambers with Mathias, her 1-year-old brother.

Her papa had never dressed her before, which made her frown with worry.

"Did grandma go to Yangbo again, Papa?"

"For the love of... no, Emma." He resigned in helplessness.

"Then, has she returned?"

"Alas... My little beauty. We've been over this again, Emma. Your grandma is never coming back. The dead can't come back. She is with our God, Yangbo. Try to understand, okay my little beauty."

"Right!" Emma nodded sleepily. "I get it, Papa. She's playing with Yangbo in the heavens."

"More or less, little one."

"Ah! In that case, after Yangbo is done playing with grandmama, when will he send her back home?"

" _ "

Peetage felt he shouldn't have pampered the little girl to the point of stupidity. At her age, almost everyone, including himself, knew death's true nature.

But because he overprotected his little girl, she was like a princess living in a bubble, a safe tower he created. She was very simple and naive, and hardly stepped out for social gatherings.

The few times they went out, he found that his little Emma preferred to be indoors than out. She said it was boring outside. In the massive estate grounds, she had little hideouts and adventures on her own, especially with some of the young servants around her too.

Emma's estate was her world. But this raised another issue for Peetage.

Alas...

He swore to tackle the matter once the storm was over. He would also toughen his son up, not wanting to make the same mistake he did with his daughter.

Naivety and innocence are both commendable traits. But in this world, the ignorant are the first to fall.

If he overlooked this matter, one day, his children might fall underneath another's sword.

Peetage helplessly rubbed his hand against his daughter's back, leading the few men behind him forward.

When he reached a fork on the road, Peetage handed the now-sleeping Emma to one of the men. His son was in another's arms.

"Take them to Bluedale Villa. Keep them safe and await further instructions. The madam should also be there... Give her this letter."

"Yes, master." The men accepted their mission. The children were dressed as ordinary peasants. All that was left was to have them 'dirtied-up' a bit once they left the tunnels.

Peetage kissed the sleeping children on their foreheads. "Papa will see you soon."

As Peetage watched his subordinates carry them away, his warm smile quickly vanished.

After making a U-turn, he returned to his bedroom chambers, left his wing, and headed down to ground floor.

There were 2 others awaiting his arrival. They were some of his most trusted men. One had a large scar on his lips, and another had a burnt mark above his left eyebrow.

"Are the men ready?"

"My Lord, I've just received the word. All 2000 men are in position. They await our arrival." Eric, the one with a mark above his left brow, stated.

"My Lord, all 2000 of my men are also awaiting our arrival." Nicko, the other man, confirmed.

On Peetage's side, he had 3000 men already awaiting their arrival at the rendezvous site. Of course, he led the estate guards behind because with the trouble they were about to raise, his absence might make other enemies feel tempted to raid his home.

He wore the gloves slowly, leaving the building alongside the duo quickly.

"Watson."

"Yes, master," the butler at the door responded.

"You know what to do."

The butler bowed tactfully, flashing the danger hidden at his side.

For him to follow the Empire's Blade as the head butler of one of his public estates, his skills were also extraordinary.

The butler knew what to do with trespassers.

Hyah!!

Peetage stormed off on his horse alongside the others.

Like a ghost, his control over this city allowed him to come and go as he pleased.

He had eyes and ears everywhere in this city. So if he wished to be hidden, he could.

The path they rode was the most desolate, with undercover guards on night duty along the path.

It took 2 hours to leave the city from his home. Soon, he and his subordinates created enough space between themselves and the city walls.

Now, it was time to focus on the matter at hand -- WITCHES.

Peetage's eyes gleamed with a dangerous light.

It won't be long before he slices those devilish women to pieces.

Since they dared to attack his beloved wife after she refused to join their hellish crusade, they have no other choice than to face death!

Chapter 1645 Mother Kim's Grand Adventure

The game was on!

Peetage was bent on uprooting this band of witches and giving them hell.

It wasn't long ago that he discovered the location of their main headquarters which surprisingly wasn't so far from the city.

At least by horseback, it was at most five days away. Still, as a good hunter, he has always kept watching over his prey.

It's been months since he knew of its peculiar location.

He studied their every move, watching them come and go as they pleased, biding his time for the right moment to make his move. Sure enough, the heavens decided to give him a sign.

