

MY VILLAINESS EX WON'T LEAVE ME ALONE

Chapter 201 201: 6.10 - Pilled Up Frustration

Lucian unwrapped the cloth from his son on the seat next to him, and the child's body shuddered at the sudden exposure.

He let his son move around on the seat, but the little guy didn't do anything except wiggle his toes and arms, and make strange noises with his lips, as if complaining that he was cold and wanted his blanket back.

Lucian started measuring him, and found that his son was now the length of a loaf of bread. He noted it in the diary:

Today marks two weeks and 4 days. Our son is now 40 cm long and weighs 1.9 kg. He is moving his lips and opening his eyes while I talk to him.

He also likes to wiggle his toes and fingers. He is still not very active when he is not in my arms. I think he might be a little shy. Maybe he is a little afraid of the world outside his blanket.

Lucian tried to draw his son on the page and ended up making him look like a loaf of bread with a head. He showed the drawing to his son, "Do you think your mother will like it?"

The baby responded with a sneeze, and the spit bubbled out of his mouth, his face scrunching up in disgust.

"Alright, I get it, not a masterpiece," Lucian wiped the spit off the baby's face, "Let's put you back in your cocoon," he wrapped the cloth around the baby.

The weather was getting warmer, but it was still cold at night.

Securing his son back on his chest, Lucian resumed his work, going through the research papers that had been submitted to him.

The East Sea was a place that most people avoided. No ships sailed near the area, and no fishermen dared to cast their nets in those waters.

The waves were calm, and the water was clear, but the East Sea was known for its deadly eastern inhabitants — Deep Zone Reavers.

Compared to regular pirates who operated in groups and robbed ships, Reavers were a class above them, operating as a full on nation, with their own language and culture.

Legends said the strongest Kingdom had been the East, before a great flood swallowed their land and destroyed their homes, only leaving behind the Lost East Walls.

While the North depended on the Earth's Core, and the South on the Sun, the East drew its strength from the Moon.

Easterners could dive and repel water, sense what others couldn't, and track their prey from great distances, no matter how well hidden.

The most powerful easterners were rumored to be able to protect a ship from a tidal wave with the gravitational force of the Moon.

'Gravitation force, huh?'

Lucian had never witnessed someone use a gravitation force of the Sun or the Earth's Core with his own eyes, not even the ruby knights during the ambush had used that kind of power. He only saw the aftermath left by the Duke.

Celine said that Emerald Knights had the necessary basics to do it, but only a few of them could, due to the complexity of the technique.

A knight would have to tap into the astral plane, move their projection outside their physical form, then use it to impose gravitational force on an external object.

Lucian wondered if it worked similarly to how he could seize control of a dead person's body. Was he using the astral plane to move to the other body and take control of it?

'Not quite,' Voice answered, 'You can't take control of anything. You can only move and shape your astral form.'

The binding between the southerners worked on the same principle.

Northerners couldn't transfer messages between each other, but they could transfer blessings without backlash through great distances.

Those were innate abilities that came naturally; anything beyond that was considered a skill and needed to be mastered.

The theory of great gravity was a shared concept among all kingdoms.

People from different nations could tap into their sources (Moon, Sun, Earth's core) to pull their astral projection outside their body and inflict damage on their opponents or protect their allies.

It required a deep connection to their source, which couldn't be felt or manipulated by their human senses. Lots of mediation and rest were involved, a very unfamiliar process to a man like Lucian.

'How can one get stronger through doing nothing but focusing on their breathing and clearing their mind of everything?' he wondered.

'An impossible feast for you,' Voice, who was a victim of Lucian's hyperactive mind, said.

'Why did you never tell me about this?' Lucian asked.

'You'll probably find excuses to slack off, thinking that you'll get stronger just by dozing off and doing absolutely nothing,' Voice replied, 'And then when you fail, you'll blame me.'

The disadvantage of not going to school and being homeschooled by a shady, half-mad, half-ghostly, self-proclaimed know-it-all, was that Lucian missed out on a lot of knowledge.

These advanced techniques of the knight were only taught at the Royal Academy.

Had anyone seen the huge library? It had books on any subject, from the study of the mind and its effects on the body, to the study of the body and its effects on the mind. Different paths to knighthood were also explored in detail.

Not all silver knights were the same; some could heal better, some could strengthen their bodies further, some could move faster, some were better at sensing their environment, and so on.

While the knights could choose their paths, Lucian was forced to adapt to the situations at hand. Like getting lost in the desert, pulling cards for long hours...

His mind slowly drifted to Celine, 'Can I send a blessing to her from here? Will she feel it?'

'Voice?' Lucian called out. Something told him that Voice was intentionally hiding this from him.

Wasting blessings on others would mean more resources to spend on tempering his own body. Less power for him.

But the cut she had on her stomach was deep...

'Dumb! DUMB!' Voice echoed in Lucian's mind, as he chided him for his foolishness.

Lucian never wasted his time on training his blessing for the above reason, so he had no hope of sending one to Celine.

There were so many paths, and so little time.

'Aaaaaaghhhhh,' Lucian wanted to tear apart the report, feeling the stress building up.

The power gap was so big that he could feel it in his bones whenever he thought about what he was against and what he needed to achieve.