According to the reports he received, an incredible number of witches suddenly began leaving their hideouts in batches.

What are they up to? What games were they playing?

After receiving the news, he didn't dare to act just yet, lest it was a trap. After all, for all they knew, the witches might be aware of their monitoring and were just setting up schemes to kill them all.

Luckily, it didn't seem to be the case, as his men later reported seeing them board ships leaving the Yaiga Empire.

It appears they were about to make a move on some other innocent victim Heaven knows where.

According to their estimates, more than half the witches had gone. Meaning this was their time to strike.

Heh.

Since they dared to have thoughts on his wife, it was only right that he reciprocated the feeling.

Peetage galloped on his horse with a cold smile.

He hoped that after returning from their little trip, they would like the little gift he left.

Like the unveiling winds blowing across the land, things in Tenola slowly fell into turmoil. Meanwhile, in Baymard, the many days of review, testing, and feedback were finally done. And after two whole days of attending demonstrations, everyone left with smiles on their faces.

"Overseer Tim! These days, you and your team have really outdone yourselves. Although I think it's still important to note that we aren't pleased by the maximum jump height the spiders can do... Do better!"

"Yes!" Another monster added with twinkling eyes. "Can you imagine what we can accomplish if we increase its jump height?"

"Amazing! Though it's a prototype, the Anti-gravitational belts are a must for my barracks." One of the military personnel added.

He almost couldn't contain himself after seeing one of the workers fly around the testing space while wearing nothing but a simple belt.

The best was slightly bigger than regular belts, to accommodate its high-tech features. But that was okay. In the face of such divine technology, who cares about size?

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Damn.

Whether it was Gary, Josh, Mark, Trey, or even those from the Ministry of National Defense, couldn't stop smiling no matter how hard they tried to keep it together.

It seems that every time his majesty Landon came up with a new invention, it continuously shattered their worldview, leaving them speechless.

Imagine fighting battles while flying? No! No!

so, we will appear at the military research facility to intern and research Gravitational belts.

Won't they go down in history as the first flying warriors to grace the battlefield?

Many felt that if they should ever battle like so, they had to ensure their hair was combed right and their military attire looked sharp.

On such a day, they wished for their pictures to be spectacular for the history books.

Well, the group admitted they were a bit overly excited about the matter. But so what?

To infinity and beyond! They were ready to soar through the skies like birds.

Listening to their many requests about increasing jump-height and whatnot, Tim could only nod wryly, knowing they were just greedy to taste the feeling.

"Please, remember that his majesty had requested that once the first demonstration was done, we must begin Pilot selection and hiring."

It should've been done earlier but was pushed to now. So they have to hurry and place the job in the ads.

Though it would be somewhat vague and only for Baymardians.

Everyone would more or less know it's about flying. It's just that they might think it has to do with hot air balloons instead.

Either way, they had to put the ads out and begin a 3-week interior and screening process before November 10th.

Today was October 16th. Time was no longer on their side.

Seeing how excited everyone was over her son's inventions, how could Mother Kim not be proud?

She smiled warmly while leaving the dazzled group behind. Her secretary, Ramsey, was by her side, urging her like a mother hen.

Are you older than me, or am I the older one?

Mother Kim tried her best not to roll her eyes, while seated in the vehicle with Ramsey.

He was a good kid but he sometimes, believe it or not, had the power to make her hide in broom closets to avoid him.

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"Queen Mother, we must go. We have to catch the merchant conference seminar. Have you forgotten you're making a guest appearance today?"

Mother Kim smiled bitterly. "I know, I know, I know Ramsey. But can't I be a little late?"

Ramsey shook his head like a frightened chicken. "No way, queen mother not on my watch! Since you gave your word to them, then it's only respectful to be there on time!"

Who was he? One of the top secretaries in Baymard, who also has magazine features in the business world.

Do you know how many secretaries all over Pyno and the other UN empires look up to him?

In some online platforms and blogs, several people have ranked him within the top 20. So how dare he allow Mother Kim to slack off?

You must be joking.

Get ready, woman! They are going there early, whether she likes it or not! Of course, he was mostly doing it for Mother Kim's interest too.

He will never allow Mother Kim to get bad reviews under his watch.

His daughter is Mother Kim's biggest fan. So how will she feel knowing he aided in giving her a bad review?

Heh. Not on his watch!

Chapter 1646 Mysterious Visitors

Ramsey hastily gave Mother Kim her coffee, while also relaying instructions to the driver.

Though it was raining Mother Kim didn't like the vehicle to be too hot. If possible, only keep the seats hot, and leave the temperature lukewarm.

"Madam, it's time to switch them out."

There is no time to waste.

Mother Kim smiled wryly, as she took off her blue blazer, and wore a black one. Her shoes were also replaced and her hair was inspected.

As a fashion icon, Ramesy was not about to disappoint the fans.

"Queen Mother, after today, your schedule will be light, but only for the following 3 days. Don't forget, we must leave Baymard for Douglas City, Arcadina."

They were going for the large rescue operation involving thousands of trapped birds discovered underneath a water cave.

The rescue couldn't be done during the summer because of the type of birds involved. The sun and them didn't mix well. These birds were the sort to go in liberation under hot climates, and only get active during periods like Fall and winter.

Biologists and scientists have gone to Douglas town and have indeed determined that these words are trapped underneath a massive landslide that occurred this past spring.

For the birds to still be alive, meant there's airflow in the cave, but the space isn't big enough for them to escape.

This also means they should be eating themselves for food, or picking insects and perhaps other beings that can crawl in and out of the trapped space.

But why the buzz for these birds? Why was everyone going gaga over them?

Well, it was simple. These birds, though a thousand, trapped underneath, were the last known recorded birds of their kind.

All across the entire Pyno and even the many UN nations, no one has seen words of this nature for the last hundreds and hundreds of years.

The ones in Arcadina might just be the last of their kind. Thus they had to be protected.

Of course, if they were too dangerous, then no one would care about their so-called endangerment.

After all, there were beasts in this world as tall as 3-story buildings that are the last of their kind, yet people put them down and say: Good riddance.

Some creatures are meant to go extinct, especially when they threaten humanity's survival.

Mother Kim was going to participate in the rescue. On her way to Douglas town, she had to make appearances in several other regions along their travel route.

This matter was very publicized.

She knew this was a good opportunity for enemies to attack, but it was still a journey she had to make.

Indeed, she was right. Several people were planning an ambush.

Who were they? Of course, they were her old friends... The Witches!

They swore to get their revenge, and revenge they shall!

However, what they didn't know was that back in Tenola, things were getting a little too topsy-turvy for their people.

Still, that was all in the future. In 2 days, the witches would make their move on the traitor's daughter!

In the meantime, the oblivious Mother Kim went about her day as usual.

It was amazing how many things were happening all at once. With the dawn of Fall, several discoveries began unearthing themselves.

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--West Prizona, Code A, District B, Baymard.--

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In a uniquely designed service bus, about 80 people sat comfortably, with some chatting excitedly, others crying, and many staying in silence.

The ride was smooth and swift. But where were they heading to? Of course to Prison... Not as Prisoners but as visitors.

District B had 2 major sides divided by highway roads. For ordinary folks, they called both sides the Left and the Right. But officially, the entire left side is called Code A, and the right is called Code B.

Code A is the region with the Prisons and training academy for Police officers and guards.

Code B of course is meant for those in the barracks. All in all, the majority of the land, hills, valleys, and terrains in these regions have been left untouched for training purposes.

At times, with permission from their superiors, some Code A police officers could perform routine training in Code B, and vice versa.

However, just because it looked easy to maneuver across the regions, didn't mean it was. The entire ace was designed to trap and comprise many.

Some regions loop severally, causing intruders to go through the same paths over and over again.

The only straightforward road was that leading to the prisons.

The Prison regions for both females and males were grouped and named Prizona.

The male Prison was on the West of Prizona and the female prison was on the East.

As scheduled, buses came and went once every hour. Many boarded these buses from District C, wanting to meet their friends or loved ones locked within the prisons.

The crime rate in Baymard was indeed particularly low compared to the rest of the world. But that didn't mean it didn't exist.

There were still people causing trouble for others, with some even going as far as exiling their loved ones or planning to kill family members to inherit their wealth.

Yes.

Such things still happen, but not at the rate they did before.