'My feral army can't fight on sea yet,' Lucian groaned, 'Too many things. TOO MANY THINGS! If nobody stops the Easterners, they will take over all the sea routes! Ugh!'

Chapter 202 202: 6.11 - New Background Noise

The heavy carriage lurched, its wheels grinding against the dry gravel.

Lucian hit his head against the cushioned seat, "... " thinking of what to do.

It has been two years since he visited Breezy Cove. Two years, and the seas had become even more dangerous.

The world wouldn't wait for you to be ready, or for you to catch up. He knew it, but it was still frustrating.

He had already postponed the trip to the Varia Kingdom due to merchant guild matters, then postponed it due to the army's ambush, and now was postponing it again due to his son's birth.

In that meantime the East Reavers had increased their presence in the region, becoming the new rulers.

They had no interest in trade from what the reports had said and only aimed for power and control over the area.

The prophecy didn't mention anything about the easterners gaining power, so Lucian could only assume they would lose it again in the future.

He definitely didn't want them to lose to either of the kingdoms.

The carriage came to a halt near the golden mine's premises.

It was a large complex, with several buildings, warehouses, and even a small town for the workers.

Pushing the frustration aside, Lucian pulled his hood low over his face and pushed the carriage door open to the scorching heat, hiding his son under his cloak.

Lady Lily and Lady Rose (milk provider) also stepped out of their carriages, freezing at the sight. Their delicate figures in fancy dresses were a jarring contrast to the rugged atmosphere around them.

The space was huge, filled with mining equipment and weapons, and a small group of men who looked more like wild animals than human beings.

They were all shirtless, their tattooed muscles glistened and their sweat-soaked skin glimmered like diamonds as they trained under the sun.

Further down the yard there were more men, but they were much smaller in comparison to the ones they had just seen, probably returning from their shifts in the golden mines.

The clay walls of the buildings were painted a dull brown, and the roofs were tiled in a reddish hue. The windows were small and square, and there were no decorations or embellishments to be found. The whole place had a raw feel to it, like no woman had ever set foot here.

"It was a long journey, but we made it," Lucian made a small gesture of letting the ladies pass first.

They soon reached another part of the compound, focused on another training.

The feral army howled in the distance, rowing a practice part of the ship. The long heavy paddles were attached to the sides, and to make it difficult, sandbag weights had been tied onto them.

"Gaahh!" They chanted in unison, putting their backs into it, their muscles bulging and sweat pouring down their bodies as they heaved the heavy paddles back and forth in a rhythmic pattern.

There was no sea to sail on, so they had to settle for rowing on land. Another prop was the anchor that had a counterweight to simulate the ship being on water.

Then the captain (Lord A's) would scream "Shift!", and they would have to move from the port side of the ship to the starboard, as if the wind had changed direction.

The presence of two women made the ferals salivate, but their Master's warning look made them snap their mouths shut and return to their training.

Lucian walked briskly through the compound, the workers moving out of his way and bowing respectfully as he passed.

"Any trouble?" he asked, glancing at the two men who had been following him from behind.

"No trouble, boss," one of them replied.

"Good," Lucian continued on, leading the ladies towards the main building.

It was the largest structure in the compound. Four stories high, with a tower at the top that served as the watchtower. It was made of the same stone and enforced clay as the other buildings, but it had a more imposing presence, like a fortress.

He turned to the ladies next to him, who were following him closely, "Take a rest. I will meet with you later regarding the matter of blessing me and my child."

They had their maids but Lucian also assigned them two southern women to help them settle down in their new environment.

They couldn't speak their language fluently but they could communicate through gestures and it should be enough to start with.

Lucian left his guests to their room, and walked down the corridor, heading to the stairs that led to his office.

Lady Lily was a Royal Academy graduate. She was educated, had a very good understanding of the world, and was very knowledgeable about many subjects. A top class courtesan was more than just a pretty face, she had to have brains as well.

Lucian couldn't depend on Voice to share its knowledge, it could be lying to him for all he cared. He had been depending on Celine with questions about history, geography, economics, politics, and whatnot this whole time. But there was only so much she could share with their limited time together.

Lucian had no time to go through the textbooks and learn everything, but he had the time to listen to Lady Lily's explanation as background noise. She could read the textbook for him, then he would ask her about it, then she would explain it to him in simpler terms.

He placed his son on the bed, unwrapping him and fanning the air around him with a paper fan. His other hand was busy flipping through another report regarding his next knight rank advancement.

His body needed to go through the golden stage before he could attempt the knight rank.

The report was supposed to save him time in deciding what type of torture he was going to put himself through.

Most went with the classic routes:

1. Climbing high hills to take advantage of gold's resistance to air and corrosion.
2. Remaining submerged in humid caves or underwater to take advantage of gold's resistance to moisture.
3. Training under crushing weight and constant pressure, to take advantage of gold's density and resistance to tarnishing.

4. Training for days without sleep and forcing the mind to remain functional under exhaustion, to imitate gold's resistance to decay over time.

And many more.

These summaries were not enough to learn anything from, but it was good enough to get a rough idea.

There were so many gold stages, but none that would give Lucian a huge advantage in naval warfare against the natives.