In the last rows on bus Prizona 26, sat 6 burly men dressed no different than the many others boarded.

They sat in silence, only staring out the windows, seemingly deep in thought. Who were they going to see?

Vrrrrmmmm!~

The bus drove up towards the roundabout, before stopping at the bus stop sign not far away.

[Last stop: West Prizona. Please exit.]

The group of 6 calmly followed the crowd, leaving the bus and heading towards the intimidating Prison grounds ahead.

As visitors, though they wouldn't be in the same room as the prisoners, they still had to pass through a few security protocols, ensuring they held no dangerous knives that could injure the guards or other visitors.

After getting the green light, the men were finally asked who they came to see.

"We come to see Marlo Jones." They spoke.

Marlo Jones... Also notoriously known as the Baker.

Chapter 1647 First Visitor

"Marlo Jones?" The officer tilted the edge of his hat downwards, hiding an unprecedented light in his eyes.

Jones...

This guy is one of the deadliest inmates Prizona had ever had. Naturally, his confine was one of the most secure and guarded places in all of West Prizona.

Since his arrival years ago, he has never gotten a single visitor, despite his real name being up. Perhaps because in his Pirate world, many only knew him as THE BAKER!

Even his subordinates had no clue what he looked like underneath his masks. But now, they would.

The fact they came for him, shows the private world now knows of his location.

The guard doing the paperwork did not fret, as he continuously filled in the information.

"IDs please."

All 6 burly visitors complied, showing handing their Baymardian visitor IDs.

One of the guards on the other side scanned them, as the brief Q&A continued.

"Relationship to the prisoner?"

"Acquaintance."

"Acquaintance."

"Distant relative"

"Acquaintance."

"Distant relative."

"Acquaintance."

"Type of visit: Conjugal or non-conjugal?"

Typical Conjugal visits given to inmates is typically 2~72 hours, depending on the prisoner's danger class and behavior during their stay here.

In the less dangerous zones where prisoners had shorter sentences for scamming, thievery without murder, and other crimes, they did provide condoms and private rooms for conjugal visits.

Inmates were allowed conjugal visits once a month or once in 6 months, all depending on their case.

Of course, looking at the 6 burly men, the chances of them coming for a conjugal visit with Marlo Jones is zero to none.

Still, one could never tell. Perhaps they were into this sort of thing. After all, it was normal in this era to find orgies everywhere, with groups of men and women going at it as they liked.

Half of today's population of men had slept with other men, especially when traveling for days out in the seas together, or even heading out to war for months.

The guard admitted that even if they did come for a conjugal visit, people in Marlo Jones's danger class had no such perks!

It wasn't that the prison was restricting and denying him of his human rights, but that they did so for the safety of all visitors!

Believe them, Marlo was a dangerous man!

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Bam!

The guard, clad in a black uniform, smashed the stamp into the paper, revealing a red vibrant seal.

"Approved. From the moment you reach his cell, you only have 5 minutes. No more, no less."

5 minutes?

All 6 men frowned, feeling it was different from the information they scouted.

Shouldn't it be more? Why do some people come out saying they spent 10~30 minutes with their loved ones, while they were only given 5?

They weren't angered by the guard's words, but more focused on why the situation was different.

As people who collected information for Morgany, they had to know every little detail and reasoning behind the enemy's actions before sending word out.

The outside world didn't know of the prison's danger class division, only knowing that things like good behavior and other little factors, could help inmates get more perks in prison.

So was that it?... Could it be Marlo had not been on good behavior so he had restricted visitation rights?

"Sergeant Rowen will take you to him." Suddenly, the guard began sternly.
"Gentlemen... I believe you've all been proven during your previous security check into the building. Any funny business and I promise you might just find yourself living next to Marlo. Understood?"

All 6 men nodded heavily, though they showed a trace of arrogance, as though they didn't believe they would get caught if they chose such a route.

A bunch of fools!

The lead guard inwardly scuffed, waving his hand for Rowen to take them away. Some people never learn.

"This way, please."

All 6 men followed nonchalantly while observing the route used.

What a complicated maze design.

Guards, armed and vigilant, stop at strategic positions across the hallway. They had to admit that even though they were fearless Morgs, these guards gave them a sense of oppression.

After taking several bands, they reached a far-end corner, with the thickest metal doors they had ever seen!

No!

There were red alarm lights alongside the walls around the enormous door.

Already, all 6 men were breaking a sweat, their minds struggling to comprehend how in heaven's name they would be able to pass in and out without making noise if they were to rescue Marlo.

Amid their worry, Rowen lifted the card around his neck. It was his Officer badge/ID... Only certain ranked officers could pass this entry point.

Ding!

The lights around the door turned green.

[ACCESS GRANTED by Officer Rowen.] A mechanical voice echoed, causing all 6 men to have darker faces.

Things were getting harder and harder.

Click!~

Another sound echoed from the side, revealing a keypad with its thick cover now opened.

[Please punch in the Code.]

Rowen nodded, not caring if the guests saw the code or not.

It just so happens that today was the day the codes would get changed again.

Every 2 weeks, the code changes, at 4 PM on the assigned day. This change was done for difficult prison zones like Marlos.

Some zones only get code changes every 6 months, while some once a month. But for Marlo's zone, it was bi-weekly.

All guards with access to this zone must master the entry codes regularly.

Rowen shrugged. In another few hours, the codes will change.

Still, though he didn't care about their little sneaky actions, he dared not relax his vigilance.

[Code Verified. Opening Doors now]

DRRRRM~

The thick, massive gate-like metal door, suddenly opened with a smooth but loud noise, purposefully made to alert Rowen's group to wait until the door fully opens. Behind the doors were metal bars that slid into the walls. But that wasn't all the 6 men could see.

"This way."

Rowen's voice bellowed as he led the group into a room with faint white lights scattered around the walls.

You best believe if something should go wrong, these blue lights would cast heavy red lights across the massive room.

All 6 suddenly felt their chest grow tight, seeing how much security was enforced to keep people like Marlo.

At this right, their initial exact plan for tonight will not be able to hold, right?

Chapter 1648 The Dangerous Marlo

In the space, there were over 20 guards seated behind computers and desks working tirelessly on heaven knows what: 10 to the left and 10 to the right.

In the forefront of the room were similar machines seen in the ports, and even in the security room they first passed through when entering the prison building.

Why were they doing the same check over and over again?

"Leave your belts, shoes, and all metal and electronic pieces behind."

All 6 men suddenly felt insulted thinking these people were giving them hard times on purpose, but Rowen and the other guards didn't bother explaining. These were the visitor rules for this sector.

If they want to see Marlo, they must do as told.

All 6 men passed through the scanning machine, ensuring no metal followed them.

This was also to protect the guards escorting them down since for all they knew, these people might have something devious planned out.

It was unlikely they would act in the confines of the prison walls, but can never tell.

The guards checking gave Rowen the go-ahead. And soon, the group found themselves in a peculiar elevator with no directional buttons inside, just the call/emergency button.

How odd.

Seeing as the elevator took some time to halt, the group wondered just how many floors they descended.

Rowen chuckled, sending their curiosity.

In truth, they had only gone 1 floor down, but because of the elevator's ingenious design, it made strangers feel they were 2 or even 3 floors down.

Vrmmm!

The doors opened and the group found themselves in a similar room to the one they left.

Again, they hosted the right yet another security check, which honestly made all 6 feel like cursing.

Can they just stop it, already?

Augh~

Luckily, it was the last one.

The group found themselves walking past a wide pathway, with gray walls and heavy metal doors on their left and right.

Cell S-001... Cell S-002... Cell S-003...

Cell numbers were painted on the thick metal doors.

There it is! S-078!

Rowen revealed his badge, and opened it, showing its insides being a stark contrast to the foreboding gray corridor walls.

Why was the space so immaculate? The room was the whitest, they had ever seen. It was so white and luminous that it was hard to make out where it ended.

If not for the thick glass cube at its far end, they would have sworn this was an endless room.

It was strange to say that such a room should give one a sense of peace. Yet, the air was thick with tension, as all 6 slowly entered cautiously.

"Jones, visitor," Rowen announced.

The room turned dead silent, as everyone's focus was on the burly figure currently training within the glass confines.

In the cell, the man was currently doing pushups with his body upside down and his entire weight on a single hand.

That's right.

He was doing pushups with only his right hand, with no help from his legs or knees.

The man's muscles were extraordinary, well-toned, even and gracefully defined. This was evidence of relentless training even within the confines of his prison cell.

For Rowen who has been with the man since day one, the biggest change seen would have to be the man's rascal nature.

Before coming here, he had a heavy air of nobility about him. Now he was like a villain in a Baymardian story, one who enjoyed showing his devilish side.

The corners of the man's lips curled into a wicked smile as he twisted his right hand and spun his body into a somersault, skillfully landing on his feet.

"Oh? And who do we have here?" Jones questioned his voice laced with a dangerous edge.

Rowen stood his ground, unfazed by Jone's intimidations. However, all 6 visitors shuddered, feeling his image magnify 10 times more, as though they were Cubs standing before a giant beast.

Sergeant Rowen, his eyes hardened by years of dealing with such dangerous criminals, stayed calm.

"They claim to be your acquaintances. Deal without yourself. If you don't want them, I assume someone as smart as you should've already mastered the prison rules and knows what to do, yes?"

Jones abruptly places his gigantic hands on the glass walls, causing all 6 to flinch back. They didn't want to admit it, but they felt fortunate the walls existed.

"Rowen, Rowen, Rowen... It's my first time receiving guests. So how can I recall what rules you and your bunch of bastards told me years ago?"

"Sorry. Then that's your problem."

"Huh." Jone's eyes flickered with a mix of defiance and playfulness. "Do you know that after all these years, you're still a prick?"

"Thank you for the compliment. But I don't have time to play your little mind games. No matter how you ask, we will not give you a person to eat."

This guy was quite the stubborn one.

There were quite a lot of cannibals in the prison who were slowly changing after years of reform.

But this guy, though he made some improvements at the start, was still adamant about eating human flesh.

When he first came here he refused to eat anything else for the next 2 months, always wanting to find opportunities to eat the guards.

During his monthly checkups, they must ensure he was put asleep before they dared bring a doctor in the same room with him.

One time, they thought he truly changed, but decided to test him out. And sure enough, like a zombie, he wasted no time biting the shoulders of his most trusted aid when they were placed together in one cell.

It's said when he sleeps, he sometimes calls out human flesh in his dreams. Only if they were insane, would they release such a criminal into the world.

One must remember that back on Magoon Island, they rescued hundreds of people who were kept as his revered food for the next few months.

The guy was too obsessed with human flesh that they wondered how his pirate crew ever lived with him or trusted him.

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Rowen briefly stared at his watch before turning his attention to the 6.

"Remember, 5 minutes... your clock has begun ticking."

Chapter 1649 Changes Overseas

Looking at the group one last time, Rowen turned to leave them but did not leave the room.

In the small C-shaped corridor between the door and the open space, there was a hidden door that led to a viewing room. Each cell had one.

-Silence-

The room soon regained its original quietness.

"Are you truly the Baker?" The lead visitor, called One-ring Mamoya, asked.

Marlo grinned lazily. "What do you think?"

Marlo shifted the hair around his ears and neck, regaling all his discrete pirate markings.

Though afraid of Marlo, the men were also in awe of his aura. The more powerful and intimidating a person was, the more in awe people in this era would be of him... especially Morgs.

They loved the strong, and would even go as far as worshiping them too.

Seeing Marlo slowly sit cross-legged, the group of 6 hastily did the same, not daring to stand when he sat. All 6 sat as close to the glass walls as possible.

"My brother?"

Mamoya nodded, lowering his voice. "Yes, Baker. He sent us to scout and ensure your safety, sending word of your situation. We were also told to act if we can get you out."

"Give it up." Baker lazily ordered. "You'll just end up where I am. And that would be a waste of my brother's resources. If it were before, they would argue on the Morg dignity being trampled. But not now.

Who was Marlo? He was a person who could even escape Adonis's most secure prisons when he was captured at the age of 18. He did so in under 3 months.

But Marlo has been here for years and has never found a way out of his glass confines.

What did this mean? Baymard wasn't as easy on the surface as it looked!

"Go back and tell my brother this..."

Marlo whistled strangely, and the group mysteriously understood.

"Times up, Jones!"

Rowen's voice bellowed.

Visitation time was over.

So soon? All 6 feet it was short, as they followed Rowen out.

"Marlo!" Rowen called. "You've got 4 hours of TV today. "

The TV wasn't in the glass box within but was attached to a high point on the white walls within the space.

"Tv show or movie. What's it going to be?"

Marlo grinned slyly. "Of course, I have to finish the Fellowship of the Rings before I watch anything else."

Every 3 days, Marlo got to watch 4 hours of TV at a particular time.

Major world news was allowed, as well as movies and TV shows. Any other thing on TV was denied.

Rowen nodded, seeing he had 37 minutes more before Marlo's viewing schedule. It was enough to see the guests off and return.

Of course, the most important thing to do was relay Marlo's little visit meeting to his superiors.

Just like that, the one called the Baker, had his first visitation. Though it was clear Baker's presence was a ticking time bomb, they felt they were up to the task!

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-Capital City, Czar Empire, Romain Continent-

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A heavy downpour flooded the city.

For many, the weather meant urgency. The urgency to fix or reinforce any leaky roofs, the urgency to knit warmer clothes for them just like the weather, and the urgency to make last-minute preparations before the winter began.

But for others, the weather only added to their urgent need to eradicate the many bugs swarming around the city.

Bang!

Blue fingers of lightning flashed in the sky in an ear-splitting eruption.

In a dimly lit underground hall, several rowdy men sat around a Decagon-shaped table. They dressed in opulent attire, with thick robes with puffy shoulder sleeves, that danced whenever they moved.

The massive decagon table was at the center of the hall.

These seasoned nobles and esteemed guests sat on all 10 table corners.

Behind each head guest were rows of stools for their faction to sit and observe.

Each faction had unique masks and crests, announcing who they belonged to. Apart from the main guests at the table, everyone else wore masks.

This was the continent of Romain. A majority of them had dark skin tones, with only a handful being mixed-toned. After all, Romain and Zohl were two continents with very close relations. The blue-toned Zohls and the dark-toned Romas did have several political marriages resulting in a small fraction of mixed children on both continents.

Of course, even among the common people, it was relatively easy to spot fishermen with blue-toned wives and vice versa. But has got these men got all hot and bothered?

In the underground hall, the air was thick with anticipation, worry, and the need for action.

Everyone tried to make their point despite the thundering claps that could still be heard even from underground.

Bam!

Someone slammed their fists on the table. "We cannot afford to let these foreigners persist any longer! I say the time has come to eradicate them all!"

"I agree with Lord Alexus!" A fiery dark toned man with piercing gray eyes bellowed. "They are a menace to us all!"

The man turned his eyes with a fierce growl.

Damn these so-called Baymardians! What were they doing poking their noses where it didn't concern them?

Sure.

They did help in controlling and destroying the deadly Zombie Virus. But so what? Did they ask them to help save the day? So what if some messiah peasants died at every turn?

Hmph!

Many scoffed not believing they wouldn't have been able to handle the matter if the Baymardians didn't step in.

If the Baymardians gave them a little more time, they were a hundred percent sure they would have solved it on their own!

Everyone had such thoughts, forgetting how they were helpless when it first erupted sometime last year in the later months.

Welp.

They weren't going to thank these invaders.

It was ridiculous that these invaders kicked their monarch out of his throne and placed an unlikely candidate with it asking them.

How can they stand this? What empire was this? Czar or Baymard? How dare these people make political decisions about the empire when they were still alive?

Chapter 1650 Dilemmas In Czar

Everyone had a mouth full of complaints after the Baymardians took over.

Sure.

The person placed on the throne did have his faction and was from their empire, but it wasn't as grand as the other princes' factions. Their anger stemmed from the fact that it wasn't their prince who was placed on the throne!

When everyone recalled the situation this past year, everyone couldn't help feeling humiliated.

Since last year when the zombie virus erupted, they immediately ordered for the Capital to be sealed up when they got word. At least not until their healers found a cure.

But suddenly, the Capital's gates were forced open by these foreigners who spoke Roma.

At first, their shrewd monarch denied access, asking them to pay him for trespassing before he agreed for them to begin treatment in the Capital.

But these Baymardians didn't care about his rants, throwing him in his own dungeon wheel rushing to treat all the people in the Capital.

They were swift and direct, taking their place as a powerful force to be reckoned with. The most incredible thing was that they also had several allied nations in Romain.

Everyone thought these Baymardiand would leave after months and months of taking care of the Zombie virus.

However, this past summer, they suddenly sprung up with the bright idea of kicking their monarch off the throne for good and putting their own person up.

All this time, they had been observing these strange Baymardians, while sending hundreds of assassins to take out their leaders, as well as their chosen monarch, Prince Benvolio D'avant.

A majority of assassins didn't return with those who made it back claiming the Baymardians had eyes behind their heads.

It just made no sense why they were also spotted no matter how hard they tried to hide.

Look... isn't that sorcery? Isn't that the devil's gift?

Of course, they knew these Baymardians could never stay here for long. So from time to time, they sent smaller groups to stir troubles, wanting to see how competent the Baymardians were at handling things.

Though their numbers have reduced, are they still as powerful as they were on day one? Or are they faking it and putting up a front to deceive them?

All these were questions they had to know.

Thus, some of them did send smaller groups to the Baymardians trying to stir troubles and estimate their strength and response time.

Slowly, they began feeling these bloody Baymardians weren't as powerful as they seemed earlier.

"Yes! That's right, Lord Ichabod! We have to act fast before the spring-up reinforcements from their native lands."

"So what if their weapons are strong? Many of them have already returned to their empire. And with our clear advantage in number, we have a greater chance at winning this thing once and for all!"

One of the esteemed nobles combed his hands through his beard thoughtfully. The old man was from the first son, the Crown Prince Tarquutio D'avant's faction.

He has been planning for the crown prince to take over for years. Now, you tell him all his plans were for naught? Think again.

"Gentlemen... although we all belong to different factions, we must come together to defeat the common enemy. I believe you all know individually, we won't be able to take them down."

"My prince has agreed to work with your princes to get the job done."

Many at the table stared at each other, nodding tactfully.

"Lord Gerard speaks with wisdom. Against foreigners, we must unite. For if we cannot address the root cause of our anxiety, we may miss this window of opportunity to strike!"

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

The two men seated at the table belonging to the crown prince's faction smiled.

The rain seems to cause an outburst of heavy emotions in the capital. Yet, the men suddenly felt as though a ray of sunshine had cleared their foggy minds.

As for their previous monarch locked up in his own dungeon... please! After driving the enemy, they will fight one another and ensure their chosen princes sit on the throne before freeing the ex-monarch.

Don't blame them for being cruel. After what they suffered at the hands of these Baymardians, they dared not waste this golden opportunity to pull their chosen princes higher.

"Good... Good... for all we know, the event might have backup coming over. We must attack before the month runs out... we must especially be careful about the one called - Warden."

"Right!"

All factions agreed, feeling a shiver crawl up their spines.

Never have they seen such a domineering woman who made grown men wet themselves.

Who can tell them why that woman was so strong?

The woman's figure was sexy, yet imposing at the same time. She always had an oversized official coat that flared heroically whenever she moved.

They didn't want to admit it, but many secretly wanted to be dominated by her.

If Landon had to be honest, Warden Samantha looked and acted more like Miss Balalaika in Black Lagoon.

She carried a certain charm, deadly yet enticing for those around her.

These arrogant nobles thought only weak, soft ladies could make them breathless. But it was only after seeing warden Samantha, that they realized how attractive a strong and cold woman could be.

Nevertheless, they dared not voice their opinions, especially after their wives kept badmouthing Warden Samantha everywhere.

Women are not supposed to fight like men! Only barbaric women did such things.

At least, that was how it seemed earlier. But as time went on, several women turned into her fans.

Alas...

The men sighed, secretly thinking it would be a pity to kill such a seductive woman. But who asked her to be their enemy?

A man has to do what a man has to do.

All threats must be eradicated from the root.

Like so, the men concluded their secret meeting. However, they were the only ones making plans.

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-Knighthood Academy-

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"So, they've finally decided to act?"

A man in black nodded calmly at the dashing youngster lazily leaning on a wall. "Yes, young master. Before the month's end, they will move."

The youngster grinned wickedly. "Good. Let them do all the fighting. We will only step in after the last man stands."

He, Vitonio Helting, has waited for this day for a long time.